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 DECEMBER 28, 1907 No. 15

THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1907.

A Happy New Year, Juniors, and we hope we may hear from a great many of you throughout the coming year.

Ole Bull, about whom we have printed a little anecdote, told by Mr. Angell, the editor of "Our Dumb Animals," was a Norwegian and was one of the greatest violinists the world has ever known. He died in 1880.

The news we publish from S. S. No. 2, Harwich, did not reach us until Saturday, too late for our last edition.

DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to Problem No. 9:
Black 5 to 1, White 6 to 2, black 14 to 10, white 15 to 6, black 1 to 10, and wins.

Problem No. 9—Local Series — By W. K. Merrifield.

White.

Black.
White to move and win.

ON THE THRESHOLD

—BY—
NANCY BYRD TURNER

Lord of the unknown year appointed me,
Maker of every day and every night,
Still in its place, biding its time to be—
Keep Thou Thy hand upon the mystery,
Lift not the veil a moment from my sight;
Yet, step by step, as slow Thou leadest me,
Let there be Light!
—The Woman's Home Companion.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR

—BY—
JOSHUA F. CROWELL.

The little New Year was born last night
Among the twinkling stars so bright;
He floated down on a beam of light—
But no one saw the beautiful sight—
And landed upon a bed of snow,
Where the tallest, greenest cedars grow,
Where you and I can never go,
And only the birds and squirrels
—The Woman's Home Companion.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Drop Letter Puzzle.

The soldier, with his squad of men,
Through alien country made his way,
A sparkling gem allured him then,
So large, so fine its brilliant ray.
He stooped to pluck it from its bed,
When sudden on his sense there struck
A sound. "Whom can they be?" he said.
"Aha! 'tis but one foe. What luck!"

2. Riddles.

I.

You find me nearly everywhere;
In churchyard, still and quiet;
In parks where oft you seek repose
From city noise and riot.
In books and papers I am seen
Of varying size and hue;
And in the lifty edifice
So stately to the view.

II.

I'm sometimes made of iron or wood,
And painted by the workman good;
Yet I'm a gem, by ladies sought,
When into dainty trinkets wrought.
And just as often I'm of lead,
And repeat all languages, alive or dead.

III.

To you there's something I would give,
And yet you cannot take it.
It is not wrought by human hands,
And yet I often make it!
I drop it gladly at your feet,
I'm sure I cannot break it.
With me it may be low indeed,
Yet deference must wake it.

IV.

I live in the forest. So timid am I
That I run very swiftly when people I spy.
The ladies they brush me, the gentlemen cut me.
I'm sometimes heavy and often hard to see;
Of color I'm varied, some red, white or gold.
If you don't guess me now you'll have to be told.

V.

I am found in every room, and yet
I may be much greater than any room;
and may face the sea and not moved. I am sometimes made of a hard substance, and sometimes I am very light and thin. I am often seen in the field, and yet I am often in prison. I occupy a prominent part in a dialogue in one of Shakespeare's plays, and I was once the cause of a famous disaster—so the nursery rhymes tell us.

VI.

In the wood I am found — hard, crisp and dry. I have been full of life, but now I am old. I am, however, a part of every lady's belongings. I aid in the toilet. I also aid in the preservation of comfort in the home. I am spoken of as an encumbrance, but nearly every one asks my aid before going out.

3. Composers.

Two shoes, a man, and the boy's name, Bert,
Make two composers, if you're expert.
A root, a baker, and a letter between
Make one composer, as you may have seen.
A part of your body and the letter L
Make one composer, if you guess well.
What the boy does in fields of grass
And what he learns in the drawing class
Make one composer's famous name,
When you guess the words and join the same.

If you would always be sure of an audience, abuse somebody.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Dear Planet Junior,—I hope you had a real Merry Christmas, and I wish you a Happy and Joyous New Year.

Madge Wiley got a little sister for a Christmas present.

The Presbyterian Sunday School will have their concert on December 27th, and it's going to be very good.

Anna Ribble is spending her holidays in Blenheim.

School begins again on Jan. 5th, 1908.

The ice on the river is fine and we are having lots of fun skating and sleigh-riding.

Norman Lindsay got run over by a sleigh, but it did not hurt him much.

The Children's Aid sent out a great many Christmas baskets to the poor. They put a good roast in each one besides pie, cake, candy, nuts and oranges.

Ian Laird spent Christmas in Blenheim.

The Salvation Army had their Christmas tree and entertainment on Saturday night. It was a good one, Mr. Smale acting as Santa Claus.

The Methodist entertainment was held on Christmas night. They had a large crowd and a good time.

Jean Cuthbert, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer and Harold, of Windsor, spent Christmas at Mr. Cuthbert's.

S. S. NO. 2 HARWICH

Carrie McCormick took first prize for the Christmas drawings.

Nellie Biggart took first prize in December Calenders two months in succession.

Gertrude Smyth is on the sick list this week.

Mr. Justice Barker is back from the West.

Miss Bessie Houston and Mr. John Leatherdale were married on Wednesday, Dec. the 18th.

Our concert, which was held on Friday evening, Dec. 13th, was a great success.

We are going to have a Christmas tree on Friday, Dec. 20th.

The merry sleigh-bells are once more ringing.

Margaret Lowes has a very pretty Christmas drawing on the board.

The boys and girls at this school wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL REPORTS

S. S. 7, TILBURY EAST.

The following is the report of S. S. No, 7, Tilbury East, based on regularity, conduct, and general proficiency; names being in order of merit:

IV.—I. Michie, R. Peck, A. Larsh, B. Garbutt.
III.—J. Michie, A. Hamilton.
II. Sr.—T. St. Aubin, R. Sulliere, A. Garbutt.
II. Jr.—A. Reaume, H. Peck, W. Garbutt, R. Charlton, H. Racher, L. Brusso, A. Larsh.
Pt. II.—M. Peck, O. Larsh, Gertie Racher.
Pt. I. Sr.—B. Racher, G. Simons.
Pt. I. B.—J. Garbutt, W. Brusso, J. Michie, David Larsh, R. Hamilton, C. Hamilton.
Pt. I. A.—D. Peck, F. Letourneau, T. Latourneau.

N. R. BOYCE,
Teacher.

H. Ballard, proprietor of the Drummond House, Harrow, is in the city on business today.

FOR JUNIORS

HER ANSWER.

By Elizabeth L. Gould.

"My kitty tries to tell the truth,"
Said little Norah Gray,
"But she came near forgetting it
Three times this very day.
I asked her, 'Tell me, kitty dear,
Who made your basket-bed?'
And just as plain as plain could be,
'Me-you!' that kitty said.
I shook my finger at her, 'Now,
Who has a dress that's blue,
With narrow ruffles running round?'
I asked. She said, 'Me-you!'
And who's been scratched like everything,
And spit at, too, beside?'
I asked, and I was 'stonished when
'Me-you!' that kitty cried!"

NEVER GIVE UP.

When weary one night from the toil of the day,
My heart with its burden cast
Alone and unaided on life's barren way,
And all the world wearing a frown;
I heard the quaint tones, beating measured and slow,
Of the clock, from its shelf on the wall;
And, as the staid pendulum swung to and fro,
In rhythm these words seemed to fall:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Time will be given you.
Never give up."

And then, through the deepening silence, it seemed
A presence pervaded the gloom;
Although far away she lay sleeping,
I dreamed
My mother stood there in the room.
About her sweet face, as it turned to my own
Seemed resting a halo of light,
Like far-away music, I fancied her tone
Fell soft on the ear of the night:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Loved ones are waiting you.
Never give up."

Out into the night, to the quiet and calm,
I went to the starlight and dew;
For night, to the heart that is sore, has a balm,
A beauty that always is new.
I saw the great earth, as it swung to the dawn,
Stretching out to the east, to the west:
And out of the deep heart of nature seemed drawn
A voice with an accent of rest:
"Never give up. Never give up.
The world is wide for you.
Never give up."

My eyes turned above, where the bright eyes of space,
Through immensity's blue curtained deeps
In clusters of glimmering groups, seem to gaze
Far away, where the quiet earth sleeps,
And down through the broad, jewelled fields of the sky,
That radiant stretch over all,
There dropped a still voice, as it were from on high,
Which seemed to my spirit to call:
"Never give up. Never give up.
Heaven is over you.
Never give up."

"The past it is gone, with its sorrows and faults,
Then leave it and build you anew,
The past it is dead, locked in memory's vaults;
And living hopes beckon to you,
For the brave is the pathway of life.
Can you climb?
Then turn from the years that are dead,
With your eyes on the promise that's shining sublime
In the years that are lying ahead:
"Never give up. Never give up
The great misty future says
Never give up."

A BELATED CHRISTMAS

—BY—
Sarah Huntington

Rob and Nan had been counting the days to Christmas. For months they had saved their pennies, and had been to the village and bought their gifts. In the evening, before the open fire, they wrapped them in neat papers and labeled them in their "best hand." The family Christmas tree was to be at Aunt Mary's, and father was to drive them over in the old pung. All the other cousins were to be there, and they could hardly wait for the day.

A letter had come, saying that grandpa had been up on the hill and found the dearest little spruce-tree, and placed it in the back parlor near the fireplace, so that Santa Claus could not help seeing it.

When the morning came on which they were to start, the children woke up very early, and looked out to see if the sun were not as anxious as they, and had risen a little earlier, too. Alas! they found him very reluctant; he was hiding his face in a gray cloud and there was a snowy bank lying over the mountain.

Mother came to tell them that they must hurry and get ready for an earlier start, as they feared the snow would hinder them. They did not need to be told twice, and soon after breakfast the family was ready. Mother and father carried out the warm soap-stones and bricks, and packed in the sores and wraps.

The first of the twenty-mile drive was uneventful. After a while, however, mother began to cast anxious looks toward father, and every time she did so he urged the horses on faster. At last a tiny, soft, feathery snow-flake struck Nan in the face, and she gave a cry of dismay. "Oh, must we go back?" she wailed; but father only looked at the sky.

Silently they flew along for a while, but the flakes grew thicker and thicker, and at last father turned the horses' heads toward home. The wind grew bitterly cold, and the pung began to fill with the snow in spite of their efforts. For a time they felt that father did not know the way to go, and that he had left it to the horses. Just as Jack and Jerry stopped of their own accord, they dimly saw a landmark which they knew—a low, rambling house, and to this they made their way.

In this house an old man lived all alone, and he hurried to help them shake off the snow and come to the fire. The horses were put in the outer shed. They were all too glad to be thus sheltered to fret very much. Nan and Rob were bitterly disappointed, but when mother told them of the danger they had escaped, they did not complain. Fortunately, mother had a brimming basket of good things, and she set the table and tried to make them all as cheery as possible. So Christmas came and went, and the snow continued to sift and swirl about them.

"Are we lost, mother?" Nan asked at last.

"No, it's only Christmas that's lost," explained Rob.

"Shall we ever find it?" she asked; and then mother told her that as soon as it stopped snowing the roads would be broken, and they could go on.

The news of their mishap had gone to Aunt Mary, and the morning before they were to start, the stage, which had been helped and plowed through the drifts, brought them a large box; and when they joyfully opened it they found gifts for each, and candy and goodies of every description. There was even a gift for the man who had given them shelter.

This letter from Aunt Mary had come in the box:

"Dear Shut-ins. These things are to encourage you and tell you that the very storm that held you must also have held Santa, for he is not coming until you do, and the tree is waiting still, and we shall have our Christmas just the same."

As they rode off over the sparkling snow, Nan said, "I don't mind if Christmas was lost; it is so nice to find it again."

"Yes," said Rob. "Hooray for a behind-time Christmas!"

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY, Take LAXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

A fox sleeps, but counts the hens in his dreams.

Hope is a waking dream.

A Russian Christmas

—BY—
Zitella Cocke

In the silent Holy Night, when the fields are cold and white,
And the twinkling starlight's glow sparkles over roofs and snow,
Little Russians, snug and warm, safely housed from wind and storm,
Lie in beds of down and dream till the Christmas morning's beam
Wakes them from their slumber sweet. They listen for the aged feet
Of the one who reads them plain visions of their dreaming brain.
In her hands rich offerings, as she gently gently raps and sings:
"'Tis Babuschka, old Babuschka,
Knocking at your chamber door. Open now and take her store."
Ere one-half a stave is sung wide the chamber door is flung,
And the merry maiden band welcomes her with heart and hand.
"Enter, old Babuschka, dear! Thou dost bring the best of cheer,
For as clear as noonday beams canst thou read our Christmas dreams."
"I dreamed of a burning star, shall I behold the Tsar?"
Asks Alenandrina, proud. Pretty Xenia laughs aloud:
"I saw castles in a row. Shall I travel to Moscow?
Good Babuschka, dear Babuschka,
Thou wilt not our faith deceive. Read our dreams of Christmas eve!"
Anna and Katrina fair; Natalie, with golden hair;
Sweet Sophia, full of love, suing like a tender dove;
Sonia, shyest little maid, half-ashamed and half-afraid,
Longing, hoping, in delight tell the dreams of yesternight
With a tender, fond embrace, scanning old Babuschka's face.
While she, solemn, stern and wise, gazing in their telltale eyes,
Listening with an eager ear, reads them all they wish to hear!
Shrewd Babuschka, sly Babuschka,
Understands the plans and schemes in the wonderland of dreams!
—Youth's Companion.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A HORSE

(From Our Dumb Animals.)

When I was a little girl we lived in the country, about a mile from the little schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often towards the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him and he ended his days with us.—A. H. N.

BEFORE CHRISTMAS

—BY—
SINCLAIR LEWIS

A whole week, up to Christmas day,
The nursery's a meadow gay;
With pyramids of papers,
And kitten-snarls of strings,
And funny flowerish tapers,
In tiny tinsel things.

It is not like the Christmas tree,
But twice as strange, it seems to me,
I know that in some cupboard lair,
Or bureau, hides a Teddy bear;
There's blue and yellow candy,
In roly-poly bags,
I'm certain; tied with handy
Wee, holly-painted tags.

I sit, and think, and smile; not play,
The whole week, up to Christmas day.
—Youth's Companion.

THE OLD FRIENDS

—BY—
LOUISE A. WEITZEL

The shadows dance upon the wall,
The old friends all have fled,
Across the waste of years they call,
The voices of the dead.

Within the firelight's ruddy glow,
In twilight's quiet hour;
We see the old friends come and go
And feel the oldtime power.

Some died as children, girls and boys,
They left us at our play;
We think of them as broken toys
That we have laid away.

Some left in women's, manhood's prime,
Ere their day's work was done,
They sickened, died before their time,
As flowers in the sun.

Some in the fullness of their years,
Like sheaves were gathered in.
Though we could not restrain our tears
We felt that grief was sin.

The long procession comes and goes,
The old friends we have known,
Though the quick frost no longer flows
We oft make speechless moan.

It is a goodly company;
We love with them to speak.
Sometimes the daily cares we flee
And converse with them seek.

They still can kindly counsel give,
Their presence yet is sweet;
Who with the past delight to live
The present joys repeat.

What if the old friends be dead,
This comfort will remain:
That though their living forms be fled
Their memory we retain.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

What tree is there so fair to see,
So lovely as the Christmas-tree?
What other hides so many joys
On Christmas eve for girls and boys?
When winter's snows lie deep and white,
With tiny candles sparkling bright,
Its boughs are filled with wondrous things—
No other tree such pleasure brings!
And though it blooms but once a year,
And all too soon must disappear,
Of all the trees, you will agree,
The finest is the Christmas-tree!

DOVER CENTRE.

The following is the result of the December examinations by the pupils of S.S. No. 11 Dover. These after whose name the letter P appears were promoted to the next higher class—

Class V.—J. Martin, L. McEachern, L. Jackson, H. Brown, B. McKnight.
Class IV. Sr.—F. Asher,
Class IV., Jr.—J. Porter.
Class III., Sr.—B. AsherP, R. StevensP, E. TiffinP, E. JacksonP, E. Stevens.
Class III., Jr.—Ogtd BrownP, G. StokesP, C. MartinP, J. Jackson, G. Heath, C. Jackson, P. Mills.
Class II., Sr.—A. MartinP, E. StokesP, I. HeathP, A. WinterP, A. FoxP.
Class II., Jr.—E. Brown, B. Kennedy, L. Stevens.
Class Part II.—E. MontgomeryP, A. MartinP, S. Stevens.
Class I.—W. GrahamP, B. MontgomeryP, C. HeathP, E. Martin, B. Jackson, H. Jackson, F. Dunlop, O. Jackson, M. Dunlop, I. Wemp, H. Stokes, V. Burke.
Dora McKerrall,
Teacher.

"They Sell Well," says Druggist O'Dell, of Truro, N. S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nauseous dose that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless — a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents. 89
Sold by C. H. Quinn & Co. and W. M. Garvey.

Ole Bull's Christmas Present

—BY—
GEO. T. ANGELL

Christmas eve, as a tall, dignified looking gentleman was walking leisurely along one of the by-streets of London, his attention was attracted to a little boy who was looking in at a shop window in which were displayed various articles — some of them apparently second-hand — for sale. As the gentleman, whose long, thick hair fell far below his fur cap, approached the little boy, he saw that his gaze was fixed upon a beautiful-looking violin that hung in the centre of the window. Upon coming he heard him singing a familiar melody in a pure, sweet voice, which he accompanied with rhythmical movements of his slender arms and fingers as if he were playing the violin. He stopped to listen, quite charmed at the innocent, childish spectacle. Just then the little boy looked up, and, abashed at being observed, ceased his performance.

"Do you think you could play as well upon that violin, if you had it, as you can sing, my little fellow?"

"I don't know, sir, but I would like to try," the boy replied.

"Come with me," said the gentleman, and together they went into the shop. "How much for the violin in the window?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"Five pounds."

"Too much by half," said the gentleman. "Show me something cheaper."

After being shown five or six other violins, which he rejected after merely glancing at them—the little boy's big blue eyes looking more and more wistful all the time,—the shopkeeper handed out a dingy, antiquated-looking violin, with the remark, "Here's an old fiddle that I got of a sailor. It needs fixing up a bit, but you can have it just as it is for £1 10s."

The gentleman scrutinized it closely, inside and out, remarked that it was very much out of repair, but said that he would give just £1 for it, which the shopkeeper, after some hesitation, accepted, and the money was paid him.

"Put on a string in place of this broken one," said the gentleman; "and furnish me a good bow.—I will pay extra for it."

While this was being done, the gentleman looked down at the little, pale, wondering face upturned to his, and said, "What is your name?"

The boy quickly responded, "Leo! and my father rings the chimes—if you hark, you can hear 'em now!" The gentleman listened for a moment or two, and as the sound of the grand old bells died away, the shopman handed him the violin and bow ready for use. After tuning the instrument carefully, he unbuttoned his fur-trimmed travelling coat, and placing the violin under his chin, began softly and sweetly to play the tune which the Christmas bells had just rung out. For some minutes he continued to play, weaving the air into every conceivable kind of variation, and ended by playing the melody once more accompanied with harmonics and brilliant arpeggios. After the violin and bow had been placed in the box, he handed it to the bewildered boy, and patting him on his curly head, remarked as he buttoned up his great coat: "Carry the violin home with you, and take good care of it; it is worth £100 at least. Learn to play the tune I heard you singing outside the window, and as many more as you can. Tell your father to get you a good teacher; you may keep the violin; it is a Christmas present from Ole Bull." He opened the door for his little protege, and passed out into the crowd just as the Christmas bells rang out again their merry chime.

Many years ago, when we were in the practice of law in Boston, Ole Bull was one of our clients, and we thought him one of the most fascinating men we ever saw.

At a later period, when we were going to have the annual meeting of our Society in our Boston Music Hall, we asked Ole Bull to come and play "The Carnival of Venice," and our Music Hall was packed with an immense audience of some three thousand people to hear him play.

At the time of his death, in Norway, something like a hundred thousand Norwegians, if we remember rightly, attended his funeral.

We are very apt to get what we deserve.

Industry is a fine method of keeping trouble.