

Warm Blankets, Quilts, Bath Robes

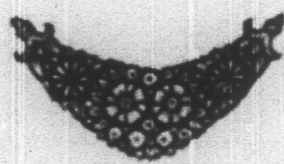
MEAN COMFORT FOR THE REST OF THE WINTER.

We Have a Pleasing Line of

Teddy Bear Blankets AND Cuddledown Sets

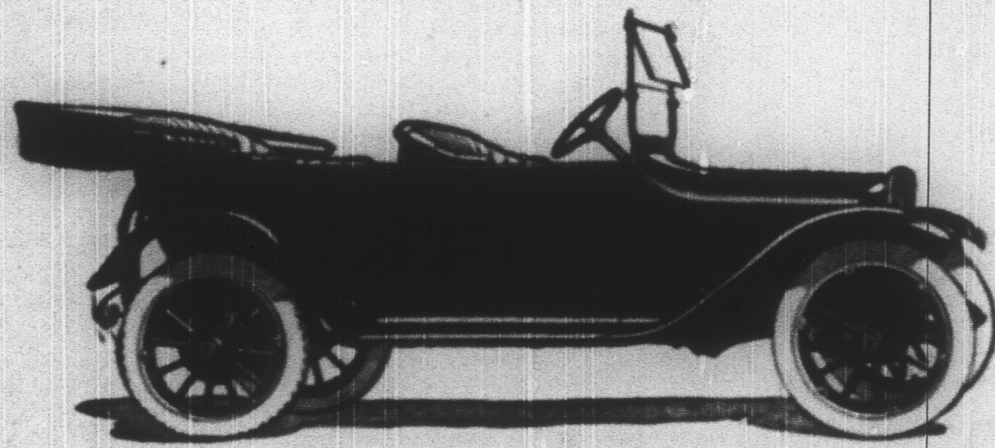
For the Babies and Youngsters.

For the boys who are out-of-door much of the time we have overcoats and suits and trousers in good looking materials and up-to-date styles. Let us fit the lad for you.



Chas. F. Pitt Co.

Patton, Pa.



It speaks for itself

The Creed of A Dodge Brothers Salesman

I BELIEVE in Dodge Brothers Motor Car because into its making have gone the finest thoughts of those two Master Men whose name it bears.

I believe in this car because I know that beneath the lustre of a matchless exterior is the expression of honesty and integrity in material form. I know that bound up in every polished gearing are those qualities which manifest themselves in all great achievements. In offering Dodge Brothers Motor Car I know that I am selling a machine that is made of iron and steel and character—a vehicle that must and does symbolize and maintain a priceless reputation built on honor.

My faith is not alone a faith in a car—it is a faith in the ideals of men, for I know that back of these mighty factories their thought is ever master. I believe, with Berton Braley, that —

“Back of the motors’ humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers’ drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There are the eyes which scan them,
Watching thru stress and strain;
There are the Minds which plan them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain.”

And so I stand, inspired with the blazing truth that I am selling thru honest effort something not only built by man, but built of men to be sold to men by a MAN.

—GEORGE HARRISON PHELPS

We have found by experience that the Dodge cars are equal to all the claims that are made for them.

We are just receiving a car load of Dodge roadsters especially adapted for doctors’ services.

Speicher’s Garage

Barnesboro Pennsylvania

“Alaska Queen” Bunks New York



Too bad to spoil such a good story. Louise Sachen, daughter of a Kansas City laborer, poses in a leading New York hotel as “just from the Alaskan wilds,” “gasping in awe at her first sight of man,” and is idealized by all the big newspapers and press associations of the country. Below is her hoax story.

When Miss Louise Sachen decided to “go south” for the winter, she brought along some warm weather clothes, of course. But she hadn’t prepared for anything quite so tropic as New York’s “20 above” in January, so she was in trouble the minute she arrived. Where Miss Sachen was brought up they begin to call for cooling drinks when the thermometer climbs above 70 below zero. That’s up in the Kayukuk region in northern Alaska. The Alaska belle is nineteen years old, and until this trip had never seen a street car, a refrigerator or a lobster a la Newburgh.

Miss Sachen weighs 170 lbs. and is very pretty. Her father, considering she was big enough to take care of herself, at last consented to Jack.

the little pleasure jaunt. It took six weeks to reach New York, the first stage from Kayukuk to Fairbanks by dogsled consuming six days. Accustomed to drive twelve wild “huskies” at a time, it is any wonder she thinks the ribboned Pomeranians yelping in Fifth Ave. limousines the most ridiculous canines in the world?

She thinks the New York “submarine trains” are exciting but shows she is a genuine woman by admitting the supreme fascination is the Fifth Ave. shops. She’s going to have some fluffy, film gowns her- self—all she wants for her father’s claims in Kayukuk yield a pretty nice harvest of the most valuable crop in the world. She is staying at the Hotel McAlpin—a pretty good boarding house. She doesn’t fancy New York complexion nor does she like to see women smoke. When asked what she thought of New York men, she replied: “I don’t.” There may be two reasons for that. There’s a diamond ring on a significant finger—and there’s

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

BUILDERS AND WEAVERS

No one can examine birds and their ways for long without being struck by the wonderful neatness and cleverness of their proceedings. They make use of a great many different kinds of materials for their nests, and manage somehow to turn out a nest which not only will hold eggs, but is strong and of a pretty shape. Rotten twigs are, curiously enough, what they love best for the outside, and upon the twigs various substances are laid, according to the species and taste of the builder. The jay, for instance, collects roots and twists them into a firm mass, which he lays upon the twig; the American starling uses tough wet rushes and coarse grass, and after they are matted together, tries to nest on to rods or a bush; while the missel thrush lines the casing of twigs with tree moss, or even hay. To these they often add bits of wool and lichen, and the whole is fastened together by a kind of clay. The favorite spot chosen by the missel thrush is the fork of a tree in an orchard, where lichens are large and plentiful enough to serve as a covering for the nests.

Still, if the account given by Vailant and Paterson is true, says the “Animal Story Book,” edited by Andrew Lang, the sociable grosbeaks surpass all the other birds in skill and invention. They have been known to cover the trunks of trees with a kind of fluted umbrella, made of dry, fine grass, with the boughs of the tree poking through in various places. No doubt in the beginning the nest was not so large, but it is the custom of these birds to live together in clans, and each year fresh rooms have to be added. When examined, the bird city was found to have many gates and regular streets of nests, each about two inches distant from the other. The structure was made of “Bushman’s” grass alone, but so tightly woven together that no water could get through. The nests were all tucked in under the roof, which by projecting, formed eaves, thus keeping the birds warm and dry. Sometimes the umbrellas have been known to contain as many as three hundred separate nests, so it is no wonder that the tree at last breaks down with the weight, and the city has to be founded again elsewhere.

Now in the nests of all these birds there has been a good deal of what we call “building and carpentry” when we are talking of our own homes and our own trades. But there are a whole quantity of birds spread over the world who are almost exclusively weavers, and can form nests which hang down from the branch of a tree without support. To this class belongs the Indian sparrow, which prefers to build in the tops of the very highest trees (especially on the Indian fig) and particularly on those growing by the riverside. He weaves together tough grass in the form of a bottle and hangs it from a branch, so that it rocks to and fro like a hammock. The Indian sparrow, which is easily tamed, does not like always to live with his family, so he divides his nest into two or three parts, and is careful to place its entrance underneath so that it may not attract the notice of the birds of prey. In these nests slow worms have frequently been found, carefully fastened into a piece of fresh clay, but whether the bird deliberately ties in this way to light up his dark nest, or whether he has some other use for the slow worm, has never been found out. But it seems quite certain that he does not eat it, as Sir William Jones once supposed.

The Indian sparrow is a very clever little bird, and can be taught to do all sorts of tricks. He will catch a ring that is dropped into one of the deep Indian wells, before it reaches the water. He can pick the gold ornaments neatly off the forehead of a young Hindu woman, or carry a note to a given place like a carrier pigeon. At least, so it is said; but then, very few people have even a bowing acquaintance with the Indian sparrow.

Loosing No Opportunities

A visitor to a small country town lost his dog, an animal which he prized very much.

Rushing to the office of the local newspaper, he handed in an advertisement, offering \$50 reward for the return of his dog.

Half an hour later he thought he would add to his advertisement the words: “No questions asked.” So he hurried to the office again.

When he got there the place was empty save for a small boy, who looked very sulky.

“Where’s the staff?” asked the tourist, glancing around the deserted room.

“Out looking for your dog,” was the aggrieved retort.—Daily Mail and Express, Toronto.

The Discerning Infant

I want to go home to my mother,” declared Mabel, while visiting her grandmother with her father.

“Won’t my mother do for a change?” asked father.

“I love grandma,” said Mabel pathetically, “but you know papa, mamma is more to me than she is to you.”

U-Boat Strikes Thrice in Madeira



A peaceful six-masted sailing vessel in Funchal Harbor, Madeira Islands—behind it lurks a German submarine. This photograph shows the result—the British tender Kangaroo sunk, and beyond, very faintly, the French gunboat Surprise. The cable ship Dacia was the third victim.

With the submarine, Germany is able to carry on a decidedly effective warfare, for the sea is full of the Allies’ ships, while German ships are bottled up.

A Practical Problem In Political Economy

TO THE EDITOR: I owe one thousand dollars on mortgage which I may pay at any time. In view of the present high prices of food, clothing and luxuries, is it not to my interest to pay the mortgage at this time. If we assume that one thousand dollars will purchase no more food, clothing, and luxuries now than

eight hundred dollars would have purchased before the war, will I not gain two hundred dollars by paying off my mortgage now and high prices will not the mortgage be the lesser of an equal amount? Is it not to my interest to pay off my loans during this period of high prices?

“SCOTCHMAN”

Swiss Resolved to Defend Their Hills



Will Germany add another foe by invading Switzerland in an effort to strike France from an unexpected direction? The little republic of bare-kneed mountaineers is not a foe to be lightly despised, however. The ruggedness of the country as shown in the above photograph makes invasion a formidable task, and the Swiss army is a marvel of up-to-dateness. In fact, it has been held up as a model for the reorganization of our own army.