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, SEPTEMMBER 22, '06.

TO JUNIORS.

Who is trying the prize competition, "How I Spent My Vacation?" The following are the rules:

We are going to offer two prizes—one for the boys and one for the girls—for an essay on "How I spent my vacation." This time we are going to get the children to choose which they think should have the prizes, and this is how we will do it:

1. In the essays you may write a description of a trip you took, or an excursion or picnic you were at, or something you did at home. In fact, anything at all that you did in your holidays.

2. No essay of less than one hundred or more than one thousand words will be considered.

3. All essays to have the name and age of the writer, and the post office address.

All essays for competition are to be addressed Editor Planet Junior, Chatham, Ontario, and must reach us on or before Monday, October 15th. We will choose the twelve best and publish them, two each week. These will be numbered and the ages of writers will be given, as we cannot expect as much from a little child as from the older pupils. We will then ask the scholars to say which three of the twelve they like best, and the two who receive the greatest number of votes will get the prizes.

Those who compete for the prizes can also vote. If you think your own is best, vote for it, and the two that you think next best.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The Central School teaching staff went to visit the St. Thomas school fair yesterday.

The boys of the Central School are subscribing for a football.

Why is a person's hair like Eaton's store?

Because it covers a block.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Miss Abram's room at McKeough School has organized a basket ball team. Miss Winnie Coatsworth and Miss Jessie Hendershott are very able captains.

A TRIFLE LATE.

That old fellow looks dreadfully disappointed, remarked the sympathetic stranger at the village station.

Yes, said the baggageman, he missed the train.

That was really too bad. Where was he going?

Nowhere. He just missed seeing the train come in.

Three little rules we all should keep,
To make life happy and bright,
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
Take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

A. I. McCall & Co.

It is almost as difficult to get a small boy to bed at night as it is to get him up in the morning.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

To Editor of The Planet Junior: On Saturday some boys and I went to the telephone men's camp and they asked us if we were hungry. They gave us two pies and we ate them. They were very good and kind to us and we were kind to them. We carried twelve pails of water for them, then we went on to the woods. Two boys went in a boat that was full of water. They went across Molly Creek and in coming back the boat sank. They were both saved. Howard Brubacker.

Pearl Hart was to Tashmoo Park in her summer holidays.

To-morrow and the next day the races are going to be in Sombra, and the next week races are to be held in Chatham.

Next month we are to have races in Dresden.

Dorothy Wells was to Toronto on her holidays and brought her mother home a nice cushion.

I spent some of my holidays in the country. My cousin was here from Toronto. We had lots of fun. We would get the buggy and tie ropes on the shafts. I would shove him and he would steer. Sometimes we would run into the wood pile. After we went to the barn my uncle came out with the horse to go home. Charlie Stott.

Dear Editor, I went to Algonac. There was a little boy's papa wanted to get some gasoline. We got the hose, as his brother was yawning, and he squirted it right in his mouth. James McVean.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: I am writing to tell you how I spent my summer holidays. I had a very nice time through my holidays. I went out to my aunt's in the country and had lots of fun playing with the girls. We played house. We went to the woods and got some flowers. Sylvia Johnson, Dresden.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: I am going to tell you about my visit to Toronto. I went Tuesday morning. I was over to the island and had a lovely time. I was on the merry-go-round and the figure eight, and the swing. I went out farther and farther every time; it made me dizzy. I was on the Pullman car. We went in and sat down and saw all kinds of pictures, and then I came home. The next day I went down to Sunny-side, where you go in bathing. I was out past the sand bar up to my neck. I was out for a quarter of an hour and then came home. I had a very nice time when I was away. I was out visiting two or three nights at a friend of mine. Dorothy Wells, aged seven years.

Wednesday night we went to Kent Bridge to meet my father. He had been to London Fair. The train was two hours and a half late. We waited for a long time, and then we came home. The train came in at half past twelve and my father came. He got a ride part of the way and walked the rest of the way. Theresa Wicks.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: I live in Dresden; I have a fox terrier. She had pups, but we sold one to Mr. Ribble for two dollars and the other to Harve George. We are getting a new evaporator put up. The Fair will soon be here; it is to be on the fourth and fifth of October. As this is all I have to say I will close. Laurie Wells.

Wilfrid Thornton has a pug dog which is three years old. It runs around the house barking. Whenever he sees a dog going past he runs out after it, and he chases cats and hens.

This afternoon Barry Ashwell, Harold Forshee and Douglas McWha brought some sand for the sand board for Miss Watterworth. They had a wagon, which broke. They got a nail and fixed it up and got safely to school.

On Sunday morning Freda Rudd went out to Mr. Barnes by way of Mr. Webster's and Mr. Turnbull's and through the woods. Mrs. Barnes has twenty ducks and four of them have top-knots.

During holidays Verna Traxler went on the excursion to Sarnia. After she got to Sarnia and had had dinner she crossed on the boat to Port Huron.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: We have a new evaporator in town. They started running this morning. My brother is working there. I go over there every night after four and watch them work. They are canning apples. Charlie Cuthbert.

There are men putting telephone wires through Dresden. These are for the farmers that are in the country, so they telephone to town to save them going. These wires are stouter than the regular ones.

Mother went to Detroit Wednesday night and came home Saturday morning, but I guess she was as glad to come home as to go, because she was sick nearly all the time. Anna Rubble.

Mr. Bullis' dog bit Carl Bresett on the leg a week ago Sunday. It has been very sore, but is getting better.

One day last week Mrs. Charlie Shaw ran a nail in her foot. You could see the mark on top of her foot. It was very sore at the time but it is getting better.

The Canada Bank of Commerce is building a new bank. Last spring they tore down the old one and they are building a new one in the same place. They are going to have a basement which will be nine feet deep. They have got the basement dug and now they are making the foundation.

During the holidays Leland and Beatrice Burns went to Belle Isle on the excursion from Wallaceburg.

The Dresden Fair will be held on the fourth and fifth of October.

Mr. Slater is going to move his house a week from to-day down on Water street.

The Dresden canning factory has been so rushed they had to go down to Walpole Island after women to come and peel tomatoes.

On Friday Miss Watterworth drew a pumpkin on the blackboard; it is painted yellow. Over it she printed September with yellow and green letters.

Mrs. A. Baxter, of Dresden, has a daughter, which was born Sunday morning.

We are going to have a new bank here. The men are working digging to put in a foundation. They intend to have a nice bank in Dresden. It will be the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Wilson, of Tupperville, is a carpenter. He was working on Mr. Holmes' house on Sept. 13th and fell off and broke his collar bone. He is getting better.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

I heard a gentle little girl
Thus to her mother say—
"How slow to-morrow is, mamma!
When comes to-morrow, pray?"

"When you have slept and waked, my child,
Then will to-morrow be."
"So you have said, mamma, yet ne'er
To-morrow came to me.

"I've slept and waked oft again,
And still it was to-day;
I've watched and watched for it to come,
But it always flew away.

"You said that when to-morrow came,
'Twould come so bright and gay;
I woke, and thought—sure now 'tis here!
But still it was to-day!"

Alas, too early wise! I hoped
For years you would not know
To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise-bow!

It is a fair and fleeting hope
To gild our misery given;
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in heaven!

—Robert F. Conrad.

In the spring time you renovate your house. Why not your body? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea drives out impurities, cleanses and enriches the blood and and purifies the entire system. 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

The eclipse of a theatrical star is not a matter of astronomy.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Word Puzzle.

My first without my second would be the past tense of my whole. My first wags my second until my whole has been applied.

2. Changed Letters.

Change one letter of the word in each of the following:

It was the chief's —— that no —— had ever escaped his unerring aim.

The sick man likes —— for breakfast and —— for dinner.

3. Riddle.

A weed within your garden bound,
To be destroyed as soon as found;
A sign of fashion's foolish law,
A cruel thing as e'er you saw;
A place where fond farewells are said,
And outgoing friends are bravely sped;
But yet if you and I got there,
What grief and shame and wild despair!

4. Beheadings.

I.

Word of seven letters means to scold. Behead two and leave to weave. Behead one and leave to attack. Behead one and leave to help.

II.

Behead two letters the first time and one the second.

The captain was my first to make my second until my third was received from the garrison.

III.

Behead one each time in the following:

On account of the darkness and high —— the crew began to —— for a —— of light.

Like —— he plied the —— until the victim was the color of ——.

The young heir continued —— the money, —— the —— of the lawsuit.

On account of the —— of groceries, the family had to live on ——, and denied themselves the luxury of ——.

5. Rhiming Story.

Once on a time an ancient ——
(Or minstrel, if we speak by ——),
With tangled hair and visage ——,
And accompanied by litthesome ——,
Strode boldly to the castle ——.
The gate was kept by burly ——,
Who strove his passage to ——.
"Begone, O messenger ——,
Before your face is further ——,
From entrance here you are ——."
"Faith," said the minstrel, "it is ——
That courtesy you thus ——,
And thus your gate to me is ——,
See you this stick that has been ——?
Dare not this message ——."

6. Mechanical Puzzle.

The following mechanical terms also designate portions of the human body and its apparel:

Part of an arch.
A kind of joint.
A cap over the end of a pipe.
Certain fittings at the end of pieces.
A circular hole in a flat bar.
A long, projecting strip on a board.
Cogs of wheels.
A cylinder slipped over two pieces to hold it together.
Two flat, parallel pieces holding something between them.
A flat ring surrounding something.
A V-shdped opening.
A kind of roof.

WEEKLY STORIES FOR JUNIORS

TWO TRAMPS.

Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell.

"Let's play tramp, Aunt Lou."

"All right, Bob. Wait until I change my slippers for shoes and find my oldest skirt."

Bob waited impatiently, shouting "Hurry up!" at intervals. Presently his blithe young aunt came forth, equipped for the jaunt.

"Tramps never change their clothes," growled Bob, the ten-year-old despot.

"I wouldn't if I were really a tramp all the time," she argued, "but, you see, where I am compelled to lead a Jekyll and Hyde existence I have to dress for my part—my two parts. Where do you suggest an expedition to this time?"

"Through the woods by the river," he replied promptly.

"Tramps generally favor river roads. Shall we catch fish for our supper?"

"No," he objected strenuously; "tramps never work. I found a dime last time, you know, and bought bread and honey at the grocery. Now it's your turn to provide the eats."

"You had such luck," she replied in an envious tone. "I'll have to beg or

"DUCK NOW AND KEEP STILL!"

steal. I never find anything. We'll not go hungry. Let me see, have you any matches?"

"Of course. Tramps always have matches."

"De they? Well, let's take this road up past the Hill farm."

"Oh, I bet I know what you are going to do. You are going through Hill's cornfield and swipe some ears of corn, and then you are going to build a fire in the woods and roast corn!"

"A veritable Sherlock Holmes!" she quoth admiringly. "But I am not going to swipe it. When one goes into a field like that it is only foraging."

"I wish we had some salt and some butter," said Bob longingly.

"You're above your station," she retorted. "The idea of a tramp wanting luxuries!"

In the cornfield they secured half a dozen ears of ripe corn, and then sought the woods.

"It's my turn to cook, Bob," asserted his young aunt, beginning to collect twigs, brush and dried leaves.

"All right! You build the fire, and I'm going down to the river."

"Leave me the matches, and don't stay long."

There was method in Bob's departure. He still had longings for salt and butter, and he knew there were apt to be picnic parties on the river bank. When he returned, a fire was burning cheerily, and the corn was in the oven.

"Look here, Aunt Lou!" he cried gleefully, displaying salt, a little pat of butter, two chicken sandwiches, two pickles and a quarter section of banana cake.

"Oh, Bob! A regular feast we will have. You're a mascot always. Did you beg of some of the picnickers?"

"No," he replied. "I found lunch baskets on the shore and no one near; at least I didn't see any one. I just helped myself. If I had been a real tramp I would have swiped the whole layout."

"Oh, Bob!" she said ruefully. "You shouldn't have gone into their baskets. That wasn't right."

"Well, I like that! Will you please tell me who stole this corn?"

"That's quite different. We know Farmer Hill."

"Worse yet, to steal from your friends."

"Nonsense, Bob! You know we can tell him, and he has corn"—

"To burn!" laughed Bob, carefully spreading out his spoils on the ground.

"But these strangers"—

"Well, they've got plenty and"—

He stopped short, listened, and then seized the hand of his companion, running her to a pile of wood corded up by some chopper.

"Duck now and keep still!"

"What was it?" she whispered breathlessly.

"I heard some one coming through the woods. Maybe they're after their stuff."

After a long interval of silence Bob took observations. Seeing no one, he cautiously and by detour sought the precincts of their camping ground.

A whistle assured his aunt in waiting that all was well, and she emerged from the wood pile and rejoined her nephew.

"Everything is here!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Hello! What's this?"

He took down a note which was pinned to the trunk of the tree beneath which he had stored his booty.

"A fair exchange," he read, "is no robbery. I recognize our subsistence and therefore take four ears of your roast corn. I judge there are but two in your party, and two ears will be plenty for you—in fact, all you should eat."

The clear ringing laugh of Bob's Aunt Lou echoed through the woods and caught the attention of a young man who was serenely contemplating a despoiled corncob. He smiled appreciatively and turned as if he would fain trace the origin of the echo of mirth, but the people who were boarding the little launch on the river called warningly to him, and he desisted.

The next evening Aunt Lou was putting the finishing touches to an elaborate toilet and Bob was surveying her with admiration and discontent.

"You're going to have a bang up dinner, and I won't be in it," he said dejectedly.

"I shall not enjoy it half as much as I did our stolen feast," she said earnestly. "I have never tasted anything so good as our picnic supper."

"If I am awake when you come home, Aunt Lou, will you tell me all about it?"

"Bob, you little fraud—as if you didn't always stay awake until I return! I'll bring you my souvenir, if we have souvenirs."

Aunt Lou tiptoed down the hall when she returned late that night, passing the door of her little nephew's room.

"Aunt Lou!" he called imperiously.

She opened the door, turned on the electric light and swept across the room to the little white bed.

"Oh, Bob!" she said exultantly. "I've got so much to tell you!"

Bob sat bolt upright.

"Did you have souvenirs?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," hesitatingly; "but, Bob, dear, I want to keep mine. Look!" And she pointed to a huge bunch of violets fastened to her gown by a dainty little scarfpin.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Lou! That's not fair! You promised!"

"I know. But, Bob, wouldn't you rather have a terrier like Frank's?"

"Sure!" came in eager emphasis.

"Say, Aunt Lou, will you, honest?"

"I'll buy you one tomorrow to make up for the pin, but I must tell you what happened. As soon as I was introduced to the man, Mr. Hampton, who was to take me in to dinner, Fred Hunter came up to me and told me an awfully funny story. You know how loud I laugh. It's bad form, but I can't help it. I was so ashamed. I stopped short, but every one was looking at me in surprise, and Mr. Hampton had such a peculiar expression that when we went in to dinner I could think of nothing to say, and no remarks passed between us until the soup course. It was puree of corn, and what do you think? My dinner partner said suddenly, 'Don't you like corn roasted in a bonfire best of any way?' I thought maybe it was only a chance shot, and I tried to look indifferent, but my face betrayed me, and then we both laughed, and I told him all about our game of tramp, and he wants to go with us next time."

"But how did he know?" demanded Bob.

"Oh, Bob, he heard me laugh when I read the note, you know, and he said as soon as he heard me laugh in the drawing room the identity of the thief was revealed. Forgive me, Bob, but I laid all the blame on you. I think I am going to like him, and I had a lovely time, and—altogether, Bob, I'd like to keep the pin if you'd just as soon have the terrier."

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Copyright Photo, Marceau, New York

MRS. GEORGE GOULD

The Home-Life at Georgian Court.

One of the most magnificent country houses in the United States is Georgian Court, at the head of the beautiful lake Carasaljo, among the tall, straight kingly pines of Lakewood, N.J., and the wife and mother who makes this palace a home is Mrs. George J. Gould, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Kingdon, formerly of Toronto.

The beautiful Edith Kingdon, after completing her education in England, adopted the stage as a career, and her talent, grace, charm and presence were winning recognition when in 1886 she was married to George Gould, the millionaire railway owner, and son of Jay Gould, at one time America's leading financier. Mrs. Gould soon became one of the most popular of the younger society women of the country and a leader in the world of fashion. Beautiful is the house in which she lives, but far more beautiful is the atmosphere of love, sweetness and companionship that fills the home with sunshine and happiness. It is said that wealth often makes fair favorites of fortune forgetful of the privileges and joys of motherhood, sacrificing on the altar of fashion, time and attention that should be paid to loving watchfulness of the welfare of the children; but Mrs. Gould is a model mother to her six children, a devoted companion, confidant and friend.

The Goulds are practically the only members of the ultra-fashionable set who reside in the country the year round. Georgian Court, built of light gray brick and terra cotta in the style of the French Renaissance, lies in beautiful grounds rendered exclusive by a high fence of wrought iron with bases and interspersed posts of gray stone to match the house. The stables, harmonizing in architecture with the mansion itself, are stocked with horses of every description for the family and guests.

Over the stables is the theatre, a dainty, bijou play-house, complete in every detail, furnished in dark red and gold and seating about one hundred and twenty-five. The Casino, devoted primarily to sport, has a special race-track, a great plunge swimming tank, courts for all games, and about forty bed-rooms and half as many bath-rooms, to be used when a large house-party overtaxes the hospitality of the mansion. The Sunken Garden, which is sixty feet in width and 120 in length, is floored and walled with flawless marble, and fine sculpture peeping from a dark background of evergreen shrubs and bushes, is reflected in the clear waters of a lagoon. Near by, too, is the wonderful electric fountain, sixty feet in diameter, of white marble; the centre piece consisting of a colossal Nautilus shell of bronze, forming a chariot on which stands the heroic statue of a man driving a pair of purest marble sea-horses.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

Grotesque Courtship.

A Turkish young man may, of course, want a wife, but he has nothing at all to do with looking for one. That is the business of his mother and female relations, who visit several marriageable girls and select one, with whom the bridegroom then exchanges a ring—by messenger. On the day of the betrothal contract an imam gets the assent of the bride elect through the door of the harem, and the two families dine together, neither of the two persons most concerned being present. On the wedding day the bride's trousseau is taken to her husband's house, while she is taken the round of her relatives, and there is much dancing at every house, after which her male relatives exorcise all malign spirits with swords and spears in dumb show of fighting. Finally evening draws on, the bride reaches her husband's home, and everybody clears out, leaving her and her husband to see each other for the first time and to scrape acquaintance as best they can. Under the old Moslem law even speaking acquaintance would have been impossible, as the bride was doomed to absolute silence for a whole month. Now her husband gives her a present at meeting, and she may speak. There are few barbarous tribes in the most benighted of continents where courtship and marriage are more grotesquely conducted. It is lucky for the Turkish suitor that he need not even pretend to be a lover. No ardor could survive the chilling formalities that have to be gone through.—London Globe.

No Such Temerity.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst.

Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife.

Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Ledger.

THEY GIVE WONDERFUL HEALTH.

None are so healthy, so buoyant and full of life as those who regulate with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Even in one night they work wonders. Fur and coating they take from the tongue, headaches they relegate to the past, biliousness and stomach disorders they prevent and absolutely cure.

Think what it means to have the system cleansed and purified by Dr. Hamilton's Pills! A true laxative, a perfect tonic, harmless and wholly vegetable in composition, they will do you good. To feel and look your best use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. at any dealers.

The egotist seldom has weak eyes.

It's the little man who generally indulges in the big talk.