

# THE PATRIOT

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## A Voter's Catechism.

- D. Have you read the Constitution of the United States?  
R. Yes.
- D. What form of Government is this?  
R. Republic.
- D. What is the Constitution of the United States?  
R. It is the fundamental law of this country.
- D. Who makes the laws of the United States?  
R. The Congress.
- D. What does Congress consist of?  
R. Senate and House of Representatives.
- D. Who is our State Senator?  
R. Theo. M. Kurtz.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the United States?  
R. President.
- D. For how long is the President of the United States elected?  
R. 4 years.
- D. Who takes the place of the President in case he dies?  
R. The Vice President.
- D. What is his name?  
R. Thomas R. Marshall.
- D. By whom is the President of the United States elected?  
R. By the electors.
- D. By whom are the electors elected?  
R. By the people.
- D. Who makes the laws for the state of Pennsylvania?  
R. The Legislature.
- D. What does the Legislature consist of?  
R. Senate and Assembly.
- D. Who is our Assemblyman?  
R. Wilmer H. Wood.
- D. How many State in the union?  
R. 48.
- D. When was the Declaration of Independence signed?  
R. July 4, 1776.
- D. By whom was it written?  
R. Thomas Jefferson.
- D. Which is the capital of the United States?  
R. Washington.
- D. By whom are they elected?  
R. By the people.
- D. For how long?  
R. 6 years.
- D. How many representatives are there? . . .
- R. 435. According to the population one to every 211,000, (the ratio fixed by Congress after each decennial census.)
- D. Which is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania?  
R. Harrisburg.
- D. How many Senators has each state in the United States Senate?  
R. Two.
- D. Who are our U. S. Senators?  
R. Boise Penrose and George T. Oliver.
- D. For how long are they elected?  
R. 2 years.
- D. Who is our Congressman?  
R. S. Taylor North.
- D. How many electoral votes has the state of Pennsylvania?  
R. 38.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the state of Pennsylvania?  
R. The Governor.
- D. For how long is he elected?  
R. 4 years.
- D. Who is the Governor?  
R. Brumbaugh.
- D. Do you believe in organized government?  
R. Yes.
- D. Are you opposed to organized government?  
R. No.
- D. Are you an anarchist?  
R. No.
- D. What is an anarchist?  
R. A person who does not believe in organized government.
- D. Are you a bigamist or polygamist?  
R. No.
- D. What is a bigamist or polygamist?  
R. One who believes in having more than one wife.
- D. Do you belong to any secret Society which teaches to disbelieve in organized government?  
R. No.
- D. Have you ever violated any laws of the United States?  
R. No.
- D. Who makes the ordinances for the City?  
R. The board of Aldermen.
- D. Do you intend to remain permanently in the U. S.?  
R. Yes.

## QUADRI PATRIOTTICI

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### Agenzia Italiana

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## The Guilty Man

By M. QUAD

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I was not a tramp, but I had to become the next thing to one in a sense. With my having been ill and out of work for months, with my being penniless and discouraged, with my asking for a meal here and a bed there as I tramped the highways between London and Liverpool, no one could be blamed for sizing me up as a "professional" and treating me accordingly.

One night, in the county of Warwick, I came upon a farmer who had neither wife nor children, but was living alone on his small holding. His name was Holborne, and, though gruff at first, he finally gave me a hearty supper and the privilege of passing the night in his barn. When supper was finished and he had heard my story, he offered me a pipe, and we sat at his door and smoked and chatted for an hour. It was agreed that I should turn to next morning and work with him in his fields for half a month. While we were chatting, a neighboring farmer named Saunders came up and halted for five minutes, and two others passed on the highway and saluted Holborne with a good evening. It was 10 o'clock before I went to the barn, and, being tired and sleepy, I was soon in dreamland. How long I had slept when I was awakened by the sound of voices in anger, I could not say, but I heard what seemed to be a quarrel between Holborne and another man. The voice of the other was high pitched and had a catch in it. It was not a stammer, but a sort of gasp, as if catching his breath. I was not fully aroused, nor did the quarrel continue long.

It was sunrise next morning when I woke and turned out. The house was only about five rods away, and after looking about to see if Holborne were in sight I moved along to the house. His dead body was on the grass before the open door. He had been struck on the head with a club and killed by a single blow. I was upset by the discovery, as you may believe. After touching his face and finding it cold I started off on the run for the nearest farmhouse, half a mile away. The farmer was milking his cow, and his wife was preparing breakfast, but they returned with me at once, and other neighbors were called, and a boy was sent off to the nearest police station. I told my story to the people, and all believed me, as why should they not when Saunders was among them? And yet when the police came their very first move was to arrest me as the murderer. A tramp had passed the night in the barn. Of course the tramp had murdered the farmer.

If you agree that the police were asses you will agree that the others were fools. No sooner was I charged with the murder than all turned against me. Saunders suddenly remembered that our conversation was heated as he came up. The two who passed by thought they heard me use threatening language. A farmer whom I had not seen at all the evening before claimed to have come near enough to the house to have heard me ask Holborne for the loan of £2. I was angered, but not frightened. I asked the police to investigate my bed on the straw, and they found it still warm. I asked them to look through the house, and they found nothing disturbed. I asked them to note that the body was cold, and the doctor who was summoned said that life had been extinct for seven or eight hours.

I was examined by a magistrate, who said I would no doubt get my just deserts, and the police made no move whatever to find another party. Even the jailer and the turnkeys chuckled over the hanging that must result. I told of having heard the quarrel, but they said I lied. I told of the arrangements made to go to work for Holborne in the morning, but they smiled in derision.

I was almost ready for the assizes and the hanging when a person, whose identity I do not know to this day and who must have been moved by a spirit of fairness, sent me a lawyer and gave the lawyer money to work with. Presto change! Why, a born fool could have picked up the threads of the case and cleared me. Within six hours after I had told the lawyer of the quarrel and the man with the catch in his voice they had the murderer spotted. His name was Jamison, and the quarrel was over the lease of the farm, and the club with which he had delivered the blow, having lost his temper, but not meaning to kill, was found in his house. More than that, he broke down and made a full confession, and when the assizes came on he stood in the dock in my place. Nevertheless, in setting me at liberty the judge did it grudgingly and with a warning that my crimes must sooner or later find me out, and I was scarcely clear of the courtroom when the humiliated and chagrined police overhauled me and said:

"It is just possible that you did not commit this crime, but only because somebody else got ahead of you. We know you had planned to do it and are a dangerous man to be roaming about, and if you are not outside the county by sundown you shall be run in on suspicion!"

Jamison was hanged for the killing, and a long confession was left in writing over his own hand, but there were scores of people who still believed that "the tramp" had something to do in some way with that murder.

## PINKNEY'S PLACE IN HISTORY

His Fame as the Greatest Lawyer the United States Has Produced Is Secure.

Even that tritest of truisms, the ephemerality of a lawyer's fame, offers no adequate explanation of the obscurity in which sleeps the genius of William Pinkney. For Pinkney was not merely a great lawyer. According to testimony that leaves no room for doubt or controversy, he was the very greatest lawyer that this country has ever produced.

Nor was this all. He served his country with distinction and success in the labyrinths of diplomacy, at the cabinet table, in the halls of congress and even on the field of battle. Above all, at a most critical point of our history, when the clamor of contending sections disturbed the tranquillity of the Sage of Monticello, "like a fire bell ringing in the night," to use Jefferson's own expressive phrase, it was Pinkney who rose to the occasion and recalled senators to a sense of their duty and patriotism.

Of him John Marshall said that he was the greatest man he had ever seen in a court of justice. Of him Taney wrote in 1854: "I have heard almost all the great advocates of the United States, both of the past and present generation, but I have seen none equal to him." Of him Story remarked: "His clear and forcible manner of putting his cases before the court, his powerful and commanding eloquence, occasionally illumined with sparkling lights, but always logical and appropriate and, above all, his accurate and discriminating law knowledge, which he pours out with wonderful precision, give him, in my opinion, a great superiority over every man whom I have known."

When such a court unanimously concurs in rendering judgment, hold indeed the man who claims an appeal.—H. H. Hagan in Case and Comment.

### Accent on the "Know."

Marks—If you had to live life over again would you marry the same woman? Parks—You just bet I would. I know what she is, and women are too uncertain for me to experiment with another one.—Exchange.

### Cow's Fondness for Roses.

Because E. R. Patterson's milk cow walked into Walter G. Hyman's rose garden and consumed a sundry assortment of blossoms, Hayward Park, a fashionable residence district of San Mateo, is in the throes of a Civil war, avers a San Mateo (Cal.) telegram to the New York World. The law has been invoked and threats and counter threats are breathed.

Hyman filed a written complaint with the San Mateo city trustees, who referred it to Poundmaster George Maggi.

Recently Patterson made public the following letter to Hyman:

"I hand you herewith my check for \$3.25 to cover the full amount of damages, as claimed by you, done by my cow when she recently broke loose and got into your yard. In view of the very childish 'tell-the-teacher' attitude you took in taking this small accident up with sundry city officials and others, I think I might have felt that I was justly absolved from any financial obligation to you. However, I guess your action carries with it its own punishment, as I know that I should hate to carry the brand real men put on one who assumes the attitude you did on this occasion."

### Chapel in the Trenches.

In one of the French trenches the men have constructed a small chapel underneath the earth. It is sufficiently large to admit 20 men at the same time. Every effort has been made by the clever workmen who have built it, skilled miners from the district of La Loire, to make the underground chapel difficult of bombardment. The interior ornamentation has been carried to high perfection, for a parquet floor, carpets, candlesticks, kneeling chairs saved from the ruined churches are to be found in it. A wooden altar has been erected in the trench chapel, and a magnificent French flag, the gift of an officer, has been hung in it.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away. And what will you do, doctor, when your business is gone?"

"Guess I'll hedge," replied the unperturbed medico. "Just invest in orchards."

The first standing army, consisting of guards and regular troops, was formed by Saul in 1033 B. C.

## SIMPLE WAY TO TEST CREAM

French Scientist Has Given to the World a Discovery That is of Distinct Value.

Professor Lindet of the French Agronomic Institute has given to the Academy of Agriculture a very simple process for calculating rapidly the quantity of fatty matter in cream. It is the fatty matter that gives cream its quality, the more of this butter the better the cream. This is the process:

A drop of cream is placed upon a sheet of paper and introduced at once into an oven heated to 105 degrees centigrade. The watery part of the cream evaporates and the fat, absorbed by the paper, forms a spot which enlarges rapidly at first, then more slowly as the edges of the spot increase their distance from the point at which the drop has been placed. At the end of a specified time the area of the spot is measured and compared with that of a spot formed by a drop of pure grease of the same size deposited at the same time and under identical conditions.

Professor Lindet uses drops of 1-100 of a cubic centimeter in size, and places his paper in wooden frames to prevent it from curling up in the oven. He removes it before the spots have spread to more than three or four centimeters in diameter.

### Corpus Christi Day.

Corpus Christi kept today by all Roman and Anglican Catholics, is connected with two towns prominent in the present war. It arose from the dream of a religious lady at Leige, and was formally sanctioned in 1264 by a bishop of Verdun who became Pope. It came to England about 1320, and was soon made a popular fete. In Wales on this anniversary the doorways of houses were decked with flowers, the maidenhair fern being chiefly selected for the purpose. Previous to the recent Anglican revival Corpus Christi day was kept at the Oxford college. It has been observed for five centuries in the city of London by the Worshipful company of Skinners, who attend in state their special service at St. Mary Aldermary. But the "Skinners" who walk in the procession now carry posies of flowers instead of the "war torches" mentioned by Stow.—London Chronicle.

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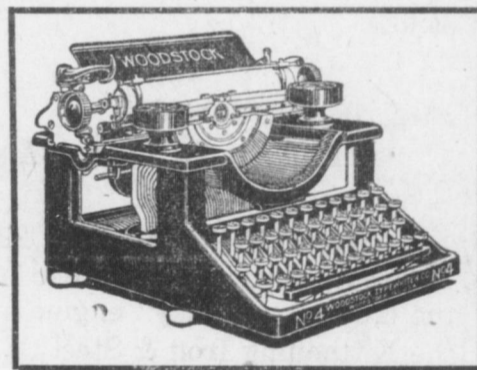
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