A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. 1V. CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY OCTOBER 6, 1906 No. 19

THE PLANET JUNIOR

TO ALL JUNIORS.

Are you among the number of Juniors who are trying the prize competition, How I Spent My Vacation? The following are the rules governing the contest, which we again publish, so that you may make no mistake:—

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 "Prize Competition, 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.

The essays for the Prize Competition are commencing to come in already. The competition will not close until Oct. 15th, and we hope we may have a great number by then.

We are sorry to hear that Freda Rudd, of Dresden, is ill with typhoid fever. Freda was one of our most regular contributors to The Junior, and we hope it may not be long until we hear from her again.

What has happened that we have not heard from our little Central School friends for two weeks? Last week we thought you had all been so occupied with the wonders of the Fair that you had forgotten about Friday being the day we generally hear from you, but this week there is no Fair, and we expected to have heard from a great many Juniors. Now let us hear from you next week.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Freda Rudd was taken ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Leah Holmes, of Wabash, had a birthday party on Friday, September 27th, at Mrs. E. Meadows.

Mr. and Mrs. Winter, of Dresden, are going to move to Chatham. Hughie, their little boy, is in our class at school.

Our teacher has drawn a butterfly on the blackboard. It is painted yellow and black. It is a Monarch butterfly. We have been studying about it.

The walnuts and hickory nuts will soon be ready to gather now, and we boys will have lots of fun gathering them.

We are going to do some of our work and sent it in to the Fair this week.

We expect Mr. Collis this week. He is coming to the Fair and he will call on the schools.

This morning I changed seats with Carl Bresset. I was sitting in the front seat and now I am sitting in the back seat.—Hugh Pollock.

Next Sunday will be Rally Day in the Presbyterian Church, Dresden. Mr. Lindsay will give a children's sermon in the morning.

Last night some boys came down to our place, and as we were playing pull-away we heard a night owl over in Mr. Akin's orchard. It was up in a tree making a funny noise. —Douglas McWha.

Mrs. Gillies had a little baby, but it died last Saturday, and was buried Monday. They keep a store next to the English Church. The baby died of consumption.

The Hiawatha sank in twenty feet of water, and in twenty minutes. The passengers were all safely landed. The boat sank on the American side of the St. Clair River, somewhere around Stynia. She was built in Dresden and was 32 years old.

I saw some chippies and robins last week.

There is going to be a concert the night of the Fair in the Town Hall.

To-day I got a new boy to sit with me, whose name is Harold Forshee. He used to sit with Ernest Eberlee at the brek of the room.—Basil Hubbard.

Monday night two beet cars ran off the track in front of the canning factory. They have not got them on yet. They kept the men waiting there for a long while. All the men said they were going home, but Mr. Jackson told them to unload the beets. They did so, but it was after ten o'clock before they were ready to go home.

The senior class pupils are going to send writing, spelling and maps to the Fair. I hope that I can write for it. They are going to be hung upstairs in the house at the Fair ground.—Charlie Cuthbert.

Dear Editor,—My father is very busy sending away spokes. He sent two men away out to the north branch of Wallaceburg to get wood to make them out of.— James McVean.

The Editor of The Planet,—There was a baseball match played on the Market Square between Tupperville and Dresden teams. Will Emery was pitcher in Dresden team. One of the Tupperville men knocked the ball and hit Willie Carroll and knocked his wind out. He got his wind again and he is alive yet. The score of the ball game was, Tupperville 9, Dresden 10.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior,—Last night we had an anniversary concert. The minister invited Rev. Mr. Langford to give an address. He told us a story about an Irishman who went to the war. When the guns began to go off this Irishman said, "The bullets are getting too interesting; I must leave." When he was going a man called the Colonel asked him to come back or he would shoot. The Irishman said, "Shoot all you like; I must go."

To the Editor of The Planet Junior,—I enjoyed my holidays very much. We have to work hard or first thing we know it will be Christmas; every day we have different questions. Our teacher has a butterfly on the board and over by the map there was a yellow tulip, but she has changed it to a bunch of grapes. The maple leaves are beginning to fall. The night before last we had quite a little frost, but I don't think it was hard enough to hurt the vegetables. We are learning the Commandments; we have got them nearly learned. We are all waiting for the Fair. I am going to send in more things to the Fair next year.—Hazel Hicks.

The Dresden Fair will be held on Oct. 5. The races will take place all afternoon. There will be quite a number of horses here, and I am going to watch them all afternoon to see which one will win.—Wanda Kimmerly.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Anagrams.

The word to fill the second blank is an anagram of the word for the first blank.

The state —— was adjudged guilty of ——.

The irascible man who prefers gas sometimes —— candles of ——.

The active politician accused his easy-going —— of ——.

Hidden behind the brocaded —— the angry man —— his teeth.

The listeners —— that the speaker should not indulge in tiresome ——.

The —— ran away, but was quickly caught by his swift ——.

The man who played the bass viol in the —— worked as hard as a ——.

2. Cross-Word Anagrams.

I.

My first is in take, but not in hold;
My second is in brass, but not in gold;
My third is in unit, but not in whole;
My fourth is in cotton, but not in bole;
My fifth is in hull, but not in sail.
My whole is strong and must prevail.

II.

My first is in new, but not in old;
My second is in heat, but not in cold;
My third is in crow, but not in daw;
My fourth is in error, but not in flaw;
My fifth is in sea, but not in land;
My sixth is in music, but not in band;
My seventh is in tin, but not in ore;
My eighth is in centre, but not in core;
My ninth is in sawyer, but not in saw.
My whole is the mother of invention, and knows no law.

3. Charade.

In a 1 2 I shall be
If no 3 of sun I see;
For I'd like a call to pay
In my best 3 4 to-day.
Oh, alas, my whole is such
I can't stand small worries much!

4. Disguised Revolutionary Heroes.

A small conjunction, and the sun's bright beam.
The work of Monday, and a heavy weight.
House for the dead, a lady's Christian name.
A note, a fairy, the old form of ate.
To wed, and a small word that means above.
To ask one in what manner it was done.
A place where rabbits find a pleasant home.
To venerate or worship any one.
A deep hole, and a pile of rugged stones.
A good grain, and the hero of the Boots.
A tiny animal, a forest growth.
The color of all well-kept grassy plots.

5. Dickens Anagrams.

Have you read about Blame Crumple?
And We debtor to toys?
Do you know Clever Fop I did pad?
And Lot Willy boys?

Have you read His by a linen clock?
And do you know Liverwick sled?
Do you remember Bug ran by dear?
And O, feel my corn bed?

6. Palindromes.

Fill the blanks with words that read backward or forward the same.

A German named ——, and his wife, whose six-letter name was ——, were guilty of petty theft. They kept —— about the ——, but one day they heard a —— outside. The wife ran to the window to ——, and seeing an automobile with a policeman in it, she blushed —— than a rose, and exclaimed, "We are discovered!" The man, however, disclaimed all responsibility, saying to the officer, "I —— you to the ——."

7. Word Puzzle.

A political party we often have of,
And sometimes they tell us some things quite absurd of.
There is many a Tory I know of to-day,
And some of the things that they do now I'll saw.
There's a Tory that tells you the deeds you must do,
And one that forbids you, and one that will sue.
There's one that abounds in smells that are gruesome,
And one full of facts—how I wish that I knew some!
One makes old things new, and one makes all things clear;
And one makes things go, and you've only to steer.
There's one that will away you, in spite of your will,
And one makes you feel that you've done very ill.
A Tory will comfort when fortune is shady,
Or help the fond poet who sings of his lady.
A Tory's behindhand, and often he rues it.
One's an honor, though sad, and none would refuse it.
One fails of effect, and we therefore despise him:
But another is perfect, and highly we prize him.
One takes charge of ill-doers, and helps them be good;
One always is praising your clothes or your food.
One tells you beforehand of all his intentions,
And one gives you welcome of generous dimensions.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
Mischief.
Mishap.
Missile.
Mistake.
Misunderstanding.
Misfit.
Mississippi.
Mission.
Misfortune.
Miarule.
Mismomer.
Misspell.

2—
O, Po, Poe, Poet.
Toper, poster, stopper, prophet.

3—
Program.
Epigram.
Monogram.
Telegram.
Diagram.
Anagram.

GIVE HIM POINTS.

You're a queer looking thing to want to fight with me, said the young bull dog, contemptuously.

Think so?

Yes, you're not in my class.

Perhaps not, replied the porcupine quietly, but I think that I can give you a few points.

Excursion tickets on sale at W. E. Raspin's office, 115 King street, as follows: Billings, Mont., $32.75; Butte, Mont., Odgen, Utah, $37.75; Nelson and Rossland, B. C., Spokane, Wash., $38.25. All Pacific Coast points, California to British Columbia, $40.75. Hunters rates, going Oct. 8 to Nov. 6 to eastern provinces; Oct. 25 to Nov. 6, to northern points in Ontario at single fare, good to return up to Dec. 8.

It pours the oil of life into your system. It warms you up and starts the life blood circulating. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

An Old Time Punishment

An Interesting Story By F. E. C. Robbins, Submitted To The Planet Juniors

Book in hand, Master Dunton pronounced abruptly in his task of pronouncing the words, and for a moment glared along the row of boys and girls who were "toeing the line" on the floor of a country schoolhouse one afternoon some sixty years ago.

Then he spoke in a tone of deep displeasure: "This is a pretty piece of work! Not half the words put out yet, and everybody has missed, except Georgie Dole, and he the youngest of all! I won't bear such a lesson! Go back to your seats and take your spelling-books! I'm going to give you fifteen minutes to study. It will be the first time today for some of you. Then I will call the class again, and the very first one that makes a mistake shall be punished!"

The exact form of the threatened punishment was not specified; but that was not at all necessary. Everybody knew. Punishment at that time and place did not mean copying verses, or loss of recess, or being kept after school, or even marks—except such as might be left temporarily on some smarting palm by the heavy ruler that lay on the master's desk.

Master Dunton was a teacher of no little local fame. It was well understood that he was "a master hand" at figures, could set a copy almost as plain as print, knew all the rules of grammar by heart, although he was not unduly hampered by them in conversation, and could parse anything in Pope's "Essay on Man," or in "Paradise Lost."

Perhaps his greatest lack, educationally speaking, was in spelling. For as the spelling in schools of that day was oral, and as he could always have the book before him when hearing the lessons, his weakness in that respect was hardly worth considering.

His special claim to distinction, however, came from his "government." There was no school in all the country round too hard for him to "keep at cast"; no boy, however big or bad, that dared to dispute his authority.

At the appointed time the first class in spelling was again called, and its members came straggling forward, showing one another into place. The long row, as finally arranged, was graduated according to achievement, rather than height. At the head was stationed Georgie Dole, the master's ten-year-old son, who seldom missed and never misbehaved, while at the foot towered Joseph Niles, a brawny youth who generally missed, and who by his conduct doubtless deserved the frequent chastisements that fell to his lot.

It was evident that the allotted fifteen minutes had been well spent, and the first two journeys of the spelling lesson down the line passed without accident.

All the words that had been put out before had now been taken care of, but there remained the as yet untried portion of the lesson.

"Victuals!" shouted the master, turning to Georgie at the head of the class.

But instead of piping back the prompt reply expected, Georgie hesitated, blushed, and rolled his big blue eyes round wildly, as if he had been taken by surprise.

"Victuals," repeated the master, glancing at the book, and wondering at the delay.

Then Georgie, after apparently searching his memory, ventured cautiously, V-i-c-t-u-a-l-s, victuals."

"Wrong!" cried the master, in a tone of dismay. Then, forgetting in his astonishment to pass the word to the next, he asked sorrowfully, "Why, Georgie, how came you to make such a mistake?"

"If you please, sir," faltered Georgie, "I didn't see that word in the spelling-book."

"Didn't see it!" roared Master Dunton, his mood changing at once. "Wasn't it right there before your eyes—second word, third column? What do you mean by such a prevarication as that?"

Just then a knock at the door diverted the strained attention of the school, and Mr. Dole, the minister, who was also school committeeman, was ushered into the room. He at once discovered that his son was in trouble; for Georgie, although he was a brave little fellow and did not fear a whipping, had completely broken down at the sound of that word "prevarication."

Answering the minister's look of inquiry, Master Dunton explained the situation.

"Ah, yes, missed on 'victuals,' you say," said Mr. Dole, glancing over the master's shoulder at the book. "How did he spell it?"

"Tell your father how you spelled it, Georgie," said Mr. Dunton.

"V-i-c-t-u-a-l-s!" sobbed the boy.

"Indeed; and how should it be spelled, Mr. Dunton?"

"Why, v-i-t-a-l-s!" answered the master, in a tone of surprise. "There it is in the speller," he added, offering the book.

"Suppose you look up the word in your dictionary," suggested Mr. Dole, quietly, pointing to a small and seldom-used book that lay upon the desk.

Master Dunton was puzzled. Could it be that the minister, learned man though he was, presumed to cast a doubt upon the spelling book?

But he began to turn over the pages of the dictionary, and at last he announced, rather pompously, "Here it is; 'v-i-t-a-l-s, victuals—the parts essential to life.' Nothing could be plainer than that."

"Now will you look it up the way Georgie spelled it?" asked Mr. Dole, with a twinkle in his eye.

The master's face fell, and he renewed his search, with a secret fear at his heart.

This time there was no note of triumph in his voice as he spelled out, "V-i-c-t-u-a-l-s—food for human beings."

Then he turned again to the other word, stared at it a moment, shut the book, and pronounced his verdict: "Georgie is right, and I have made a stupid, inexcusable mistake."

"The best of us are liable to mistake," said the minister, reassuringly.

Master Dunton made no reply, but walking deliberately to the desk, he took up the birch ruler.

"Joseph Niles," he said, solemnly "will you step this way?"

"I wa'n't doin' anythin'!" protested Joseph.

"No, I am the one to be punished this time, and I must call on you as the oldest and largest scholar, to attend to it," and the teacher handed the ruler to the unwilling Joseph.

"I don't want to do it, Mr. Dunton," said Joseph, with a look of grief such as he had never shown when called upon to take the subordinate part in the performance.

"I do not like to punish, either," said the master, "but what of that? It is often my duty. Now I must be punished for my good and the good of the school. What did I say would happen to the first one who should make a mistake? Would you have my promise broken? I cannot carry it out myself, but you must help me." So saying, he held out his palm, and Joseph, not knowing how to refuse, let the ruler fall lightly upon it.

"That is not the way that I have taught you," said the master, smiling grimly. "Lay on, Joseph!" And the stalwart youth, thus urged, warmed to his work, and finally did full justice to his training.

"Perhaps that will do," said Mr. Dunton, at last, withdrawing his afflicted hand and rubbing it gently with the other. "I thank you, Joseph. And now we will proceed with the lesson." He looked round for the minister, but that worthy man had slipped out of the door, perhaps in deference to the teacher's feelings. But that was hardly necessary. Master Dunton was conscious of no loss of dignity as he resumed his autocratic sway.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we're right in style
A-sittin' in our automobile.
Grandpa says we're fit to kill
A-ridin' in our automobill.
Ma, she says we ought to feel
Grateful for our automobeel,
Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.
Auntie preaches near and far
'Bout our lovely touring car.
Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine.
Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'
'Bout the speed of our new wagon.
But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble
When Sister Sue says automobile.

SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. NO. 10, DOVER.

Following is the report of S. S. No. 10, Dover, for September:

Class IV.—E. Pepper, I. Hind.

Class III., Sr.—B. Smith, L. Grant, R. Smith.

Class III., Jr.—M. Stenton, G. Jack, H. Beattie, A. Satchell.

Class II., Sr.—L. Satchell, C. Hardick, R. Ruhnke, W. Satchell.

Class II., Jr.—G. Ruhnke, W. Grant, H. Stenton, E. Kaufman, S. Ballairgeon.

Part II.—E. Beattie, H. Stenton.

Class I., Sr.—G. Ruhnke, R. Richmond, E. Jack, M. McCarty.

Class I., Jr.—D. Satchell, C. Stenton, W. Ballairgeon.

S. M. West, Teacher.

DOVER CENTRE.

Following is the result of September report for S. S. No. 11, based on weekly examinations together with regularity of attendance; the names being in order of merit:

Class V.—M. Jackson, H. Brown, G. Jackson.

Class IV.—I. Jackson, J. Martin, O. Dunlop, F. Asher.

Class III.—J. Porter, B. Lucas, W. Stokes.

Class II., Sr.—B. Fewster, E. Tiffin, O. Brown, B. Asher, E. Jackson, R. Stevens, E. Stevens, P. Mills, C. Jackson, G. Heath, C. Martin.

Theodore Taft, absent.

Class II., Jr.—G. Stokes, E. Stokes, A. Fox, J. Jackson, I. Heath.

Class II. Pt. I.—H. Caron, M. Neilly, A. Winter, A. Martin, L. Stevens, E. Brown.

Class I., Sr.—S. Stevens, E. Montgomery.

Class I. C.—B. Kennedy.

Class I. B.—C. Heath, B. Jackson, A. Martin.

Class I. A.—H. Jackson, F. Dunlop, B. Montgomery, A. Jackson, E. Hughgate.

Average attendance—34.

DORA McKERRALL, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 1, HARWICH.

Following is the report of S. S. No. 1, Harwich, for the month of September.

Class IV.—E. Glenn, P. Cameron, T. Lewis, H. Thomas, G. Parrott, A. Thomas, T. Homes.

Class III.—E. Leitch, O. Sinclair, I. Glenn, J. Pollard, A. Parrott, J. Wilson, S. Guilt.

Class II.—G. Pollard, A. Blackburn N. Bigum, D. Thomas, F. Goss, A. Goss.

Part II.—L. Lewis, H. Street, L. Marding, M. Smith, M. Smith, L. Sinclair, J. Axford.

Class I.—W. Cameron, B. Wilson, E. Pierce, M. Ross, M. Sinclair, E. Smith, R. Gardiner, N. Mardling, E. Pollard, E. Smith, L. Glenn, G. Goss, J. Barington, P. Burdett, M. Atkins, C. Atkins, W. Sinclair, G. Mardling.

H. C. Duffus, Teacher.

Putting food into a diseased stomach is like putting money into a pocket with holes. The money is lost. All its value goes for nothing. When the stomach is diseased, with the allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the food which is put into it is largely lost. The nutriment is not extracted from it. The body is weak and the blood impoverished.

The pocket can be mended. The stomach can be cured. That sterling medicine for the stomach and blood, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acts with peculiar promptness and power on the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a positive cure for almost all disorders of these organs, and cures also such diseases of the heart, blood, liver and other organs, as have their cause in a weak or diseased condition of the stomach.

COULDN'T FORGIVE HER.

In after years they met again.

"No, he said, I shall never forgive you for refusing to marry me.

But, she protested, you married another woman shortly after.

That's just it, sighed the man. Your refusal is responsible for my present marriage.

Have you pains in the back, inflammation of any kind, rheumatism, fainting spells, indigestion or constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well, keeps you well. 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

FOR JUNIORS

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

We all think Beatrice Drago will stand first for the month of September.

Mrs. Weaver entertained her Sunday school class Thursday evening.

In Room X. we are getting a present to send to Miss Irving.

At our school this year we are going to celebrate the King's birthday, the ninth of November.

The boys beat the girls in basket ball Wednesday. Miss Garrett started the game.

UNDER-THE-TABLE MANNERS.

It's very hard to be polite
If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
You are down upon the mat
If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
If you're a cat.
Not to let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
Or a light, respectful pat
If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
If you're a cat.
Though there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
Wait politely on the mat
If you're a cat.

—Dorothy Tilbury in Junior Post-Express.

WONDERS OF GOLDENROD.

There are more than 100 different species of goldenrod.

Eighty of these are found in this country.

The scientific name is Solidago, "to make whole."

This refers to the healing properties formerly accredited to the plant.

The seaside variety is the most brilliant and beautiful.

The blue-stemmed variety belongs to the woods.

One species has a sweet, fragrant leaf.

Another species is flat-topped, and is often mistaken for tansy.

One kind grows to a height of six feet.

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

When mother is away the day seems very long.
The dollies do not care to play, and will not mind a thing I say;
The bubbles will not blow, nor the toys wind up to go;
But everything seems out of sorts when mother is away.
When mother is away cook makes me tarts so nice and light,
But I can't swallow them, because my throat seems shut up tight;
And when she speaks, I answer very loud and clear,
For my own voice seems small and queer when mother is away.
But when I hear my mother come, the house begins to shine.
I just fly down those stairs, I tell you, in no time.
She takes me in her arms and says, "My little girlie, all alone?"
And I just jump and shout and dance, 'cause mother's home.

THE WAITER'S INTERPRETATION

One of the State legislators entered an Albany restaurant and ordered a porterhouse steak. When the portion arrived it did not quite appeal to him as being sufficiently cooked. He called to the waiter.

Would you kindly take this back to the cook and tell him to broil it a little more?

Sure! replied he of the white coat. This is how the polite request was handed to the cook:

Say, Bill, that fat guy backed away from this piece of horse. He wants a little more fire on it, or it's all up with you and your little pots. Get a move on, or you'll have him butting in here and calling you by your real name. See?—Albany Journal.

Have you weakness of any kind—stomach, back, or any organs of the body? Don't dope you self with ordinary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the supreme curative power. 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Nature and love cannot be hid.