

AM a happy little tree. I stand beside the front entrance of a white cottage on a quiet street. Each Christmas time I bloom out in beautiful colored lights, and all who pass share my beauty and catch something of the joy of Christ-

But I was not always happy like this. Once I lived in a great forest, surrounded by trees so tall I could mly catch a glimpse of the blue sky bove me, and I felt very small and onely. I, too, wanted to be tall; to look out on the big world like the others and feel the sun shining through my branches. I would stretch out my limbs as far as I could, and send my roots deeper inthe earth, but my progress was so slow I grew discouraged.

One day I saw a man and a boy coming through the forest. The man carried something over his shoulder and they seemed to be looking for something. Then the boy saw me and cried: "Look, father, there is just the tree we want." He ran over to me and fairly hugged me in his eagerness. The man looked me over. "Fine," he said. But when he began digging with the thing he had carried on his shoulder I began to tremble. I felt my roots anap one by one and soon I lay a umbled heap on the ground. Life eemed over for me.

Next I was tied to a funny looking hing on wheels, that sputtered and growled when the man and boy climbed in and we started off down twisty little road that wound through the forest, then out on a big shining highway until we came to a wide driveway that led through sloping lawn to a white cottage. Here I was untied and put into a large earthen jar filled with sand and carried into the house, and set n a corner of a big room beside a sunny window. Oh, the joy of having the sun on my branches. I becan to feel less scared and to look bout me.

In a big mirror opposite I could watch the man as he fastened me upright. Then he put a string of



Little Faces Pressed Against the Window Pane.

lights from my top to my toe, whistling softly as he worked. Then I heard a door open and a rush of feet—a little boy and a girl dashed into the room crying: "Mamma, come quick, and see our Christmas tree." They clapped their hands and danced about me. Soon the mother came with a box filled with shining lovely things and my plain green dress was covered with sparkling jewels. I hardly dared look in the mirror for I remembered I was only a humble tree after all, and what I saw could not be me at all; but the great silver star on my topmost branch made me feel very happy. I seemed to draw courage from just looking at

After a time I was left to myself. was glad, as I needed to rest up a bit and get used to my strange surroundings. It grew dark outside and snow was falling; but inside my star shone and a quiet peace came over me.

Then once more the doors opened od a merry group of people came. This time there were Father of Grandfather and Grandmother, or and Mother leading the little of and girl. Everyone was saying we lovely I was; but I did not want am to look at me. I wanted them see two little faces outside eased against the window pene. The boy saw them first. "Look, addy, Mamma!" he shouted and



OBY BARNES, just home from the office, stood regarding his wife with amusement. "You have the manner, Kay, of being about to leap up and wave a

flag. What's happened?" "I've just discovered something important about myself." Kay's short, light curls were becomingly haphazard. Her eyes were of an intense blue. She was slender and young and vivid. "I'm supremely selfish." She rose to her feet and gesticulated with both hands, "I want to be utterly, gloriously engrossed in ME!"

They both laughed. Then Kay ran forward and dragged her husband



down into a wide, comfortable chair, squeezing in beside him.

"You're a perfectly grand guy," she smiled, "but this Christmas, my man, I'm going to be superbly selfish, as an experiment, Will you try it too, Toby?'

"All right," he agreed, "I'll take you on.'

The next morning Kay tilted a pert gray hat on her curls, and walked imperiously to the shopping district. "I'm fed up with being poor, and scrimping and saving so I can be generous in mean, little ways. Today I . . . spend on my-

She felt guilty and ridiculous, and she turned her eyes away from a haberdasher's window where gentlemen's furnishings were invitingly displayed. Toby needed masses and masses of things. No, just this once she would spend with a bang all she had on something frivolous for herself. Toby had promised to do the

At noon she happened to notice a tall person standing by the next store window. He was absorbed in thought. Kay hardly breathed while the man suddenly plunged into the store door. She crept close to a sheltering pillar while she watched

what happened inside.

She saw the man point to a wom-an's rich, quilted housecoat. She saw him pay for it, and leave, but without a package under his arm. Just the sort of housecoat for which she had yearned hopelessly.

She gasped in dismay. For one

lot second she was possessed with anger. Toby wasn't playing fair. He had no right to make her feel ashamed and abject on Christmas morning!

When Toby's flapping overcoat was out of sight Kay slipped into the same shop, going straight to the counter her husband had left. "May I inquire," she asked crisply, "if that quilted housecoat just pur-chased, is to be delivered to Mrs. Toby Barnes?" She gave the house address. The clerk was startled into admitting the fact.

Kay threw up her chin. "I asked my husband, Mr. Barnes, to step in here today to buy that for me. I've changed my mind. May I exchange it for something I prefer?"
The clerk weakly nodded.

Christmas eve found Kay a bit cryptic. Toby carelessly inquired if a package had been delivered that afternoon. Kay said yes; it was waiting in the closet. As it was, though not quite what Toby

Key was excited as a child on Christmas morning. There were Kay was excited as a child on Christmas morning. There were waffles for breakfast and especially good coffee. Afterwards Mrs. Toby Barnes shoved her tall husband into his big chair. "Sit there," she commanded him, and left the room.

"When is this fine exhibition of selfishness going to begin?" he shouted after her. "I want to see it in action!"

Kay returned with a large pack-ge elaborately wrapped. Toby coked pleased. "There you are," he said, "I'm sorry, Kay, to fall



## KNOW YOUR CAMERA



The amateur who took this prize-winning picture had mastered his camera

CAMERA manufacturers spend United States, the picture shown above was awarded one of the in preparing and printing instruction books which are euclosed with each camera. These booklets give valuable information on the use and care of the camera but the average person looks only far enough into the instructions to find out how to insert the film and right there they

From the mechanical viewpoint the box type camera gives us just about the acme of simplicity. It usually has two "stops" for snapshots and one for "time exposures." However, the manual accompanying it is worth a careful reading.

With certain types of folding cameras, you have more to consider if you are to expect good, clear, sharp pictures and the manual should be studied by all means.

You may have from three to nine apertures to choose from and shutter speeds ranging from one-half to 1/500 second, depending on the type of camera. In addition to these split second shutter speeds the camera is probably equipped for time es posures.

Before loading your camera with film consult the manual so that you | tions or versatility of your camera will understand just what is happening when you do certain things-

the recent snapshot contest conducted by sixty-four leading news- win their admiration. papers scattered throughout the

major prizes in the national awards. The snapshooter who took the picture was far from being old in experience but it is quite evident that he had made a study of his hobby and knew what he was doing and what could be expected of his camera.

Study the composition of your pictures, that is, "compose" your picture in your viewfinder before clicking the shutter. Perhaps by stepping forward a few feet you can eliminate some incongruous object -something that may really detract from the point of interest in the picture. Try viewing a scene or subject from different angles, then choose the one you think the most attractive.

Too many snapshooters, when taking pictures of their friends, have them stand as straight as a ramrod and look directly at the camera. That may be all right for a record picture but the snap would be much more interesting if people in it were doing something.

If you will give just a little serious thought to your snapshooting and thoroughly know the limitayou will be well rewarded with interesting, artistic or story-telling pictures which you will be proud to they your friends and which will

JOHN VAN GUILDER

## **Humblest Dairy Cow** Likes Good Rations

Even the humblest dairy cow has her own ideas about what she likes to tempt her enough to maintain a full

A good dairy cow has a tremendous capacity for converting feed into acre meadow strip. milk, said John A. Arey, of State College, and to make full use of this capacity, she should be induced to eat all she can.

A healthy cow relishes a grain mixture containing several different feeds, but she usually gets tired of a

Variety in the grain mixture not pointed out; it also insures against a surplus terrace water and at the shortage of minerals and provides needed proteins.

The grain mixture should not be

Such feeds as wheat bran, ground oats, ground barley, and beet pulp this summer, Kelly said. are often used to add bulk and variety to the mixture.

But grain is only a supplementary feed, Arey emphasized. Cows need plenty of good pasture when it is available and a full feed of silage

and legume hay in winter. Dairymen who buy feed for their cattle will get better results if they purchase only feed in which the percentage of nutrients is fairly high. When the percentage of crude fiber runs high, the fiber fills up the cow's stomach without providing the digestible nutrients she ought to have.

Unlike the famed "old gray mare," a Canadian horse named Squire, 23 years old, seems to be just about what he used to be. At the National Horse Show in New York a few days ago the veteran jumper won the Whitney Stone trophy, defeating 35 SALVE, NOSE DROPS younger horses.

## Tells How He Got Biggest Hay Crop

More feed than he had ever gotten from one acre before, is the way Ereat, and only palatable feed will nest Long, a tenant on the farm of Joe Gant in the erosion control demonstration area near Burlington, describes his crop of hay from a one-

The strip was moved three times this summer and produced 2 tons of the best quality he had ever seen, Mr. Long said.

Fifty-six meadow strip, comprising 51 acres, have been constructed on farms of cooperators in the Burlingration containing only one or two N. Kelly reports. Eighteen of these were prepared and seeded this fall. only makes it more palatable, Arey economical method of disposing of These strips furnish a practical and same time produce much valuable hay, he points out.

too concentrated. If it weigs about H. Squires produced 2 tons of high A meadow strip on the farm of W. one pound per quart, it has the right quality hay from two cuttings and a strip on the farm of Dr. S. F. Scott produced 21/2 tons from 3 cuttings

> Meadow strips in the demonstration area are seeded to a mixture of lespedezas, clovers, and grasses. On those prepared for spring seeding, all the seed are planted at the same time. On those prepared for fall seeding, grasses and clovers are seeded during September and October and the lespedezas are added the following spring, Kelly said.

Orizaba Highest The Lighest peak in Mexico is the volcano Orizaba, which rises 18,250

feet above sea level

CHECKS Colds and Fever

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W. G. Newby, Tax Collector

