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 FEBRUARY 9, 1907 | No. 36

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

We are wondering if the children from the Central School have forgotten us, or if they are too busy skating to take time enough to tell us what they are doing. Very few of them have written to us for the last two weeks.

Our checker game met with so much favor last week that we are giving you another problem this week. If those who can solve them will send in their names we will publish them, allowing three weeks for each game.

A PUZZLE FOR HENRY.

"Well, men Johnnie Shaw graduated in grammar this morning! Anyhow, we've passed," Henry Forrest announced, proudly, flinging his cap at a chair and making a short cut for the table.

His father looked up from his plate. "Better go back and graduate over again," he remarked, dryly, and from the ripple of amusement which followed, Henry divined that there must have been some trifling error in his English. It was a pity, he reflected, and especially since, he had just discovered, the minister was dining with them that day.

"Henry makes me think of a toy in our old home town," said the minister, genially. "He ran away from school and went fishing once, and at the end of a glorious day he carved his full name, 'Theodore James Branch,' on an old willow down by the river, and under it he cut the date and the words, 'S-k-i-p-p-e-d School To-day.'

"I've no doubt he felt very reckless and independent when he did it, but next afternoon, when he dragged a crowd of us boys down there to show off what he had done, some wise war bad spoiled it all for him by adding, under his inscription, the advice:

"'Better skipp back again, Theodore!'"

Everybody at the table laughed—except Henry. "What's that got to do with me? he whispered to his sister.

ALL HE KNEW.

You must know something about Bunyan, of course?

All I know is that paw suffers just awful with his.

A HIGH BALL.

Guzzler is quite a society man. He rarely misses a ball.

No; not if some other fellow is setting 'em up.

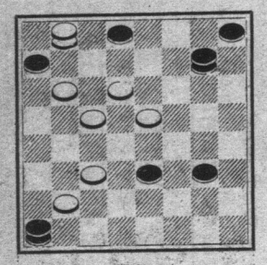
Carry your conscience in your eye and you will keep your heart.

DRAUGHTS.

Problem No. 2.

By E. B. Hickok (London).

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Dorothy Hodgins was seven years old Wednesday and had a birthday party. A very enjoyable time was spent.

The ice men are cutting ice on the basin, and will soon cut ice on the river.

The pupils of Room 7 had a geography test on Thursday.

Dorothy Arnold and Margaret Fleming have a rink in their back yard.

Frederick Kime won the skates at the matinee on Saturday.

Annie Hales presented the girls and boys of Room 7 with five post cards of Colorado.

On Monday afternoon Inspector Park gave the boys and girls of Room 8 an excellent talk on the Capture of Quebec.

Martha Hoig added a picture post card of the Four Tunnels on the C. P. R., Rocky Mountains, to the collection of Room 7.

A surprise party was held at the home of Roy Keely, Grand Ave., Friday, Feb. 1. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Iva Rayment stands first in Room 8, for January.

There is good skating on the river down near the Aberdeen bridge, but it is too rough any other place. The creek is all right.

There is good skating on the river now back of the General Hospital.

Victoria Marshall had a birthday party on Wednesday.

Grace Hall was first in Room 6, for January.

Thursday was the 95th anniversary of Dickens' birthday. Rooms 7 and 8 spent an hour reading his stories.

HOW THE THISTLE CAME TO BE THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND.

Do you know how the prickly thistle came to be the emblem of Scotland? Well, I will tell you.

One time, long ago, the Danes thought it would be nice to conquer Scotland. They landed there and set up their camp. One night, as they were slyly approaching the Scotch camp, one of the soldiers stepped on a thistle and, forgetting himself, he gave a loud cry — they were barefooted so as not to make a noise. The load cry aroused the Scotchmen, who fell upon them and routed them completely.

The thistle was then adopted as the national emblem, with the motto, "In My Defense."

Written by Mary Morrison, Entrance Class, McKeough School.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The Central School had a poor attendance this week.

THE BATH.

I am going to tell you about my bath.

I suppose some of you get bathed very much oftener in summer than when naughty Jack Frost comes around and gets little boys' and little girls' toes.

My dear mother was bathing me last Friday, and I had partly dressed, when, to my surprise, I fell back into the bath again.—Lolla Dunkley, age 7.

WHY THEY WERE AFRAID.

What's the matter with him, anyway?

Sh! They're trying to keep it quiet. Its gastritis.

Why, that isn't really contagious. Why should—

Sh! They're afraid that the gas company may send in a bill against him.

When opportunity knocks it does not use a hammer.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

This morning we got a new piano in our house. I think I will try to play on it.—Irwine Baker.

George Cragg, who has been out of school for a week, started again on Tuesday morning.

We had a holiday on Monday, and numebr of the girls spent the afternoon on the river.

Willard Forshee's birthday will be March 13th.

Miss Florence Farrell, of Tupperville, and a friend had tea with Miss Alice Gregory, of Dresden, on Sunday evening.

They are cutting ice at the back of Mr. Laird's dock. It is pretty near a foot thick. We can't skate down there now, for they are cutting it where we had it swept off.

Last Saturday night my auntie and my two cousins came out to our place. My grandma is sick at our place. She has been in bed three or four days.—Hugh Winter.

I was down on the ice or hill all day Monday. I took my sleigh and went down the hill so many times that I was sick the next day and did not go to school.—Louisa Corner.

Nora McGuire had lots of fun on Tuesday night up town catching on bob-sleighs near the hall.

The 14th of February will be Valentine Day, and our teacher said if we were good she would let us have a Valentine box;

Byron Watson and I are going to give Miss Watterworth some rides down hill. The hill is down by Mr. McDonald's.—Ian Laird.

I am writing to tell you about the day the Harris girls came to our place. We went out and rode down hill on the sleigh for a while, then we went in the house and played all sorts of games until supper was ready. Then we played for a while and had some candies, nuts, oranges and bananas. Then they went home and it was time to go to bed.

Last Saturday a lot of boys met at Mr. Laird's dock and skated down to Tupperville. When we got there we took off our skates and went to see the place. When we got home we were very tired.

On Monday a party and I went to Tupperville for a little skate. The ice was good until we got to King's Ferry; then it was rough. When we got there we took off our skates and went up town.—Wando Kimmerly.

Last Monday morning I went down skating. Some boys wanted me to go to Tupperville with them, but I told them I could not go as my mother would not know where I was.—Charlie Cuthbert.

Tuesday a party of friends and I went down to slide on the hill. We had a lot of fun and played till the bell rang six.

The Lady Maccaabees entertained the Sir Knights Tuesday evening, when they gave a concert and supper. There was a large number present, and all kinds of games were indulged in.

Every night after school I go home, put my books away, and then get my sleigh and ride down hill. One night I went down the hill and went over a bump. I went about two feet in the air, tumbled, and instead of going down on the sleigh I rolled down and hurt myself. — Fern Brestt.

NEVER RUN AWAY.

The old soldier had been telling his nephews terrible stories of battle, and they had listened, spellbound, for an hour. Then said the eldest:

I s'pose, uncle, that you never ran away from anything, did you?

The old man thought a great deal before he answered slowly:

My boy, if you live long enough you'll find out that it's never well to run away from danger—no matter what; but you will probably meet with occasions when you'll see what grand thing it is to right about face and charge in the opposite direction as fast as you can go.

FOR JUNIORS

LITTLE HANS' VALENTINE.

Now Hans he was small, but his heart it was big,
And he loved all the little girls dearly;
So, though Valentine Day was almost at hand,
He really couldn't tell, even nearly,
Which one to ask for Valentine.

Katrina, Katrinka, and eight or ten more,
The merriest, prettiest, dearest:
He was sure he loved each of them best of them all,
So of all queer things 't was the queerest—
How Hans would find his Valentine.

"Katrina — Katrinka" — he'd say the names o'er,
His soft heart reluctant to grieve one;
And always it took him two hours or more
To make up his mind to leave one—
And not have her his Valentine.

So it went to the night before Valentine Day—
At the door the postman was knocking!
"Katrina — Katrinka" — he could not choose which—
So, though you may think it quite shocking,
He sent them both a Valentine!

They'd the dearest pink loves, and the whitest white doves,
And verses with loves and doves rhyming—
The prettiest valentines ever you saw—
And on each there were silver bells chiming,
"Oh, will you be my Valentine?"

And all the long night little Hans lay awake
('Twas St. Valentine's Day in the morning!)
For he wondered which one of the two it would be,
Through all of his blinking and yawning—
Which one would be his Valentine.

As little Hans watched for the postman to come,
The verse about loves and doves humming,
All at once his heart jumped, and he stopped, for he saw
Katrina, Katrinka, both coming—
And both he'd asked for Valentine!

Katrina sat by him, and folded her arms—
Little Hans on the dike was sitting—
Katrinka sat close on the opposite side,
And soberly took out her knitting:
"I'll be," said each, "your Valentine!"

Charles Stuart Pratt, in Little Folks.

BABY SLEEPS SOUNDLY

Babies who are given an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets always sleep soundly at night, and it is not the drugged sleep produced by sleeping drops or "soothing" syrups either—the sleep is natural, healthy and restful, and baby wakes up in the morning bright and cheerful. The Tablets are the best medicine in the world for the cure of all the minor ailments of little ones. Mrs. L. Gagne, Edmundson, N. B., says: "My baby was cross and fretful and I hardly ever got a good night's rest until I began giving Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets removed the cause of the trouble and now baby sleeps well at night." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Riddle.

Though I do not bite and am harmless quite,
On a chain I am always carried;
Though my face is white, as with deadly fright,
I am never scared nor harried;
Though forever at work—for I never shirk—
I cannot get anything finished;
Though my hands are two, and their labor do,
My task is ne'er diminished.

2. Changed Finals.

By altering the last letter of the following words, change—
A reed to a stratagem.
A drink to a number.
Part of a ship to a pond.
A musical term to a portion.
Art of government to city officers.
Part of a stove to above.
A musical interval to a large book.
An agricultural implement to a conspiracy.
A mythical plant to a little animal.
An image to condition.
A Norse legend to a philosopher.
An officer who investigates violent deaths to a small crown.
The dropped finals will spell what I vish for you all.

3. Charades.

I.

If 1 will wait 2 3 make 4,
For 1 a fragrant cup I'll pour;
1 2 3 4, the finished word,
In place of "usefulness" is heard.

II.

In whole they say, they third and chat insanely,
And mingle gossip with their fourth,
But first not, nor do naught of worth;
And many second long and vainly
To enter there. I am not of it,
And so my me you cannot prove it.

III.

My whole through the sense of touch you perceive;
Behead me, a long snake-like fish you'll receive.
Cut off my tail, I'm the price you will pay
To the lawyer who keeps you from prison away.

IV.

He stood upon my first, and delivered a long second, third, fourth, his subject being the poor quality of the third, fourth. He was frequently interrupted by cries of "Second! Second!" His words carried greater weight because of the number of my whole which he wore.

V.

We had pitched our second on the banks of the "wandering first," and had gathered oranges, which we third luxuriously, when word came that the whole of the country demanded our presence.

4. Changed Vowels.

Change a vowel in each word to make the next.
This is to seize and to hold fast with power;
And this is a fruit that is apt to be sour;
To search out by feeling though dark be the hour.

Of many things this is the centre or heart;
The physician this brings by his knowledge and art;
This covers with wax and protects from the light;
And this is attention, regard, oversight.

This has to be beaten that it may be light;
And this is in health to be gaining and bright;
To take this kind of medicine bravely shows pluck;
And this on both sides of your bread is good luck.

To sever or separate, strike or divide;
A man in a word that is meant to deride;
This worn on the shoulder's with folly allied.

A mistake that is stupid we easily change
To something that hinders and makes our sight strange;
Now to one who will mingle and smooth what he stirs;
To a manner still gentler the next word refers.

SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. NO. 1, HARWICH.

The following is the report for S. S. No. 1, Harwich, for January.

Class IV.—T. Lewis, R. Sinclair, G. Parrott, N. Glenn, T. Holmes, P. Bateman.

Class IV., Jr.—P. Cameron, H. Mardling, A. Thomas, H. Thomas, C. Bateman.

Class III.—O. Sinclair, S. Guilt, E. Leitch, A. Parrott, J. Wilson, D. Shepley, W. Shepley, C. Madge, R. Mardling, J. Pollard, I. Glenn.

Class II., Sr.—G. Pollard, D. Thomas, A. Blackburn, B. Gregory, F. Goss, A. Goss.

Class II., Jr.—M. Smith, M. Smith, H. Street, L. Lewis, L. Mardling, J. Axford.

Part II.—W. Cameron, B. Wilson, L. Sinclair, —. Gordon, E. Smith, W. Sinclair, G. Goss, M. Sinclair, N. Mardling, R. Gardiner.

Attendance, 44.

H. C. Duffus, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 4, CHATHAM TP.

Following is the report for S. S. No. 4, Chatham Township, for the month of January.

Class V.—J. Merritt 326, I. Brown 285, R. Allison absent.

Class IV.—B. Hardey 409, E. Coulter 333.

Class III.—G. Merritt 386, A. Ronson 342, A. Ronson 312, A. Merritt 265, M. Brown 209, G. Cannift 171, W. Graham absent.

Class II.—A. Crowe 470, C. Merritt 447, J. Hardey 424, L. Ellis 387, M. Graham, M. Shaw, absent, R. Canniff 141.

Part II.—M. McCullough, M. Pherrit, M. Drew, O. Ellis, O. Ellis, J. Wells, A. Coulter.

Sr. I.—V. Brown, W. McCullough, M. McCullough, M. Wells.

Jr. I.—B. Ronson, J. Brown, M. Price,

Teacher.

S. S. NO. 4, CAMDEN.

The following is the report for January, based on examinations held during the month; names in order of merit:

Leaving Class — W. Snider, O. Marsh, T. Adkin.

Entrance Class — R. Moir, R. Badder, C. McDonald, E. Snider, M. Law, S. Plummer, A. Adkin, C. Hopper, B. Snary, L. Adkin, I. Tiffin, L. Tiffin, E. Plummer.

Class III.—I. Marsh, C. Nelson, E. Greenwood, G. Lloyd, D. Greenwood, G. Badder, A. Paul, R. Smith, C. Paul, C. Ellis.

Class II.—M. McDonald, L. Moir, M. McDonald, A. McDonald, D. Adkin, E. Snary, B. Lloyd.

Part II.—K. Moir, E. Hopper, R. Nelson, H. Shaw, H. Lloyd, E. Tiffin, G. Smith, H. Snary, M. Rickard, T. Tiffin.

Part I.—R. Gibson, T. Law.

Attendance—40.

Cora D. Tiffin, Teacher.

ONE WAS NOT.

He told me that if I married him my every wish would be gratified.

Well, is it not so?

Oh, no; I wish that I hadn't married him.

At a certain age a woman begins to worry for fear she won't get married, and a man for fear he will.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo by Fall, London

LILY DOUGALL

The Novelist and Her Work.

In the old homestead, "Ivy Cottage," nestling under the shadow of Mount Royal, Montreal, Lily Dougall, one of Canada's most notable novelists, was born in 1858. In addition to the drop of ink that seems part of the chemistry of the Dougall blood, she inherited the strength of character, the love for humanity and the earnestness of purpose of her father, John Dougall, the founder of the "Montreal Witness." Miss Dougall's brother and sister show the same characteristics in their good work in journalism and philanthropy.

Miss Dougall spent her childhood in Montreal, and since then, because her health was not robust enough to stand the bracing rigor of Canadian winters, has spent much of her time abroad. The education she received under private tutors was supplemented by her study at Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., and a course at Cheltenham and later at Edinburgh University, where she was honored with the degree of L.L.A. She has lived much of her time in England and Scotland, and confesses to cycling and traveling in out-of-the-way places unknown to Cook's tourists, as her pet recreations. In 1891 her first book, "Beggars All," appeared and, winning instant acceptance as the strongest and most original romance of the year, was termed a masterpiece of restrained and legitimate dramatic fiction. Two years later her novel "What Necessity knows," received high praise.

In 1895 her two books "The Mermaid" and "The Zeitgeist" won the appreciative approval of the critics and public by the boldness of their conception, the strength of treatment, mastery in the delineation of character, beauty in description, the broadness of view and sympathy they manifested, and the dramatic quality that held the attention of the reader throughout, and more than satisfied it in the ending. So uniformly good is her work that it is difficult to say which is best, many of her admirers, however, claim it is "The Madonna of a Day," in which the heroine, Mary Howard, a selfish young journalist, traveling along the Canadian Pacific Railway, is lost among the vast snowy solitudes of the mountains, and wanders into a lawless mining camp. The story is original throughout, and, though witty and cynical at times, there runs through it the thread of a mighty purpose, worked out with rare force and effectiveness.

With the work of many contemporary novelists one feels that having read one story one can predict just how the others will turn out; they seem literary stock companies where the characters may change their dress and their lines, but are in essence ever the same old characters in new masquerade. But Miss Dougall has that rare gift of continuous originality, each story having the charm of individuality and novelty.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

AUNTY'S VALENTINES

—BY—

BELLE LAWRENCE

Three sorrowful little faces appeared at Aunt Flora's door at a quarter after seven on Wednesday morning. They had listened outside to be sure that she was really awake, then softly tapped on the door. Aunt Flora called, "Come in!" with her cheeriest voice, and the procession entered.

"You dear little chicks!" she said, as she hurried across the room and bestowed on each pitiful face a morning kiss. "Now what is the trouble this morning? Why, it looks quite as much like rain right here in this room as it does outdoors!"

"Well, auntie, it's raining," volunteered Alice, the oldest.

"And you know what you said," added Frank.

"Sure enough, we are going to the store this morning to buy valentines, and it is raining, and looks as if it might continue all day. Now let me think." And for a very long minute, as it seemed to the children, Aunt Flora's face was puzzled.

"I've thought of a plan," she said at last, "but first let me tell you a story. A very long time ago, when I was a little girl—"

"How long ago?" inquired little Dick.

"Oh, a very long time ago, chick," replied Aunt Flora, "longer than any of you are old."

"Aren't you an old, old lady?" remarked Alice.

"Yes, very old," laughed Aunt Flora, who had just celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday.

"But, as I was saying," she continued, "when I was a little girl we couldn't buy such pretty valentines as you can to-day, so we had to make them."

"Make 'em?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, we made them out of paper and drew or painted pictures upon them, and wrote verses, and they were pretty, too!"

"Why can't we do that?" asked Alice.

"Yes, that's just why I told you the story. But now skip off to the nursery and after breakfast I'll come and show you how," said Aunt Flora.

Just as the clock was striking nine Aunt Flora entered the nursery, equipped with paper, scissors, glue, paints and brushes, and all kinds of pretty ribbons. Nurse drew the big table over by the window, and they all sat down while Aunt Flora showed them how to make pretty valentines out of paper. There were heart shapes with smaller red hearts in the centre; hearts with flowers painted upon them; hearts with verses written upon them; squares with frilled edges decorated with hearts and cruel arrows, and tokens of love of all sorts. One by one, as they were finished, they were tied with the pretty ribbons and hung on the curtain-rod to dry.

Little Dick made a protest at first, because Alice refused to allow him to help her decorate her valentines, on the plea of his lack of experience and soiled hands. But Aunt Flora suggested that Dick make some all by himself, and pin them on the window-sill. This suggestion was gratefully received, and such works of art as he conceived! At times he forgot to decorate the paper, and adorned his hair, his face and hands and his clothing with large supplies of the red paint.

All day, while the rain pattered on the roof, the children worked diligently, making valentines for their little friends; and when nurse came to call them to tea, they all declared they never had such a fine time on a rainy way.

"Mama," cried Frank, when bedtime came, "you will get something to-morrow! It's round like a heart, and says, 'I love you,' but I shall not tell you what it is!"—Youth's Companion.

LIKE A NEW DISEASE.

New to the man who never had corns is the pain relieved by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Old corns and new ones cured quickly by "Putnam's." Sold everywhere.

WANTED ANOTHER.

Lady in dry goods store,—And is tis color also genuine?

Salesman—As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, miss.

Lady—H'm—show me another one.