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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.

A Curiosity in Nomenclature.

The negroes in the British West Indian island of Grenada find it very difficult to keep track of their descent and their relatives because of a curious custom they follow in naming children. The father's Christian name is given to the son for his surname. Thus if a man is named John Jones his son may be called James John and that son's son Robert James, and so on to the end of the chapter. Naturally in a few generations families get into a hopeless muddle, and nobody knows exactly to whom he is related.

If there is anywhere on your horizon a spot of light, fix your eyes upon it and turn your thoughts away from the clouds which may cover the rest of the sky.

Things of the Past.

Betty had been punished. Her aunt did not know that, and when she came into the room and found Betty sitting disconsolately before the window she said: "Why, look at our little Betty. She looks ready to cry. What is going to happen, I wonder?"

Betty looked up and then said solemnly, "It has happened."—Exchange.

Endurance.

The pilgrim fathers were undoubtedly heroic men, facing, as they did, with dauntless courage, fire, frost, famine and the red menace of Indian ruthlessness. But the pilgrim mothers were more heroic still, for they endured also all these things and had in addition to stand the pilgrim fathers as well.—Life.

Wash the glass with water to which a little ammonia has been added and polish with a chamouis which has been dipped in water and wrung as dry as possible.

The Orchid.

The orchid is a peculiar plant, for, strange as it may seem, there is no distinctively orchid odor. One smells like the violet, others like the rose, the hyacinth, the daffodil. Orchids are the monkeys, the mimics of the vegetable world, in odor as well as form and tint. No other flower resembles an orchid, but orchids are forever spring butterflies, pansies, roots, spiders, pitch plants, birds and what not. And they are not absolutely certain to look just the same twice in succession.

Ruffed Grouse.

Civilization is abhorrent to the ruffed grouse, king of American game birds. It seeks the depths of the forests where the wild grapes and winter-green berries grow thickest; where clumps of laurel offer security from prowling wildcats or foxes; where mighty trees supply roosting places.

There is no prouder bird in appearance than the ruffed grouse, none so majestic in flight. The hunter who can find him and after finding can make 50 per cent of hits may be classed as an expert. When flushed this grouse springs into the air with a roaring noise; there is a flash of brown hurling itself through the forest, and in an instant the bird is lost sight of.—Boston Journal.

Caste System Among Ragmen.

Japanese ragmen have a caste system going from the lowest class, composed of men with no capital, who go about picking up bits of paper and rags with pointed sticks, to the highest class, in which there are some men who are quite well off. There is an intermediate class composed of men who can pay for what they get, the products they deal in depending largely on the amount of money they may have. Among the higher class of ragmen there are divisions of trade, some dealing in woolen rags, some in cotton and others in different kinds of paper.—Japan Society Bulletin.

Watch Your Pep.

Pep is a slang word invented to convey the idea of those who are always up and about, who are full of "ginger," who never go to sleep at the switch. When you are full of pep you can go a long way toward doing almost anything. But pep runs out. If your stomach goes back on you because you don't know how to take care of it; if you consort with weak minded people, taking on the color of their weak mindedness; if you burn the candle at both ends, then your pep runs low. Watch your pep.—Life.

Napoleon's First Love.

The little French town of Auxonne is not associated in the popular mind with Napoleon; but, as Miss Betham-Edwards reminds us in "Unfrequented France," he spent some years of his cadetship there. "In the Saone he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeois maiden called Manesca. Two ivory counters bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting enrich the little museum."

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.

Man is mortgaged up to his neck in the past.—Life.

The German and Also the Englishman Drinks More Than Uncle Sam's Citizen



That Prohibition fails utterly to prohibit cannot successfully be denied by the most rabid Prohibitionist. Not only do the records of the supposedly "dry" States prove prohibition a failure, but United States statistics show the futility of attempting to enforce laws to which the majority of persons are opposed. Although the Prohibition area in the United States has about doubled in the last fifteen years, yet in that time the consumption of intoxicating liquors has also nearly doubled. In 1890, the per capita consumption in this country was about thirteen gallons a year. To-day the per capita consumption is twenty-two gallons a year. The total output of beer is about 60,000,000 barrels a year; of whisky, 130,000,000 gallons a year; of wine, 35,000,000 gallons. At first sight these figures might give an idea of tremendous ability in this country to put away alcoholic beverages. But this is not so. For although our per capita consumption of liquor is 22 gallons yearly, yet England consumes 23 1/2 gallons of intoxicants per capita a year, and Germany a little more than 29 gallons. Yet the most rabid Prohibitionist could not say but that England and Germany are among the temperate nations of earth—yet the Englishman and German drink more than the United States citizen. That Regulation and not Prohibition is the solution of the problem is found in the FALLACY that Prohibition prohibits, and that FACTS show that although in the past fifteen years the prohibition area in the United States has about doubled, yet the consumption of liquor, per capita, has also almost doubled in that time!—THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BREWERS' ASSOCIATION.

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Don't Write Poetry.

"Don't write poetry unless you can't help it," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

And often when you think you can't help it 'tis well to consult a doctor.—Toledo Blade.

Grim Seize.

"Is Bliggins an optimist?"

"Yes. He's one of the kind who convince you that everything is going to the howdaws and then tell you there is no use worrying about it."—Washington Star.

Stting Around It.

It'd happen if an irresistible meet an immovable body? necessary for anything to maintain that arbitration is able."—Louisville Courier.

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