Bellefonte, Pa., January 8, 1932.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,

The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world,

Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never

hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? at Dick but at Rao, and before her

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow, Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made

and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars and search the heav-

ens for power; To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the dream He dreamed who shap-

ed the suns And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?

Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf There is no shape more terrible than

this-More tongued with censure of the world's

blind greed-More filled with signs and portents for the soul-

More packed with danger to the universe. O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-

Touch it again with immortality; Give back the upward looking and the

light: Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Make right the immemorial infamies Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O Masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this chill of dawn had gone, and the arid

How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all

shores? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings-

When this dumb terror shall rise judge the world, After the silence of the centuries?

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

(Concluded from last week.) All eyes were for Dick and Rao, superb horsemen and wily hogspearers both. Realizing they meant business, the boar showed his kind's well-known belligerency, facing them His words leapt out at her: with furious grunts and only sheering off in time to dodge the spearheads. Suddenly he broke, and at

a lurching gallop headed for the Dick was in the act of circling, so that Rao was three lengths ahead of him before he was around. Rao reached the hog, but before he could spear, it "jinked," that lightning break across a horse's feet which so often saves a wild pig's life. As it crossed from right to left, Rao tried the Rajput's lance-thrust, stretched

weight swept the lance across the she loathed. horse's legs and it was wrenched The past for her was blotted out from Rao's grip as he went on. In in that one hour; the future glowed a cloud of dust the hog bucked and as glamorous as it had ever shook himself with rage.

a bad one!" The boar had abandoned flight and enough.

clums'y leaps. Before Dick could swerve, it was plicit. reel; then as Bikha muttered, "Ah, train at Rarwalgarh yards away.

Abruptly her brain seethed with fan- ed. tastic newborn visions of a transcendent life for her, affluent and

Bikha had hurled his horse forward, whipping a sword from the scabbard of a sowar of his escort, as he passed, and was halfway to Dick with outstretched blade, point low, when with a clean drum of hoofs Rao tore past, spearless. and the hog reached Dick together, and as the yellow tusks went down to rip the helpless man, Rao dived from the saddle, squarely onto the

brute's gray back. Mona's mouth was acrid, and her head sang. She saw a mad whirl long brown boots in a cloud of dust gan. The burden of it was the old in the east was tinged with rose. Sharing, squatted in the shadow of ed east. before the butchered dun. Then Bikha was afoot beside them, with polysed blade. Three times he words poised blade. Three times he made was dipped in vitrol that day. All through rose to gold and flaming to thrust, but stayed his hand. Then her repressions found vent in it; her scarlet, till the first fierce ray stab-

with shaking hands, half laughing

and half crying. "Dick! Dick! Say you're all right!" he croaked through trembling lips, while tears ran down his dust-grim-

the same, though. Ugh! Look at those tusks!"

Bikha said to Rao, "Brother, be-

use the spear!' was deathly pale, and her eyes were wide and hard. She did not look scorn he hung his head. His hands opened, closed again.

Dick said, "Near thing, old girl! and a drum beat. He put his We owe Rao my life." hand on Rao's shoulder. Bikha was gazing at her narrowly,

with an appraising look on his olive Suddenly she realized there face. was knowledge, understanding, in his regard. How much did he know? And in what manner had he come to knowledge?

"More than life has been saved, my Dick," he said with emphasis, pointedly turned his back on Mona pense. and went to Rao. Bikha embraced his brother.

terrace in her riding things. syce was waiting with the Kathiastruck off at a hard canter.

It was a week since she had watched the dust-brown squadrons tripple from the square. At the action. Simla with the other women.

She wanted to be alone for a long and to decide what to do. She had ing behind them. been so sure of Rao's capitulation. kneeling bore the fantastic tented Instead, he risked his life to snatch howdah Rajputs use when their purfrom her the easy freedom which the dah-women travel.

Fates had flung her. She cantered down the cypress avenue to the maidan, crossed and rode out to the open desert. The heat begun.

A sense of unreality enveloped Could this be she, alone in this fantastic city, forsaken of all She should be at Epsom.

With those who shaped him to the thing petulance she might have been at dark, but starry. comforts; fear of the veiled vistas ed screens. of the years to come. She wheeled

and rode hard for home. When she pulled up at the terrace a sowar of the regiment waited by his horse. He saluted, presenting an envelope. "Rao Sahib Bahadur sends salaam!" Standing there, she read the note.

Fool that I was, to let my chance of happiness pass by. But these days here alone have taught me, thinking what life would be had that bear done its work. There is only one thing in the world for me, and that is you. Forgive me. Take me back; say you will come away with me and I will make our plans. The thought of it makes me drunk with joy.

gristle at the hump; the boar's abysmal. It was over-this life

She was foot-loose, afloat and free Bikha said, "A novice's stroke on life's stream again, out of the He should know better. That hog is pacid backwater. To an adventurer born, such as she was, it was

stood with slavered tusks weaving The sowar was leading his horse to and fro, sunken red eyes gleaning. She called, "Subbarkaro!" ing. Dick rode at the animal, but He halted, stood, while she took her a fierce side slash of the massive pen and wrote, "I can be ready in head turned his spear. He circled three days. I am too happy. Mona." and came at it again, when the gray She waited in a fever of impamonster went to meet him with tience for his answer. At last it came. It was exhaustive and ex-

beneath the dun. There were three His year's leave had been granted, lightning upward slashes of the and he had announced that he was tusks, then Dick was past, with the going to the Pamirs to shoot sheep. boar after him like a mad thing. He would send camels and his trust-The lifeblood poured from the dun's ed men, meet her on the desert and They saw it falter, cut across the neck of it to take the She was to Dick," the dun was down on its rid- give out that she had changed her er's leg, with the boar not fifteen mind and gone to Simla. Thus there would be a generous period Mona's heart was in her throat. when neither of them could be miss-

> Write, then to Dick (he concluded). Tell him the truth, that you have done with him, and ask to let you go. But do not say it is with me. He would guess what means I would take to throw him off, and he would intercept us. And if that happened, one of us would die.

She sat for a long time thinking of Dick, of the many times he had fanned her injured conceit into rage, till she took up her pen and wrote manded me to meet him in this fore her with eyes that did not see.

her farewell message. It was a letter such as many he lunged home and sprang back as hurt conceit, her disappointed sel- bed at her from the sun's rim. For a moment the fantastic wrest- of her had borne. It was finality, the dawn coolness into malignant where she had been forced for shell trembling violently, she mounted.

to his feet, Rao was feeling him He adored her elementally, knowing and a camel heaved up, followed by what she desired in return for her another, till the two were outlined must be done for this or that mil- they were Tonkhis, like her escort. thrifty."

dewed tradition. changed its aspect. For the first trements of his camer were magnifi-

It was the night. Dinner was his face against the dust, and flung done; the day servants had gone. it behind him. fore you ride pig, better to learn to She had sent the night chokidar with a letter, to get him away. Rao. The set of his head and the All at once they were aware of Janki she had disposed of, also. All lean contour of his cheek were un-Mona, pushing between them. She was ready. She wore her riding mistakable. clothes of Johdpur breeches and a as his camel knelt. He slid to the coat of Kashmir silk. The lamp- ground, dropping on his feet to face light did not fill the room, making her as she stopped before him. but a yellow pool on the blue tiling. Her heart turned over and Far off, a woman sang wailingly, eyes stared with consternation. It

Mona's heart was pounding, and Tonkhi chief. she found herself wondering which was the drum-throb, which her her, it seemed, with a sort of benevheart. The scent of moughara bloom olent toleration. Her overtaxed and jasmine filled the air. It made nerves failed her at last. She shook her think of Dick, whereupon she all over. She was so shocked that lashed her mind to memories of her she forgot her guilt, forgot the need anger to still a tiny qualm.

Now that the hour was near, her but her loneliness. calm wavered a little. She wished they would come and end her sus-

Suddenly she gave a start. Framed in the doorway was the grim fig-The sun was no more than a ure of a Tonkhi cameleer, armed man's height above the far Ghag- barbarically with sword, Jezail and gar hills when she came out on the dagger. She had not seen him come. The As she stood up, he salammed low.

"Rao Sahib Bahadur commanded smiled his negative. "No. I wrote wari, and she mounted and at once me. If the presence wills, the those letters. camels wait. And there are goods to load?" She was grateful for the need of

Barefooted men in gaudy arrange for you the freedom that last minute she had refused to go to silks, at whose calves swung velvet scabbards, bore off her trunks. On the terrace it was very dark. time, to think, to co-ordinate her The fountain tinkled among the How will you ever straighten up this jangled feelings, to scheme, to nurse roses. She made out two kneeling her chagrin and her injured pride, camels, with baggage beasts loom-One of those

> Her guide raised ane embroidered silken curtains and helped her clamber into the quilted cradle around The screen fell before the hump. her, and at once the camel lurched

to his feet. Within, it was dark as pitch and reeked of stale, heavy perfume. The loose drapes swayed about her like men? June! Derby day, she reali- the wings of evil things. Frantically she flung the curtain back on the Not reckoning that but for her own carved ivory support. The night was

Simla in the best of company, she to achieved a poignant self-pity, which Shan Singh's exquisite garden, unaccountably swept into fear: fear through the winding streets, where for herself, for her well-guarded voices murmured from behind pierc-

Presently they were passing through the date palms at the city's The tasseled tops hung black rim. and still against the myriad stars. They thinned and dwindled, ceased, as, straight ahead, Mona saw the rim of an enormous yellow moon slide up from behind a smooth heave of the desert sky line. They left rise, topped it, descended—and were derstood. alone among the sands, Ratangarh city left behind.

spirits rose. That was the last or the life that had galled her so. She was going back to what she loved; Europe, where women ruled tongues. men, not men women.

Yet at once her spirits sank again. they, for you have, instead, the free- of pretentiousness. weight behind the rigid spear arm. But the distance was too great. The point struck the mass of hide and gristle at the hump; the boar's abysmal. It was over—this life and gristle at the hump; the boar's abysmal. It was over—this life and solution and gristle at the hump; the boar's abysmal. It was over—this life and solution an clearly, a grim, hawkish figure, perched on his camel's hump. He

led her beast by a long halter.

Mona spoke to him. "When shall we meet your master?" He did not answer, did not turn his head. She called again, but he remained impassive, and she shrank back, crouching in the saddle. She was afraid, desperately afraid, all at once. She gripped the pommel, swaying to the camel's racking lurch

while hours dragged by. The moonlight was brilliant now, the gently swelling sky line silver against the somber sky, pricked with stars. Shadows of tall dunes lay on the sand, impenetrably black.

More hours, more miles-on, and on, till she lost all count of time, till her limbs were numb with

cramp. from oblivion by the deep voice at heart, command him, and he will a man's social-climbing instinct. She her ear. "If the presence wills?" bring you to a certain gate in the can slay him with her reckless disher ear. "If the presence wills?" beast was kneeling. She was so stiff There are jewels and eunichs and that she could not move at first, and soft music, beauty such as few eyes him with her insatiable demands.

The moon had set, and by the chill the red-haired girl of Cutch my mighty good. in the air she was aware that it uncle gave me. was close to dawn. In fact, she "I go there now, to bid them presaw the first pale streaks low in the pare for the honor that I dare to at his mount's girths. The baggage down, the Tonkhi follows, with you eastern sky. camels were nowhere to be seen, or without you. Yet remember, There were only two beasts and she that is a door from which there is and the Tonkhi, the center of the no going out!" unbroken sweep of undulating sky line in the ghostly dawn light.

"When will your master meet the Tonkhi who had come with him. me?" she asked the fellow.

place at sunrise." Her spirits rose at this informa- to bite the cameleer. He quirted it wives have penned, since wives be- tion. Sunrise! Already the saffron across the nose, and as it recoiled

ling match went on, but the hog's struggles weakened, stopped, and he lay weltering in the darkened dust, with Rao embracing him one arm by her loveliest clothes. Her thoughts his rare smile and the arms of their scelest. The dawn coomess into malignant where she had been forced for shell trembing violently, she mounted. The dawn coomess into malignant the dawn coomes in the dawn

from the dun. As he got painfully a villa at Cannes; another in Italy. a turbaned head. The shoulders MANY FAMILIES LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.

was Bikha, the king, dressed as a

der his best friend."

you have so desired."

was hoarse.

for you.

altv.

a more subtle player.

He nodded,

letter?"

"You saw that?"

"Ten minutes after you wrote it.

his head went up with arrogance.

And if it should chance that the des-

ert is too hot, or you fear the arms

not bend to beg your husband's mercy, then it may be you will hon-

the Tonkhi squatting where he had

dozed the long day through.

or me with your favors!

wrote me to meet him here."

"What do you mean?" Her voice

"You know well what I mean.

Dick loved you, brought you here.

You were received as one of us,

sharing our confidence, free of every-

thing we prize. But you have foul-

ed.

favors; he would never plague her clearly on the sky. Her disappoint-tises this slogan: "It is smart to be with incessant cant of things that A large department store adver-As they neared, she saw that the mode of the moment unashamedly to In her new mood, Ratangarh city leader's garments and the accou-apply conservatism in spending.

The phraseology of the advertiseright, you old chump. Thanks all time she was conscious of its gem-

England has capitalized this aspect of human psychology. Over there it is out and out the mode to Her heart leaped for joy. It was grandeur there, to have your hostess preside at luncheon in a finely mended blouse or to behold a nursemaid cutting down little Anne's frock to Her heart turned over and her suit sister Sue.

It is quite the thing to be "too poor" to do this, or go there, or purchase that. He stood faintly smiling, regarding America seems not quite sufficient-

ly sure of herself to abandon prosperity pretense, however. Keeping up with the Joneses is still responsible for the harassed lines of strain that are written into of concealment, forgot everything all too many faces of the men and women you see in business and in ed out in a tuxedo with peak lapels "Wh-where is Rao?" she faltered.

"Past Landi Kotal, by this time. The difficult and nerve-twisting game of spending more than is earn-He has a year's leave and has fled from you, who would have him mured is still being played in the hightensioned atmosphere of the Ameri-She swallowed, and her lips twitch-

can home. As from a great distance she That national high-tension is sureheard her own voice say, "But he ly as much responsible for our national affliction of nervous heebeejeebies as the alleged topspeed of our Bikha's white teeth flashed as he daily lives. In fact, it is fair to assume that this top-speed is large-It seemed to me that you had been long enough in Isully created by the general frenzy to taste. keep up with one or another family meer, and when my brother fled, knowing your heart I presumed to

of Joneses. The large cosmic joke of pretense and pretentiousness is hourly being and tails reaching to the bend of hi played to the tune of speed, tension and strain.

The ill-wind of the present economic depression will have accomplished a national boon if it blows to the American people the good sense to despise the futile game of keeping up with the Joneses.

ed the place that made you welcome. The average American home is You were done with Dick, once you found he held his duty higher than like a runner in a race, straining for your whims. You planned to displace. Straining to pass every member of his team; straining to reach card him like a sucked orange. You did your best to drive Rao, who an arbitrary goal. Only in this case loves you, to betray his friend, and the goal is not a specific one; it is you hated him when he stopped that a teasing mirage of a goal which boar and spoiled an easy freedom lies eternally beyond the one achieved by a next door neighbor, a busi-"There never were such friends as ness or a social rival.

In this desperate race families Rao and Dick and I, since we were children. For generations our fath- are confronted with the nerve-rack- recipes. ers have been great men together ing frenzy of speeding up pretense failure in cooking and baking can be in this land. Yet, to serve your by living just a bit beyond the intraced to the method of preparation come; the harassed knots begin to and if the cook fails to discriminat ends, you would have destroyed all that, put bitterness in place of loy- show in the faces of those who must between beating and stirring an provide not only the where-withal folding and mixing she may expec but usually the nervous energy to indifferent results. Cooking term "I didn't! Oh, I didn't! I never meant-" Mona stopped, for convic- achieve that mathematical paradox have very definite and distinct mean tion had descended on her. She of spending more than is in hand. The financial worries that must cess is assured. remembered the tall figure of Bikha

in the doorway, the night she first hang over and oppress the men at the head of such families! had laid seige to Rao; she remembered what Bikha had said to Dick when they awaken at that low-ebb used. that night, and the grim understanding in his look after the boar had hours of 2 o'clock in the morning, to died. She knew she was beaten by lie sleepless with the worries that over and over for the purpose confront these harassed heads of introducing a large amount of families that are hell-bent on keep- into the mixture. A rotary motion "You have been clever, ing up with the Joneses. Install- used, constantly turning the m madonna, but not clever enough. ments to be met on the new sedan terial over, bringing what is at the You have forgoten that this is not New living room furniture to keep bottom to the top. Beat with England. There is a proverb of the up with the neighborhood modes in long swing. phere about her, at the thought her desert people, 'No pestilence like an living room furniture. Private phere about her, at the thought her desert people, 'No pestilence like an living room furniture. Private To whip is to beat rapidly many spirits rose. That was the last evil woman.' They tie them up and schools for the girls. Motorboats terials that expand and undergo phy bury them in sand if they are ugly. for the boys. Furs for a wife who ical change by the inclusion of air If they are beautiful, they cut their would go her dearest enemy one bet-

She wished desperately that Rao dom from your husband that you would come soon. How long would have so desired. Where will you to the demands of a family living ing or bubbling water. There is a precedence of the sands. East beyond its needs can be improved.

Europe"—and she was penniless! ideals!
"Or will you go back to Dick and means.
say that you lied, that you do not There say that you lied, that you do not hate him as you told him in your dignified but highly ridiculous in the mering point of water and the sir hate him as you told him in your dignified but highly ridiculous in the mering point 185 degrees Fahre spectacle of a group of these neck heit, so any temperature between and-neckers.

Dick had it two days ago. The world moved from the millions who even bles rise continually to the surfais yours, madonna. I wish you bet- in these times of depression are and break, causing a little steam. ter luck than these last months have doubtless living beyond their means. To sear is to harden the surface. brought you!" His teeth gleamed Upon the most casual analysis the of meat or other material to preve and his eyes searched hers. Then struggle so obviously becomes not the escape of juices. This is a worth the candle. Not a pretty picture, but one all of intense heat, as in roasting, bro "And know that I, no less than

other men, have desired you greatly. too apparent in the patterns of contemporary American life. Women play a cruel role in this browned.

of Tonkhi lovers, or your pride will picture. We still have with us-may her tribe decrease-the type of parasitic ing needle is necessary to draw t non-productive woman whose alle. fat through the meat, but the ter giance to her husband is in propor-"Till sunset this man waits with tion to his earning capacity. She fat by means of gashes cut in t Aeons after, she was snatched you, and if you would so delight my is an almost infallible incentive to meat. She had actually been asleep. The south wing of Ratangarh Palace. satisfaction with his inability to varieties of apples make the

when she contrived to slide to the sand her knees gave, dropping her into its hot, soft dryness.

Soft maste, beauty such as lew cycle with the state of the soft maste, beauty such as lew cycle as lew

-If you want high-class job Her escort was busy hope may come to me. At sun- work come to the Watchman office.

> The sun was low, the shadows He turned without bowing, mount- long and black, when the Tonkhi ed his camel and set off, followed by awoke and glanced at the sun. He he Tonkhi who had come with him.
>
> Mona stood slim and straight,

> ankle deep in the sand, staring be- and led it to his own. A voice she did not recognize By and by, one of the camels tried croaked, "What—are you doing?" mounted, spurred his beast and head-Then her nerve went at

ter him as the camels knelt. He motioned to the howdah, and

Mona crouched close to her camel,

lay weltering in the darkened dust, with Rao embracing him, one arm about his neck, one hand gripping his snout and long legs about his quarters.

When the spectators rushed up, the twins were releasing Dick's leg

When the darkened dust, preparations. She selected careful-her adventure, for the sight of Rao, lost and the ardent sound of his rare smile and the ardent sound of his rare smile and the ardent sound of his voice. The cameleer was and pineages are pineages and pineages and pineages and pineages and pineages a

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT Love and laughter and length of life, Mother and father, sweetheart, wife, Books and music and cakes and wine And a cottage under the trees-be thine

Two lines taken out of my American home—"Don't have to wear my tux, do I? "Of course, everybody'll be dressed up." From the time a boy goes grumbling upstairs to wash his race before dinner to the occasions when his wife has to prod him to get him into evening clothes, proclaim your poverty. It is quite he seems to have a natural prejudice the thing, when visiting homes of

At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, that thermometer of winter fashions, practically 99.44 per cent of And it the men wore tail coats. also means, Mr. Man, that you're going to be asked to wear your tuxedo a great deal more than usual for dances, theatre parties and most every occasion that isn't extremely high-hat.

The seated man in the illustration who has stopped a pai for a word about the Thanksgiving footbal. scores, shows you what's in fashior for semi-formal affairs. He's turnfaced in dull grosgrain.

Notice the flat-lying, shirt of white linen-it's his specia pride. And he did a pretty job or his tie-a smart, pointed-end affair It's of black silk, trimly pulled around a collar with fair-to-mid dling-bold wings.

Black oxfords, either of paten leather or dull calf-black silk or lisle socks-and a white handker chief finish his outfit to the queen's

The man standing up has a very formal date. His coat has moder ately wide, grosgrain-faced lapels knees. The trousers come well up with silk braid over the side seams Vest, shirt and pique tie are white So are the pearl studs. And h carries a collapsible top opera ha (how the men have gone for 'em!) WITH YOUR TUXEDO WEAR:

1. Black silk or white pique waist 2. Hard-boiled white linen shirt. Black or smoked studs an

links. 4. Black silk tie with pointed ends 5. Black patent or dull calf ox fords.

-It is almost as important t have a thorough understanding c cooking terms as it is to use goo Too often the success c ings which must be followed if suc

To stir is to mix ingredients. W stir for the purpose of blending in What must be the wretchedness gredients and a circular motion

To beat is to turn the ingredient

ongues.

"You are more fortunate than and more of the ridiculous pretense to one-half the full time of cookir is usually implied.

these two permits simmering. Wisdom seems a long way re- the actual simmering point tiny bu

> ing or pan-frying, until the who surface is thoroughly cooked a To lard is to thread lean me with narrow strips of fat. A lar is often used to mean the addition

> complished by the quick application

-Fairly tart, juicy, quick-cooki

For the filling you will need 4 to apples, depending on their si three-fourths cupful sugar, t tablespoonsful butter, one-four teaspoonful salt, and one-eighth to spoonful cinnamon, if spices liked. After paring, quartering a slicing the apples very thin, ps them carefully into the undercri so the cover will fit evenly. Sprin the apples with the sugar, salt a spice, mixed together, and dot w butter. Place on the upper cr after moistening the lower rim, a press the edges together to hold the juice. Cut a slit to allow steam to escape. Bake about 30 m utes or until the crust is gold brown and the apples are tender

-A fresh fruit salad served w lettuce and a rich cream may naise is a delightful dish to se You need afternoon guests. package dates, ¼ pound pecans oranges, 2 bananas, 1 small pineapple, ½ pound grapes, 1 sn can cherries, lettuce, a cup of wh ped cream and a cup of mayonna