The Planet Junior

A weekly newspaper published every week for the youngpeople of the Maple City.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

THE ESSAY COMPETITION.

Nowhere in the Province of Ontario can be found a more thorough or complete system of Public and Separate School education than the one which exists in Kent County.

This is a fact which is proudly appreciated by the parents whose children attend our schools, and one that is unquestionably bourne out by the large numbers of Kent County boys and girls who are rapidly mounting the ladder of success in competition with the cleverest graduates of other schools in other counties.

The fact of Kent's superiority in this respect was probably never more clearly evidenced or more extensively advertised than it has been during the recent essay competition held by The Planet Junior. This competition was made a special one in that Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, very kindly gave his consent to be the final judge, to decide upon the winner of the gold medal donated as the First Prize by The Planet Junior. On this account the juniors were encouraged to put forth their best efforts and the result has been both surprising and gratifying.

Upon the suggestion of the Minister the subject was made "Our School, or anything pertaining to it," giving the writers a full scope to exercise their powers of either description or imagination. Every Public and Separate school in the county was included, and an equal opportunity was given every pupil in Kent to take part in the competition. Fully 400 of them did so, and 71 of the essays submitted were deemed worthy of Honorable Mention.

Owing to the already onerous duties of Dr. Pyne in his capacity as Minister of Education, he was unable to personally read and judge all of the essays received, and he requested that a selection from the total number submitted, be made, and from these he chose the ones which, in his opinion, were the most worthy.

The task of selecting the first fourteen was allotted to a board of local judges, with ex-Mayor W. E. McKeough as chairman. These judges were, Mrs. Robt. Gray, The Ladies of the Ursuline Academy, and W. D. A. Ross and Dr. Thos. L. McRitchie, of Harwich. Great care was taken in the selection of these judges, the desire being to choose litterateurs who were as representative and competent as possible. The thanks of The Planet Junior are extended to these ladies and gentlemen who so generously devoted so much care and attention to this work.

Of these 14 essays—and it was with difficulty that the local judges selected them from the number of excellent ones submitted to them—the Hon. Minister had nothing but words of the highest commendation to say. He had no idea that such excellent essayists could be found among Public and Separate school scholars. It was a big surprise to him and he was thoroughly delighted.

[illegible] were not successful in winning prizes, words of encouragement should not be necessary. Every one of the essays received was full of merit and showed marked ability in the writer. It is the constant application along correct lines that characterizes a winner, and for this reason The Planet Junior has decided to offer another contest, for which a suitable prize will be offered.

This time the subject will be, "Canada—Our Country."

A short time ago The Planet Junior editor visited some of the American schools and could not but notice the way in which the scholars understood and praised up their own country. Of course, every junior knows that the United States cannot be compared to Canada in any respect, and we would like printed expressions from our juniors to send to our American cousins to let them know we live in the best country on earth and are loyal to it.

What do you think of Canada? What do you know of its history? What great men does Canada own?

There are many things to say about Canada. Write down your thoughts as best you can and send them to us.

Essays will be received in this competition until the 15th of December. It is open to every school in the county—town or country—and essays will be gladly received from every Public or Separate school scholar in Kent.

VIEWING OUR SCHOOL

Young Student's Charming Pen Picture of the Pleasures and Tribulations of School Life

By Kathleen Mannion, St. Joseph's School

(This description was awarded the Silver Medal by the Minister of Education in The Planet Junior Essay Competition.)

"Those cherished walls
Hold the fair germ of knowledge;
and the tree,
Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,
To this loved school shall trace back its life."

There are many beautiful buildings in Kent; some are noted for

KATHLEEN MANNION.

their size, others for grandeur and architecture but none are more attractive to my mind than "Our School." It is beautifully situated and those lovely green flower-boxes with their sweet flowers and green vines make it look more attractive and dainty. On the right hand side we see the large green play-ground, occupied by the girls; on the left the boys' play-ground where there is much fun and frolic.

Do come and take a peep inside. We shall take the front entrance and as we enter the large corridor we see, to the left of us, a famous photograph of one who presented the school with a large sum of money to purchase works of art. Step inside the first door to the right and here we are in the highest grade. There are large slate blackboards which are artistically decorated with beautiful drawings. The varnished single seats are occupied by very talented pupils. Look at the work, the many paintings, drawings, and other works and you will see we are not idle. We must not stay so long in this room because the pupils are preparing for the great Entrance Examination.

The next rooms are something similar except for a change of work and pupils, so we will not stop very long in these, excepting in the primary room where so many bright little faces shine out like the flowers in May. We shall enter the large corridors as the recess bell has just sounded. See! the doors are thrown open and the pupils come out with a measured tread, keeping time to the music. Up-stairs is another large hall and at the front is the library containing three or four hundred volumes of fine literature for the senior grades, and nice stories and fairy tales for the little ones.

The situation of the school has been well chosen and the building built of brick and stone has all the modern improvements and conveniences. In winter an excellent system of steam-heating frightens away Jack Frost, who has been trying to bite our noses and fingers all the way to school. In spring and summer the merry sun beams, bringing health and vigor in their train, steal into each room by seven large windows and play tag upon our desks.

Each of us, even to the "tot" in the primary class, has a desk all to herself and when our papas come to see us they seem to envy us our good fortune as they tell us of the great long, straight benches they used to sit on when they went to school.

Then we have such kind devoted teachers who seem to have nothing to do but to labor for us, and teach us everything good and noble. They must get very tired sometimes, I think. They are always trying to make us happy and they do it, too. How our eyes fairly sparkle when we come in in the morning and find a pretty scene or drawing on those lovely slate blackboards. I wish you could see the delicate scene that is on the board this week—water lilies and cat-tails with all kinds of colored shells along the edge of the water.

Surely if our grandfathers would see us enjoying such luxuries they would think it nothing short of miraculous.

The first day of November is called All Saint's Day and is left as a feast day in honor of all the saints, formerly it was called Hallowmas or the feast of All Hollow's; and Hallow E'en the evening preceeding was All Hollow's evening and gradually was contracted to Hallow E'en. It is kept in many of the northern European countries as an evening for family gatherings and festivities, when all sorts of jolly, rollicking sports are indulged in, but, in this country is has degenerated into an evening of rude, boisterous conduct and practical joking.

OUR SCHOOL

One of the Essays which was Written by Jerome Eberts and Received Honorable Mention.

The public school of North Chatham was first situated on Head St., a short distance from Victoria Ave. It was then called the Model School. It was deserted, and a new school built near Victoria Ave. on Forest St. It is named McKeough School, after one of the trustees, who did much for the school and was a faithful member of the School Board.

The McKeough School was built in the year 1882, and covers nearly three acres of ground, half of which is used as a play-ground for the scholars; other half is covered with maple and evergreen trees, with the exception of a small bit that is used as a tennis court. There is also a band-stand, used for the McKeough School Band and the City Band. The latter comes every year and plays to amuse the audience that always gathers to enjoy the children's picnic, and always have a good time.

The inside of the school is divided into fifteen parts, nine of which are regular class rooms and the rest consists of, a band room, office, library, girls' and boys' cloak rooms, and the shed. There are also two halls down stairs and up stairs.

Every year the pupils are alowed to have a concert, which is held in the Grand Opera House, and while there Mr. Wm. McKeough gives medals to the boys and girls that have shown the best work in his or her class.

JEROME EBERTS,
McKeough School.

Miss G. Morrison, Teacher.

VERY CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS

With the Chinaman the left hand is the place of honor. He carries a pig instead of driving him. He whitens instead of blackens his soes. His favorite present to a parent is a coffin. He keeps out of step in walking with others. He shakes his own hands instead of his friend's. He deems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income. His long nails are not a sign of dirtiness but respectability. His visiting card is eight and sometimes 30 inches long. He often throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seed. His merits often bring a title not to himself but to his ancestors. His women folk are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

S. S. NO. 2, DOVER.

The following are the names, in order of merit, for the month of october:—

Class V.—M. Mackenzie, A. Mackenzie, Ethel Elgie.

Class IV.—J. Cantlay, I. Rhanke, C. Rhanke, P. McGregor, E. Beaubien, G. Elgie, F. Watson, B. Taylor.

Class III.—G. Williams, Rylett, J. Mackenzie, M. Cantlay, S. Boyle, B. Hind, O. Hind, N. Huxley.

Class II.—H. Chapple, P. DeCaw, D. Taylor, G. Harris, E. Cadotte, C. Chapple, M. James.

T. O. White, Teacher.

PLUCKY GIRL'S ADVENTURE

There is a plucky Irish girl, named Beatrice Grimshaw, who is probably having a higher average of adventures per week at present than any other girl living. Becoming tired of editorial work on an Irish cycling paper, she conceived the idea of setting out, alone, to roam the south seas.

News has just been received from her indicating that she is having all the excitement she hoped for. She has kept as far as possible out of the track of monthly mail steamers, travelling about as the sole passenger on irresponsible little schooners to islands where a white woman never had been seen before, and landing wherever possible for exploration tours.

In a letter written from the Fiji Islands, April 21, Miss Grimshaw says: "I have managed to make a trip right through the interior of one of the two Fiji Islands, and am starting for the second now. I have been living for weeks in native villages, 50 miles from the nearest whites. I took the trip alone, except for my Fijian carriers. There are no roads in these wilds, and you can barely get a horse through. I mean to make a book out of Fiji eventually. It will be well worth it. I intend taking the New Hebrides and Solomons next."

The captain of the schooner Countess, known to every mariner in the South Pacific as the maddest little daredevil in that part of the world, is authority for the observation that Miss Grimshaw is the pluckiest woman he ever met. That was after a cruise in which he ran his ship into danger so often that he lost his certificate—a cruise on which, it is understood, this adventurous Irish girl was the sole passenger.

Miss Grimshaw writes that she has had an amusing reception in one place where the native women had never seen a white woman before. They insisted on feeling of her to make sure she was real; but their hearts were won instantly when the visitor showed them how she did up her hair. As their costumes consisted of nothing to speak of, they were less interested in the latest style in dressmaking. The men were so shy that the newcomer found it almost impossible to exchange any sort of ideas with them.

"The life of these people," Miss Grimshaw says, "has a peculiar charm. There is no rushing to catch trains or mails. If you cannot finish anything to-day, there are to-morrow and 100 to-morrows. Why should you hurry? Time moves leisurely, and it is easier to walk than to run. Food is cheap. The fashions have a comfortable permanence, and existence is free from care."

THE LAUNDRY OF LIFE.

Life is a laundry in which we
Are ironed out; or, soon or late,
Who has not known the irony
Of fate?

We enter it when we are born,
Our colors bright. Full soon they fade.
We exit, "done up," old and worn,
And frayed;

Frayed round the edges, worn and thin—
Life is a rough old linen-slinger;
Who has not lost a button in
Life's wringer?

With other linen we are tubbed,
With other linen often tangled;
In open court we then are scrubbed
And mangled.

Some take a gloss of happiness
The hardest wear can not diminish;
Others, alas! get a "domestic finish."

—Chicago Tribune.

OUR SCHOOL--THE CENTRAL

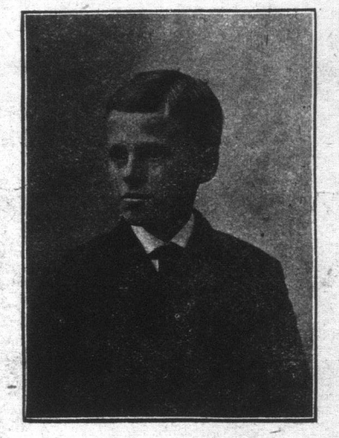
A Glowing Tribute from a Talented Writer—Education in its Truest and Broadest Sense

By Laurence Thornton, Central School

This composition was awarded the Silver Medal by the Minister of Education in The Planet Junior Essay Competition.

As we read the speeches of prominent men of this country, in the press of the day, we are convinced, that the two greatest institutions of the country are the schools of the land and the churches. When men speak of the schools and churches as the corner-stones on which our national greatness rests, they mean that intelligence and moral integrity are the foundations of individual greatness. As the highest type of piety is not possible without intelligence, it would seem that true national greatness depends on the good work of the Public schools.

When we speak of "Our School" we mean in the broadest sense, the great Public school system of Ontario, of which we are all so justly proud. But, pernaps, it was intended that we should confine ourselves to the particular school which we attend. Should this be the case, surely the boys and girls of the "Central School" have a subject that should inspire their best thoughts. If by "Our School" we mean simply the building, even then the "Central" must have a place with the very best in the land; but brick and mortar alone can in no sense make a school. While it is very desirable that there should be a good building, and up-to-date apparatus, of still greater importance are the character and ability of the teachers. Here again "Our School, the Central," claims recognition as one of the best, if not the best, in the Province. Having at its head an enthusiast, a born teacher, a man possessing a mind fertile with ideas, it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that the "Central School" is everywhere looked upon as a "model" school indeed. Some idea may be obtained of the progressiveness of our Principal by considering the "School Fair," its gardens, its music, its well equipped kindergarten, as well as its facilities for skating, basket-ball, etc. On the walls of its spacious halls are copies of pictures by the best artists of the world, many of



LAWRENCE THORNTON.

the best of these being generously donated by some of our public-spirited citizens.

The building itself is a mixture of Greek and Roman architecture and is a brick building of magnificent proportions, on a stone foundation. Originally it was only two stories high but through the efforts of our Principal another story was added. It has a large roomy basement for rainy day playrooms. The classrooms are well lighted, and are furnished with all the apparatus of an up-to-date school.

While not wishing to disparage other schools or the work done in them, still, when the work of the "Central School" is carefully examined it must be acknowledged that the "Central School" takes rank as one of the leading schools of Canada. Perhaps its size gives it some advantage, for with twenty-two teachers whose work is supported by a generous board of trustees it would be strange indeed if the work of the school were not zealously maintained. Of course the ordinary work of the school is successfully carried on, and in addition "Our School, the Central," possesses many features peculiar to itself.

The object of all education should be the development of a well rounded character. This can only be brought about when attention is given to all parts of our nature, the mental, the moral, and the physical. This attention is abundantly evident in the work of the Central School. The ordinary work is made attractive by enthusiastic teachers, while no opportunity is missed to draw attention to those things which have a tendency to develop the moral nature. For example: before dismissing for the Easter vacation, the scholars were gathered in the large halls, when one of the teachers read from the New Testament the story of the Crucifixion; another read from the same source the story of the Resurrection; then all joined in singing "Christ the Lord is Risen today." As a result every child entered upon the holidays having in mind something of the story of the first Easter.

Much attention is now being given to "Nature Study" in all Public and High schools. In the Central School this somewhat new subject is being made exceedingly attractive. The "School Fair" last year—the first of its kind in Canada—created a deep interest in both plant and animal life, and our school garden during the present year—another feature peculiar to the Central School—furnishes the pupils with an opportunity to study nature in a very practical manner.

And so, it appears, that whether "Our School, the Central," is looked upon merely as a building; or as an aggregation of teachers; or as an institution where these two are combined to furnish for the boys and girls of the city, the mental, moral, and physical training already referred to; it must be conceded, that it occupies a foremost place among the many very excellent schools in this fair Province of Ontario.

Present adversity is easier to bear than past prosperity.

The biggest sins are the ones for which we have no appetite.

It never occurs to a woman that betting ranks as gambling.

A DAY IN PATTI'S LIFE

Madame Patti, the great prima donna, lives for her voice. Before breakfast, which she takes at 8.30, she stands before an open window and inhales deeply. It suits her voice. She devotes very little time to the newspapers, for her husband, Baron Cederstrom, regularly keeps her posted, in a few words, as to the progress of events.

She has an enormous private correspondence, for she has probably a wider circle of personal friends than any other lady in the world, and she knows more members of Royal Families than any Royal personage one could name. To this correspondence she herself attends, and it forms one of her favorite recreations.

By eleven o'clock her letters are ready for the post, and she calls a few of her pet dogs and goes for a stroll in the beautifully wooded grounds. She rarely misses her morning walk, gentle outdoor exercise being, in her opinion, the best possible tonic. "It is capital for keeping my throat healthy," she often says, "and it suits my voice."

She doesn't care to be bound down to any fixed hour for lunch, which she takes at any time between midday and two p. m. After that, a drive—to call upon a neighbor, in bad weather, or, on a bright day, simply to some point in the hills from which a particularly fine view may be obtained. Here she frequently makes a rough sketch of the view, elaborating it in water-colors afterwards.

Returned from her drive she visits all her pets.

She never "practises" her voice. Public performances are all the practice it needs, and she sings at home for Royal visitors only. On days when she is to sing she talks almost in a whisper.

Dinner is generally over by 7.30, and she enjoys the rest of the evening most when spent chatting with the baron and a few guests.

GAVE HIM THE RETORT COURTEOUS

There are some persons who take a sordid, utilitarian view of everything, including the achievements of science. A public-spirited citizen who was trying to raise funds to assist a well-known Arctic explorer in fitting out an expedition for polar research called upon a wealthy lumber dealer and asked him for a contribution.

"What's the good of it?" asked the lumber dealer.

"The good of it! Won't it be worth something to mankind if he discovers the North Pole?"

"Suppose he does find it. What good is the North Pole to anybody?"

Here the caller's patience gave way.

"I didn't know but you might have some curiosity, as an expert, to know what kind of lumber it's made of," he said, turning on his heel and walking out.

Some men are willing to remain away from work if only told they look ill.

Great ideas based on slight foundation have little chance for development.

Every woman thinks she could influence a bad man to reform.

A woman talks about a lawsuit as though it were a comic opera.

It's all right to rise above one's station if the rise is not too great.

NO. 252

The New Copyright... Books

Are now in. Never has there been so many books worth reading as this season. Glance at these winners:—

ST. CUTHBERT'S By R. E. Knowles
NEDRA Geo. Barr McCutcheon
AYESHA Rider Haggard
THE GAMBLER Adelaide Cecil Thurston
RO E OF THE RIVER Kate Douglas Wiggin
THE CHARIOTS OF [THE LORD Joseph Hocking
WOOD MYTH AND FABLE Ernest Thompson Seton
A WELSH SINGER Allen Raine
STARVEY CROW FARM Stanley Weyman
A SERVANT OF THE [PUBLIC Anthony Hope
SANDY Alice Ryan Rice

And all the others that are in the market. We have the stock and must do the business in copyright. Come and take a look at them.

SULMAN'S BEEHIVE, King and 6th Sts.

SEE THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

The famous New York Horse Show will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, November 6th to 11th. Arrangements can be made to see it at little expense by taking advantage of New York Central Railroad's cheap excursion on November 14th. Rate $10.25 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good 10 days. For return trip present at Louis Young's office, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, for full particulars.

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