

## The Planet.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

## DEVEY THE POLITICIAN

The Chief Devey, of New York, de-graded from the police force for ac-cepting bribes to protect the gamblers and criminals of New York city, is out as a candidate for the mayoralty of Greater New York. He was open to the assault of the "almighty dollar" when in office and now that he would capture the highest honor in the gift of the electorate of the first city in America he makes his appeal to the lower passions and appetites of the voters. He organized a picnic for the wives and daughters of the men with lights and charged the latter twenty-five cents per head to witness the show. Devey claims that between 50,000 and 75,000 persons attended, while the New York Tribune allows that not less than 25,000 were present. Tickets were supplied, every man, woman and child entitled back to ice cream, cakes and lemonade. With the compliments of W. S. Devey. The climax was reached when Devey arrived in the evening and the bands played. The enthusiasm was of the wildest and his speech, which was undoubtedly original, was greeted with cheers renewed again and again. Shrewdly the ex-mayor made his appeal to the women to take hold in the campaign and compel their husbands, sons, brothers and fathers to be on the right side on the one day out of the 365. "You are being highwayed and robbed. Even the girls, with the money they get, don't have enough to buy decent hats and clothes and go out on the highway and look decent. This is a householders' fight. It is for the people. Insist that the male members of your families vote for W. S. Devey for mayor. If I am elected, it will not be Carnegie or Rockefeller or Morgan libraries, which you can't eat. It'll be coal and wood and food you'll get, if I'm elected. If I'm elected I'll look after your interests and won't let the politicians make you look like 30 cents."

## RECONCILER OF NATIONS

The first of the America Cup races of 1903 finds even the nation which is defending the cup concealing a hope. Down in the depths of its sportsmanlike bosom, that the un-encouraged challenger may win. Never, probably, has good feeling in an international sport—the good feeling that is not merely of the sportsmen and those who understand and love the game, but of the great public which knows nothing but the flags on the masthead—been more general or more generous. It is almost enough to justify the smiles of the United Kingdom's merchants at Montreal when a Canadian mentions war with the United States.

For, after all, sport is a great reconciler of nations. Where war is made by the people, and not by a ruler, it is almost invariably the result of a misconception; and there is nothing like the close and intimate intimacy of skill and nerve and bodily strength to abolish the little mis-understanding under which men labor concerning one another. The America Cup has had a peculiarly powerful influence in this direction. Yachting, primarily a diversion of the wealthy and leisured classes, and pos-sessing in England at least, a social standing which no other sport, not even fox-hunting, can attain, has through the cup contests become the object of the keenest popular en-thusiasm. Every section of the peo-ple has had its interest stirred and its sympathies aroused by Sir Thomas Lipton's invincible determination and the equally dogged resistance of the New York yachtsmen. The erstwhile disgruntled Irish potatoe has watched the doings of his fellow countryman with prayers for his suc-cess; the inland Populist of Ne-braska, who never saw a sheet of water bigger than his duck-pond, has learned to name the entire sail area of the latest defender; and each has been compelled to respect and admire the other's representatives.

The Anglo-American entente has seldom of late been more impreg-nated than in the days when the America Cup seemed to have become a dead and useless relic of by-gone times, or a little later when that noble yachtsman failed to face opposing cir-cumstances with equanimity. It has seldom been firmer than to-day, when Britain seems at last about to tear the emblem of a grossly-suspected contest from the hands that have held it so long. —Toronto News.

Yes, we are betting on the Sham-rock. There's no Lipton. May he win to-day's race.

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MRS. DORE LYON.

## A Popular New York Woman Who Has Ambitions and Ability.

That Mrs. Dore Lyon, queen of clubs (women's clubs), has turned authoress will surprise none of those admirers who have followed her career, note-worthy alike for the versatility with which she has brought herself to prom-inence and the speediness with which she has caused her way to be ac-knowledged by all women engaged in the club movement in New York city. To Mrs. Lyon the conquering of litera-ture is only a step in her upward course. The field of art has already known her through her musical ambi-tions.



MRS. DORE LYON.

Mrs. Lyon's ambitions are not only boundless, but unusually varied, and whether it be in conducting an election controversy in a woman's club, in superintending a money raising function for a philanthropy or in her gracious patronage of the fine arts Mrs. Lyon has always demonstrated her keen comprehension of human character, her peculiar feminine character, and her ability to put that comprehension to good use.

Mrs. Lyon is the newest leader among women's clubs to have achieved success in so short a time. For only four years has she been at all prom-inent in club circles. During that time she has been president of the Eclectic club, an organization upon which the light of publicity has been with un-usual pertinacity, and from this post of only comparative importance—for the Eclectic club is by no means the great-est among women's clubs—she has been elevated to the presidency of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, thus which there are only two higher posi-tions within the gift of the woman club members of this country, the state and the national presidencies.—New York Herald.

## Economy and Laundry Work.

It was demonstrated in a household economies exhibition held recently that with a little care in selection of ma-terial women could become in a meas-ure independent of the laundress and at the same time save a considerable sum of money. Unfringed and sun dried underwear was recommended as being both economical and healthful.

There was also a demonstration of the money saved by wearing plain rather than fancy lingerie, which was based on laundry prices for washing and ironing.

Two suits were shown of three pieces each. One was of longcloth, edged with a little lace, the prettiest being trimmed with plain ruffles only. This cost \$4.50 and could be laundered once a week for a year at a cost of \$32. The other was nainsook, made elaborately and trimmed with lace. It cost \$13.50, and the laundry work for the same time amounted to \$83.

This estimate was made on the ac-tual pieces which had been charged for doing the suits at a first class laun-dry. As an accurate estimate of the time spent in making when grading laun-dry prices, \$5 is the equivalent of the time saved by the laundry on the plain suit. At home, with fewer facilities and less expert work, which are most needed in doing the lace trimmed wear, the difference in time would be even greater.

## Women and Newspaper Work.

A well known western newspaper woman gives the following bit of ad-vise to an inquirer who asks about newspaper work as a profession for a woman: "It all depends upon whether you can readily adapt yourself to the business and whether you have some natural talent for scribbling. For those to whom writing is a painful, laborious task newspaper work is any-thing but pleasant. But if you are the sort that can write anything at any time without waiting for a muse to push you along you will find the work fascinating in the extreme. There is much that is drudgery; there is much that is exhilarating and inspiring. Peo-ple who have been in it for many years keep up a perpetual growl, but couldn't possibly be induced to break away from the jolly world of pot bol-lers. If you are strong and well, can stand long hours of work, do not think you are a glowing genius, don't cry over every trivial disappointment and know a little something about spelling and composition, make a try. Write something and send it in. That is the only way now that the field is so frightfully crowded."

## The Short Skirt Gait.

Don't think you can wait just any old way in your short skirt, for you can't—that is, if you want to win the coveted appellation "smart." At least those who study the art of dress say so. These critics agree that the short skirted girl must study seriously the matter of her gait, for it is of far more moment than when wearing longer skirts. The steps should be small and regular. They say that the Spaniards attach a ribbon to each garter to keep their pace even and regular. Be this taken for what it is worth, there is no doubt that Spanish ladies have a most graceful walk and carriage. The American woman who led off with short skirts and is wholly responsible for either adoption will hardly adopt a method of gait to hamper her steps and reduce her gait to a "mince." But in this suggestion there is a hint for the girl of the period to ponder over. The gait acquired on the tennis court or golf field will never give grace to a girl in ankle high skirt, especially if she have feet that her friends dub "good understandings."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Advice of a Successful Belle. "Yes, my dear, one could lay down rules for the charming of the other sex," said an old but very successful belle to a debutante who, in spite of a beautiful face, is, it must be ad-mitted, a failure as far as popularity goes. Ardent admirers she has, but of temperate admirers and men friends she has none. "One could lay down rules—a hundred and three of them, all good rules too. But there are two I'd remember if I were you, and you can afford to let the others take care of themselves. The first is in talk-ing to a man never 'turn down' an-other woman. The second—and even if you forget the first please remember the second—is never praise another man."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## To Wash Corsets.

It is necessary to wash corsets take out the steels in front and sides, then lay them on a flat surface and with a small brush scrub them thor-oughly with tepid or cold lather of white castile soap. When quite clean let cold water run on them by holding them under a running faucet until the soap is all rinsed off. Pull them length-ways until they are straight and shape-ly and let them dry in a cool place, pulling them again when partly dry. By this treatment they will retain their natural shape and wear for months after.

## The Parasol.

It is not economy, though it may seem so, to combine the use of a rain umbrella and sunshade in one article. A manufacturer of umbrellas points out that it is the oil in the silk which continues its wear. When that is dried out, the material cracks and is useless. The sun's heat obviously, therefore, is not desirable and should be kept from a good umbrella. A cheap pongee or silk and linen parasol may better be bought, as it will mean perhaps a year more wear for the more expensive rain shield.—Harper's.

## Black Bean Soup.

The liquor in which ham is boiled may be made the basis of a delicious and nutritious soup. Soak a pint of black beans overnight, boil till perfect-ly tender in the water in which they were soaked, mash fine, add a pint or a little more of the ham liquor, which must be allowed to get cold so that the fat can be removed, and press through a sieve upon a few slices of lemon and rings of hard boiled eggs. This is the "black bean soup" which has such a reputation.

## Lemon Juice Treatment.

To treat the skin with lemon juice take one pint of hot water and add to it a teaspoonful of powdered borax. To this add the juice of half a lemon. Use a sponging lotion for the skin. Let it dry on, but wash off after fifteen minutes or so. This will prove very whitening. If there are deep, applied spots the clear lemon can be applied, but it should be tried first with caution, as every skin will not bear the clear, strong lemon.

## Apple Taffy For Children.

Apple taffy is a delicious sweet for the children and less injurious to the "little insides" than most sweets. Choose firm, ripe, tart apples and put in each one a stick three or four inches long. Put two pounds of brown sugar in a saucepan and add a little water. Boil until it threads, then dip the ap-ples in this sirup and turn them over and over until covered. Set on buttered paper until cold.

## Violet Powder.

A pure violet powder can be easily made at home as follows: Pound six ounces of the best starch to a very fine powder and sift it through a fine piece of muslin, then rub into it two drams of powdered orris root and perfume it with a few drops of oil of lemon, lavender or attar of roses. Tint it if you like by adding a very little rose pink.

## Table Lace.

It is not good time to have any but pure white lace upon the table—and even the colored silk embroideries upon white linen which have made lunch tables so bright in times past are less popular, although still in use by people of fashion to some extent.

## In Closets devoted to shelves the shelves should have spaces between them of not more than fifteen inches, this space allowing sufficient room for most practicable purposes.

## The parlor is the showroom for the outside world, but the kitchen and living rooms should be even better show-rooms for the family.

## Don't tip the shoulders from side to side when walking. It is an exceedingly ungraceful habit.

## Brighten smooth silverware by rub-bing it with oatmeal.

## The Barometer

Of the body is the secretion from the kidneys. When that is clouded, or shows a brick-dust deposit, look out for trouble in the human system. Heed the warning, or soon it will be too late. Keep the kidneys in good working order if you would have health and vigor. The best kidney regulator is

## Bu-Ju

It stimulates weakened, clogged or overworked kidneys to healthy action and the result is soon mani-fested in the improved condition of the entire system.

At all druggists; box of 50 pills 50 cents. Refuse substitutes.

The Clafin Chemical Co. NEW YORK, N.Y. AND WINDSOR, ONT.

104 YEARS OLD

Mrs. Hopper Retains Every Faculty at That Great Age.

Few individuals may lay claim to a retention of every natural faculty after a life covering a period of 104 years. Few ever reach the century mark of life, and viewed from this standpoint, Mrs. Mary Hopper, mother of Thomas Hopper, of Prospect Point, Oswego, is a most remarkable woman even for a centenarian.

On May 25th last she entered upon her 105th year, and yet, after nearly twice the years of the ordi-nary individual, Mrs. Hopper can ex-ercise all her senses with a keenness and intelligence that is nothing short of remarkable.

Mrs. Hopper was born in 1799 in Devonshire, Eng., and when she was six years of age all England cele-brated in honor of the great victory of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. She also remembers a winter time of telling how the bluffs all along the

Hard Times.

The Collar—Hello, old man! You're looking done up.

The Cuff—Yes, I've had a good many reverses lately.

Ostentation.

"You say that man's relations won't speak to him?" said the surveyor who had stopped at the log cabin.

"Yes. An' it serves him right. Jes' as soon as he come into a little property he bought himself a glass eye an' a set o' false teeth, an' his kin reckoned it was mighty ill mannered to come around puttin' on style an' wearin' all that jewelry."—Washington Star.

Two Valuations.

"Somebody ask'd D'Archer to name a figure for that painting of his. He placed it pretty high, I believe."

"Yes, and so did the art committee."

"What had they to do with the price?"

"Not the price, but the painting it-self. They skidded it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Hopper at the age of 104.

British Channel sparked with the bonfires in honor of the occasion. She has no difficulty in recalling the exciting events in England preceding and subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. She tells graphically of the fear that prevailed in England as the then unconquered Napoleon marched upon the Duke of Wellington's army. Mrs. Hopper is a true subject of the British crown, and her face lights up when she tells of the rejoicing that followed the news of the defeat of the French army and the sudden retreat of the formidable French Emperor.

During her lifetime, this remark-able woman has lived during the reign of five British sovereigns, one of these being the late Queen Vic-toria, who reigned for a period of sixty-three years. Yet nothing, not even her tales of the victories of Nelson and Wellington, speak so elo-quently of Mrs. Hopper's interesting life as the fact that she has lived in three centuries. Born in the eighteenth, she outlived the nineteenth, and, with still several years of life and happiness before her, Mrs. Hop-per has seen the launching of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Hopper, with her husband, emigrated to Canada in 1853, lo-cating in Whitby, Ont. She now lives in Oswego, with her son, Thomas, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Hopper (Mary Shaddick) was married to Richard Hopper of Devonshire, Eng., in 1820, nine children being the result of the union. Her husband died in 1885 at the age of 85.

A series of verses were composed by Mrs. Hopper when she was 93 years old.

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Roht, Cooper's Bookstore.

W. J. Kenny's

J. L. Davis' Drug Store.

W. W. Turner's

Sulman's Bee Hive.

ON THE BEACH

Wadin' in the water where The waves come rollin' in, Splashin' in a feller's face An' breakin' on his chin— The thing 'at I wud think o'— Delightful, goodness knows!— Wuz mud an' said 'at's cozin' up Between a feller's toes.

Makes a feller young ag in— Sometimes I wish I wuz— Thinkin' it wuz big to smoke An' bigger still to cuss— Wadin' in the water where The tide jest ebbs an' flows An' mud an' sand keeps slippin' up Between a feller's toes.

Most delightful feelin' 'at A feller ever had— Makes him kinder feel 'at life An' livin' ain't so bad. An' ever' thing is blossomin' Jes' like a summer rose When sand an' mud keeps slippin' up Between a feller's toes.

Wadin' in the water where The sea waves gurgin' in; Wish 'at I could wade acrost To where the waves begin. Mebbe on the other side A youthful fountain flows, An' sand an' mud keeps cozin' up Between a feller's toes.

Mebbe men don't shivel up An' age an' die so soon An' feller's jes' keep wadin' through An' everlastin' June Where ever' thing is blossomin' Jes' like a summer rose An' mud an' sand keeps slippin' up Between a feller's toes! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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Will make her regular round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every Monday and Wednesday

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Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every

Friday and Saturday

Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St., at 8:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 9 a. m., Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham at 3:30 p. m., Detroit time, or 4 p. m., Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8:30 p. m.

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