

The Fulton County News.

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CAUSE OF BAD ROADS.

Road Bosses Should Be Made to Pass an Examination Showing Their Efficiency. Change Needed in Road Laws.

THE RIGHT SYSTEM LACKING.

A back number—the bad country road is a back number. It is as much out of place and date as the grain cradle or flail thrasher. They had bad roads away back in grandfather's time—ever since people began to travel, to haul stuff in modern narrow tired wagons. They had good roads away back in Caesar's time in the old world. What progress have we made in road building? Very little. Over three-fourths of all the miles of country roads in the mid-west are still unimproved, says the Agricultural Southwest. In most states 90 per cent would be more nearly correct. Of course, every bit of road gets its annual tearing up by the road officials, who draw a salary for calling it road "improvement."

Why is it thus? There's a reason why country roads are bad. Can't lay it to the weather or the road material either. As one farmer says, "I have seen in twenty-three years hundreds of thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money expended on the roads in town and country; but, after all, our roads are still as bad as ever." As bad as ever! What a comment to make upon the appearance of country homes had not been improved in twenty-three years. But, no; the farms have improved, the towns have grown, and business places are better than they were twenty-three years ago, but the country roads are as "bad as ever" after spending fortunes upon them.

The reason is this—road building is not done in the same businesslike manner as other things are managed. We have seen the creamery come into existence. We have seen the skilled butter-maker turning out carloads of butter finer than that made by the farmers before the creameries took the job off their hands. Science and business methods have made the change in butter-making. But the roads are "as bad as ever" because it is a farmer's job, to be done when it suits his convenience. It is done by men who have never studied the science of road building. It is done in a hit and miss method devoid of business principles. This is why hundreds of thousands of the taxpayers' money have failed to make the roads any better. And again we say it is not because of bad weather or poor road building material. The butter-maker takes bad cream and makes pretty good butter from it because he knows how. Of course, he could do better with good cream. Likewise, the skilled road builder can make good roads out of just plain country dirt because he knows how. Of course he could do better with crushed rock and all of that. It is not a scarcity of money or of material, but a lack of the right system, that is responsible for bad roads.

Dollar for dollar—what we want to see is a dollar's worth of good roads for a dollar spent in road tax. And why not have it? Isn't it about time to quit pouring money into a mudhole? Most roads could have been nicely paved with the dollars they have cost since first laid out. Where has that money gone? Don't cry "graft." Of course there has been too much politics—ah, politics; there's the rub—but there has been no political graft to speak of in connection with country roads. The trouble is the system is and has been wrong. Road building is for the public good, just as mail carrying is. The mail carriers are under civil service, out of politics entirely. They are paid for knowing their business. They must give a dollar's worth of service for a dollar

MORE BRYAN MEDICINE.

The Election of Taft Gave Operator John Jones of Hustontown a Free Wheelbarrow Ride.

NORRIS E. HOOVER STAR PERFORMER.

Hustontown, November 9.—A political discussion a few weeks ago resulted in the following wager being made between Norris E. Hoover, an enthusiastic Bryan supporter, and John E. Jones the American Telegraph & Telephone Co's operator, an equally enthusiastic disciple of Taft. If Bryan was elected, Jones was to wheel Hoover in a wheelbarrow from a point opposite W. R. Evans' house in the east end of Hustontown to J. C. Lamberson's and back to the American Telephone & Telegraph Co's office, a total distance of about 1½ miles; and should Taft be elected, Hoover was to perform the stunt.

At 5:30 p. m. sharp, Saturday following the election, Harry Keller generously brought forth a new wheelbarrow which had been liberally oiled by Jere Laidig and the procession started. Before starting, however, a "Square Deal" was agreed upon. In consideration of Jones sitting well forward on the wheelbarrow, Hoover agreed to hit as few stones as possible. Preceded by a drum corp and followed by a large crowd of admirers, two thirds of whom were Bryan adherents, the principals in the wager were enthusiastically received by the large crowd of people who lined up on both sides of Main street. Judging from the number of people on the street and amount of noise that was made, a stranger would naturally have thought Buffalo Bill's circus had struck the town.

The entire trip was made without a mishap (to Jones,) and the creamery come into existence. We have seen the skilled butter-maker turning out carloads of butter finer than that made by the farmers before the creameries took the job off their hands. Science and business methods have made the change in butter-making. But the roads are "as bad as ever" because it is a farmer's job, to be done when it suits his convenience. It is done by men who have never studied the science of road building. It is done in a hit and miss method devoid of business principles. This is why hundreds of thousands of the taxpayers' money have failed to make the roads any better. And again we say it is not because of bad weather or poor road building material. The butter-maker takes bad cream and makes pretty good butter from it because he knows how. Of course, he could do better with good cream. Likewise, the skilled road builder can make good roads out of just plain country dirt because he knows how. Of course he could do better with crushed rock and all of that. It is not a scarcity of money or of material, but a lack of the right system, that is responsible for bad roads.

Resolution of Respect on the Death of Conrad Gress.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Almighty Commander, in his infinite wisdom to remove by the grim reaper, Death, our beloved Brother; Therefore it seems right and proper to place on record a small tribute to express our just appreciation of his moral worth.

Resolved, That we the members of King Post, No. 365, G. A. R., Dept., Pa., of McConnellsburg, Pa., join in extending our sympathy and prayers to the widow and friends. And, also, our Post has lost an earnest member. While we mourn the loss of our Brother, and miss his presence in our Post, we feel that our loss is his eternal gain.

The march of another Comrade is over, and he lies down after it in the house appointed for all the living.

Thus summoned, this reminds us of the frailty of human life and the tenure by which we hold our own. In such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the Post, and be printed in the County Papers, and the Post room be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

T. N. HAMIL,
HENRY TAYLOR,
D. A. GILLIS,
Committee.

in pay. Why not handle the road problem that way? Remove the road boss from politics and make him pass an examination showing his efficiency. Keep him just as long as he does his work well. Then you will see good dirt roads wherever there is nothing better. Enough money will soon be saved in road tax to macadamize every mile of the main traveled country roads.

PROSPECTING FOR COAL.

The Magsams Have Installed Machinery, and Are Busy Prospecting For Coal on Their Lands East of McConnellsburg.

During the past hundred years the belief has firmly existed in the minds of many people that coal exists in the mountain east of McConnellsburg, and at various times slight efforts have been made at several places to develop the supposed treasure. The outcroppings along the mountain for miles is such as to attract the attention of those in any way familiar with the appearance of coal lands. In order to put the matter at rest, the brothers John and George Magsam, who own several hundred acres of land along the mountain, have purchased necessary machinery for developing the project, and the same is now installed, and men are at work near the residence of Geo. Magsam, about a mile east of town.

The drift of the rock formation dips down into the mountain from the western slope, and the trouble heretofore in all the efforts made to get into the mountain, has been that the hole soon filled with water, and thus shut off further operations. The Magsams have installed a steam jet pump capable of throwing out 4,000 gallons of water per hour and have purchased 300 feet of strong wire cable for the purpose of bringing the excavated matter to the surface. A slope is being made and timbered as they go, so there is nothing in the way of their going after the coal to a successful finish, if the coal is there.

From analyses that have been made by reputable chemists, there is no doubt about there existing a carboniferous substance, that strongly points to the existence of anthracite coal. The question to be settled is: Does it exist in paying quantities?

WON'T COST YOU ANYTHING.

Inspector for the State Department of Agriculture Now in the County. How Are Your Trees?

Mr. H. B. Weiss has been appointed and is authorized to act as inspector for the State Department of Agriculture, and is now in this county inspecting orchards and other premises, for the purpose of detecting the presence of San Jose scale and other injurious pests. His findings are reported to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, who sends printed instructions for getting rid of the scale to the owners of infected premises. It is very important that our people avail themselves of this free service, while they have the opportunity. Do not fear to apply for his service. It will not cost you anything, and it should mean much to you to know the condition of your fruit-bearing trees.

Thompson District S. S. Convention.

A district Sunday School convention will be held in Antwrick church, Timber Ridge, on Saturday, November 21st. Afternoon session at 2:30 and an evening session at 7:00 will be held.

The following subjects will be discussed:

1. In what ways does it benefit a school to be a banner school and how obtained?
2. How best to make the school attractive during the winter months for all.
3. Why should the Sunday School be kept open through the winter.
4. General discussion for the betterment of schools and the communities in which they exist.

All Sunday School workers are respectfully requested to attend. By order of Committee.

Frank Mort and wife, of Clear Ridge were among the number who attended the auction at Fort Littleton last Saturday evening.

HORRIBLE DEATH.

Elmer Trogler Bitten By a Stray Dog Six Weeks Ago. Hydrophobia Developed.

DIED IN HOSPITAL MONDAY NIGHT.

Mr. Elmer Trogler, aged about thirty years, owner of the big Trogler farm on the pike between Mercersburg and the Gap, and married to a daughter of H. Scott Daniels, Esq., near Harrisonville, was bitten by a strange dog about six weeks ago. Rabies developed and Mr. Trogler was taken to the Pasteur Institute, Baltimore, where he died Tuesday morning. The deceased was a son of William A. Trogler, formerly of Mercersburg, but now living in Denver, Colorado. He is survived by a young wife and two children. Besides owning the fine farm on which he lived, he is said to have been quite wealthy, having over \$20,000 on investment and prospering finely.

Monday's Franklin Repository (Chambersburg) tells the story as follows:

"One of the most horrible sights ever seen in Chambersburg was witnessed this morning at the Cumberland Valley Railroad station here by men, women and children, when Elmer Trogler, a young farmer living on the Trogler farm a mile west of Mercersburg, on the pike between Mercersburg and the Gap, was brought here on his way to the Pasteur Institute in Baltimore, for treatment for an aggravated case of hydrophobia. The man is a fine looking fellow of about 28 and not the least of his trouble was his almost complete mental collapse due to his appreciation of his almost hopeless condition. He was frothing at the mouth, snapping and barking like a dog, jerking, twisting his body and throwing his head. His limbs were constantly twitching and one handkerchief after another was quickly saturated by the saliva which came like a stream, frothy and stringy, from his mouth. With him were his father-in-law H. Scott Daniels, Esq., of Harrisonville, and his physician Dr. J. S. Swartzwelder, of Mercersburg, and the two men had a hard task to keep the afflicted man quiet and in a seat. He was brought here off the South Penn in the baggage car and was placed in the baggage car from here on the main line train, his condition making it unsafe to carry him in a coach with other passengers.

"From those with him the story of his being bitten was obtained. Six weeks ago a stray cur was running along the road near Trogler's house, with a chain stringing from his neck. Mr. Trogler happened in the road and the animal flew at him and bit him in the cheek, alongside his mouth, making not a very great nor apparently serious wound. Mr. Trogler applied some salve, the wound healed. He thought nothing more about it. The dog ran on to Mercersburg, biting other dogs and fighting with some he did not bite. He chased George Masser into a wagon and almost bit him and tried to bite other people in the town. He pursued his course through the town and out into the country and was said to have been killed.

"On Friday last, Trogler became first affected with an uncommon twitching of the muscles and with a constriction of the throat. He got nervous paroxysms and grew worse rapidly until Sunday when several doctors were called in, and all pronounced his case one of true rabies, hydrophobia in its most virulent and deadly form.

"Chief of Police G. M. Swisher was among those who saw the man here. He said to a Repository man, 'That was one of the most awful sights I have ever seen in my public career. I wish some of the people who seem to value dogs more than human beings

could have seen poor Trogler. Some of those who pretend to believe there is no such disease as hydrophobia should have seen him also. They would have a good time explaining what was the matter with this poor young father and husband doomed likely to a horrible death strapped to a cot. The life of every dog in Chambersburg would not begin to make up for what that man is going through, let alone his friends and family. It has me all upset.'

"The big hearted Chief was not the only person who was upset by the dreadful sight, but the streets of Chambersburg are as badly polluted by the worthless and apparently ownerless curs as they ever were, and your children stand a fair chance to be in the same state as is that unfortunate man. This is not sensationalism, it is facts. What is to prevent your child from being bitten and infected as Mr. Trogler was? WHAT?"

Dr. Swartzwelder and Mr. Daniels reached the hospital in Baltimore with Mr. Trogler about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. All the way to the city Mr. Trogler was in a highly excitable state of mind and was taken with convulsions twice during the trip. During these spasms he became violent and it took the combined efforts of his father-in-law and the physician to restrain him. Upon arrival of the party in the city he was greatly agitated and seemed anxious to get to the hospital, as he thought he then would be relieved from his sufferings. Several times during the trip Dr. Swartzwelder found it necessary to administer an opiate to quiet him.

Upon his arrival at the institution he was taken immediately to the surgical ward, and several sedative were administered by the physicians in an effort to quiet him. Dr. Gibbs, the assistant to Dr. N. G. Keirle, the head of the Pasteur institute, finally removed the patient to a private room. As the doctor and Mr. Trogler were leaving the ward on their way to the room, a gust of wind blew in the latter's face, causing him to go into convulsions.

The patient tossed about in his bed, at times he would become violent and thrash about, but would soon lapse into unconsciousness. One of the nurses or a doctor was constantly in attendance, and Dr. Gibbs kept a close watch on the patient. During his delirium the patient would cry for fresh air and repeatedly asked those in the room whether he would get well or not. Owing to the fact that the victim was not brought to the hospital until the disease had taken a firm hold upon his system the physicians held out scant hope for his recovery.

The trip was a dangerous one for Dr. Swartzwelder and Mr. Daniels, for the saliva from Trogler's mouth was thrown in every direction.

Dr. Swartzwelder had a small abrasion on his left thumb and, fearing that some of the poison-saliva might have found its way into the cut he had the wound cauterized.

Although the victim was well-to-do, he made no will, for no one had told him that he was so near death's door. He did not realize that he was so ill, but called constantly for air and sunshine, which, he believed, would benefit him, but he could not bear the slightest bit of air. With every draft, no matter how slight, the victim went into convulsions.

During the trip from Mercersburg to Baltimore the doctor and father-in-law had to hold Trogler and shield him from the wind. Every breath of air gave him pain.

From the time he entered the hospital each succeeding convulsion was more violent, and it was evident that he could not last long. At 2:30 o'clock Tuesday

STOCK DEALER HELD UP.

Only the Quick Display of Nerve Saved D. B. Martin, of Chambersburg, From Being Robbed.

EVIDENCE OF A WELL LAID PLOT.

Last Monday morning, about two o'clock, David B. Martin, the well known stock dealer of Chambersburg, left his home to drive to McConnellsburg to the home of Judge Morton to get a hundred sheep and a bunch of cows. About four o'clock, as he was nearing Fort Loudon, he noticed a suspicious looking man standing on the side of the turnpike, and as Mr. Martin was in the act of driving by him, the stranger pulled his hat down over his forehead and advanced threateningly toward Mr. Martin. If he thought Mr. Martin would be an easy victim, he soon had reason to change his mind, for the plucky stock-dealer quickly drew his gun and pushed it close into the highwayman's face, at the same time yelling an epithet at him that would not lock well in print, and warning him that if he made another step forward he would perforate his anatomy. The stranger took to his heels and disappeared in the haziness of the early morning.

Mr. Martin describes his assailant as a short stout man with a beard of about two weeks' growth, and wearing a good hat. That a plot had been laid to rob Mr. Martin is believed by the fact since learned by Mr. Martin, that two or three postal cards had passed through the mails, and at least two telephone messages relative to Mr. Martin's coming to McConnellsburg that morning.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Ditch Run School House Narrowly Escaped Being Destroyed By Fire Last Friday Night.

The Ditch Run schoolhouse, in Thompson township, where Miss Nettie Stouteagle of this place is teaching this winter, came near being destroyed by fire last Friday night, or rather during the early hours of Saturday morning. About two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Richard Johnson, who lives near the schoolhouse, was awakened by a light shining in through his bedroom window, and arose to investigate the cause, when he found that a fire was fiercely burning in the woods which surrounds the schoolhouse. He gave an alarm, which brought together the near neighbors, who went to the fire, and while some of them tried to control it others gained entrance to the schoolhouse, and began removing the furniture. The building became ignited, but the men there were able to get it out, and after a desperate fight succeeded in saving the building.

Republican Rally.

In order to make Mr. Taft feel more comfortable after his election the Republicans of this place have decided to show him that they do not harbor any ill feeling by having a ratification meeting and parade on Saturday evening. The parade will consist of footmen and horsemen led by the McConnellsburg Band, and will form on the west end of Water street at seven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Ahimaz Clevenger returned home last Sunday after having spent a week very pleasantly among friends in Hancock, Martinsburg, Germantown, and Washington.

morning Death seemed mercifully to end his dreadful suffering.

Mr. Trogler's remains were placed in the hands of an undertaker, who prepared the body for burial and shipped it to Mercersburg, where it arrived Wednesday morning. The funeral will take place from his late residence today.

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Snapshots at Their Comings and Goings Here for a Vacation, or Away for a Restful-Outing.

NAMES OF VISITORS AND VISITED

Mr. Norman Johnston, of Indiana, Pa. is visiting his mother and other friends in the Cove.

Mrs. W. H. Peck and son Raymond, of Gem, spent last Friday shopping in McConnellsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Carmack, of Hustontown, were in town a few hours last Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Kerlin, of East McKeesport, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mort at Clear Ridge.

Miss Bess Patterson has gone to Philadelphia to visit in the home of her brother, T. Elliott Patterson, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Sharpe, and Mrs. Sharpe's mother Mrs. Geo. W. Sipes, were in town a few hours Monday.

Mrs. Eliza Michaels, of Everett Pa., is visiting her daughter Mrs. George W. Hays, and other friends in McConnellsburg.

Mr. Irvin Cook, of Fort Littleton, called in while in town last week and renewed his subscription to the News for another year.

Mrs. Mary Stinson has returned to her home at Clear Ridge, after having spent several days visiting her son Easton Stinson at Knobsville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sloan returned from Mercersburg Monday where they had been visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Walker.

Miss Nora Fisher, teacher of the Primary school in this place, spent the time from Saturday morning until Monday evening in a trip to Shippensburg. Her brother, A. J. Fisher, had charge of her school Monday.

Mrs. M. A. Kelly went down to Thompson on Tuesday to spend a few days among her relatives and friends. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Susan Bishop, who had been visiting in the home of Mrs. Kelly for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wible and their sons William and Harry, spent the time from last Friday until Monday visiting among relatives and friends in this community. Mr. Wible owns a farm and lives about two miles southwest of Chambersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Varney and their three children, of Windber Somerset county, are visiting among their Fulton county relatives and friends. Mr. Varney is in the employ of the P. R. Co., and says business is beginning to take on new life again.

Mrs. J. C. Fryman.

Mrs. J. C. Fryman died at her home in Berrien Springs, Mich., on the 26th of October, after an illness of two weeks, aged 52 years. Mrs. Fryman had been a sufferer from a cancerous disease for several years. Two weeks previous to her death, she went to Richmond, Ind., for treatment, but returned home in a serious condition.

She leaves to mourn their loss a husband—J. Cal. Fryman, a brother of our townsman, Robert N. Fryman—and three children, namely, Mrs. Mabel Oliver, of Saginaw, Mich., Miss Ethel, of Berrien Springs, and Walter, of Buchanan.

Mrs. Fryman was a member of the M. E. Church, president of the Ladies Aid Society, and assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. She had been teacher of the primary department, but had to resign on account of ill health. She was one of that rare type of gentleness, whose loss a whole community may mourn.