

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 20, 1914.

## FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. An Interesting Story of the Way Marketing is Done in Java.

JHANSI, FEBRUARY 7th, 1913.

## Dear Home Folk:

This morning it is dark and gloomy and looks like rain. Can you imagine what that might mean here where there is nothing but sunshine and blue sky for almost nine months out of the twelve? One gets up and looks out and smiles to see that old Dame Nature is in an unpleasant humor and we gladly take down our rain coats and pull out the umbrellas. Of course it won't really rain, or if it does, not for long. We hope it will not as the wheat is shoulder high and in head and any heavy storm just now would mean a big loss to the country. Already the days are longer, the weather much warmer and the leaves nearly all yellow or entirely gone from the trees except those that stay green all the year.

I wish I could have taken you with me today. Pay day is on Saturday and the matron of the nurses' house always goes to get her supplies for the following week. Today the oxen cart was brought around and as I have wanted for some time to see her do buying, I asked to go with her. Could you imagine jogging along behind two great fat, white oxen, and what really is a good twenty minutes' walk, we accomplished with these remarkable steeds in just one hour.

Down through the narrow streets we went, past all sorts of cloth merchants and food men. Fruit and vegetables are of course for sale from small baskets in the middle of the street, their owners squatted behind them; but we went on to where the street was almost as wide as the Diamond. Both sides of this street were piled full of heaps of grain. Dozens of women and men, (coolies) with a basket made like a big dust pan, tossing the grain high in the air. Others would have a square seive-bottomed, wooden frame between them and they would toss and shake until the chaff and dirt was all fairly cleaned, out when it would be dumped on the bare ground. I saw a nice fat cow come walking along, run her nose deep into the pile and thus secured a big mouthful ere a small boy very gently urged her on to the next merchants' shop.

We finally stopped in front of a little, low shed where a man was squatting and getting out she produced her list of things wanted and her various articles for carrying them home. Four bur-lap bags for grain were first brought out, then various sized pieces of white cloth, a big square white cloth, various bottles, old tin boxes, and the buying began. She first bought wheat; not liking that of the pile seen at the front a "coolie" was sent into a small place and returned with several handfuls of other kinds, one which she finally decided to take. The "coolie" then spread a big dark blanket down from the doorway and a big bag of wheat was emptied onto this. The merchant then took a hand scale and holding it by a string, his elbow resting upon his knee making the upright, proceeded to put into one basket scale a five-pound weight and into the other the grain. This he had to do twelve times, since she wanted so many "seer" of wheat; just how many half-bushels or quarter-bushels I don't know. He used his hands to scoop up the grain and when he was through again his hands scooped up what remained and put it back. Sugar was bought in the same way, from the same hands, a head was scratched, a dirty "dote" was tightened, but still the weighing went on. Rice was weighed in the same way and each one was put into a corner of the large cloth and tied up, various other grains having been put into other cloths. The merchants' assistant got out the "tal" (oil) and the bottles being weighed they were filled and again weighed.

The "ghi" (clarified butter) came from an old coal-oil tin and so that none would be wasted the fingers were used to wipe off the tin and carefully scraped into the jug. Next came the spices and without even wiping his hands he caught up a handful of cloves, then long sticks of cinnamon had to be broken and various other small spices were heaped upon the scales, while wheat and other small articles helped the weights to be accurate.

All this time, nearly two hours, the cleaning of grain was going on around me until I was almost choked with the dust, while the brown bodies of the "coolies" were gray with it. Most of them had their faces covered so that they were breathing through a cloth. Two small boys were cleaning grain, not much over eight years of age; one pouring it down from his basket while the other fanned it, thus driving more chaff into my poor irritated nose.

I got a bit tired watching the weighing so walking in the track of the thriving Mrs. "Cow" I went along the street to inspect various chains of beads and anklets and other fancy adornments, all displayed on the bare ground, within two feet of the road where the oxen teams or "tonga" men were driving. I was there perhaps for three hours and in all the crowd I was the only white person, all the others being natives. I wonder if I will know how to set when I see a crowd of my own kind again. One thing I do know and that is, I could scarcely have less notice taken of me than those natives did yesterday. Having tired of the buying and also being hungry, I started for the hospital and I did not delay and really, I think they noticed my hurrying, which is so thoroughly un-Indian, more than my clothes or white skin.

(Continued next week.)

## PICTURESQUE DAMASCUS.

A Garden City Whose Beauty Halted Mohammed at Its Gates.

The hotel in Damascus in which we stay is called the Grand Victoria, but it is above a blacksmith shop and a saddle shop. The lower stories are mostly blank, bare walls. From the upper stories project balconies of latticed oriels, some of which extend so far over the street as to make it easy for the veiled damsel of the harem to leap across.

In contrast with these plain exteriors the interiors are often exquisitely beautiful, having an open court paved with marble and a fountain fed by the waters of the Abana, tinkling and splashing through the hot hours of the day, and wooing one to rest during the cool of the evening. Palms, orange trees and oleanders stand here and there. Within the house you discover rooms cold and formal to an American, but brilliant with oriental hangings, brasses and inlaid mother-of-pearl furnishings. Damascus is perhaps the second city in importance in the mind of the Mohammedans. It is a garden city made to be indeed an oasis in the desert by the Abana river, which, finding life in the snows of Hermon's breast, flows through this city with increasing volume as if it intended to regenerate the desert, into which it pours all its wealth, and does veritably make this section "blissdom as the rose." It is not to be wondered at that Mohammed drew rein outside the walls when first he saw the city and said, "Since man can enter paradise but once, I will not enter this earthly paradise lest I be shut out from the heavenly."—Christian Herald.

## WHO TOLD THE TRUTH?

Feminine Life From the Viewpoints of Home and Business.

Who told the truth? They met in the subway one morning, a young mother and a young professional woman. They had been friends at school, but sons had passed, and now, after some ten years, they began to discuss their present jobs—of motherhood and journalism. However, journalism seemed to fill most of the time, and motherhood was dismissed after a few desultory questions about Billy, whose fame consisted in being seven years old and just entering school.

"Oh, tell me about your work," said the mother. "There is quite a bit to tell of it," said the egotistical woman of business, and immediately launched upon the joys, woes, disadvantages and advantages of the business woman's career. "My, but that is most interesting!" said the mother, whose eyes were popping out of her head at the mere mention of the famous person's journalist knew. "I certainly shall buy your magazine and read it!"

"Grand Central station!" mumbled the guard. "Goodbye," said the mother. "Your life is certainly worth while." "Goodbye," replied the journalist. "Not nearly as much worth while as yours."

Who told the truth?—New York Tribune.

Ben Franklin's Keenness.

Two incidents recall the keenness and the thoroughness—the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize—of Ben Franklin. One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently he planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country. Again one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basket, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commercial value.

Spoiled Their Appetites.

"Why is Sweden like heaven?" asked the thin boarder, coming to the breakfast table. "I know," came from the little blond typewriter. "Well, if you know push it along. Sweetmeats," said the thin boarder. "Because?"

"The same old answer."

"No, it's not. I was going to say because it is a foreign country," essayed the little blond.

"Wrong," came from the thin man. "Listen, because nearly all the matches are made there."—Yonkers Statesman.

Insisted on a Change.

London Coster (meeting the village idiot)—Oo are yer a-lardin' at? Idiot—O bean't a-lardin'. Coster—Well, put your face straight. Idiot—It is straight. Coster (exasperated)—Well, then, blast yer, bloomin' well bend it!—London Tatler.

Not a Bit Conceited.

Wife—You are positively the most conceited man I ever met. Hub—I conceited? Woman, there's not a conceited bone in my body. Why, another man with the same abilities would be absolutely carried away with pride.—Exchange.

Made Quite a Difference.

Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" Clara—Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that."—Exchange.

## The Chief Obstacle.

The French are not inclined to take things too seriously. Thus, while they love and respect the venerable French academy, they never refrain from making it the subject of a little good natured wit. Even the members themselves, as this entry in Victor Hugo's notebook will show, indulge themselves in occasional sallies against the famous institution.

On Dec. 17, 1846, Victor Hugo, himself one of the forty "immortal" members of the academy, wrote in his notebook "Today, Thursday, in the academy. I spoke there with Dupin the elder about Balzac and of his chances of election to the academy. 'Thunder!' Dupin interrupted me. 'So you really believe that, without any more to do, Balzac will be chosen the first time he comes up for election.'

"You quote examples where that has occurred, but those prove nothing. Think of it! Balzac, at the first presentation of his name! You have thought the matter over carefully? Good! But you have forgotten one reason why it is quite impossible that Balzac should be elected to the academy—he deserves it!"

"To Keep Young."

Youth is what we all love to have and to hold, and since Ponce de Leon's time many a way of conserving it has been prescribed—dosage, drinking sour milk, systems of exercise, bathing, rubbing. Any one of these things may help the individual, but not every individual. And let us not forget that youth is in great measure a gift of the spirit. Children are young because for their life abounds. They find springs of energy within and stores of refreshment without. Wonder, curiosity, the enjoyment of ten thousand trifles, a short memory for punishment and pain—all these things make for youth. Grouches, resentfulness, suspicion, worry, grouchiness—these bring harder lines around the mouth, hardened arteries, old age. Nothing is too small to delight a child, given the right conditions; nothing too big to darken for very long the spangled sky. That is the secret of youth. Draw the curtain, Master Manager! On with the human comedy.—Collier's Weekly.

Japanese Flower Etiquette.

To order a dozen or two of roses or carnations indiscriminately over the telephone, to be delivered in a pasteboard box by a florist's boy, as a gift to a friend would mean a lack of refinement to a Japanese, writes Grace H. Bagley in Suburban Life. In fact, ignorance of flower lore might result in disastrous blunders. If, for example, you sent a purple wistaria, however exquisite in itself, to a bride she would hardly forgive you, since purple is a color of a bad omen, never to be used on felicitous occasions. On the other hand, you would convey a delicate compliment by sending chrysanthemums, because, on account of their long period of blooming, they signify long life. A peony sent to a friend is a flattering recognition of his distinction, as it is suitable only for those of high rank.

The Comparison Held.

A lecturer went to Yonkers with a letter to a Yonkers citizen from a man in New Rochelle and succeeded in getting an engagement. His three hour lecture proved dull, dry and uninteresting. Next day Mr. Yonkers met Mr. New Rochelle.

"What did you mean," asked Yonkers, "by recommending that lemon lecturer?"

"I didn't recommend him." "Well, I just guess you did. I've your letter right here in my pocket." "Better read it over again—carefully." Mr. Yonkers did. It was noncommittal.

"I have heard Mr. R.'s lecture. It is as interesting as it is instructive." "And it wasn't either," said Yonkers. "Then the comparison holds," said New Rochelle.—New York World.

A Queer Question.

"I have come to consult you," she said to the prominent lawyer. "What is the trouble?" "I have received three proposals of marriage, and I do not know which to accept."

"Which man has the most money?" "Do you imagine," she asked, "that if I knew I would consult you or any other lawyer?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Open to Conviction.

"Some of your constituents are disagreeing with you," said the trusted lieutenant.

"Well, keep tab on them," replied Senator Sorghum, "when enough disagree with me to constitute a reliable majority I'm going to turn around and agree with them."—Washington Star.

A Wise Child.

"Willie," sadly said a father to his young son. "I did not know till today that last week you were whipped by your teacher for bad behavior."

"Didn't you, father?" Willie answered cheerfully. "Why, I knew it all the time."—Woman's Home Companion.

Then She'll Tell You.

"Tell me," said the loveliest youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you."

"Marry her," replied Pechkam promptly.—Philadelphia Press.

Mean Inference.

Bix—My wife is never happy when I am out of her sight. Dix—My wife doesn't trust me, either.—Yonkers Statesman.

He goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that runneth out of his way.—St. Augustine.

## Women are to Blame

In a great measure for home unhappiness. Not always the woman who helps make home unhappy, but her mother perhaps who let her daughter assume the obligations of marriage in ignorance of the consequences. When a woman is careless of her appearance, too tired to "fix up" for her husband; when she scolds the children and neglects household duties, there is discord and misery to come. Why not use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and be a healthy woman and have a happy home? There's no excuse for the majority of women who are so dragged down with suffering. "Favorite Prescription" cures ninety-eight per cent. of all "female diseases" even in their worst forms. More than half a million women are witnesses to these cures. "Favorite Prescription" will cure you too, if your case is curable. It has cured hundreds of cases pronounced incurable by doctors.

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