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Labor Day, 1917.

By John P. White, President United Mine Workers of America.

A year ago labor day speakers were preparing to warn the American labor movement of the possible influx of immigrants following the hoped for early termination of the European catastrophe.

America was at peace, enjoying boundless prosperity. Labor's champions, delivering addresses celebrating the workers' one national holiday, were enthusiastic, they had much to tell of the unequalled achievements won by organized labor. Every speech was kindled with optimism, for it seemed apparent that drastic steps were to be taken by the government to curb dreaded competition of immigrants, removing the only stumbling block in the pathway of greater achievements.

Organization work throughout the land gained impetus.

In every trade where contracts expired substantial increases in wages and improved conditions were secured. The demand for labor could not be met as our industries expanded in an endeavor to meet stricken Europe's growing needs. Every commodity increased to a staggering price as the "fixers" hoarding and speculating in human needs became more defiant and determined to grab every dollar while the going was good.

The great masses gasped; they could not understand; they wondered when and how it all would end. Prosperity was being heralded as never before. The voice of the pessimist was drowned. The game of living decently proved more difficult than in the lean years of the past. Unrest began to be felt in the land. To meet the emergency large employers began the game of duping the unsuspecting with bonuses, offered on a basis until the war ends. Taking the lead in combating the influence of the "bonus" game, calculated to weaken and destroy the labor movement, the United Mine Workers of America won the greatest single wage betterment of the year.

Calling informally a few representative operators of the central competitive field, and then meeting formally in New York, a twenty per cent wage increase for anthracite and bituminous miners was secured on the eve of America's entrance into the war. The house of the coal industry was thought to be in order. Everywhere the press praised the splendid patriotism that characterized the negotiations.

Warfare spells Crisis, with any nation. Every crisis is a golden opportunity for faddists, dreamers and theorists to parade their preconceived ideas to remedy every existing ill. Engulfed in war, the impractical element of our citizenship dream overtime to control, regulate and readjust industries of every nature. The coal mining industry, the basic industry of the nation, is in the throes of a merciless revolution as a result of propaganda of some honestly blinded to facts, and others anxious to exalt themselves on the tide of any change, regardless of whether such change operates for better or worse.

Never before in the history of the nation has the patience of those capable, who know how to efficiently operate particular industries, been so greatly taxed.

Under the guise of loyalty, industrial captains who have long defied the government as well as their employes, and successfully played the game of selling labor instead of products, are demanding greater concessions—to be let alone—to continue a do-as-they-please policy—pretending to meet an emergency.

The government is demanding co-operation—organized effort between employer and employe—to meet the country's war requirements.

The eyes of the world are focused to see how quickly and efficiently the government's demands will be met.

In the anthracite coal fields, where recognition of the union was gained in 1916 and the eight-hour day substituted for the nine, with a shortage of upwards of 20,000 miners who have gone to the munition plants, to subway work in New York, and others called to the colors, coal production increased 6,000,000 tons for the first seven months of the year. In this and in all other well organized industries where employer and employe are possessed of each other's confidence like increases of production have resulted.

This efficient result is a complete

answer to those who would destroy without reason the ideal conditions and working agreements of labor.

England's wrecked toilers is a warning that should be heeded by those who would shackle the producers of the land to a never ceasing grind.

The proud boast of every trade unionist should be unstinted loyalty to these United States of America. Observance of contracts should be the aim of every member as well as every union official. We must play our part in the war manfully and well. Every legitimate endeavor should be exercised before a tie-up in any trade results.

We must keep pace with time. Go forward, not backward.

Ungrudgingly give the best that is in us if we are to expect the best in return.

Conditions are being transformed over night; we must meet these new demands safely and sanely.

No matter how difficult it may seem or exacting the task, labor must strive to preserve intact during the war the principles of collective bargaining. When the curtain falls on the world's most deplorable slaughter in history, when the sound of shot and shell shall be heard no more, the reconstruction begins to rehabilitate the shattered areas of the world to a normal state, let it be said of organized labor that every measure of industrial democracy enjoyed when we started out to make the "world safe for democracy" has been maintained.

There is no sound reason for pessimism in the ranks of labor, if we are awake to opportunities. The fearful and hesitant will find comfort in giving their unbounded loyal support. So, on this Labor Day, 1917 let us cement our hopes out of mutual interest, and hope for worldwide uplift—world-wide peace the expressed "aim of the war."

Swat the Fly.

By Samuel G. Dixon, M. D.
 This is the season when flies with their domestic habits begin to seek admission to the homes of man. This will be particularly noticeable as the fall rains come and the nights become cold. During the warm days they have been out in the open, living their customary life on refuse from man and beast, which makes them such dangerous insects in thickly populated communities.

Now, they want to get indoors more than ever. Hence it is the great danger season, when you must take all precautions we gave you in an early spring talk as to how to protect yourselves against flies. Look over all your screens to see they are in perfect repair and try the various ways of exterminating flies that have gained entrance indoors.

The anatomy of the fly is interesting in the fact that its foot is formed to pick up a minium of filth. This minimum, however, is large enough to be dangerous. When it lights on the ceiling the fly will secrete a substance that will enable it to hold on closely. When it lights on wet material these glands are inactive and there is very little attraction to the filth. As a result of this, when the first microscopical examinations were made there was some doubt thrown on the theory of there being danger of flies carrying disease germs. But nicer laboratory methods have demonstrated to us that notwithstanding Nature has modeled the fly's foot to protect the insect against carrying undue weight during its flight, it does carry the micro-organisms of disease and should be guarded against with the greatest of care.

First, you must not forget the fact that flies seek filthy places from which to obtain their food.

Second, that they take advantage of the civilization of man to protect themselves against the weather, both in regard to dampness and temperature. It is for these last reasons that I venture to again refer to the fly during this most dangerous season.

It is a singular thing how flies will obtain entrance to homes that seem to be thoroughly screened. The only reason appears to be that they are ever following man, so that when he enters his home they enter with him. For those who can afford it, it would be well to have a screened vestibule where you can enter, close the outer screen door, and then look to see whether or not flies have gained admission with you, and if so, kill them before you enter the main door of your home.

Assigned to Camp.

The conscripted men from Somerset Districts No. 1 and 2, have been assigned to report at Fort Lee, at Petersburg, Va., for training. They will likely be instructed to report in a short time.

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VIM VAPORINGS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hilla Shuck on Thursday of last week, a girl. Mrs. Rev. H. S. Nicholson and two children, Anna and Nevin, of Grove City visited at Vim the latter part of last week.

Samuel Fullem of Summit Mills spent Sunday at the home of Milton Resh.

Elmer Walker sold his pony, last Saturday, to Irvin Miller at Summit Mills.

Mrs. Weigh of Meyersdale and Miss Louise Meyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent last Monday at Vim.

Howard Fike and family accompanied by M. A. Fike spent last Sunday at Oakland, Md.

Henry Brown and family spent last Sunday afternoon at the home of Wm. Martz at Keystone Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Fresh of near Hay's Mill spent last Sunday at the home of the latter's father, Fremont Fike.

Elias Fike and family motored to Somerset to spend Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends.

GLENCOE GOSSIP

Albert Bittner of Morgantown, W. Va., spent a few days visiting relatives and friends here.

The men who were working on the bridge near Foley's tower said farewell to our town Friday evening.

The Misses Hazel and Thelma Miller left Saturday morning for a visit with their uncle, Chas. Leydig and family of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Chas. Love and daughter of Pittsburgh, came Friday noon for an indefinite stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Snyder.

Misses Emma Perdue and Elsie Emerick of Fairhope visited friends here on Monday.

Karl Miller and family of Pittsburgh came Friday noon for a visit with his parents, Squire and Mrs. J. H. Miller.

Mrs. Ben Wagaman and children from Connellsville are visiting with Mary Stoner since Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Sturtz and daughter from Hagerstown, Md., visited at the W. H. Raupach home.

George Wagaman and family of Meyersdale motored to the F. Webreck farm Sunday.

A number of people from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Simon Bauman held at Mt. Lebanon Sunday. Miss Hazel Bittner left Monday evening for a visit with relatives at Pittsburgh.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1917, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and its supplements, for the Charter of an intended Corporation to be called THE ROCKWOOD CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY, the character and object of which is the operation of a creamery, the purchase and sale of milk and its products, and the manufacture and sale of butter, ice-cream, and other products of milk and cream, and for these purposes to have and possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

UHL & EALY,
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THE PLAY OF "HAMLET."

Does it Always Make the Dane and the Gravedigger Enemies?

In his "Notes on Shakespeare's Workmanship" Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says that "Hamlet" was written "not for an audience of Goethes and Coleridges, but for an audience of ordinary men and women," and, speaking of its popularity, he says that to this day a traveling company of [British?] actors, thrown on their beam ends for lack of money, having acted this or that to empty houses, always as a last resort advertise "Hamlet." . . . When an actor takes a benefit, "Hamlet" is the piece most commonly chosen. . . . But why does the gentleman who enacts the first gravedigger also choose "Hamlet" for his benefit night?

I was once assisting at a dress rehearsal of "Hamlet" when the first gravedigger came off the stage in a passion. In the greenroom it exploded. "Why," he wished to know, "should I be treated like a dog by this conceited fool?"—meaning our Hamlet, of course. "His temper gets viler at every rehearsal. Surely, after airing his vanity through four acts, he might be quiet while I have my little say!"

"Bless you, sir," answered an old dresser, "it's always like that. In these forty years I've helped dress, I dare say, all that number of Hamlets, and Hamlet and the First Gravedigger always fall out. It's a regular thing. I've known 'em to come to blows. Hamlet and first gravedigger! When you've said that you've said oil and vinegar."

A Youthful Philosopher

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Will, I have decided to break our engagement."

"What have I done to?"

"You have done nothing. My decision arises simply from worldly wisdom. You have no income except what you earn in the way of salary. In case you lose that we will be beggars."

"How do you know that this is worldly wisdom? How do you know but that my marriage with the girl I love will prove a stimulus which will lead to fortune?"

"I don't, but I know that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Who is the bird in the hand?"

"No one. I am simply breaking with you on account of lack of provision for marriage, not that I have a more advantageous offer."

"You will not lack for offers."

"Nevertheless my heart is yours."

"Well, Lucy, I commend this worldly wisdom of yours, though it comes from a girl barely eighteen years old. There seems nothing for me to do but to accede to it. To attempt to force myself upon you under the circumstances would be to drag you down to my level when by marrying a man of means you might rise to his level. This I am unwilling to do. Moreover, I suppose we must get romance out of our heads."

"Out of our hearts, you mean."

"Out of our hearts. You will become one with the man you marry; I will become one with the girl I marry, and—"

"Soon forget me in her."

The tone in which this was spoken was not philosophical; it was regretful.

"That's the natural outcome of such cases."

He put out his hand to say goodby. She took it, with a sigh. He bent forward and kissed her; then, with simply a goodby, to which there was no response, he took his departure.

A week later he received a note from her to say that there should be an exchange of letters between them. If he would call with hers she would have his ready for him. When he appeared he wore an officer's uniform.

"You are not going to sacrifice yourself in this horrible war?" she said.

"I'm going to fight on the side of the allies and the United States."

"They say that of three men who go to the war only one returns."

"That may be, but it is my duty to go."

"Why is it your duty to go to the war?"

"Because I am an able-bodied young man. It is the duty of all such to respond to their country's call."

There was a silence between them for some minutes, at the end of which she said:

"By this act you have widened the breach between us."

"I did not suppose there was a breach between us. I thought that you did not wish to incur the responsibilities of matrimony without a permanent income."

"Yes, and now you are going where there are two chances in three of your being killed."

"In the one case it is a matter of choice, in the other a case of duty."

"When do you go abroad?" she asked mournfully.

"Tomorrow afternoon about 4 o'clock, I suppose. But you must not say anything to any one about our sailing. Nobody in America is to know it. The departure of our troops is only known to the higher officers."

Seeing a package of letters on a table, he took it up and left another package in its place. Then he said goodby and was leaving when she laid a hand on his arm. He turned. She was looking at him wistfully.

"I thought we had said goodby," he said.

She made no reply, but there was the same wistful look. He kissed her.

"Your eighteen-year-old philosophy is not working well. You need to brace up," he said. Then he departed.

The next morning she appeared at the barracks where his regiment was housed and asked for him. An orderly was sent to find him, and presently he came.

"Well, I can't stand this. Since you are going to France to be killed I want to be your wife."

He regarded her with a melancholy seriousness.

"You are taking upon yourself a great disadvantage. Better follow your philosophy. If you do, ten years from now you will be a happy wife and mother. If you tie yourself to me—"

"I'm going to tie myself to you."

"There is no obligation, there is no duty—"

"I care nothing about my duty. You and I are one, and even the war fiend cannot separate us."

He caught her in his arms and when he released her called in a stentorian voice:

"Orderly, go find the regimental chaplain and ask him to come here at once."

The chaplain came, and the two who had already been one in heart were made one in law. A few hours later when the regiment marched to the ship that was to bear it to France, attended by mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, these two, a bride and groom, walked hand in hand.

"What an inglorious ending of your eighteen-year-old philosophy!" remarked the groom. "Nevertheless it was true wisdom."

"It was true nonsense," replied the bride.

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The Supt. will visit every consumer's premises once each month during the remainder of 1917 and is authorized by the company to shut all water off when waste is insisted upon.

Persons using hose without paying for same will be charged for at the usual rate \$3.00 per year. If not paid water will be shut off.

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