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 OCTOBER 13, 1906 | No. 20

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

TO ALL JUNIORS.

If you are going to be among the Juniors who are trying the prize competition, How I Spent My Vacation, you will have to hurry, as the competition closes Monday night. We have received quite a number of essays and would be pleased to count yours among the rest, and you might win the prize. Try, and you will probably surprise yourself.

The following are the rules governing the contest, which we publish to-day for the last time:—

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 "Prize Competition, 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.

FOR JUNIORS

THE OTHER ME.

Iwas a naughty girl to-day,
And had to sit two hours,
While brother Ted and cousin May
Went off to gather flowers.

I took my chair out in the yard,
Beneath the chestnut tree—
Just sitting still is awf'ly hard.
For a small girl like me!

So mother said that I might sing,
To pass the time; and then
There happened such a funny thing—
My song came back again!

I'd call out loud a single word,
And then, while I sat still,
The softest voice you ever heard
Would answer from the hill.

'Twas just the echo," mother said;
But I am going to try
To fancy something else, instead,
And I will tell you why.

I mean to try to think, each day,
That it's another Me,
Who copies what I do and say—
'Twill help me, don't you see?

The chances of success are enhanced by a smooth tongue.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Verbal Arithmetic.

I.

With a useful tool your task begins; from it subtract a wretched hut; to what remains add smooth. This, less the soothing part of day, plus one form of the verb to be, leaves for answer, a temptation.

II.

Start with a weapon of old time and from it take an organ of sense; to what remains add one; take a step from it; add smooth, and your answer will be a number.

III.

From a torment subtract rest and comfort; to the remainder add a representative of the Pope in a foreign country; subtract part of a fence and leave a useful family furnishing.

2. Beheaded Rime.

Not good like bread you'll find a ——;
Behead and hear a pleasant ——.
Behead once more and single be,
A number then you'll surely see.

3. Sliced Words.

Join a short rest to a relative and find something used at table.
A preacher to a space of time and find a dwelling.
The covering of an animal to a depth and find a trill.
An entirety to a certainty and find delight.
Cut an hour of the day in two and leave a negative and something which is never taken off.
Take a strong support from an advance and give me an advantage in trade.

4. Anagrams.

I.

His speech was ——, as odd as his hat
Of —— shape, and enormous at that.

II.

Smart Mrs. ——, to industry bred,
—— herself on the fineness of her thread.

III.

His —— goes haltingly along,
And —— to left and right.
The lines but —— to make you feel
They —— sense from light.

IV.

We lived near a railroad ——,
In the shade of a mountain peak;
And the —— just beyond us
Brought our —— every week.

V.

He —— to say what he shall do
When he is ——, but it is true
His detractors are ——, and they were not few.

VI.

Quoth the German, "Just see what ——— will buy!
All this soap, 'twill make ——— that piles up high.
Or this ———, get that for your horse to try."

5. Letter Puzzle.

Supply the same letter to each word and change—
Part of a machine into quiet.
Proper into a combat.
Bloody into renown.
Appeared into an animal.
A juice into sullen.
A small inlet into spice.
To own into divide.
To hide into a plant.
Part of a bird into raw.
Larger into to praise.
A farming utensil into a cavity.
A vessel into a tribe.
A young animal into a weapon.
A small vessel into to swell.
Glory into a blaze.
A fowl into a timekeeper.
Behind into without color.
A vegetable into safety.
A protector into a waiter.

6. Charade.

My first comes at the twilight's hour
To cheer the laborer's day.
My second to my task gives power;
My third we ne'er gainsay.
My whole must kneel and ask your aid
To set aside decrees once made.

7. Puzzle.

From a mite so small no man can see
You may take a part, and then there'll be
A name quite good for man or boy,
Though any girl twould but annoy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
Portal, pistol, pastel, pistil.

2—
I. A little thing often brings great help.
II. If you are honey the flies will eat you.
III. Hunger is the best sauce.

3—
He preaches well that lives well.

4—
Strain.

5—
In time of peace prepare for war.

6—
Md., Mo., Mass., Miss., Ill., Pa., La., Me., Tenn., Ok.

7—
Shadow.

8—May, day, gay, way.
Went, tent, rent, meant.
Spied, cried, side, plied.

9—
Leeds, China Cuba,
Paris, Rome, Nice,
Capri, Andes, Bath,
Ayr, Kew, Spa.

10—
Bacon,
Dryden,
Milton,
Shakespeare,
Goldsmith,
Wordsworth,
Motherwell,
Coleridge.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

When grandma talks to me about
Her childhood, long ago,
I think she must have been as brave
As any one I know.

She liked to row upon the pond;
She also said down old Buck's mow;
She often helped to salt the sheep,
And dared pass any cow!

To go to school she crossed a brook—
No bridge—just one old log—
Then took the lonely quarry-road,
And had to start a bog;

She passed where Indians encamped,
And played with a papoose—
A squaw gave her some moccasins
Made from the hide of moose.

We live in town, and so, of course,
I'm safe—and yet it's queer
To see how grandma seems to think
That we've some cause for fear.

The time she came to visit us,
And went to church with me,
She scarcely spoke, but clasped my hand
As closely as could be!

We rode on the electric cars,
And crossed a railroad track—
And when we reached home grandma said,
"I'm thankful we are back!

My son, I seldom interfere,
I can't now, I suppose,
But, oh, why do you let this child
Meet dangers such as those!"

—Mary L. Burdick.

The most healthful, upbuilding medicine known to science; gently soothes the liver and nerves, makes digestion easy, brings to all the sweet sleep of youth. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

We are learning a new song, called "The Maple Land."

Mr. S. Horn is building a large green house on Delaware Ave.

The Model students were at our school this week.

Miss Winnie Colville is spending a few days in Dresden.

We had a history test yesterday afternoon in room 8.

I saw a butterfly's egg the other day.

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

Jack Frost is certainly catching things these cold nights.

We made 15 flower boxes in our room this week.

Grade 8 is having some new flower boxes made.

We were much annoyed by a woodpecker in our room this week.

Rev. Mr. Hodgins, of Holy Trinity Church, called on us this week.

Mary Scane and her girl friends enjoy themselves after school hours in the shed at the back of W. W. Scane's residence.

The new cork matting on the boys' stair works finely.

In grade VIII. B. we have a woodpecker.

The children are all looking forward to a good time on Hallowe'en.

We are bringing all sorts of plants from home for our window boxes.

The Kindergarten of the Central School were at home to the mothers on Friday evening, Oct. 12th.

There is nothing worse than an offensive breath. It comes from bad stomach and liver. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea cures all liver disorders and purifumes the breath. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose,
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And, lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes perchance will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a Nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands,
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Concealed within their grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp!

Ah, blessing on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

When you are wearied from overwork, feel listless or languid, or when you cannot sleep or eat, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. One of the greatest tonics known. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

It is possible to have more money than brains, and more conceit than either.

A Dog Cure That Worked

An Interesting Story By Dora Read Goodale, Submitted To The Planet Juniors

A shout, strange yelp sounded in the yard. It was neither a howl of pain nor a snarl of rage, but something compounded of both—a sound to tighten the nerves and quicken the pulse of the lover or the hater of dogs. It was followed by a commotion in the shrubbery, a scattering of chickens and cats; and then a small, shaggy object dashed up the steps and through the open front door of the Leaches' brown cottage, which stood airing itself in the morning sunshine.

At the first sounds of disturbance, Amelia Leach and her niece Matty dropped their sewing and exchanged a startled look. "What's that?" was the mute inquiry put to each other by frightened eyes; and after a hasty glance out of the window, they ran together to the entry door, where they were just in time to see a wild yellow streak dart up the stairs and disappear in the front chamber.

"It's that dog of Gleason's!" she cared Amelia Leach; and the way she brought out the word "dog" revealed her antipathy to the whole race of dogs as well as to the specimen in question. Perhaps her utterance of the word "Gleason" was hardly more complimentary.

"Mt's that dog of Gleason's!" she said. "He's struck, staring mad, Matty. Listen to that, will you?"

More yelps of pain, sounds of snapping and choking, and then a noise as if the intruder were tearing round in an unsteady circle, like a dying top.

"Poor creature!" said Matty Leach, breathing hard.

"Poor creature—and my best bonnet lying there on top of the bed! You stay here, Matty. I've got to shut that door."

"I'll do it, Aunt Amelia."

"You don't I tell you."

Amelia Leach resolutely mounted the stairs, closed her eyes, and at the same instant closed the door with a thud of mingled terror and triumph. Matty followed close at her heels. As the door contained no keyhole, she applied her eye to the small space round the old-fashioned latch-tongue.

"Poor doggy! Go-ood fellow!"

"Good fellow! I guess he is a fury!" "What do you see, Matty?"

"I can't see much. He's gone under the bed, I guess."

"Matty, you've got to go straight over to Gleason's."

"But, Aunt Amelia, I don't like to go over there after all the trouble there's been—"

"And tell Mr. Gleason his dog is mad."

"Maybe it's a fit," suggested Matty, weakly.

"Matty, listen to that!" cried Amelia Leach. "Didn't you hear the beast? Why, I never heard a noise like that in all my born days! Tell him his dog is mad, and I want he should come quick's he can, and get him out from under my spare bed. As if 'twasn't enough to have the dog kill my Wyandotte chickens, and make the trouble and bad blood he has, without coming here chewing and chawing with the hydrophobia!"

Slowly and reluctantly Matty tied on a sunbonnet. She was very careful of her complexion.

"What are you going to say?" demanded her aunt, her voice softening a little as she looked at the pretty features framed in pink cotton ruffles.

"Aunt Amelia says to tell you your dog is mad, and will you please come over and get him. He's under the bed in the spare chamber," recited the girl, with a prim, timorous, deprecating air.

"That'll do. Get back quick's you can."

Amelia Leach stood at the window and watched her niece as she took her way by a long diagonal to the Gleasons' house, which was at some distance up the road.

"She's a good, dutiful girl, Matty is," she thought, with a little sigh, "but she hasn't a mite of spirit. If she had, she'd have flatted out when I told Gleason I didn't want to see him or Frank here again if they couldn't get rid of that pesky dog. Beats me what there is in a barking, yelping cur to make folks think he's of more consequence than humans! 'Here, Sport! Nice doggy! Go-od fellow!' It makes me sick!"

Matty had entered the gate, knocked, and after a brief occulation,—just long enough to "speak her reason,"—was turning obediently homeward.

Again the door opened hastily, a broad-shouldered figure appeared, and a moment later was striding beside her. The barrel of a revolver gleamed in the sunshine.

"Mr. Gleason's gone to the mill, so Frank came instead!" called out Matty, as as soon as they were within speaking distance.

"I don't believe Sport can be really mad, Miss Amelie," observed the young man, cheerfully, raising his hat.

"Don't eh? Did you tell him how he was carrying on, Matty?"

Matty nodded.

"Maybe that's his regular way of acting—yawping and pawing round his hind legs, and spinning round like a teetotum, chawing and worrying folks' best bonnets! Come this way, and Matty, you go back in the sitting-room and finish making those buttonholes. My goodness! Hear that, will you? Did you ever hear a noise like that in all your born days?"

Frank turned a shade paler under the bronze.

"It must be a seizure of some kind!" he stammered.

"He's mad. Perhaps you'd better leave the door open a crack, so if he comes at you—"

"I'd rather close it, Miss Leach. I have a club, and can shoot if necessary."

"All right. I'll stay outside, then, and open it quick if you say the word."

"Wait a minute, Frank! Do be careful!" cried a voice behind them, and there was Matty, pale and terrified, still holding her work between her delicate fingers. "Why can't you put a ladder up outside and fire through the window," she pleaded, "or cut a hole in the door?"

"Matty, what are you here for? You know the bed's got a valance on—hangs down to the floor. He couldn't see him to shoot him," replied Amelia, impatiently.

"Very well, aunt," returned Matty, and as she spoke the color deepened in her rose-leaf cheek and her eyes flashed soft lightnings. "If you shut Frank up in that room with a mad dog, you'll have to shut me in with him, that's all!"

Amelia looked at her, and a flush of astonishment and slow admiration mounted to her own sallow features. As for Frank, his countenance was so illuminated that it seemed to radiate actual heat. No words were needed and none were spoken. He went in, leaving the door ajar.

"Come here, you beggar!" he said, with a man's full-toned, easy assurance. A moment later there rang out a sound unaccustomed in that grim spinster household—a loud, cheering, infectious peal of masculine laughter.

To the women waiting with suffocating heartbeats, it seemed for a moment that Frank had in some mysterious way gone as mad as the dog. But the sound was too wholesome and heartfelt to leave them long in doubt.

"Come in!" commanded a voice choked with merriment.

They hastily threw open the door, and after one swift, bewildered look, Amelia, too, began to laugh helplessly, as she had not laughed since she was fifteen.

"Sticky fly-paper!" gasped Frank. "He must have been trying to eat it!" and he went off into another burst of merriment.

Matty did not join him. She was a good girl, was Matty, and could pluck up spirit on occasion, but she had no humor in her.

"Hold, still, Sport! Poor fellow!" she coaxed. "Do stop laughing and come here, Frank. I don't see what you find so funny, either one of you! How would you like it yourself? Your hair snarled every which way, and fly-paper stuck down like a sunbonnet over your ears!"

But that big, spontaneous roar in which she had joined had cleared the air for Amelia.

"'Tisn't him we're laughing at, Matty," she said, wiping her eyes. "It's the way he fooled us. Come, we've wasted the whole forenoon; and yet I don't know as I'd call it wasted, either. You young people take him down to the wash-house and clean him up if you can, only don't let him out amongst the chickens."

"Frank says he's afraid to look at a chicken after the switching he got. He says he hides in the woodhouse when they have chicken for dinner," said Matty.

Frank stifled another explosion, and his eyes met Amelia's. In an instant those busy negotiators had transacted great business; but all that was uttered to the ear was the cryptic remark, "When you go home, Frank, you can tell your father that his dog wasn't any more mad than I was!"

SCHOOL REPORTS

RALEIGH.

Following is the school report for S. S. No. 4, Raleigh, for September, names being in order of merit:

Class V.—Annie Hawkins.

Class IV., Sr.—F. Coutts, H. Armstrong, M. Armstrong, M. Hawkins, I Vince, L. Roszell, T. Halliday.

Class IV., Jr.—J. Richie, C. Roszell, L. Laidlaw, C. Shadd.

Class III.—W. Young, W. Laidlaw, M. Kearns.

Class II.—J. Coutts, M. Richie, C. Laidlaw, M. Shadd, J. Rice, F. Green, E. Moorehouse.

Pt. II.—G. McKay, A. Rice, T. Roszell, J. Laidlaw.

Pt. I.—B. Armstrong, M. Hawkins, I. Roszell, A. Rice, E. Cromwell, O. Roszell, R. Cromwell.

P. McCallum, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 4, CAMDEN.

Following is the standing of the pupils in S. S. No. 4, Camden. Names in order of merit; based on attendance and examinations.

Class V.—T. Adkin, O. Marsh.

Class IV.—R. Moor, C. McDonald, E. Snider, H. Law, R. Badder, M. Law, L. Adkin, C. Hopper, E. Plummer, I. Shaw, A. Adkin, I. Tiffin, B. Snarey, L. Tiffin.

Class III.—D. Greenwood, G. Badder, G. Lloyd.

Class II.—C. Ellis, I. Marsh, A. Paul, C. Nelson, L. Moor, M. McDonald, R. Smith, C. Paul, B. Lloyd.

Class II., Jr.—M. McDonald, D. Adkin, E. Snarey, A. McDonald.

Part II.—H. Shaw, E. Hopper, L. Tiffin.

Part I.—K. Moor, C. Tiffin, M. Richard, H. Lloyd, R. Nelson, H. Snarey, G. Smith.

Part I., Jr.—R. Gibson, T. Law, C. Tiffin.

Attendance, 37.

L. J. McCoig, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 6, CHATHAM TP.

The following is the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 6, Chatham Township, for September. Names in order of merit.

Class V.—H. Peters, F. Brooksbank, B. Lamb.

Class IV.—C. Wilson, F. Cumming, B. Cumming, I. Peters, C. McNaughton, M. Wildgen, A. Solomon.

Class III.—H. Wilson, W. Cumming, A. Richardson.

Class II.—V. Bughson, J. Forsyth, J. Richardson, G. Richardson, W. Peters, D. Solomon, M. Cumming, E. Axford.

Part II., Sr.—M. Forsyth, E. Wilson, G. Cumming, P. Briggs, G. Dauphin, C. Vincent.

Part II., Jr.—V. Richardson, J. Dauphin.

Part I.—R. Vincent, I. Simmons, S. Cumming, G. McNaughton, L. Wilson, W. Bissell.

M. E. Rowe, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 9, CHATHAM TP.

The following is the standing of pupils during the month of September, names in order of merit.

Class V.—E. Neaves, M. Vance, E. Powers, L. Sutor, L. Hoyles.

Class IV.—A. Neaves, H. Wilson, B. Sutor, E. Powers, A. Hoyles, M. Wells, I. Shaw.

Class III., Sr.—C. Frye, C. Hoyles, B. Vance, G. Powers, C. Brasett, I. Conliffe, V. George, I. Hood, M. Glasford, L. Wilcox.

Class III., Jr.—R. Reid, C. Sudds, L. Wilson, Laura Wilson, M. Wilcox, D. Ewing, J. Ball.

C. L. Burns, Principal.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

When I was to the show in Chatham I saw a man bite a nail in two, and bend another. The nails were about seven inches long.

Miss Farmer went back to England. She has been staying with Mrs. Harris.

They are putting up a merry-go-round in Dresden right by the market square. It is the same one that was at the Fair. We will have lots of fun.

At the Fair we saw a box which had a bag over it and a little card said, "Blind Bats. Do not tease me Billie Brown." There were only two bricks in the box.

Some of the scholars in this room have grandmothers and grandfathers over one hundred years old.

We had races here. The horse that won went a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds. It was a Wallaceburg horse that won.

At the Fair my sister had some paintings. One took first prize and and the other two took second prize. We had some mangolds and beets and white and red carrots.

When I was at Belle Isle I was in the fish house. I saw a lot of little fish that had a head like a horse. There were a lot of mud-turtles on a stone foundation.

On Saturday I went out to the station. I saw a man that had got kicked in the stomach. They took him to the Chatham hospital. When I went home from school my mother told me that he was dead. He will be buried to-day at two o'clock.

Some time ago when I was coming from the country I passed a house where there was a parrot. A boy was playing with the parrot. The parrot saw me and said, "Come in." Afterwards it paused and said again "What's your name?" W. Jackson

To-day in school we were talking about the ages of some old people. Clarence Talbot has a grandmother that is over a hundred years of age.

Leland Buens has a grandma and grandpapa nearly one hundred year old. His grandma is ninety-seven years. They live out near Kent Bridge.

The Dresden Fair was held on the fourth and fifth of October. There had horse races, and there was a lot of pigs, sheep, chickens, and cattle. There was a merry-go-round. The school had a corner at the fair house. Johnny McVean got first prize on his map.

The Fair was held on the fourth and fifth of October. My cousin and brother and I got in free. The men asked us how much money we had, and I said 25 cents, and he said for us to go on in and be sure we spend it all. When we went we entered the fair building and saw writing and maps that were given to the Fair, and Johnnie McVean got the first prize.

When I got to the fair ground I went over to the merry-go-round and had two rides. I then went over to the race track and saw the races. I did not go in the building because it was too late.

To the Editor of Planet Junior: Yesterday Mr. Coles visited the Dresden Public school for the first time. He spoke to the pupils on doing their best. He said he once visited a school where the pupils answered eighteen questions in a minute. He said they were very good writers and he thinks we will like him very much.

When I was in Toronto I went over to the park and saw a drunken man on the street. The policeman came and went up to get the man, but his horse ran away. The policeman went after the horse and got it. Then he got the man and took him over to the telephone office to send for the patrol wagon and it came and the man was taken away.

I saw a girl at the Chatham Fair that weighed six hundred pounds. She felt happy as a lark. She said she would fall out of a bed if she got in one. Sometimes she was afraid of falling through the floor. This called her happy Emma.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Kelley, of Wabash, are having their golden wedding to-day. They are going to have the Wabash band there. They send out over one hundred and twenty five invitations. My father and mother went. Three a Wicks.

To the Editor of Planet Junior: My grandpa and grandma had a golden wedding a long time ago. They live in Dresden. There were a lot of people to it. Grandpa got a golden loving cup and grandma got a gold pin. We all had our picture taken twice. Harold Forsyth.