

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

PHILIP S. MILLER.

Philip S. Miller was born in McConnellsburg, Pa., October 17, 1867 and departed this life at his home southwest of Tiskilwa, Ill., January 13, 1914, being at the time of his death, 46 years, 2 months and 26 days of age.

He was the sixth child of a family of nine children born to Solomon Isaac and Mary Ann Miller. Mr. Miller united with the Methodist church at McConnellsburg, Penn., at the age of twelve years.

He went west at the age of seventeen years, and almost his entire life since that time has been spent in the neighborhood of Door Hill, he having spent some years before his marriage in that vicinity.

December 4, 1890 he was united in marriage to Miss Adaline Elizabeth McKean of Buda, Ill. To this union were born nine children, eight sons and one daughter, all of whom are living. They are as follows: the daughter Miss Josephine; the sons: Earl, Sharswood, Scott, Clyde, Edward, Raymond, Homer and William, the last named child being a babe of four months.

His death was caused by gall stones after an illness of less than a week.

Mrs. C. E. PRICE.

Caroline Eleanor, youngest daughter of General John and Mary Sipes was born in Licking Creek township, this county, March 8, 1833. After reaching womanhood, she taught school until she went to Galva, Ill., in 1856. September 3, 1857 she was married to Wilson Price, who died July 21, 1891. Early in life Mrs. Price was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and was a living member in that church to the time of her death. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Axemaker at Brawley, Cal., on the 28th of December, 1913, and her remains were brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMeekin, at Galva, Ill., where her sister Mrs. Julia Bates makes her home, and interment was made in that city. She is survived by four sons and one daughter; by nineteen grandchildren, and by three great-grandchildren.

LEMUEL HILL.

After an illness covering a period of several weeks, Lemuel Hill died at his home in Belfast township, on Monday night of last week, aged about fifty years. The funeral took place on Wednesday, and interment was made at Antioch church. The deceased is survived by his widow, who was Martha, a daughter of the late Emanuel Keyser, and by seven children.

Great Convention.

In a recent letter from Helen McC. Kendall, to Mrs. A. J. Martin, near this place, she tells how she was highly privileged and honored in being chosen as one of the six student delegates to represent Wooster University at the seventh quadrennial convention of the students' Volunteer Movement at Kansas City, Mo. It was held during the latter part of December and beginning of January. There were 5,000 delegates there including returned missionaries, professors, ministers, secretaries, and students from 800 universities and colleges from U. S. and Canada.

"It was" Miss Kendall says, "the most wonderful and inspiring convention I ever hope to attend. There were 1,500 Student Volunteers there, and as I sat in the midst, I felt that I belonged to a movement really worth while. Some of the speakers were: John R. Mott, Robt. E. Speer, Sherwood Eddy, J. Campbell White, Stanley White, W. J. Bryan, and others."

Lawrence County Letter.

Excerpts from a letter from Mr. J. G. Patterson, Lawrence county, Pa., is a sample of the many letters that reached our desk the Court granted license to all applicants at the last term of court. Former residents seem to be as bitterly disappointed as many of the home people. The letter shows the effects of no liquor license in that county for two years.

Mr. Patterson says: "When Lawrence was 'wet' it was not safe for a lady to go down town alone in our county-seat, New Castle, but the city is now clean, decent and prosperous."

"It was my pleasure to carry the remonstrance, and in our town all signed it but one. Can you beat it?"

We have a judge with backbone, a heart that reaches out to the mothers, wives and sisters and interprets the law as the masses would have it."

"Since the county went dry, criminal court cases dropped from 107 to 71. Average saving in jury fees, \$577.52. Arrests for drunkenness decreased 50 per cent. Increase in sales by whole salers and jobbers within the county for 1913 over 1910, was \$843,811.99."

A Real Santa Claus.

Every Christmas for several years, Dr. I. S. Garthwaite, formerly of Webster Mills, this county, but now a resident of Chama, New Mexico, has made every boy and girl in that New Mexico town happier than he ever was before, and this, says a local newspaper of that place, is how he does it:

He invites every child to his office on Christmas eve. They are admitted in groups and when they emerge the crowds waiting their turn in the street see their arms loaded with toys, bags of candy and nuts and apples and everything that kids like.

Most of these children are little Mexicans, dark-skinned and quiet, but what joy surges through their hearts can be seen in the growing of the big, black eyes as they hurry home with their present to tell everybody that Santa Claus is not a myth.

Painful Accident.

Ellsworth W. Hendershot, of Ayr township, owns a steam sawmill and is working up the timber on the Glazier farm in Ayr township, now owned by Samuel Mel-lott. Last Friday Mr. Hendershot and Jacob Eshelman were working at the mill, when something went bad in the friction feed, and Ellsworth went to investigate. While probing with a small piece of wire, his right hand was caught in the machinery and terribly crushed. Dr. Sappington was called and did the best that could be done under the circumstances, but every bone in the back of the hand was crushed and the skin torn off. The Doctor amputated the little finger, and placed more than a hundred stitches to hold the torn skin. It was necessary for Mr. Hendershot to remain three hours under the influence of the anaesthetic.

Surprise Party.

Singing merrily at her work last Monday morning, Mrs. O. C. Wible was surprised to see a crowd of between fifty and sixty merry makers swoop down from all directions, and who informed her that as she was eleven years old on that day, and that they had come to celebrate the event. The whole day was spent as only a jolly crowd knows how. Space this week will not permit details and the names of the participants. All were the better for the day's relaxation from the hum-drum cares of life.

Veteran George W. Glenn, of Webster Mills, was shaking hands in town with friends on Ground Hog day.

COOPERATION ALL AROUND.

Influential Quotations Emphasizing Plea for Closer Town and Rural Relations.

In line with, and explanatory of, a criticism I made of some of our business men, I would like to submit a few quotations from The Banker-Farmer, which is published in Champaign, Ill. These articles are from business men all over the country.—W. C. Patterson.

"The idea of The Banker-Farmer movement indicates a bringing together of interests that have been partially separate, if not antagonistic.—S. G. Daws, Chamberlain of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

"The idea of humanity commended by The Banker-Farmer should connect us all in a cause of common good, common interest, and common sense.—W. H. Miller, Lumberman, Spokane, Wash.

"Keep to the front the idea of team work between the banker, the farmer, the merchant, and the country newspaper which is still a power although everyone is reading a daily paper or a magazine.—J. R. Moorhead, Retail Merchant, Lexington, Mo.

B. F. Harris, the originator of co-operation between bankers and farmers, has an unusually clear conception of the problems which farmers must face: "If you can only get bankers to read The Banker-Farmer great good will come of it.

"We realize that conditions make farm life impossible for many on account of lack of co-operation in educational matters; but such knowledge keeps us working away to improve them. It's a lonesome struggle, but someone must fight.—Jno. Fields, Editor of the Oklahoma Farm Journal. (Formerly of this county.)

"All a farmer needs do these days is to sprinkle a little milk on his shoes, walk into our bank and command our services. Thus spoke a leading banker of Hickory, N. C., where bankers and merchants and field demonstrators, such as we have in S. W. Lighty and Dr. Conrad, united in a great movement to build up dairying, general farming, and promote good roads and good country schools. The result is the existence of the Catawba Cooperative Creamery producing 3,000 pounds of butter per month, community work in fine roads, new barns and siles by the score where they were formerly unknown, and the egg business built up and prosperous.—The Country Gentleman.

The other day a prominent Pennsylvanian was speaking of the unrealized agricultural possibilities of this State, and remarked: "Most of us don't know what we've got or how to use it. Food is the fundamental. Even for us Americans situated in the world's food belt, it is becoming a problem. Such booklets as 'The Beef Steer and His Sister,' and 'The Helpful Hen,' by Colburn, of Kansas, have gone around the world. A man like Colburn, if he could be got, would be worth \$100,000 a year to Pennsylvania or any other agricultural state.—North American."

Delicate Operation.

After having passed through a "spell" of pneumonia, followed by an attack of pleurisy, it became necessary to telephone Drs. Palmer and Skinner, who came over from Chambersburg last Wednesday and performed a surgical operation on Stella, nine years of age, daughter of Sheriff and Mrs. J. J. Harris. The child was placed under the influence of an anaesthetic; a portion of one of her ribs taken out and a pus sack in her chest tapped from which was taken more than three quarts of pus. A drainage pipe was then inserted and the little girl is now as comfortable as might be expected.

REV. GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

Tells of the Ringing of the Bells of Brandon as the Locomotive Pulled In.

SUMNER, IA., January 28th.

EDITOR NEWS:—You will see, by the change of address, that the old habit has gripped me once more, and I have moved. Pretty hard for a Methodist preacher to settle down and stay on in one place for a generation, like a staid old Presbyterian—sure it is in my case, that I am not staying forever in one place. The minister in the Lutheran church in our city, has held his pulpit here for twenty-five years, and seems destined to—like the brook—"run on forever."

I wonder why it is? Are Methodists fickle and hard to please, or are Methodist Ministers, distantly related to the "Weary Willies," and the "moving bug" grips them frequently.

Well, anyway, we left Brandon last fall just as the cars were coming in. We went there overland for nine miles, from the nearest town, but we loaded our goods to leave, on the cars in the village, just one block from the parsonage. It was quite an experience for us to live for a whole year in a town without a railroad. To wait for your mail until the stage came in, and when you wanted to go away, to take the stage or hitch up your own team and drive nine miles. Why, it was like my boyhood days in old McConnellsburg, except there were no mountains.

One day along in late July or August, I took one of the old residents of the town, and drove out a mile or two to where they were laying rails for the track. We drove up a slight hill, and from the top of the hill, we could see the smoke of the engine and the men at work. The gentleman with me could scarcely contain himself. He said—"Look at that! I've been waiting for forty years to see a sight like that," and he nearly jumped out of the buggy in his excitement. Well it was a great day when the crew laying rails reached the town of Brandon. Everybody was out to meet them, and greet them with shouts. But the excitement was greater when the first trains began to run and haul freight to and from the town. With the rest of the natives, I was down to see the first ear load of hogs go out; and, then, soon cattle; and, then, began to come in coal and household goods and full cars of all kinds of stuff; and, then, local freight. Then a temporary depot was established, and, on the Sunday I was at conference, passenger traffic was started, and, on Friday of that week, we left, taking everything with us, except the old horse and buggy.

In about ten days after we left, I went back, to get the horse and buggy, and to attend the great jubilee. It was a great time, and I am sure my friend Hughes of Philadelphia,—do you know him?—if he had been in this country, would have walked all over himself in order to get there. The officials of the road were there; the people from all the surrounding towns were there; brass bands were there; buggies, surreys, wagons and automobiles were there! There were thousands of people out to that meeting. They had speaking and singing and praying and band playing &c. Everybody was at a fever heat of interest, even the "roast ox" they had was hot! Why, I got so interested in anticipation of the coming of the day that I wrote a song for the children to sing on the occasion, and they sang it too, I tell you. I'll give you one verse and the chorus, and you find the familiar tune they sang it to,

"Listen to the rumble of the cars up on the track,
They're coming on at rapid speed,
and none can keep them back,
Every one go at it now, and sing or shout or quack,
Kind regards to all.
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

SAM MARTIN.

Former Fulton Teacher, Now a Successful Business Man in the Buckeye State.

Gambier, O., Jan. 27.

Dear Editor:—As you know, we get the FULTON COUNTY NEWS every week, and I read every item. In last week's issue, the item which caught my special attention was that concerning the record of a pen of 25 Leghorns kept at Brookside Farm. I am interested in poultry, having made a specialty of producing thorough bred laying stock for the past three years, consisting of Rhode Island Reds, Barred Rocks, White Manora, White Orpington, and White and Brown Leghorns. We figure, from the statement in the NEWS, that the 25 hens referred to must have laid about 288 eggs during six weeks time from Dec. 1st, to Jan. 15th, or an average production, per hen of 11 13-27 eggs. This I consider a very good average for Leghorns during the winter months; but my experience has been that the Rhode Island Red is the most valuable hen for egg production, as well as a good fowl for table use. In comparison with the above named pen of Leghorns, I would like to place a pen of 8 Rhode Island Red pullets. These pullets were hatched the latter part of last March, were raised on a town lot with good feed and proper attention. During the six weeks from Dec. 1st, to Jan. 15th, these eight pullets laid 140 eggs, or an average per hen of 17 1/2 eggs. The pullets referred to were placed in their winter quarters, which are much the same as those described by the writer from Brookside Farm, about Oct. 1st. Their feed, for each day since going in their winter quarters, consists of a feed of sprouted oats in the morning, dry mash at noon, the formula of which I shall give later, and grain at night—usually half and half of wheat and corn, always feeding this last feed as late in the day as possible.

Our formula for dry mash is as follows: First month in the house—300 lbs. wheat bran, 100 lbs. each, cornmeal, midlings, beef-scrap, and gluten meal. Second month in the house—200 lbs. wheat bran, other ingredients same as first month. Third month—same as second with 50 lbs. linseed meal added. Remaining months in house same as second.

This is my second year to use this mash and I am satisfied that it is an egg producer. I notice the writer from Brookside Farm does not feed much bran. I believe it pays to feed bran at all times during the year. During the winter months I feed it with other ground feed; while in the summer, I feed it alone.

I just thought I'd drop you these lines to let you know that your Ohio friends are wide awake to what is going on in "Little Fulton," and that I am endeavoring to maintain the high standard of progress prevalent in so many of her sons and daughters that have crossed her boundary lines to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

With kind regards for all, I am
Yours truly,
S. R. MARTIN.

George W. Wagoner, Esq., of Knobsville spent Monday in town on business.

While the cars roll into Brandon.

Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! The cars are here at last!
Hurrah. Three Cheers for the President Mr. Case,
So we'll sing the chorus, forgetting all the past
While the cars are rolling into Brandon."

Wouldn't it be fine if some one could have the chance to write a song celebrating the coming of the cars into the dear old "Home town."

Kind regards to all.
GEO. B. SHOEMAKER.

Highway Department.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 2. Although hampered by insufficient funds wherewith to build first-class highways throughout the Commonwealth, the State Highway Department expects to spend such money as is available in putting the Highways of Pennsylvania in as good a condition as is possible during 1914. This was made clear in a statement issued by the Department in which the program for the coming year was outlined.

State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow has decided that if the automobile money is made available for road work, the amount shall be used for putting in shape as many of the highways in the State as possible. It is his intention to have the roads gone over, scraped and cleaned and then to have all gutters cleaned out and repaired and to have the drains and culverts fixed. After this has been done the roads will be patrolled and effort will be made to keep them in as nearly perfect condition as possible. It will not be feasible to proceed with much in the way of construction of new highways, since the amount of money available will not suffice to do more than keep the highways in passable condition.

The State Highway Department maps of the counties in the State are being eagerly sought for by those who are anxious to have accurate data on the roads in the various counties. These maps, which are made from surveys by the Department engineers, are of the same quality that map makers usually charge for at the rate of from \$2.00 to \$3.50. They are furnished to the public by the State Highway Department at the nominal cost of 25 cents each. At the present time the Department has for sale maps of Fulton County.

Just So.

While chatting with a visitor in our office the other day, the conversation turned to the farmer's institutes held in the county this winter; he said they were a mighty good thing, and that many difficult points had been made clear to those in attendance. He said, however, that there was much in the general lectures that did not apply to his particular locality, on account of local conditions that called for special consideration. We replied that we appreciated what he said, and that while writing, or in selecting farm articles for the NEWS readers, we tried to keep that fact in mind. An effort will be made to have a series of "Movable Schools" held in the county next winter, and it is not too soon to make the suggestion that some one—or several of the lecturers be invited to study local conditions in the more hilly districts of the county, and prepare a talk in accordance, as a "relish," to sandwich in with the program. Traveling lecturers must, of necessity, prepare to talk on broad lines, basing their remarks on foundation principles that apply to farm needs in general, but good anywhere. Opportunities for making the old farm keep the family are as good here as elsewhere; but, as the gentleman said, they are "different." What do you think of our suggestion, Messrs. President and Secretary? How would this topic do? "Farming Eighteen Miles From a Railroad."

That the anti-booze sentiment is developing was recently exemplified on the part of the Pittsburgh and Brownsville divisions of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie railroad, when 126 employes were dismissed summarily for drinking. The company had posted notices to the effect that employes found drinking whether on or off duty, would be dismissed. The dismissals included engineers, conductors, fire men, brakemen and flagmen. A few more doses of this kind, we think will have a sanitary effect, and so may it be.

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

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

Mr. John G. Hess, of Needmore, called at the NEWS office a few minutes while in town last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bradnick and their children Lottie, John and Paul were in McConnellsburg last Friday.

Druggist Leslie W. Seylar spent three days last week in Philadelphia and other eastern towns.

Walter Peck, of Needmore, made a business trip to McConnellsburg last Thursday, driving a team of dandy mules.

Bennet Truax, Michael Mellott and Stuart Strait, all of near Pleasant Ridge, were transacting business in town last Monday.

Mr. C. W. Peck, who spent eight weeks in Minersville working at the carpenter business is spending this week with his family in this place, and will return to Minersville next Monday.

M. J. Truax and little son Johnnie R. D. 3. Mercersburg, spent last Wednesday night with the former's father Joseph, in Belfast township, and dropped in to renew his subscription, on the way home, next day.

William Deavor, of Taylor township, and his brother Frank, of Huntingdon, paid this office a call last Thursday. Frank was called home when his father was seized with paralysis, but could not reach there before he died.

Miss Mary Baumgardner, teaching the Mayes Chapel school in Bethel township, accompanied by Reed and Ruie Bishop, spent the time from Friday evening until Sunday afternoon in the home of Mary's parents Mr. and Mrs. William Baumgardner.

Mr. D. F. Tenley, of Sixmile Run, came down to McConnellsburg Monday bringing with him John and Daniel Tritle, who had been working at Kearney. The Tritle boys are going west in a couple of weeks to spend the summer. Mr. Tenley wanted to buy some pigs and take them home with him.

On January 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Clingerman, of Piney Creek, Bedford county, moved to their new home on the John W. Potter farm near Northcraft, Union township, this county. They were in town on last Monday and Tuesday, looking after the settlement of the estate of John W. Potter, deceased of whom Mrs. Clingerman is a daughter. It was their first trip to McConnellsburg.

Plenty of Farms.

The Department of Agriculture has been taking stock of the tillable land in the country. The "back to the farm" dreamers need have no fear of a scarcity of farms. Sixty per cent of the area of the United States, or over a billion acres is tillable, including that which can be made so by clearing, drainage or irrigation. Only 27 per cent, a little over one-quarter of that, is now under actual cultivation. Or for every hundred acres tilled there are 375 tillable acres left. In addition there is one-third of a billion acres situated for fruit or pasturage, the remaining third of a billion acres of our national area being of no agricultural use.

It is therefore, evident that we have hardly begun to farm as we might, even in tilling our acreage, to say nothing of what can be done by intensive cultivation as practiced abroad. When we settle ourselves to it the solution of the high cost of living should be only a question of energy and ability in cultivation and in distribution.

Do not forget that the proper time to prune grapevines is rapidly passing. They should be trimmed before sap begins to flow.