

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 12, 1931.

## IT NEVER COMES AGAIN

There are gains for all our losses. There are balsams for all our pain. But when youth, the dream departs, it takes something from our hearts And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better. Under manhood's sterner reign; Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished. And we sigh for it in vain; We behold it everywhere. On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard

## GOOD SOLDIER

It seemed to Tarrant that it was the first time he had stopped to think really to think, in ten years. He sat rigid at his desk, the tenseness still in him which had been in him for all of the last nine and a half years. He couldn't get rid of the tenseness, though now he was set, practically, for life. That thing which had put a spell of grim determination upon him nine and a half years ago would not let him relax, though now he would have liked to relax.

The whole nine and a half years seemed like consecutive, unremitting things; like a long prize fight in the old English manner, with no rounds between. He had been one protagonist, the world had been the other; and, curiously enough, all that time he had taken the heavy blows of the world, starting nine and a half years ago with a blow that should have been a knockout one, and somehow, instead, he had knocked out the world. Amazing. There must be more power in him, he realized, than he had supposed.

Suddenly he got up and strode to a mirror. Looked long and wondering at the face he beheld in it. He had somehow, through nine and a half years of shaving every morning, not looked at himself in a mirror. But now he did look. What he saw shocked him a little, though he took, also, a deep pride in it. His face was hard. Hard! Indubitably hard.

Though he was only 40, there was gray at the temples, even if the rest of his chestnut wavy hair was thick and strongly, colorfully alive. Even the expression of his lips had changed. They set firmly together now, in a straight line. He remembered that Lana had often told him he had "pretty lips," and he had always felt rather foolish and silly and awkward when she said that.

He thrust his strong hands into the depths of his pockets and took a turn around the room. His movements were noiseless. The large room was carpeted with thick materials that were very expensive. Though the large windows he could look out over New York. He glanced at the back of the frosted-glass door and saw there the Alice-in-Wonderland words: "InediserP, nTarratT sucram"

He smiled grimly to himself. Yesterday there had been flowers all over the room; on the desk had been a pile of telegrams from various parts of the country. The room had reeled with silly, insincere speeches. He laughed shortly, contemptuously, to himself and sat down heavily before the desk. Suddenly a softness came over him. The hard, intense look went out of his eyes and they became infinitely tender.

At this moment Miss Varney, who was to be his private secretary, entered and laid something upon his desk. She spoke to him. He did not hear her; was totally unconscious of her presence. Nothing his abstraction, she withdrew silently without waiting for an answer to her question. In the outer office, however, she said to Miss Feldman, the chief stenographer: "Say! Have you noticed how good-looking he is?"

"Good-looking!" Miss Feldman returned with surprise. "Hard-looking, I'd say."

"But you ought to see him now," Miss Varney returned, her brows puckered in amazement.

Marcus was staring at a photograph on his desk. It was the photograph of a sweet-faced young girl. He was talking to her mentally.

"Can you imagine this, he chuckled inwardly as he had so often chuckled to her; heard her answering chuckle. "Me! President of a concern as large as this. Can you imagine it!" The picture smiled back at him warmly. For several moments he permitted the illusion that she was alive to possess him; it was sweet as a drug. And then reality swept over him in overwhelming waves. He rose swiftly, went to the door and locked it tightly. He laid his head upon his arm on the desk. Reaction was upon him, reaction to nine and a half years of bullying life as a life had once bullied him. He wept, silently, hopelessly. In an orgy of emotion and grief he let it all come back, like a motion picture, from the beginning.

He had been 22; she only 19. They had met at Coney Island. Coney Island had been quite the vogue in those days. He had been attracted by her quiet way of dressing and her air of aloofness. And she looked so small and frail and sweet. He had gone to Coney Island for the first time and had found in it not the surcease from loneliness that he had hoped for, but rather, in the center of gay crowds, an accentuation of that loneliness. He was having a pretty hard time to "get by." Motherless and fatherless and with only an insubstantial high-school education, it was hard

for him to hit it off in New York; yet there was no going back to the small Iowa town from which he had come. There was nothing there.

He looked at her so steadily that at last she raised her eyes and they met his squarely. She gave him an uncertain, partially fearful glance and then smiled frankly. If ever there had been love at first sight, it happened then. He went straight to her.

"Please don't think I'm just trying to pick up a girl," he began. "It's all right," she said quietly. "You're different."

"They bought cotton candy. Rode on the figure eights. Went through the Venetian canal. But most of the time he was impatient to get away from it all and be alone with her.

At last she said: "I ought to be going, I have to be at work tomorrow at 8:30, and it's a long ride home."

"Let's go," he said, with enthusiasm. On the way home she told him all about herself and he told her all about himself.

"Strange," she said, in that quiet way of hers, "that you and I should have picked out this particular night to go to the island; and that we should have met in all that crowd. That both of us should be strangers in New York, and having a hard time getting along and both of us without parents."

"But how did you come to go alone?" he asked.

"Oh," she returned frankly, "I'm not pretty, and my girl friends go in for things I don't. I'm mostly alone."

"Not pretty?" he echoed, thinking for a moment that she was something of a coquette after all, trying merely to draw a compliment from him. He studied her closely. She was beautiful. Her quiet, blue eyes; sweet mouth whimsically turned up at the corners; soft brown hair; slight figure. But he could see what she meant.

At the door that night he said: "I suppose it sounds utterly idiotic, but I love you. I want you to marry me. I don't see the slightest sense in our going out with each other for weeks or months and working up to it gradually. I want you now. I want us to be together as man and wife all those months that others spend courting. We've already lost too many previous months by not having met each other sooner."

"All right," she said simply; "but on one condition: that you let me keep on working for a while." And on this she was adamant. They were married the following morning, quite simply, by a justice of the peace. It had been heaven from then on—or at least if there had been small frictions, Marcus had quite forgotten them now.

She took endless pride in keeping immaculate to rights the small rooms for light housekeeping which they had taken at first. Later there had been a small integral apartment with their own entrance. Still later a small unfurnished apartment which they had furnished on the installment plan. Curiously they had never tired of each other; never become "usual" and "every day" to one another.

They walked many nights together along Riverside Drive, looking across at the Jersey shore and the dark river. They took endless excursions to get together; hand-in-hand, minds and hearts locked. No two married people, he felt, had ever grown so closely together. He got so that he knew her every mental process, and she knew his. Hundreds of times he spoke out what was in her mind and she did the same. They laughed over this and pretended that they could read each other's minds though they knew, of course, that it was simply coincidence and that their minds ran in the same channels.

And then had come the war. To Marcus it was like death. He never expected to see her alive again. The first days in the trenches he had been careless, hoping that a bullet would end the agony of separation from her. Then, detecting this selfishness and cowardice, and when he was not wounded, he plucked up hope that he might see her again after all, and he was infinitely cautious. He took no chance that it was not absolutely necessary to take. When the armistice came and he was whole, he felt as though he had been born again. In the whole A. E. F. there was no other private who so harassed everyone he could reach to get home. He begged her, by mail, not to meet him at the dock; to stay at home and let him first see her there.

When he reached home and silently took her into his arms, he was, for the first time in his life, happy. Somehow the war, his retreating through it unscathed, had changed something in his subconsciousness. With such a marvelous piece of luck to his credit he felt it entirely possible that the order of his life had changed. They would have each other always and live to ripe old ages.

Their being together now was a new and greater ecstasy than it had ever been before, for there was not deep in his mind the eternal, haunting fear that presently he would lose her. They played gaily together, and somewhat extensively; especially in view of that fact that Marcus could not get his old job back. She had her job; and they had money in the bank. And presently, when things straightened around, he would get a better position than he'd ever had before because he was an ex-soldier now.

Then, like a stroke out of the blue, it had come. Pneumonia! The very sound of the word struck terror into Marcus' heart. When the doctor uttered it after a thorough examination and said that she must be taken at once to a hospital, Marcus thought he could not stand it. Then he learned of something he had not thought much about before. He had supposed that with her happy, look-on-the-bright-side temperment, she had got through the war

easily enough. But when he listened to her delirious babbling, he knew what the war had done to her. The nights when she had walked the floor all night long, after a lengthy casualty list had come in; lists sometimes from his own regiment. The day working hours when, forced to be busy on pain of losing her job if she slowed up, she had horrible fancies that he was lying wounded alone somewhere calling for her. She, he realized, had fought through the war, too; and it had taken heavier effect upon her than upon him.

There was that black morning when he walked from the hospital doors, not only a single man, but a penniless man without a job. There had been a lucid moment toward the end. He had even been permitted to hold her in his arms. Her last words had been: "I'm going to get well, honey, don't you fear; you don't suspect it, but you're nothing but a baby."

As he walked along Broadway, unconscious of direction or destination, hate festered in his soul so violently that it afflicted him with physical nausea. Hate because he knew that had been in a position to afford better hospital care, a specialist, other refinements of medical science that were expensive, he could have saved her.

Presently he became conscious of the world about him. Conscious of a hatred for it—for everything in it, for the people in it, for the system that controlled it—that was like a fever. The unfairness, the callousness, the futility of it. The utter insouciance of it, facing these terrible things that went on when it was about enjoying itself, unconcerned.

Something akin to madness took hold of him. He would hurt it. He would somehow mark it and bruise it. He would hurt people. He would make them suffer as he had suffered—these people who calmly bought theatre tickets; arranged for reservations at night clubs; fine dinners, luxuries in the hospital morgue and he had no money for a decent funeral for her.

He took the first position offered. A job selling on a straight commission basis. The last job on earth for an inventor to take, a man with a definite feeling of inferiority toward others, toward life, toward even himself. But the defense mechanism to the feeling of inferiority was even more powerful now than the original feeling.

He went out to sell and he sold. He went to his prospects with haste in his heart. He made sales where it was impossible to make sales. Instant recognition came. Because there was nothing to do with the money now, he put it into banks in savings accounts.

Promotion followed promotion. He was a "crew manager" with an "overriding" commission on what the men under him did. He drove unmercifully, and they hated him; but objected desperately when officials of the company tried to transfer them out from under Marcus Tarrant to some other territory.

Then he was sales manager. He gloried in this. Hundreds of men working hard; he getting part of their earnings.

Another corporation made him an offer which included a large share of the profits of the concern. He took the position. His investments because they had been predicated upon the conservatism of bankers rather than the optimism of security salesmen, prospered amazingly. He had gained control of this second concern easily. Then there had been an amalgamation and Marcus Tarrant found himself president of the new, large, consolidated organization; at 30 a penniless, jobless man.

He lifted his head from his arms, dry eyes, trembling weakly. His eyes sought the photograph again. He talked to it softly and in low tones. "What it would have meant to you!" he said, "trips all over the world. Getting up at dawn in Japan, when the cherry trees are in full bloom. You'd love it. Why, listen, Lana, there isn't anything we couldn't do."

He wanted Lana, that was all. He'd turn everything into investments with income and run away somewhere before they all found out what a bluff he was. But there was no place to run. He didn't want to see anything, do anything, go anywhere. Without the madness of driving energy which had kept him ever busy, the nights would be horrible; the days hardly less bitter. There was a way, he knew, to get out of the office without being seen. He could go out the front door, turn down a hall and slip out an unmarked door into the corridor. He fled incontinently, even though Miss Varney called after him as he went. At her call he felt like a naughty schoolboy escaping from classes.

At night he walked the streets. During the day he slept fitfully, helping to get sleep by using a half dozen sedatives. He hired a nurse and instructed her to tell visitors and those who called upon the phone that he suffered a nervous breakdown and could see no one. Because he was known as a willful man who did as he liked and would be furious at any interference, they dared not try to get into his affairs, overmuch. He had no friends. Not one. The day went into waste; the weeks developed into several months. And then at last one day he woke to hear his nurse arguing sharply with some one in the next room. He recognized the voice at once. It was Stevenson, chairman of the board.

"I'm going to see him," Stevenson said. "If I have to use force to get in there. I tell you, woman, it's desperate; a matter of life and death, practically."

On some impulse Marcus called on "Let him in, Miss Walters." Stevenson, a man of 60, entered the room and closed the door swiftly behind him. He was pale as death. His eyes were haunted by

some dreadful fear. He went swiftly to the side of the bed. "Listen, Tarrant, isn't there any way you can pull yourself together, even temporarily? If you can't we're sunk, that's all. In the state things are now, if the company fails I lose everything, I can't do it. Man, I'm married. I've got children. Everything depends on you. You can do miracles." Marcus felt strangely sardonic.

"What's the matter?" he said, and there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Matter! Haven't you heard anything about it? The depression that was worrying us all, quite a while back—we thought it was temporary, that we'd pull through safely, you remember. It's a thousand times worse. Don't you know anything about it at all?"

"What makes you think I can pull us through?" Tarrant asked in a curiously detached way. "You can. You're a business genius. And you've got that curious lucky streak that some men have that makes everything they touch—why, even if you're too sick to work; if you could just get to the office somehow—if they all knew you were there, taking hold, it would put new heart into every one. You've got to do something. You're a soldier. If you haven't any interest in your own financial welfare. Don't you realize that the younger key men, like you, have got to fight now if they never fought before for others? Don't you realize that if we fail, as it's entirely possible we will unless a gigantic battle is put up in the next few months, it will mean that half a dozen other firms will be affected, thousands thrown out of work."

"You must try to pull yourself together and fight. It's your job to tell you. And here you lie with a slight flesh wound, day after day."

"Are you inferring—?" Marcus began coldly. "The older man made an impatient gesture. "Oh, I'm not inferring anything. I'm desperate. You don't look sick. There are rumors that you've been about town at night. Please, please, do something; if not for yourself for others. You can't be completely selfish. A man with your ability!"

"I'll be down in the morning," Marcus said to the aid of him.

That night Marcus went out to walk again. He would have to do so, now he saw. Stevenson would never back the story that he was not here. There would be no getting out of it. In the morning he'd go back up and leave the door wide open, and then he'd go back to his office. He would have to do it. He had struck back at last.

He turned into Riverside Drive. It would be, he told himself, the last time he'd walk along by the Hudson, where so often they had walked, hand in hand. He looked over Jersey, at the lights whose predilection she had loved to guess at. There was a languorous softness in the air, even though it was winter. From somewhere came the long moan of a steamship's siren. Lana, somewhere, perhaps knowing. Little Lana, gone west, whom he would never see again. Lana, gone west, and the things that she loved still all here, going on as usual without her. He pretended that she was walking by his side.

"Gone west," he said, musing at the curious thought that he had applied a soldierly term to Lana—so little like a soldier she had been. A good soldier. The thought drifted through his mind with startling distinctness, as though it had come from Lana herself. Marcus trembled. It was as though, somehow now, she were walking with him. He listened intently, in the depths of his mind. Let his footsteps evade themselves.

Presently he found himself on Broadway. He looked into the faces he passed. Curiously depressed, those faces, curiously strained and feverish and desperate. He was glad that Lana did not see these faces. The world would have hurt her badly, if they'd only turn to and fight, soon everything would be all right again. A country with boundless natural resources, a nation which was owed money by virtually every other nation on the globe, a new, young, vigorous nation carrying on like this! What rot! With a few strong men at the helm—

His footsteps were hurrying south on Broadway now. A curious excitement touched him. He felt the sort of life which he had not known in ten years. Lana, gone west, who had loved him above everything and everybody in the world; and he left here to carry on.

If he could only do something that she would have approved, if he could only take the hideous looks of near-despair from the synthetic faces in the streets. Men, he realized now, hurrying home to wives who might be ill or worried to death over slender finances. Men who, if they ever put their attention to it, could get ahead in a land of boundless opportunity, just as he had. Darn them! They were just feeble, that was all, Lana's poor crowds of unhappy-looking people. She would probably weep over them.

He found himself turning into the building that housed his offices. The night elevator was still in operation. He hurried upstairs. He had his keys. He let himself into his office, turned on the light and strode to his desk. The photograph of her there. He looked at it long and earnestly. To his horror he seemed to see a certain sadness in the eyes. The same sort of sadness that he had seen in the eyes of the crowds upon the streets. Lana's crowds.

He looked at his desk. It was heaped with mail, with reports, with detail of every sort. He examined a sales report from the New York State territory and was appalled. He sat down and burrowed into the rest of the accumulation. He was infuriated. It was perfectly obvious that his men

through sheer panic, were laying down in every direction. They found him there in the morning. Miss Varney was the first to discover him. He was all but buried in work.

"Why!" she said, astonished, "good morning." "Send in a girl with her note book," Marcus snapped, without looking up.

There was a conference of executives at 10. Marcus assembled them and glared crossly. "You, look," he said, "like a lot of chicken-livered slackers. What's got into you, anyway? The conference lasted for some time. They all went out furious with Tarrant, to speed up things as they had not speeded up for months. At least a bushel basket full of telegrams left Marcus' office before evening; and somehow, subtly, throughout the organization to its most far-flung branch office, a curious change took place.

It was very hard, Tarrant found in the months to come, to keep from laying off any one to join those hopeless ones in the street but he managed it somehow. At luncheon each day he met other executives from other large firms. He found, to his astonishment, that they were all grimly fighting with their backs to the wall; and all, apparently, as conscious as he was of the woebegone faces in the streets. Could it be possible, he wondered, that these men had anything but selfish reasons for fighting as they were fighting now, instead of retiring on their fortunes and letting the world go to the dogs for the want of leadership? He found that it was not only possible, but indubitably so.

A little as the months went by, the synthetic face in the street began to crinkle in smiles; the haunted look began to recede. The end, and victory, was in sight. Marcus gazed longingly at the photograph one afternoon when he dared to take a few minutes from his work, found that he could contemplate it almost with equanimity. He had always regretted that they had not had a child; that might have helped to break the blow. But now he knew that she had left him something even more substantial than a child. She had left him all of humanity and the memory of her love for it. As long as he lived, he realized, there would be something to do for Lana. That would make life worth living. And he was going to believe—despite everything he was going to believe that some day he would again see Lana. And he felt confident now, as against the time of that meeting. They would stand together again, hand in hand, mind in mind, heart in heart, soul in soul, and Lana could not fail to be pleased with him.—Jack Woodford Conovright by Public Ledger.

**MANY LAWNS SUFFER FROM BEETLE DAMAGE**  
Many lawns in the area of heavy Japanese beetle infestation are showing bare places due to the feeding of the beetle grubs, according to T. L. Guyton, entomologist, bureau of plant industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. These spots usually show up as yellow patches and later the grass dies out, he explains.

A treatment for such lawns, recommended by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Agriculture, is the application of powdered arsenate of lead at the rate of five pounds to each one thousand square feet of turf. Mixing the arsenate of lead with equal parts of coarse of tankage or bone meal is desirable. The application should be made at once.

If uncertain as to the number of beetle grubs which may be in the lawn, it is suggested that the sod from one square foot of surface be turned back and a count made of the grubs under this area. The grubs will be found in the first two or three inches from the surface. Entomologists state that a heavy flight of beetles about a premise last year may mean a heavily infested lawn this year, and if a heavy flight of beetles occurs this summer, it will be decidedly worth while to make the arsenate of lead application to the lawn late this summer or early fall.

**MOTORISTS ARE URGED TO SAVE EAR DRUMS**  
Conservation of ear drums and the part automobiles may play in it is the subject of a bulletin issued by W. W. Matthews, deputy commissioner of motor vehicles.

"Unnecessary noises on streets adds to congestion and frequently causes accidents," the bulletin states. "Noise affects health. It makes for jumpy nerves. Blow your horn only when necessary. Shift gears as noiselessly as possible. Watch that muffler cutout. Never race your motor. Sirentype horns are for ambulances and fire trucks. "We don't predict that automobile noises will eventually deafen the human race, nevertheless, we are all desirous of retaining as large a part of those sensitive perceptions with which nature has endowed us as we can, and this is just a small contribution to that conservation."

**WATERPROOF THE SHELL MATCH BOX**  
The use of an empty 16 gauge shotgun shell slipped into an empty 12 gauge shell is well known. You can make it "seal" better by pouring melted paraffin inside and out of both shells. Information of this sort is of value to a person in the woods, who finds it easier to obtain shotgun shells than a factory-made water proof match box.

Cocoa butter shells melts at body heat and is the best material for waterproofing leather I have used. Place some in a pie tin and melt on a stove. Have your boots perfectly dry and clean, and pour it along the seams between soles and uppers.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT

Do not look for wrong and evil— You will find them all if you do; As you measure for your neighbor He will measure back to you. Look for goodness, look for gladness— You will meet them all the while; If you bring a smiling visage. To the glass, you meet a smile.

—Alice Cary.  
—With blue eyes, all shades of blue are appropriate, ranging from navy to light blue, and depending on the fairness of the skin—For variety, choose plain navy, plain vivid blue, and checks, figures and stripes of all sorts in which blue appears. Green may usually be worn with blue eyes, especially a blue green.

The brunette, with brown hair and eyes, will choose browns, from the dark seal shade to light tans. These may run into rusts and reds and may be used in plain colors or in combinations.

Medium complexions or mixed types, as those with brown hair and gray-blue-green eyes will prefer blue-green or gray-green shades in their clothing. They will not make a mistake with navy, green or black-and-white outfits. They have a wide range of choices from which to select. They are wiser, however, if they make one color theirs for the season and stick to it, thus giving the outfit the ensemble effect.

The too-short window shade is likely to be pulled off the roller, from time to time, as some energetic person gives it an extra pull. It is well to have the shade longer than the window. This is a convenience, too, when the window shade becomes worn on the lower end. It should then be taken off the roller, hemmed on the upper end, and reversed. Thus a shade will give double service.

—In this day of contrasting colors in the costume, a safe rule to follow when choosing shoes is this: The shoes usually match one other part of the costume—the coat, jacket, hat, dress, handbag, gloves or jewelry. But in the case of the pastel costume, a beige shoe is usually a good compromise.

—Sheer, lightweight woollens are going to be just as smart for summer suits and dresses as they've been for spring. They're so sheer, they're not any warmer than silks. And they take the light pastel tints beautifully.

—Twenty-five children under 14 years of age were killed in accidents involving automobiles last month, and 617 were injured. Benjamin G. Eynon, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, has announced. Of those killed, five were four years of age or under.

—Do not mash berries for shortcake. Cut them instead, with a couple of sharp knives. This preserves the texture which is one of the pleasant things about berries.

—At last science is making headway against the moth, that harmless looking little insect that causes damage to household effects to the tune of \$400,000,000 annually. In regard to at least one important fabric, mohair velvet, victory has been achieved.

All fabrics made from animal fiber, which is largely protein, are normally attractive to moths. Exceptional cleanliness, exposure to sunlight and the use of moth detergents applied at home are sometimes helpful, but the thorough and scientific way to thwart the enemy is for the material to be permanently mothproofed with chemicals at the mill when it is being made. So successful is this process that mohair velvet, or velmo as the rich pile fabric made from the hair of the angora goat is called, once considered by housewives as the moth's heaven is now recognized as their Waterloo. It has indisputably been proved that moths will starve themselves to death rather than eat mohair velvet that has been so treated. This feature alone, aside from the long wearing qualities, easy cleaning and luxurious appearance of velmo, recommends it as the ideal fabric for furniture upholstery.

For other furnishings, frequent airing and plenty of sunlight will tend to reduce the breeding haunts of the house moth. Killing the moth on the wing will not do any good as by the time it has reached the flying stage it has already deposited its eggs and is ready for death. It is these eggs or larvae which, hatching out, seize the animal fibers which have not been chemically treated and eat them.

—Glass supports under the legs of the stove or kitchen cabinet will keep them from cutting the linoleum.

—If the color of a garment is likely to run, wash and rinse it rapidly in cool water and dry it quickly.

—When asparagus is canned, the large tough ends may be used for canned soup instead of being wasted.

—Silk and rayon garments should be washed in lukewarm water and dried away from direct heat and sunlight.

—Keep egg custards, flavored with cocoanut, coffee or chocolate, in the refrigerator, for luncheons or late suppers for the children.

—Silk covers for upholstered furniture of unbleached linen or similar materials help to make the living room look fresh and cool in summer.

—Buttermilk is an excellent summer drink. It has the same food value as skim milk but is more easily digested by some people because the casein is clotted by the acid.