A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. IV — CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY JUNE 15, 1907 — No. 1

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1907.

CHILDREN'S WEEK.

Next week might be called Children's Wook in Chatham, for two things are going to happen which will give all of you great pleasure.

On Tuesday the circus will be here, and even if you cannot all go to it, you will be able to see the procession.

On Wednesday, McKeough School will hold their annual picnic, and there is nothing that the children look forward to more than the picnic.

We hope that the children will have a good time, and that they will send us in a full report of it.

One thing we would particularly like to know is, what child sells the greatest number of tickets.

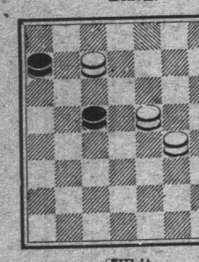
DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to Problem No. 15, local series:

White 23-27, black 21 or 29-25, white 28-24, black 25-18, white 27-32 and wins.

Problem No. 18—Local Series.

Black.



White.

Black to Move and Win.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Edna Moore is going to the West on the 19th of this month.

Room 8 are going to make a booklet on Thursday for their wild flowers.

Gerald Ruhnke's asters are about one inch and a half high.

George Kerr, King St. West, has some more little bantam chickens.

Miss Bessie Ripley will entertain a number of her friends on Saturday to a birthday party.

St. Andrew's Church had an excursion on Friday, June 14th, 1907.

The pupils of room 6 painted on Thursday.

Roy Dangnieu's football team and Jack Edmondson's team are playing a game of football this afternoon.

Mrs. Louis Lumbert, of Bridgeport, Ill., who has been visiting Mrs. Kenny, returned home on Tuesday.

Picnic Notes by the Juniors.

On Wednesday, June 19, McKeough School will hold their annual picnic on the grounds. Races will be run off and everybody that comes will have a good time.

The picnic will be changed to Wednesday on acccount of the band. Tickets 10 cents each.

Charlie Harwood is going to be in the long distance race.

McKeough School will have their picnic on June 19th. We are all practising for the races and other

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Hidden Proverb.

Find a word of a proverb concealed in each of the following quotations:

"Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil."

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"The best of things beyond their measure cloy."

"Necessity is the mother of invention."

"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

"When fortune flatters she does it to betray."

2. Riddle.

I.

I'm the principal part of a gun,
But my substance is nearly all air.
In the forest wild I run,
And to hunt me is sport most rare.

II.

Most women are very proud of me;
Sometimes I'm ugly, sometimes fair to see.
A little animal light and fleet;
When cooked just right, I'm said to be sweet.

3. Suggested Gates.

Find ten gates in the following paragraph:

Alfred was ready to declare openly his views. Many questioned his motives, and though he would revoke his words. He was criticized severely for his action, as it was felt he claimed more than was due him; but he found some ready to unite with him. He did not like to engage in a lawsuit, and tried to appease his enemies, believing they would in time banish their prejudices. This story might be drawn out if one could find the way to the end.

4. Charades.

I.

I first my steed and speed away
To greet the sun at break of day.
My trusty second begins and ends
Each man's estate, and often lends
A final part in time and peace.
My third the people trust with gold,
A source of wealth, and yet I'm told
It sometimes fails — though often then
Through one who cheats his fellow men.
And this my whole, beware of all
Who justly by that name you call.

II.

My first a welcome place of rest;
My next is French, of coins the best;
My third is to the ear a pest;
My fourth Joe always did with zest;
My whole immoderate. Have you guessed?

III.

As I walk through the fields on a summer day
My first seeks to follow me on my way.
I shun the second where thieves may hide,
Though third may walk by my very side.
I stoop to take the first from me.
Quite whole my task, you will agree.

5. Lost Coins.

Is not the Po under the blue sky of Italy?

Look down or up, cels are not

The ascent I mean is not difficult.
What is Louis Dormand doing?
Do not read in dim evening light,
To mount to that berth alertness is required.
Do you see William Penn yonder?
Is this hill in good repair?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

Following are the answers to the "wedding puzzle" in last Saturday's Junior, and are in the same order as the questions, the first answer being the correct one to the first question, and so on:

Janice Meredith — Paul Leicester Ford.

Richard Carvel — Winston Churchill.

Castle Craneycrow — George Barr McCutcheon.

Twice Told Tales—Hawthorne.

A Study in Scarlet—Conan Doyle.

Great Expectations—Dickens.

Middlemarch—George Eliot.

The Vicar of Wakefield — Goldsmith.

The Little Minister—Barrie

The Right of Way—Gilbert Parker.

To Have and to Hold—Mary Johnson.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden—Anon.

Far from the Madding Crowd — Hardy.

The House of Seven Gables — Hawthorne.

Heavenly Twins—Sarah Grand.

Bitter Sweet—Holland.

The Gentleman From Indiana — Booth Tarkington.

A REAL KEEN BOY

Good morning, children, said the genial doctor as he met three or four little children on their way to school; and how are you this morning?

We daren't tell you, replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of 8.

Dare not tell me, exclaimed the physician. And why not?

'Cause papa said last year that it cost him over $25 to have you come and then ask how we were.

It's too bad to see people who go from day to day suffering with physical weakness, when Rocky Mountain Tea would strengthen them. Tea or Tablets 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

JUST ONE.

I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory, remarked the chronic kicker, than a meal at our boarding house.

No? replied the sentimental youth. Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone.

"Loving is a painful thrill,
Not to love more painful still,
But ah! it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again."
(When you feel that way, better take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.)

A. I. McCall & Co.

THE DIFFERENCE.

What's the difference between vision and sight?

See those two young girls just across the street?

Yes.

Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one—she is a sight.

Occasionally one has the fortune to meet women who are ideal in looks and figure. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will find she takes Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or Tablets 35 cents.

FOR JUNIORS

"HUM-UM-BUZZ," SAYS HE.

Along there came a Bee one day,
"Hum-um-Buzz!" said he,
"Give me some honey, Lily, pray,
I've brought a bag to put it in,
To gather it let me begin,
Buzz-buzz—Hum!" said he.
"And if I do," the Lily said,
"What will you give to me instead,
What will you give to me?"

"I'll give you news from far and near,
Hum-um—Buzz!" said he;
"News that you will be first to hear,
For I came straight to you to-day
And did not tarry on the way,
Buzz-buzz—Hum!" said he.
"Well, I agree," the Lily said,
And gently nodded her fair head;
"Now tell your news to me."

"Five tiny eggs lie in the nest,
Hum-um—Buzz!" said he;
"Of Blue-birds, safe beneath her breast;
And yon cocoon, as I passed by,
Set free a lovely Butterfly,
Buzz-buzz—Hum!" said he.
"I know the kind," the Lily said,
"His velvet wings are gold and red,
And soon he'll visit me."

"A brook in dancing down the hill,
Hum-um—Buzz!" said he;
"To meet a merry meadow Rill,
And every Fern and Iris shows
A waving flag as on it goes,
Buzz-buzz—Hum!" said he.
"Ah, that is fine," the Lily said,
"I trust that ere its course is sped
'Twill brightly smile on me."

"The Clover's springing everywhere,
Hum-um—Buzz!" said he;
"Its fragrance fills the summer air;
And, in a field not far away
I saw a snow-white lamb at play,
Buzz-buzz—Hum!" said he.
"Your news is good," the Lily said,
"So sweets enough a feast to spread,
Dear Gossip, take from me."

—Margaret Eytinge.

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DISCIPLINE.

Dolly's very naughty;
Dolly will not play;
Everything I tell her
Makes her cross to-day.

See how she is pouting!
Oh, what can I do?
Dolly, when she's naughty,
Makes me naughty, too.

Let me see! Supposing,
Dolly, I were you,
And was very naughty—
What would mother do?

Would she scold and punish
So severely? No!
She would say she loved me,
And would kiss me—so!

She would say I grieved her,
That would make me sad;
I should feel so sorry
Till we both were glad.

So, my little dolly,
I'll be good to you;
And you'll be, to please me,
Good and loving, too.

—M. von Seydewitz.

A DAY.

A day is a jewel in the crown of time
That shines on the world with a light sublime.
'Tis born in the east, and is welcomed by
The stars of night in heaven's high,
The flowers look up and the tall trees nod,
And even the worms in the cold damp sod
Creep out of their beds and crawl along,
While around the birds sing a welcome song;
And man and beast, at the first faint ray,
Herald with joy the birth of day.

—Charles A. Jones.

...AN... ALLIGATOR EXPERIENCE

BY

E. S. TRAYMORE

To read of being "treed" by either a bear or an angry bull is common. To read of being treed by alligators is not common. Then, too, the victim in the first instance is a man, almost without exception, while in the instance to be related the victim was a woman, and the writer of this account.

Following my annual custom, as soon as the snow began to fly I betook myself with my camera to the sunny South, and made straight for a certain small town in middle Florida, where I had passed several winters.

One lovely day I started out about two o'clock, unaccompanied, as was generally my choice, except by a small dog which belonged to the house, and which had taken a great fancy to me.

My uncomfortable experience later on was due primarily to the presence of Dandy.

My destination was the swampland which lay in a certain section of the hummock; my object, the photographing of cypress trees just as they grew out of the black mud in the dankness of a region not unlike that of "The Great Dismal Swamp." The way I pursued was lonely enough, but I was not afraid.

I plunged into the forest, and forced my way along a faintly marked trail, dodging several rattlesnakes which resented my intrusion, and at about four o'clock found myself on the border of as desolate a region as the most ardent swampseeker could wish. It was a dreary stretch of shadowy, ghost-like trees, their branches woven into an almost jungle-like impenetrability by a tangle of parasitic vines, many of which were several inches in diameter, and which hung in fantastic contortions from the tops, often of the highest trees.

The faint light that filtered through the matted growth of leaves and festooned Southern moss was brown and misty, and a fog rose from the adjacent dank and decaying vegetation. The water of the swamp was black, and its glassy surface shimmered at the jar of my footstep as I crept carefully over a quantity of fallen cane-brake, so molded as to afford a precarious foothold.

"Quite the place for a whole army of alligators," I said, half-aloud, as I picked my way along a narrow strip of land that reached out into the water. "However, it is no time for thinking about that, for the sun is getting low and I must make haste."

It so happened that out of this strip there grew several straggling trees. One of these had been broken off, probably by some storm, and its top lay bent down so that its branches interfered with my tripod as I endeavored to pass beyond. I grumbled a bit at the inconvenience, not dreaming how important a part this broken tree was to play in my day's experience.

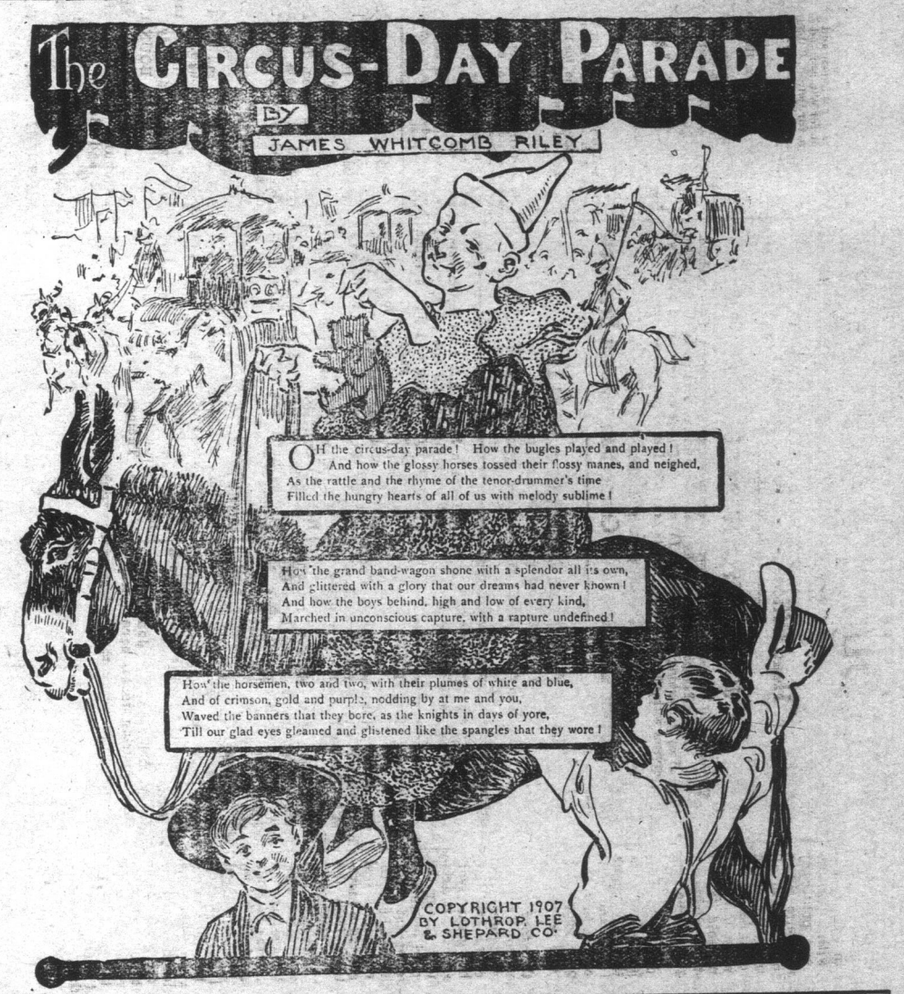
The tree passed at last, only a few moments were needed to set up the camera, to focus and to take the picture; yet even those moments I begrudged, especially the twenty seconds required for the exposure of the plate, for the gloom seemed to increase so rapidly that a most uncomfortable apprehension seized me.

I noticed, too, that Dandy was oddly affected, for he barked and whined with great uneasiness. My nervousness increased. This was indeed a hideously lonely spot to be in, especially for a woman, and night was coming. There was that long walk home, and only a faintly outlined trail to follow! Truly, never before had I been so foolhardy.

Overpowered by a rush of emotions, I snapped together my camera, threw the long carrying-strap round my neck, snatched up the tripod, and turned sharply to retrace my footsteps. I nearly fell headlong. Poor Dandy, in his terror, had hidden beneath my skirt, and his little shivering body was the cause of my stumble. I tried vainly to make him get up; but he only shrieked with fear and crouched at my feet.

Just then, not five feet distant from where I stood, a great brutish head protruded from that inky water—a sight never to be forgotten! That black and moss-grown skull, those evil eyes, with their blood-chilling stare—so near that I could have touched the creature!

Appalled, I drew back shuddering, and crying out to Dandy, who again nearly overthrew me in his haste,



fallen tree, leaving my tripod behind in my flight, with the intention of running back to the mainland.

I was too late. Already attracted by the cries of the dog,—alligators are very fond of dog-flesh,—three of these great brutes had crawled out from their near-by hiding-places in the swamp, and now lay stretched upon the bit of land over which we must pass in order to reach the shore. Yes, even as I paused, bewildered, and with my heart in my throat, I saw that four more of these hideous creatures were swimming rapidly toward the spot. Ah, Dandy, Dandy! You tried so hard in your doggish way to warn me that danger was near, but your cries only made matters worse!

Alligators in front, alligators behind. Whither were we to fly? I stumbled against the prostrate treetop—happy thought! In less time than it takes to write the words both Dandy and I had scrambled up the straggling branches like two nimble cats. Here was safety, such as it was, for we were some eight feet above the surface of the swamp. Trapped and treed, safe indeed, yet destined, it seemed, to pass the long, cold, fast-coming night in this unpleasant situation.

Partly from pity and partly to check his ear-piercing cries, I snuggled Dandy in my arms, but when at last I ventured to look down the sight made me grow sick. I dared not try to count the alligators, but there seemed to be twenty or more gray and scaly forms creeping and shuffling about on that narrow strip of half-dried mud, hissing, blowing and sniffing the air angrily for the scent of the canine prey which they could not reach.

The sun was really sinking, as the increasing gloom portended. I collected my scattered wits, and tried to plan the best way to pass the inevitable night.

Fortunately, I had brought with me a jacket, which I had slipped on when the chill of the swamp had struck me. This would in a measure protect me from the night cold; then, too, Dandy would help to keep me warm. So I propped myself as comfortably as possible in the crotch where the tree trunk had snapped off, and taking my carrying-strap from my neck, I fastened myself to a strong upright branch by passing the strap round it and then about my waist. This would at least keep me from falling should I chance to faint or lose myself in sleep.

The long vigil began. Dusk deepened into darkness, and darkness turned into blackness, for no stars

growth.

Naturally of a nervous temperament, I felt myself grow old in years, as, bound to my place of refuge, the moments crept by like hours. If I could hold out until daybreak the alligators would probably retire, and I might then be able to make a wild rush for the shore.

How many of those long, weary hours passed I had no way of judging, but at last, worn out with fatigue, I felt a deadly chill creeping over me. Suddenly the little dog moved in my arms, and licked my hand softly. He seemed uneasy, and stretched up his head, as if begging to look beyond me. I humored his wish. For a moment he stood motionless, with his paws upon my shoulder. Then, to my amazement, he whined—not a whine of distress, but one of pleasure. Yes, he was even then wagging slowly his stump of a tail, while his whole body quivered with excitement.

Loosening the safety-strap with my benumbed fingers, I twisted about in the tree seat, and saw — a light! As I live, a light, dim though it was, glimmered through the mist.

Fascinated, I watched the glow, which grew brighter. I tried to cry out. To my dismay I found myself speechless! The chill and nervous shock had in a way stiffened my throat and tongue. I strained and fought to overcome the temporary paralysis, which was like a dreadful nightmare, for shout I must. That light meant rescue if I could only make myself heard.

Some "'gator men" were out punting, and I knew that the light was from their jack-lantern, which was fastened at the bow of the boat. The "jack" serves to attract the creatures, or at least to fascinate them so that they remain motionless until the hunters come within shooting distance.

The boat came near, then turned to go off in another direction. Now or not at all must I cry out, or it would pass out of sight and hearing.

Beating my throat with my hands, I finally threw off that dreadful cramp, and a shriek for help that could have been heard a mile — it seemed to me—came mercifully to my lips; and as it echoed through the swamp, the boat stopped. I heard a negro's frightened voice:

"Who da? Who da?"

Again I could not speak, but Dandy's yapping bark rang sharply.

"Who da? Speak, or I'll shoot! Who da?"

Then a white man's voice cried:

Why don't you answer?"

Once more my tongue loosened. The voice was that of Jim Bronson, a professional hunter, and a man well known by everybody in the little town.

"This way! This way! Oh, make haste!" Then I fainted.

I did not see the boat as it came swiftly toward me; nor did I see the gleam from the lantern as it illuminated my feeble stronghold; nor did I hear the fusillade of shots which drove away the brutes; nor did I know that I was taken carefully from among the branches and laid upon a hastily improvised bed, made of coats, in the bottom of the boat of my rescuers. Yet all this happened, and Dandy crept to my side and licked my unconscious hands, as they told me afterward, while we were borne rapidly away from that gruesome spot.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE

Mrs V. Cheoret, of St. Benoit, Que., writes as follows: "It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that I write to tell you what Baby's Own Tablets have done for my baby. When I began giving him the Tablets he was so thin and wasted that he looked like a skeleton. His digestion was poor; he was constipated and cried day and night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and from the first they did him a great deal of good. His food digested better; his bowels worked regularly; his sleep was natural; he stopped crying and began to grow fat. I got another box, and am happy to say before they were all used he was in perfect health, and is now a plump, rugged child. I always keep a box of Tablets in the house and would advise other mothers to do the same." The above is a fair sample of hundreds of letters that come from all parts of Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets cure all the minor ills of babies and young children; are absolutely safe, as they do not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic. (Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' medicine Co'y, Brockville, Ont.

HADN'T TIME TO GROW.

Mrs. Justwed—Why are these eggs so small?

Grocer Dinkerwurst—I think dey were took from der nest too soon alretty.

Chances are against the man who