

# THE PATRIOT

Published Weekly By  
THE PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Office: No. 15 Carpenter Avenue

Marshall Building, INDIANA, PENNA.

Local Phone 250-Z

F. BLAMONTI, Editor and Manager

V. ACETI, Italian Editor.

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1914,  
at the postoffice at Indiana, Pennsylvania, under the  
Act of March 3, 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION

ONE YEAR . . . \$1.00 | SIX MONTHS . . . \$50

## The Aim of the Foreign Language Papers of America

TO HELP PRESERVE THE IDEALS AND SACRED TRADITIONS OF THIS, OUR ADOPTED COUNTRY, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; TO REVERE ITS LAWS AND INSPIRE OTHERS TO OBEY THEM; TO STRIVE UNCEASINGLY TO QUICKEN THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF CIVIC DUTY; IN ALL WAYS TO AID IN MAKING THIS COUNTRY GREATER AND BETTER THAN WE FOUND IT.



# ARE YOU REALLY SANTA CLAUS?

### How Much Iron Can We Make?

Iron furnaces of this country, including all in blast or idle, could, according to the Iron Age, "apparently produce about 40,000,000 tons if they remained in blast a year." This would be 9,000,000 tons above the maximum calendar year output. The Iron Age doubts, however, if all the furnaces could stay in blast a full year, and suggests a trifle over 38,000,000 tons as maximum capacity.

### Very Annoying.

"I can't bear these men novelists." declared one lady.  
"Why not?" the other inquired.  
"They continually tell you that the heroine wore a gown which fascinated a duke and not a word as to what it was made of or how it was trimmed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Untrue.

"Your leading lady is not 'rue to life."  
"What's the matter?"  
"In the first act she receives a telegram, and you have her open it with out fear or trembling."—Detroit Free-Press.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.—Carlyle.

### His Gift.

"They say he gets \$25 for his speech." "Yes, he's peculiarly gifted."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Senate Barber Shop.

Here's an odd thing about the United States senate barber shop: Although the number of senators has hardly increased at all, the number of shaves has increased at a surprising rate in recent years. The reason is simple: that the senate is now inhabited largely by comparatively young men with smooth faces or wearing mustaches at most, and they are obliged to get shaved every little while, whereas the old style senator with a riot of whiskers never had occasion to visit a barber shop except every few months to get his hair trimmed.—Cincinnati Enquirer

### The Human Face.

Rosa Bonheur, the great painter of animals, had a system of mnemonics which was exceedingly quaint. She could trace in the faces of those people who visited her a resemblance to some sort of animal. For instance, if some one reminded her of a certain lady she would probably hesitate for a moment and then say, "Oh, yes, the lady with the camel face!" or, "Oh, I remember—she had a cow face!" This memory system was not flattering to her friends, but it showed how saturated she was with a knowledge of animals and their characteristics. On every human face she found a likeness to some animal she had studied and delineated.

### The Extrema.

"This fee business is a nuisance. You have to give one everywhere to get the least service."  
"I know it. Even if you want to speak politely to a lady you have got to tip your hat."—Baltimore American.

### An Insinuation.

"They tell me, Mrs. Comeop, your daughter went through that reception in her honor without any faux pas."  
"No such thing! She had as much of it as anybody that was there."—Exchange.

### The Diet.

"Men are what they eat."  
"Then I suppose critics live chiefly on roasts."—Exchange.

### The Rip Van Winkle Kind.

Salesman—Why not try one of our Rip Van Winkle rugs, madam? Prospective Purchaser—What kind are they? Salesman—They have an unusually long nap.—Indianapolis Star.

### Woman is Very Thorough.

"A man when he is angry will tell you what he thinks of you."  
"Yes, and a woman when she is angry will tell you what she and every body else thinks of you."—Boston Transcript.

## HE GUESSED RIGHT.

Now See if You Can Tell Which Fair One He Selected.

A certain Turk, according to the story, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared.

The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him.

"If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger. "Choose at once!"

Ten of the ladies, the man noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of the remaining two frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. 'No,' he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her."

After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was surprised to find he had retained his bride. Which was she—the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

### Machine Gun Con.

Machinists use really rifles with a mechanism which supplies them rapidly with cartridges. In all modern patterns the mechanism in action. The gas produced by the explosion of the shell opens the breech and the rifle, closes the breech and fires the charge. These complicated operations are carried out with extraordinary speed. To give an example: The Maxim can fire at least 450 rounds a minute, or more than seven shots per second, and if in exceptionally good order and cleverly operated can discharge 600 rounds a minute.—London Tit-Bits.

### The River Tigris.

The river Tigris appears in the book of Genesis as Hiddel, one of the four "heads" into which the river of Eden was parted. The name by which we know it does not exactly "mean" tiger, for the correct way of putting it is that both "tiger" and "Tigris" mean in Persian swift as an arrow. "Euphrate" is a Greek version of the Persian Hurat, which signifies "the good abounding" and represents the old Asiatic Burat or Purat, akin to our verb "pour."

### Long Lived Tennysons.

The Tennyson family was noted for its longevity. Miss Matilda Tennyson died in her ninety-ninth year; Charles was seventy-one at the time of his death; Mary, seventy-four; Emilia, seventy-eight; Alfred, poet laureate, eighty-three; Frederick, ninety-one; Arthur, eighty-five; Horatio, eighty, and Cecilia, ninety-two.

### A Lost Mine.

Among the famous lost mines of the western world and one which is again being sought is the Tislagall of Costa Rica. It is said to have yielded great quantities of gold in the time of the Spanish domination. After quelling the Indian uprisings, however, the Spaniards failed to relocate the mine. It is thought that it lies hidden in the bed of one of the larger streams. Many legends are heard dealing with its wonderful richness, and many attempts have been made to find it, but so far without avail.—Argonaut.

### Child of His Own Brain.

"Johnson needn't be mad because the teacher criticized his boy's composition. The boy will improve."  
"You don't appear to understand Johnson wrote the composition himself."—Kansas City Star.

### Be Yourself.

I hardly know so true a work of a little mind as the servile imitation of another.—Greville.

### Negative Suggestion.

Legend tells of a Hindu fakir who seemed to have a working knowledge of practical psychology and made himself rich selling plain wicker baskets in the streets of Calcutta.

The peculiar virtue of the baskets, he explained to the buyers, lay in the fact that if one filled his basket with ordinary pebbles, placed himself in a receptive attitude of mind and stirred them with a stick for an hour, each and every pebble would be transmuted into a nugget of gold—provided the stirrer did not think of a hippopotamus while stirring. The baskets were sold, but the idea of a hippopotamus was so firmly fixed in the minds of all the purchasers that not one of them ever had legitimate grounds on which to demand his money back.

### Colloquialisms.

One of the most common surprises in reading is to come across in old books what we have been accustomed to taking for modern colloquialisms. We have just struck this: "Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a rod?" Where? In Epictetus. Tamodern form is likely to be a poker, but we had always looked upon the whole image as essentially American. It is in reading the Elizabethans that this experience is most frequent, although one is likely to have it in reading any classic. The best colloquialisms are likely to be the oldest.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago. The whole is of pure gold, except the settings, and weighs almost exactly four teen pounds. The settings above alluded to consist of fifty-three sapphires fifty rubies, one emerald and 335 pearls. It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious ornaments. This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them "unlucky."

### A False Alarm.

"I know something, I do, about a member of this family," said little Bobby Silthers triumphantly to his older sister, Maude.  
"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Silthers. "Half a dollar is all I have, Bobby. Will you promise not to tell if I give you that?"  
"Sure, I will," answered Bobby in surprise. "But it ain't nothing on you sis. It was the cook and the keeman."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Raindrops.

Drops of rain vary in their size perhaps from a twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds they precipitate their descent till the increasing resistance opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with uniform velocity. This velocity is therefore in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers in which the drops are large pour down faster than a drizzling rain. A drop of the twenty-fifth part of an inch in falling through the air would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, acquire a celerity of only eleven and a half feet per second, while one of a quarter of an inch would have a velocity of thirty-two and a half feet.

### In Half Mourning.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."  
"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."—Flyinge Blatter.

### Kin and King.

Kings in the earliest days were merely the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source as "kin."

Every man will get his rights when every man does his duties and not be fore.

### A Risky Study.

"Why have you dropped your popular astronomy?" asked the visitor.  
"Cause I got too many lickings," confided Tommy. "The other night I told pa that Mars' face was ever changing, and ma heard me and thought I meant her face. Next thing I didn't get any supper and got a licking besides."—Chicago News.

### Aluminium.

Since the Centennial exposition an entirely new industry in mining and metallurgy has been developed through the production of aluminium. No aluminium was produced on a commercial scale in 1876.

### What She Learned.

Mrs. Willis—So your daughter is home from domestic science school. I suppose she has learned several new ways of washing the dishes. Mrs. Gillis—No; she seems to have learned several new ways of getting out of washing them.—Judge.

### A Stormy Trip.

"Good gracious! How in the world did you happen to get lost?"  
"Oh, after we had been on the road about five hours we found that the chauffeur was trying to find his way with a weather map."—Puck.

### A Sure Proof.

"The new family who have just moved in have something in their lives they want to hide."  
"Why do you think so?"  
"Because their hired girl is deaf and dumb."—Baltimore American.

### The Family Pet.

"You have no children?"  
"None."  
"Home doesn't mean much to a man without children."  
"Oh, we have a family pet. It's on motor car. I am going to present it with new tires throughout, and my wife is going to buy it a new windshield."—Chicago Herald.

### DO IT NOW.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

### The Evolution of the Hog.

The time honored razor backed hog is giving place to the sleek porker, on whose broad back a square meal could be displayed without a drop of coffee being spilled and with no danger of even one of the dishes sliding to the ground. The rooster is being banished out of the way in Georgia by the hog that doesn't have to root for a living and is so fat that its efforts to root would be judicious. Scientists say that when any part of an animal is long unused it tends gradually to disappear. Does that mean that pig culture will cause the final disappearance of the nasal protuberance of the hog with which it formerly was accustomed to root for its living?—Savannah News.

## DESERTED VESSELS.

Mysterious Wanderers Mariners at Times May Meet at Sea.

At least once in my life I have had the good fortune to board a deserted vessel at sea. I say "good fortune" because it has left me the memory of a singular impression. I have felt a ghost of the same thing two or three times since then when peering through the doorway of an abandoned house, writes William Daniel Steele in Harper's Magazine.

Now, that vessel was not dead. She was a good vessel, a sound vessel, even a handsome vessel, in her blunbrowed, comely way. She sailed under four lowers across the blue and glittering sea as I have never known, and there was not a sign to be seen that one could lay a finger on her wrong. And yet passing through at two miles one knew something was amiss. The hand was on her wheel, the compass I can imagine a vessel steering line that moving over the surface of the sea, carrying it off to well west of her for that incredible suggestion of a stagger, and I can think of no those ocean gods, to whom no landsman will ever believe, looking at one another and tapping their foreheads with just the shadow of a smile.

I wonder if they all scream—these ships that have lost their souls? Mine screamed. We heard her voice like nothing I have ever heard before, when we rowed under her counter to read her name—the *Marionette* it was of Halifax.

I remember how it made me shiver, there in the full blaze of the sun, to hear her going on so, ralling and screaming; in that stark fashion. And I remember, too, how our footsteps, pattering through the vacant interiors in search of that haggard utterance, made me think of the footsteps of hurrying warders roused in the night.

And we found a parrot in a cage; that was all. It wanted water. We gave it water and went away to look things over, keeping pretty close together, all of us. In the quarters the table was set for four. Two men had begun to eat, by the evidence of the plates. Nowhere in the vessel was there any sign of disorder, except one sea chest broken out, evidently in haste. Her papers were gone, and the stern davits were empty. That is how the case stood that day, and that is how it stood to this. I saw this same *Marionette* a week later, tied up in a floe on the deck, where she awaited news from her owners. But even there, in the midst of all the water front bustle, I could not get rid of the feeling that she was still very far away—in a sort of shippish other world.

The thing happens now and then. Sometimes half a dozen years will go by without a solitary wanderer of this sort crossing the ocean paths, and then in a single season perhaps several of them will turn up, vacant waifs, impassive and mysterious.

### Badly Scared.

"Were you frightened during the storm?"  
"Dear me yes. The windows were all open and I was so afraid of the lightning that I didn't even stop to wake up John. I jumped right up accused them myself."—Detroit Free-Press.

### Prohibitive.

"What's the matter, daughter?"  
"Father, I want a duke."  
"That can be arranged, my dear, was afraid you might want a baseball pitcher."—Baltimore Sun.

There is no fatigue so wearisome as that which comes from want of work.—Spurgeon.

### The Only Chance.

"Hurry, George, or we will be late to the picture show."  
"Oh, we don't want to get there before it starts."  
"Yes, we do, too—if we don't I can see what the other women are wearing."—Exchange.

### Fulfilled.

Mrs. Gnages Before we were married you used to say you could listen to my sweet voice all night. Mr. Gnages—Well, at that time I had no idea I'd ever have to do it.—Judge.

### Not a Bout Winner.

Tramp—Once I was well known as a wrestler, mum. Lady And do you wrestle now? Tramp Only 'er got er r. mum.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

### The Wise Man.

Father Stack—You say you went through an agricultural college? Then you must know all about nitrates? Stranger—Sure thing! Where did you want to telegraph to?—New York Globe.

### A Feminine Mistake.

A woman who thinks she has met the ideal man merely thinks so. There is no such person.—Albany Journal.

### Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harbinger of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the hmas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

### John H. Pierce, Attorney.

#### APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Orphans' Court of Indiana county, on Monday, January 27, 1915, by Salvatore La Mantia, administrator of Domenico Antonucci, late of Creekside borough, Indiana county, Pa., deceased, for an order to make private sale of all the right, title, interest and claim of the said decedent in the following described real estate: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of ground, situate in the borough of Creekside, in the county of Indiana, and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the northern line of Main street, at the southeast corner of lot 48; thence northerly along the eastern line of lot 48, 131.5 feet, more or less to an alley; thence easterly along the southern line of said alley, 49 feet, more or less, to westerly line of lot 44; thence southerly along the westerly line of lot 44, 132 feet, more or less, to the northern line of said Main street; thence westerly along the northern line of said Main street 40 feet, more or less, to the place of beginning, being lot No. 47 in the J. W. Osterhout plot of lots in said borough of Creekside, formerly the village of East Newville; having thereon erected a dwelling house and store room combined, badly damaged by an explosion and other outbuildings, the same lot of ground which Frank E. Groft and Mary E. Groft, his wife, agreed to convey to the said Domenico Antonucci, in her lifetime, by their agreement, dated May 5, 1915, recorded in the office for the recording of deeds, &c., in and for Indiana county, in Deed Book Vol. 146, page 121, in which agreement there still remains unpaid the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125.00) of the purchase money, to Pietro Antonucci for the sum of two hundred and seventy-five (\$275.00) dollars, cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SALVATORE LA MANTIA, Administrator.

December 24, 1915.

### John H. Pierce, Attorney.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Domenico Antonucci, late of Creekside borough, Indiana county, formerly the village of East Newville, having claims against said estate are requested to present them only within the same lot of ground which they themselves to be indebted are requested to make prompt payment.

SALVATORE LA MANTIA, Administrator.

December 24, 1915.

### AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Indiana county, to settle, adjust and report distribution of money in the hands of The Savings & Trust Co. of Indiana, Pa., administrator of estate of John Faust, late of Homer City borough, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in The Savings & Trust Co. building, in the borough of Indiana, Pa., on Tuesday, January 19, 1916, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

WILLIAM N. LIGHT, Auditor.

Indiana, Pa., Dec. 21, 1915.

### John H. Pierce - Avvocato

#### AVVISO DI AMMINISTRATORE

Lettera di amministratore sul potere di Domenico Antonucci, deceduto, lotto sito nel Comune di Creekside. Avendoci permesso il sottoscritto quanto appresso, avvisiamo tutti coloro che vantano diritti sul detto potere, sono richiesti a presentarsi per autenticare il credito, come parimenti avvisiamo tutti coloro che sono in debito di fare un sollecito pagamento.

December 24, 1915.  
Salvatore La Mantia, Amministratore

### FOR SALE and WANT ADS.

Advertisements under this head 1c a word each insertion.

FOR SALE—Corner lot in Chevy Chase, 65x150, for further information, apply at this office.

FOR SALE—Team horses, 5 and 6 year old; weight about 3,000. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—Slavish or Polish men, well acquainted in Indiana and mine camps. Can make \$25 to \$30 per week. Call 15 Carpenter avenue, Indiana, Pa.

FOR SALE—Good automobile, 1914 Vulcan Roadster. A-1 running condition. Will demonstrate. Sacrifice, \$250. Need money. Call or write J. M., care "Patriot," 15 Carpenter avenue, Indiana, Pa.

A perfume of flowers is wafted gently from the mountains. The sun is new risen, and the dew still glistens on the leaves of trees and the petals of flowers. A road like a gray ribbon thrusts into the quiet mountain gorge—a stone paved road which yet looks as soft as velvet, so that one almost has a desire to stroke it.—Maxim Gorky.

### Trap For Quotation Experts.

If any one wants a catch question to spring on a gathering of self confessed literary sharps let him ask whence comes the quotation, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This is one of the six best sellers in the world of quotations, yet not one person in a hundred knows where it comes from. It is comparatively easy to guess the author, but almost impossible to find a person who can name the work.

One could build any number of parlor games around "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Try it.—Bookman's Review.