A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1906.

THE FAIR OF NATIONS.

The Fair of Nations has been more talked of than anything else in Chatham this week, and the children were given a holiday yesterday afternoon to visit it. There are so many Planet Juniors who do not live in Chatham, we thought as they had no opportunity of seeing the Fair we would tell them a little of what would probably interest them the most in it.

It is being held in the Skating and Curling Rinks, which adjoin each other, Booths have been fitted up with the chief products of each country, and the ladies who sell these are dressed in the costumes of the country represented. We have not room to tell you of each, but you may have read a great deal during the last few weeks, as every day we have written about some of the attractions. Each night there was a Grand March, in which all in costume took part. The King and Queen of Holland were drawn, by some of their loyal subjects, in a carriage made entirely of tulips and other Dutch flowers.

Two little Japanese ladies rode in a Japanese carriage which was drawn by Japanese boys. There were Indians who looked so fierce in their war paint and feathers that it almost made your hair stand on end to see them.

The little Dutch girls clattered about in wooden sabots.

Iceland had a house covered with snow, and there were icicles hanging from the roof—which were made in Wallaceburg at the Glass Works.

England had a beautiful castle, with ivy growing on it.

Scotland's booth was an exact representation of "Robbie Burns' Cottage."

Ireland showed "Blarney Castle." You know, when you have kissed the stone in Blarney Castle you get the power of making pretty speeches.

On the Dutch booth there was a windmill made of colored electric lights, which kept turning all the time.

We saw a knot of boys standing at the Japanese booth, and looked to see what they were so interested in. It was an aquarium filled with gold fish, which were being sold at three for twenty-five cents.

We have not space to tell you any more, but are going to ask the Juniors to tell you about it next week.

POST CARD EXCHANGE.

No. 1—Miss Vern Duncan, Darrell sta., Chatham,
No. 2—Miss Beatrice Sissons, Box 322, Chatham,
Would like to exchange.

It is all right to talk about beauty habits, but most women are too busy hustling and have no time to cultivate beauty habits. Therefore they take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. A. I. McCall & Co.

NOT ONE OF THEM.

Please send a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript, said the magazine editor's circular.

No, thanks, replied the occasional contributor. I've heard of people so conceited that they wrote letters to themselves, but I'm not one of them.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

This morning Jennie Slater brought a cineraria to school. It is just coming out; its color is purple. The leaves are rough like a hollyhock, and are shaped like a violet, only much larger.

Saturday Charlie Stott and Carl Bressett came over to my place and blew my football up and we played football. I kicked it and hit Charlie in the nose, but he was not hurt. Ian Laird.

On Saturday last I was at Chatham. My auntie's neighbor had a rabbit. It was out in the yard playing with her little girl and boy. The girl asked me to come over and play with her. I did so. Her name was Balder. Lottie Elgie.

Our inspector, Mr. Park, visited our school on Wednesday. We were very glad to see him. He came for a composition lesson. We hope he will come soon and see us again. Jennie Slater saw four orioles on May the 14th.

Last Saturday night after supper there was a baseball game between big boys and little boys. The game started fifteen minutes after six. The little boys beat the big boys. The little boys got eighteen runs and the big boys got twelve runs, so the little boys got the ice cream.

The children of the Methodist Mission Band had a concert on Friday evening in the basement of the church. They made six dollars and a half. They all had a nice time.

In Dresden there is a canning factory. This spring they had a lot of canned apples on hand in the factory. Some of the apples spoilt and they had to throw them out. They are giving away the ones that didn't spoil.

On Tuesday we were out for a walk in the country. We saw three ground moles, and as soon as they saw us they ran back into their holes. One of them came out and picked up the nuts we threw out.

On Friday last Frank Babcock and Basil Hubbard went out to the woods and found a rabbit's nest with three little ones in it. They did not take them because their eyes were not open.

On Friday, May 10th, they had a reception for Mr. Kinder. The Young Peoples Society gave him a china set of dishes, and the congregation a purse with the sum of twenty-five dollars in it.

We are going to have a new school in Dresden. It is going to have ten nice rooms in it. They are going to have nice blackboards. It is going to be larger than the one they have now.

This afternoon George Cummings and I saw a pure yellow canary. It was in our current bushes, then it flew into the brush pile. I thought it was a pet, but it would not let you go any nearer than a yard. It comes around our place every day. If it builds a nest and has any young canaries I will get one and try to make a pet out of it. Walter Jackson.

In our geography lesson to-day we learned about Toronto. The lesson was very interesting.

We were learning how to do some of the arithmetic that we had last year on examination to pass. Some of us are very poor in arithmetic.

When we were taking our geography this afternoon our teacher asked a girl one of the manufactures of Ontario. She said we manufactured cattle.

Once a man who didn't know much about a telephone wanted to know how you could talk through it. So the other man said, 'If a dog's head was in Boston and his tail in New York and you pinched it, wouldn't he bark.

How are Broadway, New York, and mid ocean alike? Because that's where you see the big swells.

Few of us are such sufferers from insomnia that we can't sleep when it's time to get up.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Charades.

I.

"Oh, first!" I cried. "The hour's not late."
To second then I saw her wait.
We found of cheer no single third;
We thought the effort quite absurd.
We sought the whole in caverns deep,
And marveled at the shining heap.

II.

My first is in the water.
It's also worn sometimes
By mother or by daughter,
In cold or temperate climes.
My second's in the Bible,
And if I say you're like,
You'd say it was a libel,
Because you never strike.
My whole is very flattering,
To any one applied.
It means they've more'n a smattering
Of useful knowledge wide;
Their ideas are not scattering
When by sore need they're tried.

III.

My first I must enlarge, for second
is all it holds,
And travellers come to seek a shelter in its folds.
For if they find no room, then all,
I fear, will be bird,
And that will make my all seem decidedly absurd.

2. Double Elisions.

Once in a time in an early day
A —— did ——
And puzzle his ——.
With his —— did ——
For treasures to "——."
They'd —— at the ——
Of the massive ——
Of a ——, a ——
Which was only a ——
From —— where did ——
The black flag from his ——.
They would ——, I ——
Bits of burning ——.
They would arrows —— to —— and ——, knives —— nails to ——.
But they never got in, so they sailed away.

8. Riddle.

So light am I a baby's hand may hold,
Yet cities I destroy with power bold.
A deed of man without which he would die,
And yet to save it does so seldom try;
Life it sustains or takes as may be.
We seek, yet sometimes from it flee.
We need it when we seek a foreign land,
And yet it separates on every hand.
Give me but that when I am cast away,
And I will not despair for many a day.

4. Word Squares.

I.

A pungent spice.
A form of insect.
A well-known constellation.
To call forth.
More sensible.

II.

An old-style drum.
A wide-open mouth.
Confusion of tongues.
A musical performance.
A kind of footpaces.

5. Additions.

Insert a letter and change—
Repetition into a way.
To push into haughty.
A flower into awake.
A globule of lead into a quick cry.
Formerly into a weight.
A quick pace into a fish.
To decay into a rabble.
A flexible tube into a dwelling.
To brighten into a society.
A blot into a pipe.
Part of the day into to grieve.
A fine into a spy.
A small insect into part of the face.
Frigid into was able.
A portion into a plunge.
Angry into a girl's name.
A box into a reason.
To perform into a duct.

FOR JUNIORS

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Tell us next week what you saw at the Fair.

The Central school has a garden down on Raleigh street. Take a walk to see it after tea in a few weeks.

The Central school is planting the school garden this week.

Grade IV. A is to have an aster bed in the school garden.

Celia Butler is back after a long absence.

Our tadpoles are growing.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Miss Alvira and Martha Hall have returned to their home in Dresden after visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Miss Jean Dale, who has been ill for the past week, is recovering.

Mr. Hugh Banks, of this city, is visiting in London.

May Watt will spend the 24th of May at Sarnia.

Viva Roberts expects to spend the 24th of May at Bothwell.

Don't miss a ride on the City of Chatham. It has begun to run now.

Kathleen Brunker and Gertrude Barks went down to Detroit on Monday.

Douglas Stone has returned to school after a month of sickness.

Laura Crow visited Miss Abram's room on Monday.

Mr. Harold Glendenning, of the Business College, left Saturday for his home in Wardsville.

Mrs. Wallace Haviland and her daughter Winnifred have returned from Dresden after a month's visit.

Irene Brown expects to spend the 24th of May in Detroit.

Kathleen Brunker and Gertie Barks will spend the 24th of May in London.

Room X. of McKeough school have a game of ball up.

George Robinson expects to spend the 24th of May with friends in Detroit.

Gertrude Barks entertained a number of friends last Friday evening.

Drummer and Popper Natteal started to the kindergarten last week.

Margaret Stringer will spend the 24th of May at Erie Beach.

Who are the sweetest things that painters paint, or poets sing, lovelier than anything? Girls who take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets.
A. I. McCall & Co.

There is a lot of sentiment in the squeeze of a hand by the right man.

No fascination equals that of a clean brained, tender-hearted, lovable woman. Just as there is no picture like a beautiful girl. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes lovable women, beautiful girls. 35c.
A. I. McCall & Co.

Conceit is worked to the full by those who pretend to have but little of it.

The next generation, instead of being sea-sick will probably be air-sick.

ON A TIGHT ROPE

Youth's Companion

"My highest ambition at seventeen," said the linotype operator, "was to become a professional acrobat. I then lived with my parents on a farm near the manufacturing town of N. All my spare time was spent in vaulting, jumping, turning handsprings, and practising other feats of strength and agility.

"On the Fourth of July a travelling tight-rope performer, Signor Lupini of Verona, as the posters called him, was to display his skill on a rope above the river that flowed through the town. He arrived with two assistants on the afternoon of July 3rd, and a crowd of boys, myself among them, met him at the railroad station. We saw a spare, wiry man, above the ordinary height, light-complexioned, with steel-blue eyes. He looked us over inquiringly.

"'Boys,' said he, 'I need some young fellow to help me to-morrow. Who wants to be wheeled across the rope in a barrow?'

"The others hung back; but I jumped at the chance. 'I do!' I exclaimed, quickly. He seemed pleased as he ran his eyes over me. I was of medium height, with good muscles.

"'All right,' he said. 'Come to the hotel at seven, and I'll tell you what is wanted.'

"At the stroke of the hour I was on hand, and he explained my duties. Then he pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket.

"'That's yours at nine o'clock to-morrow night if you do your work well,' he said. 'Now go home and sleep soundly.'

"My parents were spending the Fourth with cousins in a neighboring town, so I was alone in the house. I went to bed early, but until long after midnight excitement kept me from getting a single wink.

"The next day I was on hand bright and early. I helped stretch the rope between two mill roofs, ran errands, and made myself generally useful. When not busy I hung about, watching my employer. He certainly was an artist in his line, a man without bravado, either all nerves or none at all. I could not help thinking, too, that for an Italian he spoke English remarkably well.

"At half-past two a carriage took us from the hotel to the western mill. We dressed in the loft. The signor donned his tinsel-spangled tights. I figured as clown in an old stovepipe hat and white cotton suit, liberally sprinkled with stars of red and green. The same colors streaked my face. As we clambered through the scuttle, the crowds lining the bridges and banks set up a shout, and the town band on the other mill began playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

"Sharp at three o'clock the music stopped. The assistant on our roof advanced to the edge, fired six blank cartridges from a self-cocking revolver, and shouted this magnificent announcement through a megaphone:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, the celebrated Signor Lupini will now illustrate his art, assisted by Rinaldo Nobasco, the famous clown, recently secured from the London hippodrome, ladies and gentlemen, at great expense.'

"Whistles and catcalls from the boys below greeted this absurd reference to me, and I felt rather foolish. Signor Lupini stepped briskly forward, bowed to his audience, and was soon promenading along the spidery line between the two cornices. Aided by a long balancing-pole, he stood on one foot, knelt, lay down, walked across blindfold, and performed many other marvelous feats. His perfect control of nerve and muscle fascinated me. I did not realize that his facility came from years of tolls some practise. Here was the calling for me. I resolved to stretch a rope the very next day between the beams over the haymow.

"During the signor's exhibition the crowd was very quiet, and the band did not play. It was only when he was once more safe upon the roof that their long-restrained applause broke forth, and the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.' He rested a few minutes, and then motioned to me to make ready.

"Among our paraphernalia was a strong, light wheelbarrow with a tire grooved to fit the rope. I began to feel a little shaky; but there was no time to indulge this emotion, for my employer exclaimed, 'All aboard, my boy, and remember, a stiff upper lip!'

"I seated myself, facing forward, my feet dangling on each side of the wheel. Signor Lupini, stooping, gripped the handles.

"'Sit steady,' he said. 'Don't wink one eye unless you wink the other at the same time.'

"He ran me a few turns round the gravelled surface, then flicked the wheel dexterously up on the rope and headed straight for the edge.

"'Keep perfectly still,' he adjured me, 'and you're as safe as you'd be on the street.'

"For all my assumption of coolness, I was frightened half out of my wits. I shut my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them we were fairly out on the tremulous hemp.

"'Don't look down,' cautioned the signor. 'Face straight forward. Sit tight.'

"Hardly daring to breathe, I stiffened myself as if I were in a plaster cast. I could see the narrow line just ahead buckle slightly at the approach of the wheel. How long that two hundred feet seemed!

"Slowly, surely, we drew near the roof. The tire jolted against the cornice. In two or three seconds we were safely on the gravel. Then the band blared out and the crowds set off explosives. My fright was over and I felt proud as a peacock.

"On the trip back my employer made me sit facing him, and I had a good chance to admire the easy, effortless play of his wiry muscles. He was a thorough gymnast, a man of steel and india-rubber. After several other trips, during which I occupied different positions on the barrow, we went back to the hotel.

"Promptly at eight we emerged again through the scuttle. A crowd bigger than that of the afternoon had gathered, and a roar of applause greeted us. I say 'us,' for by this time I felt myself to be almost as important as Signor Lupini. My head was completely turned.

"The evening performance possessed certain novel features. Tin pans of red fire stood on each cornice, and along the bridge-rails had been stationed a half-dozen boys liberally supplied with rockets and Roman candles.

"The master of ceremonies fired an introductory volley with his revolver.

"'Light up, Jimmy!' he shouted to his associate across the river, at the same time touching a match to the pan beside him. Jimmy obeyed. A deep red glow illumined the scene, flashing from the mill windows, and revealing the human clusters on bridges and banks.

"As in the afternoon, Signor Lupini began with a few feats performed alone, the blaze of fireworks making his spangled tights glitter. I waited impatiently for our dual performance, thirsting for some of the applause. Finally my turn came, and the signor wheeled me back and forth several times. So great was my confidence in him that I had forgotten my nervousness.

"At last nine o'clock was near.

"'Now, my boy,' said my employer, 'we'll wind up with something I don't very often try. I see you have good grit.'

"He screwed to the barrow sides a light, strong chair of steel, its seat a yard in air. After helping me into this, he passed me a long-handled pan of red fire. We were to close in a blaze of glory. 'Keep cool,' said he, 'and we'll give 'em something to look at.'

"He trundled me up to the cornice, his assistant dropped a lighted lucifer into the pan, and we moved out on the rope amid the crimson glare and the whizzing of rockets. The crowd yelled, and one of the boys setting off fireworks from the lower bridge lost his head.

"Whiz-sash! A badly aimed rocket shot not five feet over our heads, showering us with sparks. A little lower, and it would have dashed us from the rope. Signor Lupini drew a quick breath. I cringed in my chair, but still kept tight hold of the pan handle. The sudden fright set my feet chattering. My employer noticed my trepidation.

"'Keep quiet, my boy, and we'll get over all right,' said he, reassuringly, cool as a cucumber.

"On we rolled, smoothly and steadily. We were about half-way across when the unlucky rocketeer on the lower bridge outdid his previous blunder. A warning shriek blended with the swish of a projectile. I dared not turn my head, but a side-long glance revealed a fiery comet heading straight toward us. Signor Lupini saw it, too, and could not repress a cry of alarm. The next second it was upon us. I shut my eyes, convinced that we were lost. A whir, a rushing of flame, a slight shock! The apparition had passed, and we were still on the rope.

"I was hardly daring to congratulate myself when my heart was chilled by a low groan behind me. The barrow wabbled. The signor was trembling violently, swaying, reeling like a drunken man; every throb of his body came to me through the tightly-clutched handles. Something fearful must have happened. I clung to the chair arms in sheer paralysis of horror. An accident would hurl us down seventy-five feet into the river, where drowning or maiming worse than death awaited us.

"We moved a few feet farther, then stopped. The barrow swayed, as if about to overturn. Another groan from the signor. I would have questioned him, but the words died in my throat. Perhaps he had been pierced by the rocket, and might at any instant fall unconscious.

"Cries of horror rose from the spectators. The rockets and Roman candles ceased. The entertainment threatened to become a tragedy.

"Again we started, moving intermittently. Now a few quick steps would fill me with the dread of being flung off; now we almost stopped, and I feared we should never go on. Before and behind us fizzed the red fire. Signor Lupini's feet shuffled on the rope, his breath came hard. Not a word in explanation, but always those terrible groans. My hair bristled.

"With straining eyes I stared ahead into the red glare on the approaching mill. How slowly the distance lessened! On the roof stood Jimmy, gazing at us, pale and open-mouthed. The speechless horror on his face reflected our peril.

"The cornice was only ten feet off. Signor Lupini thrust the barrow suddenly forward. A second later the wheel grated on the gravel; it was none too soon. As a long sigh of relief rose from the spellbound crowds, the gymnast collapsed into a writhing heap. It took three men to get him down through the scuttle and into the carriage that conveyed him to his hotel.

"The rocket had struck his right calf a glancing blow. His skill had enabled him to withstand a shock that would have overthrown a clumsier man; but his muscles, steeled to resist, had cramped violently, and we had been in deadly peril all the way across. Two lives had hung on his ability to resist the agonizing pains and preserve his poise.

"That last hundred feet decided me that I didn't care to be a professional acrobat. The tight rope was never stretched between the beams of the haymow."

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

Photo by Hall, New York

MAY IRWIN

Canada's Favorite Comedienne.

One of the leading comediennes of the American stage to-day, is May Irwin, a daughter of Canada. In these days of Ibsen plays with their dull dreary pessimism; of problem plays portraying the morbid pathology of the emotions; of society plays with their whipped cream of forced epigram on the pulpy base of a thin plot; and of melodrama that puts a dime novel into the dress-suit of respectability, it is a relief to turn to something that gives us a hearty wholesome laugh and leaves no bad flavor in the mouth, no later regret. Laughter is one of the safety valves of civilization, it is a needed vent in an age of strenuous living; and a genuine apostle of laughter is May Irwin.

Her power is her personality, her naturalness, her spontaneity; her bubbling contagious good spirits establishing a telepathic sympathy with her audience which creates a continuous ripple of fun and laughter that defies analysis.

The daughter of Robert E. Campbell, Miss Irwin acknowledges that she was born in 1862—'tho' she doesn't look it" of course—in Whitby, Ont., where she spent her early girlhood. At the age of eight she was a soprano in the church choir of her native village and sang at every opportunity and with the slightest provocation, as naturally as a bird sings,—without a Marchesi training. At thirteen the death of her father threw upon her and her sister Flora the duty of money-making, and they made their début as singers in Buffalo, N.Y. They were billed as the "Irwin Sisters," unknown to them, and accepted the name. They sang "Sweet Genevieve" for their first song; Flora fainted after it was over but May valiantly faced the audience for an encore with the coolness of a veteran.

Engagements in other cities followed quickly on the western circuit, and their third season found them at Tony Pastor's in New York at eighty dollars a week. Seven years of this engagement where improvising was often necessary and the rôles ranged from a babe in arms to a grandmother, gave Miss Irwin a confidence that has never forsaken her, despite her statement that she cannot take her initial cue at any performance without a little qualm of uncertainty and fear of the audience. Augustin Daly who had a keen eye for new talent, gave her an excellent post-graduate course of four years in his theatre, which was a splendid training school, and prepared her for her later successes. At the age of sixteen she married Frederick W. Keller who died eight years later leaving her with two sons—her loving comrades and the pride of her life.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

DELICATE BABIES

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. Leblanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says:—"Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was weak and sickly, and at that age could not walk. It was then I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child." Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

You can't convince the father of twins that there is nothing new under the sun.