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# The "PATRIOT" Publishing Co.

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## HIS LESSON

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Don't do it, Dennis!" pleaded Mrs. Foley.

"I've made up my mind," responded her husband in his usual set and determined way. "It's the call of ambition, woman! I've been humble and lowly too long. It's the chance of my life, and I'm going to take it."

"Aren't we well enough off, Dennis, dear?" objected Mrs. Foley. "You've got a steady job. It's in a line you understand. Better to be foreman of the ward sewer and paving gang than some hifalutin position you may not be able to hold a year."

"I know my powers, woman; I know my powers. The new reform candidate is going to win, and if I stump for him he's promised me a better position."

Mrs. Foley sighed. They were humble folk. Dennis was uneducated, their little home was located in a poor section. But it was all their own and Dennis was a good husband and a kind father.

Their daughter Nora was earning a fair salary as a stenographer. She was engaged to an estimable young man, a budding architect and engineer. They were all looked up to in their own social sphere, humble as it was, because they were respectable. Once, in the far past, Dennis had been a drinking man, but that was long gone by.

And now came the break that worried and grieved the good housewife. Dennis was bent on breaking into politics. In vain Mrs. Foley pictured the downfall of Mr. Herndon, whose son, Sidney, was engaged to Nora. Politics had ruined the elder Herndon and he had died of broken fortunes and a broken heart.

Dennis went his own way. For two months he was away from home often until midnight. More than once he had come under the influence of liquor. He had mortgaged the little home to the full limit to secure campaign funds.

"It will all come back, Mary," he declared ten times over. "My candidate is sure to win."

And the day after the election, when his candidate had, indeed, won



"What Did I Tell You!" He Crowded.

the cherished goal, he came into the house in a great state of drink and glee.

"What did I tell you!" he crowed. "I'm appointed superintendent of the ward water department district at just double what I was earning before."

Then, to the silent gnawing sorrow of Mrs. Foley, he was gone for two days. He did not come home at all during that period. Mrs. Foley learned that he was "celebrating" his accession to supposed power of wining and dining his faithful adherents. Her cup of misery seemed full to the brim when they brought him home on a stretcher one night. In a fight with his irritated political opponents Dennis had got the worst of it. They had beaten him up terribly. For a week he lay in bed mending up, in discomfort and pain, but by no means penitent or forgiving.

"I'm just waiting to get back my strength to pay off the gang that downed me," he told his wife. "I'll show them!"

Dennis came home the next night, uproarious. A disorderly crowd composed of his adherents followed him to the door. They cheered him and made a great hurrah. Dennis made a maudlin speech in reply to their noisy congratulations.

Mrs. Foley, peering timorously from behind a curtain, discerned that the occasion memorialized some signal action against his enemies on the part of her husband.

She gathered from the exultant remarks of the crowd that the new water department superintendent had "put it over" on his adversaries. They chuckled, they gloated, and left their political leader to stagger into the house with the braggadocio of some triumphant war hero.

He was too muddled to give a coherent explanation to his wife of the doings of the night. Early the next morning, however, a neighbor came over with the morning paper.

There it was all in type—the mad frolic of her helpmeet. It appeared that he had braced himself up with drinks innumerable. Then he and his cohorts had started out on a wild cam-

paign of retribution against their political foes.

What Dennis had done was to fully assume the authority of the city water department. He had supplied himself with the official water shut-off rod. One after the other, whether delinquent in the payment of their water tax or not, he had proceeded to turn off the hydrant supply from the street.

So drastic had been his action that one entire end of the ward had no water for twelve hours. The parched, indignant victims of this official frolic had at once sent a committee of protest to the mayor. It was after midnight when they reached that functionary. His action was summary. The newspaper announced the dismissal of the new water department superintendent from his official duties and Dennis was out of a job.

Then Dennis Foley went to pieces. He became an idler, spending his time pestering his former political sponsors, haranguing crowds in his favorite saloon on the ingratitude of an unappreciative municipality. He neglected his family. A shrewd, tricky crowd involved him in a flagrant political conspiracy and all hands were sent to the house of correction for a year.

Mary visited him there weekly, but she had little to tell him that was comforting. Their little property had been foreclosed on. Sidney had married Nora and they had removed to a bustling little interior town where Sidney had secured a position. Too proud to live on them, Mrs. Foley was sustaining herself by working as janitress in an office building.

The day that Dennis was released from prison, he was amazed and embarrassed to have his son-in-law appear as the first one to greet him at the steps of the reformatory.

"Well, father," he said in a friendly way. "I hope you've seen the folly of politics."

"When you see me back at pickaxe and shovel," observed Dennis, "believe me that I have!"

"Oh, I fancy you won't have to go way back to those rudimentals," smiled Sidney, slapping his contrite relative briskly on the shoulder. "If there's to be no more drinking—"

"Try me and see!" muttered Dennis between his set teeth.

"Then Nora and I have blocked out a fine future for you. They have appointed me business agent of the town where we live. They are going to put in water and gas and pave the streets. See here, you're an expert in those lines. How would you like to be my superintendent?"

There were tears in the eyes of Dennis Foley. All his wretched mistakes seemed fading away like a bad dream as he and Mary reached the train with Sidney. The old woman broke down utterly when their daughter welcomed them to her neat hospitable home and Sidney pointed from the window to a lonely little cottage.

"See that house, father?" he inquired. "Well, it's furnished, a cow in the shed and a coop full of chickens, two years' improvements ordered for the town and all you've got to do is to work."

"And forget," murmured the grateful Mary softly.

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## TESTAMENT STOPS BULLET

British Soldier Saved by Bible That Was Pierced Through to Corinthians.

Charles M. Alexander, singing evangelist and partner of Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who passed through this city yesterday on his way to Northfield, said thousands of British soldiers were carrying pocket Bibles as they went to the front. The evangelist believed that the Pocket Testament league, which distributed the Scriptures, "would evangelize the British army, both at the front and at home." The league was organized in Philadelphia in the course of the Chapman campaign.

Bodies as well as souls are being saved by the pocket Testaments, in proof of which Mr. Alexander shows a New Testament pierced by a German bullet. This book was hit while reposing in the pocket of a British soldier in a trench in Flanders. The steel pellet plowed through 400 pages, stopping at First Corinthians. This Testament saved its owner's life.

Since the war began Mr. Alexander has devoted considerable attention to distributing Testaments among Kitchen's soldiers. The plan is to have every recipient sign a pledge card signifying his willingness to carry the Testament always and read a chapter each day. Mr. Alexander spent two months in the training camps on Salisbury plain, in which time 9,708 soldiers joined the league.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Poisons and Disinfectants.

The poisons and disagreeable odors are always associated in our minds with the disinfectants. We know germs are routed and destroyed by the liberal use of ill-smelling drugs. Fragrance and sweetness, too, play an active part in disposing of unwelcome germs. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy microbes in 35 minutes; cinnamon kills some species in 12 minutes, and thyme in 35 minutes. The common wild verbena is found to be an effective destroyer of microbes in 45 minutes. The odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes.

## Its Sort.

"Here's a story of a woman who bravely killed a rattlesnake that was trying to climb into her basket."

"That's a rattling good tale."

## HIS BIG STORY

By JANE OSBORN.

"Get a good story at any cost," the city editor had told Tom Ordway, crack reporter on the Morning Star, when he sent him out to "cover" the Morris-Norris wedding. "Get away from the stereotyped society dope. The Morrises are always doing something sensational and the Norrises have controlling ownership in the tin trust that we have been fighting. Go as far as you like; don't hesitate to offend any one, but at any cost get a first page story."

A half hour later Tom was part of the gay assemblage of the city's richest and most exclusive set that had gathered at the palatial Morris residence to witness the most elaborately planned wedding of the season.

During the strains of the wedding march Tom watched intently. He had the names of the bridesmaids beforehand and there was nothing in their conventional prettiness and studied gait to attract his attention. But with the approach of the maid of honor—the famous society belle, Doris Dabney, who seemed to advance like a goddess in an aura of blues and mauve—Tom shared in the general wave of admiration.

Tom looked closely, studying the beautiful features of the young woman as she passed near him to the bower of roses set up at one end of the Morris ballroom. He paused, almost staggering with the impression that suddenly came to him.

"It's Jane," he said half aloud, and as the strains of the wedding march continued and the Morris pedigree and the Norris millions were united in that famous marriage Tom stood as one in a daze. How had Jane Lane, the girl he had loved in his boyhood, whom he had not seen for five years, to be sure, but whom, in his heart of hearts, he loved still—how had this country girl been transported to this scene of wealth and elegance? She had been as poor as he in the days when they went to school together, and there she was, dazzling in a gown that must have cost more than he earned in three months and wearing jewels worth a king's ransom.

What of Doris Dabney, the society beauty who had been expected to act as maid of honor? Could Jane be Doris? Was he dreaming?

The story, it was as good as written. Every one had expected Doris Dabney to act as maid of honor. Doris resembled Jane amazingly, for no one apparently realized that Doris had not appeared. He would talk to Jane and get the whole story.

When Tom had made his way to Jane he noticed that she seemed intent on avoiding conversation. But he was insistent, and "Jane" uttered in a whisper banished her reserve. Tom rushed from expressions of joy at seeing her to a volley of questions, and Jane enthusiastically told him the whole secret. She was serving as governess in the Morris family. Her resemblance to Doris Dabney had often been remarked.

Then the very day of the wedding Doris Dabney disappeared. It was a scandal, of course. She had eloped with her father's good-looking Danish chauffeur. If the news leaked out it would spoil everything. So Jane had been called to the rescue to play the part of Doris, to wear her gown and to appear with the priceless Dabney pearls and sapphires for the wedding.

Tom's elation was divided between delight at having found Jane and joy at having found his "big story." He was hurrying away when Jane, following him, put a hand on his arm.

"How did you happen to be here?" she asked. "You don't travel in the Morris set. Tell me, Tom—there was anxious appeal in her voice—"are you still with the Morning Star?"

Then Tom, now more intent on his story than on his revived love for Jane, and Jane, herself afraid of being discovered, departed hurriedly as some guests came toward them.

It was nearly midnight, and Tom was pounding the keys of his typewriter in the stifling atmosphere of the city room of the Morning Star. He was just hammering out the last paragraph of his "big story," a real "scoop" for the Morning Star, for none of the other papers could possibly have got wind of the scandalous elopement of the beautiful Doris.

Tom felt a pressure on his arm and a sweet voice at his side. It was Jane, Jane shorn of her jewels and with a simple street suit in place of Doris' finery.

"Is it too late?" she asked breathlessly. "I came as soon as I could. I know when I ask you that you won't make use of the story I gave you. I told you because you are a friend."

Ten minutes later, Tom's story of the Morris-Norris nuptials, shorn of all its sensation, having gone to press, Tom and Jane left the office of the Morning Star. It was in a deserted surface car that led to the Morris home that Jane pressed Tom's hand to thank him for what he had done.

"It was hard," admitted Tom, "and I wouldn't have done it for anyone else in the world. But I've always loved you, Jane, and for you I would give up the biggest story I ever trapped down. And now I've found you, little Jane, I am not going to let you go."

And something in Jane's smile assured Tom that he had not made his sacrifice in vain.

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