A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1906.

TO ALL JUNIORS.

This week we are publishing two of the essays which we received in the Prize Competition. Both of these have been written by girls, one of whom is 15 years of age and the other 14 years. The essays appear exactly as they have been written, no correction having been made in spelling, composition or punctuation. Read them carefully, and decide which you think the better; keep that one, and do the same each week until they all have appeared, then choose the three best and let us know which they are. You can either tell your teacher, or send direct to us, addressed to "Editor Planet Junior, Chatham, Ontario."

When we reach the little children's essays we can publish several each week, so the twelve you are to judge will probably appear within a month. We hope a great many of you will give your opinion on them.

We are sorry we cannot publish all the essays we have received, and those of you who have failed this time must not be discouraged, but try again next time.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Willmore left on Monday, Oct. 15th, for New York, to attend the General Conference, which opened on the 15th inst. We all join in wishing him a pleasant journey and safe return.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Jean Cumming is home from school this week on account of sickness.

A tarantula—banana spider— was added to our insect collection this week.

Some of us are going to the woods Saturday if the day is fine.

The eighth grade is making a collection of seeds this week.

Mr. Plowes is in Toronto to-day attending the Educational Council.

Eva Owens is well again and back to school, after being sick last week.

Harry Dell is starting picture framing.

A FURRY BURRY TALE.

Now, Kitty went a-nutting once
with little Christopher,
And while he hunted nuts she found
a chestnut burr;
She caught it in her paws and gave
a happy purr,
Then eat and chestnut burr rolled
over in a whir,
Until the prickly thing stuck fast
in Kitty's fur;
And though she kicked and scratched, it still clung fast to her,
"Me-ew, me-ew, me-ew!"—she made
a mighty stir,
Until the noise and cries brought
little Christopher,
Who pulled the prickly burr from
squirming Kitty's fur—
And she ran home as fast as though
there really were
A big brown bear a-coming growling
after her!

—L. H. Hawley.

Its equal as a curative agent does not exist. So perfect is the medicinal action as to challenge the admiration of the medical profession. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Enigma.

What letter deceased is helped?
Which one deceased is given up?
Which one deceased is tired out?
Which one deceased is finished?

2. Charade.

The servant one, capied two three,
But to pass through in vain tried he.
It was so low and small, you see;
And he was suffering from a scare,
And stiff on end stood every hair,
A one two three against his will,
Which seemed to make him taller still.

3. Substitutions.

Example—By substituting an animal for a gun, change a flippant person to a small light. Answer, t-riflcr, t-ape-r.

By substituting to increase for an expression of four, change—

An organ of the body to a means of ascending.

A note of aspiration for a book of autographs, change the white of an egg to a fowl.

A fairy for either of two, change a fruit to money.

A shell-fish for a model, change an illustration to an outcry.

Labor for a number, change a dogma to a particular costume.

A historic boat for a misfortune, change a kind of grass to a place of sale.

A small piece of work for a fruit, change a drink to a puzzle.

Queen Alexandra for one of her children, change a builder to a disease.

4. Inc.te.l Letter Puzzle.

Put same letter in each word and change—

A darling into a plague.
A snare into a home.
A tree into a sacred song.
A garment into the seashore.
To purchase into employed.
Sluggish into to set in.
An animal into a mold.
A head into a sticky substance.
An exploit into a repast.
Part of a harness into a gum.
To accustom into to secure.
To quibble into a book of songs.
A cleaner into part of a ship.
To conquer into an animal.
To pour off into to discourse.
Fiery into an army.
Empty into mad.
Gross into fixed.
To abate into to sew slightly.
A tank into large.
A covering for the hand into a light rain.
Drenched into a point of the compass.
A track into corrosion.
Fate into failed to keep.
A trimming into a joke.
To allow into unless.
Extreme dislike into hurry.
A cooking utensil into a support.
A wager into more than good.
Proper into derivation.
To tap into gone by.
Proper into part of the body.

5. Riddle.

I'm very large, and many men
Find shelter me within;
Yet I'm so small that all my worth
Is scarce that of a pin.
Though millions of me man may
own,
He never sees, nor can see, one.

6. Elisions.

The middle letter of the first word in each pair of words is taken out in order to leave the second word.

Royal, true.
A vision, a drink.
Unfastened, to be deprived of.
Covered with short hair, rage.
A carnivorous beast, a row.
A fold, a map.
Fastened with stitches, the rudiment of a future plant.
A fetter, part of the face.
Clenched hands, convulsions.
Pains, one-spots.
Secretly watched, hastened.
Having an interior covering, falsified.
Commenced, an edible seed.
Pertaining to the ancient Romans, participle of to recline.
Wide, a small nail.
Tall forest trees, pastry.

7. Numerical Enigmas.

I.

How did that 1231 567 spilled on the 1234567 in the office?

II.

Harry's idea of a stage 123456 was comical; 56 was that a 1234 should accompany him.

III.

The little boy fell down and cut his 567. He stopped to pick at 1234567 and a 123 frightened him. I saw him 4567, but not soon enough to prevent his fall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
Haste makes waste.

2—
I.—Chaw, sir—Chaucer.
II.—Shake, spear—Shakespeare.
III.—Cow, purr—Cowper.
IV.—John, son—Johnson.

3—
Valiant.
Servant.
Pliant.
Reluctant.
Irritant.
Cormorant.
Abundant.
Occupant.
Claimant.

SCHOOL REPORTS

UNION S. S. NO. 2 1-2, HARWICH AND RALEIGH.

Form V., Latin—M. Wright 100, L. Huckle 88, B. Henderson 32.

Form IV., Geography—G. Drury 89, B. Drury 64, M. Wright 62, E. Walker 27.

Form III., Grammar—R. Robinson 80, N. Corlett 79, G. Crackel 78, D. Hunter 76, E. Wright 76, M. Drewery 43.

Average for all classes 69 per cent.

L. H. Wiers,
Principal.

BABY'S GOOD DAYS.

One of baby's good days means that your child is thriving and well. Baby's Own Tablets brings all good days into your child's life, for they make little ones well, and keep them well. Mrs. Joseph Ferland, St. Tite des Caps, Que., says:—"Since giving my little one Baby's Own Tablets she has been in splendid health, is growing plumper every day and has beautiful rosy cheeks." These Tablets cure indigestion, colic, constipation, simple fevers, teething troubles, and all the minor ailments of little ones. They do not contain one particle of the poisonous opiates found in all soothing medicines and most liquid preparations. The Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the babe just born, as well as the child of advanced years. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR JUNIORS

SOME HALLOWE'EN GAMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

(By Laura A. Smith.)

Give each child the name of a nut. Tell a story, using the names, and as each nut is named, the child must jump up and turn around quickly, saying his assumed name. When the story-teller calls the word "forest," all the children jump up, turn around and call their names and change places. The last one in his place has to take up the story and continue it.

◆

Bobbing for apples will never quite go out of fashion for Hallowe-en fun. Vary the game by taking the cores out of the apples. In the hollow place some little toy indicative of one's future,—a gun for a soldier, a fish-hook for a fisherman, or an oar for a sailor, a pen for a writer, a needle for a seamstress, etc. Wrap these in paraffine paper, place the top on the apples and fasten it by string and let the children bob for them.

◆

For the benefit of the children who have never been told how to play "Redeeming Forfeits," this is given:

One child is chosen to sit blindfolded in a chair and a second to sell the forfeits. The second player takes a ring or other object, holds it over the head of the blindfolded player and they say: "Heavy, heavy hangs over your head." "Fine or superfine?" "Fine. What shall the owner do to redeem it?" "Walk on all fours and bark like a dog," or some similar feat which the owner of the ring must do to reclaim his property. If the owner is a girl, she is "superfine."

◆

Instead of a fishpond or a grab-bag at the Hallowe'en party, try a "Chinese Laundry." Have a grown person dressed in costume of a Chinese laundryman with long queue, funny false face, and big covered basket on his arm. Wrap toys in mysterious bundles. Give children grains of popped corn and let them bid for a chance to put hands into the basket and draw out a bundle. Of course the laundryman will make many funny gestures, talk pigeon English and make lots of fun. He can be accompanied by two little boys as Chinese dwarfs or monkeys to help the fun.

THE SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and
low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy
song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and
soft,
Their colors are gray and white,
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes
next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white
tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of
the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes
next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and
soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes
next,
The good little, gray little sheep;
I watch how the fire burns red and
low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Joseph Daskam in T. P.'s Weekly.

"How I Spent My Vacation"

Some of the Best Essays Received in the Recent Competition, Which the Juniors are Asked to Judge.

It's perfectly horrid outdoors, and I don't like it one bit. So snowy and blizzardy and cool. I say I don't welcome John Frost, because I want the blue sky, the white fluffy clouds, and the golden sun smiling out from behind, with the gentle breezes, and dancing fields of water, and the Rocky Mountains. I want the Rockies very badly, for I want to play in them, just as I did in the summer which has lately retreated.

Don't smile. 'Twas quite real, though at times it does seem too good to be true. I've patted the great, grey, massive boulders; I've plucked the moss and lichens from their dangerous locations, and chased the goats around the narrow ledges, and peered away down into the deep, dark, narrow abysses, where the water leaps over it's rough bed gurgling, and chanting the funeral dirges of those unlucky creatures which have erringly overstepped the boundary. However, I will tell you a little about my holiday.

A sister of mine lives out near the Rockies, so when that horrid old ogie, typhoid, grasped me by the shoulders, and inflicted a rather jarring shake I accepted her invitation to run out there and recruit. The trip was lovely; but it was lovlier still when I arrived at Carrington and beheld the snow-capped summits of the Rockies in the distance, and it was loviest of all when I set foot upon the firm rock itself, and pitched my tent in the valley formed by two mountains.

The first important affair after my arrival in the settlement of Carrington, was my marriage. Now don't looked shocked, and so expectant of a romance either, for it doesn't border on one. T'was simply a girl wedding, namely, when I met a Carrington girl. I fell in love at first sight, she did likewise, and the result was, that I, being one-half inch taller was hubby, and the sacred vows of matrimony were bound by a brass ring, high on a neighboring bluff. She was Hans and I was Yaweup, at first she objected to the masculine name, but Hubby persisted, so Wifey gave in.

I remained in Carrington several weeks, and then I just had to go and knock a chip off the dear old range looming up in the west and accordingly a camping-party was decided upon. Oh, what a jolly time we had, preparing for that holiday! Then the trudging off to the dear old locality, each with a bundle on his back and a basket in his hand. It reminded me of the children of Israel when they were journeying to the promised land, they could see it afar off, and it looked bright and pleasing. A bunch of the C. P. R. carried us into the mountainous district and joyously I kicked the first huge boulder in my path. To be in the Rocky Mountains! In the backbone of North America! The idea! Puffed up! Whew!

A suitable camping place was found by our leader and pronounced "capital" by all. I had my own tent and quite a private out fit, for of course two families never can live in one house, and a tent is certainly smaller than a house, so Hans and I had decided in favor of private housekeeping.

In the afternoon I went exploring, and found a typical camping-ground, in my opinion, something better than mere stone.

"Hans," I said, after tea, "I've been negotiating with this council and they refuse to consider my proposition. In fact, I want to move. And Hans," I continued, "you've been a glorious good wife to me. I don't forget the time you chased the cow for me, and the time you saved my life in the old mill-pond; and now, when I declare I'm going to camp on my own resources, I know you won't forget those lasting, tying, binding promises you made to stick by me through thick and thin, through hot and cold, until death did us part and afterwards too, if you could, and try to 'funk now."

"But Yaweup," came the protestation, "the Injuns, the bears, and the rattlesnakes?"

"Ah, bosh with the Injuns and bears. I just wish there were such animals in the country. Were I a boy I bet there'd be some bears, I tell you Hans I will be a boy, and I'll find some Injuns. I discovered the slickest place for a camp this afternoon, an old deserted hut, and I'm going to it. "Allons, my enfante," and pack our duds, the others refuse to follow.

"Yep, my Yaweup. I'm your lady every time. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, even to the depths of the Rockies."

Of course there was a great deal of protestation, and kind opinions concerning our evident wisdom. "Ah" said one, "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things." But we cared not for Caesar.

At noon of next day our outfit had been supplanted in the new and secret place, whither, the rest of the party knew not.

"Wife" says I the next morning, still cuddling beneath my blanket, "Breakfast ready, yet?

"Husband" says she, close beside me, "Is the fire made yet?"

"Ah, sure, the pots been biling for hours."

Up she jumped, "Ha-haha, what a good ruse! But I'll go with you."

Hastily dressing we went outside to gaze at our surroundings. They were beautiful! Right down in a battered palisade between twin mountains, a rippling stream beside us, and behind that boulder—what was it? "Looks like steam, Yaweup. Bet it's a geyser sleeping." "Or hot water-springs, come, we'll investigate."

"Whew! Injuns! Great Chief Tomahawk and grand-children of three generations! Hans, come back."

Behind that boulder was a crowd of Indians, cooking their breakfast. Red paint, and feathers, furs and skins! How they were decorated!

"Hans" said I, there's got to be a man in the case. Two girls can't withstand that mob."

"Alrighty, Yaweup, hand one up."

In fifteen minutes I returned from the tent once more; a full fledged cowboy with rifle and all complete.

"Whose," inquired wonder-eyed Hans. "Brother Bill's," I answered.

"Wife, you mind the babies, while I guard the game," but disobediently she advanced, unobserved however by the Indians, in another direction. I reasoned that I might as well enter fire first as last, so patted old Tomahawk on the back. He returned the greeting by thumping my chest and kindly inquiring "Wh teet shootee, bears?" "Naw" said I, "wild-cats."

Success, thought I, lay in humouring them, so immediately I began to kiss the whole bunch of papooses; then I thought of starting on the squaws, but the first attempt was sufficient. A dusky young red man kindly advised me to "make my own wife," whereupon the kissing party ceased.

And then a new surprise came. I wondered if the earth had swallowed a number of these people, for evidently they had disappeared. But t'was not so. One meandering about had discovered the tent; others had done likewise and the poor little tent was a perfect swarm. Then to add to my perplexities out came a romping Indian girl with my dress on, soon another with my shoes and later the stockings. In fact articles seemed well distributed, and where, oh where, was Hans. Why didn't she guarded the tent? I ran in, and there quietly seated was Hans handing everything to the outstretched hands without a murmur."

"Stop, stop," I cried. "Have you completely gone out of your mind?"

But it was too late. The Indians, having obtained the upper hand were not content to leave until the tent was stripped. Then they disappeared North, East, South, and West, and were lost to us in almost a moment.

No alternative remained, but to return to our party, much to our chagrin. Perhaps you can imagine how we were guyed, but nevertheless the month's camping was rare fun, and I was sorry when September came and with it my return to Ontario.

GIRL AGED 15.

Number One

Acting under the doctors advise my Uncle John took his invalid daughter Winifred to the seashore for the summer and thinking that she needed more company he took us seven cousins with him.

Just three lots from the pretty pretty cottage that uncle rented was a large desolate looking house which was supposed to be haunted. The old miser, "that had lived in the house last," said on his death bed that he had buried all his money under the step and that he would come back after death and keep watch of it.

As all of the grown up people of the village were going on an excursion on Tuesday the village youths, —including my two cousins—thought it would be a fine chance to call on the ghosts.

Cousin Maude moved that we girls should fix up like ghosts and steal over to the old house before the boys got there. Helen entered into the plan with her whole heart and soul but gentle little Elsie shrunk back in horror and cousin Bess said she would stay home with Elsie.

Within half an hour we had laid all our plans for our unearthly undertaking but could do nothing till we learned what time the boys intended to call on the ghost.

That night the boys asked Helen and I to go for a walk with them to the post office. On the way they told us that the boys were all to gather at the lighthouse on Tuesday at two o'clock and go down to the house together. I suppose they were afraid to go alone.

As soon as the boys were gone Tuesday we told Winifred that we were going down street and stole over to the old house. I was rather timid about going in and I guess Helen was too but she wouldn't let on. I was to represent the old man so I wore the false face that we had last Xmas, uncle night-cap (as the old miser always wore one) and a gown made out of a sheet. As Helen was to represent the old miser's daughter, "who was always sewing carpet-rags," she sat at a table in front of the open door sewing rags with her hair hanging and a white gown on.

We saw the boys coming down the street, so Maude took an old base horn up-stairs which she was to blow when the boys entered the gate and when they reached the step she was to light a bunch of fire-crackers and throw it down amongst them. I was stationed under the step with a chain which I rattled as though counting my money.

Every thing was so silent that I was thinking the boys must have turned back when I heard a low rumbling noise which gradually grew louder and I knew it was Maude's ghost-cry. Presently I felt the the boys clutching at the step but when they were in the very act of turning it over Maude threw the fire-crackers down among t them. This took them by surprise but they mustered up enough courage to throw the step over. I rose slowly before them and raised my salt loaded pistol to shoot when cousin Ralph fainted away. It was my turn to be frightened now. I rushed toward him but this frightened the other boys so that they fled in terror.

We girls tore off our ghostly apparel and took him home. When we got there we found that old aunt She was there. Of course she had to know all about it and after learning the truth she folded her arms and gave us a long lecture at the end saying that she, "didn't know what the girls in the next century would be as they were getting worse all the time.

GIRL AGED 14.

Number two.

COMPUTING INTEREST

Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows that much used rule for computing interest at 6 per cent—multiply by the number of days and divide the product by 6—but many of them could not, perhaps, explain the principle on which the rule is based. Here it is in a few words: In reckoning interest 360 days make a year. Now, to find the interest on any amount for one year—360 days—at 6 per cent we multiply the amount by 6 and divide by 100. Having found the interest for 360 days, we can get it for one day by dividing that interest by 360. But multiplying by 6 and dividing by 100 and then dividing by 360 is the same as multiplying by 6 and dividing by 36,000. Then, again, multiplying by 6 and dividing by 36,000 is the same as dividing at once by 6,000. It follows that we may find the interest on any amount for one day by dividing by 6,000, and we have only to multiply the interest for one day by the given number of days to get the interest for the desired time. In practice it is customary to multiply first by the number of days and then to divide by 6,000, or, what is the same thing, to divide by 6, cutting off three figures for the three ciphers.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Anna Ribble spent last night with Velma Webster.

The Wallaceburg beet factory has shut down.

Mrs. T. Ashwell is going to have a thimble tea on Tuesday from 4 to 8.

There is a neww scholar in the Public school second book, whose name is Irwin.

Jennie Slater spent Thanksgiving in Wallaceburg.

Garth Tassie is back to school, after a few days' illness.

To-morrow confirmation will be held in Christ Church at 2.30 in the afternoon. The new Bishop will be here. An old lady 83 years old is going to be confirmed, and quite a few young girls. The church will be decorated.

They are putting a furnace in the Baptist Church. Their new minister is Mr. Philips.

To-day when we were spelling our words, George Cragg said, "Please, that word ought to be raindeer." He stopped us from our work to laugh at him.

My father is going to give me 25c. for raking leaves. I am going to save money to get an air-gun.—Ian Laird.

My brother and I went out hunting Saturday. We went down the railroad track. All we got was a snake.—Wundo Kimmerly.

Quigley & Burns are going to have a sale next Saturday. They are going to sell horses, cows, colts and implements. Some of the implements are second-handed and some of them are new.

Mr. Mason, a very old blind man, is dead. He died at the House of Refuge. He was in Dresden at the Old Boys' Re-union. He was buried from the Methodist Church, in the Dresden Cemetery.

It will soon be Hallowe'en. I don't think I will forget two years ago, when my father was working in the beet factory. When he came home, about 11 o'clock, he could not get in for barrels, axes, axes, sails and everything else. I don't know whether it will be the same this Hallowe'en.

Barry Ashwell and Douglas McWha went out gathering walnuts on Thanksgiving day. We got two bags.

Saturday night my sister came up from Detroit. She brought the baby with her. The baby's name is Loeta Ileen. She went back this morning.—Grace Ripman.

I am writing to tell you about our town. We have a lot of beets here to send away. One day I went up to the car and helped a man to unload his beet, and he gave me five cents. —Herman Talbot.

My birthday will be next Sunday. I will be nine years old. — Wilfred Thornton.

Thanksgiving is past, but I had a lot of fun. Saturday about five o'clock I went out to Mr. Locas' with him to get some corn for his horses.—Laura Wells.

On Thanksgiving Day James McVean went out to hunt mushrooms. He picked two baskets full in one place.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Neatly describes the celerity of Putnam's Corn Extractor. Roots corns out in short order. Causes no pain, leaves no scar, and gives perfect satisfaction. Remember there is only one "best"—thats Putnam's—fifty years in use.

The poor excuses we have always with us.

A train of thought isn't always on time.

If you would lose that dull old headache,
And feel as lively as a flee,
Make haste to your druggist
And buy some Rocky Mountain
Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Self-esteem is a vastly different feeling from self-control.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a wonderful tonic. It drives out all impurities. A good thing for the whole family. Keeps you well all winter. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.