

How Joan Took the Country

By BELLE MANIATES

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When Joan Williams, who had taken first prize in the school of photography, and her friend, Lucile King, stepped from the platform of the little station near the farm where they intended to spend the summer, they at first saw no one waiting for them.

Joan's quickly moving eyes covered the whole scene in appreciation. The colliding and jostling of incoming and outgoing passengers, the frantic haste of belated travelers contrasting with the exasperating leisure of the ticket agent, the jogging pace of the man behind the baggage truck, the vociferous driver of the bus, besieging passengers to ride to the Pulliet House; the passive minded driver of the one shabby hack, formed a series of most realistic pictures which made Joan touch the button many times.

A peculiarly fashioned horse attached to a two seated democrat now drove up. Joan was somewhat in doubt at first as to the genuineness of the animal, which seemed to her to have a homelike aspect. The driver was gazing into space, with no manifest interest in the arrival of the train.

Again she touched the button, while Lucile, who had spent the summers of two years in this vicinity, went quickly up to the newcomer.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Bates? This is my friend, Miss Williams."

The girls occupied the back seat of the vehicle. Mr. Bates uttered a mild "Good-ap" and the horse made a forward movement, tearing away in clumsy gallop across the long bridge, at the end of which he settled down into a nippy little gait.

"Old Hundred didn't omit his usual bridge sprint," observed Lucile.

"Old Hundred! He doesn't deserve such a cognomen," observed Joan.

"You will think so. He hasn't settled down into his smallest pace yet."

"Good-ap!" reiterated Mr. Bates, roused to effort by this insinuation and smartly slapping the reins across the steed's ample back.

"He doesn't 'good-ap' very fast," commented Joan.

"Do you earn your own living, too?" asked the old man, turning to her quickly.

"I hope so," she replied modestly. "I take pictures. I expect to take your whole country."

"I hope it brings you more than writing poetry," he said, with a glance at Lucile. "The Hedgeton Gazette only pays for it in subscriptions and trade."

Joan gave an ecstatic laugh.

"But Lucile writes for big magazines. She is paid by the word."

"You don't tell me! She must be awful rich."

"But sometimes I sit for hours and can't think of a word," confessed Lucile.

"Words are plenty enough," he declared scornfully. "You can get them out of a dictionary."

"I never thought of that," she replied naively.

At nearly every farmhouse en route Mr. Bates "whoed" to deliver purchases. Now it was the farmer's wife who came out to the wagon and again it was a bashful boy or a giggling girl. In every instance Joan's camera was active.

The last commission was not delivered at house or in person. Mr. Bates stopped in front of a barn near the roadside and there deposited a suspicious looking package. Farther on they met a farmer who looked at them inquiringly.

"Put it in the barn, Fred," said Mr. Bates significantly.

"All right." Bestowing a knowing wink upon his purchasing agent, Fred hastened forward.

"How are the Locke girls?" asked Lucile. "And do you all help them as much as you did?"

Mr. Bates then related a pathetic story of the misfortunes of the Locke "girls" who had lived together for seventy odd years in the little tumble down house with its sparse garden patch. The mortgage had been foreclosed. Roxy's sight had failed her, and she was unable to do the "piecing" and quilting by which they had helped eke out their living.

The poorhouse was looming up in their horoscope, though the neighbors were preparing to give a harvest ball and bestow the proceeds therefrom to the averting of this calamity.

By the time this narrative was finished they had reached the farmhouse of the Bates household, and Mrs. Bates came out to greet the "city folks," who were shown to their "bedroom off the sitting room."

"The live stock seem to be making a grand entrance," said Joan presently, parting the curtain. "Through the hole in the screen door some chickens are entering. On the stairs are a multitude of cats, and a stray sheep—I think it is a sheep—bleats on the back steps. Mrs. Bates is sending the dog for the cows. Will he bring them into the house?"

Her thought was still of a menagerie when she awoke the next morning, conscious of a slight motion of the house, accompanied by a most peculiar sound. She awoke Lucile, who sat up to listen. "It's an earthquake!" asserted Joan. "Unless the house is portable, I should

not be surprised if we were all en route to the barn to do the chores."

"Mrs. Bates!" called Lucile. "What all the house?"

Mrs. Bates answered the summons. "The house isn't boarded up, you know, and the hogs go under it when they get out of their pens. They scratch their backs on the floor, and it rocks the house a little, but it's safe."

"Lucile," said Joan gravely when their hostess had returned to the kitchen precincts, "I had thought of naming this delightful place Noah's Ark, but now I think the Hogs' Back will be more appropriate."

At breakfast Mrs. Bates gave more particulars of the disasters that had attacked the Locke household and asked to enlist their help in the forthcoming ball. Joan assented abstractedly and offered no suggestions. Lucile proposed a fair in connection with the lance and began to ply her needle in the fashioning of sofa pillows.

The next few days were devoted to Joan to long solitary rambles, in which she always carried her camera.

"I think I have, took the whole country," she announced one day. "I am going to send the plates to the city for development, as I haven't the facilities here."

The day before that set for the fair and dance a huge express package was brought to Joan, but she refused to show the contents to any one.

On the momentous evening she went to the big barn where the dance was to be held an hour in advance of the time set. When the Bates household arrived they saw her seated demurely at a table surrounded by a group of eager, chattering folks. An artistically lettered sign read:

"Would you see yourself as others see you? Come and find yourself! If not here, faces made to order at future date."

Lucile and the Bates family hastened to the table, which was covered with photographs of all styles and sizes, snapshots of the country folks in and about Hedgeton caught in unprepared poses—Farmer Lange hooking up the team, Mrs. Lappe feeding chickens, Beside Graves churning, Jed Strack-horn milking, the little Blatchfords going blackberrying, Lane's Carlo bringing home the cows, etc. No one was overlooked.

Also there were pictures of home, barns, cattle, the church, the cemetery, schoolhouse, sawmill and many old landmarks, all on sale, not to mention pictures of the Locke girls.

The news spread, and every newcomer hastened up to see if his likeness was there. Ardent swains secured pictures long denied them by coy damsels. At the close of the evening her hand bag was well filled with coin.

"This," she said, extending the money to Mrs. Bates, "is my contribution toward the Locke estate."

As she suspected, she was besieged for many days by people from miles around who heard they had been "took." If by chance one had been overlooked, the omission was remedied.

"I think," remarked Joan meditatively as she looked a last farewell from the car window on her return to the city, "that the country and I are now on intimate terms, and with the sale of pictures and proceeds of the dance, not to mention contributions from the neighbors, I can see at least two years of prosperity for the Locke girls."

FOUR DROWNED AT ATLANTIC

Father Goes Down With Daughter He Tried to Save.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 23.—The surf claimed four victims within an hour. All met death under sensational circumstances.

A father lost his life in a vain attempt to save his drowning daughter; a young man drowned after a friend nearly lost his life in a heroic endeavor to rescue him, and a middle-aged visitor was fatally stricken with hemorrhage while bathing.

The dead are: Robert L. Thomae, 49 years old, of Camden.

Miss Helen D. Thomae, 13 years old, of Camden.

C. W. Sharpless, 28 years old, of Jenkintown, Pa.

Walter N. Whitlock, 57 years old, of 205 East Grace street, Richmond, Va.

The drowning of the Thomases is attributed to the negligence or cowardice of lifeguards. Helen Thomae was wading in the water, when she was caught in the strong undertow and swept beyond her depth. She called on her father for help and he dashed through the surf, but before he could reach her the current had carried her beyond his depth. For fully 10 minutes he battled in the waves, when old Captain Clark, a life saver, came up, but made no effort to enter the water. Another life guard attempted to reach the struggling father and daughter, but did not succeed. Visitors then launched the life boat and secured the body of Mr. Thomae. A half hour later the girl's body floated ashore.

FOURTEEN CONSTABULARY SLAIN

Pulajanes Rout Philippine Police With Heavy Loss.

Manila, July 24.—A detachment of constabulary, Lieutenant Williams commanding, encountered a band of 600 Pulajanes, near Bureau, on the Island of Leyte. Lieutenant Worswick, 12 privates, and McBride, a civilian scout, were killed.

The constabulary were driven back. The Pulajanes secured 14 rifles and two revolvers. The bodies of Worswick, McBride and 10 privates were recovered. Reinforcements of constabulary have been sent from the nearest station.

Major Nevill, commanding the military, has ordered a company of 24th regular infantry to be hurried to the scene. Major Nevill reports that there are from 400 to 1000 Pulajanes in the field.

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington, England, Measures 240 Feet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate stations, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is the "Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it afoot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually as one approaches the hill it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf so as to allow the chair to appear through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snow or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the Long Man, and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures, and, although the very fact of their great antiquity renders it unlikely that historical or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of their peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from the writings of Caesar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames.

There is a local saying in Sussex, probably of great antiquity, in which the Long Man is mentioned in reference to the weather. It runs: When Firle hill and Long Man has a cap We at A'ston gets a drap.

—London Standard.

Football in Burma.

"Chinlon," the Burmese form of football, is the national game. The name means "round basket," writes Mr. Kelly in his book on Burma, and the chinlon is really a ball about six inches in diameter formed of plaited rattans. The game is played by several youths or men, who stand in a circle a few feet apart. The ball having been thrown into play, the one nearest to whom it falls kicks it up into the air as long as possible and without losing possession of the ball. A fancy stroke is to turn about face as the ball falls and kick it with the sole of the foot, although the elbows, head or any part of the body except hand and toes may be used. While playing no one leaves his place, but waits until the ball falls within his reach, when he in turn endeavors to retain its possession. It is a very pretty game to watch, and the skill of the performers is often surprising.

The Smallest Screws.

The smallest screws ever made are used in the manufacture of the miniature watches which are sometimes fitted in rings, shirt studs, bracelets, etc. They are the next thing to being invisible to the naked eye, looking like minute grains of sand. With a good glass, however, it may be plainly seen that each is a perfect screw, having a number of threads equal to 1,200 to the inch. These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter and seven one-thousandths of an inch in length. It is estimated that a lady's thimble of average size would hold 100,000 of them. No attempt is ever made to count these "tiny triumphs of mechanical ingenuity" other than to get a basis for estimation. The method usually pursued in determining their number is to carefully count 100 and then place them on a delicate balance, the number of a given amount being determined by the weight of these.

Care For Man and Beast.

From Salzburg you go to Munich. While traveling through the mountains of Bavaria you drop suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous by catching a glimpse of a car bearing a label of which this is the translation: "For thirty-two men or six horses."

On inquiry you learn that the Bavarian railroads run fourth class cars, on which the very poor may travel for a trifle or which may be used at the option of the railroad to transport equine freight. Later you have an opportunity to inspect some of these fourth class cars, and you find them to be similar to our own freight cars, although much smaller. Plain wooden benches form the seats, which may be removed to accommodate the live stock. Most of the European freight cars and many of the passenger cars have only four wheels and look like toy affairs compared to our own.—Chicago Post.

EMERY'S PLATFORM

The Fusion Candidate Accepts the Nomination.

A RINGING DECLARATION

Lewis Emery, Jr., the Lincoln and Democratic candidate for governor, in his letter of acceptance, asserts in his own incisive manner the well known forgotten principle that the people are the rulers and officeholders only servants. He demands places of trust for honest men and prison stripes for grafters, and insists that the higher the position of the offender the greater should be his punishment. The first duty of the citizen is to free the commonwealth. Instead of submitting to a system under which corporations make the laws the McKean county candidate demands a reversal of this order, by compelling the corporations to obey just laws. The full text of his letter is as follows:

Hon. Vivian Frank Gable, Chairman, Lincoln State Convention, Hon. John T. Lenahan, Chairman, Democratic State Convention.

Dear Sirs:— Your letters of July 17, 1906, were received. I accept the nomination for the high office of governor, from the Lincoln and Democratic parties of Pennsylvania.

Aside from its opportunities to serve the public, the position in itself has for me no attractions.

The prospect is bright that the united effort of patriotic men may now shake off permanently the debasing thralldom that has hampered and disgraced the commonwealth.

The gravity of the obligations to be assumed and the consciousness of my own limitations, would forbid my voluntarily becoming a candidate, but the crisis that has produced the fusion of your parties, and the extraordinary submersion of party feeling, raise the proposition above personal considerations.

It is at this time the duty of every faithful citizen to respond to all calls for service.

The tender or acceptance of the nomination for governor commits me to one to any national policy.

There ought to be no difference of opinion among good citizens as to the vital issues involved in this year's contest in Pennsylvania.

Our model constitution has been treated with contempt; our laws have been defied, public property and office have been used as personal and party spoil, and the government has been administered as an incident to the schemes of corrupt politicians in conspiracy with the manipulators of predatory wealth.

This has been possible because the voters, the overwhelming majority of whom are honest and patriotic, have in the past been deluded by party cries of no significance in regard to state or local matters.

The Lincoln and Democratic party conventions have carefully excluded from their platforms, as I understand them, all possible inference that our joint action this fall can be construed as an endorsement or pledge to any of the leaders or theories which may come before us in the national arena.

The united efforts for purer political purposes and practices, for civil and commercial equality and for impartial enforcing of law, regardless of the numbers, wealth or intrigue of the violators, is in accord with the teachings of the nation's most illustrious leaders, and is of the same patriotic sentiment that has led the best men to disregard party lines in support of righteous measures in federal administration.

The same bosses who dictated the nominations opposed to yours, exercised absolute control of the legislature of 1905, and compelled their servile tools to insult the president of the United States by rescinding the resolution approving his efforts toward bringing the defiant corporations within the limits of just laws. We will not be deceived by hypocritical professions contradicted by words and acts when they were arrogant in their supposed invincible power.

The same self-perpetuating oligarchy that, as the result of last year's defeat and in fear of this year's further punishment, allowed to be placed on the statute books just laws long demanded by the people, but by the machine bosses heretofore contemptuously refused, now scheme to regain control by denunciation in an insincere platform of their own foul record and promising future impossibly good behavior.

Their discomfiture in the preliminary skirmish of last November brought them to their knees.

Their complete rout in the impending battle will force them to unconditional surrender, will emancipate the Republican organization, which they still absolutely dominate, and leave the whole people of the state free to govern themselves uncheated and unbossed.

Variant views may be held as to economic theories and federal policies; but all true men may and ought to be filled with consuming ardor for the

and bitter. The people of the oil regions were being reduced to poverty and their property was being confiscated by a conspiracy between the Standard Oil company, the Pennsylvania railroad and the bosses. The act was not all that could be desired. The striking out of the imprisonment clause destroyed its effect, and the relations existing between the political machine and the corporations nullified the law in a great degree.

To Pennsylvania belongs also the credit for having taken the first step toward the enactment of the interstate commerce law. The idea was born out of the travail of the people who were oppressed by the corporations and robbed by the transportation companies. I had the honor, in 1872, to be a member of a committee to carry to Washington the draft of the bill upon which, 13 years later, the interstate commerce law was modeled. It is worthy of note that the same influences which killed the penal clause of the Pennsylvania anti-discrimination bill, also caused the penal clause to be stricken from the interstate commerce act.

For 34 years, therefore, have I, and others who are associated with us, fought along the same lines upon which President Roosevelt has taken his stand. Pennsylvanians were first to feel the crushing effects of rebates and discriminations. Pennsylvanians were early victims of the Standard Oil company, whose methods, gradually extending throughout the country, have borne fruitage in the creation of the many trusts which oppress the public. But Pennsylvanians, the shackles will, next fall, be stricken from the state, and the message carried to President Roosevelt that we have struck a mighty blow to aid him in his warfare for pure politics, for the rights of the public and for the cause of good government.

In this fight of the people it is noteworthy that among our leaders are found no grafters, none with necks scarred by collar of boss, no franchise grabber, no political contract manipulator, none whose names are associated with political pollution or public infamy. The horde of ballot-box stuffers, macers, camp followers of the army of pillage, are against us to a man. This fact cannot fail to have a powerful moral effect upon the intelligent citizens of the commonwealth.

Of equal significance is the fact that against us, and our most active foe, is the corporation which more than any other has amassed colossal fortunes by means of special privileges granted at the cost, and in violation of the rights, of the people of this state, and by means of advantages seized and enjoyed in defiance of both the moral and the statute law.

As a means of carrying into effect the principles of good government, additional legislation is needed along the lines of the merit system in the public service, revision of the revenue laws with a view to equalizing taxation, granting to electric railroads the right to carry freight and express, effective pure food laws, prohibition of the owning by railroads of the products they transport, fixing a maximum rate of two cents per mile for passenger traffic, the abolition of the system of extortion practiced in exacting 50 per cent. excess of the regular rate in the sale of mileage books, and other measures needed to secure to the public a just share of the benefits of progress and the blessings of prosperity.

The closer we get to the people in matters of legislation, the more securely do we safeguard the state against abuses, and the more nearly do we approximate to an ideal republic.

The principles of the referendum afford a practical means for ascertaining the popular will concerning questions of special interest to the public. A reference to the people of such matters as the election of United States senators, local option, the extraordinary exercise of the police power of the state and other questions of similar general character, would resolve doubts which unsettle the judgment of legislators, and remove important issues from the sphere of pernicious influences.

The triumph of our cause will save Pennsylvania from ever again suffering the humiliation of the taunt that men known to be guilty of robbing the public cannot be punished.

In accepting the standard you have committed to me, I dedicate to the cause of the people whatever talent and energy I possess.

Thirty or more years of my life I have spent in battling for civil rights and for the dignity and honor of the state. If I can bequeath a heritage of duty faithfully performed, if I can strengthen the faith of the rising generation in the honesty and trustworthiness of public servants, if I can help to demonstrate that government by the people is not impossible, if I can leave to the state the record of a clean administration, characterized by high ambition to safeguard popular rights and interests, my life will be crowned as I wish it to be crowned.

It will give me pleasure to meet you and the committees of your conventions. I suggest Tuesday, the 25th day of August, and the city of Pittsburg, as a time and place that may be convenient for the meeting which you propose; when the issues before the people of Pennsylvania and our opportunities, duties and responsibilities in regard thereto may be discussed.

With great respect and appreciation, I am

Sincerely yours, LEWIS EMERY, JR.