

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. O'erless Roses. Silk Weavers and Peddlers Who Will Do You. Monkeys Every-where and Song Birds in Profusion.

Dear Home Folk:

SIMLA, JUNE 8th. Have I told you that the white single roses grow wild here; they are ramblers and will fling themselves over a good sized tree or bush, the flowers come out in the greatest profusion and the tree looks as though a white sheet had been thrown over it, while the fragrance is delicious. There is also the pink variety but, unlike those at home, they have no odor at all. The plants and fruits grow to a good size here but have only a slight taste and no particular beauty—just size. The government employees are dressed in bright scarlet coats and you have no idea how pretty the effect is among these green woods. Most of the servants are dressed in green and brown, quite in keeping with the brown earth and trees, and such a relief after the dead white clothes always worn by the servants on the plains, and yet they must be washed occasionally, while these are never cleaned and I judge they eat, sleep and live in them.

This morning I went to the opening of the Salvation Army industrial sale. The Army, as usual, is working among the criminal classes almost entirely, and to see the work they do among these natives, who do nothing perhaps but steal or murder, is truly wonderful. I saw two little native boys, perhaps six and eight years of age, preparing the silk from the cocoons for having it made into weaver's thread for weaving. Others were weaving silk cloth, and some of it was beautiful—forty-two inches wide, of course the price was high—\$1.60 a yard. All the elite of Simla was there, Lady Hardy, the viceroys' wife opening the show; Lady Dane, the Governor's wife, and several others whom I did not know; also all the big native's wives, so that for once I saw the society of India, and again my Americanism came up and I must say I prefer my American crowds, if it is necessary to mix with folks in bunches. Truly I wish I were not so antagonistic to English people, but I don't like the majority. Those I have met have been very kind to me.

Another Indian custom that may interest you, as it has me this; a man called the "box-walla" brings his pack to your door and he will have rugs (Persian and native), shawls, pillow covers, embroidered and drawn work, table cloths and curtains, many so exquisite that you wish you could buy the whole lot. He squats down on the ground and you stand or sit while he displays his goods, telling you the price which, without fail, is from three to five times the actual value. Then the bargaining begins, and you offer and he refuses for perhaps half an hour. The price you offer may be only one-seventh what he has asked, but you, knowing what these things should cost, won't give more and finally, almost without fail, you are given the thing at your own valuation—providing you stick to it; but it makes you furious when along comes some one, who knows more about it, and gets the same thing for two or three rupees less. You then and there vow you will not buy another thing but your good resolutions go up in smoke when you see the pretty things and only the bottom of your purse finally forces you to look at the stars and forget those pretty things spread on the ground. The man having done all the business he can, (and you as well) packs up his budget and goes off to come back tomorrow. So each day, as we come out from lunch one must wade through these wares.

JUNE 12th. I must tell you of the monkeys. I spoke of them being around everywhere and really thought them rather interesting. Well, that interest faded the past week when one night Miss Webb and I had been laughing about something when we heard a scurry like cats under our beds. Up we got immediately and under the beds we looked, but not a thing did we see. That was the beginning of a night wherein those horrid monkeys played a game of tag over our roof which, unfortunately, is of tin; and neither of us had sense enough to go out and throw stones at the intruders, but I slept all the next day to make up for it. The next night was just the same. I stood it for awhile and then, donning my kimona went out and threw stones at anything and everything I saw. They departed, but only to return last night. This time I started in early for with the first patter of furry feet out I flew, and the stones too, and ours was a peaceful, dreamless sleep. Tonight I will collect my stones before dark and be on the safe side. If we are descended from this brand of beasts I know where some people get their persistence.

The magazines I receive from home are like an oasis on a desert for English magazines are not as familiar nor as good in my sight as those that I have known all my life. I read them from cover to cover; in fact my bath water became cold this morning for I had to read an article before I got out of bed. The Behrer brought the magazines in with our early tea.

The birds on these hills have exquisite beautiful songs and we are aroused each morning by their chatter and if the monkeys be good we are all too glad to have the birds begin early, for you miss them on the plains.

I have just had my breakfast which consisted of oatmeal, omelet on toast, curry and rice, tea, bread and butter and although very nice, when you get the same things almost daily one rather wishes for a change. I had scarcely expressed that wish when the rain came; it is a fine, steady down-pour; one of the kind of days and rains when you want a grate-fire and a good book—both of which are lacking. The rain ceases while a thick, heavy mist has crept in from beyond the hills and now we are in a world alone as all the surrounding hills and valleys are behind the veil. The natives of better class have umbrellas but the "costiro" are now passing with their heads draped in a white cloth and make one think of "restless spirits" from another world. Their feet and legs are bare to the middle thigh, (always thin but in these hill folk muscular), just as though you take a sheet of heavy white muslin and hang it over your head, they go about protected, as they think from the rain, to add to the ghostliness of the mist. Two women "purdale," have evidently been calling in the servant's quarters below the house and now silently and slowly they have drifted out of the mist to be again engulfed and I would almost think I was mistaken, had I not seen them coming down the road this morning.

(Continued next week.)

ONE MAN LEARNS WISDOM

At Least to the Extent of Ceasing to Wonder What Women Do in Their "Spare Time."

I come to you with bowed head, repentant, O Womankind! I have talked much, during the years, of woman's sphere. Aye, much too much. I haste toward you with a thousand pardons to be begged.

I am no longer stewing in my ignorance. I am cognizant of great truth. I do not apologize for saying that woman has a sphere. But I should have mentioned that it is a lop-sided sphere.

Today, for two hours, I tested the possibilities of woman's sphere. For two hours I minded the baby, I tabulate my activities thus:

- 8:30 a. m.—Novitiate begins.
8:31—Baby wants a cookie. I procure same.
8:32—Baby wants papa to eat cookie. It is done.
8:33—Baby wants another cookie. Certainly.
8:34—Will papa eat this cookie? He will.
8:35—Baby wants mamma. Impossibility pointed out. Walls.
8:40—Baby wants to hear watch tick. Watch ticks for baby.
8:45—Baby wants pretty picture. Picture taken from the wall.
8:45 1/2—Baby does not want pretty picture. Baby wants sun.
8:46—Baby convinced that sun can't be had. Walls.
8:47—Baby wants milk.
8:48—Baby does not want milk. Wants pretty picture.
8:50—See pretty dolly. No. See pretty doggie. No. Walls.
8:51—Baby wants to get on daddy's knee.
8:51 1/2—Baby wants to get down.
8:52—Baby wants cow. What cow? Cow. Cow? Cow. Where? Cow.
8:53—Brilliant idea. Cow probably refers to milk. Baby wants milk? Baby does not want milk. Wants cow. Cow? Cow. Impossible to get cow. Walls.
8:54—Baby wants coof. Coof? Coof. What does baby want? Coof. Daddy in search of coof. Can't find coof. Walls.
8:59—Pretty picture. No. Walls. Baby wants stove. Baby wants sun. Baby wants coof. Wants cow. Offer cookie as substitute. No substitute allowed. Walls.
9 to 10:30—Same as above, with marvelous variations, including petition for table, chair, coek (what the deuce is "coek?"), lippon, ningana, water, more water, pretty dolly, etc., etc.

I come to you with bowed head, repentant, O Womankind. I have spoken much of woman's sphere. And I have wondered what women do in their spare time. Heaven forgive me!—Puck.

Thought Wins.

A sound body is essential for physical exertion, but it should be accompanied by a well-disciplined mind in order to attain the best results in any profession, business or sport. A New England college president is endeavoring to stimulate mental activity among his students for the purpose of making them better equipped for their future calling. This educator's belief is that the best way to make an athlete is to teach him first to think, and that the best way to make a good man is to train his mind so neither he nor another can make the worse appear to him the better reason.

Intellectual attainments are necessary in every calling. The student who neglects his opportunities to develop his mental powers is very foolish, for when he goes out into the world to earn a livelihood he will find that the thinking man is the one who gets ahead. On the sporting fields the clear thinking athlete is the most successful, easily outstripping his slower comrades. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the thinking student soon learns to be thorough in all his efforts.

REWARD FOR HER TROUBLE

Sometimes Aunt Myra Dreads Getting Ready for Church, but Efforts Are Well Worth While.

"Aunt Myra" took her hands from the dish water, wiped them on her apron and gave her visitor a chair. Her husband had gone to a neighbor's and while they waited for him to come back she talked about her home, the school and the church that she attended, two miles away.

"It's hard to get there sometimes," she said, "but I manage to go almost every Sunday. Sometimes it rains, and I think I can't, but generally a little clearing spell comes just before church time and we get in between showers. And sometimes it gets hot. One Sunday I thought I couldn't go. It was sultry and the morning's work was hard, and by church time I was tired out. But I went to the sink and I pumped the big basin full of cold water, and I washed my face, and I rolled up my sleeves and washed my arms, and I splashed the cold water over my wrists, and I felt a lot better. And when I looked in the glass my face wasn't so red as you might expect. So I thought I'd go, after all."

"Well, when my husband saw me getting ready, he washed, too, and put on his clean clothes, and I said: 'I declare, you look real nice!' and he said, 'Well, come to think of it, you look real nice, too.' Of course he's partial, but it does a body good to hear it said, anyway."

"It seems as if our minister always knew just what I needed, and I thought the sermon that Sunday was meant for me. It was practical and gave you lots of comfort, too. You know the kind of sermon I mean, don't you?"

"When church was out, and I was standing in the vestibule, waiting for my husband to bring the buggy round, the minister came out, and what do you think he said to me?"

"He said, 'Mrs. Radford, I want to tell you how much you encourage me. Preaching in the summer is hard work. So many people go away; so many find it easy to stay at home; but church work reaches a low ebb. But every Sunday, rain or shine, I know you and your husband will be here. I know how hard you work; and when I see you sitting there, reverent and prayerful and attentive, you are a real help and inspiration, and I want to tell you so.'"

"Well, sir, I didn't know what to say. I stood there looking foolish, I guess. But wasn't it good of him to say that? I knew all the time my going to church was doing me good, but who'd have thought that I was encouraging the minister?"—Youth's Companion.

Drastic Marriage Rules.

Marriage is regarded as something in the nature of a serious offense by the state post, telegraph and telephone authorities of Russia.

One of the most rigid clauses in the service regulations issued by the director of the department of posts and telegraphs decrees that a male or female clerk in the combined services desiring to marry must choose his or her consort from among the postal or telegraphic personnel, under the penalty of dismissal and loss of pension.

A peculiar instance of the working of the rule occurred quite recently. A male telegraph operator for some slight delinquency was dismissed from the service. This involved the necessity of his wife, also a telegraph operator, sending in her resignation, despite her long service and excellent record. The poor woman, without means and with three small children to support, appealed for reinstatement. She was briefly informed that before her appeal could be considered she must divorce her husband.

Woman's Way.

"Then you refuse me?" he asked dramatically.

"I do, John," answered the maiden. "Is it because I have no fortune?"

"Not at all."

"Is it my looks?"

"Ye-o-a. I have just been reading that people who marry go to look like each other and although I love you, John, I-I really don't think I could stand to look like you."

"You silly girl," he exclaimed, "May-be it will be I who will grow to look like you."

"Oh, John," she said joyously, "I never thought of that. I'm sure it would be great for us to look like each other, wouldn't it; won't you please forgive me?"

Chinese National Flower.

The government is honoring her loyal sons with decorations of chia ho of different grades. The ministry of foreign affairs has also adopted the chia ho as a special emblem on its official costume. Chia ho means excellent crop, the excellence of which lies in the fact that every sheath of grain is exactly of the same height, thus denoting equality. Owing to its implied meaning of equality, the republic has adopted chia ho as the national flower.—Peking Daily News.

What the Young Shall Read.

The trustees of the Queensboro Library at Bay Side, N. Y., have issued an edict that amounts to a censorship over books. Lads of twelve and fourteen will not be permitted to take books that depict heroes armed with guns, nor will young girls be allowed to get books in which the heroines are not perfect morally.

Heretofore, according to Trustee Henry G. Heyson, the young people were permitted to read books without discrimination.

FESTIVAL RESEMBLES A RIOT

Remarkable Scenes Attending the Muharram When It Is Held in Populous Hindu City.

The festival of the Muharram at Udaipur is always big with possibilities of trouble. One-fourth of the population is Mohammedan, the other three-fourths are mainly Hindu, and the Mewar Hindu is distinctly of the vigorous type. The day is made a general holiday, and the scores of tall policemen have a busy time.

We were given seats on the roof of one of the lower structures connected with the temple of Jagannath, so the time of waiting was comfortably passed. In fact, it was all too short, for each moment offered its own entertainment, although one needed little besides the throng itself, filling the square and overflowing to the neighboring balconies and roofs.

Just beneath us was an athletic exhibition—dancing, tumbling and what not. At one point an old Hajput warrior entered the circle, and calling three boys from the crowd, bade them lie down. When an apple had been placed on each little brown neck the swordsman, never interrupting the rhythmic dance, clove each apple with his flashing blade; and the unafraid youngsters ran back gleefully to their friends.

Just when a Western crowd might have been growing impatient we heard the beating of drums and clashing of swords mingled with the wild cries of the devotees. Soon the procession poured into the square. Surely if ever a festival was calculated to rouse men to fanatical madness, it was this. As every one knows, the Muharram commemorates the death of the grandsons of the prophet; and over all is heard the piercing cry of, "Hasan! Husain!" The drums roar madly; wild-eyed priests beat their breasts; another group brandishes gleaming swords. But the tall policemen keep them from tarrying long in any one spot, and the tazzias move slowly past.

In front of the foremost tier we noticed a man rolling over and over along the rough road, while his friends fanned him in his evident distress. It was simply the fulfillment of a vow. The poor wretch had prayed that a man child be vouchsafed him, swearing to go to the whole route of the procession with his hands and feet tightly bound if only his cry was heard. The boy had come, and he was paying the price. Ever the cry for the man child.—F. B. R. Hellems, in Harper's Magazine.

Extreme Precocity.

It has long been noted that many precocious children die young, and that extreme precocity being in the nature of disease, should be a subject of the gravest care. Medical authorities hold that in a highly precocious child the exercise of the intellect, whether in lessons or otherwise, should be controlled, not, as is too often the case, unduly stimulated if there is any desire that the child live to maturity. The annals of precocity present no more remarkable instance than the brief career of Christian Heinecker, born at Lubeck, February 6, 1721. At 10 months he could repeat every word said to him; at 12 months he knew by heart all the principal events told in the five books of Moses. In his second year he learned the greater part of the history in both the Old and New Testaments. In his third year he learned to speak Latin and French. In his fourth year he made a study of religion and was able not only to repeat all he had read, but to express his own judgment upon it. He was taken to the court at Copenhagen and proclaimed a wonder. He then learned to write, but his constitution being weak he fell ill and died on June 27, 1725, when little more than 4 years old, which should be a warning to parents not to push their precocious youngsters too hard.

Very Appreciative.

A story about Secretary of Interior Affairs Henry Houck concerns a tie and an overcoat.

Mr. Houck one day last winter met a business man and expressed admiration for a tie he was wearing. The next morning the secretary found on his desk a package containing a tie, a duplicate of the one his friend had been wearing, with a note to the effect that, as Secretary Houck had admired the tie so much, the donor begged permission to send one to him. "Uncle Henry," pleased at this evidence of friendship from the young merchant, wrote him a note of thanks, and at its close added:

"I also admired the handsome fur overcoat you were wearing."

As yet there has been no response.—Philadelphia Record.

Hard to Please.

"A good looking young man knelt for an hour at Bella's feet this afternoon."

"Did he persuade her to say 'Yes'?"

"No. Bella said not a single pair of the 27 pairs of shoes he tried on was a fit."

Not "Finished."

"I'm afraid the woman who plays the adventures in this show is not suited to the part."

"Why so?"

"She holds her cigarette as if it were a curling iron."

Practical Matters.

"When one reads he should read something to improve his mind."

"Quite so. Still, it is imperative for some of us to read laundry lists and time tables occasionally."

HAT REALLY AN ORNAMENT

English Men and Women of Times Past Wore Wonderful and Imposing Headgear.

Ladies probably did not begin to wear hats until about the tenth century, if so early, and then it was the lofty headdress draped with some material, which it must have been most trying to keep on indoors, and quite impossible to wear in a wind.

According to the "Anatomy of Abuses," written in Queen Elizabeth's time, ladies' hats were very nearly as perplexing then as they are today.

"These fashions were rare and strange, so is the stuff whereof the hats be made divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffeta and some of wool, and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine hair, these they call beaver hats."

In the reign of Henry VIII, hats assumed a "great richness and beauty," but in the time of the first James they became even more ornate, jewels of price and occasionally small mirrors being used in their adornment. At times of revelry the gallants wore feathers in their hats, which were said to be one of the "fairest ensigns of their braveries."

But for adornment men's hats were in their zenith in the days of Charles. The big felt hats with the long feather saucily curled around them, fastened with a buckle often of great value, gave a dashing air to the cavaliers, which absolutely cast the tall solemn hats of the Puritans and "Psalm singers" into the shade.

The monster hats of the time of the empire were almost as big as "the Merry Widow" of modern fame, and in shape today they were positively unique. Men's hats have suffered great changes since the time of Charles, and it is more than doubtful if they will ever again become ornate.

Indeed, save in very remote parts of Wales where the old women still—some of them—wear the high-crowned steeple hat, there is nothing especially peculiar about the headgear of the English peasantry.

French Cinema and Actors.

Rough seas were sweeping over the beach at a Normandy resort, as they did all last summer. Into the breakers plunged two men and a woman, and lookers-on were aghast at their temerity. They swam in the huge waves safely until the lady suddenly sank. The beach cried with horror. The two men dived for the drowning woman. The beach watched the rescue breathlessly. At last the lady was brought ashore by her two saviors, and, first aid having been applied, she revived and went to her box to dress. The names of the heroes were ascertained. They were two Paris actors, one of whom, M. Pierre Magnier, has often appeared by the side of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The lady they had saved was an actress, also. Throughout the thrilling rescue a cinematographer had been operating. The scene had been arranged beforehand, and the three rash bathers had received a fee for their services. It is to be hoped it was a handsome one. Performing for the up-to-date cinematographer is no safe job.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

Chinese River Boats.

The rivers of China are notable for the queer unrigged craft that throng their reaches in the neighborhood of towns. The handsomest of these is the Hwa Ting, or flower boat. Most of the pretty craft from the resort or dwelling place of China's sing-song girls, while others are held for hire, as are our houseboats and yachts, for pleasure excursions. These are propelled by long oars, or poles, in the hands of servants who tread a narrow gangway running along their length.

These river boats are the homes, offices and shops of those whose lives are spent aboard them. Moored along the bank with the bow fastened to a long hawser, extending for perhaps a thousand feet up or down the stream, they rise and fall with the tide or with the swell of some passing steamer, year in and out. They only leave for the time necessary to pursue some call of trade in another part of the harbor, then return again to fit into their accustomed place. In Canton, alone, the boat city of China, there are said to be 84,000 of these "chop-boats," as they are called.

Warning Against Poisons.

To prevent accidents with bottles containing poison, buy a dozen tiny bells, and every time a bottle of poison is brought to the house tie a bell to the neck of the bottle. Even in the dark the bell will tinkle its warning. Another good way is to paste a piece of standpaper securely to the top of the cork. One can easily detect the rough surface and thereby know the contents.

Plants can be left on the window sill at night in very cold weather if a newspaper is placed between the window and the plants. The plants will not freeze in this case.

A successful way to restore pearl buttons to their original brightness and beauty is first rub them with a little olive oil, to take away the blurriness; then sprinkle with nail powder and rub well with chamois skin.

To preserve stories or articles from magazines, do not cut or tear out the pages. Take the entire magazine to pieces by removing the wire clasps and separating the pages. This will leave neat, wide margins on the stories you save and will facilitate re-binding them.

HAD REMNANT OF HONESTY

Admitted Thief Returned Borrowed Money, Though He Couldn't Tell Why He Did So.

"Here is the dollar I borrowed from you today," said a shabby individual, tendering the money to a fellow lodger in a Bowery hotel. "I filmed a bookmaker three times this afternoon."

"Filmed?"

"In one pocket I carried a number of one dollar bills each crumpled up by itself. When a circus visitor bought candy he sometimes tendered a ten dollar bill in payment. Quickly crumpling the bill I would thrust it into my pocket where I kept the ones. Then I would hastily thrust a bill back into his hand and exclaim: 'I can't change it now, old man, see me after the show!'"

"To distract the victim's attention I would always thrust an extra supply of candy into his pocket. Invariably he would disappear, thinking he had the best of the bargain, whereas he had paid just \$9 for a few cents worth of candy, as the bill thrust into his hand was one which I had substituted for his ten."

"But my long career as a film-maker spoiled me for all honest endeavor. I have lately earned a precarious livelihood by placing bets with bookmakers who pay commission of ten per cent on all business brought to them."

"When I have a five dollar bet to place I never hand it over in one bill, but always convert it into ones. Two of these I keep. The other three by a simple trick I fold in the middle and by a sleight of hand movement cause the bookmaker to believe he is receiving \$6, because six ends are displayed to him."

"In this manner I realized \$6 this afternoon in addition to the ten per cent commission of the bookmaker on \$15 which I caused him to think he received. In other words, my total earnings for the day are \$7.50, and you must admit this is pretty good for a has been."

"But, my good man," gasped the lender, "if you make your living dishonestly in this manner, why have you chosen to keep faith with me by returning the dollar you borrowed?"

"I don't quite understand it myself," admitted the film-maker. "I only know that I feel disgraced if I work for money honestly."—New York Herald.

What Quieted Him.

It was the first time that John Willie, aged four, had ever faced the camera—at least, since he had begun to take a live interest in things.

"Now, my little dear," said the photographer, "if you'll just keep still a moment we shall soon have a pleasant picture."

"But nothing on earth would induce John Willie to keep still."

"If you'll just go outside, madam," the artist said, after he had tried for half an hour, "I think I can manage it all right."

John Willie's mother went out, for she, too, was tired of the strain. And, behold! Five minutes later the photographer smilingly assured her that all was well. As for John Willie, he was as meek as a lamb. Only when they reached home did his mother attempt to discover the reason.

"Muvver," John Willie explained, "he looked ter'ble at me, and said: 'Now, then, you ugly little beast, if you don't keep your twisting carcass still, I'll skin you alive!' That's why I kept quiet."—Exchange.

Asiatic Creeds.

Few people realize the growth of Asiatic cults and religions in America. It is stated on apparently good authority that this country now holds 15,000 sun worshipers, and an equal number of Buddhists.

Probably ten times as many persons have covered the Oriental basis of their new creed with a veneer of western Christianity. The number of dabblers in the "mystic" cults of India now among us cannot be guessed.

There is no cause for alarm at this growth of Orientalism. Neither is it a thing to be proud of. Mysticism, sensualism, lethargy—these in varying proportions are woven in the texture of every Asiatic creed that is seeking converts here. These creeds do not and cannot fit the busy life of our land today, and for that very reason they will make no dangerous progress in this land.

The growth of pagan Orientalism in America is remarkable, but, after all, it touches only the fringe of our population.

Thought He Had Them.

In the days of the continuous at the Olympic an occasional professional visitor was a clown with an educated pig. He used to take the pig out with him when he had finished his act and had him harnessed up like a trick pooch with a collar, shoulder straps and a leading string. In this way the grunter trotted along the street at just his master's gait.

Out of the hotel across the way came a man who had been hitting 'er up for a week, during which time he had remained up all night and had slept all day. It was his first venture out in a strong light, and it made him blink. Along came the clown and his mate. Joe Morgan rubbed his eyes and halted the vaudeville actor.

"Tell me," he asked earnestly, "is that a dog or a pig?"

"Why, it's a pig, you rummy," was the answer. "What's the matter with you?"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Joe Morgan fervently; "it's a pig! It's a pig!"—Chicago Post.