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Home Destroyed by Fire

The dwelling house of N. Luther Buterbaugh, near Ord, was destroyed by fire last Friday. The fire started up stairs. The loss was covered by insurance in the Patriots' Mutual.

ALL CHINA SWELLS ITS PATRIOTIC FUND.

From Banker to Blind Beggar, All Respond to Republic's Appeal.

By JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

Banker, beggar, bandit, captain of commerce, compradore and coolie in China all seem to be vying with one another to swell the Chinese patriotic fund.

A blind beggar wrote to the directors of the Bank of China, trustees of the fund: "I am very poor. I am ashamed how little I can give, yet my heart is grieved for China, and all I have I give." He sent \$4.02. The contribution probably represented the savings of many weary years. The bankers took his money because to refuse it would have wounded his pride.

A widow lady wrote a characteristic Chinese lady's letter. It explained how she had talked over the situation with her maids, and how they agreed with her that their lives were spent largely in pursuit of petty things, and it was better to discard ornaments of beauty if it would help them to decorate their hearts and minds. So all their trinkets and best dresses they turned into cash to add to China's patriotic fund.

A bandit wrote to a merchant whom he had robbed in other years: "I am a robber; that I know. My character is deplorable, but I am none the less a patriot, and my heart is touched by our country's situation. Into your care I entrust the proceeds of late raids, charging you to place these at the disposal of the patriotic fund." The merchant forwarded this curious donation without deducting compensation for his previous personal loss.

In Kwangtung province, sacred in the records of Chinese freedom, lives an aged man of noble family.

"I have called before me my sons and their sons and their wives and their concubines and their little ones," he wrote, "and we have counted the property which we have inherited from forty-two generations of good fortune as children of China. Now we have decided that, as this property has come to us because China, our country, has been good to us, it is our duty to return it to China to help her maintain her dignity and her strength." Accompanying this letter were several title deeds and mortgages, six bags of money and much jewelry.

THE VOICE AND THE STAGE.

Being a Good Elocutionist Does Not Make a Good Actor.

Of all the things to eschew, elocution schools stand first. Actors should know nothing of the rules of elocution as taught in any school of which I have ever heard. I can always tell at the first glance whether an actor is a student of elocution. No good elocutionist was ever a good actor. That is, no good reciter—and elocution schools produce only reciters—is ever a good actor.

Reciting and acting are two entirely different arts. The reciter is never natural, never can be. A while ago one of the most distinguished professors of elocution in America—he had the chair of elocution at one of our biggest universities—came to be an actor. It was thought that he would be something wonderful because of his knowledge and gift of elocution. He went back to teaching. He could do that better than most, but his acting was bad. All the rules of elocution an actor ever needs can be obtained in singing lessons.

Now, proper enunciation of words is a different matter. An actor should not have to be taught that, but if he does need it it is a pretty bad need, and he should never rest until he has lost all slovenly habits. Some of my friends think I am too severe on this point. I am not. One cannot be too severe. It is clean cut work, perfect in its smallest details, that makes for perfect illusion on the stage, and I am always for such work.—Henrietta Crossman in Century.

AUSTRIAN BORDER IS BEST GUARDED

Frontier Bristles With Powerful Modern Fortifications.

ITALY CONTROLS PASSES.

Military Experts Watch With Interest First Steps Italian Army is Taking in Effort to Invade Austria, a Task Which They Regard as Hard as Crossing Rhine.

Military experts are watching keenly the first steps of Italy to effect an invasion of Austria. No situation in the war has been fraught with greater interest.

It is generally conceded by the experts that the double chain of border fortifications between Austria and Italy are stronger on the Austrian than the Italian side. Military men believe that Italy's task in breaking into Austria is even harder than that of crossing the Rhine.

The fortification system of Austria Hungary along the Italian frontier was planned with a view to frustrate Italy's attempt to invade the Trentino, the object of her national desires, and to guard against a possible offensive movement of great magnitude along the Villach-Tarvis route through the Fella valley. It is admitted in military circles that Austrian fortifications are more modern and strategically better located than the Italian fortifications.

Austria Controls Highlands.
Austria practically has control of the highlands and the mountainous territory along the entire Italian frontier. Italy has possession of the lowland terrain.

The fortifications on the Italian line are so located that they control the passes and all possible lines of invasion which lead from Tyrol and Carinthia into Italy and also protect the left flank of the army, concentrated on the Venetian plains. But the terrain of Italy's northern border offers a favorable opportunity for Austro-Hungarian troops to attack the flank and the rear of the Italian offensive movement toward Tyrol and Carinthia.

To counteract this all passes between the Isonzo and the Stifser-Joch are fortified by small caliber guns and made impassable for bodies of troops. The Tonale pass and others are mined and guarded, and batteries are placed at Bormio and Edolo. A fort has just been completed at Ponte-di-Legno, which controls the approach from the Tonale road.

Several groups of fortifications guard the territory between the Adige valley and Calvary mountain and block all approaches into the Astico, Brenta and Piave valleys. They also protect the Venetian lowlands, which serve as a concentration point for an offensive movement against southern Tyrol.

Casemates Hewn In Rock.
The fortress of Agordo, towering on a rocky precipice, guards the approaches leading from the Cortina d'Ampezzo and the Piana di Primiero to the military concentration points in the Cordevo valley, at Belluno-Feltre. It consists of long range batteries and casemates hewn into the rock.

The Tagliamento valley, important because of its railroad connections and road concentration, is protected by Fort Osoppo, which consists of several modern batteries situated on top of a rock 100 meters high, surrounded by a concrete rampart. There are no permanent fortifications east of the Tagliamento.

The nature of the Italian fortifications is partly a blockade defense, with defensive character—like Rocca d'Anso, Val Leogra and Agordo—and partly a protection for specified concentration points for offensive preparations, such as Arserio, Asiago, Primolano, Fausto and Lamon. But they also secure a well defined terrain for maneuvering along the frontier, as at Vigo, Lorenzago, Forst-Avoglieri and Pieve di Cadore.

The strongest fortifications are those of Agordo, Val Leogra and Rivolt-Carino.

Tyrol Route Indisputable.
The Austrian fortifications at Tarvis guard the passes and roads leading through the Carinthian Alps and consist of the modern fortresses of Fritsch, Raibl and Hensel. Their equipment consists of modern long range mountain guns, machine guns and lighter armament. The forts are armored and are among the strongest on the Italian border.

The Tyrol, especially the southern part, is strongly fortified. The Adige road and the Chiava Veneta, known to the warriors of ancient Rome, are to this day the centralization point of communication and of military operations.

The fortress of Trient is one of the most modern in Austria. It consists of large caliber guns, armored turrets and powerful siege guns. Its command of the Adige valley and the South Tyrolean route is indisputable.

His Occupation.
"What does your father do?"
"Whatever mother tells him."
"I mean what's his occupation?"
"Oh, his occupation! Pa's a conflagration ejector; puts out fires, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.
Nature Faker—Why do the leaves turn red in autumn? Freshman—It's the established law of creation. Nature Faker—You're wrong. They have to blush when they think how green they've been.—Brunonian.

PETROGRAD IS A WONDER.

A City Built by Russia In Defiance of the Laws of Nature.

It is an amazing monument to the despotism of the czars that Petrograd has flourished, as it was built, in defiance of the laws of trade and of nature herself. As a port it is immeasurably inferior to Riga, which has a much longer open season. For Petrograd is icebound from early November to the end of April. As a building site it has been repeatedly and disastrously flooded by the Neva. The highest elevation within the bounds of the city is less than fifteen feet above sea level, and the cellars have to be baled out nearly every spring when the ice melts and the wind blows.

And the rigorous climate constantly gnaws at walls and columns until the city has been twice and thrice rebuilt by the czars. Many of the most imposing structures are held together only by means of iron clamps, and the huge bowlder on which Peter rides his bronze horse is ever crumbling away. The stones of the streets are continually sinking below the level, and the great Cathedral of St. Isaac never ceases to settle on a foundation in which nearly \$1,000,000 was sunk. No less than six tiers of piles were driven for the beautiful column of Alexander I, yet that eighty foot monolith, the tallest and largest in Europe, has to be clamped in iron.

As a dwelling place Petrograd remains the most fatal of any great city in the civilized world, with a mortality of twenty-eight to each 1,000 of population, and within ten years its death rate actually exceeded its birth rate.—Argonaut.

SUBMERGING A SUBMARINE.

It Takes Five Minutes For the Best of Them to Get Under.

Submarines are not easy to handle and it takes considerable skill and daring to navigate them successfully. Many people have the idea that as soon as a submarine sees an enemy, the officer in command gives a sharp order, and almost before it has left his lips the submarine is diving beneath the waves.

As a matter of fact the very latest submarines take a clear five minutes before they can become submerged. Many of the older submarines took ten minutes to a quarter of an hour to sink.

The reason that a submarine cannot dive quickly, like a fish, is because the water which must be let into her tanks to make her heavy enough to sink, must be let in comparatively slowly. If it were let in with a rush the chances are the vessel would not go down on an even keel, but would heel over and be in great danger of disaster. If water, too, were let in too quickly there is a danger of letting in too much and in that case the submarine would sink like a stone to the bottom of the sea.

The depth at which a submarine travels under the sea is regulated by horizontal rudders. The water that is let in the ballast tanks is just sufficient to "balance" the vessel in the sea without rising or sinking.—London Spectator.

An Effective Question.

While Henry Clay was a senator a resolution, in accordance with a sometime custom, was introduced into the Kentucky house of representatives instructing the senators from that state to vote in favor of a certain bill then pending in congress. The resolution was in the act of passing without opposition when a hitherto silent member from one of the mountain counties springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Mr Speaker, am I to understand that this legislature is undertaking to tell Henry Clay how to vote?" The speaker answered that such was the purport of the resolution, at which the member from the mountains, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Great heaven!" and sank into his seat. It is needless to add that the resolution was immediately rejected by unanimous vote.

Why She Wasn't There.

An agent approaching a house met a little boy at the gate and asked: "Is your mother home?" "Yes, sir," said the boy politely. The agent walked across the long lawn and after rapping several times without receiving an answer returned to the youth, saying: "I thought you said your mother was at home." "Yes, sir; she is," replied the boy. "But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer." "That may be, sir," said the boy. "I don't live there."—Exchange.

He Got the New Suit.

"When I was a boy your age I used to have to wear my father's trousers cut down to fit me." "I know, pa, and if you were the boy that I think you were I'll bet you vowed many a time that if you ever had a son he'd never be made to wear such clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

CURED BY A LAUGH

It Was a Hearty One and Better Than a Dose of Medicine.

A STORY ABOUT A LECTURE.

It Ought to Have Been Funny and Seemed at the Time to Be Funny and Yet Afterward There Was Grave Doubt as to Whether It Was or Not.

"What's your book?" Squire Dumont asked of a neighbor as they sat waiting their turn in the village barber shop.

"Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, was the reply. "I just got it out of the library. I suppose you would call it pretty light reading."

"You needn't be a bit ashamed of it, Mr. Pinkham," said the squire, heartily. "It's a book that has done a lot of good. It has made thousands of people laugh, and a good laugh is often better than a dose of medicine."

"I've seen that proved," said Mr. Pinkham. "I went to hear Mark Twain lecture once," he added, with a reminiscent chuckle.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the squire. "I never had that pleasure myself. It must have been a great treat."

"Yes, it was. I'm a great admirer of Mark Twain and have been for years. I had always wanted to see and hear him, and when I saw in a Portland paper that he was to lecture there on a certain evening it came over me that that was my time to go and hear him."

"I had just lost a lawsuit, and my wife was away from home with a sick sister. I was pretty blue and lonesome and felt the need of being cheered up."

"I took the afternoon train, calculating to get to my cousin Jim's in time for supper and then go to the lecture. But, as luck would have it, a freight train had been wrecked near Brunswick, and we never got into Portland until 8 o'clock. However, I hurried to the hall and paid my way in and got a good seat right up in front. I had missed some of the lecture, but I was thankful to get what was left. It wasn't so much what he said, though, as the way he said it that tickled me. I laughed more that night than I had for a year."

ARMY BUGLES.

Fashioned From Sheets of Copper by an Ingenious Process.

From start to finish the making of an army bugle is a process of much ingenuity and interest. A bugle may not at first sight present a striking resemblance to its cousin, the cornet horn, but one is practically a curled up version of the other, for before the bugle is bent into shape it consists of a narrow tube fifty-one inches long. In the first stage of manufacture the bugle is cut out of sheet copper and rolled into two thin cylinders, technically known as the "bell" and the "branch." The narrow tube, which is the "bell," is gradually shaped out on molds until the opening is the regular four inches in diameter. It is then "spun" on a wonderful machine, and an expert workman takes the rough edges of the copper.

Both sections are afterward filled with molten lead preparatory to the bending stage, and it is this solid stuffing which prevents the tube breaking in the process and allows it to keep its shape. The expert workman, with the aid of a formidable lever and hammer, bends the bugle into the familiar shape, the lead being subsequently melted out at a charcoal furnace, after which the instrument is sent off to the polishers.

One of the most intricate parts of the bugle is the mouthpiece, which is made of nickel silver and turned out on a special lathe. With the mouthpiece fixed the instrument is ready for the testing room.—Pearson's Weekly.

BUCK THE LINE HARD.

People Who Do Big Things Do Not Let Themselves Be Held.

It was on the football field at one of the large colleges. A big tackle had been brought over to the varsity field from one of the class elevens. It was his first experience with the big team. He played a fine game until the other side had the ball. Then he did not "break through" as he should. The coach finally stopped the play and went over to him.

"What is the trouble? Why don't you get through?" he said. "The man opposite me is not playing fair. He is holding me," said the tackle.

"If he holds you again I'll put you off the field!" flashed back the coach.

Of course, as the tackle said, it is against the rules to hold an opponent unless he has the ball, but the coach wanted results and not excuses. His position was that a man ought somehow to break away; that no man must let himself be held. And that is true, no one ought to let himself be held. The excuse may be excellent, but a player who is held is put out of the game as effectively as if he were off the field. He might just as well be off the field. The people who accomplish things worth while in the world are those who will not let themselves be held. There have always been things enough to hold them. They might have found excellent excuses, but they have not had to use any excuses.—Youth's Companion.

Grande Liquoreria

Vini, Grappa, Whiskey, Brandy e liquori di tutte le specie. Noi facciamo qualità sopraffine in bibite italiane. Gli ordini vengono eseguiti con la massima sollecitudine ed accuratezza. Fate commissioni di prova.

A. A. Urmann
GRANDE WHOLESALE LIQUORS
Ridgway, Pa.

MYSTIC NUMBERS.

Romance That Is Woven Around the Seven, Three and Nine.

There are seven days in the week because of the oriental tradition that the world was created in seven days. The Romans had no week, but reckoned by months, counting forward and backward from the Ides and Nones, until the fourth century, when they adopted the Jewish-Christian week.

Because of its relation to the creation the number seven has always been invested with an occult and mystic significance. There were seven wise men in antiquity and seven wonders of the world. The seventh son of a seventh son, or seventh daughter of a seventh daughter was supposed to possess powers of prophecy or divination. For seven days seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. The ancients knew of seven planets and seven metals. There were seven heavens and seven hierarchies of angels.

Seven had a mystical significance among peoples who had no tradition of a seven day creation, and this was due to its being indivisible by any number but itself and to its being a combination of 3 (called by Pythagoras the perfect number, representing beginning, middle and end) and 4, the square number.

The Pythagorean idea about 3 received confirmation when the doctrine of trinity in unity was promulgated by the early Christians. For 3 is itself at once trinity and unity.

The number 9 was endowed with mysterious properties because it is the product of three times three—perfection multiplied by perfection. To see nine maples was remarkably lucky. Nine grains of wheat laid on a four leaved clover enabled one to see the fairies.—New York World.

Quits.

Little Mauie would tell "whoppers." One day her aunt thought she ought to be cured of this habit, so she spoke seriously to the little maid, who promised to mend her ways.

To point the moral auntie told the tale of the shepherd boy who was always calling "Wolf!" until no one could believe him. Then one day the wolf really came and ate up all the sheep.

"All the sheep?" interrupted Maude. "Yes, every one of them," replied auntie decidedly. "Every single one?" Auntie nodded. "Well," said Maude slowly, "I don't believe you, and you don't believe me. So there!"—London Answers.

Food For Punsters.

"I don't see how Fussleigh gets any enjoyment out of his food. He's dieting, you know."

"Yes." "He uses this new 'mathematical masticatory' system."

"Good gracious, what's that? So many chews to the mouthful?"

"No. He eats beans by the dozen, rice by the grain, fish by the perch and spaghetti by the yard."

"Does he seem better?" "Measurably so."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drink Plenty of Water.

A Roumanian scientist claims that any one can live to be 100 years old, barring accidents, if he drinks enough water. He declares he has discovered that old age is due to a decrease in the amount of water in the system and that Father Time may be checked by systematic water drinking during middle age.

Buying Wives.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in some parts of Russia. In the district of Kamyslin, on the Volga, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well to do family ranges from \$50 to \$200.

Same Way.

"How did you find dear old Broadway?" "That way yet." "What way?" "Old and dear."—Cleveland Leader.

Animal Etiquette.

No one who is at all observant of the ways of animals can have failed to notice how gentle large dogs, like the St. Bernard and the Great Dane, are to their smaller canine fellows. It is rare that a big dog turns upon one of the little fellows, no matter how aggravating and snappy the latter may be. Instead, he invariably treats the small dog's antics with unfruffled and dignified tolerance. For there is a recognized code of etiquette among animals, if you please, quite as much as there is among human beings. In truth, there are not a few respects in which the animals can give points on politeness and good behavior to man himself.

WAR BABE FOR ADOPTION.

German Mother Unable to Get Word of Her Soldier Husband.

Mrs. Carl Muller of Yaphank has inserted an advertisement in several Long Island papers offering for adoption a newborn war babe, whose mother, a German woman, is stopping at Mrs. Muller's home.

"The baby's mother, who doesn't want her name known save to the couple who, she hopes, will adopt her little daughter, does not know whether she is a widow or not," said Mrs. Muller to a reporter. "The mother is a friend of mine who came to the United States after her husband had been forced to fight for Germany. She has tried repeatedly to obtain word from or of her husband without result, and she has no knowledge whether he has been killed or is still fighting. She feels that she cannot care for her little daughter, who was born on Feb. 27, and is a little dear, and she is willing to give full surrender to a couple who can convince her that the baby will have a good home and kind treatment."

Necessarily Slow.

A California youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was to leave there at 5 o'clock. He did not arrive home till 7 o'clock and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed her orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the whip. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy. "Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle and I was afraid to carry it—so I led it home."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Sure Proof.

"The new family who have just moved in have something in their lives they want to hide."

"Why do you think so?" "Because their hired girl is deaf and dumb."—Baltimore American.

OBSERVATION.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men—the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.—Samuel Smiles.

Lincoln's Funeral Coach.

The first Pullman sleeping car, constructed in 1864 in the shops of the Alton and Chicago and called the Pioneer, served as the funeral coach for President Lincoln. Its cost was \$18,000, which was regarded in those days as most extravagant, and as it was higher and wider than the ordinary cars and the clearances of station platforms and bridges when it was decided that it should be the funeral coach of the president many changes were involved. Gangs of men were set working night and day to cut wider clearances all the way from Washington (by way of New York and Albany) to Springfield, Ill.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Small Anvils.

The anvil that rings to the sturdy blacksmith's sledge may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silver smiths and various other workers. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish, and so on, these little anvils are made in scores of varieties, ranging in weight from fifteen ounces up to a number of pounds each. All the little anvils are of the finest steel. They are all finely finished, often nickel plated, and those surfaces that are brought into use are made as smooth as glass.

The Logic of It.

The Yale freshman year was proving too expensive to father, so father decided to have a "heart to heart" talk with Johnny, home for the week end. "Now, son," said he gravely, but affectionately, "your mother and I are spending just as little as we possibly can. I get up in the morning at 6:30, and I work until after 5. But, son, the money just won't go round at the rate that your expenses are running. Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what do you think we had better do?" For a moment Johnny's head was buried in thought, and then he replied: "Well, father, I don't see any way out but for you to work nights."—New York Post.