

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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SYNOPSIS.

Sam Powell, inspired by a government agent, plans to make a scientific farmer of himself and to compete for prizes awarded to the Boys' Corn Club.

Sam works hard cleaning up and fertilizing the worn-out farm. Miles Fagan ridicules scientific farming, but lets his boy join the corn club.

While blowing out stumps Sam saves Joe Watson's life. Sam plans his contest acre of corn, and other crops and the stocking of his farm with cattle.

He prunes and sprays the old trees of the orchard, improving them greatly, and his successful farming astonishes Miles Fagan and other slow-going neighbors.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the first of April when the Powells moved back to the little farm, and there was a look of real happiness on Mrs. Powell's face when she was once more settled in that quiet nook. The farm lay back from the public road and was screened from view by a grove of trees in the pasture. The weather beaten farm house was also sheltered and shaded by a cluster of wide spreading oaks.

But Sam and Florence were no less pleased than their mother to be in the country again. To live in the country and to know the ways of nature is to love it always.

Before moving, however, they all had made several trips to the old home and done much work in the garden, orchard and field. The old orchard, after receiving special treatment by Sam, surprised Mrs. Powell so, that she began to look on her son as a very remarkable boy. When they first looked at it in February it was an unpromising sight. Dead weeds and briars stood shoulder high, sprouts had grown up around the trees, and it looked as if there was but little life left in the orchard, so many were the broken and dead boughs.

"You might as well chop down the old trees," said Mrs. Powell. "They are nearly all dead anyway."

"Don't you believe it!" exclaimed Sam. "You just wait till I get through with those old trees. They look mighty shabby now, but they'll come to life if you give them a chance. I've just been reading about how to work over old orchards. Why, mother, if I was to cut them down and plant young trees it would be three or four years before we would get any fruit."

"Yes, I know that," replied his mother, "but I don't think those old trees will bear any more."

"Maybe not," said Sam, "but we can try them. I can plant young trees in the place of the ones that are entirely dead."

So he set to work, mowing down briars and weeds and raking them into piles and burning them. When this was done he took a saw and a pair of pruning shears and began on the trees. All the dead and broken limbs were cut away. The orchard had been neglected so long that there were many dead boughs, and it was a different looking place when Sam finished pruning. The next thing he did was to buy some chemicals and make a solution after a formula given in one of the government bulletins. With this solution and a hand sprayer he went over the orchard and sprayed each tree from top to bottom. Next he broke and harrowed the ground, and the old orchard had one more chance to live and thrive. For it was well pruned, the ground in fine condition, and the spraying had killed all the insects that were on the trees.

Sam, like his mother, felt rather doubtful about the orchard, but when they moved there in April they found the old trees a mass of pink blossoms.

"Look, Florence!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell when she saw the trees looking so beautiful. "Sam is sure a wonder! I didn't think he could do it."

"Oh, I'm a regular Burbank," said Sam, smiling.

"Who's Burbank?" asked Florence. "Burbank," Sam replied, "is called the plant wizard. He can do anything with plants. He took the cactus and made it grow without thorns. He took two wild berries and made a large berry that is good to eat. He took the little wild daisy and originated the large Shasta daisy. He has made potatoes and tomatoes grow on one stalk, and he has grown a white blackberry. That isn't all. He has done hundreds of wonderful things with plants."

"Well, Mr. Burbank," said Florence, with a happy laugh, "that's a pretty good job on the orchard."

Soon after moving to the farm Sam had his first chance to get what he so much wanted—some registered Berkshire. A neighbor who was moving out of the county came by where he was working.

"When are you going to leave?" Sam asked.

"Well, I'm about ready now," replied the neighbor. "There's one thing I

ain't arranged yet, though, and it's kinder bothering me. I've got a fine registered sow, and she's going to find a litter of pigs some of these days before long. I'd sell her, but I can't get nothing like what she's worth, and I can't find a place to leave her."

"I'd like to get some Berkshire pigs," Sam remarked. "What do you ask for the sow?"

"Well, right this minute I'd take \$20 for her. The pigs are sure to be worth twice that much."

"That's cheap enough," said Sam. "But I haven't the money. How would it suit you to let me keep her? That'll put the pasture down there is hog proof. The creek runs through it, and there's



"Look, Florence! Sam is sure a wonder!"

plenty of shade and water and no stock that would bother her."

"That's a good place. I hadn't thought of it. Maybe we can make a deal. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sam. You keep the sow and look after her, and when the pigs are old enough you ship four of them to me and you may have the sow and the rest of the pigs."

"I'll do it," said Sam, and the bargain was closed.

About a month later the old sow was going about the pasture with ten pretty black and white faced pigs following. Under Sam's care they grew like weeds in wet weather. When they were old enough to wean, which was twelve weeks, as the young farmer learned from his reading, he shipped the four pigs to his owner. Of the six pigs left he picked out three of the finest, two girls and a male, to keep. The other three he advertised for sale in the county paper, and the pigs being in good stock, he had no trouble in selling them for \$20 each. The buyer, coming after them and seen sold, tried to get Sam to let him have the three he had saved, but the boy refused to sell. In an offer of many times their worth would not have induced him to part with them, and in this he showed that he was wise.

But, proud as Sam Powell was of his thoroughbreds, there was something else to which he was giving a lot of thought and work. That something was the acre of corn that was to compete for prizes offered to the Boys' Corn Club.

Miles Fagan had promised his son Bob, that he might join the corn club and enter an acre in the contest if he would clear the land of stumps. Bob did join, but the corn was not planted this year. For after working with grubbing hoe and ax from sunup till sundown for many days, clearing the acre of the big, deep rooted stumps, Mr. Fagan told him unconcernedly that he'd just have to have that patch of ground. If Bob still wanted to plant some corn he'd have to clear another acre.

It was a cruel, mean trick to play on a boy and enough to discourage any body, but Bob set to work on another acre.

It was too late, however, to plant the corn when he had finished it, and he had to drop out of the contest for this year.

But Miles Fagan was beginning to learn that he didn't know very much about growing corn. The patch across the fence from his was teaching him something.

Sam planted his contest acre with the seed furnished by the agent about the middle of March. The rows were four feet apart and the stalks in the rows eighteen inches. He cultivated it the first time when the corn was just beginning to come up by going over it with a harrow. This did not hurt the plants, except one here and there, and it killed all the little weeds and grass that were just starting. How that corn did grow! It sprang up almost like mushrooms. It seemed to Sam that the dark green stalks fairly laughed in the loose ground that he had made so rich with manure and ashes.

The young farmer cultivated the ground level and never allowed a weed to take root on that acre. He pulled the suckers whenever they appeared and went over it once with a hoe, but most of the work was done with a plow. The first time or two he plowed it tolerably deep, but as the corn grew larger and the little roots began to run out across the middles he plowed very shallow to keep from cutting the roots and injuring the corn. But there was another reason for shallow plowing. Deep plowing in summer causes the soil to lose moisture when the crop needs it most.

Sam stirred the top of the ground till there was a layer of dust to hold the

moisture below. He wanted to keep all the water he could for the growing corn, and he knew that the sun can draw water up through a crust in a hurry, but can't draw it through a layer of dust—or mulch, as it is called. He kept the soil this way. He never plowed when it was too wet, for that makes clods. But after rains, as soon as it was dry enough, or when weeds began to appear he went over the patch with plow or harrow and stirred the surface till it was all broken up and loose.

Bill Googe and Miles Fagan had quit laughing at Sam. They and others in the neighborhood often stopped in passing and looked at the corn and wondered.

"I reckon it's jes' an accident," Bill remarked to Mr. Fagan one day, "but that boy's kinder got one on us, Miles. I told 'im before he come out here that he couldn't grow peas on that ground. But, dog my cats, if that ain't as fine corn as I ever saw. That acre patch is better than the rest, but I tell you they ain't none o' his crops to be sneezed at."

"I don't exactly understand it," Miles Fagan replied, "but jes between you and me, Bill, I guess they must be somethin' in the government's way o' doin' things. You know that kid don't know nothin' about farmin' except what the agents told 'im. But look at that acre of corn and then look at mine across the fence. And it ain't in the land. I know that. This land o' mine, if anything, is better than his. Of course it's bound to be in the fertilizer he's used and the way he's cultivated the ground."

The comparison suggested by Mr. Fagan was enough to make any one stop and think. Sam's corn was nearly waist high and had big stalks, while that of his neighbor in the field across the fence was no more than two feet high and the stalks were spindling.

But Fagan understood the cause of the difference in the two crops a good deal better after Mr. Burns happened (To Be Continued.)

WAGES OF RAILROAD MEN

Excess Trainman Gets Higher Pay Than Most Other Employees.

Altoona, Pa., March 17. Railroad employees in various branches of the service are giving close attention to the relative compensation of men in the different services as compared to the trainmen. With few exceptions, the average pay of the brakemen, of whom about one in ten has a job only because he is forced upon the railroads by the Full Crew—"Excess Man Crew"—Laws, is higher than that of brother-employees.

Some actual figures covering the Pennsylvania Railroad Company pay roll for the year ended June 30 last show a total of \$101,892,855 paid to 110,688 officers and other employees. That made a daily average of \$2.82. The average daily pay of the trainman was \$3.40.

The only classes of employees averaging higher pay than trainmen, of whom there were 10,419, were officers, engineers, conductors, firemen and machinists. Station agents averaged \$2.01 per day; other station men, \$2.18; carpenters, \$3.03; shompen, other than machinists, \$2.70; section foremen, \$2.50; other track men, \$1.77; telegraph operators and dispatchers, \$2.59; switch tenders and watchmen, \$2.02, and office clerks, \$2.83.

Of the total wage distribution by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company during the period, the trainmen, other than engineers, firemen and conductors, received \$10,704,430. Among engineers, firemen and conductors, the opinion is almost universally expressed in private that there is no occasion for the extra men put on passenger and freight trains by the Full Crew Law and that it should be repealed in the best interests, not only of the public and the railroads, but of the whole body of railroad employees.

GROUP AND WHOOPINGCOUGH.

Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., says, "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cured my boy of a very severe attack of croup after other remedies had failed. Our milkman cured his children of whoopingcough." Foley's has a forty years record of similar cases. Contains no opiates. Always insist on Foley's. Sold everywhere.

Hundreds of health articles appear in newspapers and magazines, and practically every one of them the importance of keeping the bowels regular is emphasized. A constipated condition invites disease. A dependable physic that acts without inconvenience or griping in Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

While attempting to board a moving train on Monday night of last week, at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, George Secrest, aged 30 yrs., a fireman on the B. & O. fell under the train and was killed. Mr. Secrest resided at Sand Patch and had been married about one year.

THE UNIVERSAL TIPPLE

Dr. Dixon's Weekly Talk on Health and Hygiene.

Coffee and tea are the two beverages used almost universally by the adult population throughout the civilized and semi-civilized world.

It is impossible to say how many tens of millions of dollars are expended upon them annually. Although their use has steadily increased they might be discontinued by the multitudes who have formed the habit with out the loss of any benefit and in the majority of cases abstinence would result in distinct physical gain.

Neither coffee or tea are to be considered foods. Both are stimulants and it is this which is responsible for their popularity. As with all other stimulants there is a continual tendency to over indulgence because a moderate allowance after a time fails to give the necessary incitement to the nervous system.

While the mind is often stimulated to good work for a short time by coffee or tea any stimulants which they give is transitory for there is a period of depression following the use of all stimulants. Experiments have shown that over indulgence in both have a tendency in the long run to dull the working of the mind.

A moderate use may not be followed by any noticeable ill effect but nervousness and disturbances of the digestive system is almost certain to follow the excessive use of either. Tea has an astringent effect which is often harmful.

The value which might follow from the use of a warm beverage with one's meals, where the majority of the food is below the body temperature, is probably offset by this action. Hot water, or the cambric tea, (hot water whole milk and sugar) of our childhood days is far better.

Many people rely upon coffee and tea almost entirely as beverages and fail to drink the proper quantity of pure water.

GLENCOE.

Ralph Poorbaugh spent Saturday in Somerset on "a Ford" business. His boat is in the Stahl hospital for treatment.

Milton Webreck and family are rusticiating this week with the former's parents. Milt. is nursing a fractured rib.

Henry Kraushaar moved from Meyersdale to the Spangler farm on last Thursday.

"Bennie" Leydig is acting "Uncle Sam" at present due to the illness of F. Miller.

Dr. Spicer, of Cumberland, motored to our town, Tuesday, in his new Dodge ear.

Martha Hosselbrode is spending the week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Delbrooke, of Wellersburg.

Miss Leah Webreck went to Sand Patch on Thursday last to attend a farewell party to Miss Elsie Shaffer, the pedagogue at Witt school.

No need for a Civic League in our Glencoe for every family got the "Clean-up" fever with the warm days and their yards look fine.

Miss Elizabeth Pnell, of Confluence, spent the week-end with her grandfather, H. D. Alfathar.

Miss Marion Leydig was a Cumberland visitor, Monday night.

School in the township closed this week.

The band festival on Saturday night was fairly successful.

IT'S A MISTAKE

Made by Many Residents of Meyersdale

Many people in a misguided effort to get rid of kidney backache, rely on plasters, liniments and other makeshifts. The right treatment is kidney treatment and a remarkably recommended kidney medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills. Meyersdale is no exception.

The proof is at your door. The following is an experience typical of the work of Doan's Kidney Pills in Meyersdale.

S. W. Bowman, of Meyersdale, Pa., says: "About a year ago I was attacked with terrible pains in my back. I couldn't sleep well. The passages of the kidney secretions were irregular and painful. I couldn't stoop over or lift anything. A friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to me and I used them. One box gave me relief and I used a couple of boxes. They made me feel all right. I always recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends and keep them on hand."

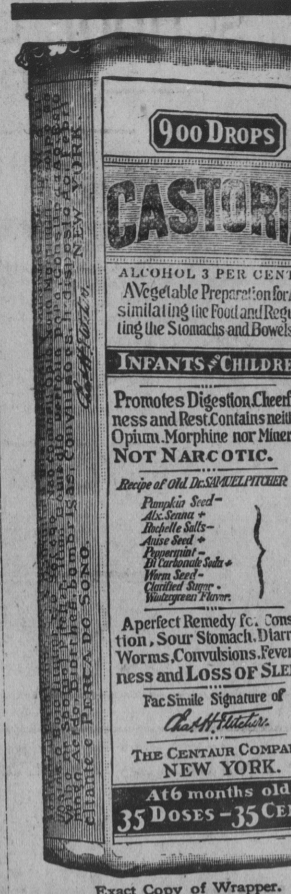
Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Bowman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. H. Hatcher



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature

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In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Are you well stocked on flour?

We are selling flour for less than we can buy it.

Now is the time to use Dr. Hess! Stock Tonic, Poultry Pan-a-ce-a, Louse killer, etc. and you will get results.

Our Lake Herring are very nice, price right.

Please let us have your Grocery orders.

Holzshu & Weimer

CONDUCTORS ON EXCESS CREWS

Experienced Men Assert That Over-Manning of Trains is Bad Practice.

Rockaway, N. J., March 1. Not a few railroad trainmen are taking open position for repeal of the extra crew, or "excess man crew" laws. With forty-two years' experience as a passenger train conductor on the New Jersey Central Railroad, Samuel A. Crook, widely known among railroad men in the northern part of this state, says the "excess" man is a hindrance rather than a help in efficient train operation.

"I am very much opposed to the law," says this veteran conductor. "Two brakemen I always considered sufficient, as I could get more effective work from two than I could from a larger crew. There is not enough work to keep a larger number busy."

"We never had an accident at a depot and the passengers always were accorded first class service, despite the fact that my trains sometimes contained as many as seven coaches. I will use my influence with my representatives to give Mr. 'Full Crew' a black eye whenever I can."

Concerning the "excess man crew" in freight service, a Pennsylvania Railroad conductor says: "My many years' service with the company as conductor on freight trains convinced me, as it would any reasonable thinking man, of the uselessness of such a law and of the excess men for which it provides. Being personally acquainted with our Representative, I shall do all I can to make plain to him the absurdity of the law."

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.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

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 you can now get for one year to the Commercial.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER