

A VALENTINE.

O postman, bring a valentine. No bit of silk and lace. But to this longing heart of mine...

FROM INDIA.

By One on National Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Vivid Description of a Visit to Benares and a Trip up the Ganges River.

LUCKNOW, DECEMBER 29th, 1912.

Dear Home Folk:

You will see by the above where I am, but I am going to tell you of Benares, where I left you last week. Early Thursday morning we started sight-seeing...

We first came to the brass bazaar and it is so interesting to see those workers, without seeming to notice their work, striking with a big hammer...

We then went to see more temples. The buildings are so close together one can scarcely pass another person; they are beautifully carved, but it was only the outside which we saw.

Every one of the bathers, after they have dipped uncountable times, proceeds to wash his clothing so that as you go past one "ghat" after another, you see clothes hanging from every possible spot...

After we had passed the starting place we were shown the famous burning "ghat" and fortunately one body was being consumed, the fire burning clear and almost smokeless...

A guide takes us to see one of the temples, and again we climb, for all are built on the river bank, which is nearly fifty feet high here. These temples are three or four stories high...

After eating and having a nice long sleep we got a carriage and started to a suburb, Saruath, which is said to be the place where Buddha made his first converts...

Again we are in the boat going up stream to see more of these splendours. We pass one "ghat" that has fallen into the river; it was too heavy for the foundation...

Finally we came to the only Mohammedan mosque on this river side of Hindu temples and again we got out. This time, after paying our boatman and climbing the steps, we find a clean, wide open space with floor of marble...

From this place we started back afoot, through a street (we would call it an alley, and a very narrow one at that as no vehicle except a bicycle could pass through it.)

We now go winding back and forth through this five-foot alley with little niches on each side, in which sits a seller and his wares, sweets, brass, old curios, etc., all jumbled together...

We should have liked to have stayed here and just looked to my heart's content, but we hasten on and the next place we went to was a silk bazaar; up a curious winding alley way, through a strange passage-way of a house, up more steps...

We then went to see more temples. The buildings are so close together one can scarcely pass another person; they are beautifully carved, but it was only the outside which we saw.

While looking at this crowd one of the priests (at least I think he was a priest) came along this passage-way, bearing a square tray of live coals, and from the corners of the tray hung silver bells. He came along rapidly, calling out in a loud voice to make way for him.

Then we went along a foul-smelling alley and came to the temple "Gya," or holy cattle, and here were some very nice, sleek looking oxen and cows, in front of them were the faithful, and much money was lying on the ground.

After eating and having a nice long sleep we got a carriage and started to a suburb, Saruath, which is said to be the place where Buddha made his first converts...

through the halls of those old monasteries and a supposed hospital, and saw the great "stupas" that were built so many centuries ago.

We then went into the museum, and here saw three great lions, beautifully carved out of stone, so highly polished that they were almost like a mirror; yet their age is unknown.

St. Valentine's Day and its Traditions. What part St. Valentine, the martyred Bishop of Rome, played in betraying the antics of Dan Cupid, is still shrouded in mystery...

However, its celebration has been traced back to old Roman days when the Tupperalia, feasts honoring Pan and Juno, took place during the month of February...

There was an ancient custom which continued until comparatively recent times, for an equal number of young men and women to meet on the eve of St. Valentine's day...

Those were days in which great faith was placed in charms, and all the rural maidens had ways of foretelling the name of their future husband.

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One Saloon That is Useful. In the January American Magazine Peter Clark MacFarlane tells true stories of several drunkards who have succeeded in riding themselves of the liquor habit...

Across the road from the Colony is Riley's—a typical country saloon. To the inmates of the Colony, Riley's is a sort of testing machine. If a man can sit on the Colony well curb and look at Riley's indifferently...

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ASTOUNDED BY EVILS, TURNS ON SUFFRAGE. ADMITS SHE WAS WRONG.

Washington, Aug.—Miss Annie Bock, who was one of California's most active suffragists for more than a year, is astounded by the evils which she says she has found in equal suffrage in her own State.

"Votes for women," described by its advocates as the panacea for all political evils, says Miss Bock, "is working havoc among those very women who have persuaded the men voters of their States to give them the suffrage."

"Suffragists assert that women will purify politics. On the contrary, I have found that women in politics are no better than men. The women of Colorado have had suffrage nearly twenty years, but from what I have seen I do not believe the women of Colorado are any better off economically or in any other way than the women of the worst anti-suffrage State."

"I do not deny there are some lovable, enthusiastic suffragists, but they know not what they do. The persistence of a few agitators, a small minority of their sex, should not put upon the great majority of women an obligation and a burden which they do not care to bear."

"Woman suffrage in California brought woman into too familiar contact with a burden which they do not care to bear. She has her rights now; she is equal to him—on his level. Where previously men were generally courteous, now they are rude. Women suffragists will almost make one believe suffrage has been a great success in California."

"Now, Mary is as good-hearted a woman as ever lived, but why should she see the women of California to do something they do not wish to do in order that other women in other States, who do not wish to vote, may have a burden put upon them. Can you see the philosophy in that?"

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

An Old-Time Valentine.

"TO DORINDA ON VALENTINE'S DAY."

"Look how, my dear, the feathered kind. My mutual caresses joined, Bill, and seem to teach us two What we to love and custom owe. Shall you and I for ever be To meet, and make a happy pair? Shall we alone delay to live? This day an age of bliss may give. But, ah, when I the proffer make, Still coyly you refuse to take: My heart I indicate in vain. The too mean present you disdain. Yet since the solemn time allows To choose the object of our vows, Boldly I dare profess my flame Proud to be yours, by any name."

A "match-making dinner" could be cleverly carried out for Saint Valentine's Eve. The hostess should be costumed as Madam Grundy, with black silk mitts, hoop-skirts, folded kerchiefs, bobbing curls and supercilious lognettes. Just as soon as the guests arrive she should straightway separate the girls and men, dividing them in two palpitating divisions, one on each side of the room.

The march into the dining-room should begin after all the couples have been more or less satisfactorily adjusted. For the centre of the dining-table, on a large, scarlet, heart-shaped centrepiece, have a "chaperon," a stiff wooden doll dressed to represent the part. Fringe the heart with a border of tiny red hearts pierced with sharpened safety-matches; scatter tiny hearts all over the cloth, and from each cover have festoons of safety-matches and tiny scarlet hearts strung on scarlet baby-ribbon and extending to the chandelier.

"There swims no goose so gray but soon or late She finds some honest gander for her mate." Souvenirs for the men may be little black frying-pans with long black handles tied with scarlet ribbon. In each frying-pan have a flat, scarlet paper heart containing some inscription to explain the superior advantages which hearts possess while they remain in masculine care and keeping, and setting forth the indisputable fact that leaps from such frying-pans can be into nothing but consuming fires.

Have the "chaperon" mounted on a little mechanical device made out of heavy cardboard and a strong pivot pin, concealed by her flowing skirts, which will enable her to spin around and keep a vigilant eye on the young couples in their merry games. As soon as the couples are seated around the table old "Mrs. Busybody," in her best black silk frock, should take the "chaperon" in charge, so to speak, and see that she discharges her obligations. She should spin her around on her pivot pin, and warn the young people that every turn of the right gig is freighted with deep significance. The couple she faces after her first spin around may consider themselves the ones to be first married. Having already, before coming to the table, shown their mutual preference and affinity for each other, it now becomes necessary for them to prove their fitness to enter the happy state which they contemplate. Even the laughter in the room must be hushed and every word, look and tone of the competitors carefully noted and jotted down, to be used either for or against them later in the evening by the expectant group of people around the table.

If they manage to face the situation successfully, which includes keeping their gravity, "Mrs. Busybody" will hand them slips of paper and put to them a number of questions for the purpose of making further test of their fitness for each other. The answers to these ridiculous questions must be written down by the pair if they feel equal to the task of grappling with them; those for the girl can touch on subjects which have been familiar bugbears for generations: "her recipe for pie-crust," "her ability to refrain from making angel-cakes," and so on. Those for the man may request an illustration of his method of discharging belligerent cooks, his qualifications as a listener, his ability to survive home-made biscuits, etc.

The second couple to be married will be indicated by the stare of the "chaperon" after her second spin. This pair must go through the same experience by which the first couple were tested, the answers to the questions being also collected and kept for reference.

The stopping of the "chaperon" before the same couple twice is to be interpreted as a postponement of their marriage for two years, three times, three years, and so on, until some of the unions are liable to be postponed indefinitely—a bitter reward for all the trials they have undergone. But in these cases the questions are not to be repeated. The stop will simply be noticed as a prophecy for that couple, and the old lady will cheerfully go spinning on her way.

One would think that the course of true love had run roughly enough for these poor young merry-makers, and yet they are to be called on for a final test of their matrimonial fitness before the party breaks up for the evening. Little packages decorated and sealed with hearts should be distributed to each guest.

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"Mrs. Busybody" may announce that five minutes only will be allowed for this final contest.

Each girl must start a-darning with her left hand; each man must thread his needle and sew on the button with as many hands as he cares to use. Promptly at the tap of the bell each article must be relinquished, marked with its owner's name, and turned in to contest for a prize.

Her Little Confidence Game.

"We're playing railroad train," she said as she pulled her father's paper away. "and I'm the conductor. Tickets, please."

Half of the Pleasure. The youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner. "Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?"

Low Necked Dresses. In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law, as we learn from documents in the state department, which stated as follows: "That if any white female of ten years or upward should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, courthouse, tavern, ball, theater or any other place of public resort with naked shoulders—i. e., low necked dresses—being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$200"

The Words That Won. In London one of the weekly papers offered a prize for the best list of strong words to number ten. The announcement specified that but ten words would be considered from any one person and a committee of literary men would select from the numbers offered the ten strongest words in the English language.

His Start in Life. "How much of an income would it be necessary for you to have in order to be satisfied to retire?" "If I could be sure of \$10,000 a year I would quit business and be thoroughly satisfied."

Quick Change. "Who," she asked, "is that scrawny, bowlegged, ridiculous looking person talking to Miss Rockingham?" "That is Count Briscapiscnitzel."

The Light Fantasio. Lady—Sir, I wish that you could introduce a little change in your style of dancing. Her Partner—How do you mean, madam? Lady—You might occasionally step on my left foot instead of the right one.—Exchange.

Not Deluded. "Do you want employment?" "Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you mean well, but you can't make work sound any more inviting' usin' words of three syllables."—Washington Star.

Her Compliment. "Uncle Jehoshaphat, I'm goin' to name my kitten after you." "Well, well, that is nice of you." "Oh, it's all right. Mother says I've got to drown the thing anyhow."—Illustrated Bits.

Maybe. Employer—What, you want a raise? Why, when I was an office boy I had to work five years before I got one. Boy—Yes, sir; but maybe you was one of them fat-headed kids that ain't worth a raise.—Boston Transcript.

Unfair. Office Seeker—Is there anything else in the job you speak of besides the salary? Political Boss—There's a little work on the side. Office Seeker—Ah, I knew there was some string to it.—Kansas City Star.

Hence His Sadness. "You are going to the wedding, Jean Pierre, and you look so sad?" "I should think so. It is my own marriage."—Paris Rire.

The highest culture is to speak no ill. —Robert Browning.