A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. IV. CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY APRIL 20, 1907 No. 46

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1907.

Boys! As you are probably organizing your athletic clubs of various kinds for the summer, we will be pleased to give you space in The Planet Junior for weekly reports of your sports. Commence by telling us the name of your club, the captain and members, and to what locality you belong. You might appoint one member to send us in regular reports of your practices, challenges, matches, etc. Be sure always to tell us who is the umpire, and let the writer sign his report. Try, boys, and see if your clubs cannot be as interesting to the sporting world as is the adult sporting news.

DRAUGHTS

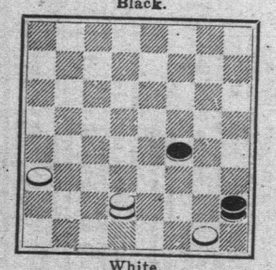
The following is the solution to Problem No. 9 of local series:

White — K to 10, M to 17, K to 15, and wins.

Black — M to 19, M to 13.

Problem No. 10—Local Series.

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

RIDDLES

—BY—

PLANET JUNIORS

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the feet.

◆

What goes up and down and never touches the sky or ground?

◆

How do you spell candy in two letters?

C and y.

◆

If a man plants a grain of wheat on a sunny day, what will come up on a rainy day?

An umbrella.

◆

What is the difference between a locomotive engineer and a school teacher?

One minds the train, and the other trains the mind.

Sporting News Junior

Charlie Crosier's baseball team will play Jack Edmondson's team on Saturday.

◆

Roy Keeley's baseball team played David Grant's team Wednesday afternoon, and the former team won.

◆

McKeough School and the Central School are going to have a game of baseball at McKeough School on Saturday.

◆

The Tiger baseball team of McKeough School, won a game over the Scrubs Thursday night. The score was nine to eleven.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Concealed Nine-letter Diamond.

Well, thus I plead, but they made barbarous attacks on the provision, and if it is ever all gone, shall I be rated an accomplice? But when we at Para dedicated the temple at Herat, Ed, with a whole drove of cattle, entered the field.

—+—

2. Anagrams—Precious Stones.

Quite sour.
Not on some.
Lead Mrs. E.
Amid dons.
A hit camel.
Sharp pies.
Ten rags.
I slap Luiza L.
Bruise.
Stay them.
See ye grit?
Spare J.
Yes, E., act.
Pat O'z.
Clan Bruce.

—+—

3. Curtailments.

Curtail a view and leave lament.
A genus of animals and their shells and leave a feminine name.
Part of the head and leave a bird.
A shrub and leave to warm.
A division of time and leave near.
A bird and leave a brave man.

—+—

4. Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of thirteen letters. My 4536 is considered a necessity by ladies of leisure. My 2148 is what an individual makes for himself, and it may be good or bad. My 63789 is not afraid of water. For my 13 12 11 10 8 go to a roller rink. Cast not my whole upon friend or enemy without just cause.

—+—

5. Added Letter Puzzle.

Add a letter and change—
To go away into divide.
To talk wildly into to desire.
A bird into a coward.
Acid into to scrub.
A flower into a small wheel.
To bore out into a choice part.
An animal into a boat.
Anything into seized.
A bar into skilful.
A jointed stalk into belief.
Amount into frothy refuse.
A prayer into a den.
Part of a tree into to ascend.
Repose into a plume.
To adjust into a religious denomination.
Rest into to stop.
Part of the body into a small bed.
A measure into a cave.
Part of a chain into a sharp, small noise.
Frozen dew into a violation of law.
A filament into a seat.
Part of the face into to cut.
A mass of stone into to soil.
Warmth into to deceive.
A fastening into a time-keeper.
A bird into to bend.
A pile into inexpensive.
A book used on a ship into an encumbrance.
A riot into a bird.
Reluctant into a woven fabric.
Impolite into raw.
Hurry into pure.
Affection into a spice.
An animal into a map.
Brilliancy into a collection.
A color into to clog.
Evil into delight.
Grain into garments.
Gross into reality.
To conceal into to blame.
Ancient into without heat.
Assistance into to sour.
An ascent into cool.
A burning fluid into to wind in rings.

6. Riddles.

I.

In softest tones my voice is heard,
By me the lover's heart is stirred.
Through many bars I find my way,
Not long with one I make my stay.
I lull to sleep with magic spell,
And yet where discord is I dwell.
In war I thrive—a dreaded foe,
I roughly seize where'er I go.

II.

With coat so warm I'm covered quite;
Within the wood I hide from sight.
Man fears me oft and thinks me wild,
But I'm beloved of many a child.
I walk and eat, and yet I'm found
On trees when leaves are on the ground.
I aid the tired and oppressed,
I'm naked though so warmly dressed.

—+—

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

Following are the answers to the "berry questions" in last Saturday's Junior, and are in the same order as the questions, the first answer being the correct one to the first question, and so on:

Goose-berry.
◆
Dew-berry.
◆
Rasp-berry.
◆
Thimble-berry.
◆
Huckle-berry. (Tim.)
◆
Cran-berry.
◆
Squa-berry.
◆
Mull-berry.
◆
Bar-berry.
◆
Chick-a-dee-berry.
◆
Wine-berry.
◆
June-berry.
◆
Dog-wood-berry.
◆
Holly-berry.
◆
Winter-green-berry.
◆
Poak-berry.
◆
Blue-berry.
◆
Black-berry.
◆
White-black-berry.
◆
Straw-berry.

—+—

The watch stopped when it was just 12 minutes past 6. For, at 5 o'clock the large hand is 25 minutes behind the small hand. In order to be only 14 behind it will have to gain 11 minutes on the small hand. But in an hour the large hand goes through 60 minute spaces while the small hand goes through 5, i. e., it gains 55 spaces on the small hand in an hour. It will, therefore, gain 11 spaces in one-fifth of an hour, or 12 minutes, hence the time was 12 minutes past 5.

—+—

The articles cost respectively $25 and $8.33 1-3.

ALMOST DEAD OF BRONCHITIS.

Few people have suffered more than John P. Taylor, of Dymant, P. O., Ont. To-day he is well and writes, "I must tell you how much Catarrhozone has been to me. I was so bad with bronchitis sometimes that I thought it would soon be over with me. A spell of choking would come on that left me prostrated and weak. Since using Catarrhozone I have had no trouble at all. It strengthened my throat, stopped the cough, gave me free breathing and entirely cured." Just the usual experience. Catarrhozone invariably cures whether Bronchitis, Asthma or Catarrh. Two sizes, 25c. and $1.00, at all dealers.

S. S. NO. 12, ORFORD

During Easter, Clara Schindler was the guest of her friend, Agnes Lafleur, Harwich.

We are glad to hear that Hazel Wardell is attending the Fysh School.

Lizzie Dowd's sister, Beatrice, is home from Ridgetown for a short time.

Viola Carson, of Bothwell, spent her holidays with her cousin, Maribell Hogg.

Clarence Yeoman started to school on Wednesday.

Harold Ellis went fishing with his Uncle Sid.

Nelson Brown is absent from school on account of the illness of his mother.

Pearl Dowd has been absent from school for a month.

Hazel Henderson recently visited her aunt, Mrs. Thos. Gadd.

Edith Schindler's father and her little cousin, Dell, spent Friday in Ridgetown.

Fraser Moore's grandfather was buried last Wednesday.

Helen Ellis received an Easter letter from her little cousin, Gladys Christner, Dresden.

Roy Dowd spent Easter Sunday with his parents.

Jim Gardiner is helping his father move a house from near Rodney.

April 5th was Edna MacPherson's birthday. She received many presents.

Dan. Culnan and his brother, George, while breaking in a colt, visited the school one Thursday afternoon.

We are glad to hear that Himmie Patrick has recovered from his recent illness. Better take Anti-fat now, Himmie.

Leon Dowd returned to school after a month's absence.

Bob Dudgeon has gathered about a dozen double-yolked eggs.

Joshua Albright had a bee drawing timber to build his barn.

We have a new scholar in our school, and his name is Gladstone Franklin.

Mamie and Harold Fennell, Newbury, were the guests of their cousin, Louise Heatherington, Easter week.

During Easter, Miss Causgrove, our teacher, was through the Park Davis Works, Walkerville. She told us about it when school re-opened.

Don't consider lightly the evidence of disease in your system. Don't take desperate chances with ordinary medicine. Use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the great specific. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

ONE WAY ROUND.

An old man who sells produce in the towns near Lowell, Massachusetts, has his share of the best kind of wit—the unexpected. Not long ago, according to a writer in the Lowell Citizen, he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was in the kitchen when she brought them in, and, woman-like, shivered a little when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd simply hate to cut off the heads of those innocent chickens!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I do," replied the old man, "and so I never do it. I manage to get round it."

"How?" the housewife demanded with eager interest. "The heads of these chickens are gone."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, cheerfully. "I chopped the chickens off."

MY PET COON

—BY—

INEZ N. McFEE

One afternoon when father was out near the edge of the woods mending a fence, he found a little coon curled up asleep in the grass by an old stump. He brought him home to me, and you may be sure I was glad to have him for a pet. Father said he thought its mother must have been killed because she would not be likely to desert such a little fellow. He was not more than a week old. We did not know what to do with him at first; he would not eat, yet seemed hungry and weak. Finally mother told us to see if he would not nurse a bottle. He liked that, but for a long time he would not take it from any one but her.

As he grew stronger and older, such sport as the little coon had with that bottle! He always kept it under the sink, and whenever he got hungry he would get it out. He held it in his front paws, or hands, as a baby would. If he was very hungry he would curl down behind the stove with it; if not, sometimes he would go waltzing around on his hind feet waving the bottle in his hands. You would have laughed to see the funny tricks he would play to attract mother's attention when the bottle was empty.

When he first came to stay with us, I made him a nice warm nest and put it behind the stove. He slept there for a few nights, but after that nothing could coax him into it. He made a nest for himself under a large geranium that mother had in a big tobacco pail on the floor in the bay-window. She did not like this arrangement, and soundly cuffed his ears more than once to break him of it. She would make him lie down somewhere else, but when she got up in the morning, the little coon would either be asleep under the geranium or just crawling out. We named him "Coonie." He soon learned his name and would answer "Oo! Oo!" if you called. He would always come when called unless he was into mischief, which was quite often.

He liked to play on the stair-step. He had a ball to play with, and he would take it to the top of the stairs, then drop it and listen until he heard it strike the floor. Then he would hurry down and get it again. Mother didn't mind his playing on the steps, but sometimes he went into the rooms and tore things up generally. One day he was upstairs and did not answer when mother called, so she went up to see what he was doing. Brother Harry had been lying down on his bed that morning reading, and had left his paper. When mother went into his room, there sat the coon propped up against the pillows with the covers partly drawn around him holding what was left of the paper up in his paws just as though reading! Mother said it was so comical that she just could not punish him, even if it was much extra work for her to pick up the torn bits of paper, and wash the white spread which he had soiled with his feet.

I believe the most fun of all was to see him chew gum. We had company one evening, and as Coonie was always shy when strangers were around, he could not be coaxed into the parlor. At last, Harry got him to come in and sit on his lap and chew gum. It was rubber gum; he would chew a little while, then take it out, roll it into a little ball in his paws, and put it back in his mouth again. Then he would stretch the gum away out, and chew it up until he had it all back in his mouth again. Once when he had been rolling it, he forgot about the company and patted the ball of gum right into the side of Harry's curly hair. I had to cut it out with the scissors.

As he grew older, he became saucy and would have spunky spells. One afternoon he got spunky because mother whipped him for chasing the little chickens, and climbed to the top branches of a tall maple near the house. He did not come down when it got dark. We called him, but he made a low chattering noise and wouldn't stir a foot, so we went to bed and left him out. He frequently slept out doors after that. Soon we found that he was eating chickens, and father said—well, I wouldn't like to tell you what father said—but we begged so hard for our pet that he promised to let him live if we could keep him from the chickens. We shut the chickens up so he could not get at them; but then he took to visiting the neighbors' poultry-houses whenever he could get away.

Coonie did dearly like to play in the water. If by chance there was any water left in the basin in the sink, he would rustle around and find a rag to wash with. The dirtier it was the better it suited him, for then it would take him longer to scrub it clean before he could wash himself. Coonie would not wash with a dirty cloth. One night I got my fishing tackle out and laid it on the table where it would be handy to find in the morning, as I meant to try my luck with the rod before the family were up. I was astir early, but my fish lines were missing and I couldn't find them. A puddle of water in front of the sink finally attracted my attention, and, after some search, I found the fish lines tangled up and spread out on the wood-box to dry. Coonie had been washing them.

One night he got out of the house some way, and went down to our neighbor's, about a mile away. The woman had made a kettle of mush and set it by the pantry window to cool. Coonie soon scented it. He dearly loved mush, so he climbed up on a box near the window, tore off the screen, climbed in, and helped himself. He made quite a racket and awoke the lady of the house. She thought it was a cat in the pantry and lit a lamp and ran in. They were new-comers, and she had never heard of Coonie, and it frightened her to see such an odd-looking animal seated on the bench licking off the mush spoon. She screamed as loud as she could, and as Coonie had never heard of her either, he crawled under the table. Pretty soon her husband appeared with his rifle, but luckily for Coonie, he had heard of him, and as soon as he found what made the racket he closed the pantry window and shut the coon in. Early the next morning he sent us word, and I went over and got the little thief.

We kept him chained at night after that, and didn't allow him out in the day-time unless we were with him. Just about dark one evening, I had him out in the yard doing tricks when our big St. Bernard, Keno, appeared on the scene. They were sworn enemies, so Coonie took to his favorite maple at once, scrambled up in the top and sat scolding and chattering. He had not been feeling well, and must have grown dizzy, for all at once he lost his balance and fell. Mother had been watching us and hurried out expecting to find him almost killed. He heard her coming and partly sat up, held out his front paws and cried. She took him in her arms, carried him into the house, and bathed his bleeding nose. We all made such a fuss that father laughingly suggested sending for a doctor. That nearly finished the coon. He cried and whined all evening, but mother finally rocked him to sleep, and covered him up on the couch with her shawl. The next morning, a very sorry-looking coon was just crawling out from under the big geranium when she got up. His head was swelled, nose skinned and he was lame and sore all over. He kept pretty quiet for several days, but soon he felt as lively as ever and made up for being sick by being extra mischievous. One night he got a package of matches off from the pantry shelf and ate off the heads. When we got up the next morning, poor Coonie was stretched out on the kitchen floor.

He was a handsome animal, so we sent him to a taxidermist in a neighboring city and had him preserved. He now sits on a table in the corner of the parlor with a big spoon in his hand, and it is like, yet strangely unlike Coonie after all, for he was never known to keep quiet ten minutes at a time in his life-time.—From Little Folks.

SHE DID—NOT.

The idea of him trying to kiss you. Why didn't you slap him?

I did—the first time.

NEVER TRIED.

You are such a funny girl, said Dick; I never did know how to take you.

You never tried, she coyly replied.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Sylvester Hadley, of the Central School, is ill.

Doris Plewes, who had been out of school since Christmas, through illness, returned after the Easter holidays.

Leon Lowell, formerly of the Central School, Chatham, who is now attending Cass School, Detroit, won a prize for writing a story in the Detroit Junior Journal.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Bell, of Park Ave., is going to move to Foster St. next week.

Mrs Hardy and children, Bessie and Johnny, visited Mrs. C. Wright on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Beatrice Arnold visited in this city Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Mr. Hudson lost 25 little chickens and the mother hen, by fire, Saturday, April 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Neil, of Paris, are here on their wedding trip, visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. J. Redner, Forest St.

Miss Jean Cuthbert spent a few days in Chatham last week visiting her sister, Mrs. McRitchie.

Mrs. William Smith and daughter Edith spent Wednesday with friends in Chatham.

Robert Horne has a fine pair of pigeons.

Miss Holmes, one of the teachers in McKeough School, who has been ill, came back to school on Thursday.

Roy McKinley is on the sick list this week.

Miss Ada Shaw had a party last Thursday evening. There were some 35 people present, and all had a fine time playing different kinds of games. The party broke up about 12 o'clock.

Aleene Watt is home from school on account of illness.

Miss Abram, room six, received a nice flower from one of her scholars on Thursday.

Irwin Stover, Park Ave., has some fine little chickens, which came out Wednesday.

Mr. E. Gould, of Brantford, has been visiting Mr. C. R. Atkinson, Park Ave.

Andrew Fleming has two new pigeons.

Mrs. Ripley, of Chatham, lost a gold umbrella top.

Robert W. Adams has gone to the Northwest.

Clifford Ferris stood first in room 6 this month; but he has gone back to Winnipeg.

Duncan Vickery is spending a few days in Thamesville.

Mr. Robert J. Owen has gone to the Northwest.

Willie McLean was cut by an axe a little above the ankle.

Charlie Harwood has twelve little chickens out, two hens sitting and another that wants to set.

Mr. Dangnieu, of Park Avenue, is thinking about going to the Northwest.

SUFFERING BABIES

Mothers can find sure relief for their suffering little ones on Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a gentle laxative that do not gripe the little one, and cure all the minor ills of babies and young children. They are pleasant to take, prompt in their action, and unlike "soothing" stuffs they never do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that they contain no drugs harmful to even the youngest baby. Thousands of mothers give their little ones nothing else but Baby's Own Tablets when constipation, stomach trouble, indigestion, colds or worms bother the baby, or when the dreaded teething time comes. Mrs. Jos. Mercier, Plessisville, Que., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation, but thanks to Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared." The Tablets are sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR JUNIORS

WHAT I ASKED A LITTLE BOY.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble-down,
And everything tarries, and everything drags,
With its dirty streets and people in rags?

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late;
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty little sister, named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two little daughters, named Fret and Frown;
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner on Street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town
To play with the little girls Fret and Frown,
Or go to the home of Old Man Wait,
And whistle for his boys to come to the gate?

To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet?
To stop, or shirk, or linger, on frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

—Current Literature.

MY MOTHER.

By Alix Thorn.

We sit in one big chair, for mother's little,
And rock and talk, all in the firelight's glow;
She pats my hand, perhaps you think it's funny.
It's somehow easier to visit so.
She loves to read the very books that I do,
That tell of Launcelot, and all the rest;
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero.
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best.

She knows about the school, and what I study;
She likes the boys, remembers nicknames, too.
I tell her everything that I am doing—
Why, bedtime comes before we're nearly through!
She's glad that I'm a boy, and growing taller.
She isn't sorry that my hair does curl.
My mother is not like a grown-up lady;
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.

—+—

WEED AND WASTE.

About their gardens to and fro
I see busy people go,
Or in each private orchard plot
Seeking a fruit that cometh not.

In sunny light of hopeful morns
They seek to gather grapes of thorn,
And ask a nurture for their needs
From ragged, unproductive weeds.

The weeds are fair in flower and shoot,
But only bear a spurious fruit;
And that which on the trees they find
Is bare of taste and harsh of rind.

There in the gardens they complain
It is too late to sow again—
The grief of laboring misplaced,
Of barren hours and seedtime's waste.

Oh blind in age and rash in youth,
Who have not learnt this common truth;
In earth or spirit, that alone
Is harvested which hath been sown.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business with. Nutrition is what you want and comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.