

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

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

ANNIE FORE.

The pallbearers at the funeral of Annie Fore whose death notice appeared in the NEWS last week, were eight of her little associates, namely—Ruth Crouse, Gene Barmont, Rose Daniels, Helen Bender, Thelma Glazier, Nettie Richards, Mary Fisher, and Helen Washabaugh. Services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. L. Yearick, of the Reform Church, and interment was made in the cemetery at the E. church, Knobsville, Friday morning, July 31st. She died Wednesday evening July 25, 1914 her age was 15 years, 2 months, and 24 days.

Previous to the removal of Mr. Charles Fore, her father, to Knobsville last Spring, Annie lived in McConnellsburg for about a year where she endeared herself to friends not only of her own age, but to many older. For more than a year she had suffered with pulmonary tuberculosis, and since the death of her mother several years ago, she did that she could fill a mother and housekeeper's place in her father's family. It was a sorrowful task for her little friends to lay her body in its long last resting place.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DUNLAP.

The subject of this notice died suddenly on Saturday evening, July 18, 1914, at the home of his son Scott in Coles Valley, Huntingdon county, Pa., four miles north of New Grenada. He was born on Broad Top mountain, November 4, 1833, and was aged, therefore, at the time of his death, 80 years, 8 months, and 14 days. He spent most of his life on the farm where he died, except a few years of his earlier life which he spent in the West. He married Sophia Yingling in the year 1855. To this union were born eleven children six of whom are living, namely—James Huntingdon; Scott, on home place; Wilson and Mason, at Mt. Zion; Myrtle, at Cassville, Pa., and Lizzie, in Montana.

Services at home by Rev. McClain, of Cassville; interment in the home graveyard on the farm where his remains were to rest by the side of his wife who died twenty-eight years ago. Mr. Dunlap was a member of M. E. Church at Smiths, in Coles Valley and was a great Bible student, reading a portion of Scriptures each day. He had a fairly well, and had looked out and found some cars which he pulled; returning the house he said he felt sick. He remarked "I just got here in the car or I could not have made it." He grew rapidly worse and died in a short time, from a fatal stroke. Another vacant place in that home that can never be filled.

A Friend.

Fish Got Away.

One day last week, Rev. J. V. Yearick, Samuel Mellott, Daniel Quade and some others whose names we did not learn, were fishing in Licking Creek. Rev. Yearick had a half-dozen or more fish. When they reached the mouth of Cove Creek, Mr. Mellott, who was carrying the string of fish, put them carefully into the stream, and set the bait bucket on the bank with the string tied (as he thought) to a bucket. A few minutes afterwards it was discovered that the fish had escaped. It is very evident that the string was not fastened by one of the Rev's famous matrimonial "knots."

Miss Mary and Miss Harriet entertained the Thimble Club last Friday afternoon, in honor of their house guests, the Messrs. Matthews, of Philadelphia.

WILL WIELD THE BIRCH.

Names of Those Who Will Have Charge of the Schools in Fulton County During School Year.

AYR—Jugtown, Sophia Hohman; Road School, Hazel Garland; Back Run, Maude Rinedollar; Cito, Retha Mellott; Rock Hill, Olive Wible; Webster Mills, Janette Stoutenagle; Connors, Stanley Humbert; Corner, George Smith; Laurel Ridge, Flora Shives.

BELFAST—Cedar Lane, Thomas Truax; Maple Grove, Orben Hebbner; Mortons Point, Ethel McEl-downey; Jacob Lakes, Virgie Gress; Sipes Hill, Harry Deshong; Phillip Morgrets, Maye Pittman; Pleasant Grove, Blair Garland; Needmore, Vacant; Cross Roads, Russell Stevens.

BETHEL—Warfordsburg, Alice Brewer; Mays Chapel, Webster Mellott; Mount Airy, Blanche Smith; Gordons, Clara Norris; Franklin Mills, Katie Mentzer; Black Oak, Reed Bishop; Alpine, Vacant.

BRUSH CREEK—Akersville Advanced, Russell Akers, Akersville Primary, Thelma Metzler; Buffalo, Iva Hixson; Emmaville, Ernest Walters; Buchanan, Walter Smith; Oak Grove, Walter Barkman; Locust Grove, Lois Mason.

DUBLIN—Fort Littleton, Jennie Cromer; Clear Ridge, Harry Snyder; Chesnuts, Esther Welsh; Glunts, Erma Gress; Battle Ridge, Ira L. Peck; Burnt Cabins, and Mud Level vacant.

LICKING CREEK—Harrisonville, Belle Mellott; Shanes, Kathryn Hoop; Compulsion, Ally Deshong; Daniels, C. W. Mellott; Siloam, Lenora Decker; Vallance, Mayo Sipes; Forest Dale, Verlie Decker; Saluvia, vacant.

McCONNELLSBURG—Primary, Minnie Reisner; Intermediate, Grace Lodge; Grammar, Joan Morton; High School, H. P. Barton.

TAYLOR—Hustontown, W. H. Ranek; Gracey, Fred Lamberson; Fairview, Alice Cutchall; Water-fall, Ruth Strait; Winegardners, O. V. Wink; Wintergreen, Olitipa Keebaugh; Cherry Grove, W. G. Wink; Laidig, Ethel Sipes.

THOMPSON—Center, H. S. Sharpe; Board Yard, Pleasant Sipes; Bald Eagle, Pearl Fisher; Ditch Run, Mattie Winters; Independence, Jessie Yeakel; West-view, H. W. Wink; Oakley, Denver Evans.

TODD—Knobsville, John Kelso; Woodburn, Maudleen Stevens; McGoverns, Jessie Mason; Scotts, H. S. Alexander; Summers, Rush Wagner.

UNION—Center, Ada Lehman; Fairview, Mary McKibbin; Zacks Ridge, Jessie Hoopengardner; Harmonia, Oscar Lashley; Excelsior, Nellie Morgret; Barnes Gap, Gilbert Mellott.

WELLS—Number one, Advanced, H. M. Griffith; Primary, vacant; Number two, Roy Shafer; Number three, Eleanor Sipe; Number four, vacant.

Painful Accident.

An accident that might have been much more serious happened to Martha Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Comerer, of Hagerstown, on Monday, July 27th. The Comerer home is on a street car line, and Martha Jane had gone out with a friend who was boarding a car. Just as she turned to go back to the sidewalk, a motorcycle came whizzing by, running between her and the car, entangling her dress skirt in the machine, which threw Martha to the ground, and dragged her several feet along the street, completely tearing her clothing into shreds. She was picked up and carefully taken into her home, and a physician called. Outside of the great shock and a number of bruises, she was not greatly injured, but has been under the physician's care since.

Thomas Hamil is adding an extension to the store room next door to his residence, occupied by Watson C. Lynch.

Farming In Olden Times.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalm 126:6.

To many, this is a strange passage of scripture. Why did the farmer "weep" as he went forth to sow his seed? To explain part of the meaning of the text, we will have to tell something of the methods and the results, of farming in the Psalmist's day.

In those days the average farm was little larger than some of our potato patches; the work was all done with hand-tools, the grain was beaten out with sticks, and the chaff was blown away with a fan similar to the kind used to cool our faces. We can readily see, therefore, that the number of bushels a farmer could raise was not often represented by more than two figures. Upon this small supply the farmer and his family had to depend for bread until another harvest time; and it frequently happened that, at sowing time, there was not enough grain left to comfortably keep the family and furnish seed too. The father of the household well knew that if he did not take some of the scanty store for seed, his family would have no bread next winter. To take the seed wheat meant that his little ones would, of necessity, have to eat less bread until another crop was raised. He had neither money nor opportunity to buy wheat, corn, or whatever it was, and there was no other way out of the difficulty. Other reasons that might be given as occasion for weeping, were, the discouraging nature of the rocky, thorny soil, and the constant fear of invasion by enemies.

Do you now understand why he wept? The sight of men weeping, while sowing, in those days was so common that the Psalmist knew that none of his people would fail to understand his illustration of great truth which we will leave to the pulpit to expound.

Three Hours to Gettysburg.

A letter from Rev. R. E. Peterman, dated Gettysburg, August 3rd, runs as follows: "We had the greatest trip this morning from McConnellsburg to Gettysburg. Arrived in time for breakfast—thanks to Henry Ford and others—in a little more than three hours. I think the road builders deserve to be congratulated for the excellent road they are making over Cove mountain. No longer will any one need to dread the mountain. It is a pleasure, indeed, and something of a wonder, to find a boulevard on the mountain in Fulton county. The mountain top is only a fifteen- to twenty-minute pleasure trip from McConnellsburg. I hope to be back by Friday."

Lost His Wallet.

E. R. McClain knows "how good it feels after it quits hurting." He lost his wallet in the smoker on a Cumberland Valley train while on his way to Chambersburg to bring his wife home from the hospital last Sunday, and did not discover the loss until he was near the hospital. Thinking that he might have dropped the wallet in the toilet of the smoker, he retraced the steps of his auto in hiking back to the depot where the cars were being cleaned. Workmen had not yet reached that car in their dusting and scrubbing operations, but Mr. McClain lost no time in investigating it, and found the wallet.

Misses Bess and Fannie Gress visited their aunt, Mrs. Rhoda Keefe, in Franklin county, last week, and Mrs. Keefe and her daughter came home with them to visit in the home of her neices, and at her old home in Licking Creek township. Mrs. Keefe is a sister of Joseph and R. R. Sipe.

BITS BOTANICAL.

Will Hughes Urges His Class to Keep Alive Their Interest in Plant Study.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Among the many pleasures experienced in my recent visit to my native town, not the least, let me say, was that of acting as your leader in a series of excursions to nearby fields and woodlands in quest of wild flowers. I much regret that the preliminary talk I gave you, prior to our trips, was not before a large blackboard, on which I might have placed, at least, the more salient points; for I do not forget that that which is merely heard may die in one short hour; while that which strikes the eye lives long upon the mind. This well known fact was brought out in the remark of a member of the class who declared, on one occasion, when an interesting, but singular new fact was presented, that she would like to "visualize" it—and visualize it she did. Now that is just what Nature Study, and especially Botany, does; it sharpens amazingly both the physical and the mental eye, creating and quickening the power of correct seeing. We are not mere guessers at truth, but real perceivers thereof. What we did was done on right lines—you have nothing to unlearn from it; the regret is that there was not more time at our disposal to make the impression deeper, and hence more lasting—but that will come to you in your further pursuit of the subject—for you certainly do not mean to abandon it at its very beginning. Let every day open wider to you the gate of this interesting and useful field of knowledge. My pleasure was heightened—when I found you willing to learn from the humble wayside "weed," so-called. All plants in their natural habitats appeal to the botanist, who well knows that many of the cultivated forms, despite their comeliness, are simply plant monstrosities—departures—from the typical—his is the strictly wild garden, where none are weeds, but all true and beautiful flowers; the study of which throughout the ages has given to us the wonderful science of Botany. Let me here commend to you an article by Dolly Wayne in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of July 27th, on "The pleasure of knowing the Wild Flowers." Get it, follow its suggestions, and you will sooner or later come to understand the meaning of her final paragraph. You are surrounded by a rich wild garden; be not content with only a slight acquaintance with it—procure the proper books and visit it often. Go in groups—help one another. Get one or more of the popular treatises on the Wild Flowers; but get also, "Gray's Manual of Botany," 7th Edition. The popular manuals will help you to know many, while Gray's will enable you to know ALL of the wild plants in your region. We learned a few—there are many more—new ones appearing right along—all worthy of being known and loved. While all was so pleasant in our little journeys, I feel a keen regret that we did not take one in the first three meadows below town; for there I saw plants of a different sort from those we gathered; plant promises, also, for next Spring, to delight you after being snow-bound for several months. Soon the Golden rods and Asters, and a mighty multitude of others of the great family Compositae will appear—these you should not neglect—I am sure you will feel it your privilege to ramble amongst them often. And, remember that; if you find a plant that puzzles you, send me a specimen of it and I will try to name it for you. The name is the open sesame—get the correct name, then read and study. Some of you wisely wrote in your books both the Latin and the common

Barn and Live Stock Burned.

Just before dark on Sunday evening, during the severe thunder storm that passed over that section, the barn belonging to A. J. Sipes, of Licking Creek township, was struck by lightning and destroyed.

A number of horses were in the building, but all but three were rescued. Besides the three horses burned were a cow belonging to Ross Hann, and a bull belonging to Charles Mumma. About 400 bushels of wheat, and all the hay and other crops that had been stored this season were burned. The barn was good as new, it having been erected less than eight years ago. There was some insurance, just how much we did not learn; but it is said that the amount is insignificant in comparison with the loss. The blow is a severe one to Mr. Sipes, and his many friends are very sorry to know of his misfortune.

New Kind of Potato Bug.

D. W. Mellott, of Plum Run, wants to know if any other farmer has seen the new potato bug, fly, or whatever the critter may be. During a call at this office Saturday while his wife was doing some shopping, he said that about two weeks previously his wife noticed some small, green insects darting at the leaves of his large potato patch. She recommended that the tops be paris-greened. Being busy, Mr. Mellott did not go to the patch for perhaps ten days when he found the potatoes to be swarming with little insects about three-eighths of an inch in length, and the tops nearly dead with blight. The insect resembles katydids, and flew in clouds in front of him as he walked through the patch spraying with paris green.

or English names—that is just right—always do so—the Latin name first of all. Local names are often deceptive—misleading. It is well, though, to have one right common name for every plant. Do you know two species of Mullein, two Pipsissewas, several Polygymus or knotweeds, several Vernains, two kinds of Plantain, Wild Carrot, Wild Parsnip, Blue-weed, Calamint, Wood Sage, Honewort, Jimson-weed, Clotbur, Chicory or Succory, Horehound, Peppermint, Spearmint, Catmint, Bitter-Sweet, Pimpernel, Cone-flower, Jeweled-weed, Sweet Cicely, Wild Bergamot, Bouncing Bet, The Flower-of-an-hour, Butterfly-weed, Prickly Lettuce in its two forms, Daisy Fleabane, St. John's-wort. Surely you remember these, and many others; but you will as surely forget many of them if you do not often see them. And what of the trees? Well, you will no longer mistake a Silver or White Poplar for a Silver Maple; you know the Norway Maple by its peculiar sap, Catalpa, Honey Locust, Linden, Kentucky Coffee Tree, Carolina Poplar, Lombardy Poplar—remember these. And the Cucumber Tree, and Red-bud, and Sassafras, with its three forms of leaf, a laudable ambition would be to know all the trees, fruit, timber, ornamental, or shade, about you. Who will do it?

What tree stands at the S. E. Cor. of the Lutheran Church-yard (outside)?

Well, now, dear class I must end this poor letter. My trust is that, you learned something from our walks and talks and that you may go forward earnestly to learn more, forever more, from the vast garden at your very doors, increasing knowledge of which will convince you that "Not a tree, a plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains a folio volume. We may read, and read, again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct, 'e'en in the noisome weed."

Sincerely yours, for service,
W. H. HUGHES,
143 N. 8th Street, Phila.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY.

President Woodrow Wilson's Request to Have Route Changed is Refused by Highway Association.

When the movement to erect a memorial arch in this place was started, J. K. Johnston wrote to Henry B. Joy, president of the Lincoln Highway Association, asking for definite information concerning the final location of the road—whether it was to pass through this county, or whether it was going north or south of us. In reply to Mr. Johnston's letter, Mr. Joy sent a copy of the correspondence that passed between the president of the United States and the president of the Association, part of which we quote below.

"Honorable Woodrow Wilson, 'President of the United States,' Washington, D. C.

"My Dear Sir:

"Your letter addressed to me as president of the Lincoln Highway Association, under date of June 19th, was duly received and duly acknowledged. In that letter you suggested that the Lincoln Highway Association give its consent to the placing of the official Lincoln Highway markers along the route from Philadelphia to Baltimore, thence to Washington, thence to Frederick, thence to Gettysburg, thus re-routing the Lincoln highway via those cities and increasing the length of the route by 172 miles between New York and San Francisco."

The two-column list of correspondence between the president and Mr. Joy may be summed up by stating that the Association refused to disappoint the people along the Forbes route, since a great amount of marking had been done by the people living tributary to that route. Mr. Joy added the recommendation, in his letter to Mr. Johnston, that "On the Lincoln Highway" on your letter head."

As to the advisability of our hastening the erection of an arch we will quote the motto that appears on the Packard Motor Car Company's letter head.

"Business is sensitive—It goes only where it is invited and stays only where it is well treated."

Timely Farm Notes.

Skunks will steal a few chickens—so will some of our two-legged neighbors. For each fifty-cent chicken a skunk steals it prevents fully a dollar's worth of damage to crops from insects which it eats. On the other hand, the two-legged thief often steals the grain saved from destruction by the skunk. Last year this country sold \$3,000,000 worth of skunk furs to Europe, most of the money going into the pockets of the boys on the farm. How much would the "scalp" of the two-legged thief bring if you could "get" it? Skunks do not make desirable house pets, and have some undesirable qualities, but there are other creatures that do less to pay their way through this good old world.

The Commissioners of Erie county, Pa., decided to submit to the vote this fall a proposal to establish a County Demonstration farm. Other counties are contemplating a similar movement. The extra taxation has been found to be trifling, when compared with the benefits; and besides, these farms become self-sustaining in a few years. Drop a postal giving your name and address plainly written thereon to State College, State College, Pa., and ask for the bulletin relating to County Demonstration Farms. It is free.

We cannot "go back" on what our patient experimenters find out for us. One of the old theories concerning manure has been exploded, namely: that manure should lie in the barnyard a long time before being hauled to, and spread on, the field. The process

DUST.

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., L. L. D., Commissioner Health.

The hot, dry winds of August eddying through the city streets and along the country roads will carry everywhere clouds of dust. It is the pet abomination of housewives and their instinctive dislike is well founded, for in the city streets each tiny particle that is blown about may be a raft which bears the minute disease producing organisms which we call germs.

The means by which many of our contagious diseases are transmitted have been discovered to be through personal contact or through insects which carry the disease germs from the sick to the well. While the ancient theory that plagues were transmitted by the air has been disproved by the investigations of modern science, a dust laden atmosphere may be responsible for spreading certain infections. Experiments have shown that some of the germs of communicable diseases die under brief exposure to the sun's rays. Others are less susceptible and thrive for a certain length of time amid the tiny particles of dust. The germs of tetanus or lockjaw are found in roads and about stables, and if the tiny particles of dust carrying these germs are introduced into a wound, tetanus is apt to result.

In the sputum of a sufferer from tuberculosis, in the dust of the streets or sidewalks we often find the tuberculosis bacillus, the germ responsible for consumption.

We have reason to believe that the germs of smallpox and possibly pneumonia may also be transmitted in this way.

Dry sweeping of the streets with its accompanying clouds of more or less infected dust, and the dry sweepings of buildings may be a possible source of disease infection. In many of the European and in some American cities the streets are washed every day. This is a sanitary measure of no little importance and should be followed wherever possible. Dry Sweeping and dusting with the old fashioned duster should be abolished.

Wool.

A glance at any of the weekly farm papers will show that sheep raising is being discussed seriously. The production of wool has declined through the world, or rather, the consumption of wool has gained on the production, until there is a scarcity of that article. According to reports, wool is expected to remain high until the supply can be met. This is inducing one-time growers on a small scale to again start raising sheep. About the only serious obstacle in sight is the roving dog. More printers' ink is being used up on this one topic than for any other "knot" the average farmer has struck for a long time. The arguments for and against the roving dogs are about equal, with the "indicator" pointing in the direction of laws compelling owners of dogs to keep them as strictly in confinement as are the sheep.

of rotting is one of Nature's methods of keeping the soil in good condition physically. Side-by-side tests have proven that when stable manure is spread evenly on the ground as fast as made, more benefit results than when manure from the same stable is first rotted in the barnyard. The manure spreader can be set in a low place so that the wheelbarrow load from the stable may be dumped directly into it, and the cost of loading manure is also saved. When the spreader (or a low wagon) is filled, it is then drawn to the field and spread, whether it be winter, or summer, time.