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 FEBRUARY 23, 1907 No. 38

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1907.

We have been obliged to leave out a number of riddles by the Juniors to-day, but they will appear next Saturday along with any others they may send in.

DRAUGHTS

Our checker problems are meeting with so much approval that we have decided to use one each week. Some players think two weeks too long a time to wait for the solution, so we will publish it the week following the appearance of the problem.

The first one to appear (No. 52) was so simple we think you could all solve it, Roy and Risa Lidster, of Zone Centre, were the first to work it, Roy winning in four moves.

The following solution for No. 2 was sent from Wallaceburg—White to move and win:

White — 10-7. 22-15. 14-10. 15-11. 1-28, and wins.
Black — 2-18. 29-22. 5-14. 8-8.

J. J. A. B.

Solution for No. 3 comes to us from Chatham—White to move and win:

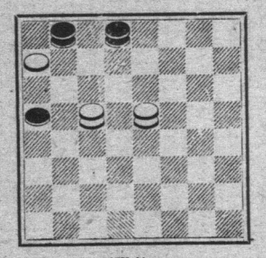
White — 14-10. 18-9. 23-18. 28-24. 31-24. 26-3, and wins.
Black — 7-14. 5-14. 14-23. 20-27. 19-28.

W. K. M.

All checker players are invited to contribute problems and solutions.

Problem No. 4. (Sturgis.)

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

A GOOD JACKSON STORY.

A good story of Jackson is as follows:

When he was president, a poor widow, who kept a boarding house, finding it impossible to collect her board bill from a government official, went to the White House and told the President about it. Jackson said to her:

He'll give you a note for it, won't he?

Yes, she said.

Then, said Jackson, get his note and come back and see me again.

She had no difficulty in getting the note, and, carrying it to the White House, the President took it and wrote on its back, Andrew Jackson, then told her to put it in a bank for collection.

When the government official was notified that his note was in the bank for collection he laughed at the idea, but when he was told that it was endorsed by Andrew Jackson he got the money mighty quick and paid it, and a few days after was notified that his services were not wanted any longer.

FOR JUNIORS

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE THIMBLE.

Once in the days of Long Ago,
A little Thimble refused to sew.
It said, "I don't care what you want to do—
I'm tired of shoving the needle through!

"I'm tired of helping the Doll's clothes to fix,
And getting myself, just nothing but pricks,
Sometimes on that side, sometimes on this!
And then, if by chance the needle I miss,

"Though not my fault, I am thrown on the floor!
So I really don't think I'll work any more—
I'll drop softly down, and roll over there,
And hide away under the big rocking chair!"

—Margaret Erskine.

MOTHER BEAR'S ADVENTURE.

In the deep, deep wood sat Mother Bear
With the wild wood-folk she'd summoned there
To listen to her tale.
And they all agreed who harked to her
'Twas enough to thin the thickest fur
Or turn one's feathers pale!

"Oh, the sun was shining clear and high,
And no hint of storm was in the sky,
When that strange beast I spied.
Oh, its fur was blue, and its head was white,
And on two short legs it walked upright,
While one hung down each side.

"It fixed on me such a fearful gaze,
Till I thought 'twould surely end my days.
My back was stiff with fright!
Then from out its mouth there came a cry,
And it wheeled around and seemed to fly—
Oh, such a dreadful sight!

"Hoot!" cried Grandpa Owl. "What's this I hear?
Somewhat louder, please, to reach those deer
Half-hid behind the rocks."
While with downcast eyes, and air demure,
To his kinsfolk murmuring, "Strange, I'm sure!"
Sat Master Reynard Fox.

"I am in kingso, I'll lose my quills,"
Said the porcupine. "Each shiver spills,
I'm certain, two or three."
Gasped the quivering hare, "Just watch my ears!
Why, from end to end they thrill with fears,
As any one may see!"

"The thing I saw was a human child;
And I know when very strong and wild,
The woods he loves to roam.
Where its den may be I never knew,
But the sight I saw I've told to you—
So now all scamper home!"

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

A SLEEPING BIRD.

If you have a pet bird, look at it closely when it is asleep, and you will see that it does not, as is generally believed, tuck its head under its wing. You have heard all of your life, that a bird sleeps in this waybut it does not; it turns its head and lays it on the soft and yielding feathers of its back, which sometimes entirely hide it.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Hidden Words.

'Tis his just dues that his —— were omitted.
His admiration of the patriot and the tory were gained by ——.
He was all agog to pry into ——
I think he can cram a tithe of his ——.

2. Recipes.

I.

What can be made out of three-quarters of a plum mixed with the middle of an apple, a bit of milk, half a raisin and both ends of a prune?

II.

One-half a lame dove, if properly treated, will tell the year in which the noble Cranmer was burned at the stake.

3. Drop-Letter Puzzle.

Drop a letter and change—
A fish to that which supplies heat.
A fisherman to a geometrical figure.
A fish to a vehicle.
A fish to a summit.
A fish to a corporation.
A fish to to glisten.

4. Riddle.

I have a trunk which never will be packed;
I have a bark which no man ever heard;
Of leaves I have more yet than any book,
But if you try to read them 'tis absurd.

5. Charades.

I.

My first is a very common pet;
My next an article small;
My third are indispensable
In the toilet o fone and all.
My whole is subterraneous,
Lugubrious to view;
And every traveller freely breathes
When he has passed them through.

II.

My first is a vehicle; my second is something we wish to avoid; my third is measured by the cradle and the grave. My whole is part of a man's rib.

6. Anagram.

He —— the apples, and he has many to ——, although not as many of the ——. He tried to —— with his knife, but as he —— no good from that, he decided to —— his Greek words.

7. Divided Cities.

An animal and a harbor.
To Separate and a country.
A girl's name and a Roman garment.
A month and a letter.
To study and a string.
An animal and a shallow part of a river.
Modern and a historical boat.
Deep holes and a mass of ice.
A relation between two exclamations.
A fountain and a cultivated tract of land.

8. Ten Aunts.

Aunt No. 1 has a controlling influence.
No. 2 wants to leave her own country.
No. 3 comes into another country.
No. 4 hisses like a serpent.
No. 5 is apt at figures.
No. 6 is waiting for something.
No. 7 does something terrible.
No. 8 carries a sweet odor.
No. 9 wanders far and wide.
No. 10 is always on the watch.

9. Grammatical Anagrams.

I vindicate Edom.
Active Jed.
S odropy.
Cut a point; mark sun.
Sent ten peers.
A spring.
On iron lamps.
Xantys.
Latin verse on Puro.
Cassie Ve's poses.
In cramps. O! O!
If I invest in— Date price.
Photo, Harry G.
Join, it's recent.
Evict Vera B.
Go to Yelnu.
Cain got Juno.
Peter T. fences.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
I. Candid, date—candidate.
II. House, hold—household.
III. Muff, fin—muffin.

2—
Gape, ape, apex.
Ball, all, ally.
Harm, arm, army.
Moat, oat, oath.
Chid, hid, hide.
Chop, hop, hope.
Glad, lad, lady.
Flaw, law, lawn.
Flea, lea, leap.
Grub, rub, ruby.
Pink, ink, inky.
Knot, not, note.
Prim, rim, rime.
Prod, rod, rode.
Scan, can, cant.
Scar, car, carp.
Scot, cot, cote.
Sear, ear, earl.
Skin, kin, kine.

3—
Globe.

4—
Drum.
Chest.
Muscle.
Sole.
Arms.
Tulips—two lips.
Hart—heart.
Palm.
Lid.
Pupil.
Calf.
Vein.
Temples.
Mouth.

5—
Ditty, ditto.
Throne, throng.
Crowd, crown.
Sham, shad.
Eddy, Edda.
Crane, crank.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

"The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me," said Mrs. Peters, when the Ibsen Club was exchanging harrowing experiences, "happened, of course, in church, while I was wearing black for my father-in-law. I was leaning forward during prayer one morning, when my new, heavily trimmed hat fell off, dropped to the floor on the pew ahead and rolled out of sight.

"Fortunately, I had an umbrella. Getting down as flat as I could I crawled under the next pew, reached out with the umbrella handle and fished about for the hat. When my hand finally touched it I knelt in my place, closed my eyes,—I suppose I reasoned as an ostrich does that if I could see nobody, nobody could see me,—and tried to look as devout as if my mind had never been off the service.

"With my eyes still devoutly closed, I pinned that wretched hat in place, using a hairpin because the hatpin was missing, and feeling quite proud of myself to think that I had managed the affair so well.

"When we stood up for the last hymn I suddenly became conscious that all the women in the congregation were staring at me and trying hard not to smile. The moment I got outside I took that hat off and looked at it. My dears! It wasn't my hat at all. I had helped myself to little Flossie Slocum's bright red sunshade trimmed with infantile white daisies—and me in black!"

THE FIRE COMPANY

—BY—

CARL SPENCER

Dexter Fairing's father was always giving him nice things to play with. Dexter had owned the first rubber-tired velocipede in the neighborhood, and every boy on Chestnut street had learned to ride it. But after his wagon came, the boys almost forgot about the velocipede. Such a wagon! It had four stout wooden wheels with iron tires, like a real express wagon. It had a seat big enough for two to sit on. It had a tail-board with hinges, that would let down if anybody cared to ride in the back with his feet hanging out. It was drawn by a strong pole, with a tough hickory tongue that would stand any amount of straining and pulling with rope harness and never break. Dexter kept his wagon in the unused stable, where he had always kept his velocipede, and the boys thought it a pretty sight when, with Dexter on the seat as driver and Harry Coles and Willie May as horses, the little wagon rolled gaily out of the stable and down the smooth asphalt driveway to the long stretch of sidewalk that extended unbroken round the whole block outside.

"It's better than the velocipede to play fire with!" said Tommy Smith. "Play the wagon was the fire-engine. Then let's have the velocipede for the hose-cart, and over there near the wall we can play there were the stalls for the horses."

"Yes," chimed in Dexter, "and all of us except the horses and the captain must go up in the lift and pray, we are firemen asleep, and when the alarm rings we can slide down the ladder the way the firemen in real fire-engine houses come down the big brass pole instead of coming down stairs. They just grab the pole with their arms and legs, you know, 'cause they have to save time."

So with the make-believe engine and hosecart standing ready in the floor, and the two make-believe horses champing their bits in the make-believe stalls, the boy firemen climbed to the loft and pretended to go to sleep, leaving Dexter sitting as captain, to ring the alarms on an old sleigh-bell which he found hanging to a strap.

There are only a few moments of stillness; then suddenly the bell jangled four times. At once all was confusion. The "horses" sprang to their places at the pole of the little wagon. Dexter jumped into the seat and caught up the rope reins. The other boys came sliding down from the lift pell-mell. Tommy, at their head, had just time to spring into the saddle of the velocipede when Dexter gave the word; and with bell clanging, "horses" galloping and wheels clattering, away went the make-believe engine and hose-cart and the throng of boy firemen in a mad rush for the distant corner that was supposed to be the scene of the fire.

For days after the Chestnut street boys first played with Dexter Fairing's big toy wagon and velocipede Mr. Fairing's old stable continued to be their fire-station, and they continued to gather there on afternoons ready to dash out at every make-believe alarm. They put out imaginary fires at every corner of the long block in which Dexter lived, and they learned new ways of having fun at the game with each succeeding day.

One afternoon, when it was Dexter's turn to be captain, he rang the gong for what the boys called 'Box 21." That meant Mrs. Broughton's back yard, down round the corner of the next street. The company turned out with the usual rush and rattle, raced pell-mell to the Broughton place, and almost before they had drawn up at the back gate were startled to see what appeared to be the gleam of real fire blazing up inside Mrs. Broughton's kitchen.

"Fire!" yelled Tommy, dropping to the ground, frightened.

"Fire! Fire!" yelled the rest of the company.

For one brief moment they were almost too excited to do anything, for it was plain that Mrs. Broughton and her family were all unconscious of their danger. Then "Captain" Dexter thought of the fire-alarm. The real firemen must be called. "Quick, Tom!" he shouted. "Go tell Mr. McNulty there's a fire. He'll open the box on the corner!"

Almost before Tommy was out of the yard Dexter and the rest were at Mrs. Broughton's front door, ringing the bell like mad. Hurrying to answer the bell, the old lady was startled half out of her wits, but she managed to rush to the kitchen and open a window, while Captain Dexter, who was close behind her, caught up a basin of water that happened to be in the sink and emptied it into the blazing kindlings. His quick action quenched the blaze, and Mrs. Broughton cried out, "Quick, boys!"

Dexter and Willie May hurriedly lifted the charred and smoking box, bumped it over the window-sill, and tumbled it out on the grass. It lay there, burning slowly, where the policeman caught sight of it as he came running down to the corner with Tommy to ring the alarm for the real firemen.

"Is it all out?" he shouted, as he saw the embers.

"All out!" called the boys, in reply.

"'Twas a narrow escape," the policeman remarked to Mrs. Broughton, who still stood by the window, trembling with nervousness.

"Yes," she replied, smiling on the boys. "The fire company saw the blaze just in time!"—from Youth's Companion.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Lloyd and Charlie Cucksey have joined Christ Church Choir.

Aimy Howe hurt her hand on Wednesday.

Ruth Couper brought a number of silk-worm cocoons for nature study, which we hope will come out in the spring.

We are sorry that Miss Irwin is going to leave school.

The entrance class pupils are having examinations.

Mr. Frank Sterling, of Marysville, is visiting relatives in the city.

Grace Humphrey is visiting out at McKay's Corners this week.

Ruth Couper is ill and unable to attend school.

We all visited the Wheel Works on Wednesday to see how the wheels are made.

Miss Hallman has been up to see us several times since her illness.

A dumb man went down to the Chaplin Wheel Works and picked up a hub and spoke.

We have had calisthenic exercises every other morning.

Hazel White has been sick with the measles.

Bessie Holden has recovered and is back at school again.

Mrs. George Pritchard has returned from visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Richard.

Ray Judson has been kept out of school on account of sickness.

Max Charteris got the most marks in grammar.

John White got struck in the eye with a snowball and is not able to be at school.

Miss S. Higgins, of Thamesville, is a pity visitor.

The boys had started to play marbles, but Wednesday's snow stopped them again.

Mr. Plewes took the entrance class down to the Chatham Wheelworks on Wednesday.

The bear went up the mountain and what do you think he saw? He saw the other side of the mountain.

Miss Nellie McGown returned from St. Joseph's Hospital on Sunday.

Very changeable weather this week. The weather man has not forgotten the winter, anyway.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Chaplin and Cooper, the pupils of the Central School entrance class were allowed to look through the Chaplin Wheel Works on Wednesday morning.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

If very many more days are like Wednesday we won't get much more skating.

Ivan Pritchard has a nice canary bird.

John Martin's mother is in Toronto.

Mrs. Storrs, who left her daughter's residence last November to visit her son in Lawrenceburg, Ind., will return this month.

Carlyle Martin was skating last Saturday.

Ivan Pritchard broke his sleigh on the hill Saturday.

Room 7 has had eight history lessons this term.

Hector Landon, who is ill with scarlet fever, is a little better.

Ada Dagnieu stands first in Room 7, for January, 1907.

Miss Esther Brown is visiting Mrs. Craft.

Clarence Bryan, of Park Ave., has a lot of little Bantam chickens.

We play Flynch in the hall every day.

Roy Keeley has a little fox terrier, which he calls Captain.

Winnie Coatsworth, of Delaware Ave., had a party Tuesday night, Feb. 19th, there being thirty-five present.

Mrs. McArthur gave an At Home for the Ladies' Aid of Victoria Ave. Methodist Church.

Miss Aleen Watt has recovered fromm a severe attack of grip.

Mrs. J. G. Martin, who has spent several weeks at Toronto, is returning to her home on Sunday, the 24th.

ROOMS II. AND III. VALENTINE CONCERT.

It was Valentine's morning; we were busy's could be,
When two dainty wee Psyches from Rooms two and three
Came tip-toeing over and brought to our door
A cute invitation for Rooms five and four
To go to a concert, given at three.
Now, don't you think, really, 'twas cute as could be?
The concert was splendid. It was was not too long.
Margaret M. told a story; they all sang a song.
A dialogue was given by four girls and boys;
The topic was winter—its sports and its joys.
An Esquimo lady was there through the snow;
Two charming duetts were rendered just so.
We saw the fair maid sitting under the tree;
We heard the horse neighing, the oxen's sad low,
And off in the distance the caw of the crow.
The tree stood quite straight with branches outspread,
Till the fair little maiden was tucked into bed.
But listen what came at the end—it was fine—
They presented each guest with a gay valentine.
They had the trouble; we had the fun;
They gave us valentines; we gave—none.
And yet, I tell you, you couldn't have guessed
Which of us really enjoyed it best.

DOVER CENTRE.

Following is the school report for January for S. S. No. 11, Dover, the names being in order of merit:

Class V.—M. Jackson, G. Jackson. Absent—H. Brown.

Class IV. Sr.—I. Jackson, J. Martin, B. McKnight, F. Asher, O. Dunlop, O. Jackson.

Class IV. Jr.—J. Porter.

Class III., Sr.—W. Brown, W. Stokes.

Class III., Jr.,—R. Stevens, E. Tiffin, E. Jackson, E. Stevens, I. Heath, O. Brown, B. Fewster, B. Asher, G. Heath, P. Mills.

Class II., Sr.—C. Martin, W. Piggott, G. Stokes, J. Jackson, C. Jackson, E. E. Stokes, I. Heath, A. Fox.

Class II., Jr.—A. Martin, M. Neilly, A. Winter, H. Coron.

Class Pt. II.—L. Stevens, E. Brown, B. Kennedy, E. Montgomery, S. Stevens.

Class I., Sr.—A. Martin, E. Highgate, B. Montgomery, C. Heath.

Class I., Jr.—F. Dunlop.

Average attendance, 38.

Dora McKerrall, Teacher.

Indigestion, constipation come and go like rent and tax day and other sorrows, if you take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the greatest remedy known to mankind. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.

The blacksmith thinks there is more luck in making new horseshoes than in keeping old ones.

How much of your life is spent trying to get well. It requires but a month or less to put the average man or woman on their feet with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

We are glad to say that most of the boys and girls are back to school who have been sick with the measles.

Last night, after four o'clock Cuthbert and I went down to the ice. He got his little horse and my sleigh, then he got on the horse's back; then I got on the sleigh, but it was too heavy.—Byron Watson.

My little brother and I are learning to skate. It is lots of fun when you learn to stand up; but before you can go alone you get many a bump. We will try it again tonight.—Eva Bedell.

At Nora McGuire's place there is a well and her sister let a pail fall in.

On our blackboard there is a nice heart, and under it February is printed.

Last Friday Lyle Wicks and I skated up to Molly Creek. We caught up to Hugh McVean, Carl Bresset and Garth Tassie. We skated up the creek a short distance, and coming back we met Harry Robinson, Menzo Cragg, and Hughie Winters, and we all came home together. The ice was very soft.—Harold Forshee.

The other afternoon Miss Waterworth asked Ian Laird if he would play on his mouth-organ, and he played very nicely.

Mary Fox, of Dresden, was very sick, but she is better now.

Last night Carl Bresset and I went down skating, but it was soft, so we thought we would go down back of Mr. Laird's mill to see how it was there, but it was also soft, except one little spot, and we stayed down for a while, and Dayton Ellis came down and we played hockey till six o'clock.—Charlie Cuthbert.

Gordon Davies is going to send away for a book. The name of it is The Lives of Wild Animals.

Mrs. Manderson, of town, has another little baby.

Hazel Hicks has been out of school for three weeks, as she has had the measles.

SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. NO. 6, CHATHAM TOWNSHIP.

The following is the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 6, N. Chatham Township, for January.

Class V.—B. Lamb, P. Brooksbank, H. Peters.

Class IV.—F. Cumming, B. Cumming, C. Wilson, M. Wildgen, C. Vandusen, C. McNaughton, O. Vandusen, A. Solomon, I. Peters, E. Vincent.

Class III.—V. Hughson, L. Hughson, J. Forsyth, F. Wildgen, H. Wilson, W. Cumming, J. Richardson, A. Richardson.

Class II.—M. Forsyth, G. Cumming, M. Cumming, E. Wilson, P. Briggs, G. Richardson, E. Axford, D. Solomon, N. Highgate, W. Peters.

Part II.—V. Richardson, R. Vincent.

Part I.—W. Bissell.

M. E. Rowe, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 6, CHATHAM.

The following is a report of the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 6, south, for January; names in order of merit:

Class V.—E. Stark, L. Nichols, D. Henry.

Class IV.—E. Oliver, E. Moore, D. Moir, H. See, N. Moore, F. Wickens, E. Bowers.

Class III.—B. Moore, O. Yott, S. Dorey, H. Nichols.

Absent—W. See, W. Nichols.

Class II.—E. Moore, L. Maller, D. McNeilage, C. Breaton, N. Yott.

Pt. II.—M. Henry, W. Johnston, J. V. Baynard.

Absent—L. Johnston.

Jr. I.—B. McNeilage, A. Baynard.

Absent—E. Bond.

C. M. Rowe, Teacher.

The biggest house you see;
Thank goodness, he don't get our money,
For we all drink Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. J. McCall & Co.