

# BESS, THE DRESSY TYPIST

(By D. J. Walsh.)

FOUR-THIRTY o'clock on a smothering summer afternoon in a downtown office five floors up, so darkened by the tall building across the narrow alley that electric lights must burn all day long. Most office working girls know that dead alive feeling when they are tired out and it seems too late to begin some new task, yet there is a whole half hour before release.

But fifteen minutes later—how different! A sudden wake-up, closing of desks, busy mirrors and powder puffs and squirming about to look for new runs in their chiffon stockings. Cheerful exchanges of "What you goin' to do tonight?"

Voices in the adjoining room and the pleasant fragrance of a cigar proclaimed the return of Mr. Fred Argyle, the debonair son of the wholesale jeweler at the head of this firm. Bess, the dressy typist, hummed the latest dance hit as she quickly sorted and clipped together her many papers. The clerk, Lillian, eyed her critically from the top of the sleek brown bob to the shapely pumps, then announced, "I see Bess has another heavy date with our Freddy tonight. All dolled up. You're a fast worker, Kid." With sly undertones.

"Guess again," tossed Bess, slipping the cover over her typewriter which, each evening, she removed to a small desk by the window, leaving her table clear for other work next morning. Now she lifted the heavy machine and, with a deft swinging motion, made the exchange.

"Look here, my young lady!" Fred Argyle had stepped in and his tones were cross. "Some fine day that thing will slip from your fingers and go right out that open window. Kindly practice your juggler's art somewhere else!" "How should I know it's a window? It lets in neither air nor light!" Bess knew the other girls were snickering into their discreet "vanities," but she soon bade them good night as though nothing had occurred.

She walked the two miles home to avoid the jammed cars and to enjoy any possible breeze on the way through the park. But the more she recalled that episode the hotter she grew. "Juggler's art!" And she had not even been aware how she did handle the typewriter; anyway that came most easily. She had observed that Fred had never yet offered to lift it for her. He was too lazy to even reach across his own desk for the extension phone—some one must always run and shove it over to him! At his present rate, by the time he reached thirty his physical profile would resemble that of a fish he had seen at Field museum.

A week and more passed with no further mention of the matter. She felt that Lillian was trying to hide a little triumph—or trying to display it. Young Argyle was off on one of his frequent trips for the company. Bess refused to acknowledge to herself that she had developed a slight uneasiness and so handled the machine with more care—strictly on the sly and taking great pains that no one should notice it.

Then on Saturday, near quitting time, the stenographer stepped in from the outer office with a letter she intended to type herself, but, instead of her usual last-minute haste she deliberately placed her ear against the edge of the closed door and raised a hand for silence.

Wondering, the other girls watched until she tiptoed to them, whispering, "Fred is back, but something's wrong: They're searching frantically through the safe." Then she stole back to hear more. Lillian followed. Bess made a move to join them—heard steps—and hastily picked up her already covered typewriter instead.

Fred opened the door so suddenly he nearly upset the two girls there, but he seemed too agitated to observe them. "Did any of you see—" he began. A scream from Bess, a grating sound, her body perilously out the window—Fred there, his arm clutching her back. Then his angry "Didn't I warn you that would happen!"

Well, it had. The culprit crumpled down on a chair, too dazed to utter a word, unconscious of the chattering all about her, of the girls' earnest efforts to excuse and comfort her. Then vaguely aware of a short, testy argument between Argyle senior and Junior about police efficiency. Next Fred at the telephone with orders to have something radio broadcast immediately—great stress on the big cash reward offered to aid in the return of something. Rising from the phone, "You'll find, dad, that cash offer will bring quicker results than any police detectives could."

What did all that matter to her? But the typewriter, a new one they had bought recently at her own request; they had permitted her to choose it; its price would come out of her salary, of course, even if they did not fire her. But remorse and chagrin cut her far worse than did that prospect.

Meanwhile Lillian, at the window, had reported that no one was hurt. "Gee, but the crowd! Blocks the alley at both ends! There's a rusty little Ford, though, that sure got its nose broken—typewriter landed square on its engine. People trying to pick up the scattered keys. A cop's having a hot spiel with the man in the Hxy." Then presently, "For the love o' crying out loud! What's that cop arresting the man for! Ain't he had trouble

enough with his car all busted!" And Lillian jammed on her hat and ran out to get particulars at closer range.

Slowly Bess roused herself to go also. She had to wait for the elevator and when it came up out stepped an officer leading a defiantly cursing young man whom he ushered directly into the jewelry office, closing the door in Bess' face as she would have followed him.

Instinctively she remained there and, amid a buzz of voices, presently heard the officer saying, "Yes, I had heard your broadcast not two minutes before. Now, this bird didn't seem near as mad about the accident as he was anxious to get away—that made me suspicious. So I searched him and—here're your gems."

Not wanting them to find her hanging around, Bess hurried off. Her head was aching now and she longed to get away, anywhere; so, on an extravagant impulse, she hailed a taxi. "Where to, miss?" "Oh, Greenvale cemetery. Peaceful there and no crowds." After dismissing the cab Bess strolled a long time amid the quiet beauty, where both her parents lay. Gradually it dawned on her that her careless accident had been the direct cause of the recovery of the firm's stolen jewelry, and she even began to see the ridiculous angle of the affair.

Bess really dreaded to give up her position there, so prudence and pride seasawed a long time before she decided what course to pursue. Then she hurried back to town and to the savings bank, where her very modest account reposed, and withdrew an amount covering the cost of the typewriter. This she inclosed with an extremely dignified letter stating her regret and her resignation; registered it and went home, knowing it would reach Mr. Argyle early Monday morning. Pride had conquered.

Already, the late afternoon papers were featuring the "Amazing Jewelry Theft and Recovery!" Beside the portrait of the thief was her own, smiling at her mockingly. Bess went home in a sort of miserable trance and took her headache early to bed.

She moped down to breakfast Sunday morning, not feeling much better. There by her plate was an exquisite bouquet of roses—also a special delivery letter. With her expectant family watching, she eagerly tore this open, disclosing the firm's check for the sum they had offered in their broadcast. Also a happy-looking scrawl: "Dear Bess, you've got to forgive my ugly grouch. We always knew you could handle a typewriter! Please do stay in tonight. I want to tell you so. FRED."

## Treasure Island Ever Real to Youthful Mind

Two rough men they were, and as the boy looked upon them one of them appeared to be an old chap with a peg-leg and a patch over one eye and a wicked gleam in the other. They came up from the lake shore to the vacant house where the boy was at work tending the lawn, and when he ran from them they gave chase until he hid in a patch of vines. Afterward when he had told his story, policemen and grownups came to search the nearby territory and to question the wide-eyed lad, until some scoffer suggested that possibly he had seen Long John Silver, whereat they laughed and went their way.

He spoke more truthfully than he knew, did the one who asked about Long John, for certain it is that the boy had seen the wily old pirate himself. Another might only have observed a couple of ordinary individuals bent on ordinary business, but not this young watcher. The lawn where he stood was Treasure Island and the house behind him was the blockhouse. The brush about him was peopled with rascals who carried long cutlasses and flintlock pistols, and as sure as you're born it was Old John himself who came tapping up the gravel way from the shore.

For Treasure Island is not an uncharted patch of green on some ocean, as kindly R. L. S. would be the first to say were he here. It is a quite real spot in the heart of youth, which is the abiding place of strong deeds and stronger men, put there by one who carried some of boyhood's fancies over the borderland of manhood. So a common patch may be a Montana trail with Sitting Bull skulking behind an elm tree.

The searchers will not find Long John. Not unless the boy lends them his eyes, and that he cannot do—for which they should not scold but be sorry.—Seattle Times.

## Landslide on a Town

Any one who has ever visited Quebec cannot help recalling that a cliff separates the upper and lower towns. Houses of the lower town extend up to the cliff base, while on the cliff crest rest the fortifications. In 1900 a mass of rock slipped from the cliff face beneath the citadel and crashed over the houses beneath it. The result was very disastrous, for at that time the greater and most important part of the town was situated under the frowning cliff. Many persons were killed.

## Started Baldheaded

A customer in the barber chair thought to nip in the bud any sales talk on dandruff cure, new hair tonic or shampoo when the barber started in with the remark: "Your hair is getting thin, isn't it?" "No; the fact is, I've more hair now than I had twenty-five years ago."

"Why you don't look to be a day over twenty-five now," was the reply. "Well, the truth is, I was twenty-five years old last week."

## Ant-Killer Uses Pincers for Grinding Its Victims

Among the myriad forms of animal life are to be found many that tax the credibility. One is a creature only about three inches long which bears a superficial resemblance to the spider and also to both the scorpion and the vinegore. Frequently it is mistaken for one of these, but its correct pseudonym is ant-killer, a name the implications of which are fully borne out by its behavior toward these little insects. Its reason, writes C. T. Reel in Nature Magazine, for killing the ants, and nearly all the other small animals, chiefly arthropods, is not pure love of destruction.

After killing the insects it thoroughly grinds the bodies in its powerful and needle-like chela, which project forward in front of the small head. Then through a toothless mouth, scarcely bigger than a small pinhead, it sucks the juices from the bodies of the victims.

The ant-killer is dreaded by the Mexicans as an enemy more venomous than the rattlesnake. As a matter of fact, it has no venom and is harmless, except for the rather painful wound that it might inflict with its sharp, strong, formic acid-covered pincers. These large spider-like animals are widely distributed throughout arid tropical and semitropical regions.

## Man's Critical Faculty Potent Factor in Love

Man, as a rule, can be attracted by almost any pretty and relatively attractive woman. He can be stirred by any girl who is superficially charming, as most girls are today. But the test comes when that original attraction progresses to the place where it meets his critical faculty or instinct of self-protection. Then he says to himself, "Is this worth while?"

Men may be charmed but they are never won at first sight. When they become critical they almost invariably experience a sense of panic—that panic to which almost all of them will admit they have fallen prey during the process of falling in love. Then, if they are to be really won, they must find in the girl things which reassure them and convince them that it is worth while.

The next step, therefore, depends entirely upon the girl. It is at this critical moment that she either wins or loses the game, almost entirely according to what she then offers.—Adela Rogers St. Johns in Smart Set Magazine.

## Who Built Temple Bar?

It is just upon 50 years ago that the last slopes of old Temple bar were taken away from their site, although demolition had begun 18 months before! The stones were numbered and stored in Farrington road for eight years, when the space they took up being wanted, the city corporation gave them to Sir Henry Meux, who spent several thousand pounds in removing them and re-erecting the gate in his own grounds near Waltham Cross. How many people, asks "Looker-on" in the London Daily Chronicle, could say who built Temple bar? It was erected by Wren in 1670, and stood at the City "Bar" for over 200 years.

## Light and Darkness

A man who looks toward the light sees no shadow; a man who walks toward the light leaves darkness behind him. People get in darkness by turning away from the light. They hide in obscure corners; they bury themselves in nooks, where the sun of righteousness cannot reach them; they close their blinds and shutters, and wonder that they have no light. A house may be dark, but it is not because the Light of the World does not shed beams abroad.—Armory.

## Varieties of Wheat

To most consumers, wheat is wheat, and general information stops at this point. Wheat, however, seems to be an extensive family, among the members of which are the following varieties: Turkey, Marquis, Fultz, Mediterranean, Poole, Preston, Haynes Bluestem, Red May, Red Wave, Kanred, Blackhull, Trumbull, Kubanka and Harvest Queen.

Incidentally, in the five-year period from 1919 to 1924, wheat acreage in the United States dropped off from 73,000,000 acres to less than 51,000,000.

## Aviators' Dangers

The evenness of air while flying, varies with the temperature. If the air is warm, or what is called thin air, it is difficult to gain altitude. In cold or dense air it is easy to gain altitude. The air over cities is warmer than over the surrounding country. It is when a flyer approaches warmer air that the plane has a tendency to lose altitude. In some places a change from cold to warm air is very abrupt. That is known as an air pocket, or bumpy air.

## School-Purpose Lands

The Continental congress, in its land ordinance of May, 1785, dedicated from the public lands which lay west of the Thirteen Colonies lot No. 16 of every township to "the maintenance of public schools within the said township." The policy of giving public lands for education has been continued and lands and scrip have been granted to a total of 117,244,514 acres, an area nearly equivalent to that of the German republic.

## ISOLATE DRUGS IN VENOM OF TOADS

### Find Potent Substances in Chinese Product.

Baltimore.—The dried venom of Chinese toads has been found to be a virtual pharmacopoeia.

Four potent substances have been isolated successfully by Dr. K. K. Chen, with the co-operation of Dr. Hans Jensen of Johns Hopkins medical school.

One is ergosterol, which cures rickets in rats in exactly the same manner as cod liver oil does. It occurs together with cholesterol, a white, fatty, crystalline alcohol which is tasteless and odorless.

Another is adrenalin, identical with that obtained from the suprarenal gland of animals, which has been used widely in medicine. The suprarenal gland, located near the anterior end of each kidney, secretes a substance which has important effects on the circulatory and muscular systems.

The other two principles have an action similar to that of digitalis, which has been employed in the treatment of heart disease. Digitalis is an important drug from the leaves of the purple foxglove.

The venom, processed into dried cakes by Chinese druggists, long has been used in the Orient because of its medicinal properties. Taken internally as a pill it is said to be able to break colds, while externally it has been used in the treatment of toothache and local inflammatory conditions.

Experiments have been conducted with animals but it is hoped, according to Doctor Chen, that further study in man will show the newly isolated substances to be useful therapeutically.

Mystery shrouds the production of the cakes, which are rich with substances identical with animal products on the one hand and resembling plant products on the other, and are at once either a virulent poison or a powerful and beneficial medicine.

Attempts are being made to secure specimens of the toad for a detailed morphological study, to ascertain which species produce the venom. The method of securing the secretions and drying them up into cakes also is the subject of inquiry.

## Part of Tree 60,000,000 Years Old Found in U. S.

Trenton, N. J.—Examination of a piece of American chestnut tree found by a well driller at Bradevelt, Monmouth county, several feet below the surface, showed evidence that the chestnut tree grew in New Jersey 60,000,000 years ago, the state department of conservation and development announced recently.

Meredit T. Johnson, assistant state geologist, identified the piece as of the late Cretaceous age, a geologic period which is said to have ended 60,000,000 years ago. Unlike most fossil wood found in these formations, the piece was said to be well preserved and its texture fiber plainly visible. Prof. S. J. Record of the Yale forestry school agreed with Johnson. The piece was placed in the State museum.

The wood was found in the formation known to geologists as English-town sand.

## House of Seven Gables Turned Into Hostelery

Salem, Mass.—Memories of other days, when colonial gentlemen and men gathered at the House of Seven Gables in Salem for a few hours of refreshment and entertainment, have been revived by announcement that the historical building has followed the trend of the times and is accommodating overnight guests with board and rooms. "Reasonable prices" are charged for these accommodations, which are in the old Hathaway house, built in 1682, and in the adjoining cottages, which have been renovated for the convenience of out-of-town visitors and others who desire to enjoy a colonial atmosphere.

## China to Make Memorial of Beautiful Koo Home

Peking.—Although Dr. Wellington Koo, former premier of China, is living in exile abroad, his beautiful home in Peking is to be turned into a memorial to the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The action has been taken without consulting Doctor Koo, as it is felt his property can be confiscated as that of a rebel, because he worked for the Chang Tso-lin government.

## Cow Removes Tonsils of Boy in Pasture

Berlin, Conn.—Bernard Mazurek, four, of Treasure Fields, Kensington, needed to have his tonsils removed, but he or his parents had been putting off the dread day. Now he is rid of the bothersome tonsils, thanks to the unsolicited assistance of a cow.

The boy was attempting to hook a piece of paper on the horn of a grazing cow when the animal lifted its horns and poked him in the mouth. The boy was taken to the office of Dr. A. J. Goodwin, where it was found that the poke had caused the removal of one tonsil and Doctor Goodwin finished the job. The patient is at home, as well as could be expected.

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