

THE PATRIOT

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The Aim of the Foreign Language Papers of America

TO HELP PRESERVE THE IDEALS AND SACRED TRADITIONS OF THIS, OUR ADOPTED COUNTRY, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; TO REVERE ITS LAWS AND INSPIRE OTHERS TO OBEY THEM; TO STRIVE UNCEASINGLY TO QUICKEN THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF CIVIC DUTY; IN ALL WAYS TO AID IN MAKING THIS COUNTRY GREATER AND BETTER THAN WE FOUND IT.

WHO'LL BE THE RIDER WHEN THEY'RE SADDLED?



—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE STORE
C.D. ETTINGER

North Homer City

Sara' Aperto al Pubblico Mercoledì 15 Marzo

GERMANY

Continued from Page 1

considered.

Reports from Danish and Dutch sources declare the feeling of bitterness toward America in Germany is increasing. War insurance brokers at Lloyd's, who were disinclined to regard the situation seriously, are now alive to the possibilities of a German-American break.

INVENTORS

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ers.
Va. C. Ayers, Altoona, window shade and curtain support; Jno. C. Backus, Smethport, sashlock; Jno. S. Bancroft, Allentown, gal-

ley mechanism for type composing machines (sold); Geo. C. Debay, Cheswick, glass manipulating apparatus (sold); Oliver Fobes, New Castle, motorcycle starter; Jos. W. Gamble, Tellsville, valve (sold); Hugo Gottschalk, Burnham, apparatus for mixing dough (sold); Chas. F. Laganeck, Butler, computing mechanism (sold); J. W. Lattig, Glenside, electrically controlled meter system (sold); Geo. D. Lewis, Genesee, pressure regulator for pneumatic tires; Chas. A. Painter, Jr., Pittsburg, door latch.

Cashmere Shawls.

Weavers of Cashmere shawls take two or three years to finish a pair of the very finest.

UOMINIE

Giovanotti

IL GIORNO del DOLLARO E'

GIOVEDI' 16 MARZO

Unitevi alla Folla

Cappelli,	Pantaloni,	Camice,
Calzoni,	Maglie,	Cravatte,
Mutande,	Guanti,	Calze etc.

Raddoppiate il vostro denaro la giornata del Dollaro

Dinsmore Bros.

Poisonous Flowers.

Flowers of the jonquil, white hyacinth and snowdrop all possess a poisonous nature, the narcissus being also particularly deadly, so much indeed that to chew a small scrap of one of the bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic.

The berries of the yew have killed many persons, and it is known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach pits or cherry kernels at once. The lobelias are all dangerous.

Lady's slipper poisons in the same manner as does poison ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies of the valley are also as much so. There is enough opium in red poppies to do mischief, and the autumn crocus, if the blossoms are chewed, causes vomiting and purging.

The leaves and flowers of the oleander are deadly, and the bark of the catalpa tree is very mischievous. The water dropwort when not in flower resembles celery and is virulent.—Country Gentleman.

Cutting Off Noses.

Rameses II. of Egypt cut off the nose of any person convicted of treason or arson. Actisanes, another Egyptian ruler, punished robbers in the same way. After each nose had been amputated back even with the bridge the culprit was sent to a colony of noseless felons, the place of banishment being known as Rhinocoonum, from the nature of the punishment its colonists had undergone.

In England in 1671 Lord Coventry, then "great keeper of the British seal," had his nose cut off by order of the king because he had dared to ask some questions about an actress then playing at Drury Lane theater.

A conscript who protested openly that he had been enrolled in the army of Frederick the Great in a fraudulent manner had his nose amputated by order of that sovereign, who spoke of the punishment as an "indelible mark on the front side of the face."

Uses of Bicarbonate of Soda.

Bicarbonate of soda should always be kept in an easily accessible place in the kitchen. Applied immediately to a burn and moistened it will relieve the pain.

A pinch added to any fruits or vegetables will make them more palatable, and less sugar will be needed. Use a quarter of a teaspoonful to two quarts of fruit, fresh, or to one pound of evaporated fruit.

Fill new cooking utensils with cold water to which one teaspoonful of soda has been added and boil it. Then wash the utensils with good soap and water, dry, and they are ready for use. Bicarbonate of soda added to the water in which old vegetables are cooked will make them green and

fresh. It will also make tender a tough piece of stewing meat. It will sweeten milk which is about to turn.—New York Sun.

Did as He Was Told.

One evening, just as it was getting dusk, a laborer walked down the main street of the city. Coming to a poultry dealer's place, he stopped and gazed admiringly at the fowls and game displayed on the window slab. One turkey of about fifteen pounds weight took his fancy. After running his fingers through the coins in his trousers pockets a few times he decided on having that turkey. Picking it up he entered the shop. The shopman was very busy. "Jest weigh this bird for me, will ye?" said he. "Why don't you take your bird somewhere else to be weighed?" snappily replied the poulterer without looking up. "Oh, I kin do that all right," he replied, cheerfully picking the bird up and walking out with it.—London Tit-Bits.

Bukowina's Stormy History.

Bukowina, the Austro-Hungarian province, has undergone sundry political transitions. According to many Austrian authorities, it was wrested from Transylvania in the fifteenth century by Moldavia, but it not long before that formed an integral portion of the latter state, to which it belonged until it was ceded to Austria by the Turks in 1775. Bukowina, which means "Beech Land," abounds in woodland and mineral wealth and rears large numbers of cattle and horses.—London Globe.

The Puzzle.

"I wonder how Flubdub can afford an auto. Don't you?"
"No, I don't wonder how he can afford an auto. I know he can't afford an auto. But how do gazaboos like him manage to get hold of autos? That is what flabbergasts me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shocking.

"They tell me Dubbs is in the hospital. What happened to him?"
"Oh, he saw a piece of wire lying in the street and tried to pick it up."
"Yes, and then?"
"He discovered that the wire was busy."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Very Annoying.

The eldest daughter says she wishes dishes were made of rubber so they wouldn't rattle so when maw is washing them and she has an early evening caller.—Florida Times-Union.

Truth.

Truth does not change. What changes is merely our understanding of the eternal fact.—Youth's Companion.

Fortunes in Farthings.

It is well known that shopkeepers make pounds by ignoring farthings or by giving something for them that is worth far less than a farthing, but where shopkeepers make the pounds banks and the English government make their hundreds of pounds. If a farthing is due from you in taxes you are charged one penny. On the other hand, you are never paid one penny for a farthing.

The same principle is applied to fractions of pounds. Banks in reckoning interest for themselves call any part of £1 a full pound, whereas in reckoning interest for you odd shillings are left out of account. Thus for a deposit of £99 9s. 11d. you would receive interest on £99 only.

It is amazing how the state profits by not paying fractions of pence.

The government has a special fund in which are placed the fractions of pence withheld in paying dividends on government stock. This fund amounted to more than £150,000 in ten years before being used for other purposes. As far as the government is concerned, farthings mean a lot.—London Answers.

His Little Lot.

There were some interesting episodes in the life of Sir Charles Euan-Smith. Once in the market place of an Afghanistan town he was fired at by a native. He lodged a complaint with the ameer, who appeared to take no notice of the incident, merely remarking, "That's all right." Sir Charles complained again and met with the same reply. He still thought that the ameer was treating a serious matter with less consideration than it deserved, but thought it advisable to say no more on the subject. About a week afterward he was invited by the ameer to ride with him. They rode for some distance outside the town, and they passed gibbet after gibbet. At length Sir Charles said, "Your highness has been busy of late." "Oh, no," replied the ameer: "they are your little lot." He had seized all the members of the would be assassin's family and hanged every one of them.

Be Natural.

Holmes says that there are six people present whenever two meet in conversation—the real A, the real B, A as he sees himself, B as he sees himself, A as B sees him and B as A sees him.

The remark comes back when one goes out upon the street and considers himself and the other people who pass, particularly those who seem on the slippery road to success. It is not they themselves who go by; it is what they would have other people think them. If they are young and inexperienced they must tighten up their faces with an artificial solemnity; if they are getting on in years they must affect an artificial snappiness. They wear their outward aspects like clothes.

One feels like crying in the ears of young men: "Be natural. Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, but be yourselves."—New York Globe.

The Primrose.

The primrose has suffered injustice from the poets, who seem to regard it as a floral weakling. Shakespeare wrote of "pale primroses" that die "ere they can behold bold Phoebus in his strength." Spencer regrets "so fair a flower" should perish through "untimely tempest;" Milton laments the "rather primrose that forsaken, dies," and many later poets have written of it in similar strain. Why? For the primrose is a hardy plant and will be found where few other flowers can exist, on the mountain heights of Europe and Asia and even on the highest ranges of the Himalayas. And Disraeli recognized its color in the fried eggs upon his breakfast table.—London Notes and Queries.

He Was Right.

A man rushed to the entrance of a lunatic asylum in the middle of the night and yelled to the keeper to let him in.

"Let me in!" he cried. "I have suddenly gone insane."

The keeper woke up, thrust his head out of a first story window and belted down in a rage:

"What? Come here at this time of night? Man, you must be crazy!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Unexpected.

Amateur Photographer (touring in the country)—Pardon me, sir, but would you object to my taking your daughter just as she is? Farmer Green—Well, this is sudden; but take her, and be happy. Keep yer eyes on him. Sal, till I scoot round for the parson.—London Mail.

Just a Suggestion.

"I'm still waiting for you to pay me that \$5 you owe me, Dubson."
"Oh, don't let that worry you."
"That's what I'm trying to do, but I would feel greatly encouraged if you would let it worry you occasionally."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Curious Fishing Plant.

There is a strange vegetable growth under the sea called the fishing plant, which opens and shuts periodically, like a big mouth. When fishes are near enough to this wonderful plant, all of a sudden it closes its "mouth" and swallows them.

The Rest Hour.

"Bobby why aren't you playing with your cousin Ethel?"
"Gee whiz, mother! Don't I get an hour off at noon?"—Puck.

Poor Experience.

"Experience is de best teacher," said Uncle Eben, "but gittin' arrested ain' no way to study law."—Washington Star.

Science and Nations.

True revolutionists, believe me, the real men of action, who are promoting truth and justice for the morrow, are scientists. Governments fall and pass away; nations grow, shine with splendor and decay. But what matter? The discoveries of science will go on, will increase, will give mankind more and more light and certainty. The close of a century is a small matter; the march of human progress will always be resumed; human nature will insist on having knowledge, whatever may be the obstacles. It is foolish to object that we can never know anything; we have got to know all we can that we may attain the greatest happiness. And therefore I say, How foolish are all the political disputes that excite nations! While the salvation of progress is supposed to be involved in the fate of a ministry, it is really the scientist—the man of learning—who will be the master of the future when he shall be able to enlighten men with a new spark of truth. All injustice shall cease when truth shall reign.—Emile Zola.

A Doctor of the Old School.

Doc Robinson never looked wise and kept things to himself about a case. He'd let one tell him every little symptom and listen respectfully, and he'd never go and whip out one of those surveying instruments and go all over a patient as if he were laying out a new state road. No! He'd crack jokes, gossip delightfully and suddenly turn around and ask Margaret if that wasn't a brand new dress she had on, feed little peppermint candies to the children and sit with several on his knees while he talked. He made his call a pleasant affair. Every one in the house enjoyed it and got the benefit of it—even the invalid. "Well," he'd say reluctantly, "Kit and I've got to jog along, though it's mighty comfortable sitting here by your fire. We gotta go 'way out on the Cider Mill road."—Helena Smith-Dayton in Cartoons Magazine.

The Habit of Saving.

The United States is thrifter than it is commonly given credit for being because statistics most frequently quoted do not give all savings deposits and because a vast deal of savings goes on outside of savings institutions. Yet it does not live up to its opportunities by a long way. One of the country's ablest business men said not long ago that any one could tell whether he was going to succeed or fail by his ability to save. If he could not save he could not succeed. At any rate, inability to save for a man with an income above the bread line and no unusual ill luck implies a lack of self control that is not conducive to success.

Like nearly everything else, it is a matter of habit, and with a little determination to begin with the right habit is as easily formed as the wrong one. Try it.—Saturday Evening Post.

Gladstone Never Prime Minister.

Gladstone would probably have protested if any official document had described him as one of the principal secretaries of state, for he was keen on correctness in such matters. When giving evidence in a trial he was asked whether he was first lord of the treasury. He demurred at once to this description and explained that he was one of the commissioners for executing the office of lord high treasurer, "and I believe my name stands first on the list." In the same way it could be argued that Gladstone was never prime minister, for that post was first recognized officially eight years after his death. Sir Robert Walpole told the house of commons that he claimed no such title, and Lord North would not permit its use even in his own family.—London Spectator.

Where Van Tromp Died.

Texel, the low lying island at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee, was the scene of much fierce fighting between Dutch and English in the seventeenth century. It was off Texel that one of the greatest of Dutch admirals, Van Tromp, lost his life in 1653 in an engagement with the British under Blake, and near the same spot, almost exactly twenty years after, De Ruyter was defeated in a desperate conflict with the British and French under Rupert and D'Estrees. On Oct. 11, 1797, Texel again witnessed a heavy defeat of the Dutch, this time by Admiral Duncan.—London Mail.

Brier is Really Heath.

Brier pipes are not made from the wild rose brier. The name is a corruption of the French word bruyere (heath). The earliest brier pipes were introduced into England in 1859 and were made from the roots of the French white heath (Erica arborea).—New York World.

Good Likeness.

"Did Miss Sourgirl have her photographs taken yesterday?"

"Yes."
"Good likeness?"
"Yes, must have been, for she refused to have them and demanded another sitting."—London Globe.

Suitable.

"What kind of an apartment did the singer get?"

"I suppose nothing less would satisfy her than a suite thing in a flat."—Baltimore American.

Wise Girl.

Maud—Would you object to a husband who smoked in the house? Marie—Most decidedly. But I shall keep quiet about it until I get one.—Boston Transcript.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—Fuller.