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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.
For Congress—J. Russell Leech, of Ebensburg.
For State Senator—Jay R. Sheesley, of Johnstown.
For General Assembly (Second District)—Milton Spencer, of Barnesboro; Edmund James, of Ebensburg; John R. Musser, of Barnesboro.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT
By F. A. WALKER

SAFETY ON THE OCEAN

THE safest place in the world is mid-ocean.
To the myriads of human beings, men and women, who look upon a sea voyage as a venture of exceeding risk such a statement will doubtless come as a pleasant shock, but it is based upon the most rigid and frigid of facts compiled by the statisticians of Lloyd's, of London.
It is the London Observer which points out this analysis of the facts involved in the problem of what constitutes danger and what constitutes safety and the rigid figures proclaim the high seas as the least menaced portion of the globe's surface.

When we contemplate the fact that in every Book of Prayer published by the churches there is a special plea to Divinity to take care of those about to depart upon or engaged in traversing the rolling billows, the facts seem yet more interesting.
Of course, the reason lies in the fact that travel by sea has been rendered safer year by year just as travel by land has been rendered speedier as the decades slip by.

But in the meanwhile, upon the land, the combustion engine, applied to locomotion, has given us the automobile and the automobile has given us the speed maniac and the careless chauffeur.

The congestion of population has piled homes upon homes in flats and apartment houses with their elevators and their other menacing developments incident to congestion.
Buses and other conveyances have multiplied the risks of every day and hour in our cities and towns.

But returning to the reasons which have made the ocean's bosom a place of safety and repose we must not, for a minute, overlook the stupendous change in navigation's rules and navigation's practices which the wireless wrought.

The radiogram is an invention of our own time. Any man of thirty, with a memory for his boyhood can recall the invention of telegraphy without wires.
Wireless from ship to ship and wireless from ship to shore spells safety for the ocean traveler—a safety device that is almost a novelty to the majority of us.

It is interesting to survey the figures which the Lloyd's analysis presents.

The chance of an accident to a ship upon the seas involving the loss of a life of a passenger is just 1.2 per cent. In other words, for every thousand ships starting upon an ocean voyage, there will be only 12 fatal accidents between port and port.

And the figures with respect to the danger incurred by the individual sea-goer are even more striking.
The danger of loss of life by a passenger on an ocean voyage is only .02 per cent, even if an accident befalls his ship.

This is so tiny a fraction that even the most timid soul should look upon a compulsory sea trip not as something forcing them into danger but rather as a chance to avoid danger for the duration of the voyage.

It means that for every 10,000 passengers who take ship and sail the seas upon a ship that suffers a casualty involving the loss of a life there will be but two deaths out of the entire number.

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They Called Her "Yellow Bush"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

WHEN Nancy Branch was a little girl people laughingly called her "Yellow Bush" because her mop of golden hair was so thick and lustrous. As she grew older it was confined for awhile, and then bobbed into another and more sedate, yellow bush of fine soft hair.

When Yellow Bush came home from college, her first inquiry was for her old playmate, Bert Franklin.
"Bert Franklin went away after his father died—you know, his mother died four or five years ago?"
"Of course, I knew that," said Nancy. "It happened the summer I went abroad with Aunt Susan—of course, I wrote to Bert and his father. He wrote to me in reply, but I have not heard from him since."

"You have been away from home so much, my dear," said her mother, "even your vacations have been far away from us."
"I know it, mother, but I am really home to stay awhile now. I shall advise you about the domestic arrangements and tell father how to manage his farm."

"In between times," chuckled Mr. Branch, "you may use my old telescope to search the skies for your old friend, Bertie Franklin—th-y say that he is now an accomplished flyer."

The long summer drifted away, and Nancy "Yellow Bush" never saw or heard anything of the boy she had known so well.

Then came one warm August night when she had walked down to the pasture to see the sunset.

"How Bert and I used to love the sunset," Nancy was thinking a little sadly, when out of the west something shone blackly against the crimson and gold of the evening. In the far distance it looked like a bird, but it grew larger so rapidly that very soon Nancy saw that it was a monoplane and that if it did not swerve from its course it would probably pass directly overhead.

So she ran into the pasture where the sunset turned her yellow head into a golden nimbus about her fair face, and watched the airplane.

When the plane reached the old pasture, it seemed to pause, and then, wonder of wonders, it circled lower and lower. When the plane made a landing, it rolled easily across the grass to a standstill, not twenty feet away from the slender girl in the pale blue dress.

There was one passenger in the plane and, when he stepped upon the ground, Nancy's heart sank. Bertie Franklin had been rather a big young man, but this man in the leather garments from head to heel was a veritable giant. When he stood before Nancy Branch, he removed his disguising spectacles and Nancy encountered a pair of amazingly magnetic blue eyes.

"Dear little Yellow Bush," he murmured, and one strong brown hand came toward her.

"Bert? Not Bert Franklin?" she stammered dazedly. "It is really you—really you," she sighed, when they sat side by side on an old bench. "I have looked for you so often, Bert, and wondered if you were never coming back to see your friends again. Your old house is tumbling down for lack of attention from its owner."

"I know it," he said soberly. "There is rather a reason, Nancy. Did your people tell you that, when father died, I could not find any private papers at all? Not one thing! He was delirious at the last before he sank into coma, and all he said was, 'Yellow Bush—Yellow Bush—I forgot Yellow Bush'—and I believed that he meant you. He always called you that. And I think, Nancy darling, that poor dad was really trying to impress it upon me to make sure of you—Yellow Bush, see?"

"I know he was very fond of me," mused Nancy. "But, Bert, I don't believe it was anything like that. He was too keen a business man not to have provided for you."

"That does seem so, and yet I never found a clue. Old Judge Peebles has produced a mortgage on our old place that will about swallow the whole thing. Once in awhile, I fly over my ancestral acres, and try to puzzle the thing out."

"I thought Judge Peebles was your father's lawyer."

"He was for years—then he and dad had a fuss about something, and dad withdrew all his affairs from the Judge's hands."

"If your father said 'yellow bush' before he died," said Nancy firmly, "he did not mean a foolish girl like me. He really meant that if you would dig down under one of the yellow bushes on your front lawn, you would find something!"

Bert Franklin stared at her, wide eyed. "One of those yellow bushes was a special favorite with my mother," he said softly. "Nancy, tomorrow morning will you meet me at the old place and witness my digging under the yellow bush that had long been a favorite of my mother's?"

Sure enough, three feet down they found a large iron box where Bert found a substantial fortune awaiting him, and papers showing that the mortgage had been paid in full.
"Now, will you marry me?" asked Bert of the glowing girl beside him.
"Why—I thought you were almost engaged before you found your fortune!" cried Nancy happily.

Joan Crawford



Handsome Joan Crawford, featured motion picture player, now playing leading roles for one of the prominent producing firms, was formerly a Winter Garden beauty before she cast her lot with the "movie" studios. Included in her latest pictures are "Rose-Marie" and "Our Dancing Daughters," in both of which she plays the leading roles.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

LIPSTICKS LONG AGO

RECENT excavations about Ur, which as all cross-word puzzlers know is the Babylonian home of Abraham, have resulted in the discovery of what seem to be rouge boxes and lipsticks.

The quest of beauty, we thus discover, is older than written history. This gives some semblance of excuse to the modern maiden, who, fancying red lips and pink cheeks will more readily lure masculine admiration manufactures them artificially if she doesn't possess them.

There is no reason to doubt that woman always tried to be pretty, even without the evidences of Ur.

Her business was getting a husband, and husbands are singularly able to look through the windows of the female soul and see it in all its worthiness.

What they looked for in Ur, as well as today was a pretty face. The soul and the mind that goes with it doesn't so much matter.

Pretty faces are not so plentiful in this day and age, and they were probably less so in Ur, when girls probably were not so well fed, and spent too much time at agricultural labor to attend to their beauty.

So they had to pretend to be pretty, as many at the plain ones do now.

The Ur discoveries seem to make the fussy question of "what are our girls coming to?" look rather silly. If paint and powder date back thousands of years, our girls aren't any worse than girls have been since Abraham's time.

As a matter of fact they are a good deal better—for they have added education and intelligence to beauty, and no man can complain that they are dull company, which they may have been in the ancient days.

As for the paint that they use, they would look funny, in a time when all women use it if they didn't.

That is just fashion—not as sensible a fashion as short skirts and bobbed hair—and it will probably pass the quicker for that reason.

It will be noticed that country-bred girls, with natural coloring on their cheeks are even more fascinating to men than the artificially-beautified city maidens, and after that there will not be so much sale for cosmetics.

In the meantime there is no evidence, whatever, that paint or rouge or bobbed hair, or even a wider knowledge of the facts of life have injured the morality of young women.

They are of the same sort they always were—the vast majority of them clean minded and happy, and they are far better able to take care of themselves than were their sisters in Ur, who were glad to be wives, even if many of them had to be the wives of a single husband.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT... BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Mysterious One

By DUFORD JENNE

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"BETTY, you must go to the dance—just think—at the Green Lane Inn, with our employers paying the bill!" one of the girls in the room urged.

Betty's dark eyes were wistful, but she shook her brown head. "I'm short a man," she said mournfully. Her eyes brightened. "I might ask the Hermit. He's handsome even if odd."

The girls laughed, and one went on to say: "Why, do it, Betty! There's some dark mystery in his life, and perhaps you could find out what it is and tell us."

"Well, there is," another girl volunteered. "Mrs. McCarty said he has hardly stepped out of his room except in the evening, and then he comes back with about every newspaper published in the city. Go ahead, Betty, ask him. He's sweet on you."

"I mean to be late in getting to my heels and so is he; that's the reason why we meet so often—"

"But not the reason why you sit and chat so long," one of the girls objected. "Ask him, Betty. It's a girl's party, you know."

Deane Norton certainly was something of a mystery, but he was an attractive one. Betty often longed as she chatted with him to tease him out of his solemn self. And she knew, on her part, what his glance at her meant—a glance half tender, half wistful.

According to his usual custom, the "Hermit" was about the last to appear at Mrs. McCarty's dining-room table; and Betty was waiting for him. His pleasant face brightened as he saw her. "Good evening, Little Brown Girl. I am glad you are as lazy as I am, and always late for dinner."

"So your trouble is laziness—like mine?" she questioned.

He looked at her sharply, as if seeking some purpose she might have in asking such a question. She in turn was a bit startled at the sudden stern-

ness in his face.
"There is something wrong about this man of mystery," Betty told herself. "And I must find out what it is."

So she told him about the dance. His first interest was keen, she could see, then he seemed to remember something.

"I should like to go—I certainly should—but—" He hesitated.

She prodded him. "You are a regular hermit, Mr. Norton. Do come out of your cell and be human—with me—for one evening."

"Be human for one evening," he muttered doubtfully. "I'd like to. Yes, I'll go."

She made her preparations for the dance happily. She liked to think of being with him—and the thought gave her independent soul a start. Was she falling in love with her man of mystery?

"This will never do, my dear, this will never do," she warned herself as she dressed.

He was chatty and amusing and interesting on the way to the dance until they reached the main subway downtown; then he seemed to grow silent and uneasy. She was puzzled. When they reached the inn, however, he mellowed again; and soon she was having one of the happiest times of her life. The girls plainly admired him.

Then came the scene of disaster. He and she were busily chatting at one of the tables when Betty discovered that three men had grouped themselves about them. One flashed a silver badge, and said quietly to Norton: "Eller, we have you. Advise you to come quietly."

Norton started. His face wore a look of infinite disgust, and he said with deep despair: "Oh, d—." Then he turned to her. "Betty, I'm due for the police station. Have one of the girls take you home."

Betty's heart was pounding. "What does this mean?"

"This friend of yours is Eller, young lady, a murderer. We have been hunting him for a month," one of the detectives said.

"A murderer? I don't believe it. I'm going with you," Betty said.

"We intend to take you," the officer said curtly. "You may know some thing."

Norton remonstrated, but out they went through a staring crowd. An automobile whirled them rapidly to the police station, and Betty found herself beside Norton facing a cold eyed officer at the desk. The moment the officer saw Norton he stared and said with some disgust:

"You here again!"

"Don't blame me. Because I happen to look something like that confounded Eller your dumb city cops have arrested me four times. I hid up in a boarding house in hopes that they would nab this Eller, and then I could come out and live like a human being. I was at a dance tonight, and these chaps spotted me."

The officer at the desk grinned. "Young man, I'll have the commissioner make out a letter for you, so if you are nabbed again you'll be safe. Now, look—he turned to the detective—"I've had him in here before, and I don't want to see him again. Take them back—and see if you can't learn the difference between a thug and a gentleman."

Betty slipped her hand into Norton's, and she felt his strong hand press hers. Her man of mystery was not much of a mystery after all, but he was her man just the same.

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