

THE PATRIOT

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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 TRIVE 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.

The River Tigris.

The river Tigris appears in the book of Genesis as Hiddekel, one of the four "heads" into which the river of Eden was parted. The name by which we know it does not exactly "mean" Tigris, for the correct way of putting it is that both "Tigris" and "Tigris" mean in Persian swift as an arrow. "Euphrates" is a Greek version of the Persian Huf-rat, which signifies "the good abounding" and represents the old A-stic "Buzrat" or "Parat," 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; Emma, seventy-eight; Alfred, poet laureate, eighty-three; Frederick, ninety-one; Arthur, eighty-five; Horatio, eighty, and Cecilia, ninety-two.

The Exception.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
"That's good theory, but it isn't always wise practice."
"Why not?"
"I once tried to paper a room myself. I didn't succeed, but I assure you that my experience taught me never to try it again."—Detroit Free Press.

All Wrong.

The poppin' actor had become a soldier. In a hotly contested skirmish he distinguished himself by his courage and gallantry.
"Well, well," said he at the end of the action, "what do you think of that? Not a soul's applauding."—New York Post.

Head For Business.

"Has your boy Josh a head for business?"
"Yep," scoffed Farmer Cornstoss. "He's always talkin' about makin' money. I 'fraid of wih his hands was as good for work as his head is for business."—Washington Post.

Correcting a Mistake.

"Are you troubled with headache?"
"Certainly; you don't suppose I'm pleased with it!"—Exchange.

A Canine Feat.

A blind man, guided by a large and athletic dog, went down the street the other day. Just as they turned a corner the blind man's dog saw a dog it knew and darted forward in a way that threw the sightless mendicant to the ground. He was speedily assisted to his feet, however, by a waggish passerby, who remarked that he had heard some remarkable stories of the feats performed by dogs, but this was the first time he had ever known one to pull down the blind.—Exchange.

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 experience. I have felt a sense of the same thing two or three times since then when peering through the doorway of an abandoned house."

William Daniel Steele in Hartford.
The vessel was not dead. She was a good vessel, a sound vessel, ever a home to sail. In her blunt prowed a white sail, the sail under four lower masts of blue and glistening sea and I had never known, and there was not a word of her killing that one could not believe was wrong. And yet passing the vessel at two miles one knew that no hand was on her wheel, that I can imagine a vessel of this size that moving over the empty spaces of the sea carrying it off quite well were it for that indelible suggestion of a stager, and I can think of all those ocean gods, in 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 Marlene 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, falling 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 wardens 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 Marlonette a week later, tied up in a Hoboken dock, 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 shipish 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.

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. The modern 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 Main Point.

"I am glad to say that I bear no man a grudge."
"But the point is this: Are you of sufficient importance to make any man care whether you bear him a grudge or not?"—Chicago Herald.

Glass.

Glass was made in Egypt 3000 B. C. Transparent glass was first manufactured 719 B. C.

London's Oldest Church.

St. Bartholomew's Priory church, Smithfield, is the oldest church in London, dating from 1123.

The High Seas.

The high seas are uninclosed ocean waters three miles and more from low water mark.

Adam and Eve.

Adam and Eve had many advantages. The principal one was that they escaped teasing.—Mark Twain.

Repertory.

"But why are you in mourning?"
"Oh, for my sins."
"I didn't know you'd lost any!"
Finger Nails.

The growth of the finger nail is an inch and a half a year. It grows more quickly in summer than in winter. The nail of the middle finger grows the fastest and that of the thumb the slowest.

Tipping It Off.

"My boy, never tell another that you know more than he does."
"Why not, pa?"
"Because with that warning he may do a little studying nights and overtake you."—Detroit Free Press.

The Devil's Sonata.

Tartini, the great violinist, after dining indiscreetly dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartini awoke with the ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

Overdid His Plea.

"Yes, sir," said the tramp, "I've made a lot of money in my time. The trouble was that I didn't know enough to hang on to it. Could you let me have a dollar?"
"No, my friend," replied the stranger. "I couldn't after the lesson you've just taught me to hang on to mine."—Detroit Free Press.

Literary.

"Oh, I simply adore Meredith and Hawthorne and Henry James," said the gushing young person.
"So do I," said Little Binks. "They are perfect, delightful. It's like sending your mind to a gymnasium. Endo you read them in the original?"
New York Times.

Easily Arranged.

A man took the following telegram to a telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown Center Street; I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read the will. I believe we are his heirs. John Black."
The telegraph clerk, having counted the words, said: "There are two words too many, sir."
"Cut out 'with grief,'" was the reply.—Chicago News.

Wells.

Solomon was the wisest as well as the most married of men—think that over.—Florida Times-Union.

Clever.

Foxt! Mother—Improvise? Why, my daughter can improvise any piece of music put before her!—Judge.

Animal Etiquette.

No one who is at all observant of the ways of animals can have failed to notice how gentle large dogs, like the St. Bernard and the Great Dane, are to their smaller canine fellows. It is rare that a big dog turns upon one of the little fellows, no matter how aggravating and snappy the latter may be. Instead, he invariably treats the small dog's antics with ungrudging and diffused tolerance. For there is a recognized code of etiquette among animals, if you please, quite as much as there is among human beings. In truth, there are not a few respects in which the animals can give points on politeness and good behavior to man himself.

CAILLAUX ACTIVE IN POLITICS AGAIN

Wife's Shooting of Calmette No Longer Handicaps Him.

HOPES AND FEARS AROUSED

Former French Prime Minister Is Logical Leader of the Left Since Jean Jaures Has Passed Away—It Was Thought His Political Life Ended With the Killing of Editor.

Paris.—"M. Joseph Caillaux—Tres bien!"

That brief extract from the official report of a recent sitting of the chamber of deputies records a momentous moment in the war's parliamentary history. It marks the political rebirth of a man whose political life, people thought, was ended abruptly by the



Photo by American Press Association.

JOSEPH CAILLAUX.

bullet with which his wife killed Gaston Calmette March 16, 1914.

Caillaux's words, "very good," the French equivalent for "hear, hear," were the first he has uttered publicly in the chamber since the murder of the editor of the great French newspaper Figaro. They were used to signify approval of the eulogy being delivered by Aristide Briand, the new premier. Many other deputies gave vent to similar expressions of satisfaction during M. Briand's speech, but except Caillaux none was deemed worthy of individual mention in the stenographic record of the debate.

In singing out the laudatory exclamation of M. Caillaux the official stenographer proved his news sense, and few French newspapers refrained from commenting upon the fact. Between the lines of the press comments one could read the hopes or the fears aroused by the public re-entry into the political arena of this one time prime minister of France. And in the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon the deputies, according to their political lights, denounced the glorified Caillaux's brief utterance. None of them, however, denied its sensational significance, although none knew exactly what it did signify.

Caillaux, who from having been the most powerful figure in French politics became, after Mine. Caillaux's crime, the most execrated man in France, is the dark horse of the present situation. He is so dark, in fact, that not even those faithful followers who stuck to him through thick and thin really know what he is driving at. They are sure, however, that he has a definite plan, and of that his manifold enemies are also aware.

Aside from the fact that his personality is such that whatever he says finds an audience, Caillaux's approval of the new premier's complimentary references to the Socialistic groups attracted attention because since the death of Jean Jaures he is the logical leader of the Left. His words smote the ears of his fellow deputies above the clamorous interruptions of the Right in such a way that there flitted swiftly about the chamber the question, "Is he going to assume that leadership?"

The correct answer to that question may have a very vital and far-reaching effect upon the present war. Were Caillaux to attain the position among the Radical and Socialist elements of which he was deprived by his wife's outrageous act the standing of any ministry of which he did not approve would be insecure indeed, for without the support of the Left no ministry could long remain in power. And there are few who would deny that the Left nowadays has no leaders of the Jaures stamp—unless it be Caillaux. That's why "is he coming back?" has become in the last few days a universal subject for whispered debate in the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon.

Although the two words spoken by Caillaux at the first appearance of the Briand ministry before the chamber formed the first definite demonstration of his presence on the political stage, his progress toward the spot light has been gradual, and not unobserved by an-
except the closest observers.

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 17, 1916, by Salvatore La Mantia, administrator of Domenico Antonucci, late of Creekside borough, Indiana county, Pa., deceased, for an order to make private sale of 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, a state 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 on the northern line of Main street, at the southeast corner of lot 43; thence westerly along the eastern line of lot 43, 111 1/2 feet, more or less to an alley; thence westerly along the eastern line of said alley, 40 feet, more or less, to westerly line of lot 44; thence southerly along the western line of lot 44, 132 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, Pa., formerly the village of East Newville; having thereon erected a dwelling house and store room, combined, badly damaged by an explosion, and other outbuildings (being 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, and in and for Indiana county, in Deed Book Vol. 146, page 121, u on which agreement there still remains unpaid the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) of the purchase money), to Pietro Antonucci for the sum of two hundred and seventy-five (\$275.00) dollars, and the 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, deceased, having been granted the orders of the Orphans' Court of Indiana county are requested to present them by a certified copy of the same to the undersigned at his office in the Savings & Trust Co. building, in the borough of Indiana, Pa., on Tuesday, January 18, 1916, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

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 Fouat, 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 18, 1916, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

WILLIAM N. LIGGETT,

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, Avvedoci permesso il sottoscritto quanto appresso, avvisiamo tutti coloro che vantano diritti sul detto potere, sono richiesti a presentarsi per autenticare li credito, come parimenti avvisiamo tutti coloro che sono in debito di fare un sollecito pagamento.

Dicembre 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.

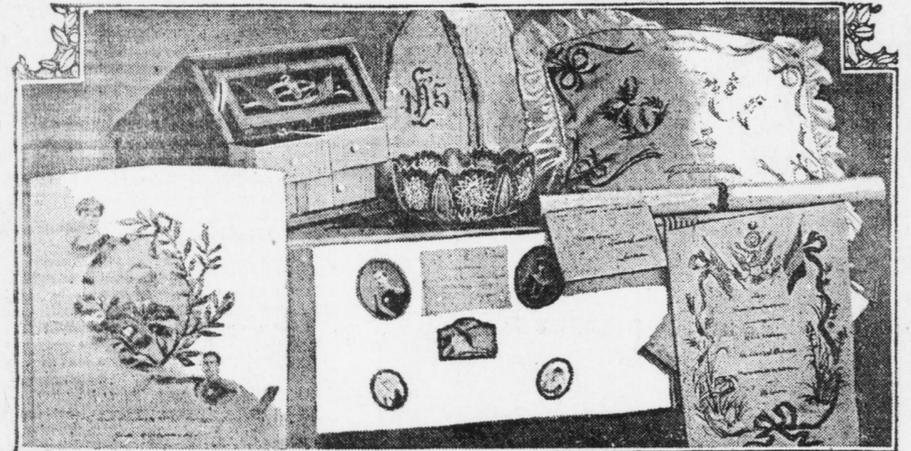
WANTED—Carpenters. Will pay according to merits. Inquire at this office.

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PATENTS BUILT FORTUNES for you. Our free booklet tells how to invent and save you money.

BELGIAN CHILDREN SEND GIFTS TO PRESIDENT



Simple gifts to the president, his family and Cardinal Gibbons from the children of Belgium show their gratitude for the help we have given their stricken country. The gifts are (left to right): A jewel case for the president, colored cut glass bowl, embroidered chalice case and a pillow for Cardinal Gibbons. Below are a hand painted scroll from a twelve-year-old boy of Liege addressed to "His Excellency Sir Edward Wilson, president of the United States, at Washington." A colored pen and ink sketch of President Wilson and the king and queen of the Belgians, addressed to "The loyal president of free America from a thankful heart in Liege."

An Inauspicious.
"They tell me, Mrs. Comens, 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.

A Risky Study.
"Why have you dropped your poplar astronomy?" asked the visitor.

"Cause I got too many lickings," confided Tommy. "The other night I sold 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.

Some People Won't Pay Cost.
"Politeness costs nothing," remarked the ready made philosopher.

"That's not always true," replied Miss Cayenne. "I have seen it cost people a terrible struggle."—Washington Star.

The Lacking Stroke.
"Do you think it would improve my style," inquired the varsity man who had got into the crew through favoritism, "if I were to acquire a faster stroke?"

"It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer. "If you got a paralytic stroke."—London Tit-Bits.

Choice of Terms.
"Have you been indulging in reckless speculation again?"

"How can I tell until I see the stock quotations tomorrow whether it was reckless speculation or prudent investment?"—Washington Star.

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Many Like Him.
Gibbs—Bison expressed a good deal of sympathy for poor Black. Did you try him for a contribution? Gibbs—No; I know Bison. He's like the letter "p"—first in pity and last in behavior.—Boston Transcript.

Machine Guns.
Machine guns are really rifles with a mechanical feed, which supplies them rapidly with cartridges. In all modern patterns they are automatic in action. The gas produced by the explosion or shock of the recoil opens the breech and ejects the spent cartridge, loads 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 in exceptionally good order and cleverly operated can discharge 600 rounds a minute.—London Tit-Bits.

Gastronomically Speaking.
Simply because gluttony is a vice it does not follow that dyspepsia is a virtue.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clever Schema.
"Blink's wife seems to be quite a musician."

"Yes, she is a fine pianist."

"How does she keep in practice when she is away from home?"

"She carries a large muff."

"What for?"

"Just to keep her hand in."—Penny Son's Weekly.