



A RANDOM DART.

HEY had laughed until they were tired, Lily Mayne and Jessie and Janie Norton, Miss Estil's pretty nieces. Valentine's day was just ahead, and they had spent a morning hour in deciding where to send a baker's dozen of gorgeous missives.

major himself took them in and blushed through all his tan and grizzle at sight of the big envelope, which had a spray of roses and a pair of turtles doves embossed upon the flap.

the least bit like anybody I know." With that he took up the envelope and carefully scrutinized the address. It was written in a big hand, fashionably angular, and noncommittal. As he fingered it he felt something inside. He turned it upside down, shook it and sent the card spinning to the other edge of the table.

"I don't know what you mean," Janie protested, with, however, a suspicious red in her cheeks. Major Sterling looked impersonally at her. "Of course I am not bold enough to assert that you do anything badly. But there are things that you do better than—well, tampering with the truth."

"You know it brought me here," she most alone upon the broad, lighted porch. She put both hands over her arm and leaned a little to him as she answered: "I think, yes! I am sure it could, if you gave it a decent chance."



Good St. Valentine. He Has Not Deserted His Post in the Humdrum World—A Word About the Wide Though Varying Demands For Valentines—Immense Establishments With Capital and Costly Talent Produce Them—And They Go.

Every valentine season brings out a re-creative essay, generally congratulatory in tone, to the effect that the custom of sending tokens is dying out. One is led to conjecture who and what manner of people the gloomy essayists must be, whether too old to experience a thrill of happiness or too blind to observe the life of the common folks who keep the earth moving.

And why may not the power work through truth telling comic valentines? They are much pleasanter to take than Caudle lectures or sermons aimed at a mark. No, the most fashionable streets of New York, Philadelphia or Boston are the places to study the extent of St. Valentine worship in this year 1918.

Pitied Lovers' Woes. The Late Rev. Dr. Houghton as the Friend of Lovers in Distress.

Dr. George H. Houghton of the Church of the Transfiguration in New York city is among the absent this St. Valentine's season. He died very suddenly last November. The kind hearted pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner" was most widely known on account of his Christian liberality in burying from his modest but still orthodox and aristocratic church the social sinners as well as the saintly righteous.

Just Horrid. Five mashers, grand in dash and swell, Ogled a fair one to her head. St. Valentine had marked them well, And straight to each this token sped:



Like Her Face. Miss Cutting Very—Yes, May, dear, the valentine Charley sent you was so like you—so like your face.

Valentine to a Musical Maid. In a truly awful manner You can pound the poor "planner," You can bawl, You have had a singing master, And can sing the very plaster Off the wall!

Valentine. With the valentine before him, On his knee, What a precious thought came o'er him: "Sweet Marie— Did she send it? Does she love me?"