

Just Now--

It is a real and lively sense of duty that prompts us to express to our Patton friends our appreciation of their patronage during the year which is passing.

Old friends have made many new ones during 1922 for Altoona and its famous Booster Stores and Institutions.

Right here let us call your attention to the special advantages to be derived from a visit to Altoona Booster Stores early in the new year.

"Move Quickly" Prices for seasonal merchandise are in order because inventory is at hand, lots have been broken and merchandise has been handled, making it advantageous to you and to the merchant to clear his shelves to make room for Spring offerings.

Along with the hope that you will take advantage of these wonderful opportunities to buy seasonal merchandise at good savings, we wish you a full measure of prosperity and happiness for 1923, and pledge our continued efforts to serve you faithfully and most economically with the best obtainable.



Altoona Booster Association

JAMES K. SHIELDS
PHOTOPLAY MASTERPIECE
THE STREAM OF LIFE
A HEART GRIPPING DRAMA OF HOME

Grand Theatre, Patton
FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th
Prices 10c and 25c Watch for the Music Wagon

JO

By JACK LAWTON

Copyright, 1922, Walter Devereux Olson.

This is the true story of Jo; perhaps that is its only claim for being a story at all. Jo was the gardener of Meredith's estate, but a landscape gardener, not just a simple digger of dirt. I saw him one privileged evening when I was invited to the Merediths for dinner. He was showing me the garden, and he was J. D. Meredith's only designer.

I noticed Jo particularly, because of his fine build and handsome face. Miss Joy pretty much ignored herself and left me to my own entertainment. I sought the young gardener in overalls, and drew his life-size conversation.

Over our cigars we talked as man to man, I giving personal anecdotes as I received them. And I learned that Jo had been born in a crowded, dingy locality of factory houses. Jo's father was one of the workmen. But his mother—Jo knew little of his mother, nor could he remember her—died in childhood. And she had turned to his easy conversation, I an old man, romanced over Jo's mother, and wondered if love for a former handsome Jo had led her far from a pleasant home to the dingy one of her husband. As days passed, and I sought Mr. Meredith's invitation to bring my books at will to the slum of his garden, I came to a realization of the big gardener's brooding discontent.

"Life is all wrong," he complained, "or else I'm in it wrong some way. Can't seem to find pleasure in anything."

"Friends are good to have," I suggested.

Jo shrugged. "Miss Joy measures up," he said.

"Love, then?" I questioned.

"Tried that too," he answered calmly. "Doesn't work. I met Miss Joy two years ago at a dance. She's pretty and she loved me. We were engaged. She's gone back now to the old country to see her folks and she'll be all about it and exhibit her picture." He smiled mockingly. "Then she will come back to marry me."

I stared surprised. "That ought to make you happy," I said.

"It doesn't," he replied quietly. Suddenly Miss Joy came down the garden path. She called to me and went to Jo, falling on her knees beside him. "I'd love to do that," she said, "show me how."

When she had gone, Jo turned his earnest gaze on me. "The woman that," he said, "no one else has. I found them often together. She was writing letters, addressing him a sweet note or two, or even a card. I saw her in a box, in a tin, would come to me with a flower or a leaf for me."

Their understanding seemed perfect, as was big Jo's manner.

One day I heard Jo say to her bitterly, with a gracefulness toward a black earth, "I'm tired, I'm tired down in the mud like that." Jo had quickly answered, "All growing things are."

I was just beyond the star tree, engaged with my book, and I fancy they, in their preoccupation, were unaware of my presence. Jo suddenly and masterfully took my hand in his arms and she moved his kiss. I felt it my duty to warn her.

"My dear, my dear," I reprimanded, being old, and friendly enough with her father to take the liberty, "nothing can come of this foolish love affair. Your father would never hear of the union. You must give Jo up."

"I will never give him up," she replied, "without some better reason than just his poverty."

Then I told her of the girl and her, because I hoped to spare her the future disappointment that the knowledge of Jo's faithlessness in another must bring.

Jo, when she called him, admitted miserably the truth, claimed also that Rosa Klein was now now upon her way across the ocean, in the expectation of becoming his wife.

"I will go away," Jo said quietly, "and see the world and see how long I want to see. You must marry your Rosa, Jo dear, and you and I will never meet again."

So it happened that the Meredith garden was a double spot thereafter. I missed the courteous gardener, as much as I missed the sweet Jo. She was having a triumphant time ahead, according to the papers. Jo, I did not see for more than a year. Then he came to me one evening through the gates of the Meredith garden.

"Married?" I asked him. He nodded.

"And I thought I ought to go on living," he said proudly, breaking a silence. "Rosa and I are different. No sympathy on her part, no patience upon mine. It's the old trouble; I have gotten in on the wrong. I had just determined to end it all, when I met her."

He took from his pocket a sheet of paper, spreading it on my knee. The envelope bore a familiar postmark, the last published piece of Jo's stay. Across the paper was written: "Always, I think of you when your heart is best. For I know you will grow out of your darkness into something worthy."

Jo smiled at the written words. "Well," he said, "I'm growing."

Town of Newbury.

The Atlantic town of Newbury, on the borders of Russia, is peopled by men only. Women are forbidden entrance there.

OPAL

By JACK LAWTON

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"I wish," said Terry, glancing sulkily down his cigar, "that you could meet Opal and give her a lesson."

"If she is the champion little heart-breaker that you describe," his friend replied, "I'm afraid I'd be taking the lesson instead of giving it. I'm not invulnerable, Terry."

"Well, you're at least a lady killer," Terry retorted. "All the fellows in college conceded that, and Opal is altogether too indifferent to the pain she inflicts. It is evident that I have been one of her victims—and an eager one for retaliation, which, I myself, cannot give. The girl laughs at my sufferings, for there is no denying that I still care. Great guns! but she did lead me a merry dance—and I enjoyed it; it only ended too briefly," Terry sighed. "Some jolt!" he exclaimed, "when that new Travers fellow came along."

"Pretty girl?" asked the friend Thomas Campbell.

"Pretty?" Terry considered. "Well, I don't know. Of course as howlingly in love as I am, I ought to rave over her beauty."

"Willing to believe all you say," Thomas agreed doubtfully, "and I'll turn on my fascination. Lead me to the young lady."

Terry hesitated. "It's rash I am," he said forlornly. "But my case sure can't be worse, so go in and win. But when you have won—I beg of you—snub the girl hard. Don't yield like the rest of us."

It was Terry's married sister who did finally bring about the meeting which ended unexpectedly for all. She was giving a party in her suburban home, and Terry and Thomas, Opal Reid and others were guests. Thomas had watched expectantly the dancing throng, where Terry, the broken-hearted, was also departing cheerfully. In turn, Thomas decided that first this pretty girl, and then that, must be the dangerous Opal; at last in despair he went to his hostess.

"Terry wanted me to meet Miss Opal Reid," he said, "but he's too busy enjoying himself to present me. Will you tell where I may find her?"

Mrs. Moore smiled. "Of course you would want to meet her," she said. "They all do. Well, I'll tell you a romantic way; she is out in the lantern-lit garden, away back under the arbor tree. You may tell her that I sent you with a wrap, if you choose."

"Here," dashed Mrs. Moore, "is the wrap." She slipped a scarf from her shoulders.

"The sweet garden was a fairyland bower. Thomas stepped lightly across the grass and into the arbor. A whirling figure awaited him. He presented the scarf with his explanation, and the little blue-eyed girl allowed him to drape it about her shoulders. Then she sat down on the circular bench and Thomas sat down, too.

Miss Reid did respond in friendly conversation. But she was, as Terry had said, unusual.

He found himself watching for the fleeting smile that showed a fetching laughing dimple; a dimple much in contrast to the gravity of the sky blue eyes. She certainly was all unconscious of her attractiveness—this sweet little Miss Reid.

But Thomas forgot the party. For that he was expected to take Miss Sturtevant in to supper—forgot indeed that such an institution as refreshment existed; he wanted only to tell the interested young woman at his side, of all past and present experiences which concerned himself. The motor trip through the mountains, the business deal which he had landed skillfully, the lonely fishing cabin where he thought out things and wrote in a shabby diary, he promised eagerly that he would show her the diary.

The hours were slipping, but Thomas was not tired—neither was his listener.

"I must see you tomorrow," he insisted at parting, and Miss Reid agreed that he must.

Thomas drew up suddenly on his homeward walk. He recalled that he had not gone into Mrs. Moore's house to make his adieu. He reflected that Terry had snubbed him that Opal Reid was to be snubbed hard.

Thomas swung about and retraced his steps. The little white figure was still in the arbor. Miss Reid jumped up at his approach.

"I didn't feel like going back to the rest of them—after you," she explained confusedly.

"I love you," he said recklessly. "I admit it. It was love at first sight, and I shall never care about anything else in the world again, but yourself. And if you are going to treat me as you have your other victims, Opal Reid, then I'd better say good-by right here—and now."

The white figure came close to him, the grave eyes were reproachful, but the dimple danced.

"Why Tom, the conqueror!" laughed Nancy Reid. "I do believe that you've been taking me for my first victim. You—are the very first victim ever had in my life."

Bootleggers Kill Revenue Agents. Pittsburgh, N. Y.—Anton Muller, a member of a squad of federal customs agents, was shot and killed by a bootlegger at Altoona, about twelve miles north of here. The assailant and three companions escaped.

At PATTON THEATRES

FRIDAY, Dec. 30. IRENE CASTLE in "SLIM SHOULDERS." This production recently was screened to large audience in Johnstown and Altoona. Comedy also.



Norma Talmadge

SATURDAY, Grand. Special. NORMA TALMADGE in the best ever, "THE WONDERFUL THING" Comedy, News Reel.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30. MAJESTIC. Starting of Pathe's greatest serial, Ruth Roland in "The Timber Queen." Clyde Cook Comedy "The Esquimaux," and a good Western Drama.

NEW YEARS DAY. Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in "THE DUST FLOWER" and Mack Sennet comedy, "Be Reasonable," at the MAJESTIC, matinee and night.

NEW YEARS, at GRAND, matinee and night, with comedy and news reel.

House Peters in The Storm

One of the greatest pictures ever screened. Don't Miss This

TUESDAY. Pearl White in "A Virgin Paradise."

WEDNESDAY. Poli Negri in "One Arabian Night."

THURSDAY NIGHT Attraction Extraordinary

The Stupendous Production You Have Heard So Much About

The QUEEN OF SHEBA

A few of the Attractions Coming in January

- Jan. 8. Rudolph Valentino and Mae Murray in THE DELICIOUS LITTLE DEVIL.
- Jan. 10. MOTHER O' MINE.
- Jan. 17. OVER THE HILL.
- Jan. 18. Eugene O'Brien in CHANNING OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED.
- Jan. 24. Eric Von Stroheims two million dollar production, FOOLISH WIVES.
- Jan. 26-27. D. W. Griffiths DREAM STREET.
- Jan. 31. Geo. Arliss in RULING PASSION.

Save this program. It will Act as a Guide to Shows You Want to See.