

FLATTERING "FUSSY" STYLING FOR DAYTIME WASHABLE FROCK



season, and so reasonable in price. Likewise the woman who makes her own clothes finds that many of the new patterns call for two materials, usually a print and a plain. And such prints! There never was such a galaxy of beautiful patterns and materials as are offered today. Printed broadcloth, sateen, plique, rayon and innumerable equally as attractive weaves. There's plenty of inspiration for the home dressmaker in these new materials. Considering that the making of even the simplest wash dresses involves so much detail, it might be wise to begin the sewing campaign, earlier than usual. It is not a bit too early to start at this moment.

SENTIMENT has completely changed within the last several seasons in regard to washable daytime frocks. Ordinary workaday house dresses have gone entirely out of date. Nowadays the style element is considered as important in the fashioning of cottons and other washable weaves as it is in that of dressier materials. The new modes for 1929 especially exploit that ultra styling which is accomplished through intriguing detailing. A theme much exploited in advance wash frock displays is that of using contrasting materials—plique with gingham, heavy linen with handkerchief linen, printed satens, gabardines, rayons, dimities, voiles, percales, crepes and the like with solid color and so on and so on.

In choosing materials and patterns or in selecting the ready-made frock, keep your eyes open for bows, for bows, you know, are entering into the scheme of design for washable frocks as conspicuously as in that of evening frocks. Not just bows which tie for convenience sake, but bows which are purely ornamental. Note how bows play their part in event of each of the three dresses in this picture. Attention is especially called to the "fussy" pretty frock to the left in the background as it demonstrates most intriguingly the use of figured with plain material in combine. Organdie is charmingly worked into a ruffled panel for this dress, also for other details. The vogue for large bows at the hip which has been so pronounced for evening wear, is finding its way into washable daytime modes.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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Seed Potatoes Need to Be Chilled Soon

Dormant Period Ends Some Time in January.

Late in December or early in January the dormant period for seed potatoes grown and stored in Ohio will end, and precautions should be taken to establish a temperature of about 33 to 35 degrees Fahrenheit, which will prevent sprouting in storage. Until early January, the dormant tubers will not sprout, regardless of the temperature. Some 6,300 bushels of seed potatoes will be stored in Ohio this winter, according to Earl B. Tussing, horticulture specialist at the Ohio State University.

Sprouting in storage, due to temperatures being too high, is far more common than damage from freezing of stored seed potatoes, which will withstand a temperature as low as 29 degrees, according to John Bushnell, of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station at Wooster.

When the dormant period of the potatoes ends, the low temperature should have been established in the case of potatoes stored in basements, by ventilating during cool weather and closing the ventilators on warm days. When spring warmth comes, ventilating should be done during cool nights, with the same end in view.

If the potatoes are stored in "pits"—that is, covered with alternate layers of straw and dirt—they should be covered very lightly in the fall, so that the temperature may be lowered, and the heavy layers of covering added only after the 36 to 38-degree point has been reached. In the spring the covers should be removed when the temperature commences to rise.

Large Poultry Business Pays Better Than Small

Large flocks of poultry pay better than small ones, says E. G. Misner, professor of farm management at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y. He points out that this is largely because of better labor efficiency in handling larger flocks, and because large businesses usually sell more baby chicks.

"Recent studies show that some poultrymen lost more than \$3,000 during 1926 and more than one-tenth of the poultry farms studied failed to make 5 per cent interest on their investments, although they got nothing for their time. About 20 per cent made as much as \$1,000 for their year's work, managing their farms and caring for the hens. Only 19 per cent of the poultry farms studied made as much as \$3,000, although 1926 was an unusually good year for poultrymen because feed was cheaper and eggs higher than ordinary."

Professor Misner further points out that the farms included in his investigations have on the average, a capital investment of about \$16,882, and the average labor income was \$1,654. The hens laid an average of 130 eggs each. The 98,970 pullets raised cost \$1.10 each, and it cost \$1.95 a year to feed a hen, on the average.

Manure for Gardens Is of Much Importance

Most home gardens need fertilizer in the form of manure supplemented with a complete vegetable fertilizer or superphosphate, and, for some vegetables, lime is good. Lime, however, encourages scab on potatoes and may be harmful to beets, according to the New York College of Agriculture. Manure should be applied at the rate of 10 to 20 tons to an acre, or, on the basis of smaller areas, 50 to 100 pounds to 100 square feet of space.

The supplementary fertilizers should be applied at the rate of two to three pounds to 100 square feet of garden. On rich soils, it is advisable not to manure too heavily as tomatoes and root crops may produce excessive top growth at the expense of fruit and roots. Under such conditions either superphosphate or a complete commercial garden fertilizer will usually overcome the difficulty. If manure is not available, leaves, lawn clippings, and similar plant refuse may be used as a source of humus. These should be supplemented with two to four pounds of a high grade garden fertilizer for each 100 square feet.

Damaged Wheat Value

The value of any particular lot of damaged wheat depends, of course, upon the extent of the damage but, in general, it may be said that shrunken, frosted and otherwise damaged grain may not be injured in feeding value, though rendered unsuitable for market. Rather strangely, some lots of damaged wheat actually contain a greater proportion of protein than marketable grain does and so possess a higher feeding value on the farm. Scorched wheat is often found in the market.

Useful Wood Ashes

Wood ash is a fertilizer for the roof crops. The wood ashes of the bonfire hold potash and phosphate only. The latter food encourages tuber growth at the expense of big leaves. Nitrogen has the opposite effect, which is undesirable for root crops, and there is much nitrogen in the natural and the proprietary artificial manures. The wood ash may be sprinkled along the bottom of the seed drills at the sowing times.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner
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THE BEAUTIFUL TREE

"You're the very sort of a tree I like," said Santa Claus, "you're a beautiful tree."

And the tree bowed its topmost branches ever so little and said:

"It's fine, simply fine, that you like me."

"Well, I must get to work," said Santa Claus after a moment.

He started right away.

First of all he decorated the tree with lovely silver tinsel. Then came silvery decorations that made the tree look as though it were covered with icicles.

"Well, I must Get to Work."

"I look like a tree in the woods after a storm, when the ice and snow freeze," it said.

"That is the way I want you to look," smiled Santa Claus.

"Oh, I know what I look like now," the tree said, and Santa Claus smiled again and asked:

"What do you look like now?"

"I look like Fairyland," said the tree. "Yes, I have heard children talk of Fairyland."

"When I was in the woods last summer, growing and feeling that perhaps I would be used for Christmas as they said I was such a nice tree, I heard children talking of Fairyland."

"What did they say?" asked Santa Claus.

"I will tell you," whispered the tree. "They said that Fairyland was any place where fairies happened to be, and that often, very often, the fairies played in the woods and danced and had their frolics and games."

"They told stories, fairy stories, about castles and turrets and towers, about kings and queens and princesses."

"They told of balls and dances, where the fairies and other guests wore beautiful costumes."

"And they told of trees covered with icicles and trees bending low with beautiful white snow and everything they said sounded so beautiful, so happy, so gay."

"But the trees and the way they talked about them interested me most of all."

"And when you began putting on all the beautiful tinsel and other decorations which made me look as though I were covered with icicles and silver, I thought of the children and of their talks of Fairyland."

"Well," said Santa Claus, "it is all for the children that I am decorating this tree."

"I want it to look very bright, and these children said they loved tinsel and candles and decorations of this sort."

"Some children, like one kind of a tree—others like another."

"I don't know of any kind of a tree they like any better than they do your kind, only some of them like different sorts of decorations."

"Thank you, thank you," said the tree.

"And the children here want a tree to look like Fairyland—so Tree, good Christmas Tree, you're made to look like Fairyland."

"I'm so proud and happy, and it most certainly is so. I do look like Fairyland, or like Every Day Land Tree."

"And I can see myself in that tall mirror at the end of the room," the tree added, for it reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

And then Santa Claus unpacked the presents!

Not Fixed for Praying

Little Bobby had been taught to say his prayers at his mother's knee. A short time ago he was obliged to remain over night with an aunt, who took him to bed, tucked him in, and told him to say his prayers.

After waiting for some time, she said: "Have you said your prayers, Bobby?"

"No'm."

"Well, hurry. Auntie has work downstairs. Come, begin."

"I isn't fixed right for praying," said Bobby.

Hat Ran Away

One fine, windy day I was walking home from work, when a sudden gust blew my hat across the street.

A little girl nearby fortunately caught it and brought it to me.

"Mister," she exclaimed. "You're hat was running away."

One Way or Another

By KATE EDMONDS

(Copyright.)

"HOW can a fellow marry a girl when she won't even notice him?" demanded Arthur Digby of his assembled friends at the clubhouse.

Some of them laughed understandingly while the others nodded sympathetically.

"Has anyone in particular asked that you marry the only girl you have in mind?" inquired Homer Clark, dryly.

"Don't be an ass," jerked out Arthur. "But I was merely wondering if any of you boys have been in the same fix?"

The four of them who had known Arthur Digby from boyhood smiled with him, and then Burt Raymond suggested: "If I really fell in love with a girl who appeared to dislike me, why I think I would give her a good heavy dose of feeling how it is to be disliked—eh, what?"

He subsided amid murmurs of approval, and Arthur grinned at him in a very friendly way. "Thank you, Burtie—I'll follow your advice."

It was another day and Arthur Digby was breaking his rule and going to an afternoon tea at the Goodwins. When he entered the drawing room he talked first to Mrs. Goodwin, with whom he was a great favorite. "Have you seen Bee?" she inquired after awhile. "She is pouring tea over in that corner." So Arthur presently wandered over in that direction, and when he saw that Beatrice was quite alone, he went up to her.

"How do you do, Miss Goodwin," he said coolly.

"Awfully warm, isn't it?" she said rather casually, looking past him.

"Tea? How many lumps?"

"Nothing at all, thank you." And he went away all if drinking tea and eating small cakes was a very bore-some thing, indeed. But when he saw Patricia Deering sitting in a corner by herself, looking rather bored but pre-eminently charming in her remote loveliness, he went to her and bowed low. "Your royal highness, a poor wandering knight feels dull and bored. Will your graciousness permit him to bask for a space?"

She scanned him with amused blue eyes and yet, behind that blue gaze one might have noticed sudden pain and a great hurt. It was with a sudden catch of the breath that she laughed softly. "Best, awhile, Sir Knight, in the same place beside me where you used to linger in days gone by!" Then her eyes were veiled by the unusually long, thick fringes of her eyelashes. Perhaps she could see the dark color fly to his cheeks and even to his forehead, but she might not have noticed a startled flash in his dark eyes as he sat down beside her. Digby had deserted Patricia's undoubted charm for the glitter of dark Beatrice, and now Bee had whimsically been playing cruelly with him. When a man of his age—twenty-seven—courted a girl, his intentions were usually serious enough, but Bee was almost ten years his junior and was probably still dreaming! As for Patsy Deering he felt the old-time comfort in her companionship, and although she made no effort to hold him or to attract, he was boyishly hoping that she would invite him to come out to the old Deering place as he used to do.

"Why so deep in thought, poor Sir Knight?" asked Patricia.

"Oh—I was thinking—I am sure you wouldn't mind that, Patsy," but his tone was startled—apologetic.

"Think away, Arthur," she murmured gathering herself together to arise—it was hard to leave him now, just when he had come to her for comfort—but their words must know how eager she was to grasp at this lost lover. "I must go on to the Cameron's tea."

"Will you give me a lift?" he asked with the old eagerness, and when she nodded carelessly, her heart beat faster, as they moved toward Mrs. Goodwin to say farewell.

"Aren't you going to stay and have some tennis with Bee?" inquired Mrs. Goodwin.

Arthur glanced over to where Beatrice was surrounded by a number of lads of her own age. She was looking at him, then, and her fine line of black eyebrows lifted, but her accompanying smile was inviting.

He smiled and nodded at Beatrice, but followed Patricia Deering down to her car. Would he have been interested if he had known that with his departure Beatrice's gayety departed and that her dark face grew cold and wistful?

"It does seem good to me to see you two together again," whispered blithe Mrs. Cameron to first one and then the other of her old favorites, Patricia Deering and Arthur Digby, and it was with a peculiarly boyish appreciation that he received Patricia's carelessly spoken invitation. "Come out some time, Arthur. You know the way!"

And Arthur Digby suddenly found himself imbued with the old vigor and desire for lovely Patricia, and all at once discovered that he had loved her all the time more than any other girl in the world, and that his running after Beatrice Goodwin had been merely the fluttering of the moth for a passing flame.

So that when Patricia and Arthur were married, they were destined to be happy ever after.

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GOAL RUN ITEMS

Harry Sheets and Pauline Walker were visiting in Meyersdale on Sunday.

Those who were visiting at Mr. and Mrs. James Wise's were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. May, Samuel Engle and son, Clifford.

William Beal and son, Clyde, of Boynton, were callers on Mrs. Annie Hersh on Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. May was a caller on Mrs. Geo. Beal, of St. Paul, Sunday.

Clyde Bowman and Evelyn May, of Boynton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Walker.

Roy Hinebaugh was a caller on Owen Nolte on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Hotchkiss and son, Robert, were supper guests at Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hotchkiss' on Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. May was a caller on her sister, Mrs. Mary Ringler, of Salisbury on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Bowser and family, of Meyersdale, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Beal.

Those from Coal Run who attended the 20th Anniversary of the Pythian Sisters, of Meyersdale, were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. May, Mrs. Harry Bluebaugh, Mrs. Samuel Lowrey, Mrs. Roy Hinebaugh and Marshall Lowrey.

Parent and Teachers' Meeting was held in the Coal Run school house, on Thursday evening.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, No. 7, May Term, 1928 Josephine Bollinger Sperry vs. Henry Clay Sperry. To Henry Clay Sperry, Respondent:

You are hereby notified to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Somerset, Pennsylvania, on the 18th day of March, 1929 to answer the subpoena and alias subpoena in divorce in the above stated case and to show cause, if any you have, why a decree in divorce should not be made against you.

L. G. WAGNER, Sheriff.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE APPLICATION

In Re Estate of Edward K. Berie, Deceased, No. 123 of 1928.

Take Notice That Myrtle Berie, Executrix of the above named decedent, has filed her petition for discharge as said Executrix. Final hearing on said petition for discharge will be heard by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, on Monday, April 8th, 1929, at 9:30 A. M.

H. G. GRESS, Attorney for Petitioner.

It used to be that when a fellow caught a girl under the mistletoe he kissed her. Nowadays he doesn't wait for the mistletoe.

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- OYSTER CRACKERS, lb.....15c
- SODA CRACKERS, two pound box.....37c

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