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 JULY 7, 1906 No. 6

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Numerical Enigma.

My whole consists of eighteen letters, and is one of the most important engineering enterprises of modern times.

16 4 11 is pale and thin.
12 16 6 a grain.
1 2 14 11 an ache.
9 15 17 5 a shell-fish.
10 7 14 13 part of a song.
12 8 9 6 used at weddings.
16 8 3 to earn.
15 18 7 6 a musical instrument.
8 3 3 4 a girl's name.
9 10 15 15 13 one kind of lily.
5 17 1 a geographical chart.

2. Beheaded Words.

Take but a letter from a musical sound,
And one from something in the body found,
And one from lonely with none to cheer,
And one from nothing, which is hard, I fear;
And then the result, if you will but name,
Will prove to be one and exactly the same.

3. Pi.

Make two countries from the following letters:

g a n n r r y d w e t m o

4. Charades.

I.

My first is open to the naked eye,
It does not hide the truth or lie,
And yet a burden it may sustain,
And show the best when moved by pain.
My second we have on every hand,
My third a habit I would withstand.
My whole must sift with justice fine
To find what rightfully is yours or mine.

II.

My one two is a thing I prize
In word or thought or glance of eye;
My three four five six gives power and place;
My whole upholds what once was base.

III.

Around my first my second I must do
That the refreshing springs may thus pass through.
The third not far away, and fourth must be
Prepared at once when evening shades we see.
For guests within my first will come at third.
My whole is not a very welcome word.
The one who gives ungracious is indeed,
The one who sees must of his words take heed.

5. Riddle.

I'm found in music, but not in rime;
I'm found in summer, but not in time;
I'm found in trouble, but not in kill;
I'm found in bubble, but not in rill;
I'm found in cupboard, but not in shelf.
If you find me you will find yourself.

6. Anagram Rimes.

I.

I wanted to ——— him when he would ———
The ——— attractions, a wondrous amount.

II.

Away on the ——— horizon
We could see the fire's gleam,
It was coming in good ———,
And we made for the ——— stream.

III.

The jolly ——— don't mind the ———,
But watch the polar ———,
And when the ——— desert the ship,
Scent danger from afar.

IV.

I saw how the'd ——— and grow
——— each day,
Gradually ——— and then pass away.

V.

He says he "knows the ———," but still
He ——— long o'er his verse.
His ———, it is a ———,
But his poetry is worse.

7. Hidden Proverbs.

I.

"Make haste!" the little maiden cried,
"We'll romp and tread about the hay,
While up it's stacked, and on it ride
To the barn. The very best play
'Fore the sun gets hot. Keep by my side
Till it shines too bright, then we'll away."

II.

Many are the hopes that are soaring high
In the true heart of a lover;
And sweet the word, a whispered sigh,
Softly spoken by one to other.
And ev'ry grief afar will fly
And jest and joy with love will hover.

8. Letters Prefixed.

Prefix a letter and change—
A noose into a boat.
A measure into an expression of pleasure.
A relative into to stifle.
Sleep into a sharp noise.
A period of time into a white powder.
A tree into to steep.
Illumination into slender.
A poem into to kill.
To murder into dexterity.
A hut into a tool.
Part of the body into a vessel.
To listen into a fish.
To own into to cut fine.
Grain into disdain.
Money into perfume.
A vehicle into a mark of a wound.
A receptacle into looking closely.
A drink into a bargain.
A receptacle into a measure.
A pleasure-ground into a spot of light.
Medicine into to drop.
A tree into part of the body.
A pointed bit of metal into a pile of hay.
A desert into a beginning.
Horses into condensed water.
A color into a limit.
A deep pit into to dilate.
A part of a city into a grass-plot.
A part of speech into a weapon.
A sorceress into a movable rail.
To cultivate into silent.
A story into bid.

9. Enigma.

Find me a ship that's a blessing,
A fort that's at peace each day,
And then, if you will, please find me
An ant that is sprightly and gay.
Find me a gate that will lessen
Whatever sorrows befall,
A rage that is truly valor,
And a fare that will profit all.
Find a cord that will hold together,
A mate that will make you glad,
A file that will always tarnish,
Find a tune that is ever sad.
Then find a table notorious,
A liar who's singular,
A tail that will readily shorten,
And a cent with a generous air.

10. Changed Heads.

My —— is a great ——. He will —— up towels, and soap to make a ——, and go to the lake every morning. He would —— swim than sail.

FOR JUNIORS

THEIR ESSAYS.

A teacher in a public school asked her small boys and girls to write brief essays, and told them to choose their own subjects. One boy chose "Our Hired Man," for his topic, and gave this information about him:

"Our hired man is about five feet four inches tall and is quite thickly settled."

A little girl called her essay, "A Comparison," and in it she compared the horse and the camel in a way that should be of interest to students of natural history, as it contains information not generally known. She wrote:

"There is but one horse that can cross the great desert, and he are a camel. The reason he can cross the desert is because he can carry water for himself in his hump. The horse cannot do so. When a camel has no hump it is a sign that he has drunk himself dry."

JULY.

Crimson and gold the lilies nod and sway,
The clematis its purple flag unfurls,
The roses flush and pale, and o'er the way
The hoary chestnut flaunts its powdered curls.
The wren is singing mid the woodbine's bloom,
The quail acclaims th' approaching harvest-time,
And in the woodland's deepest evening gloom
The fairies' bells repeat their vesper chime.
Languid the breeze, drooping the full-leaved tree,
Faint murmurings echo from the dwindling stream,
While idle clouds fleck the becalmed sky,
And satiate nature stands at gaze, to see
The world in its mid-year siesta dream,
For lo! the calendar proclaims July!

THE NAUGHTY TIDE.

On the seashore in the sand,
Elsie made a castle grand.
When the tide came in that day
All the castle washed away.

Then poor Elsie screamed and cried,
"You're a naughty, naughty tide;
'Twas my palace, I'm the queen—
Never saw a tide so mean!"

Then she built a splendid fort
In the sand—it was great sport;
But the tide it took that, too.
That's the way tides always do.

A GAME OF SHUFFLE.

The shuffle race is new and funny. Its requisites are, for the girls, short skirts held well above the ankles, and low shoes or slippers, many times too large, worn over ordinary shoes, says the Woman's Home Companion. Unless the foot can be lifted out without touching the shoe with the hands, the shoe or slipper is too small. For the boys provide the largest-sized shoes obtainable, having uppers only at the toes.

The course should be about one hundred feet over a smoothly shaven lawn. The contestants must stand in line at the starting point, and at the word "go" must start off on the race, shuffling along as fast as possible. The boys have no advantage over the girls in the game, for it is no easier for one to cover the distance quickly shuffling along in the large shoes, than for the other, and both look equally ridiculous in their absurdly frantic efforts to keep the shoes on their feet.

The men who make history have not time to write it.

SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. NO. 4, RALEIGH.

Following is the report of S. S. No. 4, Raleigh, for June.

660 required for promotion to Class IV.
600 required for promotion to Class III.
200 required for promotion to Class II.

Class IV.—F. Coutts 980, M. Armstrong 960, L. Roszell 838, T. Halliday 606, I. Vince 927, M. Hawkins 800.

Class III., Sr.—J. Ritchie 775, C. Shadd 438, C. Roszell 455.

Class III., Jr.—L. Laidlaw 749, W. Laidlaw 625, W. Young 637.

Class II., Sr.—A. Moorehouse 635, M. Kearns 531.

Class II., Jr.—J. Coutts 455, M. Ritchie 380, M. Shadd 305.

Part II.—C. Laidlaw 295, E. Moorehouse 185, F. Green 255, J. Rice 240.

P. McCallum,
Teacher.

S. S. NO. 1, HARWICH.

Following is the result of the promotion examination of S. S. No. 1, Harwich:

From III. to IV.—P. Cameron, M. Brown, H. Mardling, L. Groombridge, H. Thomas, A. Thomas, C. Bateman.

From II. to III.—E. Leitch, I. Glenn, A. Parrott, J. Wilson, B. Mardling, S. Guilt, J. Pollard.

From Pt. II. to II.—G. Pollard, D. Thomas, A. Blackburn.

From I. to Pt. II.—M. Smith, Mable Smith, L. Lewis, L. Mardling, A. Groombridge, H. Street, J. Axford.

H. C. Duffus,
Teacher.

SKILL AND DARING OF EAGLES IN BATTLE

Ornithologists are inclined to discourage the idea that eagles are in the habit of attacking large animals, but a contest witnessed by an observer dispels such theory. The battle was between an eagle and a stag.

The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck, which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the animal with its powerful wings, knocked it down and finally killed it. A still more remarkable spectacle is well authenticated. An eagle attacked a fawn in the highlands of Scotland. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which sprang upon the eagle and struck it repeatedly with its forefeet. Fawn, deer and eagle rolled down a declivity, the bird was dislodged from its hold and the fawn rescued.

Many traditions are extant as to the carrying off of children by eagles. The most recent case bearing close scrutiny is one which happened in South Africa. A Boer farmer whose stock had been carried by eagles lay in ambush for the robbers and saw one of them descend and carry off the five-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, which, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn bush. The bird was dead, but the child was little hurt.

Two eagles will stalk a covert in concert. While one conceals itself the other bears about the bushes with great screaming, driving out its quarry for the hidden eagle to swoop down upon. An even more insidious method has been observed. An eagle seeing a sheep on the edge of a precipice flew at it, screaming shrilly and with forceful beat of wing hurled it into the valley below, where it could devour it at its leisure. In the light of such records there is good reason for believing the legend of the eagle dropping a tortoise on the bald head of Aeschylus, the Greek poet, and so causing his death.

THE BIG BEAR OF THE TETONS

By Ray Gabriel McIntyre

The sun was just turning to crimson the glacier-white triangle of the highest of the Three Tetons as David Hanlon slammed into the log cabin, bringing in a fresh whiff of the crisp autumn air. His sister Marta was bending over the stove, frying trout. Fork in hand, she turned in surprise.

"The Big Bear!" cried David. "He's been in the sheep corral again. He tore down that low place in the willow fence where he always goes over, and he just slaughtered the sheep."

"Dear! dear!" wailed his sister. "He has killed so many before! What ever shall we do?"

"Kill him!" retorted her brother, grimly.

"He must be a grizzly," ventured Marta, dubiously.

"That's about what he is," assented David. "Our Teton grizzlies are not so large as some silvertips, but there are none so cunning and wicked and powerful. Most silvertips make their lair in some dark canon, and scuttle when they see a man; but these fellows range far and wide, just hunting for trouble."

The Big Bear had done enough mischief up and down the Teton Basin to warrant his bad reputation. Every rancher for miles hated and feared him. He was an ugly, surly fellow, although not so large as a California grizzly.

"I mean to catch the Big Bear," boasted David. "I'll sell his wicked old hide for twenty-five dollars, Marta, and you can buy some trinkets." He laughed, although he felt angry enough over his losses occasioned by the bear's depredations.

"You must be careful," cautioned his sister. She knew David had killed so many bears during their five years in the Teton Basin that he felt only contempt for the big, clumsy fellows.

He made no ado about killing a bear. A good gun, steady nerves, and a bullet well placed—that was all that was required. Of course, he would add, you must look sharp when you meet a bear with cubs, or wound or corner a grizzly. And one would hardly shoot a bear on a ledge above, as it might roll down upon one. In brief, as David would summarize it, a man who hunts anything needs — gumption!

While David and Marta ate breakfast David enlarged upon his plans for putting an end to the bear.

His sheep corral lay a little way back from the cabin. It was enclosed by a high, tight fence of woven wire rows. At the rear of the corral the fence was set squarely across an old path leading back and up into the pines which feathered the base of a talon-like spur of the mountains.

On every trip to David's corral the bear had come down this path and climbed over into the corral, partially knocking down the fence. When he had slain to his bloody satisfaction, he had climbed out at the same place and returned to the upper mountain fastnesses.

"I mean to watch every night," said David, "just inside the fence, close to the broken place, and as the old fellow comes down the path and over the fence, I'll shoot him."

This campaign seemed to David and his sister certain of success. Night after night David watched, ready for the fatal shot the moment the bear should lift his head above the fence.

During the day David slept and rested, and so, fresh and enthusiastic every evening, he resumed his watch for the marauder.

"I think he'll come to-night," David said on the fourth evening, as he took down his favorite rifle from the small arsenal on the cabin wall. David Hanlon's "fad" was guns. He possessed seven of the best and latest patterns. Nor was his fad an extravagance, for the guns were his stock in trade. His hunting brought him many a dollar for game, and heads and pelts for Eastern taxidermists.

A few years ago there was an abundance of bear, moose, elk and deer in the Teton Basin. Even now, when the big game has been driven back by the encroachments of settlers, David Hanlon still derives a good income from his beloved mountains.

During the summer tourist season he acts as guide in the Yellowstone National Park Every autumn, when the game season opens he earns from five to ten dollars a day as guide for the wealthy sportsmen who come from the East to hunt big game in the Teton range and in the Jackson Hole country which lies just south of the great park.

David Hanlon has lived and loved his mountain life as a true sportsman. Your true sportsman has a triune nature—a poet's appreciation of beauty, a philosopher's content with simple living, and the primitive man's passionate love of the chase.

The tang of sage on the far, high mesas, the incense and murmur of pines on the slopes, the gleam of the eternal silver seams fourteen thousand feet up yonder on the peaks — these are things incomparably precious to the lover of the free, wild outdoors.

Marta Hanlon had her rifle, too, for under her brother's tutelage she had become an excellent shot. She was a good horsewoman and an adept snow-shoer as well.

When her brother took his stand on the farther side of the sheep corral, Marta stood her rifle conveniently near the kitchen door. As she washed the supper dishes she listened for any unusual sounds from the corrals.

About nine o'clock her quick ear caught a wild bleating and a rush of small, stampeding feet. The bear was among the sheep! She listened intently, waiting for David's rifle to speak. There was no report, only a wilder uproar. Marta snatched up her rifle and ran out cautiously toward the corral.

Meanwhile David had been sitting on a log on the farther side of the corral near the break in the fence. No unusual sounds broke the silence of the forest night. The sheep were bedded in open sheds along the front of the corral. Now and then a little bell tinkled drowsily. A half-broken bronco, tied in the log stable not far beyond, tried every half-hour or so to kick out, but his hoofs made only a brief, vicious bombardment on the logs. David thought he had never heard the mountain stream before the house gurgle and babble so loudly over its boulders. He buttoned close his fur-lined fustian jacket, for the autumn nights are bitter cold in those high altitudes.

The night was brightly, crisply crisply starlit. The moon, a faint, milky bit of jaggedly broken pearl, added no light to the cold white star brilliancy. The peaks stood sharply defined, like sculptured marble and ebony.

Once David fancied he heard faint, padded footfalls on the old path. He waited, rifle ready, eyes on the break He could hear his blood pounding in his ears, but not another approaching footfall on the path. Presently a distant crackle of undergrowth only denoted that some wary night wanderer had gone off into the pines. David settled down on the log in sore disappointment.

Suddenly the sheep lying under the sheds heaved up from their straw. It was like the very ground heaving and breaking into gray, rounded waves. Bleating wildly, the flock stampeded toward his side of the corral.

David saw the waves—a thousand sheep—surging madly towards him. Near the gate, on the ebbing edge of the rushing flock, a large, dark animal was knocking sheep right and left with powerful slaps of his paws. The wily Big Bear of the Tetons had entered the corral from the front, while David was waiting to receive him at the rear!

But David himself had little time to realize how the Big Bear had frustrated his reception program, for the frightened sheep surged close about him, thrusting him back toward the fence. On they came, knocking each other down and trampling on the fallen. The onslaught of the thousand fear-maddened creatures was so terrific and unexpected that David was knocked down and trampled.

The sharp little hoofs cut his hands, his face. He could smell the very grease in the wool. He was being buried alive under the frantic flock. He was suffocating!

and he wondered dully how his gun, which had been knocked from his hand, had contrived to go off—twice! Then his whole body seemed bursting for want of air. Motes of flame danced in the black void. His eyeballs felt big and ready to burst.

Marta ran cautiously toward the corral. She reached the gate of pine poles and looked in. The Big Bear stood just inside. He had climbed the gate and descended unexpectedly upon the sleeping flock. Near him lay a bleeding, quivering carcass, ripped wide open by one slash of his razor-sharp claws.

Marta arrived at the gate just in time to see David go down under the stampeding flock. But the bear was between her and David, and must be disposed of before she could attempt the rescue of her brother.

She rested the rifle on the gate and took good aim. She fired twice.

The bear paused in his slaughter and wheeled clumsily toward the girl. He was hard hit, but Marta saw there was yet enough vitality and fury in that big, shaggy body to carry him over the gate. He came toward her, squealing horribly—almost huma neries of agony and anger.

Marta was frightened enough, but she did not lose control of herself or of her weapon. She waited, her rifle-barrel still resting on the top pole of the gate.

The bear flung himself against the barrier, and the strong panel of poles creaked and swayed with his weight. He upreared his great head, so that his foaming, gaping mouth was not six inches from the muzzle of Marta's rifle. Then Marta fired a fatal shot. The bear shook the gate in a last spasm of rage. Blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils as he fell back heavily. After a few convulsive quivers the big, dark bulk lay quite still beside the gate.

Even then Marta was not certain enough of his death to risk opening the gate and entering the corral over his body. She ran along the fence a few rods, and after climbing over, sped across the corral to her brother's assistance. The flock had parted in two streams that flowed in opposite directions round the fence.

With frantic haste Marta pushed and rolled the sheep off David's body. She had arrived just in time. A few minutes more under the sheep would have put an end forever to David Hanlon's bear-hunting.

Then sweet waters sang in his ears as he floated slowly back to consciousness, to find Marta shaking the breath into him and wiping muck and blood from his face.

As David hobbled back across the corral, Marta explained how she had despatched the Big Bear.

"Bless you!" said David, admiringly, "but you're a sister worth having!"

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo by Gauvin & Gentzel, Halifax

MARSHALL SAUNDERS

The Popular Canadian Author.

If the temperature of an author's popularity can be measured by the thermometer of sales, then surely the most popular writer in Canada is Miss Marshall Saunders, whose "Beautiful Joe" has sold 400,000 copies, and been translated into Swedish, German and Japanese.

At her grandfather's house in Milton, Nova Scotia, Miss Saunders was born in 1861, the daughter of a clergyman, and a descendant of the John Alden immortalized in verse by Longfellow. Her early days were spent in the beautiful land of Evangeline where the very air seems redolent of romance and historic memories. When she was six the family moved to Halifax, and there she received the foundation of her education in private and public schools until fifteen, when she was sent to a boarding school in Scotland and thence to France to put some finishing touches to her education.

On her return to Nova Scotia she taught school for a time and then drifted into literature. Her first short story brought forty dollars, but she soon realized that real success could not be plucked like a rose in a garden; she must pay the price in years of observation, study, training and practice. She spent several years in foreign travel, as a post-graduate course in experience, and then returned to Nova Scotia, ready for the serious work of her life.

In 1894 the American Humane Educational Society offered a prize of $200 for the best story illustrating kindness to dumb animals. Miss Saunders determined to compete for it. She spent six months in writing a story, the background of which was largely autobiographic and the spirit pervading it her own intense love for animals, the silent appeal of their helplessness finding ever a sympathetic echo in her heart. The committee of award in giving the prize to her book "Beautiful Joe," said: "the author has genius, heart and insight. It is an admirable story and should have an immense sale and become a standard for all libraries," and yet this sweet, sympathetic study of dog life, despite its splendid endorsement, went begging among the publishers for six months before it was accepted, Miss Saunders having availed herself of the privilege of forfeiting the prize money and retaining her manuscript.

When published, it gave her a place in the very front rank of writers of animal stories. Her "Tilda Jane," a simple, natural, pathetic yet humorous story, adds a new character to the charming literature of childhood. In her ambitious novel "Rose à Charlitte," she gives a delightful portrayal of the life of the Acadians in the historic country around St. Mary's Bay, a realm of idyllic romance, where trials and sorrows seemed to sanctify and purify the people to higher things.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

SAVE THE BABIES.

Mothers, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional Tablet to the well child and you will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swiftly and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. Mrs. R. Metlin, Halifax, N. S., says: "Baby's own Tablets are a valuable medicine for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

No, she said, I'm afraid I do not love you enough to become your wife. but I shall always be your friend and sincerely wish for your happiness.

Oh, that's all right, he rejoined. I have made up my mind to——

Please don't do anything rash, she interrupted.

I'll not, he continued. I'm going to propose to Miss Plumleigh to-morrow.

Oh, horrors! she exclaimed. Please give me another day to consider, dear.

It is wonderful what a little careful grooming will do for a woman. It's inspiration and sweetness. It's delightful and bewitching. The effects of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

We don't need people to love us half as much as we need to love people.