

KENT, PA.

MIGH ON SCROLL OF FAME FIRST CALL WAS FOR SOAP

is Written the Name of Frank Luke, Nothing Germans at Coblenz Would One of the Best of American Air Fighters.

What Lieutenant Luke, famous American aviator, would, and often did, attempt was illustrated by his last fight. Starting out alone to attack three "drachens," or observation balloons, he had seen behind the German lines in front of Verdun, he was intercepted by ten enemy machines. He engaged them all, got two of them, and escaped the others by seeming himself to be disabled. His "fall" was from directly over the balloons, and before they could be lowered or protected he shot all three of them in flames. But then Luke disappeared, and what became of him was not known until after the armistice.

When the allies entered the village of Murvaux the rest of the story was learned from the peasants. The American had been forced by wounds or the disablement of his machine to descend, but he did not land until he had used his machine gun to the extent of killing eleven of the many German soldiers stationed there. Then he alighted safely in a nearby field and was seen to quit his machine and start for a little stream as if to get water. German soldiers ran up, and either by them or by a shot from further away he was killed. The German officer in command kicked the body and ordered that no one touch it. There it lay till the next morning, when the villagers were allowed to take it, uncovered, in a cart, to their cemetery and bury it. So ended Frank Luke at the age of 20. He had lived much, if not long, France by the United States Army and down in Phoenix, Ariz., where he was born, they are justly proud of him. He does not lack appreciation elsewhere, for Captain Rickenbacker says: "Had he lived he would have put me out of business long ago as America's leading ace. I wouldn't have had a show against him."

Bruges of Today.

Mrs. B. O. Tufnell, writing in reference to Bruges, says: "I think it may be of interest to you to know that Bruges is extraordinarily little changed since the war. We were most agreeably surprised to find our things left behind intact and only one case had been opened. The hotel was still well run and comfortable, and the food was good, only the pre-war prices had changed for the worse! The beautiful old city looked much the same as before. The carillon is still pealing in the belfry, and few of the public buildings have suffered. The port has been greatly altered, and there the signs of war are very evident, not only in the huge works started by the enemy, but in the effectual destruction of them by our airmen. The shops are open, and the life of Bruges goes on as it did.

Not Do for That Article-Pepper Came Next. German supplies were getting rather

short when the American army of occupation moved across the Rhine at Coblenz. The population was eating a tough black bread which was nothing more than a bran mash, wearing paper clothes, and going virtually unwashed, as they had no soap.

There is almost nothing the Germans won't do for a piece of American soap. The washwomen will darn impossible holes in the doughboy's socks, mend his trousers, scrub his leggins, and would stand guard in his place if assured they will be rewarded with a portion of this delicacy. Soap takes the preference over cigarettes, chocolates or chewing gum.

The Germans have an imitation soap they provide for the populace. It looks like soap and makes a rich-appearing lather, but it isn't soap. It doesn't do the work. You might as well try to shave with the foam from their badtasting beer as that scap. Having no oils or fats in it, it is plain camouflage

Another thing the Germans are shy on is pepper. A person who has always had pepper might give it little thought and it probably would be the last thing included in an "iron ration," but go without pepper three years and you'll begin to think that it is the staff of life. Soap and pepper are to the Germans

what pie and ice cream and going home are to the American doughboys. -The Spiker of April, published in Railway Engineers.

MARY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Movie Actress Tells Why She Long Has Had Grudge Against Robert Hilliard.

Robert Hilliard, actor, and bestdressed man in New York theatrical circles, was introduced to Mary Pickford recently. As they shook hands he smiled and said:

"My dear Miss Pickford, I have wanted to meet you for a long time. This is a pleasure, I assure you.". "Thank you, Mr. Hilliard," replied the movie actress, "but I must say

your memory for faces isn't very good." "Why?" he asked.

"Some twenty years ago, when you were playing in 'The Littlest Girl,' in Toronto, you needed a child to be the girl. My mother offered my services. I was little Gladys Smith then. You looked me over and told me to go home and wash my hands." "No, no!" replied the horrified Hil-

liard. "I couldn't have said that."

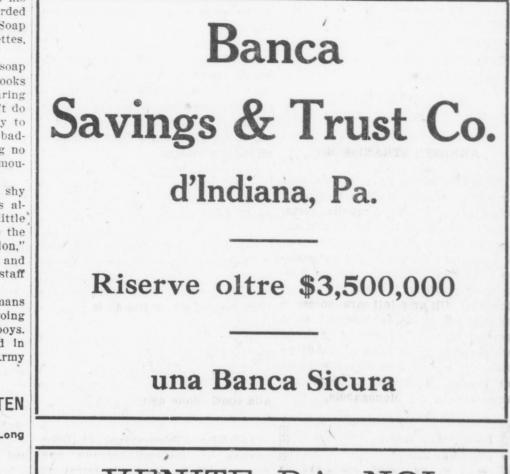
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Only the welcome appearance of khakiclad men or businesslike W. A. A. C.'s strikes a strange note in the cobbled spaces of the Grande Place."

Memorial to Great Naval Deed. Were it possible for the British people to forget that greatly daring naval deed of the war known by the uninspiring title of the Zeebrugge raid, the present movement on foot to commemorate it will assure for it perpetual fame. Happily the initiative has been taken by the city of Bruges, so there is not the slightest element of vainglory in the idea of a memorial to be erected on a suitable site within a few yards of the spot where the blockships Intrepid and Iphigenia were successfully sunk. The actual sinking of these vessels for the purpose of preventing the German submarines using the canal to Bruges, was rendered possible only by the gallantry of the attack made by the old cruiser Vindictive, which was afterward sunk across the fairway at Ostend. Standing on an elevation, the monument will be visible far out to sea .- Christian Science Monitor.

Suspense Worse Than Attack. There are sailors who will tell you that the actual torpedoing of a vessel was not very much worse than the suspense and the many false alarms any of which might have proved to be an enemy submarine. A merchant captain was looking out to sea one day, when in the distance he thought he saw something dark and round. He watched to see whether it would move. It did move, and then suddenly it dived. There was no time to do anything. since he did not know from what direction the torpedo might come. He waited. To his horror the dark, round object rose from the waves only 30 yards away from the boat. He said it was the worst moment in his life until he realized on further inspection that the "periscope" was in actual fact a large seal with a dirty yellow neck and a full crop of whiskers.

War and Roller Skates.

It is a far cry from the world war to a child's roller skates, but according to the fashion expert of Popular Mechanics Magazine, roller skates of the latest approved model are after the style of British fighting tanks. Novelty always being uppermost in the juvenile heart, it matters not that the new skates are a bit snowshoelike in size. The new skates are like all others except that they are surrounded by tanklike bodies made of light sheet metal.

The Source of Most Good Luck. "How do you happen to have such good luck with roses?" asked the neigh-

"Don't know," replied the amateur gardener, "unless it is because 1 hoe the ground a lot and spray them a lot, and work with them a lot."

"But you did." persisted Miss Pickford; "but I told you my hands weren't dirty-they were chapped. You finally gave me the job, but I took a dislike to you just the same." "You did! Why?"

"Because," concluded Miss Pickford, "you made me go home and wash my hands, anyway, and I detested soap and water in those days."

"Well, I declare !" said Mr. Hilliard, as he arranged his boutonnaire .- Rehoboth Herald.

Explained.

She was weeping bitter tears into her afternoon tea. "Oh, my dear!" she said to her only friend, "I don't know what I shall do. Ted and I have only been married six months, yet he spends every evening at his club."

"Well, don't worry, darling," said the other. "Percy's just the same. But I shall never scold him again for spending so much time at his club." "Why not?"

"Well, last night a burglar got into the house and my husband knocked him senseless with a poker. I've heard several men speak of him as a poker expert. He has evidently been practicing at the club for just such an emergency."-Exchange.

Rescue Cage.

Less thrilling than being rescued and carried down on a swaying ladder. but much more practical, is a new rescue cage. When the fire ladder is thrown against a burning building it carries with it a wire cable attached to a steel cage. Like an elevator without a shaft the cage hangs from its pulley at the top of the ladder, within easy reach of the windows. It is lowered by turning the cable drum on the fire truck below, and will carry four passengers safely .- Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Bright Rupert.

The lesson was on the rabbit. "The rabbit has long ears, fur on its body, and a tail, nothing to speak of, though," the master informed the class.

The next day he wanted to see what they knew about it.

"Now, then, Rupert," he barked to a particularly bright youth, "tell me something about the rabbit." "The rabbit has a tail," said Ru-

pert, eyeing his silent fellows triumphantly, "but it mustn't talk about it."

Just So.

She was teaching the word "element" to a sixth grade. She had told them its meaning-the substances of which a thing is composed-and then had illustrated her definition by saying that the elements of the earth were water and soil.

Then she asked them to write sentences containing the word. And this is the one Henry wrote: "Water is one of the elements of

milk.



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