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, JANUARY 12, 1906.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

THE HAPPY BIRD.

The following was composed by Inez Nash:

The robin is a happy bird;
He is so glad to see the rain
To wash his Easter vest;
He hops around upon the ground
With a happy little chirp,
As he finds a little worm for himself.

Marion Watson, of the Entrance Class, spent her Christmas holidays in Detroit.

Percy Martin spent his Christmas holidays on Lake St. Clair, and when he came home he found a little baby brother to tend to.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker?

Because she took a little prophet out of the rushes on the bank.

The boys and girls in Room 15 are glad to hear that Doris Plewes is better and that she will soon be back to Chatham.

The hyacinth bulbs that we planted before Christmas have sprouted.

We are working hard to get ready for our examination.

We are glad to have Lloyd Wanless back from St. Thomas again.

The Mission Band of Christ church started work yesterday.

We had just two absent in the Entrance Class this week.

Mr. Plewes is going to take charge of the Entrance Class in about two weeks.

Skating is good on the ponds again! Hurrah for skating!

The motto of our school this year is, "1907 is to be our Banner Year."

A number of new Henty books have been put in our library this week.

The Central School has been collecting money for the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. They have given about $30 or $35.

Room 7 has a canary that sings beautifully. (We call him Peter Sweetheart.

Room 7 is studying the map of Kent now.

School started on Monday with a large attendance. Some of the children were wishing for more holidays.

Jack Frost has been here and has given us good skating on the ponds.

We had two beautiful new hanging baskets presented to us this week.

We are taking up percentage now in the Entrance Class.

Beatrice Cape is ill and unable to attend attend school.

Hazel Wh to went to E sex for her Christmas.

Herb. McCall spent his Christmas holidays in Brussels and had a nice time.

Mabel Thomson stood first in Room 7.

Room 7, about six weeks ago, planted some bulbs in a dark room in the basement. They have now sprouted and we have brought them up to our room.

The Central School is having examinations this month and we are very busy.

Rooms 7 and 15 made a wood chart. Mr. Plewes hung it in the hall.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

As Beatrice Sterling was going home Tuesday at dinner time she saw a snake jump into the water.

Several frogs were seen on Monday morning, and a girl saw a snake jump into the water.—Charlie Harwood.

Carlyle Martin saw a robin yesterday in a tree.

Harold Wells and John Martin were board monitors for Room 6 this past week.

In Room 6 the children are taking a trip around the world.

Miss Abram is reading a very interesting story to the class. The name of it is "Chasing the Sun."

Willie Jorey and a friend saw a snake, which they killed.

Norman Harwood is visiting his sister in Birmingham. He spends most of his time shooting rabbits. He likes it very well and will remain there for some time.

Roy Keeley broke his arm on Saturday. He is now at school and his arm is getting better.

New Year's night Flora Horstead entertained some of her friends at her home on Joseph St. A very enjoyable evening was spent.—Willie Waller.

Mrs. Jacob Windover, of Dresden, is visiting at her daughter's, Selkirk St.

Miss Marion Paulucci, who has been visiting her mother in Dover, returned to Fort Wayne last week.

My teacher in Room 6 saw many little frogs as she was coming to school on Monday morning.

Georgie Robinson has returned home from Peterborough, after a short visit.

Mr. F. B. West and family, of Wallaceburg, are going to move to Kent Bridge this month.

Mr. Daniel McDonald, of Port Stanley, visited relatives in Chatham this week.

Ross Baldwin, Hilliard St., entertained a few friends on Monday evening in honor of his birthday.

A dandelion was picked in a field near town on Sunday, Jan. 6.

May Lamperd spent a few days in West Lorne during thr holidays.

Mr. George McLellan, of this city, spent Christmas at the home of E. H. Seeley, Grand Ave.

Farris Weaver's grandmother and grandfather spent New Year's with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Horn and family went to Essex to spend their Christmas and New Year's.

Mr. Lung, of this city, has gone to Portage la Prairie.

Miss Rheta Rodkin, of Dresden, visited Chatham last week.

I wish Mr. Hicks would give us some good weather for skating.

Miss Lily Thomson went back to college in London on Monday.

Dorothy Arnold was ten years old last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dangnieu, of Park Ave., spent Christmas in Sarnia.

Emily Horn, of Detroit, was a city visitor last week.

Mrs. P. Doherty, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. J. W. Dyer, St. Clair street.

Mr. D. N. McNicol, of Grand Rapids, was visiting Mrs. Sraft, Van Allen Ave., Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald, of Winnipeg, are visiting in Chatham.

Bessie Ripley spent New Year's at the home of John Watson, Dresden.

Evelyn Philips, cousin of Edna Barker, spent the Christmas holidays with her.

Mrs. Rock, Joseph St., has her sister and mother from Alberta visiting her. They intend returning home to-day.

A butterfly newly out of a cocoon was brought to Room 6 yesterday by Bert Matthews. It has laid a number of eggs, and is in a very weak condition.

Arthur Berkby has three bantams.

We have fifty picture post cards in Room 7 now.

In Room 7 we have had our first history lesson. It was about the Mound Builders.

We are all glad to see our old friend, Mr. McCorvie, on the Board of Education. We knew when he resigned that he would be on it before long. Many greet Mr. McCorvie on his success.

Johnny Welsh died Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock, and was buried on Thursday morning.

Miss Jackman left Chatham on Jan. 9th for her home in Thamesville.

Mrs. Gordon left for Halifax a week ago to visit her people.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Phonetic Spelling.

The word for each blank may be represented by a single letter.

A little girl named —— one day
Went shopping at the store;
An —— of silk, a pound of ——
She bought, and some things more.
"Now, how much do I —?" she said.
The clerk said, as he smiled,
"——, I can —— with just one ——
—— an honest child."

2. Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in flower, but not in seed;
My second is in law, but not in deed,
My third is in Alice, but not in Bess;
My fourth is in Grace, but not in Jess.
My whole is something that floats above,
Something we honor, guard and love.

3. Pi.

-e-u-t-e-b-u-a-d-o-h-
-i-h-a-t-o-a-y-a-e;
-t-l-a-h-e-i-g-t-l-p-r-u-n,
-e-r-t-l-b-r-u-t-w-i-.

4. Charade.

When you intend to buy my first,
My second son recall;
Though you prefer a bison
My whole you cannot stall.

5. Multiple Enigmas.

I.

My wholes, if you please,
Are three birds and three trees.
My firsts in publications are seen,
My seconds in pharmacopoeia, ween.
My thirds are in principalities found,
My fourths in illuminatory, resound.
My fifths in secretary we see,
And my sixths in threnody seem to be.

II.

My firsts are in plaearding, not in brush;
My seconds in facetious, but not in plush.
My thirds are in Bordentown, not in mill;
My fourths are in pastures, but not in will.
My fifths are in halfpence, but not in cost;
My sixths are in firearms, but not in lost.
My sevenths are in dapper, but not in wig;
My wholes are three flowers and three animals big.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR.

1—
I. Cob, web—cobweb.
II. Cue, rye, us—curious.
III. Benny, I, i, cent—beneficent.
IV. Rash, Ann, "Do, ma!"—Russian Doumi.
VI. Lawn, dress—handress.
VII. Pan, try—pantry.

2—
Scott.
Byron.
Hood.
Percy.
Coleridge.
Goldsmith.
Pope.
Prior.

3—
Rag-by.
Trip-oli.
Wo-rth.
Santa Fe.
Germ-an.
Sun-da.
Contra-ct.
Pre-of.
Tol-kyl.
Lo-ng.
So-ar.
Weal-th.

4—
Diamonds.
Rubies.
Emeralds.
Pearls.
Opals.
Moonstone.
Amethyst.
Garnets.
Topaz.
Sapphire.
Carbuncle.
Beryl.
Onyx.
Aquamarine.

5—
Turnip - nip = tur + one-half of lit l- =tle = turtle.

JANUARY NIGHTS.

Left Foot, Right Foot,
Both explorers bold;
When you creep in bed at night,
Wow, but i tis cold!
Mr. Left then sallies forth,
To explore the frozen North.

Back comes Left Foot,
Crying, "Ouch! I'm froze!"
Cuddles underneath your legs,
Feebly wags his toes,
Then out hastens Mr. Right
Bravely, through the chilly night.

Left Foot, Right Foot,
Swift the brothers go,
Toward the Foot-Board North-Pole on,
On through sleet and snow.
On through bears, and ice, and storm,
Till your bed's—all—nice — and—warm!

—Sinclair Lewis.

DORIS' QUEST

From The Woman's Home Companion

The Parkmans were the very newest tenants in the Bayswater Flats. They had lived there just three days. To eleven-year-old Doris it seemed strange to live in a great big building that fairly swarmed with children without knowing a single one. In Doris' native town one knew everybody else.

"But here," said Doris, plaintively, "a body doesn't even know herself. I think I've shrunk, and I feel," here dangling recklessly over the window-sill, "just as if I were up in a balloon all the time; and I do want somebody besides grown-ups and a bee to play with. It isn't so very odd. Can't I go out, Mussey, and hunt for a friend? I must have a friend."

"It can't be any worse," sighed tired Mrs. Parkman, "to have you down on the sidewalk than it is to have to sit here and hold you in by one ankle. And you certainly do need a friend. But Doris, you must't go beyond the corner."

"Eye," floated back from the hallway, where Doris was struggling into her jacket as she fled toward the stairs. "I'll be good, Mussey."

Doris halted and stood in the most secluded corner of the doorway. It was rather a cold day, but the noisy children in the street seemed not to mind that. Doris tried to count them.

"But surely among so many children," said Doris, hopefully, "there ought to be at least one friend."

The little girl looked earnestly at each child that flashed past the doorway, to see which was worthiest of her friendship. One small person in large red mittens looked promising until she turned around and showed a face that was very far from clean. Another red-mittened child looked neat enough, but her voice was so sharp and disagreeable that Doris was thankful not to know her. A pretty little maid in a blue sailor suit seemed as if she might really be the needed friend until she fell suddenly upon an offending playmate and boxed her ears. One by one Doris discarded the entire congregation of street children as possible friends.

Suddenly, there was an odd, pattering sound along the hallway. The big door was ajar; Doris, with her back against it, could feel that somebody was standing behind it. She had an odd feeling that somebody was peering out through the crack. It was rather an uncomfortable feeling. Doris was glad when the door opened gently and the hidden person came out. The newcomer was a thin, poorly clad girl of twelve, and she hobbled between crutches. Her face, with its big timid brown eyes, its crown of brown curly hair, its sweet pink mouth, was reassuring, too.

The lame girl swung herself neatly down the steps and along the pavement. At first the playing children did not notice her, but when they did a chorus of taunting cries began.

"Bettina, oh Bettina!" shouted the boys, "Hippety-hoppety Bettina's going to buy her supper—her uncle's given her a cent!"

Then the thoughtless little rascals, hastily forming in line, limped along the roadway, imitating as closely as possible the lame girl's painful gait. Bettina, her cheeks white, her eyes miserable, her lips trembling, hobbled faster.

Doris, her blue eyes blazing with indignation, forgot her own shyness, tore down the steps and hurried after Bettina.

"I'm going with you," panted enraged Doris, getting between Bettina and the procession. "I never saw such unladylike boys!"

Bettina smiled through two big tears. "It's Tim Finnegan," said she. "He's a horrid boy, and he leads all the others. They wouldn't be like that by themselves. I haven't seen you before, have I?"

"No," returned Doris. "I'm brand new. And just now I'm out looking for a friend."

"What's your friend's name?" asked Bettina, whose voice was soft and sweet. "Perhaps I can help you."

"I don't know," replied Doris. "You see, I haven't found her yet. But I have to have one because I always have had. Do you know of anybody—a girl, of course,—that would make a nice friend for me?"

"I'll try to think of one," promised Bettina, earnestly. "But nice ones of exactly your size are scarce, I guess."

"I'm awfully particular," chattered Doris. "You see, she will have to suit mother, too. She must be clean, and talk nicely, and have nice manners, too. My own aren't so very good, 'n' mother told father that she hoped I'd get a friend that would have a good—a good—oh, well, something—over me. Oh, is this bakery where you're going? I'm glad it's here because I can't go beyond the corner—and—and this isn't very much beyond, I'll carry the bundle for you. Goody! The boys are gone."

"You made me forget them," said Bettina.

The girls parted at Bettina's door.

"You can't come in," explained Bettina, flushing with embarrassment, "because my uncle's home, and he doesn't like me to have company. But I tell you what! If you'll come down some other time and scratch like a mouse on the door—like this—I'll let you in if I'm alone."

Doris returned to the doorstep. Although she stood there until all her toes were cold no possible friend turned up. So the disappointed little girl toiled up the inside staircase to her home, and told her mother that she guessed there weren't any friends.

The next morning Doris scratched like a mouse at Bettina's door. The door opened gently and soft-eyed Bettina beamed at her little visitor.

"Have you thought of a friend for me?" asked Doris, eagerly.

"Not yet," returned Bettina. "But I'll keep it in mind. Come in. I have to sew buttons on shirts, but I can sew and talk, too. Every one of these (she pointed to a great stack of coarse blue garments) has to have six buttons on it."

"Could I sew shirts to buttons, I wonder?"

"I'll give you a strap of cloth to try on, if you like. We don't sew them tight — that would take too much thread. Just watch me."

As her fingers flew, Bettina told Doris about the cross uncle, about the pretty mother who died when Bettina was seven, about a moderately kind aunt, that wasn't really an aunt, who came home occasionally, and about the endless buttons.

Doris told about the pretty home they had left in Ohio because the father's work had called him to the city, about the two babies that kept her mother busy indoors, about her own hopelessly friendless condition. She spent a happy morning with Bettina, but left her at noon.

"You see," explained Doris, "I can't spend all my time with you because I've got to hunt for a friend."

Nevertheless, the friend-hunting little girl did spend a great deal of time with Bettina. Fortunately, the cross uncle was away a great deal, but Bettina had to stay with her buttons, so Doris had to do all the visiting. Sometimes she swept the floor for Bettina, sometimes she sewed on buttons. Often she brought down her own best-loved books and read aloud to Bettina. Always her tongue ran merrily, and every day she talked a great deal about the still unfound friend and the good times they meant to have together. Bettina listened patiently, but rather sadly. She, poor girl, had had very few good times. All this went on for three weeks, during which time Doris kept her eyes very wide open for the long-sought friend.

And then, quite suddenly, she found her.

"Doris," said Mrs. Parkman, one morning, "wouldn't you like to take your friend one of these little cakes?"

"Friend!" exclaimed Doris, grasping at the word. "What friend? I haven't found a single—"

"Bettina, of course. What is she if—"

"Why! Why, Mamma!" gasped Doris. "Why! Give me that cake! Why! Oh, please, please! Quick — I'll be back."

Doris was gone. A small excited person in blue was fairly flinging herself down the stairway and jumping the last four steps of every flight. She burst in upon Bettina, who was sewing on buttons. She scattered the box of buttons in every direction, and flung impetuous arms, cake and all, about surprised Bettina's neck.

"Oh, Bettina!" cried Doris, "I've found a friend!"

"Have you?" stammered Bettina, her big eyes growing wistful. "I ought to say I'm glad, but I — I guess I'm not. I'm awfully afraid you won't be coming to see me any more."

"More than ever," declared Doris, stoutly. "Lots more. You see, you are it!"

"What!" gasped Bettina, not believing her ears.

"You're the very friend I was looking for," explained Doris, "and I never guessed that I'd found you until this minute."

"I never thought," said shabbily clad Bettina, beaming happily, "that anybody'd ever want me for a friend."

"I do," said Doris, with another hug that almost finished the cake, "And I guess you're the kind mother meant, too, or she'd never have sent you this."

WHEN YOU EAT TOO FAST

You have indigestion, perhaps cramps, or in any case the system is overloaded with matter that should be eliminated. Breath gets bad, eyes look dull, headaches are frequent.

Why not cleanse and purify the whole system, why not strengthen the stomach, enrich the blood and assist your overtaxed digestive organs? Easily done with Dr. Hamilton's Pills; their action is most gratifying. In every case they give the exact assistance the ailing organs require. You'll feel fit and fine, eat with a relish, sleep like a top, have a clear color, and restful sleep if you regulate your system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c per box, at all dealers.

THE LAND OF FAIRY TALES

At the end of the world is a country fair,
Forests and mountains and vales,
And a wizard who lived in a turret there
Sits spinning the fairy tales
From gossamer webbing lighter than air
Blown there on the scented gales.

From the magical East's enchanted glare,
From palaces haunted and dim,
Old stories of princes and ladies fair
And genius and giants grim,
And the glittering dragon's secret lair
Blown over the world's great rim.

And he weaves them into a web of dreams
When the stars begin to peep,
And sets them loose 'neath the pale wee gleams
On the silent tides of sleep.
And swift they float on these wonderful streams
And into folks' dreams they creep.

And all the tales that we read today,
Tales strange and old and new,
Come out of that country far away,
Where he sits the whole day through,
Spinning his web of colors gay,
Spinning for me and you.

—London News.

BRIEF ESSAYS BY JUNIORS

THE SUN.

The sun is warm, and it makes the days warm.
The sun sleeps in the sky at night.
When the moon comes the sun goes away.
The other day when I was going to town I saw the sun. It makes the ice go away.

Stella McCombs,
Grade 1.

THE SUN.

The sun is in the sky, and it makes the days warm.
The sun shines in my eyes.
Cora sees the sun in the sky.
The other day when I was going to school I saw the sun.
The sun makes the flowers grow.
The sun makes it light.
The sun is warm.

Florence Lane,
Grade 1.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost is a jolly old Fellow,
He always nips a nut.
Jack Frost is in the tree.
His bed is on the ground.
Jack Frost was on the door,
He was on the house.

Burt McClelland
Grade 1.

JACK FROST.

Mr. Jack Frost bit my toes and made me yell. He got up in a tree in the winter time.
The sun makes Jack Frost go away.
Jack Frost makes the grass die in winter time.

Adele Read,
Grade 1.

JACK FROST.

The other day when I was going along the street I heard something squeak under my feet. I scraped the snow away and who did I see but little Jack Frost.
This morning as I was coming to school Jack Frost gave my nose a nip and made my face as cold as it could be. He made my feet so cold that I could hardly walk.

Jennie Stafford,
Grade 1.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost makes flowers on the windows. He made all the birds fly away to the South. He makes the ice hard for boys and girls to skate on. He makes all the flowers freeze. He makes the snow for the boys to make snow men. He makes his bed on the ground.
The other day as I went down town Jack Frost bit my feet. He made me fall down.

John Oswald Berry,
Grade 1.

WHEN IN DOUBT.

When you're in doubt, said the weather profit, just predict something disagreeable.
What for?
I fyou are wrong people are so pleased they don't criticise you.

THORNS IN THE FLESH.

Even worse is the agony of corns. Why suffer—cure is waiting in every drug store in the form of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which relieves at once, cures thoroughly and without pain. For good results use only "Putnam's."

The people who are looking for trouble can always be depended upon to find fault.