

THE BOY FARMER

OR
A Member of the
Corn Club

"My, but look how low the sun's getting! We've got to be **winning boys!**"

"Well," said Fred Martin as they were dressing on the grassy bank, "we've had our last melon for this year."

"And our last swim, too," added Andrew White.

"Yes, that's so," said Bob Fagan, "but they were both daisies for last ones."

"No need to grieve, boys," Sam explained. "You forget that we'll soon have snow and Christmas."

"That's the truth," they exclaimed in chorus. "They'll be here before we know it."

This new subject afforded conversation for the boys till they came to the place of parting.

Sam himself as he walked slowly homeward kept thinking of Christmas. The Christmas feeling was getting in his blood, and that's a delightful feeling to have.

The young farmer on arriving home immediately set about doing the evening chores. He felt vigorous and fresh and happy. Nothing seemed lacking. Nevertheless when he had finished the chores and gone indoors he found a letter that added to his feelings of pleasure. The letter was from Mr. Burns, the agricultural agent, requesting him to be present the following Saturday at a meeting of the Boys Corn club, when the prizes for the state and county would be awarded.

The following Saturday morning Sam Powell was up early and a way to town to be present at the meeting of the corn club. He didn't feel sure that he would win a prize. He thought that he might win one of the smaller county prizes, but as for the first ones of fared for the county and the state, of course he didn't have any chance to win.

If he could just win the gold watch offered by the governor or the trip to Washington or the \$25 in gold or the Jersey cow he'd be satisfied. But, any way, he said to himself, if he didn't win a single prize this year he would next.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY member of the Boys' Corn club in the county was present at the meeting. There were many others also, including farmers, merchants and bankers. It was a jolly crowd that gathered together that morning. Every one had his joke and his laugh. The noise never ceased for a moment until the club was called to order and Mr. Burns stepped up on the rostrum to make a few remarks before the awarding of the prizes began.

"I want to say," he began, smiling, "that I am very proud that this county is in my district. When I tell you why, boys, you'll be proud also."

A stillness settled over the crowd, and the boys listened eagerly for the next words.

"What I refer to," continued Mr. Burns, "is the fact that some boy of this county, some boy sitting here in this room, has won the state prize—a trip to Washington. Think of that, boys. One of your club has not only won the first prize for the county, but he has beat every other boy in the state. I wonder if any of you know who the winner is?"

As he asked the question the agent allowed his eyes to wander about over the crowd of boys, as if he himself was trying to locate the lucky youth. The boys looked at each other and tried to guess the winner. But the agent left it to the committee to reveal the name.

They didn't have long to wait, however. Presently Mr. Burns sat down, and the chairman of the committee stood up to award the prizes.

"Sam Powell will please come forward," he said.

Sam could hardly realize that it was his name that had been called, but he rose and went forward. The chairman had him step up on the rostrum beside him, facing the assembly. The next words of the man caused the young farmer almost to faint.

"Sam Powell," he said, "I wish to inform you that as a competitor in the Boys' Corn club you have won the first prize offered to the boy in this state who produced on one acre the largest amount of corn at the least cost. This prize consists of \$100 in cash, to be used in paying the expenses of a trip to Washington."

"Furthermore, I wish to inform you that you have won the first prize offered to the boy in this county who produced on one acre the best all round crop of corn, quality, quantity and cost considered. This prize consists of one registered Jersey cow."

"For your achievement in farming the state also presents you with this certificate of honor. It is signed by the governor and stamped with the great seal of the commonwealth. To win this certificate is alone a distinction to be proud of."

Holding the certificate in his hand, Sam went back to his seat. It seemed almost too good to be true that he had won those first prizes. He was anx-



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lous to get out and go home to tell the news. How proud his mother and sister would be!

The awarding of the other prizes went on, but Sam, to tell the truth, was so busy thinking about the Jersey cow and the trip to Washington that he didn't pay much attention to anything else. There was hardly a member of the club, however, who did not win some prize besides the certificate of honor which was given to every boy who raised over fifty bushels of corn to the acre.

After all the prizes had been awarded and the agent and two or three visitors had made short speeches, encouraging the boys and urging them to begin that very day to prepare for the contest next year, Mr. Burns rose and, smiling, asked if any member of the club would like to say anything.

No one responded, but suddenly some one called out "Sam Powell!" Then from different parts of the house came the call:

"Sam Powell!"

"Sam Powell!"

"Sam Powell!"

Sam flushed with the excitement and embarrassment of it. He couldn't make a speech, he knew, but he had won first prize, and they wanted him to say something. He had thought of one or two things that he really did want to say to the boys, so when some one called his name again he rose from his seat.

"Members of the club and visitors," he said, "you fatter me by calling on me for a speech. Speechmaking isn't much in the line of the Boys' Corn club, but I do really wish that I could make a speech today. I'd like to talk a long time on farming and what we can do for ourselves by following it as a business. That's what I think we ought to consider—ourselves. We want to improve our farms, but we want to improve ourselves more than the farms. By going to school we learn some things, and the most important thing we learn is how to study. When we learn how to study we can keep on going to school without a teacher. And there's so much to learn in books and

outdoors that we ought to keep on learning and studying as long as we live.

"We've all done pretty well this year, but we can do better next and still better the next. We are just beginning to see how much land will produce. 'Better seed and better stock' must be our watchword. 'Double the crop to the acre and have the cost' must be our class yell. I'm going to grow more and better corn to the acre next year and try to do it at less cost. We have raised some fine corn already, though and we must send some of it to the county and state fairs. You men farmers had better look out; we boys are after you. Next year I'm going to try for the automobile in the national corn show. That's all I have to say, and I'd like to hear from some of the other boys."

Sam sat down while every one in the house cheered loudly. Mr. Burns remarked that the speech was a good one. It wasn't long, he said, but it was to the point and said a great deal in a very few words. He then called for others to say something, and two or three responded. After they had finished the meeting adjourned, and Sam rushed from the room to find out about his prizes.

It happened that the banker who had offered the trip to Washington prize lived in the town, and Sam was informed that the money was waiting for him whenever he was ready to start on the trip.

The Jersey cow had been shipped from a distance and was also waiting in a nearby stable for him to take possession of her. Sam was delighted when he saw the cow. She was a perfect beauty—soft eyed and fawn colored. She wore a halter, and the young farmer bought a short rope with which to lead her home.

They were a much surprised and pleased mother and sister who came out when he drew up at the front gate with the cow following contentedly behind. Sam sat on the front seat, holding the lines, and answered a rapid fire of questions.

(To Be Continued.)

Former Cambria County Detective James L. Berkebile was shot and Sheriff W. E. Muhollen, County Detective Roscoe Custer and Leo O'Hara, all of Cambria county, had narrow escapes from being murdered at an early hour Wednesday morning in a spectacular running battle with the Ohsell family of mountaineers about two miles from Coalport, Clearfield county. Mr. Berkebile was taken to the Memorial hospital, Johnstown where the bullet was removed. His condition is not serious. Ohsell was captured and is thought to be mentally unbalanced.

Attorney Norman T. Boose, who is associated with Dan L. Parsons, of Johnstown, in a suit against P. J. McGrath, proprietor of the Central Hotel, Meyersdale lately filed the statement last week at the Prothonotary's office in Somerset, setting forth the claim of the Conemaugh Brewing Co. for an alleged debt of \$900, contracted while Mr. McGrath was engaged in the hotel business in Cambria county. The plaintiff's claim is for the defendant. The statement shows that in about two years time Mr. McGrath's purchases from the plaintiff company amounted to \$24,000.

Plans and specifications of the new passenger and freight stations the Baltimore & Ohio railroad proposes erecting at Somerset have been in the hands of local contractors for a week. The bids were opened on April 21, at the general offices of the company in Baltimore, and it is expected a contract will be awarded. Three Somerset firms will likely bid on the work, which it is roughly estimated will cost about \$70,000.

Noah Eash of Conemaugh township, is in possession of a powder horn upon which is engraved the name of the former owner, Jno. Kemble, dated 1701. The horn is brown with age but is still serviceable.

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GOOD ROADS DAY TO BE A RED LETTER ONE.

The proclamation issued by Gov. Brumbaugh designating Wednesday, May 26, as "Good Roads Day" in Pennsylvania, has brought an immediate response. State Highway Commissioner Cunningham and Chief Engineer Uhler, together with First Deputy State Highway Commissioner Hunter at the head of the Bureau of Township Highways, have taken prompt steps to insure the hearty cooperation of the department with those voluntarily enlisted in the counties of the Commonwealth.

Township supervisors' boards in more than 1500 townships throughout the state will be urged to do all that they can to make "Good Roads Day," red-lettered in the state's history.

The county superintendents and the assistant engineers have been communicated with by the department urging upon them to assist in making the first "Good Roads Day" a grand success. Mr. Hunter calls their attention that on Good Roads Day in Washington County last year, about \$12,000 worth of work was done at but little cost to the township. He stated that business men and from adjacent colleges had turned out en masse, farmers stopping their usual work for the day and helped as best they could, the women helping to supply food and provisions to the workmen.

Mr. Hunter suggested to the supervisors that they take a leading part by organizing the work in their respective districts; to get together with the business men and all the organization in their townships in order that the work might be well directed. Organization is needed at once in order that as many as possible will turn out and that the energy at hand on that day may not be wasted.