

IL PATRIOTA

(THE PATRIOT)

Published Weekly By



THE Patriot Publishing

Office: No. 15 Carpenter Ave.
Marshall Building
INDIANA, PENNA.

F. BIAMONTE — Publisher

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1914, at the postoffice at Indiana, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION

One Year \$1.50 - Six Months \$1.00

PER INFORMAZIONE DEL PUBBLICO

Il Consolato Generale d'Italia in New York avuta conoscenza che si è istituito al No. 66 Broadway, New York, N. Y. un Ufficio sotto il nome di Italian Government Bonds Sales Bureau, Inc. avverte i connazionali che l'ufficio predetto non ha carattere ufficiale e non è riconosciuto né assistito dalle Regie Autorità Italiane degli Stati Uniti.

SI VENDE "FARM"

215 acre con case e paghe vicino. \$16 all'acra. Rivolgersi ad R. H. Cunningham, Marshall bldg.

INDIANA DYE WORKS

720 Philadelphia Street, Pulisce nel modo migliore e desiderato i vostri vestiti da farli figurare nuovi. Servizio pronto ed accurato a prezzo di vera convenienza e soddisfazione. Portate o spedite le vostre robe da pulire mezzo "Parcel Post" e ve le ritorneremo a mezzo da voi indicato e preferito. ACCURATEZZA, SODDISFAZIONE, MODICITA'.

Manifold Uses for Cotton.

In calling attention to the manifold uses for cotton, cotton seed and cottonseed oil, the Boston Herald mentions the following products: Photographic films, automobile windows, buttons, "Ivory," artificial silk, combs, knife handles, trunks, book bindings, shoes, furniture, headwear, handbags, lard, soap, butterine, paints, rubber, gun-cotton and smokeless powder used in explosives.

Flowers.

Flowers are perhaps the most effective of the many little "finishing touches" necessary to an attractive home. There are thousands of persons with beautiful houses, costly furnishings, perhaps, artistically and skillfully arranged by the hands of a clever decorator, but it takes the little finishing touches, the seemingly unimportant tiny things, done by the woman who loves and exists for her home and expresses her soul in her surroundings to make the house lovable.—Exchange.

Jupiter's Belts.

It has been suggested by Lau that the reason Jupiter has belts instead of zones of spots is to be found in its rapid rotation. The material forced upward from the lower strata of the planet, bringing with it a smaller linear velocity than that of the surface, streams eastward, assuming the look of elongated streaks. If the centers of eruption are sufficiently numerous, belts are formed; and it is suggested that, were the sun's rotation much more rapid than it is, the solar surface at spot maximum would also present dark streaks.

In Danger.

A few days ago a five-year-old boy came with his mother to visit the latter's cousin. The first night, upon retiring, they were given a room which contained a folding bed, which was something new to the young man. He watched the process of opening, then got into bed, lay there, and thought for a few minutes, then looked up and said: "Mother, we will have to look out for this bed has a self-starter, and is liable to go up on us."

The Clean Plate

By Barton Payne Arlington

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

A motherly, good-natured and home-loving woman, Mrs. Alvira Warden was a sort of ruling goddess with the four gentlemanly boarders she had retained, satisfied and content, year after year.

They were all bachelors. Baird Denslow was the youngest and, because of his quiet, thoughtful ways and regular habits, Mrs. Warden liked him the best. He was a clerk in a brokerage house, was saving, spent his leisure time in reading, and never forgot some little gift as a mark of appreciation and respect whenever a holiday came around.

"I am thinking of making something of a change in my domestic arrangements," she said to him one evening, while Mr. Nesbit, the star boarder, was singing to the accompaniment of Mr. Dale's violin and Mr. Watson's saxophone. They were a rather accomplished quartette when Denslow added his flute to the outfit.

"I hope you meditate nothing that will disturb the pleasant current of all our lives," submitted Denslow in his quiet, unobtrusive way.

"On the contrary," readily replied his landlady, "it will be an addition to our little group which, I believe, will be acceptable to all. My daughter, Olive, is coming to stay with me permanently."

Denslow had heard Mrs. Warden refer to this daughter more than once. Olive Morse was a young widow who had for several years been working in a good position in a distant city.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Warden, "Olive is tired of office work, and I am getting old. She feels it a duty to be near me and lighten my burdens."

There were some glum faces when the announcement of a possible change in the excellent fare and comfortable environment dominated by Mrs. Warden was apprehended and discussed. There were smiling faces and perfect satisfaction, however, before the fair Olive had been installed a week. All that Mrs. Warden knew of superb cookery she seemed to have imparted to her daughter, for the table layout never fell below average, and generally exceeded it. Besides that, there never was a more charming hostess than the young widow.

Mr. Dale, who had gone out to his club regularly, abandoned that routine. Watson bought a new saxophone. Previously an "old clothes" man, Nesbit appeared in a new suit. Denslow, who had been an omnivorous reader evenings, welcomed the continuous musicals with ardor and regularity.

With the declaration of war Olive was alive to all new issues of the day. In expressing her sentiments as to the features of saving and helping she met with the heartiest co-operation of her four admirers. When she joined a group of ladies engaged in knitting socks and sweaters "for the boys over there" the donations of the boarders were more than liberal. When war flour and restricted sugar supplies became the order of the day there were no complaints. Dale, who had a sweet tooth, ostentatiously took but one lump per meal, and Watson declared that the substitute biscuits beat the original variety all hollow! Nesbit began to dote on cornmeal and barley. Denslow accepted conditions not only cheerfully, but as a consistent matter of principle.

"Mother!" said Olive one day, "you don't suppose Mr. Denslow is getting dissatisfied with our fare?"

"Why, what makes you think that?" inquired Mrs. Warden wonderingly.

"Because he restricts himself to one helping. The others leave a wasteful supply very often, but Mr. Denslow always a clean plate."

"Well, Olive," spoke her mother, "I overheard him tell the others a few days ago that he considered it a matter of duty for every man at home to sacrifice what he could for the man abroad. You seem considerably interested in Mr. Denslow. Let me see—he will be the fourth one, won't he?"

Olive blushed and resumed her work like one seeking a diversion. One after another, Dale, Watson and Nesbit had told Olive that she was the wife they had been waiting for all their lives.

Denslow had been on the point of following their example, Olive had discerned, but his innate modesty had checked him. One afternoon, with mutual surprise, they came face to face at a bank, each buying a Liberty bond.

"I have saved enough to make the purchase," Olive told him, "by cutting close in buying and cooking."

"I have found that a little figuring as to the lunch and cigar supplies helps a fellow sift out quite an amount in the course of a month," explained Denslow.

They grew cheery and confidential as they pursued their way homewards. Somehow, each had discovered something harmonious as to opinions and tastes. Somehow the barrier of shyness on the part of Denslow succumbed. His clear, open expression of face, showing his real worthiness of soul, appealed to the lonely widow. He detected a token of approbation in her bright eyes.

"Would you consent to pool our patriotic investments after this?" he inquired, and, as clearly and frankly, she placed her hand within his own and lifted her eyes to his unflinching gaze.

CARRIER CORA

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For a whole week no morning paper had been delivered to Edward Aiken, and he had about reached the end of his endurance. "I'll give that boy a good calling down," he told himself as he set the alarm clock so that he would be able to do so.

The first ring of the alarm was awakening him. By the time he was dressed the paper boy was due. The morning was blustery, so he stationed himself in a front room, where he would be sure to hear him passing. After a short wait he heard someone coming up his walk. The boy was not going to forget him that morning, apparently, but it was best to give him a talking to about past misdeeds, he thought.

"Here, you," he yelled as he opened the door. "I should give you a cuff on the ear for not bringing that paper last week. Is that the way you treat old customers?"

"I beg your pardon, you have made a mistake." It was a woman's voice. Edward gasped.

"I thought you were my paper carrier," he hastened to apologize.

"So I am." She had stepped into a spot where the light shone on her features and he could see that she was smiling at his mistake. She was pretty and the paper bag about her shoulders gave her an air that made her very attractive.

"This is my first morning on the route," she explained. "The local newspapers have had trouble getting boys to carry their papers. There are so many positions left vacant by men who have gone to the war that it is easy for them to get other work. Getting up in the morning, especially windy mornings like this one, doesn't seem to appeal to the boys."

"I shouldn't think it would appeal to young ladies, either," he said, as he took a closer look at her. "There should be lots of work that you could find."

"I am doing my bit this way," she answered with a touch of pride in her voice. "All the girls in our branch of the Red Cross are carrying paper routes until the spring."

She left to finish her route he looked after her with admiration. There was a plucky girl if ever there was one. He had seen her face somewhere before. Where? He remembered it in a flash. She was Cora Braithwaite, one of the most popular society girls in the city.

Although her duties as a paper carrier necessitated early rising, Cora did not neglect her other patriotic work. It was not many days before she was formally introduced to Edward Aiken and then the story of their first meeting had to come out.

"Mr. Aiken seems very anxious to be in your company, Cora," one of her friends said one day after the story had been retold. "It isn't often a man falls in love with his paper carrier, my dear."

"Don't be ridiculous," Cora laughed, but when she was alone she thought over her friend's words. Edward had almost forced himself upon her and she had not quite made up her mind what to do about it. He was handsome and genial.

She was always nice to him, but that didn't satisfy Edward. When all his advances were met with rebuffs he decided that the only way he could talk to her was by being on hand in the morning when she arrived with the paper. The alarm clock worked overtime. Even a word or two from her cheered him for the rest of the day. If she favored him with more than that he would muse so long over it the paper would go unread. But all good things come to an end sooner or later. When warmer weather came, paper boys were not difficult to secure and the girls were relieved of their duty—rather a pleasant relief, too.

Edward was walking home one night thinking of Cora. His path led him by a public building that was under guard. It had been a sunny day, but the night had turned quite chilly. He was thankful he had worn a warm coat. As the man on guard passed him he noticed that he had no gloves. He slipped off his own gloves and waited for the soldier to return to his beat.

"Here are my gloves, old fellow," he said, as he handed them over. "I've got lots at home. Your hands must be freezing."

The man muttered a word of thanks as he passed on.

"How kind of you!" Cora had seen his act of kindness and her tone showed her appreciation of it.

"Oh," he laughed, as he stepped up beside her, "that is nothing. I know what it is to be on guard myself."

"Do you?" She was quite surprised. "Did you attend military college?"

"No," he answered. "I served for two years in France with the First Canadians."

URGED HIGH TITLE

Many Would Have Had Washington Addressed as Monarch.

Interesting Just Now to Recall How Fond of High-Sounding Appellations Were the Founders of This Great Republic.

In view of the widespread approval of the Chamberlain bill, making it possible for our soldiers to wear medals conferred by the French, it is interesting to be reminded that, although the Constitution forbade all those in the service of the United States to accept titles or decorations from foreign rulers, a strong party in our first senate wished to bestow almost royal title upon government officials.

A serious debate arose over the manner in which Washington should be addressed, and on April 23, 1789, a committee was appointed to consider the matter. Among the titles urged were "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of the Rights of the Same," "His Elective Highness," etc., and a canopied throne was to be erected for his use in the senate. Members of that body were to be "Your Highness of the Senate," the sergeant at arms was to be rechristened the "Usher of the Black Rod," and representatives "Your Highness of the Lower House."

John Adams, who are told in the Journal of William Maclay, led the so-called "Court party," which wished to borrow the forms of the British monarchy for our infant government. His most zealous supporter was Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. Maclay and Robert Morris were the first senators from Pennsylvania.

The matter rested until after the formalities of Washington's inauguration were settled. Under the first plan the clergy could attend only as spectators, but this was finally overruled on a strong protest from the ministers of New York. An interesting sidelight on the times is given by John Randolph of Virginia, who as a boy witnessed the inauguration of Adams as vice president.

The controversy over the titles came to a head on May 1 when the clerk of the senate began to read the minutes. "His Most Gracious Speech," he said, referring to Washington's inaugural address. Blank surprise showed in the eyes of many of the senators. Jefferson, the great champion of democracy, was absent in Europe. Maclay rose to his feet.

"The words prefixed to the president's speech are the same that are usually placed before the speech of his Britannic majesty," he said. "I know they will give offense. I consider them improper. I therefore, move that they be struck out and that it stand simply address or speech, as may be adjudged most suitable."

The report of the committee on titles was rejected May 14 by a vote of 10 to 8, but in a half-hearted way. The record showed that "for the present" the subject would be dropped, but the wording clearly indicated that titles were favored.

Barrie's Hat.

I am reminded that the silk hat worn by Sir James M. Barrie at the rehearsals of his early plays, which I mentioned the other day, was in all probability the one which was acquired in still earlier years with the intention of impressing Frederick Greenwood. The story of this tall hat was related at the memorable dinner given to Greenwood in 1905, with John Morley, then quite untitled, in the chair. "I bought my first silk hat, to impress him, the day I came to London," said the distinguished pilgrim from Thrums. "I never wore it except when I made periodic advances on the St. James's Gazette. I liked to think that it had its effect upon him." The hat would naturally be treasured on grounds other than those which would suggest themselves to the ordinary thrifty Scot—it had opened out to him a great literary career, and it might be expected to have its natural beneficent influence on the plays.—Westminster (Eng.) Gazette.

Something to Worry About.

As if we haven't already enough to keep our minds busy, with war and the high cost of living! And our friends, the learned astronomers, who study the heavens just as carefully as the average fellow does the innermost recesses of his pocketbook day before pay, are intent upon adding to our load of worry burdens. They—some of them—believe the sun is going to explode. One of them, writing in Popular Astronomy, points to the fact that our sun is of advanced age, and predicts its finish as the leading figure in any solar system. He finds that our sun has contracted 92,000,000 miles from each side, thus giving its hot center 186,000,000 miles less of room. So you see the sun's center is rather crowded for space. Something like the three-room-apartment couple when visiting relatives begin their summer vacation drives.—Syracuse Journal.

Diplomacy.

Harold—And why must we always be kind to the poor?

Doris—Because there may be a sudden change, and we don't know how soon they may become rich.

Righteous Indignation.

Mrs. Jones—I wonder what makes baby so wakaful.

Jones (savagely)—Why, it's hereditary, of course. That's what comes of your sitting up nights waiting for me.

THE TRUTH

By JACK LAWTON.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Celia had always insisted that she would not marry a widower. "I would be sure that he had loved the first wife best," she said. And if she had known, when visiting Aunt Elizabeth, that the best looking young man in her aunt's social club belonged to that unfortunate though interesting class, Celia would at once have discouraged his attentions. But Aunt Elizabeth forgot to mention the fact of widowhood, and when Celia found out, it was too late to turn back, love had claimed her for its own.

During the first idyllic months after marriage, Celia settled down in contentment; Tom Brantford's affection was too evident and true to cause dissatisfaction in even a doubtful heart. Cheerfully his second wife took up the homemaking task, where it had been interrupted.

City life was very different from the quiet routine of her home village, the women seemed differently gowned, too. Celia wondered wistfully if her white ruffled frock might not be too simple, or if pink and blue cambric was really suitable as morning wear for Tom Brantford's wife. It was Aunt Elizabeth who first raised the question.

"My dear," she said during one of her calls, "why don't you patronize Lucy's dressmaker? Lucy was always dressed stunningly, I don't wonder that Tom was proud to take her about. One met them everywhere. Tom's position should warrant more than country muslins and cambries."

Celia's lovely face flushed, and when Aunt Elizabeth had gone, she went and stood before the small framed photograph of the home's former mistress and intently studied its gracefully robed outlines. "Yes, Lucy had been stunningly gowned, and her hair—impatiently the new wife touched her own rebellious wavy locks—"her hair was irrefragable in its arrangement. What was it that Aunt had said. "Tom was so proud to take her about, one met them everywhere."

With a sense of awakening, Celia looked back over the past blissful months, why, Tom had not taken her anywhere. Every evening they had sat together in what had seemed sweet understanding silence.

"Lucy and Tom," the connection of names brought a new and poignant pain. Lucy had been an accomplished college graduate, Lucy's acquaintances, Celia realized in her retrospection, had not called upon her. Could it be possible that Tom was ashamed of his new wife's insignificance?

Whiningly the curly god crept into her lap. Celia's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Perhaps he is good to you," she murmured, "because—you were Lucy's."

Impulsively she arose to her feet. She would go back to the country home; she would not take a second place in Tom's heart. Then she paused half-way up the stair, a new purpose had come to her. No, she would stay, stay to triumph, even over Lucy. The plan was unbearable, but she could not leave her husband. He must be made proud of her. Several times that evening Tom Brantford glanced perplexedly over his cigar at his strangely constrained wife. Each day his perplexity grew, as in dignified silence Celia went about her duties. But at length she approached him almost gaily. He was busy at the time with a garden trellis, and as Tom looked from his wife's animated face to her faultlessly modish gown, he whistled.

"I hope you like my dress," Celia said, suddenly distant. "I have been making alterations in my wardrobe."

"Very nice," Tom muttered absently. It was difficult to put pride aside, to go more than half way in meeting Lucy's friends. But Celia not only accomplished this feat, but managed so well that her place was often vacant at the dinner table, while Tom waited her return from a "tea."

But with all Celia's successes, she was not happy. For she was falling in that greatest triumph, her husband's love.

Into Tom's eyes a shadow grew, between his brows a frown deepened. Her most elaborate toilets brought forth no expression of admiration, and among her many social invitations, there was none from him. Surely he could not now feel humiliated by her comparison to his former wife. Then one day he came to her.

"I am going away on business," he announced, and without further word departed.

After the closing of the front door Celia went to her room, hopelessly she tossed aside her beautiful gown, and slipped into the old simple muslin. Down to the garden she went, there to throw herself beneath a spreading tree, while the ruffles of the muslin dress were wet with bitter tears.

"Celia, dearest," unexpectedly exclaimed her husband's vibrant voice, "I must know the reason of all this—" and she told him.

Then close with his cheek against hers, he made confession.

"I thought that Lucy and I would start with love," he said, "but it proved a mistake. We were too young to know. Our tastes were totally different; we tried to make the best of it. Lucy was a gay little butterfly, happy only in social success, while I—" Tom's voice broke, "I only wanted a home, Celia," he said. "A home that should be my world, and a wife who would be just like you. Our life has been heaven, dear."

"We will keep it so," whispered Celia.

Earning a Living

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Elston Gordon came from "the best family in the state" and it spoiled him; not the eminence and respectability of the Gordons, but the pride of tradition, the ready toleration and indulgence of those who revered the memory of General Alexander Gordon, a real hero of the Civil war. Then, too, his mother was of the Ballentynes, pioneers, and the granddaughter of a governor.

The family wealth, once extensive, had been scattered. In a pinching, wretched way Mrs. Gordon remained in the grand old family mansion, and even with her faded silks and laces and obsolete jewelry, reigned queen of an exclusive social set. She tolled and managed behind the scenes until her daughters were well married off. Then the tired old soul gave out and Elston was left an orphan. He lived around with this and that relative, gained a good education, came back from college elegant and handsome as ever, and one of his maneuvering relatives introduced him to Viola Deane, and he married her.

That Elston sincerely loved the lady of his choice there was no doubt. What was engraved in his nature, however, it was difficult to eradicate. Elston had never done a stroke of work in his life. Viola, the only child of a rich father, was proud of her accomplished husband, who was ideal at tennis, dancing and acting the generous host.

As a natural and unavoidable matter of course, Elston went to see Mr. Deane. He made quick work of announcing his situation. The way the old man burst out upon him was the first real startler and waking up Elston had ever encountered. The old man was merciless. When Elston retired from the encounter with the infuriated tyro he was angry, humiliated and uneasy. Mr. Deane had informed him that he was a worthless spendthrift, had announced definitely that not one dollar further would be provided to keeping him in wasteful idleness.

"In other words," John Deane had stated, "you are a pauper. It's work or starve, for, until I see you headed on the road of industry and economy, not a cent."

Viola wept when Elston swept into her presence mightily affronted and indignant. She had no idea that their monetary affairs were so bad.

"Don't antagonize papa, Elston, dear," she pleaded. "Let us try and meet his wishes. He is a wise and prudent man. We must get down to common sense and retrench."

"Oh!" shouted Elston, "you're getting tired of me, eh? And you side with your father," and like the impetuous, irrational being that he was, he flung out of the house, for a week indulged in a riotous round of dissipation, and returned home to find the place vacant.

"Yes, great things have happened while you have been playing fool," a close friend told him. "You've run a mad career of extravagance, Gordon, and you've got to pull up. Old Deane has pounced down on all your wife had to pay him back for the money advanced. You deserted her at a critical moment, and everybody blames you. She had no one to go to except to her father, and if you'll take my advice you will see her, patch up this ridiculous quarrel, and go to work and show that you are a real man."

"What!" cried Elston, "knuckle down to that old tyrant—never! He's wallowing in wealth, and he's humiliating me because he dislikes me. Say, I'll go him one better! I'll stir up some of his ideas! I call his action snap judgment. He might have given us a little breathing spell mightn't he? Oh! I'll bring him down from his high and mighty ideas, see if I don't! Then I'll sue him for alienation of the affections of my wife."

"You'll lose out, if you do," declared Elston's adviser.

The town was agog two days later. Arrayed in blue jeans, driving an old nag attached to a ramshackle peddler's wagon, fastidious, exclusive Elston Gordon drove down the street calling out: "Cabbage! Turnips! Potatoes!" He fancied that John Deane would soon come to terms rather than see his high-toned son-in-law descend to the level of a common huckster.

But no—the wise old schemer had his plan as well as Elston, and Viola, though dismally, was helping him carry it out. One day after heroically delivering a peck of potatoes to a purchaser, Elston came out to the street to find Viola dealing out a bunch of lettuce. He stared at her in wonder, for she wore a work apron and a hideous sunbonnet.

"See here!" he stammered, but she rushed at him and wound her arms about his neck.

"Oh, you dear grand man!" she cried, "showing the world that you are no laggard when a crisis comes. I'm going to help you peddle and isn't it glorious fun! And we'll get a cheap little place to live in. And it will just be famous!"

"Why—why—I'll get a better job than this," stammered Elston. "And you're a tramp, to think of helping me!" And next day he sought a position more in accordance with his tastes.

And within six months John Deane saw the light, started him in a substantial business, and, having learned his lesson, Elston Gordon became a model of energy and industry.