WANDER-THIRST.

There are some who want the sea, And some who want the pine. But pine and sea are both for me The long trail-call is on me

Wherever I may be: I'm blessed or cursed with wander-thirst,

The Road that girths the hemisph What witchery it gains When the wide earth leaps before you With the sunlight and the rains When the mist is on the meadows And the traveler casts his load, Oh! the moonlight and the shadows And the magic of the road.

So long its length has led me O'er continent and sea That I have power to become Whate'er I wish to be: From the lark that rules the meadows To the coyote in the hill I may be any wild thing My vagrant fancy wills

Sometimes I am a sea-gull Where the shouting combers crash: I swoop and dip where blue tide-rip And spume and spindrift flash; Where the wicked little cat's-paws Whisk across the ground-swell's breast Or the oily sea lifes lazily.

And I have been a a fir-tree In a bull-elk's mating ground I've heard the hill-wind singing I watched the patient foot-hills And saw the growing light Of coming morn when day was born

Just now I am a white beach: Behind me grasses sway, Before me hiss of sea-foam kiss And slap of lazy spray: The snipe that pipe at daybreak

The lost things thrown ashore, Here find a home 'mid stranded foam And crashing combers' roar. So some may want the sea. And some may want the pine,

But pine and sea are both for me Since wander thirst is mine. The long trail-call is on me Wherever I may be:

I'm blessed or cursed with wander-thirst, And so the Road for me

By B. MacArthur.

THE VALENTINE.

Never, since Cupid began to shoot his arrows was there seen a more beautiful valentine! Some of the more fortunate children had received "double deckers" now and again, but this had "decks" to the number of four-"decks" of lovely gold and silver paper lace which could be smoothed to a uniform flatness when the valentine was folded away in its box, or could be pulled out, tier upon tier of shining glory, by means of the neat little paper supports idden cunningly under the pretty framework. When this was done, your delightwork. When this was done, your delighted before Mr. Doblandsome coupe stopped before Mr. By the credit. Strange to say, however, age and under having increased in the son's shop door and Mr. Granby alighted.

"Show me your prettiest valentine," he different his first environment had been dred and ninety per cent. The commitvista, a lovely lake on which a silver swan was swimming. On his back perched saucily a rosy cupid who smiled at you as he aimed a gold-tipped arrow just taken from a rose-wreathed quiver. All around the top-most "deck" were bouquets of pink roses with floating pale blue ribbons confining their stems, and on these graceful, true-lovers knots were inscribed touching sentiments such as "Ever thine," True love's token,' " "To one I love," and "Love's offering." After all these glories had been exhausted there was still another joy in store, for inside the covers of this wonderful missive, in golden letters, was printed the dearest little verse:-

"Kind and gentle, Frank and free,-She's the Valentine For me."

There wasn't a child in Maple Village for that counted now but a few belated that counted how beta are valued for that counted how but a few betated valued the black ance in Mr. Dobson's shop window, who had not gloated over this valentine, hoping against hope that the fourteenth of attraction, for in her hands she held the February might find her selected as the "kind and gentle" one mentioned in the charming Valentine. Many times did Mr. Granby saw her raise it to her lips and Dobson, smiling through his spectacles, kiss it reverently.—By R. B. T. in Shop open the covers that he might delight the Talk. eyes of some little rosy-cheeked, wideeyed maiden with the tender lines inscribed therein. Many a time did he behold the disappointed falling of an eager little face when to the question of "How much for that one?" accompanied with a mit-

children contented themselves with homefied in spending more than a five-cent piece on the more artistic valentines at Mr. Dobson's store. So, while the cheaper valentines disappeared one by one, july women and most cowardly men, qual-picked out after school by happy children, ities which are attributed largely to their very secret and important in their sentimental errand, the fourteenth of February found the saucy cupid still perched upon the back of the silver swan in Mr. Dobson's window.

It was there when the group of lassies hurried down to the noon mail for the ture old age which overtakes the women precious missives they knew they were who do not live in the hills. The houses about to receive. It was the custom of are not of the usual flimsy nature, but through the mails, and the clerk smiled usually with stones to hold the thatch in place, and are two-storied. white envelopes to the little maidens who stood on tip-toe before his window. Then the Himalayan range every method is they rushed away, seating themselves on employed to keep the houses warm, and of the serpent. the steps of the bank across the street in to this desire for enervating heat is atthe warmth of February sunshine, eager | tributed the cowardly nature of the men.

Mr. Granby was accounted very rich in Maple Village. The older people had substantial grounds for their belief in his wealth, for, beside being president of the bank, he was master of a beautiful estate down by the river; horses and servants were his, and he was known to own stock in many desirable companies. But the children had a simpler reason for believing in his riches, based on a theory of Cora Marsh's, brightest and prettiest of

the little girls. "You see," she said, "he must be just awful rich, 'cause he owns the bank, and so he gets all the money in!"

No one thought of disputing Cora, and from that time her little circle pictured the great man as undisputed monarch of He—Whist or dominos.

piles and piles of glittering gold and silver and heaps and heaps of rustling green bank notes stored away behind the grated windows of the big brick building opposite the postoffice. But there were no little children on Mr. Granby's big estate to be made happy. He had no wife and, apparently, no relatives. And so it was no wonder that his eyes had grown hard and cold behind his gold-rimmed spectacles and his lips had become thin and unyielding for lack of something to smile about and that his face was lined and

sallow, although Mr. Granby was not so From his grated window he watched the enthusiastic, laughing group seated upon the stone steps below him. He caught the flutter of crimson hearts and bright papers, while now and then some bit of sentiment, shouted in a shrill childish voice, pierced the plate glass window. Mr. Granby almost smiled as he realized that it was the fourteenth of February and

below him.

The children were counting their valentines. Cora Marsh had the most, of course. "Fifteen!" she told off proudly. The others followed by thirteens, tens, and sevens. No one had less than five. No one, unless we except Winny Dickson who, admiration and envy in her big black eyes, strove to catch glimpses of the beautiful hearts and darts and bow-knots which emerged from the fancy envelopes. For Winny's little cold hands were empty.

Nobody paid any attention to her. girl with no valentines was not very interesting on the fourteenth of February, except as a sort of curiosity, and their sh thoughtlessness took no note of her disappointment. Winny was too proud and plucky to let them see she cared, but after the girls had gone on up the hill, she sat down in the sunshine on

the bank steps and hid her face in her shabby faded frock. Winny was crying. Mr. Granby watched the pathetic little figure below him for a moment. Perhaps rougish Cupid, who aims his arrows at the most unexpected targets, pierced Mr. denly be became conscious of a strange stirring there, not love, perhaps, but that which we are told is akin to it, pity. Mr. Granby did not often have im-

an impulse did visit him, he discouraged it religiously. But now his impulse was to go down and comfort the little weeping figure on the steps, and he obeyed it. Winny, quite extinguished in her faded skirts, looked up at agreatly coated figure

wearing a sealskin cap.
"What's the matter, little girl? Didn't you get any valentines?" a naturally gruff

voice, striving to be gentle, asked.

No, sir," said Winny, too unhappy to be much surprised that the great Mr. Granby troubled to inquire into her grief. Then her stubborn pride and hatred of being pitied forced her to say something that was not true. "But I ain't crying for that!" she continued.

A little twinkle shone in Mr. Granby's eves. It might have been the beginning of a smile or the glistening of an unshed

tear. He liked the child's spirit.
"No, that's right," he replied approvingly. "There's another mail after school tonight, you know. What's your name,

Winny told him. Then Mr. Granby went into the bank again. your prettiest valer

meet him.

with its swan and its cupid was laid bethe best you've got?" he asked in his

Cutting the shopman short—"Well, give me that, then," Mr. Granby said without even asking the price. Oh, the difference between grown the second before now. Instead he made a modest between grown-up people like Mr. Granby and little people to whom five cents is a encyclopedias. Yes, the Man-with-a-

His clerks found him unusually gruff and short that afternoon. They failed to notice that, as he looked from his grated window after the schools were out, he smiled a little. For in the little group

The Land Where the Shawl Come From.

No doubt there are many to whom the tened finger pointing to the covered treasure, he responded, "One dollar."

One dollar! None of the children in Maple Village had that much to spend origin. Yet Kashmir has always been on St. Valentine's offerings. Many of the celebrated as one of the most beautiful spots on earth. It has been compared to made creations of odds and ends of col- Switzerland, but on a grander scale, with ored papers, and hardly anyone felt justi- its girdle of snow-clad mountain peaks surrounding a serene valley. It has always held a foremost place in Indian history as the habitation of the most beautiities which are attributed largely to their

methods of life. Though in summer the temperature is warm—Kashmir being 6,000 feet above sea-level—yet it lacks the arid, parching heat of the plains, and the women conse quently are not subjected to that prema-Village to send its valentines built of wood and thatched with straw,

In winter when the chill winds sweep to look at St. Valentine's gifts. And that Not content with employing, as an aid to was how Mr. Granby came to see them. flocks which are driven into the lower floor-the warm breath of the animals rising to the upper chamber by means of holes in the floor overhe d—the men wrap themselves in long skirts, under which they carry about with them a tiny charcoal heater. This excess of artificial heat, to which they obstinately cling as a Then he turned abruptly on his heel and custom of old standing, has made them the jest of all India, and there is no doubt So it happened as Mis

TWO VALENTINES.

Miss Lizzie opened the missive in the postoffice and blushed a painful crimson as she looked at the contents. Then she ed it and read it in the faint light which pushed it back into the envelope and came from her western window, she turned away to hide two slow tears that squeezed themselves from her middle-aged eyes. Had Miss Lizzie been young and beautiful they would doubtless have welled, but being forty and not at all goodlooking, squeezed is the word. She con-cealed the comic valentine in her faded seal muff and hurried home. Safe at last in her little room she threw herself upon the bed to hide her shame. For under-neath Miss Lizzie's old maidish unattractiveness there was a heart forever girlish in its honesty and simplicity, and this heart had held a secret so dear and rare that Miss Lizzie hardly dared herself to contemplate it, therefore shame, burning, smarting shame, was Miss Lizzie's, for she knew now that the secret was no that St. Valentine was ruling on the steps longer hers. The doggered verse underneath the cruei caricature had told her that someone had discoverel her treasure

But you make eyes just the same,-You are trying all you can To get a certain man, But you'll get left, Miss Lizzie!"

These were the words that had accompanied the picture of a hideously ugly female who leered at her with a wouldbe youthfulness. The last line had been added in pencil. There could be no doubt that Miss Lizzie's persecutor meant her

once her slave and her bully, and she should have had her little circle of gentle gas fixtures, in some instances doing as narrow-minded folk steeped in the refinement of a former generation. That was bill boards is an everyday amusement, the environment to which she had been the record for some sections being as born. She didn't belong in a middle class high as twelve in a single twenty-four boarding house with people like Miss hours. In the case of the lawless boy it Tritt, the stenographer. But Miss Lizzie is hardly fair to lay the blame for his hadn't been trained to do anything but to misdeeds upon the police. For one thing, pulses. His acts were consequences of play and sing a little and when her partitle officer runs a chance of having the much cool deliberation. If occasionally ents had died, leaving her a mature case dismissed and receiving a reprimer ents had died, leaving her a mature orphan of thirty-five, she was too timid to attempt any of the independent things she saw women around her doing. Instead it seemed to her simpler to sell her little acceptance and to attempt and to attempt any of the independent things she saw women around her doing. Instead it seemed to her simpler to sell her little acceptance and to a case of naving the one case dismissed and receiving a reprimand at the Children's Court, according to whether the judge on the bench is much swayed by the "boys will be boys" sentiment. And once the case little property and to take up her abode against a boy is dismissed, he publishes in a cheap boarding house. By strict the fact far and wide in his neighborhood economy she could make both ends meet. So for the last five years she had gone her plaintive way, laughed at by the other boarders, including Miss Tritt, hurt in suffer a "great sea change." In addition, the publishes against a boy is dismissed, he publishes against a boy is dismissed, every clinging sensibility, hiding more and more within herself, but still preserving the innocent immaturity which made her

girlish. "She's like a violet growing in a gar-den of cabbages, "The Man-with-a-Past had thought after he had sat opposite to her at table for a week-thought it while he joked with Miss Tritt who giggled and the bad boy are at the moment consider-tittered immoderately, for the Man with ably disturbed to find that the methods a-Past had a gallant manner with women of the Juvenile Court there at the end of which Miss Tritt translated into a personal admiration. Fancy, then, her as fire of criticism from State officials, the tonishment when she discovered that she had a rival in the dowdy little old maid has had a demoralizing influence on the right angles to the direction of the sunacross the table

The Man with-a-Past had done various But on his way back from lunch, his things in his life, some of them not at all from Denver of boys of sixteen years of different, his first environment had been said to Mr. Dobson who came bowing to much the same as Miss Lizzie's. She had ments to reformatories have increased The lovely gold and silver valentine out,—he had voluntarily broken away from it in his youth. To him Miss Lizzie was like a sweet old memory of things sharp, dry way.

Mr. Dobson assured him that nowhere could be found anything more desirable.

Well give the best five with a Past knew himself to be a failure. He had never seen anybody just like Miss Lizzie since he was twenty and had run anything more desirable. encyclopedias. Yes, the Man-with-a-Past had fought his fight with the world and had lost, therefore Miss Lizzie dared talk to him, for out of her own wounds

she comprehended. She thought of it all as she lay on her bed-of all the little harmless, friendly acts which had changed her life into a new wonder. How could she help loving him for being so good to her-it was un-maidenly, but how could she help it? Surely, surely it did him no harm and she asked for nothing in return. She expected nothing. Still, still, last night he had called her Elizabeth! How sweet it had sounded. Nobody had called her by her real name before. She had been Lizzie to everybody. She had always wished they wouldn't call her that, she hated it so. But now she was glad that this, her own stately name belonged to him

Many a man has received the V. C. for a smaller effort of courage than Miss Lizzie displayed in going to lunch that noon. She took her place at the table opposite the sharp eyes of Miss Tritt with a certain quaint dignity. The Manof-the-Past smiled at the touch of rose few.

her understanding came the first false-hood she had ever told. She looked her tion.—January Vogue.

tormenter squarely in the face.
"No, Miss Tritt," she replied lying stoutly. And, somehow, Miss Tritt found

nothing more to say. Yet Miss Tritt had won her point, for when the Man-with-a-Past asked Miss Lizzie to take a walk with him that afternoon, he was thanked and refused with a brevity wholly unlike Miss Lizzie's usual courtesy. But with Miss Tritt looking on and reading her secret how could she do otherwise? Thus did poor dove-like

Accordingly the Man-with-a-Past went to walk alone and as he strolled through the wintry stretches of the little park h thought upon many things, and being a man who had known a few women in his day he came to a pretty fair understanding of what might have happened. At first he frowned and then he smiled and then he smiled and right out loud, "Poor little Violet! So the cabbages are trying to force you out!"

the jest of all India, and there is no doubt whatever from a physiological point of view that it has much to do with their pusillanimity.

So it happened as Miss Lizzie sat alone in the twilight feeling very hurt and miserable and lonely, a knock came at her door, and when she epened it there was no one to be seen. But a lovely fragrance ——She—Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play?

greeted her, an odor quite foreign to the stale air of the gloomy passage. For tied to the knob of her door was something velvety and dewy and purple.

"Violets!" cried Miss Lizzie and she

But this was not all, for with them was a tiny note and when Miss Lizzie unfolded it and read it in the faint light which found these words:

"Hidden in her little body There's a heart so big and sweet That I hide myself within it Finding rest and home complete.

"Like a weary homesick wanderer That at last has found repose I am begging her to keep me, For I love her-that she knows." "Oh," whispered Miss Lizzie, "oh! who

ould have sent it?" And as if in answer to her question the door softly opened and then closed again and when Miss Lizzie glanced up, there right before her smiling down at her stood the Man with a Past. Moreover, whatever of romance his past may have contained, he looked perfectly satisfied with Miss Lizzie and the Present .-- By Margaret Seaforth, in Shop Talk.

A Lawless Boy.

A class of undesirables has been largely in the public eye for a number of years, both town and country being afflicted with its presence, and although a number of remedial measures have been tried, the discouraging fact is that the number of boys arrested for lawlessness increases so rapidly and so constantly, that larger court quarters are necessary. Recently, because of the depredations should have been living in some quaint old-fashioned cottage with a rose garden and borders of box. She should have been attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully and attended by a faithful family servant. high as \$1,500 worth of damage. Firing the boy in a number of cases, misinterprets the leniency of the court and construes it both for himself and other members of his gang as permission to continue in the role of anarchist-for he is litself. Those who supposed that Denver had solved for all time the problem of ten years of operation, are under a hot youth of that enterprising city, the commitments to the State industrial schools ty per cent. The commit stayed in it until she had been forced fifty per cent. These increases are charged by its critics to the influence of the

Iuvenile Court. A most ambitious effort to solve the Mr. Granby seemed unimpressed. "That which he had foresworn. Failure softens he best you've got?" he asked in his some natures and at fifty-five the Manwhich opened an important exhibit in He had never seen anybody just like Miss New York on January 18th. An especial study has been made of juvenile courts in ten cities and the most commendable features of these several courts was presented, and recommendations made, looking to the embodiment of these features into what might be called a nearly ideal system for children's courts. As this exhibition is later to be sent to other cities, opportunity to examine its study of this mportant matter will be given to many thousands of people, and it is to be hoped that at least a few hundred public spirited men and women in all communities will make a point of familiarizing themselves with this part of the Child Welfare Committee's display. In judging of the wisdom of the recommendations it should be borne in mind that one investigator only covered the several cities, although of course. many distinguished jurists and social workers aided in the use to which

the collected data was put. When all is said and done, the basic fact remains that the bad boy is the product of weak or vicious parents and the method of dealing with juvenile lawless ness followed in some places in New Jersey offers some interesting results. It is the parent, not the child, that is haled to court and punished and so efficacious has been this means of correcting a great and growing evil that a juvenile court has been made superfluous in some localities, and in others the arrests are now very

that kindled in her cheeks.

Miss Tritt giggled. "Get any valentines today, Miss Lizzie?" she asked knowingly.

Then Miss Lizzie understood and of keeper" in this matter, than which none keeper" in this matter, than which none keeper" in this matter, than which none

Odd Facts About Fishes.

Fish we are told, are very light sleepers, and frequently assume singular positions; but the most remarkable fact concerning them is the change many of them under go while asleep.

Usually their spots and stripes become darker and more distinct when they fall asleep. Occasionally the pattern of their coloration is entirely changed. The ordinary porgy, for instance, presents in the daytime beautiful iridescents hues playing over its silvery sides, but at night, on falling asleep, it takes on a dull bronze tint, and six conspicuous black bands make their appearance on its sides. If it is suddenly awakened by turning up of lights in the aquarium it immediately re-sumes the silvery color that it shows by daylight. These changes have been ascribed to the principle of "protective coloration," and it has been pointed out that the appearance of black hands and the deepening of the spots serve to conceal the fish from their enemies when lying amid eel-grass and seaweeds.

-The Fellow-Next to a man what's the jolliest thing you know of? Girl—Myself. If he's nice.

----When marriage is a failure it very often due to a lack of capital

The Wanderings of the Moon.

To explain the remarkable variations in the place of the moon during the different months we must consider the ef-fect of the inclination of the ecliptic to the earth's equator. The ecliptic is the path in which the sun appears to circle

the heavens once every year.

The ecliptic crosses the plane of the equator at two opposite points, called the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. sun arrives at the vernal equinox about the 21st of March, and at the autumnal equinox about the 21st of September. During the interval the sun is north of the equator, and consequently its path lies high in the heavens, as seen from our

Now the moon travels around the earth in a plane not very much inclined (only five degrees and eight minutes to the path of the sun.) But the sun takes twelve months to circle the heavens, while the moon takes less than one month. Accordingly, at one time we find the moon near the sun, and about two weeks later just opposite the sun.
It is clear that when the moon is near

the sun, as at new moon, it will be north of the equator if the sun is north, and south if the sun is south. But when the moon is opposite the sun, as at full moon, it will be north of the equator if the sun is south, and south if the sun is north.

We have just seen that from autumn to spring the sun is south of the equator. It follows that in winter the full moon will be north of the equator, and will run high in the sky. On the other hand, during the summer, when the sun is north of the equator, the full moon will be south of it and will run low in the sky. Some variation is produced by the inclination of the moon's orbit to the ecliptic, but this inclination, being small, may be neglected in a general explanation.

The moon rises, on the average, about fifty-one minutes later every day. This interval is called the daily retardation. It is shortened or lengthened according to what part of the ecliptic the moon near. In the latitude of New York the interval may vary in length between twenty-three minutes and one hour and seventeen minutes. The retardation is greatest when the moon's path is steepest to the horizon, and least when the path has the smallest inclination.

The latter condition occurs, with respect to the full moon, about the time of the autumnal equinox. At that season the full moon travels in a path very little inclined to the horizon, and so, for several evenings in succession, will rise at nearly the hour of sunset. This is called harvest moon. The next following full moon in October also has its path but little inclined, and its retardation shortened, and is called the hunter's

Some persons suppose that the crescent of the new moon promises wet or dry weather, according as its horns are so inclined that the hollow between them looks as though it could, or could not, hold water. Of course there is no relation between the weather and the position of the new moon's horns. The inclination of the moon can readily be accounted for, at any time, when we bear in mind the fact that a line drawn from

A Runaway.

When a team runs away it is usually the result of carelessness; the reins are loosely held, the horses break away and in a short time are beyond control. There is a runaway disease called "galloping consumption," and that runaway, like the other, is usually the result of carelessness The neglected cold, the cough unchecked, bronchial affection developed, depleted vitality, blood too little in quantity and too poor in quality to nourish the body and renew the wasting tissue; then the runaway gallop of disease which cannot be checked. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medica Discovery is confidently commended as a cure of diseases of the respiratory organs; obstinate coughs, bronchitis, "weak lungs," spitting of blood and like forms of disease which if neglected or unskill fully treated lead to consumption.

Some Jewelry Don'ts.

Don't wear a quantity of jewelry. Don't wear precious stones in the morning. Diamonds, emeralds, or any other kind are out of place at the breakfast Don't at such a time wear anything

except what is actually necessary to fasten collar, cuffs, or waistbelt. Don't in the evening mix your jewels. If a gold necklet is worn the ear rings should correspond.

Don't wear any jewels which do not harmonize with your dress.—Home Notes.

There is a saying that "a man's first right is to be born well." It is a constant reproach to motherhood to see a puny, ning baby grow to be a pulling, peevish boy. It is a reproach because proper preparation and care will give the mother the health without which she cannot have a healthy child. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription as a preparative for the baby's coming gives the mother abundant health. The birth hour is practically painless, and the mother rejoices in a healthy child. This is the testimony of many women who never raised a child until they used "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure heart- my love.") burn, flatulence, billiousness and the many other physical evils resulting from con-stipation. The "Pellets" are small. The dose is small. The benefits are large and

Maniacs. Not all the lunatics are behind the bars.-Charleston (S. C.) News and

Courier. Quite so. There are yet a few men at large who try to do business without advertising.-New York Herald.

Distinguishing Marks. Willie-How do you manage to tell those twin sisters apart? Cecil-When you kiss one of them she threatens to tell her ma, while the oth-

er when kissed says she will tell pa.

Going Too Far. . Baldheaded Man (in the witness box)-The violent disorder was so terrible that it made my hair stand on end. Judge (severely) -Be good enough to remember that you are on oath!

It is not so much being exempt from faults as having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Sing a song of valentines, of cupids and of

Jolly little boys and girls and pretty silver King and Queen of hearts-oh, my!-cakes and candy, too!

You're going to give a party? We'll tell you

If lover-loving old Saint Valentine feels sore" that he no longer plays presiding deity in maidens' love affairs, he can console himself with his increasing popularity with the "Small fry." Not even in the good old days, when every damsel swore by charms and portents and forecasted her future with implicit faith, was Valentine Day held in such high regard as it is

by the twentieth-century child.

It is a pretty fine thing to be a modern boy or girl at any time, but never more so than at a holiday season. Of all the fete days of the year, Valentine Day, how ever, is pre-eminently for the children; their elders have a full share in the pleasures and profits of Christmas, but the 14th of February is an occasion that every boy and girl can rightfully claim as his or her own special holiday.

Valentine Cookery. - Sandwhiches should be cut heart-shaped and filled with red sweet peppers mixed with mayon-

Baking powder biscuits cut with a heart-shaped mole, split open, buttered and spread with currant jelly, make an appetiizng change from the bread sand-

A cake for children's valentine fete should be iced with a pink icing with a border of white icing hearts and a white spun sugar figure of Cupid on top.

A novel idea for a small party is to bake small cakes in rather deep tins. In the center of each cake have a small valentine motton water color paper and wrapped in paraffin paper. This is baked in the batter. The cakes are iced and

decorated with roses and hearts.

It may be well if the guests are young to advise breaking the cakes before eat-An element of chance can be given by having but half a couplet in each cake. The one whose couplet finishes the rhyme is partner for some game or dance.

A pretty table set for a valentine luncheon has a centerpiece formed of a low bowl of Boston Buds, the small, fragrant pink roses which, because of their short stems, are less expensive than most kinds. In this, asparagus fern is thrust plentifully. A pink ribbon is tied around the bowl, with a big bow at one side, and from this come out narrow strips of pink ribbon to each place, where they are attached to a place card. If the luncheon is a small one, four candles, if larger, six, are used for lighting, shaded with fancy

pink shades. If possible, have original sketches in ink or water color, on the place cards. Or they might be made of pink cardboard, cut heart shape, with the name and an appropriate verse printed on them. They should be made to look like valentines as much as possible. A tiny pink envelope, addressed to each guest, might be found at the places, with a valentine inside. If the place cards are place-cards only, more fun and interest will result if a valentine

is tucked away at each place also. fingers has planned a little valentine affair for her debutante daughter. Here is her scheme: First, cards, "hearts." The tallies are to be white card surmounted by a red heart. These latter can be easily made by cutting a heart at the top of the card, then painting it red, or else pasting red crepe paper on. Pierce small eyelet, run narrow red ribbon through; tie in

loop to suspend from bodice. She has chosen for prizes: A bronze heart, paper weight, a picture, a pen wiper-red heart with leather cover, pierced by gilt dagger; a red heart filled with bonbons.

Out in the dining room will be suspended from the chandelier a large red crepe paper heart. In the centre of the table there is to be a large bowl, either glass, china, silver, or even a new tin pan will answer, as it must be concealed by flutings of red crepe paper tied around with red ribbon. Hidden within are little surprises for each guest, the whole concealed by ground cork (easily procurable from the grocer, as white grapes come packed in it.)

Attached to each one of these gifts is a narrow red ribbon extending out from the pie to every guest whose place has been designated by a red cardboard heart, bearing on one side his or her name and on the reverse side a "play" on the word releting to the actiol. relating to the article. For instance: A sleigh bell-("Beauteous belle, why

An ink eraser—("I cannot erase your image from my heart.")
A red candle—("Light o' my heart.")
A box of bread crumbs—("Crumbs of comfort for an aching heart.") An awl-("Thou'rt awl mine, sweet

slay my heart?")

alentine.") A rattle—("You've rattled me, sure!"
A fig—("You cut a pretty figure.")
A chain—("I am chained to thee.") A piece of court plaster-("I heal all wounds save those of love.")

A tiny cap-("How captivating you A little mirror-("Look herein and see

A toy watch-("I watch for a word of encouragement.")
At a signal from the young hostess all draw their prizes from the pie—the last to withdraw a prize reciting a verse.

The choice of refreshments lies entirely with the hostess. This one, however, prefers chafing-dish oysters, lobster salad, olivss, caviar sandwiches, fruits and

Another advice which is pretty is paper heart almost six feet high, which is made upon a frame, so that it will stand on the floor. Satin bows and small silver arrows are then presented to the guests by the hostess, and as the couples march to supper they use the arrows to pierce the paper heart, passing through it in pairs at the same time.

Another form of amusement for Valen-tines day is the "Kindergarten" party. All the guests dress their hair like children and wear children's hats made of crepe paper. In the drawing room a long table is arranged with chairs around it as they are placed in a kindergarten. Each "boy and girl!" is then set to work to make a valentine out of bits of colored paper, such as one sees in a kindergarten

Scissors, paste, several kinds of colored paper and bits of colored baby ribbon must be placed before the "children."