

FOUND CARDS WERE MARKED

Revelations That Came as a Shock to Wounded Soldiers in Hospital at Washington.

Here is a melancholy story about "markers."

"Markers are marked playing cards so that he who plays may read the backs of the cards. Wounded soldiers under treatment in the Walter Reed hospital in Washington play cards continually. They use decks which are given to the hospital, not new decks, but those which have been used once by Washington clubs, especially bridge whist clubs of women in society.

Keen-eyed soldiers, as the story now goes, were surprised to discover one day that some of the cards were marked by small knife point indentations on the border of the back. The marking was not accidental.

Scrutiny showed that the high cards—eight spot up to ace—were carefully marked. The marks were so faint as to be almost imperceptible, but a person familiar with them could read the backs.

Immediately there was a search for the card marker, for the soldiers may gamble a bit now and then—officially they don't, but actually they—well, it's nobody's business if one wounded buck private wishes to wager another wounded buck private that his five cards beat t'other chap's five cards.

Anyhow, if somebody was marking cards in the hospital the boys wished to talk to him. But investigation revealed—and this is where the hospital soldiers were shocked—that whatever marking was done took place before the cards arrived at the hospital. Not all decks were marked, only a deck now and then.

The inference seems to be that somebody in Washington club life, woman's club life at that, is graciously giving the wounded soldiers once-used card decks which have somehow been knife-pointed. The war veterans say that they have been shell shocked and otherwise startled, but they are vastly amazed at a phase of society life in Washington.

Probably First Moving Pictures.
America is not the original home of the moving picture. This assumption is disproved by an apparatus of ancient Siamese civilization recently rediscovered. The apparatus consists of a number of ancient movie machines unearthed at the National museum in New York, where they had been hidden away in boxes since their presentation to this country by the king of Siam in 1875.

The cinematic art as practiced hundreds of years ago in Siam was carried on as follows: The proper number of figures, designed from leather by hand, were mounted on rods and projected on the screen by the hand of the operator. The screen was a white cloth hung between the audience and the light. The shadows were manipulated by the operator's pushing the manikins along in a trough. As action advanced through climax and anti-climax, the operator recited in a singsong voice five-reel dramas of the love and wrongs of the kings and queens represented.

High Living.

He was an Englishman, and it was his first introduction to the American Sunday-night supper, with all sorts of good things on the table at the same time. With an air of bewilderment he helped himself to everything that was passed him and then valiantly attacked his loaded plate. Picking up a fish ball in his fingers, he applied a generous smear of honey to it and bit into the new combination. A look of horror overspread his features, and he turned to his neighbor and put a warning hand on his arm.

"I say, steady on old chap!" he whispered, after a copious drink of water, "there's something dead in this 'un! Don't try it, whatever you do!"—Youth's Companion.

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



Nope, this isn't the Undertaker, but old Whatsa Use promoting business for him by Hanging Crepe. He feels Bad and wants Company, but all he Gets is Mean Looks, which Confirm his Opinion that this is a Tuff Old World. He hasn't Smiled since the Figs Ate Willie and now he Can't because his Face has Set.

WHY DRUGGISTS DIE YOUNG

Customers Like This Very Particular Lady Must Be Great Strain on the Nerves.

The drug store was filled with worried looks—prescription faces. All were eager for quick action and the druggist was doing his best to meet all the demands. A woman, the only one without a prescription in her hand, shifted back and forth until she got directly in the path of the druggist.

"Wait on me, please," she said snappily. "I'm in a hurry."

"What did you wish?"

"Some birdseed—canary bird. And I want the real stuff, none of this camouflaged birdseed—sand, cornmeal, sawdust and a lot of other stuff."

"But, lady, we—"

"Oh, you can't fool me. I've been reading up on this birdseed graft. I read in a magazine where they were jamming all sorts of junk into this stuff we're feeding our poor little canaries. Think of cheating a poor little canary."

"But, lady, you don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, I do understand. I want birdseed that has a glaze on it—the kind that shows it is fresh by its bright color. I don't want this gritty stuff. I know what I'm talking about. I've been reading up on—"

"How much did you want, lady?"

"Oh, about a nickel's worth."

And the poor, unhappy prescriptioners fell in a faint.—Indianapolis News.

DAYS OF CHIVALRY ARE GONE

This Hustling Age Seems to Have Little Time for the Merest Elementary Courtesy.

It was the hottest and most uncomfortable day of the summer and the car was even more crowded than usual, says the Indianapolis News. Two young women who had done their full share of work for eight long hours, managed to squeeze into the car with the rest of the passengers. Of course all the seats were taken. Even a suggestion that some one offer the girls a seat was far from their minds. They stood in the aisle, as good-naturedly as they had done nearly every day in months past. One can imagine their surprise when an elderly man rose to proffer one of the girls a seat.

"Take my seat, lady," he said, "you look lots more tired than I."

Gratefully, one of the girls started for the seat. A tall broad-shouldered man was just ahead of her.

"Naw, yuh don't," he snarled. "I guess I'm nearer the seat than you are," and he started to sit down.

"Well, I guess if you are going to take the seat I may as well keep it until I am ready to get off," the first man said, and with that he sat down again.

Two blocks later he got off the car, the tall broad-shouldered man rushed to the seat, and the young women held on to the straps.

More Than Her Mouth.

Although the groundhogs at the "Zoo" did their best to keep the spring day away from that fine park and playground for the people, time will bring spring within a few weeks now, at the worst. Time has a way of making things move.

Although crowds at the National Zoological park have fallen off materially during these cold winter Sundays, nevertheless many visit the park every Sunday. Much attention is given the animals kept indoors, naturally.

Thus the mother hippopotamus has her admirers. Recently two small boys, that good sort that shy rocks at cats and sparrows, were standing in front of the hippopotamus cage, watching Mrs. Hippo eat hay.

"Look at 'er open 'er mouth!" said one boy, lost in admiration.

"Mouth nothin'!" exclaimed the other, "That ain't 'er mouth—it's 'er whole head she's openin'!"—Washington Star.

Tomb Was Tramp's Home.

A tramp who had solved the present day problem of where to live by taking up his abode in one of the old Roman tombs at Arles, on the Rhone, gave two Dutch tourists the fright of their lives.

They had gone out to see the remains by moonlight, when suddenly out of a tomb emerged a human form, which the moon caused to appear exceedingly ghostlike. The tourists fled at top speed for the town, declaring that they had seen a resurrection. The "ghost" was interrogated by the police and will be prosecuted for the French equivalent of wandering without visible means of subsistence.—From the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail.

Captain Couldn't Answer.

Master Charles Wymond Potter accompanied his grandfather, Capt. Charles A. Wymond, to the river at Evansville the other day to see that the elevator, boats, barges and coal were all right.

"Grandfather," remarked Charles, "why do they call dirt mud when it's wet, and dust when it is dry?"

No reply from grandfather, who is still thinking about the answer.—Indianapolis News.

Thoroughly Selfish.

"Do you know what I'd like?" said the first road hog.

"No, what would you like?" said the second porcine person.

"I'd like to have a motorcar so big there wouldn't be room on the broadest boulevard for anything to pass me but a breeze."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bury a Barrel of Apples and Hit H. C. L.

Apple lovers in the cities who have a few square yards of back yard or garden space can be assured of a cheap supply of apples throughout the winter if they take advantage of the present market surplus, buy a good grade of sound apples and bury them in barrel pit storage. By doing this the town and city consumer not only helps the farmer and grower to dispose of an extra large crop this year, but provides himself an all-winter supply of first-class fruit. House cellars are usually too warm to permit the keeping of apples for any length of time.

One or more barrels may be set at least half way into the ground in a vertical position where good drainage is available. Earth may be heaped up around the top, and after filling with apples, a straw bag mat and lid is provided. Barrels may also be placed in a horizontal position well buried and covered with earth. After the first freeze, earth should cover the barrel end completely.

The common pit storage where the apples are placed in a trench on a good bed of straw, and earth mounded over them is also an excellent way to store apples. But for ordinary home consumption the barrel method is perhaps more satisfactory as it will permit opening several times during the winter to obtain fresh supplies. Circular 74, issued free by the agricultural extension department of the Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture, tells how to go about preparing all kinds of home storage for fruits.

Farmers and growers generally are advised by Dr. S. W. Fletcher, head of the State College horticultural department, to store apples by the pit method if no other storage is available.

—Railroad Superintendent: Do you know how to fire an engine?
Commuter: Well, I ought to; I've been taking care of my furnace ever since 1914.

Real Estate Transfers.

C. G. Bright to Lucretia Condo, tract in Harris township; \$2800.

I. J. Dreese to Sadie E. Jackson, tract in College township; \$160.

Mary E. Cole, et bar, to Allen Smiley, tract in Philipsburg; \$1600.

Fred Woods, et ux, to Frances Meyers, tract in Philipsburg; \$2000.

L. D. Musser, et al, to Elmer C. Musser, tract in Ferguson township; \$600.

Robert Fenton, et ux, to Ruth M. Bair, tract in Rush township; \$1.

Ruth M. Bair to Robert Fenton, tract in Rush township; \$1.

Bert S. Forringer, et ux, to Fred Leathers, tract in Boggs township; \$1.

Anna W. Northamer, et bar, to Jennett Robins, tract in South Philipsburg; \$100.

Thomas Tubridy, et ux, to George Cartwright, tract in Snow Shoe township; \$200.

Mary Tocarchik, et al, to Andrew Onestuk, tract in Rush township; \$1000.

C. O. Mallory, et al, to John T. Brown Jr., tract in Miles township; \$2200.

Sarah Merryman to Taylor township Road School, tract in Taylor township; \$20.

J. Craig Hunter to George B. Hoover, tract in Benner township; \$125.

J. Craig Hunter to Geo. B. Hoover, tract in Patton township; \$500.

H. Laird Curtin, et ux, to Amelia V. Barton, tract in Curtin township; \$100.

Harriet Rowley to Mary E. Gunsalus, tract in Snow Shoe; \$500.

John Henderson, et ux, to Chas. P. Osterhout, tract in Taylor township; \$600.

Frederick Leathers, et ux, to Geo. M. Harter, tract in Howard; \$4505.

"Taking the orchids to your fiancée?"

"No; to a girl in my factory. She is threatening to quit."

Children Cry for Fletcher's



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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