

THE AUCTION FANS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"DO YOU know, Dora," Mrs. Archer said, pointing excitedly to a small yellow handbill she had in her hand, "that there's to be an auction, over on Miller avenue at one o'clock this afternoon? A family by the name of Carter are selling everything they have. They are going away, I guess. I called Mary France and she said the Carters had only been housekeeping a few years and their things ought to be as good as new. She said she would be ready to go when we came by. I want you to go with me—you can, can't you?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mrs. Frisby doubtfully. "I haven't much money I can take, I bought so much at that auction last week that I've been short of housekeeping money all this week. I've had to scrimp awfully and Jack asked me this morning if he was to expect corned-beef hash and rice pudding again today. I don't know why he said that, seeing I've only served it—let me see," and she thoughtfully counted a moment and then said with a startled look at her friend. "Why, I believe I've served it five times lately. Oh, dear, I don't see how I dare go, Fanny."

"Oh, psst!" protested Mrs. Archer. "It won't kill Jack Frisby to eat hash and rice pudding is wholesome enough for anyone. And the chance of going to such an auction as this one over on Miller avenue is an opportunity of a lifetime. There isn't much I want, but still it won't do any harm to go and see what they've got. It won't cost anything just to look."

"No-o—suppose not," said Mrs. Frisby, visibly weakening. "Maybe I'll go, but I mustn't stay long." And so it was settled.

The two women started out after hurriedly cooked dinners. They did not even take time to wash their dishes, simply piled them in the dishpan and threw dish-towels over them. On their way over they stopped for Mrs. French.

"I know what I'd catch," said Mrs. French. "If Fred French knew I was going to another auction. The last time I went I bought a lot of kitchen utensils and when Fred went after them he had a perfect fit over my purchases. He found holes in every single piece I had bought. But then I tried to tell him a little soldier would make 'em as good as new. And hand knows I got the whole mess for almost nothing."

"Well," said Mrs. Frisby, "did you get it mended?"

"Um—um, not yet," answered Mrs. French. "To tell the truth, I haven't had time. They are piled up out there in my woodshed, but as I tell Fred they'll come in handy. Any day some of my things may give out and then I'll have those things to fall back on."

Arriving at the auction the three friends were quite disgusted to find that the auctioneer had already begun to sell and there was no chance to look the things over that were going to be sold. They would, if they bid, just have to buy a cat in the bag, as it were.

The three women were shy at first and stood a little apart from the group of people who were bidding, but gradually their curiosity overcame their determination not to bid and they moved up and finally joined the rest of the crowd. None of them bid for a while. Finally the auctioneer had his assistant bring out several baskets piled high with nondescript things and a bit of fun entered into the bidding. The baskets and contents—good, bad and indifferent—were to be sold to the highest bidder. The women craned their necks in a frantic effort to catch a glimpse of the contents of the several baskets, but the auctioneer kept them discreetly behind him. The one that was to be bid on he placed on a table by his side. It was so far above the heads of the bidders that nothing could actually be seen. It was positively thrilling.

"Here's your chance!" sang out the auctioneer, who was a young fellow with piercing black eyes, with a glint of fun in them. "Here's your chance to get your money's worth! Every one of these baskets contains more than a dozen articles that are just what you will be crying for in less than a week if you don't seize this grand opportunity I am offering. I'll start this basket at one dollar—make it one-fifty—one-fifty, make it two—" and he laughed and looked directly into Fanny Archer's face. Here's a chance that will make you the envy of your neighbors—two dollars—make it two-fifty—" Fanny Archer got confused and bid two-sixty, thereby starting the bid for the basket. Mrs. Frisby had been peering and thought she had a glimpse of something that looked like brass and as the auctioneer caught her eye, just then she said: "Two-seventy." And then the fun began. It wasn't a moment before there were six or seven women bidding frantically against each other. The basket was finally struck off to Mrs. Jack Frisby for \$5.30. Dora was too much excited to even take a peek at the contents of her basket, so anxious was she to get her treasure home. She hired little George Freer to carry it home in his roller-coaster wagon and without even a look in the direction of her two friends she hurried away in the wake of George, fearing that he might not be careful in handling the precious basket.

On the way home, however, her excitement began to evaporate. The \$5 she had left from her housekeeping money was nearly gone and the washing would be home this very night. She was out of everything to eat, too. She had intended stopping at the store on her way home to make some necessary purchases, but now there was only seventy cents in her pocketbook—there would be only sixty cents when she paid George for bringing the basket home.

As she was slowly going up her front walk following George, who should come around the corner of the house but Jack, her husband. When he saw George Freer and the basket and his wife he sensed at once what had happened.

"Been to that auction over on Miller avenue, Dora?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," said Dora with blazing cheeks. She was ready to cry with nervousness.

"Well," said Jack, "let's see what you've got," and he began to sort out the contents of the basket. First he took out three or four dilapidated vases which never having cost more than a quarter were absolutely worthless now from nicks and cracks; here was an old wash bowl and pitcher, two or three hand lamps, and a few other articles which were quite worthless and last of all he removed a big brass door plate with a name engraved upon it.

"Bless me," said Jack with a twinkle in his good-natured eyes. "What are you going to do with this, Dora? I don't see how you are going to use this unless I die and you marry a man who bears the name engraved on this plate. What say?"

"This was too much for poor Dora and she burst into tears.

Her husband let her cry a moment, then in sight of all the neighbors he put his arm about her and led her into the house.

"I was afraid you'd get roped in by the auction, so I came home, but I see I didn't get here in time. I saw Carter downtown and he said his wife had always had a perfect passion for picking up old junk and they were making this auction to get rid of it. They are going away, I guess, but Carter said his wife was worn out sorting and caring for all the truck she had in the house. She couldn't bear to throw it away after she had bought it and the house finally had got so full that there wasn't room for the family. Now what do you think of that, Dora?" Jack asked.

"I think," Dora said, soberly, "that I'm done with auctions forever—and Jack, dear, I also think I've got the best husband in the world."

"Enough said," said Jack heartily, "and now shall I tell George to take that basket of junk away?"

Dora could only nod gratefully.

Over-Sensitive Person

Prey to Unhappiness

There is neither virtue nor comfort in hyper-sensitiveness. Those who are born with it are to be pitied, and those who cultivate it as a sign of temperament are fools. Both types should make haste to get rid of it. It is sheer storing up of trouble for the future, the fostering of an ever-increasing susceptibility to small hurts that can rise to the magnitude of a nervous breakdown in later life. It puts lines on faces and an edge in the voice.

Set your mind on essential things and people. Keep straight on toward your goal, deaf to belittling remarks and oblivious of sneers, ignoring all the little pinpricks that can perforate your ordinary daily happiness. After all, happiness is mostly concerned with the everyday things. Tremendous, overwhelming joys are as rare as overwhelming tragedies, and overbearing opposition as infrequent as petty obstruction is common. Realize how trifling it all is, and realize, too, that to respond to every gibe and thrust is to become increasingly petty oneself.

This is the basis of the family tiff. Even the meanest of folks have something of the clan spirit, and would rally round a member of the family against whom an outsider made thrusts. This persists as mere tribal instinct, if for no higher reason. But it is the family itself who too often deals in pinpricks, for the simple reason that it knows so well its members' weaknesses. It knows the joint in the armor that can be penetrated. But there is no encouragement to prick if the pricked can't be made to squeal.—Exchange.

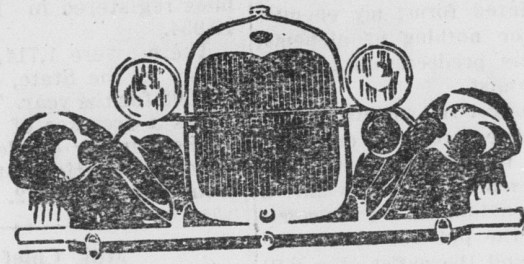
Phalanx in Battle

The phalanx formation was the order of battle in which the ancient Greek hoplites, or heavy infantry, were formed in an unbroken line, several ranks deep. Especially, the famous Macedonian body of soldiers arranged so as to be from 8 to 16 ranks deep and armed with lances 14 to 16 feet long. The lances of each rank (except the first) projected over the shoulders of the men in front of it, and the shields could be locked into a testudo. The strength of this body consisted in its power of resistance and of onset; but it could not readily change front, defend itself against an attack on the flank, or reform if once broken. Its actual numbers varied from 10,000 to 20,000. The Macedonians were the first people to use the phalanx formation.

Mechanical Automata

"Robot" is a coined word invented by Karel Capek for his play, "R. U. R." The term describes mechanical automata, which are manufactured by the millions to attend to the world's labor and welfare. The word is pronounced with the "o's" long and "t" silent.

Simplicity of cooling system is a feature of the new Ford



A COMPLETE water plant is a part of every automobile as it is a part of every modern city.

The purpose of this water plant is to keep the engine cooled to a temperature that will make it efficient in operation. If it were not for this, the cylinder walls would become overheated and the pistons refuse to operate.

The cooling system of the new Ford is particularly interesting because it is so simple and reliable.

When the radiator is full of water, the engine of the new Ford will not overheat under the hardest driving. Yet the water is so regulated that it will not impair engine operation by running too cold in winter.

The cooling surface of the Ford radiator is large, with four rows of tubes set in staggered position so that each receives the full benefit of the incoming air. The fan is of the airplane propeller type and draws air through the radiator at the rapid rate of 850 cubic feet per minute at 1000 revolutions per minute of the motor.

The hot water around the cylinder head is drawn to the radiator to be cooled by a centrifugal water pump of new design.

The entire cooling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

The radiator should be kept full, of course, and drained once each month so that sediment will not collect and retard the free passage of water. In cold weather, a reliable anti-freeze solution should be added.

As owner and manager of this important water plant you should also see that the water pump and fan shaft are properly lubricated and the packing around the pump shaft kept in adjustment.

These connections may also need replacement after long service. For those little adjustments, it pays to call on the Ford dealer.

He works under close factory supervision and he has been specially trained and equipped to do a thorough, competent job at a fair price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Christmas Seal Celebrates Its 25th Birthday.

On December of 25 last year the familiar Christmas seal celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. For it was just 25 years ago, in 1903, that an obscure postal clerk sorting mail far into the night on Christmas eve in Charlottenlund, Denmark, had a dream. As the merry cards of greeting passed through his hands he fancied he saw on each of them a certain kind of seal, that these seals cost a penny apiece and that all the pennies were to be gathered together into a great sum with which to fight that enemy to life and happiness—tuberculosis.

This young postal clerk was Einar Holboell, who later became postmaster of Charlottenlund and who died in February of last year having seen his little seal multiplied into billions carry on its magic work in 21 different countries of the world.

His was the first Christmas seal of all. The first American Christmas seal appeared in 1907. Jacob Riis had received a letter from his native city of Copenhagen bearing one of Einar Holboell's seals. He wrote an article about it for the Outlook.

Miss Emily Bissell, working against great odds to care for eight consumptives in a little shack in Wilmington, Del., read Mr. Riis' article and was filled with hope for an American Christmas seal. Unable to enlist any aid, she brought one out herself, in 1907, which earned \$3,000 for her little hospital.

The next year the Red Cross came to her assistance and produced the first national Christmas seal, which brought in \$135,000.

Game Commission Plans to Raise Turkeys.

Spurred by its success in other lines of game propagation, the Board of Game Commissioners has decided to attempt the raising of wild turkeys.

Although a number of details are yet to be worked out because of the natural difficulties attending the project, it is expected to have everything ready for the attempt by the spring hatching season.

One of the difficulties mentioned is that very fine line which divides the tame and wild turkey. Tame turkeys easily become wild and wild turkeys can be domesticated. The Commission wants to keep the turkeys wild enough that they will not be too easy a mark for the nimrods.

In addition, young turkeys of any kind are difficult to raise, and because of cost of the eggs, the Commission is anxious that they be hatched under the most favorable conditions, and that the young ones be surrounded by every precaution to carry them safely through the danger period.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

MENDOZA HEADS GANG OF MEXICAN BANDITS

Displaces "El Catorce" in Front Page Honors.

Mexico City.—Benjamin Mendoza, a bandit who sometimes operates almost on the borders of the capital, is seizing the front page honors formerly held by the famous "El Catorce." The bandits or rebels who recently fought with federals on the Cuernavaca-Mexico City highway almost within sight of an automobile containing United States Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow were said to have been members of the Mendoza group.

Mendoza with Maximiliano Vigueras is regarded as responsible for most of the recent holdups of motorists on the highways around the capital. In at least one of his attacks Mendoza exhibited a savagery which is generally rare among the bandit gentry in Mexico.

Assault Victims.

This was the holdup and assault of a dozen or more automobile loads of Sunday week-enders on a visit to the famous cave near Cuernavaca. Besides being deprived of their money and valuables, several women of the tourists' party were assaulted brutally by Mendoza's men. The bandits, using the tourists' car, also fired on a nearby village.

Facts of the holdup, including the details of the assault on the women were slow in reaching the capital.

Mendoza's attacks on villages and towns in the region around Cuernavaca where he generally operates have on one or two occasions been extraordinarily relentless. At one point where he wiped out a small federal garrison, his men came away with fifty federal uniforms, according to a foreigner who was in the district at the time.

Turn Loose Locomotives.

With himself and a picked band, wearing the uniforms, Mendoza and fifty men entered another town in the guise of federals and asked for local volunteers to help hunt Mendoza. Twenty-seven citizens responded. They were barely outside the town, according to the story brought to the capital, when the bandits turned on the volunteers and killed them without warning.

Twice the Mendoza band, or a group believed to have been under his direction, set loose wild locomotives on the Cuernavaca-Mexico City railway in an attempt to wreck passenger trains. Each time, fortunately, the locomotive wrecked itself.

Within the last few weeks a federal escort of twenty-five men on a Cuernavaca train was completely wiped out by bandits, and the train burned. There were almost no passengers aboard and the dead were confined to the soldiery.

Plane Successfully Used in Seeding Grass

Portland, Ore.—Success of grass seeding experiments carried on by airplane over a 1,000-acre area in Coos county, Oregon, may result in the seeding of large pasture areas along the Pacific coast from the air in 1929.

An excellent stand of grass, evenly distributed over the area, was obtained at approximately one-third of the expense incurred by hand seeding. Harold R. Adams and N. W. Perkins, commercial flyers at Lytle Point, set a record for speed in seeding grass lands when they covered the 1,000 acres in slightly more than ten hours.

The idea, which was conceived by Dr. Earl G. Lowe, a physician at Coquille, Ore., and one of the stockholders in the Coquille Valley Sheep and Wool company, may be extended to other pasture lands next year.

Using a specially constructed hopper to hold the seed in front of the cockpit, the valve opening of which was controlled by the pilot in the rear cockpit, the pilot was able to seed strips 90 feet wide flying 70 miles an hour from an altitude of 500 feet.

Communist Girls Adopt Signet Wedding Ring

Moscow.—Communist girls, longing for something more than a two-minute marriage registration ceremony to become the lawful wives of the men they love, have invented a "red" signet wedding ring for husband and wife to wear. It is to be a symbol of marriage. The ring is a plain band of gray iron. The seal is the Soviet emblem of a crossed hammer and sickle with the addition of an engraved portrait of Lenin in the center.

Violent opposition to the ring, and wedding rings of all kinds, has arisen. The subject is being debated in Comsomol (young communist) meetings. Opponents declare that wedding rings are petty bourgeois ornaments, a symbol of slavery and barbarism.

St. Louis Standard in Use of American Tongue

New York.—The American language seems to be spoken in St. Louis more than in any other city.

Such was the conclusion of an audience at Columbia after listening to 20 records of as many varieties of speech in the country, from the Vermont (wag to the Southern drawl.

Prof. William Cabell Greet of Bardonia suggested that St. Louis was the standard and the audience, 100 graduates of Columbia, agreed.

don't stumble thru a dark hall when you can keep it bright all evening for the price of a stick of candy.

WEST PENN POWER CO

FOR BETTER LIVING—USE ELECTRICITY

1,500,000 Trout are "Wintering" Safe in State Hatcheries.

With all distribution of trout for the current year completed, N. R. Buller, commissioner of fisheries, is planning for what is expected to be a record planting next spring. More than 1,500,000 trout, all of legal size, are "wintering" in the hatcheries at Pleasant Mount, Bellefonte and Corry, ready for distribution during the snappy days of next spring, before the season opens. When the new hatcheries at Tionesta and Reynoldsdale have been completed the annual distribution will be further increased.

Low water interfered with the usual fall distribution this season. Fear that the young trout would be caught in low pools during freezing periods resulted in restricting the planting. This, Buller said, only assures larger trout next spring, and that none of them will fall prey to death by "unnatural means" during winter.

Buller recently returned from a trip along the trout streams of Lehigh county where he made a personal investigation of the catches in that section. One of the best submitted, he said, was that of George Zimmerman, the secretary of the Lehigh Fish and Game Association.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

KEYSTONE COPPER STEEL Corrugated Roofing

Copper Steel Galvanized Sheets possess an added degree of durability through the use of an alloy material known as KEYSTONE COPPER STEEL. The rust-resisting properties of this alloy have been proved by actual service and exposure tests extending over a period of years. The superiority of Copper Steel in retarding corrosion is a well established fact.

WE SELL IT OLEWINE'S HARDWARE BELLEFONTE, PA

Fine Job Printing

A SPECIALTY

at the WATCHMAN OFFICE

There is no style of work, from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest

BOOK WORK

that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.