Popoly

CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904

HER WISDOM

A weekly newspaper published every week he young people of the Maple City. The Planet Junior

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

The active forces of the Japanes army, says the World's Work, ma fairly be said to consist of pickemen. The force required is so smalin relation to the population that sweeping executions are possible Man are thrown out for slight physical defects and for such reasons a the necessity to support a family of ourse for ared parents; the grace tide of a profession or any learned calling, and the holding of a government position. Even after these exemptions, the number of men whe pass the right tests imposed is still too great and there is a further winnowing process which gets rid of tell igence does not impress the content in the men chosen is a tendency toward defective eyesight. Of course, those with the best eyesight are taken but the entire Japanese nation is somewhat defective in this partitionian.

PRETTY FABLE

The charming logend which tells the origin of music in Japan is quite interesting to aid even a fragmentary appreciation of these far-off Orient metodes. The San Godeds Amater Asu, resenting the volence of an ill-disposed brother, retired into a cave, leaving the world in darkness and anarchy. Eight million delites came to persuade her to reconsider her cruel decision unavailingly, till one good, more subtle than the rest, took six long bows and bound them together, twanging their strings to attract the attention of the obdurate goddess at the same time inducing the lovely Ame No Adsume to sing to the rhythmical movement of palm branches and dance to the strange sounds when prestol out comes the outraged fair one. To insure the benefit of perpetual sunshine in future, the iron smith Amateumora made a magic mirror which he hung at the entrance of the cave to reflect the brightness of Amater Asu's face.

This 's the incartation which the lovely Ame No Adsume chanted while waving the branches:

Gods, watch the entrance,
Here is Her Majesty, the Goddess!
Shall not joy fill our hearts
When my charms shall have proved
all-powerful? Hito, futa iniyo,
It su, Muyu, nano;
Ya, kokono, tari,
Momo, chi, yorodsu.
h, being translated, runs—

PICKED MEN

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GOOD AT MARCHING

If there is one thing in which the Russian army excels it is marching. Lord Roberts' famous march to Candahar has been equaled over and over again by the exar's troops in their Central Asian campaings. When Gen. Kuropatkin marched a force of Turkestan troops to jon Skobeleff in an attack on the Turcomans, he and his men were swallowed up in an unknown trackless desert for 27 days, and marched in at the end of the time in perfect malitiary order without a single man sick or fallen out. It was a wonderful feat, but it was not regarded in Russian military circles as heing anything extraordinary.

Although the Russian solder is undoubtedly brutal, he is revertheless a good fellow, who gets along admirably with the people among whom he is campaigning or is quartered. If he does not kill his enemy, he makes a friend of him by his rough camaraderie and overflowing good nature. When he is quartered in a house, he promptly makes himself one of the dishes, and giving the housewife the easiest of easy times. This excellent spirit has been mainly responsible for the easy assimilation of Russia's conquests in Manchuria.—World's Work.

It's the little man who generally indulges in the big talk.

OUTWITTED RUSSIA

Much has been said about Japan's patience in the face of Russia's continuous questionable diplomacy. But Japan, in spite of her diplomacy, struck her initial blow at Russia the very instant she was fully prepared for war, and not a moment before. She did not begin shuffling her diplomatic eards with Russia until she needed to put her on an equal naval footing he sastern waters, completed or ready to leave the ways. She did not make a move until she possessed a full complement of artillery, guns, and annualition sufficient to equip such a large army as she supposed Russia would throw into the far Siberian terroity. She kept her small arms and annualition factories working for many months on double shift before the diplomatic war cloud was as large as a speck in the sky.

It should be borne in mand that Japan struck her first blow a month before Russia thought it was possible to make an effective mangurers. She struck Port Arthut the very first moment that the scheme was feesble, and at a time when some of the Russian battleships had to hatter their way out of the harbor of Vladivostok through ice two feet thick.

She hit Russia a savage blow at a time when her railread traffic was nearly paralyzed, and would be for weeks longer, and she struck the blow when she was well prepared to throw troops into Korea rapidly, and needed safe sea room to accomplish it. So far Japan has made no false move in the game, and none which has not indicated marvelously clear reasoning and sound judgment. — Cheago Inter Ocean.

*** WRITE WISHES

In Japan and Korea—which are the great kite countries—the boys fly their kites only for about 15 days out of the entire year.

They have great fun fighting with their kites. They use silk strings, which they dip in fish glue, to which some sharp material, such as powdered glass or porcelain has been added. Any kite, no matter if it belongs to the prince himself, may be out down. The moment two kite strings are crossed the players must let out their lines. If one of the holders is slow and allows his line to draw taut it is sure to be cut through. The moment the kite is cut down it is seized by small boys, who are on the watch for just such things to 'happen.

You know our custom of wishing over the right shoulder when the new moon appears. Well, the Korean boys

You know our custom of wishing over the right shoulder when the new moon appears. Well, the Korean boys have a custom, on the fourteenth day of the flying season, of writing this wish on the bamboo frame of their kites: "May all this year's misfortunes fly away with my kite." Many of the Korean mothers write this wish for their little children, together with the children, and birthdays.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven doors being banged in closing. It should be closed as gently as possible, so as not to seare the stuff into falling flat on its back.

"When we think of mice it is usually of the trouble they cause us: we are not apt to credit them with much intelligence, but I recently had an experience which shows that the little creatures possess a good bit of wisdom, after all.

"I had been annoyed for some time by a family of mice which lived in the walls of the bedroom. They nibbled my clothes, disturbed my sleep, and when they grew so bold as to goo into the canary's cage and eat up its seed my patience gave out and I determined to fix them.

"I bought a trap and set it by the hole in the wall. For five nights I caught a mouse, then several days passed without catching one, although they were still there, for they kept up their noise, although not coming into my room any more.

"I found that the trap was all had been closed from inside. I pulled the filling out. It was not easy work, for it had been evidently put there to stay, and was made of bits of plaster and rubbish. I kept the hole open with the trap close to it, but next day it was filled again.

"I repeated this clearing out process five times, and five times the filling was replaced. It was evidently the work of the mother mouse to prevent her little ones from passing through what had proved a fatal gate to so many. And I left the hole closed, for the mice did not come into my room again."—New York

At the end of the lane there was a sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for fhem. He was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Billie, a little old year of a pony, with a shaggy mane and a long rusty tail, who stood quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the husting times that awaited him. I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for Joy. But Billie was the great object of interest. All wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first. Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both falking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school ancedotes. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portice, and I saw the little comrades, with Billie, Carlo, and old John, tropping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shul it from my sight.

DAILY LOVE STORY.

"No, daughter," remarked the weal-thy parent. "I am sorry, but you may not marry the count." "But why, po, a?" petulantly ask-ed the spoiled child. There would not be such a ter-yle lot of expense. He doesn't eat yie lot and is not extravagent in cloth-private the correct-

"I have tried to figure it out, but find that I cannot keep count." For some reason the daughter oned,-Chicago Tribune,

Written for The Planet Junior by Florence Lee, Chatham,

few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Billie!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands. Home for the holidays. I was roused from a fit of meditation by a shout from three little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last

I was once spending a night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about nine o'clock my host, a gentleman about, fifty-five years of age, got up, went into the hall, and put on his overcoat. Returning to the parlor door, he said, "Excuse me, please, for just a few minjutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother."

His mother lived a little distance away, and for thirty years her son has never failed to go and bid her good-night, if he was in the city.

"No matter what the weather may be, no matter what is guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good-night," said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

had gone.

"Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

"Her mental powers are beginning to fail, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when nine o'clock comes, she always knows the-hour, and ays:
"It is time for Henry to come and bid me good-night."

My favorite book is the Sketch Book, composed of many short stories. I will now take time to relate one. Home for the holidays, I was

A GENTLEMAN

we restored the western four cathedral in Rochester set of many thousand pounds, a great celebration and a congress of distinguished

archbishop and bishops, the ieutrant, the high sheriff, our er of parliament, the mayor, the el of the dookyard, the general district, all marched in state. Ittle boy who watched from a boring window was asked what hought of the spectacle. He ly replied that he did not like y much.

He remarked that there was not a single elephant, and he thought they "might have had a kangaroo!"

CHINAMAN GAVE HIM A FORMAL INVITATION.

DID NOT RECO-

Railroad accidents, so fruitful of tragic incidents, are also occasionally productive of bits of humor, although it is not often that the humor finds a place in the newspaper reported by a woman to whose care a young man had been intrusted after he had been badly hurt in a collision. He was unconscious when he was carried to her house, and did not open his eyes or speak for some time.

His first conscious moments were evidently full of bewilderment. He looked all about the room, and finally let his eyes rest upon his bandaged feet. He looked at them long, and carefully. A puzzled frown slowly gathered on his face. With a feeble finger he pointed toward the foot of the bed.

INDEED SPECTACLE.

rer things that children say are sually worth repeating, if they the sort that an adult could. But a real child's point of n inimitable and often delighting this story which Dean Hole in this story which Dean Hole in his book of reminincences, and Now":

one
To speed as such messengers can;
people wanted their errand done
They sent for a messenger man.

It was high noon on a Monday, when a knock was heard at the kitchen door. The Chinese servant opened the door, says the New York The baker may not be rich but he always has a roll.

Favorite Book

Aged 13, Class IV.

"Those are not my feet," he said.
"My feet had russet shoes on them."
-Youth's Companion.

Not long ago Johnny stood at the window trying to see through the frostwork that was slowly melting, when he took out his handkerchied and, as each drop of water started down the pane, thoughtfully wiped it away. When his mother asked him what he was doing he replied:
"Oh I'm just wiping away Jack Frost's tears."

WAS THIS

play,
And so they could only sleep.
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden
wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise.

The things we are going to do are generally the things we brag about most.

The best way to shape the careers

38

No.

An indulgent mother was traveling one day with her 3-year-old son, his nurse and a copy of a magazine which absorbed the mother's attention. The son with his nurse occupied the seat behind her. The nurse attempted once in a while to curb the boy's restless and rebellious spirit by a gentle denial of his latest whim. Each time the mother, noticing only that some argument was in progress, and not looking up from her book, said, "Let him have it," The New Times gives the result of the mother's laxness of discipline. The nurse yielded, of course, to authority, and let the child do as he would, Finally a strong and busylooking wasp flew against the window-pane. The youthful hunter at once reached out to grasp it, and wailed dejectedly when he was once more restrained by the watchful nurse. Again the fond mother, without raising her eyes, exclaimed:

"Oh, do let him have it!"
The howl which followed almost drowned the nurse's quiet reply: "He's got it."

Stanley, dean of Westman, Ar-Stanley, dean of Westmanster, home from his first visit to home from his first visit to the an expression of amazement houly time could efface.

was at once beset by interview-says the author of "Out of the part of the could efface," who asked the usual questions hat was the thing, which most essed you in America?" was one esse. Without a moment's hearn bean Stanley replied—

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

BEAR MARKET.

auction sale of the animals of cological garden in Ghent yielded ordinary low prices—\$62 for an ant, \$70 for three zebras, while and monkeys were sold for only \$8 each. IND-HEARTED JOHNNY. know
If only there were no boys,
She scolded and fretted about it, till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden the town grew
still,
For all the boys had fied. And all all through the long and dusty

There wasn't a boy in view; The base ball lot where they used to was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners Who

made; For there wasn't a soul in all the knew how the game was play-

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day—
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle to call to play.

The cherries all rotted and went to waste There was no one to cfimb the

trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Savve only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy-not

There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its
boys.
Was the dreaftest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me," she cried, "I've been aslep;
And oh, what a horrid dream."

HAD BAD RESULTS ************** Short Stories

E PLANET JUNIOR, SURATDAY JUNE 4, 1904.

boys and Girls.

"Nocknames start in queer ways" said a distinguished Detroiter to-day. "I rencember a garl whose name was Jane. A friend with a lisp made it 'Janeth,' and 'Jeannette' it became. "An aged gentleman of my acquaint-ance reposed in the title of 'Hugh,' His little sister listed it 'Huge,' and 'Huge' be has been called for a life-ORIGIN OF A NICKNAME

A TRIFLE MIS.

MOTHER CAN'T BE DECEIVED. SIGN THAT WAS A LEADING. tramp.
"Yes, I like fish first rate. That will do as well as anything."
"Come Friday," said the hospitable "Come Ariday," said the door,

Caller-I never saw two children look so much alike. How does your mother tell you apart?
One of the twas-She finds out by spankin' us. Dick cries louger'n I do.-Chicago Tribune. HAT IMPRESSED HIM.

Senator Quay, walle dining it a country hotel, noticed among the signs on the wall one reading "Ici on parle Francais." The senator was somewhat amused an i surprised, because the necessity of being able to speak French in that particular section of rural Pennsylvania had never before appealed to him. Therefore he called the proprietor to him, and said, "Do you speak French?" "Not much," was the answer, "United States will do for me." "Then why do you have that sign stuck up here? It means that French is spoken here."
"Ye don't say so?" replied the astonished publican. "I'll be hanged if I dich't buy that from a young feller who told me that it meant 'God bless our home!"

BELIEVE IN FRESH AIR

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you

Fresh air and a great abundance of it—is the Japanese rule. The woman who lies down for her night's rest has the paper-paned window thrown open a trifle. If she is cold, she adds more bedelothing; but she does not close the window.

"In the morning one of the first tasks is to go out of doors. There the Japanese woman takes in great the Japanese woman takes in great the Japanese woman takes in great the Japanese that the morning with air is treated as being of more importance that the morning bath that follows soon after.

"Consumption is a rare disease in Japan. Even in winter coughs are of rare occurrence, and this despite the fact that the real Japanese do not heat their rooms with anything more than an hibachi—a tiny charcoal stove that does not send the temperature of the room up to any appreciable nights of nights of a see sleep rarely with the see sleep rarely with the seed.

USELESS SO FAR.

Lincoln's humor armed him effectually against the important persons with whom, as the head of the action, he was beset at all times.

During the civil war a gentleman asked him for a pass through the federal lines to Richmond.

"I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "If my passes were respected, But the fact its, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million men, and not one has got there yet,"

It appears that Germans of bad character are allowed to on condition of leaving the congland is practically the only open to them, so they flock her among them the expert German glar visits us in ever increasing bers. It is said that Germany country of specialists, and the croud tractified the country of the business, to which plies the latest scientific method extent to which the art of business to which the serious which the art of the country of the business.

Times, and found a tramp of long and varied experience.

"I've been travelling," he said, "and am in mightly hard luck. I've lost all of my money and I'm hungry very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?"

The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, plasid smile spread itself over his entire countenance.

"You like flish?" he asked of the tramp.