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A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. III. CHATHAM, ONT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 23 1905 No 27

GRINDING TEA INTO POWDER

"History tells us that when coffee was first brought to the cities of Western Europe the first makers of it were Turks. They roasted and ground the berries and served the liquor as it is served to this day in the east, grit and all. We still drink coffee as we drank it then, with this difference, that we mostly omit the grits and drink an infusion instead of a decoction. It was not so with tea. No Chinaman was imported with the first pound of tea to teach us how to make and drink it. The consequence has been that we have never drunk tea in the Chinese way—that is, as a simple infusion.

"At first there seems to have been great doubt as to how to deal with the new herb. It is even said that it was sometimes boiled, with salt and butter, and served up as a sort of spinach. The old phrase, 'a dish of tea,' seems to bear out this legend. Finally it came to be settled that the most wholesome and pleasant way to treat the tea leaf was to make it into a kind of sweet soup with sugar and milk or cream. I have personal knowledge of no country in Europe but one where tea is used as in China—Portugal, which got its knowledge of tea-making from a province of China, with which, at that time, no other nation of Europe was in contact.

"It was while travelling on horseback with a guide in the wilder parts of Portugal, away from the shops and inns, where we had perforce to make experiments in the most economical use of the few ounces of tea and coffee that we could afford to carry with us, that we hit upon a discovery. Having no milk, we drank our tea, as most Portuguese drink theirs, as a simple infusion, sweetened with sugar.

"I remembered to have read, I believe, in the travels of the Abbe Huc, that, when the Chinese desire to be thrifty in the use of the finer and more expensive teas, they grind the leaf to powder, and use less for the infusion. We found that tea could be ground in a coffee mill as easily as coffee; that tea made with the powder is as good as or better than when made with the whole leaf, and that the powder, as it naturally would, goes further than the tea leaf."—London Times.

SINBAD'S ALLEGED PROTOTYPE.

The story of Sbad the Sailor is believed to owe a good deal to the legend of St. Brendan, the Kerry saint, whose day is May 18. According to the legend, St. Brendan sailed the ocean for seven years in search of the island that had once been Adam's Eden. During that time he regularly visited the Island of Sheep, where the sheep are as large as oxen; the Island of Birds, that are really fallen angels, and another island, which is really a big fish named Jascon trying to get its tur into its mouth. St. Brendan used to encamp on the fish on Easter Monday. He found the Eden Island at last, but no one has seen it since, though it appeared on seventeenth century maps and in an eighteenth century treaty between Spain and Portugal. Probably Irish monks took this legend with them to the East in the ninth century.—London Chronicle.

'OUR S HOOL"

Three Excellent Essays Written for The Planet Junior in the Gold Medal Competition, and Highly Commended by the Judges

OUR SCHOOL.

The McKeough School is situated on Forest St. It is a two-storey building and has twelve rooms, all of considerable size.

Before this school was built the people of North Chatham sent their pupils to the Head St. school, where the old brewery now stands. The people did not think that a fit place to send their children, so built the present school. It was then a six-room building. They had a large assembly room. The growth of this school was surprising and they had to enlarge it in 1896, and now we have a large assembly room where we hold small entertainments. The school was afterwards named the McKeough School, after the late Wm. McKeough. The widow of Mr. McKeough now gives medals to any boy or girl who stands first in a room.

We have our annual picnic every year. This is a great success. In the afternoon lacrosse is played. The teachers after this give the boys and girls their supper. In the evening they have fireworks.

Many of the ex-pupils of the school rise very high. Some of them being Marie Dressler, the celebrated actress, and several professional gentlemen in the Maple City. All these seem to have a fair education. The school is quiet and you do not hear the rumble of wagons.

The McKeough School is a beauty spot of North Chatham. In the summer the foliage of the maple trees makes it look very pretty. You can also get a good view of the surroundings. You can look the whole length of Hilliard St. The school is a block from Victoria Ave. At the back of the school you look out on the playground, and it is a lovely sight to see the pupils enjoying themselves at play.

F. GROVES.
McKeough School; Miss E. Abram, teacher.

OUR SCHOOL.

In the heart of our pretty and up-to-date city, which fifty years ago could scarcely boast of more than a dozen houses, is situated our new and beautiful school, the Central.

Had we, with our forefathers, visited what was then a city, undoubtedly we would have found a little log school house, consisting of not more than one room, in which all classes were taught. But as time passed on and our village became a town, it was found necessary to build a larger school. This was a brick one, and stood until nine years ago on the same spot where our new school now stands.

Our school grounds cover about half a block, running along Wellington, Centre and School streets. Almost in the centre of the plot stands the building, which is indeed a grand structure.

The school is three stories high, and there are eighteen large class rooms, besides office, library and kindergarten. Our class rooms are all very bright and spacious.

There are two main entrances, one on Wellington and one on Centre streets. Leading to the school are large granolithic walks, along which the pupils march out in their lines to the street where they are dismissed.

The school is built of brick and stone, which are formed into a beautiful and attractive building. The roof of the school is slate. The architecture of the school is beautiful. The first thing you would notice is the cylindrical rooms from the basement to the roof.

Going into the first hall are large entrance doors, which lead to the first flat.

The basement, which we will describe in a few brief sentences, is at the lower part of the school. There are furnaces, water taps and all conveniences.

Coming up from the basements are large stairs leading to the first flat. On this flat are five bright and attractive rooms for the primary classes, which are decorated with bright colors to attract the attention of the little ones.

Also on this same floor is the kindergarten, which might be classed as a separate school. There are daily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pupils. The windows are decorated with pretty curtains and the walls are hung with different pictures. There is a private office on the same floor. In the office is a telephone, which the pupils have the privilege to use at all times. Then there are pictures, a couch, chairs, tables and a writing desk, and all other things which go to complete a comfortable and neat office.

On this same floor the pupils have their paintings and drawings hung around the walls. There is also one of the four pianos.

We will now go to the second flat, which leads from the first by large stairs covered with rubber, as also are the other stairs. On the second floor are the rooms for the more advanced pupils, from the second to the leaving class. Here also is everything polished to its utmost to please the pupils.

Many of the rooms are decorated with paintings by the best artists in the world, some of which are Millet, Shakespeare, Huffman and Rosa Bonheur.

The library is on this flat, right opposite the entrance room, where it is filled with splendid and interesting books for the boys and girls. The entrance class also has the privilege of taking books from the Public Library.

We will now describe the third flight. On this flight are also bright and attractive rooms for the third class pupils. On this flat, as on the others, everything is made comfortable for the pupils.

We will now turn our attention to the school garden, which teaches the pupils how to sow seeds and raise vegetables. The seeds were given by one of our prominent citizens, who willingly lent a helping hand towards the improvement of our school.

In the fall we have a fair, where vegetables, flowers and nature study work are shown by different pupils. At our fair we have an ice cream parlor, candy cafe, art gallery, writing gallery, and a room for the pet cats, dogs, chickens and everything imaginable. And prizes given for the best articles. In the evening they have an orchestra, which furnishes excellent music for a large gathering of people.

Then there is a special treat for the pupils who sell the most tickets for our fair. They are taken on a trip to Wallaceburg to visit the different factories.

In the morning we all assemble in the lower hall, where we have our morning exercises, and then march to our rooms.

In the office we have an electric bell, which can be rung either in the office or from the second hall. We have our bell signals, which one thing the boys and girls pay most attention to the bell is when it gives four rings. This is for a fire drill, for in case there was a fire the pupils could get out safely.

We have four pianos, which are used every day.

For the subjects, which I will describe in a few brief sentences, are very many, but the principal subjects are composition, physiology, grammar, grography, writing, drawing and reading.

For the last two years money has been given to provide the poor with things so that they can attend school. The sum was one hundred dollars, which was given to our principal.

Now, dear readers, you can judge for yourselves how the city has increased in population during the last fifty years, and how a great many citizens has received an education in the Central school.

LAURA AINSWORTH,
Central School.

THE BARBER OF BAYONNE

The great corporation of barbers has produced some distinguished men before and since the Barber of Seville. The city of Bayonne boasts one of them. His name is Perron. He is a barber, a musician, a poet and a journalist. He edits a journal called the Bayonne Razor. "To barbers," he says in his lyrical way, "belongs the head of man, that head which the Deity has made in His own image and which we are spiritually ordained to to remodel. Two infinities stretch across the ages: one of them is the creative power, the other is the barber." That is pretty well, and it incites a Paris critic to ask, "Where is your Victor Hugo now?" M. Perron is a Knight of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, leader of the orchestra at the masked balls of Bayonne, musical critic of various journals, the composer of a hundred pieces of music, director of the Perron Academy of Hairdressing, and the father of six children.

DISCIPLINE EXERCISED OVER JAPANESE

No merely up to the age of school life, supposed to begin at six years, but considerably beyond it, a Japanese child enjoys a degree of liberty far greater than is allowed to Occidental children. The genral rule, says Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in "Japan," is that the child be permitted to do as he pleases, providing that his conduct can cause no injury to himself or others. He is guarded, but not constrained; admonished, but not compelled. In short, he is allowed to be so mischievous that, as a Japanese proverb says, "Even the holes by the roadside hate a boy of seven or eight years old."

Punishment is administered only when absolutely necessary, and on such occasions, by ancient custom, the entire household—servants and all—intercede for the offender, the little brothers and sisters begging in turn to bear the penalty instead. To frighten a child by loud, harsh words or angry looks is condemned by general opinion. All punishment ought to be inflicted as calmly as possible, the punisher gently admonishing the while. To slap a child about the head for any reason, is a proof of vulgarity and ignorance.

It is not customary to punish by restraining from play or by a change of diet or by any denial of accustomed pleasure. To be perfectly patient with children is the ethical law.

At school discipline begins, but it is at first so very light that it can hardly be called discipline. The teacher does not act as a master, but rather as an elder brother, and there is no punishment beyond a public admonition. Whatever restraint exists is chiefly exerted on the child by the common opinion of his class, and a skilful teacher is able to direct that opinion.

Each class is nominally governed by one or two little captains, selected for character and intelligence, and when a disagreeable order has to be given, it the child cantain, the kyucho, who is commissioned with the duty of giving it. In higher classes the pressure slightly increases, and in higher schools it is very much stronger, the ruling power always being class sentiment, not the individual will of the teacher.

It is never the domination of the one over many that regulates class life. It is always the rule of the many over the one, and the power is formidable. The student who offends class sentiment will suddenly find himself isolated, condemned to absolute solitude. No one will speak to him or notice him even outside the school until such time as he decides to make a public apology, when his pardon will depend upon a majority vote.

LITTLE THINGS.

One little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in the field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay,
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.
—Ernest Whitney.

We always pride ourselves upon our virtues and attribute our vices to the influences of heredity.

The man who insists on others keeping cool in exciting moments rarely does so himself.

Love may be blind, but it will generally find a way.

ASTOR'S PALACE OF MARVESL

Amazing wonders are at present being wrought by William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire and naturalized British subject, upon the historic Hever estate in Kent, which he recently purchased. The artistic owner is spending money with a lavish hand in beautifying the expanse of two thousand acres that spread around the old moated castle. Though the cost of the undertaking is probably not definitely known to Mr. Astor himself, the popular estimate is that a million and a quarter pounds will be expended upon the improvements during the next two years.

There is no busier area in industrial England to-day. About a thousand men of all trades have taken up their residence in the neighborhood. Recently The Daily Mirror paid a visit to the place, which nestles at the foot of a hill. The road which hitherto led close to the castle has been diverted, and now passes some hundred yards further away. To make this new road it has been necessary to build two bridges over the River Eden, which winds through the estate.

Round the castle masons and carpenters are building a picturesque model village, toned to harmonize with the grey old walls of the castle. A bridge built across the moat joins the new buildings with the old. But the most gigantic part of the work is the making of a lake, where formerly green meadows stretched. This lake will cover an area of nearly fifty acres and will be sixteen feet deep.

In its present topsy-turvy state the estate suggests Clapham Junction, for everywhere run railway lines and fussy little engines sport up and down. Each day seven hundred and fifty truckloads of soil are carried away to make a bed for the great lake. Round the outer edge of the estate runs a fine deer fence, and a pond is being dug. High up on the hill a model farm has been built, with every modern and most perfect appliance. Close behind the castle an Italian garden is being laid out, surrounded by high walls, with many niches and stone brackets for statues.

The utmost rigor is observed to keep the public from entering the estate and from taking photographs of the building as it rises. Workmen have been discharged at a moment's notice who have tried to snapshot the operations. Only a few days ago a well known member of the peerage motored over for the purpose of taking a snapshot or two of the place. No allowance was made for the distinguished visitor; he had to depart empty handed.

Mr. Astor himself takes the keenest interest in his great project, and is constantly down at Hever watching the working of the miracle. Hever Castle is of great antiquity and was built by Sir William Hever in the reign of Edward III. It was here that Henry VIII. domiciled Anne of Cleves. —London Mirror.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads, replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds, attention to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till soothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber what it seems to enrich!
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he known no more.
—Cowper.

THE RAIN CURE THE LATEST FAD

The rain cure is the latest fad for repairing the ills to which human flesh is heir. The new cure has been quite extensively tried in Texas and some of those who have taken it say that it is a panacea for all chronic diseases as well as many of the lesser ills of the body.

There is nothing complicated about the rain cure. All that is required of the patient is that he shall stand in the open, with his body bare of all clothing, and let the falling rain pour on him.

The sensation is said to be very agreeable. Those who have tried the new treatment assert that the rain falling upon the bare body invigorates the whole system, and is especially strengthening to the nerves.

There is no set rule for taking the treatment. Some of those who began it several months ago, at the early break of winter, have stood in the rain for several hours at a time without suffering effects of a disagreeable character afterward.

Devotees of the rain cure welcome the appearance of a black cloud which forebodes a terrible downpour of rain. It is then that they strip to the skin and get out in their back yards, which are enclosed by high board fences, and let the water come down upon them in torrents.

It is declared that the rain cure is a sure remedy for rheumatism, and that decided improvement has been noted in cases of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. For nervous disorders the treatment is said to be infallible. One treatment, it is said, will cure a severe cold.

The treatment is believed to have had its origin in Austin, Texas. So far as can be learned, John Durst, a young business man of the city, was the first person to give it a trial.

A few months ago he was suffering from a severe cold. A rainstorm came up, and while it was in progress he decided to strip and get out into it to see if it would help his cold.

The experiment was a success. The one treatment cured his cold. Since then he never missed taking the rain cure when at home during rain. He has perfect health.

He related his experience to some of his friends, and the fad, if such it can be called, has spread rapidly.

It is recommended that weak persons who take the treatment should not remain in the rain too long at a time, and that a vigorous rubbing should follow the wetting.

It is the theory of those who have taken the treatment that its efficacy lies in the fact that the rain drops contain peculiar medicinal properties and that, coming through the air as they do, they are charged with electricity, which has a direct effect upon the body.

GETTING THERE.

A man with a good thing to sell is like a man with a good thought in his head. The idea will profit nothing unless it be put before the world in some rational and effective way. So, too, must the world know about a commodity before it will buy. A man with a fine light may hide it under a bushel; a man with an A1 idea may secret it under his hat, and a man with the raw material of a fortune at his disposal may flock by himself so long as he lives and finally die poor.

WHEN SELECTING FRUIT.

Buy oranges which are heavy but not too hard.

Buy pineapples whose top edges are smooth, and not the rough, saw-edged variety.

Buy celery which is crisp and breaks when bent much.

Buy radishes and turnips which are firm and not spongy.

Buy cantaloupes which are neither too green nor too soft.

Buy asparagus which is stiff.

WOMAN MAKES SLICK ROBBERY

A richly dressed woman of middle age stopped in her carriage before the door of Dr. Leroux, celebrated alienist of Paris. She sent in her card and awaited him in his study. She tells him that in her carriage was her son, a young man who had become deranged through overwork in the Praga university and talked of nothing but money and jewels, believing, in his hallucination, that he possessed untold wealth. She then sent in the young man and departs in the carriage. The alienist then interviewed his patient, as follows:

"Have a seat, my young friend," said the doctor. "How do you like to read magazines?" he added.

"Oh, I like them all right," replied the young fellow, "but I have no time."

"Why not?" said the doctor. "I am going to let you have some very beautiful ones."

"I thank you very much, sir," replied the young man, "but I am in a hurry, and I wish you would give me the hundred thousand francs and let me go back to my jewels."

The doctor smiled.

"Let me see your tongue," he said.

The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"My tongue?" he asked, "what has my tongue to do with the money you have to give me?"

"Oh," replied the doctor calmly. "We will attend to the money in due time."

"Enough!" cried the young man, "you are making fun of me. Give me the money and let me go!"

"Surely," said the alienist, "I will give you the money—to-morrow morning."

The doctor pressed a button, and two servants appeared.

"Take the patient to No. 56," he ordered.

The unfortunate youth became frantic, and the doctor ordered his assistants to use the straight-jacket, which was done.

Next day the alienist, after reading some important letters, commenced to peruse his favorite dailies. He had hardly begun when the paper fell from his hand.

The article which the famous alienist had just read was as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon a well-dressed woman, describing herself as the Countess Chamouska, purchased from Lefevre Bros., the well-known firm of Boulevard des Italiens, several valuable jewels, the price of which aggregated 100,000 francs. The woman declared she did not have enough money with her to pay for the purchases, and asked a member of the firm to send a clerk with her to her home, in Chaussee d'Antin, where her husband would pay the bill.

"M. Lefevre sent one of his confidential clerks with her. They drove together in the woman's carriage. The clerk has not returned and nothing has been heard of the woman."

* * * * * * *

"John," called the doctor, "set free No. 56; he is neither crazy nor fool. The only fool here is myself."—Eugene Fourler.

EMPEROR SELDOM SEEN.

The Emperor of Corea, who ascended the throne when he was 12 years of age, is seldom seen by his subjects. When, however, he does condescend to appear in public a remarkable spectacle is witnessed. All the shops are closed, and His Majesty is preceded by a crowd of individuals dressed in the most fantastic garments. The din created by cymbals, drums, pipes, trumpets, bells, and the voices of the multitude is indescribable. The Emperor travels in the imperial chair of state, which is carried by 36 runners.

a loving heart makes a thoughtful head.