

THE PATTON COURIER

Published Every Thursday. Thos. A. Owens, Editor & Prop. E. F. Bradley, Associate Editor

Entered in the Post Office at Patton, Pa. as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates \$2.00 per year in Advance. Single Copies 5 Cents.

RATE CARD—Legal Notices, \$1.50 per inch, or fraction thereof, for 3 insertions...

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET. For Congress—J. Russell Leech, of Ebensburg.

Mother's Cook Book

Where another would have had Laundry lines with flapping sheets she has made a garden close.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

SOAK a nice fat mackerel overnight, skin side up. Drain and change the water several times if it is very salt.

Dried Beef With Cream. Take one-fourth of a pound of dried beef, cover with boiling water and let stand ten minutes, then drain.

Hamburg Steak. Make a mound of chopped seasoned meat, adding a pinch of cloves and grated onion with salt and pepper to season and cover the top with strips of salt pork put on in flattened form.

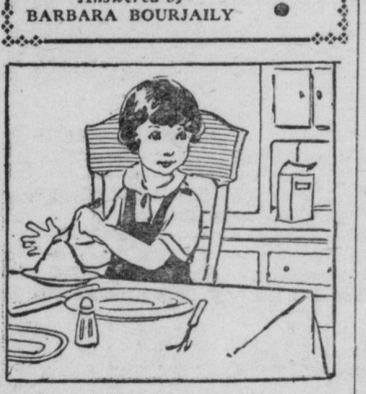
Vermont Chicken Soup. Reheat six cupsful of chicken stock, seasoning with salt and pepper and a grated onion. Add one head of lettuce, shredded, and one cupful of green peas.

Roast Beef With Gravy. Place thinly sliced roast beef on a platter and pour over it reheated gravy to cover.

Meat and Nut Balls. Take one cupful of chopped seasoned veal, add one-half chopped almonds, one egg, one dozen teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste.

Nellie Maxwell

What Does Your Child Want to Know? Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



WHY ARE ICE COLD FOODS BAD FOR ME? They chill the stomach juices, and keep them from their duty of turning food to rich red blood.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. In the estate of Mrs. Jane Dietrich, deceased, late of the Township of East Carroll, County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE—Broilers 35c pound. Inquire D. F. Horne, St. Augustine, Pa.

The Patient and His Son

By HELEN GREEN

(Copyright.)

IT WAS so quiet in the big bare hospital room that even the slow breathing of the single patient in the high white iron bed sounded unusually loud.

Little Miss Rooney glanced into the still room and after a long look at the motionless figure on the bed, shook her bronze curls and sighed ponderously.

Outside, the world was a riot of beautiful, summer sunshine. Rampant vegetation everywhere proclaimed the lavish hand of nature's extravagant artistry.

And thus far Miss Rooney, in all her five feet three of utter feminine adorableness, had failed, quite, to register on the stony heart of the patient in "21." The doctor was in despair.

"Divorce, most likely. Think he's worrying over that?" he asked with brusque efficiency.

"Oh, no; he says that women don't count in his life," reported Miss Rooney. "His wife left him and his only son seems to sympathize with the mother. And he has money."

Two weeks slipped by and a conference was called in "21." With brutal frankness, Doctor Hadden told Nick the truth:

"You've got a fighting chance to fight this thing out and get back again on the job, if you'll only half try! We can't do it all, man. You've got to carry your share—and you're not even trying!"

"How long must I stay in this cast?" came from the tightly drawn mouth of the patient.

"Not more than a year—if you make up your mind to fight!"

"Oh," No encouragement; no resignation. Just complete indifference. Three months had elapsed since his accident.

Whatever lay behind his tortured brown eyes, no one could guess. He was as unfathomable as the sphinx. At times Miss Rooney could weep with despair; at other times she longed to take his curly black head to her breast and croon to him in tender sympathy.

Monday morning broke clear and flawless; a perfect day for the laying of the cornerstone of the new Holmes hall, a dormitory endowed for ECH.

"Yes, Mr. Nichols?"

"Go to the rear of this building and see if that shovel is an Otis, please, Miss Rooney! Get busy, please, and don't stand there staring like a clam!"

Three days later Nick was sitting in a wheel-chair, watching with hungry eyes the expert manipulation of the steam shovel by the tall, dark-haired youth whose eyes were ever seeking those of his father, causing him to smile in rich content.

Louise Brooks

By HELEN GREEN

(Copyright.)



Louise Brooks, a petite brunette whose dancing in Ziegfeld's Follies and "Louis the 14th" was one of the sensations of a recent theatrical season, was signed by a prominent motion picture producer to a long-term contract, following her outstanding work in "The American Venus."

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

CONTROL

GOLFERS who were astonished at the remarkable record of Bobbie Jones, who some time ago defeated all the American amateurs at their own game, can remember the time when this lad, on missing a punt, would stamp on his putter, or throw it violently away.

Jones had temperament, which is necessary to all high achievement. But before he could become a master of the game, he had to take the temper out of his temperament, and this, after long self-discipline, he has succeeded in doing.

Sometimes qualities which are the real elements of success become obstacles to success.

The Bible, written many years ago, tells us that he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

But in all probability the men who took cities in those days ruled their spirits first, so they combined two sorts of greatness.

Then men who do great things in the world are usually nervous, imaginative men, who have high ideals of the way things should be done, and who are impatient with themselves for not attaining those ideals.

That is why they get into rages when they make mistakes, and because of those rages continue to make more and worse mistakes.

To manage oneself is a long hard job, yet it must be done, and done efficiently before one can manage anybody else, or succeed in a great task.

There is little doubt that this Jones chap will succeed in life as well as in golf, in work as well as in play.

He has the intelligence to know that superiority in a sport is really nothing, and he has the determination to exercise the self-government which will enable him to succeed in other things.

It is customary to regard young men who are prone to fly into violent rages over their failures as unfitted for life.

Letter-Writing de Luxe

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

CHARLEY BENTON'S weakness was bashfulness in the presence of ladies. He was fully aware of his falling and so far overcame it that people began to say: "How completely Charley Benton has gotten over his bashfulness."

He had been in love with her for some time and got along very well in his courtship until he came to popping the question.

One day, as Charley was passing a book store where shop-worn books were piled up on the sidewalk, he stood outside, his eyes caught the title: "The letter-writer de Luxe—how to put your thoughts on paper."

That night he studied the form-letter carefully, tried to make some alterations in it, gave up the attempt, copied it verbatim and sent it off to Marian.

A few minutes later she was in consultation with the parlor-maid. "Annie," said she, "have you got such a thing as a book showing you how to write all sorts of letters?"

"Letter from a bashful young man in proposing to his sweetheart"—word for word as Charley had written it. Marian turned over the pages until she came to what she was looking for—she knew it must be there.

"Letter from a young lady in accepting the proffered hand of her lover." She giggled and chuckled, reading over the stilted and preposterous "form-letter" which took up a whole page.

"If on your pathway through life you want the sun to shine, where beneath its golden beams you can clasp the hands of sincere friends, and be a true friend in return, not only to them but to the widow and orphan as well, flee from the blighting touch of selfishness as you would from a pestilence, and pray God to give you strength until the end."

She expected that Charley would be round early the next evening and was prepared to rush into his embrace and laugh with him over their little comedy. But Charley Benton did not come. Another night came and no Charley.

Marian was perplexed; she was angry. Well, if Charley Benton wanted to take offense because she had read him in—let him—let him—"But I'll just have an explanation of his outrageous conduct, anyway," she said. She was to dine at the Bottsford's Wednesday night; the Bottsford's were great friends of Charley's—

There was no chance for an explanation just then, but Marian just longed to ask him a few questions—and tell him a few things. She maneuvered Charley into a quiet corner and opened fire. "May I ask," said she, "merely as a matter of curiosity, why you paid no attention to my note regarding your offer of marriage?"

"I was afraid," replied Charley, "that I could not satisfactorily fill the position which you so kindly offered me."

"I should advise you to keep your present book," said Charley. "My present cook?" cried Marian. "What has my cook got to do with it?" and she went on without waiting for an answer: "You sent me a letter copied verbatim from 'The Letter Writer de Luxe' and I replied by replying to you to page twenty-seven."

"You did," said Charley frigidly, "and page twenty-seven contained a form letter headed: 'Reply of a lady accepting an application for the position of cook in her household.'" "It did not," cried Marian, "it contained 'A letter from a young lady in accepting the proffered hand of her lover.'"

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Father—How do you like your toy town, Tommy? Tommy—It's all right, but I need about six more filling stations.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

BLIGHT OF SELFISHNESS

AT THE first moment you suspect that you are being contemplated by the insidious blight of selfishness, summon up all the strength and courage with which you are invested, and make a valiant fight, ere you fall a prey to one of the most destructive forces for evil in the world.

If by our individual will and faith this ban of selfishness could be circumvented and abolished, there would be no more war, no more forced impoverishment of the weak, no more beggars with outstretched hands, no more hard-faced misers, no more broken hearts and homes or despairing shames.

Our cities and towns permanently divorced from this baneful curse, would be adorned with art, filled with the music of happy voices, where work and worth would lock arms and go rejoicing on the way, while lips would be rich with words of love and truth and praise.

The cruel eyes of greed would be transformed to cheering lights of tender compassion, shining alight on the frail and the strong, illuminating the dark places with glorious rays of hope and gleaming like friendly lamps all along the roads of life.

Pitiful indeed is the victim of selfishness. He knows nothing of the pure enjoyment of earthly existence, nothing of the sweet dreams of heaven—for both are quite beyond his reach.

He is blind to the beautiful, deaf to charity, conscious only of self, keeping his eyes stubbornly closed to the straightforward course.

If he would dare admit it, he is so miserably and miserably that a little child shrinks from his touch, and his thin coterie of acquaintances pass him by with a feeling which he intuitively knows is one of dread, disgust and deep reproach.

FOR THE GOOSE—THERE'S no flaws in a thing you want might enough.

FOR THE GANDER—The old pants is generally made outa better stuff than the new patch.

There's no turn of luck so bad but what a smart man can squeeze some advantage outa it; and none so good but what a fool can't somehow manage to burn his fingers.

A good player ain't always the winner. But the winner is always a good player.

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



IF SHE HAS HEARD THAT—If you will count the number of strawberries on a cake and name the last one to correspond to that letter of the alphabet—oh, goody, it's good guessing—the letter will be the initial of your "one and only."

Making the Discovery

By DUFORD JENNE

(Copyright.)

"CHAFFEE, what's your idea about the way our inside figures have been leaking out into our competitor's hands?" Wilson asked his assistant bluntly.

Chaffee's keen, cold face hardened. "I have a mighty good idea—your secretary, Miss Curtis. I have been checking her back, and five years ago she was employed by the same gang."

Wilson watched her—such a serene, contained little body. Could it be possible? From the day of her coming, she had been a ray of charm and brightness in the office where he was fighting to win a way through for his firm.

Her gray, long-lashed eyes looked at him with a sudden light in them that went out in a moment, but it was a tender glance and it thrilled him. Alone later in his bachelor apartments realization came to him. He was beginning to fall in love with the girl who was without doubt playing him into the hands of his business enemies.

When his next prices were underbid, he called her to him, and told her what had happened. She drew back, the rose going from her cheeks as she sensed his meaning.

"You don't think I—"

"I was wondering if you could give me some suggestion as to—" awkwardly, "the source of the leak."

She backed away, her eyes searching his. "No," she said faintly, "I don't believe I can."

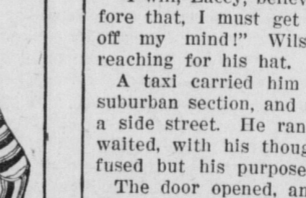
He pounded the desk. "I don't believe for a moment she is guilty, Hang it, I left her with the impression that I do. And I can't lose her—I can't," he added softly to himself.

But Chaffee had his simple explanation. "She's clever or she wouldn't be in such a game, and if she doesn't come back, you win."

There's no turn of luck so bad but what a smart man can squeeze some advantage outa it; and none so good but what a fool can't somehow manage to burn his fingers.

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REUEL SOMMERVILLE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in the Good Building.

FRIGIDAIRE

The Electric Refrigerator made and guaranteed by the Great General Motors Corporation. Four out of every five Electric Refrigerators is a FRIGIDAIRE.

Cures Malaria and quickly relieves Biliousness, Headaches and Dizziness due to temporary Constipation. Aids in eliminating Toxins and is highly esteemed for producing copious watery evacuations.

VOICE AND PICTURES NOW SYNCHRONIZE

New Apparatus Made Available for Schools, Churches and Motion Picture Theatres.

Engineers are now at work on a simplified photophone device suitable for use in the home, which will make it possible, to reproduce "talking movies" in the home very much as the ordinary radio broadcast programs are now being received in more than eight million homes.

Gen. J. G. Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America, at the formation of a new company to be known as "R. C. A. Photophone, Incorporated."

In discussing the formation of the new company, General Harbord pointed out that although the Radio Corporation, General Electric and Westinghouse had been preparing for several years to market apparatus synchronizing voice and music with motion pictures, public introduction of the apparatus had been delayed until the engineers had achieved "complete practicability" so that it would be as simple to operate as a radio set, and, at the same time, highly perfected.

"The Photophone," said General Harbord "is both simple and practical. The essential principle is the recording of pictures and sound on one film. While various methods have been devised for 'talking movies,' experience has shown that the most practical is that of recording pictures and sound on the same film. This is the method employed by the Photophone. It is now possible to photograph the President of the United States—voice as well as action—and to distribute films reproducing the event throughout the country.

Uses and Operation "Easily operated reproducing apparatus for use in theatres, schools and churches will be nationally available. An entire opera, musical comedy or drama can be electrically recorded on the film, just as it is seen and heard, and then reproduced from the same film. Whatever can be seen or heard, whether it is a nightingale singing or an army in battle, can now be recorded and reproduced for both the eye and the ear. Moving picture dramas with complete orchestral accompaniment, or with music and speech, will be available for nation-wide use.

"Standard films without the sound can be used without any change in the machine. The only thing the operator has to do is to close one switch when he is projecting pictures with sound, and open it when he does not want the sound. Any type of 'talking film' can be used in the machine. The type of sound reproducer to be used will vary with the size of the room in which the pictures are to be shown. The reproducer embodies some remarkable new developments in acoustics.

"Sight and hearing have been the two avenues of approach to the human mind for education, religion and entertainment. Now one medium combines the appeal to sight and hearing simultaneously, with universal accessibility and availability. The complete practicability of the new art has already been demonstrated, and there remained only the need for an intelligent and serviceable system of manufacture and distribution.

"One can only guess at the many varied uses of this invention as an instrument for the spread of knowledge, for bringing the people of the world closer together, and for the advancement of civilization."

Cecilia's of Ca

By EDGAR T

(Copyright.)

"THE performance school auditor was a brilliant success. Cecilia Gray, whose voice was as it was, forecast a great talented young lady that her career in Chicago or New York would get a position worth talent. We feel that grand opera know the name of Cecilia simply a further. Her sweet suffused with color per fall on the table hands in ecstasy, which she had been ten room when the against the table ten. Even her snuggled over a b shipping faces. Her the sound of the herself moving slow front and graciously. Then as she started settled over the most deathlike.

From the minute paper notice she he toward herself, responsibility for her cessity for her to loved ones to pursue. "It's a gift," she her beau, "a gift by the Creator. I a career."

Her young face lo serious and Jo tragic as they sat shabby old sofa. "Where do I go suddenly frightened dawned on him. "But don't you something I'm not a call I must answer call to war or a. Don't you understand?"

"No," said Joe, "I'm not a man when you've yourself."

"You wouldn't she asked in surprise. "Oh, no, not at a like that is nothing a career," he answered. "I'm not a man when you've yourself."

Of course, when her intended and New York the town, entertainment newspaper writer, talent, her great first at the daughter, soon he bride and cut Joe save the fare to rally as soon as Cecilia had wonderful opportunity but even the greater railroad fare.

Within less than Cecilia had attended received her last last farewell. Re one cold winter straight to a Y. Y. much pulling of wing with Signor M moderate reputation. With confidence, a dramatic artist, the house down at second Musanti his hand.

"Stop!" he commanded and peeing the God, why do you should be sharp? Why did you come you here to me? to be an acrobat? . . . My God, I nanny got. Go home and wash dishes—"

At first Cecilia speak, she merely man, then after a rushed into her eyes into a chair and w "There, there," sympathy, patting ders. "It happens know. A girl sign festival at home. latter her, she praise. She leaves REER! Every week buy a ticket and your mamma and you take you back. I Cecilia felt herself out the front door, ing in his kindness swallowed her and went back home a plan of action out of New York to Joe Watson: "I'm sorry on Number sick for you. Cecilia And to this day for her devotion him for saving her few catty old mad and there is just avoids as if it were a career.