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

DRESDEN JUNIORS

We have been saving all kinds of flowers to hand into Mr. Miller in books. On Friday afternoon after recess we put them in. We had red and white trillium, white, red and pink roses, white clover, snow balls, Persian honey suckle, ferns and leaves of grand papa. We had them arranged with one on each page. They looked very nice. Florence Stinson.

Your books must look very pretty and I am sure you have all enjoyed gathering the flowers and arranging them. I knew a boy once who was an only child. His parents had to go to the Southern States on business that would keep them for some months, and as they did not want him to miss school they sent him to a boy's school. Every Saturday one of the masters used to take the boys to the woods. This boy got a book and every week he would get a different kind of plant, press it, write the name, the date, and some little incident connected with the excursion, and when he came home he gave it to his mother and said, "Mother, dear, I knew you would like to know I was thinking of you every day when I was out, and I did it for you." Wasn't he a nice boy? He is a man now, but his mother has the book yet. Editor Planet Junior.

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We are working very hard now to pass at midsummer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Webster spent Saturday in Chatham.

Anna Tibble saw a grass bird's nest Saturday with four eggs in it.

Leland Burns' cousin is going to spend the old boys re-union with him.

There is a wren's nest in our woodshed and it has five eggs in it. Ethel McInnes.

Charlie Stott has a fox and ferret. The fox killed three big chickens and nearly killed a little one.

Mr. J. E. Hubbard, of Dresden, has returned from the hospital, Detroit, where he underwent an operation.

The storm did hot do any damage in Dresden. It killed two horses and blew the top off a barn out in Dawn.

The Sunshine Mission Band did not hold their thank offering meeting on account of the bad storm. It will be on Wednesday night, June 13th.

Friday night it rained very hard. I was out in nearly all of it. When I got home I was soaking wet. Carl Bresett.

To-day I went up to a chippie's nest. There was some young ones in it. There was a robin's nest about a foot from it. Ian Laird.

In one of our apple trees there is a cat bird's nest. It has two little birds in it and one egg that has not come out yet. Gertrude Heyland.

Last Saturday Annie Green went out to her uncle's farm. She went up in the barn and found a wren's nest. It had four little ones and two eggs.

Carl Bresett brought Miss Watterworth a beautuiful moth. She gave it chloroform, but during Saturday and Sunday it came to and laid about 20 tiny eggs then died.

The Maccabees decoration at the graveyard was held yesterday. They played the band all the way over and back. They laid a bunch of flowers on five or six graves.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual excursion to Detroit on Tuesday. They will leave Dresden at 8.30 a. m. and Detroit at 3.30 p. m., and arrive in Dresden about ten o'clock.

There is a young rabbit around our place about three inches high and six inches long. The other day it came about three feet from me and sat looking at me. I was going near it and it jumped away. Ina Webster.

On Sunday afternoon Roy Hart and Hugh Pollock went out the railway track. They got a lot of strawberries. When they got out by Charley Stevens they saw a chipmonk and threw a stone at him, but he went in his hole.

A SPRINGTIME FANCY.

I am so glad the country's green—
It would be bad, I think,
To have it blue, or maybe red;
How it would make us shrink!
And what if it were yellow,—oh,
How dreadful it would be
To see the blazing sunshine on
A yellow lawn or tree!
We think that green was made for us,
It really seems most fit;
Or, possibly, the other way—
'Tis we were made for it!

M. J. H.

THE BELL COW.

By Nannie Byrd Turner.

The bell cow leaves the happy herd
And takes her wilful, chosen way
Through tangled grasses yet unstirred
To paths the cattle never stray;
By hills and hollows pass her feet,
Until the noonday sun is hot,
And glad the wanderer finds retreat
In some cool shadow-sheltered spot,
But when the dust begins to sprinkle
There trembles "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle"—
Graceless, knee-deep in stolen joys
She sounds a silver voice.

Up at the farm we call them back—
The placid grazers—well content
Homeward to swing the beaten track
That down at early dawn, they went.
We count them, "Six—and eight—and ten,"
Quite silent, all the swaying file:
"Heigho, the bell cow gone again!
Hush, listen—hush a while!"
Through clover, weed and periwinkle
We follow "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle";
Sweet tell-tale in the gloaming
It guides the seekers right.

Upon the far-forbidden train
Again the truant feet are set;
Once more on way of hill and dale
Dew rain has made the grasses wet,
The barn-yard circle, duty done,
Stand sleepy in the dark, and hear
Distant and faint, and on and on,
Familiar music drawing near.
Dark deepening falls, stars are a-twinkle,
Comes clearly "tinkle, tankle, tinkle"—
Gay captors in the scented gloom,
We drive the bell cow home.

LIKE DAY THE MAN.

The day is dawning o'er the earth,
Alike unto the man at birth.

The sun has risen glowing, mild,
And so the babe becomes a child.

'Tis rising, dancing up with joy,
Vivacious like the growing boy.

The sun mounts higher now, in truth,
The boy attains the age of youth.

Old Sol at noon preacheth the banns,
The age that youth has reached is man's.

The sun now downward takes its flight,
While man's endeavors shine out bright.

In ardent rays the sun has shown,
The flower of manhood's fully blown.

The day has reached it's closing page,
And so it is at man's old age.
The twilight, then, is but a held
To guide him to that glorious

To put off doing a good turn indicates a desire not to do it.

It never is a waste of time to take time to do a thing well.

Good looks bring happiness. Friends care more for us when we meet them with a clean, smiling face, bright eyes sparkling with health, which comes by taking Holister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McOall & Co.

FOR JUNIORS

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Muriel Jemerson has moved out of this city to Amherstburg.

Please, Mr. Weather Man, let us have a good day for our picnic next Thursday.

Mrs. Emma Eastman and her grandson Lawrence are visiting in Chatham.

The boys and girls of Room VI. are practicing races for the picnic next Thursday.

Miss Holmes' room is going to play Miss Ahrum's room in baseball the day of the picnic.

The girls and boys of Room VI. painted some very pretty maps of North America this week.

The girls and boys of McKeough school are glad to think that they are getting the electric lights put in.

The annual picnic of McKeough school will be held on the grounds of the school on the 21st of this month. Sports and races will be the order of the evening.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Miss Park has an oriole's nest.

George Schram has a white rat.

Fraser Hadley is going on the excursion this afternoon.

Albert Martin heads the list this month in the entrance class.

Edna Maggs is going to Detroit to spend her summer holdays.

Grace Keeley is going to Toronto to spend her summer holidays.

Chatham should be called "The Windy City" instead of "The Maple City."

I think the Baptists should have had their excursion last Friday; it was wet enough.

The chimney blown down by the storm that swept over here last Friday is nearly rebuilt.

They have completed the electric road across the C. P. R. and are paving Raleigh street.

Many children from this school are going on the St. Andrew's Sunday school excursion this afternoon.

Miss Tissiman presented the Central kindergarten with some choice salvias for their school garden.

Tecumseh Park is being cleared and it doesn't look as though there had been any cyclone, only that a few trees are taken away and it looks a little thinner.

BABY ALWAYS WELL

"I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now at the age of eight months he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the ailings ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and nurses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of other mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SPIDER-WEB HAMMOCK.

The spiders have a hammock,
And on the porch it's hung;
Between the stems of ivy vine
The dainty swing is swung.

It hasn't any cushions—
They never seem to swing—
And so I think it must be just
For fun they make the thing!

M. H. J.

Talents never wear out.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Beheaded Rhymes.

My friend and I in idle ——
Were much engaged when, lo a ——
Came in between to stop our ——
'Twas held at arm's length by ——.
He said 'twas framed by fashion's ——,
And called it worthy of an ——,
He'd sell it to us, oh ,so ——!
Just see the flowers, what a ——!
With him there was no wish to ——,
He spurned the thought with growing ——,
Had we seen anything so ——?
He asked the question with some ——.
One owning it was sure to ——,
He hoped his asking was no ——.
We tried his eloquence to ——,
And so our vague alarm to ——.
We looked him o'er. His clothes were ——,
His figure good, though somewhat ——,
We hoped he was a harmless ——,
Though somewhat doubtful of his ——.
At last our manner seemed to ——,
He left—we watched him up the ——,
In rusty brown his form was ——.
We saw him meet a sturdy ——
And with him, coming from his ——,
Close by his side a pretty ——.
Her hands were full of fragrant ——,
Bestowed upon her by her ——.
I saw her pause, the saucy ——,
And throw a blossom. As it ——
She ran as fast as she could ——,
A peal of laughter on her ——.
Our trump turned out a merry ——,
He seemed to think that no mis——,
But said the hat her head should ——,
Took one fond look and gave it ——,
Declared he did not care for ——;
Instead he'd take a stick of ——.
If full of gold had been his ——,
He might have been less free to ——.
We learned a man need not be ——
Because his clothes are somewhat ——.

2. Anagram.

Her eagle eye..... the gloom,
And pores the book of .....,
All written out with her own hand
In terms ..... and sure to please.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST JUNIOR.

1. P-lane-t, a-lie-n, d-ail-y, s-lumber-s, r-ambler-, w-ear-y, b-ridge-s.

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2—

I. Inn, decks—Index.
II. Trees, on, able—treasonable.
III. Don, ate—donate.
IV. Pan, try—pantry.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

How does it happen that you have no extra chairs in your office?

I had to take them out; people came in and bothered me so I could not work.

Oh, good scheme; now go right on with your work as if I was nothere, and I'll perch up here on the corner of your desk and read your morning paper.

He only employs his passion who make no use of his reason.

VAINGLORIOUS.

Our Congress is degenerate, declared the after-dinner speaker.

You are a member of it yourself, I believe? commented a fellow guest.

Yes, sir.

Yet you term it degenerate?

I do.

Your egotism surprises me.

LIED FOR MONEY.

Would you tell a lie for gain?

I have done nothing else for years, thus responded the man addressed.

The questioner shrank away from him.

How could he know he was speaking to a writer of popular fiction.

There may be a difference between the simple life and the simple living.

After all, agreat man is only a little boy grown up.

"The Boy Who Would be a Bird."

BY BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

"It's too horrid," said Dick, biting his pencil and frowning. "I don't see why I should have to stay indoors and do lessons."

Outside the sun shone and the roses nodded at the window.

"I hate being a boy, it's no fun at all."

One impudent rosebud thrust her head inside the room, and a sparrow perched on the sill.

"I wish I were a bird," continued Dick, "It's a far better life. Nothing to do but enjoy yourself—one suit of clothes—no collars to get dirty—no face to wash, and then you can just fly wherever you like—you needn't wait for a train or a 'bus, or stay indoors because it's raining."

"Che—cep," said the sparrow on the sill.

"And you needn't be quiet just because grown-up people can't stand it, and you needn't do nothing for nobody. I wish I were a bird."

"You've just wished the right moment of the year," said a China Mannikin on the mantelpiece, who, as far as Dick knew, had never spoken before.

By the time Dick might have been surprised the room had vanished, and left him standing alone in the tallest elm tree, in a coat of brown feathers, with bright beady eyes and a beak and little claws—a sparrow.

For one moment his head swam, and he felt he would fall from the little branch that swung in the light breeze at such a dizzy height. Then he pulled himself together, gripped the branch tightly, and spread his wings to balance himself.

It was wonderful. He really didn't feel so frightened after all—only as if he were dreaming and might wake up at any moment. It was really delicious up there—a world of green leaves with peeps of blue sky, and a gentle swaying movement of the tree top. "Something like a swing," said Dick to himself, "only better."

Then he peeked himself to see if it were true.

"Fairies don't happen," he said, "except in fairy stories. It isn't true."

But it was.

Suddenly there was a whirr of wings and a flock of birds circled round him.

"Oh, I say," said one. "Here's a new one.

"Where have you come from?" asked another.

"Chirp up, can't you?" said another.

Dick stammered, though it was quite easy to understand their language.

"I—I—was a Stone Thrower a minute ago," he said. And then he wondered how he knew "Stone Thrower" meant "boy" in their language.

Ther ewere hisses of rage.

"But I wished to be a Feathered One, and so I am," Dick added hurriedly.

"Oh, well," said the oldest-looking bird among them, "it was your misfortune to be born a Stone Thrower, and your luck to turn into a Feathered One. Come and call on me one day. I live in the third tree in this row, third branch from the top. Ta-ta!" And he flew away.

"Come and have a fly with me," said a young bird, sitting on the branch above. "I know a jolly farm near here with the most splendid cherry trees—and no nets."

"All right," said Dick, for he loved cherries.

The young bird spread his wings and flew. For a moment Dick trembled, then he plucked up courage, and they rose int othe air together. It was a splendid feeling when you grew accustomed to it. Below, the whole world lay spread out like a picture book—trees, farms, sheep, gardens, and men and women crawling about like ants. They hung poised for a moment. Then—

"This way," cried the young bird, and dived downwards.

There was a rush of cool air, which ruffled Dick's feathers all the wrong way. It was the queerest feeling; he really felt a little giddy when they came to a halt on a branch laden with whiteheart cherries.

"Here we are," said Dick's companion. "Now, peck away," and he had his beak full in no time. Dick followed suit.

"What is your name?" asked the young bird.

"Dick. What's your's?"

"Merry Andrew. I was born in Scotland. Funny your name should be Dick. All Unfeathered Things call us Dick. It's very rude. We've all got names. You didn't call all the other Stone Throwers you used to know 'Dick,' did you?"

"No," said Dick. "But we — my sister and I—called our Feathered One 'Chickabiddy.'"

"Well, that's better. But don't mentioned caged Feathered Ones to me. It hurts my feelings. I lost a relation—that way."

Dick was abished. But Merry Andrew gave him a friendly peck and said:—

"Cheer up—it's all right. Now come and have a bith. I see the farmer coming."

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The summer days flew by. Dick was as happy as ever. He never gave a thought to his kind parents, his brother and sister—his home—his little white bed. All day he flew from place to place, feeding on fruit and dearly worms, skimming over the tree-tops, resting among the leaves, sleeping in sheltered nooks at night, splashing in streams or dust baths—careless as any bird could be.

But at last the leaves began to fall, the sunlight grew paler, the breeze chiller, till one day frost lay thick on tree and field, and the snow began to fall. It was bitterly cold.

"Come," cried Merry Andrew, "the birds are all gone—we must search for food."

Dick was shivering, in spite of his feathery coat. They sought far and wide, but no crumb or berry was to be found.

A tear gathered in Dick's bright eye.

"I'm so hungry and so cold," he gasped.

"Don't be silly," said Merry Andrew. "It's what always happens in winter."

By that time they were flying through a town; theey perched on the window sill of a large house. Dick looked in. There was a bright fire burning, and it sparkled on teathings, and cakes and bread-and-butter and three curly heads. Dick gave a little sob. It was his own home, his own school-room, his own brothers and sister.

"Oh, I wish—I wish I were an Unfeathered Thing again," he cried.

"Do you," said Merry Andrew, sharply. "Then I'm off. Good-bye."

Dick was alone, peering in at the window. No one saw him, no one noticed him.

"Oh, I wish I were a boy again," he said.

The China Mannikin on the mantelpiece opened his mouth. Dick could hear him and see him, but no one else in the room appeared to be surprised.

You can't till you've done something to make up for your bad behaviour and your selfishness."

"What can I do?" shrieked Dick.

But the Mannikin would not speak again.

Then Miss Birch, the governess, came to the window, and pulled the blind down. And Dick, startled, flew away.

His heart was heavy, as he hid picked his way through the telegraph wires, and he felt hungrier than ever. Suddenly his eye fell on a nice little piece of white bread lying on a pavement. Some child had thrown it out after tea. He picked it up in his beak and determined to fly with it to a sheltered spot.

His spirits revived slightly.

He perched on a little balcony and prepared to take his meal. It was not a very pleasant spot. The snow whirled round him, the piercing wind blew through his feathers, he was nearly fainting.

"Peep, peep!"

At the faint sound Dick looked round.

There in a corner a sparrow lay on his back.

"I'm dying," he moaned. "I'm starving."

Dick hesitated. He was so hungry. Could he—should he——

"Peep!" It was only a gasp now.

Dick's heart grew soft—he hopped across to the little bird and thrust a scrap of bread into his beak.

"Here," he said. "Take it all."

And——

The next moment he found himself back in the schoolroom. The snow and the bitter wind had vanished, and his lesson books were still before him. And he wore his own brown suit and no feathers.

Dick shivered, though it was a warm day.

"Ugh!" he said. "I am glad to be back. I am glad I am a boy and not a bird. "I'll finish these sums this very minute."

"Peep!" chirped the sparrow on the window sill—and flew away.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo by Park Bros., Toronto

MRS. LILLIAN MASSEY TREBLE

A Life of Consecration to Humanity.

In Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem "Abou Ben Adhem," where the angel wrote on the tablet the names of the world's great ones, because Abou Ben Adhem loved his fellow-men, his name led all the rest. On the tablet of the world's remembrance, surely high place belongs to those who have consecrated their lives to the betterment of humanity; who were great not for what they possessed but for what they gave, not for what they absorbed but for what they radiated, not for what they became but for what they helped others to become.

Among the Canadian women who have made philanthropy a living, vital atmosphere of helpfulness rather than a mere theory of living, the name of Lillian Massey Treble deserves high praise. Born in 1854, in Newcastle, Ont., the only daughter of the late Hart A. Massey of Toronto, who was the inspiration and impetus to some of the Dominion's most important industries and institutions, from her earliest moments she has lived in the atmosphere of wealth. Her fine mind and heart made her a leader among her best instructors, and was given additional strengthening and refining under the best instructors, and later in that best of schools—foreign travel—where observation is the teacher, and the many new cities and countries but new school-rooms. The heiress of great estates, she consecrated herself and her wealth to the good of the world.

Her earliest work in the Fred Victor Mission in one of Toronto's neglected quarters, soon convinced her that the primary source of good or evil in most instances is the home; that the greatest good to humanity must come from preventing evils, not from curing them, and from building up higher ideals of life and living. The first step in this work of regeneration was in the organization of domestic science classes in connection with the missions. Then came the demand for a higher grade of teachers, alive to their duties and their privileges; this led to the founding of the Lillian Massey School of Household Science and Art. In this institution the practical work of training women for the home, so that they may make home better for themselves and others, is the supreme aim of all the teaching. The education—literary, scientific, moral, practical—is all centered in making woman more fitted for the responsibilities and privileges of woman's sphere.

In 1897 Miss Massey was married to John M. Treble of Toronto, but this made no difference in the intensity of purpose and helpfulness of her philanthropic life, constantly broadening into wider channels of usefulness. Her work as trustee of the Fred Victor Mission, honorary president of the Canadian Household Economic Association, vice-president of the Women's Council of Toronto and an executrix of her father's estate are but a few phases of her busy career.

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

CATCHING THE LIZARD'S TAIL

Catching the "lizard's tail" is an outdoor game often played by Japanese boys and girls. One of the children having been made catcher, another is then chosen for the lizard's head, or leader, and the other players form one long line behind, each putting his or her hands on the shoulders of the one in front. This represents the lizard's body, and the last one in the line is the tail.

Then the fun begins. The catcher, standing a little way off, facing the lizard, suddenly dashes forward and, without touching the others, tries to catch the tail. The lizard does her best to protect her tail by moving first this way and then that, with her long body holding on behind. But should any of the players lose hold and thus break the line the tail is considered caught. When the tail is caught he becomes catcher, and the former catcher becomes leader and takes his place at the head of the line.

The lizard may move in any direction she likes and is allowed to stretch out her arms to keep off the catcher, but she may not push him away. This is a splendid outdoor game, and any number can play it—in fact, "the more the merrier."

THE TWISTED KNEE.

The folks 'll say, "Poor little chap!"
An' pat me on the head
You'd think to see 'em wipe their eyes
I might as well be dead.
They always make the biggest fuss,
An' all because, you see,
I'm different from other boys—
I've got a twisted knee.

Sometimes it's nice to have it so—
They're all so kind an' good.
On that account I wouldn't want
To change it if I could.
But when the boys go out to play,
An' I can't join 'em—goo!
It makes me think it's pretty hard
To have a twisted knee.

A while ago pa took me off
To see a doctor man.
He says, "We'll have our little chap
Made straighter if we can."
But when the doctor saw how 'twas,
He shook his head. Says he,
"The lad is past the skill o' man.
God help the twisted knee!"

It didn't disappoint me much
To have to come away.
The bottles, pills an' instruments,
The doctor, stern and gray,
They scared me just about to death,
The way that it struck me
Was that I'd rather go back home,
And keep the twisted knee.

But when I hurried in to ma
To tell her 'bout my ride,
She grabbed me up into her lap,
An' cried, an' cried, an' cried.
An' then I changed my mind, an' wished
I didn't have to be
A crippled boy—she worries so
About my twisted knee.

—David C. Gales

PART OF HIS PROFESSION.

The revolutionist had arrived and been cordially greeted.

Why are you here the reporters asked.

Well, replied the visitor, a revolutionist must revolve you know, and the aristocrats over there kept cluttering up my orbit."

We have special facilities for doing gold stamping. Badges printed in gold or any color desired.