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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.

GALLANT SEA CAPTAIN

BRITISH NAVY PROUD OF WORK
OF LIEUTENANT COCHRANE.

His Exploits With Small Ship, Poorly
Armed, Are Classed With the
Most Brilliant Annals of Warfare
on the Ocean.

A recent writer, Mr. J. J. Edgar, has retold the almost incredible exploits of the Speedy, the first command of young Lieutenant Cochrane, afterwards Admiral Lord Dundonald, inventor, fighter and strategist. The little vessel was absurdly small and ill-equipped; an over-manned and under-armed craft of 158 tons, carrying ninety men and fourteen four-pounders. Nevertheless, she soon became so troublesome to the enemy that a Spanish frigate was especially dispatched to hunt her down. But young Cochrane, foreseeing trouble, had purposely shipped a Danish quartermaster; and instead of avoiding his formidable foe, he dressed the Dane in his own uniform, disguised the Speedy, with the aid of paint and canvas, as a Danish brig, and ran up the quarantine flag. A few questions were asked, to which an unmistakably genuine Dane, apparently the captain, replied; and the hoodwinked enemy continued peacefully on her course.

Some months later, however, they met again, and an encounter could not be avoided. The action that followed was unique in naval history. The Speedy made no effort to escape. Instead, she boldly attacked. She had at the time only fifty-four men, and her scant crew and fourteen four-pounders were opposed to the thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men of her six hundred-ton opponent, the frigate El Gamo. Coming swiftly to close quarters, she ran in under the frigate's broadside, which hurtled harmlessly above her, while every shot from her own guns told. A moment later the vessels touched, and Cochrane, at the head of his crew, actually boarded and carried the frigate, which struck her flag after the first rush.

Between these two exploits the Speedy visited Valetta, and Cochrane enjoyed a little adventure ashore. A fancy-dress subscription ball was being given, under the patronage of some French Royalist officers, and this he attended, selecting for his costume the ordinary dress of a British common sailor. A Frenchman, mistaking him for a genuine jack-tar of dubious sobriety who was intruding among his betters, ordered him out. He refused to go. The Frenchman collared him; he knocked the Frenchman down, and the next day they fought a duel on the sands. Cochrane received a ball through the trousers and the Frenchman one through the leg, after which they parted gayly with expressions of mutual esteem.

The Speedy's career ended at last in capture; but although she surrendered to one vessel, the French battleship Dessaix, she had been gallantly fighting against several at once. The chivalrous French captain declined to accept Cochrane's sword, saying he could not "deprive of his sword an officer who had so many hours struggled against impossibilities."

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EDINBURGH WORTH A VISIT

Time of Traveler Can Be Well Spent
in an Inspection of the Scot-
tish Capital.

There is generally an east wind blowing in Edinburgh, whipping the fog about, or else it is raining. Other wise the climate is very attractive. When a clear day does come, you appreciate it. It is very calm and clear and bracing. You climb a hill—Edinburgh carries an assorted stock of hills—and you look down on a city that is picturesque in the fullest and broadest application of that overworked polysyllable. Edinburgh is easily the most picturesque capital in Europe.

The castle keeps you from looking at anything else for the first fifteen or twenty minutes. It stands in the middle of things, capping a hill that shoots up almost straight from the level. You cannot see where the hill leaves off and the castle begins; it seems to have grown from the living rock beneath it. They tell you that the castle has never been taken by assault, though it has been perched there for a thousand years or so. You are not surprised at the statement, but you indulge in a little mild speculation as to the particular form of foolishness that led anybody to assault it.

After a while you look away from the castle and size up the city at large. Miles of gray mansions spiked with towers and spires stretch before you, backed and cut off in all directions by hills just rough and rocky enough to be decorative. Hundreds of little blue pennons of smoke arise from the chimneys. They do not consume their own smoke in Edinburgh; the Scots have nicknamed the capital "Auld Reekie."

Edinburgh is running over with historical association and the tradition of greatness. Here the national life of Scotland has centered ever since she had one. All her warriors, all her patriots, all her men of sciences and her poets have left their mark on the capital. As a result, Edinburgh has a personality as clear cut and individual as that of some great actress. She is as Scotch as Robert Burns. If you like the reticence, the mixture of sentiment and resolution that make the Scottish temperament, you will find Edinburgh a never-ending delight.

TELL OF HUMAN SACRIFICE

Significance of Pair of Thongs, in New
York Museum, Will Be Ap-
parent to All.

The curator of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, values among recent acquisitions in the Pawnee Indian collection a pair of thongs which are, so far as known, the only existing relics of the Pawnees' tribal rite of making a human sacrifice to the Morning Star, god of war. Curiously enough, the Pawnee god of war star is believed to have been the planet Mars.

When life grew dull it devolved upon the Pawnee priests to relieve the tedium of the tepees by dreaming that old Morning Star demanded a sacrifice. Then the bloods went on the warpath until they captured a maiden of a hostile tribe. After due ceremony she was bound by thongs to a scaffold, her feet pointing right at old Morning Star himself. When the brave bucks, who rather prided themselves on their sharpshooting, had stuck her so full of arrows that she looked like a hedgehog, and when her heart had been cut out the party was over.

Pencils Made Sterile.

School physicians have recently decided that school lead pencils may do deadly work as disseminators of disease germs. The lead pencils for an entire room are usually in charge of the teacher and are distributed when they are needed for class work. Children habitually moisten the pencils in their mouths, a practice more unsanitary than the use of the old fashioned slate cleaned with saliva. It is now proposed to have the pencils fumigated daily with formaldehyde gas, and a small fumigator has been designed for that purpose. The fumigator is the size of a one burner gas hot plate. The top will hold 50 pencils. They are set in place and the fumigating gas turned on for 15 minutes, which renders them absolutely sterile.

Cab, Sir? Cab, Sir?

Public carriages for hire, or hackney coaches, were introduced into London in 1625 and rapidly grew in popularity. Notwithstanding the opposition of the king and court, who thought they would ruin the roads, they grew to number over 300 by 1650.

In Paris they were introduced during the minority of Louis XIV by Nicholas Sauvage, who lived in the Rue St. Martin at the sign of St. Fiacre, from which circumstance hackney carriages in Paris have since been called "fiacres."

"By 1694 there were over 700 of these conveyances in London.

First Footpaths in 1762.

The student of old London, noticing the whitened curbs in the streets today, is inevitably reminded that the institution of the footway is really of quite recent date. It was not, indeed, until after the Westminster paving act of 1762 that footways became at all general. Before that time man and beast took the same road. Many of the old iron posts, which are still to be seen in Regent street and elsewhere, showing the crown and the monogram of the Georges, indicate the corners of these first footways.



Dogs and cats are usually considered the particular friends and pets of the children. There are often times, however, when they become a menace to their childish playfellows, for both dogs and cats may become carriers of disease germs.

When certain diseases occur in a neighborhood, unless these domestic animals are kept in quarantine they may help to spread it. Dogs are also the carriers of other parasites and unless care is observed may transmit them to children.

Some of the smaller animals also carry disease. The ground squirrels and rats, for example, carry the dreaded bubonic plague. Of these two the rat is far more dangerous. As its migratory habits and ability to live under conditions and in localities where animal life would not ordinarily exist in and about the human dwelling places make it particularly dangerous.

Rats destroy each year food products worth millions of dollars.

FATE TRICKS ROYALTY ALSO

Two Pathetic Old Ex-Queens Still Live
to See Europe Torn by Most
Ruthless War.

There are two women, once of world prominence, who within the memory of those now living have experienced unusual extremes of fortune. Their lives have touched the heights of power and tragedy. One is Carlotta, daughter of Leopold of Belgium and wife of that Maximilian, archduke of Austria and emperor of Mexico, who faced a firing squad at Queretaro in 1867; the other is Eugenie, on whose head Napoleon III placed the crown of France, once worn by Marie Antoinette, and who, more fortunate than that unhappy queen, escaped a French mob and survived the downfall of an empire. The misfortunes of both were spanned in less than half a dozen years. Carlotta has been insane for 49 years. Carlotta is said, of recovering her reason; Eugenie, ninety-years old, the 5th of next month, still lives in exile, a bent, worn old woman, leaning upon crutches and clad in perpetual mourning—she who was once queen of beauty and ruler of fashion, setting its modes in accordance with her whims.

Those who believe in present retributions may see in Eugenie's long years of bereavement fate's requital for the cowardice and cruelty of Napoleon the Little, who left Maximilian to his fate, denied Carlotta's pleas and requested her to leave France. His own fall came soon. The Franco-Prussian war, which France ascribed to Eugenie's influence—that her only son the Prince Imperial, might more securely hold the crown—left him a prisoner after Sedan. He died, broken hearted and in exile, in 1873; the Prince Imperial, who, according to rumor, joined the British forces in South Africa because of his mother's opposition to his love for a girl he wished to marry, was brought home pierced with Zulu assegais. That loss was greater than that of husband or empire to the ex-empress; for weeks she did not speak.

After her great bereavement Eugenie left Chislehurst, her first shelter in England, and has since lived at Farnborough, where she busies herself among the poor. Last winter an English paper pictured a very old, black clad woman, leaning upon a staff, talking with some wounded soldiers. What memories those men in bandages must have brought to the woman who had once talked so lightly of "my little war"—the war that was to spell ruin to all her ambitions!

Of all the great figures of that memorable conflict which cost France millions of francs and two of her fairest provinces—William I, Bismarck, Von Moltke, Bazaine, Garibaldi and MacMahon—the deposed empress alone survives.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Hubby.

The young bride was doing the family marketing for the first time. She stopped at the fish stall and looked over the array of sea food.

"All perfectly fresh, mam'am," said the dealer, ingratiatingly.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the bride. "That's what everybody says. I wish I could find some stale fish. You see, my husband has indigestion, and the doctor won't even let him eat fresh bread. I'm sure fresh fish would be even worse for him."

SAVING ART WORK

Italian Army Has Special Department
For This Purpose.

FEATURE IN PRESENT WAR.

Organized by General Cadorna, This
Division Protects and Preserves
Treasures in Fighting Areas, Not
Only in Italian Territory, but in
Places Taken From Austrians.

Headquarters of the Italian Army.—A department of fine arts is one of the features of the Italian army. It is attached to the general staff, and it has proved to be such a highly important feature in modern warfare that admiration of it was expressed by General Joffre and the late Lord Kitchener on their visits to Italy.

This art department was organized by General Cadorna, commander in chief of the Italian armies, primarily to protect and preserve the art treasures in the fighting areas, not only in Italian territory, but in places taken from the Austrians. Ugo Ojetti, an art critic of international reputation,



Photo by American Press Association.

GENERAL CADORNA, who has long been officially identified with Italian art and architecture, was appointed the head of the department just a year ago, since which time many million dollars' worth of art treasures have been taken in charge.

The art department is kept fully informed regarding any new advance on the part of the Italian army, and it frequently acts under artillery fire. Once the Austrian troops have been definitely dislodged the department conducts a thorough search for art objects and takes complete charge of those that the Austrians have left behind. The search often leads into graveyard tombs and into vaults under churches where the treasures are hidden for safe keeping in the early days of the war. But in many instances the Austrians have taken everything away with them.

The work of the art department in Venice has given that city the aspect of a much bandaged football player. All of its monuments have been carefully protected against the stray shells

of Austrian aeroplanes. It is estimated that no less than 700,000 sacks full of sand have been placed around the finest buildings and monuments. By actual count 20,000 such bags protect the basilica of St. Mark's. In addition, so extensively have wooden supports been put about certain buildings that many of them, such as the ducal palace, seem to have been rebuilt. Because of the peculiar construction of the ducal palace it was feared that a single shell striking a given building might result in the collapse of the entire structure and the loss to the world of a priceless example of architecture. Bags of sand could not be used because their weight might cause the buildings to fall or sink. It was necessary to erect a full set of brick or wooden arches to catch the real ones should they be moved by the shock of a shell.

In an interview with a correspondent Lieutenant Ojetti told of his work and said that the war, instead of killing the artistic spirit, would make the art treasures of the old world more loved than ever.

"Within ten years," he said, "I look for the development of a new epoch in both art and literature not only in Europe, but in the United States. I expect to see the world developing a manly literature embodying both human and eternal elements. Mankind will have come to a simpler and more profound way of thinking. Our old art treasures will be cherished because humanity will have a need of rest from worry over material matters, and objects of fine art are the consolation of a tired spirit. All art movements in history have originated in unhappy social conditions, in the need of mental refuge from material, earth to earth weariness.

"The new art period will be one of classic simplicity, with a vast amount of architectural production and solemn and impressive monumental sculpture, but with little painting.

"In literature the knell of the nervous, womanly, sentimental, weeping willow class of writing has been sounded. People in every condition of life have learned to suffer unconsciously and look with contempt on weakness with tears. Within the next decade or two the world will produce Virgils—a literature very clear, very easily read, calm in spirit, sober and truly profound."

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 ruds our boy Josh brought home," suggested his wife.

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

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.

Wise Precaution.

"Good night, Jinks. What are you stuffing all that raw cotton into your ears for?"

"Well, I was told not to stay out late and I believe in preparedness."—Baltimore American.