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, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

TO ALL JUNIORS

Are you among the number of Juniors who are trying the prize competition, How I Spent My Vacation? The following are the rules governing the contest, which we again publish, so that you may make no mistake:—

We are going to offer two prizes—one for the boys and one for the girls—for an essay on "How I spent my vacation." This time we are going to get the children to choose which they think should have the prizes, and this is how we will do it:

1. In the essays you may write a description of a trip you took, or an excursion or picnic you were at, or something you did at home. In fact, anything at all that you did in your holidays.

2. No essay of less than one hundred or more than one thousand words will be considered.

3. All essays to have the name and age of the writer, and the post office address.

All essays for competition are to be addressed Editor Planet Junior, Chatham, Ontario, and must reach us on or before Monday, October 15th. We will choose the twelve best and publish them, two each week. These will be numbered and the ages of writers will be given, as we cannot expect as much from a little child as from the older pupils. We will then ask the scholars to say which three of the twelve they like best, and the two who receive the greatest number of votes will get the prizes.

Those who compete for the prizes can also vote. If you think your own is best, vote for it, and the two that you think next best.

You will all enjoy the story this week, which is sent in by "Jem, from the Village." Don't you think his suggestion of the fairy stories is a good one? We welcome Jem in the Junior.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where're thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven—
The inhabitants of the earth.

Have Love. Love not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like acircling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—Schiller.

AT THE FAIR.

We sold some cake and lemonade
Inside our little tent,
And fifty-seven cents we took,
And sixty cents we spent.

We spent for lemons forty cents,
And twenty cents for cake,
And fifty-seven cents we got.
Now, how much did we make?

F. L. W.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

James McVean went to Algonac and Sombra last Sunday.

Romeon Johnson was running around the school house corner one day this week, and ran against another boy. He fell and cut his eye on a brick. The children took him to the pump and washed the cut, and then his sister took him home.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior.—I was away over at my grandma's Saturday afternoon and stayed until last night. Yesterday was Rally Sunday. The church was decorated with flowers. The Sunday School was in the centre of the church in the morning. — Hazel Hicks.

Saturday I was down to the English Church, and helped them decorate it. I went up to Mr. Wright's for a paper of pins to pin the green tissue paper on. Then I went to Mrs. Thomson's for some apples and grapes. Then I came back and put flowers into vases. I got home at half-past six.—Dorothy Wells, aged seven years.

Saturday Garth Tassie and Irvine Baker got some walnuts. They got half a bag and are now drying them. Irvine made a tool-chest and a gimlet.

A man near Tupperville had his dog killed by a train running over it.

At noon when I was coming from school I saw a red squirrel.

Mr. Ross, of Rutherford, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Sunday, September 23.

We learned to do a new question in our room this morning. It is called cancelling questions.

We sent for some readers about a week ago, and they came to-day. They did not send them all, but we will get them again. They are all true stories about English history. We think we will like them very much.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior—Harold Forshee was out at his auntie's in Kent Bridge last week.

Harold Forshee is staying at his grandpa's, because his father and mother have gone away for a week.

One day last week one of the men who is working at telephones, fell from the top of one of the poles and smashed his fingers.

Charlie Dunlop and his mother and sister are going to the Northwest to visit some of their relations.

The Harvest Home was held in the English Church Sunday.

Mr. Burns went to Detroit Fair, and saw a man who weighed fifteen pounds and a half and was only eight inches high.

Velma Webster, of Dresden, spent Saturday in Chatham with her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Webster have gone to Chicago. They will stay with Dr. Webster.

There is going to be a concert in the Opera House to-night.

Ernest Eberlee was sick on Sunday.

On Friday afternoon I was out at Mr. Craig's and we saw a snake catch a little tiny toad.

Dresden is going to get up a baseball team and is going to play Tupperville. After they get a little practice they will play Chatham. Will Emery is going to pitch for the team.

Last Saturday we went out to Mr. Jeff's woods. When we were going through the cemetery we saw a big garter snake about two and a half feet long. When we got in the woods we saw two black squirrels and about fifteen red ones.

Last Saturday I went out to the woods and saw a red squirrel. We ran and tried to catch it, but it ran into a stump.

This is the season of listlessness, head aches and disorders. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a sure preventive. Makes you strong and vigorous. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. A. I. McOall & Co.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Word Puzzle.

An old gentleman wished to find a good housekeeper. He thought of Miss ——, but she was too much given to teasing; of Miss ——, but she was likely to have too many accidents; of Miss ——, but she might throw stones at him. He decided to apply to Miss ——, but soon found that this was a blunder. Miss ——, to whom he came next, agreed to come, but owing to some lack of understanding, she did not appear. In despair, the poor man consulted his friends. One recommended Miss ——, but he did not like the looks of her clothes. Another spoke of Miss ——, but he desired a New England woman. A third spoke highly of Miss ——, who did so much good work among the poor, and of Miss ——, who was often helpful, although hard to get along with, but neither could come. Another friend mentioned Miss ——, but thought she might prove abusive, and Miss ——, but she never gave a person or a thing the right name.

The year was almost at an end, and no housekeeper found, but at last our hope secured Miss ——, whom he had known well all his life. She could not write a decent letter, but this did not interfere with the housekeeping.

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2. Word Building.

A vowel first, in confidence you'll find it;
Add letter two, a winding river see;
Add letter three, I'm sure you will mind it,
This poet's name is found in history.

Add one more letter without transposition,
And get a bard or rimer for the word;
Transpose and add, and drunkard meets your vision;
Do this again, a bill-board, how absurd!

Transpose and add again, and do not wonder
At the impediment that bars your way.
Transpose, one letter change, and make no blunder,
Behold a seer foretelling of the day.

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3. Words of Weight.

John made the —— for the day,
And every one was suited.
An —— to them he read,
Of authorship disputed.

The —— we scanned with care,
A curious combination.
Mark sent a —— with speed
Before he left the station.

Jane drew a —— complete,
Her teacher praised her greatly.
Her ——, it took a prize,
A verse with measure stately.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
Cur-tail.
2—
Roast, beast.
Toast, roast.
3—
Dock.
4—
I. Upbraid, braid, raid, aid.
II. Afraid, raid, aid.
III. Spray, pray, ray; flashes, lashes, ashes; spending, pending, ending; price, rice, ice.
5—
Bard, card, scarred, pard, yard, guard, retard, ill-starred, marred, debarred, hard, discard, barred, charred, disregard.
6—
Groin, scarf, bonnet, shoes, eye tongue, teeth, sleeve, cheek, collar, jaw, lip.

FOR JUNIORS

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Stella Christner is visiting friends in St. Thomas.

Gertie Barth and Irene McCubbin will attend a surprise party Friday evening, Sept. 28th.

TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day;
"Oh, if I could fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng
Is thinking, thinking all day long;
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Marian Douglass.

WHERE THEY LOST THEIR LUCK

In dawdling.
In indecision.
In poor judgment.
At the race-track.
In worrying and fretting.
In magnifying difficulties.
In a bad business location.
At the end of a fishing-rod.
In trusting unworthy people.
In trying to get rich quickly.
In letting their ambition cool.
In not mastering their moods.
In not daring to take chances.
At cheap, demoralizing shows.
In over-sanguine expectations.
In getting into the wrong place.
In making a business of pleasure.
In waiting for something to turn up.
In not quite knowing their business.
In not working to a plan or program.
In working only when they felt like it.
In trying to take short cuts to success.
In neglecting their personal appearance.
In looking on the dark side of everything.
In sending it down in drink and up in smoke.
In over-confidence born of a first easy victory.
In choosing a silly, extravagant girl for a wife.
In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.
In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.
In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand.
In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.
In waiting for somebody to hold them or give them a boost, or for some rich uncle to die.
It was burned up by a hot temper, which drove their employes and customers away.
In refusing to take the positions they could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.—Success.

All smart, up-to-date women of to-day,
Know how to bake, wash, sing and to play;
Without these talents a wife is N. G.
Unless she takes Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McOall & Co.

A GOOD ADVENTURE

A Story Contributed To Readers Of This Paper By A Bright Blenheim Junior.

School, Sept. 25, 1906.

Dear Juniors: — I'm really lonesome for you, and just to ease my loneliness I thought I would call in upon you for a moment. I saw an invitation in one of the Juniors—a long time ago, though,—to contribute something to our paper whenever we chose. Don't you think it would be nice if we each should write something for it every week?

I wonder if any of you ever collected a little circle of friends and began to tell fairy stories, really and truly original ones. Well, I was in one of these circles once, and I thought it quite amusing and interesting. Why can't we start one of these circles in our Junior? I'm sending one of these stories with this note for you to read.

If you have any welcome for me whatever, why let me know through a Junior, and then, perhaps, I'll call again. Self-invitation, of course, but is that really imposing?

"JEM"
From the Village.

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A GOOD ADVENTURE.

Lois Carruthers was a great, great grand-daughter of the old "Witch of Windsor," who lived in the dark, forsaken forest, which borders on the County of Wizardhamshire. Many and many have been the dark deeds performed by this almost ogre-like woman, but of Lois, nothing harmful or injurious to her character could be said. Where she came from, how she got there, and why she had been taken there, were questions she had pondered o'er and o'er many, many times, but they were as vague as ever. She knew nothing of the outside world, she had never known what ice cream, or melons meant to children, her meals consisted chiefly of the products of the woods, such as wild berries, nuts, and plants which grow in such uninhabited places. Once in a while her grandmother would kill a bear or a wildcat, and for a while Lois would feast all the time. It seemed to Lois that once an elephant had been slain, but it was so long ago that she could not remember what it had been flavored with, or whether it was light or dark meat.

Just about two months ago, while wandering in the woods, she had met a young gentleman all alone upon a beautiful white charger, who had given her some delicious chocolate creams, for telling him the way to avoid the witch's hut. Lois thought that there could never have been anything half so lovely before, and in her mind she often daydreamed about "Brownie," — for that is what she called him — and had such nice things happen to him. But when she went home and told her grandmother her face became as black as thunder clouds and Lois thought she could see flashes of lightning darting from her eyes. That night Lois cried and cried, until she thought of the creams hidden under her pillow. But her back hurt her so much where the willow gad had cut her that she could not fully enjoy these. The next morning the old witch had disappeared, so Lois bethought herself of running away. She walked, and walked farther than she had ever been before, until she came to a large black hole. She peered in, but could see nothing. She became a little bolder, entered in and walked several feet. She put her hand to the wall and felt something rough and discovered the words "Pass on," in raised letters. She walked briskly forward, and at last came to three paths. Over one was the name of "Chocolate Cream," over another "Angel Food," and the other "Devil's Cake."

What in the world could this mean? Lois didn't understand it at all. She knew that chocolate creams were good, so she chose that branch of the main line. On, on, on she went, never dreaming of what she was coming to. At last she came to what seemed a room, and looking through the keyhole she nearly fainted. The room was gorgeously furnished; statues, busts, pictures, and everything else beautiful was fairly littered through the room. But one odd thing about it, everything seemed to be brown. Lois had never seen anything like this before, but her gaze did not rest upon these things very long. What was that in the centre of the room? There was Brownie and the old witch fighting desperately in great confusion. Brownie was getting the worst of it; she must do something, and that immediately. She opened the door. Brownie's gaze fell upon her, but the witch was too intent to notice her. Besides this she was very deaf.

"Eat her up, eat her up," whispered Brownie, but how in the world could she do this? So, seeing a long sword hanging upon the wall she grabbed it, and with one swift, deft movement severed the grim, horrid head off the great Witch of Windsor's body. It rolled out of reach of Lois' grasp, and instead of swimming in a pool of blood, as would be expected, Lois stood gazing at the chocolate coated neck, which resembled so much chocolate creams.

Brownie immediately sprang up, overjoyed with the success of this pretty, brown-eyed maiden. Lois could do nothing nothing but stare.

"Come here, Lois, and I will explain to you; you look surprised." Lois obeyed but was rather bashful.

"You see, you do not know the secret of this room. You may eat her now, for she is nothing else but chocolate cream. I dare say you noticed what was over the door; well, everything that comes into this room is changed into chocolate creams, and within a few hours becomes lifeless, unless I command it not to. You are safe, however, so do not look so frightened. As a reward for your brave deed I will make you mistress over this castle. You have a right to everything I have henceforth, and I shall give you as much power as I have myself."

Lois still lives happily in the beautiful castle with Brownie to this day.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M LOTHROP

Otto Sarony Co., New York

EVANGELINE BOOTH

The Salvation Army's American Leader.

The Salvation Army, one of the most remarkable religious movements in the world, is a great organized body going out into the highways and byways of humanity. It seeks to bring the church to the people rather than merely to urge the people to the church. It has made religion a warm, inspiring reality to thousands; it has been practical, for it has carried the divine word to the poor, the sinning, the sorrowing and the suffering, and with it has ever extended the hand of human helpfulness, love and brotherhood. Its methods need no vindication; the transformed lives due to its influence are its living monuments.

The new leader of the Army in the United States is a young woman, Eva Booth, the daughter of the venerable General Booth, founder of the organization. Tall, slender, energetic, alert, with a sweet, mellow, far-reaching voice, she strikingly resembles her father, and went to America after her triumphant crusade in Canada with the reputation of being one of the best women orators in the world. She has a strength, sincerity and spiritual fervor that carry her audiences with her and sweep them on waves of religious fervor to higher spirituality.

As a child, with her sweet face and her little jingling tambourine, she ventured into the slums of Darkest London and faced without a tremor, degradation she could not understand; but which the sunshine of the love she radiated was at last to penetrate and soften. For a time she was compelled to go disguised as a flower-girl, but after suffering personal violence more than a hundred times and bravely leading her people where the police rarely ventured and were always needed, she finally triumphed, and to-day the name of Eva Booth is held in reverence in even the worst sections of London.

Through her personal influence obnoxious laws regarding public religious meetings in the streets of England have been repealed, and under her leadership the Army in England calmed the temper of street mobs and vanquished their opposition. She went to Cornwall, and talked to workers in the tin mines; undaunted she went into the mines under the sea, with the surf roaring overhead, to visit the sick and dying; she carried her message to the weavers of the Midlands, and braved her way through all difficulties to fight the battle of temperance and better living. She has held practically every rank in the Army, and in Canada, where she was in command, often traveled bravely through the provinces on snowshoes, preaching to men in the lumber camps. To-day she is the ruler of nearly 4,000 paid officers and more than 125,000 of an organized force that ministers day and night, unceasingly, to the temporal and spiritual needs of three million people.

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

GOLDEN FURZE.

When with a pinafore I went
Bareheaded in the shine and showers,
I thought the furze had gold at root,
Because the furze had golden flowers.

Then with my wooden spade I dug
Bareheaded in the shine or showers,
In hope to find the hidden gold
That fed the furze's golden flowers.

Eager I passed the secret place
Where elves had made their tiny bowers.
Why not? 'Twas plain the furze's root
From gold had drawn the golden flowers.

Resolute childhood! Simple child
By fancy touched in colored hours,
And happy by the very plan
That never uses gold in flowers!

Lovely at last the knowledge came,
As came my heart's expanding powers,
That had the furze been fixed in gold
She had not borne her golden flowers.

—Norman Gale.

You never strike a man favorably if you hit him below the belt.

OCEAN LAKES.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the physical geography of the United States is the existence of a series of great inland basins of water lying on the northern border. These ocean-lakes form the most extensive body of fresh water in existence, and comprise more than half of that upon the globe. They cover a space of nearly 100,000 square miles and are estimated to contain 11,300 cubic miles of water.

The deepest chasms in the crust of the earth are presented, perhaps, by the depressions occupied by these lakes, for though elevated nearly 600 feet above the surface of the ocean, the bottom of some of them may be twice as far beneath it.

Lakes Huron and Michigan, which occupy the deepest chasms, have been sounded to the amazing depth of 1,800 feet without discovering bottom, and their mean depth may be assumed to be about 1,000 feet. Lakes Ontario and Erie and comparatively shallow, the former being about 500 feet, while the latter with an average of 84 feet, has at its upper reaches the trifling measure of but 30 feet in depth.

The presence of these vast bodies of water in the district where the greatest winter cold would naturally be felt, is remarkable evidence of wise and beneficent adaptation of the economy of nature to the wants of man. As in insular climates, surrounded by the ocean, the temperatures of summer and winter are here moderated to a degree not generally appreciated by the residents of other regions, while proving grateful to the inhabitants, increasing their comforts, enlarging the returns of their labor, and also enhancing their wealth.

GATHERING EIDER-DOWN.

As no other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the eider duck, so in Iceland and the Westmann Islands, where these birds nest, no other bird is so strictly protected by law and by public sentiment. The Icelandic law, says the author of "The Furoes of Iceland," provides but one exception to the rule that these birds must never be killed, a man on the verge of starvation, and having absolutely no other resource, may kill one to eat, to save his life. The penalty for breaking the law is a fine of eleven dollars—an enormous sum for an Icelandic farmer.

The eider duck makes her nest of down from her own breast, forming a circular mound, beautifully regular in shape, which has the property of retaining heat in a remarkable degree. She plucks out the down with her beak. If the down is removed, she provides a second, sometimes even a third supply from the same source, which then becomes exhausted.

When this occurs, the drake gives his down, which can be distinguished by its color. It was formerly the custom to take away all the down supplied by the female; but this practice was said to lead to great mortality among the ducks, through exhaustion, so now each nest is usually rifled only once before the eggs are hatched, and again after the birds have left it.

Icelandic eider farms are frequently situated on little islands off the coast, covered with low hummocks. Small shelters of rough stones are made among these hummocks to protect the brooding ducks from wind and driving rain, and bells are sometimes suspended near them under the belief that their sound, as they are rung by the wind, attracts the birds. On these farms the birds become very tame, so that one familiar with them can handle them on the nest without frightening them.

On such farms there is a separate building devoted to cleaning the down. The principle on which the cleaning depends is the tendency of the down to cling tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown. There are provided a number of oblong frames which may be either fixed horizontally or held in the hand. Along the frames are stretched, loosely, numbers of strings, either twine or thongs. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood or bone is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings, but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground.

Several nests of down are required to produce even a small weight, so light is the down; but the price at the farm is nearly two dollars and a half a pound, and in England and Denmark it brings much more.

Things are apt to go amiss even after a woman is married.