

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

The Beauties of the West

Dr. T. K. Holmes in an interesting letter describes some of the interesting features of his recent trip.

In a former letter reference was made to the Geysers of the Yellowstone Park. Scarcely less wonderful and even more beautiful are some of the numerous springs of hot water that are never in violent eruption but in gentle ebullition. These springs are generally circular or oval in shape and vary from ten feet to three hundred feet in diameter. The bordering rocky formation, built up as it is by mineral deposit from the hot water that constantly overflows the borders, often presents the most varied hues and the most fantastic shapes, but it is the marvellous color of the water itself that charms and surprises the beholder. Every shade of purple, green, orange, pink and yellow may be seen, and often these colors, vying with the rainbow, in beauty and delicacy of tints, may be observed in the same spring. Names appropriate to the shape and color have been given to these beautiful little gems, such as Prismatic Lake, Sapphire Pool, Emerald Spring, Morning Glory, Turquoise Gem, Opal Beauty, etc. Some of the springs instead of containing water are merely circular pools of semiliquid mud, but quite different in color and general appearance from that with which Chathamites are so familiar. These mud springs have very aptly been named Paint Pots on account of the close resemblance of their contents to great cauldrons of paint. They are in constant ebullition and one can easily imagine that some superhuman artist had prepared them to decorate the cliffs and canyons that are so marvellous a feature of the surrounding landscape. Dazzling white and pink are the prevailing colors of these paint pots, but these are shaded and varied to every tint of the rainbow. At Mammoth Hot Springs, five miles from the northern entrance to the park, the visitor comes suddenly upon a scene of rising abruptly before him is what at first appears to be a succession of waterfalls plunging from one declivity to another and varying in width from five hundred to two thousand feet. On close examination he finds that these cataracts are solid stones of many colors, delicate pink, scarlet, yellow, brown, amber, orange and snowy white, the whole making a picture of dazzling beauty that entrances the beholder as he stands in mute amazement and wonder. The largest of these is called Jupiter Terrace, and is two thousand feet wide and probably two hundred and fifty feet or three hundred feet high. They have been formed by mineral deposits from the thin sheet of hot water that has for centuries flowed from boiling lakelets at the top down the rugged sides of the declivity until the whole face of the steep has been coated with this exquisite enamel. It has been found that any solid substance over which this water is allowed to flow becomes coated in four days to the thickness of one-sixteenth of an inch and many curiosities formed in this way are for

Mrs. E. F. Stephenson, of Winnipeg, for their kindness to Dr. and Mrs. Eccles and myself, and to Mr. and Mrs. Dusty, of Milwaukee, who entertained us in their elegant home there. Mr. Dusty is a brother of Mrs. Eccles and, like so many Canadians in the West, has prospered greatly in his new home. At Milwaukee the State Fair was in full swing and it was very gratifying to find Canada represented there. The exhibit comprised many agricultural products, and the constant throng of people visiting it bore testimony to its excellence. Nowhere else on the grounds could such wheat, oats, barley, grass and roots be seen, and the whole Canadian exhibit was so well arranged as to add greatly to its attractiveness. Among the race horses was the celebrated pacer Dan Patch, who is the world's champion and has a record of 1:56 1/4. He is a strong beautiful horse and it was a fine sight to see him swing around the mile course with the ease and grace that only the horse is capable of showing.

T. K. HOLMES.

GET INTO YOUR RUT.

For ages we have had it ding-donged into us that the man who is in a rut is in a bad place, therefore a bad way. Let us commune together: There is Blank, age 47, one of the more charming gentlemen of the time: a genial, gentleman, a gentleman of so many graces that they cannot be enumerated. He seems equal to any undertaking. But—he has never got into his rut. He is, notwithstanding marked brilliancy, a worthless citizen. He never has accomplished anything, he never will—until he strikes his rut. There is a rut for every man, but not every man, by a jugful, strikes his own. Specialism is the creed and cross of the age. The man with a speciality is the man in a rut. By sticking to that rut he succeeds. Get into your rut—New York Press.

A little knowledge is dangerous. It makes some people feel so big.

Some women expect more attention than they really deserve.

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 files from May 5, 1860, to June 2, 1904.

David Frey sells flour in Baxter and Brown's old stand.

The Argus newspaper is started in Chatham by W. H. Thompson & Co.

Sparks from the steamer Swan set fire to Thomas Crow's barns down the river.

The Government appoints Richard Monck to the Crown Lands agency of the County of Kent.

Robert H. Thompson, general commission merchant of New York, advertises in The Planet.

The little daughter of J. Stemlin, inn keeper, was killed by being run over by a rig on King street.

W. Richardson, fashionable tailor, advertises his business in Northwood's row, nearly opposite the market.

Died, in this town, on the 1st inst., Louisa, youngest daughter of Chas. G. Charteris, Esq., aged five years.

Birth—In the Township of Chatham, on the 10th inst., the wife of Robert Fisher, Esq., of a daughter.

The Bank of Montreal has declared a dividend for the last half year at the rate of eight per cent. per annum.

The Quebec Bank has declared a dividend of four per cent. on the half year just ended, payable on the 2nd June next.

There is a young woman living at Alstead, N. H., who weighs 700 pounds and she takes about 20 yards of calico for a dress.

Died, in this town, on Friday morning, the 4th inst., Mr. Wm. Thompson, a native of Porto Bella, Scotland, age about 48 years.

The 24th of May is royally celebrated with sports of all kinds during the day and fireworks at night, a militia mixer aquatic sports, etc.

The newly built post office in London was opened on the first of May. It is 60 feet by 70 feet and of handsome design. The cost was \$28,344.

In the Council proceedings Mr. Evans moved that the Clerk do advertise for tenders for the construction of a shed in the rear of the market, said tender to be handed in at a not later period than Friday, the 18th.

Married, by Rev. W. Clark, on the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Neville Smith, Esq., son of J. B. Smith, Esq., of Wilderswich, House Surry, England, to Martha, fourth daughter of Rev. Wm. Clark, Dresden.

An Irishman and a German at Muskegon, Mich., drank whiskey on a wager on Monday last. The Irishman drank two pints and a half and died; the German three and saved his life by eating cold tallow, which acted as an emetic.

Cricket—At a meeting called for the purpose of forming a club to be known as the Thames Cricket Club, the following officers were duly appointed for the ensuing year, viz.: President—John Mercer. Vice-President—Alfred Rolfs. Treasurer—Robert Cooper. Secretary—Wallan McCrae.

Excelsior Fire Company No. 1 ran an excursion on the 24th of May from Chatham to Lake St. Clair and back via steamer Ottawa, of Detroit. Luckier's silver and string band was on board. The committee of arrangements was composed of Jno. Dickson, Thos. R. G. Rutley, Wm. E. Wilson, J. W. Lewis, Thomas McFaul, Wm. H. Thompson and S. M. Smith.

On Friday we had the pleasure of visiting School Section No. 5, Township of Harwich, and listening to an examination of the pupils by the local superintendent, David Mills, Esq., and by the teacher, Mr. Jas. Boyse. The scholars certainly in many departments of study answered remarkably well and good order prevailed throughout, reflecting no small degree of credit on the tutor.

In the council proceedings appears the following:

Mr. Smith presented a petition from C. F. Jubinville, praying to be allowed to take out a saloon license upon paying \$80 down and the balance in six months.—Granted. Mr. Northwood read a petition from Mr. Thornton and others for a ditch on Wellington street from Prince to Duke street.

Jacob Joiner and others asked for a ditch on the west side of King street to Duke street to the line of the McGregor Creek.

We observe by the last Canada Gazette the following appointments of the 5th Battalion, Kent Military District No. 9, Upper Canada, viz.: To be Major—Capt. John White, vice McLean, promoted. To be Captains—Lieut. Daniel R. VanAllen, Lieut. John Taylor, Lieut. Alexander B. Baxter. To be Lieutenants—Ensign William Shaw; Ensign Donald McDonald, Ensign James F. Fisher.

To be Ensigns—Jas. Houston, gentleman; Adam Arnold, gentleman; Wm. Blackburn, gentleman; Robert J. Earl, gentleman.

Col. Prince has introduced a bill which provides that no game shall be exported from Upper Canada for the sake of profit; that no deer, fawn, elk, moose or caribou shall be taken between the 1st of January and the 1st of September, and that

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THE Leader Coming

R. L. Borden, K. C., M. P., Will Visit Kent County on Tuesday, September 20th, '04

—SPEAKING IN—
BLENHEIM CHATHAM
In the Afternoon At Night.

The Meeting in Chatham will be Held in THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE
BAND IN ATTENDANCE

Balcony Reserved for Ladies and escorts until eight o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to every resident of the County to be present.

Love After Marriage

The Fine Art of Keeping Love Alive After Marriage—Valuable Hints for Prospective Brides and Bridegrooms.

If love before marriage is an inspiration, as has often been remarked, it becomes a fine art afterward. The painter who imagines a beautiful picture is like the lover, happily filled with the prophecy of design. It is quite another thing to make the picture, and it is quite another proposition to be a husband, and to realize in life the anticipation of courtship days. Both, however, are possible.

The artist must remain faithful to his ideal, and a tireless workman. There will be days of despair, nights of sickening disappointment; but the piety of art constrains him, an immortal love draws him again and again to the dear task. He is like a wrestling Jacob determined to reveal the spirit of his thought in color and symmetry. No wonder the picture surpasses his original, lover inspiration. Now, marriage is such a masterpiece as this. It is the canvas upon which we test the genuineness of lover inspiration. If the result is unsightly, it is because the married ones have failed of fidelity, not so often to one another as to the ideal upon which marriage is based. But if they are as wise as serpents in dealing with one another, and as harmless as doves, if they have the wit to touch with light the dark lines in the character of each, marriage becomes the one perfect demonstration of love. It is a charming, dramatic commerce in human nature, containing all the elements of interest, gravity, humor, pathos; all the lights of love, from the white altar place to the merry fireside; from the shekinah gradle to the faded rose in the life-giving woman's cheek. So far from being a "cure" for love, it is love developed in a myriad more forms than to courtship is possible. The fact remains, however, that many marriages are partial or total failures. This is because husbands and wives do not recognize the necessary change from inspiration to art in the development of love. They are like two fools, who have "staked a claim," without having the energy or wit to work it. This is why so often an adventurer or adventuress works it for them. The wife meets another man who "understands" her, and the husband finds a poppy-lipped woman who "appreciates" him. The original sin consisted in not appreciating and understanding one another. But many married people think they have discovered every fault and limitation each of them has. This is the comprehension of enemies, not of people

who love. The higher criticism of love consists mainly in discovering, holding fast to one another's virtues and attractions.

The chief trouble with many is that they die to one another after marriage. The wife forgets to practice the cunning of her maidenhood, just as she gives up her music and other pretty accomplishments. And while the husband may not know in what the death consists, he misses both the cunning and the music. The wife who imagines that there is virtue in such self-effacement has not sufficiently studied her problem. She is foolish, imprudent in that she surrenders only the mechanical, serving, slave side of her nature. If she expects to receive a good lover's interest upon her capital she must give all she is capable of being. She must not discard a single coquettish grace, nor by any means that peculiar gift women have of saying pretty things. If she must work, let her serve gladly. It is not drudgery that makes her unattractive, it is the way she abandons herself to the scrubbing brush side of life. The mind and spirit have power over all conditions and environment, else we should still be aboriginal with no martial or other virtuous ideals. Even in sickness, unless the brain is actually affected, hysteria and melancholia are inexcusable; and they blight the matrimonial atmosphere almost as much as some of the grosser vices like drunkenness.

Another thing, virtue is not the sort of self-abnegation some women think it is, but it is the manner of self-assertion. Not recognizing this fact leads the wife often to forget other men. This is a mistake the most virtuous married man never commits. He cannot. From adolescence to old age he has a seeing power for femininity that never fails, a gallant intuition that takes cognizance of her presence, and there is at least a rude grace in its effect upon his character. It prevents his being an overbearing savage, for one thing. Many married women, on the other hand, lose the legitimate sense of sex. They have a false notion of propriety which forbids this natural and innocent expression of personality. They deliberately sacrifice the beautiful charm of being sweetly, eternally different from men. Their vitality is no longer mystical, esoteric, but their whole stupid, uninspired mind is revealed. They have, indeed, ceased to

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Above is a very handsome gown of printed tulle over a foundation of cream taffeta. Beautiful lace, outlined in black lines, is used to trim the gown, this being used for yolk effect and also a black trimming for the lower part of the bodice, as well as the skirt. Points of black velvet, with a gold and pearl tassel to each loop, complete a most attractive gown.



Here is a most handsome coat for the woman who will wear black, whether for afternoon, carriage wear or for evening. It is of hand made silk lace over taffeta, and is ornamented with a profusion of black silk tassels.