

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 5, 1914.

## WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball,  
But stay in your room tonight;  
Deny yourself to the friends that call  
And a good long letter write—  
Write to the sad old folks at home,  
Who sit when the day is done,  
With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,  
I've scarcely the time to write."  
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering  
back  
To map a by-gone night,  
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer  
That God would leave their delicate babe  
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need  
Of their love and counsel wise;  
For the heart grows strangely sensitive  
When age has dimmed the eyes.  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forget them quite;  
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,  
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,  
Who make your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thoughts for you  
That the old folks have today.  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait;  
Let the letter for which they looked and longed  
Be not a day too late.—Selected.

## "SAID."

Sir Eliot Holt had been down in the City the greater part of the day; the brougham had been waiting for him in front of the offices of Anglo-Chinese Development Co. for over an hour when he finally descended the steps and got in.

"Marsden," he said to the footman, "get me to Sir Walter Thorne's by half after five; so tell Tupe to drive slowly, and by the Embankment."

The man touched his hat, and sprang up beside the coachman. The afternoon was what is called one of proverbial London weather: the somber sky lowered almost to the touching point with the somber earth; there was no rift in the lead, no promise in the east or in the west; the fog infolded the embankment, made one with the river, and hung like a drift of gauze about the houses, the towers, the monuments, and the steeples. It was of course all essentially English, and yet to this man the misty Thames stood that day for one of the yellow rivers of the Orient; the swathe of the British haze was the vapor that swallows up swamp-land and upland alike in the Chinese country, the lights that pierced the gloom were the lanterns of the province of Fu-chau, and for all that his eyes were now closed, they beheld with vivid exactness the face of a gentle fawn-colored girl of the East, a pupil in the mission-school in Tientsin. He had seen her there only once, and had gone again and again to find her; but she was never found or heard of, save that her father, whose name no one knew, had come secretly and taken her away, probably to earn money for him by making the exquisite flowers of silk on which Holt himself had then seen her working.

As he started out into the vapory waste, from which even the electric lights had vanished in the merging of earth and sky, he saw in fancy another face—a fair, English face of rose and pearl, thin-lipped, arching-browed, and quiet-eyed, and reflecting on it, his own face took on a harder and more reticent expression.

Sir Eliot was accounted a man of inexorable pride, few foibles, little heart, and next to no feeling. He was thought to be addicted to nothing less than to sentiment or imagination; therefore it almost goes without saying that he was sometimes ruled, even obsessed, by both sentiment and imagination.

At the desired hour the brougham pulled up before Sir Walter's house in South Audley Street, and presently Sir Eliot was having tea with Nina Thorne, and waiting for other guests to leave.

When they started to go, she rose and went with them the length of the two drawing-rooms, and seemed in no hurry to return; but when she looked into the mirrors before her, and noticed that he was pacing back and forth, she smiled to herself, led the guests, and went back to him.

She was very charming, gracious, and graceful, perfectly gowned, and a bit languorous from the top of her tall, blonde head to the tips of her velvet slippers.

"So you are really going away?" she said.

He inclined his head, looking at her from under his level, appraising brow, Sir Eliot Holt, men said, appraised everything, and while not necessarily at a money value, at a value of some sort, physical or mental. So of course he appraised Nina Thorne. She did not look up as she took her seat and indicated a chair to him. Her blue eyes were fixed upon the floor.

"How long?" she asked.

"A year, at the least."

Then she did raise her lids, taking in his tall, straight figure, his gray eyes, his clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, with strong jaw, and lips full of tenderness when he smiled. He was faultless in the little motions of hand, arm, and feature that betray human fineness or coarseness, yet withal calm, unaroused.

"Twelve whole months!" she exclaimed under her breath.

He did not answer at the moment, so absorbed was he in saying within himself, "Shall I, or shall I not?" that even courtesy went by the board. And, too, for all the charm of her pink lips, he did not crave to kiss them; for, between him and the English girl stood that girl of the Orient.

"Twelve whole months!" Nina repeated in an even lower tone.

Sir Eliot took a step nearer, and standing quite erect before her, said smilingly, "Suppose we call it on. What do you say?"

Miss Thorne's heart seemed to stop beating; she amazed she had most wished for this man and his possessions, were actually being offered to her, what matter how? They were within her grasp; the triumphant red flooded her face and throat. At last, after months of subservience and diplomacy, she had her chance. He might wait a minute or two; she had waited many days.

"Don't you think we can hit it off fairly well, Nina?" he said, laughing a little as he sat down beside her. "Come," he added, as she kept silent, "had you not

better give me your answer now? I have only a few minutes more. I'm off, you remember, to-morrow."

"No!" She put out a very beautiful hand a little way; it was not taken. "Not so soon as that?"

"Precisely. I must tell you. A new railway-line is to be built through the valley of the Yellow River." His voice was suddenly full of enthusiasm. "A magnificent piece of work; I am putting a pretty big lump into it personally, and the approximate outlay, all told, will be ten millions. I am pledged for the whole, if it is not subscribed by either the Chinese or our European governments."

"Yes?" she uttered the syllable with sufficient interest, her heart throbbing at the thought of ten millions. Not that she was poor; but her fathers income was only four thousand a year, a trifle beside the high-tide mark which she had set for herself.

"What do you suppose 'betrotted' is in Chinese?" He was surveying her critically as he spoke.

She smiled radiantly. "I don't know," she said.

"Said?" she repeated, still smiling.

"Said, and done?" he reiterated gaily.

"Is it not?"

"I—suppose so," she replied, laughing gaily with him.

"Then"—he looked at his watch—"I'll drop in at the club and see your father on my way. He will be there, will he not, as usual?"

"He is there now," she answered.

"My very best to the lady mother," he took her hand, touched his lips to it, looked into her upturned eyes, and added: "I will send you all sorts of pretty things from the Orient, including a ring, and I am sure I am quite the most contented man in England to-night."

"I hope so," she laughed. "You will write?"

"Rather! I'm not much at long letters, though," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but we understand each other too well to pin our faith on scraps of paper."

"Yes," she assented. "We can leave those to the Chinese; they use them for prayers, don't they?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You have been in the Orient before?" she asked.

"Oh, dear me, yes! I like it." His gaze had gone away from her. "There's something out there in the East that supplies my lack, or wakes the dormant in me, or—"

"May we not go there together, some day?" She moved a bit closer to him.

"Of course. Anywhere you like. On a wedding-journey, eh? We must be married very soon after I get back, if you please," he laughed.

She inclined her head. His hand was on the knob. "I don't ask you to come down and see me off, I've called you up before I board the train for Liverpool."

She smiled, and he was gone.

Ah-Moy-Ah, of the Flowers of Silk, sat in the watching-lodge built on the high rickety staging at the northeast corner of her honorable father's watermelon-field.

The watching-lodges in the Chinese farm-lands, dotting as they do every ten acres or so of cultivated earth during harvest-time, are among the most picturesque features of the Oriental landscape. Built of tall, bamboo staves, thatched with sorghum-leaves or bits of old matting, branched with rude arbors full of clinging and flowering vines, with a great number of poles sticking out at angles all over them, and with each of these hung with brilliant-colored lanterns, shining in the misty nights like fairy globes, the watching-lodges are things of beauty to Western eyes. To the Mongolian they are simply there to harbor those who watch for the hordes of thieves who infest every spot in China where there is a grain of millet, a stalk of sorghum, a peach, a plum, a grape, a melon, or a cucumber to be pilfered. Were the crops not watched day and night, the farmer would never gather a grain. So Ah-Moy-Ah, of the Flowers of Silk, sat in her father's watching-lodge, looking out between the grape-vine leaves, her fine, oblong eyes now on the fields, where perhaps the robbers were lying flat between the vines or crawling like lizards now on the basket of silks and velvets on the stand beside her. For the trade of Ah-Moy-Ah was to make, with her nimble fingers, exquisite flowers of silk, velvet, and muslin, which, surpassing in loveliness the flowers of all other makers, had gained her her second name and not a little money.

She sat in the upper staging of the watching-lodge, perched on a slab of thick paper, with no one with her but her grandmother, who slept soundly on her mat in the corner. Her needle was threaded, and near by were a jar of gum, sharp scissors, little steel tools, brushes, and reels. But her needle was idle; for her gaze went away beyond the melons and the millet, the maize, the sweet potatoes, and the golden squashes, to rest upon the river, where it coiled through the far-off burial-places and slid quite over to the Sacred Mountain, limned against the blue-purple horizon.

Then the crows laughed in the elms, and Ah-Moy-Ah brought her eyes home again as she heard some one approaching. Those who came were not thieves, but her honorable father and two of his cousins.

The three men came into the watching-lodge and lighted their pipes, and the father of Ah-Moy-Ah screamed up to her and to her grandmother to watch well, for the beggars were abroad. Ah-Moy-Ah shouted back that she would, but that already the grandmother was asleep.

While the three men whispered together, Ah-Moy-Ah swept her blossoms to one side, slipped down to the slatted flooring, and wetting her finger, laid it on the paper carpet, making a tiny hole to which she applied her pretty ear. This is what she heard:

In the heavily voweled Manchu, her father spoke first: "Look at the burial-places of our ancestors! The foreign devils have come; they will build the railway that will lead from the city to the sea; they will make cursed bridges over the river; they will desecrate the tombs of our honorable grandfathers. Is this to be?"

"No, honorable sir," answered a voice. "I respectfully bathe myself before I reply to you; and my reply is, No!"

The father of Ah-Moy-Ah exclaimed: "I am an old man; I have not long."—A groan greeted this announcement.—"I have five sons. Of course they are all married, and there are thirty-three grandchildren, not to say my wife and my daughter. Forty-one mouths to feed, and I have only fifteen acres, and no one guards my crops save Ah-Moy-Ah and the mother of my wife! What can I do?"

A third voice said: "But, honorable sir,—I prostrate myself before you, and invite you to walk upon me as on a mat,—what of your daughter?"

A murmur like the sighing of the wind greeted this. There was an interrogative note running through it, as there always is when a young girl is spoken of in China up to the time of her betrothal. Then the father of Ah-Moy-Ah no doubt made some significant sign, for Ah-Moy-Ah caught a prolonged, sibilant "Ah-h!" denotative of satisfaction.

"Then," the third voice went on, "it is, honorable master, not impossible that Ah-Moy-Ah, having been at the devilish mission-schools in Tientsin, can speak to the foreign devils in their own tongue, and wail them with those wiles of the dog that women know?"

But the voice of the father of Ah-Moy-Ah broke into so fearful and scornful a shriek that it startled the crows in their nests. However, when the echo of the shriek had died, the same voice which had provoked it went on:

"It is at the mission-schools that Ah-Moy-Ah learned the embroideries which fetch to you much money, making your daughter valuable far beyond most, and the price her future husband's family must pay you will be great. Should you not, while she is your slave, instruct her to help us toward the preservation of our venerated tombs? The wit of a woman is an abomination when directed against her husband, but why not in the behalf of her sacred ancestors?"

But the father of Ah-Moy-Ah gave a second wall more appalling than the first, which, however, merely meant that Ah-Moy-Ah should do just what the friend in council had designated. So the father motioned his two companions out of the watching-lodge.

Ah-Moy-Ah sprang from the eye-hole to her post at the lattice as he said to her, "Listen!" He stood at the foot of the ladder, looking up.

"I listen, honored and honorable sir; I need to receive your words." She knelt, leaning over the ladder toward him.

"The foreign devils have come to survey our land; they will dig them up as the dogs dig up the sweet potatoes; they will scatter their ashes to the clouds. You know their tongue?"

"Yes, honorable sir, I know their tongue."

"Then, if any come this way in the pleasant daytime, bid them halt; feed them with the ripest melons; sell them your embroideries; if you can, at the largest price; say what you must say to the bluejay speaks to the crow, softly, but listen, listen, always listen, and tell it to me."

Then her father went away with his two friends across the wide fields to the other watching-lodge, where they also were keeping vigil against the thieves, the dogs, and their own possible starvation.

Ah-Moy-Ah sat on her mat by the lattice; she did not take up her needles and silks. The little moon had sunk into the arms of the mist, for the mist in the Orient is always holding out open arms to embrace everything; the ladies knelt, and listened, always listen, and tell it to me."

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## FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. More Hot Weather. A Hindu Wedding, With Festivities. Etc.

JHANSI, APRIL 23rd, 1913.

### Dear Home Folk:

I got up and went to seven o'clock church this morning and stayed for the second service. It is a fairly good half-hour's walk from here so I prefer to do it in the morning rather than at night, since the days are so hot. As I sat in church and looked out I could see the hedge of white oleanders, now in full bloom, and I thought how beautiful such a hedge would be at home. There is plenty of water in the church compound so their garden is not quite all gone. Did you know that oleanders die almost as soon as they are broken off? I had always thought that they would live like lilacs and so was disappointed after making up a big bouquet, and it was so pretty, to come back in about half an hour and find my beauties faded.

Our wedding will come off on Tuesday and we are to give them a tea directly after the ceremony and they will start for the groom's home the next day. It is a two days' journey from here. The groom-to-be is a native preacher and earns the wonderful salary of eighteen rupees (six dollars) a month; and they will be able to live well on that. I wonder how many people live well on six dollars a month in the States.

You wonder at our cool spring; so do the people of Jhansi. Such a cool February and March has never been known as the heat begins in February and by March it is hot; it will get hotter and hotter until the middle of July when, as you know, the rains come and cool us down. I mean just that, for if for a day or two there is no rain it simply is as hot as ever and only the damp earth and the clouded sun make it cool. And that lasts until October, when in truth one knows and feels it cooler. One tries not to think of the heat for it is an ever present condition and the only way to live in it and enjoy it, is by forgetting all about its discomforts; hence my talking so much of the cool days.

I am sometimes puzzled as to what will prove interesting to write to you since I have told most things over many times. A surprise came to me last night; the nurses know I am looking for some old coins so while sitting at my desk one came in with a silver coin and said, "here is a strange coin that the matron was given at the bazaar in change, and sent it to you as a present." It was a ten-cent piece and I was so glad to see it I almost kissed the lady on the coin. It is just a trifle smaller than a four "anna piece" (eight cents) and so passed for it. I shall give the matron her four "annas" and keep my U. S. coin for a pocket-piece. I cannot imagine how it ever got into circulation here except that three days ago another of those "Clark tourists" went through here en route to Agra and Delhi and they must have passed it by mistake.

Well, our tea party is over and it seems that all these Hindustani people were in food, since they came directly here from the church and tea and cake were given at once, ice cream being served a little later; and as soon as they had eaten home they went, just like an American crowd of the same kind.

The bride looked like a Christmas doll, in white silk "sauri," a wreath of many colored flowers on her head, with a white chiffon veil edged with cheap lace over all. Her fat, black face looked fatter and blacker, and her cheap imitations of English jewelry were truly comical, and I could only think of a colored bride in a minstrel show. But they were in dead earnest enough and went off last night, amidst many good wishes and many presents (such as they were.) Miss McL. and I gave her four sheets, others gave her cups and saucers, aluminum, glasses, a mirror and many cooking utensils, since they are the main things in a native house. The whole tea thing took place out in the garden and the dishes were so hot that the ice cream melted as fast as I dipped it out, but they lapped up the melted milk and I wished I could give them more; our freezers are too small for such a crowd so they all had only a taste. You can't buy ice cream here and it is considered much of a treat.

The "loo" is getting very strong and we have big dust storms now with such a high wind. I am very glad for the wind when I am in doors since my "kus-kus tatt" works mighty fine then and I am kept nice and cool, but when riding along on a bicycle it simply burns one up and sends you off to bed with a bad headache and a big desire to get rid of your breakfast, so I try to avoid it as much as I can.

We have had no after Easter snows. There was a little rain one night last week, perhaps twenty drops, and "honest Injun" it sounded when it struck the earth as though you threw water on red-hot irons; simply sizzled, and by the time I decided not to go into the house but lie down again and let it rain, it was all over and the moon was smiling as serenely as ever, and I was hotter for the clouds had stopped the wind. You may know how hot it is when one don't even draw up the sheet at night when we are sleeping under the stars, as far as we conveniently can from the house.

(Continued next week.)

Remember that the WATCHMAN costs you no more than the cheapest paper in the county.

## CALLED FATHER OF SCIENCE

Truly Wonderful Thinker and Inventor Was Archimedes, Famous Through the Centuries.

On December 10 of the year 212 B. C. perished the great Archimedes, murdered by a brutal, ignorant Roman soldier, as he sat with bowed head in his house at Syracuse thinking out the mighty problems of science.

Archimedes was born at Syracuse, Sicily, B. C. 287, and was therefore at the time of his death seventy-five years old. He was the greatest man of his day, and will ever rank as one of the profoundest thinkers and reasoners of all time. In mathematics and natural philosophy he had no peer on earth, and it is not too much to say that he is fairly entitled to be called the "father of science." He would have discovered the differential calculus had algebra been known in his day, and he came very near doing so even as it was. He anticipated the astronomical system subsequently worked out by Copernicus. He laid the foundation of hydrostatics. He invented the method for the determination of specific gravity. He formulated the true theory of the lever and uttered the ever famous words, "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the earth." In theoretical mechanics no advance was made upon his ideas during the eighteen centuries between him and Leonardo da Vinci.

It was Archimedes who invented the endless screw, the most important mechanical contrivance known to science. From the teeming brain of the old Syracusean came also the idea of the screw pump, the hydraulic engine and the burning mirror. He was the creator of the catapult, the artillery of the olden time, whose dreadful bolts were the terror of ancient armies. He invented another engine, the ponderous claws of which, reaching over the walls, lifted up ships and their crews and then suddenly dropped them into the sea, while with his great "sun glasses" he was able to set on fire such of the enemies' ships as could not be reached with the grappling machine.

It took the world 2,000 years to produce the equal of the mighty intellect that was brutally snuffed out by the blow from the mace of that brutal Roman soldier.

### Baths of Sea Sand.

The very latest beauty bath is that composed of hot sea sand. Some famous beauties have the sand brought direct from Coney Island or Long Island in barrels.

These baths are fairly expensive, but then it is claimed that they do infinite good to a certain quality of skin—that white skin which, so often accompanies red-gold and a peaches complexion.

The hot sea sand bath is prepared in rather a peculiar way. A large sheet is placed on the floor and covered thickly with smoking hot sand. Then the "patient" is wrapped up in the sheet and quietly massaged. After five minutes the "patient" is rolled over and over a dozen times and then again massaged. By this time the sand is cool and the operation finished, unless a very enthusiastic beauty lover has the courage to begin all over again.

After the sea sand bath is over a strong hot sea water bath is taken, and this is followed by a delicious douche of cold, faintly scented water. Next comes the cup of coffee accompanied by a roll and then—half an hour's repose!

### Lesson in English.

Many travelers have the unfortunate failing of attributing ignorance and backwardness to everyone who wears the strange garb and observes the strange customs of a foreign land. Often, as in the case of the tourist in China that the New York Tribune tells of, there is a rude awakening.

When his steamer touched at Hong-kong, the tourist was delighted to see a Chinese woman in the costume of her country come on board ship. She was the first Chinese woman that he had seen in the native dress, and he determined to take a picture. Advancing to within a few feet of the little woman, he leveled the camera at her, and began to exclaim loudly in amateur pidgin English: "Me takes picture! Can catchee?"

"Me catches?"

"The Chinese woman looked at him in