

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## The Bane of Society

It is Wanton and Dishonest Extravagance—The Mere Glorification of Sex and the Perpetual Worship of Vanity.

The bane of social existence in these modern days is undoubtedly a wanton extravagance. The waste of wealth by one section and the endeavor to compete with that standard of waste by another. At all periods of the world's history the titled and exclusive members of society have been the leaders of fashion. Court circles and nobility have claimed social prestige as their right. The uses made of that self-appointed right have not escaped criticism; rather have they challenged it. But as all things are pure to the pure, so all things are condoned to the rich. Occasionally society has shown some dignity and some exclusiveness. Its pleasures have been neither morbid nor vicious and its extravagances a mere use of the superfluous wealth in inheritance. But of late years and especially in the present young century, the pursuit of pleasure has displayed a morbidity of taste and temperament that comes under the heading of vice and every symptom of a money-wasting that lays claim to title of extravagance. Men and women alike have flaunted their wealth and their immorality in the face of the world. They have scorned to condescend to cloak their misdeeds with some flimsy pretence of eccentricity; rather have they openly gloried and boasted of them. Heirs have been born to the peerage, but that sublime piece of fiction has asked no questions as to the domestic violations of the noble parents or the terms on which aristocratic marriages are endured! Great names have distinguished the bankruptcy court and the patronage of many a society leader with a string of titles and an entree to court circles has meant the ruin of her tradesmen and financial difficulties of her dressmaker.

The "smart" modiste who was first responsible for the smart woman must have often repented of her Frankenstein creation. As she built up and clothed the creature of her imaginative genius she never dreamt of the horde of imitators at her heels. Creator and created never stand side by side in the rank of fashion, and the demands of the one and the needs of the other make diverging reading in the daily press. Huge bills, and dunning dressmakers, and rate hounds are at once a wonder and a scandal. The senseless vanity of the fashionable woman is beyond all satire to touch and all patience to reckon with. It is almost beyond the credence of human sense. Herself and her appearance are apparently the twin gods she has elected to worship. Costly apparel and costly subterfuge and costly art are all called in to assist at this Temple of Beauty, are all used as a means to an end—and that end the mere glorification of sex, the perpetual worship of vanity. The great emptiness of fashionable millinery, dressmakers and toilet specialists are nothing less than a scandalous tribute, a living embodiment of perfect sensual deification. From the first flimsy lace and silk articles of the toilet to the last crowning glory of gown and jewels, all spell money, money, money, money spent not wisely or unselfishly for the material benefit of less fortunate fellow creatures, but money lavishly poured out at the shrine of senseless extravagance. Money won at the gambling table or the race-course or secured by means even creditable to feminine honor. Money secured anyhow and anywhere, so only that the person of its owner may be singled out as the best dressed or the "smartest" woman of her set.

Perhaps at no period of the world's history have leading modistes played so important a part. They range from the lady of title who wishes to add to her insufficient income down to the mere adventuress who puts up "Madame" as a qualification and relies on her staff for results and on credit as a "draw." Credit prices have been mostly shown to mean a mere two hundred per cent. profit. But as a dressmaker has to rent a good business position—as her staff demand large weekly payments—as the credit of Paris and London drapery establishments is limited to quarterly or half-yearly settlements, it stands to reason that money must be forthcoming from somewhere—therefore large profits have to be made to compensate for occasional bad debts. And large profits mean exorbitant charges. The fashionable dressmaker of today is not contented with a mere show room and fitting room. She must have magnificent premises decorated and furnished to show off her cost. She must have a suite of rooms, where evening, morning and other toilets may be tried and in fact inculcate the laws of an inordinate extravagance in the minds of her clientele and then leave them to profit or suffer—by its teaching.

The parade of wealth is as senseless as it is vulgar, but it is the cult of the day. From the drawing-rooms of

Buckingham Palace to the saloons of Mayfair—from the lawns of Burlington to the "Sunday show" in the Park—from the racecourse to the river—from the houseboat to the yacht—from the lochside to the grouse moor, there is the same ceaseless "dressing of the part." The everlasting changing of expensive and unnecessary costumes. The deification of sex is a mere clothes peg for idiotic fashions and insane expenditure! From time to time irate husbands expose their grievances in the law courts. From time to time the unprincipled system of the fashionable dressmaker is held up to the public scorn. But it is all useless. The beauty of the woman may be only "skin deep," but her vanity goes to the bone.

And it is this vanity which reveals in countless extravagance which keeps her in a perpetual state of rivalry with her fellow-woman, which makes the fortune of Madame Modiste and has been a source of income to that bane of society the Beauty "specialist." That facial decorator who professes to restore youth and retain loveliness with the aid of her pernicious trash and all the array of massage, paint, skin

tonics, hair dyes, face masks, lotions, salves and other paraphernalia that play their part in the morning and nightly toilet of the fashionable woman. These decorative habits are also an additional expense to the mere necessities of dress. They would never have become habits but for the senseless creed of imitation. For women are undoubtedly the slaves of imitation. Whoever sets the fashion it is an unwritten law that it must be followed. No matter how ugly or unbecoming or uncomfortable or expensive is the mode of the hour, the great fact of its being the mode is an edict that needs no enforcement.

I met one sensible woman this season and we talked dress and modern extravagance. "I consider it perfectly wicked," she said—"the sums that women spend on their toilet. Fifty guineas for a gown when you know its whole material represents but the value of a £5 note! And all because she must go to a fashionable dressmaker who has the good sense to make her less fashionable clients pay for the discreditable titles who simply go on giving cheques 'on account' and orders that are unaccountable! Fifty guineas for a flimsy, useless thing that can only be worn some half-dozen (or even less) times! Think of it! Why, what lots of useful, sensible, needful things one could buy for the same sum!"

"Yes," I agreed. "Even a Chippendale chair or a bookcase and they will last and be a pleasure to look at when the gown is a mere rag!" "I am giving up town life altogether," she continued. "It is simply fully extravagant. I shall live in the country and wear a serge coat and skirt and a plain straw hat and spend the money I save on my house and garden, and helping the unfortunate. I've had to spend nearly a thousand a year on hats and gowns and their accessories in order to keep me in the swim. I shall not do it any longer." Furthermore, she told me a tale of

a pretty society butterfly who openly declared that when she saw her first wrinkle or her first grey hair she should take a dose of poison immediately. She had lived but for vanity and pleasure—vain gods of modern woman. When her gods failed her there would be absolutely nothing left for her to do save end her existence. And this is but one of many instances I could give of the absolute sacrifice to that god of vanity, than whom there is no greater tyrant nor crueler task-master. The certain fate that lies before such women has been predicted again and again, but though an angel from heaven stood up and proclaimed it in their ears, they would only scoff and laugh and go straight to Madame La Modiste for a new hundred-guinea gown in which to play bridge! Incidentally they might even criticise the celestial visitor's appearance, the arrangement of draperies, or the more or less becoming effect of real wings. To the possessors of great wealth it may seem a fitting and indeed a compulsory duty to spend it lavishly, but while they have the means and the right at their disposal, is it not a thousand pities that they disregard the power of example? That which so much poverty, sufferings, hardships and distress of every sort around and about them, they fling the princely gifts of fortune to the winds of every passing whim. That they waste on a gown—a hat—a jeweled bauble, a toy dog, what would support a whole poor family for a year. What might lighten the burden of the artist struggling to be known, the lot of the weary author grinding, grinding, precious thoughts out of the over-turning mill of his weary brain; the innumerable hardships and necessities of the work-a-day world at their doors.

A careless charity that means cheques to committees—the red tape

and sealing-wax formulas of lawyers, the petty bickerings and mismanagement of "Societies," those are the usual recipients of the help of the wealthy. But the real charity of helpfulness, of delicate assistance or aid given just at the right moment and to the right person, of these things they are professedly ignorant. They are things painful and distressing, and society hates to be distressed; to have to think; to have to see that the glittering bauble of pleasure flies always over and above some undercurrent of pain. That for the enjoyment of the few, the many suffer—suffer and are oppressed until they can only curse life and die—glad for the one respite life at last allows them!

The wasteful extravagance of one section of society points ever and always to the future of retribution which sooner or later must take vengeance on the vices and tyrannies of the rich. They meant the downfall of Babylon and of Rome in days of old, the overthrow of monarchy in later days. Does anyone pause to ask what they mean also for England and England's rulers in the near future.

SYMPATHY.

Sorrow fills the heart I know  
With a leaden weight of woe;  
Makes the lives so dark, so drear,  
Fills our souls with doubt and fear.  
Yet it is not hard to bear  
If there's someone near to care;  
If some kindly voice, sincere,  
Whispers, "I am sorry, dear."  
Like the sunshine after rain:  
Like the calm that follows pain;  
Like the harbor lights so bright  
To the sailor in the night;  
Like cool water to parched tongue;  
Like an anthem sweetly sung;  
Is the knowledge—when grief tears  
At our heartstrings—some one cares.

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet's files from July 14, 1860, to Aug. 2, 1860.

W. G. Foote advertises cows for sale.

An unknown man was found dead near Dealtown.

Monday was the first day of the woodchuck season.

Mrs. Sandys, at the Rectory, advertises for a nurse.

Mrs. Margaret Sims, of Bothwell, passes away suddenly.

Mrs. Cosgrave, Dover East, advertises for a house maid.

Cassell's History of England is just out and advertised for sale.

The taxes of Toronto this year will be \$s. 7 1-2 d. on the pound.

Mr. A. C. Campbell, Chatham's artist, and photographer, returns from a trip east.

At a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society was held in the Royal Ex-

of the route between Chatham and Detroit, to ply between the city of Sandusky, O., and Detroit. As yet it is not known what boat will take her place though without doubt another steamer will appear in a day or two. This route will be a good one this fall for a good freight and passage boat.

At a meeting of the Excelsior Fire Company No. 1, the following officers were elected—Foreman, Wm. L. Wilson; 1st assist., Edward Fountain; 2nd assist., William Lewis; 3rd assist., Thomas McFaul; Secretary, Wm. H. Thompson; assist. Sec., Simon Smith; Treas., Francis Martin; fire wardens, Fras. Martin, John McDowell and Richard Baxter.

We would direct the attention of our agricultural friends to an advertisement concerning the combined reaper and mower for sale by B. J. Earl, of this town, who supplies them at manufacturer's prices. Last week this machine gained a most signal victory over a competing machine on the farm of Mr. McLean, of Raleigh, though we regret to say it the inferior machine was made in Ingersoll.

At the regular meeting of the members of Chatham Fire Department, the following persons were elected to the office for the ensuing year, viz. Secretary, D. W. Mowatt; Treas., John McKerrall; Capt., Wm. S. Ross, Lieut., Chas. Bigley; Asst. Sec., D. McDonald; 1st branchman, Thomas Bennett; 2nd branchman, Geo. W. Ross; Fire wardens, Johnson Walker, S. Hadley, and Geo. Merriam.

A letter to the editor says—Will it be amiss to suggest that the inhabitants of Kent make exertions to obtain some banking facilities which are had in other towns. The harvest may be abundant and the lumber business encouraging but we doubt many of our farmers and business men will require facilities during this autumn if a great breadth of land be laid down in wheat.

The Upper Canada Bank has withdrawn its bookkeeper to Toronto and no doubts remain that they will not continue to do business for reasons patent to all. Will not the staunch old Bank of Montreal with which city and Quebec, much of our business is done or that universal favorite, The Bank of British North America, make some enquiry as to our resources and stability and find to their profit to open offices here. Would not a suggestion from the right quarter be of benefit?

At a recent meeting of the St. Andrew's Society, the following address was sent to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the continent—

"The St. Andrew's Society of the County of Kent desires to convey to your Royal Highness a cordial welcome and congratulations upon your safe arrival within the British North American dominions. Apart from the exalted position of your Royal Highness personally which commands the loyal attachment and respect of this society these sentiments are strengthened by the knowledge that your Royal Highness is the eldest son of that sovereign of whom it is the privilege and pride of every officer and member of this society to avow himself a subject.

"That your Royal Highness sojourn upon this continent may be also beneficial and instructive so that when it shall please the Divine Parent of good to entrust to your power now wielded by your august mother, it may influence alike the ruler and the subject for the best interest of both—is the earnest hope and prayer of this society. —W. McKenzie Ross, President; Angus McSweeney, Secy.

PREPARATIONS FOR A BATH.

A Cincinnati travelling man, says the Enquirer, tells of a hotel experience in the interior of Arkansas. The paper adds that his friends look upon the story with suspicion. He had arrived at a small settlement, and repaired to the Eagle House, which was situated on the outskirts of the town and on the bank of a stream.

After a dinner of side-meat and corn-bread he lighted a cigar, and the proprietor said: "Stranger, is there anything we can kin do for you-all?" Thinking to confound his host, the stranger answered: "Well, yes, come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath."

The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, went into the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel and a pick and shovel, which he offered to his guest.

"What's the pick and shovel for?" asked the traveling man.

"Well, stranger," answered the landlord, "th' wathuh's low, and yo'-all 'll hev to dam up the creek."

You can generally size up a man by the things he doesn't do.

## A VOTE FOR GEO. STEPHENS MEANS A VOTE FOR A BONUS OF \$796,650 FROM THE COUNTY OF KENT

The Hon. Mr. Blair, the only practical Railway man in the Laurier Cabinet, put the total cost to Canada of the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway at \$139,000,000. This was before further concessions to the big corporation were made by the Laurier Government in 1904. The population of the Dominion at the last census was 5,371,315 and dividing this into \$139,000,000 the cost per head of population is \$25.87. That is, every man, woman and child in Canada will contribute this amount directly or indirectly to the big railroad corporation for the carrying out of this mad scheme. On this basis Electors of the County of Kent are asked to vote this bonus of \$25.87 per head, or, according to population in the County of Kent, \$796,650 for the county. A vote for George Stephens is a vote for this great corporation bonus for a railway 600 miles to the north of us. ARE YOU VOTING FOR THIS BIG BONUS?

## The Indian Fair at Walpole

A Maple City Writer Gives a few Interesting Incidents of a Visit to this Unique Exhibition.

The morning dawned bright and clear; during the night the wind, which had blown from the north, changed, and now blew from the south, producing what sailors term a "choppy sea." The small boy of the party was up early, for he had lots to do, and the boat might be so crowded that there would not be room if he did not reach it early. The gallant little Hiawatha pitched and tossed, chairs went scurrying against one another, coats were but toned and wraps drawn closer; but no one was seasick, and everyone was in a good humor.

A goodly crowd was on the deck at Wawanosh, awaiting the arrival of the steamer. Clearly and distinctly in the fresh morning air, was seen the Council House, the pride alike of old and young on the Reserve. Down the beautiful river we moved; past green lawns and fruitful orchards, flopping to the river; past comfortable farm houses and picturesque cottages; past the High Banks near which is an old Indian burying ground, reaching at last the dock where lay Winona, from Wallaceburg, and where soon followed the Mineral City, from Mt. Clemens.

It was 12 o'clock when we arrived at the Fair Grounds, where we stood for a moment to watch the blue waters of the St. Clair, as they rushed headlong against the beach and broke in silvery spray. Above us the

sun shone bright and clear, while on every side were booths and tents. Entering one of the latter where tables were neatly arranged we noticed one already filled to crowding with people from Algonac and Sarnia; at another sat an Indian clad in buckskin shirt and trousers, his painted face showing beneath a head-dress of turkey feathers. He glanced at me, and a look of recognition flitted across his face as I went up to him and held out my hand, which he heartily shook; then he presented me to the oldest man on the island.

Seating ourselves at the third table we partook of a dinner so well cooked that it would have done honor to any housewife. Potatoes, white, mealy and steaming hot, broiled steak thoroughly cooked but not burnt, cabbage, beets, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, mixed pickles, bread, butter, fruit cakes and pie; all except the latter looked tempting and we ate with an appetite rendered almost ravenous by the fresh breezes of the St. Clair, the long ride down the river and the novelty of the scene. The exhibits were neatly arranged in the Mission Hall of the English Church. Against the walls hung the specimens of needlework, consisting of quilts, dresses, aprons, shirts and children's clothes. There were some very fine bits of drawing and burnt wood work. A tier of shelves run

change Hotel. W. McKenzie Ross, president, and A. McSweeney, Secretary.

Charles Green advertises for a farm for purchase, rent or to work on shares.

William Vosburg, of Vosburg's Switch, Harwich, advertises for a stray mare.

The Steamer Stockman, Smith Matthews master, starts her trips from Chatham to Detroit.

R. Farrell, of Chatham, advertises a farm in Raleigh for sale. On the farm is a good log house and barn.

The office of the Commercial Bank of Canada is removed to the new buildings, corner of Wellington and Fifth Streets, opposite the school. J. Pottenger, agent.

The Harwich township council met with the following members present—Reeve John McMichael, Deputy Reeve D. Wilson, and Councillors Young, Harvey and Laird.

Mr. Peter McGetchey, of the township of Chatham will please accept our thanks for a small basket of mammoth gooseberries, the production of his garden. They were really fine.

The militia officers who borrowed my sword a long time ago would oblige me by returning it. I really forget who the gentleman is to whom I lent it else I would not put this notice in print.—A. D. McLean.

Jason Grant wishes to inform those kind friends who contributed to relieve his sister from the bonds of slavery that that sister is now safe in Canada, enjoying the free air of the British possessions. She arrived in Chatham on Saturday, the 28th.

The Steamer Swan has been taken

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