

THE JOY OF GIVING.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (Copyright, 1913) Who's never known the Joy of Giving Has never known the Bliss of Living— It matters not the style of gift, A bit of gold to ease some shift, Or just a smile, a sunny rift, Of sympathy, some care to lift From shoulders worn and bending; Some little act befriending; A gentle whack Upon the back To hearten up some troubled wight Whose steps have wandered from the light— These all are gifts well worth the giving For those who seek the Joy of Living. Just go some day Upon the quiet Out on the way, My friend, and TRY IT!

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Weather Conditions that are Entirely Overlooked. A Curious Tree. A Mohammedan Ceremony that Takes the Place of Christian Baptism. The Early Development of Children and Their Really Early Decay.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 1st, 1912.

Dear Home Folk: The cold weather has started early in this country and at night one wraps up well in blankets and still shivers, hurrying into one's clothes at six o'clock in the morning, because it seems cold, when truly it is only pleasantly cool. Even I put on my sweater and then feel comfortable. This only lasts until about ten o'clock, when the heat of the day begins and you are so hot you want your umbrella and wish for thin clothes again. It is the contrast that most affects you and I guess that is not typical in India, yet on account of there being no fires, or in fact any way of really making these big rooms comfortable, it seems worse here. We have fire-places, which are absurdly small in comparison to the size of the rooms and all I could imagine they would do, would be by suggestion; for never, never could you feel aught of the fire ten feet from the grate. The other morning I happened to open my eyes a bit earlier than usual and was surprised to see that the sun was up and was turning the top of a large tree down by the well, a pure gold. I believed it, and hurried out of bed, into my slippers and kimona, thinking I was late, and then found that the sun was not up at all. Later in the day I went to see what caused that effect and found, that although the weather was only slightly cooler than it had been and of course, no frost, yet that funny tree's leaves were as beautifully colored as you could find anywhere on our mountains, and I am sorry to say those beautiful golden leaves are coming down as fast as they can come. Now tell me how that tree knew that winter was coming? It is not really cold, the rains are just over and to me, from a cold world, it is simply perfect so far as the temperature is concerned, and every other form of vegetation is making big strides toward perfection—seeds are just coming up, promising future flowers, and this silly tree losing its leaves. In our neighbor's "compound" is a gorgeous night-blooming cereus, over six feet tall and the blossoms are easily a foot across—a big ugly plant but a very beautiful blossom. For the past few weeks all my extra mail has spoken of Thanksgiving and Christmas but I can't get up the proper spirit and don't intend to do anything, for one can't buy Christmas cards in India, and even the postals of this place are so bad they are not nice enough to send away. I am sending Father a new set of gods so tell him to put them before his plate and on Sunday if he does not go to church he can do as the heathen out here do, worship those in their own house. I do not know their exact names but will try to find out later and send him word for each one rules only over certain things, and it would be "passing bad" were he to pray to the "preserver" when it happens to be a "destroyer". The other evening the "Bisthi" was having a "tamaschi," as it was the home-coming of his wife and young son, ten days old. As I was going by I stopped to see what they were doing, as there is great rejoicing when a son arrives in India; girls are usually neglected and allowed to die. I saw an old man seated on the ground outside, with a blanket spread in front of him, eating rice. This he did with his first two fingers and thumb; the other two fingers, the Polish Hindustani think should remain scrupulously clean. The rice was cooked in "ghi" (clarified butter, made very sweet with sugar.) This man was the Moham-medan Padre, and just what ceremony he went through in giving a name to the baby I do not know, as that was over. A little later the orchestra arrived; it consisted of three women, all squatted on the ground outside, one with a long (at least two feet) watermelon-shaped drum between her feet, and she beat alternately on the ends with her bare hands. The second, with her thumb cymbals, joined the noise, and the third started a song that sounded like a chant, in which the first two joined, keeping time with their instruments, while the admiring public looked on. I have asked what the Padre did and was told he read a passage from the Koran then the father, having sacri-

ficed something—a pigeon, kid, etc., or given some money, the baby was blessed and the name given. The Padre was then taken out to his feast of sweetened rice. The steps and front of the house had been recently smeared with fresh cow manure, worked into a thin paste by the hands of the women, as it is from the sacred animal. I saw on the step a curious, round, white symbol of some kind, probably eighteen inches across and round like a hoop, the center full of cross marks. This was made of flour and when I asked, was told it was where the mother sat, a sacred spot, while the naming process was going on. The noise went on until midnight but I, becoming sleepy, went to bed long before. Several days have gone by since the above event and all I seem to be able to get done is to go to the station. Dr. MacMillan is the last one to leave, and she goes on Friday night, and I will then be alone for awhile; only in name, for the various other workers are still at the hospital and the servants are around here in droves. Miss McCuen, in speaking of the agility of the young brown child's mind the other day, told of a little occurrence in a native Sunday school that she teaches. There were probably a dozen little children, about six or seven years of age sitting around, and a little girl was lurking near the door. She would edge forward little by little toward Miss McCuen, but each time would run away if any notice was taken of her, until finally she got near enough that Miss McCuen reached out and touched her, hoping to reassure her when lo, the child ran down the path like a deer. The other children screamed, "motor-car," "motor-car," and Miss McCuen asking an explanation was told it was the little girl's nickname, for she could run so fast. Fairly good for children.

That brings up a discussion I heard the other night between two men who have been in India for a long time. They both decided that the average native brain has reached its best and finished development by the eighth or tenth year, and after that begins to go backward. I think it must be true, for children that don't look a day over four or six years will come into the dispensary carrying a little brother or sister sitting astride their hips, and they will answer all the questions, tote that child into the treatment room, hold it while the most gruesome abscess is dressed, all like a person ten or twenty year old girl comes in she is positively so stupid I feel inclined to shake her, and would do so if I had the least idea that it would help her thinking apparatus to work more accurately and speedily. It is all so different from our world, where the precocious child is the exception, not the rule, (at least we are taught to expect) that years only add to our brain power and general usefulness. This next week is a big holiday and as I am on the watch for it, hope to go down into the city to see the sights and so report a really interesting festival.

The Banana as a Cheap Food.

The banana must be reckoned with as one of the staple foodstuffs of the people of the United States. The extent of consumption will be a surprise to persons unfamiliar with the statistics of tropical imports. In a recent official publication regarding the banana supply of the world and the annual use of that article in the United States, estimating the average number of bananas on a bunch to be 140, it appears that the people of the United States utilize more than 6,000,000,000 bananas a year, or more than five dozen for every man, woman and child in the country, including Alaska and Hawaii. The value of bananas imported during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, was \$5,877,835; in 1902, \$9,987,821; in 1910, \$11,642,693, and in 1912, \$14,368,330. These figures indicate an increase of 23.4 per cent. in the last two years and of 144 per cent. in 12 years. There is apparently no danger of any future failure of the banana supply. There are great areas of untilled land in near-by tropical countries suited to banana preserves and as a partial substitute for our other daily food, its cheapness certainly serves to measurably reduce the cost of living. The yearly increasing importations must be esteemed a boon and a blessing.

Answering With the Head to the North.

In answering a subscriber's question as to why one should sleep with one's head to the north, Dr. Robert T. Morris in the Christmas Stocking number of St. Nicholas says: "Electric currents run north and south, through the earth. An object is said to be in a state of better electric rest if its long axis is in line with electric currents. It is my impression that the custom of sleeping with the head to the north was adopted before anything was known about these currents. If that is the case, I take it to mean that certain persons are so readily affected by these influences that they find themselves disturbed if they try to sleep with the short axis of the body in line with them. "I have purposely made the experiment and have asked friends to make it when we were in camp. None of us noted any connection between our sleep and our position in regard to points of the compass. We were strong and well, however. It might be quite different with invalids. "The volumes of these terrestrial currents is not commonly appreciated. Drive any iron rod into the ground at right angle to the plane of the earth's surface and it at once becomes a magnet. Don't tolerate irregularity of the bowels. Don't allow the sewage of your system to accumulate and poison your blood and dull your brain. Regularity can be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act naturally and easily. They soon cure, and can then be dispensed with.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to earn peace and self-respect. —Huxley.

Football fields are cold places without plenty of warm wraps to shroud oneself in when sitting on the bleachers, or even in the grand stand and though there is only one more big game this year, motoring is to be remembered and that, too, is cold. A steamer rug, good and thick, is a splendid adjunct to take along for wrapping about one's legs and body. It keeps the cold out and the warmth in. A good one may be bought for \$5, while for \$7 and \$9 one may obtain extra woolly kinds, which last for years.

Warm gloves, fleeced lined, are also on the counters. Tan, grey or black, in all sizes, from \$1.50 a pair upwards. It depends upon the make and sometimes upon the elegance and flare to the wrist.

Then there are the mufflers. Many a girl is wisely availing herself of the opportunity to buy several of these handy neck comforts at little prices. Knitted wools, in dark colorings, with narrow fringed ends are to be had from \$1 up to \$3.

Chiffon veils, for as little as \$1 for a yard and one-half length, or as much as \$3.50 for two-yard hemstitched kinds in colors.

Thermos bottles come in every size and from the drinking glass shape to the two-quart thermos mastodon of its family. Small thermos bottles are to be had for \$1.

Electric foot warmers for \$7.50 are rather interesting. They are not so clumsy, either. Women's overcoats of chinchilla, boucle cloths and tweeds are selling for \$15, a reduction from prices close in \$20, which most women will realize. Warm weather today does not mean tomorrow will also be warm.

Since the elimination of the cigarette from military trimming, possibilities charming imitations made of horse hair are being offered. So well made are these imitations that many women are wondering how long they may have been accepting these as the real cigarette.

For those who do not even care to wear an imitation, for fear they will be accused of wanton heartlessness, there remain the many beautiful new fancies made of ostrich feathers with which one may trim one's bonnet.

However our fancies may run, women view the newer millinery modes with approval, as we once more realize we may wear hats designed to come within hailing distance of our heads. In other words, our hats are to be made to fit our heads, so we can face the windiest of the breeziest street on the bitterest kind of day without freezing our hands trying to keep our hats on our heads, our bundles in our hands, our muff where it should belong and our skirts in close juxtaposition to our body, all at one and the same time.

Each year the English custom of sending greeting cards to one's friends is growing more popular. These cards are simply engraved with the name of the sender and some appropriate Christmas wish or they may be elaborately painted. It is a matter of personal taste. These cards help out in many an awkward situation where certain people ought to be remembered to whom it would not be convenient or suitable to send a gift.

Dirt out of reach is doubly irritating because it is all the time patently visible and yet cannot be removed without great difficulty. Brushes are now made with telescope handles to meet just such cases. The handles of wall brushes for instance, can be doubled in length by a telescope rod, thus enabling one to reach usually inaccessible corners and tops of windows. This brush is easily adjusted.

The lily of the valley, if forced into bloom in the green houses by florists in winter for cut flowers, is grown entirely from freshly imported roots or pipes, as they are called, from Holland and Germany. These imported pipes make very much larger flowers than can be grown from the roots of our common varieties we have in our gardens, but nevertheless our common lily of the valley can be brought into flower in the house if proper attention and care be given it. They cannot be forced into bloom with success until after the roots have been thoroughly frozen, then lift them carefully in a mat, like a small sod. If frozen solid when you lift them, so much the better. Next, place the entire sod in a large pot or box, using any common soil and place them in a shady window. Do not cover tops with any additional soil, as they should remain the way they were when they were dug. In lifting them, be careful to select the strongest bulbs and as I said before, be very careful not to tear them apart, but lay them in the pot in the same mass in which you dug them. After planting, keep them very wet and as warm as you can, and they will send up flower stalks in bloom in about four or five weeks, and according to the temperature of the room. The later in the season you try to force them, the more successful you will be, as naturally the lily of the valley is entitled to a long period of rest. If you will try the experiment of forcing them in a conservatory or house, it will pay you to prepare beforehand, by marking with a stake the exact location in the garden of the strongest flowers in roots, so that when you come to dig them for this purpose you will have more flowering and fewer leaf shoots, for bear in mind the thick heavy pipes make flowers, the smaller ones producing nothing but leaves.

Some of our favorite nursery rhymes can be traced back many hundreds of years. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" was popular in the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" was sung in the reign of James I. "The Frog and the Mouse" amused children in the days of Queen Elizabeth. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" was well known in the reign of Charles II, and the immortal "Humpty Dumpty" perhaps is of the greatest antiquity.

For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

STRENUOUS BANKING.

Clients Faced a Coked Gun While Handing Over Their Dust.

Many years ago gold was discovered at Hokitika, on the west coast of New Zealand. There was a rush to the small Maori village, and within a few weeks seventy vessels, of all rigs and tonnage, were waiting to get over the dangerous harbor bar. The author of "Antipodean Notes" describes the first bank established in the little town. With the vessels came two agents of a local bank. Their bank furniture consisted of a safe, a pair of scales, a tent and a couple of revolvers. The two agents set up their tent, put the safe in the back part and a plank laid across two tree stumps, in front. The bank "stair" sat down behind the plank, before one man were the scales, a bottle of acid and a note-book; the other held a coked revolver. The digger brought his gold to the plank "counter," where it was weighed and tested. When the value was determined the testing clerk unlocked the safe, placed the gold in it, brought out a bundle of dirty banknotes and handed them to the digger. During this transaction the clerk with the revolver looked carefully about to see if any suspicious persons were lurking near.

GOOD ADVERTISING PAYS.

Before You Can Reap a Harvest You Must First Sow the Seed.

The ordinary newspaper or periodical reader doesn't dream of the potency of good advertising. One of the largest general advertisers in the United States, if not quite the largest, is a manufacturer in the Philadelphia metropolitan district. There is a never ending race at that plant between the advertising department and the builders. The advertisers bring in so much business that the builders are kept busy enlarging the factory. Something like \$1,000,000 a year is spent in advertising this company's output, which is a luxury in every sense. At the present moment orders for new business are so far ahead of the capacity of the plant that it would seem a hopeless job ever to catch up. But the advertisers never relax. The head of that great concern now knows almost better than anybody else that before you can reap a harvest you must first sow the seed. The advertisers are the chaps that are doing that.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Red Hair is Disliked.

In Cornwall, particularly the Land's End district, it is not advisable to dub a person "a red haired Dane," though in most parts of England, especially inland, the expression would as likely as not provoke no comment at all or be regarded as simply frivolous. As a police court case heard in 1907 at Penance town hall it came out in evidence that the defendant had called the complainant "a red haired Dane," and this led to an assault. The strong repugnance of Cornwallmen to be dubbed by this strange appellation is as strong as ever.

The Celtic nations hated the Danes and were always fighting them. And not only in Cornwall, but also all along our coasts, where the Danes or Norsemen made their ravages, this deep rooted prejudice against people with red hair, "red headed," more or less remains ingrained in the national character.—J. Harris Stone in "The English Illustrated."

Boone's Portrait in Oil.

There never was but one oil portrait of Daniel Boone painted from life, and that was by Chester Harding, a distinguished artist of Boston, who came to Missouri in June, 1820, and painted it in the residence of Planders Callaway, Boone's son-in-law, where Boone was then living, near the village of Marthasville, in Warren county. The Rev. James E. Welch, one of the oldest Baptist preachers in the state and father of Alkman Welch, attorney general of Missouri during Governor Gamble's administration, sat in Boone's bed behind Boone for him to lean against while Harding painted the picture, the pioneer being too feeble to sit alone. Harding's portrait of Boone now hangs in the state capitol at Frankfort, Ky.—Kansas City Star.

Quiet Elections.

Even when political feeling runs at its highest, polling in the commune of Blanchefontaine, in eastern France, is sure to be conducted without any danger of riot, as for some years past only one citizen has figured on its roll of electors. At election times, according to French law, each commune is entitled to demand a separate polling station, although it is a frequent practice to make one serve for several neighboring communes. The Blanchefontaine elector insists on his full rights and whenever called upon to vote has a polling station erected for his special benefit.

Switching It Off.

Miss Elderleigh—So you remarked to Katherine that I looked as old as the hills? Now, don't deny it. I heard you. Jack Spott—Oh—er—but you misunderstand. I was merely comparing your age with that of the Hill young ladies I am acquainted with—twins, you know.—Boston Transcript.

As He Pops the Question.

He—Will you marry me? She—You would make a poor excuse for a husband. He—Well, a poor excuse is better than none.—Exchange.

The fool who is silent passes for wise.—French Proverb.

PREPARING FOR OLD AGE.

If You Reach Sixty-five Years What Will Be Your Condition?

Actuaries say that of each thousand men living at the age of twenty 500 will still be alive at sixty-five. Economists declare that of the 500 living at sixty-five 200 will be in want; that eight-ninths of the pauperism in America is among people who have passed this same age of sixty-five. A man is, of course, sometimes brought to want in old age through accident, through continued illness of himself or his family, through a dozen and one mischances against which even the wisest is helpless adequately to provide. In spite of this, however, there are certain tried and proved recipes by which a young man may guarantee at least the probability that he will not be found among the unfortunate 200 after the age of sixty-five.

Avoidance of wasteful, destructive habits; thrift, economy, the practice of spending habitually less than one earns, the habit of study, which increases one's usefulness and earning power—such are a few of the stable qualities which distinguish the young man approaching an independent old age from the one approaching a condition of want. Stand the actuary's thousand men in a row, divide them into two groups, the one possessing the habits and qualities noted above and the other lacking them, and there would be little difficulty in telling from which group will come the 200 and from which the 300.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOOD FROM THE MOON.

Queer Decision of the Most Primitive Race on Earth.

The "north pole natives" alluded to by Captain Amundsen in a recent lecture were discovered by him while he was navigating his little craft, the Gjoa, through the Northwest passage in 1905-7. He christened them "Nechilli" and considered them to be the most primitive race on earth. No white man had ever before invaded their icy fastnesses. Consequently they were ignorant of the use of iron. Their fishing implements were long spears, fashioned out of reindeer horn. They knew no other method of procuring fire than that of rubbing two pieces of wood together. They were, in short, still in the stage of civilization reached by our ancestors of the stone age. So cut off were they from others of their kind that they imagined their tribe was the only one in the world and displayed the utmost astonishment when told of populous countries far to the south, where neither ice nor snow was. The Gjoa and her crew they thought to have dropped from the moon, and the first Nechilli to come aboard felt the deck, masts, boats, oars, all the while whispering to one another in amazement. "How much wood there is in the moon—how very much!"—London Standard.

Too Eager. There is a lady in Richmond who has in her employ a dinky servant of a most curious disposition. "Did the postman leave any letters, Lily?" the mistress asked on one occasion on returning from a call in the neighborhood. "There ain't nuthin' but a postal card, ma'am," said Lily. "Who is it from?" asked the mistress craftily. "Deed, I don't know, ma'am," said Lily, with an air of entire innocence. "Well, any one that sends me a message on a postal card is either very stupid or impertinent," suggested the lady of the house. "Excuse me, ma'am," said Lily, with dignity, "but that ain't no way to talk 'bout yo' own mother!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Population of Earth. The population of the entire earth is around 1,000,000,000. Of this number, Asia has over half, 850,000,000; Africa, 217,000,000; North America, 120,000,000; South America, 45,000,000; Australasia, 5,000,000; Europe, 380,000,000; polar regions, 300,000. There are no means of estimating the increase in the earth's population, owing to the paucity of statistics and the comparatively recent date at which any sort of statistics were possible. But it is safe to say that from now on, owing to the spread of science the human increase will be greater than ever before. New York American.

Dodges the Germs. "I understand that your neighbor Jinks has a deadly fear of microbes and takes every possible precaution to avoid infection." "That's true. He won't even read a book or article if he thinks it contains any germs of thought."—Baltimore American.

Her Odd Way. Giles—My wife is a queer woman. Miles—Indeed! Giles—Yes. Why, when she has occasion to drive a tack she uses a hammer instead of a hairbrush.—Chicago News.

Far Enough. "Does your wife make your money go far?" "I judge so. None of it has ever come back that I know of."—Buffalo Express.

From Abstract to Concrete. "You say her love affairs have progressed from abstract to concrete?" "Yes; she jilted a title guarantee man to take on a builder."—Judge. He that knoweth himself best exalteth himself least.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

An Upphill Waterfall and a Tree That Squirms Like a Snake.

Nature in the tropics, left to herself, writes John Burroughs, the naturalist, is harsh, aggressive, savage; looks as though she wanted to hang you with her dangling ropes or impale you on her thorns or engulf you in the ranks of her gigantic ferns. Her mood is never as placid and sane as in the north. There is a tree in the Hawaiian woods that suggests a tree gone mad. It is called the hau tree. It lies down, squirms and wriggles all over the ground like a wounded snake. It gets up and then takes to earth again. Now it wants to be a vine; now it wants to be a tree. It throws somersaults; it makes itself into loops and rings; it rolls; it reaches; it doubles upon itself. Altogether it is the craziest vegetable growth I ever saw.

It was near Pali that I saw what I had never seen or heard of before—a waterfall reversed, going up instead of down. It suggested Stockton's story of negative gravity. A small brook comes down off the mountain and attempts to make the head down a high precipice, but the wind catches it and carries it straight up in the air like smoke. It is translated. It becomes a mere wrath hovering about the beetling crag. Night and day this goes on, the wind snatching from the mountains in this summery way the water it has brought them.—Century Magazine.

THE BASEBALL MASK.

It Was First Used in a Yale-Harvard Game in 1876.

Frederick Winthrop Thayer of Co-hasset, Harvard '78, captain of the famous varsity nines of 1876, 1877 and 1878, was the inventor of the catcher's mask. The days when Thayer entered Harvard baseball differed somewhat from the present. A pitcher had to throw underhanded and end his throw with arm stretched out. Then that changed, and as a consequence the ball was thrown much more swiftly. Dr. Harold C. Ernst, a professor in the Medical school, was pitcher on the varsity nine, and James A. Tyng was catcher. They made a wonderful battery.

Thayer noticed that the more freedom given the pitcher the greater became the risk of the catcher. One day he let a few into the secret. He was going to make a mask. A few days before the Yale game of 1876 he came on the field with it. Save for the fact it was made more heavily, it was much similar to the masks in use today. Thayer attached it to Jim Tyng's head, and from that moment the mask entered baseball. At first the players, other than those in the varsity, and the spectators were inclined to ridicule it, and it caused no end of comment when it was worn by Tyng at the Yale game that year. Harvard won, and two years later team after team adopted the mask.—Boston Herald.

England's Lord Chancellors.

The lord chancellor under the early English kings used to live in the palace and had a regular daily allowance, his wages, as it appeared from one of the records, being 5 shillings, a stinnet cake, two seasoned simnels, one sextary of clear wine, one sextary of household wine, one large wax candle and forty small pieces of candle. In the time of Henry II, the modern treasury spirit appears to have begun to walk abroad, for in the records the allowance of 5 shillings appears as if subjected to a reduction. If he dined away from the palace and was thereby forced to provide extras, then indeed he got his 5 shillings. But if he dined at home he was not allowed more than 3 shillings and sixpence.—London Answers.

Cossack Troubadours.

Like the Spaniards, the Cossacks have a class of troubadours who instead of walking from village to village ride on horseback with their gusly and give performances of music and song in front of houses. They are treated with respect and rewarded generously according to their talents. There are also women troubadours among the Cossacks, and their performances in the pleasant surroundings of a garden or in a street scene are impressive.

British Death Duties.

Death duties on property in the British Isles, whether belonging to natives or foreigners, are progressive, ranging upward from 1 per cent on estates of the value of between \$500 and \$2,500, 2 per cent between \$2,500 and \$5,000, 3 per cent between \$5,000 and \$25,000 and 15 per cent on estates of \$25,000 and over. There are also legacy and succession duties, varying in percentage.

Autosuggestion.

"What does autosuggestion mean?" asked Binks. "That's when your wife begins to figure out how much you and your family would save in car fare if you had your own machine," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Escape.

Crawford—If your friends poked fun at you for having the artistic temperament, you must have the laugh on them now that you are so successful. Penfield—Not at all. They sneer at me now for being commercialized.—New York Times.

If thou art a man, admire those who attempt great enterprises, even though they fail.—Seneca.