

GOT TO BE FIT

Got to be fit in body and soul
For the great work of the day,
Got to be fit and fine and clean
To toil in the mightier way;
Got to be captain of self and strong
In the will of a purpose high
To lead in the labor of life's best hour
'Neath the glow of a stainless sky.

The body's keen strength and the blood's
high test
Are only a part of the scheme;
The soul and the heart must walk un-
scathed.

In the flood of the thrilling dream;
Got to be fit and fine and clean
With your head held up to the stars,
And noble in thought and in action as
well
As free from the sin that mars.

Got to be true to a high ideal,
And to live and to fashion your life
In a way that is fit for the grueling test
Of the tuned and terrible strife
Got to be measured by standards of
right
As well as by those of skill;
Got to be true to the laws of God
And master of soul and will.

O. HENRY'S TRUE LOVE STORY

Into the life of William Sidney Porter, who was later to be known to the whole world as O. Henry, there came, at a crucial period of his development, a young school girl, Athol Estes.

Their meeting was at Austin, Tex., yet neither Porter nor the girl who was to become his wife, was a Texan. The girl was a Tennessean from Greenville. Porter was born in Greensboro, N. C. The two towns are not so very far apart. Both "Will Porter" and Athol Estes had to be transported to Texas before fate allowed them to meet.

It so happens that I am in a position to present for the first time an intimate view of this touching love story, for I was Athol Estes' deskmate in the high school at Austin during the time when O. Henry courted her, and we were very close friends then and later. The youthful romance explains much in the career of O. Henry, who became the best-known writer of short stories that America has produced.

His friends of the early days knew him as "Will Porter."

Life as a clerk in the drugstore in Greensboro seemed very flat and uninteresting to young Will. He grew restless. Friends invited him to visit their Texas ranch, and he accepted with joy. For several years he was under the spell of the spurs and the sombrero. However, he did not neglect his two best-possessions taken to the ranch with him from Greensboro—a guitar and a dictionary. As he rode badly and thought broadly, he mastered that dictionary from cover to cover. Was there ever a greater master of synonyms and antonyms? We have, too, frequent glimpses of him on the ranch in a hammock, swung between two mesquite trees, twanging his beloved guitar and singing love songs.

Both the dictionary and the guitar helped perfect him as a lover and a writer. So he came to Austin well equipped for the sentimental journey that awaited him. He had friends in Austin, the Harrells. They, too, were from Greensboro. With the hospitality of the old South they invited Will Porter for an indefinite visit. He stayed a year. It was a very carefree, happy year. The dictionary still figured, and the guitar. Will Porter's chief delight was spelling-bees. He could spell down all three of the Harrell boys and their neighbors. He joined the "Hill City Quartet" and organized "The Jolly Entertainers." He liked to sit on doorsteps and sing "In the Evening by the Moonlight."

He did not meet Athol at once, but played around with the friends of the Harrell boys. He joined the Austin Grays, a military company of local prominence and fashion, and waxed his moustache.

It was at this time that the little girl from Tennessee, with her bobbing curls that fell in "rippling, shining cascades," came on the scene. She was just a high school girl, wearing long-sleeved white aprons, and made glad with the medal she had won in "English composition."

It was then that I desked with Athol Estes. (Everyone had desksmates in those days.) It was the whispered confidences of this young girl that form the basis of this love story.

Athol was engaged to another man. She was wearing his lock-bracelet and his opal ring. He was disturbingly handsome, well-to-do, and could also twang a guitar and sing "In the Evening by the Moonlight." However, Athol ceased to be interested in her engagement. She had met Will Porter. He could talk love with more diversity of expressions than any man she had ever met. He was wonderful!

She would discard Lee's opal ring and his lock-bracelet. But Lee was carrying the key to the bracelet. He would not unlock it for her. She wept bitter tears, but Lee was adamant. Athol's mother was Lee's champion. Athol's fancy for Will Porter would pass. It must pass, for she could never marry him with her mother's consent. Athol firmly removed the ring, but she could not remove the bracelet.

There were numerous dances, and at all of these she was a belle, dressed invariably in ruffled blue dimité. Will Porter adored her. The bobbing curls were piled high on the head now, with a little queenly air that won for her a coterie of admirers. Through grammar and high school, her desk always bristled with heart-offerings. There were

candy hearts with impassioned verses, fruit, candy, flowers.

She accepted these naturally and happily, as she accepted life. But this new love was something different, something new and overpowering, something that, despite her previous engagement, she had never known.

Will Porter went to see her mother. That lady was firm. She could never consent to Athol marrying Will Porter. She had too weighty a reason for her objection. Athol was young. She did not know her own mind. She was not capable of weighing the real seriousness of the situation. Will Porter's mother had died of tuberculosis, and Athol's father had died of the same disease. The mother told Will Porter these things with firmness and finality. He left, discomfited, distressed, yet firm in his resolve to marry Athol anyway.

He no longer came to her home in the evening to sit on the steps and sing. Never again did he, with the Hill City Quartet, or the Jolly Entertainers, serenade at the window of his love. He had passed that milestone on his sentimental journey. There was something of the caveman awakened in his soul by the opposition of her mother.

Athol was his. She was the heart that he had made for him. Both were Presbyterians and believed strongly in predestination. Both sang in the church choir. It was after church one night that she promised to be his, regardless of parental objection.

When they did elope the time was quite unpremeditated, quite unplanned. Athol had gone down the street in a hurry to get some little thing for her mother. She met Will Porter quite by accident. He persuaded her to go with him to the home of a mutual friend. From there they drove to the minister's, "in the cool of a July day," and were married.

But marriage was not the end of their romance. It was just a beginning. Life and love were best by trials and joys, the essentials in the life of a man who was destined to become pre-eminent in the art of depicting human experience.

Could Athol have known the pain, the sorrow, the humiliation that was to have been hers, there would have been no turning aside, no sadness, no repining. She would have gone bravely on, happy in her love and in the thought that she was contributing in no small degree to the making of the great O. Henry.

The frequent pictures we have of Athol in his stories, vivid and pleasing, show distinctly what an impress she left on his life. He sketches her lightly but lovingly. In "Sisters of the Golden Circle," he introduces you thus:

"But I beg of you observe Mrs. James Williams, Hatty Chalmers, that was—once the belle of Cloverdale. Willingly had the moss rosebud loaned to her cheek of its pink—and as for the violet—her eyes will do very well as they are, thank you."

O. Henry knew very little about clothes, as he, himself admitted. Some one asked him once why it was that he always dressed his heroines in dimité. "Why, it's the only material I know anything about," he replied. "Athol always wore dimité. It always looked good to me."

Anything Athol wore, or anything she possessed "looked good" to Will Porter. He particularly admired her hair that she wore in bobbing curls when he first knew her.

Do you recall Della's hair in "The Gift of the Magis"? It fell in "rippling, shining cascades," he writes. "Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate her majesty's jewels and gifts." No jewels or gifts could ever have delighted the eyes of Will Porter as did the shimmering, golden hair of Athol Estes, that fell in "rippling, shining cascades."

Della, as you may remember, sacrificed that hair to give her beloved husband, Jim, a Christmas present—a foolish fish chain. Athol sacrificed far more than her hair to give her beloved husband a Christmas present when he was a fugitive from justice in far-away Honduras. It was a foolish little present as Della's had been, but it was costly.

Night after night, tired and ill, she worked on a pointcase handkerchief for which a friendly merchant had promised \$25.

With this sum she bought Will Porter the little niceties of toilet that she felt that he must miss in that remote mosquito coast. The crowning glory of the Christmas box was a small vial of extremely expensive perfume that she knew would carry to him a message unexpressible in words.

It was this box that brought him back to her side, there to remain until her loyal spirit took flight and left him, abject, alone. He made no defense against the accusation of embezzlement that he faced. What was there to fight for, now that she was gone? Let injustice have its way. He cared not at all. That was the attitude that he took. That was the attitude that he maintained throughout the trial. By his attitude and conduct he aided and abetted the jury in their verdict of "Guilty." Unprotestingly, he went to Columbus, Ohio, sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, conscious of his own innocence, but not caring what the world might think. It was only his own soul and Athol that he cared for. Athol was dead, that half of him was buried, buried where they had laid to rest their first-born, a son, that was to have been named William Sidney Porter.

No wonder Austin became to him in after years a "city of silence." In his still quick memory the past always lived, as in a shrine, hallowed and hidden. But as we read the incomparable stories from his pen that we term "fiction," we get frequent glimpses of that shrine. One of the most beautiful and characteristic bits is this paragraph in which

Athol is recognized unmistakably:

"The scent of the flower, the booty of the bee, the primal drip of spring waters, the overture of the lark, the twist of the lemon peel on the cocktail of creation—such is the bride. Holy the wife, revered the mother, glib-tongued is the summer girl—but the bride is the certified check among the wedding presents that the gods send in when man is married to mortality."

We who were Athol's companions from day to day, who were merry when she was merry, who were sad when she was sad, recognized in her wit, her quick repartee, her whimsical humor and her loving heart, a companion divinely fashioned for Will Porter.

We believed that had she lived, Will Porter would never have been sent to the Columbus penitentiary. For she would have fought to the end, and all he needed was someone to fight for him. He discouraged friends, and he would not fight for himself. For all the fight had died within him and was buried in the grave of Athol Estes. —By Frances Goggin Malthy.

GASOLINE LINES THREATEN RAILS

Three thousand miles of gasoline trunk pipe lines—the newest competitor in the transportation field—are projected, have been or are being built.

America's great railroad system, already harassed by highway transportation, crude oil pipe lines, and airways, now is faced with new losses of freight if the gasoline lines prove feasible. It seems likely they will.

Railroad men regard the lines as largely experimental, rather than as economically expedient—but they are growing.

Once crude oil lines were experimental, too. Now they move most of the oil.

Pipe line construction appears to be at the beginning of an era, and the largest gasoline pipe line under construction is that being built by the Great Lakes Pipe Line company (a company owned by a group of mid-continent refiners,) to move gasoline from the mid-continent area into the highly competitive Great Lakes territory.

The line will be 1,218 miles long with a total capacity of around 1,260,000 gallons a day.

Phillips Petroleum Company has built an eight-inch line covering the 760 miles from Taxes Panhandle to St. Louis.

The Sun Oil company is building a 500-mile gasoline line from Marcus Hook, Pa., through southern Pennsylvania and northern Ohio with branches to eastern Pennsylvania and northwestern New York.

The Atlantic Refining company contemplates construction of a pipe line from its refinery at Point Breeze, through Philadelphia to Scranton and thence to the New York state line.

Later the company plans to have two main lines from Point Breeze, one to Scranton and Harrisburg, eventually extending into New York state, and one westward through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh and Franklin.

Standard Oil of New Jersey has rehabilitated the old Tuscarora oil pipe line for use in moving gasoline. This 1000-mile line stretches from Bayway, N. J., refines westward through Lebanon, Pa., to Negley, on the Ohio Pennsylvania state line.

Standard Oil of New York has announced the building of a 100-mile gasoline line between Providence, R. I., and Springfield, Mass.

MAPS OF STATE ROADS FOR DISTRIBUTION

Officials Tourist Maps of Pennsylvania, covering the State highway system and chief connecting roads, is free to any person requesting a copy and no person is authorized to sell copies or to use them in advertising.

Limited supplies of the maps have been distributed to Chambers of Commerce, hotels, and automobile clubs. Individual requests directed to the Department of Highways, Bureau of Publicity and Information, Harrisburg, will receive prompt attention.

The seventh annual issue of the map was designed along the same lines as in other years, with improvement wherever possible. Maps of Pennsylvania cities on the reverse of the large map aid motorists in traveling through cities, while enlarged maps of the metropolitan areas of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia afford easy access to the congested centers, at the same time locating many suburban centers not shown on the larger map through lack of space.

Three colors were used in producing the tourist maps. The entire State highway system is shown in red, with route numbers in shields for United States routes, and in circles for Pennsylvania routes. Connecting roads in county or township systems are indicated in blue, as are names of towns. County lines, the names of counties and rivers, lakes and creeks are outlined in green. The map extends sufficiently into neighboring States to enable motorists to choose suitable connections for thru journeys.

Connecting roads shown on the tourist map were chosen without regard to the township road system, which was not a part of the State highway system at the time the map was drawn.

A brief summary of sensible driving rules and major motor laws appear on the reverse with a scale of approximate distance between ninety-two cities and towns of Pennsylvania.

A woman teacher in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly" illustrated it by walking across the floor.

When she asked the class to tell her how she walked, she nearly fainted when a boy at the foot of the class shouted, "Bowlegged, ma'am!"

"IF I HAD A MILLION"—HERE'S WHAT ONE MAN DID

"If I only had a million dollars! Think of the good I could do with it." Maybe you've said that to yourself. Most of us have, at one time or another, all of us who have looked with pitying eye on the panorama of humanity with all its misery and suffering. We wouldn't just fritter our riches on luxury and play. We'd do good with it. "If only someone would give us a million!" Here is a story of a man to whom this very dream became a reality. He was given not one, but 15 million dollars and told to use it "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States."

That was 24 years ago. Now looking back, John M. Glenn can read the record of accomplishment and see the concrete results of spending that sum to make life easier for millions buffeted by adversity and ignorance.

Since the Russel Sage Foundation was established in April, 1907, by Mrs. Sage in memory of her husband, Dr. Glenn has been its only director. Now at the age of 72 he has resigned. His experience has given him an insight such as few are given into the problems of people.

And he, too, has solved a problem. For in spending the millions which have been available from the invested \$15,000,000 foundation fund, he has answered the question: What can I do with the money now that I have it?

It has been spent for charity organization, child helping, education, industrial studies, recreation, remedial loans, studies of Southern highlands and surveys and exhibits.

Has his experience brought disillusionment, has it convinced him that many people do not want to be helped to live better, as some believe? Not at all.

"There is nothing wrong with most of humanity," he says, smiling serenely. "People appreciate kindness. They appreciate being helped. They are grateful."

"Dissemination of knowledge about conditions with the belief that, once they are known, they can be corrected. Investigation and propaganda with a remedial and preventive objective."

For example, in the course of charity investigation, men and women sent out by Dr. Glenn didn't seek to aid needy families directly. They sought underlying causes.

If they discovered that poor management was to blame, or that unemployment was responsible, then the remedy was evident. If they discovered that housing conditions were largely responsible for sickness, then again the remedy was evident.

At Forest Hills, L. I., money was spent to furnish adequate homes for working people. The example was followed all over the country.

Dr. Glenn waged a fight against the loan sharks. Investigators learned the unscrupulous who loaned money at exorbitant rates of interest. Dire necessity drove many men to accept any terms to obtain funds, which often saved them from starvation itself.

The remedy? Laws to put them out of business. Such laws were suggested and passed. At the instigation of Dr. Glenn one bank was urged to try a plan of making small loans to poor people. More than 100 other banks followed suit.

Now with his life work nearly finished Dr. Glenn can face the twilight years with satisfaction. Because Mrs. Russel Sage gave her money for her fellow-men and because Dr. Glenn devoted a lifetime to using it for their benefit, millions of Americans have lived happier, better lives.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

MY RESOLVE

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man
To take what comes in good or ill
And cling to faith and honor still
To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand.
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.
To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame and sin;
To be the same when I'm alone,
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

—Edgar A. Guest.

—Smart vests of striped linen are worn with navy colored suits to good effect. The suits are frequently fashioned on semitallored lines with plain, fitted coats, finished with a flaring ruffle from the raised waist line. The vests make a charming "cross" between the severely plain and the fancy suit. They are made of blue and white, green and white, and rose and white inch striped goods. Hand-made buttonholes and smoked pearl buttons are the sole trimming. This, by the way, is a "word to the wise" when it comes to a question of refurbishing the worn suit.

—The brimmed hat is more in fashion this year than last. More than one-fifth of all the new hats censured had medium width brims. Many of them were the new sailors that Reboux and Patou brought out.

—Beige stockings were the choice of the majority of women censured. Most of this beige was a neutral, medium shade. But with some lighter costumes, a more summery beige of lighter tone was worn.

Five times as much beige was worn as the next favorite color, gunmetal. And only three women out of every hundred wore black.

—If you were born in July, your birthday flower is the larkspur, a pretty blossom.

—Sew the kitch out of doors as much as possible. Shell the peas on the back porch and carry your sewing out under a tree.

—In sprinkling the garden, remember that a thorough drenching once in a while is better than more frequent sprinklings.

—The proper garb for a baby in hot weather is an abdominal band and a diaper.

—If your jelly won't jell, try mixing with it the juice of fruits containing more pectin, such as currant or apple juice, or shreds of orange skin or commercial pectin.

—To keep the rooms cool, open them to the night and morning air from the outside, but keep them closed, with curtains drawn, during the middle of the day.

—Vacations produce a healthier and more efficient people as well as a people with more imagination and capacity for enjoyment.

—Don't go through life without learning to swim. Swimming is the best known all-round exercise as well as jolly good sport.

—With oranges scarce and high in price, it is most consoling to know that we may substitute strawberries in their dietary equal.

In many respects, strawberries and oranges parallel each other in food values. A pound of strawberries, which is about a quart as purchased, supplies 169 calories of fuel value. A pound of oranges as purchased supplies 169 calories.

Strawberries are also remarkably good mineral substitutes for oranges. Although slightly lower in lime they are four times higher than oranges in iron content per unit of weight.

Naturally, if you wish to use strawberries as a substitute for oranges and again the same effect the berries must be perfectly ripe and not deluged with sugar.

—The children enjoy pretending they are having something at home but which has first been sampled elsewhere. The idea of a "sundae" at home suggests all the joys of the soda fountain with none of the distraction of nearby trays of candy and chewing gum.

French vanilla or custard ice cream is particularly good as a foundation for any sort of fruit "sundae", with sweetened crushed fresh fruit served over it, such as strawberries, raspberries or fresh peaches, according to the season. Chocolate or butterscotch sauce, maple syrup or honey may also be used with french vanilla ice cream, or sundaes. This is a good ice cream, too, to serve with pies "a la mode," which means simply pie with a dip of vanilla ice cream on top. It can be used with sponge cake to make an "ice cream sandwich." The eggs in a custard ice cream are excellent for the children, supplementing the other nutritious ingredients of the ice cream by adding to the day's supply of vitamins and minerals.

The bureau of home economics gives the following directions for making it:

1 quart milk	¼ cup sugar
½ pint double cream	¾ tsp. salt
4 eggs	1½ tsp. vanilla

Prepare as for custard by pouring some of the heated milk into the lightly beaten eggs and then cooking the milk and eggs with the sugar and salt in a double boiler until the custard coats the spoon. Cool, add the double cream, mix well and freeze.

For the freezing mixture use one part of salt to 4 to 6 parts of ice. Turn the crank slowly during freezing.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

FARM NOTES.

—During June the home gardener should top dress early crops with fertilizer and cultivate them carefully, plant all the warm weather vegetables not seeded in May, sow New Zealand spinach, and plant late cabbage the last part of the month.

—Poison bran mash is recommended as a control for cutworms. These pests are particularly destructive this year, and only prompt action will save vegetables from their attacks. Your county agent can tell you how to mix and apply this treatment.

—Repainting should not be postponed until the old coating has flaked badly and much bare wood is exposed. The old coating serves as the foundation for the new covering, and if it is badly chipped and broken, customary methods of repainting do not result in a first-class appearance and a durable repaint job.

—Trees and shrubs planted since the first of the year must be given sufficient water to encourage the formation of new roots and development of the tops.

—Pastures for pigs save 133 pounds of grain for every hundred pounds of pork produced, 400 extension demonstrations in Pennsylvania have proved. Where 20 to 25 pigs are pastured on an acre, the new profit is \$40 to \$50. Sanitation is aided and thriftier pigs are grown.

—Young turkeys should be fed as soon as they are old enough to move to the brooders.

Early feeding does not affect the rate of yolk absorption and, therefore will not kill the poult. Occasionally some breeds of poult are slow in learning to feed and some practically starve before starting to eat. If they are not fed until 72 hours old, the owner will lose two days when he might be teaching the poult to eat.

From the beginning the starting mash may be kept before the birds without danger of their over-eating. When the birds run out of feed and they become ravenously hungry the poult may over-eat when an abundant supply of feed is placed before them.

Young turkeys are raised on any good chick ration, but they seem to make slightly more rapid and economic gains if meat scrap, fish meal or dried milk is added.

A mash to be fed without grain up to eight weeks of age is mixed as follows: 100 pounds of yellow corn meal, 65 pounds of standard wheat bran, 60 pounds of ground oat middlings, 50 pounds of ground oat groats or heavy oats (ground fine), 60 pounds of dried milk, 25 pounds of alfalfa leaf meal, 20 pounds of steamed bone meal, 55 pounds of fish meal, 5 pounds of cod liver oil.

Mash to be fed after eight weeks of age is composed of 135 pounds of yellow corn meal, 75 pounds of standard wheat bran, 70 pound of wheat flour middlings, 60 pounds of ground oats, groats or heavy oats (ground fine), 25 pounds of alfalfa leaf meal, 70 pounds of meat scrap, 40 pounds of dried milk, 5 pounds of salt and 20 pounds of steamed bone meal.

If the poult are confined, the cod liver oil should be continued in the second mash formula until 10 weeks before the turkeys are to be marketed.

—Size of that big red apple depends on the activity of the bees some of the orchardists of the southeastern Nebraska fruit belt have become convinced.

So they are installing hives of bees in their orchards or renting their neighbors' hives for a part of the apple blossom season. The bee gathering nectar from the apple blossoms to make its honey, aids in the process of pollination. Thus on his activity depends much of the success of the apple crop.

More and more orchardists of this section are discovering that bees placed in the orchards under the trees aid production. The Joy Morton orchards have installed 35 hives this season.

Many of the growers there, not wishing to bother with bee keeping rent the insects from their neighbors for the blossom season. Many bee fanciers made it a business of raising bees just for rental purposes.

—Farm real estate values in Pennsylvania today are now near the pre-war level, according to the State Department of Agriculture.

The values have steadily declined since 1920, according to the department. That year the average value of a farm property was 40 per cent above the 1914 level. In 1924 the value had fallen to 14 per cent above the level for the first time.

The report stated that Pennsylvania farm property had not suffered so much as the average in the United States, where the decline was 60 points, or in the state of Iowa where the drop was 115 points. The Pennsylvania decline was 30 points.

"Reports from realtors in agricultural districts and from farmers themselves are not encouraging. The opinion prevails that the acquisition of real estate, both urban and rural, should somehow be facilitated by easier credit, and that ownership should be made less burdensome through intelligent taxation," the department said.

—What kind of eggs are you going to take to market this summer? You can do a lot to keep up the summer demand for eggs by the care you give them on the farm. Be sure the hens have plenty of clean airy nests, well-filled with litter. One nest for every five or six hens is sufficient. Gather the eggs twice a day. Shut up the broody hen every night. Shut up or sell male birds. Infertile eggs cannot spoil. Store the eggs in a cool cellar if possible.

GIRL, 18, BLONDE, IS BEAUTY WINNER

Anne Lee Patterson of Ludlow, Ky., 18-years-old and blonde, is the "Miss United States" of 1931.

She was chosen from twenty-eight American contestants by a committee of artist-judges in the twelfth annual international beauty pageant at Galveston, Texas, last week. No rank was given the other entrants.

Governor Flem Sampson, of Kentucky, the winner confided, had promised to make her an honorary colonel if she achieved the greatest success among the Blue contingent. She did that.

Miss Patterson then went against a foreign delegation of eight young women with the title "Miss Universe." A \$2500 cash prize and a Broadway stage contract will be the awards.

—Over two hundred Clearfield county farmers, in fifty-two cars, made the motor trip through Centre county last Friday. The program of stops as given in the Watchman, last week, was carried out in detail with the exception of having luncheon in Bellefonte they ate a picnic dinner on the fish hatchery grounds.