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 MAY 18, 1907 No. 50

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907.

This week we received ten essays written by Dresden children. Five, which appear this week, are by the little girls, telling of a day spent in the woods. We had not space for more, and the other five, which are the experiences of the boys when fishing, will appear next week, together with one written by Harold Stevenson, of the Central School. We had hoped to be able to publish his this week, but the tail of the tale of The King Cat was too long.

Harold's essay is on some of the works of Michael Angelo, and is so well written that it would reflect credit on a much older boy than he is. Harold gives promise of being a journalist some day.

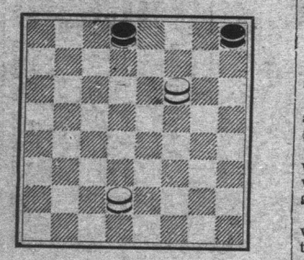
DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to Problem No. 13, local series:

Black 6 to 10; White 19 to 23; Black 27 to 9; White 7 to 5, and wins.

Problem No. 14—Local Series.

Black.



White.

Black to Move—White to Win.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Hidden Proverb.

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

"Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gilding water,
Motionless the sleeping shadows."

"There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

"Thus far we run before the wind."

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

2. Riddle.

An insect common and noisy enough,
A game that's played on the open bluff,
A place to rest my weary feet,
Or it may be found a comfortable seat.

3. Hidden Trees.

Dear Father;

I am glad to hear that you have Orlando a keeper of the lighthouse. He never shows signs of irritation.

Don't let Tom's idiocy press you into any further course.

That bay is as dangerous as peninsular formation can be.

Let Orlando live peacefully there, and he will not again ask help, alms or consideration of Tom.

They may menace daringly, but no harm can come on those wave-washed shores.

4. Numerical Enigma.

Come, 12345, and let us join the fray.
123 he no kindly word to say?
Let 456 but hold the gate
And 345 a trap to wait.
The 3524 of war is here, and now
The 1524 of trial is on every brow.
123456, then, to heed the call,
And in that word you have my all.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

1—

USES
NEXT
IDEA
THAT
EASE
DAYS

2—

I. Glistens, loath, (moon, sore, grains. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

II. Ant, tame, sieve, chin, tins. I. "A stitch in time saves nine."

3—

Pane, vane, lane, bane, cane, mane, fane, Dane.
Pine, pone.
Pale, pate, pace, page,
Pans, pant, pang.
Pean, neap, nape.
Cape, rape, tape.
Peat, eat, at.

TUPPERVILLE JUNIORS

Alice Wells has been absent from school for a few days.

Miss A. Sudds, Messrs. W. Shaw and R. Neaves have been visiting friends at Turnerville.

We were intending to go to the woods on the 10th, but it stormed so we went on the 14th instead, to gather flowers.

Cora Badgely, of Dresden, has been visiting her cousin, Ilah Conliffe, this week.

Miss Belle Hall has returned home, after visiting in Detroit.

The entrance and leaving classes are working hard now preparing for the mid-summer examinations.

Quite a heavy snow storm fell in our vicinity on the 10th inst.

Mr. James Cooper, who has been laid up with a broken arm, is now recovering.

We are pleased to say that Irene and Refa Hood, who have been on the sick list, are better and have returned to school.

Gordon Thompson, of London, is spending a few days with his father, Dr. Thompson, of Tupperville.

Robert Bressett spent last Saturday in Wallaceburg.

Charlie Wade, of Corktown, school, spent Sunday in Tupperville.

The school is drawing the flag now, and the best ones are to be hung on the wall on Empire Day.

Little Maggie McDonald has started to school.

The school is intending to have a concert on Empire Day.

Owing to sickness, Lorne Sutor was absent from school on the 13th inst.

Leah Lindsay has returned to school, after an attack of measles.

Mr. John Hales' barn was burned to the ground on the 13th.

A number around here have their incubators set.

The farmers are about done seeding.

Elsie Powers is one of the great leaders in sports at school at present.

The clock ticks and ticks the time away,
Shortening up our lives each day,
Eat, drink and be merry,
For some day you will be where,
You can't get Rocky Mountain Tea.
(Free samples at)
A. I. McCall & Co's.

The world is held back from true greas not so much by the badness of bad men, as the obstinacy of good men who have stopped growing.

SHORT ESSAYS —ON— Gathering Wild Flowers —BY— JUNIORS

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

We go to the woods to gather flowers. I generally go to Mr. Jeff's woods.

Last Saturday Eleanor Eastland and I went to the woods. We got a lot of pretty red and white lilies, adder's tongues, violets, blood roots and 'boys and girls." We were watching out for snakes, as I am very frightened of them. It is a good thing we did not see any, or I would have yelled so loud the whole town could have heard me.

When we were coming home we stopped in at the cemetery. Eleanor has a little brother and grandma buried there, so we put the flowers on the graves. We are going out some day to fix the graves up, as I have no person's to fix of my own. We stayed there a long time, then we came down the river bank and back home.—Gertrude Heyland.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

To-day our teacher is going to let five boys and five girls send in a composition for the Planet Junior. The boys are writing about fish, and the girls are writing about gathering wild flowers, and we mostly always gather flowers when Arbor Day comes. Sometimes through the we go to the woods and the school nearly always goes on Arbor Day. This year our teacher said it was too wet for us to go, and that we had such a large room that she did not think we would enjoy it very much. On Arbor Day Mr. Brandon's room went. Leona Ripley and I went with Belle, and we were playing "calihoo." Quite a few of them got into the creek and got wet up to their waists. We had a lot of fun and enjoyed ourselves very much.—Evelyn Fox.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

On Arbor Day, as we had a holiday, we went to the woods. As soon as we got home from school we had to make preparations to go to the woods. We had to wake up the little ones, who were just having their afternoon naps, and get them ready to go. After we got that done we had to get our lunch ready and the basket to bring back the ferns and flowers. There were four of us going out. I had Mary to get ready and another girl had her little sister to get ready. We both met about the same time. It was quite hot that day and we had a pleasant walk out to the woods.

When we got there we had some of our lunch first, before we started to pick flowers. When we got through we put the rest back into the basket. We went to find violets to did up so that we could take them home and have them to come out into flower. After we had got them we hunted for flowers all the rest of the time. Little Mary would call out whenever she saw a flower or had one. We got lots of flowers. Shall I tell you what we got? We got Mayflowers, blood roots, buttercups, and adder-tongues.

We then ate the rest of our lunch and packed our things for home. It was colder when we got home and our flowers wilted quite a bit. We did not have so pleasant a walk going back as we had on the way out, for it was a lot colder.

When we got home our mothers had a hot supper for us, which warmed us up a lot. I hope all the girls who went out to the woods got as many pretty flowers as we did.—Hazel Hicks.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

I gather flowers in Mr. Craig's woods and in our own. It is great fun. On Arbor Day, Irene Gibson and I went to the woods. It was very wet, but we did up our lunch and started.

When we got to the woods we made a tent. It was warm, and we put our lunch in it and started to gather flowers. I saw a lonely violet—so did Irene—and we both wanted to get it. Irene got it, but she got good and wet first.

We had just got nicely started to gather flowers when we saw a gang of boys coming. The first thing we thought of was our lunch, and oh, did run, though, through mud, water, burrs, or anything else. We got there first and then gathered a number of flowers, ate our lunch and went home. I was awfully cold. Going home I found a robin's egg; it was not broken. I tell you I was good and cold when I got home, but I had a dandy time.—Anna Ribble.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

We go out in the woods to find wild flowers on Arbor Day. I got up and had my breakfast; then I got my lunch ready and waited for some friends to come. They arrived about half-past nine in the morning; so then we went, all having a good time as we went. At last we came to a shady place, and there we had a rest. We went to my uncle's place. It is just about a mile and a half from our place.

It was half-past ten when we got to the woods. We got a good shady place to put our lunch. Then we played around until we saw a big snake. It was so long that I was afraid of it, and the other girls all ran away. But I stumbled on a stump and they said it would get my toes. I got up and got a big stick and hit it on the back; then it went down in an ole in the ground. We got sticks and plugged up the hole so that it couldn't get out again.

There was a bird got on one of the girl's baskets and picked a hole through the paper.

It was now time to eat our lunch, which we did after finding a good place, all sitting down on the grass.

After lunch we gathered flowers and it was soon time to go home, for it was after three when we ate our lunch. By the time I got home it was five o'clock, and my flowers were all wilted; but after having them in the water a little while they were all right again. — Louisa Corner.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The school garden has been staked into ten plots.

We are taking a trans-continental trip this week, over the C. P. R.

We have received a time-table of the entrance examinations. They are to last three days.

The 24th of May comes on Friday this year. The Thursday before is Empire Day.

Russel Steen, of Ridgetown, spent last Sunday in the city.

Sporting News Junior

The boys of Tupperville are going to start a junior baseball team.

POISONED BY A RAZOR.

Don't trim your corns with a razor, use a purely vegetable remedy like Putnam's Corn Extractor. No pain, certain cure, and all for a quarter. Every dealer sells "Putnam's."

Lord Lake is the best 10c. Cigar in the market — made by O'Brien Bros.

Lord Lake is the best 10c. Cigar in the market — made by O'Brien Bros.

THE KING CAT

—BY—

A. A. ROWLING

(Concluded from Last Week.)

A fine-looking cat walked in with a sunflower wand in one paw and a roll of paper in the other, and, making his bow, took his seat on the left of the throne; then twelve cats came in, each carrying a club and saluting the King; six took seats at one end of the platform, and six at the other. Then followed the members of the court, all silently passing to the seats at the other end of the hall; and finally forty fierce-looking cats armed with clubs filled the outside row of seats.

Willy started with surprise when he recognized his sister Fanny's little Topsy among them.

The King turned to the First Officer and said, "You may proceed."

This First Officer arose, and read from the paper as follows:

"To your Royal Highness, the gentlemen of the Jury, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, greeting.

"At the request of your Royal Highness, I have prepared this statement of our grievances from this Boy and others of his race.

"First, I confess that many of our people do wrong, and deserve the chastisements they get; but, your Royal Highness, what I complain of is the persistent tyranny exercised towards us by that class of human beings called Boys. Why, your Royal Highness, if a cat do but curl in a corner to sun himself, or settle comfortably on a post or fence, if he stop for a moment to wash his face or to take a roll in the cool grass, these Boys pounce on him with sticks or stones, and he is obliged to flee for his life; not content with that, they chase him.

"This particular Boy, your Royal Highness, is one of the worst of his kind. We think, your Royal Highness, that these things should be stopped. It was by your orders that Lord Graycat enticed him into the tree which stands as a tower to our underground castles; by your orders, also, we are now met to consider what shall be done with him."

The King then said: "I now give all opportunity to speak, and in order to avoid confusion the cat highest in court may begin. The others may follow in order. Lord Graycat, we will hear you."

As Willy listened, he felt himself growing hot and cold by turns.

Then the King turned to Willy: "Boy, you may speak. If you have any reason for your conduct, make it known."

Willy arose. "Your Royal Highness, I didn't suppose that cats cared." Then he stopped, but catching sight of Topsy, he continued: "I was always good to Topsy." Then he sat down.

The First Official brought forward Miss Topsy, leading her by the paw. A thrilling sensation ran through the court. Many of the cats clapped their paws silently. Evidently, Miss Topsy was a favorite. She certainly did look lovely, with a little ruffled muslin cap lined with blue stuck over one ear, a blue ribbon around her neck, and a little embroidered handkerchief in her right paw. Even his Royal Highness smiled.

Topsy kept her eyes on the King and Jury, now and then putting her handkerchief up to wipe away the tears. She pleaded for Willy in soft purry tones, dwelling on his uniform kindness to her, and the goodness of Fanny and of his mother to all cats; occasionally she would turn to some big juryman, and ask if what she said were not true, and he would directly say that it was.

The Jury retired. It seemed to Willy that they were gone a long time, but in fact they were gone only five minutes. At a nod from the King, the First Official arose, and read the decision:

"We think a persecutor of cats ought to be condemned to death; but as some extenuating circumstances have been related in regard to this Boy, we think the punishment of the second degree may do in his case. The forty executioners shall be ranged opposite each other, twenty in a row, with clubs raised. At the signal, the Boy shall run between the lines, and all shall hit him who can. The Boy shall then return through the lines, all striking at him with the left paw, claws unmuffled. This shall be done six times. If the Boy survive, he shall remain a prisoner until he has done some deed of great service to the race of cats."

The executioners ranged themselves. The First Official led Willy to the head of the lines. He held up his head and awaited the signal like a young Indian.

The order was given. The clubs were raised, and Willy ran. He reached the foot of the lines not much hurt. The executioners had remembered Miss Topsy. At the end of the sixth run Willy had lost some hair, had received some scratches and a black eye; but on the whole he had come out safe.

The King nodded his head as a signal for all to leave.

"Boy," his Majesty said at last, "strive to think of some good deed you can do."

Willy was fond of using tools; he had amused himself every rainy day with them. He soon remembered a rat-trap he had just finished. He arose and said, "Please, Your Royal Highness, I could make a rat-trap if I had the things and stuff."

That pleased the King, and he said, "Pass into the next room and you will find everything you need."

Willy found a carpenter's bench, some wood and wire, and all the tools he needed. He never worked so steadily before; at the end of an hour his rat-trap was finished. He took it to the King Cat and explained it. The King said, "Rats know too much to go in there."

Willy replied, "They will go after cheese. I wish I had some cheese."

"You will find some in the closet in the next room," said the King.

Willy showed the King just how to set the trap, and then put it by a hole which the King pointed out. "If that can catch rats," said the King, "it will save my subjects a deal of trouble, for it is necessary for my health that I eat a rat at every meal."

They both fixed their eyes on the trap. Willy would now and then glance at the King, but the King never once took his eyes off. After a watch of about two hours, Willy heard a little click and then another. The King turned his head towards him and said, "He is caught. Bring him here."

The King took out the rat. Then he bade Willy set the trap again, and place it back. It soon caught another. Then he knocked with his club on the floor, and Lord Graycat and Miss Topsy entered. After they had expressed their satisfaction, the King Cat turned to Willy: "Boy, you are to go." The King then turned to Lord Graycat: "Conduct the Boy out of the castle and show him the way home."

Willy followed Lord Graycat up the stairs out of the hollow tree, out into the woods. The sun was just gilding the tops of the trees, so he knew it must be near teatime.

When Willy looked down again Lord Graycat was still before him, but he was walking on his four feet, and he had Willy's hat in his mouth.

"Give me my hat," Willy shouted, but Lord Graycat ran on. Once Willy forgot and picked up a stick, but remembered in time, and dropped it.

When they came in sight of the chimneys Willy knew where he was. Lord Graycat dropped his hat and disappeared. Willy reached the house and entered the dining room just as the family were seating themselves at tea.

"Willy, where have you been? What is the matter?" greeted him on all sides; you must remember his hair had been pulled, his face scratched and his eye bruised; besides, his trousers and jacket were torn.

Willy's appetite astonished everybody; so did his silence. At last he drew a long breath, and looked around. There was the gray cat on the rug, and there sat Topsy with her muslin cap and blue ribbon.

Fanny noticed his look. She said, "Topsy went off this morning, don't you think, and she lost her beautiful little handkerchief."

Will went around and smoothed Topsy's fur, and called her "Miss Topsy"; then he patted the old cat, and called him "Lord Graycat," and everybody shouted with laughter — everybody but Willy.

TOPSY PLEADS IN BEHALF OF THE PRISONER.

WILLY'S DEVICE IS SUCCESSFUL.

FOR JUNIORS

THE LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.

I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Heartsease and tomatoes
And pinks and potatoes
And tulips and lilies and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau
With a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses,
And little pink posies—
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden;
It tumbled right in as I passed
Mid 'wildering mazes
Of tulips and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

SPRING PEEPERS.

(By B. A. Hitchcock.)

Sweet sounds are now breaking the long winter silence,
Like tiny bells ringing so liquidly clear.
I heard the first note where the soft pussy-willows
Were airing their gray furs above the pool near.
How springlike it sounded, half-plaintive yet cheering,
And hinting of blossoms and mellow bird songs;
Of May-time soon coming,
With tawny bees humming,
For to the first peeper spring's keynote belongs.

The fresh, pungent night air of budding young April
Seems throbbing and pulsing in musical haze.
On soft winds the voices are coming, then going,
O'er brown boggy marsh-lands and willow-fringed bays.
How high-pitched and shrill rings piccolo chorus,
Sustained by the sucker-toad's heavy trombone;
Now rising, then falling,
In silver tones calling
From tussock to tussock that winter has flown.

When comes a spring shower, with swift coaxing murmur,
How suddenly silence falls over the throng;
Till up from a single throat leaps a clear jingle note,
Then, as if rain-drops had turned into song,
The whole air is teeming with fifings and flutings,
And little bells mingle with musical clacks,
As though they made merry
And felt happy, very;
With April showers patting their olive-brown backs.

The skunk-cabbage flower, with hood like a friar;
Comes up from earth's cloister to view his sid place;
No one can see just how this frog-music suits him,
He wears his dark cowl so far over his face.
But cattails and rushes and dark alder bushes
Are thinking of putting on green suits again.
Hail, little spring peeper!
No music is cheaper
Nor sweeter than yours is, when spring decks the plain.

—Youths' Companion.

Its virtues have been established for many years, and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Canadian women can accomplish almost anything that they set their hearts on.

Gymnastics alone can never give that elasticity, ease and graceful figure which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.