

# BARGAINS IN Used Cars

- One Seven Passenger Buick
- One Five Passenger Buick
- One Ford Touring Car
- One Ford Ton Truck

These cars have been rebuilt, are in first class condition and are priced right

**Patton Auto Co.**  
PATTON, PENNA.

# GRAND

Patton, Pa.

FRIDAY This week



TOM MIX DIRECTION WILLIAM FOX

T O M  
M I X  
In  
The  
Texan

And International News

SATURDAY. CHAS. RAY IN  
**'Crooked - Straight'**

AND UNIVERSAL COMEDY

## HIS GIRL

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

"I don't see, Leonard, what you are waiting for. Why do you dawdle?"

Len's calm blue eyes placidly regarded his mother's piercing scrutiny. "Well, there is no use in being too hasty. Rose is young yet."

Mrs. Ross moved so briskly that her dining chair rolled out of the room and dropped. "Young? Do you know that she was twenty-nine last birthday? You are three years older, and yet you go about proudly as though you were both eighteen years old. Haven't you seen Tom Riggs going into their yard every single day? Do you know that he took her flowers yesterday and early the day before? He'll cut you out yet."

Len flushed. "Why, I thought Rose liked—"

"He stopped and stared at the slender figure of Tom Riggs who passed at that moment. There was a confident smile on the dark, handsome face of the young man who had returned to his home town for a few weeks on business."

"Lead, yes—but do you suppose she's going to pass up a chance like that to see you might sometime get up enough spunk to propose? Tom is a wealthy man, he has had advantages that you've never had. He talks French like a native and his suit—well, you just ought to hear the girls rave about his clothes."

"No use of a man being a show-off," commented Len, frowning and standing over his mother. When he was standing Len looked like a blond giant, with his thick fair hair, and large, serious face.

"No use of a man being afraid to speak out." Mrs. Ross smiled down into her lap as she heard his half-suppressed exclamation.

The whole village had been flattered when the coming of Tom Riggs. Although he owned the handsome brick house on Main street, he had not bothered to open it up for his brief stay. At the hotel he had taken the best room, and his queer city ways were the unfailing topic under discussion whenever he was not present.

After his early supper that night Len gave his thick hair an extra brush and changed his coat. Then he went slowly down the street toward Rose's home.

"Nother feller's calling on your girl," taunted Sam, and dodged back behind his faithful hedge.

Len began to think seriously. Tom was a good-looking man.

Rose was working on a piece of crocheting, although the dusk was approaching swiftly. Tom, a picturesque figure in a white silk shirt, sitting well forward on his chair and talking in low, earnest tones.

Len slowly pushed open the gate and went up the walk. Rose greeted him quietly, and nodded toward another chair.

"Think you get pretty sick of this small town, don't you, Len?" Tom's dark eyes studied the other's face.

"No," said Len, replying to the unspoken, but implied taunt; "guess it's just about my speed. There's all my home folks and I wouldn't feel satisfied anywhere else."

"But," objected Tom, flicking the ashes of his cigarette with a white hand, "there are no opportunities for big deals here."

Len frowned the flash of the jewel on the "diamond" finger. "Maybe not. I'm making more every year, and that satisfies me."

Tom finally took his leave. He knew Len of old, and did not try to outstay him, as he would have done with almost any other fellow.

"Think over what I said," he had bent over Rose's chair and the words were a mere whisper, but Len heard.

"Rose?" Len had waited until the click of the gate had sounded after Tom's departure, "are you going to marry Tom?"

Rose failed to reply. "Are you?" A new note had crept into the quiet, assured voice. Len had become frightened.

Rose evidently was undecided. The slender Tom Riggs, with his hale of wealth, the owner of the elegant brick house with unfaded furniture in the big parlors, had dangled her.

A heavy nosebeam rested on the girl's dark head, turning it toward her mother, and Len, rising hastily, thought carefully that she would look like that in 20 years' time when they were growing old. "But," he thought, "she's his girl, and that was all he cared about."

Mail Carriers at Work.

In Japan the rural post-runner still swings his baskets across his shoulders precisely as his ancestors did centuries ago. In Europe, also, the mail is carried to this day by a man on foot, who logs along with a paper lantern and an umbrella. The postmen of the Landes, in southwestern France, stride across the waste on gigantic stilts, their feet a fathom or more above the ground.

# The THEATRES

NEXT WEEK

MONDAY At Majestic

George Walsh "No. 17"  
in his best one

TUESDAY at The Grand

More Deadly Than the Male  
Famous Players Special

WEDNESDAY at The Grand

His Wife's Friend  
Famous Players Production

Also "The Blixzard," a James Aubery Comedy worth while

THURSDAY at The Grand

Frank Mayo in The Magnificent Brute  
Episode of "King of the Circus"

FRIDAY at The Grand

"Cinderella's Twin"  
Featuring Viola Dana

SATURDAY at The Grand

'Witness for Defense'  
A Paramount Attraction of Merit

## An Announcement

Beginning Next Monday at both Theatres the following admission prices will prevail:

Majestic, 10c and 20c

Grand, regular program, 10c and 20c

Grand, special programs, 10c & 25c

Compare the Pictures shown in Patton with those of the larger cities.