

THE WOODS
BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SUNRISE.

SOME folks run to sunsets,
Some folks run to noon,
Some folks like 'the event' best,
With its stars an' moon
Sunsets may be purty,
Noontime fair to see,
But the mornin' I like most—
Sunrise time fer me!

Some folks like at twilight
Jest to set an' dream
Of the day thet's dyin' there
In the sunset gleam
What's the use of cryin'
For the 'day's mistakes?
I'm jest lookin' fer the time
When the sunrise breaks!

An', if all the mornin's,
All the days an' years,
Bring me nothin' thet I ask,
Bring me only tears—
When this life is over,
When my soul awakes,
I'll be lookin' to the east
Where the sunrise breaks!

Swiss Blue Laws.

It is not only in New England that "blue laws" have prevailed. They were a part of the Calvinist religion, until even that religion was forced, in a measure, to compromise with the times. In Geneva, in the Eighteenth century, people had to rise at five o'clock in summer and six in winter, under penalty of a fine; they were allowed but two dishes at their tables; and not more than one fire was allowed in a house.

Pet Snakes Protect Home, Says Editor

Middletown, N. Y.—Have you a little snake in your home? They make fine watchdogs and pets for the children, according to Editor William Homes, who runs a country newspaper and is known as Theodore Roosevelt's double.

He says the snake is one of man's best friends and should be in every home.

Snakes destroy rats, mice and other pests, he declares, purge the house walls of infections and protect the sleeping household.

Having Fun With Old Santa Claus



The SANDMAN STORY

THE FEATHER COAT

ONCE there was a puss who had a coat of all white and it both ered him so much when he lay in wait for birds in the garden that he wished it was some other color.

"If I had a gray coat like Tabby Grey's I should be better able to hide," he thought, "or if it even was black I should not show up as I do now in the grass."

One day when Puss was roaming around the farm he came to a place where there was a pile of feathers.

"Oh, if only I could have a coat of feathers," thought Puss, "I should never want for birds."

So Puss went to the barn and found



a pot of glue. This he tipped over and rolled in it and off he ran to the pile of feathers and rolled over and over until he was so thickly covered his coat could not be seen.

When he went to the kitchen for his saucer of milk, Cook, seeing this strange looking creature, screamed and ran after him with the broom.

As he ran past Mr. Dog's house out he came barking and chased Puss out of the yard and when the hens and ducks saw him they all began to make a terrible noise.

But Puss was not discouraged. He

thought more about catching birds than he did about losing his friends. So he went to the woods and hid under some bushes and waited.

When the birds flew down to the ground Puss came out, thinking he must look so much like a bird himself they would not be scared, but when they saw him they flew away chattering loudly to the trees out of his reach.

"Why don't you stay and play with me?" he asked in a soft tone. "Don't you see I am a bird like you? I have feathers."

"Yes we see your feathers," answered the birds, "but we also see your feet and you have four. We do not play with four-footed animals."

Puss had not thought about his feet. He thought all he needed was feathers. He was pretty hungry now, so he ran back home thinking he could get Tabby Grey to share her milk with him, but when she saw him she bumped her back and looked very fierce.

Puss tried to tell her who he was, but it was no use. She would not listen and there was nothing to do but go back to the woods.

Just as he was running along the path a hunter, seeing the queer animal, raised his gun and fired, but Puss was lucky and ran behind a rock unharmed.

There he staved thinking over his sad plight. He was covered with feathers and still he was not a bird, and even his own kind would not have him around.

"If I ever get rid of this coat I will be satisfied with what Nature gave me," thought Puss, "and I will hunt mice and drink my saucer of milk and be thankful."

It was a long time before Puss was rid of his feather coat and he looked anything but handsome for a long time, but when he did at last get back his soft white coat he was a wiser puss, you may be sure.

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MANY PEOPLE VISIT TOWERS

More than 5,700 persons during October visited the new steel forest fire observation towers that have been erected by the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry in various parts of the State. These figures were compiled from records kept at 41 of the 58 towers maintained by the Department of Forestry for the detection of any forest fires that may occur on State controlled or privately-

owned land.

The towers are always open to the public and many persons climb the towers to view the mountain scenery that is spread before them. The largest number of visitors recorded at any one tower last month was 813, who registered at the Scrub Oak Mountain Tower in the Lackawanna State Forest. At the Shickshinny Tower, in the Wyoming State Forest, 636 persons indicated their interest in the forest fire prevention.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS
"TINKER'S DAM"

RELING solely upon the phonetic sound of this extensive word, it appears to be distinctly profane and a number of writers have fallen into the error of spelling "dam" as if it were the word derived from the same source as "condemna."

To say that a person or a thing is "not worth a tinker's dam" is, however, not related in any manner to profanity, but gets its meaning from the fact that a tinker's dam was a wall of dough or soft clay raised around a spot which a plumber, in repairing, desired to flood with solder.

The material of which this dam was made could be used only once and was then thrown away as utterly worthless. Hence, it had served the purpose of stopping or damming up the solder metal. The colloquial simile is, therefore, derived from this short period of usefulness and not from any widespread use of the word "dams" on the part of tinkers or plumbers. (Copyright)

Pure Fiction.

"There is more fiction than truth in that rumor," said Governor Smith in reply to a question put to him by a New York reporter. "It reminds me of the story of the miner's prospecting."

"The mine in this story," continued the governor, "returned from work one Saturday night and drew a big roll of bills from his overalls pocket."

"How much do ye want this week, half?" he asked his wife genially.

"Excuse me, goodness, Lew, give us a chance," the wife remonstrated. "I ain't hardly got started in on last week's pay."

Even Without Words.

James: I'm not so crazy about Harry any more.

Limp-Wing: Not?

James: Some he knows so many can't be wrong.

Limp-Wing: I can be sing them to you James. He be just what the tune is.

Old Churches Unearthed.

The Palestine Department of Antiquities which has charge of the excavations work being carried out in the region of Jerusalem, announces the discovery of some huge marble pillars and says a dispatch from Jerusalem.

The department has also unearthed some medieval and fourth century columns and mosaic pavements at the foot of the Mount of Olives, leading to the Garden of Gethsemane.

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