

**BUYING SECOND-HAND JUNK**

**Astonishing How Many Succumb to Lure Which Holds Forth in New York City.**

If not every man then every other man in New York city is mad as a March hare about the desirability of owning somebody else's old junk. While he neglects to take care of what belongs to him already he sallies forth under the sway of an irresistible impulse to collect the cast-off props of another man. This is true, too, of women.

It is grossly unfair, of course, to leave the idea that what they collect so avidly and search for so earnestly is trash. Strictly speaking it isn't. Neither is it entitled to be put into the antique class. It is just old stuff, with more or less good left in it. But it seems to attract this odd portion of the populace simply because it is second hand. Are those who buy so little certain of their own sense of selection of new goods that they want something upon which the stamp of some other person's approval has already been visibly set?

If not that, why is it that junk and rummage relics do so surely find cash buyers? It is not because they are cheap, though most would say if they were asked to give a reason. What these collectors closely, the rummage sort of goes to their heads, and they buy and buy as long as they have money.

**TAKE DELIGHT IN MANIKINS**

**Venetian Children Prefer Antics of Marionettes to Any Moving Picture Show.**

Fashions in entertainments never change among patrons of the resourceful Tony Sarg in New York, nor yet on the shores of the Adriatic, homeland of the marionettes. The Venetian child wouldn't give a pin for movies while he has the beloved jointed mannikins of his ancestors to execute their wonderful maneuvers and spout the speeches of Romeo and Juliet or one of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales or—yes, or—some exciting episode in the detective career of Sherlock Holmes.

Thursday afternoon is the triumphal time of the marionette all over Italy, for Thursday, not Saturday, is the school holiday, and childhood's dearest delight is to witness the drama of the dolls, a New York writer states.

Venice has the best public performance. The dolls are about four feet high. Any necessary number of characters are placed on the stage and their entrances, exits and antics are managed by the man above, who does the wire pulling and who puts the speeches into their mouths. All sorts of plays are given, and the ordinary type of Punch and Judy show is less common than fairy tales and Shakespeare on children's afternoons.

**Frigate Bird's Endurance.**

For pure and unadulterated impudence, lack of principle and of all virtue, the frigate bird is pre-eminent.

These birds must be endowed with prodigious powers of flight. They are often seen hundreds of miles from land, appearing as mere specks in the sky.

After hovering almost motionless for a considerable time they take flight in ever-increasing circles in the direction of their island homes, which have of necessity to be reached ere the setting of the sun, unless the faculty of sleeping on the wing is possessed by them.

I have never met or heard of a man who has seen the frigate bird rest on the waters of the ocean over which it delights to wander.

Next to the albatross, I enter the frigate bird for the aeronautic endurance stakes.—Buffalo Express.

**Sugar Fungus.**

It is reported that an expert of the Department of Agriculture has discovered that the spoiling of granulated sugar, stored in damp places, results from the development of a microscopic fungus, seen in the form of threads and round bodies, and capable of being artificially cultivated, so that experiments can be made in inoculating sugar previously free from the growth. Three species of this fungus were found in some barrels of sugar which had become unfit for use. It grows readily on all kinds of cooked vegetables, but chiefly on raw vegetables.

**Girls Only.**

In the midst of a busy afternoon, a girl, age thirteen, came to the desk of a branch library and said in a discouraged tone:

"You used to have a little red book for girls only, but I can't find it now. I read part of it and want to finish it."

The puzzled assistant decided here was a case for imagination and suggested obvious books, as "Little Women," "Six Girls," with no success. Finally, as a last resort, she guessed at random:

"Was it 'Keeping Up With Lizzie,' by Bacheller?"

And it was.

**First Aid.**

Crook (to pal)—I've just bin to 'elp a pore bloke who fainted.  
Pal—Wot did yer do?  
"Loosened his collar, tie pin and watch chain to give 'im air."—Answers, London.

**The Broken Compact**

By ELIZABETH R. GREENE

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Shadrach stared disconsolately at the uncleaned breakfast table.

He was sick of doing dishes; yes, sir, sick of it. Why in tunket he'd made that fool compact with Jerry—

The door opened and Jerry himself came in.

"Ain't that teakettle hot yet?" he demanded, jerking off the stove-cover. "I snum, if you ain't sot there an' let the fire go out, Shadrach Hull!"

"I can't do everything t' once!" snapped the long-suffering Shadrach. "There's work enough in this house for ten men an' a boy," he growled.

Captain Jerry chuckled as he restored the fire.

"Well, you had your choice, Shad," he answered. "If you're gettin' tuckered out, we can swap 'round a spell—"

"Humph! Lot you know 'bout housework an' cookin' an—ar takin' care o' hens."

The teakettle was steaming now and Jerry snatched it up.

"What you callatin' on havin' for supper, Shad?" he asked suspiciously, pausing at the door.

"Dunno," replied his partner above the tumult in the dish-pan. "Why?"

"Beans would go durn good," suggested Jerry mildly. "S'pose—"

"No, I couldn't!" promptly. "You won't eat 'em when I cook 'em. Jerry Webb, an' I ain't goin' t' do all that work for the hens—I swan I ain't."

The Captain smothered a sigh as he stepped out into the frosty February air. Life with Shadrach had its drawbacks, but it was better than living alone. Jerry's friendly heart was not meant for solitude nor dis-



"What in Tunket's th' Matter?"

content, but there were times when he did get "a-hankerin'" for Melissa and the joys of other days.

Melissa, as everyone knew, had been one of the best wives and housekeepers in Dustin and for twenty years Jerry had partaken of feasts fit for the gods. Then Melissa died and Jerry was left alone.

It was Shadrach who had come to the rescue with a proposal that had sounded plausible enough.

He, Shadrach, lived alone and the house was "a-plenty big" for Jerry "hung up his hat" there, too.

"You can't cook no more'n a baby, Jerry," Shadrach had expostulated. "Now, I'm used t' gettin' my victuals 'bout a woman fussin' 'round an' cookin' for one more—sho! for a man like me, it's a cinch, Jerry!"

It had proved a winning, if misleading, argument and Jerry had cast in his lot irrevocably with his boyhood chum.

To guard against desertion of the plan by either one, Shadrach had drawn up a compact in which he himself was to share half the living expenses, serve as cook, and, in short, relieve Jerry of the burden of household cares.

The Captain, on his part, was to "shoulder" the other half of the expenses, keep the pair provided with fish and keep himself immune from the wiles of scheming widows, especially the Widow Tripp.

Shadrach had deemed it wise to take this precaution with Jerry, for the Widow Tripp lived just across the road and you never can tell—

If Jerry rebelled at this clause of the compact, he gave no sign of it to the watchful Shadrach.

But this morning, as he walked to the shore, Jerry's contented mind was, it must be admitted, harboring revolt.

Shadrach had served one of his famous "odds and ends" breakfasts that morning, and it was only the hope that Miss Sally would be frying doughnuts that had kept the Captain's spirits up at all.

At the gate of a small cottage Jerry paused and sniffed the air expectantly.

"By Jupiter, she is!" he exulted. "J' better see if she needs a pail of water.

A woman oughtn't t' lug water. I never let Melissa."

Miss Sally's pails were empty, sure enough.

When they had been refilled and placed at the end of the kitchen sink Jerry was proffered a plate of hot, sugared doughnuts.

"Jupiter!" he ejaculated, between enormous bites. "them beat th' Queer o' Sheba's!"

"Do eat all you can of 'em, Jerry," urged pleased Miss Sally. "I d'clare I have hard work to get things et up. A body can't relish much settin' down alone—"

"No," agreed the Captain, sympathetically, "but there's wuss things, Sally," he sighed, thinking of the "odds and ends" breakfast.

Miss Sally, pouring beans into a shining brown beanpot, made no answer.

"I see you don't share Shadrach's grudge against beans," smiled Jerry.

"Grudge?"

"Yes, Shadrach won't bake beans—his terrible sot on it!"

Miss Sally, looking up, caught the wistfulness in the Captain's eyes.

"I d'clare," she said impulsively, "would do my appetite good if you'd stop in then tonight on your way home and help me eat these up."

"D'you mean it?" gasped Jerry incredulously. "By gum, I'll come then," he promised, forgetting in his delight the hated compact.

The Captain trudged guiltily home-wards in the early dusk. He had eaten a supper the like of which he hadn't tasted since the days of Melissa, but the joy of it was already fading. Conscience, like an avenging angel, was reminding him now of the broken compact.

"Hang that compact!" muttered Jerry. "I swan t' man I ain't goin' t' be tied t' it no longer. A woman like Sally Dakin don't grow on every bush—I'll tell Shad so tonight."

But as he neared the house the Captain's resolve grew rapidly weaker. Shadrach had been a good pal—it was going to be hard to break with him.

Jerry paused and wiped his puckered brow.

"You're in th' mess, Jeremiah Webb," he soliloquized grimly, "an' you can't git out o' it—hon'rably. You've got t' stan' by that fool compact."

When he opened the kitchen door, however, he stared in amazement at the scene before him.

Seated in the arm-chair by the fire sat Shadrach, one arm bandaged and a white cloth tied over one eye.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jerry. "What in tunket's th' matter?"

Shadrach squirmed uneasily. "Ice jumped up an' hit me when I was dumpin' th' ashes," he explained sheepishly.

"Humph! Hurt much?"

"Oh, no; only sprained my arm a little, an' got a few cinders in my eye. Where you been so long?" he added hastily.

It was Jerry's turn to look confused.

"Me?" he asked innocently. "Oh, I ain't hurried much. Who done up your arm?"

"Marthy. She see me fall an' come over."

"Marthy?" Jerry's bewilderment was superb.

"Yes, yes—Marthy Tripp. Don't stan' there gapin' so, Jerry. Get ready for supper."

"I—I ain't hungry," stammered his partner. "I—"

The door opened abruptly admitting the Widow Tripp.

She had brought over a second bowl of beans—for Jerry this time—and she had found the eye-stone for Shadrach.

The shameless Jerry sat down to his beans, grinning wickedly across the table to Shadrach behind the widow's back.

His partner fumbled with the bandage, pretending not to notice.

He protested faintly at the eye-stone, but 'twas useless. The widow had brought that eye-stone over to use—and use it she did, effectually, too; for the cinders came out of Shadrach's weeping orb.

At last, Shadrach and Jerry were alone in the kitchen.

"Reckon we best turn in, Jerry," said Shadrach. "I feel purty well shook up."

"Heart's th' wuss, aint it?"

"Don't be a fool, Jerry. Marthy Tripp's a wonder—I found that oat today. Women like her don't grow on every bush—"

Jerry leaned forward confidingly. "That's what I thought tonight 'bout Sally Dakin," he said deliberately, "when I took supper with her an' busted th' compact."

As Shadrach received this astounding news in silence, Jerry added apologetically:

"Honest, 'twas 'fore I thought, Shad. I clean forgot the compact—"

"Humph!" Shadrach rose and limped over to the clock-shelf. When he returned, he held the compact in his hand. Before Jerry could speak, he had thrust it into the fire.

"Reckon that bloomin' thing's had its day," he remarked sheepishly.

"Shake!" cried Jerry heartily, "an' let's make it a double weddin', Pard!"

**You Said It.**

"There was Mr. Watts, a mon of note. And I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn round the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then at last the screens were put aside, and there I was. And I looked, Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, How do you like it? And I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said, 'Mon, I would have ye know, I am in the habit of wurlin clean lumen.'—Thomas Carlyle, as quoted in the Whistler Journal, by E. R. and J. Pennell.

**Census of Ex-Service Men.**

A nation-wide census of ex-service men will be taken by the American Legion. Five million questionnaires have been printed for use in the Legion's "service and compensation" drive, which will aim toward the compilation of vital statistics and which should afford a definite indication of the exact cost of providing compensation to all veterans.

The various State organizations of the Legion will conduct the drives separately, and at their own date. Every man interviewed by the census taker will be informed of the five options of the pending compensation bill and be asked to satisfy his attitude toward the measure and his choice of the five features. He will also record whether he was ever wounded, gassed, or suffered an injury in service. Assistance will be provided in filing compensation claims, and all ex-soldiers will be urged to carry government insurance.

The Legion's plan for a rotating loan fund will be explained, and every man interviewed will be asked whether he would be willing to turn over his compensation toward such a fund for the relief of needy service men.

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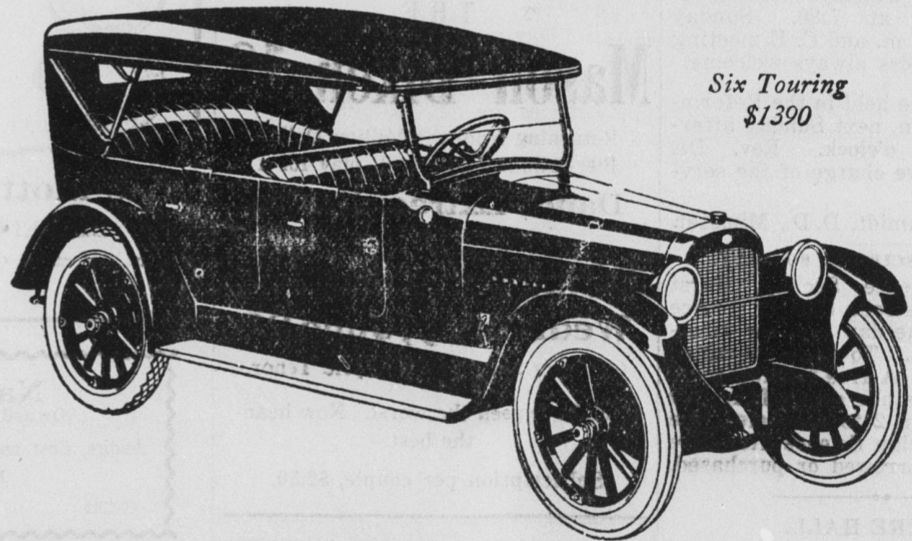
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