

The Planet Junior

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday
for the young people of the Maple City.

TELEPHONE 102.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9.

THE JANUARY COMPETITION

Now that the New Year has commenced and the holidays are practically over, many energetic and industrious young readers of The Planet Junior will be again interesting themselves in the monthly essay competitions.

During the new year it will be the aim of the editor to make these increasingly interesting and popular. A variety of splendid subjects is being arranged and the essays written during 1904 will, as in the past, be capital ones.

Following the happy suggestion of a contemporary, the opening subject for the first month will be a "Study in Nature's School." Our young readers, doubtless, have varying ideas as to what is best in Nature's realm and the phase of nature study they are most fond of. For instance, some might choose the rainbow, the thunder storm, the sunset, leaves and flowers, scenery, the snow, birds and animals, river or stream, etc., etc., and take their own way of describing and telling of them.

The judges will be asked to allot twenty-five per cent. of the marks for the choice of subject, and the remaining percentage for the original developments of the subject and the style of composition.

All essays, as usual, must be written in ink, and on one side of the paper only, and reach The Planet Junior not later than Saturday, January 30th.

To the writer of the essay which the judges deem to be the best The Planet Junior will present a handsome prize.

PRESENT FOR SANTA

A dear little girl in the Maple City left three coppers by her stocking on Christmas Eve as "A little present for Santa Claus."

We are still unable to announce the result of the Christmas story competition as the judgment has not been made yet. The judges are still working on the essays and report that there are quite a number of fine stories and they will have much difficulty in making the final judgment. The work of judging the essays is far from easy, but it may be possible to announce the result in the next issue of The Planet Junior on Saturday next.

Forget the sorrows and anxieties of yesterday.

BABY STARS

The souls of little girls who die
God sets up shining in the sky.
But what becomes of little boys?
Ask of nurse, and she replies
That little boys are born without—
Just born to scuffle and to shout,
To play rough games, hit hard, and die.

I'm glad I'm not a little boy.
I think I'd like to be a star.
If God would set me not too far
away from Daddy—so that I
Might send him kisses from the sky,
And shine upon his bed at night
With such a lovely little light;
And if he felt too lonely there,
I'd unwind all my golden hair,
And make a little shining stair,
For him to shine and sit by me—
Oh, Dad, how lovely that would be!
And perhaps I'd ask God for you,
He'd change you to a star, dear, too.
—Richard La Gallienne in Harper's.

GOOD FOR TRIPPING UP

What has two eyes and can't see,
two ears and can't hear, four legs
and can't walk or run, and yet can
jump as high as Bunker Hill monument?

Answer—A dead cat.

But how can a dead cat jump as high as Bunker Hill monument?

Answer—How high can Bunker Hill monument jump?

Say in an offhand way to a friend,
"I'm sure you know this, so answer quickly, Who killed Cain?"

Nine times out of ten the answer will be "Abel."

A. I can make you say "No, I haven't."

B.—You just try it!

A.—Well, I was travelling in Wisconsin last July. It was very hot, and I was quite thirsty when I reached Eau Claire. I stepped into a restaurant, and asked the waiter to bring me the most refreshing beverage he had. He looked somewhat puzzled, but presently brought in a tray containing a glass of iced milk, a glass of iced tea and a cup of hot coffee. Now, tell me, what would you have chosen?"

B. (cautiously)—Coffee.

A. (in apparent consternation)—Oh, you've heard it before!

B. (indignantly)—No, I haven't!

A TELLING APPLICATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEXT.

After 4-year-old Harold had gone to bed on Christmas eve his mother went into the room to see if he had hung up his stocking. Much to her surprise she found that the little fellow had appropriated one of hers for the occasion, and had attached a slip of paper on which he had printed in a bold hand one of his Sunday school texts:—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

All the money he makes he spends for clothes.

Yes, he's a bird, isn't he?

That's right! He's a regular tailor's goose.

THE VERY DOLL

It would seem as if Pharaoh, whose daughter found the infant Moses in the bulrushes of the Nile, was inspired by a wisdom more than human when he commanded his master of the household to have a court artisan construct fac-simile models which should illustrate the every-day life of his people and times. This special decree of Pharaoh was carried into execution and in a rock-hewn tomb have just been found the tremendously interesting little models buried beside the coffin of the royal prince, the master of Pharaoh's household, who conducted the affairs of the palace.

Of all the many ancient relics of these days perhaps the greatest interest centers about a curious little doll made of woven strings. As Pharaoh was of advanced age when he came to the throne and his daughters of mature years when she took up her residence in the great palace, it is argued by the Egyptologists that childish plaything must have been the toy of the infant Moses—the only child in the royal household.

While, to be sure, there may have been many children connected with the palace household, the finding of this one particular childish toy would indicate that it had a special significance; had been treasured with solemn pomp and sadness because it had been fondled by a child of noble distinction. The bible story tells us (Exodus, Chap. 2) that Pharaoh's daughter was devotedly attached to the little foundling, and she adopted him as her son. It is possible that it was by her own command that this treasured doll of her child was preserved and placed among the other objects in the tomb.—New York American.

ONLY ONE ISLAND

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveller. "What's that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name, and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings. "Prince Edward Island, man, What other island is there?"

Some people regard their friends simply as something to blame things on.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIP

The resourcefulness that must be exercised by those who down to the sea in ships was shown lately by Capt. Vincent Nelson, who brought his craft safely into Gloucester, Mass. He was fishing on the eastern part of the Grand banks of Newfoundland when his rudder broke away and he was lost. He made a steering apparatus of the chicken pens used for holding the fish as the dorries are unloaded.

The drag, when completed, was dropped astern and made fast by guys brought up over each quarter of the vessel, and two men assigned to operate it. The rudder towed hard and the wind was fickle, so that progress was slow. Day and night all hands were on deck. Fog enveloped them by day and darkness by night. But their labor and watchfulness were rewarded by their safely making the 1,400 miles to Gloucester. Seamen consider the feat an extraordinary one.—Boys' World.

MERRY GAME

There must be an old woman of the sky with her broom, and two of the players must each hold the end of a skipping rope; the other players must stand in line. The old woman says:

I want a helper to sweep the sky.
Who can jump high, who can jump high.

She looks down the line and points with her broom to one of the players, who comes forward and stands in front of the rope. Holding out the broom, the old woman says:

Take this, take this,
Be sure you don't miss.

The player takes the broom, holding it horizontally, with both hands, and the rope is held for him to jump. He has three trials, each time the rope is held a little higher. If he takes them all, he stands on one side; if he fails, the old woman beats him with the broom, and he is out of the game. When all the players have been tried, those who have been successful have a final trial, and the one who can take all the jumps is selected to help the old woman sweep the sky.

This game is specially adapted for out of doors, and the more players the merrier.

JUNIOR PERSONALS.

Miss Marjorie Waddell entertained a number of her young friends last night at her home, Water St.

The Misses Merritt, Third St., gave a tea on Saturday last.

And aren't you married yet?

No.

Well, well! I thought you were engaged to a certain young lady in Media.

No, I was engaged to an uncertain young lady in Media, and that's why I'm not yet married.