

A RESPONSE TO THE "BLUE JUNIATA."

The Indian girl has ceased to rove Along the winding river; The warrior brave that won her love, Is gone with bow and quiver.

The valley flows another race, Where flows the Juniata; There maidens rove with paler face Than that of Alfarata.

Where pine trees moan her requiem wail, And blue waves too are knelling; Through mountain gorge and fertile vale, A louder note is swelling.

After that, whenever they could manage it, Ann and Joan went up to see Shining Face. Gradually they learned how she managed her housework, and how the Green Door shop in Boston sold her barberry jelly and barberry jam and her butternut candy, which she molded in the most amusing little butternut-shaped pans.

"And in that way I can afford one magazine," she explained; "and when it's time to take my bothering old leg to the hospital again, we shan't have to pinch out all the money."

Ann Hazard discovered that sometimes her nights were sleepless and pain-racked, and brought her an air cushion for the strained hip, a balsam pillow to snuggle against, a copy of Kim to wander with, and a copy of Pook's Hill to people Sarah Kitchen's hill with interesting companions. Joan couldn't do beautiful, expensive things like those, but she could give friendship, and Sarah prized that most of all.

"All the folks on this hill are old or else they're children," she told Joan, wistfully. "It's splendid to have a girl friend."

Joan, with not half time enough for all the host of young people whose good times she was invited to share, went as often as possible to see Sarah, and took K. Blake and Judy, and a few others who would be sure to appreciate Sarah's rare quality, so that Shining Face, as they all called her, was soon well known among the Hillsboro girls and dearly loved by them.

"The front door of the old house was wide open to let in the sun-warmed autumn air. 'Hello, Sally!' called Joan. 'Hello, Smiling Sally! May I come in?'"

But for once Sarah wasn't smiling. "Somebody stole all our butternuts yesterday," she told Joan, listlessly. "Other folks, have lost theirs but we never have, and away up in the woods, nowhere near a road, we thought they were safe. Still, dad's been sort of on the watch. If he heard a car stop, he'd go and make sure they weren't after apples or nuts."

But Sunday when he was at church, somebody took our beautiful red-checked apples, and yesterday afternoon—it was such a lovely big shiny car, dad never thought they'd want anything we had. But later he was hunting a cow and he came down to the road just in time to see them load in two big bags of nuts and drive off. So this winter we can't have any baked apples for breakfast, with Dolly's good cream, and I can't make my candy."

"That's a shame, Sally dear! But couldn't you buy nuts?" asked Joan, hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," explained Sarah. "You see, it would ruin my profits if I paid out for nuts." She sighed. "Well, I must expect some bad luck, I guess, with all my good. I'll just have to find another way to earn that money."

"I'd like to get hold of those people," stormed Joan, "and tell them what mean, despicable, small—worms they are to steal your precious nuts. Didn't your father get the number of their car?"

"Yes, he did," admitted Sarah hesitatingly, "but it's a big number, issued after the Association's year-book came out. Dad said he could probably get the name by writing to the state automobile bureau, but what good would it do him? The owner would say he was mistaken, and dad, knowing he wasn't, mistaken—because 77,770 is too easy to see and remember—would always just dislike the people who have it. And that wouldn't get back our nuts or make anyone happier."

"No," said Joan, solemnly, "hating doesn't make happiness; your father is right. Still—it's awful the way people who motor around help themselves to farm things and then fly off before they're caught. I suppose they don't think—See here, Sally, I was talking to-day to Mr. Carson, the Herald editor. He's planning to use his paper for just this sort of thing—showing up abuses, I mean, making people realize them and reform. An article in the Herald won't get your nuts back, but it ought to make them, and other people's safer in the future."

Shining Face brightened. "That would be splendid. You won't let them put in my name, will you? I shouldn't want it to seem as if I was asking folks to be sorry for me, when I have so much happiness left. But I do think it's pretty mean of people with big cars and the money that goes with them to ride round taking apples and nuts and pumpkins and corn out of the fields of farmers who have worked hard to raise their crops and have hard work to scrape along. It's awful up here on the hill where the houses are far apart. Most all the pumpkins and squashes have been taken, and lots of apples and corn. Apples are dear this year, and we all want our corn to can for winters."

"You just wait!" Joan's voice was eager and indignant. "I'm going to do something about this! Right now. You look in tomorrow's paper!"

Joan walked so fast in her excitement that she arrived in the neighborhood of the Herald office feeling very hot and tired. Slackening her pace, she sauntered along slowly, giving herself time to cool off and to think exactly what she wanted to say to Mr. Carson. As she came up to the Herald building, from a car that slid past her and parked beside the paper's big sign, emerged a pretty, smiling, pink-and-white young woman whom Joan had never seen before, and ran lightly up the stairs to the editor's office. Undoubtedly the new Mrs. Carson! Joan followed ed on leader's feet. Probably Mr. Carson would be locking his desk and getting ready to go home with his wife. But that wasn't the worst. Joan's quick eyes noted that the number of the big shining new car that the new wife had hopped out of was 77,770!

Halfway up the dingy staircase Joan paused. How foolish to go on! Even if she kept back the number of the offending car, as she had intended doing all along, she couldn't tell her story before the new Mrs. Carson. Why she couldn't tell it at all! Very likely both of them had been involved in the theft. Very likely, too, Mr. Carson was one of the horde of people who see no harm in "snitching" from farmers.

Out upon Joan's discouragement burst the new Mrs. Carson, fluttering down the stairs as gayly as she had climbed them. But Mr. Carson, escorting her to the top of the flight, passed there, and looking down, saw Joan.

"Why, hello, Miss Joan!" he hailed her. "Meet the wife. Mrs. Carson, Joan Jordan, one of our bright young girls. And this is the second call she's honored me with this afternoon. Come on up, Miss Joan, and shoot what's on your mind now."

Joan was fairly caught. She couldn't explain and leave, so she went up, deciding swiftly that Mr. Carson deserved to be made to squirm if he had been involved in taking the nuts.

So she told her tale—told it with fire and spirit, as she thought of poor Sarah—and decided in the telling that Mr. Carson hadn't been in car 77,770 during the nutting party and didn't even know about it. He wasn't excited or embarrassed; he wasn't even much interested.

"It's just the sort of thing you wanted to push," Joan concluded. "There couldn't be a better cause. You'd be surprised what nice people go off snitching things every fall. People who'd be furious if a farm boy walked into their yards and took a few flowers."

"Oh, yes, it's a deplorable practice," agreed Mr. Carson, "but it's got to be news, too." He reached for a pad. "Now let's see. This girl that was robbed—her name, please."

"But she doesn't want it used," protested Joan. "She particularly said so."

"Why not?" snapped Mr. Carson, irritably. "She's done nothing to be ashamed of. Well, you tell me anyway. I can't be printing stuff unless I got names behind it, any more than I'd print an anonymous letter."

"That was reasonable. Joan told him Sarah's name."

"Now that's the parties that took the stuff—any clues? Any reason to think they're from prominent families?"

"No, I mean yes," began Joan, confusedly. "I can't tell you anything about that part of it, Mr. Carson. And if I could, you couldn't print it—I assure you, you wouldn't want to."

"But you can tell me. You act as if you knew who took those nuts. Well, then, out with it! I can put in sort of veiled hints and scars 'em a little. Get up some excitement—get folks asking, 'Hey, Joe, were you the mean man took that lame girl's nuts 'n' apples?'"

"Yes, but you can put in your hints and get up excitement just exactly as well without knowing a name," Joan insisted. "This roadside looting is just the thing for the Herald to show up. Oh, surely you can do it, Mr. Carson!"

Mr. Carson shook his head decisively. "If I knew prominent families were involved, it would be news. Nobody really cares much what happens to those back-road farmers."

Down on the street Joan met her good friend, Mr. Stephen Adams, the banker. "Say, Jo, you look hotter 'n' the weather. What's the trouble? Somebody give you a bad check?"

Joan told him. "Said a thing like that wasn't news unless he knew the name of the thief!" snorted Steve. "It would be police court news then, I'd say. Jo, you come in my bank and telephone six or eight of what George Carson calls prominent citizens. Tell 'em all to go in and urge George to show up this affair. I'll go up right now. Before he's through, he'll see whether folks care about back-road farmers!"

It was astonishing how eagerly everyone responded to Joan's request; no one whom she called refused to go to Mr. Carson. As the news traveled, other farmers sent in stories of losses, their own or their neighbors'. Mr. Carson found himself inundated with facts about a pernicious practice.

Next morning's Herald had nearly a column headed, "The Meanest Thief," with Sarah's story, followed by dozens of others. A pompous editorial deplored the state of public morality and ended by hinting that there were those who more than guessed the whereabouts of Sarah's nuts.

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Soon after breakfast Mrs. Carson, as cool and pink-and-white and pretty as ever, called to see Joan.

"Miss Jordan," she began in business-like tones, "do you really know who took the lame girl's nuts?"

"Do you?" countered Joan. Mrs. Carson looked at her sharply, and then she burst out laughing. "I'm very much ashamed," she gasped, when she could speak, "but all the same, it is funny, isn't it? To have George's paper yapping at me like a cross dog before we've been married two weeks! And now I can never tell George because—oh, you see why, don't you, Miss Jordan? Do other people know? Are they likely to tell him?"

Joan explained that at present she was the only one who shared Mrs. Carson's secret.

"I lay awake all last night worrying," sighed Mrs. Carson, "after George had come prancing in at midnight and waked me up to tell me about his beautiful editorial—all in print and no stopping it. You see, Miss Jordan, I never thought of those nuts as anybody's. My nephews were spending the day here on their way to school and they wanted to go nutting. We didn't think it was any harm—at least I suppose we did realize it, because we slipped along very quietly when we got near the road. And we didn't tell George; he's so fearfully public-spirited I thought he might object. But I didn't expect him to go to work and object so publicly," she laughed.

"He tried hard to get me to tell him my suspicions," said Joan.

"Oh, I know he did," cried Mrs. Carson, "and I'm everlastingly grateful to you for holding out. Well, at least I've thought of something to do—to make up to the lame girl, I mean. I want to help start a branch of the Green Door shop right here. With all our summer people and all the tourists, it ought to do well, and, if so, it will mean more profits for this girl, and more fun, too, besides benefitting other women and girls on the farms near here. And George says you're the very best person in Hillsboro to run such a thing."

Joan gasped. "A shop—a store—to sell farm women's products? Oh, that would be splendid. But you see, I'm earning my living, Mrs. Carson. I couldn't give my time, or even any appreciable amount of it."

"Certainly not," agreed Mrs. Carson. "It should be a business proposition for you—every bit of the work you do for it. George told me about your advertisement. What you want done, have done when you want it; that's the very motto for a shop like the one I think we could have here. But we can discuss all this later, after we've got the thing started."

Joan thought a minute. "I believe the Hillsboro girls would like to start this going," she said finally. "Lots of them know Sarah and love her. And, Mrs. Carson, I think Sarah could run the shop—at least sell the things. She's lame but that doesn't stop her from anything. And she'd make everyone who came in feel as if they were buying starshine and diamonds, mixed, and as if they were worthy to."

Mrs. Carson laughed. "And how will she make me feel this morning? I'm going right up there to return the nuts to you. You think she's surely the sort to understand that George mustn't know?"

"Of course," said Joan. "I'll go with you. I want to see her face when you tell her your plan for our own Green Door."

The Hillsboro girls went at the organizing of the Green Door project with whirlwind zest. It didn't take much persuasion to get Mr. Stephen Adams to promise a small piece of land at the Four Corners, where one main road turned itself into Hillsboro Street. Ann Hazard's father offered a building if it could be moved from a farm he owned near by. Her brother Toby said of course it could be moved—he'd see to it. There was a pine tree on the land, with a big, fern covered rock beneath it. Joan at once saw possibilities of serving teas and lunches there in the open. The house must have a green door, of course, and green shutters with pine tree cut-outs in them and green window-boxes would be charming touches. All right, said young Lonny Jordan, he'd ask the manual training teacher to let the boys make those.

The finance committee (mostly fathers) and the advisory committee (mostly mothers, with Mrs. Carson as chairman) met with the girls and decided upon a handcraft specialty for the shop; hooked, braided, and woven rugs, all of which must be up to a high standard of design, color, and workmanship to be accepted for sale. All that fall and winter, whenever Joan had a few spare hours, she went "shop-calling," to explain the details of the Green Door plan to the women on the farms and to make tactful suggestions about the rug-making and other handwork that they had started.

The Hillsboro Herald was full of news items about what Mr. Carson sonorously called "our little town's finest civic enterprise." Whenever he met Joan, he inquired eagerly if she hadn't something new for him about the Green Door, or perhaps some other betterment campaign for him to push.

"Some day, young lady," he announced to her one day, "you're going to tell me who stole those nuts. Public benefactor he turned out to be—that is, if you'll excuse me saying it. I turned him out that! So I surely deserve to know."

"You never will, Mr. Carson," said Joan, solemnly. "Why, if I'd told you, there wouldn't have been any Green Door."

"There wouldn't!" snapped Mr. Carson. "Friend of mine did it, you mean? Well, no friend of mine would have stopped me in my campaign against roadside looting. No, sir!"

"Maybe that's so, Mr. Carson," agreed Joan, demurely. "I guess you're just as obstinate in your ways as I am in mine."

"Well, you're close-mouthed enough to run a newspaper," retorted Mr. Carson. "And that saying something for no woman!"—By Margaret Warde in the Classmate.

Absent-minded Professor: "Constable, I've lost my umbrella." Constable: "Why it's hanging on your arm."

Professor: "Dear me, so it is. If you had not told me, I should have gone home without it."

The honeymoon couple were about to alight from their taxi. "She felt so nervous," George, she whispered. "They are sure to know." But George was resourceful. "Here," he said, "you carry the bag!"

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JANE ADDAMS HAPPY IN AID TO DESTITUTE

At 70 Jane Adams is known as "Chicago's most useful citizen."

At an age when even the most tireless business men usually have retired, the woman who has given a lifetime to improving the condition of the poor, it still active.

She doesn't want to rest. So great is her interest in Hull-House that she finds her deepest joy in continuing her active neighborhood work.

It was in 1889 that Jane Addams first came to the squalid, congested district around Halsted and Harrison streets, in Chicago, found the stately old Hull mansion, and began the work that was to make her the world's spokeswoman of social progress.

Jane Addams doesn't look seventy. Her face is too young, too eager, too enthusiastic ever to assume the tired expression of old age.

She is a little heavier than she was ten years ago, and her hair is silvery now. But her voice still has the ring of youth.

She looks always forward. Her great interest now, next to her beloved Hull-House, is in legislation for universal peace.

Looking back on her own record of achievements, the great improvement is working conditions and the increase of prosperity among the masses, Jane Addams believes the day will come when war will be outlawed and forgotten.

After forty years in Hull-House, one might think Miss Addams would be institutional-minded. But it is her greatest pride that she is not. Hull-House bustles like a busy home, of which she is the mother.

Her radio talks are famous for their spontaneity—the directors can never make her use notes.

When Jane Addams was a little girl, suffering from a youthful deformity which was cured by specialists, she dreamed of having a big home in the midst of squalid little streets, and inviting all the neighbors in.

She has realized her dream, and she is happy.

That is why Jane Addams will never be old.

HUCKLEBERRY CULTIVATION CAN BE MADE PROFITABLE

Belief that good huckleberry crops can only be raised on land which has been repeatedly burned over is unfounded according to John W. Keller, deputy secretary of Forests and Special Studies have recently been conducted by the department in various sections of the State, and the results of these investigations have shown that excellent crops of huckleberries are growing in forest areas which have not been burned during the past twenty years. This is true of stands which are more or less open, as huckleberries will not thrive where the shade is too dense.

That successive crops of huckleberries may be raised on unburned areas is demonstrated on a huckleberry area owned by J. W. Horne, of Jefferson county, which has been producing successive crops of berries for the past fifteen years. He had more land than he could farm, and three acres had been partially cleared for buckwheat on a hill on stony soil. The year following the clearing he found huckleberries growing abundantly around some of the stumps which remained in the cleared field. He came to the conclusion that huckleberries might be a more profitable crop than buckwheat, and so planted the whole area with huckleberry seeds. The bushes that grew from the sowing have borne fruit every year since they reached the berry bearing age.

Reports from district foresters indicate that huckleberry pickers are very numerous this summer, probably due to the unemployment situation. The pickers consist not only of local people, but entire families from towns and cities camp out on the forested areas and every member of the family is engaged in picking the fruit. Successful pickers gather as high as a bushel of berries a day. Dealers send trucks into camps in the woods and purchase the berries direct from the picker at 10 and 12 cents a quart. These are shipped to the larger cities as far as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland.

GOOD FINISH ON 1931 TROUT SEASON

Fishermen's luck! If it's not one thing, it's another for state anglers. Early last year there were enough trout in Pennsylvania streams to gratify the most voracious angler, but the long drought made conditions so bad that many fishermen gave up in disgust before the season was very old.

This year the streams appeared in good condition for the April opening, but the late hatching of flies ruined the early part of the season. Officials connected with the Board of Fish Commissioners estimated that the first three weeks of the 1931 season were of little use to the old timers because of the late hatching flies. Veteran anglers who spurn worms had to wait.

But despite the poor start, the fish officials predicted that the 1931 season which closed July 31, would be found to have been as satisfactory as last year. Ideal conditions in the past two weeks, they said, amply awarded those anglers who had not become discouraged by the poor start. The last two weeks were just about enough to counter balance the rest of the period and allow the fishermen to "break even." Some Central Pennsylvania counties reported that the end was marked by muddy streams and poor fishing, but elsewhere, especially in the northern tier counties, the season went out with a grand flourish.

From their present report, the fish commissioners estimated that the number of licenses issued this year would equal that of 1930. A decrease had generally been expected.

FARM NOTES.

—Top dressing lawns with superphosphate or bone meal at this time of year is considered practical. The treatment should be applied immediately after a rain or it may be done in late afternoon, provided the lawn is well watered immediately afterward.

—To be inviting and to induce buyers to come back for more, apples must be handled with great care from the time they leave the trees until they reach the consumer.

—If you are preparing vegetable exhibits for the county fair, remember that the largest specimen seldom wins. Points to be considered in selecting your exhibit are: general appearance, market conditions, uniformity, and true to type.

—Dahlias are the show flowers for this month. Water the plants freely and fertilize well to produce strong roots and perfect flowers, say Penn State floriculturists.

—Egg size can be improved somewhat by growing pullets to full size before production starts. Proper feed and care will fit the pullets for maximum production during the winter months.

—To protect the grain from the ravages of Angoumois grain moth wheat should be threshed early. It is best to thresh from the field, and in any case not later than September 1.

—Be sure to attend the big Potato Exposition at State College, August 24 to 26. All phases of potato industry, production, marketing, and consumption, will be stressed in demonstrations, exhibits, and talks. There will be two entertainment programs, Monday and Tuesday evenings. The 400-Bushel Club members and their families will have a banquet.

—Field headquarters of government forces resisting the slow but relentless march of the European corn borer, have been moved 130 miles farther south—from Toledo to Springfield, O.

Fifteen hundred Federal inspectors will enforce the quarantine regulations this year and these will be aided by state officials in all infested States.

At the Agriculture Department it was said today that the drought last year slowed up the borer's progress. The farthest point westward reached by the borer is in Indiana, 50 miles east of the Illinois line. Southward it is just reaching across the Ohio River into West Virginia and Kentucky.

—Chickens that have never touched their feet to earth, are raised profitably for the market in the rear of a grocery store.

The chickens are removed to wire cages in a rear room as soon as they hatch. There they are kept until large enough to market. The experimenters reported that their profits were larger than on range chickens because of the saving in food loss of fowls by rodents and because the chickens grow more rapidly.

—Single stalls protect the cows and help make them comfortable.

—A honey bee must visit 56,000 clover blossoms to make a pound of honey.

—If poison ivy is troublesome, start an early campaign against it with calcium chlorate.

—Pasturing the farm woodlot is a poor practice. Trees and live stock do not mix. The trees are likely to suffer more than the stock.

—Damping off of vegetable seedlings can be controlled by treating seed or soil with chemical solutions. Ask your county agent about this.

—No planting is ever quite complete—that is what makes gardening such an alluring adventure. What modern touches will you add to your grounds this year?

—Fattening cattle which get good legume hay—clover, alfalfa or soy bean—and corn will make excellent gains for three or four months without the addition of such feeds as cottonseed meal or linseed oil meal.

—In general, shallow cultivation of corn is best. It does less damage to the corn roots which grow close to the surface. Deep cultivation may cut and tear out the roots, stunting the growth of the plants.