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 APRIL 13, 1907 No. 45

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1907.

Now that the holidays are over, we will be looking for letters from the Juniors in all parts of the country. You all are invited to contribute to these pages. The only rules you have to observe are: Write the truth; use one side of the paper only, and sign your names. Read what the children from McKeough School have written for this week and see how much news they have told. Children from out of town must have their letters reach us by Wednesday, and those living in the city by Thursday, to ensure them being published that week.

DRAUGHTS

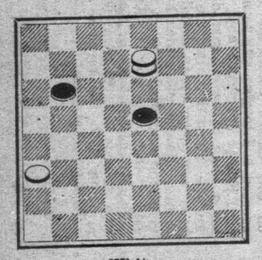
The following is the solution to Problem No. 8 of local series:

White — 20-16, 11-7, 7-14.

Black — 19-10, 12-19, 23-16, and wins.

Problem No. 9—Local Series.

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

"MR. EDWARD."

In 1883 the Prince of Wales was much interested in the creation and organization of the College of Music in London. He caused it to be intimated to the late Sir Henry Irving that it would show the interest of another and allied branch of art in the undertaking if the dramatic artist would give a benefit for the new college. The prince even suggested that "Robert Macaire" would do excellently for the occasion, with an all-star cast.

Of course Irving was delighted to help, and the result was a splendid performance, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales attended, and a sum of more than one thousand pounds was turned over to the college—the entire receipts. Irving himself, says Mr. Bram Stoker in his "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," paid all the expenses.

In the first year of its working, when the class for dramatic study was organized, Irving was asked by the directorate to examine it, which he did cheerfully, and in due time made his report. Soon afterward he received a letter of thanks for his services.

Although quite formal, it was a most genial and kindly letter, and to the signature was appended "Chairman." In acknowledging it to Sir George Grove, the director of the college, Irving said what a pleasure it had been to him to be an examiner, and assured Sir George that he would gladly hold his services at the disposal of the college. He added to his letter this postscript:

"By the way, who is our genial friend, Mr. Edward, Chairman? I do not think I have met him."

He got a horrified letter sent by messenger from Sir George, explaining that the signature was that of "Albert Edward"—then Prince of Wales; now His Majesty, Edward VII.

NUTS TO CRACK

(From What To Eat.)

What berry is a domestic fowl?

What berry is a glistening drop?

What berrry is a harsh sound?

What berry is a lady's useful implement?

What berry is the first part of the title of a popular novel?

What berry represents the act of overfilling?

What berry is a primitive lady?

What berry is a filmy cloth?

What berry is part of a fence?

What berry is a small bird?

What berry is a pleasant drink?

What berry is a summer month?

What berry is a faithful animal and a part of a tree?

What berry is a festive emblem?

What berry is a season and a color?

What berry is a rude action?

What berry is one of the national colors?

What berry is a symbol of mourning?

What berry is an Albino?

What berry is a product of the grain field?

—+—

George looked at his watch and found that it had stopped between five and six o'clock that evening; looking at it more closely he observed that the hour and minute hands were exactly fourteen minutes apart. What time was it when the watch stopped?

—+—

Flossie went out on a shopping tour with a $50.00 bill in her purse. At the end of her tour she had bought two articles, and the money left in her purse was equal to the difference in the prices of the articles purchased. She remembered that one of the articles had cost three times as much as the other. What was each worth?

—+—

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—

PATCH
ROWDY
INDIA
MODOC
RABBI
OCEAN
SCENT
EARTH

2—

Mean, moan, moon, mood, good.
Sick, silk, sill, sell, well.
Cold, hold, held, head heat.
Wing, wine, nine, none, nose.
Pond, pone, pane, tame, tale.

3—

Pine, spine.
Pet, pest.
Park, spark.
Car, scar.
Jet, jest.
Ham, sham.
Table, stable.
Peck, speck.
Pear, spear.
Tare, stare.

4—

A, maze, meant—amazement.
II. Stir, a, bout—atirabout.

5—

Bend, band, bind, bond.
Most, mist, mast, must.
Dine, Dane, done, dune.
Lost, list, last, lest.
Tell, toll, tall, till.
Were, ware, wore, wire.

6—

Pinks.
Violets.
Dahlia.
Verbena.
Phlox.
Geranium.
Mignonette.
Tuberose.
Lily.
Chrysanthemum.
Hollyhocks.
Sunflower.
Buttercup.
Jasmine.
Dandelion.
Camellia.
Poppy,
Snowdrops.
Hyacinth,
Daisy.

7—

Cow, slip—cowslip.
Comb, at—combat.
For, age—forage.
For, sake—forsake.
Chit, on—chiton.

PLENTY AT HOME

A little English boy, who has now grown into man's estate, was taken many years ago by his mother to a toy shop, in London. After looking about him for a long time without satisfying himself that he wanted any one thing more than another, the salesman, hoping to please him, brought forth a little plaster mouse. "This mouse, when wound up, will run all about the floor," said the salesman. Then he wound the mouse up with a key and showed just what it would do.

"Huh!" ejaculated the boy. "I don't want that. We've got lots of them at home, and we don't have to wind them up to make them go, either."

NOW IS THE BEST TIME.

If you have hard work to do,
Do It now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before you go;
Show it now.

—Woman's Life.

THE MORNING STAR.

A daylight song sings a little white Star
In the skies of early morning—
I wonder where all his comrades are,
And if any hear his warning!

Oh, yes, they've heard, and they've every one
Hid away in far-off places—
They know it's time for the golden Sun,
And they dare not show their faces!

But Morning Star, he is brave and true,
To his place the longest clinging—
It almost seems I can hear — can't you!—
What the song is that he's singing!

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

CASE OF "STICK."

Postage Stamp—I've just been receiving a terrible licking.

Envelope—Well, stick close to me and we'll "get by" all right.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Muriel Battram is to leave Saturday for New York.

Mrs. J. R. Graham, of Selkirk St., spent a day or two in Ridgetown last week.

Ethel McCubbin, of Chatham, has returned from Louisville, where she spent her Easter holidays.

Miss Ida Crowl has returned to Detroit, after visiting Mrs. H. J. Black, Bedford St.

Room 9 will be given its standing for March, on Friday.

Norman Harwood came home from Detroit on Good Friday. He is back at school now.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are in the city from city from Cedar Springs, and are going to stay until Sunday.

Gertie Horne spent her Easter holidays with her sister.

Harold Wells has a little kitten, and he calls it Tommy.

Room 6 had a nice little composition on "My Easter Holidays."

Just before Easter Mrs. Parker and the twin boys were at our place. They stayed for Easter. Now they have gone out to their uncle's and have got the measles. — Ethel Kime.

Room 8 has a new map of Canada.

John Martin saw a blue-bird on Monday.

Irene Danguieu spent a week in Blenheim during the holidays.

Mrs. Louis Lumbert, of Bridgeport, Ill., is visiting Mrs. Kenny, Taylor avenue.

A new pupil came to Room 8 on Monday. His name is Gerald Ruhnke.

In Room 8 we have finished studying the War of 1812.

Dora Harwood is visiting her sister in Detroit. She will be there for some time.

Maud Horne returned home last week, after spending her Easter holidays in Detroit.

Miss Winnie Colville spent her vacation in Dresden.

Ethel Wright spent her Easter holidays in Dover.

Mrs. Bodkin, of Dresden, was in Chatham one day this week.

Margaret Fleming brought a daffodil for Room 8.

Gertrude Horn had a little taffy-pull, Tuesday.

Miss Kate Cryderman, of Thamsville, has returned home, after spending the Easter holidays with her brother, Mr. J. Cryderman, of Forest St.

Stewart McKeough is much better this week.

Violet Clements spent her Easter holidays with Ivie Clements, of Dover township.

On Wednesday night, April 3rd, a good many people spent an wnjoyable evening at the residence of Mr. John Bishop, Dover.

Margaret Fleming recently visited her cousins in the country for a few days.

Mrs. Shepley, of Tupperville, died in St. Joseph's Hospital on Tuesday at one p. m.

Mrs. John Terry is very ill.

What is it that is yours, but is most used by other people? Your name.

A REASON.

Well, Willie, which do you like the best, Sunday school or your everyday school?

Sunday school, said Willie.

And why do you like Sunday school the best?

'Cause you only have to go once a week.

That's all. Nuf said, when you say that Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the greatest family remedy on earth. It does you good going and coming. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.

FOR JUNIORS

SPRING WAKING.

A Snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground.
"Come out," said the Sun "come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no sound;
"Asleep!" said the Sun, "No doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head.
"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"
"It's warm," said the snowdrop, "here in bed."
"O fie," said the Sun, "O fie."

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"
"No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, no!"
"There's something above and I can't see through."
"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"
"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe."
"There wasn't a bird when you called last year."
"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there wasn't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her night-cap;
"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"
And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,
A Robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.
"'Tis Spring!" laughed the Sun,
"'tis Spring!"

—By Isabel Ecclestone MacKay in St. Nicholas for April.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants that would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed near a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow;
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn the solemn truth—
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he!—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I'd wish to be a boy again.
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

AMBITIONS.

At ten I would a pirate be,
Commanding lads galore,
And brave the fury of the sea
Amid the cannon's roar.

At twenty I had saner grown
(A man will simmer down)
Quite satisfied to be, I'll own,
An actor or a clown.

At thirty what I wished was gold;
I wanted it in gobs,
I wished the fates of men to hold,
To give to dozens jobs.

At forty all I ask is this:
To lead a quiet life,
And bring a bit of daily bliss
To tiny weans and wife.

They scowled and looked sour from morn till night,
They never would agree;
Now they are healthy, happy and bright,
They both take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

A. J. McCall & Co.

THE GREYHOUND AND THE PIG.

Four-footed cronies are not very common, and when they do exist they usually take the shape of animals as opposite in their characteristics as the poles. Who, for instance, would imagine that there could be any possible sympathy between a pig and a greyhound? This elegant, aristocratic member of the dog family is an unsociable creature even among his own relatives, and that he should stoop to cultivate the friendship of a pig seems incredible.

This greyhound lived in the north of England, and was so troublesome, noisy and ill-behaved that the gamekeeper could not keep him in the kennel and had to let him wander about as he pleased. The pig was also a wanderer and at their first meeting the two became fast friends, eating together, sleeping together, and one was seldom seen without the other. The greyhound tried to do everything that the pig did, and the pig seemed anxious to in every way please the greyhound.

By and by these strange comrades decided to go hunting together. Rabbits and hares were plentiful at the edge of the moore, and after discussing the subject they started out to get their own supplies. The greyhound could spy out the little animals at a distance, but the pig had the better scent; so piggy traced them to their lair, when his handsome friend would come up and seize them or give chase if they escaped. On capturing the prey the greyhound always took it to the pig, who tore it to pieces, and the two made an amicable meal.

When the poaching was discovered the keeper shut up the pig; but the greyhound faithfully followed his unfortunate friend into the stye and comforted him with his constant society. He could leap in and out at any time, but he seemed to prefer staying there, and he never went by himself on any more excursions after game.—Detroit Journal.

A CASE IN WEST ARICHAT.

Mrs. A. P. Ferguson, a well known Cape Bretoner, has cured asthma by Catarrhozone. Her statement is convincing: "Although I was troubled for years it was only recently I tried Catarrhozone. When an attac kstarted I got out my inhaler and invariably got relief. Feeling satisfied Catarrhozone would cure, I continued the treatment until one bottle was finished. I didn't use more because I was cured and the asthma has never returned." Catarrhozone is sure death to asthma and bronchitis. Try it and be convinced. Two sizes, 25c. and $1 at all dealers.

LONG AND SHORT DAYS.

Where the Sun Never Sets For Three and a Half Months.

The length of day or night a man prefers is merely a matter of choice and the ability to get to the proper place. If any one is not satisfied with what he gets at home there is an assortment of daytime which ranges from three hours' duration to three months and a half, from which he may take his pick. On the other hand, he can play the nighthawk for from two hours and a half up.

At Wanderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption, and at Spitsbergen the longest day lasts three and a half months.

At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two and a half.

At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours.

At Stockholm and Upsala the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, Dantsic and Stettin the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen and a half hours and the shortest about eight.

PITY THE BUSY OFFICE MAN.

He feels half dead, a sense of nausea, headache and nerve strain. He is on the verge of breakdown owing to overwork and lack of exercise. These difficulties are best overcome by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which make the bowels active, stimulate kidneys and liver and thereby free the system of impurities.

To revitalize and stimulate your whole being, to shake off lethargy and tiredness, nothing compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which do make good looks, good spirits, god health. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

The evil is lessened when it is seen beforehand.

LITTLE TEDDY'S FISHING EXPERIENCE

—A—

SPRINGTIME STORY

Little Teddy tried to do everything which his father did, and he also wanted all of his things to be exactly like his father's.

So, although he was happy to be allowed to go fishing, he would have been happier if he had had a jointed bamboo rod, like the one his father used, instead of a long pole cut from the woods. But Teddy's father said he must first learn to catch fish with a home-made rod, and that he must also learn to sit still and not speak, and to watch his line.

Teddy caught two fish the first day that he ever went fishing.

Then his father told him that when he had caught a hundred fish he would buy him a bamboo rod with nickel bands.

It takes a long time for a little boy five years old to catch a hundred fish, if he can catch only two a day. And then the big creek was so far away, and so deep, that Teddy's mother would not let him go there unless his father went, too. So Teddy felt that his chances were very poor for getting that fine new bamboo rod.

When Teddy's father came back from fishing he always had a good string of fish, and often some of them were too small to be eaten. One day there were seven of these tiny fishes, and they were alive.—Teddy suddenly had an idea!

He put the seven tiny fishes into a bucket of water, and that evening fed them bread-crumbs. He asked his father if he might keep the small fishes in a little pond and catch them every day, as his mama would not let him go alone to the creek. He said he would catch them again and again until they counted up to a hundred!

His father laughed at Teddy's novel arithmetic, and said the fish would get so well acquainted with the hook that they would not bite; but Teddy said he would put different kinds of bait on his hook to fool them.

Teddy was at the little spring "branch" early the next morning at work on his pond. With rocks and mud and sticks the little angler built a strong dam to hold back the water; then he put in the fish. He had not fed them any breakfast, because, as he explained, he wanted them to be hungry. He dug some worms in the garden, and fixed a nice flat rock for a seat in a shady place by the pond. No all fisherman ever made more careful preparations. By noon Teddy had caught three more of his hundred fish. Then, after he had showed them to his mother he put them back.

His mother gave him a little blank-book and told him he must keep an account so he would not forget. The little fisherman made a "0" and a "3," but he said he thought straight marks were easier; so he made two straight marks, and under them three straight marks.

After he had eaten his lunch Teddy went to his fishing again. He got very tired that afternoon with sitting still, and he caught only four of the fish, and confessed that he did not believe he could ever catch as many as a hundred.

Two of the fishes died, but Teddy's father gave him five more—then there were ten in the pond.

Sometimes Teddy would get very tired indeed and discouraged, and his mother would count over the straight marks with him, until at last there were ninety-one straight marks in the little book.

Just nine more to be caught—and then a big rain came and washed away the dam, and all of the fishes got loose and swam down the "branch" to the creek!

Teddy thought nobody had ever had such bad luck before, but Teddy's father said that after a rain was the very best time to fish, and he and Teddy dug a tin-box full of bait and went down to the big creek. When Teddy had caught seven there, he was so excited he could not keep from talking. "Just two more!" he repeatedly said.

Teddy's father was excited, too—and it was getting near supper-time—and the bait was almost used up.

But in another half hour Teddy had hooked the last two of his hundred fishes, and he jumped up and down and counted the fish on his string over and over.

Teddy's mother was waiting for them at the gate, and she was just as surprised as Teddy hoped she would be.

"And you know I'm going to have a fine new rod soon!" said Teddy. But when Teddy went into supper he was the surprised one, for there by his chair stood a fine new jointed bamboo rod, in a case, and a new line and reel, and four new hooks!—Ida J. Bane in Little Folks.

SCHOOL REPORTS

CHATHAM TOWNHSIP.

The following is the report of S. S. No. 7, Chatham Tp., Easterr examinations; names in order of merit:

Class Sr. IV.—B. Kreiger, R. Buish, W. Craven, E. Austin, M. Houston.
Jr. IV.—C. Jackson, R. Jackson.
Sr. III.—H. Noltis, M. Austin.
Jr. III.—E. Hanson, M. Green.
Sr. II.—E. Jackson, L. Wilson, C. Noltie, R. Andrew, absent.
Jr. II.—M. Bresett, L. Green, V. Wilcox, A. Houston, R. Jackson.
Pt. II.—I. Badder.
Sr. Pt. I.—A. Badder.
Int. Pt. I.—S. Houston, D. Green.
Jr. Pt. I.—A. Wilcox, C. Kreiger, W. Andrew.

S. S. NO. 7, HARWICH.

The following is the report of S. S. No. 7, Harwich, for March, based on examination.

Class V.—H. McEachran, F. Johnston, N. Watson.
Class IV.—W. Pick, R. Woofenden, P. Padbury, O. Coltman.
Class III.—M. Taylor, A. Padbury, E. Hildreth.
Class II.—P. Cosbey, N. Titus, J. Cosbey, B. Woofenden, D. Nicholson, R. Busteed, V. Hildreth.
Class I, Part II.—G. Padbury.
Part I. Sr.—C. Patterson.
Class B.—M. Hawley, G. Burnham.

Estelle Rowe,
Teacher.

THE WAITER.

An Enviable Job, His, According to One of the Profession.

"Why do the young men of America sneer at the waiter's calling?" said the quiet man in the black swallowtail coat. "A waiter can travel all over the world, become a superb linguist and easily earn from $25 to $50 a week. Yet the young clerk or salesman, with eight per and no future, sneers at him.

"When I was a young chap my good mother wanted me to take a job in a department store selling collars. Not I. I said I'd be a waiter. And my mother was shocked.

"Just look at me. As a waiter I travel wherever I wish. One winter I'm in Egypt, the next on the Riviera, the next in Rome. Spring finds me in Paris, and thence I leap the channel in time for the London season. In the autumn I am back in America again with full pockets.

"I have learned French, German and Italian. I have made friends with many rich, intelligent, amiable people. I have seen the world, and I earn $2,000 a year. Yet clerks and counter jumpers think they can sneer at me. They had better learn my trade."

She Had Many Suitors.

Napoleon III., when he was living in London; the Duke d'Aumale, Lord Beaconsfield and many other conspicuous figures of the nineteenth century are on record as having been among the suitors for the hand of Miss Burdett-Coutts, who afterward became baroness, and it is doubtful whether any woman ever received so large a number of matrimonial offers as the baroness. In fact, they became a positive nuisance, and in 1847 she was compelled to bring legal proceedings against a lawyer of the name of Richard Dunn, who, according to the terms of the indictment, had for eight years prosecuted her with most unwelcome attentions with a view to matrimony. Dunn was sent to prison for eighteen months, although there is no doubt that he was, while sane in other matters, perfectly crazy on the subject of Miss Burdett-Coutts, as she was then, and particularly on the subject of her fortune.

Advice to mothers. Don't let your children waste away. They can be strong, healthy and vigorous with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's a swift winged messenger of health. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. J. McCall & Co.