

# YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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## IEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

### PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things, Some of Which You Know and Some You Don't Know—Condensed for Quick Reading.

"Frying size chickens are too rich for my blood this spring and there's no mistake about that," said a Yorkville man Wednesday. "Never before have I known frying size chickens to bring the prices around here that they are bringing now. Why right here in Yorkville I saw a man pay \$3.25 for two frying size chickens the other day. Of course they were extra large ones. But imagine a frying size chicken selling for \$1.67 in this town will you?"

#### Working for Voters.

Who says campaigning for a county office isn't real work? A candidate for a certain county office says that he went into every section of York county last week. He says he shook hands with 500 men and 200 women, kissed 19 babies, cut six armfuls of stovewood, helped to do \$3 big washings, had 5 dogs "sicked" on him, hung 4 pictures, scoured 5 back porches, poisoned 7 patches of potato bugs and gave away 2 coca colas, 5 sets of dice, 1 cigar and 2 cigarettes.

#### Ain't Nature Grand.

Believe this or not as you will. A fellow told it to Views and Interviews this morning: "Seven years ago a farmer living west of this city hung his vest on a fence in the barn yard. A calf chewed up a pocket of the garment in which was a standard gold watch. Last week the animal, a staid old milch cow, was butchered for beef and the time piece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing in and then filling of the lungs kept the stemwinder wound up and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years."

#### Passing of the Cradle.

"The man who used to work in the fields cutting oats with a cradle has passed," remarked Mr. S. B. Pratt of Sharon who was talking about the fine old crop in his section the other afternoon. "It used to be that one could find plenty of hands who knew how to use a cradle and who would do it. But now practically all of the old crop in this section is cut with a mower and then gathered up with a rake. It seems like the younger generation of farm hands don't know how to use the old time cradle. One can't blame them much for not trying to learn because using a cradle in cutting oats is about the hardest kind of work known on a farm. I have tried out a number of young colored men on my farms cutting oats with a cradle. They don't get the knack of it and before they know it they are sticking the blade of the cradle in the ground."

#### Time for Gabriel to Toot.

Talking to Mr. W. S. Wilkerson of Hickory Grove on the courthouse square, Wednesday, Mr. Wilkerson was in town on business; but for the time being was idle, and among other things he became reminiscent of old times.

"I remember when I was a boy," he said, "my mother told me to call at the office of auditor one day when I was in town and find out what her taxes were. She had fifty acres of land, and what do you think was the amount of her taxes?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Views and Interviews. "What was it?" "Just ten cents," said Mr. Wilkerson; but he went on to observe that while taxes were low in those days, there were very few public benefits. For instance, there was very little money spent for education, almost nothing for roads, and the county government was supported mainly by fees.

"By the way," Mr. Wilkerson continued, changing the subject somewhat. "I am reminded of an incident in connection with the completion of the old King's Mountain railroad to Yorkville that struck me as very funny at the time. People gathered from all over the country to witness the arrival of the first train. I was not there; but my father was, and he told me about it. It was like this. Just after the train drew up to the station with a loud toot of the whistle, a man of the crowd shouted from his perch on a roof or in a tree: 'Now's the time blow your trumpet Gabriel, for you will never get a crowd like this together again.' I did not know who the fellow meant by Gabriel at that time, but because it was funny to my father, of course it was funny to me."

#### On to Richmond.

"Where did you get that picture of that old fellow walking to Richmond that you printed in yesterday's paper?" asked Mr. J. M. Ferguson of Yorkville, of Views and Interviews Wednesday morning. On being given the information asked for, Mr. Ferguson went on to say:

"Well, I just wanted to know, because I saw him Monday and that is sure him. We were on our way to Charlotte, Church Carroll, Jess Parrott, Frank Atkinson and myself, and just beyond the concrete bridge the

other side of Belmont, we passed an old man walking toward Charlotte.

"There was something about the old fellow that appealed to our sympathy. It may have been his snowy white hair, his long beard, or the quiet dignity of his appearance. I could not say exactly what; but anyhow we were moved to give him a lift and I told Frank, who was driving to stop and pick him up. When we got back to where the old gentleman was, we stopped.

"Say, mister, how far are you going?" we asked.

"I'm walking to Charlotte," he replied.

"Well, we are going that far, suppose you get in and ride; we'll be glad to give you a lift."

"No, I thank you," he replied. "I prefer to walk. I am on my way to the Confederate re-union at Richmond and I am walking it all the way."

"We'd be glad to have you; not a bit of trouble," we told him.

"Thank you gentlemen, but I am going to walk it. I haven't got much time and I must be going," and with that he started on ahead.

It was some little bit before we could make it all out, and before we got started again the old fellow was gone standing along the road, so we had to pass him a second time.

The old fellow was carrying a small bag on a walking stick, and he also had a small American flag under his arm. His carriage was erect and his step quite vigorous, much more so than would be expected of a man 83 years of age."

## RELATIONS MIXED

### Wedding of Old Couple Makes Man's Wife His Sister.

If your dad weds your wife's mamma, is wife still wife?

The marriage at Beloit, Wisconsin, recently of Lewis Geist, seventy-eight years of age, and Augusta Rottika, sixty-eight years of age, has made Mrs. William Geist a sister of her husband and has made her father-in-law her father, and Mrs. Lewis Geist, who was formerly her mother, has become her mother-in-law.

The family relations are all twisted up among this quartet because the father of William Geist married the mother of his wife.

## IDENTIFIES BROTHER

### Fall Restores Memory to Man Who Had Been Long Missing.

George Halter, thirty-five years of age, fighting for his life in the Presbyterian Hospital at Pittsburgh, Pa., the other day, was identified by his brother Victor, who for three years has been searching for him.

Halter was injured at his home here three years ago, and shortly after disappeared. Although a thorough search was begun, and has continued since, no trace of him was discovered. Physicians at the time said the nature of his injuries was such that he might have lost his memory.

One day recently he fell from a third-story window. When he regained consciousness his mind was clear and he was able to give his correct name, forgot during the intervening years, at the hospital. At the same time a neighbor showed his brother Victor an account of the accident in a newspaper, and the brother, coming to the hospital, identified the injured man through the bandages which swathed his face. Halter has a fighting chance for life.

## FORT MILL MATTERS.

### Mrs. Gamble Dead—Memorial Day Is Observed—Mrs. Hafner Dies at Gaffney.

Fort Mill, May 31.—The regret and sympathy of the community generally was expressed at the announcement of the death early Tuesday morning of Mrs. Blanche Griffin Gamble at her home just outside the northern limits of the town. She has been seriously ill for several weeks, and her death was not unexpected. She was born here on December 4, 1859, and was married June 14, 1910, to James M. Gamble, who survives her, together with four small children, one of whom is a baby of only a few months age. Funeral services were conducted Wednesday morning at the home by the Rev. R. H. Visser, pastor of Fort Mill Presbyterian church, of which Mrs. Gamble was a faithful member, and interment was made in New Unity cemetery.

Legion Memorial Day Observed. Memorial Day was observed by the military element of Fort Mill in a barbecue and picnic on the banks of the Catawba river, members of Company K, N. G. S. C., being leaders in the enterprise to which were also invited the headquarters company and members of the American Legion. Field sports and drill were engaged in during the afternoon, but there were no speakers. A number of guests were present from Rock Hill, including Major Dozier.

### Mrs. Hafner Dead.

Announcement of the death at Gaffney, S. C., of Mrs. W. A. Hafner was received here with sincere regret, though her many friends were cognizant of the fact that her recovery from a long illness was not probable. Her husband, the Rev. W. A. Hafner, was pastor of Fort Mill Presbyterian church for more than seven years, and has a host of friends in the community who will extend to him their sincere sympathy.

## McCONNELLSVILLE

Recollections of Noted York County Neighborhood.

### EARLY A BUSINESS AND SOCIAL CENTER

First Settlers Sold Their Cotton and Did Their Business in Columbia—Building of the Railroad—First Business Houses—Anecdotes of Revs. Lowry Wilson and Henry R. Dickson—The First Physicians.

By S. B. Lathan.

About half way between Chester and Yorkville, or to be more accurate, twelve miles north of Chester and ten miles south of Yorkville on the Carolina and North-Western railroad, the prosperous and progressive village of McConnellsville is located. It got its name from Reuben McConnell, the father of the late Capt. John D. McConnell, who lived about two hundred yards south of the present station. I think the house is still standing, surrounded by some large oaks.

The residents of this section of York county in the early part of the last century, were to a great extent the ancestors of the present citizenship, viz.: The Loves, McConnells, Moores, Ashes, Lindseys, McKnights, Burrises, McCleaves. The lands were thought to be better suited to growing the cereals than cotton, consequently, a great deal of wheat and corn was raised, and all the creeks were located good mills on which the wheat and corn was ground and the planter could always get a ready market and a good price for his flour and corn meal in the surrounding towns. What cotton was grown had to be hauled to Columbia or Charleston to sell, there being no railroad facilities, made this marketing process a slow and uncertain one. It would take not less than five days for a wagon loaded with cotton to make the trip to Columbia and back to McConnellsville and, as the roads were always bad in the fall from constant mud and much use, and very little work done on them. About four bales was a load for a four-horse team. Generally from two to six farmers would make these trips together. They would try to get near Columbia and go into camp on the second night, drive into the city early next morning, sell their cotton, buy their groceries, which generally consisted of salt, sugar, coffee and molasses, go out of the city and camp for the night.

In one of these cotton caravans made up of some of the farmers from around McConnellsville, was a Mr. Burris and a Mr. McKnight. After the crowd had sold their cotton in the morning, purchased their groceries and were moving out of the city late in the evening, the news came by mail from Charleston that the market was up considerably. That night while Burris was preparing supper, Mr. McKnight was figuring how much he had lost by not waiting until evening to sell. Mr. Burris turned to him and waving the stick he was chunking the fire with, exclaimed that the price they sold for was "God's plenty for the cotton." After this Ned Burris's "Plenty" was a common expression around McConnellsville and vicinity.

When the railroad was surveyed from Columbia, S. C., to Charlotte, N. C., the business men of Yorkville were anxious to have it built through Yorkville and thence to Ebenezer and thence to Charlotte, Rock Hill was not then on the map, but for some reason the Railroad authorities selected the present location. The citizens of Yorkville were determined not to be outdone and, with the co-operation of those living between there and Chester, decided to build a branch road to connect at Chester. After the proposition had been fairly discussed among the town people and country people at the courthouse and, I suppose at the country churches before service and during recess, it was determined to call a mass meeting at the courthouse and perfect an organization, get subscriptions to the capital stock, etc. When the day arrived a large crowd had assembled, many speakers were on hand to show the great advantages that would accrue to the people along the line through which the road would pass, enthusiasm was at fever heat, the crowd in imagination could see the smoke and hear the whistle of the iron horse. In the crowd was an Irishman who lived near McConnellsville, who had a regular engagement to furnish a customer in Yorkville, three pounds of butter every week and, this was the day for his delivery of the butter. One of the speakers knowing this fact referred to it in his speech to show the advantage it would be to his friend that he could ship his butter by the train and save so much time. This son of Erin thought he was poking fun at him and exclaimed from the crowd what he was luging in the wee bucket of butter for, that he made his living by honest toil and asked no favor from either him or his railroad and if he referred to him again he would mash his face so his "mither" would not recognize him from Jimmy O'Rourke's bull pup." Sufficient amount of stock was subscribed, an organization was perfected with the election of Col. Wm. Wright as president, a charter obtained and the road built. When completed the authorities located a station here for the receiving and discharging of both freight and passengers, also had a tank to get water and a wood yard. They gave to the station the name Mc-

Connellsville in honor of Reuben McConnell, who lived here as before mentioned.

Shortly afterward Mr. J. P. Moore, then clerking for a mercantile firm in Yorkville, formed a copartnership with Mr. Hugh Burris and opened a business under the style of Moore & Burris. They built a store room in which to do business near the present store of J. P. Williams & Co., and did a lucrative business, mostly in dry goods and millinery, and as the ladies of this community were noted for dressing up to the height of the fashion and, the men for paying their bills, Moore & Burris had a soft snap in making money.

The Civil war soon broke out, the port and all outside means of getting goods cut off, merchandising from 1862 to 1866 was a lost art. The people used parched rye for coffee, sorghum molasses for sweetening and, the ladies had to fall back to the styles of colonial days after their supply of store clothes were worn out and wear homespun and, the men did likewise, so Moore & Burris had to close up shop because they could not get any goods to sell. Mr. Moore told me the firm collected all their outstanding claims in Confederate money, invested most of it in Confederate bonds and, as a result the firm lost practically everything they owned.

Soon after they commenced business the U. S. government established a post office here which was located in the store room of Moore & Burris. I think Mr. J. P. Moore was the postmaster and continued to hold his office under the U. S. and Confederate government until the surrender, when the office was discontinued on account of no man in the community who could take the ironclad oath which required all persons taking office under the United States to swear that they never gave aid either directly or indirectly to the Confederate states. People from this community got their mail from Gutherieville. Miss Jane Guthrie was the postmistress there in 1872. Mr. A. F. Lindsay, who was a clerk for Moore & Hemphill was appointed postmaster, the oath being modified so he could take it.

After the war Mr. J. P. Moore and Samuel Hemphill formed a partnership and commenced business in the old stand of Moore & Burris. Their business was on a small scale at first but gradually increased until they had a very fair business. In 1872 Mr. E. N. Crawford built a store room just across the railroad opposite Moore & Hemphill and he, with Mr. A. F. Lindsay opened a store selling practically everything kept in a country store.

Mr. A. F. Lindsay, the postmaster, moved the post office from the Moore & Hemphill store to the store of Crawford & Lindsay. Sometime after Moore & Hemphill sold out their business to J. O. Moore and F. D. Williams. Mr. E. N. Crawford about this time built a shop in which he conducted a general repair work on wagons, buggies, horse-shoeing, etc. The place now commenced to take on new life, residences were erected and business began to expand.

Dr. W. M. Love and H. E. McConnell opened up offices and did the practice of community with McConnellsville as headquarters.

In 1870 I was chosen teacher for the McConnellsville school. At that time there were only three houses where the village now stands, viz: The residences of Capt. Jno. D. McConnell and J. P. Moore and the store room of Moore & Hemphill. The school building was located about a quarter of a mile east of the station and was a very crude affair, both as to its construction and equipment and, entirely out of keeping with the financial conditions of the patrons. However, I got along nicely as I had the full co-operation of the patrons and the attention of the pupils. The patrons of this school lived within a radius of two miles with McConnellsville as a center. They were above the average in intelligence and piety, were well fixed financially and taught their children to be obedient and to read the bible and observe the Sabbath day. They might have been divided into four families, viz: Ashes, Loves, McConnells, and Burris, and, if any one did not have one of these names he or she was kin to some one of them. They were all distinctly Presbyterians in their religion. A few attended Zion now Lowryville Presbyterian church. Others Old Olive, which stood about three miles west of McConnellsville and, whose membership was made up of New School Presbyterians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians and Old School Presbyterians. When the churches in York county of the New School Presbyterians were absorbed by Bethel Presbytery, Olive was taken under the care of Bethel Presbytery and the Associate Reformed Presbyterians vacated the field. Bethesda was the Drumtrochity of this section and the second Sabbath in May and September being the dates of the Spring and Fall communion, were the "big days" religiously speaking. Vast crowds came from all sections of the country. These people were noted for their sociability; they were all friends, no neighborhood broils but all on good terms with each other. Rev. W. W. Ratchford preached for the Olive people twice a month. He lived at the Howe place where Mr. Frank Ashe now lives.

(Continued on Page Six).

## CLOVER NEWS NOTES

M. L. Ford & Sons Are to Erect Large Brick Store Room.

### NEGRESS PASSES AT AGE OF 102

Commencement Finals of Clover High School Are Held—Rev. Grady Hardin, D. D., Delivered Commencement Address—Business People Beginning to Look to Clover for Locations—Other News and Notes of Metropolis of Northern York County. (By a Staff Correspondent.)

Clover, June 1.—Announcement was made here today that the furniture firm of M. L. Ford & Sons will begin immediate erection of a two-story brick store room, the new building to join their present furniture store on King's Mountain street. The new building will be 30x115 feet and a part of the necessary materials has been ordered. Following the recent announcement that stockholders of the Hawthorn Mills would soon begin building of a 20,000 spindle mill here to cost in the neighborhood of about \$1,000,000 comes the announcement of several other building projects. J. Meek Smith who for some years past has been conducting a motion picture house here along with other interests, is planning to build a two-story building on the north side of King's Mountain street as a permanent home for a motion picture palace. Tentative plans for the building which will be of brick construction includes a large gallery on the second floor for the use of colored people. Mr. Smith hopes to get the new theatre construction under way within a very short while.

#### Need for More Buildings.

Clover people are already beginning to realize that the building of the new mill here will mean the coming of other businesses as well and a number of wide-awake citizens are pointing out the need for additional business houses in which the thriving town is now woefully lacking. News of the new mill prospect has already spread over the south and numbers of people looking for desirable locations are beginning to cast their eyes toward Clover. A man was here this week looking for a location for the establishment of a music house and it is reported that several others representing several lines of business contemplate visiting the town within the next few days with a view to giving Clover the once-over.

#### Negress Died at 102.

"Aunt" Classy Robinson, colored, died at the home of a relative on the Price place a short distance southwest of here Wednesday morning, aged 102 years, 5 months and 6 days. The old woman had been suffering with a gripper for several days and because of her advanced age was unable to shake off the attacks of the mummy. "Aunt" Classy, the oldest individual of her race living in York county, perhaps, was born in the Bullock's Creek section, a slave and the property of the Good family of that section. She was the mother of three children all of whom are well advanced in years. Her body was interred in the cemetery at Jerusalem church, colored, today. Up until a few days prior to her death she had enjoyed good health all of her life, although she had been blind for a number of years.

#### School Finals Held.

An address to the graduating class by Rev. Henry Grady Hardin, D. D., of Charlotte, N. C., and the presentation of diplomas by Superintendent W. S. Reid to the twenty-three members of the graduating class marked the final closing exercises of Clover High school on Wednesday night. There was a large audience of Clover people and many from the country surrounding in attendance on the exercises and they heard with interest the inspiring address of Dr. Hardin who is a former resident of Clover. He gave the members of the graduating class some good and wholesome advice and his address was one well worth while.

Miss Grace Linden Page, a member of the tenth grade was awarded a medal offered for the best all around scholarship of a high school student of the seventh grade was awarded a medal offered the best girl declaimer and Master James Ritch was presented a medal offered to the best boy declaimer in the school. The following twenty-three members of the Eleventh grade were awarded diplomas, they having satisfactorily completed the course of study offered: James Lewis Adams, Elizabeth Ford, Lucile Ford, Louise Thompson Glenn, Vera Hambricht, Alpha Harmon, Hazel Jackson, Leone McCall, Joe McCall, Lindsay McElwee, Annette Moore, Mamie Moore, Roberta Moore, Quinn Parrott, Josie Pett, Ida Belle Price, Esther Rogers Reid, Iva May Sherer, Meek Sherer, John Pressly Smith, Francis Stanton, Lila Walker, Cora Williams.

#### Honor Roll.

At the closing exercises of Clover High school Wednesday evening, Prof. R. S. Cochrane read the honor roll for the entire school, those whose names appear on the roll having made a general average of 90 or more for the entire school year:

First grade—Edith Fairis, Fannie Fairis, Sarah Brison, Betty James Hambricht, Lena Smith, Virgie Whitman, Emma Price, Fred Barrett, Edward Barrett, Woodrow Crouse, Beale Earle, Paul Grier, William Jackson, Billie Pleasants, W. G. Wallace,

Barnette Wallace, Edward Moore, John McLain Ford, Billie McCall, I. J. Campbell, Jr., Mary Davis.

Second grade—Sarah Downs, Dan Faris, Ethel Faris, Kathryn Jenkins, Grace Stacy, Marie Smith, Herbert Wright, Elizabeth Wylie, Willie Ashely, Barnett Brackett, Cynthia Falls, Blanche Howell, Ray Hooper, Maxwell McNaull, Louise Parrish, Jim Smith, Herbert Walker.

Third grade—Frankie Stewart, Mary Price, Rush Morrow, Billie Jackson, William Moore, Kenneth Counts.

Fourth grade—Otis Adkins, Robert Wylie, Mary Charles Alexander, Violet Adams, Janie Dickson, Mary Ford, Grace Huggin, Lewis Jenkins, Dorothy Page, Ruby Parrish, Rebecca Jursley, Sam Smith, Mary Thompson, Jeannette Thomas.

Fifth grade—Lavinia Campbell, Myrtle Campbell, Martha Earle, William Ford, Estell Hedricks, Nettie Gordon, Harry Jackson, Eugenia McClain, Elizabeth Stroup, Fred Walker.

Sixth grade—Thelma Haggans, H. P. Harley, Martha Henry, Mary Lee Jackson, Lillie Platt, Thomas Henry, Loyd Stewart.

Seventh grade—Tully Gray Ellis, Jack Page, Wesley Pendleton, Henrietta Quinn, Elizabeth Smith, Mary Smith, Ralph Smith, Horace Webber, Myrtle Walker.

#### High School.

Eighth grade—Grace Campbell, Bertie Lee Hambricht, Eli Jackson, Josie McElwee, Edward Smith, Lindsay Stacy.

Ninth grade—Addie May Camp, Martha Jackson, Annie May Price.

Tenth grade—Grace Linden Page, Margaret Purtsley.

Eleventh grade—Elizabeth Ford, Lucile Ford, Hazel Jackson, Roberta Moore, Annette Moore, Mamie Moore, Alpha Harmon, Josie Pett.

The total enrollment for the school year just closed was 450. Twenty-three children living outside Clover district attended the school. Prof. W. S. Reid, superintendent of the school, has been re-elected for a third time and it is expected that he will accept it.

#### To Organize Welfare League.

James A. Barrett, Clover postmaster, attended a meeting of York county postmasters and rural letter carriers, held in Rock Hill on May 30, at which time steps were taken toward the organization of the York County Welfare League, the league to be composed of postmasters and rural letter carriers of the county. The object of this league, according to Postmaster Barrett, who addressed the few present relative to the proposition, is to look out for the welfare of Uncle Sam's postal employees and to increase the efficiency of the mail service. It is proposed to try to have a 100 per cent membership among both postmasters and rural carriers. W. H. Purtsley of Clover, J. C. Burge of Yorkville and John G. Key of Rock Hill, were named to represent the carriers in the perfection of a permanent organization and James A. Barrett was named to represent the postmasters of the presidential class, while a representative of the fourth class postmasters will be named later to assist in the organization.

Fifty Pound Ham.

While Clover people and those of the surrounding country have been in the habit of raising lots of hogs and big hogs at that, during the past several years, it is not often that hogs are killed in this section whose hams weigh fifty pounds. A Clover grocer had a 50-pound ham on display in a show window today, the hog having been raised in the country nearby. On the same card stating the weight was the statement that the price asked for the big ham was \$15.

Moved to Gastonia.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Brison and children have moved to Gastonia, where Dr. Brison has a position with a drug firm as a pharmacist.

Dr. R. L. Wylie has been chosen a member of the board of trustees of Clover high school to succeed W. T. Beamguard, resigned.

## IN NORTHWEST WOODS

### Some Engaged In Picking Up and Stripping Cast off Antlers.

Out in Uncle Sam's back woods of Oregon and Washington there are flocks of curious industries giving livelihood to many folks.

Among these strange jobs is that of gathering the cast-off antlers of deer, elk and moose. These relics that annually fall from the forest creatures are utilized by a firm in Tacoma, Wash., in the manufacture of cribbage boards, napkin rings, knife and umbrella handles and other articles. The pay for a pair of antlers is about \$1.

An unusual occupation engaged in by a number of men is the searching for and gathering of lily bulbs, fern roots, shrubs of various kinds, seedlings of evergreens and wild flowers for Eastern nurseries.

The Northwest woods yield beautiful wild yellow lilies known as Humboldt and various shades of pond or water lilies, one especially possessing huge pads, upon which moose and musquash feed.

Side money is earned by forest rangers in late autumn by scooping up ladybugs from their dens in the mountains. These insect eaters congregate after the first frost in rocky crevices and become dormant. The foresters gather them and put them into boxes until nearly spring, when they are sold to orchardists to prey upon plant lice.

Another improvement adding to the safety of night driving is the placing on the opposite side of dangerous turns a reflecting fence or mirror. The lights on the approaching car strike this mirror or reflector and the glancing rays illuminating up the nearby curve show the driver just how to turn his steering wheel. The material used on the reflectors is a mercurial prepared paint on a tin surface.

## HERITAGE OF BIBLE DAYS

Assyrian Girl Repeats Dances Performed in Land of Canaan.

### SHE ALSO WORKS AS A SHOP GIRL

Ancestor of Amelia Khoury of Boston Danced in Groves of Mount Lebanon in Honor of Ishtar, Queen of Heaven. From the Boston Post.

Working as a shop girl in Boston is a pretty little dark-eyed girl, of light descent, they say, of an Assyrian maiden who danced in the groves of Mount Lebanon in honor of Ishtar, queen of Heaven.

She is Amelia Khoury, who is repeating, after a lapse of many centuries, the very same dances her ancestor performed in the land of Canaan in the day of Hebrew prophet, Jeremiah.

In the springtime the worshippers of the ancient goddess would go out into the high places and there they would carry out various rites to catch the fickle fancy of the easily slighted deity. Priests, counselors, even kings would prostrate themselves, and the most beautiful maidens of the countryside would dance before the sacred pillows. Sometimes the goddess frowned and then the crops withered. Other times she was pleased and the April sunshine was the reflection of her smile and the rain her tears of gratitude. It was then that the crops flourished and the famine stayed away.

Carved in Stone.

Of course when Ishtar heard, the prayers to her people as symbolized by the dancing of a graceful dancing girl, then the whole populace gave the girl their praise.

"Ah, she should live forever," folks would say to each other when Amelia has many times great-great-grandmother's name was mentioned, which in the East is the very highest form of praise that lips can utter. "And she shall live forever," answered the king's sculptor and straightaway set about to immortalize her beauty in stone. But such things were not known in ancient Canaan and sculptors alone could save a person's likeness for posterity.

So the ancient Amelia—as the name was spelled then dancing favorite of the great goddess Ishtar posed for the sculptors and they chiseled her likeness on the walls of the famous garden of Sargon, which in those days was as great an honor as now being nominated to the French academy or accepted in the American Hall of Fame.

And all Canaan saw the finished work and admired it. For long years it stood. When the ancient temple fell and the sands of time swept over the ruins the coming generation forgot all about the old garden of Sargon, the worship of Ishtar, and even the dancing girl Amelia, carved on the ancient frieze of the garden well which was broken in parts and buried under the debris of years.

But there came a time archeologists' picks and shovels uncovered the ruins and the glory of other days was brought out once again to the light of the sun.

### The Dance of Ancient Amelia.

And now in Boston Amelia Khoury has reconstructed the very same dances which Amelia of Canaan skipped years and years ago.

The Boston Amelia is an Assyrian girl who went to the local public schools, learned English and if you passed her on the streets—which many of you who read these words have already done, no doubt—you would take her for a typical American girl.

She appeared in public for the first time in the ancient dance of her people the other night at the Biblical play, "Jeremiah," given by the federation of churches.

She wore a dress of scarlet, made this time by students of the Museum of Fine Arts, and she danced the same dance as did the other Amelia, and she stepped to the tune of an aut and of a durbache played by her father and by her friend Kahil Ayoub, from Damascus.

Amelia used a set of pipes in the shepherd scene which were made probably a hundred years ago of reeds gathered at the foot of Mount Lebanon, and Ayoub played on the aut which he himself made in Damascus years ago. It is inlaid with pearl and precious woods taken from shells and trees of Palestine.

## AID FOR MOTORISTS

### Illuminated Paint Marks Dangerous Places in Northwest.

To enable motorists while driving at night to properly gauge dangerous curves many places along Northwest highways are being marked with a specially prepared illuminated paint.

A peculiar property of this paint is the fact that on dark nights and in wet weather the painted surface gives off a luminous phosphorus glow like the radium-coated figures of a watch.

Another improvement adding to the safety of night driving is the placing on the opposite side of dangerous turns a reflecting fence or mirror. The lights on the approaching car strike this mirror or reflector and the glancing rays illuminating up the nearby curve show the driver just how to turn his steering wheel. The material used on the reflectors is a mercurial prepared paint on a tin surface.