

SQUIRREL HUNT OF LONG AGO

Ohio Farmers, in 1822, Slaughtered Nearly Twenty Thousand, and the Others Fled.

At the dedication of a monument to Ludwig Sells and his wife in the Dublin cemetery in Franklin county, Ohio, Rev. Byron R. Long gave an interesting account of the great squirrel hunt of September, 1822, which was said to have ended the serious depredations of the squirrels in the fields of the farmers there.

The Columbus Gazette of August 20, 1822, referred to the great damage being done by squirrels and published an address to the farmers suggesting a county squirrel hunt. The farmers of several townships were asked to select representatives to make the arrangements.

The preliminary meeting, says the Columbus Dispatch, was held. One of the delegates from Washington township, in which Dublin is located, was Peter Sells, a son of Ludwig Sells.

The hunt was held and the farmers turned out in mass, spending two or three days in slaughtering the squirrels. The count as far as made reached a total of 19,960 skins, but as many of the hunters failed to report the number shot by them the total was no doubt really in excess of that.

Still this number, great as it was, would not in itself have had any very great effect on the damage done by the squirrels. But the pioneers tell of a great migration by the squirrels following the raid.

The little animals moved like ants, in countless droves, going straight ahead and turning aside for no obstacle. They went over precipices and swam rivers in their persistent course. They seemed to be in command of some leader and obeyed without fear of ordinary enemies.—New York Sun.

DIFFER ON VIEWS OF SOAP

Authorities Throughout the Centuries Have Never Been in Agreement on the Point.

Here comes a health officer with advice to use soap. He says it does not injure the complexion, and that it increases the general cleanliness of the face.

On the face of the advice, this health officer appears to be old-fashioned, remarks the Cleveland Plain Dealer. modern exquisites shun the use of soap, except in the bath and for purposes of removing difficult dirt from the hands. Soap on a pretty face is almost sacrilege. Warm water and wash cloths are relied on to remove all soil from delicate complexions, without the danger of soapy alkalies.

But in reality the doctor is new-fashioned. For our old heroes and heroines did not even know the meaning of soap. Laura, Berengaria, Rosamund and Marguerite lived before soap was invented, yet they were cleanly damsels, inspirations of poets, welders of iron sway over men of brains. The ancients—Sappho, Aspasia, Cornelia and even Poppaea—never dreamed of such a thing as soap.

On the whole, this health officer must be classed as a medievalist. He is neither ancient nor modern. And there is no likelihood that his advice will have the slightest effect on the users and nonusers of soap.

Skunk's Weapon of Defense.

Some animals use sprays which are not only strongly irritant, but possess a most powerful and disgusting odor. "Chiefest among these is the American skunk, which has attained a world-wide notoriety," says Doctor Pycraft. "Its weapons of defense lie in a pair of glands at the base of the tail, and so conspicuous does their possessor appear to be of their formidable character that he makes no attempt to escape when approached either by man or dog. From these glands an amber-colored, most pungent and acrid fluid can be expelled, and with force enough to carry several yards.

"Should a drop enter the eye violent inflammation, or even blindness, may result. But the fumes from this fluid are even more to be dreaded than the fluid itself, for, unless well diluted with atmospheric air, they are destructive to the respiratory passages. The skunk thus makes a use of poison gas for the discomfiture of its foes."

Virginia.

The area of Virginia is 9,564 square miles, its population by the 1910 census 2,061,612. Its chief agricultural products are tobacco, apples, peaches and other fruits; corn, wheat, oats, buckwheat and barley; peanuts; cabbages, potatoes and other vegetables, and the native and cultivated grasses and clovers which yield an abundance of hay. Virginia is "essentially an agricultural state." The mean temperature for July, 1913, was 75.4, for December 37.7. The annual rainfall is from 40 to 60 inches, fairly well distributed through the entire year. The population of Norfolk is 85,005.

Wireless Wonders.

The 7,000 wireless ship stations in the world require over 15,000 licensed men to operate them, while over 1,000 land stations with a working force of 3,200 men are required to handle the business which originates on board or for, these vessels.

IN PRAISE OF THE ONION

One Writer, at Least, Brave Enough to Defend the Healthful But Odorous Vegetable.

Why is it that so beautiful and delicious a vegetable as an onion causes such horror among humankind when it has once been consumed?

Why is it that one's wife shudders when she sees her husband gnawing at the juicy interior of a big Bermuda, when the scientific chaps so strongly recommend the onion as a most healthful and proper form of grub?

Why—oh, why—does an onion taste so much differently in the morning? Nobody knows!

There are a few people who absolutely detest the mere idea of an onion, but the antagonistic attitude is generally a precautionary measure.

Many people would like to eat onions, if they dared, and only refrain from doing so when under heavy pressure. They are told that the odor of a mild and companionable onion upon one's breath stamps him as one of the rabble.

If he reeks with the perfume of a 15-cent cigar it is O. K. Likewise it is all right if he has been reveling in some of the more deadly varieties of cheese, but as for the onion—never!

Onions are mighty handy vegetables in the kitchen of the elite, and are used to flavor most salads and dressings and things, where they are duly appreciated, but, like the common workingman, while useful about the house, they must not be brought into the drawing room unless in disguise.

This outrage against the onion—spring, Bermuda and Spanish—when properly studied, is likely to make a socialist of almost anyone.

Vive l'ontion!—Omaha World-Herald.

NEW THEORY OF EVOLUTION

Points Evolved by Author May Give Rise to Some Most Interesting Hypotheses.

In a book entitled "The Natural Theory of Evolution" J. N. Shearman pointed out that nothing in the Darwinian theory precludes design; it only requires the supposition that the designing mind works slowly through many ages. As to those variations which have turned out failures—the flying reptiles and other extinct creatures of early periods—the author makes the suggestion that the direction of varieties may to some extent be deputed by God to angels, in the same way as free will and power is granted to man; and that these failures are the experiments of the angel-subordinates.

"But," writes the editor of Nature in recommending the book to scientific readers, "the author is not in the least a crank, and he puts forward this fresh and interesting hypothesis (which some would call fantastic) as a speculation only. His main point is that though the Darwinian natural selection is a true cause of change in species, the variations which tend to progress toward greater complexity cannot be attributed to chance. They are evidence of a guiding mind which sees and knows before it produces on the real plane."

Science has ceased to sneer at the spiritual, and many of the deepest thinkers of today are turning to the "supernatural" for explanations of phenomena they cannot understand.

Why Hindu Poet Avoids Japan.

A traveler returned from India to Japan, according to the East and West News, tells why Sir Rabindranath Tagore gave up his proposed visit to the land of the Rising Sun. First, he says, because the Hindu poet, like other poets, changes his mind frequently; second, because his tenants are suffering from want of food; third, he has become incensed at a Japanese who abused Tagore's confidence, pretending to be an admirer of the poet's most refined works and all the while insanely addicted to London music hall songs. "He sings for hours in private," the poet is reported to have said, with a withering expression of scorn, "what he calls 'Tippulaly!'"

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Mare Displaced.

Lowbrow—Wot's dat gink's name they call the god of war? Bilton—Ananias.—Judge.

WORLD UNFAIR TO HORSES

Bersts of Burden Could Talk Inhumanity Might Well Be Subject of Indictment of Their Masters.

If horses could talk those of us who know them best have no doubt as to some of the things they would say. Man's inhumanity to them would be the chief subject of their conversation, at least if they are man as human as we think they are.

To require a locomotive to haul a train of cars over a track that wobbles it before half the days of usefulness should be over and then send it to the scrap heap, is an economic folly. To ask a horse to drag our heavy loads of coal, ice, iron, lumber—the merchandise of all sorts by which cities grow rich and great—over streets that wear it out even before it has reached its prime, is not only an economic folly, it is a cruelty that not only horses but all decent men must condemn.

There are streets where, no small part of the year, the pavement is so slippery that it is torture for a horse to travel on them. There are others so full of holes, so uneven, so wretchedly out of repair, that no self-respecting horse, left to himself, would ever set foot upon them.

To be jerked and pulled, now this way, now that, because the loaded wagon you are straining to drag to its destination sinks into a hollow here, or bangs into an elevation there, to go home at night with feet bruised and shoes torn off by pavements, with legs aching in every muscle because no clean level surface has been provided where the feet could get a grip—it we were horses, who of us would not start a union for self-protection, and strike before the week was over?

But horses do talk. Their language is not audible, it is visible. You see it in that swollen joint, that sprained tendon, that limping gait, which speak of the roads over which men have made them travel.

Money? No money to put our streets in order? We are robbing our taxpayers of their money by refusing to do it—saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole. We are doing more. We are treating with positive cruelty, every working day of the year, thousands of the most faithful servants of our cities, without whom we would have had no cities worthy the name.—Exchange.

Prices of Gems Soaring.

If anyone notices a broad and becoming smile on the fair countenances of their favorite actresses, there's a reason. It is because the prices of precious stones are soaring to the sky. Nearly every prominent stage favorite has acquired a bushel or so of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other valuable stones. That is the reason they are happy. Under present conditions they are not required to go before the footlights and sing and dance or do whatever their specialty is. What's the use when they can attain wealth without effort? Diamonds are as valuable as "war babies." The war has sent the price of precious stones way up and dealers say they are still soaring. This is because very few stones are being imported. Then again there has been a boost of ten to twenty per cent in the tariff on cut stones, and another thing, the diamond mines in South Africa are shut down. If you have promised your lady friend a diamond ring or a bauble with precious stones you may as well be prepared to see your bank roll fade away.

Nameless Inventors.

Apart from the sheer human wonder aroused by the wireless telephone the most remarkable fact seems to be that this application of research has been carried out by a business corporation, and that the inventors and scientists remain anonymous. As evidence of human motives there is much to think about here. What is the incentive which impels these unknown workers, what secret have these corporations discovered which enables them to tap so inexpensively the most useful minds in America? When next we read that enterprise would collapse without dazzling rewards, that human nature is so and so, we shall not be able to refrain from thinking of these nameless benefactors of mankind. Their invention seems somehow to be as good as those of the men who are piling up fortunes in war speculation, or of those who had grandfathers with a vision of real estate development.—New Republic.

Against Law to Be Patriotic.

According to a recent ruling of Justice Gould of the district supreme court the law as it is now interpreted permits a theater manager to eject from his house of entertainment a patron who rises to his feet when the national anthem is played. The custom of rising when the national anthem is played is a matter of taste and not particularly of right. It is a most excellent practice, worthy of emulation. It should be universal in the particular case in point a grave error of judgment was committed by the theater management in trying to put out the man who patriotically insisted upon standing. Those who churlishly called upon him to resume his seat should have been the objects of corrective attention.—From the Washington Star.

Had Her Revenge.

"Mr. Shepherd, your daughter has promised to marry me."
"Humph; she said she'd get even with me when I refused to get her a Pekinese pup."—London Mail.

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