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 DECEMBER 8, 1906 | No. 27

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906.

Miss Hilda Rankin has kindly allowed us to publish her clever Valedictory Address, which was read at the Central School entertainment last week.

This is acknowledged to be one of the brightest compositions ever written by a pupil of our Public Schools, and we may all feel proud of her.

In years to come we will see how true a prophetess she has proved herself to be.

We would like to have the opinion of some more Juniors, as to who should have the prizes.

FOR JUNIORS

THE VERY BEST KIND OF A CHRISTMAS TREE.

A little tree grew in the midst of the wood
Contented and happy as little trees should,
His body was straight and his branches were green:
And summer and winter the bountiful sheen
Of his needles bedecked him, from top to root,
In a beautiful, all-the-year, holiday suit.

But a trouble came into his head one day,
When he saw how the trees were gay
In the wonderful raiment that summer weaves
Of a hundred different kinds of leaves;
He looked at his needles so stiff and so small,
And he thought that his dress was the cheapest of all.
Then envy beclouded the little tree's mind,
And he said to himself, "It was not very kind
To give such a ugly old dress to a tree!
If the fays of the forest would only ask me,
I'd tell them the way I should like to be dressed,—
In a garment of gold, to outshine all the rest!"

Then he fell asleep, but his dreams were bad;
When he woke in the morning, my! wasn't he glad?
For every leaf that his boughs could hold
Was certainly made out of beaten gold.
I tell you, my children, that tree was proud;
He was something above the common crowd;
And he tinkled his leaves as if he would say
To a pedlar who walked in the wood that day,
"Just look at me! Don't you think I am fine?
And wouldn't you like such a dress as mine?"
"Ach, ja!" said the man, "und I shust believes
Dot I fills mein pack mit dose beautiful leaves."
So he picked them every one with care,
And left the little tree standing bare.

"Oh, why did I wish for golden leaves?"
The little tree said. "I forgot that thieves
Would be sure to rob me in passing by,
If the fairies would give me another try,
I'd wish for something that cost much less,
And be satisfied with glass for my dress!"

So he fell asleep; and, just as before,
The fairies answered his wish once more,
When the night was gone, and the sun rose clear,
The tree was a crystal chandelier;
And he seemed as he stood in the morning light,
That his branches were covered with jewels bright,
"Aha!" said the tree. "This is something great!"
And he held himself up, very haughty and straight;
But a rude young wind through the forest dashed,
In a "rough-house" temper, and suddenly smashed
The shining leaves. With a shivering sound
They broke into pieces and fell to the ground,
Like a silvery, shimmering shower of hail,
And the tree stood naked and bare to the gale.
Then the tree was sad; and he cried, "Alas
For my beautiful leaves of shining glass!
Perhaps I have made a little mistake
In choosing a dress so easy to break.
If the fairies would only hear me again
I'd ask them for something both pretty and plain,
It wouldn't cost much to grant my request,
In leaves of green lettuce I'd like to be dressed!"

By this time the fairies were laughing, I know,
But they gave him his wish in a second, and lo!
With leaves of green lettuce, all tender and sweet,
The tree was rigged out, from his head to his feet,
"I knew it!" he cried, "I was sure I could find
The sort of a suit that would be to my mind.
There's none of the trees has a prettier dress,
And none as attractive as I am, I guess."
But a goat who was strolling along that way,
Overheard what the foolish tree did say.
So he came up close for a nearer view;—
"My salad!" he bleated, "I think so, too!
You're the most attractive kind of a tree,
And I want your leaves for my five o'clock tea."
So he ate them all without saying grace,
And walked away with a grin on his face;
And the little tree stood in the twilight dim,
With never a leaf on a single limb.

Then he sighed and groaned; but his voice was weak;
He was so ashamed that he couldn't speak.
He knew at last that he'd been a fool,
To think of breaking the forest's rule,
And choosing a dress himself to please;
Because he envied the other trees.
But it couldn't be helped, it was now too late,
He must make up his mind to a leafless fate!
So he let himself sink in a slumber deep,
But he moaned and he tossed in his troubled sleep,
Till the morning came, with his joyful beam,
And he woke to find it was all a dream.
For there in his evergreen dress he stood,
A pointed fir in the midst of the wood!
His boughs were sweet with the balsam smell,
His branches were sweet with the balsam smell,
His branches were fresh when the white snow fell,
And nevermore fretful and jealous was he,—
The very best kind of a Christmas tree.

—Hy. Van Dyke, in The Ladies' Home Journal.

What is the use of complaining because the world declines to shoulder your troubles?

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Changed Vowels.

Change a vowel in each word to make the next
Change equally distant from either extreme,
You'll find to confuse, as one's wits in a dream;
Interfering with others the next change will mean.

To spring, to rush out as soldiers may do;
To soil or to tarnish your name or your shoe;
To be weak or foolish—that couldn't be you.

Change land that is plowed and then left unsown
To a person that's mean, to politeness unknown,
Then change to go after one who has flown.

This unpleasant reminder is left at at your door;
This you play with, you kill with, it tires you sore;
This would hasten your flight with it hideous roar;
And oft in the morning you vote this a bore;
This furnishes cotton you buy at the store.

●●●

2. Enigma.

28 8 12 4 and 15 will spell for you
A weapon used in war and hunting, too.
10 11 16 14 27 and 20 show
A little beast that Western people know.
1 2 21 29 13 18 and 3
Will form a week that farmers grieve to see.
In 23 17 9 4 5 6 and 7
A country in the frozen north is given.
10 11 25 25 and 22
A nickname for New York will bring in view.
My letters, twenty-nine in number spell
What once upon Forefathers' Day befell.

●●●

3. Omissions.

By omitting the central letter in each word, you will change—
Injuries to parts of a big.
Clergymen to homes of wild beasts.
Released to a man's name.
With heat to sword.
With despatch to detestation.
Exited to falsehood.
Clinched hands to illness.
Unsuitable to one.
Stops to head coverings.
Pains to playing-cards.

●●●

4. Words Within Words.

Take a prayer from a legal notice and leave a domestic animal.
A propellor from loud crying and leave an ornament.
A pronoun from a bed covering and leave to establish.
A deed from habit and leave value.
An edge from an archbishop and leave his head.
A highway from to increase in breadth and leave a Scotch mountain.
A lake from the act of moving from place to place and leave a wash.
Cause from disloyal and leave an article of furniture.
The best part of anything from shrieking and leave to carol.
A relation from fluttering and leave a toss.

●●●

5. Twenty-five Aunts.

Aunt No. 1 is proud and demanding.
2. Is a beggar and has no ability to repair.
3. Reduces friction, a near relative to a "famous Kate."
4. Keeps cool.
5. Is considerate of others' feelings.
6. Always has a smiling face.
7. Always takes her own part.
8. Is a manufacturer.
9. Seeks an office or situation.
10. Takes military charge.
11. Gives food to wayfarers.
12. Will live after you.
13. Wants what you do.
14. Quarrels with you.
15. Has taken possession of a residence.
16. Dwells in a place.
17. Has fighting tendencies.
18. Is military.
19. Accompanies you.
20. Is very easily managed.
21. Agrees with you.
22. Firmly proclaims her objection to doctrines.
23. Lies low, ready to spring.
24. Trembles at the slightest motion.
25. Is full of sound.

●●●

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST JUNIOR.

1—
I. Pig, meant—pigment.
II. Pity, less—pitiless.
III. Abyss, sin, I, a—Abyssinia.

2—
San Francisco and Valparaiso.

3—
Cheat, heat, eat, at.

4—
Chaffinch.
Dodo.
Bald Eagle.
Adjutant-bird.
Starling.
Fieldfare.
Grossbeak.
Sea-gull.
Stonechat.
Secretary-bird.
Yellowhammer.
Woodcock.
Crane.
Marsh-harrier.
Hobby.
Martin.
Phœbe.

5—
Fowl, flow wolf.
Ovid, void.
Dead, Edda.
Luna, nina.
Last, salt.

RIDDLES BY JUNIORS.

Why is a horse like a stick of candy?
Because the harder you lick it the faster it goes.

Can you tel-a-phone from a ship?
Yes; because if you put a telephone and a ship side by side you can tell them apart.

Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day?
Because he might reign.

Why is the letter "a" like noon?
Because it's the middle of day—d-a-y.

What is blacker than a crow?
His feathers.

When does a field require mending?
When it is full of tares, has a large rent upon it, and the sewing has been neglected.

Why is a nail stuck fast in the wall like an old man?
Because it's in firm—infirm.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer?
One sells watches and the other watches cells.

What bird tells in its name the thing which if he had not we would die?
A swallow.

Why is an egg like a colt?
Neither is ready for use until broken.

What is the oldest tree in America?
The elder tree.

Why is a baker a very improvident person?
He is always selling what he kneads himself.

A FAIRY TALE

BY HILDA RANKIN

A short explanation will help the Juniors who do not live in the city to enjoy Hilda Rankin's Fairy Tale as much as her own classmates did.

Hilda is one of the class who passed the entrance examination to the Collegiate Institute at midsummer, and she was the pupil who was chosen to give the farewell address at the Central School. Her Fairy Tale embodies the names of all her classmates, and the clever way she has brought each of them in is realized by the Chatham citizens, who know them all.

For instance, Nicholas Ifft is the son of the recent American Consul in Chatham; Fraser Hadley's parents purchased an automobile last summer, which he learned to run very easily, and Ed. Radley Jr., formed an Amateur Dramatic Co.

If we had space we would tell you who all the children are, but this will be enough to show you what a clever fairy Hilda has proved herself to be:

—o—

Do you believe in fairies?

Ever since I visited the scene of my school days one glorious midsummer morning, I have had a firm faith in magic spells. After roaming over well remembered spots, I halted under a spreading oak to ponder upon the destinies of my school friends.

"Ah," said I to myself, "where, oh where, is the brilliant class of 1906? The pupils Mr. Plewes and Miss Hillman struggled with so long and so faithfully, and shed tears of regret at seeing them depart to the halls of learning over the creek?"

At this moment I observed a Brownie, clad in green, standing before me.

"What is you wish?" he said. "Name it and I will grant it."

I replied, "To know the fates of my classmates of 1906."

"Look yonder," said the Brownie, "and you will be satisfied."

I looked, and behold! A large concert hall packed to the doors.

"The Radley Stock Company perform to-night," said the Brownie, "assisted by the famous soloist, Percy Scott, the wonderful musician, Jean McLachlan, and the renowned elocutionist, Laura Allen. The Company was advertised by Lorne Putnam, cartoonist, of the New York Times, and the electrical displays were furnished by Norman Whitely."

As I look, a huge automobile dashes to the door and a familiar figure descends. It is Fraser Hadley, now manager of an automobile factory, and his partner, Meldrum Cooke, escorting to the play Violet Merrill, the famous actress, and Kathleen Hannon, the noted authoress.

This scene passes away and an oft-pictured building rises before me. It is the White House, and who now occupies the principal chair? It is none other than Nicholas Ifft, President of the United States. A still further surprise awaits me when I discover near him his chief advisers — Jim Cooper, and Canadian brains being in demand, our Sidney Gregory, both trying hard to look modest and retiring. In the distance come very up-to-date young gentlemen are advancing—silk hats, kid gloves, and patent leather shoes in evidence. They are our old friends, Lyle Keller, Laurence Reid, Harold Mounteer and Mac McKellar, the most popular bank clerks in town, on their way to a football game, where our friend, Victor Parrott, is goal-keeper, and Jim Kennedy is referee.

A city street is my next view, where I notice on the windows of the large stores some familiar names. Bruce Dunlop and Jim Martin have a large clothing store with Webb & Mann's tailoring establishment in connection. A large plate glass window filled with Paris hats is the show-room of Miss Pelett, Miss Remington and Miss Leech, who receive their patrons in gowns as gorgeous as their own. Patiently awaiting their turn are four fashionable butterflies—Miss Margaret Scane, Miss Bessie Stone, Miss Grace Campbell and Miss Eva Bragg—all eager to try on the creations which they intend to wear at the New York Horse Show; and Miss Bragg is assuring her friends that, "If her hat is not suitable, back it goes at once."

A hustling journalist, who bears a resemblance to Edwin Pilkey, stops a busy lawyer, our George Kerr, who with hands full of papers, is rushing to catch a car, and begs for a short account of his defence in the fur-stealing case. "I got him off," shrieks George, and breaks away from the reporter, unconscious that a button of his coat, by which Edwin had detained him, remains in the journalist's hand.

At this point the Brownie said: "You can buy the best ice-cream in Chatham at Percy Pink and Robert Morris' confectionery. These gentlemen have bargain days for school-children, where one cent will do the work of ten.

"Next to this store you see that Lee Remington, W. D. Colby and Albert Martin have a dry goods store, with Willie McCullough as traveller for the firm, Kate Millward as stenographer and our friend Florence Stephenson as book-keeper."

"What is that strange object hovering above the City Buildings," I asked.

"It is Roy McLean," said the fairy, testing his air-ship, made by himself. He intends taking a party of missionaries to India, including Sadie Walkinshaw, Ida James and Lily Masters. Clarence Savage will help him to run the air-ship."

A dark garret next appears before my bewildered eyes.

"If you look closely," said the Brownie, "you will see our famous poet, Jack Kingsmill, now composing a poem entitled, 'To The Moon.' His principal friends are the celebrities, Ross Taylor, author of a book on 'New Mathematics,' and formerly Medallist of the Central School, Clayton Winegarden, the roller-skate champion, and Harry Terrington, present member of Parliament for Kent."

A beautiful stone residence is next presented to my gaze, where Eileen Glenn, now married to a millionaire, reigns supreme. "She is now reigns supreme," said the fairy, pointing to an automobile, "from an interview with the famous artist, Miss Birdie Hutson, who is painting a $5,000 portrait of her."

Among other faces, I behold Lettie Kelly, Flossie Thomas and Muriel Palmer, all distinguishing themselves as trained nurses. Olive Hewson, May Buckingham and Jennie Mason, actresses in the Castle Square Company. Inez Roach, Bessie Collins and Evelyn Mays, stenographers. Aletha Davidson managing a concert company, introducing Muriel Mays, pianiste, and Flossie Roach, prima donna.

"Yes," continued the Brownie, "we must not forget three neat little cottages now before you, where Alice Lister, Nellie Stafford and Laura Cuyler are comfortably settled, and all three come out to sweep their front steps at seven o'clock sharp."

"All the class of 1906 are famous," said my friend. "Are you content?"

And I assured him, with many thanks, that I was.

TENACIOUS FORM OF SYSTEMATIC CATARRH.

Not an easy thing to cure, and a remedy that makes good deserves the credit. Catarrhozone cured Chas. H. Webb, of Woodstock, N. B., who writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with systematic catarrh. It was a very tenacious form of the disease and nothing helped. I used Catarrhozone and got relief. To build up my system I used Ferrozone. This combination can't be beaten. They cured me." Your case may be chronic, but Catarrhozone will drive out catarrh and keep it out. Two sizes, 25c and $1.00 at all dealers, sold under guarantee of satisfaction.

SHE HAD.

Have you really learned to manage your automobile?

Perfectly, was her serene response. I have run over two people and did not hurt the machine a bit.

INVALUABLE FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

With nursing comes an unceasing strain on the mother's vitality. The blood is weakened. Nerves are irritable through loss of sleep. Anxiety and care break down even the strongest. Experience teaches that nothing is more helpful than Ferrozone. What an appetite it brings! No blood-former or nerve tonic more potent, no medicine known that so steadily brings back the health, vigor and spirit that mothers require. It's because Ferrozone nourishes, because it supplies the materials for building that it does such permanent good, 50c. per box at all dealers.

To accept the inevitable quietly and gracefully is the mark of wisdom.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Mr. Plewes has got the boys and girls a lot of lovely new pictures.

The medals and diplomas were given out Wednesday night of last week.

Miss Irwin fell and sprained her instep and was not able to attend school.

Don't forget the rolly coaster in Willie Gray's yard.

Horace Stafford, who sprained his arm and was out of school in consequence, is well enough to be back.

Hurrah for snowballing and skating!

On Wednesday night, Nov. 28th, there was a little entertainment given in the kindergarten room of the Central School for the graduates of 1906.

There was a surprise party given for Annie Downey, Friday, Nov. 30, as they are going to leave Chatham in a short time.

We have had two immense pictures presented to us by the C. P. R.—one is of Sir Donald and Eagle Peak and the other of Paradise Valley.

Everybody is invited to the rolly-coaster on Charteris St., if they behave themselves.

Only three weeks to Christmas!

The Central School concert was a great success.

We are studying Asia in Room 10 this week.

The Entrance Class of Chatham High School had a successful evening Nov. 28.

There was a heavy snowfall Dec. 5th.

The great strike in Hamilton is almost over.

Mr. George Neil, of Park St., is improving.

The Central School got out at 2.30 p. m. on Nov. 29.

Skating is fairly good on the little pond.

Now that snowballing time has come,
The boys and girls will have some fun,
Skating at Jordan's pond!

Model students' exams. next week at the Central School.

Wednesday we had a good snowball fight at the Central School.

Fred Plewes celebrated his seventh birthday on Wednesday.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Lilla Jorrey entertained a number of her friends on Thursday evening, Dec. 6th, it being her twelfth birthday.

Winnie Sullivan entertained a number of her friends last Thursday evening at a birthday party.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Best, Whitebread, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jorrey and family, Selkirk St.

The McKeough School is taking up a subscription for the sick children's hospital in Toronto.

Yesterday in Room six we painted the map of North America and found it pretty difficult to paint. The pupils had to work hard.

Our cat is named Diamond. Papa told me to feel her tail. I felt it, and the cat turned around and nearly bit me. She had her tail broken.

Harold Wells got "perfect" in spelling on Dec. 6.

Ethel Hazard again stands first in Room eight.

Teddy Beaton, of Blenheim, is in town to-day.

Mrs. Lillian Barnier, from Hamilton, expects to visit Detroit, Christmas, and then come to Chatham.

Miss P. Hendricks and Miss E. McDonald, of Oungah, were visiting in Chatham on Wednesday.

Mrs. R. Parry, Dover, returned home last week from a long visit in England.

Grace Hall painted some pretty tulips the other day.

Horace Gragg had a canary bird which was six years and six months old. It died last Friday evening and misses him very much.

Miss Edna Harwood visited her brothers and sisters in Chatham on Dec. 2. Her home is in Chicago and she is a dressmaker.

Room six had a literature test on Wednesday, Dec. 5.

There was quite a storm on Dec. 5. It blew Mr. Moore's fence down.

Mary Morrison, of Lorne Ave., has moved to Gladstone Ave., with her grandmother.

Jack Lane celebrated his fifth birthday on Saturday last. About twenty little boys and girls spent an afternoon with him. They took some phonograph in Mr. Lane's.

Some of Arthur Baldwin's friends spent Monday evening with him in honor of his fifteenth birthday.

Howard Capman has a fine pony, and he goes riding very often.

On the C. W. & L. E., Wednesday night, a switch was burnt out and delayed the cars some time.

Allan Riley had a rooster and three pullets given him.

The boys who deliver The Planet had their pictures taken last Saturday.

In Room six the pupils have drawn and painted the map of North America.

Ross Baldwin returned to school on Monday, after several weeks' absence on account of illness.

The boys and girls were having a fine time with snowballing, but the miserable weather of Wednesday afternoon came along and spoilt our fun. However, we are happy playing games in school.

Gladys Stephenson visited Wallaceburg Wednesday and brought home a glass pig as a souvenir.

Eva Paul heads the list in Room six this week.

Claude Walker says there is a coal famine in Winnipeg.

The boys enjoyed their snowball ball fight yesterday.

We are pleased to learn that our teacher, Miss Nichol, is able to be about again.

Mr. Bowers is starting a restaurant on King St.

Mrs. G. Lampherd returned home from West Lorne on Monday last.

Clarence Wemp has been ill for a few days.

We are studying the Province of New Brunswick now in Room 7.

Annie Crow had a party last Monday night.

Dora Graham spent two or three days with Kate Charteris last week.

Esther Dagge, of Room seven, has been out of school for some time.

Edith and Kenneth Brown, who have been going to the country school, have come back to the McKeough School.

We have some nice plants now in Room seven.

Jesse Miller has a nice pair of bantam roosters.

THE KING AND THE BOY

King Edward, who has recently been at Marienbad, taking the cure, was one day having tea in the Cafe Bellevue Gardens with a party of friends. A small boy, with bare brown legs and a head covered with curls, was playing about in charge of his nurse. He was attracted by the King's smile, which comes readily for children, and drew near the royal table.

His Majesty smilingly offered him a piece of cake, whereupon, becoming suddenly shy, the little boy took to his heels and scampered away.

The King laughed softly. But as he knows a good deal about child nature, he placed the plate with the cake on it invitingly near the edge of the table, and presently "Curly Head" came haltingly back. His Majesty again extended the plate, time the boy took it.

"Thank you!" said he.

The King bowed with the utmost gravity.

Then, resting the plate on the King's knees, the boy ate the cake with appetite, even stooping scrupulously to pick up and eat a rather large crumb which had fallen at His Majesty's feet.

When the last crumb had disappeared, he placed the plate on the table. "Thank you!" he said again.

"Most welcome," returned the King, holding out his hand.

The boy took it, quite unconscious that he was shaking hands with England's sovereign, and ran off to his embarrassed and horrified nurse without a backward glance. But when the King was leaving the gardens the boy spied him, and remembered that he had broken bread with him. With all his little might he chased His Majesty's retreating figure.

"Good-bye!" he panted. "The cake was fine."

His Majesty's hand rested for an instant on the curly head.

"Good-by!" he said. And those who witnessed the little scene say that it was a father's and not a king's smile that accompanied the words.