

Washingtonville

Brief Items Which Chronicle the Doings of People in the Village Bordering Two Counties

BY CLARENCE BAKER

Miss Jennie Maxwell was a Leetonia caller Tuesday.

Farmers in this section are harvesting fine crops.

Thomas McIntosh was an Alliance visitor last Sunday.

Mrs. Mont Bailey and daughter Doris were Leetonia callers Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Davis and sons Ivan and Ray motored to Canton last Sunday.

Donald Smith was a week-end guest of his grandfather, Ensign Cook, in Greenford.

Miss Florence Culler of Pittsburgh visited her mother, Mrs. Ann Culler, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Peeler of Youngstown visited his mother here over Sunday.

Misses Ida Bailey, Ella Girard and Myrtle Baker were Leetonia callers Monday evening.

Carl Bosert of Millersburg, O., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Bosert, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Taylor of Cleveland spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. A. L. Taylor.

C. E. Holt returned Tuesday from Crooksville where he had spent several days on business.

Miss Kathryn Wilson of Youngstown visited her friend, Miss Myrtle Baker, over Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Seegman of Salem spent Monday evening with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Girard.

Mrs. Frank Lewis of Cleveland visited Mrs. Hannah Stouffer and family Monday and Tuesday.

Glenn Smedley of Youngstown visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smedley over Sunday.

Jacob Moss of Salem and Lem Moss of Deerfield called at the home of Charles Vignoe Sunday.

Quite a number from here went to Salem Wednesday to see the parade in honor of the soldier boys.

The Pythian Sisters had a fine turn out at their lawn festival last Saturday evening and cleared \$31.70.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Weikart and children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Davis.

Earl Klingensmith of Youngstown visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Klingensmith, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orr and children of Columbiana spent Tuesday evening with J. N. Paisley and family.

Mrs. R. R. Dickson and daughter Mary Jane of Pittsburgh are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Davis.

Mrs. John Bailey and Mrs. Nick Fieger of Salem spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McIntosh.

J. D. Smith and son John went to Columbus last Sunday to visit the latter's son Russell who has enlisted there.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will meet next Wednesday night at the home of Mrs. Harvey Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Flower Brain and son Archie and daughter Hazel of Homestead are here visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Henry Wilhelm and children and Miss Mary Morgan of Akron were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weikart.

Ansel Senheiser, George Bell, Roy Mahey and William Tellow received notices to report for examinations for first draft.

Mrs. Fenton Boston and daughters Gladys and Leona of Akron spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Culler.

Mrs. Sarah Colter and husband of Waupuna, Pa., called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spear last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hutten and daughter and husband of Youngstown spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilkinson.

Washingtonville Knights joined in the parade in Salem Wednesday evening for the soldiers in Co. D. of which Percy Tellow is captain.

Mr. and Mrs. James King and little daughter of Salem spent Saturday evening and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George King, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grindie of Canton and friends motored here from Canton Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Roller.

Charles Lewis and family and Miss Odell Bertelette of Cleveland motored here Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Bertelette.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Pepple of Franklin Square and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Baker spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Marline in New Springfield.

Messrs. Coral and Jesse Baker of Akron and Wm. Baker and E. E. Hanna and son Delos of Salem called Sunday at the home of Harvey Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herron and children and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith and children spent Sunday at the home of Andrew Cochel in Greenford.

Louis Anderson and family and Mrs. George Senheiser of Mahoningtown, Pa., motored here Sunday evening and called on Mr. and Mrs. Charles DeJane.

The ladies of Washingtonville will hold a meeting in town hall next Tuesday evening for the purpose to organize an Auxiliary of the Red Cross. All the women interested are requested to attend.

A silver medal oratorical contest will be held next Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the high school auditorium under the auspices of the Salem W. C. T. U. and conducted by Mrs. Laura Garside. Special music by the Methodist choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Grindie, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weikart, Mr. and Mrs. David Weikart and son Mont and daughter Grace attended the Hoffman family reunion at Homeworth last Saturday. The reunion will be held in Canton next year.

Miss Blanche E. Rowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Rowe, and Samuel W. Bilger, son of Mrs. Samuel Bilger, of Youngstown, were united in marriage last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Bilger went to Cedar Point on their wedding trip. They will make their home in Pine Hollow. Mr. Bilger is well known in this vicinity where he formerly lived.

Word was received here last week of the engagement of Miss Mabel Smith and Harley D. Roller of Canton. The engagement party consisted of 14 girl friends of the bride-to-be and her home was beautifully decorated in pink and white. The table was also decorated in pink and white ribbons leading from the chandelier down to each plate. Mr. Roller is well known here and has the best wishes of his many friends in this community.

Fact. You'll find that this is very true. Don't gab too much, don't be a gawk; You'll learn a whole lot more, if you let the other fellow talk.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

A WATERLOO.

It was midforenoon of a hot July day—the kind of a day when the atmosphere is a mass of shimmering heat waves and everything seems to be asleep except boys and droning insects.

Leander dropped from the pantry window, laden from spoils pilfered after an exciting detour around the kitchen to escape the eyes of the cook. He landed squarely in his mother's prize flower bed, but without stopping to repair damage she raced to a fence post under the big apple tree and perched there to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

On the other side of the fence his new neighbor, a boy of his own age, was languidly pulling weeds at the rate of about one a minute.

"Hello," remarked Leander, sociably, "come sit in the shade and have a doughnut."

"Don't care if I do," said the languid one, accepting the invitation. Then followed the usual small boy chat on fishpoles, marbles and dogs, and finally Leander inquired purely as a matter of form, "Say, what's your name?"

The grin faded from the face of his companion. "My name," he stated coldly, "is Augustus Reginald Potiphar Jones."

Leander stared at him blankly: "Aug—Oh, I say, who ever gave you such a name as that?" and he rolled off the fence post to the ground, giving way to mirth, which he presently checked when he saw the other boy glaring at him ready for a spring.

"Aw—it was a couple of my aunts did it. I wouldn't have told anybody here, but I knew ma would; she's so proud of it!"

Leander reflected delightedly on what a piece of news this would be for "the kids," and he rose hastily, with the excuse that some work was waiting. Before night the new boy's name was known all over town, and the next morning the lad was greeted with, "Oh here's Gussie," and "Come and see little Reginald, boys. Ain't he cute?"

This kept on until the victim's fists were lifted with an air that scattered his tormentors, though they shouted from a safe distance. The Jones boy walked away thinking bitterly. This was the work of that kid next door, and he'd get even with him—you bet!

Just wait till there was a chance. The next day Leander approached his victim with some hesitation, but he was reassured by the cordial reception he received. He decided, however, that he wouldn't call the Jones boy by his fancy name, just then—it might not be safe.

After a time he proposed to show his companion a new method of playing marbles, and the kind offer was accepted politely—Leander failed to see any danger of that politeness—and the Jones boy dug all the pennies out his bank and was soon absorbed in the mysteries of the new game.

Leander raked in penny after penny, and the gleam in the eye of the other deepened. Just as Leander, with a bored air, picked up the last stake, a fighting whirlwind descended upon him and he went over like a tenpin. He was conscious of a choking voice denouncing him furiously between blows.

"I'll teach you (thump, thump) to make fun of me an' tell your bunch to call me names! An' then (thump, thump) you swindled me out of my money. Just wait till I get through with yuh (thump) and you won't feel so smart. Now, yuh listen to this (thump, thump) or yuh won't get up; I want yuh to go and tell that precious bunch of yours that I'm all right and that my name's Gus. (Thump, thump, thump.) Understand that? Well, now (thump), yuh promise?"

Leander came back to earth and promised. Then he was permitted to rise, but with bleeding nose, many a bump and a troubled mind. As he limped painfully home he found his ideals of honesty had undergone a change. He had now decided that honesty was the best policy for many and varied reasons.

But the worst was yet to come. He must face his mother with his battered countenance and give an account of the reason for it. That would be the hardest. His father, too, had administered justice somewhat severely of late; he probably would catch it from all sides. He made up his mind that he would sneak in and escape his mother for a time at least!

But—heavens and earth! There was his father sitting on the steps smoking. All was lost! Mr. Harris' eyes twinkled as they fell upon his son, but he assumed a stern air as he called the culprit to account.

Leander dug his toe into the sand and regarded it fixedly while he stammered out an explanation, told the painful story and related his new resolution. He could never understand why, when it was ended, his father laughed so hard and why he said, "Well, I guess you have been punished enough, and you got just what you deserved. But don't let me hear of such tricks again. In that case I shall attend to it personally. Stick to your resolution, son!"

Verily, the ways of grownups are strange!

What's the use of being good if you do not let the people know it?

When a woman argues she can always convince herself.

An ounce of performance is better than a pound of promise.

The individual who thinks he knows it all has the most to learn.

Laziness is the one thing that knocks conceit out of pride.

Many a man has lost money through the hole at the top of his pockets.

Advertisement in the Dispatch.

PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

Invasion on Plains of Argentina Is Terrible Thing to Watch.

Billions Upon Billions of "Hoppers" Cover Ground and Buildings and Leave Desolation in Their Wake.

On the great plains of Argentina, where huge estates still survive, where the cattle range free as they used to do over the West, and a single man may still own land the size of a European kingdom, there come at long intervals great invasions of locusts.

Far worse even than the destructive swarms of grasshoppers that have ruined the crops in middle Western states of this country on occasion, a locust invasion in the Argentine is a unique and terrible thing to watch, and a traveler who has this experience is not likely to forget it. He comes out of it with a lively sympathy for the ancient Egyptians who were schooled by Moses.

They come first as a small cloud on the far horizon, and the wise old natives shake their heads and mutter uneasily. Next day a few vagrant millions flutter overhead with glittering wings. The cloud comes closer; it veils the whole horizon in a purple mist. In countless billions of billions they come then, fluttering and clinging everywhere, hiding the trees and walls with the multitude of their clinging bodies. They do not destroy anything yet; they have simply come to lay their eggs, and this they do, and then move on.

But the crops are as good as ruined, and everyone knows it. Soon the eggs hatch out. A multitude of tiny, green-backed "hoppers," as the natives call them, crawl forth from the burrows where the females placed the eggs. The whole countryside is covered with locusts. They grow fast and eat everything green, with a few exceptions.

A few attempts may be made to fight them. Men will burn fields of dry grass and billions of locusts with them. They will dig huge pits and make other billions in to be buried.

They will drive herds of sheep over them to crush them, but the number of locusts is not perceptibly diminished. They are numerous past all thinking. They will cling to the walls of a house and cover it as with a rustling curtain, so that not an inch of wood or stone can be seen. They cover paths and roadways until you walk on them wherever you go. It is no wonder that some people, usually women, are unable to endure many days of this, and have to leave the estancia for the time being. The big, clumsy insects with their bold, staring eyes are everywhere, crushed by every passing foot, individually so weak, irresistible in their myriads. When a horde has grown its wings and flown away, darkening the sun like a cloud, it leaves desolation behind.

FACTS ABOUT THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The origin of the Stars and Strips as our national emblem is shrouded in doubt. While the early colonies displayed many and various colored emblems, it is understood that at Cambridge, Mass., on January 2nd, 1776, Washington displayed a flag consisting of thirteen strips of red and white, with the union jack in place of the stars, the strips being emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies against British oppression. Where and when the blue field and white stars originated is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps the majority of authorities consider the design to have been suggested by the coat of arms of the Washington family which contains both the stars and stripes.

It may be surprising to know that the American flag is among the oldest flags of the nations, being older than the present British jack, the French tricolor, the flag of Spain and many years older than the national emblems of Germany and Italy.

Naturally, in an unformed country, previous to the days of national unity, there were many forms of flags used by the individual colonies and various military bodies. It was not until 1777 that a national emblem was adopted by the Continental Congress, on July 14th, now celebrated throughout the country as Flag Day. Most of us know that the resolution then adopted stated: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation," but did not define how many points the stars should have, how they should be grouped, nor did it make any provision for additional stars.

It has been generally accepted that the American emblem has always retained the general formation of the original flag adopted by the Continental Congress, but a series of flags in the National Museum shows very well the periodic changes which have taken place. From the time of the Revolution the stars and stripes have varied in number. After the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union in 1792 and 1794, Congress enacted "That from and after the first day of May, one thousand seven hundred ninety-five, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes alternating red and white; that the union be fifteen stars; white in a blue field," the intention apparently being to add a stripe as well as a star for each State admitted.

The inadvisability of this plan was apparent in a few years, for in 1818, when the number of States had increased to twenty, Congress passed a new resolution to the effect that the number of stripes be reduced to thirteen, to typify the original thirteen states and that the number of stars be increased to twenty and that "on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission."—Ladies

Patronize Dispatch advertisers.

DINING OUT IN WASHINGTON.

Washington is our great national school of "dining out." With all the development of American civilization, "dining out" has still—let us be honest—for the greater part of the native-born character at once semi-sacred and terrifying. The magazine advertisements give glimpses of our easier, more genuinely characteristic circles, where the arrival of guests is signalized by the decanting of some beans and the opening of a bottle of Ohio champagne. And ladies may arrive in Washington with the conception so prevalent in the most popular books, and plays that a butterfly of fashion is mainly occupied with bridge parties and afternoon teas. But at the capital they soon wake to the fact that even a "ladies' lunch," however prettily the table and salad may be decorated, gets them nowhere; and that only formal, concerted, night feeding is socially valuable.

In Washington, however, as everywhere in America, man lags behind in all social activities. The burden of eating and overeating always falls heavily on a comparatively small band of dining males. You take the same lady pretty often. Appropos of this, there is a story of a weary young Washingtonian who proposed marriage in this impassioned phrase, "You see, dear, if we are married they'll have to stop putting us next to each other at dinner."

It is needless to insist upon the value, in such a society, of aliens, who eat out easily. Indeed, it can scarcely be wondered that, if second, third, and fourth secretaries of the embassies come to believe that the services expected of them are wholly gastronomical. There was a preposterous story at the time when Washington's chess club burned that, in its very smoking ruins, young diplomats were seen by the firemen hurriedly counting their boiled shirts to make sure that they could still dine out every night that week!—Harper's Magazine.

USE GLASSES AT MOVIES.

Colored Spectacles Often Protect Eyes from Glare.

Many persons cannot attend motion pictures because of the annoying after-effects on the eyes. Some suffer from eye-strain and others are subject to severe headaches. The relief, in most cases, consists in perfectly fitted glasses, according to the Popular Science Monthly.

The picture may not be quite so sharp, but this is more than compensated for by the increased comfort. For persons with very sensitive eyes, a colored glass, either amber, yellowish green or amethyst, may afford immediate relief. Several varieties of colored glass have been put on the market recently, and there are so many shades available that some suitable color can be secured.

A subdued light in the theater has a much less irritating effect than a dark theater which the only light is reflected from the screen. It is also advisable for those who are liable to suffer after viewing pictures to avoid sitting in a dark place where it is necessary to look upward, as the additional strain becomes very tiresome, and frequently leaves a severe headache. In the majority of cases, however, if glasses are correctly fitted to a person, he or she stands a good chance of enjoying motion pictures without any attendant ill results.

RISKS LIFE FOR LINE

U. S. Engineer Works in Swamps and on Peaks.

From the mosquito-infested swamps of our lowlands to the highest peaks of our mountains and from the ice-locked northland of Alaska to the blistering sands of the tropics, the engineer in the service of the United States coast and geodetic survey is facing privation and hardship for the sake of precision. He is laying a network of imaginary lines upon the maps of the states that we may know just how high a given place within the national boundaries is and just what latitude and longitude it lies.

Thus, the surveyor is establishing a line along a coast where it is necessary for him to stand in water up to his waist. He is obliged to work from this particular spot because it enables him to see his observation point far away on the horizon. Otherwise he could not make his measurements and establish his line.

However, he is taking fewer chances while he is working in the water than when he is establishing a line in a heavily wooded country. Where the land is flat and the trees of excessive height he sometimes has to work on giddy platforms more than a hundred feet above ground.—Popular Science Monthly.

BEEES ARE NOT SO SMART

Have No Adaptability to Changed Condition.

The intelligence of the honey bee has been greatly overrated, according to Everett F. Phillips, who is the government expert on bee culture. He says this insect really has no adaptability at all, but a wonderfully perfect instinct.

Success in bee keeping therefore depends upon studying the bee and giving it exactly what its imperious instincts require. For example, the space between the wall of a hive, and the comb in which the honey is to be placed must be exactly a quarter of an inch. If it is more, the bees will store honey in the space, and if it is less, they will seal it closed. In either case the hive must be broken open to get the honey.

For reasons unnecessary to mention, some people never have a brain fog.

When a periodical drinker begins to get loaded he should come to a full stop.

If you are in a small place it may be because you will not fit in a big place.

Weigh some men and you'll find them wanting in everything—except weight.

Read the Classified Columns.

McKelvey's THE BIG STORE SATURDAY Is the Last Day Of Our 39th Lockhart MILL-END SALE See Youngstown Daily Papers for details of the special values now being offered in all Departments. Deliveries by Automobile to Canfield Every Tuesday and Thursday. THE G. M. MCKELVEY COMPANY Youngstown, Ohio

The Beaters on the "RUDE" do the Spreading No Extra Attachments Necessary A "Rude" Spreader Loaded Your Way—Which is the Right Way OUR CHALLENGE "The RUDE—Mighty Good." OUR WARRANTY The "Rude" spreader with a high, arched load is guaranteed to spread seven feet wide (which is out beyond the wheels)—to spread evenly on the ground and with lighter draft than any other spreader with the same weight load. Should any part break on account of defective materials or workmanship we agree to furnish new part free. ALSO STOCK OF O. K. CHAMPION ELEVATOR POTATO DIGGERS A. KROECK & SON - Austintown, Ohio



"When I offered him a batch of my jelly tarts, he just ate and ate." "Poor James will do anything to be polite."

As It Should Be. If things were only equalized, Then the skies, I guess, Would be a little bluer, and The milk a little less.

Bumped. Fatigue—Look out where you're going. Can't you see the length of your nose? Neeriste—I could if I was cross-eyed like you.

Natural Deduction. Gills—I guess Boose must have signed the pledge. Dills—Why do you think so? Gills—He has quit inviting me to go fishing with him.

Advice. Miss Typrite—Mr. Bonds, I don't like smoking. Stockton Bonds—Then don't smoke.

GENTLE JABS

Why is watered silk classified as dry goods? But too many men work off excuses as reasons.

Do a kind act with good grace or don't do it. An optimist takes a day off when he has a toothache.

If a girl has teeth like pearls she's never dumb as an oyster. The smaller a man's wit the more pains he takes to show it.

The sun shines for all, the moon is reserved for spoony couples. Don't waste your time hunting trouble; it will find you soon enough.

Some men are like silver-plated knives—they look bright but are often dull. Many an otherwise truthful man claims to get a larger salary than he does.

How easy it is to forgive an enemy when he is in a position to do you a favor! The optimist expects a good deal even if it is the other fellow's turn to shuffle.

Trying to be nice to his wife's relatives is awfully rough on a man's disposition. Never court a girl whose father is a pessimist, for he always has a kick coming.

Sprinkle a little salt of economy on the tail of riches and they will not fly away.

CANFIELD MARKET REPORT

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Eggs, Butter, Bacon, Apples, etc.

Advice. Cheer up, my son, and do not fret. Just shoe away dull care; You'll find a long face will not get A welcome anywhere.

Insurance

FIRE, LIFE AND AUTOMOBILE S. A. Arnold, Canfield, O. Phone 145 Give the Dispatch your next job work.