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 25, 1907.

The schools were closed this week for three days. Wednesday and Thursday the teachers were holding their convention; and Friday was Victoria Day, so we did not hear from the city schools; but all the schools should have great budgets of news for next week.

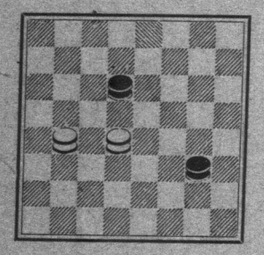
DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to Problem No. 13, local series:

White, 26-22; Black, 2-6; White, 22-17; Black, 6-9; White, 11-15; Black, 9-13; White, 15-18; Black, 13-22; White, 18-25; Black, 4-8; White, 25-22, and wins.

Problem No. 15—Local Series.

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

ALL RIGHT IN HIS CASE

The teacher was giving the school a little lecture on good conduct. Let me caution you on another point, children, she said. Avoid criticising. Don't make a practice of finding fault with other people or picking flaws in what they say or do. It is a very bad habit to form, and will make your own life unhappy.

Why, teacher, spoke up a little boy, that's the way my father makes his livin'!

You surprise me, Georgy. What is your father's occupation?

He's a proof reader, ma'am.

The teacher coughed behind her fan.

Well, Georgy, she said, I will make an exception in the case of your father.—Youth's Companion.

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

When travelling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell ringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length.—Guardian Angel.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Divided Words.

I never saw a —— so industrious as he. When there is such —— —— cannot fish I saw him —— —other sail.

2. A Hidden Quotation and Its Author.

In all his work his praise of God is continuous, and he is the perfect image of his father, who was a poet. I do not know who was to have his library, but it goes to some deserving person. Such a deed acts always to one's credit. He fully appreciates all his own creations. His last sketch of Brown was ingenious.

3. Anagram.

The judge heard two different —— about the prisoner. "Why did you —— the bread?" he asked. "Because it was ——!" Write it so on the ——, at ——. And what about the ducks? Two millards and three ——?"

4. Riddles.

I.

The ancients knew me, to their joy,
I made sweet sounds for many a boy.
Into disuse long since I fell;
Some modern men know me quite well.
They make me work instead of play,
I carry water night and day.
Throughout the house and grounds I go,
But mostly out of sight, you know.

II.

The corporations point to me with pride;
Both state and nation try to make me fine.
The builder and the architect my beauty rarely hide;
The printer finds me useful in making up his line.

5. Charades.

I.

My first is in pole, but not in staff;
My second is in spear, but not in gaff;
My third is in annis, but not in seed;
My fourth is in cure, but not in need;
My fifth is in see, but not in saw;
My whole hath victories greater than those of war.

II.

My first in "Mother Goose" was found,
As is well known the world around.
A verb my second, past tense, too.
Perhaps I've not done it to you.
My whole is used upon the sea,
To find if deep the water be.

III.

My first was figured in Egypt's story,
And thus has gained a certain glory.
My second means very much to me,
How to take us apart I cannot see.
My third must measure the engine's speed,
Must rule my accounts, my taxes, indeed.
My whole in school is often explained,
By a simple letter 'tis easly gained.

IV.

I am composed of letters ten.
Take one, five, six, seven and straightway then
You soar above the heads of men.
Take two, three, four, and have a tree
That gives a shade for you and me.
With eight, nine, ten, I could not rise
Though I should be three times my size.
But if 'twere gold, none would despise.
My whole is just a common name,
But written in the halls of fame;
A man and city are the same.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

1—
"Still waters run deep."
2—
Cricket.
3—
Oak.
Fir.
Cypress.
Bay.
Aspen.
Palms.
Cedar.
4—
Hasten.

FOR JUNIORS

"NOT FINISHED."

Said a droll little boy to his mother, I've heard:
"I can run like a dog, if I wish;
I can climb like a squirrel right up a tall tree;
I can swim in the sea like a fish!
But there's one thing I've never been able to do—
I really can't fly like a bird!
So I s'pose I'm not made—not quite finished up!"
Said this droll little boy, I've heard.

—M. J. H.

DANDELION.

Little dandelion
When she came to town
Seemed a bit of sunshine
In her yellow gown.
Playthings, too, she carried,
Funny little toys
For the happy schoolgirls
And the country boys.
Watch-chains, oh, so splendid!
Little barefoot Dan
Wearing his in triumph
Felt himself a man.
Curls for Prue and Polly
Tucked in bonnets small
Made them grown-up ladies
Going out to call.
So she scattered treasures
Up the road and down,
Through the sunny pastures,
Through the dusty town.
When her task was ended,
On a summer's day,
While the breeze was blowing
Up she flew away.
On her soft wings riding,
Far she sailed and high,
And the children watching
Waved a fond good-by.

—E. H. T.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

(Little Pilgrim Ruth's Welcome.)

Dear little minstrel of the spring,
Dressed in the blue of sunny skies,
Pipe out your cheery notes to me.
While yet the shade of winter lies,
And to my heart your gladness bring!

Deep were the snows that lingered long,
And still the land is brown and bare,
But now I'll find beneath the pines
The sweet Mayflowers, when I go there.
(Dear little bird, keep on your song!)

Though chill the winds from off the sea,
Soon up the shore the soft spring rain,
And flowers, and bees, and butterflies,
Will follow swiftly in your train.
(Dear bluebird, sing again to me!)

In our old England far away,
The hawthorn buds, the daffies blow—
But naught it matters now to me,
For fair the flowers are here, I know,
And here, my bluebird, I shall stay!

Dear bird of springtime, you were sent
To sing me sweet the glad surprise
Of each new day in this new land—
And since in you such promise lies
Of happy hours, I'm well content!

—Hiram Putnam Barnes, in Little Folks.

"BLIND AS A MOLE."

The field mice or moles are born blind, but do not miss their want of sight in the least. Their principal food is earthworms, and they honeycomb the earth in all directions to find them. The worm is a great borer, but so silently does he do his work that no human ear can detect the slightest sound.

The ear of the mole, however, takes in and he is off after the borer. He can tunnel his way through clay soil at the rate of two feet a minute. He comes out at night to run around, and it has been proved that he can hear a human footstep twenty rods away. The owl is always after him, but seldom gets him. He can hear the rustle of her wings while she is yet a long way off, and he never makes a mistake in taking the right direction to his burrow. Their teeth are long and sharp, and when they once get a grip the little animal must be killed before he will let go.

WHAT A CALF DID.

In a Delaware village some joker notified a merchant by letter that his store was to be robbed that night. He at once hired three men to arm themselves and pass the night under a shed near the store. If the robbers came the men were to rush out and either capture or shoot them down.

About midnight, when all was very quiet, and when the watchers had begun to doze, a calf jumped out of a yard and came clattering and bellowing down the street. It was thought the robbers had come, and the men rushed from the shed and opened fire. They killed the calf, and one of the bullets entered a window and wounded a sleeping woman, and the whole village was aroused before it was discovered that a spotted calf was to blame for the whole thing. The watchers who made the mistake are being laughed at so much that they hardly dare leave their homes. They are known as "the calf-shooters," and it will be a long time before they look for other robbers.

NO FUN FOR BOYS.

In some of the cantons of Switzerland they have special laws made for boys. Here is a sample of them:

If a boy throw a stone and hit a man he may be fined three francs.

If a boy throw a snowball and hit a woman he may be fined two francs.

If a boy call a girl a "red-head" he may be fined from two to four francs.

If a boy throw at frogs in a pond without being ordered to by his father or teacher, he shall be fined one franc.

If a boy throw a stone and break a windowbelonging to someone else, his father may whip him or he may be fined two francs.

If a boy make up a face at his teacher, or draw pictures of him on his slate, or speak ill of him, he may be fined five francs and have to beg his pardon.

If a boy stone a dog or chase a cat it is a fine of one franc.

If two boys fight without the consent of their teacher it is a fine of three francs.

If a boy steals apples or other fruit it is a fine of two francs and he should be beaten by his father.

The Canadian boy who reads the above will wonder what the Swiss boy has to live for. About all he can do and not be fined is to have the measles or whooping-cough.

OUGHT TO BE.

Look, Master Bob, what lovely eyes your little sister has.

Well, said Bob, of course, they're new.

Michael Angelo's Life and Career

—BY—

HAROLD GLENN STEVENSON

At the beginning of the fifteenth century there was a great movement passing over the continent of Europe. It is known as the New Learning or Renascence, which was a revival of all the arts and sciences, including painting and sculpture. These two were chiefly centered in Italy, in the cities of Rome and Florence.

Michael Angelo was the son of a humble stone-cutter, who lived in suburbs of Florence, on a vine-clad hill. He was a very clever lad, and at the age of thirteen could handle the mallet and chisel more dexterously than his father. Having a love for sketching, he made upon the kitchen walls, in great profusion, his designs, which were very tasteful and artistic.

His father, seing his remarkable talents, decided that stone-cutting was too toilsome and laborious an occupation for his son, and determined to send him to school. But the father did not get the results he expected from his son, and had to punish him repeatedly for neglecting his studies, and spending his time in the studios and art galleries of great artists, examining the pictures. But all the punishment was of no avail, and, to please Michael Angelo, his father took him to Girlandajo, a great Florentine artist, to study under his tutorship. When told of the remarkable ability of Michael Angelo, he desired some proof, and Michael Angelo's father promptly showed him some of his sketches. Girlandajo thought that Michael Angelo would some day be a great artist.

To show Michael Angelo's ability I will relate two little incidents.

One day Girlandajo was out of his studio, but before departing had directed one of his students to copy a picture that he had just completed. While the student was doing this, Michael Angelo noticed a mistake in the master's work, and he rectified it. When Girlandajo returned he noticed the correction and inquired who did it, and when told it was Michael Angelo, he said, "He certainly is a remarkable and wonderful boy."

The other incident runs thus:

Girlandajo, who had taken a contract to paint a church, used to allow his best students to help him, Michael Angelo being included. One day Girlandajo went out for a few minutes, and Michael Angelo descended from his ladder and made a very minute sketch on a piece of scrap paper of the church, ladders, men, pails, etc. When the master returned he was shown it, and stood in amazement, only uttering the words, "Wonderful, simply wonderful!"

One day an order came from Lorenzo Medici, a Prince, who was trying his best to promote art, for Girlandajo to send him his two best students to study in the Gardens of St. Mark. The students were wild with excitement when the choosing was about to take place. Michael Angelo and his chum ware chosen. This was a piece of great good fortune, as the students were granted the same freedom as the princes.

Here he pursued his art studies. At this time a library was in course of construction, and Michael Angelo begged little pieces of marble from the laborers. One day as the Prince was passing a little arbor he noticed Michael Angelo busy carving a human form out of the marble. After surveying the figure the Prince discovered a mistake, and next day he was much pleased to see it rectified. But after while the Prince died, and Michael Angelo had to return to Florence, where he set up a studio of his own.

In his spare time he carved the "Sleeping Cupid," which he sent to Rome to be sold. One day a cardinal noticed it in the show window, and went in and bought it, the merchant saying it was Grecian marble. Taking it home, the cardinal examined it, and returned to the merchant, saying it was of too recent make to come from Greece. The merchant then confessed that it was made in Florence, by one Michael Angelo. The cardinal came to the decision that one who could deceive him was worthy of notice, and accordingly issued a proclamation, by which he found Michael Angelo and brought him to Rome.

While Michael Angelo was in Rome he carved a famous work, Pieta or Pity, which represented Mary holding the dead Christ in her lap. It was purchased by the City of Rome and placed in one of the public squares. There is a little incident connected with this work. One day the Master was sitting in the square and a passerby inquired who the sculptor was that had performed this work. He was given the name of another artist instead of Michael Angelo, so the sculptor decided to have no more mistakes like this, and in the shoulder band he inscribed "Michael Angelo."

There was a great stone in Florence which nobody could do anything with, so when Michael Angelo returned to Florence he was to do the best he could with it. He built a little shanty around the outside and proceeded with his work. At the end of two years time it was unveiled. It was a representation of David going to fight the great Goliath. He was ordered by the Pope to paint the ceiling, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, but he protested against such a gigantic undertaking, but to no avail, so he began his great work lying on his back, painting day by day for years. When he completed his task, which was all the events of the Old Testament, he next proceeded with the end wall, on which he put his idea of the Last Judgment, which is simply marvellous.

One great thing Michael Angelo intended to do was to build a tomb for Pope Julius II., which was never completed. The statue of Moses was to be a part of this tomb, but it now stands in one of the churches in Rome.

His last great work was the designing and building of the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral. He was now eighty-four years and unable to supervise it personally, so from his attic window he watched the great dome rounding itself against the sky. He died before it was completed, at the age of eighty-seven, but he still lives to-day in his mighty works.

TUPPERVILLE JUNIORS

We are going to have a patriotic concert in our school on Empire Day. Both rooms will unite to give the program. Our room is going to sing "The Flag Song" and "Britannia."

Miss Alta Neaves spent Sunday with Miss Alice Wells.

The "Busy Bees" met on Saturday last in the Sunday School Hall.

Irvine Shaw, who has been absent for a week, is back to school again.

Mr. W. Snider was the guest of Mr. L. Wells on Monday last.

We intend hoisting our flag on Empire Day to show our loyalty to Britainof which we are proud to say we are subjects of Edward VII., and citizens of the British Empire.

The Leaving Class are reviewing commission this week. We have been having test examinations in each of the subjects during the last week, to see if it would be wise to try at midsummer.

The Sunday School in Union Hall intends holding anniversary services about the 16th of June.

The farmers are very busy plowing for corn.

The boys of our school have some very interesting baseball games.

We made the fire-crackers fly on the 24th.

DRUGGING CHILDREN

All so-called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure childhood ailments contain poisonous opiates and an overdose may kill the child. When the mother uses Baby's Own Tablets she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born baby. They cure indigestion, constipation, colic, diarrhoea and the other minor ailments of children. Mrs. G. Collins, Hirkella, Man., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for the minor ailments of children. I always keep the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The getting of an accurate result is often of far greater value than the result itself.

Take me back to old Wisconsin,
Where the sugar beets and tobacco grow,
Where the farmers are healthy, happy and bright—
They all take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

A. I. McCall & Co.

SHORT ESSAYS —ON— FISHING —BY— JUNIORS

FISHING.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

I generally go down to Mr. Winter's to fish. It is a very good place. Fishing is a very good game if you catch anything, but if you don't catch anything it is a very dull game.

One day I went fishing and threw out my line. I caught on one of the limbs of a tree. I climbed out on the limb, but just as I got out to the end it broke, and I fell in the Sydenham river. When I came up to the top I told John to watch my line till I went home and got some dry clothes on. When I came back John had two fish, which he caught on my line, and he gave them to me. When I fell in the river it was not a very good game, but when I saw the two fish that John had for me, it was good fun.

Another time I went fishing up to Mr. Barnes' place. The river is very shallow up there, and we waded out to a big rock in the centre the river. We just got our feet a little bit wet that time.

Yours truly,
WANDO KIMMERLY.

FISHING.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

When I go fishing I put on my old clothes, dig my bait, get my lunch in a basket and start away. When I get there I bait my line and start to read a book.

The best place I ever fished was at Port Lambton. The fish you generally get there are pickerel.

One time as I was fishing I got a bite, and as I got the fish to the top of the water it hit on the side of the boat and got away.

When I first fished in the Sydenham river I could not fish without a reel, and the boys asked my why I fished with a reel, but I soon got over it. Once as I was fishing I pulled up a lizard, and I said, "Look at the flying fish!" Papa told me what it was, and I soon learned what fishing meant.

Yours truly,
JAMES McVEAN.

FISHING.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

I go fishing down to the river across from Mr. Cragg's. I get my old pants on, dig bait and go down there.

We have lots of fun in fishing, running up and down the bank, wrestling, and, when we go to pull in our lines, we sometimes get in the water. If we catch a fish we put it on our string. Sometimes I get a little one and throw him back in the river. When I go home I clean two or three of the big ones and sell the little ones for five cents apiece.

Once I caught a big carp on a minnow line, about five feet long. If it hadn't been for Wallace it would have pulled me in the river. It did splash me all over with water. I sold it and put the money in my bank.

Yours truly,
IAN LAIRD.

FISHING.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

I fish in the River Sydenham, back of the cemetery. When I go nome from school I put on my old overalls, then take my fishing lines and worms. When I get down there I bait up and throw out my lines, and then catch a fish. One day I caught 25. I have caught altogether this season 113 fish. The day I caught 25 I gave a boy three of them for helping me carry them home.

The funniest thing that ever happened when I was fishing was, I had a string of fish in the water, and I was untying a knot in the string, when they gave a jerk and got away from me. I was so mad then that I did not know what to do. But a half an hour after that I was fishing again, when I got a bite, pulled in my line and there was my string of fish on it, all safe. I was so glad then that I did not know what to do.

Yours truly,
CARL BRESETT.

FISHING.

To the Editor of The Planet Junior:

Last Saturday afternoon Carl Bresett and I made up our minds to go fishing. So, we went home and put on our old clothes and went up back of the cemetery to fish. Carl had been up there before, but I had not. He took me all through turnings and tumblings to find my way there. When we got there Tom Widmyer and his brother Walter were there. They had three fish. When I got my line baited up and threw it out in the Sydenham river to catch a "hama golden" every once in a while the wind would blow my line and I would think it was a bite. Carl caught a pickerel, a bass and two mullets, but I did not catch a thing, so I went and got some old bark and built a fire to keep us warm. When it went out we came home. Coming home, as we were crossing the creek, I just about fell in.

Yours truly,
CHARLIE CUTHBERT.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

To-day our teacher got three beautiful bunches of all kinds of flowers.

This morning when teacher opened a little box she found it was covered with dust. She looked and saw that one of our cocoons were out. It was a beautiful moth.

Down on the bridge we saw a robin's nest with one egg in it. We looked to-day and there were three eggs.

Mr. Davies is back from the West. I saw a bird with some food feeding her little ones.

Mr. W. Holmes is moving into Mr. Carpenter's house.

Last Saturday Chester Rhea and Scott McDermand went hunting birds' eggs. They found a rabbit's nest.

I thought I would write you a few lines and tell you that some girls brought two or three little sparrows to school. They are hardly clothed yet.

Mr. Deacon is moving his house in North Dresden to his farm.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Wells, of Dresden, visited their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Botting, in the country.

Mrs. Robinson and her two little girls, from British Columbia, are visiting at Mrs. W. Summervelt's.

Yesterday a gasoline boat came up the river. The name of it was Ethel Smith.

On Friday the 24th of May, the Mission Band is going to the woods.

Wednesday and Thursday will be the Teachers Convention, and there are holidays for the rooms here.

Mrs. Jefferson, of Dresden, has got a little son.

Mr. Laird bought the three-storey house owned by P. Wright and sold it to Mr. Deacon. Mr. Deacon was going to move it out to his place, and while man were cleaning out the chimney and taking the bricks down they found three little sparrows. The girls got hold of them and brought them to school. We put them in a box that had grass in it.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenny have a little son. It was born on the 10th of May.

The girls and boys of our room are bringing blossoms of trees this week.

Mrs. Ogletree died on Saturday at three o'clock in the afternoon. She was buried Tuesday at two o'clock. Mr. Hicks said there were 127 buggies.

Columbus had just landed. Meeting a great Indian chief with a package under his arm he asked him what it was. "Great Medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Injun. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

THE GROOM.

Dinah came to her mistress one day and asked for some money. Her mistress asked her what she was going to do with it, and she said:

I's gwine't git married.

Married! Whom are you going to marry?

Well, Miss Sally, you know dat funeral 'bout two weeks ago? De' do say I was de life ob dat funeral, I hollered so. Well, Miss Sally, I's gwine t' marry de groom o' de corpse.—Harper's Magazine.

Children eat, sleep and grow after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, good health and strength. A tonic for sickly children, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.