

# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### FOUR O'CLOCK

One, two, three, four struck the clock. But the fourth strike had not been sounded before the door bell rang and little Elaine shouted:

"Here they come! Here they come!"

It was at four o'clock that she was expecting her friends to come and see her.

"They were going to play 'house' and they were going to play 'Hunt the thimble,' and they were going to play 'Still-pond-no-more-moving,' and then they were going to have a love-tea."

Just as she was opening the door to let in her friends Orrie and Anna who had brought their dolls along, up on the front path came the other friends who had been invited—Betty and Jane.

"I'm so glad you've all come," cried Elaine delightedly. And all her friends were glad to receive such a fine welcome.

"We're all so glad we've come, too," they said.

They took off their things then and went into the library of Elaine's father where they began to play.

They each chose one of the great chairs in the room for a house and each went behind the chair with their dolls which they had brought.

Back of the big red leather chair Orrie had her two dolls and worsted.

Back of the big brown leather chair Anna had her two beloved dolls Viva and Charles—such good and handsome children.

Back of the red leather chair which is not quite so large as the chair where Orrie had her "house" Elaine



"Good Afternoon," said Jane.

and her toys, and back of another tiny smaller brown leather chair she had her toys.

One would decide that she would be at home and then the others would come and call on her.

"Good afternoon," said Jane to Orrie. They had decided that Orrie would be the hostess for the time being.

"Good afternoon," said Orrie. "Good afternoon," said Betty. "Good afternoon," said Anna. "Good afternoon," said the dolls and the worsted cat in their make-believe voices.

They had a most beautiful time playing house.

Not only did they call on each other and talk about what their children were doing, and how they were getting along in their lessons, but they were arranging and rearranging their houses.

Then they had a surprise for each other at every call.

For example Anna would call on Jane and she would say:

"Dear me, so you've moved the chair. At an improvement, my dear, what a great improvement."

It makes the room look larger. Somehow it makes the room look brighter."

Then Orrie would say:

"Just what I thought, my dear, and I'm so glad that you agree with me." They had supper later on, and then they went who had to go home packed with their things and left, but it had been a lovely little party and every one enjoyed it.

Even the worsted cat had had a good time, so you may know it was a very lovely party.

### Reason for Alarm

Friend's little boy, aged only four, serving as ring bearer at a large elaborate wedding. The ring had been fastened to the satin pillow by loose stitch and the little fellow had been warned by his mother to be careful with it.

Consequently, when the minister received the ring, little Wilfred cried: "Oh, m-m-m-m-m, the man is taking the ring!"

### Who George Was

George and Roger Brown, respectively five and two, often have their names mentioned together. There was when the new neighbor inquired of the man who was, it was natural that he should think of his brother. He replied: "I am the Brown child."

### Baby's Name

A new baby had arrived in the home of a friend. Little Gene, three years old, was insistent upon knowing the baby's name was. His mother replied: "Oh—it's just baby." "I know," said little Gene, "but what is his name if he gets lost?"

## Beneath His Station

By R. RAY BAKER

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THE old man leaned forward and rested a hand on a knee of his son. They sat before a fireplace in which a snapping blaze was struggling against a fall chill.

The old man? He was not that when you came to a closer inspection. He looked old, seated as he had been in the shadows, for his silver hair was all that was really distinct in the dusk. But now, when he leaned toward his son, the flickering flame gave his cheeks a youthful tinge.

There were wrinkles, but not deep. One would take it he had led a free and easy life, until gradually the impression formed that there was something about him denoting a sorrow. Possibly it was his eyes.

"It's up to you, Paul," he said in a voice that was singularly soft and pleasing. "I would not try to argue you out of this marriage, but I want to warn you to be sure you are not making a mistake—as I did once, I regret to say."

"I am sure, father," the son said, with a note of finality, "I love this girl of the wilderness."

"But your station in life," his father insisted. "This girl cannot be your social equal. You say she and her mother live in a shanty in the woods near Cedar Creek, where you spent your vacation. They must be crude people."

"She's as good and a lot better than most of the girls in my station of life," Paul said. "I did not see her mother, for I never could get Anne to invite me to their home. In fact, it is not her mother, Anne told me. Rather it is her adopted aunt. Anne is really the daughter of the sister of the husband of the sister of the woman she calls mother—if you can grasp that."

"They live in the woods from choice. Anne's father was wealthy and left a large amount of money to his daughter; and Anne insisted on sharing it with the woman she now calls mother. Because they love the woods and choose to live in them—that does not indicate a low station, does it? And what if it does? I love Anne."

"All sounds very rosy, this love talk," observed his father, and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice, "but it doesn't always work out that way. Look at my own case. Your mother was a lovely good girl, but she had not been educated to my ways of thinking. Like this girl you think you love, she was fond of the woods and she wanted me to spend my life in them. I could not reconcile myself to it, because I love the noise and bustle of the city. The silence of the wilds drives me frantic. But I consented to try it and built a habitation in the woods; not a modern structure, as I desired, but a rustic log house to suit your mother's fancy. I could not endure the solitude and finally one night we quarreled; and a terrible quarrel it was! In fairness to your mother, whom I loved in spite of our incompatibility, I must say that I was the cause of most of the quarreling."

"The next morning I left the house with you," he went on. "I sneaked out of the cabin with you bundled in a blanket before Ethel, your mother, was awake. I did not return for three months, and when I did, repentant, I found nothing but ashes to mark the spot where we had tried to live. And never was I able to get a trace of your mother."

The son was silent several minutes. "I know you mean well, father," he finally said. "But I love this girl, I am sure of it; and besides, I love nature, too, so we ought to get along."

It was Paul's wedding day, and he was on his way to claim his bride from the forest. His father was with him.

"I said my say, and you've made your choice, son," he said. "It is for you to decide. And of course I'm going to be present when my son is married, even if it should be in the center of the African jungles."

So they packed traveling bags and took a train for the wilderness. At Cedar Creek they disembarked and set out on foot through a path in the woods.

Two hours of walking brought them to a clearing, where a log house sent a thin wreath of smoke heavenward. It was a small hut, but it looked inviting, an island in a sea of flowers and vines.

"This is the place," Paul announced. "I had never seen it, but I received good directions in my last letter." His face was lighted up expectantly.

From the door of the hut romped a laughing girl, clad in a blue blouse, short khaki skirt and leggings. In the doorway behind her appeared a tall, handsome brunette of middle age.

Paul clasped the girl in his arms but suddenly she broke away.

"I must introduce you to mother, and I must meet your father," she said, turning toward the hut, to stop dead still, amazement shining from her big, bright eyes.

"Well, would you look at mother!" she cried, and Paul turned to stare in astonishment that equaled or surpassed hers.

For Paul's father and Anne's mother had followed the example of the young people and were hugging each other tightly, while she repeated over and over the one word "George" and he was saying "Ethel."

## MOUNTAIN VIEW

One side of Harvey Maust's barn roof was blown off by the storm we had.

Miss Margaret Gowns spent Sunday at the home of Lewis Bender's.

Miss Bertha Kinsinger spent Sunday evening with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kinsinger.

Misses Verna and Edna Maust and Mr. Asa Maust spent Sunday at Harvey Yoder's.

Mrs. Milton Opel and son Milton Jr., were callers on Mrs. Ed. Humbertson on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Opel and family were visiting at Mrs. Opel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Witt of Summit Mills, Sunday.

Sunday visitors at Henry Opel's were: Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hostetter and daughters Effie and Sadie, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Firl and daughter Leona.

Mrs. G. C. Petersheim had a quilting on Wednesday. Those present were: Cora Sechler from St. Paul, Mrs. Eli Yoder and Mrs. S. S. Hostetter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Maust and son Willard were visitors at Alvin Yoder's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Maust and children were visitors at Harvey Yoder's Sunday.

children were visitors at Harvey Yoder's Sunday.

Mrs. David Maust who has been visiting with Wesly Bitter's of Meyersdale has returned to the home of her son, Mr. Howard Maust.

Miss Julia Maust had the misfortune of scratching her face one day last week when she was coasting.

## SALISBURY NEWS

Rev. K. H. Beck of St. Paul called at Frank Miller's Tuesday afternoon while on his way to David Keim's sugar camp. He must have a sweet tooth that he has not lost.

Mrs. Robert Brown and two children of Boswell are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schramm.

George Schramm had a swell time with mumps but is about well now. His sister Ruth, is staying with her aunt, Ida Schramm so she does not contract the mumps and lose school.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Miller and two children of Meyersdale were calling on Mrs. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Maust's last week.

Miss Bessie Winters was a supper guest of Miss Genevieve Weimer last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John Shank visited her sister, Mrs. Henry Schramm on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bowman of Glade City spent Sunday with Mrs. Bowman's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harman Menhorn.

Mrs. John Schramm and daughter Melda called on Mrs. Frank Miller one evening last week.

The new dentist in the Drug Store building is kept real busy. If you don't believe it just call and see.

## BOSWELL NEWS

Miss June Newman, of Pittsburgh, spent the week end at her parental home here.

Squire John Kircher was a business caller in Friedens, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Park Weimer and family were Sunday visitors at her parental home at Somerset.

B. J. Maurer was a business caller in Pittsburgh, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Vincent have returned from Washington where they witnessed the inauguration ceremonies.

Boswell firemen have received a lot of new hose which adds to the facilities of the fire department and affords a greater degree of safety to the property owners and citizens of the town.

The special Lenten services conducted at the local Reformed church

last week were well attended in spite of severely cold and rough weather. Visiting pastors who assisted with the services included Rev. H. D. Gress and Rev. F. D. Witmer, of Berlin.

Rev. E. D. Lantz, of Jennerstown, and Rev. W. H. Snyder, of Stoyestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Eber Cockey and daughter Evelyn were calling on friends at Hooversville, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brant spent Monday in Johnstown.

Members of the Boswell I. O. O. F. and Rebekah lodges will attend services in a body at the local Reformed church Sunday evening, March 17th.

## FARM CALENDAR

### KEEP ONLY GOOD COWS

—Weed the poor cows. The cost of producing a hundred pounds of milk often can be reduced extensively by selling two or three of the lowest producers. Make changes gradually and be sure that relations are balanced as nearly as possible. These practices pay.

### GROW HEALTHY CHICKS

—Freedom from disease is essential to growing a large percentage of the chicks hatched. Choose eggs from disease-free parents, or if you buy chicks get them from flocks known to be free from bacillary white diarrhea.

### PREPARE FOR SAP FLOW

Maple sugar makers are preparing now for the first run. They know that the first of the season's sap is sweetest, clearest, and of the highest quality. Buckets and equipment are being cleaned, wood for boiling collected, and everything put in readiness. To miss one good run means the difference between profit and loss for the season.

### LEARN TO FIGHT WEEDS

—Little weeds are tender, but not tender-hearted. They become hardened criminals. The Pennsylvania State College has free leaflets on buckhorn, Canada thistle, chicory, galinsoga, horsetail, horse nettle, orange hawkweed, poison ivy, quack grass, and wild onion or garlic. Send for the ones you want.

### PICK GOOD APPLES

—Carefully choose varieties of apple trees to be planted this spring. Many of the kinds once considered leaders are now displaced by higher quality and better selling varieties.

### IS POPULAR VEGETABLE

—Asparagus is no longer rarer as a luxury, but is considered a staple article of diet. For a family of five, plant 50 to 100 roots and have a delicious green available every day for the first two months of the spring garden.

Mr. Kink (to a professor in Biddle University, S. C.): "Professor!"

"Well, Mr. Kink?"

"Which is the past tense of the verb 'to hoodoo'—'hoodooed' or 'hoodid'?"

# A Newspaper is Worth More.....

Than the price that is asked. The cost of the paper and ink that goes into the production of a newspaper very often amounts to more than the *subscription price*. But paper and ink are not the only items of expense; news must be gathered and edited, type must be set, forms made up, the paper printed, folded, addressed and delivered to the post office. So that in terms of dollars and cents a newspaper is worth more than the *price* asked.

The Meyersdale Commercial is worth more to the reading public than the small sum of \$1.50 a year. The continued stories, alone, if bought in book form would amount to three times the subscription price. The news that sparkles from every page brings to your home every week the happenings of your home town and community and tells you what is of general interest elsewhere in the County.

And then, too, the Commercial is clean -- and independent.

# The A Romance Braddock

B HUGH PEN

Illustrated by IRVING

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## THE ST

### CHAPTER I

—Imp open-handed generous Virginia gentleman, Brond is serving as the army under preparing for Duquesne. He has Alexandria in mind where, posing as a doctor, he had secured valuable information to realize the import Brond is sent back also bearing Croghan, English and Indians.

### CHAPTER II

—Brond and fellow scout, Elsie, chief, and they set they fall in with a tyman, Balzar Cromit. The party encountered thers threatening a Dinwood, whom they craft. Brond saves girl disappears.

### CHAPTER III

—W message to Croghan, easiness at the ap to the English ca George Washington from bullying Eng worsts a bully in Elsie Dinwood, th scouting expedition and leaves with R joins them.

### CHAPTER IV

—T scouting party besie defended apparently Brond and Cromit the cabin. The "man A French officer, an in the door, Cromit Brond takes the F escapes during the tive is Lieutenant E sends him as a pris to Braddock's camp way to Duquesne, a

### CHAPTER V

—Ca to enter the fort u resolves to visit an a woman sachem. A She is friendly to scouts as French. come to Allaquippa French officer, Pal known at Duquesne to win over Allaquippa cause, but he falls ment. Brond and dressed as a man, protection. The girl found the English to the French. Una Brond tells her of queens, and she p tray him. They lea cased from Cromit to Duquesne. Brond stopped.

### CHAPTER VI

—Brond while he is cept Beauvais, and killed the Frenchm escaped from Cromit them, and the th quippa's town. Cro quieting news of Braddock's army. Blah officers in the ing, and Braddock advice of the "P separated from his comed by Allaquippa man. Leaving him English army. Elsie reach Duquesne. E come, Beauvais, co believing him to l learns Beauvais i having killed Elsie the other French izes he is in dead to get away at o who has come to vais, but it is too

### CHAPTER VII

—by Beauvais to h recognized and dea as an English sp Round Paw. Elsie, Brond escap having destroyed could reach to de the water. Brond with a message o of danger of amb "Turtle Creek" ro with Elsie, a travling, he take the army, in the h Paw, Cromit or through safely w

### CHAPTER VIII

—party of pursuing trail. The girl limit of her endur ried by Brond. cabin of a trader, his help to stand ing the cabin safe away, but Elsie defense of the pl beating off the at during a heavy r escape. Elsie's t make a deep imp the woods they ginja forest fight turning from a sc

### CHAPTER IX

—tale of demoraliz ish regulars. Ro party and they r refuses to seek s atiating on "taying dangers. Braddo warning of dang expedition. Attac his misgivings o practically invisit ish regulars ar fusion. A disor when Braddock l and his Virginian amy, preventing finds a place of s Paw and Cromit a badly wounded, other fugitives. Elsie in the cont

### CHAPTER X

—stunned by the e the English ar New York, leavi hold back the drunk with victo from his wounds fence of the fron not relieved, u rights his way t Then Brond con Elsie Dinwood, r and believing h hamlet he finds whose charge he tells Brond Elsie and Brond at onc There he meet Josephine Hewit Elsie and give seeks her, and fi his quest when "winters, "Oh, back!"