

JUST FOLKS.

It does not matter much that I This day have failed to gain renown. This, to my credit, I reply: "I have not crushed another down I have not prospered by a lie Nor over trifles worn a frown

"It does not matter much tonight That I have little gold to spend What is lost by doing right? Poor gains are those regrets attend. Against this boast the loss is slight: I played the man and played the friend."

again.

ger and maddening trickle.

So homeward bound I whistle now Gav snatches of a merry song I have not broken trust or vow,

I have not stooped to shame or wrong. No weaker man with battered brow Is cursing me for being strong. -By Edgar A. Guest.

"SUSAN AND THE DOCTOR."

Susan started going with the boys early. Too early. Her mother had died, and there was no one to look after her. Her father had affairs of his own on his hands.

she was 13, had been a source of crowd settled, and she still living talk in the town where she lived. in two rented rooms at Mrs. Cal-But they seemed all to have hap- verton's! Sometimes it seemed as if pened in a past that was not in- her whole scheme of life were gopened in a past that was not in ing astray . credible. People had almost forgot-that she had once gone with But when she entered her room, But when she entered her room, Buddie Merton and Carl Flannigan and Chuck Myers and Pat Dougherty with its waiting orderliness of cushions and reading lamp and -her affair had been going on for so many years with the doctor. the dreariness vanished. Her im-

And it had obscured not only her relations to other men, but almost everything else about Susan. Peo-ple did not think about the long Besides, the doctor would be here and steady efficiency of her posi- in a little while. tion in the Farmers Bank, where she had risen from clerk to assistant cashier, and where she was ac- of his own special choice-Mocha tually a standy-by. When they coffee, fig preserves, salted almonds. went into the bank, and up to Susan saw these things, and they Susan's little barred window, they brought back the beloved and secret did not see her-slim, shining-hair- intimacy of a hundred little dinners. ed, immaculate-as the cashier who She used to love to put on her best dealt out nickels and dimes and bills clothes and go out to dinner with with swift, experienced, white fin- men, to the dining room of the Melgers. They did not recall how her rose, the most expensive place in present security was due to her-self alone. She had never depended upon her father for a living. She had never depended upon any one. giving up these old pleasures of a business course and then asked She wanted them again at times: old Henry Houghton for a place in the but there was the same delight in bank; and it was upon that first sacrificing them to his demand for meager and grudging admission that secrecy and seclusion. she had lived and put money aside and paid for the always fashionable perfection of her tailored clothes and the smartness of her hats. They looked through the little window at her white hands and smooth largeness of his presence, warming hair, and thought:

"I wonder how her affair is coming on with the doctor! Oh, yes! Susan was handy and she was bright. She made some of those pretty clothes herself-knitted was drawn backward. scarves when scarves were in fashion, and embroidered collar and cuff sets when they were the thing. She kept her two rooms and kitchenette at Mrs. Calverton's in exquisite order. Women did admit that. And there were men in town who said that no one in that bank knew as much about its business as Susan. But all that seemed irrelevant to the consistent interest of her love affair. It obscured the rest of her life to Susan herself. There was never a moment when she was not aware of it. At the bank, when she was making accounts with swift and practiced accuracy, it was there in her breast, something unsatisfied, an in her narrow bed aching and alone. could never give herself up to the hated him. warmth of the sunshine. Her white fingers had to keep at work to ease that drew to their tight, inevitable break away from him. Why must center in her mind. It was with her when she went Her life was passing-But it was as out on the street at noon. She, if he had sown within her the seed frowned at the outdoor brightness. of his trouble. Suppose the doctor should come past! The possibility of it blinded different way. her for a moment, with tense per-Susan, for the time being, was sistence of desire; and she would free of all her men. In disgust she have liked-if she could have liked! had broken the last frayed end of -to stay in the shelter of the bank, her brief but hotly melodramatic where it was shaded and apart. "case" with Pat Dougherty. And She might be with Nita Allen, the she didn't want to go with any one stenographer; but her eyes could for a while. It seemed to her that not be restrained from their rest- she had tried nearly all the eligible less, watching alertness. She must men in this town, and that there notice every car on the street. She was no interest in any of them. must look down the narrowing vista There wasn't a one whose silly deto the building where the doctor votion could make up for the loss had his office on the fifth floor, and of her position in the bank or who must strain for a brief and unsat- could give her anything that could isfying glimpse of the figure of a surpass it. man who might be the doctor him- In idleness and in revulsion from self coming out of the building. In Wessel's drug store, where she had Pat Dougherty, Susan had looked her tuna-fish sandwich and glass of up some of the old high school malted milk at the shining new crowd again. She took pleasure in counter, she had to talk gayly and brightly, in the usual ironic rep- girls" to concerts and basketball artee, with the crowded line of sten- games. There was in it the deographers and young business men, fiance of the men who admired her, above her restless preoccupation and and challenge to them. Never had the constant small wear of pain. she enjoyed her work in the bank "Hello, Susan! How are you?" so much. She exulted in the rapid, "Fine.

drug store the animated chatter the evening. "You've never been in about dances, she wondered if she love. That's what's the trouble." ment were the first that came into tween them. Or was he a little little after all. The thing had come could actually be Susan—the one "I!" Susan exclaimed. "This is Susan's mind: Fred Jefferson's eyes, more cautious and infrequent, now to an end. He sat hunched loosely whom the boys used to fall over about the first time I've been out curious and cold, betraying the tone that the eyes of the town were over the steering wheel and stared one another to ask to dances, who of it."

chose this one or that with imperi-"You think so," Mrs. Calverton ous freedom, who was the most said. popular girl of her day.

veiled tenderness of spring, resent- restless and lonely. ful wonder would come over her

quite right" aunt and invalid mothhot-water faucet that ran a meaer. She hadn't really thought of his good looks or noticed them because How could she endure this place a day longer? She had certainly she hadn't considered the doctor never meant to spend all her life within the realms of possibility. He in a rooming house. Independence had never gone with a woman in this town. He never appeared at was all right. She wasn't going to have to ask anybody for things. But Susan had always planned, bedances. Susan began to amuse herself by wondering about him and speculating half idly about him. ing methodical and worldly shrewd, that when the time came, when she When she hurt her arm, in a fall was ready, she would marry and from the rocks at a picnic she wouldn't let Ross Crabtree take her have a home of her own, the kind to Dr. Bradley's office when they she wanted. And here she was, airs of his own on his hands. Susan's escapades, from the time hearly all the other girls in the a spirit of mischief and daring, and a spirit of mischief and daring, and she didn't know what else, Susan went to the doctor's office.

> She hadn't exactly meant anything at first-or nothing that could be put into words. She hadn't thought when she began it that it would be essentially different from her other wild and yet carefully controlled affairs that never went the dreariness vanished. Her imtoo far-Or had she meant something more? Had she been restless, wearied, impatient, tired of her cold and narrow hardness, wishing to be forced somehow into change?—At any rate, she hadn't meant nothing like this. She hadn't dreamed, see-Susan went into the kitchenette. The shelves were filled with things ing that handsome face upon the street one day and wondering what the doctor would be like if she knew him, how the sullen humors, the regal gloom, and lordly gayety, the insistent warmth of his intimate presence could break into her shining hardness; and how at last her cool strength, at the appeal of his sudden childishness, could diffuse her?" into a passion of tenderness. She and with a subtly cool specifiation, to draw him to her, that the thing could ever be real-that he would want more of her, and that she would give it, with the future-alhaze-

Anyway, he would be here in a little while. She would be with him. Other girls in town, girls living son; an at home and managing only a "date" ended: now and then with an unattached "I su marry He came up the stairs, into the living room, into the doorway of man, envied Susan the Doctor. They the kitchenette. Susan felt the vital saw the two driving off in the Doctor's car, not to a dance-they nevthe whole place into life; although -with her old manner of cool er went to dances-but all by themselves for a long and mysterious eyes of the town again. concentration she did not turn from drive. her work at the small gas stove.

Things irrelevant to that state- passionately to him, had crept be- ing to be said. And yet there was ment were the first that came into tween them. Or was he a little little after all. The thing had come shock of his statement (Fred was thing else might be expected of Nevertheless, Susan did not die an old beau of hers, he had always him?

ous freedom, who was the most said. popular girl of her day. But when she went home after but when she went back upstairs fair with the doctor;) and then a shone upon that image of two had her that had never been brought to work—home? well, back to Mrs. to her room, that she had taken painful thrust of anger because she shifted and brought out the figure fullness. In spite of the bleak Calverton's —at half past five such delight in arranging and keep-through smoky twilights of fall or the ing just as she wanted it, she felt news affecting the how as ing of the strain was beginning to resented the finality of her aspect She began to look at men with a other significance, although a kind vigorous. The gloom had lifted so For a while she looked at the different eye, although she was of sickness made her food taste- that his handsomeness was no long- men who came into the bank with er mysteriously percentible through a foint to the bank with

man at last. A wildness of impatience thrilled through her. It was agony to go on with her work at the bank. She walked home through a changed, incredible world-it was June, lawns were fresh, roses were out. Susan hadn't noticed that until now. The low sunlight of half-past-five lay across Mrs. Calverton's lawn. The green thick stalks of the peony hard, small clarity of perception: bush bent over and laid flushed thick blossoms against the cool Susan now." For the first time in years earth. Susan thought of the woods-in the green filter of sunlight, the deep another girl. flush of wild geraniums-Cars sped down the wide bright street. She

heard voices of children playing. All the town, all the world, was comout of the tightness and uning certainty of spring into the open and sunlit freedom of summer.

He telephoned the bare news to her—a guarded voice, withdrawn and strange. He could not see her just now. He would manage it tomorrow. But after all these years, on this perfect night, it was terrible to be thrown back again into the old tense suspension of living. She ate a solitary dinner, stood at the window a while, and went to bed.

you must be going with some other The news made its small uproar girl!' He answered her impatiently and without sympathy, "Well, good heav-ens, Susan, you played around long in the town. Not because of the doctor's mother herself-she had been, in her own person, almost enough! We can't shut out the forgotten-but because of the way her death would affect the doctor whole world forever." and Susan.

incredible as it seemed, was an ad-"What's been the matter with mission. And now the torture of her imagination was worse than any-

There were very few who could had no idea when she started deftly, actually say. "She used to be quite thing she had gone through before. She did not know who it was. Peoa beautiful woman. The old doctor did everything for her." It was ple were thoughtful enough to avoid rumored, but never quite substan-tiated, that the old doctor had all mention of the name, and even of the doctor's name; but she could see their knowledge in the curious taken his own life. But they only ways so clear to Susan-lost in knew that for years she had abconjecturing glances of their eyes. Her natural swift directness made sorbed the care and money of her her crave to go straight to the son; and all reminiscence of her

point and learn the fact. But that "I suppose now the doctor will marry Susan."

And Susan, accepted for some or foot out of the new agony of time in a role seemingly static, besuspense. came a heroine of a sort in the

But the summer went on and the could not let him go. hing still hung fire. The doctor Still, outwardly, the

when the affair was over. In fact,

scarcely aware of it. She went up the same gray— painted steps of the large, neat porch. She put her hand on the same bronze knob of the door. Inside, the house odor, orderly and slightly aging and remote, never quite that of home, enveloped her in dreari-ness. She could not stand the board that creaked on the stairs and the man at last. "Well, the poor fellow," men of. The town would have to yield her, ten said, when women accused him involuntarily, a place among the of dealing selfishly with Susan, "he's matrons if she married him; and been tied down ever since he was a sometimes it amused one side of her kid. Let him stretch himself awhile mind-an earlier side, belonging to before he gets tied down again." the old Susan, having nothing to do Women, on the other hand, to with the doctor—to conjecture what men who still admired and stood she could make him do. Could she up for Susan, often said with a force him out of that big house in the country and into a new one in "I think he could do better than town? Susan thought she might. Now, when she was walking home So that no one was really surat night she made long, interminable prised when he started going with plans about what she would do if she married Tommy Rumsey—only to lose them abstractedly, if her Susan knew it long before she eye caught sight of a new car or a consciously knew it as a definite strange person or just anything. actuality, long before her tortured

And the other men-the bank examiner, whom she knew to be a bachelor; a certain pleasant traveling man; Sid Bartley, who had started out as a mechanic, but now with a garage of his own, was a new possibility-they were not worth while either.

In fact, Susan felt with an amazement about which she could do nothing that she didn't want to marry any one. She resented the patronage in the tone of her old beaux—she wasn't done yet!— and the pitying tone of the older women, the way in which the town took it for granted that she was still thinking of the doctor. In the bleak clarity of her vision, she had admit-ted the truth when he had said that it was ended. Sometimes she wondered-if she had told him this or that at such and such a timebut she had waited too long until expectation had frayed out into nothing. His need and demand had crushed out of her more tenderness and passion than perhaps she had possessed. Why should she, Susan the most unlikely one, have been sacrificed to that need? But she understood Mrs. Calverton in that, too. She could not really wish it had never been. She might be happier, but she would not be what she was to have bound her into itself so now, not this Susan. Her love for him had gone too

that she was unable to move hand long balked, half fed, unsatisfied. All that it had really left was her Now, what had she left? But she practical capability. She took refuge in the shelter of that away thing still hung fire. The doctor Still, outwardly, the affair seem- from feeling. It grew restlessly. stayed on in the brick house. Susan ed to go on pretty much as it al- She was no longer contented in her work in the bank. She began to talk about going West and finding ed interesting now, but she could foresee-at the end of a long, dim vista of change—how an interest might open up. She was not finished. But it was finished—her affair with the doctor-her heart; yes, her life after all-The doctor was marrying Marjorie Pratt. He was building a new house and sending off the old aunt to an institution. His practice was enlarging. People took him as he was. But as long as she lived in this town, they would never look at Susan without thinking of the doctor.--(Harper's Magazine.)

these days?"

In the busy street of the growing glad sense of escape. At this time town she felt almost a strangershe, Susan, who had lived here all out at the dew wet grass of Mrs. care about the equivocal reputation her life and knew every window dis- Calverton's lawn, with a feeling as of their surgeon. play in every store! But her affair cool and fresh as the morning. with the doctor had set her apart from the rest of the town-from could not last for any one used to the old crowd, her own crowd: as much excitement as Susan. She place for her if he would. But she Elsie Adams, was married and had began to get restless and to make dared not quiet the fear by an two babies; Letha Grove, who lived excuses when the girls wanted her surance that would force the last with her parents and hadn't changed since high school days; Mary Wil-to go somewhere with them. She of her pride to break away from him. son, who came back now and then didn't know. But something. from her work in Chicago. Susan

His arms were around her, and she

"Susan! Aren't you going to tell me you're glad to see me?" Through his arms she felt the

straining domination of his need. The dinner was exciting and happy and cozy-one of their own little dinners, at the card table with the linen cloth that Susan had embriodered in her leisure time, with the favorite dishes she had kept from her own home, and with the orange candles and the green-glass candlesticks that he had bought her. The shades were down. Their voices were so low, so that even Mrs. Cal-

verton could not hear. But after he had left, Susan lay

ache and a craving; it was there Her tingling body was tense with behind the businesslike rhythm of resentment. No matter how they the adding machine; and when she parted, her body was left tense and sat at the big table in the back aching-for he went away, he left room where the sunshine lay slant- her alone, she could not stay warm wise in the morning its sweetness and at ease in his arms and wake enveloped her in dreamy pain. She up beside him in the morning. She

Then she turned and tossed. Her sleep seemed always to be shallow the craving and subdue the thoughts and tense. She craved wildly to her own need be sacrificed to his?

The affair had begun in quite a

going with Letha Grove and "the so much. She exulted in the rapid,

ceaseless click of her adding ma_ "Where do you keep yourself chine. When ever she thought of Susan used to wake up and look

Susan "I'll tell you what's the matter known with you." Mrs. Calverton said. seemed never to have known another man than the doctor; and at times, when she heard in the times and talk to Mrs. Calverton in last night."

But Susan herself could scarcely realize how the situation and the relationship between them had slowly changed through the years.

She remembered, with brooding nostalgia now-a wonder if she could have made things end differently-what he used to tell her at first.

"You're the only thing I've got in this town. The only thing I've got in this damned, futile existence." And then his voice broke, and his big, handsome body was twisted and crumpled in pain before her awed, incredulous eyes. "Oh, God, Susan -give me some happiness! You're free. You can do as you -please with yourself. And I'm held in this damned—or, no, God, I can't call it that!—but I can't live in it any longer, they never let me out of it."

Yes, that was true. It was she who had been the free one, the in_ calculable one, at first. He used to tell her that she lived in the open daylight and he always in shadow. She was the only ray of daylight underground persistance of craving, then, to right the balance and as- see? That's all I'm saying." sert his final necessity of domina- Almost-but without the tion, that he had slowly bound her to him and taken her freedom with her love? By the giving of a free gift she had bound herself. But ed and held at last by tenderness! -what an amazing overturning of nature and fate.

Gradually, what he said to her came to be:

"But how can I? You knew how most too tired to speak. things were in the beginning. Well, it's just the same. They're still alive. And you wouldn't live with them."

perious Susan could not even have now." contemplated being shut up for a Then go, then go, Susah wanted credulous stillness; but her heart night with those terrible women in to say. But it was only telling her- was pounding. She tried to say that gloomy house.

sometimes, now, if the hold of the consolation remained; and she could two old women was still so inevit- not keep her strength or her anger Even her breathing was su able. She had made him a differ- at the tired appeal of his hands ed. The world was stopping. ent person from the solitary man loosely clasping the arms of the she had passed upon the street. chair, and the bright remoteness of The compensation and sustainment pain in his eyes. She went over had done their work. That terrible and put nerveless arms about him hold did not sap all his strength and laid her wet cheek against his or turn his energy into hopeless hair. brooding. He had a secret pride. Af Susan shun them-in his old misanthropic way, he was no longer afraid to meet other men. His train-Pat Dougherty it was with a wild, glad sense of escape. At this time was at last beginning to show; and as her stern sense of orderliness people in physical extremity did not He was making cool and fresh as the morning. However, such a state of affairs that meant, and fear had slowly grown into her that he could make as-

> His mother died. Susan heard at noon in the drug store. Fred

thing still and back to her rooms at Mrs. Calgrass; there were only bitter-smell- to the Four Corners. ing yarrow and boneset in the woods.

the rest of the force in the bank, less dress. getting their heads together. de_ clared:

ing up!" There were so many things to Susan felt even more than the old to think of, the doctor said. There thrilling leap of pride. She wantwas the old home. There was ed to tell everyone that this man Aunt Agnes. She trusted him. Af- was hers. The time had long passter all these years, he could not ed when it was enough to know put her in an institution. And when this sweetly in secret. The famil-Susan hard and resentful in her iaity of going down the walk to- RATTLERS, COPPERHEADS balked desire, would not agree, he gether and getting into the car called her cruel and cold. Susan, made her fear look small and foolwith the heat and confidence of her ish, like a night terror dragged infresh bloom upon her, fought with to daylight.

old

with free imperiousness—because beyond geon's names upon the which free that statement she dared not go. not hers to touch. The profile was levels because of the drying up of But She was sobbing and angry, her strange. She chattered recklessly local water supplies in their imme-But She was sobbing and angry, her strange. She chattered recklessly local water supplies in their imme-diate locality," said Dr. McCreary. that she, Susan, should be conquer- hands still clutching with weakened to keep him from speaking. passion at the edges of the couch, but a feeling of brokenness lay within her. The doctor sat in the

Even that was true. The old im- of anything. I can't do anything to her with a shock of surprise erious Susan could not even have now."

She was bound up in self to go. She was not too loyal to wonder him. The old habit of passionate

After he had left she lay on the And although he still shunned dan- couch; and then tired, more tired cusation. ces and social meetings-and made than he could be, more tired than anything in the world, she struggled up through a daze of weakness to take off her clothes, fold them neat- thing!" ly, wash her face, brush her hair— Through her dry throat Susan as her stern sense of orderliness forced a muttered "What?" still commanded-and lie down on her single cot-lie down to the old dissatisfaction turned now into apathy.

The next morning the lawn outside the windows was not so bright. ness, as she sat with her slim hands The green, still thick and deep along the edges, beside the sunken autumn landcape of brown coolness of the old cement walk, and tufted trees spread out beyond was fading into dry brown at the the hill. She saw it. But she could center. dustiness.

The doctor came to see Susan as all the other happy ones

went daily to her work at the bank ways had. They had their little dinners together. The warm weathverton's. The roses were gone, the er lasted on into the fall; and on something else to do. Nothing seem peonies shed their petals on the Sunday they were to drive as usual

long suspension of action seemed

imagination began to settle and dig

its talons into the acutal image of

now this girl and now that. She

could only turn at night in a rest-

less fever of conjecture and rejec-

tion of the fact itself. She want-

ed to know, and at the same time

skirted all possibility of discovery,

until finally her torture of uncer-

tainty grew more unbearable than

knowledge itself, and forced her to

say to him-a laughing hint that

couldn't possibly be true, "I believe

That answer, little as it told and

Susan dragged herself out of her People wondered, laughed cynically, tired inertia and got up in good or were indifferent; women who had time on Sunday morning so that loved Susan's mother talked angrily she could bathe, wash and wave her about the selfishness of men; and hair, and press her white silk sleeve-

She looked out of the window and saw the doctor coming up the walk. "Susan ought to give him a jack- Her roadster stood out in front. He looked handsme, large, well-dressed.

ed after the couple.

All the same, Susan had the feelstraight and clear direction of her ing that the large, well-kept sur-

The doctor seemed, after a little while-and that might have been the impression that it is hazardous only because the motor wasn't actbig chair that he claimed as his. ing well-to be responding to her. His voice was husky. He was al- It was just like all of their drives, so that, when they came to the top "Susan, I'm tired. I've got to of the One-Mile Hill, turned aside have some time to myself. I've from the main road and stopped in had this strain for years. I can't the midst of the tangle of fall flowthink of anything. I can't think ers, the silence brought back fear

she would get out and pick that some goldenrod.

"Susan, look here." Even her breathing was suspend-"We've had the best out of this.

Don't you think so, too?" Silence. He turned toward her, and something like the old pleading broke through the strained huskiness of

his voice. It was almost like an ac-"You must have known this was coming as well as I did." Silence

-"My God, I wish you'd say some-

"Well, just a response. You make me do it all."

"What is there to say?" That was all there was to it. Susan felt it. in a terrible tiredloose in her silken lap. The great

fields The leaves had a look of not even feel pain for the difference between this chance final view and Twp.; \$1.

always. But a sense of estrangement, The doctor felt it. He did not an acutal thing, not the old resent-ment that had made her turn more much to be said that there was noth-the news.

ON WAY TO WATER

Doctor J. Bruce McCreary, deputy secretary of health, says that the that he had. Was it through a long him, almost in the old arrogant way. "Have a good time!" Mrs. Cal- hazard of bites from rattlesnakes underground persistance of craving, "It can't stay as it is. Don't you verton called. She stood and look- and copperheads has increased be-"Have a good time!" Mrs. Cal- hazard of bites from rattlesnakes cause of the extreme hot spell.

"These snakes which usually remain in the depths of the forests

"While there is no desire to convey for this reason to be in the woods or near streams, it is suggested that tourists and hikers be on the alert for a posssible meeting with a venomous reptile. While even with the present dry weather such a meeting is not very probable, it is nevertheless wise to be on one's guard.'

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Harmon Bowes, et ux, to Clarence Buck, tract in Liberty Twp.; \$1.

George E. Young, et ux, to Ralph L. Struble, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

Anna Bilger to Clarence Ripka, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; \$150. Dennis Quigg, et ux, to Arthur E. May, et ux, tract in Benner Twp.; \$2,400.

Sarah M. Lemon, et al, to Walter S. Mandore, tract in State College; \$1.

William Freeman, et ux, to Samuel Finberg, et al, tract in Philipsburg; \$14,000.

Annie H. Krebs to James P. Aikens, tract in College Twp.; \$100. William D. Custard, et ux, to Vera Crawford, tract in State College; \$1.

Thomazine Lane, et al, to John S. Walker, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. Clarence Ripka, et ux, to Edward Witmer, tract in Spring Twp.; \$2,500.

Lizzie A. Weaver, Exec., to John W. Meese, et ux, tract in Spring

-Read the Watchman and get all