

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

The Experiences of a Debutante

Mysterious Letter Found by a Maple City Young Lady and Handed to The Planet for Further Identification.

The Planet received a very interesting communication yesterday with unique enclosure.

The young lady writes that she found the enclosure the other evening on the streets of the Maple City and asks The Planet to assist her in discovering the identity of the owner.

With this purpose in view the enclosure—a letter—is printed. It reads as follows:

Dear Molly,—You certainly missed a fine time when you did not come up for the dance the other night. It was swell. You remember Mr. Dash from Bothwell that you were always telling me about? He was there! Did you say he could dance? Allow me to debate for the negative. He certainly prefers to dance upon any one's feet but his own. I could not keep the refrain of that pretty little song "Beat upon mine little heart." Out of my head when dancing with him, only the words persisted in revising themselves into "Dance upon mine little feet." And finally, my brethren, he had the audacity to tell me that I did not seem to get the step very well. Thank you, one railroad accident right at the beginning of the evening was enough for me, but I was designed to travel on the L. E. & D. R. R. once or twice more before the evening's close. But the next lad I had, goodness! He was just getting over his fourth operation for appendicitis, but he was still alive—and dancing. The ball room had windows all the way round and every one we passed in the mazy dance he would say in a weak little voice, "Would you mind if we rested for a few minutes, I have lost my breath," and down he would flop. It was the same story at every window sill and I was frightened to death that he would faint before he could get time to sit down at the next cosy corner. I think we managed to get half way round the room.

One of the boys came up to me and said, "Dolly, I have two boys here from Ridgetown, may I bring them up and introduce them?" Well, what could a poor girl do but say "certainly." I might have known better, as Jack has had a spite against me ever since we were children together and I told his mother he had gone in swimming on Sunday. He says "first impressions are lasting," but I do dislike spiteful people. Up they came; and I gave them each a dance. The first one, my dear, did you ever try to imagine you were dancing with a "wooden man." Well, this was just about the same thing. The people must have thought we were playing "See the rollers passing by" as he held me at arm's length through the whole dance. The other dancers flew to the sides of the room and in a few minutes we had the whole floor to ourselves, as the people didn't see any fun in being knocked and kicked around by French heels and a pair of "tens" from Ridgetown. The next dance was claimed by the wooden man's friend. I devoutly hoped that it would not prove to be a case of "Birds of a feather flock together," and it did not. This one evidently had the season's of the year slightly confused and imagined that "spring had come," for anything more closely resembling a grasshopper it has never been my fate to meet. The orchestra stopped with a crash and down I sank into the nearest seat possible. He at once whipped out his handkerchief and started to fan me and exclaim all in one breath, "That was fine—lovely dance—arming. I assure you." I murmured sotto voce, (all I had left men and Amen." Just then the orchestra started again for the en- but I made the rush for my partner and grabbing him by coat tails stood grasping for him. But the worst has yet to come. Really it is a mystery to me. A youth prefers the corner of a room to the whole of the floor dance on unless his lady love happens to be sitting out a dance that particular corner. We started off from the corner of the room and that was as far as we got. There we were, whirling around like a cyclone and for the life of him we could not steer us out. When the dance was ended it took me about twenty minutes to find in just what part of the room we were located.

The next dance was a waltz, and you know how I love waltzing! Well, up walked Mr. Linton, and he is a great big six footer and you know how short I am. I looked him over and wondered if he would have to grab me around the

neck. Once more the orchestra started to play, and once more I breathed the maiden's prayer and started to dance. We got around the room about twice, when I heard him shouting down to me "You will have to excuse me if I don't dance very well, as it is so long since I tried that I almost forgot how (almost forgot) he said.

I tried to call up to him "You are doing beautifully," but found my melodious voice was buried in his manly chest.

The floor was terribly slippery and I expected to "land" every minute—and I was not to be disappointed. We were reversing in the centre of the room, and he had evidently been trying to walk up my back, but failing to do so, caught his foot in the frill of my dress on his way down, and we landed with a bang. Even "shooting the shoots" wasn't in it with the beautiful slide we took. Not only the people trembled but also the windows and rafters. Now, my dear, it isn't often one gets the chance of being "cynosure of all eyes," but for once I can truthfully say we were "it." I honestly thought the last hour had come. Up I got (and let me add, quite unassisted) my "crowning glory," hanging around me like a mane, two or three hair pins in my mouth and my poor gown—oh! my gown, call it so for the last time! It hung on two or three threads and the frills that trained behind certainly made it "ten train." I grabbed all that was left of my skirt and made one dive for the door, and Lydette would have been loser in the king's plate if he had ever had to race with me for that dressing room. I happened to turn around in my flight and there puffing like a steam engine, was my poor partner, trying to stammer out an apology with his mouth full of pins. In my mad rush I encountered that blase little fellow of nineteen, Tommie Sommers, who remarked when I passed, "That style of hair dressing is extremely girl-ish."

I fixed my skirt as well as I could and went back into the ball room, wondering if I should ever get hold of a man that could really dance. I took a good look around the room to see if there were any late arrivals, and I was just giving up in despair, when I saw a fine looking chap come in and walk up to Miss S. and ask her for a dance. Well, you know how I dislike that girl and to think that I didn't know who this swell fellow was made me a little bit annoyed. I immediately rushed up to one of the boys and asked him who the new arrival was that stood by the door. I also asked where he was from, what business he was in, and I believe I even asked what his salary was. Yes, I will admit that I had lots of nerve, but then you know it is really useless to try to get along in Windsor without a little of that necessary article.

But to come back to the "new addition" to the ball room; no one who was near me at that time happened to know him, so I had to play "Lydia Languish." After many accidental "bumps," and "I beg your pardon," on his part, he came boldly forward and started to talk to the gentleman with whom at the time I was talking. Not wanting to be introduced just then I turned to walk away, when my old heel caught in my torn frill and rip went the dress. Just when I was trying to be graceful, too. My face was all manner of colors and I was wishing I was any place where that man could not see me. When I looked up I actually caught him laughing so hard that he positively shook. Now just imagine poor me. You would have been sorry for me had you seen but my mortification. While I was still fixing my frill, one of the boys came up to me with a broad smile on his face and said, "Oh, Dolly, Mr. W. would like very much to meet the young lady who tore half a dozen yards of frill off her dress." Before I could make any reply I was being introduced, so at last we actually met. As I had only one dance left, I gave him that. Now I know what you want to know. Did I ever see him again after that dance? Well, rather. Two days after the dance the maid came up to my room with a box. Upon opening it I found a beautiful sheath of roses, also a note asking if he might call that evening. Well he did come, not once, but very often. The first night he came, I don't think he will ever forget. My small brother had heard me say that Mr. W. was coming up. We were calmly sitting in the library, talking, when I heard a small voice say, "Dolly, did he bring those candies he said he might?" I looked for a place to hide, but unable to find one, had to sit still and pretend I didn't hear, but just the same I was trying to plan to what way I could pay that child up. You could have heard a pin drop. I started to talk and so did he, but neither of us knew just what we

were trying to say, when once more a little voice was heard, "Dolly, he isn't as nice to you as Jack was. He used to bring you candies and flowers. I guess he doesn't get as much as Jack did, do you Mr. W." I made a frantic leap for the door and up the stairs, and in two seconds that child bundled off to bed, with a five-cent piece clutched tightly in his fist.

But Mr. W. did not seem to mind how much Billy yelled at him. He used to come up just the same, and was always careful to bring candies with him. One evening we were going to the theatre and we took a car. Evidently Mr. W. thought I could ride for nothing, as he only put in one car ticket. Then he asked for two transfers. The conductor waited for the other fare and the people in the car started to smile. By this time my face was the color of a beet. I nudged him and told him as he had only put in one ticket and as he was not carrying one in his arms, I had to pay also. By this time the people were intensely amused and I took the transfers and started for the door.

Just then the car stopped and I gently sat on an old man's knee. Mr. W. took me by the arm and in a few seconds we were landed in the road and the car sped on its way.

After the theatre I wanted a Sunday Journal, as I had my purse with me I guess Mr. W. thought I should pay. So then the boy waited for the money; he saw a friend he wanted to speak to a minute. Peculiar, wasn't it, just at that moment! So I had five coppers, and glad enough to get rid of them I gave them to the boy. We then walked along, passing a cafe. I exclaimed, "Oh, I am hungry; I could eat a cow." I know it was a terrible thing to say, but he had showed himself so mean in little things I just wanted to hear what he would say. He didn't disappoint me. "Yes," said my dear friend, "when I get home I am going to make a tour of the larder." I simply glared at him. You see, when I told you he was a dandy chap I didn't know him, but now—now! Well, he certainly is still a "dandy chap" to look at, but—"it's all off."



Black beaver, with black ostrich and a white heron plume, forms a striking French novelty in hats. The underbrim is further decorated with a sea gull in white, which rests on the hair, and another black ostrich plume falls on the hair in the back. The full ostrich box has the lines curled in a new fashion, which is said to preserve the curl.

Julius Caesar

An Interesting Essay on an Immortal Character Contributed to the Macaulay Club by One of the Members.

The following essay was contributed to the Macaulay Club by one of the members recently. By kind permission of the writer The Planet is permitted to reproduce it:

Julius Caesar was born in 102 B. C. Four years after Cicero. He came of the bluest blood of Rome, of a stock that traced his ancestry to the Royal Trojan line in union with Venus. An aristocrat by birth he spent his early years according to the fashion of young aristocrats of the day. He tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life. In pursuance of the custom of his time, he studied declamation under Greek teachers. "Caesar is said to have been admirably fitted by nature to make a great statesman and orator, and to have taken great pains to improve his genius this way that without dispute he might challenge first place. More he did not aim at, as choosing to be first rather than among men of arms and power." This

statement of Plutarch is substantiated by all history. In after years men justly commended Caesar, the orator, for his masculine eloquence which, scorning all arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed.

"Tanto in eo vis est, id acumen, eo concitatio, ut illum eo modo dixisse quo bellavit appareret." And Quintilian might well have added "quod scripsit," for in his commentaries we find the same clear, direct unimpaired virility of style. Like most young men of his day, too, he was early engaged in love intrigues, and like them adopted the prevalent foppishness. Cicero doubts that he has any designs upon the state when he sees his hair so carefully arranged and observes him adjusting it with one finger. Of this womanish vanity, and of his jest for lighter conquests than those of arms, even advancing years did not deprive him. In his younger days he gave himself over to the usual

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Detroit to Chatham

Interesting Trip by Launch Over Route of the "City"—A Splendid Description of an Outing on the Water.

The Planet clips the following from The Launch, an interesting quarterly periodical published in Chicago.

From a launchman's point of view Detroit is favored as are few other American cities, being situated at the foot of Lake St. Clair, and, as one can see by a map, has opportunities for a number of very attractive and extended runs—to Mt. Clemens, Pearl Beach and Algona, through Lake St. Clair and the north channel of the St. Clair river, to the Flats resorts at the mouth and along the south channel to the St. Clair. Opposite Algona is situated Walpole Island, on which is located one of the Canadian Indian reservations with its various mission churches and schools. This is an attractive point to visit. Just above Walpole Island opens the channel called the "Sny Earle," which is but another channel of the St. Clair river, and is a veritable waterway through a Canadian former Paradise, as is also the run up the River Thames to Chatham, Ontario. If one desires to make a more extended run, that to Stag Island and incidentally Port Huron is good, there being many interesting places at which to stop on the way. These are all up-river from Detroit. Leaving Detroit there is Fighting, Turkey, Sugar and Bo's Blanc islands and Amherstburg, on the Canadian channel, and Ears, Wyandotte, Trenton and Gibraltar villages and Grosse Isle, which, by the way, is ten miles long, on the American channel, these runs varying from twelve to 136 miles, round-trip distance.

A friend has often told me of his sailing exploits and his having swam the Detroit river on several occasions, the river at this point being a half-mile wide. For the time being we will call him captain, though it hardly fits his profession, which is that of a lawyer. As a lawyer he is, of course allowed considerable latitude in the matter of statement, and besides, I have so far neglected to ask him definitely whether he swam the river from shore to shore and back again, or whether he just swam in it near the shore. Across and back was the impression he conveyed, but, perhaps—I don't know. He had several times expressed a wish to accompany me on one of my trips. I told him to bring a pair of blankets and we would start on the following Saturday.

Usually the owner, being the only one familiar with the running of the engine, must be engineer, and at 3.30 o'clock of the appointed day the captain gave orders of "full speed" ahead. Leaving the boathouse we ran up river, and rounding Peche Island at the foot of Lake St. Clair, held a due easterly course for the Thames river light, a run of thirty-two miles. This never took us more than five miles from the Canadian shore, and after running two hours we could see the Canadian village of Belle River. Although we had some sandwiches and bottled water with us the captain concluded that a hot supper at the hotel would suit his racy oest, and he incidentally remarked that we might be able to replenish the aforesaid water bottles. Changing our course we were some three-quarters of an hour later making our way into the mouth of Belle River, which is rather a grand name for a medium-sized creek. Running up the creek a quarter of a mile we made fast at a saw-mill dock and proceeded to hunt for a hotel, finding which we were soon seated at a table piled high with all kinds of pickles but rather shy of other eatables. When the moon came up at 9.30 we concluded we would continue our trip for Chatham light. Running out from Belle River into the open lake we were again upon our way.

Somewhere ashore we could hear music, which, combined with a full moon and the comfortable feeling of a good dinner, the captain seemed to forget his troubles and be at peace with me at least. After a time, as we got well out into the lake, all that could be heard was the swish-swish of the water and the exhaust from the engine. I don't remember much for the next two hours except occasionally waking up and trying the grease cups on the engine. I was dreaming of sliding down a hill which seemed to be greased, but that, once in a while there was a rock in the way, the effect of which was rather jarring. Suddenly I became aware that it was no dream; the boat had hit the bottom, lifting me into a

standing posture. Suddenly awakened I inquired of the captain where we might be going. "Thames river," answered, at which time we hit bottom again. It was some time before realized that he should have looked for the range light and that in steering direct for the light house that he had come in over some three miles of shallows and was attempting to reach the light house overland.

Working the boat around behind a clump of rushes we got her headed out, and getting everything ready we succeeded in poling her into perhaps two and a half feet of water, where we could again start the engine. The shallows here extend a long way into the lake, perhaps three miles, and as the wind was blowing directly in there certainly were some sizeable waves. Our wheel was so wound up with weeds that we seemed to be making no headway at all, but as we were holding our own I continued to steer north and finally, in about two hours, picked up the range light, during which time the captain several times remarked that he would give a thousand dollars to be ashore.

Running up the river about two miles we found a ridge of earth thrown up by a dredge in making a cut through the marsh. We homed tied up and getting out the boat cushions, a piece of canvas and our blankets we made up our bed and retired at about 3 a. m. The wind blowing strong we were not bothered much by mosquitoes, though I faintly remember the captain yawning in the night at somebody jabbing him in the face with the boathook. We did not get up very early Sunday morning, but Old Sol compelled us to turn out or roast, so finally we got our goods aboard and started up the river.

One who has not made a trip on such a river on a beautiful day has certainly missed one of the joys of life. The marsh continued for a little way and then we came to the higher country. On one side might be a cut bank ten to fifteen feet high, but in such case on the other the bank would gently slope to the water and the sights were enough to make anyone long for the country. We made nineteen miles up river by 11 o'clock.

Chatham is a handsome little town of 7,000, with a pretty park on the river bank, nicely laid out streets and a large number of prosperous business houses. A number of the residences have well kept lawns extending to the river's edge.

There is a good hotel there, and having had no breakfast we were in shape to do justice to the very good dinner served us. We started down river at 3 o'clock, arriving in due time at the river's mouth, where the lighthouse-keeper's wife got us a nice supper. Leaving there at 9.30 we arrived at the boathouse in Detroit at 2 o'clock in the morning, where the captain, to uphold the dignity of his office, must needs like home to enjoy the luxury of a feather bed, while the engineer bunked in the boat, arriving at his place of business on time Monday morning.

CRUISER.

UNWASHED PRINCE

An amusing story is told of how one of the Kaiser's sons was cured of a habit he had of getting up and going down to breakfast without being washed.

If possible, the little prince would slip out of bed and into his clothes before the nurse arrived on the scene to attend to his dressing, for thus he escaped the matutinal bath which he detested. Before entering the room where the royal family breakfasted the little prince would stroll around the courtyard and each time he passed the sentry he enjoyed being saluted by the soldier. At breakfast he would inform his brothers of the soldier's salutation with great satisfaction, and thus it happened that a lady in waiting was struck with a bright idea, which she communicated to the empress. Acting on this communication, the empress sent for the sentry and bade him notice the little prince's appearance and not to salute him if he appeared with unwashed face.

Next morning the young prince again left his room before the nurse entered; he went for a stroll, but to his great disappointment the sentry took not the least notice of him. Immensely disappointed and upset, he told his mother, with tears in his eyes, that the sentry had not acknowledged him.

"It is because you have a dirty face," said the empress.

From that day forward there was never occasion to reproach the little lad for failing to take his morning bath.

The baker may not be rich, but he always has a roll.