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(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Joe Joins "B" Company

Went to "San Thomas" as Mascot of Captain Black's Men and Chats of His Expressions on the Centennial Military Celebration

Joe was very hoarse. His words came out with a husky wheeze which would have been pathetic, but for the healthy sun-burned face and the bright shining eyes which fairly beamed with youthful enjoyment. On either lapel of his coat was pinned a gorgeously colored souvenir badge of the St. Thomas centennial celebration and a brass "24" was safely pinned with artistic abandon on his cap. To complete his regalia Joe carried a "swagger stick" embellished with knots of baby ribbon.

"Well, I were ter San Thomas all right," the shiner explained huskily, "and I had a corker time. Ther kids down ther ain't very much bears as though they was a bit dopey, but the towns all right and the up-ter-date guys had decorated her keen."

"Say, I butted in wid B Company. Cap. Black had er bit er the old gun boat he'd been a-wearin' round neck, nex' ter his heart, for a long time. I was right on and when I gets near him, I yells, 'Bah fer de old gunboat, and I sees him look at me kinder soft and affekshunrate like. Ther's er lot er sentiment he's feelin' along so cool I see he weren't pleased—kinder thought the adjutant were rubbin' it in. The agony cut loose again and Lewis use seven handkerchiefs a-moppin' it up on der way to ther station. Then I kinder strike me and I hustles ahead and when Lewis gets ter ther station with his tongue still a-hangin' out I steps up ter him with er cup er water. Say he were tickled. Then I says, 'You're ther stuff, boy.' Then I knows I were solid."

"Jus' about this time I hear a voice call, 'Say, boy, come here,' and I look round and see Smith a-wavin' me over ter him. Lewis see, too, and say, quick as er flash, 'Look here, don't you give that larkin' hyener any water and I'll take yer to San Thomas.'"

"Well—I went ter San Thomas, but I've been a-doggin' Smith ever since. We all had er bully time in San Thomas. It's a great place for a country town and it was all decorated up keen. Everybody and everybody's neighbor was out on ther streets when we got there. They was lined up 'bout seven deep, all anxious to see what ther city regiment looked like and get pointers. When they saw our feller a-swingin' down the line and hear a good band they was so tickled that they started ther cheer. It did me good ter see 'em."

"Ther march to ther grounds was 'bout two or three miles (Lewis and Cornell is preverikatin' when they says it was twelve) but the dust were somethin' awful. Ther crowd give us the hand-out all ther way erlong and when we reach the camp we get a swell reception. Ther weren't no fence handy so the major, adjutant and four serjeants with er staff of men lifted ther remains of ther water-melon from his horse. Then everybody hustles to ther tent, Cuba Darr pair off wid Cap. Massey and I hang close ter the boys of B. Cuba were carryin' the Cap's great coat and actin' like he own the whole regiment."

"We had er great time that night. Everybody was out for a lark—and was havin' it. Biemby 'lights out' sound and I curl up in the blankets of my tent and listen to the march of the sentries. I thinks it's great sport playin' at war."

"In the mornin' they wake us at six o'clock with a bugle what they calls with er French name and we gets up and washes. I got busy shinin' shoes and the feller was all tryin' ter shave one another. Then ther were roll call and breakfast and we get ready for the long march-out. This were 'bout miles and it were good and hot, but I stuck her out. When I see the different men in the Grenadiers and 25th a-droppin' out all fagged I give 'em ther holler. Ther weren't one of the Chatham feller's keeled."

"After the openin' of ther armory we had lunch and they went through ther evolutions on ther salutin' base, after which they broke ranks and had a good time till seven o'clock, when they fell in for the march ter the station."

"Say ther were an orful pretty incident in this march. When ther soldiers were marchin' down ther ravine on the bend were a little

cottage almost hidden in the shrub-beries. In front were an old white-haired man with er medal pinned on his breast. He were grandpa, I guess, and had been through the real thing in his day. He were holdin' two of the sweetest little girls I ever saw, up on the fence. They was dressed in white and had long golden hair. I thinks they was his grand-children. "The two little girls had Union Jack flags which they waved as ther Chatham soldiers marched to 'em. It were a fine sight, just like er picture."

"Colonel Rankin was ridin' ahead on his horse and he saw the old soldier and the little girls. Then he did a swell thing. He turned round and shouted—
"Men of the 24th, eyes right! Salute!"

"And all the Chatham regiment swung to do military salute. "Say, I was close and could see. The tears come in the old man's lambs and he straighten up and swing his weather-beaten hand to his white head, returnin' ther salute, and ther little girls lark and wave ther flags."

"I don't know, but I thinks things like that helps feller's ter be heroes more than even ther swell manoeuvres on ther salutin' base afore ther inspectin' officer. Leastways it makes me draw up er inch or two straight-er."

"Then the St. Thomas trip did you good, Joe?" the shiner was asked. "I ain't flyin' no apperikashuns for wings and er harp yet," the young philosopher responded readily.

BY NIGHT AND DAY

A good story is told on a resident of King street west who is at present deeply interested in street pavements.

He went home the other evening after a meeting of the ratepayers of the street re-pavements, and when he retired he had a dream on the subject which was occupying much of his time. He dreamed that he was testing different kinds of pavements. He picked up a sample of one kind of pavement and tried it by biting it with his teeth. He had no sooner bitten the piece of brick when he woke up with a throbbing toothache, and the next morning he had the tooth pulled. Queer to say this tooth never ached before, and he did not feel any pain from it before he retired. This is positive proof of the fact that the pavement question is an interesting one to the residents of King street west.

KINSHIP

Back to the bewildering vision
And the borderland of birth;
Back into the looming wonder,
The companionship of earth.

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candor of the soul—
Scent of mold and moisture stirring
At the secret touch of God!

Back to hear the hushed consulting,
Over bud and blade and germ,
As the Mother's mood appertions
Each its pattern, each its term.

Back to wisdom take me, Mother;
Comfort me with kinder hands;
Tell me take the world's forgetting
Till my spirit understands.

DRANK IN 1812

This is how our forefathers managed in a time when tea and coffee were unknown and beer was the common beverage of the Englishman. In the Northumberland Household Book, commenced in 1512, we have an exhaustive account of the domestic economy of the great Percy family, and from it we learn that at breakfast, which was served at 7 o'clock in the morning, the earl and countess had a quart of beer and a quart of wine between them; two sons, "My Lord Percy and Master Percy," a pottle (two quarts) of beer, and two children in the "Nursery" a quart of beer. For dinner, at 10 o'clock, my lord and lady had a gallon of beer and a pottle of wine, the two boys a quart of beer and the younger children a pottle of beer. At supper, at 4 o'clock, the earl and countess shared a pottle of beer and a pottle of wine; the children also had ther allowance. For "fifery," which was served in the bedroom between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, the parents were supplied with a gallon of beer and a quart of wine and each pair of children with a pottle of beer. Surely there could in this case have been no "drinking between meals."—London Chronicle.

He seemed to have a trained mind. That's right. Did you notice how quick he was in answering "Yes, dear," when his wife called him?

WILL THE CITY PAY

"I would just like to know something about the King street west pavement," remarked a citizen this morning. "The Council took the initiative for asphalt block. Now, have the Council power to change the kind of pavement and put down sheet asphalt or brick? If the Council do change the specifications, will the city have to pay for the pavement the same as they did for the granolithic sidewalk on this street. I think the Council had better go carefully lest the city be saddled with a big debt and the property owners should get their pavement as cheap as they did their sidewalk."

TO STOP FISHING

Col. Sam Holmes says that a meeting of those interested in fishing will be held here shortly with a view to discussing the steps that should be taken to have seining and hoop-net fishing done away with in the Thames River, Lake St. Clair and tributary bays. The object is to secure for the inhabitants of Ontario, and more especially Kent, an opportunity to get a few fish. As it now is the fishing is all in the hands of two or three and the catch is all exported from the country. Representatives from Dresden, Wallaceburg and Chatham will be present at the meeting.

.. SACHEL OF THE SATELLITE..

It never rains but it pours these days.
Asphalt block or sheet asphalt, which?

Other streets might follow the lead of Cross street.

The residents of Cross street are paving the way.

A barn raising is a good place to see the human race.

And St. Thomas wanted to trade us regiments. The idea.

After St. Thomas, Chatham is indeed a fascinating place.

I wonder how many St. Thomas maids will take up their residence in Chatham as a result of the visit of the 24th?

Some of the residents of King street west want asphalt block and others are trying to block asphalt. Where will it end?

After the Chatham girls, the St. Thomas maidens come next; or, better still, after the Chatham girls come the young men.

Many a man finds out after marriage that it was her clothes and not his wife that he really loved.—Hamilton Spec's pian.



Crepe de chine in palest green tint is used for this chic costume. The skirt which is without fullness over the hips is finished at the foot with applied tucks. The bodice is tucked all over and gives a smart effect through a yoke trimmed with tiny ruffles of real Valenciennes alternated with bands of satin ribbon. The same trimming is used for the deep cuffs.

Ald. Martin's "mud and moss" pavement might do for Windsor.

Who laid the athletic bungalow? Somebody ought to set it up.

A little pavement now and then is appreciated by Chatham men.

The raid the 24th made on St. Thomas was mostly "parade."

Ringling is coming and the small boy is tingling with excitement.

That was quite a blow this city experienced Wednesday afternoon.

That meeting at the Gas Office seems to have been the cause of a lot of "gassing."

A healthy lawsuit over the King street west pavement would be like courting trouble.

Before the King street westers go to court over that pavement they might try court-ship.

The wind did a little pruning of the maple trees in this city on its own account Wednesday.

We have been having a thundering old time round here of late and a good deal of water with it.

There is no truth in the rumor that the Adjutant and Quartermaster traded clothes in St. Thomas.

The officers are wondering which affected Billy Bounce the most, the wait for his supper or the long march.

The sail area of the Reliance, the American cup defender, is immense. It must have been modelled from the new spring millinery.

I may be wrong, but I think it was only right that the Board of Works should have that mud veneer scraped off Queen street.

The Satellite was gold-bricked by the newsboy on the military G. T. R. special. Wonder what the peanut butcher had against the Satellite.

It's no fable that the 24th Regiment Band had several horns, but they knew how to blow them. Bandmaster Philip didn't have a horn. He had a clarinet.

Windsor maids are home maids, London maids are home maids, Hamilton maids are hand painted maids. St. Thomas maids—well, they're all right.

If the 24th Regiment is going to the Hamilton carnival, Billy Bounce had better start eating Force right away if there are any of those long walk stunts to be done.

Here the Banner had been telling us all along that there was oil in Raleigh and the Chatham Oil Company have gone and discovered it in Harwich. How could they?

On the trip to St. Thomas Lieut. Fraser set fire to the paper Adj. Collart was reading. When he jumped, Col. Rankin remarked that the Adjutant was the first under fire and behaved bravely.

"Getting Together"

Heart to Heart Talks With Chathamites—A Social Swimming Club—Something for the Churches to Think Over.

SWIMMING BATHS.

The question of swimming baths is a matter which has been brought up talked about, and dropped, several times during the past few years. The last time it was brought up was in connection with the Bungalow project.

There is nothing which is more needed among the growing generation of Chatham than swimming baths, and it is to be hoped that when the bungalow is erected, provision for these baths will not be overlooked.

There are so many contemplated plans in view for the bungalow, however, that it is quite possible that swimming baths may be overlooked when the building is finally erected. Even if they are not overlooked in this connection, it is safe to say that the young children of the city will feel no benefit from them for this year at least.

There are several places in the river where bathing or swimming is safe, and there is no reason why some young man should not open up in a little speculation for himself and inaugurate swimming classes. If some good man who is an expert swimmer would undertake to teach young boys and girls to swim, and would erect a suitable dressing house—not necessarily an expensive one—and obtain the privilege to use part of the river as a swimming ground, he could do a paying business during the summer months.

There are many parents in the city who would like to have their children learn to swim. They are afraid to let them go into the water alone, and yet, perhaps, the father, who is engaged in business, has not the time to teach them himself; but if some competent and trustworthy man would undertake to act upon this suggestion, these parents would gladly pay such an instructor to look after their children and teach them to swim.

Here is a chance for some trustworthy man to form a class during the coming summer months. No harm would be done if it were started and proved unsuccessful, and if it did prove a paying investment much good would be accomplished among the young children of the Maple City.

CORNER STONE LAYING.

Considerable newspaper talk has been indulged in because the Hon. J. R. Stratton has been asked to lay the corner stone of a Sabbath school in connection with a Presbyterian church.

In regard to this particular act we have nothing to say, but concerning the laying of church corner stones in general it might be well to point out a few facts.

There are many churches and many "isms," but only one kind of goodness; that type which attained to perfection in the Central Figure of the New Testament. To develop character fashioned after this Model is the work of all churches; not, you will also observe, "all the work of the churches." Going to church, going to prayer meeting, teaching in Sunday school, reading the Bible, even praying, either in private or public, these are not in themselves ends, but means to an end. The end sought always is character—men and women whose guide in life is the Golden Rule. From every pulpit we hear this standard exalted and in many cases such characters are developed and the church is successful just to the extent that such is the case.

From every pulpit we hear it stated often and forcibly that the attainment of riches is not the highest aim in life, and that success cannot be measured by dollars and cents.

But how do the actions of the church square with her teachings? A new church is to be built, the corner stone is to be laid. Naturally we would expect the pastor and officials to request somebody to do this in whom new testament goodness is the dominant trait of character. Such events could be made great object lessons to the exaltation of character. Attention might be drawn to the finished work of the

church, a man or a woman on the tongue of good repute—one whose piety and genuine goodness have impressed the community.

But is this usually what is the case? By no means. The first thought the first consideration is, what donation can we obtain from those who lay the corner stone. The character of the man is a secondary consideration. While perhaps it is not often that men are selected who are flagrantly wicked, very frequently persons are chosen who make no pretense to goodness, and sometimes indeed those who openly ridicule the work and teachings of the church.

Why are such men asked to do these things and why do they consent? They are asked simply because they can give a good donation, and they consent because the amount that they give is a kind of sop to their consciences and a blind to the public.

No one is deceived and the church justly deserves the contempt of all right thinking people. The church officials should not be deceived. Do not preach one thing and practice another. Let the best man lay your corner stones and act as your officials—best as viewed in the light of the Sermon on the Mount and not best as viewed only in the light of bank balances.

CIVIC BASEBALL

"It is nearly time that the aldermen and ex-aldermen should have their annual baseball game," said a citizen this morning. "Of course it should be football, but as Ald. Martin is qualified to play this year it would not be fair to the others, as he holds the record when it comes to kicking. In baseball, however, he will still be able to play to the grandstand."

"T. A. Smith held second base down well last year, and Ald. Taylor did superb work in the box, not to mention how popular Archie McCoig at first was with the ladies."

One of the aldermen said this morning that as far as he was concerned he was willing to play the feller again, and if it was necessary he felt quite confident that the aldermen and ex-aldermen could easily beat the Garner House guests.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin';
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin';
Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin';
When yer tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin';
Spose yer out of ev'ry dime,
Gettin' broke ain't no crime;
Tell the world yer feelin' fine!
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up—
Keep a-goin';
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin';
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'.

NO DRAMATIST

The flashing brilliancy of Hugo's versification blinded many spectators for a brief season and prevented most of them from seeing what was made plain at last by an analysis of the plays in prose, Mary Tudor, for example. When no gorgeously embroidered garment draped the meager skeleton, it was not difficult to discover that Victor Hugo was not a great dramatic poet "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare." A great poet he was, beyond all question, perhaps the greatest poet of the century, but his gift was lyric and not dramatic. He was a lyric of incomparable vigor, variety and sonority, and as a lyric he had often an almost epic amplitude of vision. As a dramatist his outlook was narrow and petty. He could not conceive boldly a lofty theme, treating it with the un-falling simplicity of the masters. His subjects were lacking in nobility, in dignity, in stateliness. His plots were violent and extravagant, and his characters were as forced as his situations. The poetry to be found in his plays is external rather than internal. It is almost an afterthought. Under the lyrical drapery which is so deceptive at first there is no more than a melodrama.—Brander Matthews in Atlantic.

Honesty is the best policy.