

I PREFER TO BELIEVE.

I like to trust the men I know— No matter where I chance to go— The men who look me in the eye, I choose to think, cheat not, lie. And though at times I get a bump Which makes my old heart throb and jump, Although I, for the moment, grieve In mankind I would still believe.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR

The first of three great Christmas stories which will be published in the Watchman. It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The few boulders that marked the summer ford at Simpson's Bar were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The stage had stopped. The mail was abandoned, the rider swimming for his life.

Close to his home the Old Man stopped them. "Praps I'd better go in and see that things is right," he suggested with an indifference he was far from feeling. For he feared his wife. For a long time there was no sound but dripping water. The men became uneasy and whispered suggestions one to another. "Reckon she's caved in his head, the first lick." "Decoyed him and barred him up." "Got him down and sittin' on him." Just then a voice said: "Come in out of the wet." The voice was neither the Old Man's nor his wife's. It was the voice of a small boy. The weak tremble was broken by a hoarseness that only vagabondage and a habit of premature self-assertion can give.

you are. I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar's them, now." There was a low tap on the door. Dick opened it quickly, nodded "good night" to his host and disappeared. Outside Dick greeted his companions. "Are you ready?" some one asked. "Ready," affirmed Dick. What time is it? "Past 12." "Can I make it—It's nigh on 50 miles, the round trip. What's the mare?" "Bill and Jack are holding her at the crossing." "Let them hold her a minute longer." Dick crept softly into the house. The Old Man had fallen asleep. Beside him lay Johnny. Dick parted his huge mustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy. But as he did a mischievous blast rekindled the hearth with light. Dick fled in bashful terror.

his eyes. In that interval there came back to him the little room at Simpson's Bar, the sleeping boy. He opened his eyes, cast off his boots, coat, pistol and saddle. He bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders as he grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bare knees. With a shout he dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of man and horse struggled against the battling current and then were swept away amid the rooted trees and whirling driftwood. The Old Man started and awoke. The fire was flicked. The candle in the outer room flickered in its socket. Somebody rapped on the door. He opened it. A dripping half-naked figure reeled against the door post. "Dick." "Hush! Is he awake?" "No but—" "Shut up you old fool. Give me some whisky. Quick—" Dick staggered, caught hold of the handle of the door and motioned to the Old Man. "Thar's suthin' in my pack for your Johnny. Take it off. I can't. The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it on the table. "Open it, quick—" He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few cheap toys—bright and barbaric in paint and time. One of them was broken. Another was ruined by water. A third bore a cruel spot. "It doesn't look like much. That's a fact," Dick said ruefully. "But it's the best we could do. Take them, Old Man. Put them in his stocking and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man." The Old Man caught the sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick with a laugh. "Tell him Sandy Claus has come." And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn touched no the remoter peaks with rosy warmth. It looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.—By Bret Harte—in Pittsburgh Press.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT Absence may make hearts grow fonder— Of what they garner As they wander: —Ruth Lambert Jones. —Christmas is the one season when the kitchen must be on dress parade. As the heart of the home, it is the center for all the jolly industry which results in puddings and pies, sugar and spice and everything nice from the delicious seafood cocktail to the plum pudding of the holiday dinner. But it must be in readiness. It can't produce delectable things unless its knives are sharp, its cutters keen, its bowls many, its scale accurate. So here is some advice about a dozen sundry items which help the kitchen give its best to holiday cooking. And, moreover, most of these convenient and helpful tools would make excellent presents for the housewife's own stocking. Why not give simple and inexpensive "Christmas Gifts that Save Labor" instead of bonbons or books? It is surprising how long the giver of a handy little kitchen knick-knack will be remembered with pleasure all year through. Often these items are novelties which the housewife would like to buy for herself, but feels perhaps they are a little bit of an extravagance. And that's what every real gift should be—a luxury, a more than ordinary object, so much more pleasurable than a common necessity! No holiday dinner, of course, could be evolved without a chopper, a grater and a mixer. So here are three new ones. First, there is the chopper, which has a triple blade and which does as much chopping at a single stroke as it usually would take three maids with three choppers to do! But it is all in one and of stainless steel, no hope for onions, parsley, nuts or mince when this chopper slices onward. Then there is the stationary grater, which every kitchen should have all the time. It is much like a meat chopper except that instead of having different blades, one may speedily interchange its metal cylinders, each one of which does a different job well, such as grating cheese, grinding crumbs for stuffing, slicing apples and root vegetables. Dull knives will not cut thinly sliced meat nor attractive cake, nor will they charmingly dismember the holiday bird, whether that be turkey or goose. So a knife sharpener is an inalienable adjunct of every kitchen. This one consists of a couple of wheels on a stand and all you do is draw the blade across several times when said blade will renew its keen zest and cutting skill. If there are children in the family, then the new sieve for baby's food is another gift which every young mother would delight in. It has a glass dish and cover and in the top fits a stainless steel perforated disk. To use it push a small stiff spatula up and down over the vegetable pulp, and, of course, only the strained portion will fall into the glass dish beneath. Strange somebody didn't think of this thing long ago. For example, there is a new and very clever zeppelin mold, shaped just like the famous dirigible. How smart it would make a quivering canberry jelly! Or what about a turkey mold for the ice cream? Or a curved fish mold for the entree? Simple dishes look sophisticated if given fancy shapes. Then, coming a little nearer the utility viewpoint, there is the saucepan bar which mother would surely welcome. Here we have six sliding hooks on a heavy bar of aluminum. Fasten the bar to the wall or the shelf and hang the six pans on it. There they are, clean, visible and easy to grasp. Better, give mother two racks and thus take care of all the pots in the pantry. If you are thinking of the house for a gift, here are some more suggestions; radiator covers, and radiator moisteners; a new kind of coat tree which collapses and folds into umbrella space, and which is the best ever to have on hand when you are planning to have a party and must take care of extra guest clothing; a boot wiper that is so good looking that you are almost tempted to pick it up by its long handle and walk off with it. It has a handle of brass, at the base of which is a circular thick bristle brush. Of course it will stand anywhere and let feet, little or big, brush the mud off on its sturdy bristles. Last, don't forget cleaning cloths as jolly stuffers for the housewife's stocking. Slide several of these down among the nuts and oranges, or under the tree. What are they? Why, specially impregnated cloths which will clean silver, brass or copper without the use of additional powders or liquids. But I shall have to stop right here, only saying again that the small counter is a good bet from which to choose Christmas gifts. —American women become supreme in the air when the International Aeronautics Federation accepted as the women's world straight-line distance record the 1,976-mile flight of Miss Ruth Nichols of Rye, N. Y., from Oakland, Cal., to Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 24-25, 1931. American women now hold six of the seven recognized world's air records—speed, altitude, distance and useful loads. The latest record gives Miss Nichols two palms, for she also holds the world's speed record for women with her flight at 210 miles an hour. Miss Elinor Smith has one, Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam holds two and Miss Evelyn Trout and Miss Edna May Cooper share another.

FARM NOTES. —Many improperly fitted cross-cut saws hang in farm sheds. With a few tools and a little information the average farmer may change a poor saw into a highly useful and efficient tool. Your county agent, upon request, can arrange a demonstration on saw filing. —Brood sows should be well protected during the winter and provided with clean, dry, comfortable sleeping quarters. They should, however, be forced to take sufficient daily exercise outdoors in the sunshine to keep them healthy. —To clean soiled eggs use a knife or steel wool to remove the greater part of the dirt. Then wipe the eggs clean with a damp cloth. Washed eggs do not keep well, say State College poultry specialists. —During the past two dry years, better yields of corn have been obtained on fall-plowed soil than on spring plowed land. Even in wet seasons, fall plowing gives as good or slightly better yields than late spring plowing. Plowing as much land as possible in the fall saves a great deal of work in the spring. —Poison bait for mouse control may be placed now in the orchards. The bait should be so placed that it is hidden from birds, livestock, or irresponsible persons. Wide-necked bottles and tin cans may be used, or the bait may be placed under boards or in the tunnels of the rodents. —Good tools kept in condition will make gardening a pleasure next year. Now is the time to clean all tools and cover the metal parts with light grease. Hotbed sash probably need paint. If the hotbed is cleaned it will be ready for use next February or March. —Wheat makes a good feed for dairy cattle in amounts up to one-third of the total grain mixture. It should be rolled or coarsely ground and mixed with bulky feeds, such as bran or oats, in addition to enough protein feed to make a balanced ration. —Trees have been dying this year as a result of the severe drought last year. By harvesting them now, good logs may be saved for lumber or firewood. If these dead trees are allowed to stand through another summer, many of them will be rendered useless by decay, say Penn State foresters. —Colony or individual hog houses are easy and inexpensive to build. They are warmer and more sanitary than most central farrowing houses. If such houses are not available, they can be built during the winter so they will be ready for farrowing time. —Seed corn which has dried out about as much as corn ordinarily does by May 1, when stored in cribs, can be shelled and stored in sacks or in metal containers, which have a few holes in the top for ventilation, until planting time. —There are 612 licensed milk dealers in the State of Pennsylvania, whose daily sales are from one to nine quarts, according to figures made public by R. E. Irwin, chief of the bureau milk control, department of health. This gives some idea of the number of milk producers, on a small scale, who are selling a part of the product from a very few cows, Irwin said. No matter how small is the output sold, each dealer must apply for and receive a permit from the State board of health. More than 310 applicants stated that their sales would run from 10 to 14 quarts per day. The largest single group—755 applicants reported that they would sell between 100 and 200 quarts daily. The total number of applicants for sales permits was 3576, and the total number of quarts of raw milk sold daily reaches 306,000. Forty-eight reported sales of more than 500 quarts daily in the raw milk field, while an exactly equal number of applicants stated that their sales would run over 5000 quarts per day in the pasteurized division of the dairy industry. When it comes to totals, the difference in the number of quarts sold daily is enormous. For instance, 3576 applicants report sales of 306,000 quarts of raw milk daily; while 570 applicants stated that sales in the pasteurized section will reach the total of 1,639,000 quarts. On this basis it is estimated that more than seven million persons in Pennsylvania are daily consumers of pasteurized milk. —The double attack of depression and drought has dealt a sharp blow to the poultry business in Pennsylvania. Economists of the Department of Agriculture have found a larger stock of poultry in the State on January 1 was worth less than a smaller flock two years ago. According to their figures 20,351 chickens last January 1 were worth only \$19,944,000, whereas 19,034 on January 1, 1929, were valued at \$23,031,000. In 1926 the figures were 20,181, worth \$26,647,000. The rainless weather of the summer of 1930 sent corn feed to high prices and consequently caused a reduction in the number of chickens raised. The depressed sent chicken prices to the lowest level in a dozen years. —Hens laid 1,766 millions of eggs during last year, of which 1,476 millions were sold for domestic purposes. The sales brought an income of \$35,719,000.