

# Democratic WATCHMAN

Bellefonte, Pa., March 12, 1915.

## MY DOG.

I have no dog, but it must be somewhere there's one belongs to me—A little chap with wagging tail, And dark brown eyes that never quail, But look you through, and through, and through,  
With love unspeakable, but true.  
  
Somewhere it must be, I opine, There's a little dog of mine With cold black nose that sniffs around In search of what things may be found In pocket, or some nook hard by, Where I have hid them from his eye.  
  
Somewhere my doggy pulls and tugs The fringes of rebellious rugs, On with the mischief of the pup Chews all my shoes and slippers up, And, when he's done it to the core, With eyes all eager, pleads for more.  
  
Somewhere, upon his hinder legs, My little doggy sits and begs, And in a wistful minor tone Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—I pray it be his owner's whim To yield and grant the same to him!  
  
Somewhere a little dog doth wait, It may be by some garden gate, With eyes alert, and tail alert— You know the kind of tail that's meant—with stores of yelps of glad delight To bid me welcome home at night.

—Life.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Just a Potpourri of Incidents in Getting Ready for the Home Coming.

FROM INDIA.

Dear Home Folk:  
How nice it is to be once more starting homeward. Of course I will have two weeks longer here and then I'm off; it's all so recent I can scarcely realize it at all. I had three letters from you all last Saturday. I'll enclose in this the boxes' size and contents, so you'll have no difficulty and will ship them direct to Philadelphia, if possible. There seems to be a little difficulty over just that point, but I have written Cook's and am hoping to send the four boxes off within a week as all are packed and crated, so are ready to move on.

I shall send keys for my trunks to you as I have only one for each trunk I will have one made as I am afraid they might get lost, so although I'll ship the trunks at once the keys will no doubt reach you long before they get there.

This is New Year's day and several of us went out to see the big New Year's parade. Of all the King's soldiers, there was not a thing new in it all, but, as Dr. G. remarked, it made one think of comic opera, and one of my English women friends remarked that the time of "God save the King" bored her and wished it could be changed for another—after we had listened to it for six times—now don't you see how impressed we all were. It has been interesting to live in a military station and I am more than glad that I have had this opportunity to see it at close range, but long for city life once more; I wonder whether one is ever content.

Christmas brought cards and cards, more and more, until I don't just know how I will acknowledge them all, but think I'll just wait and send postcards from the most interesting point I find, to the most of them, for I just can't write so many letters. Do hope you had a nice Christmas time; with the two children it would be merry indeed.

The drought still continues; you couldn't imagine such dryness and then, even the Christmas rains failed this year and now they have nearly six months of dry weather still to face.

I have been given so many nice things, My "Parsee" friends gave me the most beautiful crepe-de-chine sauri—I think there are eight yards in it, and it will make a beautiful evening frock; it is just what they wear all the time, and now I have one. The mother of my babe also gave me the child's picture and when you see it you'll simply say it is a Jewish child, for it is quite fair.

Today the people across the way are having all their Hindustani teachers and friends in to have tea and I hear the drum and the songs that mean the tea party is in progress, but although I was invited I think I've had enough dinners and teas for a day or two. I go to another dinner tomorrow night and several next week, so they are not all over. Surely if I were to stay here longer I would be just as badly bored over dinners as tea parties now bore me, and I know I would not accept a single invitation.

A nice brown minor bird is making a great fuss over a tiny pool of water he has just found, which the "Bishiti" left while watering the ferns, a few feet away. From the noise the small creature is making you would imagine it was a veritable gold mine. He evidently wants a bath but there isn't enough water there for that and of course he won't let me within ten feet of him, should I go and get him more water. Poor birdie! It's hard lines to live in a dry country if one likes baths.

I notice in the paper how food and stiffs are going up; somehow I wonder where it is all going to stop and how the poor people in America are going to get food enough to eat; surely it don't cost seventy-five cents a dozen to produce eggs, isn't there a big profit going into some one's pocket? If you could get your food stiffs here you would indeed come more nearly being equal for the wage paid here makes our prices seem

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