

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

JOE AND HIS TEACHERS.

The Infant Terrible Discusses School Exploits and Dilates on His Instructors and Their Individualities.

"Who wrote that piece about me in Saturday's Planet?"

It was Joe's voice. You couldn't mistake it. He unceremoniously invaded the sanctum on an early hour Monday last and assumed the full dignity of an outraged citizen. A slouch felt hat, possibly six or seven sizes too large, covered his head and ears and his blue overalls—of adult proportions but abbreviated underpinning—dangled majestically like the folds of a skirt dancer around his muddy shoes.

"I knows who wrote it, anyhow," he remarked, when the staff showed no inclination to all speak at once. "It was one of those five-cent shine fellows that's been tryin' right along to beat me down. He's got boots worn down on the sides from dodgin' and wheellin' round side corners, and he's orful pigeon-toed."

Joe stopped for breath and a curious one asked how he knew it was he who was alluded to in the article.

"My brother told me. He says, 'Joe, that's you. It says you're allus meddlin' in other people's business—got you spotted.' Just's though the feller that wrote that wasn't meddlin' in mine. But, say, I don't want to raise no rumpus 'bout it."

And Joe smiled suggestively and appeared surprised when he found his cigarette box empty.

"Cap' Sullivan couldn't have 'tumbled' quicker, nor Stratton 'ponied' up" more effectually. Joe flicked the ashes from his cigarette before he again spoke.

"Taint loaded?" he queried.

"Nope."

"Better not be. I saw the school kids loadin' butts on April fool day—made me think of it."

"Joe," questioned the philanthropic editor, "why don't you go to school?" And then he added, diplomatically, "A smart boy like you would do well at school."

Joe exhaled the smoke slowly with the abandon of a connoisseur before replying. "Nope," he said, "school aint in my line. I tried it once with several teachers, but they couldn't make good no how. I don't think the most of these teachers is enter their job. They's got orful funny ideas, some of 'em—it's sorter fun to aize 'em up."

"Say, when I went to school last the teacher had me sit right up at the front of the class at the table. It's a great place for watchin' the teacher. When fellers come round to see the class I guess they wondered 'bout me sittin' right up there and tryin' to look like an angel—now, don't you laugh, I guess I'm as good as the next one—and lookin' at my book."

"Once there was a couple of fellers come in and was lookin' around. One of 'em sees me sittin' there and says somethin' 'bout the model boy up at the front, 'bein' so good. I didn't say nothin', but I spec's that wasn't the right reason for me sittin' there."

"And did you like your teacher?"

Joe was asked.

"Oh, some of 'em was fair. I had had several teachers, mostly women folks and girls. There was one man once and he chased me one day. I tripped him up—but I guess he got even, all right. But teachers aint as up-to-date as they tries to make out. I knows, 'cause I used to watch 'em."

"What was the trouble, Joe?"

"Oh, no pertickler trouble. But, say, of all the teachers I ever had only two amounted to shucks. They wasn't bad and I kep' out of rows jus' to kinder please 'em. But I guess even them wasn't cryin' none when I left."

"I likes to watch teachers. They's orful funny at times. One teacher I once had was a freak. She didn't look like nobody and I guess nobody'd care 'bout lookin' like her. I jus' called her Old Mother 'cause the name suited her as bad as anything else. She couldn't pertickler teach—but then, she couldn't pertickler do anything, and I guess teachin' was easiest. It allus looks to me that way. When she spoke to me I'd never hear—it was just fun to see her get excited and repeat."

"Say, I had 'nother teacher that was just keen fun. She was stuck on her shape, she was, and she'd always be fussin' with herself tryin' to look cute. One time when nobody'd be lookin' she'd practice grinnin' and noddin' and lookin' up like they do in stories. Then she'd fuss with her dress and fix it and fix it over again. She tried walkin' like this"—and Joe paraded, gathering the surplus of his overalls in lieu of skirts and mimicking the short steps and swing of a modern fashion plate.

"'Nother teacher I once had was great. She'd try to look at you just like a mesmerist, you know those fellers what shows at the opera house."

She'd stand up, just as though somebody had yelled "Stone!" and try to stare you down. She did it keen, but I guess no one ever told her it weren't perlit to stare.

"It got to be a habit with her and she liked it. I got onto her quick. When she got her lamps on me, I'd just throw my head right back and look straight at her. Then she looked pleased. She's says—kinder to herself—there's a boy that's honest and nice." Ana 'course she was right. I felt sorry for the kids that wasn't enter the wrinkle, 'cause when she stared it made 'em uncomfortable.

"One teacher was a mark. She

Judges' Incomes

If our judges are to continue to serve on commissions, it would be well to provide that they shall serve, when required, without extra compensation. If, in order to secure their services in this way, higher salaries are required, it would be better to take their average yearly receipts from the commissions and add them to their fixed salaries, than to let things remain as they are. The present system, under which the governments of the day hand out to the judges in the form of commissionships, extra compensation, is decidedly bad. We do not say that abuses have resulted, but they are highly liable to result, when the amount of a judge's income depends on the favors of the powers that be.—Toronto Weekly Sun.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The total strength of the national guard is 115,740.

Stand Up, Mr. Johnston

In his ferocious cross-examination of Mr. Gamey, Lawyer Johnston made frequent reference to the villainous, dishonest and dirty nature of the work Mr. Gamey had done in his endeavor to get evidence against the ministers.

Mr. Johnston was apparently horrified that a man should be guilty of such shameful work. He was full of righteous indignation against the man from Manitoulin.

All of which suggests a question.

Did you, Mr. Johnston, in your capacity as a lawyer, ever defend a client whom you were quite sure was guilty—whom you knew to be guilty of a most serious crime?

And if you did, are you proud of the dirty business?—Hamilton Spectator.

Woman suffrage holds four states in the far west—Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado and Utah.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

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

Extracts from The Planet of 1853.

The People's Line advertises a special rate, per the Ploughboy, to Detroit for the Fourth of July celebration.

An advt. in The Planet calls attention to the fact that there is a place called Windsor and gives a description of where it is located, in case one might go by it without seeing it.

The postmaster publishes a list of

its appearance."

This is J. M. Jones, who still resides, as then, on Head street, in North Chatham, and still carries on his business of gunsmith.

On Tuesday last two small boys, sons of Louis Brouillette, Dover East, one eight and the other nine years of age, were fishing in the Thames, when one of them fell in the water, and the other little fellow nobly ran to his rescue. Both were, unfortunately, drowned.

Dennis Hickey, of Raleigh township, secures 15 pounds of fleece from a ram lamb.

Tenders will be received for enlargement of Wesleyan Methodist Church until August 1. Information can be had from R. O. Smith and S. Hadley.

Richard Tyhurst advertises his mill at the village of Ridgetown for sale.

The Great Western Railroad lets the contract for two steamers, one to be built by Mr. Sheckalluna, of St. Catharines.

A son of the shipbuilder is employed at the Chaplin Wheel Works.

Four-horse coaches are running to London at this time. It was possible to arrive in London the same day if the coach started early enough.

Dolsen & Carter advertise a dry goods and grocery business.

David Glendenning writes to his father, Capt. Glendenning, of this town, from Australia.

Honorable L. T. Drummond, Dr. John Rolph and Malcolm Cameron address political meetings.

Capt. E. S. Stone, of the bark Morgan, arrives in the town with the news of a bloody fight between Mormons and a number of villagers. The Captain had rescued a number of the Mormons from their assailants. Six Mormons were quite seriously wounded.

The new home of Dr. Cross was fatally destroyed by fire August 1. Loss \$1,500. No insurance.

A dead soldier was found in ship's cargo by wharfmen who were unloading the ship Columbus.

The Geo. Moffatt, Mr. Waddell's new vessel, made its first appearance August 4th, at Mr. Rankin's dock. The Geo. Moffatt left the following Thursday for Montreal.

The First of August colored celebration is spoiled by a downpour of rain.

WHY NOT NOW?

August 12th issue announces a game of cricket to be played with the London Cricket Club. Chatham won the game hands down, making 55 more runs in one innings than the London club did in the two. The score stood, Chatham in one innings 138, and London in two innings 83.

In a militia order, about the middle of August, Major William A. McCrae was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Woods, placed on the retired list.

The Chatham and Camden Plank Road Company held a meeting of shareholders and directors and directors for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—A. McKellar, Samuel Arnold, Reeve of Chatham township; Wm. Dolsen, James Burns and Wm. Northwood. A. P. Salter was appointed engineer of the company. John F. Delmage was secretary.

Odds and Ends.

It takes a sharp tongue to make cutting remarks.

Persons with blue eyes are rarely affected with color blindness.

Those who show the least consideration for others usually expect the most for themselves.

She says she shuddered when he asked her for her hand.

But why?

Well, you see, he's a surgeon and it was so suggestive.

The longer I live, sighed the sage, and the more I learn, the more firmly am I convinced that I know absolutely nothing!

I could have told you that twenty-five years ago, said his wife, but I know it would be of no use.

Helen—Why is it novels always have a good ending?

Sue—Well, the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending.

Helen—It didn't?

Sue—No; mamma threw it in the fire.



The Easter Maiden & Her Hat.

The Lighthouse.

Amid the sea a tower of stone,
In sunshine and in storm,
Reposes in its strength alone,
A solitary form.

A steadfast form, though wild the night,
Its calm, unflinching eye
Greets with a bright and cheering light
The ships that pass it by.

Its foot is firm where surges shock;
With never-wearying care
It silent marks the hidden rock
For all who venture there.

Bits of Solence.

Sleepers made of earthenware are used on some of the railroads in Japan.

Mining companies of the United States last year paid \$150,000,000 in dividends.

The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on Sept. 25, 1790.

Electric tramways have been introduced in Calcutta, and will soon be introduced in Bombay.

uncalled-for letters. The post office advertisement says,—Mail for the east and west during navigation leaves Chatham at 8 a. m., daily.

Attempts were made to rob the post office without success.

"We have been shown a new rifle, manufactured by Mr. Jones, of this town, which, for its style of finish and material, we have seldom seen equalled. The barrel is of cast steel, and the owner informs us that its shooting qualities are fully equal to