

The Daily Planet

S. STEPHENSON, PROPRIETOR.
TELEPHONES
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A CRIMINAL FACTORY.

"In the winter the jail is a regular criminal factory. The crowding is abominable. I have been very much distressed over the association of boys with hardened criminals. On one occasion three boys under twenty were thrown into constant intercourse with criminals of the worst type."

The above is taken from a speech made by Rev. Frank Vipond, of Toronto, before the Vanzant Inquiry. Mr. Vipond is well known in this city, especially among the members of the local order of the Sons of England, and there are few who will dispute the sentiment as contained in his statements published above. The throwing together of all classes of prisoners, both hardened and tender, is one of the evils of the present system of jail management, and this cannot too often be brought before the attention of the authorities.

In the case of Chatham's Police Station, conditions are even worse than those depicted by Mr. Vipond. Here there is absolutely no attempt at discrimination in quartering prisoners—not even as regards sex. Men, women and children all occupy cells in a common room. This was one of the many matters which were overlooked in the erection of this building, and it is one which is most repulsive to citizens with the least instincts of common decency.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Vipond lays stress upon the fact that the jails are overcrowded in the winter time, and many reasons are advanced to account for this. There are probably none which come nearer the truth than the theory that the majority of the prisoners are criminals because it affords them protection from the cold blasts of winter and provides them with a comfortable home during the chilly months.

There are too many men in this country who believe that the world owes them a living, and these invariably set about to collect it with the least possible inconvenience to themselves. One way of accomplishing it is to commit some petty crime during the early fall and serve a term of six months in a jail. This lets them out in the spring of the year, and they miss the hardship of earning a living during the time when the snow is on the ground. It would be a surprise to the majority of people to know just how many men there are who work this little game. Only a few days ago a man was released from the Chatham jail who was heard to remark that he wished he could have stayed in a few months longer. In fact when he was sentenced he asked Judge Houston to make his sentence six months instead of three, so that he would come out in the spring.

Just what to do with this class of men is a knotty problem. They are a burden on the community whether they are in jail or roaming at large. Fortunately Chatham has only a few of them. If the conditions in our jails were made a little more disagreeable and severe, they might not be so overcrowded and there certainly would not be so many men seeking admittance.

The owners of a well at Valetta, the Maple City Gas & Oil Company, have allowed enough gas to escape to last Tilbury for two years, and refuse to cap their well. This criminal waste of what is really public property seems a case for the intervention of the Minister of Mines. Why should every irresponsible adventurer be allowed to exploit or waste the precious public wealth of this country? Why should the vast stores of gas and oil in Essex be treated differently from the silver in New Ontario?—Windsor Record.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

Speaking of the action of the prisoner's attorney in the Shaw murder trial in announcing that he will not appeal to the "unwritten law," the Detroit News makes the following interesting comment:

Delphin L. Delmas, attorney for Harry Shaw, communicates something of a surprise when he announces that he will make no appeal to passion, prejudice or human sympathy, but will defend his client under the statutes of the State of New York. His application will require some ingenious posing of the case, for while laws against homicide vary somewhat there is no common justification except fear for one's life. There is no statutory justification of murder for vengeance. No civilized state formally empowers any man to take the law into his own hands and administer his personal idea of justice. It must be a unanimous verdict of twelve men; no other tribunal can adjudicate a charge of murder. There are deadly wrongs, for which

Taken from The Planet files from Dec. 21, 1865, to Dec. 28, 1865.

At a meeting of the Town Council the following were appointed returning officers for the town at the municipal elections: Eberts Ward, John Thompson; Northwood Ward, James Hart; Chrysler Ward, John E. Brooke.

Dr. Sivewright announced that he was about to retire from active practice. He had practiced in the County of Kent for a period of twenty years, and much regret was expressed at his retirement.

Mr. Rufus Stephenson was re-elected Mayor of Chatham by acclamation.

The Fenians proposed to invade Canada with 40,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry and 50 pieces of artillery. They boasted that they would do the job in thirty days time.

Geo. Young, Warden of the County of Kent, gave a supper at Rutley's North American Hotel. Between thirty and forty guests were present. The vice-chair was filled by James Smith, ex-Warden and Reeve of Camden.

The members of the Provincial Parliament for the western division and the County of Kent, Hon. Walter McCrea and A. McKellar entertained the County Council of Kent and the Town Council of Chatham at Rutley's North American Hotel on the Friday evening previous. Most of the members of both councils were present, together with the various officers and

even sacrifice of life cannot atone, but neither common nor statutory law recognizes them as such, and so we have various subterfuges and deceptions for justifying conduct which under the law is unavoidably criminal. For lack of a better name we style it the "unwritten law."

In reality there is no such thing. We have the law, strictly observed to-day and violated with more or less public sanction to-morrow. Law is only an expression of the public sense of justice. To-day it is harsh and unyielding; to-morrow considerate and merciful. The fate of a man on trial for his life hangs by a thread. Sometimes it is the life that is sacrificed, sometimes the law, yet both are sacred. Men as individuals are often swayed by their emotions. Men organized in bodies, or even met in common public assembly, are usually swayed by them rather than by reason. It would be a remarkable orator who could address a lone individual and inspire him to wild enthusiasm by argument, yet one frequently sees a great audience thrilled to a furor by some artful spell-binder who merely plays a part and whose proposition and the arguments with which he supports it are the merest claptrap.

Listen to one of these and then sit down next morning and try to read the same thing in cold type. Gone is the fire and frenzy. There is evidence of strained logic, garbled fact, inaccuracies and lack of sincerity which were all disguised behind an imitation of earnest conviction and sugar-coated with rhetoric. True manhood and womanhood naturally revolt when personal honor is assailed. Those who betray the innocent, who destroy homes, who commit detestable crimes of violence, stir to life an elemental passion that lies concealed in the blood of every healthy individual. It awakens a universal sympathy or universal detestation for persons who are only known in a limited circle. Human sentiments are quite as contagious as the most infectious disease. Twelve men are pledged under oath to divest their minds of prejudice, to listen to the evidence carefully and to render a verdict in accordance with the facts. As an additional safeguard of the law, the presiding judge is expected to administer a final charge which will clear away the sophistries and remove prejudices which have been artfully created by specious argument, but when the jury retires no man can tell whether the facts in the case or a cunning perversion of them, whether principles of human justice or created sympathy, will rule their deliberations. The insanity plea, emotional, temporary or otherwise, has been worn threadbare and is becoming a joke. Attorneys more commonly appeal to the "unwritten law," which is not content with an ele for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, or a life for a life, but sets up certain injuries as justification for murder. It is a dangerous, anarchistic practice, and Mr. Delmas bespeaks the good opinions of the public when he announces that he will make no such specious plea.

The height of realism is to sing ocean songs until you are black in the face.

Canadian women can accomplish almost anything that they set their hearts out.

AULD LANG SYNE

FROM PLANET FILES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

Crea occupied the chair and A. McKellar the vice-chair.

A few invited guests. Hon. W. Mc- The Canada Company's stocks rose six per cent. on account of the rumor that oil had been struck on their property in this country.

An attempt was made to burglarize the American Express office. The thief was unsuccessful, however, as he could not pry open the inner window.

The following were running for honors as councillors in Chatham Township: L. H. Johnson, John Sanderson, John Little, Duncan Campbell, Samuel Arnold, James Houston, Robert Johnson, Thomas Carolan, George Rodgers, David Everitt, John Shaw, Samuel Everitt, J. S. Burley, John Johnson, Wm. McCubbin, and Stephen Kinney. Out of this number five were to be elected.

Married, by the Rev. George Goodson, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at the residence of Mr. Clark, of Chatham, Mr. Alexander Arnold, of Dover East, to Miss Mary Ann McQuinn, of Chatham.

Married, by Rev. George Goodson, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Blackburn to Miss Hannah Sicketts, both of Chatham Township.

Married, by the Rev. George Goodson, on Monday, the 19th inst., at Mr. Lark's Hotel, Mr. James A. Arnold to Miss Nancy C. Cook, both of Harwich.

Afraid of the Deluge.



"I'd like to get a wife."
"Why don't you advertise?"
"I only want one."

Excerpt
"Oh, would I were a genius!"
"What great work would you accomplish if you were?"
"Great work nothing. They never have to make good. That's why they are geniuses."

What the Old Man Thinks.
That Christmas comes but once a year is mighty lucky, too.
For if it came a dozen times
When we heard Santa's reindeer chiming
We'd grab our pocketbooks and clear,
Nor bid fond friends adieu.

More Joyous.
"You look like an escaped convict with your hair cut that way."
"Well, I'd rather look like an escaped convict than like one that hasn't escaped."

If you are out when some people call to borrow, you are that much in.

Even the man with a will of iron may lose his temper when he gets

NEGLIGEE

COAT SHIRTS

Slip on and off easy as an old coat—hold their looks longer—laundry better—more style and smartness to them. Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

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Oration by Hon. Moses Blossom

Full Text of His Address, "What's de Use?" at the Limekiln Club.

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WHEN the regular routine of business had been concluded the other evening at the Limekiln club, Brother Gardner rose and said that a colored stranger named the Hon. Moses Blossom was in the anteroom and would deliver an oration.

The stranger was from Alabama, and nothing was known of him, but as he evidenced a disposition to borrow money and become very intimate it would be well to have his oration over with and send him along to Buffalo. The oration was entitled "What's de Use?" and, according to the Hon. Blossom, had been delivered 2,800 times in different parts of the country with great effect. There would be no charge, but after the meeting the orator would be ready to sell a corn salve and an invention to prevent ingrowing toe nails at special prices for the occasion.

Samuel Shin was warned that if he threw pepper on the hot stove he



HIS LEFT SHOULDER LOPPED, AND HE LIMPED IN HIS RIGHT LEG.

would be dropped out of the window into the alley, and Givensam Jones got a hint to suppress his cough or get out, and all was then ready for the stranger.

The Hon. Blossom appeared to be a man of forty. His left shoulder lopped, and he limped in his right leg. His was not a smiling, cheerful countenance, but it wore a look of determination, as if he would sit down before a good dinner and stay there until the last crumb was devoured. He exhibited no embarrassment and was cheered as he took the platform and began:

"My frens, I has arrive yere, same as I has arrive at hundreds of other places, to find men and women strivin' fer place and power, fer riches and happiness, fer de head ob de percussion and de big end ob de cake.

"Dat's only human natur', encouraged by every book we read and every paper we pick up. At de present date dar am a millyun pussons in dis world encouragin' de rest ob us to climb up. Dey gibs us mottoes to adopt and precepts and examples to foller, and dey tell how easy it am fer any one to go from de fall ob de class to de hail.

"Oder dar sots Pickles, Smith. He am jist achin' to climb to de top and own and run a possoffice and reserve ten boxes fer his own mail.

"Oder dis way sots Elder Penstock. He has been told dat dar am no reason on alrth why he shouldn't be governor ob dis state, and he am tasin' de fried oysters he will have when dat event happens.

"In front ob de store, wid his ears workin' back and forth and his eyes shinin' wid ambishun, am Drawback White. He has read dat honesty and industry will boost a man to de top ob de pole, and he am lookin' forward to ownin' a steamboat and bootin' de deck hands about.

"So it goes from one to de odder, all wantin' sunthin' better, all achin' to climb up. No one ob you am content wid his station in life. Slich ob you as kin afford clams don't want to stop at dat. You want lobster. Slich ob you as have patent leather shoes am slichin' fer gold headed canes to match.

"I am fur from wantin' de world to stand still or discouragin' ambishun, but I am at de same time compelled to ask, 'What's de use?' We has all read ob Caesar. He made up his mind to go to de top, and he got dar. Befo he begun tryin' he was a contented man. If de flour and potatoes and bacon was out, he knowed what he could git mo'.

If a circus come along, he was dar. If dar was a hoss race, he had his \$2 up on de right hoss. He had de money in his pocket to pay his taxes, and if he went into a saloon and found a dozen me' dar he didn't have to drink alone and make a sneak.

"How was it when Caesar reached de pinnacle? Nuffin but trouble—trouble in de man's' trouble at noon, trouble when he laid his weary head on de pillar. He had heaps ob money, but so enjoyment; he had heaps ob frens, but no enemies; he had heaps ob power, but not 'nuff to save his own life. Some few wept when dey buried h.n. but dar was hundreds, who rejoiced. Kin any ob you tell me what he gained? Kin any ob you tell me what was de use?"

"Dar was Hannebale. As a farm-er's son he hoed corn, milked cows, fed de hawks and had biled dinners twice

a week. He drove to town, wid a good lookin' gal whenever dar was a circus, and he was allus on hand at camp meetin's and county fairs. He was content and growin' fat till ambishun bit him. He got it into his head dat he wanted to climb up, and nobody could hold him. He clumb and clumb and clumb. He got to de werry top. He got to whar he could look up and see no one on de limb above him. He got fame, but he didn't have time to eat his meals. He got glory, but he made enemies every hour. He won victories, but he come home to find dat de hawks had broke into his garden and rooted everything up. He reached de top only to die, and his breath had only passed away when de newspapers was sayin' mean things about him.

"Napoleon was de man ob all de world fur a quarter ob a century. From libbin' in a garret he come to lib in a palace. From bein' a nobody he come to be ruler ob de world. Dat man could go out and lick a kentry and annex it as easy as you or me could go out and saw half a cord of wood. But what did it all amount to in de end? What was de use? Dar come a day when he was pulled off de perch and libed and died an exile.

"I was talkin' wid Givensam Jones ob dis club last night. He works in a wood yard at \$2 a day. He has got a cuckoo clock and a red sofa in his house. He owns a winter overcoat wid a velvet collar to it. He kin put up a dollar on a hoss race any day in de week. If kerosene goes up a cent a gallon, he don't cuss. If bacon draps a cent a pound, he don't chuckle ober it. He has got a name dat compels respect. When he starts for home at night, eben de police git out ob his road. His wife gibs a high tea one week and a low coffee de next, and she kin hab two pairs ob two dollar shoes a year. Kin you draw me a picture ob contentment and prosperity to beat dat?"

"And yet what does Givensam Jones want? He wants to change his front name to Claude; he wants to find sunthin' to take de kink out ob his hair and pass for a Cuban; he wants a diamond pin and a plug hat; he wants to be de mayor ob dis city and gradually climb up to de presidency; he wants to be known as de 'it' ob de United States. He would leabe all contentment behind him fur a few years ob greatness. Think ob it! Think ob swappin' such a name as Givensam fur dat ob Claude! Why, such a thing would make de very planets halt in deir course!

"My frens, I ask you again, what's de use? It's a question I hab asked ten thousand times and shall keep on askin'. Nobody is brung into dis world wid any particular object in view. If he draps into a good place, what's de use ob kickin' and wishin' it was a better one? We am bo'n and lib our time and den pass away. What's de use ob wastin' half a lifetime in a struggle dat don't amount to shucks if you win? Hain't it better to be content wid what you've got and sot down and enjoy it to de utmost? When you've got a cuckoo clock, you've got to have a red sofa to match. When you've got de red sofa, you've got to begin to look out fer moths, and so it goes right along up to de top. Think ob dese things. Turn 'em ober in your minds. Don't let a day go past widout askin' yourself, 'What's de use?'
"I didn't approve yere to take up your valuable time. I jist wanted to git off what was on my mind, and havin' accomplished dat purpose, I now return my heartfelt thanks and bid you all good night."
M. QUAD.

The New Term.
"It is wonderful how the automobile craze has spread in the past three years," said the one night stand actor to the man in the car seat beside him. "Guess it has," said the man. "Yes, indeed," the actor resumed. "I was playing in a western town the other night and had the misfortune to forget my lines. As I stood there hemming and having the entire audience arose as one man and joyfully yelled, 'Stalled! Two years ago when I broke down there in an exactly similar manner the very same audience got right up and shouted, 'Stuck!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Telling Nothing.
"I know where'er abroad we walk—We like to do so now and then—That she's that way from head to feet. She does not put her trust in pins. On bastings she has not relied. But still it's not the worst of sins—Her shoe lace always comes untied.

The Irrational Knot.
She is not careless in her dress; I never saw her aught but neat. But I can't say, I must confess, That she's that way from head to feet. She does not put her trust in pins. On bastings she has not relied. But still it's not the worst of sins—Her shoe lace always comes untied.

Old Gent (painfully)—Ugh! Oh! I will have the law on the owner of this icy sidewalk. You saw me "fall," boy? Shrewd Youth—Not on yer life I didn't. My old gent owns dat sidewalk.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Responsibility of Great Wealth is a serious thing, but most of us are made of stern stuff and are willing to do our duty.

Nothing but experience will convince youth that the bank account of health isn't exhaustible.

A beautiful aphorism is invaluable to hand out to a complaining brother when you regard his case as hopeless.—Olema News.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FREEZING THEM OUT.

The great and wise professors hold that it is healthy when it's cold. The naughty germs do not get gay when winter o'er the land holds sway. We doubt not what they say is so. Although they may be touching wood, For when it's several marks below No wonder that the germs are good.

When they are stiff and frozen quite, How can these busy creatures bite? They're glad a nesting place to find Without annoying human kind. They have no mittens, I am told, So if they venture in the cold They won't be able to return.

So when your ear, although a pet, Is frozen solid till it stings Don't worry over it or fret—The microbes are not doing things. You have a joke on all their kind. A mighty good one, too, because You have, and it should ease your mind, A pain the microbes did not cause.

Then roll up forth and shovel snow And stand in snowdrifts on your head And be real healthy just to show The truth of what the books have said. The thing is certain to work out, Be a success beyond an if, And you can prove the case no doubt, Although you may be frozen stiff.

Don't Last Long.

It is hard to make an American child believe in the actual Santa Claus, with all wool whiskers and team of reindeer, after the child has learned enough of the language to hold a discussion on the tariff with the neighbors.

In the good old times the average boy believed in the old gentleman until he was about ten, and the girl took stock in him a few years longer, but they do not do it any more.

Now the bright youth of six when he hears the old story related simply says, "That sounds to me," and goes on making out a list of the things that he wants, to be left where his father can conveniently find it.

We may mourn the decay in the pretty old belief, but still perhaps it is more economical, for if we kept Santa many years more we would be obliged to buy him an auto.



A wave of graft sweeps o'er the land, And some reformers that you meet Are mad, the wise ones understand, Because it doesn't wet their feet.

Wanted to Know.
"Do you like to go to school, Johnnie?"
"Are you asking for Santa Claus, papa, or because you sympathize with me?"

Quite Likely.
"Wonder what we will get from the boss this Christmas."
"A chance to chip in for him and listen to his spiel, most probably."

Bound to Conquer.
"What do you think of my new winter suit?"
"It looks like Cupid's declaration of war."

FERT PARAGRAPHS.
There are thousands of inventors, but the large majority of them never happened to invent a way to make a living.

Misfortune finds it hard to catch a hustler.

As a general proposition, a woman knows what she doesn't want and never knows what she can't have.

If you are out of a situation, immediately take a job running one down.

Being a judge of your own work is not sufficient; learn to be a judge of the men you hand it to.

To err is human; to take a fall out of the erring is ditto.

Standing up for principle doesn't feel half so heroic as it sounds.

While all men are not cowards, a whole lot of them are inclined to be discreet.

"I'll try!"
"WILL YOU BE KIND TO ME?"

The responsibility of great wealth is a serious thing, but most of us are made of stern stuff and are willing to do our duty.

Nothing but experience will convince youth that the bank account of health isn't exhaustible.

A beautiful aphorism is invaluable to hand out to a complaining brother when you regard his case as hopeless.—Olema News.

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No. 1—12.25 a.m. No. 2—12.25 p.m.
3—1.07 p.m. 4—11.19 p.m.
5—1.25 p.m. 6—11.32 a.m.
7—1.38 p.m. 8—11.49 p.m.
9—1.53 a.m. 10—12.01 p.m.
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