

Bull Dog Drummond

(Continued from page 2, Col. 2.)

quietly. "If once those men suspect anything, God knows what will happen."

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that it was too late to worry about that; then he changed his mind. "And what is there suspicious," he asked, "in an old friend who happens to be in the neighborhood dropping in to call? Wherefore your telephone message? What's the worry?"

She bit her lip and drummed with her fingers on the arm of the chair. "If I tell you," she said at length, "will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you won't go blundering into The Elms, or do anything foolish like that?"

"At the present moment I'm very comfortable where I am, thanks," remarked Hugh.

"I know," she said; "but I'm so dreadfully afraid that you're the type of person who . . . who . . ."

She paused, at a loss for a word.

"Who bellows like a bull, and charges head down," interrupted Hugh with a grin. She laughed with him, and just for a moment their eyes



"It's Very Dangerous for You to Come Here," She Remarked Quietly.

met, and she read in his something quite foreign to the point at issue. In fact, it is to be feared that the question of Lakington and his companions was not engrossing Drummond's mind, as it doubtless should have been, to the exclusion of all else.

"They're so utterly unscrupulous," she continued hurriedly, "so fiendishly clever, that even you would be a child in their hands."

Hugh endeavored to dissemble his pleasure at that little word "even" and only succeeded in frowning horribly.

"I will be discretion itself," he assured her firmly.

"I suppose I shall have to trust you," she said. "Have you seen the evening papers today?"

"I looked at the ones that come out in the morning labeled six p. m.; before I had lunch," he answered. "Is there anything of interest?"

She handed him a copy of the Planet. "Read that little paragraph in the second column." She pointed to it, as he took the paper, and Hugh read it aloud.

"Mr. Hiram C. Potts—the celebrated American millionaire—is progressing favorably. He has gone into the country for a few days, but is sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual." He laid down the paper and looked at the girl sitting opposite. "One is pleased," he remarked in a puzzled tone, "for the sake of Mr. Potts. To be ill and have a name like that is more than most men could stand. . . . But I don't quite see . . ."

"That man was stopping at the Carlton, where he met Lakington," said the girl. "He is a multi-millionaire, over here in connection with some big steel trust; and when multi-millionaires get friendly with Lakington, their health frequently does suffer."

"But this paper says he's getting better," objected Drummond. "Sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual."

"If he is sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual, why did he send his confidential secretary away yesterday morning on an urgent mission to Belfast?"

"Search me," said Hugh. "Incidentally, how do you know he did?"

"I asked the Carlton this morning," she answered. "I said I'd come after a job as typist for Mr. Potts. They told me at the inquiry office that he was ill in bed and unable to see anybody. So I asked for his secretary, and they told me what I've just told you—that he had left for Belfast that morning and would be away several days. It may be that there's nothing in it; on the other hand, it may be that there's a lot. And it's only by following up every possible clue," she continued fiercely, "that I

can hope to beat those fiends and get daddy out of their clutches."

Drummond nodded gravely, and did not speak. For into his mind had flashed suddenly the remembrance of that sinister, motionless figure seated by the chauffeur. The wildest guess-work certainly—no vestige of proof—and yet, having once come, the thought stuck. And as he turned it over in his mind, almost prepared to laugh at himself for his credulity—millionaires are not removed against their will, in broad daylight, from one of the biggest hotels in London, to sit in immovable silence in an open car—the door opened and an elderly man came in.

Hugh rose, and the girl introduced the two men. "An old friend, daddy," she said. "You must have heard me speak of Captain Drummond."

"I don't recall the name at the moment, my dear," he answered courteously—a fact which was hardly surprising—"but I fear I'm getting a little forgetful. You'll stop and have some dinner, of course."

Hugh bowed. "I should like to, Mr. Benton. Thank you very much. I'm afraid the hour of my call was a little informal, but being round in these parts, I felt I must come and look Miss Benton up."

His host smiled absentmindedly, and walking to the window, stared through the gathering dusk at the house opposite, half hidden in the trees. And Hugh, who was watching him from under lowered lids, saw him suddenly clench both hands in a gesture of despair.

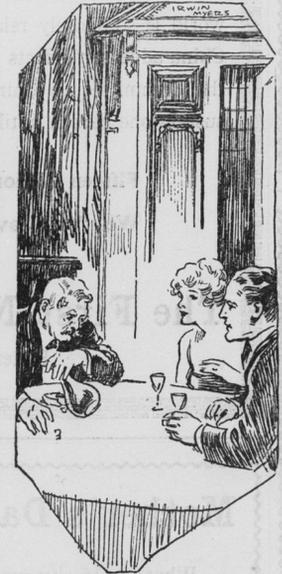
It cannot be said that dinner was a meal of sparkling gaiety. Mr. Benton was palpably ill at ease, and beyond a few desultory remarks spoke hardly at all; while the girl, who sat opposite Hugh, though she made one or two valiant attempts to break the long silences, spent most of the meal in covertly watching her father. If anything more had been required to convince Drummond of the genuineness of his interview with her at the Carlton the preceding day, the atmosphere at this strained and silent party supplied it.

As if unconscious of anything peculiar he rambled on in his usual inconsistent method, heedless of whether he was answered or not; but all the time his mind was busily working. He had already decided that a Rolls-Royce was not the only car on the market which could break down mysteriously, and with the town so far away, his host could hardly fail to ask him to stop the night. And then—he had not yet quite settled how—he proposed to have a closer look at The Elms.

At length the meal was over, and the maid, placing the decanter in front of Mr. Benton, withdrew from the room.

"You'll have a glass of port, Captain Drummond?" remarked his host, removing the stopper, and pushing the bottle toward him. "An old pre-war wine which I can vouch for."

Hugh smiled, and even as he lifted the heavy old cut glass, he stiffened suddenly in his chair. A cry—half shout, half scream, and stifled at once—had come echoing through the open windows. With a crash the



With a Crash the Stopper Fell From Mr. Benton's Nerveless Fingers, Breaking the Finger-Bowl in Front of Him, While Every Vestige of Color Left His Face.

stopper fell from Mr. Benton's nerveless fingers, breaking the finger-bowl in front of him, while every vestige of color left his face.

"It's something these days to be able to say that," remarked Hugh, pouring out himself a glass. "Wine, Miss Benton?" He looked at the girl, who was staring fearfully out of the window, and forced her to meet his eye. "It will do you good."

His tone was compelling, and after a moment's hesitation, she pushed the glass over to him. "Will you pour it out?" she said, and he saw that she was trembling all over.

(To be Continued.)

—Of the 29 presidents of the United States, six were residents of Ohio when elected. They were W. H. Harrison, Whig; and Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Taft and Harding, Republicans. With the exception of W. H. Harrison, all the above were born in Ohio, and in addition, Grant and Benjamin Harrison, Republicans.

COMING UNTO HIS OWN.

Time was, and not so many years since, that mountain goats and sheep coveted the Rocky mountains around Denver, in large numbers, but the animals, like the days, are gone, due to the actions of men and their lack of humanitarianism, and a total lack of appreciation of the beauties of nature. Many can recall the thrills they experienced when these animals started climbing what looked like an impossi-

ble place, or leaped a wide, yawning chasm that seemed to mean instant death, but the trained eye and supple limbs made the endeavor easy of accomplishment.

Roland G. Parvin, State Game Commissioner, hung up his Christmas stockings and received a 200-pound mountain sheep. "Santa Claus," as he calls it, was captured on Al Davis' ranch near Rockwood, La Plata county, where for two weeks he had been fraternizing

with the cattle and horses, sharing their beds of straw and hay. The old fellow was taken with a struggle. He was sent over to the park on Lookout mountain, where there are eight of these sheep.

He is one of the finest specimens ever seen—such is the verdict of those qualified to judge, and the oldest settlers around Rockwood say that he is the first they have seen for many years. Why did he come down and join with animals other than his kind?

Lonely? Yes, wholly alone, but thanks to Mr. Parvin he will now find a few of his kinsfolk that are being properly cared for, as he will be, and all nature lovers will say: "May his tribe increase and multiply, for no doubt the old roamer found peace on earth Christmas day."—By J. B. Dillon.

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Every Dollar you Spend in Bellefonte will "COME HOME TO BOOST"

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Read these articles with care. They may present something you hadn't thought of before. Patronize the people whose ads appear here. They are your neighbors and will treat you right. The money you spend with them stays in circulation in Bellefonte.

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The Latest in Dry Goods and Ladies' and Misses Ready to Wear.

HAZEL & CO.

The Headquarters for Athletic Goods in Bellefonte. Smoker Shop in Connection. Barber Shop in Connection.

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Our Grocery Line is always complete and we invite your patronage.

BROUSE'S
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Willard is the Storage Battery of Service. Any make battery repaired and recharged.

WITMER'S

Studebaker Expert Repairing on All Makes of Cars.

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The House of Service when it Comes to Hardware

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Our Meats are always fresh and wholesome Phone Your Order.

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We Do Not Recommend Ford parts that are not genuine. Make our garage your headquarters, Ford owners.

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This Week A Special on Belle Meade Sweets, Milliard's and Lonis Sherry Caudies.

THE MOTT DRUG Co.

Gross Bros. Good Bran 68c
5 pounds Coffee 98c
5 Soap 23c
3 Jersey Flake 25c
1 Large can Peaches 28c

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YOUR HOME OPTOMETRIST Fitting glasses for 15 years. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CASEBEER'S
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The First National Bank invites your patronage.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BELLEFONTE.

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BELLEFONTE HARDWARE CO.

PICTURES ARE NOT ALWAYS TRUTHFUL

Some Mail Order Houses Find Them Very Useful in Their Business.

CAN "DOCTOR" PHOTOGRAPH Concerns Can Give Wrong Impressions With Illustrations While Sticking to Truth in Descriptions.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.) "Figures never lie," it has been claimed, but this is far from the truth. The defaulter who has "doctored" his books in such a way that he has escaped detection for years, knows that figures can be made to lie. The shrewd politician, who knows how to juggle statistics, knows that they can be made to tell a story that is far from the truth.

But there is another medium of expression which is also supposed to be a stickler for truth, but which is a greater prevaricator than figures. That is a picture. A picture of any person or thing, supposedly, is an exact reproduction of the original, but this is frequently only a wild supposition. The photographer who did not make his picture tell a little fib now and then would soon go out of business from lack of patronage.

Pictures Better Than Words. Pictures have come to occupy a very important place in the life of the world in recent years. It has been said that for newspaper purposes a picture which tells its story strikingly is worth more than columns of written words on the same subject. Newspapers and magazines have realized the truth of this fact and as a result pictures are used profusely in illustrating the news and fiction of the day.

No one has been quicker to realize the possibilities of the picture when properly—or it might be said improperly—used, than the mail order man. He has realized that a picture will do more to sell his kind of merchandise than a column of words and figures. One reason for this is that it is harder to catch a picture in a lie than it is printed words and figures. For instance, if you sell a man a table on the strength of a printed statement that it is 48 inches wide and if when the table reaches the customer it is only 36 inches wide, the customer not only has a moral right to kick, but he has a legal right to accuse the seller of obtaining money under false pre-

tenses. However, if the customer buys a table which looks in a picture to be 48 inches wide, but which proves upon its arrival to be only 36 inches wide, he has no legal grounds upon which to base a complaint if the seller has not told him in so many words that the table was 48 inches wide.

Stick to Truth in Figures.

Some unscrupulous mail order houses have taken advantage of this selling power of pictures in a very ingenious way. They adhere strictly to the truth in the actual measurements given in their catalogues of the articles which they have to sell. They may employ descriptions which exaggerate the qualities and appearances of the articles offered, but when it comes down to actual measurements the descriptions given are technically correct. Then these concerns rely upon their pictures to sell the merchandise, realizing that a picture will make a far deeper impression upon the mind of the prospective buyer than the actual figures given. A picture of a wide, roomy bed will attract the eye and the reader probably will not stop to measure off the width of the bed as it is described in the catalogue to see whether it is as wide as desired. Figures, in the abstract, mean little to the average reader and do not convey the impression that is given in the picture.

A former manager of a mail order house tells how his concern manipulated pictures in this way to suit its purposes. It had pictures of its chairs retouched so that the legs seemed to be an inch and a half in diameter, when they were really less than an inch. It made narrow beds appear in the picture to be wide and comfortable. Posts of iron beds that were really an inch in diameter were made to appear as if they were three inches in thickness. These things are easy for any competent artist to do.

Patrons Had No Recourse.

This concern, however, adhered rigidly to the truth in the measurements included in the descriptions. Customers who found, when they received their goods, that they were not what they expected, could kick, but it would do them no good. The mail order house could show that it had set forth the measurements truthfully in catalogues, and there was no recourse for the customer.

There is no question but that pictures will lie, sometimes without any manipulation, and the person who buys an article of merchandise from a picture is taking big chances, even though the picture is not intentionally altered to give a wrong impression. Any amateur photographer knows from experience how the camera often will give a wrong idea of proportions.

The only safe method is to buy from the local merchant where one sees the article itself and not a picture of it. The article itself cannot lie about its dimensions, at least.

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The Rexall Store and that means quality. Special attention given to prescriptions.

Runkle's Drug Store

The Home of the famous Butter Kist Bread. Confectionery and Baked Goods.

The City Bakery

Everything in Lumber, Sashes, Doors and Blinds.

The Bellefonte Lumber Co.

The Home of Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothing for Men. Also a complete line of Men's and Boy's furnishings.

MONTGOMERY & CO.

The peer of Phonographs. Come in and hear one today. Records, Pianos, Player-Pianos.

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We Are Still in the Hardware business at the old Stand. Everything complete always.

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Wholesale and Retail fruits and produce.

A complete line of imported Olive Oil.

CARPENETO & CO.

When In Town See the best in Motion Pictures at the Scenic.

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Weaver, Grocers Bellefonte, Pa.

The Best in Dry Goods and Ladies Ready to Wear.

SCHLOW'S

The Bellefonte Trust Co. Courtesy, Safety, Service.

The Bellefonte Trust Co.

The Complete Department-Store. Everything for the family.

COHEN'S COHEN'S

A Special Sale of all Sizes of Tires for this Week.

WION GARAGE

Ladies Ready to Wear

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This Market is now under New Management and we Solicit Your Patronage

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Formerly Lyon's Market

Furnishings of the best for men and boys. Every line complete and up-to-date.

WILLARD & SON HABERDASHERS.

The Grocery Store of Wholesome Goods and Prompt Service

HAZEL'S

Clothing of the Best for men who are careful of appearances. A full line of Men's and Boy's furnishings.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

The Watchman has always advised buying at home, and it buys at home itself.

Books, Stationery and Post Cards.

The Index Book Store

Everything in Electric Supplies.

THE ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.

Have your Vulcanizing Done Now. A full line of Tires and Accessories.

BELLEFONTE STEAM VULC. CO.

NEW GROCERY A full line of foreign and domestic fruits in season. Klink's bacon and ham, fresh from the market. Cream cheese a specialty. With every 50c. purchase we give free a coupon for Rogers silverware. Ask for them.

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High St., opposite P. R. Station. Successors to Sechler & Co.

The Variety Store

SPIGELMYER & CO.

Everything in Hardware for Farm, Dairy and Home.

GLENWOOD RANGES, SCHAEFFER'S