

John's Wasted Heroism

By ADELAIDE D. HUFF

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"I'D LIKE to know why I can't come tomorrow night," John Mannington said sullenly, his fine dark face clouded with anger. "I'm your fiance, Pauline, and it seems to me I have the right. If you aren't having dates with some other man what is it you are doing that you're ashamed to tell me about it?"

"Ashamed!" she flashed back at him. "I'm not in the least ashamed. It's simply that I don't choose to tell you all my business. You'd better go home, John, and come back when you feel in a better humor."

"Yes, I'll go home," he answered, rising abruptly, "but I doubt whether I'll ever feel in the right humor to come back."

"Just as you like," Pauline answered stiffly as she watched him rise and leave the room.

As soon as she heard the front door slam behind him she flung herself face downward on the davenport and burst into tears.

"He's a brute, he's a brute! He's unreasonable," she said over and over to herself. Then when she was at last a little calmer her attitude changed and the refrain that went through her mind was of quite another nature. "What have I done! What have I done! He had a right to know. No wonder he was jealous, but I couldn't tell him, I couldn't. And after he got so hateful and stiff-necked I'd have died before I'd have given in."

Meanwhile Mannington had jumped into his sports car and had gone tearing down the street, regardless of traffic cops and speed laws.

"I'm hanged if I'll ever go an inch to make up!" he gritted his teeth. "She can't use the high hand with me. No, not if I know it!"

Neither of them slept much that night, and each thought of the other in terms not altogether flattering and entirely lacking that tenderness common between fiancés. The next morning when they got up the world was a different place to them. Each wanted to give up, but pride forced them to maintain an outward calm. John appeared at the office on time and Pauline met her social engagements as if nothing had happened. John avoided his club that evening—ate downtown at a restaurant and went straight to his apartment afterward. He tossed himself into a chair, lit a cigarette and picked up the afternoon paper, but he could hardly see the type for the vision of a laughing, girlish face that seemed to be taunting him. "Come kiss me," her lips said, "but always she was wriggling away from him." She could duck under his arm or hide her head on his chest in the twinkling of an eye, then as suddenly and unexpectedly she would reach up and give him a little peck on the cheek and she would be gone again.

"D—n it," he muttered, jumping up and leaving the room.

When he reached the street he paid no attention to the direction he took—merely walked and walked and walked. He had no idea how long he had been on the street when sounds coming out of a large house nearby attracted his attention. As he approached he could distinguish the high pitched and very excited voice of a girl.

"Stop! You are hurting me!" she screamed. "Let me go. I've not been flirting with anyone. I swear it!"

John's blood froze in his veins as he recognized the voice of his fiancée, then with a bound he was up the front steps and had plunged into the big, well-lighted room. Pauline was kneeling at the feet of a huge, well-dressed man who gripped her wrists in his hands. Everything turned red before John's eyes as he lunged at the girl's tormentor with clenched fists. He wheeled in furious rage when he felt iron hands gripping him—holding him off.

"John, are you crazy!" shrieked Pauline, rushing up to him.

"Me crazy! Me crazy!" he laughed harshly.

"But this is only a play we're getting up," she explained. "Look, here's the book. Here are my lines. See, we're rehearsing. I wanted to make it a surprise for you. That's why I wouldn't tell you last night," she went on.

An uproar of laughter from others in the room whom John had not noticed before. The place seemed to be swarming with roving people. How ridiculous they looked. They were getting hysterical. "Fools!"

"He thought it was real! Darn good acting! It's going to be a knock-out!"

Suddenly Pauline turned on them like a little tigress.

"You're all hateful to laugh," she said, "but I love him harder than ever because he fought for me when he thought I was bad."

He felt Pauline tugging him out of the room. "Soon they were on the street. Then she turned to his arms. "Forgive me, John," she begged. "I've been foolish, but I promise never to keep another thing from you as long as I live."

He was still too dazed to know what was going on, but instinctively his arms tightened around her and this time Pauline met him more than half way.

POULTRY

MOLASSES HAS EDGE ON CORN

Good Results at Ohio Station Have Been Obtained.

Cane molasses in the poultry ration possesses certain distinct advantages over corn, when substituted for that grain in quantities up to 10 per cent of the ration. This has been established by two years of experimental work by the poultry husbandry department of the Ohio State university. The molasses has replaced corn on a pound-for-pound basis. "It has given equally good results in rations for starting and growing chickens, laying hens and fattening birds," says Prof. A. R. Winter, of the poultry department, in discussing the results of the tests.

In a test with laying hens, those fed on a ration containing 5 per cent of molasses laid 16.93 per cent more eggs than a group fed with corn and no molasses. At the same time the mortality among them was only 5 per cent as compared to 12.5 per cent among the hens which got no molasses. The test was carried on during the fall and winter months.

Growing chicks, at eight weeks of age, weighed 17.7 per cent more when fed a 5 per cent molasses ration, and suffered a mortality of only 7.32 per cent as against 12.39 per cent for the chicks which received corn instead of molasses. When fed 10 per cent molasses the chicks weighed only 16.5 per cent more, but the mortality had been reduced to 4.88 per cent.

"The cane molasses carries some vitamins B and furnishes carbohydrates in easily available form," says Professor Winter. "The potassium salts in the product serve as a mild laxative. It is believed that the carbohydrates create a condition in the intestine unfavorable to the development of coccidiosis and other harmful bacteria. This theory is under investigation at the present time."

Milk Solids Favored for All Kinds of Fowl

Skim milk solids are fundamental in the poultry rations recommended by Massachusetts Agricultural college in Extension Leaflet No. 6. Laying mash formula is: 100 pounds bran, 100 pounds middlings, 200 pounds yellow corn meal, 100 pounds ground oats, 50 pounds meat scrap, 25 pounds "powdered milk," 25 pounds alfalfa leaf meal, 5 pounds fine salt, 25 pounds steamed bone meal; and the grain formula is 100 pounds each of cracked corn, whole corn, wheat, or barley and oats. In addition the leaflet recommends: "Feed skim milk whenever available. . . . When all the skim milk the bird will consume is available, meat scrap need not be fed." For chicks, the laying mash with an additional 25 pounds of dry skim milk is recommended, together with chick grain, 200 pounds fine cracked corn, and 100 pounds cracked wheat. Milk solids in the laying mash amount to 4 per cent; in the chick mash to 8 per cent.

Sprouted Oats Needed by the Laying Hens

"Sprouted oats for laying hens," is a formula that should be in every poultryman's feeding guide, says G. L. Stevenson, of the South Dakota State college. It's not very expensive either. However, it does require a warm room or basement.

Equipment needed for sprouting oats may be homemade. The boxes should be shallow, not over three or four inches deep. In preparing the oats for sprouting, it should be soaked overnight in a bucket or tub. A few drops of formaldehyde added to the water in which the oats are soaked will prevent mold from developing. Moldy grain is often fatal to poultry.

After the oats have been soaked and drained it may be spread out in the boxes and kept in a warm room or in a heated sprouting device. In a few days when the oats sprouts have attained a length of two or three inches, they will be ready for feeding.

Broody Hen Care

When several broody hens are sitting in coops close against one another, it may save much potential trouble if each bird is tethered by long, thin cord from one leg to her nest box. This will insure that, after her spell off duty, she joins her own nest and not a neighbor's, as she is otherwise liable to do. A hen may settle down for a short time on a strange nest, but soon she finds out her mistake, jumps up, and so allows the eggs to be chilled.

Use for Vitamine D

Vitamine D, which is found in cod liver oil, is useful in helping to properly assimilate minerals. This vitamin is furnished by the direct rays of sunshine. During winter months, sunshine does not contain as many of these helpful rays as in summer. When sunshine passes through ordinary glass a great deal of the helpful influence is lost. These two factors make it possible to utilize cod liver oil to advantage in winter rations for laying hens.

The Girl Jim Took to the Game

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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JIM CRAWFORD fingered the oblong bits of cardboard reflectively. His tickets had safely arrived and his seats were as good as any ever allotted to newly fledged graduates under the strain of unprecedented demands.

Only who to take? With Jim the choice was not a narrow one. Yet gradually it simmered down to two, Caroline Hemingway or Peggy Curtiss, both lively girls—and fair. "I've got it!" said Jim. "I'll toss up their telephone numbers and abide by fate. Come seven!"

A moment later he snapped the receiver back on its hook. It was ever so nice of him, thank you, but Caroline had already planned to go with somebody else!

Now for Peggy. If Peggy's soft voice over the telephone carried with a bit more of thrill than had Caroline's, Jim was scarcely aware of the fact as her words struck dismay to his soul.

"The game? Oh, Jim, I'd love to, but Blaine Ashley asked me ages ago. But, Jim, I've got a simply tremendous favor to ask you. Had you any one else in mind? No. How splendid! You see, my cousin is here from Milldale, and just dying to see the game. But you know how it is about tickets. And—oh, Jim, if you would take her! She's awfully bright and—did you say, 'Is she pretty?' Why—oh, Central, you've cut us off!"

An ultimate reconnection and Jim, wondering why on earth he had done it, presently found himself pledged to take Peggy's cousin to the season's greatest contest.

Early in the afternoon on the day of the game, Jim drove his modest little roadster up to the curb in front of Peggy's home. Yes, there stood the girls on the veranda. Beside them towered young Ashley, tall and superior.

Never had Jim seen Peggy look more beautiful. Beside her the little Milldale cousin paled to insignificance. And she wore huge tortoise shell glasses!

Driving out the crowded boulevard flanked by laughing, chattering streams of people all flowing in one direction Jim tried to do his duty as an escort and a gentleman. But his most valiant conversational methods produced the most meager of responses, subdued little "yeses" and "noes" totally lifeless.

Disgusted, Jim lapsed into a silence which lasted unbroken until he had parked his car and the two found their place in the huge structure gradually filling.

Then once more he roused himself. "Ground in good condition," he commented. "I take it you're up on football like all girls, Miss Crumley?"

Miss Crumley nodded timidly. "The side that kicks the ball offest over those posts wins, does it not?" she wanted to know.

Jim all but groaned. Imagine! Then he forgot his companion, even forgot that Peggy was sitting somewhere with that arrogant Ashley.

Then, just at the end, with the score tied and five minutes to play, the star of the team, taking one of those desperate forward passes so often futilely tried near the finish, started down the field. The crowd went wild.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!"

Jim became suddenly aware that the girl at his side had grabbed his arm with one hand and with the other was frantically waving her score book. "He made it! He made it! Oh, boy!"

That night Peggy had a party to celebrate the victory. Jim had been invited when he deposited Miss Crumley on the Curtiss steps and had reluctantly consented.

It was when the girls came back that Jim got the shock of his life. In a soft, shimmering gown, her face alight, her awful glasses gone, the little Milldale cousin was a peach!

But not until much later in the evening when Blaine Ashley left early to take her down to her train, did Jim receive explanations from the contrite Peggy.

And then she only explained because Jim, tantalized by her audacity by a certain sweet provocation, had seized her suddenly in his arms and all in one breath told her he loved her and begged her to marry him. It was after that little matter was satisfactorily settled that Peggy confessed as follows:

"I—I've really been crazy about you for a long time, Jim, and—and I rather thought you were about me! I wanted to go to the game with you but you didn't ask me and finally I accepted Blaine's invitation. But when you called up—well, I couldn't bear to think of you taking some one else. My cousin seemed providentially sent. Only—well, she really is terribly popular with the boys and I made her promise not to try her wiles on you. And then she went to the other extreme—as you know! She says that just for one moment she forgot she was playing a part—at that touchdown, you know. You see her brother is captain of his college team. What she doesn't know about football! But she certainly did her best."

"Not to capture me!" grinned Jim. "As if I ever thought for a moment of any one but you, dear!"

And Peggy sighed contentedly, quite as if she really believed him!

DAIRY FACTS

DAIRY FARMERS MAY CUT BILLS

A good way for the dairy farmer to save money is to use lime, phosphorus, legumes and manure.

In explanation of this statement H. R. Cox, farm crops specialist at the college of agriculture in New Brunswick, says: "The use of these four things reduces both the feed bill and the fertilizer bill. The ordinary farm crops will not justify the expenditure of much money for commercial nitrogen; hence, legumes should be used for furnishing the nitrogen, and the lime and phosphorus for insuring a good stand and growth of the legumes."

"As is generally recognized, barnyard manure is a valuable asset to the farm. It has been found, however, that manure exposed in the barnyard from January 1 to April 1 loses one-fourth of its value as compared with manure hauled and spread on the land in January. If the weather does not permit spreading, it is better to pile the manure on one side of the field than to leave it in the barnyard. This will at least advance the spring work."

"In case a farmer expects to sow some alfalfa seed next spring, either alone or in his clover and grass mixture, he should not fail to inoculate the alfalfa if it is going on land that has never raised this crop. Inoculation by the soil and seed method is simple and easy, requiring no expense and but little labor. This method, together with other methods of inoculating legumes, is described in Extension Bulletin 32 recently issued by the college."

Remove Air Near Floor to Ventilate Stables

Studies conducted by the state college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., during the past five winters prove that a dairy stable can be ventilated to keep the air fresh and to keep moisture from collecting on the walls and ceilings. It was found that it is best to have the outside flues or chimneys draw the outgoing air from near the stable floor. Because the air in a stable is in constant circulation due to the body heat of the animals, there is practically no difference in the purity of the air near the ceiling and that near the floor.

However, the air near the floor is always slightly cooler, for the warm air naturally tends to rise to the ceiling as the cool air settles to the floor. By taking the air out near the floor only the coolest air in the stable is removed, and a reservoir of heat is maintained in the stable which cannot drain out any more than all the water can drain out of a tub through a hole near the top. It is, therefore, not necessary to close the outside flues even in very cool weather.

Increase Production in Different Dairy States

States relatively unimportant in the field of dairy product manufacturing increased their importance in 1927 as compared with the previous year, according to statistics compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture. The important dairy states of Minnesota and Wisconsin did not increase their production in 1927. The total amount of creamery butter manufactured in the year was 1,496,495,000 pounds, an increase of over 45,000,000 pounds over 1926. Iowa achieved a substantial increase. "In general," says the bureau of agricultural economics, "increases are reported in the less important butter-producing states, particularly in the Far West, in which sections it has been generally known the dairy business has been increasing rapidly in recent years."

The manufacture of dry milk in 1927 was nearly 30 per cent greater than in 1926. Cheese was an exception to the general record of increased production of dairy products, as a slight decline is recorded.

Dairy Hints

The scrub sire is more expensive than the best pure bred.

All utensils should be rinsed, washed and scalded. Use a brush and washing powder.

If you want to observe the golden rule, sell your scrub bulls for beef and not for breeding purposes.

The wise dairyman knows whether he is keeping cows or the cows are keeping him. Cow-testing associations help the farmer to determine the efficiency of his herd.

To keep a cow from sucking herself, put two or three hog rings in the under side of her tongue.

It costs a great deal less to produce 100 pounds of milk from heavy yielding cows than from cows producing smaller amounts.

Only 25 per cent of the bulls heading dairy herds in the United States are pure bred, but thousands of purebred dairy bulls are slaughtered for veal every year because there is no demand for them as breeders.

FIRE WASTE AND COMMON SENSE

The apparent disregard of fire waste by otherwise estimable and intelligent citizens, is a peculiar phase of our national life.

It is nothing more than common sense to realize that when we burn half a billion dollars worth of property in a year, to say nothing of lives lost, several times that amount of money has been totally destroyed in time and business lost and upkeep of fire departments.

There can be no question but what this tremendous waste presents a serious menace to our prosperity. In no way can it actually be replaced, least of all by an insurance company which must collect at least as much money as it pays out.

The principal causes of fire are carelessness, ignorance, poor building construction and inadequate protective facilities.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters and many other organizations, private and civic, through Fire Prevention Weeks and all-year-round activities, make intensive efforts to educate the public. It is clearly our own fault if the lessons are not heeded.

In localities where building laws are too lax, they should be amended, so that the best fire-resistive construction is required. Every locality should have a well-equipped and efficient fire fighting department, no matter what the expense. It will pay for itself many times over.

We lead the rest of the world in most things and, unfortunately, we lead likewise in the amount of our fire waste. It is not an enviable record.

A SURPRISE PARTY

A pleasant birthday surprise party was held in honor of Miss Dorothy Felton, of Murdock, March 11th in the home of her grandmother, Annie E. Hostetler, also of Murdock. Every body enjoyed themselves by playing games, and refreshments were served at a late hour.

Those present were: Robert Baker, Harold Gerhardt, Hiram Walker, Lawrence Burket, Clinton Felton, Charlotte Pyle, Geneva Felton, Grace Countryman, Catherine Friedline, Edna Fletcher, Alida Pletcher, Hazel Pletcher, DeElda Clay, Nora Pyle, Milli Dymine, James Thomans, Charles Felton, Allen Felton, Mrs. Harry Ankeny, Edna Benford, Suzie Wittchell, Walter Koontz, Maurice Younklin, Charles Raley, Jesse Friedline, Nell E. Imbler, Odell Pyle, George Moore, Jack Miller, Irene Carolas, Merle Carolas, Robert Carolas, Edna Friedline, Fay Pyle, Irene Walters, Fredrick Ankeny, Wm. Baker, Melvin Yinkley, Oran Pletcher, Galen Dickey, Edna Mae Pyle, Blanche Yankler, Ward Pyle, Avanelle Walters, George Dunmeyer, Kenneth Felton, Millie Dunmeyer, Albert Dunmeyer, Ray Lape, Alma Friedline, Glenn Clay, Charles Schrock, Ralph Pyle, Luella Schrock, Eva Mae Schrock, Mary Burket, Freeman Sanner, Farling, Robert Hay, William Romes, Harry Albright, Earl Schrock, Wilber bery, Ray Sanner, Dorothy Felton, Bessie Carolas, Leora Yinkley, Robert Pritts, Lester Hay, Oscar Weimer, Marian Dunmeyer, Margaret Farling, Arlene Weimer, Jerome Critchfield, Mabel Miller, Mae Miller, Irma Critchfield, Kenneth Weimer, Mrs. George Countryman, Mrs. W. W. Pyle, Mrs. Annie Hostetler, Mrs. Oscar Pyle.

OIL CONSERVATION

At the present time the oil industry is serving the nation better than ever before. Thousands of filling stations are providing the American motorist with millions of gallons of high grade oil products at a low price. It is a public necessity that this service be continued.

Production has exceeded consumption for many years. At the end of last year there was an excess oil supply of 485,000,000 barrels. Overproduction must inevitably result in waste.

The major and responsible oil producers have accepted the doctrine of conservation through cooperative development of pools, that supply and demand may be equalized. Progress in this movement has been slow but there are hopeful signs for the future.

The American Petroleum Institute has appointed four regional committees to study and report on the problem. The American Bar Association has recommended laws to allow and enforce cooperative drilling along sound economic lines. The Federal Oil Conservation Board advocates similar action.

We cannot afford to allow our natural resources to be depleted by those interested only in producing as much oil as possible and then selling it and moving on, looking for new fields to conquer. What we need is an adequate, stable supply at a fair price. Waste must be outlawed.

Judge—Don't you think you and your husband could live together without fighting?
Mrs. O'Reilly—No, your Honor, not happily.

—The Pathfinder.

Lattecaldo—I want to get my boy a saxophone for his birthday. How is this one over here?

Clerk—That one is out of order; it won't sound.

Lattecaldo—Just what I'm looking for! Wrap it up.

—The Pathfinder.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

In the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pennsylvania.

In the estate of Emanuel Statler, late of the Borough of Salisbury, in said County, deceased. No. 192 of 1927.

TAKE NOTICE, That the undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the executors of the said Emanuel Statler, deceased, to and amongst the persons legally entitled thereto, and also to decide whether or not the share or fund of certain heirs shall be held in trust by the executors, will attend to the duties of said appointment at the Grand-Jury Room in the Court House at Somerset, in said County, on Friday, the 19th day of April, 1929, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

THOMAS J. ITTELL, Auditor.
ROSS R. SCOTT, Attorney for Exe's.
Somerset, Pa., March 18, 1929.
12-31

Meets With Approval of the reading public

The Meyersdale COMMERCIAL

seems to have struck a popular chord. The subscription list is growing weekly, more than fulfilling the expectations of its publisher. The effort to give all the local happenings and the news of the county, as well as its stories and features, is meeting with approval, as is shown by the subscription growth and the many words of encouragement heard on every hand.

The Commercial is giving the people just what they want—a good, live local newspaper at a popular price, that carries only dependable advertising matter for the information of its patrons.

If you would like the Commercial to come to your home each week, fill out the subscription blank below and either mail it or leave it at the office in the Hartley Block.

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