Boys and Girls C Page for the

No. 24

Short Stories

Little Roy Lewis went to visit his grandfather in the country. Going into the ben-house the day after his arrival, he noticed a number of feathers scattered about.

"Grandpa," he said that evening at the supper table, "you ought to degeomething for those poor hens. They are all wearing out."

My mother took my sister and me to the circus.
"Oh, mamma," she said as we stoped to look at the elephants, "are they rubber all over?"

HARD TO REMEMBER.

A certain New England woman who claims descent from a long line of stilf and aristocratic ancestors is constantly troubled by the fear that she may do something unworthy of the ideals which they established and the standard which she endeavors to maintain for herself.

One warm summer evening she was overpersuaded by a young cousin from New York to take a stroll along the street without any fixed destination, lured on by the charm of the flooding moonlight.

"What a beautiful night!" cried the girl. "But, Oh, Cousin Hester, you're not half enjoying it with a hat on and gloves! Do take off your gloves!" said Miss Hester, firmly, "I should not think of it. You are young, and you do not consider results and consequences. If one thegins to let oneself go there is no end to it. Since we started! have felt that my coming without a veil was not the four winds the mistake of the consider and the consider with the my coming without a veil was not the consider and consequences. Three performances were given for the exclusive pleasure of the Empress Dowager, the Emperor Kwang Hsu, Empress Yeholana and their court circle, all of whom enjoyed it immensely, and did not miss one minute of the "show," from the opening pageant to the regular concert "impageant to the regular concert "im-

William Morris once heard one of his poems read by a famous clocutionist, says W. H. Yeats, the Trish poet. The reader was carefully obliterating all the original rhythm in order to give what he conceived to be the proper expression.

Mr. Morris sat in uneasy silence

DO NOT WISH LABOR TO BE IN VAIN.

STRENUOUS ADVICE!

A weekly newspaper published every week young people of the MapieCity.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

The Planet Junior

A small boy and his little sister habeen guilty of an act of disobedien and they expected severe punishmen Their mother, much to their surprisms them only a kingly lecture. The

SHORT vs. LONG

them.

When the cavalcade reached the gardens, the little chaps in their quaint, loose trousers and flowing coats, were more surprised than ever to see a huge tent erected, for these little children of the far east had never even heard of a circus before. That was what the excitement was all about Pekin was at last to see a real circus. It had come from Shanghai with its sawdust ring, tiers of plank seats, trained horses, baby elephants, clowns, acrobats, bareback riders, peanuts and pink lemonade—everything that the most exacting small Amer.can boy could wish, in the "greatest show on earth" that comes to this town every summer.

he thin, keen, flat club type of the changed all that. All the keen changed all that. All the keen changed sin mow on the inner. Mr. J. F. Donoghus, one of greatest of all skaters, used only ix-yard stride in the champion-races of 1891, and Mr. Eden, who at St. Petersburg in 1896, went seven and a half yards at a

VERY DARING

COMMON THINGS

formance."

The Empress Dowager and her suite came across the lake in the palace gardens, In her 'yellow-our-tained yacht, to each performance. Seated in a foreign upholstered arm-chair, under a yellow canopy, she watched all the attractions with the greatest interest. She laughed heartily at the two little Hindoo dwarfs who frolicked about in Humpty-Dumpty clown costumes and was pleased with the trained horses and dogs. She used gold operaglasses to watch the trapeze performars and smoked of garettes dury

SHOWED THE ****************** WAY

There was no doubt of it; Mr. Hunter had lost the "field." He had searched for his companion fox hunters long but vairly, and now, says London Answers, he was reduced to asking the aid of a chubby little lad of 3, whom he met in a lane, "Hallo, Johnny! Which way did the hounds go?" he queried.

"Johnny" sucked a finger, and dropped his gaze.
"Come," coaxed Mr. Hunter, "don't be afraid; here's a peany for you, hounds go?" youngster took the coin, and fell upon all fours and "bow-d."

DELIGHTED PEKIN way," he said, shyly.

It was a bright clear day, and the sun was shiring brighty. Cyrus Harding and his father's ward, Tom Bodney, were playing with a number of other bys, who dailed themselves The Gang. This body had been organized about a year before. Cywas captain and Tom was icutentat. While they were thus playing they hard a merry jingle of sleigh-bells and on looking up they saw a runaway team come dashing down the front of the maddened pair (aluxhed the bridle chains and stopped the borses. It was a wonder that the vehicle was not overturned. If that had happened it would have been certain death for the occupants (a boy and a girl) of the outter. Although Cy, had stopped the team of the kids all right." On being told that they were, be gave a deep sight of content. Tom soon came in and after getting ready for the concert at the church that night. The gang were to have taken a large part in the doings and now Cy, would not be at his usual place at the head of his band. As soon as Tom was gone Cy, fell into a deep slep. He dreamed that he was one of a great attendance of angels climbrag up a long road, carrying a little fat Senta (Claus in a sedan chair.

At last they came to the end of their journey, which was a large open plain on which grew a small grove of Christmas trees, in the distance was a beautiful city. The trees, and giving the parcels to the angels climbrag up a long road, carrying a little fat Senta a took the parcel for the trees, and giving the parcels to the angels, they trooped off two at a time. At last senta of the tree remaining. Taking it in the distance was off the trees, and giving the parcel for the parcel of the angel said, "For he art Senta sid, "Now, what have you done" "I" seid he, "brought about the marriage of a pair who had been loving one another for five years, but could not marry for want of the present on the tree was when it saw the beautiful countries and pepared." You what sents a land of young man." In a few words of the sent of the present of the present of the present of the present of

Don't worry! In the tangled skein Of life a worrying thought But complicates the kind of pain And tightens up each knot.

Make Will the master of your mood; Through anxious fear and doubt, No peace, no pleasure and no good Was ever brought about.

Don't worry! Do the best you can, And let Hope conquer care, No more is asked of any man Than he has strength to bear. The back is fitted for the load; Your burdens all were planned; And if you sing along the road Kind Fate will lend a hand.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Grandpa had been showing William pictures and explaining to him about the veins and arteries and how the shood was circulated through the shood was circulated through the sody and the little boy had been ery much interested.

A few days later a smaller brother ras severely cut on the scalp. After the flurry was over and the head focly bondaged, William came to his other and said: "Mamma, did you sok at the veins in brother's head?" "Why, no dear, I didn't."

"My! what a chance you missed."

"Now, Bobby," she said, "I'll tell you what to do. You go and tell Burl that Sonta was so hurried last night that he had to miss some houses, but he will come back this way to night and v.st all the little stockings that he missed." Bobbys eyes were shiring, but not with tears, as he went out to tell Burl that good news. It happened that Mr. Murray owned a big store down town which all the little boys and g.rls called "Santa Claus" Store," at Christmas time. Bobby's mother told Mr. Murray all about the forgotten stocking. So when it was getting dark he went down to the store, and soon came back with some very mysterious parcels under his arm. He had just placed them safely behind a screen in the hall when the tea bell rang. He smiled meaningly into Mrs. Murray's eyes, and listened to Bobby's merry chatter about the grand fun he had had all afternoon.

After the moon was up, and Bobby had been asleep half an hour or more, Mrs. Murray wrapped a big shawl around her, and taking up the parcels from behind the screen, she went softly out of the front door, accompanied by Mr. Murray who carried a heavy basket. When they reached Mrs. Collins' humble little cottage, which was near by Mrs. Murray explained their mission to the widow. And they felt more than rewarded for their troubles, when they saw the imp, lonely little stocking hanging from the table, just bulging and running over with all that delights the hearts of little boys,— and heard the tympling, teatful words of thapks

GEO. S THOSE WENT Bargai

Triangular S Granite-3 in and over one gas Granite Pie I White Enam White Soap

VOL. XII

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THE PLANET JUNIOR, SATURDAY FEB. 27,

raitten for The Planet Junic by Phyllis Eberts, Chatham, and Awarded Honorable Mention by The Judges.

Written for The Planet Junior by Clayton LaMarsh, Wheatley and Awarded Hönorable Mention by the

Spent Christmas

How Cyrus

+++++++++++++++

o ships, which for a time exide each other lay, anchor in a foreign clime, ogether sailed one day.

WAGGING TAIL

SANTA'S

MISS

1904.
