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Italy wants no U.S. Soldiers

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Italy wants no American soldiers on the Italian front.
 This message was delivered to President Wilson today by the Prince of Udine, King Victor Emanuel's personal envoy to the United States.
 "Italy has all the man power she needs and the American soldiers should be sent to the battle front in France," one member of the mission said today.
 "We would, of course, welcome American soldiers on the Italian front if your government saw fit to send them, but we feel that we have sufficient men and our allies need man power more than we do."

First Calculating Machine.
 The first calculating machine was invented and constructed by Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, in 1642, in which year he was but nineteen years of age. It was made by him with the aid of one workman and was presented to the chancellor of France. During the revolution it was found in a junk shop at Bordeaux and at present is the property of M. Bougouin of that city. All of the four simple mathematical operations can be made with it.

Your Own Career.
 "You may be whatever you resolve to be." That was the motto of Stonewall Jackson, who died a lieutenant general at thirty-nine. The meteoric soldier found that sticking everlastingly at it was what put the solve in resolve. Stonewall's maxim means that you can do what you try to do if you try hard enough. Mr. Favre found that out forty years ago when against obstacles supreme and penalties of \$1,000 a day for failure he pierced the St. Gothard tunnel through the Alps. That stupendous work cost eight times the original estimates of ten millions, but it was done, and done to the everlasting glory of human pluck.—Girard in Philadelphia Ledger.

Queer Nest of the Tontobane.
 The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

Some Climate!
 It is a natural law in California, especially in the southern part of the state, that folks grow young instead of old. Every time a rose fades in this sweet land its color finds its way into the cheeks of some visitor from the east who has come here to seek the health which only a climate like this can give.—Los Angeles Times.

Grass is the natural food of the horse. On no other food will it keep so healthy, because so strong or live so long.

Funston's Nickname.
 General Frederick Funston was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at the University of Kansas. The general's fraternity brothers at Kansas knew him as "Timmy." This nickname came about through the poor writing of the fraternity member who sent in the names of the pledges the year Funston became a Phi Delt. The name was printed "Timston" in the Phi Delta Theta magazine, and in the form of "Timmy" stuck to the stocky, cocky collegian throughout his college career.—Kansas City Star.

Elite.
 "Father," said little Johnnie, accepting his daily allowance, "I wish you wouldn't hand that nickel in such a horribly patronizing manner. Ostentatious giving is exceedingly bourgeois."—Epworth Herald.

The Barber's Query.
 There is always something interesting in a barber shop. For instance, we always get a sly grin when a customer wearing on his face what is very plainly a six days' growth of beard is asked by the barber whose chair he approaches, "Shave, sir?" One can't help wondering what the barber thinks he might have come in to have done.—Detroit Free Press.

What's In a Name?
 Turkish cigarettes come from Virginia.
 French china comes from Ohio.
 Persian rugs come from Massachusetts.
 Russian caviare comes from Michigan.
 English herring come from Oregon.
 Norwegian sardines come from Maine.
 Havana tobacco comes from Kentucky.
 Irish linen comes from New York.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preparedness.
 "Mamma, I wish I had a crutch," complained little Johnnie.
 "What in the world does a boy with two good straight legs want with a crutch?"
 "Well, mamma, it's a good thing to practice on in case you get hurt and have to use it some time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Philosopher's Application For a Wife

By ELINOR MARSH

Albert St. Clair was a philosopher. He was born in America, but of English parents. He had papers to show that he was of good stock, but had never examined them. He believed all men to be a development of the ape.

St. Clair fell in love with a girl, who reciprocated. He didn't talk about man and woman having descended from apes. He talked the language of love. After he had proposed Laura Hilton—that was the girl's name—sent him to her father for an answer.

"I shall have to know more about you before I can give my consent," said Mr. Hilton. "To what family do you belong and what is your income?"
 "I belong to the human family, and my income is \$2,000 a year. The principal was earned by lecturing on man and his ancestors."

"That is barely sufficient to lodge and feed yourself and a wife. You would have nothing for clothes and incidental expenses."

"Clothes are simply the covering of the lower animals which are transformed to man. What he does not get this way he derives from the vegetable kingdom. The sheep clothes him and his wife. She wears rat skins on her hands and sticks an ostrich feather in her hat. Her stockings when she is much dressed are the excrement of worms."

"Nevertheless you will find it inconvenient to get on without these articles. How about your family connections?"

"Family connections are of no more importance in man than any other animal. Indeed, the family connections of a horse are much more important than those of a man. A racing sire and dam are important, because swiftness of foot is inherited. In man swiftness of foot is of no importance. What is of importance in him is intellect. But intellectual man seldom marries intellectual woman, and if he does the children are liable to be only fools."

"That is all very well, but my daughter has associated with refined persons. If her husband's relatives are coarse she will not get on with them."

"What is refinement but a concealment of our brute instincts? Pigs eat; so does man. Pigs put the fore feet in the trough; man sits at a table and eats with a knife and fork. The worst thing about him is that he eats the pig, which is the dirtiest of all animals. Man cannot get rid of his brute nature; he can only cover it over with a thin coat of veneer."

"That veneer is essential to our happiness. My daughter has associated with those who eat the daintiest food, wear the richest fabrics and ornaments. Surely you cannot supply her with jewels?"

"Nothing marks the barbarian more plainly than ornamentation of the body. The most barbarous woman wears necklaces and ear and lip rings of teeth or bone or metal. The most refined woman wears stones and metals."

"One with such ideas as yours is not apt to have much respect for the sacred ceremony of marriage."

"Marriage draws man away from his native state, the state of other animals. Four footed brides and grooms do not trouble themselves about each others' relatives and other detriments to a hearty progeny. If a strong and healthy man who eats with his knife desires to marry a strong and healthy woman who eats with her fork her relatives will defeat the union if they can. But if she desires to marry a living skeleton of birth and breeding they are delighted with the match."

"Mr. St. Clair, I have listened to your statement of reasons why you should be permitted to marry my daughter and am forced to admit that, while as reasons they are worthless, there are truths in them. Nevertheless I consider you the biggest fool I ever met. But, as you have said, intellect is not so liable to be inherited as strength, the intellectual man seldom marrying the intellectual woman, or vice versa, therefore if you are a king or a prince or even a nobleman, with large wealth, you may be my son-in-law; if not, I forbid the banns."

"Nothing remains," said St. Clair, bowing himself out, "but to look into my pedigree and learn whether any of my family, in whom I have never taken the slightest interest, have left me any money."

Later he returned to Mr. Hilton and said:

"I have examined papers in my possession and have learned that I am not a king."

"I thought not," said the other dryly. "Nor am I a duke."

"Exactly."

"But my grandfather was an earl, and a letter bearing a coronet on it that I received some years ago and which I did not open informs me that, my grandfather and father being dead, I am the Earl of Macknaiton."

"Indeed!"

"And I am heir, so the letter says, to one of the largest estates in England."

"I congratulate you."

"If your daughter marries me she may wed a fool, but she will be Lady Macknaiton and will be able to decorate her person as elaborately as the most degraded savage."
 "The title and the jewels will be very acceptable."
 "When shall the wedding ceremony take place?"
 "Whenever your lordship desires."

Learning In The Fists

By RICHARD MENKLEY

As a little fellow I wasn't very strong. I had the measles and the scarlet fever and all kinds of children's diseases. Any boy of my age could lick me very easily.

When I was about eighteen years old a feller come round givin' boxin' lessons. I went to see him give a lesson—it was in a barn—and I was mighty tickled the way he polished off some of the big fellers that he was teachin'. He wasn't big himself, though he was wiry; there wasn't any knotty muscles standin' out on his arms and legs; they was just good ordinary arms and legs. As for length, I reckon he measured about five feet six in his stockin's.

It was all in the way he done it. A feller who could throw a hundred pounds o' hay up into a loft on the end o' a pitchfork would make a lunge at him that if it had hit him square without gloves would 'a' made jelly of him. But the little man wasn't there to be hit. Before the big one could get back into position he got a blow on the jaw.

I persuaded dad to give me the money to take boxin' lessons, and after a dozen lessons I was the best boxer in the county. What made me stuck on it was that I was a little feller with no great muscle, and after I'd learned to box I was cock o' the walk. None o' the big ones who took lessons could do me. The reason for this was that I was mighty spry, and I could tell by watchin' the other feller's eye just what he was goin' to do next.

One day dad says to me, says he: "Josh, you've got a lot of learnin' in yer fists. I reckon you'd better git some in yer head. There's a young woman opened a schule over to the crossroads; you better larn somethin' about readin', writin' and 'rithmetic."

I thort I was too old to go to schule, but when I got there I found the scholars was mighty mixed. There was scholars all the way from twelve to twenty-four years old. The schulemarm was a young thing weighin' about a hundred pounds and not more'n eighteen years old. The first few days things went mighty quiet, but after the novelty wore off some o' the big fellers begun to get tired o' behavin' theirselves and showed a disposition to do purty much as they pleased. When teacher told 'em to stop talkin' to each other durin' schule hours they'd stop for awhile, but it wasn't long before they were at it again.

John Whittaker began ticklin' Sam Talifer with a feather, Sam sittin' in the desk in front of John. Teacher told John to stop. He did, but in a few minutes begun ag'in. This time when teacher told him to stop he kept right on.

I held up my hand, lettin' on I wanted to speak.

"What is it, Josh?" asked teacher. "Please, teacher, kin John Whittaker and me take a recess?"

She looked at me, and John looked at me, and we all understood one another.

"If you wish to be excused you may go out," she said to me.

"How about me?" asked John.

"You may be excused too."

John and I went outside, and as soon as we got there he says to me, says he, "Reckon you want some'n o' me." And I says, says I: "Reckon I do. I want you to agree to behave yourself in schule. What d'ye mean, a great hulk like you settin' yourself up agin a little gal like that?" "It's none o' your business," he says. "I'll make it my business," I says, and before he knew what had happened he was sprawlin' on the ground.

He got up and come for me like a mad bull. But what could he do? I was never where he struck at, and when I aimed a blow at him he was always there. The second punch I give him was in the nose, and the blood bothered him. The third was in his left eye and closed it up. There wasn't anything tender about him, and I was obliged to take him under the jaw with all my might to put him out o' the fight.

While we was at it I caught sight o' the widders of the schulehouse, and they was full o' the scholars. I reckon teacher couldn't keep 'em at their lessons while there was somethin' so much more interestin' goin' on outside. Some o' the older scholars come out to watch the proceedin's and stood around wonderin' how such a little shaver could knock about a great hulk of a feller jist as if he was a bag o' sand. When I tuk John under the jaw I knocked it out o' plumb. He got up slow, but he didn't come for me ag'in. Holdin' on to his cheek, he went off to a doctor to get it put in place ag'in.

The rest of us went back to our schule work. Nobody made any disturbance. Oncet two fellers started to whisper, but I jist throwed a glance their way, and it had the same effect as if I'd throwed a stone. They stopped right away.

When schule let out teacher she beckoned me to lag behind, and I did. She tuk my hand and squeezed it, but she didn't say nothin'. I reckon she feel so much she couldn't talk.

"Don't you worry about the scholars' behavior," I said. "They won't get cuttin' up no more."
 "I don't think they will," she said, "so long as I have such a sergeant-at-arms to keep order."

John Whittaker didn't come back to schule any more, and the other big fellers didn't make any disturbance. I didn't get much fardin'. I reckon it was 'cause I had to watch the scholars. Anyway, it wasn't teacher's fault.

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. Wilbur P. Graff.
 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. Four 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 chosen?
 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 States in the union?
 R. Forty-eight.
 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. Which is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania?
 R. Harrisburg.
 D. How many Senators has each state in the United States?
 R. Two.
 D. Who are our U. S. Senators?
 R. Boise Penrose and George T. Oliver.
 D. By whom are they elected?
 R. By the people.
 D. For how long?
 R. Six 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. For how long are they elected?
 R. Two years.
 D. Who is our Congressman?
 R. Nathan L. Strong.
 D. How many electoral votes has the state of Pennsylvania?
 R. Thirty-eight.
 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. Martin G. 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 who 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.

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