A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. 1V. CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY MARCH 23, 1907 No. 42

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907.

We are glad to welcome the Tupperville Juniors this week, and hope to hear from the Juniors in other districts soon.

As the holidays will commence next week we will not hear from many of the Juniors. We hope you will all have very pleasant holidays, and that you will let us know the following week how you spent the time.

DRAUGHTS

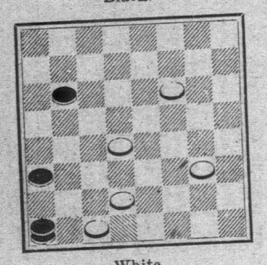
The following is the solution to Problem No. 7:

White — 18-14, 26-22, 24-19, and wins.

Black — 9-18, 12-25.

Problem No. 8—Sturgis.

Black.



White.

White to move and win.

LONGING.

When the roadside weeds are wilting
And the skies sunburned and brassy,
Then I know the birds are lilting,
Then I know a country lassie
Sings along a country highway
Where the maple trees arch over,
Trips along a woodland byway
Sweet with breath of purple clover.

And buds come out of their hiding,
And birds sing out of the shadow,
And the cricket where 'tis biding
Sends its call across the meadow.
And her lips are like a cherry,
And her throat is like the thrushes
In the morning making merry
By the stream's side in the rushes.

And her foot, so softly pressing
On the tender roadside grasses,
Is as soft as the caressing
Of the south wind as it passes.
And her locks are star-dust drifting
In a halo and a glory
And her eyes down-drooped or lifting
Are as sweet as love's own story.

Do you wonder that the wilting
Of the weeds along the byway
Sets me longing for the lifting
Of a song adown a highway,
Where a country maid is going,
And where maple trees arch over,
And where gentle breezes blowing,
Bring the breath of purple clover?

—Houston Post.

Possesses wonderful power over the human body, removing all disorders from your system; that's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. 'A. I. McCall & Co.

Be not arrogant when fortune smiles, nor dejected when she frowns

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Word-Diamond.

(Crosswords.)

A letter.
A part of the verb to eat.
Vegetables.
Wonders.
Miscalculate.
Prominent.
Parts of a vessel.
An Indian's instrument of warfare.
A letter.

The central letters spell the name of the writer of a famous book of verse for children.

—+—

2. Riddle.

In the forest dark my head I lift,
The tips of my boughs make a fragrant bed.
My branches are laden with many a gift,
To see me in my beauty the children are led.

When the wind is shrill and the air is keen
My comfort you feel, and my praises you hear.
To procure me both animals fat and lean
Are trapped and killed in great numbers, I fear.

—+—

3. Anagrams.

I.

A writer and three of his books. Lee Bogg Carew. 1. Dora Elly's Code. 2. Agnes Smith's Ride. 3. Edna Ham Dimple.

II.

A writer and three of his books. Harold C. Smith, A. B. 1. Dell Withy's Great Treat. 2. Dea. Shy at Booby Fort. 3. Job Febit's Mouse Lake Tour.

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4. Geographical Names.

Add to a boy's name that of a male offspring and get the name of a city in Michigan.

To a male deer to cross a stream and get a city in Connecticut.

To a boy's name a stronghold and get a city in Germany.

To a season of the year a tract of land and get a city in Massachusetts.

To a hard substance a name for ground and get a city in Maine.

To reflect a measurement and get a city in New Hampshire.

To harbor a plot of ground and get a city in Maine.

To a small stream a line and get a town in Massachusetts.

To a conjunction a name for people and get a city in Virginia.

—+—

5. Hidden Poets.

Fill each blank with the name of a poet, to rime with the first lines:

If any poet his name well earns,
I'm sure that man is —— ——.

A favorite line of his each one of us repeats,
Though not all know 'twas written by —— ——.

A man we love, whose rimes are sweet and mellow.
You'll guess him first—our own beloved ——.

You know the poem, which used to awe us so,
About a bird. The poet's name was ——.

One gem of his ranks in the very front.
We've learned it all. 'Twas written by —— ——.

I remember, I remember how I loved his poems good,
And often read aloud at school, the works of —— ——.

When in the West he plied his humorous art;
A laughing world echoed the name —— ——.

Of warriors bold, whose blood ran swift and hot,
Those poems tell which were composed by ——.

Who wrote philosophy instead of love and hope,
Who sermonized in rime, but —— ——!

6. Charades.

I.

Come, three your thimbles all aside,
You now must two no more;
You must your lessons quickly one,
If you would trouble four.
For what a whole in coming years,
To grow up wise and bright, my dears.

II.

Within my first, if good should prove,
You'll every comfort find;
And from it sadly turn to rove,
With discontented mind.

Discredited, it still is true,
My second's come to stay;
What man would e'er without it do
I'm sure I cannot say.

My third is little, yet for each
The biggest thing on earth;
Humility though one may teach,
This fact came with our birth.

My fourth a bar to progress stands,
And stops the traveller's way;
Yet children love in many lands
Upon it long to sway.

My whole the country seems to feel
Advice the very best,
And on it lays approving seal
As means of bringing rest.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

The following answers to last week's Nuts to Crack appear in the same order as the questions, the first being the answer to the first question of last Saturday, and so on:

When snarling.
When they are felling.
When plowing.
When slack.
Because it is barred.
It has a long tongue.
Explanation.
Impersonation.
Subordination.
Ordination.
Nomination.
Resignation.
Extermination.
Condemnation.
Drnomination.
Carrie Nation.

RIDDLES

—BY—

PLANET JUNIORS

All around the house in the daytime; in the corner at night!
A broom.

Higher than a tree; higher than a stairway; oh, what can that be?
A star.

Junior Personals

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

SPRING!

The following pos mwas written by Hugh Crombie, of Room IX., McKeough School:

Spring! It is here!
With its sounds so dear,
And its violets and bluebells;
But the village bell knells
Some poor soul's funeral bell,
That has gone Heaven's roll to swell.

Spring! It is here!
With its air so clear
And its lilies and daffodils;
But o'er vales and rills
The old bell doth ring,
As in the wind the bell doth swing.

Spring! It is here!
With its joys so dear,
And its roses and May-flowers;
The bell in the market tolls the hour,
And o'er the town rings joyfully
As our Prince enters triumphantly.

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The boys and girls of Room 8 are drawing a relief map of North America.

We are going to paint some Easter greetings in Room 8.

Mr. James McLean will leave for Cobalt to-day.

Violet Clements is home from school on account of illness.

In Room 8 the boys and girls are taking up the War of 1812.

Roy Dagnieu, of Park Ave., showed the pictures in his magic lantern, Wednesday night, to a number of boys.

In Room 8 the pupils have been bringing different pieces of evergreen trees, and have put them on a large piece of cardboard.

Percy Solvia gave a birthday party on Saturday.

Mr. Harry Brown has resumed his duties, after an absence of a week on account of having his finger cut.

Room 8 has two new picture postcards for the board.

Stewart McKeough and Reginald Hodgins are better, though not yet able to leave the hospital.

Room 7 has just finished reading "Our Little Dutch Cousin," a book kindly loaned us by Mr. Park.

Mr. McGrail, on the townline, started a dairy on Monday.

Easter holidays begin and so all school children should be happy.

Spring is here at last and the robins are getting common.

The girls and boys of Room 8 have been bringing in pussy-willows this week.

Mr. Corby and his family will leave for the west on Monday.

Florence McPherson, of this city, has returned home, after a nine weeks' visit in Dante.

May Roleston, of Dante, is the guest of Florence McPherson.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

(An Old Favorite.)

When to the flowers, so beautiful,
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came),
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

From Woman's Home Companion.

You can make money with one hand but it takes both to hang on to it.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Wando Kimmerly saw a blackbird and five frogs on Sunday.

Laurie Wells is going to his uncle's farm next week to spend Easter.

George Craig, Morley McKay and Archie and Herman Talbot saw a rabbit on Sunday; they gave chase but were unable to catch it.

Brick makers are holding a meeting in Blenheim this week.

Miss Brubaker's sister, who lived in Detroit, died on Monday March 18th.

Vern Hart has seen a meadow-lark this year.

Alex. and Charlie Cuthbert attended a social on Monday evening, which they enjoyed very much.

The ice jammed on Monday, but it has been broken since.

Mr. Colles was in our room Friday and taught us a lesson. He gave us a half-holiday to see the robins.

Last Friday afternoon we had a holiday at school, I went over to Irene Gibson's, and her sister and herself went with me to her auntie's, out near the station.—Louisa Corner.

Miss Lillie Campbell is to be married on Wednesday to Mr. Edmund Noxoll. She used to be our teacher.

March 19, Byron Watson saw 14 wild ducks.

Sugar making has begun.

Howard Brubaker saw some wild geese going north.

Dear Editor—I hope the rabbit comes to you and lays some eggs that have all colors on them.—Charlie Stott.

We have some cocoons and we are waiting for them to come out.

Miss Watterworth has got some buds in the window and they are nearly out.

Mr. Rudd died Monday night. He was well known in this town.

Dear Editor,—We have got our new school promised at last. It is going to be a beauty. It will beat Chatham school all out and all the others around here, too.—Carl Bresett.

The ice is going out. I hope it will soon be gone for then there will be fishing.

Dear Editor,—Last Sunday, Lyle Wicks, Willard Forshee, Lloyd Carl and Willie Carl and I were in the cemetery, and just as I was saying something I heard a crack. The ice was jammed about five or six yards up the river. Just as we heard the crack the ice started to come down. It blocked up again at the bridge, but last night it broke away.—Harold Forshee.

We have got a new scholar in our room. His name is Floyd Winters, and he came from between Wallaceburg and Tupperville.

O, summer is coming,
The time of delights,
When the fairies dance
On moonlight nights.

They dance so still
You cannot hear,
You'd think they were shadows
Hovering near.

EASTER CAROL OF THE WILD FLOWERS.

(By Lucy Lincoln Montgomery.)

We haste to life in blades of green
Pranked o'er with golden hue;
On countless hills we ring sweet bells,
And smile with eyes of blue.

We climb the orchard's spreading boughs,
And laugh in sweet perfune,
And throw upon the naked shrubs
A gorgeous robe of bloom.

And all the while we sing with joy
This happy, glad refrain,
"We told you so! We told you so!
We said we'd come again!"

From Woman's Home Companion.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, giving renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. 'A. I. McCall & Co.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.

TUPPERVILLE JUNIORS

The ice is going out of the river. Robins are back.

The boys are having much fun going to the country for sap.

Leland Burns has been on the sick list for the past week.

The roads to the school house are very muddy.

They dug a new well at the school last week.

We had a debate at school on the 8th of March,—"Which does the most good for a country, a farmer or a manufacturer?" It resulted in a tie.

We had an examination on Literature last Friday.

Kate and Leonard Hall are ill this week.

GIRL CLIMBS STEEPLE.

In the Teeth of a Terrific Gale Goes Up a Church Spire.

An English girl 17 years old has accomplished the extraordinary feat of ascending a church spire 260 feet high in the teeth of a gale of wind.

Mr. Larkins, the steeplejack, of Bow, had undertaken to ascend the spire of All Saints', Hereford, the highest in the West of England and Miss Elsie Heins, the daughter of one of the churchwardens, volunteered to accompany him.

The ascent was made by means of a steeplejack's cradle. In spite of the force of the wind and of the swaying of the cradle, the girl, Mr. Larkins says, was remarkably cool all through the perilous ascent and descent. Needless to say, the spire had never been ascended before by any except male climbers.

A great crowd watched in thrilling suspense the ascent of the swaying cradle. Traffic was entirely blocked by the crowd, every member of which stood stockstill until the girl had gained the summit, descended again and reached the ground safe and unharmed.

SPOILED WILDCAT'S DINNER.

Trapper Finds Wild Beast Fighting With Trapped Animal It Slays.

One of the largest wildcats ever taken in Rutland county was brought in here a few days ago by Linus Sargent, of Chittendon. Sargent spends his spare time catching mink, a good skin of which brings $8, and caught the cat while attending to his traps. Some of these had been set along the edge of a brook, and when Sargent approached one day late in the afternoon to rebait it he heard squeals and low mutterings of two animals.

The trapper had never seen a wildcat or a lynx in the vicinity and he was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes when he peered through the bushes to ascertain the cause of the unusual disturbance. He first observed the cat lying on its stomach over the trap tearing at some object under him. This object was putting up a strong fight, and when Sargent got a little closer he was aware that the feline was battling with a big mink.

The mink had been caught by one foot, but even thus handicapped he was giving the cat all the trouble it wanted. The trapper was so interested in the battle that he forgot all about shooting until the cat had killed the mink and set about eating it. He then cocked his rifle and put a ball through the marauder's head.

Sargent lost a fine mink skin by not shooting sooner, but the sale of the cat's pelt paid him in part for his loss.

Rich Miser Starves.

A miser's tragic death in the garret of a well-furnished house was discovered by the Nottingham police lately.

The house was in an indescribably filthy condition, and there was many years' accumulation of dust.

The body discovered was that of a man named Alfred Martin, who had not been seen by the neighbors since the death of his mother, on January 7, and who had evidently died from starvation. The neighbors were unaware that he continued to live in the house. His body was in an emaciated conditions.

The police found sums of money in innumerable packets hidden in crevices of a sofa, on shelves and in drawers. The total amount was about $500.

The man's hair and beard were matted, and his nails protruded an inch and a quarter over the finger ends. The only food in the house was a loaf months old.

Read The G. H. J.

FOR JUNIORS

DOIN' UP THE DISHES

If ever you should come to see
My Ma an' Pa, you won't see me,
'Casue I'm jes' always sure to be
A-doin' up the dishes.

My Pa says 'at we all mus' work,
An' 'at he always 'spised a shirk—
I s'pose he 'speets me to look chirk
While doin' up the dishes.

Now Bob he gits the kindlin' in;
The water-bucket 'longs to Win;
Sis sews an' cooks — not 'nother thin';
While I do all the dishes!

But kindlin' 's only once a day,
The water-bucket 'at 's jes' play,
An' sewin' 'at gets done to stay—
'T ain't like a-doin' dishes.

I hate 'at great big ol' dish-pan,
An' set it down go-bang, an'—an'—
I dent it ev'ry time I can,
While doin' up the dishes!

An' 'on one awful sweaty day
The dishes somehow slipped away—
An' I was scared at what Md 'd say,
'Bout doin' up the dishes.

'Cause I jes' let the whole stack drop!
Right on the floor they went kerflop!
Broke all but two 't were on the top!
That's how I did the dishes!

Ma, she jes' looked; she didn't scold;
Said, "Hurry now, tha water's cold!"
'En I was awful glad I told
'Bout breakin' all those dishes.

An' Sundays, 'en 's when we have pie,
An' stacks of dishes, my, oh, my!
The sight of 'em jes' makes my cry
'Bout doin' up the dishes.

An' 'en when we have company,
I always count 'em up to see
How many extry it will be
For me a-doin' dishes.

The wooden kind 'd jes' suit me—
'En we could burn 'em all, you see;
An' much less trouble 'at would be
Than doin' up the dishes.

The kindlin' 'd be already in;
The water-bucket filled by Win;
An' I wouldn't have to do a thin'
But jes' burn up the dishes!

—Mrs. F. W. Thomas, in Little Folks.

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THE RAINBOW.

(By Coraslia Walter McCleary.)

One sultry afternoon in spring
Six colors met together,
To see if they could possibly
Agree upon the weather.

Sweet Violet was passing by,
And saw the mischief brewing;
She curtsied to them modestly,
And asked what they were doing.

They said, "We're trying to agree
Upon the question whether
To have the sun from year to year,
Of always rainy weather."

"That's easily arrranged," she said,
"If you've a mind to do it;
Agree, with me, to have the rain,
And let the sun shine through it.

"For then we'll be in harmony
(Which clearly is our duty),
And live forever side by side,
In one broad band of beauty."

Some day, if you'll look overhead
Soon after rainy weather,
Just as the sun peeps out, you'll see
The colors close together.

From Woman's Home Companion.

—+—

TO YOUTH.

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou liveth or die,
O look not back or tire.

Thou that are bold to fly
Through tempest, flood or fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire.

If thou can'st Death defy
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine ether cry
Be numbered and expire.

—Robert Bridges.

THE RABBIT'S EGGS

—BY—

MARGARET ERSKINE

"Polly, put the Kettle on," sang a voice just outside the window.

Polly sprang out of bed, ran to the window, threw it wide open, then leaned way out, and looked down at the the ground, and there stood a little white rabbit on its hind legs. The rabbit looked up at her a moment, then it winked solemnly.

"Why should I put the kettle on?" asked Polly. "Cook does that."

"Come down here," said the rabbit.

"How can I?" asked Polly.

"Slide down that vine," said the rabbit.

Polly put both feet over the sill, caught tight hold of the vine, and away she went, so fast that it quite took her breath away. She reached the ground in safety, except that she sat down rather suddenly when she got to the bottom.

"Now," she said, as soon as she was on her feet, "why should I put the kettle on?"

"Because," and the rabbit went down on its four legs again, "if you will come with me I'll show you a nest of the loveliest Easter eggs you ever saw! Red, yellow, blue and green ones. Anyway, I suppose you'll want to boil them, won't you? That's why you want to put the kettle on."

The rabbit started over the ground, hop and bound, so fast that Polly had to run as hard as she could to keep up with it. After quite a long run they reached a tiny little lake with very long grass growing all around the edge.

"This is the place," said the rabbit. "The nest is somewhere about. We'll have to hunt for it."

So Polly got down on her hands and knees, and she and the rabbit hunted about in the grass.

"I've found it," cried Polly, at last. "Oh, what lovely eggs! Where did they come from?"

"I laid them," said the rabbit.

"Nonsense!" she cried. "Chickens lay eggs, not rabbits!"

"Oh, but they do, Polly," replied the rabbit. "Every Easter Eve the rabbits lay colored eggs for the good little children to find on Easter Morn. Now take as many as you can carry, and run off home."

Polly found that by putting both of her hands together she could carry five eggs, so she took a blue, a red, a yellow, a green and a speckled one, thanked the rabbit, and ran home. She climbed up the vine and in at the window carefully, laid her eggs on a table, jumped into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

When she awoke next morning, there, sure enough, were the rabbit's eggs lying on the table where she had placed them. — From Woman's Home Companion.

SCHOOL REPORTS

CHATHAM TOWNSHIP.

Following is the report of the Junior Department:

Class II., Sr.—C. Irwin, J. Reid, E. Shaw, E. Erekson, H. Fritz, R. Ewing, C. Powers, L. Burrows, W. Merrison, L. Burns.

Class II., Jr.—L. Broad, V. Breaut, Craig, J. Wilcox, G. Brown, S. Wells, W. Tayler, S. Harvey, M. Irwin.

Pt. II., Sr.—G. Glasgow, R. Conliffe, Roy Conliffe, B. Johnson.

Pt. II., Jr.—L. Johnson, M. Powers, E. Reid, E. Wilson, A. Glassford.

Pt. I., Sr.—O. Fritz, R. Craig, E. Broad, L. Powers, B. Ewing, G. Conliffe.

Rose Boulton,
Assistant.

Give me the girl with ravishing eyes,
And sweet, red lips;
She is better than mansions of stone,
Or temples of brick,
For joy and pleasure there will be,
If she takes Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

A man seldom makes his mark until he has learned to toe it.

Try it! What? The Planet!