

IF NOBODY SHIRKED.

I know not whence I came, I know not whither I go. But the fact stands clear that I am here...

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Strange Sights in and Around Srinegar. Animals, Humans and Feed all in Same Building. The Museum a Curiosity, Etc.

SRINEGAR, OCTOBER 15th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: Oh! To tell you a good one about those letters. Yes, one must have gotten into the Johnstown papers and a former patient read it, about "my hair fooling me into thinking it was a snake."

I walked along past all the "same old things" and came to the heart of the residential portion. All the places had four to five foot walls of mud, a foot thick, about them and we walked on a four foot road between these mud walls, a two foot alley-way with six foot walls would here and there lead into a doorway or be another roadway to another street.

On we went for we had been told that this wandering pathway led to one of the most beautiful spots on earth, and we would find it. We saw the potter moulding his clay; we smelled the horrid odor of burning fresh clay.

While mammals have lungs and fishes gills, insects have neither one nor the other. Instead they present a complex system of tubes running throughout the length of their bodies, whereby the air is conveyed to every part of the system.

In a dark night a traveler gropes his way along a familiar path, slowly and doubtfully. Suddenly a blaze of lightning shows him that he is on the brink of a precipice, having wandered in the darkness from the familiar road.

Begin by denying yourself, and by and by you forget yourself. The kindness which was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness.

And then we had tea under a great chenar tree and started back. On our way there we had roamed in and out and down and back, and any other word you can think of, through the city, and I

had wondered whether it never would end, but you can imagine my amazement when upon our return we came another way, down a narrow passage to a corner that looked closed, then a short, sharp turn and up another dark place, the houses meeting over our heads, the passers crushing themselves against the house wall to avoid our wheels, and on and on, through bazaars, where a slow walk or a full stop was made to allow the fruit vendors with their wares to get off the narrow streets and for two hours we drove thus, and each turn was more worth while than the last one, and I was glad, glad, that the driver was a novice and did not know any short cut home.

The houses were, for the most part, well and solidly built, the lower story being well coated with mud, while the upper two are of brick, plain. The top floor in these city affairs have usually the little balcony and have beautifully carved wood furnishings. These three-storied houses in the country, perhaps I have told you, have the animals on the first floor, the humans on the second and the winter provision for both on the third.

The museum here is big and interesting for such a small country and I was introduced to it thus: "Wouldn't I like to see the place they kept the animals—all kinds," and I said, "Oh! the zoological garden, why yes, sure," and so the boatman started off with us and we came to a very well built, small, one-storied, brick building and pointing to it said, "there," and out we got. I felt sure the building was but the gateway to the garden behind, but walking up the flower-bordered pathway, a sign pointed into the building and wonderingly I went in to find—a lot of dead animals. I always did dislike dead animals—unless on the dining table, and I made haste to do the record-breaking sight-seeing and then on to the next place where I saw shawls worth \$2,000, wood-carving like frost work, old weapons, so odd I did not even try to imagine their use; Hindu Gods—so horrible and fantastic the producer must have been in the throes of a most hideous "nightmare" when he made them; coins, paper-mache work so exquisite you thought it must be inlaid work; metals, nearly all you can find in America—and all from this little country.

But a strange custom I have just heard of, and it is this: The Maharaja is a Hindu and of course allows no cow or beef to be killed and yet we see many, many loads of hides going out so we inquired where they got them and were told the Mohammedan farmer keeps his cows and bullocks and then he poisons them with some stuff that don't hurt the meat, and the poor animals die. Of course, it was either "an accident" or simply, "a sick cow died," the people eat the meat and the hide we see going out on a coolie's back.

(Continued next week.)

How Insects Breathe.

While mammals have lungs and fishes gills, insects have neither one nor the other. Instead they present a complex system of tubes running throughout the length of their bodies, whereby the air is conveyed to every part of the system.

To guard insects against collapse from pressure of air, Nature has furnished the little creatures with a fine thread running spirally within the walls of the tube, just as a garden hose is protected with wire.

Many flies live first in water as larvæ. Arranged along each side of their bodies is a series of exceedingly thin plates, into each of which runs a series of blood vessels. These plates are placed to absorb the oxygen contained in the water. The tail ends in three teatler-like projects, and by means of these the larvæ cause currents of water to flow over the gills and thus their efficiency is increased.

Gnats also exist in the water as larvæ. But they have no gills. Their breathing is accomplished by means of a tube situated at the tip of the tail. The larvæ floats along head downward in the water with this tube just above the surface so that the creature may breathe.

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BUILD JAW OF SILVER WIRE

Philadelphia Surgeon Suggests Operation That Will Replace Loss of Bone.

Surgeons and medical students attending Jefferson Medical College and Hospital discussed with great interest a remarkable operation suggested by a leading surgeon at a clinic on Wednesday in which an artificial jaw, made of silver wire, shall take the place of one whose entire removal is made necessary because of infection or death to the bone.

Removal of the jaw sometimes is necessary if the life of a patient is to be saved. It always results in great disfigurement, as well as serious interference with swallowing and speech. A surgeon attached to the hospital said the suggestion of using silver wire for building up an artificial jaw was an idea worth the most serious attention. He added:

"Under certain circumstances we can remove the jaw, but leave the periosteum and muscle attachments. This new idea is then to take silver wire, twist it into the proper shape, and cover it with the periosteum. Under good conditions I have no doubt that there soon will begin a process of bone growth from the periosteum, which will form over the silver wire model, which will act as a scaffold for the new bone growth. After a time we can begin to remove small sections of the silver wire as the new jaw grows stronger. The regeneration taking place from the periosteum should, according to all surgeons can surmise, form quite a good new jaw."

NEW INDUSTRY FOR AMERICA

Plant That Will Manufacture Gum Camphor is to Be Installed in Philadelphia.

The American Camphor corporation, incorporated for the manufacture of gum camphor, has taken the building on the southeast corner of Lehigh avenue and Edgemont street, which is being fitted as the pioneer plant in the manufacture of this product in the United States, remarks the Philadelphia Ledger.

While its product will be available for pharmaceutical purposes, the corporation purposes catering to manufacturers of celluloid, who take about eighty per cent of the gum camphor imported into this country.

Equipment for giving the factory an output of 25,000 pounds a day will be installed in a few weeks, and by mid-winter the plant is to be in complete operation, consuming daily 3,200 pounds of turpentine, the base of synthetic camphor. As a by-product, the company will have a daily production of about five tons of glauber salts, which enters into the manufacture of dyes.

This country's consumption of camphor is estimated at 12,500 pounds a day, of which the Philadelphia factory, when running full, can, it is said, supply about twenty per cent.

A Patriotic Ship Owner.

We can now ship hosts of troops with the greatest ease from all parts of the empire to the scene of warfare, yet in December, 1854, when Napoleon III offered to send re-enforcements of 20,000 men to the Crimea, if we would convey them, the government was on the point of declining, on the ground that no transports were available for such work. It was eventually decided to ask some of the great steamship companies for assistance, and at the next cabinet Sir James Graham announced that this had been done. "Mr. Cunard," he added, "can provide immediate transports for 8,000 men, leaving the question of payment to be settled subsequently by arbitration."

Cupid Versus Cash.

While making his midnight collection a Wayne avenue letter carrier was greatly mystified recently when he discovered a new ten-dollar bill lying loose among the mail matter in the box. As even Santa Claus would hardly remember him in such an informal fashion, the carrier turned in the money at the Chelton avenue post office the same night.

Early next morning a greatly agitated young lady appeared at the office and explained that she had started out to mail a letter and pay the druggist's monthly account the evening previous. On the corner she had met an acquaintance (here she blushed) and while engaged in conversation had absent-mindedly mailed the banknote instead of her letter.

Done by the Types.

Newspaper compositors and men who edit copy, no matter how eagle-eyed they may be, sometimes allow errors to get by that are either laughable or humiliating. The Chicago Tribune, in reporting a political meeting, said that the vast audience rent the aid with their snouts. Another Chicago paper reported that the propeller Alaska was leaving port with a cargo of 40,000 bushels of cats. A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when Roosevelt took the oath of office as president, said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the chief justice of Supreme court and a few witnesses, took his simple bath.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



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Brother Sinner Harry Irving Greene

JOHN HARDING was not a mild man, neither was he inclined to be superstitious. As a rule he had small belief in signs, presentiments or hunches, but just now all this was different. For he had seen certain signs that one of his shoats had been stolen; had a presentiment that a certain unworthy known as "Shiftless Joe" had done the foul deed, and possessed a hunch that he was about to horsewhip Joe until he outspoke any pig critter that was ever lifted over a fence on a moonless night.

Now Shiftless Joe was not reckoned among the 400 of John Harding's community, and when one is told that there were but 400 people in that district he will understand that the statement has a well-defined meaning. He lived alone at the edge of the big swamp, fishing in summer when it was not too hot; trapping in winter when it was not too cold; sleeping and loafing the year around, he was avoided by the entire hard-working, hard-praying settlement.

It was a long tramp from the home of Harding to the miserable cabin of the trapper, and by the time the former had arrived there his righteous wrath against the sly, sinful being whom he sought was grim and unrelenting. "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves," he quoted sternly. Then he raised his fist and smote upon the wretched door such a blow as Moses of old might have struck when he split the rock and bade the waters gush forth. From within a squeaky, rattling voice bade him enter, and through the narrow doorway he crowded.

He glanced around the cluttered place. From one corner a thin, weasel-like figure arose and stood cringing before the mighty one, fear thickly spreading his face as he noted the formidable whip tightly clutched in the equally formidable hand. "Good morning, Mr. Harding. Happy New Year," he said, fawningly. "It is a bad morning for you, and it is going to be an unhappy beginning of the New Year," he retorted. "Steal my shoat, will you?" The smaller man threw up his hands with a protesting gesture as quick denial leaped to his lips. But Harding silenced him with a roar. "Don't add lying to your thievery, you sheep-killing cur. One false word from your lips and your punishment

shall be doubled. You thought you were cunning, but in several places I found the mark of that club foot of yours while you were making off with my good pork. Now what have you to say?"

"Nothing, except that I did not steal." As a bear strikes, so did the heavy arm of the invader shoot out, the hand gripping the thin shoulder like a trap. "I warned you if you lied your punishment should be doubled. Has not the good Lord commanded 'Thou shalt not steal?' Thank your stars that you did not live in those days, for you would have been stoned to death. Rather, bless your luck that you have fallen into the hands of a compassionate man." With a hiss the lash fell and a shuddering scream burst from the lips of the cowering one. But from then on no sound escaped them until, at last released from the iron grip, Joe fell limply upon the frozen ground. Sternly gazing down upon his victim for a moment, Harding turned away. "It was the just punishment of a rogue by a just man," he muttered to his conscience.

From a shapeless, writhing heap the fallen one arose, his small eyes glinting with the deadly glare of a prodded serpent. "Whip me, you black devil—you usurer—you forecloser of widow's mortgages—you dodger of taxes—you— you—" The voice rose to an articulate scream of rage. "By the Eternal, I'll kill you for that—yes, murder you in cold blood." Then the first



"I'll Kill You for That, Yes."

wild outburst of passion passed and into the red eyes a look of cunning crept, the cunning that outwitted wary wild beasts and took them in his snares. He passed rapidly through the brush until he came to a hollow log, from which he drew an ancient gun which he had stolen and hidden there years before. None knew that he possessed it, and he chuckled at his own cunning as he plottet his details. He knew that Harding's family was away and that John would attend church that night and return home alone after services. Nothing would be easier

than to raise a window of his foe's house during his absence, and upon his return kill him at his own threshold and, leaving the weapon behind him, flee. Joe was known to never carry a weapon, and the leaving of this firearm behind, together with the forcible entry of the place, would throw the crime upon mysterious tramps or burglars. As darkness fell he prowled forth, assured himself that Harding had gone, then, prying open the window, entered and sat waiting by the low burning lamp until the sound of distant wheels reached his ears. He had not loaded his weapon yet, having reasoned that should he be caught before the act with an unloaded gun he would be deemed guilty of a far less offense than should it be loaded. But now the time had come.

From his pocket he drew some powder and poured it into the yawning muzzle, laying the bullet upon the table. Next, he must have some paper wadding for both powder and ball, and a look lay close at hand. Without looking at its cover he tore forth a handful of leaves and, selecting one, laid the others aside as he raised the first piece preparatory to crumpling it up and ramming it home upon the powder. As he did so the words upon the leaf caught his eye, and slowly he read:

"Thou shalt not kill." His hand trembled and his face grew gray. Then in the night without he heard the beat of hoofs before the barn, coupled with the loud command to "whoa," and with a gasp he clutched another sheet. Before his eyes swam the words:

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Slowly the gun slipped from his hand, his form relaxed and he sank into a chair, his head falling upon the table. Five minutes later John Harding, fresh from unbarreasing his team, throwing open the door, started back in fear and amazement. Then softly he approached the man who was now shuddering as he had beneath the whip, laid the gun aside and gazed at the mutilated Bible. Upon the floor he saw the dropped pages, gathered them up, read them, then slowly understood.

For the second time that day Harding's hand fell upon the shoulder of the other, but this time it was with a parent's gentleness. "Brother sinner," he whispered huskily.

The New Year Presents.

The French "etrennes," both in name and in date, preserve historical continuity with a clearness that our Christmas box has lost. According to the ancient Roman legend the custom went back to the rape of the Saurones, or, rather, to the reconciliation of the two peoples afterward, when Romulus cut green branches from a grove of the goddess Strenua and presented them to Tatius. Thereafter Romans gave each other branches for luck January 1, together with figs, dates, honey and a small coin—such luck gifts being termed "strenae." Even emperors were powerless to put down a custom that in time became burdensome and the church similarly failed and was driven to Christianizing the practice.