B W. PECK, Editor and Proprietor

McCONNELLSBURG, PA. DECEMBER 23, 1915

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There Are Other McConnellsburg People Similarly Situated.

Can there be any stronger proof offered than the evidence of McConnellsburg residents? Af ter you have read the following, quietly answer the question.

John P. Conrad, deputy postmaster, Main St, McConnells burg, says: "I had terrible pains accross my back and I didn't sleep well at night. I was very nervous, and when I got up in the morning, I was more tired than when I went to bed. Doan's Kidney Pills soon freed my back from pain."

Over four years later, Mr. Conrad said: "I haven't needed any medicine for backache or kidney trouble since I used Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't same that Mr. Conrad has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo,

Advertisement.

Program of The C. L. S. C. For January

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll call. Quotations from Story of the week in Independ-

2 Cur treatment of the Indians; Fair or Untair; Mrs. Stevens pro, Mrs. Hull, con.

3. Social Life before and after the Revolution-Mrs. Peterman. 4. Three minutes sketch, Wil-

ham Cullen Bryant -- Miss Har-

riet Sloan. 5 Review of chapter XXVI .-Prof. Smith.

6 Review, by question, of chap ters XXVII and XXVIII conducted by Miss Sophie Hohman. SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call. Favorite quota-

2. Story of the Week in Inde-

1 endent -- Mrs. Luring. 3 Paper. Has America a

Caste Spirit?-Mrs. McKibbin, 4 Reading. "A Man's a Man for a'that" by Robert Burns .-Miss Mary Pittman.

5. General discussion of Chapter I.

6. Sketch of Roberts and Beirut College.-Rev. Yearick.

7. Review of Chapter II.-Mrs Greathead.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Roll Call. Story of the Week 2. Talk. Our national resources and populations.-Mr. Peter-

3. Rousing Reform-Mrs. Lurmg. 4. Review of Chapter III -

Mrs. Grove. 5. Review of Chapter IV .-

Mrs. Henry. 6. Medical Inspection in Pub-

he Schools.-Mrs Mosser.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call. Favorite quotations. 2. Story of the Week .- Mrs.

Stevens. 3. Religion in Business.-Rev.

Peterman. 4. Review of Chapter V.-Prof Smith.

5. Review of Chapter VI .-Mrs. Bartholomew

6 Influence of Foreign Missions on China.-Miss Minnie Reisner.

Local Institute.

The fourth local institute of Thompson township was held at Independence school last Friday evening.

Questions were: 1. Supplemen tary work; value of and how Liven? 2. Civil Government: how taught? 3. How can we better our attendance?

Teachers present were; H. W. Wink, Denver Evans, Floyd Hart Thomas Truax, Levi Garland, Harvey Sharpe, Etta Waitz Gertrude Gelvin, Rose Keefer, Pear e Fisher, Alice Brewer and M s. John Yeakle Alico Beaver, sic

hours in town Monday.

The Old, Old Subscriber.

How dear to my heart are the old things in general, When fond recollection presents them to view; Old pewter, old linen, old friends and old china, Old books and old songs are far better than new. And old shoes for comfort (We need new ones badly) The old corncob pipe I shall always hold dear, -But the old, old subscriber, I mention him gladly, Ever faithful and true, he renews by the year.

The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber The faithful old friend who renews every year.

Old wine and old sweethearts, the older the better; The old folks at home-what is home without them? The old swimming hole-it must not be forgotten-The jewel of Memory's whole diadem; Old times and old customs, and e'en the old dances (We'll have to admit we cannot turkey trot) But the old institutions, if one must take chances, The old, old subscriber's the best of the lot.

The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber, The paid up subscriber's the best of the lot.

Union revival meetings are in progress at the Bethel church in charge of Rev. Speese, of Maddensville, assisted by Rev. Hill of Mount Union.

Last Monday morning the Death Angel came into the home of Rosswell Staines and claimed their little 15 months old daughter Lena Belle who had been simply ask for a kidney remedy delicate all her life. Funeral ser -get Doan's Kidney Pills-the vices conducted by Rev. Speese were held in the Bethel church, and interment was made in the cemetery at that place.

Mrs. Jacob Crider, who had been very ill, is improving.

thur and Richard Alloway of Six effort to reach the family by tele-Mile Run are among the Nimrods at New Grenada deer hunting. Frank Thomas has erected a

new stable on his lot, which adds a little more to our village. Dr. Campbell is kept busy look

ing after the sick people in this community. Mrs. A. D. Keith is on the sick

Dallas Keith and wife of Altoo na are spending a week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs James Keith.

John Galbraith lost a horse last

Our old reporter for the NEWS L Cunningham, is expected be back in Fulton County for s Christmas dinner.

SIDELING HILL.

Born Dec 11th to Mr. and Mrs Oliver Divelbiss, a daughter.

Mrs. Nora Akers and son Ben son recently visited at Everett and Bedtord.

Reuben J. Layton and wife and Mrs. Cassie Winter visited at the nome of Albert Deneen near to Needmore a few days ago.

James Truax, of Gem, spent part of last week with his pacents, Mr. Job Truax and wife

near Needmore. Mrs. Riley Garland and two sons of Hagerstown, Md., Harry

Lewis of Chicago, and Charles Lewis of Artemas, spent several lays of last week with their broth er-in law and sister, Mr. and club!" Mrs Charles H. Hess.

Sheriff-elect Job L Garland and Mr. Amos Plessinger autoed to the County seat recently in the latter's Ford.

Mrs. Charles Lynch of Everett visited in Whips Cove last week.

William Fegley, of Pleasant Ridge, bought two March pigs from Baltzer Deshong last April, took pretty good care of them until the 19th of November, when he butchered them. The smaller dressed 367, and the larger, 385. Mr. Fegley never had them in a pen, but allowed them to run at large about the premises.

Fred G. Kimmell, of near Stoyestown, Somerset county, has invented a reciprocating plow which promises to revolutionize farming. In place of being dragged through the ground with a constant drawbar pull, the new plow is driven backward and forward by a piston rod of the steam

Judge Johnson, who presided over the courts in Huntingdon during the illness of Judge Woods sentenced seven persons for selling intoxicants illegally. Each of the miscreants was given 3 months in jail and a fine of \$500. Shade Pittman and Dennis Ev- This makes 12 persons Judge erts, two of Thompson townships Johnson sentenced for like ofpest rate citizens, spent a few tence in this judicial district the past month.

The habit of giving gewgaws for Christmas presents is out of date. We are sorry to say, however, that the habit of giving presents that are beyond the means of the giver survives in some places. There are thousands of instances where an axe, saw, hatchet, or some other necessary tool would entrench more gratitude in the hearts of the receivers than frivolous ornaments. Select useful presents.

It is reported in McConnellsburg that Mrs. Ernest Hixson, of Brush Creek Valley, made a mistake a few days ago, and instead Mrs. Jacob Black is home from of taking headache powders as a visit among relatives in Shade she supposed, she took a dangerous drug, and has been in a crit-Daniel Everhart and son Ar. ical condition since. We made an phone yesterday, but the wretch-condition of the line made it impossible to get direct information.

Evangelist Biederwolf, who conducted a very successful revival in Chambersburg two years ago, closed a seven weeks' campaign in York, Pa. last Sunday night. The money raised on Sun day and given to the evangelist in appreciation of his services, was more than \$5,000.00. More than 3,700 persons were converted, and more than 8,000 persons listened to the closing sermon Sunday evening.

PAT'S LATE SUPPER.

Pat had just arrived from the Emerald isle, and he was feeling very hungry, as he had not eaten anything since four o'clock last evening, and it was now eight o'clock in the morning. So he went into a restaurant close by and asked the waiter how much would he charge him for a breakfast.

"One shilling," replied the walter. "Well, how much will ve charge me for my dinner?" said Pat. "One shilling and sixpence," replied

the waiter. "Well, what will you charge me for

my supper, then? "Sixpence," was the reply. "Then, if ye please, will ye give me

my supper?" said Pat.—Pearson's

Even the Toy Banks Do It. "James." said Mrs. Firstflat that night at the dinner table, "I want to talk to you about Bobby. He's at his lessons now, so he can't interrupt us." "Well, what about Bobby?" asked

Mr. Firstflat as he carved the sirloin. "Why, he does such odd things with the little toy savings bank I bought him. Why, do you know, he is keeping money in it that belongs to a

REFORMED.

"He is, is he?"-Puck.



The One-Did it do any good to pros ecute Littleten, the coal dealer; for using fraudulent scales? The Other-Yes. I hear that he's mended his weighs.

The Reason. He leads a leay life, that's true, And loafs till he's despised; But he works for a merchant who Has never advertised.

Finnegan-Ye asked Mulligan phwat he thought av the Orangemen, did yet An' did he tell ye? O'Brien (pointing to a black eye)-No, he showed me.-Philadelphia Publie Ledger.

"Well," sneered her husband, "suppose you get the ballot. What will be the first thing you do?" "Order a voting costume, course!" was her triumphant retort .-

Properly Crushed.

had learned to be. was therefore going slow in regard to the widow. He had satisfied himself she could

make the best of cheap soap. Her pickled peaches were simply immense

Her mince pies cured profanity in one week.

She had no fear of rats or mice, and she could milk a kicking cow while you waited. The widow had some hundreds of

dollars in the bank, and she owned her house free and clear. The Widow Moreton hadn't a pain

or an ache-not so much as a soft Both the deacon and the widow were members of the same church, but there was a difference in the way

they lived their religions. The deacon knew that she had liberal ideas, but he had let that matter alone. After marriage it could be debated and he would put his foot down. All being ready at last, he

called to bring about the climax. At the gate he was almost turned to stone. He caught the strains of a fiddle from within the house. Not a jewsharp-not a mouth organ-not an accordion, but a regular fiddlethe thing old Satan invented to drag human souls down to perdition.

The deacon braced against the shock and knocked on the door.

The widow opened it. She had the fiddle in her hand as bold as brass. "Why, good evening, deacon." He glared at her in silence.

"I was just practicing my exercises. What's the matter?" "That-that fiddle!"

"Yes, it's a fiddle, and I am going to learn to play. You seem astonished." "A fiddle here in this house!" he

gasped. "The Widow Moreton descending to such depravity! Whywhy-" "I don't see your point, deacon," she said as she laid the instrument

aside. "What is there wrong about my learning to play the fiddle?" "It is played at dances!" "Yes?"

"And no true Christian will dance !" "But in some congregations the

fiddle is played as an accompaniment to the singing of the choir." "Then Satan will get every soul in

such congregations!" "If you came here this evening to kick up a fuss over a harmless fiddle

you can go away again!" "I can and will! Thank heaven it is not too late! We are not pledged!"

"And I, too, am thankful for that !"

The average man might be warned a hundred times over, that in a scrap with a woman he loves he is sure to get the worst of it, and yet he will persist in bluffing. The deacon halted at the gate to give the widow a chance to call him back, but the door remained shut.

Another queer thing about the average man is that when he has made a fool of himself and knows he has he won't admit it. He just keeps right on laying the blame to the other party, and for a time will draw some consolation from it.

The deacon did, but after a week he thought to strengthen his position by going to his pastor and asking:

"Pastor, doesn't our religion teach us that the fiddle is a thing to be-Ware of ?"

"No, I can hardly say that it does," was the reply. "But if a woman learns to play the fiddle?" persisted the descon.

"Many of them do." "But, pastor, the Bible don't mention that they have fiddles in heaven. It only speaks of harps."

"I know, Brother Pegram, but I'm not so sure that they didn't call a fiddle a harp in those ancient days. I and roar of a natural landslide. presume that at least a round dozen of our congregation have pianos in their parlors. Are any of them going to discard the instruments because the Good Book doesn't mention that

they are in use in paradise?" The deacon went home and kicked the woodshed door because the dog wasn't handy.

The good man struggled with himself for a couple of days and then decided to meander past the widow's house. He would not stop, but just

But he did stop when he reached

And go she did, when the day came, and the deacon was so mad about it that he wouldn't even stand at his gate and see the elephants go past. He continued mad for three days and then went to his pastor. "Did you preach a sermon against

that circus last Sunday? I was not feeling well and was not at church." "Why, no, I didn't," was the reply. "Did you warn the people that

Satan was luring them?" "Brother Pegram, I was there with my whole family!"

"You-you can't mean it!" "But I do. Yes, we were there and saw both the circus and the menagerie and if Satan was around he was in a back cage somewhere!" "But, pastor-but-" stammered

the deacon. "And I am going to the ball game tomorrow!"

The deacon groaned. "And if we can get a moving pic-

ture show here I shall attend!" Deacon Pegram walked straight from the pastor's house to that of the Widow Moreton's, and without waiting to remove his hat or sit down he said: "Widow, I love you!"

"Yes? How about the fiddle and the circus?"

"Yes, and mebbe a barn dance!" "Then I say 'yes.' "-Boston Globe.

THE CENSOR.

Mayor Baker of Cleveland, in defense of a political movement that had been attacked, said the other day: "It's an honest movement and a

straightforward movement, and they who attack it are as censorious as the Seabright old maid. "A Seabright old maid was talking to a sunburnt college boy on the

beach. A pretty girl passed and the old maid said: "There goes Minnie Summers, You took her to the hop last eve-

ning, didn't you?" "'Yes,' said the college boy; and he added politely, 'As I was taking leave of Miss Summers after the hop, it dawned upon me-

"'It dawned!' said the old maid. 'You kept her out till dawn! That's what these new dances lead up to!"

HEARD AT BULLETIN BOARD.

"Them Rooshins can lick the Os triches any day in the week." "I'll bet the Germans'll be in Ber-

lin before the new year."

"John, dear, has war really been declared or is it merely another of those horrid newspaper stories?" "If the Germans capture London,

toward the Orangemen? They will, with a club in their hand, and they'll lean heavy like." "Move on, please! Keep the sidewalk clear."-Philadelphia Ledger,

ONE THING SHE FORGOT.

"I had a twelve-page letter from Maud today. All about the gay times she's having at the seashore.' "I'll bet she didn't forget anything."

"Yes, she did. She forgot to put enough postage on the envelope.'

AVALANCHES ON ORDER.

By means of electric mines placed deep in the congealed neves mantling the crests of the Swiss Alps, avalanches are being manufactured to order for the benefit of moving picture photographers and others who find the sport attractive enough to pay the prices charged. The mines are connected by cable with a magneto in the vailey, and when all is ready a push of the control lever fulminates a large quantity of gunpowder up on the side of the mountain and down comes the artificial avalanche with all the terrifying rush

AGGRESSIVE ART.

"I rather like the old-fashioned novelist who sometimes paused to allude in a deferential way to the gentle reader." "Yes," replied Mr. Penwiggle;

"but it's a dangerous practice. It's ikely to make readers critical. What you want to do is to give the reader so much 'pep' and 'ginger' and so many 'punches' and 'knockouts' that he won't have enough courage or energy left to form an opinion."

No Cause for Alarm. "According to the latest estimates," growled the pessimist, "our population is increasing so rapidly that the land

will soon be inadequate for the support of the people." "Oh, don't let a little thing like that push you off the aqua pura charlot Our medical colleges can easily double

their output if the country gets over-

crowded."

Of Course. "I suppose you read the statement made by a college president the other day that automobiles are demoralizing more students than alcohol?"

with him." "Why not?" "For the simple reason that alcohol is within reach of the average student,

while an automobile is not."

ried, the 19th.

"Yes, I read it, but I don't agree

The Reason. His Fiancee-Papa will make his settlement the same day we are mar-

The Count-Come, dear, let us get married on the 17th. His Flancee-Is that the anniversary of some great historic event in your

family? The Count-No; but I have a note due on the 18th.-Puck.

Stimulating the Memory. Wife-Why are you strapping up my trunk? I'm not going away till

Hub-So you'll have time to gather up all the things you've forgotten. You never find those things, you know, until after your trunk is locked and strapped.

BETTER FIT.



Reggy De Sapp-Weally now, don't you think I'd make a good fullback? Football Captain-A straight front would be more in your line, my boy

Poor Business Men. In days of old, when knights were bold, They had some goodly fights, But they were chumps; they never sold The moving-picture rights.

Very Thoughtful, Kumme-Is your wife saving? do I think the Qirish will lean Backe-Very; when she sees any loose tobacco under my writing table she sweeps it up carefully in a dustpan and puts it back in the tobacco

> The Pity of It. Mr. Gabb-Freshmen at the Uni versity of Pennsylvania are-forbidden to smoke elgarettes Fond Mother-Oh dear me! Nov Oswald won't get a bit of exercise.

A Symphony of Color. Maid-Which wig shall I have ready for madam to wear tonight at the gar Madam-The green one, certainly

-Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).

go to sleep?"

cessive years."

Familiar Sounds. "Say, did you ever hear the famou "Ever hear it? Don't our baby give it every night when we want him to

Naturally. "Things were getting too warm for me in that section of the country." "What was the reason?" "I was burning up too many of the

"That's fine. But wouldn't you much rather have carried the ball sixty-five yards for a touchdown, just once?" Mean Luck. "I got a rum deal at the restauran

Perhaps He Would.
"I led my class in Greek three suc

No Bears. "Language is a queer thing. You speak of our forbears."

"What was the rum deal?"

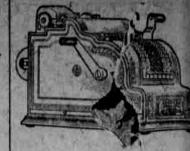
'Wasn't any in the mince pie."

lunch counter yesterday."

"And yet you insist that we are de scended from monkeys."

To Be Expected.

"The aviators have put another old saying out of commission. "The one about a bomb from a clear



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