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 NOVEMBER 3, 1906 No. 23

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

THE ESSAYS.

One of the essays which we publish this week is written by a girl ten years old, and the other is written by a boy of ten. We have not corrected them in any way, and you are to tell us which you think the better.

Next we are going to publish some that we received from little children seven or eight years old, and we think you will all agree with us that they are very good for such little ones to have written.

We did not hear from our little friends in Dresden this week. Perhaps they were too busy with Hallowe'en jokes to write to the Junior.

How many of you saw the pumpkin heads in Anderson's window on Hallowe'en. They winked and they blinked, and looked as if they would like to be out joining in the fun.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

A surprise party was given last night to Ernest Moore, St. George street, the occasion being his fifteenth birthday. He was given an address and presented with a box of handkerchiefs.

Room 15 has two new hanging baskets. Miss Reycraft got a large sword fern for one of them and the boys and girls got an asparagus fern for the other. We water them every day.

We have a new November calendar in our room. It has a turkey on it and we are marking the birthdays on it.

We have some new bulbs—Chinese Lily, Narcissus, Crocus and Tulip. Miss Reycraft is teaching us a new memory gem to-day.

We have some new foliage plants.

We are making a collection of pressed leaves. Miss Reycraft made a wreath of maple leaves from them.

We have some nice cocoons in our room.

We painted Hallowe'en pumpkins in Room 15, on Wednesday.

Doris Plewes is in London to-day.

Catharine Duffus has been promoted to Room 8.

TONGUE TWISTERS.

(Recite as fast as possible.)

She says she shall sew a sheet on a sewing machine.

Tim turned the turnips in a wheelbarrow to trundle to town on the railroad track.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck chuch if a woodchuck could chuck wood? A woodchuck would chuck as much wood as a woodchuck could chuck wood.

Beautiful women can have the none so inhuman as to refuse anything to a pretty woman. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes best things in the world, for there is beautiful women. 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Laziness and rise-iness never go hand in hand.

If faults were virtues, the world would be full of saints.

If health is wealth and money talks, For so the proverb runs, A fortune you may plainly see, In taking Rocku Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Charades.

I.

My first and second form a food,
So rich and yellow, sweet and good;
My third, it gets no word of praise,
A bother 'tis through summer days.

My whole, a creature fair to see,
It seems a living posey;
It spends on earth its brief, bright day,
And then it fades from earth away.

II.

A little word most frequent used
My first, though small, is not abused.
The second is of tin and round,
With a string in the centre makes a doleful sound.

My third may drop from a very great height,
But whether its flight be rapid or slight,
It follows like fate the balloon's ascension.
My whole is a light of modern invention.

IV.

2. Anagrams of Christian Names.

I had a party one summer day,
And these are the children who came to play—
There was Nice Earth Green and Try Hood Brown;
And Oh Mats and Get Bird Smith came down.
A Thin Tree Perkins came in a coach,
And Tear Cloth Cobb wore a coral brooch.
Great Arm and Lead Ring Foster were there,
And Argue Merit, with golden hair.

3. Central Acrostic.

Middle letters reading downward, spell the name of a famous battle in American history.

To surround.
Misuse.
A river in Africa.
A manufacturer.
To strive.
A kind of tree.
The name of a kind of tea.
A water-willow.
To divide.
A criminal.

4. Anatomical Puzzle.

The boy had two fine, shapely ——,
Yet they were not a team.
With — two he still was not
A teacher, it would seem.

His kind of —— could not be used
In building, as an aid.
He had a ——, but was no king;
His —— no music made.

His —— has never formed a part
Of any vehicle.
His —— were not used as whips
To make the horses pull.

And this boy's —— was not like these
Upon the thorn-tree seen;
His —— were not the leaves of trees,
His —— was not green.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—

A dead (aided).
C dead (ceded).
J dead (jaded).
N dead (ended).

2—

Pomp, a door—pompadour.

3—

L-iv-er, l-add-er.
Album-en, he-n.
P-each, p-elf.
Ex-plan-ation, ex-clam-ation.
Ten-et, toil-et.
M-ill-et, m-ark-et.
Lemon-ade, char-ade.
Ma-son, Ma-lady.

4—

Pet, peat.
Net, neat.
Palm, psalm.
Coat, cost.
Buy, busy.
Inert, insert.
Cat, -cast.
Pate, paste.
Feat, feast.
Rein, resin.
Inure, insure.
Palter, psalter.
Mat, mast.
Beat, beast.
Decant, descant.
Hot, host.
Inane, insane.
Fat, fast.
Bate, baste.
Vat, vast.
Mit, mist.
Wet, west.
Rut rust.
Lot, lost.
Jet, jest.
Let, lest.
Hate haste.
Pot, post.
Bet, best.
Decent, descent.
Pat, past.
Fit, fist.

5—

Mill.
Regal real.
Dream, drum.
Loose, lose.
Furry, fury.
Tiger, tier.
Pleat, plat.
Sewed, seed.
Chain, chin.
Fists, fits.
Aches aces.
Spied, sped.
Lined, lied.
Began, bean.
Latin, lain.
Broad, brad.
Pines, pies.

7—

I. Drugget.
II. Bandit.
III. Cowalip.

MY PET KITTEN.

My cat, my black-haired Lady Floss,
A cat of high degree,
Has more good points than all the rest,
And she belongs to me.

Sometimes her eyes are soft and gray,
And sometimes they look blue;
And when on mischief she is bent,
They have a greenish hue.

She steals my thread and digs my chairs,
She's here, now over there;
She turns the parlor upside down
When she goes on a tear.

When racked with pain I seek my bed,
My Lady Floss goes, too;
She pats my face and plainly says,
"Dear Aunt, I pity you.

One day a gift she brought to me,
Some tiny little lives;
They looked like silken bits of fur,
They could not ope their eyes.

"Dear Aunt," she said, "they're all I have,
I'd so much like to keep
Them all, and care for them,
And guard them while they sleep."

Wise Lady Floss! I could not stand
That mute appeal, and so
I kept them all, there on the floor,
They're tumbling to and fro.

My Lady keeps them neat and clean,
They look like little balls;
If she could bring a dozen more,
I think I'd keep them all.

—Cat Journal.

WHEN ILLNESS COMES.

Have you near at hand a remedy that will alleviate pain and help till the doctor comes? A wise thing is to have right in your home a bottle of "Nerviline" which gives instant relief, and prevents disease from spreading. Nothing known for the stomach and bowels that compares with Nerviline. For cramps, indigestion, heartburn and headache, it's indispensable. For fifty years Polson's Nerviline in 25c. bottles has been a family stand-by. Get it today.

FOR JUNIORS

MAKING DOLLS.

How These Toys So Beloved by Little Girls Are Constructed.

If in wax, porcelain or composition the way of making dolls is about the same. Machinery is little used in Europe, and the hot liquor is ladled into the plaster of lead molds. In America the workmen, holding the mold in one hand, turns a faucet and allows the steaming white mixture to rush into the cavity. Quickly reversing the mold over an opening in the tank, he grasps and fills another and another, reversing each one to allow all the mixture which does not immediately adhere to the sides of the mold to run back into the tank.

Another workman seizes the mold as soon as it is cool enough to handle, and with two movements of his hands separates the leaden sides and pulls out the doll's head. Ten minutes later the polisher has trimmed off the ragged seams and the dyer has dipped it in flesh-colored paint. If it is to be a wax doll, its complexion now resembles a freshly boiled lobster. A girl next paints the eyebrows, lips and cheeks, and a man puts in the eyes. This last is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, when the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill.

Nothing now remains but to put on the beautiful flaxen wig, which is curled and arranged by an expert workman. The best doll babies are stuffed with shavings of cork. Hair, excelsior, cotton and sawdust are also used. The arms and legs are molded exactly as the heads, and are sewed to their places.

EASY KNOWLEDGE.

How nice 'twould be if knowledge grew
On bushes, as the berries do;
Then we could plant our spelling seed
And gather all the words we need,
The sums from off our slates we'd wipe,
And wait for figures to be ripe;
And go into the fields and pick
Whole bushels of arithmetic,
Or, if we wished to learn Chinese,
We'd just go out and shake the trees,
And grammar, then, in all the towns,
Would grow with proper verbs and nouns;
And in the gardens there would be
Great bunches of geography;
And all the passers-by would stop
And marvel at the knowledge crop;
And I my pen would cease to push,
And pluck my verses from a bush!

TOO EARLY FOR GRETCHEN.

"During my school days," remarked a New York City teacher, "the lowest class was known as the 'A B C,' but it is now called 'I.A.' When both boys and girls study in the same class, a mixed class, it is described by the symbols 'I AM.'

"The other day a German woman brought her little daughter to school. The principal filled out the usual card, admitting the child to I AM, and told the mother to send the girl to school the next morning. As the girl did not appear a messenger was sent to learn the reason. The indignant mother sent a note which read:

"'You dink I po crazy und sent Gretchen at von o'clock in de morning de school in? Aber I guess not, nit.'"

has caused more laughs and shed more tears, wiped away diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

He who hesitates isn't necessarily lost unless he is found out.

"How I Spent My Vacation"

Some of the Best Essays Received in the Recent Competition, Which the Juniors are Asked to Judge.

Dear Cousin

I thought I would write to you, and tell you what a nice time I had in the holidays; The first of July we all went to Government Park (it is of the shore of Lake Erie, about twenty miles from our place) I was tired riding before we got there, but it was lovely There. There were swings, such good ones!— The park is between the Eiu and the Lake There is a pavilion for dancing and stands with all kinds of candy and ice cream.

And tables to eat off and benches to sit on And Oh! we had such a lovely ride in a sail boat on the Eau and then we drove over to the Lite, Hazel (my little sister) and I took off our shoes and stockings and waded in the Lake we chased each other up and down the shore we picked such a lot of clam shells, and pretty stones.

There were boys bathing it was fun to watch them dive under the water we saw some English sheeparits There are very pretty and there are deer and squirrels and some funny looking water fowl. We ate our supper and started for home we got home about eight oclock in the evening just before a rain so ended one of my holidays

But oh Clayton; I must tell you about Niagara Falls it was the best of all! There was an excursion to the Falls on the thirteenth of August. That was my birth day and we all went and a friend, Miss Sturk went with us.

We had to get up at four oclock in the morning, as the train started at six and we had to drive all the way to Chatham six of us; in a single buggy but we did not mind that as we got there all right and just in time too.

I felt just as important as if I had been twenty and would you believe it, They never charged for me (or Hazel of course) and you know it was my birthday and me ten years old. But still I soon for got that slight in the lovely time I had afterwards Mumma told me to be still and keep clean I was acting like a little zaddy, but a colored waiter and Bumped up against me and gave me a shower bath of the stuff you ought to have seen me then my shoes looked as if I had milked on them. The train kept on going. We went through a number of towns I can't name them all. We had lunch on the train eating tasted good that day. We had fried chicken and pickles and pumpkin pie; it was two oclock when we got there, and we had a splendid dinner in a restaurant on the canadidn side. Then we took an electric car for the falls. The rapids were an awfu lsight. There was a big boat just blow the falls, it was called the Maid of the Mist. The people on the boat had to have rubber suits on or they would get wet from the spray of the water it is just like rain. The falls when going over showed all colors When we looked at the boat below the falls it looked like a play toy and the people on it looked like small small black mummies. The boat came so close to the falling waters you would think it would sink under. Then from The falls we went in an electric car around the belline and the first place we stoped at was above the rapids you could hear the roar of the rapids plainly, although we were a long ways above them. Then we stopped at Queenston Heights and saw Brock's monument, it is two hundred feet high His name was General Isaac Brock He was killed in the battle in eighteen hundred and twelve. Then we crossed the Suspension bridge to Lewiston and then back through the gorge Then we followed along the waters and away up above it as far as you could see was nothing but the rocks You would think the rocks would fall on us when we were down even with the rapids The roar of them was awful you could hardly hear yourself talking I would not like to live there all the time would you? I don't think you would for you could not sleep for the noise. We had our pictures taken on tin tipes, there were tame as anything so ended another of my holidays.

I must tell you about my ride in the gasoline yatch. my cousion invited me to come down to town and He would give me a ride in his boat My Uncle Will came up one thursday and told us to come out that day so we went. We went to the dock and Walter my cousin came along in the boat you would think he would up set if you saw him. He came in to the dock and we got on the boat. We saw other gasoline yatchs. They would leave behind them big waves. There were houses on the river bank. We saw fish jump out of the water; we had supper on the boat we saw the reservoir that supplied the town with water, when we came back the lights were all lighted up and they showed in the water.

We saw a negro head and on it said "drop one cent in the slot." Uncle droped a cent in, it was supposed to spit out gum but he did not get any out. Then went to see some friends at the general hospital. Then we went home.

I had lots of other pleasant times I picked berries and cherrys I picked about twenty quarts of Berries. I would rather pick berries than cherries, so with picknick in the woods, and pleasant visits from my playmates and friends, all too soon came to and end my pleasant summer holidays. So now I will closs my letter.

GIRL.

(Aged ten.)

Number Three.

Miss ....

Chatham, Ont.

Dear Friend:—

Your letter of the 21st of last month, was received, in good time, you asked me, to tell you about my vacation so I will try to do my best.

Our school closed on the last of June, you may be sure we were glad to see the holiday coming, but the only thing we regretted was that our teacher was leaving. The last day of school we presented her with a present and an address.

The first couple of weeks we were not very busy, until the harvest began so then we found lots to do. We had our hay to harvest when that was in, the wheat and the oats were fit to cut. The weather was fine and dry and it did not take long to finish the harvest.

As we work pretty steady we thought we would take a holiday to Detroit, We left Chatham on G. T. R. at 8.30 a .m., and we arrived in Detroit about ten o'clock. We took a street car to the water-works. We saw many things there such as the clock, and the calendar telling the day of the week and the day of the month.

We rested a few minutes and then crossed the Belle Isle Bridge which connects Belle Isle Park. The park covers seven hundred acres, I saw animals fish and birds of all kinds, after we saw every thing around the island we took the ferry back to Detroit, It was getting near dinner time then; so we went to a restraurant to have our dinner.

The next place we visited was the Art Museum on the corner of Jefferson and Hastings streets, we saw many moving pictures there, one of the biggest was the San Francisco Disaster we stoped there about a half an hour.

Then we went to Wonderland which is the best place for bouys. We heard lots of singing, dancing and acting, after we saw everything there we wandered back to Brush street depot. We were glad to arrive home after our days visit.

The next day was the Barnum and Bailey circus, so you know we could not miss that, we left home twelve o'clock because it starts at one o'clock. I saw great acting done there and the parade you would have to laugh at the clowns and the girl looped the loop in the automobile. So I will have to draw to a close now hoping you will find this interesting.

I remain

Yours truly,

BOY.

(Aged 10.)

Number Four.

STOP LIMPING, CURE THE CORN.

Quickly done by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Acts in one day, causes no pain, removes every trace of soreness. Fifty years of success proves Putnam's is the best. Refuse substitutes.

A POT OF SWEET ALYSSUM.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"It seems as if I must give her something!"

Eunice Wells almost sobbed out these words as she stood, quite by herself, gazing in at a florist's window. She was a small, thin girl, and only fifteen years old, but her paltry six dollars a week formed the chief support of her feeble, widowed mother and little brother.

After the rent of their two tiny rooms and the other household bills were paid each month, there was not a penny left for such a folly as a flower.

"It was only last Christmas that she was so good to me," Eunice mused on. "And I only the girl that waited on her in the store! Maybe I was pleasanter than some of the others, and flew round more to find the things she wanted. But to think she should miss me, and ask my name, and why I wasn't there! Nobody else cared—but that Mrs. Day did. And I never shall forget those great roses she sent me, and all those nice things to eat. And now they say she is awful sick—and I can't do a thing!"

By this time Eunice was almost weeping outright.

Suddenly, moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop, and pricing the plants and flowers.

The clerk gave one glance at her clothes, and felt that there was no need to be very polite to her.

"How much is this azalea?" she was asking, as if in a dream.

"Five dollars," with the air of one who should say, "Why are you bothering me? I know you can't afford to buy anything."

"That rose?"

"Two dollars. Guess these tulips are more in your line. Give you this pot for sixty cents. Give you a dozen daffodils for fifty cents."

And Eunice had but forty-five cents in her shabby little purse — with the scrap of round steak for dinner still to buy!

She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamois skin which she was grasping tight in her hand. She turned, saying, with an attempt at dignity, "I think I will not take anything

As she was walking out, a little pot of sweet alyssum caught her eye.

Her father had been a farmer, and sweet alyssum had run riot over the farmhouse garden, just as this cheerful little plant was rioting over the edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, fragrant blossoms. "How much is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"That?" repeated the clerk, with an accent of even deeper contempt. "That is only ten cents."

"I will take it!" she cried.

It was a mile to Mrs. Day's house, but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts began to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for humble sweet alyssum. Perhaps she would say, "Why should that poor shop-girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing at all." Oh, it might all be an impulsive blunder!

Yet, never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the stately house. She had taken time at the florist's to scrawl on a card which he had given her, "Eunice Wells is sorry you are sick. Please accept this very little thing with her love."

The maid who came to the door looked coldly at her, and unwillingly took in her hands the card and the little pot, with its covering of brown tissue-paper. Eunice feared in her heart that her poor offering might be so despised as never to find its way to the sick-room, but there was nothing more that she could do about it, and she hurried off in the gray spring twilight. She thought of the sweet alyssum all the next day. First she was tortured with the thought of the poverty and meanness of her gift. Then she would cherish a hope that it, slight and valueless as it was, might, after all, carry some comfort.

When she reached her home that night a letter awaited her on the bare, clean kitchen table. It was written weakly, in pencil, but it was full of feeling.

"Never, dear Eunice Wells," it began, "did I receive a gift so precious to me as your pot of sweet alyssum. It grew in my grandmother's garden in my childhood. I loved it. It is even now my favorite flower. How could you know it? A beautiful breeze from the sweetest corner of the past blows through my room whenever I look at it.

"Thank you, dear friend. I shall never forget your loving thought."

It was a trifling incident — just the gift of a pot of one of the cheapest and commonest of flowers, and a penciled letter of gratitude from a sick woman. But to the heart of the poor shop-girl came a thrill of such pure and heavenly joy as is seldom granted to mortals. As she bowed her head on the worn old table, her eyes filled with a gush of happy tears.

WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS

The recent jubilee in honor of the founding of the Victoria Cross brings to mind many instances of bravery which won that token of courage. Among the heroic exploits which gained the cross is that of Sir William Beresford, who won the trophy for a deed performed during the Zulu War. The incident is recalled by a writer in the English Illustrated Mngazine.

During an encounter the Zulus pretended to flee—a well-calculated snare, as it brought the pursuing British into a carefully prepared ambush. A long line of over two thousand warriors suddenly sprang up, flanking the horsemen. Then the whole plain flashed into life. Hordes had been hiding in the grass.

Buller's alert eye caught the danger instantly and his voice rang out with, "Retire!" There was a quick volley of Zulu bullets, and three Englishmen went down. Beresford, looking back, saw one move into a sitting posture. He who would extend succor at such a crisis must be brave and prompt, quick to decide and quick to act.

The Zulus were perilously near the fallen soldier. Beresford measured the distance with his eye, and he thought he might just do it. He galloped back to the wounded man, dismounted, and ordered him to get on the horse.

The poor fellow, dazed and hurt as he was, was not less full of the spirit of sacrifice. He bade Beresford mount and go—why should two die? Then Beresford, in his desperation, declared that he would punch the man's head if he did not get on and be saved! The droll argument prevailed. The wounded soldier allowed himself to be hustled on the horse, his rescuer scrambled on in front, and set the good little beast going at his best pace.

As it was, the two would have been speared had not Sergeant O'Toole turned back and with his rifle held the close-pressing Zulus at bay.

When Sir William received the notification that the Victoria Cross had been awarded to him, he returned the answer that he could not receive any recognition of service unless it was shared by Sergeant O'Toole. Immediately another award was made. Both heroes received the badge of distinction that marks England's highest approval of "conspicuous bravery."

BABY'S FRIEND

Happiness is a sign of health in babies. Nearly all of their troubles vanish when they digest food well and are free from teething pains. Baby's Own Tablets bring happiness to babies by curing stomach troubles, constipation, feverishness, diarrhoea and teething troubles. There is a smile in every dose and the mother has a solemn guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N. S., says: "I have given my baby Baby's Own Tablets as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine, healthy child. I think every mother should always keep these Tablets on hand." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.