

WANDER—THIRST. There are some who want the sea. And some who want the wine. 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. The Road that skirts the hemispheres! 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 continents and seas. That I have power to become. What'er I wish to be. From the lark that rules the meadows. To the coyote in the hills— I may be any wild thing. My vagrant fancy will. Sometimes I am a sea-gull. When the shouting combers crash: I swoop and dip with 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 life lazily. With storm-clouds in the west. And I have been a fir-tree. In a bull-elk's mating ground: I've heard the bill-wind singing. Upon his midnight round: I watched the patient foot-hills. And saw the growing light. Of coming morn when day was born. From out the womb of Night. 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 thing 'neath brown 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, inscribed with 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."

Two long weeks, ever since its first appearance in Mr. Dobson's shop window, who had not gloated over this valentine, hoping against hope that the fourteenth of February might find her selected as the "kind and gentle" one mentioned in the charming valentine. Many times did Mr. Dobson, smiling through his spectacles, open the covers that he might delight the eyes of some little rose-cheeked, wide-eyed 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 mitten finger pointing to the covered treasure, he responded, "One dollar." One dollar! None of the children in Maple Village had that much to spend on St. Valentine's offerings. Many of the children contented themselves with homemade creations of odds and ends of colored papers, and hardly anyone felt justified 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, picked out after school by happy children, 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 precious missives they knew they were about to receive. It was the custom of Maple Village to send its valentines through the mails, and the clerk smiled good naturedly as he counted out the big white envelopes to the little maidens who stood on tip-toe before his window. Then they rushed away, seating themselves on the steps of the bank across the street in the warmth of February sunshine, eager to look at St. Valentine's gifts. And that was how Mr. Granby came to see them. 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

Two Valentines. Miss Lizzie opened the missive in the postoffice and blushed a painful crimson as she looked at the contents. Then she pushed it back into the envelope and 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 good-looking, squeezed in the word. She concealed 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 underneath 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 shamed, burning, smarting shame, was Miss Lizzie's, for she knew now that the secret was no longer hers. The doggerel verse underneath the cruel caricature had told her that someone had discovered her treasure and was laughing at her for trying to guard it.

"You are ugly, old plain. 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 would-be youthfulness. The last line had been added in pencil. There could be no doubt that Miss Lizzie's persecutor meant her to understand. By all that was congruous Miss Lizzie should have been living in some quaint old-fashioned cottage with a rose garden and a pet dog, attended by a faithful family servant, at once her slave and her bully, and she should have had her little circle of genteel narrow-minded folk steeped in the refinement of a former generation. That was the environment in which she had been born, and she had belonged to a middle class boarding house with people like Miss Tritt, the stenographer. But Miss Lizzie hadn't been trained to do anything but to play and sing a little and when her parents 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 property and to take up her abode in a cheap boarding house. By strict economy she could make both ends meet. So for the last five years she had gone her dreary way, her life being like a mere round of boards, including Miss Tritt, hurt in 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 garden of cabbages." "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 tittered immoderately, for the Man-with-a-Past had a gallant manner with women which Miss Tritt translated into a personal admiration. Fancy then her astonishment when she discovered that she had a rival in the dowdy little old maid across the table. The Man-with-a-Past had done various things in his life, some of them not at all to his credit. Strange to say, however, though he had evolved into something so different, when first she had seen him, she much the same as Miss Lizzie's. She had stayed in it until she had been forced out,—he had voluntarily broken away from it in his youth. To him Miss Lizzie was like a sweet old memory of things which he had forgotten, a pure softness of heart that had been lost in the Man-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 away from home to write plays. He had given up all thought of writing plays long before now. Instead he made a modest living by selling encyclopedias and other 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 been hers in her younger days. How could she help loving him for being so good to her—it was unmaidenly, 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, and she had heard him sound. 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 again. 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 Man-of-the-Past smiled at the touch of rose that kindled in her cheeks. "Miss Tritt giggled. "Get any valentines today, Miss Lizzie?" she asked knowingly. Then Miss Lizzie understood and of her understanding came the first falsehood she had ever told. She looked her 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, she was thanked and refused with a brevity wholly unbecoming 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 Miss Lizzie seek to display the wisdom of the serpent. Accordingly the Man-with-a-Past went to walk alone and as he strolled through the wintry stretches of the little park he 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 again and finally he said right out loud, "Poor little Violet! So the cabbages are trying to force you out!" Then he turned abruptly on his heel and sought a certain florist. 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 opened it there was no one to be seen. But a lovely fragrance 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.

The Land Where the Shawl Come From. No doubt there are many to whom the vanished glories of the Kashmir shawl are quite well known by name, but few who know anything of the country of its origin. Yet Kashmir has always been celebrated as one of the most beautiful spots on earth. It has been compared to Switzerland, but on a grander scale, with its girdle of snow-capped mountain peaks surrounding a serene valley. It has always held a foremost place in Indian history as the habitation of the most beautiful women and most cowardly men, qualities 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 consequently are not subjected to that premature old age which overtakes the women who do not live in the hills. The houses are not of the usual flimsy nature, but built of wood and thatched with straw, usually with stones to hold the thatch in place, and are two-storied. In winter when the chill winds sweep the Himalayan range every method is employed to keep the houses warm, and to this desire for enervating heat is attributed the cowardly nature of the men. Not content with employing, as an aid to their warmth, the animal heat of their 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 over the doors—the men wrap themselves in long shawls under which they carry about with them a tiny charcoal heater. This excess of artificial heat, to which they obstinately cling as a custom of old standing, has made them 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. —She—Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play? —He—Whist or dominoes.

"Violets!" cried Miss Lizzie and she kissed them. 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 came from her western window, she 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 could 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 stood before her smiling across at her 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 undesirable 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 deprivations of boys, the property-holders in upper Manhattan were obliged to form a protective association for the defense of their houses and shops against boys who, among other practices, raid temporarily vacant houses and carry away door knobs, window glass—sash and all—and electric and gas fixtures, in some instances doing as high as \$1,500 worth of damage. Firing bill boards is an everyday amusement, the record for some sections being as high as twelve in a single twenty-four hours. In the case of the lawless boy it is hardly fair to lay the blame for his misdeeds upon the police. For one thing, the officer runs a chance of having the case dismissed and receiving a reprimand from the Children's Court on condition that whether the judge on the bench is much swayed by the "boys will be boys" sentiment. And once the case against a boy is dismissed, he publishes the fact far and wide in his neighborhood that he "has licked the cop," and, of course, both the authority of that officer and his diligence in noting infractions suffer a "great sea change." In addition, 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 on the whole of his lawless career. It is hardly since he is a law unto himself. Those who supposed that Denver had solved for all time the problem of the bad boy are at the moment considerably disturbed to find that the method of the juvenile court there at the end of last year has been copied here. The fire of criticism from State officials, the charge in general being that the court has had a demoralizing influence on the youth of that enterprising city, the commitments to the State industrial schools from Denver of boys of sixteen years of age and under has increased in the last biennial period more than two hundred and ninety per cent. The commitments to reformatories have increased fifty per cent. These increases are charged by its critics to the influence of the juvenile court.

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 very short time are beyond control. It 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 Medical 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 unskillfully 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 table. 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 necklace is worn the ear rings should correspond. Don't wear any jewels which do not harmonize with your dress.—Home Notes.

Odd Facts About Fishes. Fish are told, are very light sleepers and frequently assume singular poses; but the most remarkable fact concerning them is the change many of them undergo 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 iridescent 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 suddenly awakened by turning up of lights in the aquarium it immediately resumes 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 bands and the remaining 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? The Girl—Myself. If he's nice. —When marriage is a failure it is 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 effect 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. The 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 hemisphere.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Sing a song of valentines, of cupids and of hearts. Jolly little boys and girls and pretty silver darts. King and Queen of hearts—oh, my!—cakes and candy, too! You're going to give a party? We'll tell you what to do. 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 chits. 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, however, 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. — Sandwiches should be cut heart-shaped and filled with red sweet peppers mixed with mayonnaise. Baking powder biscuits cut with a heart-shaped mold, split open, buttered and spread with currant jelly, make an appetizing change from the bread sandwich. 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 mottos 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 eating. 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 on 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.

One mother of fertile brain and deft 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 surrounded by a red border. 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 in 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 center 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 fluting 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 relating to the article. For instance: A sleigh bell—"Beauteous belle, why slay my heart?" 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." Anawl—"Thou'rt awl mine, sweet valentine." A rattle—"You've rattled me, sure!" A fig—"You cut a pretty figure." A chandlery 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." A tiny cap—"How captivating you are!" A little mirror—"Look herein and see my love 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, olives, cavari sandwiches, fruits and coffee.

Another advice which is pretty is a 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 Valentines day is the "Kindergarten" party. A red guests dress their hair like children and wear children's hats made of 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 seen in a kindergarten outfit. Scissors, paste, several kinds of colored paper and bits of colored baby ribbon must be placed before the "children."