

THE BOY FARMER

A Member of the Corn Club

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.

But Fagan understood the cause of the difference in the two crops a good deal better after Mr. Burns happened along one day a little later and stopped to talk to him and Sam, who were working in their respective fields. "Hello, Mr. Fagan, the government agent called out as he rode up. 'How is it your corn is behind Sam's here?'" Fagan grinned. "It's because he planted earlier," he said. "How much earlier?" "Two or three days," replied the farmer. Mr. Burns laughed. "That won't do, Mr. Fagan," he said. "Two or three days' difference in planting would make hardly any difference in corn." At this point Bill Googee, who had been plowing near by, came up and



"Well, there you have it in a nutshell," stood listening. Bill was working better this year under the example and influence of Sam.

"Well, I don't know what else could 'a' made the difference in my corn and his," Mr. Fagan replied, "if it wasn't the plantin'."

"I think I know," said Mr. Burns. "How deep did you break your land?" "Bout four inches."

"How deep did you break yours, Sam?" "About a foot, wasn't it, Bill?" Sam asked in turn.

"Well, it wouldn't miss it much," affirmed Bill. "That old plow was up to the beam."

"How many times did you harrow your corn, Mr. Fagan?" continued the agent.

"I never harrow corn."

"How many times did you harrow yours, Sam?" "Twice."

"How many times have you plowed your corn, Mr. Fagan?" "Twice."

"How many times have you plowed yours, Sam?" "Four."

"Well, there you have it in a nutshell," said Mr. Burns. "You broke shallow, Mr. Fagan, didn't harrow and plowed twice. Sam broke deep, harrowed twice and plowed four times."

Furthermore, you'll plow yours only once more. Sam'll plow his two or three times more. That's what makes the difference in the corn. That's why he'll gather a whole lot more to the acre than you."

"That's right, Miles," said Bill Googee. "He's tellin' it straight. It can't be no other way. I been seein' it for some time, and I'm changin' my way. We been layin' by crops when they warn't more'n half made. I didn't more'n scratch my land to begin with, but you bet I'm plowin' shallow and lots of it. Sam don't know it, but I been watchin' him, and I'm givin' my crops the same medicine he does."

"Yes, there's something in your way of farmin'," Fagan confessed. "I've been dead wrong, and I'll jes' now up I've talked pretty cross to you once or twice, Mr. Burns, and I want to apologize for it. Was a numskull to act that way. Next year I'm goin' to follow your advice, and I want my boy to line the corn club and learn as much as he can. I treated him mean

the plants before they should be knew the soil needed phosphoric acid. Finally the young farmer formed what he had learned into nine rules and wrote them down in the back of his pocket as follows:

"1. If ammonia, manure, vine and bush growth, makes firm tuber, bulb acid makes blooms set seed pods form abundantly."

"2. If you expect to take from your land a crop rich in leaf, as lettuce, increase the proportion of nitrogen in your fertilizer."

"3. If potatoes or onions are desired provide plenty of potash."

"4. If abundant corn, wheat, cotton bolls, melons, peaches, strawberries or tomatoes are wanted see to the phosphoric acid."

Sam made use of what he had learned in planting and cultivating his crops. He watched them closely, and if it seemed to him that any of them were not doing well he began to hunt and study out the cause of it.

Although he had fertilized all of the farm to some extent before plowing, he worked manure into the furrows when he planted his cotton and tried to give everything he planted the food it demanded to do its best.

He found out that one good way to apply this food was to sprinkle it on the surface of the ground around the plants and work it in gently with hoe or rake.

Sam made a top application of this kind to his cotton when it was well advanced in the summer. The soil of the contest acre had been well fertilized in the beginning, but Sam didn't want that corn to lack for any of the elements it needed to make two big long ears to each stalk and sometimes three.

He waited until the month that corn usually goes to silk, and then he went to town and bought 400 pounds of fertilizer. He had this mixed to suit him self, for he had figured out just what he thought the corn needed—so much nitrogen and so much phosphoric acid. With this fertilizer he went over each row of the acre, sprinkling it around the stalks and worked it into the soil.

Fine as the corn was before, it now showed still further improvement. In a few days it was in full silk, and it seemed to leap up on receiving the stimulating food around its roots. But Sam wasn't through with the acre yet. Every now and then he went over it with a plow, just skimming the surface to break up the crust that commenced to form. One month it was unusually dry, and the young farmer had a chance to see the good effect of this work. His corn kept its dark green color, and by scratching down two inches, just underneath the dust much, he found that the soil was perfectly wet.

Fagan's corn across the fence was burning and withering in the sun. Sam climbed over the fence one day and examined the soil. He found it baked hard on top, and when he took his knife and dug a little hole he had to go nearly six inches before he found the slightest moisture.

"That shows what conserving the moisture will do," he said to himself as he went back to his field. "I've plowed this acre a good many times, but it's been easy work and didn't take long to do it, because it's in good condition. I may be going to make a lot of corn at mighty little cost on this patch."

Late in the summer, when the corn was almost made and when other farmers had long ago laid by their corn, Sam gave his contest acre a final plowing and sowed black eyed peas broadcast among it as he did so. He had done his best, and it remained to be seen whether other boys in his state could beat him.

But if Sam Powell was through with the one acre he wasn't through work by any means. In fact, he didn't have much time to think about the contest.

(To Be Continued.)

GROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH.
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 in 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.

Do you want the Commercial and the Pittsburg Dispatch for a year for \$3.75 This is a bargain offer. The Commercial will keep you from getting indigestion and give you the county news in a thorough manner, while the Dispatch will keep you posted on World News.

Underneath the Dust Mulch He Found That the Soil Was Perfectly Wet.

Sam learned these things from reading. But when he knew them, all he had to do was to look about the farm and learn more things by observation.

Where trees grew or had grown well he knew there was potash in plentiful. If leaves were rank, nitrogen was abundant. If flowers formed and fell off

the plants before they should be knew the soil needed phosphoric acid. Finally the young farmer formed what he had learned into nine rules and wrote them down in the back of his pocket as follows:

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THE BELATED TRAIN

In a station, cold and dingy Sat a crowd of people waiting For the train that was belated. On each face was stamped impatience And some folks, exceeding weary, Waited on in utter silence.

While some others, grown so restless Paced unceasing on the platform. Men were there with urgent business, Parents waiting for some loved one, There a mother sat in silence.

Close beside her boy, so many In her face was silent sadness, And her hair was turned to silver, And her brow was lined with furrows, From her eyes shown forth so kindly And the wealth of love a mother.

Could bestow upon her loved one, For her boy from home was leaving, Going to the distant city, There his noblest work accomplish. There to live and make his future, There his noble work accomplish.

Slowly ticked the station timepiece Faster worked the operator, As he sent away a message, Pausing, then received another. At his desk the busy agent Sat and wrote with patient effort.

While an anxious man addressed him, "What's the news from Number forty?" "Will be here in thirty minutes," Was the agent's cheerless answer.

Grim expressions crossed the faces, Tired, impatient, cross and sullen. They must still endure the waiting For the railroad's tardy service.

In the corner sat a loafer, Indolent and dull in spirit, Dead to impulse and ambition, Slave to habits, mean and filthy, Sat he there in empty silence In a deep remorseless stupor.

Little cared he for the people, To a wholesome thought a stranger Lived but lived without a purpose. Near the door a lonely woman, Thinly clad in sombre garments, Bearing marks of recent sorrow, Sorrow that no one could fathom.

Might have been her dear companion Or the child of her affection, Taken from her humble homestead That has steeped her soul in sadness, And has made her life so sadder.

In the station cold and dingy Was the patience of the humble, Was the restless and impatient Was the pathos of the burdened Was the indolence of loafers, Was the gossip of the thoughtless And the murmur of some voices In a friendly conversative.

Was the mother's deep affection Mingling with a touch of sorrow. Long the half hour seemed in passing 'Til was heard a distant whistle. Then commotion seized the people, As they gathered up their parcels And they said goodbys in parting.

All aboard on Number forty, They were borne away so swiftly To their distant destinations. Howard Phillips.

GAME LEGISLATION
The Phillips bounty law, placing the whole bounty system under the control of the game commission is now a law and no more bounties will be paid on hawks of any kind. The bounty on wildcats has been increased from \$4 to \$6; that on weasels has been reduced from \$2 to \$1. The bounty on foxes fixed at \$2 and that on mink at \$1. The bounty on hawks was removed as it was found that neither the men who killed them nor the justices who took the affidavit knew what kind of hawks were being killed and hundreds of bounty claims were paid on chicken and turkey heads.

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. Rowman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

AUTO LICENSE REVENUES
State revenues from automobile registration for this year so far, passed the figure of \$1,185,000, which was the total of the income from that source during the whole of 1914.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of
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In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE SCANTLAND 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.
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SENATOR BURKE ON CREW LAW

Railroad Men Think Former Conductor Made Poor Showing.

Pittsburgh, April 13. Among railroad employees here the general impression is that Senator William J. Burke in his statement on behalf of the railroad trainmen, as handed to members of the Legislature on the Full Crew—excess man crew—Law, did not make much of a case.

Particularly is it questioned what good for his side the former Baltimore & Ohio Railroad conductor could have expected from his attempt to ridicule Superintendent Phillips, of the Lackawanna Railroad, by quoting him as saying that that company had 76 per cent. grades. As a matter of fact, Mr. Phillips made no such statement, even as a slip of the tongue, but did refer to a grade of 78 feet to the mile, which is not quite 1 1/2 per cent.

It is also pointed out that Senator Burke himself in questioning Mr. Phillips asked concerning operating conditions on such grade of 78 feet, not of 76 per cent.

It is understood that Senator Burke will be one of the chief speakers for the retention of the Full Crew Law when the Baldwin Bill shall reach the senate. Not a few are questioning whether he has not gotten out of touch with the practical operation of railroads since giving up even the one-day-a-year service which for a long time kept him as an employee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

FRANK J. OHENEY.
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. OHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75 cents per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
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.