

# The Story of the Starbeam Told

ONE COLD winter night the snow was gently falling on the pine trees of the forest. These tall, stately trees stood very straight and still on this cold night. By and by the tallest and the oldest of them said:

"How happy I shall be when at last I am strong enough and tall enough to be cut down by the wood cutters. I hope when they do cut me down that I may be good enough that they will want me for some great ship, and then I shall have a chance to sail the sea."

"What do you know about ships and the sea?" asked a little pine tree who stood at the foot of the tall one.

The stately tree bent his branches a very little and looked down at the small tree, at his feet.

"I have heard many stories of the sea, and the ships that sail on them, for the birds sit in my branches and sing to me all the time of the beauties and wonders of the world. Then, too, the starbeams, who are much older than the birds, have some truly wonderful tales to tell of things that they have seen in their trips around the world. There is the Starbeam of the Brightest Star, just peeping over the hilltop. He can tell some truly wonderful tales."

The little pine tree trembled for very joy. This was his first winter in the forest, and these things were all new to him, just as was the snow that was covering his roots, and making them all warm with its white blanket.

"Won't you please ask the Starbeam to tell us a story?" asked the little pine.

"Let us ask him to tell us again the Christmas story," said another of the older pines, "the one he told us last year."

So, when the Starbeam came over and rested gently on the tallest pine, he asked it to tell again the Story of the First Christmas.

"I love to tell this story best of all stories that I know," said the little Starbeam.

"Once upon a time a long time ago, long before even the oldest pine trees here began to grow, a beautiful woman, named Mary, and her husband, Joseph, went on a journey to a little city called Bethlehem. All the people in that country went to this same city, to pay their taxes, and when Mary and Joseph got there, they found so many people, that there was no room left for them at the inn. The only place where they could find shelter was in a stable, and here they went. That night a little babe was born, and its mother, Mary, laid him in a manger on some nice clean straw.

"Away off in the East, the Brightest Star appeared. He had never been seen before, and some wise men who knew that this was the time for the babe to be born, saw the Brightest Star as they started out to find the babe. All their long journey the Brightest Star kept just in front of them to show them the way to go, and when they rested at night, the Brightest Star would rest too, and wait for them. At last they reached the city of Bethlehem, and found the little babe in the manger with his mother by his side.

"These wise men had brought some very costly gifts to this babe, and it is the birthday of this babe that is celebrated every Christmas, and it is in his memory that gifts are given to the poor.

"That is all of the story, and it is time for me to be going," and the Starbeam went away, dancing over the tops of the trees.

The gladdest hour of Christmas day. The time the hearts are lightest. An' every care is chased away. An' all the smiles are brightest. Is when the family, young an' old, From dad to little brother, With all the love that hearts can hold Come bringing gifts to mother.

We keep her presents till the last. An' then when she sits rocking. An' all the other gifts are passed, We go an' get her stockings. We gather round her easy chair. First one an' then the other. Steps up an' says: "Well, I declare! Here's something else for mother!"

An' with each present goes a kiss. An' all is still an' quiet. When mother murmurs: "What is this?" An' hastens to untie it. Then everybody wildly cheers. An' shouts for perfect gladness. An' mother's eyes are moist with tears. But not the tears of sadness.

Oh, here's a scene that gold can't buy. Or stage in imitation. The smiling face, the glistening eye Of love's own celebration. And with each jolly Christmas day We pray to know another When we shall meet the self-same way And bring our gifts to mother. —Detroit Free Press.

The Russian St. Nicholas. In Russia the children put their shoes filled with hay outside the door for the horses of St. Nicholas; and it is believed in most sections that St. Nicholas comes first on a preparatory visit ten days before Christmas to learn which children have been good. He leaves nuts and candy in the shoes of those who have been good, but nothing for those who have been bad, who thus know that they may expect no presents on the real Christmas day.

The Bran Pie. This is an English custom. The gifts are hidden in a large pan of bran. A string is tied to each package, and on the end of the string is the name of the one for whom the package is intended. When all have their strings they all pull. Then comes the fun of getting the bran off and opening the packages.

## CHINESE SHOE WORKBOX

Perhaps This May Provide Work for Some Small Child's Nimble Fingers.

The small girl who would like to make mother or elder sister a gift, but whose pocket money is limited, should try her hand at the little Chinese shoe workbox shown here. She will surely succeed if she can sew at all, and if she will be very careful about the cutting and sewing. The beauty of it is the piece bag will probably supply the materials for making, while 25 cents will buy the furnishings.

One must cut two pieces of cardboard, each seven inches long, then shape it into a sole and take off one-quarter inch from the toe of one piece. The larger piece is covered on one side with white muslin and the small



Nice Present Any Girl Can Make. or with a bit of muslin is sewed all around the white covered sole and then to the smaller sole, silk upward. When this is sewed together you have a sole half an inch in thickness turning up at the toe as the Chinaman's shoe does. Fill this with cotton.

The one thing to remember is to take time in making this pretty box. It costs next to nothing, but it will not be a success if carelessly done.

The writer saw an exquisite model of this work case that is to be given to a bride. It is carried out in white satin embroidered in silk and silver thread in a wistaria design, the lining being of wistaria-colored silk to match.

This should be a hint to girls who have friends marrying during the holiday season. If embroidery is beyond the donor's skill, a tiny spray of orange blossom tied with silver cord might decorate the top, or the initial of the bride could be placed there.

## THE GIFTS FOR MOTHER

The gladdest hour of Christmas day. The time the hearts are lightest. An' every care is chased away. An' all the smiles are brightest. Is when the family, young an' old, From dad to little brother, With all the love that hearts can hold Come bringing gifts to mother.

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## THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

Spirit of Christmas. The core of Christmas is the truth of unselfishness. This day of the new spirit that irradiates all the earth, is the day of lavish pouring out of self. "Somebody cares," is written large over every Christmas gift and Christmas plan. It is the day of taking thought for other persons. Christ in Christmas means unselfish love—the love of God for man, and of men for one another.

Met Every Christmas. Cromwell's long parliament made a point of meeting every Christmas day

## Gratitude as the Real Key to Christmas Joy

By "BILLY" SUNDAY

NINETEEN hundred years ago a star poised above a lowly manger in Bethlehem, and above the moonlit hills of Judea the angels heralded the beginning of the life of Jesus Christ upon this earth. And once more the birthday of the Saviour approaches.

How fast these festive days follow one another! Only a few days ago I was penning a Thanksgiving day message. Now we are looking forward with happy hearts and bright anticipations to Christendom's great gift-giving day.

Gratitude inspires in us the grace of giving.

Gratitude is the great original source of noble living and service, just as sin is the original source and root of all selfishness. The great all-seeing eye of God, as it surveys this planet, with all its scenes of revelry and its riot of sin, beholds but one festering ulcer—selfishness—and gazes upon one thing of great beauty—gratitude—which recognizes in every need of man the voice of God.

The immortal Frances E. Willard said: "I regard ingratitude as one of the basest of sins."

The Psalmist said: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me?" Then answers his own question by saying: "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

Never before have we so seriously faced the question of our obligation to Almighty God. There are thousands of heavy-hearted, world-worried men and women who will never find life worth living until their lives are linked with Jesus Christ.

There is no safety save in service. We must use or lose. The Dead Sea gives nothing out, and that's why it is dead. Many lives are like the Dead Sea. If you would have the joy of Christmas, you must find it in doing what Jesus did. He went about doing good. No one will ever find the Christian secret of a happy life save by trying to make it easier for others to do right and harder to do wrong.

There is joy in lifting any burdens of others, as the little girl found it who was carrying her baby brother across the street. He was almost as big as she was.

"Isn't he heavy?" asked a passer-by. "Oh, no; he's my brother."

You cannot be a Christian without being a good fellow in the sense of trying to help others to be good, or, as someone has put it, "Except you erect the cross in your own heart, Jesus will profit you nothing."

O Holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend on us, we pray; Cast out our sin and enter in; Be born in us today.



## ALL READY FOR HIS WORK



## Bearish Wheat Reported.

Chicago—Heavy profit-taking by longs who asserted that the government crop report was likely to prove bearish, wiped out the greater part of a lively advance scored Thursday in the wheat market here. The close was heavy at a net gain of 3c to 1 1/2c, with December at \$1.16 1/2 and May at \$1.17 1/2 @ \$1.17 1/2. The setback that ensued from the top level of the session was most apparent in the May option, December contracts remaining comparatively firm owing to fears that a strike in progress on the Chicago Belt railway might interfere with current deliveries.

## Wheat Goes to New York.

Pendleton—For the first time in the history of wheat raising in this county shipments are now being made directly from local warehouses to the New York Markets.

H. W. Collins expects to ship out 3000 tons this week from his warehouse to New York. There is not much left of the present local supply of wheat which will be acceptable in New York for the reason that the Atlantic port calls for A1 quality. There are no facilities for cleaning wheat on the Atlantic seaboard as here.

## NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS: GENERAL CROP CONDITIONS

Portland—Wheat—Bluestem, 96c; forty-fold, 95c; club, 92c; red five, 90c; red Russian, 90c.

Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$22 per ton; shorts, \$23; rolled barley, \$29@30.

Corn—White, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36.

Hay—Eastern Oregon, timothy, \$15 @17; valley timothy, \$12@14; alfalfa, \$13.50@14.50; cheat, \$10@11; oats and vetch, \$11@12.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.10@1.25 dozen; tomatoes, California, \$1.25@1.50; cabbage, 90c hundred; garlic, 15c pound; peppers, 5@8c pound; eggplant, 10c pound; sprouts, 8 @ 9c pound; horseradish, 8c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25; celery, 50@65c dozen; beans, 12 1/2@15c; lettuce, \$2@2.75 crate; peas, 15c.

Green Fruits—Pears, \$1@1.50 per box; grapes, \$5 per barrel; cranberries, \$10@14.50 barrel.

Potatoes—Oregon, \$1@1.25; Yakima, \$1.10@1.25 per sack; sweets, \$2.50 per hundred.

Onions—Oregon, buying price, \$1, f. o. b. shipping point.

Apples—Spitzenbergs, extra fancy, \$2.25; fancy, \$2; choice, \$1.25@1.50; Jonathans, extra fancy, \$1.50; fancy, \$1.25; choice, \$1; Yellow Newtowns, extra fancy, \$2; fancy, \$1.75; choice, \$1@1.25; Baldwins, extra fancy, \$1.50; fancy, \$1.25; choice, \$1; Russets, orchard run, \$1.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, buying prices: No. 1, 42c; No. 2, 30c; No. 3, 20c; jobbing prices: No. 1, 42@44c; Oregon storage, 26@28c.

Poultry—Hens, 11@13c; springs, 11@13c; turkeys, 17c; dressed, 20@22c; ducks, 12@14c; geese, 8@9c.

Butter—City creamery, cubes, extra, selling at 31c; flats, 29c; prints and cartons, extra. Prices paid to producers: Country creamery, 24@28c, according to quality; butterfat, premium quality, 33c; No. 1 average quality, 31c; No. 2, 29c.

Veal—Fancy, 10@10 1/2c pound. Pork—Fancy, 6 1/2@7c pound. Hops—1915 crop, 8@12c pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 18@25c; valley, 25@26c; fall lambs' wool, 25c; mohair, Oregon, 28c pound.

Cascara bark—Old and new, 3 1/2@4c pound.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7@7.50; good, \$6.75@7; medium, \$6.50@6.75; choice cows, \$5.25@5.75; good, \$5@5.25; medium, \$4.50@5; heifer, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$3@5; stags, \$4.50@5.25.

Hogs—Light, \$5.95@6.05; heavy, \$4.90@5.

Sheep—Wethers, \$4.75@6.50; ewes, \$4@6; lambs, \$6@7.50.

## Canned Milk to Advance.

Portland—The statement was made recently by a man closely associated with the canned milk business that he would not be surprised if there was an advance of 60 cents a case in price in the near future. He based his opinion on the fact that the demand at the moment is exceeding the supply, and manufacturers are facing a hard game.

It is said that 130,000 cases of canned milk have been shipped recently to France and that one Eastern manufacturer who puts out a brand of milk under his own name is in the market for 50,000 cases. It is presumed this is wanted to fill an export order. Up to the present time it is believed no fewer than 250,000 cases have gone abroad.

All jobbers are now asking \$3.10 for Marigold milk. The advance of 15 cents was made some time ago, but was not adhered to by the entire trade, for various reasons.

## Country Creameries Unite.

Eugene, Ore.—That the Eugene Farmers' creamery will unite with other co-operative creameries of the state to protect themselves and assist in marketing products of the plants was the sense of a meeting of the shareholders of the local plant. The meeting was similar to others held in different parts of the state where there are located co-operative creameries. It is the outcome of discontent and charges that the butter market of Portland has been manipulated in some manner. S. Schrock, representative of the state dairy and food commissioner's office, and G. F. Frevert, of the United States department of agriculture, were present at the meeting. It is the plan to hold a big meeting of the representatives of all the co-operative creamery associations in the state in the near future.

## Thrill That Comes But Once, Etc.

"Who is that tramping around overhead?" asked a Sedgewick young man, uneasily, while calling on his best girl.

"That's papa," she replied. "He always gets restless along toward morning."—Kansas City Star.

## Careless.

Jones—I nearly froze to death last night in my flat!

Janitor—Well, you probably wore your spring overcoat to bed instead of your fur one.—Chicago Daily News.

## Its Class.

"Here's another funny story about getting a seat in a crowded car."

"Oh, that's a standing joke."—Baltimore American.

## What He Told Them.

"This is a nice time of night to be coming home."

"Yes, my dear, but I tried to get away earlier."

"Tried to get away earlier, indeed! Those men haven't any strings on you, have they?"

"No, my dear. I wanted to break up the game at 12 o'clock, but they insisted on playing another hour. So what could I do?"

"Do? You could have told them I was alone, and you had to come home."

"I did, my dear. I even told them that a nag you were, and how you'd make life miserable for me—"

"You told them that? The very idea! If that isn't just like you to blame me when you know you wanted to get to bed yourself. I want you to understand that if you can't think of any better excuse than that for coming home you can stay as long as the rest do."—Detroit Free Press.

## Cures Ivy Poisoning.

For Ivy poisoning apply Hanford's Balsam. It is antiseptic and may be used to kill the poison. Prompt relief should follow the first application. Adv.

## Not Scientific.

Scientific Parent (on a stroll)—You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son.

To the coster—My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?

Coster—"Cause I ain't a hoss, you old thickhead."—Titbits.

## Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balsam.

Matter of Opinion.

"Mary!" Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor.

"Yes, papa, dear."

"Ask that young man if he has the time."

A moment of silence.

"Yes, George has his watch with him."

"Then ask him what is the time."

"He says it is 11:48, papa."

"Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bedtime."

Another moment of silence.

"He says, papa," the silvery voice announced impersonally, "he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy."—Harper's Bazar.

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## On the Water Wagon.

The Alfalfa delegate was paying his first visit to a city of any size. Standing along the sidewalk, he chanced to see a sprinkling cart coming down the street, and no sooner had he set eyes on the thing than he began to laugh like the boy at a minstrel show.

"Say, old pal!" he remarked hilariously, punching a cop in the ribs, "don't that just beat all?"

"Don't what beat all?" responded the wondering cop. "What's the joke?"

"Just look at that feller on that wagon!" replied the alfalfa party, pointing to the sprinkler. "That darned chump won't have a drop of water left by the time he gets home!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## For sprains make a thorough application of Hanford's Balsam, well rubbed in. Adv.

## As Judge Saw Them.

One day while out walking with a friend in San Francisco a professor and his friend became involved in an argument as to which was the handsomest man of the two. Not being able to arrive at a settlement of the question, they agreed, in a spirit of fun, to leave it to the decision of a Chinaman, who was seen approaching them. The matter being laid before him, the Oriental considered long and carefully; then he announced, in a tone of finality, "Both are worse."—Chicago News.

## He Knew His Son.

What the young fellow lacked in brains the father made up in money and the latter was very rich.

One day a well-wishing friend, thinking to give the wealthy old fellow a hint, said to him:

"Don't you think your son is wasting his time staying here in this quiet little town?"

A grim smile flickered round the old man's lips as he replied dryly:

"Well, he might just as well waste it here as anywhere else."—New York American.

## Plain Talk.

British Tommy (somewhere in France)—Speak English Moosie?

French Shopkeeper—But—yes—a leetle, M'sieu.

British Tommy—Righto; then give us 10 pounds of spuds, an arse of baccy, a packet of fags and a box of lights, and be slippy!—Boston Transcript.

## P. N. U. No. 52, 1915

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## Check.

Lord Reading said at a dinner in New York, apropos of Germany's proposal to get back from the allies in the shape of a war indemnity all her war expenditures:

"That proposal savors of the impudent. It reminds me of the son to whom his old father said: 'Yes, George, I've decided to retire from active life and turn the business over to you.'

"But, father, can't you work a few years longer, and then we can retire together?"

Wounds on man or beast should be healed by Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

## Could Use Shovel.

There was a sudden rush of work and the foreman was short of laborers. Going out into the road he found a muscular looking tramp loafing at the corner. Here was a possible recruit.

"My man," said he genially, "do you want work?"

"What sort of work," asked the tramp cautiously.

"Well, can you do anything with a shovel?"

The tramp suddenly beamed at the speaker.

"I could fry a slice of bacon on it," he said eagerly.

## For galls use Hanford's Balsam.

Adv.

## The Bible Again.

"Daisy," remarked the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again."

"O, yes, I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly: "Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says that the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals where do they get the milk?"

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