

# 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.

## TEN YEARS AFTER

By SADIE OLCOTT

Algernon Witney was a romantic youth. His mother was the very opposite. She was a hard headed, matter-of-fact woman. When Algy was growing up there lived near by the Witneys a family of Bentons. They were wealthy, while the Witneys were in moderate circumstances; Alma Benton, an only child, was about Algy's age, and the two children were playmates. Alma was a delicate child and was very much petted. When Algy reached an age to think of marriage his mother noticed that he and Alma were beginning to look upon each other in a different light from what they did as children. One day she said to her son: "I wish you to understand that on no account will I consent to your marrying Alma Benton."

"Why not, mother?"  
"That I don't care to tell you. If you see her ten or fifteen years from now you will know without my having told you."

Algy was somewhat surprised at his mother's objection. The Bentons being wealthy and Alma being the sole heir to their property, he had supposed that his mother, who seemed to have a keen eye to pecuniary advantages, would have urged rather than opposed the match. Alma was just the kind of girl to please a young man of nineteen. All her motions, her words, her acts, were subdued. Even her laugh was delicate. Despite his mother's warning, Algy lost his heart to her.

There was another girl in the neighborhood that Algy met occasionally, but did not fancy at all, whom he reckoned his mother would be pleased to see him marry. Martha Bonfield was next door to homely, but she was barely sixteen, and some girls when passing from childhood into womanhood are like a grub changing into a butterfly.

Martha inherited from her mother a good deal of hard sense. But this was lost on Algy. The pink and white complexion, the coral lips of Alma were quite enough with him to outweigh all the common sense of a dozen girls. But when Martha's red hair and freckles were considered the comparison was especially odious.

There was trouble for the young lovers on both sides of the house. The Benton family were as much opposed to the match as the Witneys. They designed their daughter for a rich husband. A taste for riches is a growing taste—the more we have the more we want.

The upshot of it all was that Alma was dominated by her mother. Her lover had the manliness to choose for himself. But since the girl he wanted would not marry him without her parents' consent he was obliged to content himself without her.

Several years passed. Alma Benton, under her mother's leadership, made a matrimonial campaign abroad, but came back to America unmarried. Algernon Witney after her departure found nothing to remember about her any more than a figure painted on china, and, though he struggled hard to make himself believe that he was heartbroken, he was finally convinced that, though he could never love again, he was not suffering.

Meanwhile Martha Bonfield's hair had turned from its original dull red to auburn, and her freckles had disappeared. When Witney felt bored he used to go to see her for an evening's chat. Some of his romance had evaporated, and he was entering upon an age when a career interested him. When he fell into romance Martha shut up like a clam; when he talked in a practical vein she occasionally said something that struck him forcibly. One day he said to his mother:

"Mother, I have always believed that you would like to see me make a match with Martha Bonfield. I have decided that if Martha is willing I am ready to accede to your wishes."

"Nonsense! You're not going to accede to my wishes at all. You have discovered that there's something in Martha that you want."

This turned out to be true. Algernon Witney, without fortune, married Martha Bonfield, without a cent. Witney became interested in money making, and in his wife he found a good manager, who was interested in money saving. The two got on together well enough till they saved enough money to work with, then began to accumulate a fortune.

Ten years passed. A good deal may happen in ten years. The Witneys were now well to do and paid some attention to social life. One evening when at a function Witney was introduced to a Mrs. Hetherington, a scrawny woman of about thirty, whose scantily covered collar bones did not deter her from wearing a décolleté costume. Witney was about to move on to avoid getting tied up with this unprepossessing bunch of skin and bones when she said:

"Algy!"  
He looked at her, vainly trying to place her.

"Can it be that you have forgotten me, Algy?"

Heavens! Could this be Alma Benton, the woman he had loved? The cheeks were hollow; the teeth, once white, though fragile, were interspersed with gold ones or braced with gold bands. But this was nothing to what she said when she began to talk of former times. It was all—well, he called it horrible.

She had married a man for his money!

### The Unterrified.

"Trouble has hit me 'bout as hard as he knowed how," says Uncle Gill, "but he hain't never knocked me out—not yit. When I'm down I take as much of the count as is safe for me, but by the blessin' of God I'm soon up ag'in, an' then it is I give him all that's comin' to him."—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE GREAT GAME

By M. QUAD  
Copyright, 1916, by the McClure  
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The villagers of Chatham and Coburg were four miles apart, and there had been rivalry between them ever since they were founded. If one claimed 400 population the other claimed 450. When the one built a church building with a spire thirty feet high, the other built a church building with the spire seven feet higher.

There was one point which had never been settled between the towns. This was the championship checker player. Sometimes one village held the championship for a year or two and then had to relinquish it to the other. There was talk for several years of having the question permanently settled, but it hung fire until a man named Bob Wittiker moved over to Chatham from a village forty miles away. He had played checkers ever since he was five years old. At ten he could beat any man they could bring against him. At fifteen he won the championship of the state. But no one in either village knew of this. It was given out that he played a pretty good game, and when the Coburg people heard of it they sent to Chicago and hired a man to become a resident of the town long enough to settle the question of championship. Each town made up a purse, and the victor in the game was to receive \$25.

Ten men went over from Chatham with their champion, and another ten men met them. The twenty were to see that the game was a fair one. It was to be the best three games in five and was played in the town hall.

The game began on Thursday morning, and that night nobody turned out to the regular prayer meeting. The first game lasted all that day and all that night and was not decided until Friday noon. The champion of Chatham won it. This fact was telephoned over to Coburg, and it set the village wild with delight. New wagers were made. New boasts were made. A lecturer was to give a talk Friday night, but he had to skip it.

The second game lasted through Friday night and all day Saturday. Now then the champions fell asleep for five minutes, but they were aroused by the pricks of pins. At 7 o'clock at night the second game was won by the Coburg man. This made a game a piece, and the excitement went up to fever heat.

There were two churches in each village, and the Sunday congregations counted up about five women a piece. Not all the sermons ever preached could have induced the men to come away from the telephones. About 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon both checker players were allowed to sleep for twenty minutes and then given a rub down with hot vinegar and red pepper. They started out playing again feeling pretty lively. The four churches were closed Sunday night.

All day Monday passed and that third game of checkers was not yet decided. The champions were allowed a little sleep and given another rub down, and they got through the night fairly well. At noon Tuesday old Ephraim Watkins, eighty-five years, who was the greatest weather prophet for fifty miles around, sat on the post-office steps at Chatham and said to the dozen men about him:

"Boys, we are going to have a change of weather within a few hours. I'll bet my old hat agin a chip that we'll have the rippinest old thunderstorm any of you have seen in ten years."

"Well, let 'er come," replied one of the men. "It won't make any difference to the checker players over at Coburg."

"Don't you be too sure about that," piped the old man. "I don't say that a friendly game of checkers is wicked, but I do say that keepin' up a game of checkers until it interferes with prayer meetin's and sermons is kinder defyin' the Lord."

In about two hours a black cloud arose in the west, and all could see that a thunderstorm was coming. The latest news from Coburg was that the third game was about an even thing so far and would probably not be decided before the next morning. Old Ephraim had come back just as the announcement was made, and on hearing it he exclaimed:

"That 'ere game of checkers will be decided within an hour, no matter

On and After  
**MARCH 1st, 1917**  
All passenger trains of this railroad will arrive and depart from  
**LACKAWANNA TERMINAL**  
FOOT OF MAIN STREET  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
**BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY**

## Facts Versus Fallacies

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



WASHINGTON State became officially "dry" on January 1 1916, and Prohibition FALLACY, coupled with how such law fails there, is convincingly described in the "Seattle Star" (a Prohibition paper) under glaring headlines like these: "Drunkenness Increases in Seattle Under 'Dry' Reign." "Mayor Gill Removes Police Chief Lang, Who Fails to Check Evil." "Sixty-five New Drug Stores Replace Saloons." "Air-tight Liquor Law doesn't Check Influx or 'Wet' Goods."

THEN this same leading daily paper of Seattle made confession of Prohibition failure in Washington State with declarations as follows:

"ANTI-LIQUOR law in operation has proven inadequate to stem the ever-increasing flow of spirituous beverages. NOT only did drunkenness increase (in March) over the previous month, but it exceeded the two previous months and more than double the February record. THE squad of tipplers who found their way into the Police Station during March numbered 294. During February the number was 117, and during January 94. RECORDS in the Auditor's office at the Court House show that in January 2117 permits to ship liquor into the State were issued. In February the number increased to 4269, and in March to 6250. COMMENTING upon the deplorable situation under Prohibition law in the City of Seattle the new Chief of Police, Charles L. Beckingham, stated:

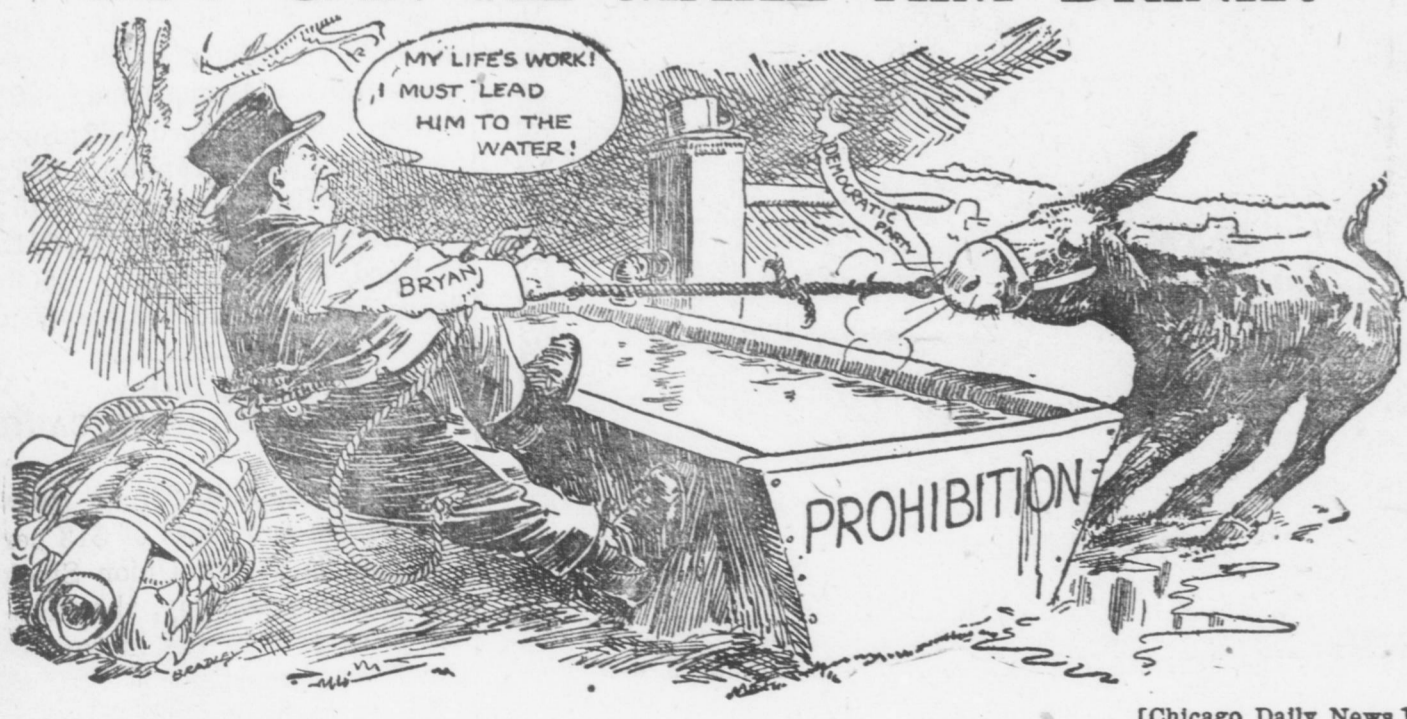


"THE one thing I think the Police Department ought to do is to stop bootlegging in Seattle. Every man, woman and child in the city knows that it is a simple matter to get liquor. I think something can surely be done by the Police Department to stop the illegal trade. The drug stores ought not to get away with the stuff they are now pulling."

TO SUM up, the State of Washington, which was voted "dry" by 18,000 majority, is now suffering the same sorry experience of other States that followed the delusion of Prohibition FALLACY. THE FACTS of increasing drunkenness and crime in Washington have already called forth petitions in that State for a return to the licensed and regulated system of dispensing alcoholic beverages.

Pennsylvania State Brewers' Association

## BUT CAN HE MAKE HIM DRINK?



[Chicago Daily News.]

what the telephone says."  
He would not say more, though hard pressed to do so, and half an hour later the first flash of lightning and the first roll of thunder came to announce a hard storm. It was a hard one both in Chatham and in Coburg.

The hall where the game was being played held a big crowd, and the lightning picked it out first. It struck on the roof, and most of the boards and shingles were ripped off, and the bolt knocked down every man who was on his feet. Both champion checker players fell off their chairs unconscious, and the checkerboard was split into a dozen pieces. There was a call for every doctor in town, and, though no one was actually killed, there was a heavy call for medical services. Such a thing as going on with the champion game was not to be thought of and has not been thought of since. All took it as a warning from heaven, and the ministers on the next Sunday clinched the matter by saying if it was not punishment for such dreadful wickedness why didn't the lightning strike one of the churches or Deacon Bennett's big barn?

Curious Courtship.  
In the strange land of the Tarascan Indians in Mexico the visitor, after attaining something of a friendly footing, may still witness some of the equally strange practices which the first Spaniards observed. In courting the lover goes to the well where his beloved is accustomed to fill her water jar. He holds her shawl until she accepts him, and then with a stick he breaks the jar which she holds on her head and gives her a betrothal baptism of water.

Dubious Compliment.  
She (at masquerade ball)—Do you think my costume becoming? He—Yes, indeed. But you would be lovely in any disguise.—Boston Transcript.

Sweet Thing!  
Belle—This yellow dress is not becoming to me. Nell—Why, dear, it matches your complexion.—Baltimore American.

He who reigns within himself and rules prejudices, desires and fears is more than a king.—Milton.



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