

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

HOW MILITARY SECRETS ARE STOLEN

There is a common and highly dangerous foe which civilized States have always to guard against—more so during times of peace than when war may be raging—and that is the military spy. He is a danger which menaces every nation, being largely employed by the respective Powers of the world to discover the military secrets of other nations.

It is necessary that the man who travels about seeking other countries' secrets should be an excellent linguist, not so much in order that he may speak the various languages, as to enable him to understand all conversation which he hears. As a matter of fact, a foreign spy often disarms suspicion by exhibiting an utter ignorance of the language of the particular country he may be visiting.

One of the British Government agents while in Germany about two years ago managed to escape from a rather dangerous position by acting there to try and obtain some information about a new war balloon which the German Government was trying, and decided to travel as an ignorant British tourist. He reached the neighborhood where the experiments were being carried out, but was not allowed to obtain a close inspection of the balloon.

DISARMED ALL SUSPICION.
After the experiments had been made, however, he followed the inventor of the balloon and some military friends into a neighboring inn, and sat himself down at a table near them in the hope of hearing some of their conversation. He called for "ein glas beer" in atrociously bad German, in order to convey the impression that he knew nothing of the language. But the military gentlemen still seemed to suspect him, and began talking aloud amongst themselves, in their own language, about the "British dog," and referring to him in other abusive terms.

The agent, however, took no notice whatever of the remarks, although he well understood their meaning, and sat smoking his pipe and drinking his beer in a manner quite unconcerned. This seemed to satisfy the inventor and his friends, who forthwith began to talk of the balloon experiments. In half an hour the agent had learned enough of the details of the invention—which was very important one—to send a good report home, and thus enabled his country to learn what Germany was doing in the way of aerial warfare.

GREAT PRECAUTIONS TAKEN.
It is an account of the espionage which exists in such countries as Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France that the military authorities of these Powers take the greatest precautions to prevent strangers from obtaining special manoeuvres which take place. Not very long ago Russia made a great outcry because two British officers would persist in hanging about the district in which the autumn manoeuvres were to take place. The Russian authorities actually appealed to the British Embassy about the matter, with the result that the officers were obliged to leave the neighborhood. These officers were not spies, but, of course, their actions aroused the suspicion that they were, and Russia is particularly keen in guarding her military knowledge. In spite of the precautions taken by foreign Powers, however, there are very few manoeuvres and military experiments carried out of which British agents do not obtain some knowledge. One of the agents employed by the British Government at the present time is particularly expert in this way of picking up information at foreign manoeuvres. He is a past-master in the art of disguise, and incidentally at lulling the suspicions of foreign officials, who may think he is visiting their country under false pretences.

SOME DARING WORK.
Some time ago this agent carried out a very daring plan in order to witness experiments which were to be tried in France with a new gun carriage during the manoeuvres. He assumed the uniform of an officer of an artillery regiment at that time stationed in one of the distant French colonies. In this character, of course, he was entertained by the French officers, and every facility given him for witnessing the experiments. He would have fared rather badly had he been discovered, but he fortunately carried him through.

On another occasion he secured an engagement as coachman to a German official whose duty it was to inspect military roads and defences. In this character he accompanied his master on long tours of inspection, and was thus able to gather information of importance. Perhaps the most remarkable plan ever adopted, however, in order to pry into the secrets of a foreign Power was that which secured for him admission to the great French

arsenal of Toulon. Failing to secure admission in any other way he hired a boat and deliberately upset it within a few yards of the dockyard wall and within sight of one of the sentries. He swam to the dock wall with much apparent difficulty, and was rescued in a seemingly unconscious state by the sympathetic sentry, who took him within the arsenal to administer restoratives. By remaining "ill" for a considerable time "and unable to move," the agent was able to stay long enough in the arsenal to see all he required, and his report proved to be extremely valuable.

The British Government has to be particularly careful in guarding its military secrets, for it is no exaggeration to say that Great Britain is literally teeming with spies. They arrive in the guise of foreign clerks and workmen, who are willing to labor for very little money, for the simple reason that they are in the direct pay of their respective Governments.

DAYS OF AULD ...LANG SYNE

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times From The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet Files, Sept. 17, 1856, to Sept. 29, 1856.

Huntly B. McKay is running the Glasgow warehouse, King St.

The date of the parliamentary elections is fixed for Saturday, October 4th.

Messrs. Montgomery and Co. occupy the large store in the Eberts block.

English coal is selling in Quebec for five dollars per chaldron, 3,600 pounds.

The owners of the steamer Amity had to pay half the damages for running into the river bridge.

William Harris and Miss Ellen Vance were married on Sept. 15, by Rev. H. N. English, at the Wesleyan parsonage.

A gravel train was thrown from the track of the Grand Trunk and a workman was killed and three trainmen were badly hurt.

Two Chathamites were lost by the burning of the steamer Niagara within four miles of Port Washington en route from Collingwood. The crew of the boat were saved.

About a month ago a dog bit a girl, daughter of Mr. Britt, on the arm. The dog was thought to be mad and was killed. The girl was stricken with hydrophobia and died.

On Sunday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a fire broke out on the roof of a small frame house on William street, inhabited by colored people. The inmates, some six in number, were all in one bed and apparently asleep. The older persons, so careful of their own hides, neglected to take out a young baby, which was smothered to death by the smoke.

The Planet publishes a requisition from 735 electors of Kent and Essex to Arthur Rankin, M. P. P., to run again for parliament. Mr. Rankin is said to be a man of unflinching political integrity. Among the 735 are about a dozen Wiggles, O. I. V. Dolsen, J. Waddell, W. Clancy, John Steinhoff, S. O. Somerville, John M. Dolsen and Rufus Stephenson.

The new Commission of the Peace for the County of Kent consisted of Thomas H. Taylor, Camden; James H. Johnston, Camden; George M. Webster, Camden; Peter J. Flood, Chatham; John Smith, Chatham; Hugh Laird, Orford; John Scott, Orford; Thomas A. McLean, Orford; John Stewart, Orford; David H. Geener, Orford; Richard L. Marsh, Ridgeway; Matthew Scott, Village of Morpeth; Edward Nation, Morpeth; John Wilson, Tilbury East; Isaac Russell, Tilbury East; Alexander Peck, Township of Raleigh; Raymond Baby, Village of Wallaceburg.

A HOSS PROBLEM

"The Peninsular Fair is coming on," remarked Chas. Mount this morning, "and as we have some pretty good race horses in Kent County just now, I would like to make a proposition that all the owners put up \$25 each and have a matched race at the fair. Twenty-five dollars each would make a nice purse and one well worth going after. Let the winner take the whole purse or have first and second money. Of course, I would take first money, anyway, with General Brock, and, if the other owners wanted any part of the purse, the money would have to be divided. I wouldn't object to them getting a little. This proposition is made chiefly for the benefit of John Glassford, Tom Brady and Dr. Rowe, all of whom claim they have fast horses."

PLEA FOR CLERKS

"I would like to see every store in the city close on Labor Day," remarked Orville Dolsen. "This could easily be done if all the people in the city and country would do their shopping this week. Then the clerks would be able to get off for the day. They are the ones who will suffer if the stores are kept open. It would not be a difficult matter for the people to do all their purchasing this week."

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thy errand just before his dinner.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

MEN WHO CLAP HANDS FOR A LIVING

For many years past a peculiar institution has been in vogue in France, which wielded an important influence in the theatrical world. This institution consists of a body of men who devote themselves to securing the success of a public performance or production, by bestowing upon it preconcerted applause, and thus giving the public, who are not in the secret, a false notion of the impression it has made. Doubtless some readers have heard of these men, who are known as "The Claque"; but probably few are aware that a similar institution has been established on the British side of the Channel also.

Two years ago the management of two of the leading variety theatres in London introduced the claque system, having found it absolutely necessary, when they employed foreign artists, especially acrobats. On each Monday evening the chief of the claquers, who supplies both halls, pays a personal visit to each performer to enquire what special acts he or she wishes to have applauded. The fee ranges from \$2.50 to \$10 per week, according to the work required. For \$2.50 the artist will receive one call before the curtain at the finish of the show; \$5 pays for three, while special turns, who can afford \$10, receive five calls nightly.

The claquers themselves are mostly unpaid workers, who see the entertainment free, on condition that they use their hands at a signal from the leader. The signal consists of a sharp clap, which sounds through the theatre like the violent slamming of a door in a gale of wind, so that the claquers, no matter in what part of the theatre they may be, easily recognize it and commence to applaud. On Saturday night the chief claqueur again visits the artist to collect his dues and receive instructions for the following week.

Beyond the claque system introduced at the aforementioned halls, it may be said that there is no regular organized claque in Great Britain—at any rate, not such as exists in Paris. At the same time, at many of the theatres in London preconcerted applause is taken on first nights, which have precisely the same effect as the claque. It is, of course, important that a good impression should be created on the first night, and the public worked up, so to speak, to recognize the best points in the piece. But after the first night the claque is usually dispensed with.

THE CLAQUE IN PARIS.
In Paris, however, the claque is regarded as of more importance, and the chief as a man on whom a certain amount of the success of the piece depends. The latter is engaged in the same way as the other officials of the theatre, and receives a fixed salary, varying from \$60 to \$100 per month. For this sum he is expected to take with him into the theatre at each performance a certain number of men with big, strong hands and intelligent enough to clap vigorously when they are given the signal by their leader.

The chief de claque attends the last two or three rehearsals of a new play, makes notes in conjunction with the author and manager, and arranges the points at which the applause, laughter, or tears must be forthcoming. He then proceeds to give instructions to his men, the main body of whom usually form a solid mass in the centre of the pit. It is the duty of this body to clap their hands and applaud at the given signal, while other members of the claque are placed in various other parts of the theatre and laugh, weep, or shout "enore," according to the requirements of the piece. More artistic developments of the French claquers are the sangleteurs, a female who sobs hysterically; the pameuse, who faints; and the moucheur, a well-dressed gentleman, who blows his nose with tact at affecting passages.

These claquers, it should be mentioned, are by no means men in destitute circumstances, who become professional applauders in order to gain a little money. Many of the claquers in the State theatres of Paris are eminently respectable men, who like to enjoy a play without having to pay for their seats. They include doctors, advocates, pupils of the Conservatoire, and shop-keepers, who assemble every evening at a cafe in the neighborhood of the theatre about ten minutes before the performance starts, answer to their names as the chief calls them out, and receive a metal ticket on which the number of their seat is engraved.

A COVETED POSITION.
The position of the chief de claque at some of the theatres is much coveted, as may be gathered from the fact that a man often had to pay

a certain sum if he wished to occupy it. He has a properly drawn-up agreement with the manager, stating what sum he pays for his position; the length of time he is allowed to hold it, and the number of seats which are given to him each day. The chief, however, does not always give these seats to his claquers. If they are expensive seats he will often sell them at a reduced price, thus making a good profit.

In addition to his fixed salary, and the profits on seats, the chief de claque is often paid as much as \$20 to \$60 per month by artists themselves, in order to applaud their appearance on the stage and shout for an encore. In fact, there are many instances on record of chiefs dying rich men. Two in particular, named Auguste and Porcher, both of the Opera, died immensely rich. The former, in fact, was rich enough, before he became chief de claque at the Opera, to pay \$16,000 for the position.

SACHEL--OF THE--SATELLITE

And Thompson wants the city's money.

All this week it hasn't been Shamrock or Reliance at all, but sham races.

When all those contracts are completed Chatham will be well styled the "City of Pavements."

Thompson won't be happy till he gets that \$400, and Irish Jack won't be happy if he does.

About 1,500 school boys and girls of Chatham were delighted last Tuesday morning—I guess nit.

Thompson may belong to the 400 but the city aldermen don't think that 400 belongs to Thompson.

The Hamilton people have a bare hope that they will have a "bear" tagged regiment—What "fur."

I think I'll have to send Ald. G. G. Martin over to the scene of the International yacht races. There is no wind there.

Manager Fred H. Brisco, of the Chatham Grand, says that everything appeared to be fair in Toronto this week—but the weather.

I guess all the wires that Thompson pulled in connection with the contract for civic electric lighting were not on the poles he put up.

Thompson has now got his lamps on that \$400 guarantee. If they are no better than his electric lamps, he won't be able to see that \$400.

Having made Chatham a little lighter (d) for the past five years, Thompson, the electrical man, now wants to make the city treasury a little lighter.

It may be a little early to make a prophecy, but, learning that Dr. Tye is a prospective alderman, I would just like to prognosticate that there will be a Tye for head of the poll in the aldermanic race.

Ald. G. G. Martin says that they have added additional timbers and otherwise strengthened the Grand Stand on the Park to support the weight of his eloquence on Labor Day. N. B.—This is a free notice.

WHAULT!
Said Cap: "When I get to the Sault, I think this is what I will do: I will give them a shock."

If they refuse to let me go thru'ault, With my boat and my cargo and crew, I will pick that big lock.

Wouldn't you'alt?" —Chicago Tribune.

AND THE DRUMMER TUMBLED.
To explain why his trip had proved so poor a Detroit commercial traveler wrote a long account of how the weather had affected business in the territory in which he had travelled. In due time he received this reply from his firm: "We get our weather reports from Washington. Don't send us any more. What we want is orders."

A NEW YORK EPITAPH.
The New York Press prints the following epitaph, which it says is to be found on a tombstone in a cemetery within seven miles of our city hall: Reader, pass on; don't waste your time. O'er bad biography and bitter rhyme; For what I AM this crumbling clay insures. And what I WAS is no affair of yours.

Continued on Page Twelve.



Of foulard, in the new shade of woodlawn brown in white, this frock—with its attractive trimmings of real cluny lace—was seen at a recent luncheon in town. The waist is made on a fitted featherbone lining and the sleeves offer a novelty, being tight to below the elbow, where a band of lace is applied over a puff, which flares sharply, almost to the wrist. Two bands of lace are on the skirt, which is entraine, with a binding at the edge to protect the hem. The tight-fitting belt and short basques show the French curve characteristic of the Smith Gown.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR

Come away from the crowded centres Of the city's throbbing life; The palaces grand on every hand, The noise and heat and strife; From the fever of pride and passion, That the grave can only cure, And walk with me in the twilight hour By the humble homes of the poor.

Here the father comes home in the evening From care and from danger free, As the little ones run to meet him, With their innocent shouts of glee. N' hithering's hand has nursed them, Nor will guard them at night secure, For the mother is all to her children In the humble homes of the poor.

Love to walk in the twilight, Where I see through the open door, Some busy with household duties, Some at play on the simple floor. N' luxury makes them heartless, No idleness makes them impure; The menace to souls where Mammon rolls Cannot enter the homes of the poor.

Come away from the hollow pleasures Of the ballroom and banquet hall; For the children's hour in the cottage Has joy that exceeds them all. Come away from the crowd, for their riches Take wing and shall not endure, Their pride will not weigh in the judgment day.

With the humble homes of the poor, —Catholic Home Companion.

SOME SALT WATER QUESTIONS

The capacity of the average small boy for asking questions is practically unlimited, but we do not remember ever hearing a more searching lot of inquiries than those propounded by a New York boy to his father, who had taken him for a steamer trip on Long Island Sound. Here is a partial list: Do you call this a sound steamer because of its noise? Is the water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic Ocean? What makes the water wet, anyhow? How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that? If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish would she go ashore and dig for them? Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster, so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster? Does the dampness ever give the clams malaria? Does it hurt to get drowned? Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them to? Who are those men up there in the little house on the roof playing with the bicycle? Where do the soap-suds behind the boat come from? Could a locomotive go as fast on the water as this boat? Envelopes were first used in 1838.

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