

The Fulton County News.

VOLUME 16

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., DECEMBER 10, 1914.

NUMBER 12

THE GRIM REAPER.

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

MRS. GEO. A. STEWART.

Elizabeth Vancleve, wife of George A. Stewart, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Blackmore, at Glenshaw, Pa., on Thursday, December 3, 1914, aged 63 years, 7 months, and 8 days. Mrs. Stewart was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham L. Vancleve, and was born in Ayr township, this county, on the 25th of April, 1851. In 1873 she was married to George A. Stewart of Wells Valley, and in that beautiful valley they went to housekeeping, reared their family and resided on the old home place until about a year ago, when they sold the farm and removed to Glenshaw, where they had since made their home, with their daughter Mrs. Blackmore.

The deceased is survived by her husband and five children, one daughter and four sons, viz.: Mrs. J. H. Blackmore, of Glenshaw, Pa.; B. Moody, of Altoona; James E., of Cresson, Pa.; Clarence L., of Hooversville, Pa.; and Rev. Walter V., of Philadelphia; also by three sisters, Mrs. J. N. Cypher, of New Castle, Pa., and Hester C. and Nellie J., of Washington. The funeral took place from the home of the Misses VanCleve, 122 West Wheeling Washington, Pa., last Saturday afternoon, and interment was made in the Washington cemetery.

A. K. ALEXANDER.

Alvin Keyser Alexander died at his home on Lincoln Way, eastern end of McConnellsburg, December 6, 1914, aged 68 years, 5 months and 20 days. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the services being conducted by his pastor, Rev. R. E. Peterman, and interment was made in Union cemetery.

The deceased, a son of John and Elizabeth Keyser Alexander, was born in Ayr township, June 16, 1846. In 1869, he was married to Susan Buterbaugh, daughter of the late David Buterbaugh of Ayr township. To this union were born five children, two of whom—John Scott Alexander, and David Linn Alexander, both of McConnellsburg—are living. In 1877, Susan died, and two years later he was married to Miss Martha Rinedollar, daughter of the late Jacob Rinedollar, who survives, together with one son, Edgar Alvin Alexander, at home. The deceased is survived, also, by one brother, J. Scott Alexander, Des Moines, Iowa, and one half brother, Wm. T. Leshar, of Philadelphia.

The deceased enlisted in the United States Regular Army in 1865, becoming a member of Co. A, 1st Reg. Cav., attaining the rank of Commissary Sergeant, and serving a full term of three years.

"Allie" Alexander, as he was familiarly known by his wide circle of friends, was well and favorably known, and his somewhat sudden death was a shock to the community; for he had been sick but a few days, and many of his friends had not heard of his illness.

JOHN J. MORTON.

After having been confined to his room for a period of about three weeks, John J. Morton died at the home of his son David at the Big Spring farm in Ayr township, December 7, 1914, aged 80 years and 7 months. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. L. Grove, of McConnellsburg, took place Wednesday afternoon, and interment was made in Union cemetery.

The deceased, a son of the late John and Nancy Morton, was born in Belfast township, this county on the 7th day of May, 1834. Making the best use of the meager educational advantages in his community during his boyhood days, he fitted himself

McCusker Gets 12 Years.

Claude McCusker, convicted in Hagerstown of second degree murder for having killed Justus Roman, of near Hancock, on Memorial Day four years ago, was last Saturday morning given 12 years in the Maryland penitentiary by Judge M. L. Keedy. Incidentally in connection with the case, Judge Keedy stated that the case of McCusker again showed the reliability of the old saying "Your sins will find you out." "Whenever one transgresses the moral, natural and divine laws it means that sooner or later one is called upon to pay the penalty" said the court. "You were detected in the mountains of Pennsylvania by chance," said the court "and brought back to face the consequences of your crime of four years before. I have nothing to say to you concerning your determination to leave, but I believe the four years you were away had much to do in tempering the verdict against you, as time makes less certain the human recollection and the human memory." Judge Keedy also took a fling at the mountain feud which is said to exist in the mountains of Western Maryland, and which had some part in the killing.

A Near-Runoff.

On Saturday, Harry Mellott who lives on the Brick House farm east of town, on the Loudon pike, drove John Magsam's gray horse to a mill below town. On the way back one of the front wheels of the spring wagon ran over and crushed a large oil can that was lying in the road at the foot of the hill on south Second street. The sudden, unusual noise frightened the horse, and it let fly with its hind feet and broke off the crossbar of the shafts. The consequent dropping of the shafts only frightened the horse more, and for a few moments it looked bad for the driver; but he held the animal from getting out of the shafts by making traces of the lines until help came and the horse was unhitched.

We have commenced sending out statements to those owing us for over one year's subscription and will continue until we have gone over our entire list. We hope our patrons will make a generous response to our appeal. Each one owes us but a small amount but in the aggregate it amounts to quite a large sum to us. Help us celebrate Christmas properly by paying promptly the little you may owe us.

for teaching, and for several terms, taught the Turkey-foot school in Belfast township, the editor of the NEWS being one of his pupils.

He was married to Miss Susan Myers, daughter of the late David Myers, of Belfast township, and together they lived as husband and wife for more than fifty years, she passing away on the 14th day of February, 1912. To this union were born five children, namely, Jennie, wife of Richard Wilson; Ella, wife of Scott Reeder; Nancy, wife of Walker Richards; Georgia, wife of Jere Glazier, and David, married to Abigail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Mellott and residing on the Big Spring farm. The other children reside in this county, with the exception of Georgia, who lives near Mercersburg, Franklin county. The deceased is survived by one brother, William M., near Batesville, Bedford county, and by one sister, Margaret, wife of Riley Cline, residing at Shady Grove, Franklin county.

In 1871, Mr. Morton was elected sheriff of this county, and served acceptably during his term of three years. In politics, he was a Democrat, and in religion, a consistent member of the Reformed Church.

The New Wet and Dry Line-up.

As a result of the November elections there are now fourteen states in the dry column. They are Arizona, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia.

There remain 15 states in which half the population live in so-called no-license territory. They are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Vermont.

There remain eleven states in which 25 per cent of the population lives in no-license territory. They are California, Delaware, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming. At different times in the past 23 states have adopted the policy of prohibition. All but nine for one reason or another, abandoned it for local option or control by license.

California and Ohio, out of the six states in which statewide prohibition amendments were voted on this fall, elected to remain in the wet column. The present laws, however, are very strict and are carried out to the letter. The new amendment does not prohibit the holding of wet and dry election in communities, under the laws that are at present in force.

The states that have voted dry during the year 1914 are Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington and Virginia.

Uncle Sam's Cook Book.

The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., will send you a pamphlet giving a complete list of bulletins if you will ask for it. Each one of these bulletins deals with some phase of agricultural home life in language similar to that used by speakers at our popular institutes for farmers. Collectively these bulletins have been known as "Uncle Sam's Cook Book." No better winter evening reading can be had for farmers' wives.

The NEWS takes the occasion to again remind the men on the farm that a postal addressed to any one of the following three institutions will bring them information upon any farm topic; State College, State College, Pa.; Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa.; Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

We are personally acquainted with men who acquired a good education on the subjects discussed at institutes by reading these bulletins and by asking questions of the above departments. Indeed, you may now take a thorough course in agriculture by correspondence with our experiment station at State College, Pa. It is good employment for winter evenings.

Farm Credits.

Those of us who read agriculture papers have long been interested in the talk of farm credits—something that will place the farmer on an equal footing with manufacturers in the way of securing money to finance their agricultural undertakings. We have been assured that long delayed legislation on this subject will be taken up during the present Congress.

Just what form of rules will be adopted has not been determined; but we wish to advise that there will be nothing done to enable Tom, Dick and Harry to borrow money any more easily than they can now do. Something in the way of longer time loans will probably be the chief benefit to the farmer borrower. Under the new system the local banks making the loans will be the judges of security offered, just as they do at present. We hope to be able in the near future to publish full details of the new laws.

Holsteins Most Profitable.

Big Cove farmers will be interested in the following report of careful tests as to the value of the different breeds of cattle, because an effort is now being made by some of them to make the Holstein the standard for this section.

Much has been said and written about dual-purpose breed of cattle, in the past, the dual-purpose cow has been discussed from the standpoint of whether the Shorthorn or other beef breeds as the dual-purpose could be made profitable. The experiment stations of Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa and Ontario have proven that the Holstein will gain more per day and at a less cost than any one of the other breeds as follows:

	Cost per cwt.
Holsteins	\$4.22
Shorthorns	\$5.02
Herefords	\$4.99
Galloway	\$5.67
Ayrshire	\$6.06
Angus	\$7.46
Jersey	\$7.91

At the Fat Stock show in Chicago the following has been shown that in dressed beef: Herefords hind quarter lighter than the front by 52 lbs. Shorthorns hind quarter lighter than the front by 71 lbs., Angus hind quarter lighter than the front by 70 lbs., Holstein hind quarter heavier than the front by 9 lbs.

For milk in every way, the Holstein cow today holds all world's records, for butter all but one, and from the foregoing tables all for beef. Will not this make this the dual-purpose breed and the one and only breed for the farmer?

Prof. I. P. Roberts and others who have tested the qualities of the meats say Holstein beef has a superior flavor. Will not this prove that beef and milk can be profitable combined in the same breed?

Wait For Her, Boys!

The girl who is unkind to her mother isn't worth a tinker's dog-gone. This isn't written in any part of the Bible, but it's written in the history of thousands and thousands of misfit homes. If one of you boys ever run across a girl with her face full of roses, with eyes that would dim the lustre of a Colorado sky and with a voice that would make the song of an angel seem discordant, and she says, as she comes to the door,

"I can't go for a few minutes I've got to help mother with the dishes," don't give her up. Stick to her like a burr to a mule's tail. Just sit down on the doorstep and wait. If she joins you in two or three minutes, so much the better; but if you have to stay there on the doorstep for a half hour, or an hour, you just wait for her. If you don't, somebody else will and in time you'll be sorry.

Wait for her, boy. She's worth it.

Wormy Apples.

There is no longer any excuse for wormy apples; the cause is known and the remedy is known. When apple trees are in bloom, a little insect called codling moth lays an egg in the embryo apple, and as the apple develops, the lit worm hatched from these eggs, eats its way to the outer part of the apple, and seeing the worm-hole, we are led to believe that the worm began its work on the outside of the apple—which is not the case.

The remedy is to spray with a preparation that kills the life in the egg, and the time to do it is just as the blossoms have nearly all fallen from the tree. The time to prepare is during the winter months so as to have everything ready to spray on the day the blossoms fall from this or that variety of apples—some blossoming later than others.

Subscribe for the News.

Listen Daughter.

Listen daughter, don't go moping around the house and sighing like a freight train cutting loose the air brakes; and don't be walking around with your eyes all puffed up and red from tears, simply because you can't have clothes that wouldn't look good anywhere expect on one of those freak magazine-cover girls. I know its a pretty tough old world from your range of vision, because your ma and I have forbidden you to wear skirts that are too high and waists that are too low. I know, child, that some of the other girls are chasing around the streets in costume that would shame a burlesque troupe and attracting lots of attention; but did you ever notice just what kind of attention they attract? Of course you haven't. You don't happen to be within earshot when some of the boys say what they really think about the "other girls." Thank God you don't. You're too young to know those things yet awhile.

You say the other girls laugh at your simple, pretty little frocks and at your freckles. Let 'em laugh! That shows they are the other kind of girls. Your mother and I met each other long, long ago. I loved her enough to ask her to marry me and she cared enough for me to answer "Yes." We've been happy ever since, haven't we, Ma? Our marriage took. It didn't take any split skirt or silhouette gown to make me fall in love with your mother. She never had such contraptions on in her life. And I didn't go prancing up and down Main street with a monkey hat on the back of my head and a cigarette poked out in front of my face.

Let the other girl smile if they want to, but just wait for the finish. You won't find the decent young chaps, the kind I would want to give my little girl to, marrying any of the "other girls."

War Weary.

The obligation that rests upon decent newspapers to tell the truth is ever a sacred and responsible one. At no time should it be more honored in observance than during the continuation of the tragedy that is being enacted upon the European continent. A period like the present stiffens the demand for veracity made by a public that takes journalism seriously.

Right-minded people have wearied of the unending procession of tales of horror, cruelty and destruction. They are eager, even anxious, to address themselves to the constructive policies of peace. The distorted perspective presented them by many newspapers gives them just offense. The plain truth is, the reading public is sick and tired of the monotony of the war diet served up to them.

Yet how many sensational newspapers disregard their duty to their readers, and careless of their obligation, deliberately invent horrors for the sole purpose of claiming supremacy in the publication of exclusive news.

Never in the history of the newspaper has there been such a demand for Truth; yet never in the history of the newspaper has Truth been so carelessly handled. No wonder the reading public is weary of "war news."

So are we.

Wrecked His Auto.

Last Sunday a week ago, while Ben Fisher, of Port Trevorton, Pa., was on his way to Selinsgrove for a load of passengers, a tire on his auto burst and caused the machine to swerve into a telephone pole. The pole was broken off, and about \$700 damage done to the machine. Ben was thrown out of the car, but he escaped with cuts about his face. The car is owned by a lumber company for which Ben is the driver. He is a son of Mrs. Sadie Fisher of this place.

Of Interest to Sportsmen.

Hunters and others who like to see wild birds and animals cared for during winter months will be interested in knowing that the State Game Commission is endeavoring to cooperate with them in preserving the life of these wild things. The Commission is making offers to supply feed under all conditions with the exception that private owners cannot receive help to preserve game for their own killing. A private owner may receive feed provided his farm is open to the public, or, that neither they nor the public kill game there, but permit the game to breed there and spread to surrounding territory for the benefit of the public. The game Commission considers such a place to be a preserve, on a par with the following paragraph No. 1:

1st. To game birds and animals on State Game Preserves, whereon no one can hunt at any time for any purpose. These preserves are surrounded by a single wire, a fire line and a line of notices. Game comes and goes at pleasure, and may be taken by sportsmen outside of this sanctuary, during the open season for such game.

2nd. To game on State lands whereon it may be taken during the open season.

3rd. To game on private property, either wholly protected or entirely open to all legitimate hunters.

4th. If private lands are posted and no one permitted to hunt thereon at any time, we believe the game there found should be given every help possible so that it may increase to the utmost and overflow into the surrounding country to the benefit to sportsmen, just as is done on the Preserves on State lands.

If the land is open to all hunters we will feed the game, but we feel that not one cent of this money should be applied to the feeding of game on lands posted against the ordinary hunter but open to the owner of such lands or his friends. Experience teaches us that many people will try to secure a part of this fund for personal private profit, and we will surely be imposed upon unless you who are interested help us to protect your interest.

Later on we will select agents through which game in your county is to be fed and we hope you will help to place feed where it will make the best return to you.

Secretary, Game Com.

Target Shooting.

Hundreds of our readers are interested in guns. More than 900 Fulton county men paid a dollar for the privilege of using guns this season. Many more who hunted on their own lands did not have to pay the dollar, so that from this course of reasoning we are led to think that the innocent amusement of breaking clay targets would appeal to hundreds of men and big boys in the county who need amusement. We say "need" because every man with red blood in his veins must have recreation from the labor of making a living. Some of us find recreation by changing from one kind of work to other tasks; but even this class finds it necessary to occasionally engage at some amusement that tones up the nerves. Since most of us like to measure our skill with that of others, why not organize little groups of sportsmen this fall to meet and devise ways and means for increasing game in our respective localities? At the meetings we could bring our guns and spend a few hours breaking (or trying to break) cheap clay targets. It is the finest nerve tonic known. It trains the muscles to obey the will as no other form of sport can do. (And it trains the will too.) A little money will be spent for amusement anyway; why not spend it in this manner instead of for perhaps, doubtful things.

SELFISHNESS AND HYSTERIA.

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

One cannot say that selfishness is responsible for nervousness and yet unquestionably it is often a considerable factor in causing nervous ailments.

The self-centered individual who is continually thinking of his own comfort and who manifests annoyance over every trifle which interferes with his particular occupation or activity, is running a decided risk. With advancing age a marked degree of irritability is almost sure to follow.

If a selfish attitude is cultivated and consideration is demanded for individual whims without consideration for others, this readily grows to be little less than a mania. Our nervous systems are delicately adjusted and once the mind weakens its control it is apt to become a factor for pain and discomfort.

In the beginning many of the things which "get on our nerves" do not really distress us. We note them casually. With their repetition comes the selfish wish to have our individual comfort considered without regard for general conditions. If we give way to this, the most trifling occurrences hold the possibility of causing infinite annoyance.

The greatest number of sufferers from nervous diseases are not as might be expected, overworked individuals, but are commonly enough, people who have little or nothing to do and for want of activity devote too much time to thinking of self.

It is common to hear some irritable individual say, "so and so gets on my nerves" and the very manner of the speaker has an equally irritating effect upon the unfortunate auditors. Nervous irritability and selfishness beget their like. They are contagious.

Let us be unselfish and avoid the spreading of this all too common complaint.

One-Cent Eggs.

Eggs can be produced in Fulton county at an average cost of one cent each from flocks of 1,000 hens. To do this the manager must first have a first class education on the subject. He must then keep the "machinery" in as good condition as a watch. A little grain of sand will put a watch out of commission, and on exactly the same principle, neglect of one little item of the business will put the egg business on the bum. The man in the egg business cannot afford to have a flock that lays well one year and not the next. The hit-and-miss farm flock methods will not do. In addition to knowledge of the details of the business, the manager must have an unlimited stock of patience. If he have not this latter element, all his work and knowledge will go for nothing. Patience for one, two, or three, years will not do; he must have it for life if he would make it a life business. This is the rock on which tens of thousands have made shipwreck of the egg and poultry business—as a business.

Rats.

Rats from ships in seacoast towns have become such a nuisance in the spread of plagues that large sums of money are being spent to destroy them. Statistics gathered by the United States Agricultural Department show that there are three rats for each man, woman, or child, in the United States, or a total of 300,000,000 rats. Further investigation proves that each rat destroys annually one dollar's worth of property. The rat being responsible for the destruction of \$100,000,000 in property, and for the spread of disease, is the reason given for the war that the Agricultural Department urged against this rodent.