

Fleeing From War

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When the pan-European war broke out I was in Berlin. I wished to reach London, where I could get a steamer for America as soon as possible, for I feared an interruption of travel. But there was such a crowd of fugitives, besides the troops, being moved westward, that I concluded to wait till the trains were less crowded, so I remained where I was, and finally there came a time when I felt that I could go through comfortably.

I chose a way train, because the main exodus was on the express trains. The former are composed of compartments holding eight persons, between which there is no connection. The latter are also compartments, but there is a passageway so that one can walk through the train, as in America. The compartment in which I started was full, but travelers kept getting out at the stations until there was but one person left, a woman who wore a veil thick enough to conceal her features.

As soon as she and I were alone she began to show signs of illness. I asked her if I could do anything for her, and she replied—in a coarse voice for a woman, I thought—asking me if I had any liquor. I told her I had not, whereupon she said that she had some very fine brandy which she had intended to make a present to her mother, but she must use it. Taking it from a handbag, she poured a little of it into a glass she produced and drank it off. Then, suddenly remembering me, she poured the rest of the liquor into the glass and handed it to me.

"Drink it," she said. "My gift is spoiled."

"But it is more than I care for," I protested.

"Drink what you like and throw the rest out of the window."

I did not propose to throw away such good liquor and drank it all. A few minutes after I had done so I began to feel dizzy and the power to move or speak leaving me. The woman at once discarded all appearance of illness and asked me how I liked her liquor. I could not reply, and when she was satisfied that I could not she threw off her feminine attire and appeared as a man. Then he took my traveling cap off my head and put it on his own. His next act was to go through my pockets till he found my passport, which he appropriated.

His German speech had been with a foreign accent, and now that he had taken my passport I suspected that he was a foreigner to the country trying to get out of it. I was completely helpless from the effects of the liquor, which had been undoubtedly drugged. Nevertheless, I was perfectly conscious of all that was taking place. The man put his woman's apparel under the cushion of the seat, and when the train stopped at the next station and the guard unlocked the door of the compartment he got out and hurried away. I endeavored to tell the guard to stop him, but I was powerless even to point to him. The door was again locked, and the train moved on.

The effect of the drug did not last long, and when I righted I found myself on a train leaving Germany and required to show a passport that I did not have. I was not permitted to remain undisturbed, for later on in the day, when the train stopped, a couple of German officials appeared at the door of my compartment, evidently looking for some one. They pounced upon me and demanded my passport.

I told them how I had been robbed of it, and I had but half finished my story when one of them exclaimed, "He is our man!" Then they ordered me to produce any secret papers I had about me. I protested, and they searched me.

It was evident that they were after a spy, and I believed that he was the man who had drugged me and taken my passport. They took me out of the train, and we boarded one going to Berlin. When we reached the capital I was taken before an officer and questioned. I did not correspond with the description he had of the spy, and I heard him tell my captors that they had made a mistake. I was able to produce letters received from America and told him that if he would permit me to communicate with the American embassy, where my passport had been filed, I could further substantiate my identity.

They were about to call a messenger for this purpose when a telegram was received stating that a man had been arrested with military information on his person and bearing the passport of an American, the name being the one I had given. This proved my case, but I was held till the spy was brought to Berlin and to the office where I was detained. As soon as I saw him I recognized him for the man who had drugged me. He was a Frenchman and had gathered a lot of military information.

There was not much formality about such matters, and instead of trying the spy the officer who examined him told his captors to take him away. I fancied that this was an order to shoot him.

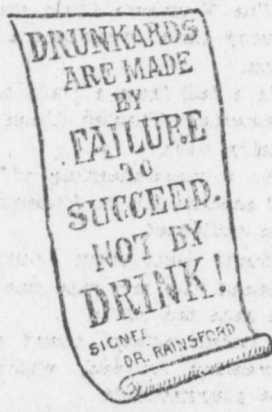
Having recovered my passport, I made another attempt to leave the country. This time I accepted no invitation either to drink or to smoke, but pursued my way without a word to or from any one except officials. I worked my way through Belgium to Ostend, crossed the channel and after much delay in London found passage for New York.

Facts Versus Fallacies

FACT is a real state of things. FALLACY is an apparently genuine but really illogical statement or argument.

A FALLACY frequently exploited by Prohibitionists is that men drink to get drunk, while the FACT is thoroughly disregarded that some men are innately weak and have a predisposition to fall under excess of one kind or another. Blame is too often placed upon the beverages—not upon certain men being inherent ne'er-do-wells.

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, who conducted a mission for "Bums" in New York City for fifteen years, made a special study of this class. His observations were that a large proportion of inebriates came from the very poorest class—that many were predestined to failure through no fault of their own—many failed because they could not keep the pace set by their fellows—others did not have the mental or physical powers equal to bearing the average load which life imposes, and these men who failed, had recourse to drink or in using narcotic or deadly drugs. They were failures long before they became inebriates.



Equally interesting on inebriacy are these FACTS from the pen of Dr. Edward Huntington Williams. Says he: "The fundamental idea at the bottom of all prohibitive legislation is the belief that most men would become drunkards if given access to liquor. This conception is entirely wrong, and is just as untenable as the supposition that all men would become thieves if given an opportunity to steal. As a matter of fact both assumptions are disproved by existing conditions. Every man has a hundred chances to steal each day, and yet very few men become thieves. And most men have access to liquor all their lives and only a very small percentage of them become drunkards. It is a case in which inherent mental qualities and education are determinant factors."

IS IT not a FACT that the blame for Gluttony is placed on the man who eats to excess, and is it not a FALLACY to blame it on the Food he consumes?

Pennsylvania State Brewers' Association

Prohibition Fallacies
Men are Always GOOD
Drink is Always BAD

FALLACIES
ALL MEN WOULD STEAL
ALL MEN WOULD DRINK
Given the Chance

A GOOD RULE.

Let us be cheerful without regret for the past, with contentment in the present and with strong hope for the future.

Bettering the World.

If the world we live in is unsatisfactory you may say it is the will of God that it should be so. That gets you nowhere. You may say it is the law of nature it should be so. That gets you nowhere, either. But when by accurate measurement of lengths and weights and temperatures and modes of motion you understand that everything is what it is because of process then it comes to you that what process has made process can make over. Then if you like not the fashion of this world you can alter it. It may well be that the possession of a small, round grain of faith enables one to say unto this mountain, "Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea," but if you want it done you lay down tracks, put locomotives and gondola cars on them, install steam diggers at one end and barges at the other and make Goethals superintendent of the job.—Eugene Wood in Century.

The Most Savage Fish.

The green moray of the Bermuda waters is said to be the most savage of all fishes.

Wholly Inappropriate.

"I can't find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow," said Farmer Corn-tassel.

"You might use some of the fancy guds our boy Josh brought home," stigated his wife.

"I'm tryin' to scare the crows. I'm not tryin' to make 'em laugh."—Harvard Lampoon.

The Japanese Way.

Japanese do not say northeast and southwest. They say eastnorth and westsouth.

Descended From the Crusaders.

The Touaregs, a Sahara desert tribe, whose members wear veils so continually that near relatives are said not to recognize each other if the garment in question happens to be removed, are direct descendants of a party of crusaders who were lost on the way to conquer Jerusalem and Mecca.—Detroit Free Press.

Takes the Fight.

"Did you see where a judge somewhere had decided that a baby can cry in an apartment house?"

"Indeed, did he? I didn't know that was a case which waited for a decision."—Baltimore American.

Encouraging Cholly.

"I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Cholly. "Well, heaven knows you need one!" assented Dolly.

A Reunion

By BARBARA PHIPPS

I was a very little girl at the time, but a great sorrow or a great happiness will impress itself on the mind of a very young child so strongly that it will never be forgotten. Mother died, and my brother Jimmie was taken away by a lady, while I was placed in an orphan asylum.

However, this lugubrious beginning was the harbinger of a life of ease and comfort. In time I was adopted by a wealthy couple and treated as affectionately, as much lavished upon me, as if I had been their real daughter. I was given a liberal education and as many accomplishments as I had a fitness for. Then I was "brought out" in the most approved fashion and entered society as a young lady.

One summer a girl friend of mine, the daughter of Major Shelbourne of the army, invited me to visit her at her father's post in what was then Indian country. I had seen enough of society to tell me of its hollowness, insincerity, selfishness and bargain and sale in the matter of favor, and it occurred to me that I would find something more satisfying in one of those army posts that had been described to me as constituting a large family. I went to Fort Tompkins and found things very much as they had been described to me.

One day several of the younger officers and the daughters of the older ones went on a picnic. I learned before starting that the major commanding objected to our going, but I did not hear why. I learned soon enough, to my cost. The Indians had for some time been very unruly, and while we were leaving the fort they were leaving their reservation, murdering and pillaging as they proceeded.

We had gone to a stream at the foot of a mountain range wooded on its banks and, entering a spot well shaded, had partaken of our luncheon when a soldier rode up and told us that he had been sent to inform us of the Indian situation and that we must return immediately. But before we could collect our paraphernalia and get into the mule wagon that had brought us one of the party saw several Indians riding hard to cut us off.

The major had sent six mounted men with us for our protection. There were three lieutenants and the man who had come to warn us. The officers held a quick consultation and decided to ascend a ravine in the mountain where we could the better defend ourselves and not attempt at once to reach the fort. The ravine lay but a short distance on the other side of the stream, which we crossed in the wagon and were soon in a position where we could hide behind rocks, which also furnished a defense from which to fire.

I shall only speak of our defense by a few brave men against several times their number of Indians so far as to show that the soldiers fought skillfully and with sufficient knowledge of Indian warfare to keep the savages at bay. One of the men being severely wounded, I took up his carbine and, climbing to a rock higher up and at the side, where I saw Indians trying to get around us, endeavored to pick them off. I was followed by one of the privates, who told me that I should take more care to conceal my person or I would be hit. I didn't ask him why he had come to help me, supposing that he saw the danger of being taken in the rear as I had seen it.

We two kept widening the distance between us and our party, because the Indians kept circling to the side in an effort to get past us to our rear. Then suddenly we saw an Indian between us and our friends.

I saw by the expression on the soldier's face that we were in terrible danger. He swept his eye about us for a position of defense and found one in a crevice between two rocks where we could not be attacked except from the front. Another rock formed a rampart before a part of the space into which we retreated. My companion told me to crouch down behind this rock. I refused till he told me that I could shoot from there, and at the same time he took a position beside me.

It seemed half a day—it may have been an hour—that we defended ourselves from the Indians who endeavored to kill or capture us. My companion laid low a number of them. I fired at several, but hit only one—that is, so far as I knew. After awhile we saw across the level plain a troop of cavalry coming from the fort, and the Indians scurried away.

My life had been saved by the private who had followed me. Together we returned to the party, and he received the thanks of the officers for what he had done.

Well, as soon as we returned to the camp I made inquiries concerning my deliverer. The major sent for him, saying to him when he arrived that I desired to thank him for having saved my life. I did the thanking and, believing that my foster father would send him a substantial present, asked him his name.

"James Waterhouse," he replied. "Have you a middle name?" I asked. "I don't know. I came out of an orphan asylum, and they called me Jim Waterhouse."

"You are my brother," I said and, running toward him, put my arms about him.

"Are you my sister Adelia?"

"I am."
My foster father took Jimmie out of the army and gave him a place in his counting house.

INDIANA'S Finest Ice Cream Parlor

IT IS QUALITY THAT COUNTS

and it is because our confectionery combines the qualities of purity, flavor and freshness that it is perfectly healthy. To a lover of fine candies a box of our bon bons; chocolates or caramel is an unqualified delight.

The 'Boston'

Where Quality and Purity Are Paramount

FOR SALE and WANT ADS.

Advertisements under this head 1c a word each insertion.

FOR SALE—Farm of 53 acres in Rayne township, 1-4 mile from Kimmel station on the B., R. and P. Good house and barn, fruit and good spring water. Cheap to quick buyer. Inquire at Patriot Office.

FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

ALSO PHONOGRAPHER REPAIRING

A. I. GOLDBERG

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments

14 South 7th Street,

Near St. Car. Station Indiana, Pa.

Get the Direction.

"The wise thing to do nowadays is to invest your money in a going concern."

"Yes, and it's also a wise thing to first find out which way the concern is going."—Judge.

Olive Oil.

Spain is credited with producing more than three-quarters of the world's supply of olive oil.

Shop 262-x Local Telephones Residence 78-y

UTILITY ELECTRIC COMPANY

"SQUARE DEAL SHOP"

Marshall Building, Indiana, Pa.

Get Results by Patriot Advertising

Ordinate Sempre la

"INDIAN BEER"

Migliaia sanno d'esperienza che questa bevanda purifica il sangue e lo rinvigorisce quando e' usata moderatamente. E' salutare e specialmente desiderata in questa stagione dell'anno.

La birra viene manufatturata da persone esperte ed il processo di essa e l'unico, onestamente preparato secondo la migliore maniera.

Ordinate ora una cassa di "INDIAN BEER" apporatrice di sommi benefici fisici e che incontra il vostro gusto per il suo sapore squisito—Non vi fate mancare mai una cassa e casa vostra.

CERCATE SEMPRE

LA	LA
BIRRA	BIRRA
CHE	CHE
VI	VI
DA	FA
SOSTANZA	DIGERIRE

E' in vendita in tutte le "BARS" della contea e viene da tutti domandata. Ordinatene una cassa che vi sara' mandata a casa vostra pronta per quando la desiderate.

INDIAN BREWING CO.

Indiana, Pennsylvania