

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## HOW TO LIVE TO 100

Professor Herbert W. Hart Claims to have Found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth

How to live to be a hundred years old, have a clear, active brain of youth, the velvety skin of a baby and the muscles of an athlete, is the secret which Prof. Herbert W. Hart, "authority on dietetics, denizen of the world," and at present a citizen of New York, claims he holds. He is certain he has found the fountain of Perpetual Youth, for which Ponce de Leon searched so long and hopelessly. Furthermore, he declares he was a walking skeleton, with death staring him in the face, until he learned his lesson in the way all lessons worth learning are mastered—from a woman—a Jewish maid, while she followed him to the footstep of Rachel of old, the hills of Judea. She taught him that he must go back to the primitive life and eat food prepared in the primitive way.

He differs from Wagner in this respect, that while the latter believes in primitive, simple methods of thought, Hart believes in primitive, simple life as applied to providing for the wants of the physical man. Wagner believes that if the brain works along primitive lines all else in the way of right living will follow. Hart, on the other hand, believes that if the stomach is accustomed to primitive foods all else will follow, asserting that the physical body dominates the brain.

As proof of the soundness of his reasoning he points to himself, at seventy-three years, with the physical development of a John L. Sullivan, the complexion of a blushing debutante and a brain which he asserts works with the alertness of youth. He is emphatic that he does not consult the "beauty" column for preparations to apply to his skin; pays no attention to physical culture and indulges in no mental gymnastics to keep his brain active. He simply eats primitive foods.

"Half nourished brains cannot do sound thinking," declares Prof. Hart. "All will agree with me thus far. When nature gives me the efficiency of proper and pure material to nourish the entire man, she always looks the lower propensities first. Hence, crime and pauperism are as directly traceable to improper or inadequate nourishment as light is to the sun. A well nourished brain is a good brain and thinks good thoughts instinctively. It is not tempted to do serious wrong, because doing right is its highest pleasure. The really happy man is never a wicked man, and to be happy a man must be healthy. It has taken me fifty years to learn this lesson, but I have learned it well."

STARCH-EATERS DEGENERATE.  
"We are degenerating as a nation

because we are a generation of starch-eaters. Starch contains no protein element, makes good fat, but feeds no brain substance, nourishes no nerve tissue. To live on it is to be a human counterpart of a skinned milk calf—a weak, flabby, fleshed neuritic, with neither stamina nor self-reliance. The outcome of the Russo-Japanese war hinges, not on a dynasty, but on diet. And if the Anglo-Saxon race goes on for another century living on starch foods, it will end in gradual extinction, as did the North American Indian.

"Students of ethnology are already discussing the probabilities of the yellow races supplanting the white. See what the Japanese have done in a single generation. At the same rate, two generations more will wipe out the Aryan race, and the little yellow men, who can flourish in any climate, from the tropics to the polar regions, simply because they live more naturally, will dominate the world."

"This process of race decay is a much more serious menace to the future of our country than the question agitating President Roosevelt—that of 'race suicide.'"

"You cannot do any sane, consecutive thinking that is worth recording while you live on starch and beef-steak, strong coffee and chicken salads. The usual restaurant diet gives you muscles that are always tired and nerves that are always on edge, or in a state of fashionable 'exhaustion,' and gray matter that is no better than so much white paste."

"Society is living in a state of intellectual exaltation, a kind of mild brain inflammation, the result of stimulants—coffee, tobacco, beer, or something stronger, and does not in the least understand how to nourish its gray matter. And it dies before it ought to, whereas, if properly fed, it would be able to stand the wear and tear of its swift life, and maintain full brain power until the century mark be reached."

RUNS ON METHUSELAH'S SCHEDULE.

"There was Methuselah, for instance. Note his years. He lived in the very way I recommend you to-day. His meals were prepared in the primitive way. The flour for his bread was ground by the little hand-mills you now see in Jordan, and baked in the primitive ovens. It did not have all the nourishing part of it carefully extracted, leaving only the starch for Methuselah's consumption. Had this been done we would never have heard of 'the oldest man.' Instead, his food was the wheat, as nature intended, and he lived to be a hundred years old."

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## BILL NYE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS DAILY LIFE

Tall, slim and bald, Bill Nye was cut out by nature to amuse people, and he did amuse, even though his humor was of a simple and homely kind. The Denver Times recalls his reply to a correspondent who inquired about Bill's habits of work and life. It was as follows:

"When the weather is such that I cannot exercise in the open air, I have a pair of dumb-bells at my lodgings, which I use for holding the door open. I also belong to an athletic club and a pair of Indian clubs with red handles. I owe much of my robust health to this."

"I do most of my writing in a sitting posture or in an autograph album. When I am not engaged in thought I am employed in recovering from its effects. I am very genial and pleasant to be thrown amongst. I dress expensively, but not so as to attract attention. In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress, and at night I wear night dress."

## GREATEST COLLECTION OF BUTTERFLIES

A St. Louis man, Frank Schwartz, has the largest and finest collection of moths, butterflies and insects in the United States.

The foundation of Mr. Schwartz's great collection of insects was laid nearly 47 years ago, when his father, a native of Switzerland, commenced collecting the rare specimens of insect life among the Alps. When Mr. Schwartz was only a boy he took a great interest in the collection of insects, and the study of them from a scientific standpoint. He is to-day still collecting rare specimens and adding to his collection whenever opportunity presents, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The collection at the present time consists of about 17,500 varieties, gathered from the four winds of the earth. From the Apollo of the Swiss Alps to the Morpho cypris, the beautiful phosphorescent green and blue butterfly of the Amazon river district of tropical Brazil, there are but few species not represented.

## FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo. by Miss Ben-Yusuf, New York.

### AGNES C. LAUT

#### A Successful Young Canadian Novelist

Of the Canadian novelists who have won reputation and recognition during the past few years, nearly half of the number have been women, and in this list the splendid work of Miss Agnes C. Laut deserves high place. She was born in Winnipeg in 1872, and while in her junior year at the Manitoba University her health proved so delicate that she was ordered to pack up her school books and go out into the wild, free, regenerating life of the Selkirk, to see what these noble mountains of Canada could do for her. There, in a life-giving atmosphere, where every breath is a natural tonic, she rode and walked her way to health, defying the decrees and prophecies of her physicians. She found in an Indian reservation located in the wilds of the mountains, material for her first book, "Lords of the North."

Miss Laut was the first woman to invade the mining camps of the Canadian Rockies and to study the life there at close range. Her vivid, graphic newspaper letters on this subject were not signed, and editors of mining journals into whose hands they chanced to come, praised them with enthusiasm, and wondered why other Eastern writers did not picture mining life as it really was, like the man whose articles were appearing in the "Winnipeg Free Press" and other papers.

To man in the rough, as Miss Laut found him in these camps, uncontaminated by civilization, she pays high tribute when she says: "There I learned to appreciate the chivalry and courtesy of a class receiving small credit for such traits, and this, though I was entirely alone, without one instance of disrespect or annoyance." On her travels for literary material Miss Laut has had many interesting experiences, among them an eight weeks' cruise in a government mailboat along the coast northward from St. Johns. She made many later visits to the Selkirk, where the natural freedom from the trammels of social convention appealed strongly to her.

Beside her later books, "Heralds of Empire," "The Story of the Trapper" and the "Pathfinders of the West," Miss Laut has written strong articles on politics and social questions; subjects rarely handled by women and still more rarely with the directness, clearness and force which seem to permeate with vitality everything she writes. Her contributions to the "New York Sun," the "New York Evening Post," the "Review of Reviews" and the "Century" show a virility unusual for the pen of a woman so feminine and so unspoiled by success as Miss Laut.

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## BOOK TO OPEN HIS EYES

It was at the breakfast table, and the pretty daughter of the household was propitiating her father. "Jack asked me to apologize to you for staying so long last evening," she said, with sundry pats and squeezes of the old gentleman's arm as she brought him his second cup of coffee.

"You see, I was showing him my book of souvenir postal cards, and we got so interested we had no idea about time."

"I've got an album that would interest him, too," said her father. "I guess I'll bring it up so you can show it to him next time. It's my summer's expense book with dress-makers' bills, and so on, all nicely balanced. It will be fully as educational to him as views of Chester and Westminster Abbey, I reckon."

It is necessary to begin at the top in digging a well.

Confidence inspires consideration in places where it is looked for the least.

## TOM REED'S LARGE COLLAR

Among the prominent men in New England there was none, perhaps, who wore a larger collar than Tom Reed. One day in the summer of 1901 Reed was in Portsmouth and had to make an impromptu call, visiting his collar, etc. So he used himself to the nearest haberdasher's and began a general survey of the collar display in the store.

"Waited on, sir?" queried one of the clerks.

"Not yet," responded Reed, and then added, "I would like a collar."

"What size?" piped the clerk.

"Size 30," answered Reed.

"We don't keep collars so large, but I think you can be accommodated at the store just around the corner."

Reed found the store around the corner to be a harness shop.—Boston Herald.

Heaven sends us misfortune as a moral tonic.

Appearances often indicate a prosperity which goes no further than the surface.

## 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 July 30, 1863, to August 6, 1863.

Married—By the Rev. L. Warner, Wesleyan minister, at the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., Mr. Nathaniel Turner to Miss Frances Inches, both of Chatham.

### CRICKET MATCH.

The match announced in a previous issue of The Planet to come off between Mercer's eleven and Walker's eleven terminated on Tuesday afternoon, the victory being in favor of Walker's eleven by 28 runs. The playing in some instances was remarkably good. The score by Walker's eleven was as follows: First innings 47, second innings 51, total 98. The score made by Mercer's eleven was: First innings 30, second innings 40, total 70. Of Walker's eleven the runs made were by Jos. Eberts 5, Thos. King L. Wm. Northwood 28, Andrew Northwood 4, Herman Eberts 7, Duncan McIntosh 6, John Jordan 4, Peter D. McKellar 2, Samuel Butler 2, Samuel Pratt 25, David Walker 3, no balls 1, byes 8, wides 4, total 98. Of Mercer's eleven runs were made by Jas. Oldershaw 2, Starr McGree 3, Geo. Vester 7, Rowley Cross 7, Robert Mercer 9, Mr. Thompson 5, Cecil Rolfe 7, Jas. Smith 6, John Mercer 1, R. Barclay 19, byes 4, total 70. The bowling was excellent—Vester and Oldershaw for Mercer, and H. Eberts, A. Northwood and Walker for Walker. The fielding was remarkably good on both sides, catches being made by Jordan, H. Eberts, King and Butler on Walker's side, and by Cross, Russell, Vester, McGree and Oldershaw on Mercer's. Herman Eberts bowled eleven overs and took eight wickets; A. Northwood bowled ten overs and took four wickets; Walker took one wicket—13 bowled out. Oldershaw bowled twenty-one overs and took three wickets and stumped one; Vester bowled twenty overs and took five wickets.

### THE VILLAGE OF RAGLAN.

The other day we had occasion to visit the village of Raglan, situated on Rond Eau, some sixteen miles from Chatham. Within a remarkably short period of time this place was one of the least frequented localities, perhaps in the whole county. Where now stand stores, hotel, dwelling houses, mills, etc., was a thick impenetrable wild. E. L. Stoddard is the chief life of the village. Within the past week he has loaded with lumber no less than five large vessels for the eastern markets. A steam tug finds full employment

in towing upon the harbor. There is a splendid hotel in the village kept by Mr. Montford. The bay affords good shooting, good fishing and unsurpassed sailing.

We understand that the rate of discount on American invoices remains at 20 per cent., the same as last week.

The firm of Scott & Kitchen, grocers, managers of the Dublin House, is dissolved and Mr. Scott continues the business.

Alex. Vidal, Conservative, of Sarnia, offers himself as a candidate for the suffrages of the electors in the St. Clair division at the approaching election.

P. B. Brode, station master for the Great Western Railway, moves to Sarnia, and was tendered a banquet at the Rankin House.

On Sunday, the 26th ultimo, a new church recently erected in Boulton's neighborhood, near Wallaceburg, was opened for divine service, on which occasion and during the day sermons were preached by Rev. L. Warner, chairman of the Chatham district, the Rev. James Brode and by the Rev. Wm. Irwin. Collections were taken up at the close of each service. On the following Monday a bazaar was opened by the ladies of the neighborhood, and in the evening a tea meeting was held, at which appropriate addresses were delivered by the above named gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Warner filling the chair. At the tea meeting, which was most excellent in every respect, some 238 persons sat down. The whole amount realized on the Sunday and Monday in aid of the chapel was \$207.

We are informed that on last Wednesday night a colored man named Taylor was shot in the back by another colored man named Branch, a rather notorious character intimately gone by in Chatham. It is believed that Taylor will die. French is still at large.

In the report of the Town Council proceedings appeared the following: "The Council met July 31, the following members being present: Mayor Cross and Councilors Stephenson, Forsythe, McIntosh, Higgins, John Smith, Holmes and R. O. Smith. "Mr. Holmes presented a petition from Edmund Duncan and others, praying for the widening of the sidewalk on Harvey street between Wellington street and the Townline. Referred."

## CERTAINLY THE SAVINGEST CRITTER

"Martyrs ain't all dead yet," said Capt. Hank, stamping in from the woodshed, where he had just sheltered his team. Mrs. Slocum looked up inquiringly. "I'm referring to 'Bijah's Hank,'" continued the captain. "Hank, he's about the savingest critter ever I saw."

"Has to be—in that household," said Mrs. Slocum, decidedly. "Bijah says as if he was keeper of the poorhouse, scrumping them young ones along."

"Well, he's got Hank trained up. Hank came out of the west village just ahead of me to-day, driving the old oxside with the stakes all set. He had a jug of molasses hanging on one stake, where he could keep an eye on it. Went all right, too, till he came over Fox hill and hit that big 'thank-you-ma'am' half way down. That broke the handle off the jug, and it dropped and buste."

"I came along a little later, and saw Hank had done what he could to save it. He had the bottom part of jug turned right side up with about a quart of molasses that hadn't run out, but the rest had gone into the snow. Hank was down on his hands and knees, doing his best with that."

"He looked up as I came along, and I saw his face was all plastered with 'lasses and snow, so there wasn't any need for explanations. He was trying to tick off his cheeks, same's a cat, and he looked sorrowful enough to make you cry. I turned out so's not to run over the place where he'd spilt the stuff, and as I came by him he says to me, with a kind of a gulp in his throat: "The worst of it is," he says, 'I don't like molasses much, neither.'—Youth's Companion.

### NOVEL CROW CATCHER.

In order to catch crows, which do so much damage to the growing crops, Italian farmers have taken to placing small pieces of meat in conical-shaped paper bags, and smearing the inside of these bags with glue. When the bird puts his head in and finds himself blinded, he flies upward, to an immense height, but falls near his starting place.

## CAP'N SLOW TRANSLATED IT INTO ENGLISH

"Cap'n" Jotham Slow had strong objections to what he called "the new minister's high talk." Since his settlement over the Clamtown parish, Cap'n Jotham had been heard to say that "church was for them that needed it," and his conduct seemed to imply that he was not of that number.

Cap'n Jotham's own language was of a primitive and unadorned variety, and nothing pleased him more than a chance to translate the minister's remarks to Cap'n Wilson Pegg, the best Clamtown story-teller. Cap'n Pegg was deaf and the minister's voice often failed to reach him.

One night at a neighborhood gathering Cap'n Pegg, in the course of a vivid narrative, had referred to "the big fire in '61."

"Was it the consensus of opinion," said the minister, in a mild and effectual tone, "that the conflagration was the result of some accident or the work of an incendiary?"

"Hey?" said Cap'n Pegg, staring dully at the minister and then turning to his faithful friend for light. "What he wants to know," called Cap'n Slow, in his shrillest tone, "is whether the 'big fire' was shot or ketched!"

### SHE WAS NOT COLD.

One girl shivered in the cold rain, and buttoned her coat close. The other girl laughed, with her jacket wide open.

"Let me tell you a secret," said she. "I used to shiver, as you do and was continually taking cold in the chest, until a wise woman advised me to rub my chest at night with olive oil. All through the winter I did this, two or three times a week, warming the oil if it was cold and rubbing it in well until the skin glowed. As a result, I am never cold there now, and don't bundle up as I used to. The oil and the friction feed and strengthen the tissues and help you to withstand cold and dampness without discomfort. It's a great thing, and so simple, too."

A woman will be sure to keep a secret if she knows doing so will worry another woman.

## MEANING OF SUN'S ECLIPSE

In these days of popular astronomy for the million, it is scarcely necessary to describe at length what a solar eclipse means. Suffice it to say that it is a temporary blanketing of the sun by the moon coming between it and the earth. Both the sun and the moon are of the same round size, but at times the moon, in her orbit, seems to be decidedly larger, and if then the moon passes between the earth and the sun, a total solar eclipse ensues and as such at those portions of the earth within the shadow-track, a partial eclipse along a broad either side of this.

Shadow thrown on a blank any globular body held by a lighted lamp and the wall is and a homely illustration of it. The shadow will be seen much darker in the middle than edges, and the former is known as the umbra, while the base is termed the penumbra. observer now so stations himself at his eye views the globular from the centre of the umbra, up is seen to be entirely hidden part viewed from the edge part of the lamp is visible such is precisely what happens in a solar eclipse. For two or three of the moon completely hides the sun, and the light of the latter comes from the observers of the but because of the distance the planets are from one another shadow of the moon is cast on a small portion of the earth's surface. Where the eclipse is total, or almost so, the light enjoyed at the greatest phase or middle of the eclipse, will be similar to that of a bright moonlit night.

### IT OF PRISON BY MARRYING.

In some parts of Siam girls who at a certain age without marrying are placed in a privileged class the special care of the king, and himself to find a husband for them. His method is simple. In any one of the pleasure may gain his pardon from the king by marrying one of the noble class. Whether he is married or not is of no great consequence, for in Siam a man is restricted to one wife; but still prisoners prefer jail.

## BALL GOWN OF AN ESKIMO BELLE

When an Eskimo young lady goes to a ball she is a gorgeous sight to gaze upon. You did not know that they had dances in her country? Well, they do, and a traveller reports just how a belle was dressed on such an occasion.

Her dress was made of the intestines of a seal, split and sewed together. This makes a transparent garment, and the girl trimmed it with elaborate embroidery of colored worsteds. And fringed it with strings of beads. Her trousers were white and made of Siberian reindeer skin embroidered with strips of wolf skin. Her hair was braided on each side with strips of wolf skin and strips of beads. Heavy necklaces and pendants of beads and teeth of animals hung around her neck and over her shoulders. Snow-white gloves made of fawn hair were on her hands. The fitted perfectly and were ornamented with strips of skin from some animal—perhaps the seal. To complete this elaborate outfit this Eskimo belle carried in her hand—not a bouquet—but a long eagle feather. In fact, she carried two, one in each hand, which she waved as she danced. No doubt this young lady made a charming picture. At least the young gallants of her set thought she did.

### THAMES WATER.

Montreal Herald.

When John Burns, the English labor leader, was in Montreal the other day he went to the mountain top in company with Mr. Baker, member of Parliament for East Finsbury. Mr. Baker, it will be remembered, is a Canadian who has won political prominence in the Old Country, and he is naturally enthusiastic respecting the beauties of his native land. He was pointing out the majestic St. Lawrence to Mr. Burns, when the latter remarked in a bantering tone:

"Why, it is only water, after all."

"Well," replied Mr. Baker, "of course it is, and what else is the English Thames, of whose glories you are always talking?"

"The Thames," Mr. Burns said, "is quick as a flash, why, it is liquid history."