

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club
By ASA PATRICK

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PROLOGUE.

A plucky, wide awake, hustling American boy takes a worn-out and abandoned farm and gets busy with his head and his hands to renew the fertility of the soil, make a scientific farmer of himself and capture prizes as a member of the Boys' Corn Club. What he did and how he did it form the plot of an up to date romance of real life that holds the interest from first chapter to last.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER," said Sam Powell, "let's go back to the farm this year."
"Well, I do say!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell, smiling. "What ever put that notion into your head, Sam? I thought we'd had enough of farming."
Sam Powell and his mother and a sister a year younger than Sam lived on the outskirts of town and made a scanty living from the sale of butter and eggs and poultry produced on an acre lot. In addition to this income, the family also had the rent from a little farm of twenty acres, which was situated four miles from town. The amount of the rent, however, was so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Year after year the land became poorer, and slothful and ignorant tenants let the weeds take the crops.
Sam was sixteen, and he and his sister, Florence, attended the public school in town. Their father had been dead four years. Before that time the family had lived on the farm just mentioned. But Mr. Powell had been no more successful than his neighbors or tenants. Not that he hadn't worked hard, for there had been no harder worker in the community than Edward Powell. But something was lacking. He had been unsuccessful and the family had suffered many privations and hardships.
At first the area of the farm had been 100 acres, but as the farmer got deeper and deeper in debt he sold it off, a piece at a time, till there were left only the house and twenty acres. Considering that there was no possibility of making a living on this amount of ground, Mr. Powell would have sold it also had he been able to find a buyer. No buyer being at hand, though, the disheartened farmer moved his family to town and left it. Two months later he was stricken with fever and died. Then the struggle for a living fell on Mrs. Powell and the two children, for Sam and Florence were large enough to be of much help to their mother.
So it was with much surprise that Mrs. Powell heard Sam express the wish to go back to the farm. They lived hard now, it is true, but then it had been worse. Her own memories of their days on the farm were anything but pleasant, and she knew that Sam had not forgotten. Much as she liked stock and growing things, she didn't want to go back to that life again.
It was Saturday afternoon, and Sam had just come in from town. His eyes were bright with the new idea he had in mind.
"It's this way, mother," said Sam, replying to Mrs. Powell's question and comment. "Since I've been going to high school I've learned a whole lot of new things about farming. They are not new things, either—just the simplest facts about agriculture. Our teacher says they are the A B C's of the business, but I never heard of them till our class began studying 'The Elements of Agriculture.'"
"That's what they call book farming, Sam," said Mrs. Powell, "and how farmers would laugh at you if they heard you talking about it."
"Some farmers might, but not all of them," Sam replied. "Bill Googe and Miles Fagan would, because they don't know anything about it. That's just how it is, mother. The ones that make fun of scientific farming don't know what they're talking about."
"Well, Miles Fagan is a hard worker, and so was your father. I don't believe anybody ever worked harder or could do more than them two."
"It's not all in hard work, though. The main thing is in knowing how to work. We're just now learning how. Some don't know how yet and won't try to learn. It wasn't father's fault that he failed, because so one knew anything about the new farming then. But that's why father failed, and Fagan is farming just like father did. He's got the chance to learn better, but won't do it. Bill Googe won't work much, of course, but he'd do a lot better if he tried the new way."
"What is this new way? I thought farming was farming."
"It would take a long time to explain it all," said Sam, "but it mostly de-

pends on what kind of soil you have, how you plow it and how you plant and cultivate your crops."
"Did you learn all this out of the book on farming?" asked Mrs. Powell.
"Well, I've learned a good deal from the book," Sam explained, "but not all I know. The government has appointed an agent for this county, and he is going to spend part of his time here next year instructing the farmers and the boys. I heard him make two talks downtown. He's anxious for me to go out on our little place this year. He says nearly everybody out in that neighborhood is like Bill Googe and Miles Fagan, and he wants me to show them a thing or two. He says he'll help in every way he can."
"I do like the country," said Mrs. Powell, "and I would like to go back on the old place, but the land's worn out, and I'm afraid we'll make a failure."
"Well, a failure couldn't hurt us much, mother," said Sam. "It's all to gain and nothing to lose. But we won't fail. That land is not worn out. If I can't fix it so that it raises twice as much to the acre as any farm around there, then we'll move back to town and I'll never say another word about farming."

"But we have no team," objected Mrs. Powell, "and what would we do for supplies?"
"I'll get Bill Googe to break the land. I won't need a team for anything else. The old tools father had will do, and the horse and spring wagon we have will be all right for what hauling there is. The pasture will save a lot of feed for the cows, and I think we can fix it so as to keep our milk and butter customers. I've already seen about the supplies. Mr. Wilson said that he'd let me have groceries and seed or anything I have to have on credit."
"I'm afraid your mind is too changeable, Sam," said his mother. "You know you've been talking of being a merchant. Have you changed your mind about that?"
"Yes, I have, mother. You see, I know what farming in the old way was like, and I didn't know there was any other way. I thought it would always be like it has been, and I didn't want any more of it in mine. That's why I thought about being a merchant. But things have changed. People are learning a new way to farm, and it's going to be the freest and surest paying business there is."

"Well, then," Mrs. Powell agreed at last, "we'll try it one year."
"Good!" exclaimed Sam, delighted. "You just watch me get busy. I'm going out to the farm next Saturday."
The next week was an impatient one for Sam. He told his teacher and a few friends about his plans, and the

latter were much interested. Some said that they would like to go to the country themselves.
"Well, you can come out to see me when you have time," Sam told them. "That won't be like living there, but it will be a change."
"I'll be there for one," exclaimed Joe Watson.
"I for another," said Andrew White.
"No use for me to tell you, Sam," Fred Martin added. "I'll come."
"Of course," Sam explained, "it may be so sometimes that I can't show you a good time. I'll be pretty busy, but you know you can make free around



me. I can always tell you where the good fishing holes are in the creek and where the wild blackberry patch is located. I guess you can make out if I do that. If I can and where the watermelons are you wouldn't have to have me about to show you what to do to them, would you?"
"Not on your life!" they all exclaimed at once and laughed.
"Won't that be fine?" said Joe Watson, his mouth watering at the thought of the berries and the melons.
"Say, though, Sam," Fred Martin spoke up suddenly, "you don't think we're going to come out there and loaf around and have a good time while you are at work, do you?"
"Well, I don't see anything wrong in it."
"Maybe not, but we'll not do that way, just the same. I'll tell you what we'll do. Any time that you have work on hand when we come out we'll help you out so that you can take a half day off."
"That's the idea," seconded Andrew.
"If we come out Saturday morning, say, and work till noon you could take the afternoon off, couldn't you?"
"Well, I should think I could," said Sam. "But I wouldn't like to have you work for me for nothing."
"Oh, don't worry," said Joe. "We'll get paid. We'll take it out in watermelons."
"I didn't know that you liked to work so well," said Sam. "You might as well go out with me next Saturday. We're not going to move until next spring, but I must mend the fences and get the ground in shape."
"Sure, we'll go," they all said.
"Where'll we find you and what time shall we start?"
"I'll be at home," Sam told them. "Come about 7 o'clock, and we'll drive out in the spring wagon."
Before Saturday came round Sam could not refrain from hunting up his new friend, the government agent, to tell him that he was going out on the little farm for that year at least.
The agent, Mr. Burns, was delighted at the news.
"Well," he said, "I'm glad to hear that. Miles Fagan is, as they say, from Missouri. He must be shown. It's just a waste of breath to talk to him. He won't listen to anything. I tried to get him to plant just one acre and cultivate it according to our methods. But he said he didn't have time for any such foolishness. He'd been farming long enough, he said, to know something about it."
"I tried to persuade him to allow his son, Bob, to join the Boys' Corn club and plant an acre of corn to be cultivated under my direction. But he wouldn't do that either, and, in fact, he talked rather insultingly to me. Of course it was just himself that was concerned. I wouldn't bother any more with him. A man like that doesn't deserve any help. But we can't afford to resent such talk from anybody. Sam. We just consider that it is because he doesn't understand and let it go. Besides, it's the welfare of the whole country that we're looking after. We want to get other farmers out of the boys' club. Bob Fagan to be a more successful farmer than his father has been, and, you see, we can't do that without convincing his father so that he'll let us teach Bob."
"Now, your farm and Fagan's join, don't they?"
"Yes, sir," Sam replied. "There's just a fence between his field and ours."
"Do you know what he is going to plant next to your field?"
"Oh, yes. He always plants corn there. Hasn't had anything else there for five years."
"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Burns. "Now, I want you to come down to the courthouse next Monday morning. We are going to have a meeting of the Boys' Corn club then, and I want you to join. You know, there is \$500 to be given in prizes in this county. There is a chance for you to win about \$250 on a contest acre of corn."
"That is a whole lot of money," said Sam, "and I am going to try hard to win the first prize, though my land is pretty well run down."
"You can fix that all right," Mr. Burns assured him. "Of course you may not get the whole field as well fertilized as it should be, but you can get the acre for corn in good condition. And I want you to lay off that acre just across the fence from Fagan's. We'll certainly show him something this year about growing corn."
"That's the poorest land on the place," said Sam.
"So much the better," Mr. Burns assured him. "Fagan can't say then that your crop is due to better land."
"Oh, no, he can't say that. For his land is much richer than mine! Mine has been neglected so long. I'll sure have to go to work on it if I'm going to make a good showing this year."
"Yes, that's right. Get it fertilized and plowed deep as soon as you can. This is January. It should have been plowed three months ago. How much land have you?"
"Twenty acres, but five of it are in pasture. I'm going to hire a man to plow the field, as I have only one horse."
"That would be best," said Mr. Burns, "but you must keep an account of all the work done on the contest acre, for you know it will have to be figured in on the cost of the corn."
"I'll do that," Sam agreed. "In fact, I'm going to keep books on everything—crops and stock too. I want to know when I make or lose."
"You're on the right track," Mr. Burns replied. "It is just as necessary to keep books on the farm as it is in any other business. For farming is a business, Sam, and a good business, too, if you do it in a business-like way."
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DEATHS.
C. ALFRED DANIELS,
Aged 76 years and a veteran of the civil war, died Thursday at his home in Gibson, Pa. The funeral took place from the Jersey church near Confluence last Saturday. He was a native of Listonburg and a member of Co. J., Sixty-first Pennsylvania volunteers.

MRS. JOHN SHILLER.
Mrs. John Shiller, of Johnsbury, died at her home on March 5. She had been ill for some time but the death of her husband just one week previous, hastened her demise. Two daughters, Anna and Margaret, and five sons, Conrad, Solomon, William, Edward and Norman survive her.

CHARLES OGLE BARNES,
After a six years' illness from a stroke, died Feb. 28 in his 61st year. He was the son of the late Hamilton Barnes, of Middlecreek township, who was in the State Senate. For 40 years he lived in Casselman as a merchant, hotel keeper, Justice of the Peace etc. His wife, who was Miss Ella Cupp, survives with five children.

MRS. CLARA GORDON HITCHENS,
Wife of Prof. Wm. Hitchens, died in a Philadelphia hospital last Friday, of malaria fever. The remains were shipped to Windber and taken to Daley for interment. Prof. Hitchens has been principal of schools in Florida and is well known in this vicinity. The funeral was conducted Tuesday, Rev. H. S. Replogle of Scalp Level, officiating.

HARRY DEWITT PETERSON,
Harry DeWitt Peterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Peterson, of Windber, died of tubercular affection at the family home Saturday, aged 21 yrs. The remains were taken to Pleasantville for interment. This is the second son to die in the past year, his brother, Jeremiah, having passed away March 16, 1914. The deceased was a member of the 1915 H. S. graduation class.

MRS. ELIZABETH WILT.
Mrs. Josiah Wilt, of Kimmelton, died Friday evening at her home of the infirmities of age. She was 82 yrs. old. Mrs. Wilt was Elizabeth Mostoller, daughter of Henry Mostoller, and was born near Friedens. She is survived by her husband and five sons—Robert of Kimmelton, Daniel of Chicago, John T. of Listie, Alexander, at home, and the Rev. M. L. Wilt, of East Freedom—and one daughter, Julia, wife of S. P. Clemans, of Kimmelton.

MRS. EPHRAIM BERKEY
Died at her home in Scalp Level March 11 at the age of 67 years, this being the third death in her family in the last few months two brothers being the others to succumb Henry Hostetler, of Richland township, who died three weeks ago and Isaac Hostetler, of Conemaugh township, who died about a month ago. Surviving are her husband and three children—Mrs. Idella Paul of Scalp Level, Samuel, South Fork, and Elizabeth, at home. Interment in the Berkeley cemetery.

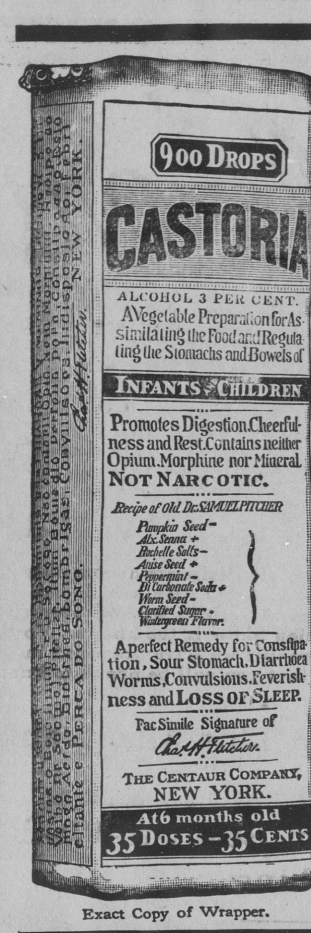
DAVID S. SNYDER,
Died at the Hotel Belmont, Somerset, Wednesday, aged 31 years. He had been ill for several years with tuberculosis and lived at Belmont Hotel, conducted by his father-in-law, Chas. Hentz. Mr. Snyder was a pharmacist and until recently conducted a drug store in Scalp Level. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Snyder. His widow and one son, Van, survive together with two sisters—Mrs. Curtis O. Kooser, of Somerset, and Mrs. Frank B. Black of Meyersdale. Funeral services were held Friday at 1 p.m. at the hotel after which the body was taken to Berlin for interment. The services were in charge of Rev. A. S. Snyder, of Scalp Level.

NELSON GERHARD,
Aged 66 years, died at his residence in Somerset, recently, following a brief illness of heart trouble. He became ill and died before medical assistance could be secured. Mr. Gerhard was a son of Jacob and Catherine Brounger Gerhard and removed to Somerset from Lower Turkeyfoot township many years ago. He is survived by his widow and five children—Jacob, of Somerset, Freeman, of Kingwood, John, of Meyersdale, David, of Cairbrook and Francis, of Confluence. Two brothers, J. B. of Somerset and William, of Kingwood, and three sisters, Mrs. Mary Snyder of Rockwood, Mrs. Susan Hechler, of of Milford township, also survive.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

A thousand yellow flower gardens, with 500 plants in each garden, will be blooming in Johnstown this summer, as the result of a plan of the woman suffragists to turn Cambria county—and in fact the whole state—in to a wilderness of yellow, the suffragette color.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the noted actress, has been discharged from a Paris hospital, convalescent from the recent operation by which her right leg was amputated. She declares she will again tour America though 73 years of age and having only one leg



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Always
Bears the
Signature

of
Chas. H. Hitchcock
In
Use
For Over
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CASTORIA

She has already selected two plays she wishes to use.

The submarine U-29, one of the largest and fastest of German underwater craft, had a successful three days off the Scilly islands and in the English channel where on Thursday, Friday and Saturday she succeeded in sinking four British steamers and one French steamer and in damaging three others. The German commander gave the crews of most of the steamers time to leave their vessels and in some cases towed the ship's life boats with its crew to passing steamers by which they were brought to port.

Nearly 6,000,000 men—French, Belgian, British, German, Austrian and Russian—is the toll of the war in killed, wounded and prisoners up to Feb. 15. Details of these stupendous losses staggered the French army commission when the figures were laid before them. The killed alone on both sides Jan. 31 were estimated by military editors at 2,010,000, of whom slightly more than half were Germans and Austrians. It is the rigorous policy of the French to make no disclosures as to the French army issues. Parents of the war victims are notified privately and no casualty lists are published.

An "anti-treating" bill which prohibits any license holder from serving drinks to anyone who has not paid for them or to permit a person not buying liquor to drink them on the premises was introduced into the house on last Monday night by Mr. Barnett of York. A case is named in the exception of the adult wife, sister or daughter or parent of any person paying for liquors. The penalty for violation is a fine of not over \$500 or ninety days in jail or both. Mr. Barnett also introduced two bills amending the license law so that signers to license applications must be freeholders for a year and may sign only one petition.

John J. Stevenson, Jr., president of the Driggs-Seabury Ordnance corporation, of Sharon, Pa., has announced that his company will furnish no munitions for the bloody war now raging in Europe. When asked as to his reasons, he said: "When this war is over and the warring nations take their hands out of the war, what is left. The Driggs-Seabury Ordnance Corporation has turned down orders for millions of dollars worth of war munitions in the last four months. Perhaps there are some persons who discredit the statement but a sample showed orders which would have kept the plant going on full shift night and day had its officers consented to become a contributing factor to the carnage now putting millions of men in Europe under the ground and on crutches. All communications of the kind are ignored."

Mrs. Wm. Carlisle, of Ellendale, Del. arrived in Philadelphia, Saturday, and saw trolley cars, telephones, movies and autos for the first time in her life. She had never seen a railroad train until she reached Ellendale depot to go there. "They certainly do beat all I've ever heard tell about," said Mrs. Carlisle. "But it's ungodly for humans to know so much, I think."

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Always Successful—Children Like It

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A generous offer. Cut this ad out, enclose with it 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price \$1.00

LIFE INSURANCE REFUSED.

Ever notice how closely life insurance examiners look for symptoms of kidney diseases? They do so because weakened kidneys lead to many forms of dreadful life-shortening afflictions. If you have any symptoms like pain in your back, frequent scanty or painful action, tired feeling, aches and pains, get Foley's Kidney Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. Cure a box. ad

How to Cure a La Grippe Cough.
Lagrippe coughs demand instant treatment. They show a serious condition of the system and are weakening Postmaster Collins, Barre, N. J. says: "I took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a violent lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me and less than a half bottle stopped the cough." Try it. Sold everywhere.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo }
Lucas County, } ss
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.
Send for testimonials.
F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75 cents per bottle.

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Demand for the Efficient.
Alert, keen, clear-headed healthy men and women are in demand. Modern business cannot use in office, factory or on the road, persons who are dull, lifeless, inert, half sick or tired. Keep in trim. Be in a condition that wards off disease. Foley Cathartic Tablets clean the system, keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bowels regular. Sold everywhere.

Come in and ask us how many votes in the Hartley-Clutton Piano contest you can now get for one year to The Commercial.