Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 13, 1925..

AN APPEAL.

Admund V. Cooke.

Are we given eyes that we shall not see
That man is thralled and mammon free?

Are we given ears that we shall not hear
The sob of humanity sounding near?

Are we given hearts that we shall not heed
The strength of wrong and the might of
Greed?

Are hands to grasp and never to give,
No matter how others die—or live?

Are we given tongues that we shall not
speak
Though we see the mighty crush the weak.

Are we given sense that we shall not feel
Except what touches a selfish weal?

Are we given brains that we shall not know
The rights we own and the rights we owe?

Then ho! my brothers; awake! arise!
Use ears and tongues and brains and eyes!

Be sure of the ground on which you stand,
And then let nobody stay the hand.

You reach to the aid of the right and true;
It is yours to learn! It is yours to do!

REVENGE.

It may be sweet but love is sweeter.

Her name was Mary-Martha Honeywell, and that made a poem—so people, who are mostly prose, called her Bud, and she was without reverence. Her father was a black sheep (so his family said) and her mother (so his family said) was an upstart. Let it stand—adding, only, that her father was as peaceful as cleanliness and that her mother had been as beautiful as the Twenty-third Psalm and not at all unlike it.

Had you known that people were ever born in Nevada? Bud was born there, away up in the northeastern corner of the map in a tie house built at the base of a mountain.

One reason why Felix's family—two unmarried sisters, elderly now and always exemplary—said he was a black sheep was because he had dared to step out of the innermost exclusive circle in Washington, where he and they had been born and reared, for a breath of newer, more vigorous air. In order to do this he had embraced a profession which the Misses Honeywell had considered disreputable—mining engineering—and had gone West to California, and had found Cecilia—that was the lovely name of Bud's mother—and had married her, and had never been homesick at all.

How Felix and Cecilia happened to come to the tie house at the base of a mountain in Ruby Valley is a long story, having to do with love, and with a lead and silver mine. How they happened to remain there is a shorter story. They stepped into the old, deserted house and looked out of one window at the range of Ruby Mountans, and they looked out of another window across thousands of miles of serenity—and Cecilia took off her hat, and Felix built a fire of sage-brush in the big fireplace, and they said, "We'll stay for a little while."

Two years, and Bud was born and Cecilia went to dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Bud and Felix stayed on together for nineteen years, and into a gracious September, and then Felix took a notion.

He took the notion because some young tourists from Boston took the wrong road and came by mistake to the tie house. The tie house had grown very grand during the years; outside it was covered with stucco and shaded by aspen trees, and inside it had Navajo rugs and a wall of books and a grand piano tucked slyly away in one corner of the living room. So the young tourists treated the tie house with respect and put on their best airs and graces for it. After they had driven away in their sedan, Felix produced his notion.

He said, "Honey-bud, I've decided I want you to accept Aunt Violet's and Aunt Lucy's invitation to you to come to Washington and visit them for a Winter's season."

Bud closed a book on a finger of hers and we see her for the first time. It is an adventure, seeing Bud for the first time, a heady sort of experience that leaves one rather breathless.

"I'm not," she answered Felix's notion, "going back East to visit those two old stiffs who were mean about mother."

"That's all long past," he said. "I have decided that I want you to accept the invitation."

She rose from the chaise-lounge, she was strongly slender as a sword is slender, and walked to the window and said, "But I'll not go, you know, Fe. I'll not go."

"Yes, I think you will, Honey-Bud," he responded, as if he were agreeing with every word she had said.

"Are you planning to go?"

"No— You see, there is no reason why I should go."

"I see," she replied, dangerously. "But what I don't see is why I should go."

You have read that Felix was peaceful; no mention was made of wisdom.

He said, "Bud, I realized this afternoon, when I looked at those young married people, that it was time you were meeting men of your own class. Every girl has a right to a home, and a——"

He got no further with it. Then and there Bud went on a rampage.

Two weeks later, in Chicago, Bud, instead of going directly to another train as had been arranged, got into a taxicab and went to a hotel recommended by Miss Bobbed-hair as swell, gee, yes! but awful high-priced. Bud and Miss Bobbed-hair (who was returning eagerly to Chicago where she made—she said—seventy-five dollars a week, and to her sweetie, who was—she told the world—some sheik) had met on the train and effected a sort of chumminess, due, largely, to Bud's insistent friendly overtures.

From the hotel in Chicago, Bud sent two telegrams. A short, formal one to her waiting aunts, and a longer and less formal one to Felix.

His reply came the following morning:

"Run along now Honey-bud and be a good child and do not try to threaten your father, who has no fear. Felix Honeywell."

Bud shredded the yellow half-page to bits, stamped on the bits, and went out to a barber-shop and had her long, intensely brown hair bobbed.

She left Chicago three days later with excess baggage amounting to three new, well-filled trunks, a heart overflowing with accumulated rage, and a blackly wicked determination.

"My dear," said Aunt Violet Honeywell, a tall lady with a cane, a waist-line and a big, brazenly unpowdered nose.

"My dear," said Aunt Lucy Honeywell, a replica of Aunt Violet, nose and all except the cane.

"Well, I'm right down pleased to meet up with you," said Bud.

"We trust," said an aunt, "that you had a pleasant and not too fatiguing journey."

"I'll tell the world," said Bud.

"Indeed," said an aunt.

"How sweet," said Bud, which is a perfectly proper flapper remark to make in Washington about anything from the President to the Potomac River. But Bud was looking at Uncle Joe, the negro coachman, in his plum-colored livery.

"He sure is grand, isn't he—ain't he?" said Bud, as she stepped into the carriage—the Honeywell sisters had not, as yet, conceded motor-cars. "I'm cuckoo about purple! I bought me an orchid party dress in little old Chi that sure is a knockout."

"And your dear father?" said an aunt hurriedly. "He is well? He will miss you sadly, we fear."

"Yes," Bud answered, "Fe has his health. No, I guess he won't miss me so much. He wants me to get married, you see. That's what I came back East for—to get married. Husband, home and children. Everything like that."

"My dear Mary-Martha," Aunt Violet leaned forward a trifle and put a tightly gloved hand on Bud's knee, "though dreams of homes and children to bless those homes are most natural, most laudable, indeed—our young girls here (I say this with no spirit of fault-finding, nor of unkind criticism) do not speak so urestrainedly of them."

"Yes, I know," said Bud. "But you see that's what I came back East for."

"Dear child," Aunt Lucy admonished, "sweetly innocent as your frankness is to us, you must not be equally frank to others. Those girlish hopes of yours may be cherished, but must be hidden deep in your own bosom."

"A hope chest," said Bud, and giggled.

Neither of the aunts giggled.

But, a few afternoons later, during a tea which her aunts had described to her as merely a little informal affair, a major-general giggled. That is to say, he pounded the arm of his chair and roared, "Ho-ho!" and, "Ha-ha-ha!" and wiped his eyes, and reached over and patted Bud's shoulder. If it had not been at one of the Misses Honeywell's teas, people would have supposed that the major-general was really having a good time. A passing colonel turned and stopped. An admiral deserted a princess who was wearing false teeth. An Ambassador, who had sneaked away for a cigarette, appeared. You have seen crowds gather where food samples are being given away? It was like that.

From behind their ancient silver teapots the Misses Honeywell beamed, and in their faces was the satisfied expression of fulfilled prediction.

A little way back, peeking over the wall of shoulders made by the Ambassador and the others, stood a young captain named Gideon Beebe—smallish and tidy and bashful. Many women, meeting him for the first time, had thought, "What a beautiful baby this boy must have been!" Consequently, since he was devoid of vanity, he dwelt in bewilderment and deep confusion.

"Big?" Bud was saying when he came to the group. "The Washington Monument? Poo! The Ruby Mountains could pick their teeth with that thing any morning after breakfast."

Every one laughed except Captain Beebe, who stood unsmiling and regarded her with worried, round brown eyes.

Bud looked up and over into the brown eyes. Poor Bud! She thought, "What an adorable baby that boy must have been!"

"Not," she continued, "that they would. They are mannerly mountains." It was the first emendation she had made that afternoon. The brown eyes remained worried.

"Say, listen," she said to the major-general, "who is that brown-eyed fellow standing up back there, right straight ahead of us?"

"Ah-ha," chortled the major-general. "I supose you mean young Captain Beebe. Ladies often—er—that is—notice his boyish beauty, as it were."

"No," said Bud. "It is because he is neat and clean and cool-looking, without any trouble."

Bud yawned widely, and closed her jaws with that odd crunching sound that yawns sometimes induce, "I'm sleepy," she said. "I wish I could take a nap."

A second's pause, and then the laughter. Bud turned to the nearest dignitary and whispered, "Say, listen. Are they laughing at me, or what?"

"Indeed they are not laughing at you," returned the dignitary softly, "but from sheer joy because of you."

"Poo!" said Bud. "I'll bet you are trying to—to—to kid me."

When the last guest had taken his departure—the last guest had been Captain Beebe—Bud saw that something shining had crept into the four bland, gray eyes that belonged to her aunts and that spots of color nearly as pink as their noses had come into their cheeks.

"My dear," said Aunt Violet, "you are a success."

"Indeed," said Aunt Lucy, "it would scarcely be superlative to say that you are a triumph."

"Do you mean," faltered Bud, "that you weren't ashamed of me?"

"We are," said the aunts, "very proud of our niece."

"Though, perhaps," said Aunt Violet, with a warning glance for Aunt Lucy, "you did allow young Captain Beebe rather to monopolize your society during the last half-hour."

"However," Aunt Lucy repudiated the warning glance, "Captain Beebe is of excellent family—and, though I naturally hesitate to mention it, he has, we have understood, a suitable income, a most suitable income, to supplement the modest stipend he receives from his country."

"Captain Beebe," said Bud, "is most distasteful to me. I dislike him exceedingly. I—" she paused. "I mean," she continued, "that that guy sure didn't make any hit with me. These fast workers give me a pain. Shiek stuff. Poo!"

She turned then and ran up-stairs to her room, and looked at herself in the big mirror with the guilt frame above the marble mantel. She was wearing one of the many frocks she had chosen with infinite care in Chicago. The saleswoman had called it "a snappy little imported model." A supreme impertinence in yellow, with grace notes of scarlet, may give a clearer impression to the lay mind.

Two fat tears gathered in her blue eyes and dribbled down her cheeks. Ten minutes later she was looking for a dry handerchief and calling herself what all sensible women call themselves when they waste good, wet tears in private. "A fool—a darn fool!"

That evening the aunts wrote a letter to Felix. Eleven days later down one wide, white page Felix was proud of Mary-Martha, congratulatory toward her, and at the bottom of the page he had the cheek to say that, as he had thought, he had known his little daughter better than she had known herself.

Bud, though she had never kept letters, folded this one and put it with her gloves and went down-stairs to one of her aunts' quiet, informal dinners where she told a senator that, thanks just the same, she wouldn't give a whoop for a card to the gallery; but that if he could get her a ticket to see him and the other senators some time when they were being shipped underground on that funny little scenic railway of theirs, it sure would be the comicalest experience she would be apt to have in Washington.

"More comical," questioned Captain Beebe, who was sitting beside her on a divan with a tiny cup filled with black coffee in his hand, "than the experience you had this morning riding in the park?"

The park that October morning had been color victorious—color clear and compelling as a bugle call. And Bud had gone daft with the beauty of it, and Captain Beebe had lost his head. But here, in the ponderous, dimly lighted drawing-room, he found it again.

"I'm sorry," he went on, "awfully sorry. I began at the wrong place. You see— I've never before asked any girl to marry me and, as you know, I bungled it all up and made an ass of myself. What I was trying to say was that I love you very dearly, Mary Martha, as you know, and that I want you to be my wife."

"Miss Honeywell," came down a colonel's voice from above her left shoulder, "regarding that interesting fraternal order of which you were telling me, the one to which your father belongs—"

"The Ancient Order of Hoo-hoo Owls, do you mean?" questioned Bud.

"Mary-Martha?" pleaded Captain Beebe.

"Oh, said Mary-Martha pettishly, almost shrewishly, "do stop pestering me. Please go away and let me alone."

Captain Beebe, because he was humble, rose and bowed and went away, carrying carefully the tiny coffee-cup in his hand.

He stayed away. There were other flowers, other bonbons, other callers. But it so happened that there was only one Captain Beebe. His absence left a hole in things.

At the beginning of the new week Bud suddenly produced an object, blond and tall and Greek-godish, to fill the hole that Captain Beebe had left.

Until he appeared in the drawing-room one afternoon neither of the aunts had been aware of his existence in Washington or in the world. After Bud had presented him to them they seemed even less aware of his existence than they had been before.

"Who pray," said an aunt, as soon as the object had departed, "is the creature, Mary-Martha?"

"His name is Mr. Vernon Povill. It seems so cozy to have a mere mister around, don't you think?"

"And what is his profession? By what right is he a guest in our home?"

"He is a baker. Just now he is out of a job at baking, so he drives a truck and delivers the bread and cakes, you know. I met him down in the kitchen and invited him to call some time. He reminds me of all the wide, open places in the West. I'm going to a show with him tomorrow night."

It was, the aunts seemed to think, an impossible arrangement. They said a great deal about it and finished by asserting that they did not receive the baker boys.

"Nor actresses," said Bud, and the blue eyes squinted unbecomingly. (Bud's mother had been an actress.)

A few minutes later, in her room, Bud said, "At last!" which might mean anything or nothing. In a moving-picture theatre the following evening she sat in the dark beside Vernon Povill.

The weeks following after that were horrid in the extreme. Bud, so the aunts said, behaved like a madcap and a wanton. At any rate, her astonishing popularity began to wane. The troglodytes may welcome into their close caves a bit of humanity as fresh and restful as a breeze off the sea—provided, of course, it blows from exactly the same sea over which the Mayflower came sailing—but a traditionless baker, blond and bulky, is a different matter.

Long night-letters, guardedly worded, but delirious in all other respects, were sent flying west by the aunts to Felix, and they disturbed not at all that peace of his.

"She is bluffing, but send her home if it seems best," was the answer to their fifth telegram, the sixty-three carefully counted and well-considered words that they had sent the evening before.

"Yes, I know," said Bud, when they told her that Felix felt that her visit should be curtailed. "Yes—I know. But what about my coming-out party—my formal day-boo, as you call it. It is only ten days away now, isn't it?"

"So many people," murmured an aunt are sending regrets."

"We have checked the lists," said the other aunt. "You may see for yourself."

Acrossby was unchecked; so were Arnold and Atwood. But there was a check beside Banefield, and another beside Beebe.

On her knee Bud smoothed the paper out neatly, smoothed and smoothed and smoothed it.

"When am I to leave?" Bud questioned, and smoothed the paper again.

Susie, it seemed, was packing. Harkins was attending to the ticket and drawing-room reservations. Uncle Joue would drive them to the Union Station day after tomorrow afternoon.

"Hardly a thing at all left for me to do," said Bud, as if she meant it, and sighed, as if she had not meant it. "Oh, well, anyway I've a date with Vernon for tomorrow night."

"We'll stop in Childs' for a snack," said Vernon when tomorrow night had come and had nearly gone, and the long, dreary musical comedy had released its victims.

"No, said Bud.

"Thought you said you didn't want to get home till way late tonight."

"Well, then," said Bud.

They walked rapidly under the pallid, mistily beautiful globes that half light Washington at night. At the corner they heard a man's voice that managed to be a din, all by itself, shouting numbers.

"Come on, hurry," Vernon urged, "the show at Poli's is coming out, and there'll be a crush."

"A Poli's audience coming here?" questioned Bud, as she looked past the man baking pancakes behind the plate glass front into the glaring white-tiled place beyond.

"Sure. Everybody comes to Childs' around midnight in Washington.

It was true. Vanity-case was there, and brass knuckles—chewing-gum, and lorgnette—fountain-pen, and hypodermic needle—all there, making the place as cosmopolitan as the Judgment Day will be.

"There's a guy at the other table," Vernon said to Bud, "that's been rubberin' at you ever since we came in. If he don't cut it out, I'll step over and knock his block off."

"I don't pay you," Bud reminded him, "to knock guys' blocks off."

"Say, lay off on that pay stuff, can't you? You ain't the first lady who's been willin' to pay for me escortin' her out, now and again——"

"I know, I know," said Bud wearily. "You have told me about them all, I think."

"Oh, I have, have I? Well, I'll tell the world that any bird who ever tried to get fresh with a lady friend of mine got more than he was lookin' for."

"He isn't trying to get fresh," said Bud. "He is a friend—an acquaintance of mine."

"Can that. I wasn't born yesterday. Say, if you like that guy's looks better'n mine, just say so. See?"

"You have been drinking," said Bud. "When I engaged your services, you told me, you may remember, that you never drank. Shall we go now?"

"I'll go," said Vernon, "when I'm damn good and ready to go. See? You've high-toned me as much as I'm goin' to stand for. See? Sure I had a few drinks between acts. Whatcha goin' to do about it? You make me sick, you do. Payin' me to run around with you, 'cause you can't get a guy to take you out without payin' him, and then pullin' the high and mighty line. Wha's five dollars a night and expenses? Zat worth——"

He continued. Bud scarcely heard him and did not answer. She sat and thought what a long way it was to the red brick house on N Street. Once she had shot a mad coyote at too close range; and once she had pounded flat, with a club, the head of a coiled rattlesnake, and neither time had she been afraid. But now she had no gun, and she had no club, and she was afraid.

Then they went out, leaving behind all the people and the pancakes and the bright, white light and the fresh guy who had been Captain Beebe.

She hoped Mr. Povill would not think of a taxicab—he rarely did—but she was afraid that he might think of it if she suggested a street-car. So she made no suggestion, but walked along beside his lurching steps.

They came to Lafayette Park, the winning little park that Bud had loved better, perhaps, than anything else in lovely Washington, because of the pink babies and the gray squirrels. But tonight the place was as solitary as a bad dream. Bud was afraid.

As they went from Pennsylvania Avenue into the park Vernon grasped her elbow: "Help you along," he explained. "Sorry I got rough. 'Smy heart. Got a weak heart. But any lady out with Vern Povill is as safe as in her mother's arms. Yes'ir. Safe as mother's arms."

He stopped and stood still, holding her elbow firmly. "Tha's the idea," he exclaimed. "Tha's the idea. You ain't much for looks, nor manners, but I hold no grudge. Goin' away. Should tell you good-by. Come to my safe arms——"

"Don't be so silly," commanded Bud. "Let go of my arm and come right along now——"

"You got me wrong," interrupted Vernon, "this's what I mean. You're goin' away. Clear across continent. Gotta tell you good-by. Wha's the use of a park for, tha's what I wanta know——"

At that moment Captain Beebe stepped up—he had been stepping right along behind them ever since they had left the restaurant—and said: "Miss Honeywell, I might, perhaps——"

One of Vernon's huge arms swung upward and the fist landed near the tip of Captain Beebe's finely pointed chin. Captain Beebe went backward

(Continued on page 7, Col. 2.)

Written Into the Records of Human Mercy

These chapters of the great work of the Red Cross indicate the tremendous scope of its activities—world-wide in its range, yet ready even for the little hidden pains of human beings—the Red Cross asks your support for the varied tasks it has undertaken.

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