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, JUNE 29, 1907.

TO OUR JUNIORS.

This will be the last number of The Planet Junior that will be issued until September unless you write to The Planet Junior yourselves during the holidays. If you would like to write letters telling us about whatevar you are interested in, we will be glad to print The Planet Junior during August, and your letters will appear in it, and we will mail a copy of the paper containing his or her letter to each child who gives us their post office address. We will also give any child who wants to write to us stamped envelopes and paper, so all you will have to do will be to write your letter and drop it in the nearest post office.

We hope that you may all have very pleasant holidays, and that you may find time to write to us, as we are always glad to hear from our little friends.

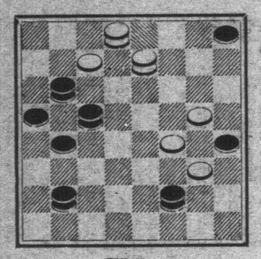
DRAUGHTS

The following is the solution to Problem No. 19, local series:

W. 7-11; B. 27-31; W. 11-15; B. 31-22; W. 30-25; B. 22-29; W. 15-22, and wins.

A Problem by Arthur Fayne, London.

Black.



White.

Black to Move and Win.

Some Forms of Salutation.

The Chinese, when greeting each other, will say, How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?

The Pole's greeting is, How do you have yourself?

The Russians meet on the street with, How do you live on?

The Persian's friendly recognition of a friend is, May your shadow never grow less.

The French gaily call out in passing acquaintances, How do you find yourself?

The Italian's greeting is, How do you stand?

The Egyptian's greeting is, How do you perspire?

The Dutch say, How do you fare?

The Swedes cry out merrily, How can you to-day?

The English and Americans nod quickly and in passing say, Howdy-do?

"INSIDE OUT."

'Twas "inside out" that was puzzling him,
Though "bright as a pin" was little Jim.
He stood at the window; "Oh, I see—
I am looking 'inside out'!" cried he.

G. L. S.

Junior Personals

Clifford Collop's sunflowers are about five inches high.

Charlie Harwood is going to Detroit on the 4th of July for his holidays.

Lorne Kenny is going to Pontiac for his holidays.

May Vandusen is going to Detroit in the summer holidays to visit her cousin.

Room 6 had their standing on the 25th inst., and Clifford Collop stands

Gordon Lang is going to Detroit in the summer holidays.

Gerald Ruhnke went on the Presbyterian Sunday school excursion to Belle Isle on Tuesday. When coming home a little boat upset.

Room 6 had a spelling match on Tuesday last. Clifford Collop's side side won. They had another match on Wednesday.

Mrs. John Harwood, daughters and sons visited her sister and friends in Mull on Sunday. They had a nice drive there and back.

Willie Jorrey won first prize at the running race, and got three points.

Della McMath was at Belle Isle on Tuesday. She saw some nice big fish and had a good time.

Fred Burnie won the long distance race, from the 4th concession into Grand avenue.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship when we plant the sea.
Wr plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The heel, the keelson, the beams and knee;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—New York Mail.

Blotches, pimples, flesh worms, black heads, are unsightly and denote impure blood. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will drive them away, carrying people clear to the top floor of health and happiness. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

ON CONDITIONS.

Father—Can you support her in the manner in which she is accustomed?

Suitor—Yes, sir; if you will raise an equal amount.

Girls will smile through the years,
Their eyes will always glisten with glee,
They will never be hidden by tears,
If they take Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

THEY KNEW WHEN.

Did the audience applaud when Mrs. Hytone sang?

No, when she stopped singing.

THE ARTFUL SQUIRREL

You may find many a squirrel in the course of your tramp, but no two alike exactly in their method of attempted escape or concealment. The ways and means of the little rascals are legion. One may flatten ten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless; and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an ear or a shoulder in relief against the sky you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length; but here the telltale ears are more easily silhouetted. Still another may crouch drawn up in a fork; and here the thing to look for is the fluffy tip of that little signal flag which always works and waves and jerks and signals so bravely when danger is in the air. Or one may gather himself up in a bunch to imitate a knot or knob; and here he can very well tell when you have spied him out. He will catch your eye, even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd, and will instantly limber up for headlong flight, leaping from tree to tree, till he vanishes over the ridge.—Field and Stream.

OVER-SHREWD LAWYERS

Over-shrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons.

Did you see this tree that has been mentioned by the roadside, an advocate inquired?

Yes, sir; I saw it very plainly.

It was conspicuous, then?

The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion.

What is the difference, sneered the lawyer, between plain and conspicuous?

But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness innocently answered:

I can see you plainly, sir, amongst the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous.

In another instance, a blow directed against the character of a witness forcibly recoiled.

You were in the company of these people? he was asked.

Of two friends, sir.

Friends! Two thieves, I suppose you mean.

That may be so, was the dry retort; they are both lawyers.

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of accident than of conscious effort. In a trial, not very long ago, a rather simple witness was in the box, and after going through his ordeal was ready to retire. One question remained:

Now, Mr. ——, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the court a different story?

A different story to what I have told, sir?

Yes; is it not so?

Yes, sir.

Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who have attempted this.

Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em, was the unexpected answer.

This ended the examinatoin.

A HOME SONG.

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true, and something more;
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home,
But every house where Love abides,
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

—Country Life in America.

He is twice a conqueror who can restrain himself in the hour of victory.

FOR JUNIORS

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

"I am It, I am It," cried the smiling sun,
"And the game has really now begun!
I will find each flower, each baby thing,
And touch it with the kiss of spring."

So down by the brook he peeped, and found
A yellow crocus near the ground.
"You're caught," cried the sun, 'you roguish miss,
You can't hide away now after this!"

Then in the woods and in the field
He sought the flowers which lay concealed.
"Come, bluebells and violets, every one,
For outdoor hide-and-seek's begun!"

He found the calves and lambkins, too.
"O-ho!" cried the sun. 'Oh, I spy you!"
And in a snug box by the old hayricks
He came upon Speckles with twelve small chicks.

"I am It, I am It!" the jolly sun cried.
"I will find you and touch you wherever you hide,
Wherever you crouch or wherever you run,
For outdoor hide-and-seek's begun."

—Augusta Kortrecht.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

The monkey has a yard of tail,
His ears are very small;
The rabbit's ear is like a sail,
No tail has he at all.

It seems to me 'twould be but fair,
Though it might make us smile,
If we could get them to arrange
To change about awhile!

THE MERCHANTS.

By Isabel Mackay.

I am the Frost.
I'll show you diamonds, laces and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line
Connoisseurs surely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.
Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emerald and amethyst;
Opal all rainbow kissed;
Ladies rise early to buy of the Dew.

I am the snow.
Let me display for your carpets most exquisite,
Choicest of bordering
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folks who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am the Rain.
Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful,
Maying these offers seem
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of gray
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.

—St. Nicholas Magazine.

A girl who has fallen heir to one of these Rocky Mountain Tea complexions is to be envied. Girls whose mothers and grandmothers took Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea conveyed a blessing on their children.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Feed famished hope with the cold alms of pity.

TOM BROWN'S HEART.

BY

JOHN W. ODLIN.

Tom Brown drove the chemical. Everyone in the district knew Tom; honest, tender-hearted Tom; and all felt confidence in him. Whenever the alarm sounded, when there was the mad scrambling of trucksters and cab drivers to get out of the way, when the cars stood still in a sort of breathless excitement, there was a feeling in the neighborhood that Tom would pull safely through the maze of teams and people to sustain the reputation of his handsome pair and be the first to arrive at the scene of the fire. There was always a strong will and a stout ambition apparent in the man's make-up, whether it was in the busiest hours of the day or in the stillest hours of the night that duty called him, for Tom was ever alert and ready, and, when his stamping steeds were let loose from the engine house, he ever proved the careful driver, who, with all his ambitions for speed, made the run in safety.

There was one box that Tom dreaded to hear rung, and that was "31." He could never forget how once the big school-house in that district had gotten afire, and he, too, remembered that by the barest possible chance all the little ones got out in safety. Too, he knew well that at certain hours in the day the streets near this school-house were full of these children, and whenever he turned up School street he breathed a sigh of relief on finding a clear road ahead of him.

One day, as Tom was petting his horses and telling them what good horses they were, as was his wont, the gong struck. One, two, three it rang, then it waited and then came the single stroke. Yes, here was that dreaded box and it was the very noon hour! With a little prayer that Tom was accustomed to say every time "31" had been rung in during the last nine years, he jumped to the driver's box and the next moment Crackers and Cheese jumped into the street. Up the wide avenue they dashed. The gong clanging loudly, and with speed increasing at every stride the pair of geldings were soon dashing over the pavements at breakneck speed.

"Hooray for Tom!" yelled an enthusiastic by-stander.

"Go it, Tom!" shouted the children that lined the sidewalk.

There was encouragement to the driver in this. In any undertaking there is always encouragement in knowing that you have friends who are wishing you well. But Tom could spare little attention to the cheers of his friends now, for Crackers and Cheese were pulling madly. They were known as the hardest bitted team in the department and the spare driver avowed that it always took a week to get the aching out of his arms after his one day of driving. But years of experience, coupled with arms of steel and a mighty heart, had driven this idea away from Tom's mind, and he rather enjoyed their pulling. To-day, however, they were really drawing on his strength. He believed they had never pulled as hard before, and he had some difficulty in guiding them around the corner of School street. Up bounced the heavy vehicle on the rubber tires as they struck the crossing and then they were flying down that fated street.

There before him, directly in his pathway, were the children, hundreds of them!

"Where are the cops?" he gasped as he braced his legs and strained at the reins with all his strength. The horses shook their heads, for they were travelling at a clip too furious to allow of an immediate slackening, and Tom knew it only too well, yet with all his power of body and soul he tugged at the reins.

"Oh!" he fairly groaned, as he narrowly missed striking a red-cloaked child, but he had no time to contemplate that, for there were new dangers ahead to be surmounted at every second.

Like fallen leaves moved by the breeze the crowds swept back. Tom knew that thus far he had gotten safely by, but heaven alone knew what the next second would bring. At last, when his arms ached so that he thought he must give up, he felt the horses lessening their stride. Crackers and Cheese were giving in. A joy leaped within him, for he knew that once more he had been to this run. It was always the same end of the run, he knew well. But, somehow, it affected him always for the remainder of the day. It would be hours before the terrors of that trip would subside, and, as he blanketed his horses while the firemen rushed a line into the building, he realized little that was going on about him.

For but a moment the animal hesitated, and then it jumped straight for those arms. People were appaled as they saw the dog shoot down through those thirty-five feet of space. They saw it turn over in its flight downward and then they saw it folded in those brave, strong arms, and a mighty cheer of delight and praise rolled out.

"There's your little Skippie," he said quietly, as he placed the pet safe at the feet of its little, loving

IT JUMPED STRAIGHT FOR THOSE ARMS

victor, and he felt the pride of victory.

There were no unusual features of predicting fate in them, and as he turned nervously he saw them all pointing to the roof of the burning structure. By the wagon wheel stood a little girl crying.

"Oh, my Skippie!" she wailed. 'My poor little Skippie!" Then the tears choked her voice.

There on the roof before them was a fox terrier running back and forth, giving out little yelps and shaking his head at the people in the street.

Tom had a little Boston terrior at home. His children loved it, and he always had made a great pet of the little creature. He recalled how it was always waiting at the window when he came home to his meals, and he thought what a pang of sadness it would bring not to find it there. Dogs had ever showed much confidence in Tom and he had always made them his friends. What could he do to save the little one's pet? Not a ladder was up, nor could one be placed in position, for the roof was in danger of falling in at any moment.

He planned quickly. The crowd respectfully made way before him, and all were silent. They all knew Tom and they looked up to him. Even the terrier watched him. Then he whistled, just as he whistled to his own pet, not very loudly, but distinctly, and the terrier heard. It poked its nose over the coping and looked down. It whined a little and then it saw Tom's outstretched arms. It saw the light of confidence in the man's face.

For but a moment the animal hesitated, and then it jumped straight for those arms. People were appaled as they saw the dog shoot down through those thirty-five feet of space. They saw it turn over in its flight downward and then they saw it folded in those brave, strong arms, and a mighty cheer of delight and praise rolled out.

"There's your little Skippie," he said quietly, as he placed the pet safe at the feet of its little, loving mistress.

"Oh, thank——"

But Tom had turned away and was adjusting Crackers' blanket.

THE ORIGIN OF GALL STONES.

They are simply dried bile, made up of crystalline constituents of that fluid. Very common is this disease among merchants, clergymen, shop-girls and those of sedentary habits. Prevention consists in maintaining correct action of the liver and bowels, which is best accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No person using this medicine need fear gallstones, nor will they ever be bilious. Sound digestion, good appetite, a clear color will evidence the health-giving properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are the safest and best for general family use. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. 25c. per box at all dealers.

The man who feels that the world owes him a living generally lets some other fellow go and collect it.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Hour-Glass Puzzle.

Thankfulness.
Precious stones.
A broom.
Wickedness.
In can.
Congealed liquid.
Vapor.
Birds.
A carrier.

The middle letters, read downward, indicate deceit.

2. Literary Anagrams.

I.

An author and three of his books.
George S. Lawton, D. D.
1. Elisha Moore—the Scot Hero.
2. Theron Fethelow, D. D.
3. Story of Pretty Millie Melshove.

II.

A well-known writer with four of his books.
Jeremy J. Harns.
1. A Spirit on Magpela In.
2. Rude Dick's Honor.
3. Pastor Rois' Pet Calf.
4. Letta Fern's Double.

3. Drop-Letter Puzzle.

My whole means to enter.
Drop a letter and I become a part.
Drop another and I am a copper coin.
Drop another and I am good to eat.
Drop one more and no printer is glad to see me.

4. Riddles.

I am a vegetable and mineral.
I am found in the earth.
I am also found upon trees, in groves, of warm climates.
I am eaten, but also am used to build houses.
I am used to raise crops.
I am sometimes shipped in blocks, and often I am sold in bottles.
I may be sold in bags as powder, or I am found in the candy stores as drops.
I can make a severe burn, and can devour anything until no remnant is left, but when properly preserved I am a table delicacy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST SATURDAY'S JUNIOR.

Following are the answers to last Saturday's "Musical Romance," the answers being in the same order as the questions.

Annie Laurie.
In Old Kentucky.
On the Banks of the Wabash.
In the Gloaming.
The Little Fisher Maiden.
Sweet Violets.
The Lost Chord.
I'd Leave My Happy Home for You.
With Palms.
The Blue and the Gray.
Solomon Levi.
Two Little Girls in Blue.
How Can I Bear to Leave Thee.
Put Me Off at Buffalo.
Comrades.
Old Black Joe.
All Coons Look Alike to Me.
Home, Sweet Home.

HER SPEED.

What is your typewriter's speed?
Her speed?
Yes. At what rate does she write?
Well, I should say at the rate of some 60 mistakes per minute.

The promises made under the influence of enthusiasm are forgotten almost without an effort to fulfill them.