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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1906. No. 2.

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AFTER THE SQUALL

By HONORE WILLSIE

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The lake lay smooth and dark like a piece of smoked glass. Along the shore the early green of the trees melted into the hazy gray of the sky. At the college pier the reflection of the pier posts wavered serenely from the reflected roof of the boathouse.

"Fit to give one the nightmare," Peggy exclaimed as Jack handed her carefully into the boat.

"It does look squally," said Jack, taking up the oars; "the sky, I mean, not the reflection."

"Pooh!" answered Peggy, curling herself up in the stern of the boat. "Do you suppose I'm going to let the prospect of a mere squall spoil my first boat ride of the year? Besides, we both can swim, can't we?"

Jack stared at Peggy with what was intended for a look of withering disdain.

"You bet, Peggy, if I thought there was any danger in this stunt I'd not take you."

Peggy raised her eyebrows. "Jack, what is the matter with you? Are you trying to be proud and haughty in an old sweater? My child, please recall that you had to be spanked into having your face washed. It is now, oh, Jack, too late to make an impression on my fresh young heart, I"—

"Gee, but you're crazy!" murmured Jack.

"And I," went on Peggy, ignoring the interruption, "I wish to state that this sudden development of courtesy in one who has pulled my hair and whose ears I have boxed both in sorrow and in anger makes me feel the necessity of reminding you that it is useless for you to fuss and put on airs, for you are nothing but a freshman after all."

Jack dug his oars viciously into the water, splashing his own red jersey and Peggy's white sweater.

"Strikes me you entered the same day I did. What time does that bloomin' matron say you'll have to be back?"

"Six o'clock. Otherwise it's Peggy before the house committee, and the Botany club depends on me to get the lichens to them before 7," she answered, making herself into a still smaller ball in the stern seat. The boat leaked a little.

"Oh, we'll be back in time easy. We'll reach the pines in half an hour."

Peggy looked a little anxiously at the sky. "That wind is coming up, Jack," she said. "I guess I'll get out the extra oars and help."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," answered Jack. "It's not a girl's work."

Peggy looked up quickly, then smiled to herself and settled back in her place again. It was very still and sheltered among the pines. The soft new needles smelled deliciously of spring, and the wind was only a faraway sigh in the treetops. The pine trees murmured, robins flickered among the soft fuzz of the new needles. Suddenly Jack pulled out his watch.

"Gee whiz," he said, "it's five minutes of 6!"

Peggy could feel herself going white. "Jack," she gasped, "it's not a funny joke to be hauled up by the house committee. They are all seniors, and no one is so hard on a freshman as a senior. They have been through all these scrapes and know how to strike hard."

They ran to the shore. In the shelter of the pines they had not realized that a heavy squall had grown out of the light wind of the afternoon. The water was thick with whitecaps, and the wind tore across the lake as if determined to aid the house committee against the delinquent Peggy.

Jack looked out at the water with lips tight pressed. "Peggy," he said, "I'll not venture out with you with a sea like that one, house committee or no house committee."

"Jack Howard," replied Peggy, "you've got to."

"Peggy!" He threw back his shoulders and eyed Peggy with dignity. "Peggy, you are not going to be drowned while I am around. I tell you I will not go till the squall is over."

Peggy threw back her girlish shoulders and eyed Jack with even greater dignity than his own.

"I'll not speak to you, Jack Howard, until you launch that boat." And with this she pulled her tam o' shanter down over her curly hair, walked back to the edge of the pines and, sitting down in the needles, stared with marked indifference at the sky above Jack's head.

Jack stood irresolute for a moment. Peggy had never looked more tantalizing. The white tam shaded a face that was almost irresistible, and he was conscious of an insane desire to obey the behests of that capricious, curly head even though so doing might lead to the bottom of the lake. But another look at the water and he withdrew to the foot of the tree opposite Peggy's. After lighting his pipe he studied his boots with impassive face. Minute after minute went by, and the cold spring dusk came on.

"I'm just freezing to this old pine tree," thought Peggy, "but I just won't give in. Doesn't he look deep and tragic, though? I wouldn't have missed this row for anything. Rows do bring out the character so. Now, who would have thought that I could be so firm?"

Little by little as the night settled down the wind sank, and as it sank a fine misting rain set in. Lake and shore, pines and sky slowly melted into one gray green tone that gave Peggy a shiver of desolation. Jack looked at his watch.

"Half past 7, Peggy," he said. "I am going to launch the boat."

They rowed out into the lake in dignified silence. Peggy, in her old place in the stern, snuggled down into her sweater and wondered how long she must maintain her difficult isolation.

Finally, "We ought to be home in three-quarters of an hour," came in soothing tones from Jack's end of the boat.

No answer from the stern.

"A nasty rain," from the rower's bench.

No reply.

"It's almost too dark to steer, isn't it?" was inquired tenderly.

Still no reply.

Heavier and heavier grew the darkness, and wetter and wetter became the white sweater and the red jersey.

"Oughtn't we to be there by now?" asked a nervous little voice from Peggy's end of the boat.

Jack hauled in his oars, struck a match and looked at his watch. "Gads!" he exclaimed. "It's a quarter after 8. Where in thunder have we got to?"

"There seems to be nothing around us," said Peggy, "but water."

"Steer more to the right, Peggy," said Jack. Then, after half an hour, "Try it to the left."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Peggy. "It's so dark. If we only could find a little something to land on!"

"Now, Peggy, dear," said Jack, "don't be frightened. I'll save you. I calculate that we are clear across the lake by now, and we will land at one of the lake farms and get some one to drive up to town. If we assure the house committee that we have been chaperoned ever since 9 o'clock they won't do very much to you."

"Oh, won't they!" said Peggy derisively. "You don't know them, my dear. They will have the time of their lives over me."

"Then," answered Jack firmly, "they will have me to reckon with."

"Isn't he romantic?" thought Peggy. Then aloud, "Oh, Jack, Jack, there is a light!" And in an instant they were bumping pier posts, the rough sides of which were eagerly grasped by the bedraggled pair in the rowboat. They landed and tied the boat.

"Hey, what's doing down there?" called a man's voice from the shore.

Jack took Peggy's hand. "The owner of the place," he said to her softly. Then he called, "I'm lost with a lady."

There was silence from the shore, and then the man's voice came back through the rain:

"Lost! Who are you?"

"I'm John Howard of Hull university."

"All right, come along, Mr. Howard."

Jack and Peggy walked carefully up the pier, and through the rain they saw a great building that seemed strangely close to the water for a farmhouse. A man whose face they could not see in the darkness stepped forward.

"Come right in," he said and threw open a door. There on a long bench that faced a racing shell sat a dozen men.

"Hello, Howard!" said one in a surprised sort of way.

With one gasp of disgust Jack pulled Peggy back out of the light.

"The varsity boathouse!" he groaned as they hurried across the campus. "Gee, I have done it! We'll never hear the end of this. We must have rowed clear around that confounded lake. And the way I announced it to that chump who invited us in! We'll never hear the end of this."

"And my dose is a double one," groaned Peggy. "Think of the house committee."

Jack left her at the door of Rose cottage, and Peggy slowly climbed the stairs to report to the matron. But instead of fear a little tremor of joy made her throat quiver, and the prospect of her interview with the house committee was not even a needle point shadow on the clear serenity of her happiness, for as he said good night Jack had held her hand and whispered:

"Never mind, dear, we'll grin and bear it together. Won't we?"

Van Buren's Answers.

One day the merits of Van Buren were being discussed by a party of politicians on a Hudson river steamboat. One of the party had been dwelling on his noncommittalism and complaining that a plain answer to a plain question was never elicited from him.

"I'll wager dinners for the company," added he, "that if one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give you leave, too, to tell Van Buren why you ask the question, and that there is a bet depending on the reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment.

He found Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon and said:

"Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of noncommittalism and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?'"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated a moment, then said:

"The terms east and west are conventional, but"—

"That'll do," interrupted the interrogator. "We have lost the bet!"

And Got Rid of It.

Mrs. Pitley—They say he is so unkind to his wife. Mr. Pitley—That shows how people misjudge a man. I know it to be a fact that he spent one whole year endeavoring to make a satisfactory investment of his wife's money.—Town and Country.

A HORNED PEOPLE.

Queer Race That Lives Near the Chinese Prefecture of Chienchang.

Adjoining the Chinese prefecture of Chienchang is a deep gully barred by a river which no Chinaman is permitted to pass until he finds bail for his good conduct in Lolodom.

The Lolos are a slim, well made, muscular race with oval reddish brown faces, high cheek bones and pointed chins, from which the beard has been carefully plucked. They are far taller than the Chinese and indeed than any European race, but their marked peculiarity is the horn. Every male adult gathers his hair in a knot over his forehead and then twists it up in a cotton cloth so that it resembles the horn of a unicorn.

This horn is considered sacred, and even if a Lolo settles in Chinese territory and grows a pigtail he still preserves his horn. The Lolo man's principal garment is a wide sleeveless mantle of red or black felt tied about the neck and descending almost to the heels. The trousers are of Chinese cotton with felt bandages. No shoes are worn, but a conical hat of woven bamboo covered with felt furnishes a head covering as well as an umbrella.

The Chinese divide the Lolos into two classes, which they call respectively "Black Bones" and "White Bones," the first being the nobles and the latter their vassals and retainers. There is also a third class of captive Chinese and their descendants, called "Watzu," practically slaves, who are tattooed on the forehead with the mark of their tribe.

The Lolos never marry except in their own tribes, captive Chinese women being given to their bondsmen. The marriage of a Black Bone is a time of great festivities and many banquets. The betrothal is celebrated and ratified by the present of the husband to the bride's family of a pig and three vessels of wine.

On the wedding morn the bride is richly dressed with many ornaments. She is expected to weep profusely, whether she feels so inclined or not. In the midst of her tears the groom's relatives and friends dash in, seize the bride, the best man carries her out of doors on his shoulders, she is clapped on a horse and hurried off to her new home. Here she finds horses, cattle and sheep, provided by the groom's family, while her own people send clothes, ornaments and corn. Women occupy a high position among the Lolos, and a woman chief is not unknown among the tribes.—New York Herald.

DR. DIXON'S PLEA FOR VACCINATION

State Health Commissioner Earnestly Appeals to Parents to Protect Their Children From the Horrors of Small-pox.

SAYS PEOPLE ARE MISGUIDED

Anti-Vaccinationists Fill Parents' Minds With Prejudice, But In Spite of Opposition the Law Is Being Enforced In Thousands of Schools.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, state commissioner of health, has given out the following interview in reference to the enforcement of the vaccination law:

"While the United States government licenses and holds under supervision the vaccine farms of the country in order that our people may have vaccine virus produced in the purest state for protection against the most terrible and loathsome disease known to man, and while the Prussian empire by compulsory vaccination has practically exterminated small-pox, the great state of Pennsylvania has depended largely on the intelligence of her people to guard against the disease by voluntary vaccination.

"To the credit of our citizens this precaution has been widely taken, but the 17,000 cases of small-pox that have occurred in Pennsylvania during the last few years, and which have given this state a black mark among her sister commonwealths, show the need of enforcing the laws that have been passed by our legislatures for the purpose of getting our people vaccinated.

"One of these laws, the act of June 18, 1905, provides that our children in the schools must all be vaccinated, and that if the parents of the children refuse to permit their children and the community to be thus guarded against small-pox such children shall not be permitted to attend the schools.

Thousands Being Vaccinated.

"While thousands of school children throughout the state are being vaccinated with the consent of their parents, who desire to protect their little ones against the ravages of small-pox, I am ashamed to say that certain men are going about the state seeking for self-advertisement to incite the ignorant against vaccination and to influence our school teachers to become law-breakers.

"The wildest literature is circulated depicting alleged horrors of vaccination. In some districts you will find that the death of nearly every child in the community is being laid to vaccination.

Danger of Small-pox.

"I realize how a parent will oppose the vaccination of his child when the mind of such parent has been filled with blind prejudice and ignorant superstition. If this parent could only realize the crime he or she commits against the child by leaving it exposed to the horrors of small-pox.

"The anti-vaccinationists go into a community and they say to the parents: 'You have no small-pox around here now. There is no danger from small-pox. Why then submit your children to vaccination?' These men know that small-pox lurks in the handshake, that a victim of the mildest form of the disease may come into a community that has never known small-pox, and that the infection thus introduced may quickly attack an entire unvaccinated district, carrying off hundreds of children and adults before the epidemic has been checked. The very tramp that comes along the country road and asks alms of your child may in return for the little one's kindness infect it with deadly small-pox.

"These are facts, and, therefore, the vaccination law is wise when it requires that unvaccinated children shall be debarred from school in the rural district as well as the crowded city."

A Strong Personal Plea.

The following letter has been sent by Health Commissioner Dixon to a leading citizen of a district where anti-vaccinationists have stirred up opposition to the enforcement of the law:

My Dear Sir—The fact that your people are misguided worries me much. They do not realize how I sympathize with those who are in imminent danger and yet refuse to protect themselves. They seem to be crazed on vaccination, which fact is inconsistent with their faith in antitoxin for diphtheria, demonstrated by the fact that they receive from one hand of the commonwealth the antitoxin which is produced in the horse, while they refuse to accept from the other hand of this state vaccine which is produced from the cow.

This alone convinces me that their minds have been poisoned by some charlatan's statements. I wish I could influence them to listen to the facts which have convinced the medical profession of the great blessing that vaccination has been to humanity.

Unchain the horrible monster—small-pox—by taking away vaccination, and inside of two generations our prosperous state would have her industries paralyzed and her cemeteries overcrowded with the victims of that dread disease.

Your people say they have not had small-pox for 40 years. Do they ever stop to realize the fact that many of them have owned their homes for a longer period without having had them reduced to ashes by fire, and yet during that entire time they have been wise enough to keep up their fire insurance? Why is this? Because they know that fire may come at any time and leave them homeless.

Why, therefore, do they not realize that small-pox may come at any moment and take away from them those nearest and dearest to their hearts, robbing them of all that is in life to make them happy?

Unjust Criticism.

I have suffered much by having a people like yours criticise me when I am working day and night to try and save their lives. It is not pleasant to me to make work for myself and give up the comforts of a home life at this age.

Two-thirds of my stay on this earth has been spent in scientific laboratory work, wallowing in communicable diseases to try and discover prophylactics in other diseases, such as Jenner found for small-pox, and this without money reward.

It is, therefore, under these circumstances, discouraging to read the articles in your local papers, which almost incite your people to believe that I delight in doing their children harm. This is a great mistake. I have but one child and she has been vaccinated about every five years of her life. Why? Because I know the horrors of small-pox, the innocence of vaccination, and its great preventive quality.

Prussia has exterminated small-pox from the empire by vaccination to such an extent that she has done away with her small-pox hospitals.

In the Municipal Hospital in Philadelphia we have had 9000 cases of small-pox spreading over a series of years, during which time not a single doctor, nurse or attendant who was successfully vaccinated contracted small-pox.

Such statistics as these I could cite you at great length, but it would be tiresome. Where vaccination is not carried on we get the opposite result. In the city of Valparaiso, Chile, there were 11,000 cases of small-pox during the year of 1905, with more than 5000 deaths. During the last half of the year 1894 the record of deaths from small-pox in the United States of America was 606, of which number 404 were charged to our own state.

You ask if time cannot be given before legal action is taken to punish those who defy the beneficent law to guard the health of our people in this commonwealth. The resistance to vaccination alone demonstrates the importance of having a law to require the vaccination of those who desire to take advantage of the schools supported by the commonwealth.

It is evident that if we had no such a law our innocent people would constantly be thrown in contact with a disease which is sickening to even the medical man, let alone those who are not constantly thrown in contact with diseased persons.

Effects of Epidemics.

The law has been on the statute books for ten years, during which time it has not been enforced, with a result of two or three severe epidemics, which cost the state and different municipalities thousands and thousands of dollars and many precious lives, independent of paralyzing industries in certain centres.

Now notwithstanding that the new department has been in active existence since June 6 there has not been a law suit brought by it to punish anyone. The person made responsible for the executive work has trusted to the intelligence of our people and tried to educate them and disabuse their minds of the fallacies that they have been taught by the charlatan.

From the fact that the department has given out on request over 450,000 blank certificates and that it takes about 2000 a day to supply the present demand, it is evident that vaccination is going on most satisfactorily in the greater part of our community. Therefore, I still have hope that those in your community will come to their senses and take advantage of the great protective — vaccination — without the department being forced to punish anyone for violating the law which was created for the public good.

The law reads that no child shall be admitted to school without producing a certificate of successful vaccination, or of having had small-pox. Therefore, it is not in the power of any one in this form of government to set aside the law of the commonwealth.

No one will ever succeed in doing away with a vaccination law in this state, leaving us a prey to one of the most horrible diseases that can invade our commonwealth. While other states and the federal government are passing laws to protect the health of their people we certainly will not take a step backward toward the dark ages.

Asking you to make any suggestions that you believe I could follow out to influence your people to take advantage of vaccination, I am

Yours very truly,
SAMUEL G. DIXON.

Women In Venice.

In Venice, says the Ladies' Realm, the women of the lower classes accept tributes to their beauty from perfect strangers as a matter of course. It is considered not only proper, but polite, to compliment a passing maiden on the charm of her beautiful eyes or complexion. If one treads on the skirt of a pretty woman, one has only to say, "Pardon, beautiful girl," to receive the most dazzling smile and bow in return for the awkwardness. At cafes frequented by the people it is the custom for waiters to say when placing a chair for one of the women, "Take this seat, beautiful blond," or, "Sit here, lovely brunette," as the case may be.

A Woman Soldier.

Women disguised as men have often served as soldiers. The following inscription is on a tombstone in the English town of Brighton: "In memory of Phoebe Hassel; born 1713, died 1821, aged 108 years. She served for many years as a private soldier in many parts of Europe, and at the battle of Fontenoy, fighting bravely, she received a bayonet wound in the left arm."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When you die, you will die as dead as anybody.

We all have enough to be cross about. Still, it isn't a good idea to show it.

People like to be called enthusiastic, but how they hate to be called "gushing."

The only difference between the modern family row and that of the older days is that the modern one isn't as big a family.

The "good fellow" you slap on the back and tell your troubles to may seem good natured, but he complains of you to his wife.

There is nothing so disappointing as to have one take you aside to tell you a great secret and then discover that you already know it.—Atchison Globe.

A Bit of Westmoreland.

The Westmoreland hills are the remains of an infinitely older world—giants decayed, but of a great race and ancestry. They have the finish, the delicate or noble loveliness—one might almost say the manner—that comes of long and gentle companionship with those chief forces that make for natural beauty, with air and water, with temperate suns and too abundant rains. Beside them the Alps are inhuman, the Apennines mere forest grown heaps, mountains in the making, while all that Scotland gains from the easy enveloping glory of its heather Westmoreland, which is almost heatherless, must owe to an infinitude of fine strokes, tints, curves and groupings, to touches of magic and to lines of grace, yet never losing the wild energy of precipice and rock that belongs of right to a mountain world.—Mrs. Humphry Ward in Century.

The Arab Steed.

An Arab steed of pure breed would probably be outpaced in a race by an English thoroughbred, but in other respects it outshines its western rival. It is so docile that it is treated by its owner as one of the family, and it has an iron constitution, for it sleeps out at night without covering or shelter.

Nature protects the Arab horse with a thick, furry coat, which is never touched by brush or comb and which falls off at the approach of spring, when the body and legs, which had been shaggy as those of a bear, again resume their graceful beauty and glisten in the sun like polished marble.—London Chronicle.

North and South Korea.

In the northern part Korea is covered with transverse mountain ranges which gradually sink to a well marked lowland. The principal mountains, however, occur on the side of the sea of Japan. The rocks of the country are chiefly old formations—archaean and Palaeozoic. The easiest passage across the peninsula is along the depression of Chyukkaryong. South of this line lies the "Hanland" (south Korea), which differs in history, climate, topography and people from north Korea.

Her Unseemly Perversity.

Mrs. Hunks—I wish you wouldn't be so positive. There are two sides to every question. Old Hunks (with a roar)—Well, that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side!—Chicago Tribune.

A Surprise Party.

Mrs. Askitt—I heard you had a surprise party at your house yesterday. Mrs. Tellit (absently)—Yes, my husband gave me $10 without my asking for it.—San Francisco Call.