

DREAMER AND DOER.

A dreamer and a doer. Were born the selfsame day. Grew up and dwelt together. In comrades work and play.

SHORTY AND THE SOUL LIGHT.

Ah-ha! So you pulled something out of the Christmas grab bag that you ain't ashamed to sport, eh? Come off! Ain't that a new pearl stickpin?

No? Well, say, then you've been tryin' to run through on a grown up basis, leavin' out the youngsters? Don't come around here lookin' for sympathy in that case, for unless you can produce credentials from some kid delegates, you ain't got any more right tryin' to butt in on the Santa Claus stunt than a monkey has at a eat show.

So when it begins to get along towards the glad Christmaside, me and Sadie starts in plannin' how we'll do things this year. Now, we ain't great on the social splurge act; but we like to have compny around as well as the next ones, and we're as glad to have our friends run out to dinner unexpected on corned beef nights as when we've laid in turkey and trimmin's on a three day's warnin'.

And especially we plans to make our Christmas Eve doin's free for all. In gettin' up the list of invited guests we don't have any more use for the social register than we do for the telephone book or a seed catalogue.

Well, we had the tree brought in and set up, and we hung holly and roped and wreaths until the house looked like a Ben Greer stage setting, and we'd filled candy cornucopias and popped corn and cracked nuts until I had blisters on my fingers and a crick in my neck.

However, things was shapin' up fine for the grand celebration, and I was takin' a day off to put the finishin' touches to the decorations, or get in the way tryin', when I notices Sadie stickin' out one finger tied up with a piece of baby ribbon and lookin' kind of wild at it.

"Fine," says I. "You're getting along fast. It's on the first finger; so that means it begins with A. Is it apples or—"

"Attison!" shouts Sadie. "Their wire was out of order when I called them up yesterday, and I haven't thought of it since. You must run right over, Shorty, and tell them to give little Mallory here by seven o'clock, when we light up the tree."

All I had against him was that he always wore baby blue neckties and yellow chamois gloves. That and his stiff-kneed way of walkin' would have made me hold out for conviction in the first degree if I'd ever been called on a jury against him.

When it comes to making a kid round-up of the neighborhood, though, we don't play any favorites. So I turns up my collar and hikes down the road wearin' my best good-will-to-all grin, and prepares to request the privilege of havin' young Mr. Mallory Attison assist on a Santa Claus reception committee.

"How about Mr. Attison, then?" I says, on a chance. "Yes, she says he's in; but she don't think he's seein' anybody."

"All right," says I, and then lets out a real cheery hail. "Hello, Attison! All by your lonesome, eh?"

"Well, well!" says I. "Having a little whirl with the grip, are you? Or is it a hang-over head from last night's fraternity dinner? Ah, cheer up and poke the fire!"

"What?" says I. "The cook ain't handed in her resignation, has she?" He sighs and shakes his head. "It—'s a personal matter, Mr. McCabe," says he, "something I cannot talk about. I—I— Oh, I must tell some one! It's about Mrs. Attison. She's—she has gone!"

behind 'em clear up from the station, watchin' 'em swing hands all the way and go to a Romeo clinch the minute they got inside their gate.

Now me and Sadie get along more or less smooth. We don't leave the breakfast crockery at each other, or chuck the sarcastic harpoon across the dinner table; but we don't feel called on to give any mushy exhibitions in public.

"I—I don't know," says he. "We have been drifting apart for months. Our interests are no longer common ones. She is very intellectual, you know."

"Well," says I, kind of uneasy that I couldn't feel any worse about it, "women will give you the double cross that way now and then; but maybe you'll get over it sooner'n you think. And that reminds me. How about lettin' the youngsters come over to our Christmas tree racket? He's here, ain't he?"

"Where's my mudder?" says he. "There, there, Mallory!" begins Attison. "You mustn't ask about your—your— and then he chokes up."

"Ah, cut out the emotion," says I. "That don't help any. Now what move are you going to make to get that youngster's mother back to him?"

"I—I don't know," says he. "How long has she been gone?" says I. "Since noon, the maid tells me," says Attison.

"No, no!" he groans, puttin' his hands up to his face and rockin' back and forth. "She has—has left me for—forever!"

they tells me, in one of the small banquet rooms, and the head promoter has a suite on the 'steenth floor."

"You'll find some of his admirers waiting for him now, over by the elevator," says Billy Donovan, the foxy house detective.

"Main floor!" sings out the elevator boy, and out steps a flossy gent in five o'clock tea uniform, silk faced frock coat, carnation in his buttonhole, and curly iron gray hair all shampooed like a French poodle.

"Well, I don't know any more about the Souls of Lighters than I did before, or what the flossy gent had done to bring on the rough house committee; for there we ain't a word in the papers next day. All I know is that me and Mrs. Attison gets the six-three express out to Soundmere and lands at our front door just as Pinckney turns the button that lights up the Christmas tree."

"Oh, yes," says Sadie, pointin' over to a corner of the room, "both of your darlings are here, Mrs. Attison."

"How did they fix it up? Don't ask me. I was too busy dancin' with the kids to keep track of the Attisons; but every time I noticed 'em they seemed to be looking mighty pleased and contented, so I guess the light souled business is off the cards for good."

"Where's my mudder?" says he. "There, there, Mallory!" begins Attison. "You mustn't ask about your—your— and then he chokes up."

"Hello, old man. Been in an airplane smash?" "No, only made a fool bet."

Six Million Trees Used in U. S. on Christmas.

Uncle Sam's nephews are strong for Christmas trees and they use about five million every year, says the American Forestry Association, which is conducting the national voting campaign to find what those nephews think should be our national tree.

The question of cutting Christmas trees comes up every year and the association receives many letters in regard to this practice. Intelligent cutting of the smaller trees really aids the growth of the more mature trees.

New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, and the Adirondacks and Catskills in New York furnish this supply for New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and even for Baltimore and Washington.

Three grades of milk only, may be sold in Pennsylvania under the proposed legislation endorsed by representatives of the milk producers and milk dealers, the Pennsylvania State Grange, the Department of Agriculture and the State Department of Health.

Meeting in conference in Harrisburg, December 22nd, they further decided that no persons having communicable diseases shall be permitted to have anything to do with the production and distribution of milk in the State.

"Where's my mudder?" says he. "There, there, Mallory!" begins Attison. "You mustn't ask about your—your— and then he chokes up."

"Hello, old man. Been in an airplane smash?" "No, only made a fool bet."

FARM NOTES.

Black knot can be controlled only by cutting out all infected wood—cut back to good, healthy wood and burn all prunings.

Lat fall or early winter spraying of peach trees for San Jose Scale and peach leaf curl yields larger dividends than spring spraying.

Every farmer should keep some sort of account system of his business. It should show the profit and loss of all his operations.

Wart immune potatoes for seed purposes, grown under the direction of the State authorities, will be tagged, sealed and distributed to the growers in the infected areas, for use in growing next season's crop.

Remove all cedar trees from the vicinity of the apple trees so that there will be no more damage from the cedar rust on the fruit trees.

Pruning grape vines is absolutely essential in order that the best size of fruit and cluster, as well as flavor, be attained.

Pruning the vines can be done at any time after the leaves fall until the buds start in the spring.

The Bureau of Animal Industry, Agriculture, have issued a warning to veterinarians, stock dealers, stock yard officials and others to keep a sharp lookout for the appearance of the hoof and mouth disease in this State.

While there is no evidence that the disease is present anywhere in this country yet, Dr. T. E. Munce, head of the bureau of animal industry, believes that with the cattlemen of Pennsylvania on the alert, the malady will have little chance of gaining a stronghold should it appear in the United States.

The letter, which is being sent broadcast throughout the State, follows:

"Foot and mouth disease is raging in a number of European countries, and for the first time in history has invaded the island of Jersey."

"Federal officials are taking every possible precaution to prevent the introduction of this dreaded disease into our country. Therefore, it is very essential that veterinarians, county agents, stockmen and others who come in contact with livestock to be on the lookout for any sign of this disease and to report promptly all suspicious cases coming under their observation."

"Cattle, hogs, sheep or goats with sore mouths or feet should be regarded as suspicious and reported promptly to the nearest agent of the Bureau."

"Please pass the word along and thus help to keep Pennsylvania and the country free from this devastating disease."

An extensive exhibit of Pennsylvania grown vegetables will be one of the features of the fifth annual farm products show, which will be held in Harrisburg, January 24-28.

The exhibitors will be entitled to all State championship honors. Following are the rules governing the vegetable exhibits, the classes and prizes:

Entries are open to all vegetable growers in Pennsylvania, and all exhibits must have been grown in Pennsylvania by other exhibitors.

More than one entry in any one class will be accepted from the same individual.

Marketable value will be given preference in judging. Inclusive, the judges will give attention to the type of package, its attractiveness and general adaptability to local market or shipping purposes; and to grading and packing as well as to the quality of the produce itself.

All exhibits must be in place January 24, 1921, so that they may be set up and judged Tuesday night.

Apply to W. B. Nissley, State College, Pa., or to your county agent for entry blanks and shipping tags.

Class 1. Best collection exhibit of all kinds of vegetables. Premium: first, \$25.00; second, \$15.00; third, \$10.00.

Class 2. One dozen stalks celery, any named variety. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$3.00.

Class 3. Commercial package of Witloof Chichory—not less than three pounds. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 4. Commercial package of greenhouse tomatoes—not less than five pounds. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 5. Commercial package of greenhouse lettuce—not less than three pounds. Premium: first, \$3.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 6. Commercial package of onions—any named variety. Premium: first, \$5.00; second, \$3.00.

Class 7. Commercial package of carrots—any named variety. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 8. Commercial package of turnips—any named variety. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.

Class 9. Commercial package of beets—any named variety. Premium: first, \$4.00; second, \$2.00.