

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Walked Twelve Miles Over Rough Roads. The Last Stages of a Trip to India's Mountains.

VERNAG, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

This is the day after and I had thought that the trail to the last place was bad, but never in my whole life did I ever see such a road as we came over today. The guide books said it was bad at first but later all right. Well, it started out by going along the bed of a now dry stream and I managed to walk along on the little stones fairly well. Then it wound along the side of a hill but had great, deep cuts and water crossings on it that were anything but nice. We then came to a place where the stones were a foot to three feet in diameter, water-worn and smooth, and over this for one-half mile only to come to another just as bad. And then, just to fool us, we had one mile of nice, easy going, this time with corn-fields and their workers all around us and I would look up at the scenery and try to forget the past path, when I saw a fair sized (1000 foot high) hill loom up; and up this thing the path went just straight, only goats, sheep and these Kashmirers ever made such a going. But the horses are as sure-footed as goats so up they went when, to my horror, the going down was over rocks and loose stone, on a path that wasn't over two feet wide, with turns only wide enough for a single foot at a time. Now don't think I ever attempted to sit astride four-legged things on such a way for I didn't, I walked the entire twelve miles, and here I am. This garden was laid out by the same man who built the Taj and although now in ruins, is quite the prettiest place I have yet seen of ancient things. To add to its attraction, if that were possible, a great spring leaps out from the side of an abrupt mountain that is many hundreds of feet high, covered with pine. The spring flows into a great tank surrounded by what was a most beautiful facaded building and it faces straight into this garden; along the center the stream runs and is every here and there bridged by a charming little house with exquisite carvings. The whole garden is hedged by poplars and its beauty is enhanced by apple, pear, cherry, etc., trees, the first of which are now hanging full of very good fruit. But this will be our last camp day; we go to Islamabad tomorrow and it is there our boat awaits us. I will not be sorry, and yet I have enjoyed every minute of this time. Nor do I regret the money it has cost—for it isn't a cheap trip—but I am so tired and it is getting so cold I want to get into a more substantial home than our canvas one, or else seek a warmer climate. I have not mailed you this, for I am told many letters are lost from this country and I had sent you a long one telling of our safe arrival here and of our starting on this jaunt, I know if it reached you you will not be worried, so will mail this at Srinager, but no doubt will have more to add before that time. Again the sun has gone and left me and I must hurry or I can't even say good-night.

ISLAMABAD.—The ride here today was unusually pleasant, but of course twenty miles seemed like fifty, otherwise it was uninteresting. This city is old and very Indian; supposed to have many very good springs, one—from the smell and the color of the stones—is surely sulphur. To an artist this place would offer many fascinating bits, but to us it is only a place to wait until Monday. In the meantime, so many boats are anchored here we can be amused by watching the river life go on around us. A boat has just come along-side; from its looks we think it must be a passenger boat carrying natives to Srinager. It is divided by means of pieces of burlap into six compartments and in the rear end, which is bumping our boat, the boatman's wife is squatting preparing her husband's meal. A big-pot-shaped earthen vessel is her stove and on the top she has placed an immense pot with a queer, funnel-shaped lid that fits down well into the pot. I am wondering what is to go into the pot. She has lifted the boards upon which she was sitting and from the depths of the boat draws out rice—such a quantity as she put in would make ten meals for you. But it boils and we go to dinner. Again I am watching; the rice is evidently cooked and she takes off the immense heavy pot and lo! into the funnel-shaped lid is put hot coals—evidently to keep the food hot, and another pot, a smaller one this time, is put on and the water dipped right out of the river. The woman, always in the squatting posture, makes a picture I would I could reproduce for you. A delicate crescent of a moon hangs directly over her head and the stars, like great lamps, glow in the deep, deep blue sky. All else is dark except for the reflection some distance away of some native lamps, and the river makes a glorious mirror for the heavens. The woman is sitting against the burlap screen and her pot of fire has its back toward me and the fire-light brings out all her beauty with peculiar distinctness; her ears heavy with silver rings, her

sharp, well-shaped features and her graceful movements, for just now she is putting into her boiling pot, turnips—leaves and all. What a cook, guess I won't invite myself for dinner. Her husband has arrived and several passengers having prepared for bed before our very eyes, the boat has cast off and now down the river I see the glow of her fire. Two days later and we are again on our way; this time down the river and so back to Srinager, which we make tomorrow. There is not a thing now to add so am only writing to keep in practice.

SRINAGER, October 9th.—There were two temples of great beauty, but of course in ruins, to stop our boat for two hours, and then on we came. I found many letters awaiting me and was glad to hear how you all were. (Continued next week.)

Santa Claus says:

- A face wreathed in smiles is better than a mansion wreathed in holly. Better broken toys than broken hearts. Never look a gift object in the price tag. Santa Claus by any other name would cost as much—and be worth it. Do not be satisfied with wishing people a "Merry Christmas;" help make it one. Lots of men put on long white whiskers and think they look like me when they look more like a goat—and perhaps they are. If Willie wants to see what is inside the drum, for goodness sake let him. You are living in God's own country. What more do you want for Christmas. It is a wise Santa who keeps his whiskers away from the candles. Keep up the "Good will to man" part of it right through until next Christmas. It is more blessed to give than to receive, except in the matter of offense. Fortunately for most of us, we won't get what we deserve on Christmas. When Christmas giving becomes a necessity it ceases to be a virtue. There is more joy in heaven over a ton of coal given to the poor than a ton of diamonds given to the rich.

Song of the Christmas Tree

By Gene Morgan. I come from northern forest lands Where men would tarry never. The seasons come, the seasons go, But I am green forever. The flowers of spring bloom at my feet, The shadows always spreading. Near by there runs a forest path Where watchful deer are treading. The summer passes all too soon, And autumn winds are chilly. Poor flowers, they wither, droop and die Amid the woodland hilly.



From every branch, sad tears I drip In rainstorm's fierce endeavor. The flowers may come, the flowers may go, But I am green forever.

Now hark! the woodman's ax is heard! A sister tree he's felling. What can this cruel destruction mean? The winter wind is telling.

Do not bemoan thy mournful fate, Tho' axmen wield with madness. Bedecked in tinsel, bright and fine, You'll soon bring children gladness.

Thou canst not die, although thy trunk, Harsh hatchet blows may sever. Within the little children's hearts Thou wilt be green forever!!



TRUE SPIRIT OF DAY

Christmas Giving Should Be Prompted by the Heart.

Religion in the Orthodox Sense Not Necessary to Appreciate Finer Qualities of Great Christian Holiday.

By PRUDENCE STANDISH.

ONCE more the Christmastide and its beautiful meaning is with the world. Again the shepherds, watching their flocks by night, are sore afraid at the glory which shines about them. Clothed in blinding light, the angel speaks; the heavenly host that crowds suddenly about him sing of glory in the highest and peace and good will. The wise men who have seen his star in the East, kneel and spread their gifts of gold and myrrh and frankincense without question.

The miracle of 2,000 years ago is still new and glad and lovely, for, lo! in all Christendom bells peal and sweet choirs sing the message given by the blinding angel and the crowding host: "For behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This is the message of the Christmastide, yet the bigger half of Christendom makes the period the pagan festival it once was at the time of the winter solstice. We give gifts, for sake of the gods of custom and merriment, forgetting entirely that they are for sake of the great spiritual joy "which shall be to all people." The gold and myrrh and frankincense of the heart are withheld—we give gifts because we've got to, and keep our hearts as much closed to the Christmas child as was the inn. We have our own selfish ends to gain, the rich patron to cater to, the friend to appease. We heap little children with dazzling toys, and light the starry lamps of their fir trees because it is the fashion, and we do our small Christmas charities because it would seem mean not to do them.

We have forgotten the joyous and sublime meaning of Christmas. One does not need to be religious in the orthodox sense to appreciate the finer quality of this great festival, for what is known as Christian feeling has come to be a moral obligation at this time—a point of etiquette, in truth, for the heart and mind.

In point of mere etiquette—the social world thinks on the subject of Christmas gift giving—it is thought bad taste for a person of modest means to give presents of value to others of wealth and influence, for this savors too much like currying to continued favor if the giver is already under obligations. But some knowledge of the helpful friend's existence is necessary, and this may take the form of a pretty Christmas card with an appropriate greeting; or a knot of flowers or winter berries may be sent with a note expressing warm Christmas wishes.

That the servant who has given her bodily strength and heart's best interest to the home must not be forgotten, goes without saying; but it is certainly bad form to make the poor servitor's gift an inexpensive trifle when something better can be afforded.

Then what a woeful want of taste it shows for us to defer buying a friend's or sister's present until we have found out what she means to give us, and so make the exchange a quid pro quo. The gift that goes to friend or relative is above all one for love, and it is undoubtedly better taste for the recipient of the simpler gift in the exchange to appear as pleased as if she had received something ten times its value.

But, then, what matters the nature of the gift after all? The spirit is the thing—and does not this silly picture or cushion, so unbecoming to the parlor, mean that the friend or sister has thought of you?

As for the little children, so much are their feelings painfully strained at this time that I would like to write a book on the subject. I beg every mother not to threaten the poor little heart that misbehaves sometimes with the eternal word that "Santa Claus won't come if you do that any more." The dear kiddie who forgets to be good knows better after a year or two of this harrowing threat, which makes you out a story teller. Meanwhile, there is the little heart staying awake at night with its dreadful anxieties; there are the sudden storms of bitter tears, with all the glory of Christmas sunk in the bottomless pit of absolute sureness that Santy—dear, abused, good old fat gentleman—won't come.

We remember the poor and drop a few pennies gladly for the blind children.

But, why do we do it—why? It is because a wide, sweet star has stopped over a stable in the far East, because the church choirs are singing of peace on earth and good will toward men.

So let us never lose sight of that fact with our gifts, whether our hands tender or receive them; for the heart closed to the deeper significance of Christmas may truly be likened to the inn that held no room. Let us send with each gift some of the heart's true gold and frankincense—bind it with the cord of some memory of Bethlehem. Let us receive each and every one of our gifts as tidings of great joy.

MORE SLIPPERS COMING.

"The time is at hand," said the preacher, with wrath showing plain on each feature. "When slippers will be showered down upon me by every faithful member."

Useful Proverb.

"Do you," he asked, "believe in early marriage?" "Well," she replied, "I used to, but I am willing to say that at present I believe 'better late than never' may be applied to marriage as well as to some other things."

To get an idea of the prevalence of "Stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease. Medicine is not life; Blood is life. Medicine holds disease in check while Nature strengthens the body through blood, made from the food received into the stomach. If the stomach is "weak" Nature works in vain. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must not be classed with the pills, powders and potions, which have at best a palliative value. "The Discovery" is a medicine which relieves diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, and by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands increases the blood supply. It is a temperance medicine and contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotics.

Medical.

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THE JOY OF SHOPPING.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit. I love to go and shop for things. To send as Christmas gifts to friends, for then my fancy girls on wings, I feel the joy that never ends. O, what a rapture 'tis to stand And be stepped upon, bumped into, joggled, jostled, pushed, squeezed, shoved, frowned at, scowled upon, trampled, bruised, slammed, rushed, hurried, jolted, and finally get up to the counter and discover that you are at the wrong one!

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