

POINT OF VIEW.

"Oh, life has nothing to give."
Cried the cynic, with a wail.
"We live to work, or work to live
And Fate stands hard by with his flail.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Trip on a House Boat Down the River from Jhansi and Across Wular Lake.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 24th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

Here we go drifting down the river in our floating home and this is our third day of such pleasures. To start, after mailing your last letter I received a letter from New York saying I could leave in January, so I flew to work and wrote letters by the wholesale, trying to make some arrangements and if I can, I will send all things that I don't want, and all the things I have bought, directly to Philadelphia.

And now for my new experiences: I opened my eyes three days ago at about 6.30 in the morning and scrambled out of bed, for I was too cold to stay in any longer, and then dressed, shivering and thanking my stars I was in a little house and had plenty of clothes to keep me warm. When I heard a baby crying and looked out of the window to see what was wrong. There came a native boat with a woman in the front, hanging over the side and I looked to see what she was doing. You may imagine my surprise to see a baby, perhaps nine months old, being dipped into that cold water until just its head stuck out; as I looked, she lifted it and sat it upon the edge of the boat and there rubbed its head and body some more and then back into the river it went to be rinsed. I, shaking with cold, and that small child taking a river bath. But they seem to thrive on it all, as these coolies and river men are certainly splendid specimens of manhood, and many of the coolies that we see lifting great loads are white-haired men.

But we are about to start down the river and so of course, go to the front of the boat, and as we drift under the first bridge and on toward the second we see dozens of natives taking their morning bath along the banks, all naked except a small loin cloth, the skin fair and smooth and the muscles all seem to be in good condition. They pummel and rub themselves, all uncaring that many others are either washing their clothes or polishing their brass pots and vessels within a few feet of them.

The river is full of marigolds; evidently some Hindus are offering incense to their gods. Dogs—dead, living, fighting, starving all along the way. Hindus paying worship to a red-marked stone, some kneeling in prayer, some throwing water toward it, thus offering drink to the god; others touching and then crossing themselves, while at the base burned a fire with incense in it. A great canal's mouth was just being made and inconspicuously a big motor car, of the racing type, stood near, indicating that an Englishman, probably engineer, was somewhere within short distance. And so we came along between high mud banks, as the river is low and has cut for itself through the ages a deep, soft bed, well protected from the wind.

The first night we anchored just beneath a picturesque bridge and then got out and walked across plowed fields for two miles, stealing corn on our way; the corn was old and hard but I was hungry and ate nearly a whole ear of the raw corn. We went to see the Manasbal lake and it fully repaid us for the walk, for a tear, dropped from some God just into the gap, made a little round bowl for itself and crystal-like, reflected all its borders so perfectly that it made one think of a great opal. The sun was going down, so blue and pink and emerald colors played across its surface. We stood and watched the glowing lights until warned by the night that we should make haste else it would shut down on us and we would have to find our own way home. The boat looked inviting to us and our dinner tasted very good.

The next day we had our first storm; drifting along and watching the snows thicken on the mountains, for it was a dark, lowery day. Suddenly an immense wind struck us and our three boatmen were hard worked for a few minutes to save us from capsizing, but got us to the

bank at last, and then attempted to get us out of the wind by rounding a corner, and ran pell mell into a small boat, ripped off some of the supports along the side, and again we were thoroughly bumped about. Then, for the first time, a very heavy rain started so that in a little time we were tied up along the bank and it was pouring on the outside; cold and dismal was no name for it, don't believe I ever wanted a fire harder. Instead I got hot water and had a bath, and then felt better and, as a Mrs. S., whose boat was tied just above ours, came just then to call, bringing two wild ducks for us, I spent an hour hearing her discuss the attitude of a very religious woman toward the English world, as seen in India. Did not agree with her, for can you tell me why, the moment most women become "converted," as they say here, they think they must withdraw from the world, and deny themselves to others as well as remove their influence from us all. It is easy to be good when between four walls, and all goes as you wish it to; but for one to meet these outside forces and still stay good, and help others—well, that is my idea of a Christian's duty. She finally went away and we had our dinner and, although but seven-thirty, I asked for a hot-water bottle and then went to bed as the place most likely to help me get warm. Went off to sleep at once and awakened as the men were dillyng around wondering whether to cross or not, as we had the Wular lake to strot and it is treacherous in the afternoon.

We had two hour's jaunt before the lake came and the sky did not look promising. The rain had ceased but the great mountains, 1600 feet high, that had been just a stone's throw away on one side of us nearly all our way, were nearly swathed in mist and where it became a little lighter great snow fields could be seen. I asked them to hurry and go as I wanted to get to the lake, even if we couldn't cross, very well, but if we could, I didn't wish to do it in the afternoon. It was not pretty at the mouth of this lake for the water is low and dead animals lay decaying on the banks and all about great mud islands broke the water's surface. We heard that two wood-laden boats and an empty house-boat had gone down the day before, but after waiting a little time over we started. It is the largest lake in India and surrounded by great mountains on every side and although very muddy, due to yesterday's storm, it was a beautiful trip across—the mountains still half veiled in mist, the water like a mill-pond and all about is calm. Suddenly a great clatter arose and thousands of wild ducks arose in screaming protest against some invader of their homes.

But now we have again gone into the river's mouth and the danger from a sudden wind storm is past. We will soon reach Sopor, a small town, where we will stay for a day or two and then on to Baramulla, where our water-trip ends. The river below there will become a narrow, fierce, rushing current, not safe for most boats to travel on.

Bread Without Flour.

In France bread has been made without flour in a machine that transforms the wheat directly into dough. This machine shows a large screw turning loosely in a case on the inner surface of which is a screw thread running in an opposite direction. Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove becomes progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain as it enters the machine, at the same time accommodating only the pulverized wheat at the exit.

The wheat is prepared by a thorough washing, after which operation about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, the whole mixture being allowed to stand some six hours. Then the grains of wheat have swollen to twice their ordinary size. The mixture is then treated with yeast and salt, and is poured into the machine. It falls between the threads of the moving screw and of the fixed contrary screw, which simultaneously crush the envelope and body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture that forms a smooth paste.

Bread made by this process contains a succession of holes whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is thin. The odor given off is said to be most agreeable.

Samoan Mats.

Among the curious customs of the Samoans is that of making heirlooms of mats. By some simple process of reasoning the mat has come to be identified with the family, as the hearthstone is traditionally sacred among the Saxons.

The Samoan mats are really fine specimens of art. The people esteem them much more highly than any article of European manufacture, and the older they are the more they are regarded.

Some of them have names known all over the Samoan group. The oldest is called Moe-e Fui-Fui, or "The man that slept among the creepers." It got this title by reason of the fact that it had been hidden away for years among the creeping convolvulus that grow wild along the seashore. It is known to be two hundred years old, as the names of its owners during that period can be traced.

The possession of one of these old mats gives the owner great power; in fact, it is a title-deed to rank and property, from the Samoan standpoint. It is no matter if the mats are tattered and worn out; their antiquity is their value, and for some of the most cherished of them large sums of money would be refused.

Living in a town of 4,275 inhabitants, a man in the far west undertook to pick up every pin he saw, and in one year collected 4,580.

THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION.

A Most Interesting Letter from an Old Centre County Citizen, Now Taking an Early Look at the San Francisco Exposition and Enjoying the Summer Climate that California Offers Those Who Like It.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25th, 1914. P. GRAY MEEK, ESQ., Bellefonte, Pa.

Dear Sir and Friend—You may be somewhat surprised to hear from me so far from home, but I am here just the same.

I enclose you a few lines hurriedly written which you can publish if you care to.

We scarcely give the vastness of this United States of ours, a passing thought, unless fate or fortune is kind enough to permit an opportunity to get around, and over some of it. We live and move about in our own County or State, apparently satisfied with home and living, with scarcely a thought of the other forty-seven, with just as inviting conditions socially and perhaps financially as our own. When in a rut it is with an effort that we sometimes consider it wise to get out and try something of another order. I once felt as though there was no place in which to exist but old Pennsylvania and for a year after I left it, everything seemed crosswise in the new home. Now, I am loth to give up old home and social ties in Iowa. In fact, the three or four months of almost zero weather, to me has not been overcome by the inviting sunshine and flowers and green trees of California. Persuading myself that interests I have in the San Joaquin Valley need some personal attention, I left Des Moines, six inches of snow, and 8 below zero weather, the evening of December 15th, and the same conditions prevailing until half way down the Pacific slope of the Sierras, I arrived in Sacramento, the morning of the 18th, three whole nights and two full days of solid intermittent travel, as continuously fast as steam could be made to do the work, putting 2200 miles more to the 1000 from Bellefonte to Des Moines. At 10.15 I boarded a train passing through famous Grape-grown localities of Lodi and Acampa, Stockton one of the first settlements in the times of '49. The city of Stockton is one of much importance, being situated near the confluence of the two rivers, the Sacramento flowing south through the valley of the same name, and the San Joaquin flowing north through its valley. Stockton is also at the head of tide water, accommodating any of the boats doing traffic on San Francisco bay, the landing place being almost in the heart of the city. Modesto, a county seat and a model little city is some 40 miles south of Stockton. All of the principal streets are asphalt paved, of noticeable width and kept remarkably clean. Buildings of all classes are of up-to-date architecture and everything indicates a spirit of energy and thrift. People are cosmopolitan, mostly from the eastern States with a fair sprinkling of foreigners and many Native Sons, the latter of a common organization in this State. Being interested in some land near this town makes it interesting to me, yet I have never been informed of a place in this far western country that appeals to me so much as Modesto. This valley is about 80 miles wide and 250 long and is entirely agricultural. Three brothers and quite a number of Des Moines friends are located here, happy and contented. The weather to me seems almost a dream. Leaving Iowa, frozen soil and snow covered, landing three days later in sunshine and flowers is a transition to be wondered at. Farmers are plowing and planting making an impression on an easterner that it is April and May rather than December and January.

I partook of my Christmas turkey dinner today in this wonderful city of San Francisco at the home of my son, although this is not my first visit here, I have been on the go the last two days. Interest now centers on the Exposition, which opens February 15th. It was my pleasure to spend the greater part of a day on the grounds.

It is useless for me to attempt a description of what is being done. While it will be a repetition of Chicago and St. Louis Fairs, both of which I attended, the experience of those two cities seems to have been utilized here and in such a way as to promote perfection as near as within the reach of human endeavor. Buildings are nearly all completed and many exhibits are being installed. I called at the Penn State and took particular notice of it. None of your people were there but when I informed the man in charge that I was a Pennsylvanian, he very courteously conducted me around, explaining all details. You folks need not feel ashamed of your home on the Panama Pacific Exposition grounds. An experienced reporter writing from day to day would fail in making a full and complete explanation, so I will say nothing further than a few lines for one of the buildings that filled me with wonder. The Oregon State building—it is an oblong, 150 by 300 feet with what might be commonly called a porch, 12 feet wide and 40 feet high, almost the entire height of the structure, which extends entirely around it. It is constructed entirely of logs and huge logs at that and with the bark on. There are two columns on the outer edge of this veranda, supposed by columns, but really enormous pine trees 4 feet and 6 inches in diameter on the floor (I measured them) with only a

slight taper 40 feet above, presumably to support a roof above. But such a proposition sounds ridiculous, for one tenth the material would support all above. There are 60 of these huge trees with the bark on the porch way. All of the frame work of the structure is simply logs with bark on. They have a tiny flag-pole set near the north east corner of the building. If any who may read of this and attend the Fair don't fail to see it. It is set in cement, stands 251 feet high and as straight as a line, cost \$5000 to transport and place in position and was made from a tree that measured 347 feet when it was felled. The entire original tree contained over 30,000 feet of lumber and weighed 93600 pounds, and a computation made it over 300 years old. A companion left standing measures 23 feet in diameter.

Now Mr. Meek, this is not my prerogative. Go there and read the tablet for yourself.

San Francisco is a peninsula irregular in Ocean and Bay Shore lines, from 6 to 9 miles across and 20 odd miles long, extending from north to south. The surface is hilly some points as high as the Nittany mountains, and except to the peaks valuable buildings are constructed on what would seem impossible declivities, necessarily, for ground is getting scarce.

It is a wonderful city for people, buildings and business. Your brother newspapers say that a hundred thousand people attended the annual open air Christmas concert last evening held in a place you folks would call the Diamond. The Bay cities, practically one Great city, have a combined population of over 900,000 composed of this city, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. So it cannot be a surprise to get such a congregation together on Christmas eve. They wore no over-shoes nor ear mufflers either, for the thermometer is not a matter of discussion here, especially when flower stands and flower peddlers are every where in evidence. I expect to go to Santa Cruz Sunday morning, December 27th, to see the Big Trees, and to Los Angeles, the 29th, to visit a brother. Expect to spend a few days at Pasadena, Long Beach and perhaps out in the Ocean to the Catalina Islands and home to Iowa by January 10th.

I could write much about this Pacific coast country but time of my own and encroaching on your space forbids.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

The Gold Penny.

The most valuable penny ever coined in Great Britain was the gold penny of Henry III. On August 15, 1227, a writ dated at Chester was issued, commanding the Mayor of London to proclaim in that city that "the gold money which the King had caused to be made should be immediately current there or elsewhere within the realm of England, in all transactions of buying and selling, at the rate of twenty pennies of sterling (that is, twenty silver pennies) for every gold penny."

The time, however, was by no means favorable for the issue of pieces of denomination so much higher than had previously been known. Accordingly, the city of London petitioned against these coins, and the King issued a proclamation that no one should be obliged to take them. The coins, nevertheless, continued to be current, and in 1265 their value was raised from twenty to twenty-five pence; probably equivalent in purchasing power to two pounds sterling of today.

It is unlikely that any great number of these coins was ever struck. It is probable that, by reason of their high value, they would soon be melted down, for they were of pure gold, without alloy of any kind. The collectors of today know of only three or four specimens. One of these was sold for more than \$200, another for \$700 and another for \$1,000.—Harper's Weekly.

Every man believes as a part of his natural creed, "that we are fearfully and wonderfully made," yet he has no more real appreciation of the fact in which he believes than in many another fact fundamental to his creed. He protects his watch, wraps it in chambray, winds it regularly, carefully shields it from magnetic influences, and will allow no undue shock to jar its mechanism. But how does he care for the far finer mechanism of his body? It should be fed with the same regularity that the watch is wound, it should be properly protected from exterior influences or sudden shocks, instead of which it is fed irregularly, indifferently protected, and subject to every shock which indifference permits or hardihood invites. The result is that the machinery of the body, the heart, liver, lungs, blood and stomach get "out of order." There is nothing that will so quickly readjust these organs and start them in healthy action as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It benefits ninety-eight per cent. of all who use it.

Curtains as Burglar Alarms.

An ingenious scheme of burglar protection embodying specially designed curtains and portieres has been invented by a Dresden engineer. The curtains and portieres are made of any of the materials used for such purposes, and wired with fine conductors. At certain places on the curtains are affixed small metal knobs, connected with the wire conductors. When drawn across a window or door, or around a safe or vault, the slightest disturbance of their position immediately breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thus thrown out of contact with each other. Should the intruder notice the wires and cut one or more of them, his action would break the circuit and start the alarm.

Daddy—No, yer mother never drest the way you girls do today to catch a husband. Daughter—Yes, but look at what she got.

Willie—Paw, What is a business woman? Paw—One who can receive and open a telegram without getting cold feet, my son.—Washington Star.

Health and Beauty of the Skin.

Little talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health.

Few people pay sufficient attention to the care of the skin. A certain number of both sexes devote no little time to the care of that portion which appears above their collars but few understand the real importance of the functions of the skin.

We breathe through the skin. A considerable volume of oxygen is absorbed by the body in this way. Certain poisonous substances are disposed of through pores of the skin. These poisons are eliminated through the glands in the skin passing off in perspiration.

The skin is one of the body's thermostats that automatically regulate its temperature. If the heat grows excessive the blood vessels in the skin dilate and permit the circulation of an extraordinary amount of blood near the surface. This permits the radiation of the heat from the blood and the corresponding cooling of the body and stimulates a more active combustion.

When the body is exposed to cold if the skin is properly performing its functions it will contract and drive the blood away from the skin to concentrate its warmth near the vital organs.

The ends of the nerves which give us our sense of touch are located in the skin. This sensitiveness is for the continual protection of the body. In order that these various functions may be properly carried out it is essential that the skin be well cared for at all times.

If the pores are not kept thoroughly clean, the poisonous excretions instead of being expelled are re-absorbed by the blood. Such a condition also prevents the skin from oxygen as it should do when properly performing its functions. Then too, there is the question of beauty. A clean, healthy, well groomed skin is genuinely attractive.

Soap and water should be vigorously applied but no soap left on the skin after bathing. Sleep and exercise in fresh air combined with good food and plenty of water are better than all the skin foods and beautifiers and their consistent and regular use will add materially to the general bodily health and well being.

"Dat's a purty loud suit yer got on, Weary." "Yes, it belonged ter a man dat was deaf."

"Blinks always hits the nail on the head." "Yes, but usually he drives it into the wrong place."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ORIGIN LOST IN ANTIQUITY

Phrase That Has Become Famous Has Been Credited to Many Thinkers and Writers.

"Germany's place in the sun" is a phrase usually credited to the former Chancellor von Buelow. But how far back does it go?

A writer to the New York Evening Post quotes from Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus," "The situation of a poor man is dreadful; literally there is no place for him in the sun." The writer of the letter observes, "It would be interesting to know if the metaphor was original with Renan."

It was not. In Pascal's "Thoughts" this occurs: "This place in the sunshine is mine; hat is the beginning and the type of usurpation the world over." And Pascal's "Thought," of that moment, was of war.

Was it Louis Fourteenth (the monarch of Pascal's maturity) who had coined the phrase to justify his ambitions? Or was it the phrase of Richelieu (discoverer of the youthful Pascal's genius) who used it for France? Was it then an old saying, borrowed from Caesar, or Alexander—or maybe from Ramezes?

A Terrible Weapon. A new weapon has been provided for the United States army which is far more efficient than any heretofore adopted. It was invented and is used by the French military authorities, and already nearly a hundred have been purchased by the United States.

The new gun, which is described in the June Popular Mechanics Magazine, weighs but 35 pounds and can easily be carried by a soldier. Two men are required to operate it, both of whom lie flat on the ground, presenting a small mark to the enemy. One man feeds the cartridges into the breech of the gun in clips of 25 each, while the other aims the weapon and directs the firing mechanism. The gun will fire separate shots or will operate automatically, in which case 300 shots may be fired per minute. At long range a third soldier ascertains the range by the use of binoculars and reports the effect of the bullets.

French Schools Reopened.

The schools of France have partially resumed, after holidays which started early in July. They are badly disorganized, however, both on account of the fact that fully 25,000 schoolmasters are serving with the colors, and that many of the older boys are on the firing line. By order of the minister of public instruction the first lesson of the term took the form of an address by the headmaster on the war, commemorating those who have fallen already in defense of the country.

In the girls' schools, two hours a day are to be spent knitting for the soldiers.

Development of Heat by Plants. The development of heat by plants in Dewar flasks has been studied recently by H. Molisch. The flowers, leaves, and fruits of a large number of plants showed great contrasts in the amount of heat developed. Most leaves and flowers developed considerable heat; mosses, algae, and a number of common fruits, very little. Lichens and fungi showed a wide range in this respect.

—Have your Job Work done here.

TELLING THOUGHTS IN MUSIC

Resources of Composer May Be Summed Up in a Manner Comparatively Brief.

We all have ideas of some sort or another, and the most common mode of expressing those ideas is by speech; but there are many other ways, for everything we see around us before it took concrete shape has been simply an idea. Now the composer's idea finds its expression in music, and as a medium by which his thoughts can be reproduced he chooses not only the human voice, but also various musical instruments, the one to which we shall now turn our thoughts especially being the piano-forte.

Just as a poet expresses his ideas in beautiful language, a painter on canvas, or a sculptor in stone, so a composer has many resources whereby he can express himself. There is, however, no written law or book of rules for him to follow, and it is only by instinct, learning, and experience that he will know which means to adopt. It is therefore well for the student to be able to recognize these means, both for his own enjoyment and also that he may be able to convey to others the idea which they express.

A composer's resources may be said chiefly to consist of— 1. Melody. 2. Harmony and modulation. 3. Rhythm. 4. Form of design. 5. Choice of tempo. 6. Choice of key.

STRENGTH DUE TO EXERCISE

Easy Explanation of Why One Hand Is Stronger Than Its Brother Member.

If you are right-handed then the right hand is stronger than the left. If you are left-handed the left hand will be stronger. If you are truly ambidextrous the strength of both hands will be equal.

The advantage of one hand over the other is due to the greater exercise it may receive. All the muscles of our arms and legs are developed by exercise and their respective strength will be in accordance with their use.

That the right hand is stronger than the left can be proved by discontinuing the use of the right arm for several weeks by tying it to the side of your body.

When you release the arm you will find that much of its strength is gone and that now the left hand is stronger. This applies to a right-handed person and the trick would work the other way with a left-handed person. This goes to show that the strength of hands and arms is unconsciously affected by the amount of rational exercise.

Napoleon a Good Reader.

Napoleon not only read a great deal but read with profit. His memory was extraordinary. Take, for instance, his knowledge of Roman civil law, long passages of which he once recited off by heart to the astonishment of the state council engaged with him in the production of the Code Napoleon. To one of the councilors he explained how he gained his legal learning. When a young lieutenant he found in the cupboard of a prison room in which he was confined a ponderous tome of Roman law. "You can easily imagine," he said, "what a valuable prize that book was. . . . When, at the end of ten days I recovered my freedom, I was saturated with Justinian and the Roman legal decisions." Napoleon added that the old book was covered with marginal notes—so much so that he could not have been idle if his imprisonment had "lasted a century."

Things Forgotten by Idealist.

The idealist of the open fireplace remembers the good times in the fall when the cold had not yet arrived, and when the apples and nuts and the cider and perhaps the baked potatoes made the evening a delight. He forgets about the real business of life when winter comes down from the North and when the little old airtight heater made life worth living after it was invented. Yes, there is lots of poetry about the open fireplace and we all cling to the ideals sufficiently to have at least one built in every modern home. It is useful to furnish the blaze and the ventilation when the furnace is on the job doing the heating. It is not likely that the modern family of boys and girls would stay at home nights any closer nowadays if the houses had the open fireplace system.

Mature Charms.

Not a few men of thirty-eight or forty have fallen victims to a woman's mature charms. A recent case is that of a well known Englishman, who first married a beautiful American woman, widow of a British lord, whose sons were nearly the age of the young husband. After eight or ten years of married life, when she divorced him, he immediately married the most famous actress on the London stage, herself a woman with children grown to young manhood and womanhood. Both were women of unquestionable charm—clever, fascinating, gracious—and both attracted the young Englishman as no young girl could have done.

Teach Boxing in School.

In the schools of Australia boxing has been introduced as regular exercise for schoolboys. In Sydney 107 boys responded to the call for those desiring it, and in Melbourne the plan has proved even more successful.