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California's Syren Climate

The Climate of California is Fickle But it is a Land of Great Opportunity.

The fact is, Old Boreas buffeted and sized over us all winter, held with his grip and made it hard to breathe the frosty air, and led us to sit over those little floor, or in some old farm where a log blazed in the evening fire place, while the genial sparks emitted therefrom were not the only sparks around that winter evening fireside, where, though our faces were burned while our backs were freezing, we were not altogether unhappy.

And, now, here we are in this section of paradise, warming our frost-bitten toes at Nature's own fireside with nothing to do but dream away the golden burdenless hours, the envy of those who remain "way back east."

And yet, ah me, the syren who met us on the edge of the burning desert, with her arms full of roses, all smiles and sunshine, has her eye upon us. She is singing to us her song upon the one sweet, soft theme which she sings to all who come to her shores. That theme is "Climate."

What! Are we prepared to swap all that is dear to us, friends, relatives, home, all for a climate? "Go! We will not hear of it." But that syren, whose name is California, just laughs in her flower-embroidered sleeves as she hands us out her fruits and wines, and points to her sun-kissed hills, and says to us "Behold! They are time, and thou art mine."

Everybody here has the climate. As soon as they begin to talk you find out what is the matter with them. It is incurable, I went into an oriental curio shop in Los Angeles. The dark-eyed Syrian with is welcome for the strange, and I as going to say, his poetic manners asked "how does madam like the climate?"

Then I knew he had it, and replied with assumed calmness of Mark Twain's travelers, "very pleasant." "Pleasant?" exclaimed he, all animation. "Oh, more! More! More than pleasant." Still calm, I replied "Yes, lovely land."

"Oh, More! More!" "Quite a section of paradise." And still the Syrian cried "More." Some one says it is a climate about which one must exaggerate to speak the truth. Still the climate does not always do what is expected of it; does not always put on her smiles and best behavior for company, but, like a spoiled child, puts on a cloudy face and frowns. Then there is much solicitude, much apologizing; we are assured it is "usual." Nearly all through the month of May mornings she veiled her face with a dense fog, when the d.m. guarding Sierras were obscured; when she made believe there was going to be rain. Such behavior on the part of a crack climate which led the tourists, who are time, to go out with overcoats and umbrellas. The climate has never acted just this way before, for so long a time. It is exceptional, they say, however. At noon the sun comes out bright and warm, and is most gladly greeted. We love the sunshine; let us live in it and let us die in it.

It is not necessary to be separated from your friends, they tell us. Just remain and they will come to you. Ah! but you overrate our attractions. But it is the climate—they will be sure to come to this climate sooner or later. Certainly, the land is full of

people from the east. I have not met a native Californian. Yes, just one. She was riding in her carriage, propelled by her mother, and her rear were just "one times one." She could not talk, but when she begins to lip the English language the first word that will fall from her infant tongue will be "Climate."

People come for a flying visit to see the country. They have cherished a dream of California all their lives. Then there will come an opportunity, and it is realized. They probably have an excursion ticket, but they get an attack of climate and they do not return. Or they have colds, and the physician recommended is "Climate." His office is all out of doors; his office hours, all the year round; his sign is out on every rosebud and orange grove.

But we still remember Whittier's "Snow Bound" and the brave old rugged characters who battled with the old-time winters and conquered the hard conditions of life, or who sat under the evening lamps around the winter fireside. But modern life and society have made changes; winter becomes the conqueror and banishes his subjects from the fireside land to the out-of-doors land. So here they come.

A FICKLE JADE.

California has a semi-tropical climate, and is fickle. She changes her mind many times a day. When the sun shines it is the glory of Eden. You care for nothing. All the world is a blaze of flame. It is luscious to sit in the sun gardens and breathe; but when the sun does not shine, then look out—or rather go in and light the fire. Just a bit of a blaze will do to take off the chill.

Los Angeles is said to be the least Californian of all the important cities of the state. A few years ago less than ten per cent. of the people were natives of California; the rest came from every state in the union and every territory. It is their adopted land. They have exchanged for it all the rest of the world and the things thereof. It is consequently dear to them.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

To the hustling business man, imbued with the western spirit, it is the land of to-morrow, the land of opportunity, the land of the future, though at first we knew it as the land of gold. And it has produced almost one-third of the gold now in circulation in the world.

THE RECOMPENSE.

In the early days I had an uncle who shipped a vessel load of merchandise "around the horn" to California. Although he lost money on the cargo, he wrote home that the fine climate compensated, and that people would come out here some day just for the climate, as then they came for gold. He seems to have been a prophet; and although I am writing about this same climate today, I do not pretend to know all about it, because my uncle shipped a cargo of goods here in '49, as did the boy who knew all about Germany, because his father played on the German flute.

To the invalid, the dreamer, the wealthy tourist, this is the land of the afternoon, of the sunset, a greater Florence. The climate is merely a gradation of glory, holding the vineyards and the gardens of the world;

where the snow hills are kissed by the sunshine and the rose bushes reach to the stars!

Have you noticed how one is inclined to let these fancy rhetorical steeds get away with you? It is the result of the climate:

A paradise of sunny skies, Of everlasting summer time, Of song, and wing, and shining thing.

A—Whoa! There! Whoa! Pasadena, California.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy, The happiest ever born; His face is like a beam of joy Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose, But how he laughed! Do you suppose He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks

THE COLUMBINE.

Of all the saucy flowers that grow, You are the sauciest I know; Reflect, these lovely summer days Upon the folly of your ways.

Whispering to a sweet snowball That nods beside the garden wall, Then smiling with coquettish eyes At bees and birds and butterflies.

In garden or in woodland grove I find you if I chance to rove; You turn, you swing, you bow and away 'Mid fragrant breezes all the day.

Low sinks the sun in crimson skies, The wild birds sing sweet lullabies, And twilight shades and shadows fall, As evening hovers over all.

When day is wrapt in dreamy night And lovers walk in pale moonlight, I think their secrets you divine, Oh! saucy, fickle Columbine.



This charming summer costume is made of the ever fashionable pongee, but in dark green. It is trimmed with medallions of Norwegian embroidery, edged with bands of the pongee stitched down closely. The loose-fitting coat has a broad collar brought together at the front with green silk cords and a sheer organdie waist is worn beneath. The parasol is made of shirred ribbon over a green taffeta foundation.

His laugh is something grand; Its ripples overrun his cheeks Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes And till the day is done; The schoolroom for a joke he takes; His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go, You can not make him cry; He's worth a dozen boys I know Who pout and mope and sigh.

AN ITALIAN SOLDIER WHO HAS TWO HEARTS.

Another interesting discovery has been made in connection with the man Giuseppe de Maggio of Alessano, Italy, whose heart, it was announced some time ago, was situated on the right side. The doctors have again examined Maggio and have declared that he possesses two hearts—one which beats on the right, the other insensible and immobile on the left. In addition to his two hearts, the man has two ribs more than normally constituted individuals. He has always enjoyed good health and was an excellent cavalry soldier.—Tit Bits.

John Burrows, while cleaning windows at the Presbyterian College, missed his footing and fell four stories, being instantly killed.

Hon. Wm. Ross, ex-Governor of the Yukon, and Mr. T. O. Davis, M. P., will probably be appointed Senators to represent the Northwest Territories.

F. B. Wade, M. P.; James Duffield, London, Ont.; C. A. Young, Winnipeg; Mr. Brunet, Montreal, are mentioned as the commissioners to supervise the construction of the Transcontinental Railway, with Mr. Lumsden, of Toronto, as a chief engineer.

A woman has an idea that somehow the baby will make a better man of its father.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls, Girls that are mother's right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust in, And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folk, Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls, That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile or a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls, Good girls from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure, From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

HAS STIRRED ENGLAND.

The seizure of British merchant vessels by the Russians has stirred the fighting blood of England. The tone of the press is quite warlike. This is natural. For some reason or other Russia has come to be regarded as Great Britain's natural enemy, and it must be admitted that some of the recent actions of the Russians have been very provoking. It is inconceivable that Russia went to work to stir up trouble without some consideration of the inevitable consequences, and the natural inference is that Russia is provoking a European complication as a means of relief from the humiliation of her present situation. So far she has found herself no match for the Japanese in a single-handed contest. The past is without glory; the future is without hope. In no complication that might arise would her situation be much worse than it is; it might possibly improve.—Woodstock Express.

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 of Feb., 1860, to March 9, 1860.

P. C. Allen advertises his valentines for sale.

William H. Carter is a dealer in building timber.

The headquarters' saloon are running free lunches.

Fred Frey advertises the sale of flour, wholesale.

William Smith opens up a new boot and shoe store.

Chas. A. Jones manages a grocery store on King Street.

Frances Martin advertises a cottage near the goal, for rent.

William Mercer advertises his farm in Chatham township for sale.

Peter Peters, watchmaker, has his store in Chatham, on King St.

Eighty-eight divorces were granted in New York City during 1859.

The population of Canada East and West is now estimated at 3,000,000.

Henry F. Duck, advertises a house for rent in North Chatham, for rent.

Died—Dougald James, the three-year-old son of Duncan McNaughton.

Birth—In this town, on the 23rd inst., the wife of Alexander Fountaine, of a son.

Birth—In this town, on Sunday, the 12th inst., the wife of William McKeough, of a son.

John Stone, Belle River, challenges any owner of a race horse to compete with "Rattle Cropeau."

Three states have abolished the death penalty viz., Michigan in 1846, Rhode Island in 1842, and Wisconsin in 1853.

Died—At Windsor, C. W., on the morning of the 23rd inst., David McEwen, late of Douglas, Scotland, aged 46 years.

The golden bedstead and carpet, which were lately presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria are said to be valued at \$700,000.

Died—On the 29th inst., at Mount Pleasant, in the township of Aldborough, Mary Gibb, wife of Mr. John Gibb, aged 57 years.

At the siege of Sebastopol, the French fired 25,000,000 bullets and as only about 25,000 Russians were hit, it follows that at least 999 shots in 10000 were wasted.

Married—At Chatham, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. Walker, William Barry, Esq., to Emma Rachel, youngest daughter of B. Barfoot, Esq., postmaster, Chatham.

As the No. 10 freight train arrived at this station, Feb. 24th, a brakeman John Taylor, in attempting to uncouple the cars was by some accident, killed. Deceased was a Chatham man and unmarried. He leaves a widowed mother.

The little island of Barbadoes it may not generally be known, is the most densely populated country in the world. With an area of 166 square miles it contains 115,864 inhabitants.

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to 434 pounds. This is only what science tells us, but we know the jaws of some of our lawyers are equal to a number of thousand pounds a year to them.

The county council of Oxford have petitioned Parliament that losers by incendiary fires may be recompensed by the public the same as in England. It is urged that by such means the crime of malicious incendiarism will be prevented since the whole community will suffer by it.

The bill for the protection of the property in trade and the earnings of married women giving to them the same rights and control of their earnings as single females; making all contracts entered into by married women as valid in all respects as if she were single; her property and stock in trade not liable for her husband's debts, was under consideration in the New York House and ordered to be read a third time.

A thrilling incident is revived from the discovery amid the ruins at Lawrence, of the ends of several fingers of a human being, the ends lacerated, and indicative of the dreadful extremity to which the passenger was driven. It will be remembered that on the night of the calamity a girl named Kelly, finding herself caught by one hand in the machinery of a loom in her fearful extremity tore her hand from the well nigh embrace of the machinery and left several joints of her finger in the ruins. So scrutinizing has been the search of the workmen that even those lost digits were discovered and after being exposed for some time in the dead room they were transmitted to the young lady who having had the stumps amputated, is now recovering from her self-imposed wounds.

THE RISING BELL.

The flowers of summer Long went to their beds, And pulled up the covers Tight over their heads.

For fear that some sleeper Uncovered should go, The north wind dropped gently A blanket of snow.

The Crocus rose early Though chilly the place; A dash of cold water March flung in its face.

But Sweet William slumbered Till wakened by May, She softly called, "Billy! Get up now, I say!"

He paid no attention, Nor rose from his rest; June sternly called, "William! He got up and dressed."

A mother says her son has the artistic temperament when he can't earn his own living.

The war has gone back once more to the "eve of the decisive battle of the campaign."



Turban of rough straw It is built on the "torpedo" shape, though the brim is somewhat deeper than usual. Branches of white violets with here and there a pale rose, mixed with soft satin ribbon, completes this stylish hat.



Attractive hat of white lace and white roses. The lace is shirred on the navy cable wire and forms an almost transparent brim. The crown is of white roses and white lace massed together.