Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 11, 1927.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

W'en Gran'-pa takes me on his knee I'm just as glad as I kin be; 'Cause he's the bestest friend I got, An' in his pockets they's a lot Of candies, sugar cakes an' things Like dear ole Gran'-pa always brings. An' he'll say: "Now, my little dear. Let's see w'at's in this pocket here;' And I put in my hand and take Some candy out or else some cake. 'Nen Gran'-pa laughs, an' so do I; He'll play he's s'prised an' say: "O! My! I wonder how that got in there, Now w'at do I git fur my share?" I laugh, an' climb right up an' kiss Him where his tickly whiskers is. He hugs me tight, an' sez: "Oho! Here's just the goodest boy I know." An' I am good as I kin be W'en Gran'-pa takes me on his knee

When Papa takes me on his knee I ain't so glad as I might be. He ain't as nice as Gran'-pa wuz, For he don't do like Gran'-pa does. He on'y does it w'en he's mad, An' w'en he sez I'm awful bad. He don't like Gran'-pa's "carryin's-on." Fur onct wen Gran'-pa'd been an' gone He told Ma: "Say, it drives me wild The way your Pa jist spiles that child." An' 'nen he maked a grab fur me An' upside-downed me on his knee, An' says, "Now if its' in the wood I'll see if I can't make you good." An' w'en Pa let me off his knee I promised him how good I'd be.

-By T. A. Daly.

COMPLIMENTS OF MISS MAR-SHALL.

On a crisp forenoon in October last year a smart, shrewd-looking, handsome young woman, dressed for the street got on her knees by the closely curtained window of a room in one of those humble little old fashioned brick boarding houses in West 22nd street New York, and peered through the inch of space at the bottom of the shade. Across the street she saw a slouchy youth lurking in a doorway, "Still on the job!"

The girl put a knitter's bag on her left arm, picked up a packet of letters and let the curtain run up. Standing against the window, she examined these very carefully, counted them, opened her bag almost against the window glass, put the letters into it and turned away.

A minute later she left the house, walked east without hesitation, but almost half a block away put her foot on a doorstep, bent over to arrange a shoelace and watched under her arm. The slouchy youth leisurely followed,

"Two of them trailing me today? That scratching looks like a signal." She walked on as though unconscious of pursuit. At Broadway she got into a crowd, was jostled rather violently, felt a slight pull at her bag and, ly its sudden loss in weight, guessed that some one had taken the letters. She made no outcry, went on carelessly and took a car uptown. The slouchy young man was on the rear platform. At 34th street she went into a large department store by the main entrance, almost immediately came out of a side door, crossed the street and disappeared into the escalator of the elevated road. From the platform she watched the slouchy shadow look around in all directions, at loss what to do or where to go.

and other young women making their living on the stage. Pretty? Yes, but so are the other two or three thousand. They have to be pretty. She is an Irish type, black hair, blue eyes, pinkish cheeks with the color paling and brightening; no doubt about that color being born with her, though you might be suspicious, seeing her moist, carmine lips and her carefully trimmed eyebrows. Oh, well, even pretty girls think they can jolly nature and this is a tiny jolly. You might note her mouth and eyes,

matching each other in humor and shrewdness. A genial heart, a clear brain, no end of courage, a good fig-ure, a pretty face—Nan Marshall. At the door of her boarding house

she glanced across the street and saw another man, a stranger, in the shadow of the opposite doorway. "A new one on the job. I certainly

got a horse on old Staats today.' One look told her that, while absent, her room had been ransacked.

She paused in dismay, then locked the door. "Who was in my room?" she asked

the landlady. "Your father said he had left some papers with you." "Ah, then it's all right. He seems

to have had quite a search." When the woman had gone she

thought it out. "They've got him on the job! Merry days ahead!"

A heavy step, an uncertain step that stopped now again, sounded on the stairs, a knock at the door and a mumbling voice "Let me in, Nan, I want to talk to you."

He was shabby, bleary-eyed, yet with the remains of swagger and assurance. With good clothes, clean linen, money in his pocket, without wiskey in his blood, Jim Marshall could still make a figure in certain circles. He sat and lighted a cigarette. As he smoked, the thumb and forefingers of his right hand, resting on the table, seemed to be lifting and setting down stacks of something, playing with invisible counters.

"What's this I hear of you and young Staats Livingston?"

"Nothing much, except we're engag-ed to be married." "Marriage? Marriage? Old Staats

Livingston's nephew and heir! Marriage! Some say the old man's worth twenty millions, some say forty mil-He drew in his breath with lions." relish

"You see, Nan," Marshall continued, we can make quite a decent roll right now by calling everything off. Still, I don't know but what the old man would come down harder after a marriage than before."

"How much have they offered you?" Nan snapped this out suddenly and bent over to see its effect in his face. He started.

"You were in here hunting for papers. You didn't find them, did you? Dad, the price!"

in it." At this she got up and walked to

Late in the afternoon Miss Marshall the next morning, when the whole convent; yet the rich refined girl had you something about Nan Marshall. There is no need, however, for she is went downstairs and peered out of the matter might be arranged. She was not different from two or three thoushall window before she opened the at his office on the stroke of the hour. door. usual place. At the corner a black-mustached chap with heavy features suddenly stood in front of her, turned back the lapel of his coat and revealed a shiny shield, which he immediate- If the girl could have read that old, ly covered again, and said in a hoarse whisper:

quietly and there won't be no fuss." "Am I under arrest?"

The fellow hesitated. "Not exactly, but if you don't come quietly it will be an arrest. Take it easy and are all to have a—showdown!" it will be over in a moment and no He touched a button on his desk. it will be over in a moment and no harm done. Come on, I have a taxi.

The girl shook her head. "Nothing doing in the taxi. I'll go in the cars

The streets were crowded. The home rush had begun. Nan edged near a policeman with his back to the sidewalk, touched him on the arm.

"Officer," she said, "will you kindly tell me if this man is a policeman? Has he any right to take me with him?"

Officer O'Brien turned to look, but the fellow was gone. They saw him dart into the crowd and dodge behind a car

"I thought he was a faker," she said as she told the policeman how he had accosted her and of his invitation. O'Brien was all admiration.

"Say, you're one wise little bird, all right. What's he after?"

Just papers." "A movie?"

"No," she laughed. "It's real life." O'Brien reported this at the station. He stopped Nan the next day.

"Why don't you go down to the sta-tion and have a talk with the captain? He'd like to hear your story." Nan's heart drummed. The police

were to take a hand. She looked about her desperately.

"Don't be a'scared," said O'Brien. "You can trust the captain. He's on the dead level with good girls. H'es got three daughters of his own."

So Nan went to the station and told the captain the whole tale and her fear of a "frame-up."

"Huh!" he grunted when she had finished. "There'll be no frame put over on you in this precinct. Want some advice? You do? Go down to old Staats Livingston's office and have a showdown. In a tight place there's nothing like a showdown."

Nan felt this was good counsel. The strain had begun to worry her nerves. She found Livingston's address in the telephone book and wrote him a letter: Dear Sir:

I have been to the police for protection against your detectives. They advise me to see you personally and have a showdown. I'm not going to give up room. Staats or his letters or our marriage How much did they offer? Come on, all your conditions of waiting and

> ed a typed note in the third person re- by the hand and proclaim her. Notquesting Miss Marshall to call on withstanding the other girl's attitude Staats Livingston at the same address | by her lover's side she did not suspect

guessed the real situation when she first heard the story, while the sense The new shadow was in the Livingston welcomed her in his usual of it was only now coming to Nan. To solemnly courteous manner. He gazed Miss Allerton, it was clear, this was a through the window at the bare connection of bachelorhood which had branches and the white stones and the got Staats into trouble. She had beautiful temple rising out of them. heard many stories like that about young fellows, and old fellows, too, in world-experienced mind she would her circle. It was very disagreeable that her guardian had projected her into this sorry and sordid situation, have known that he was still working on his amusing problem and trying to Story No. 3. "The chief wants to see you. Come guess at the solution." but he always had queer, old fashion-

"What is going to happen this morning, Miss Marshall," he said "may appear theatrical, but I think it will be best for all concerned. We think now that it was his duty to show

up her marriage he was mistaken. A door opened and a bright, beautiful, All this time Nan had said not a young woman, about Nan's age, with word. Her early sorrow for his de-ception of Miss Allerton changed into every mark of the wealthiest simplicor else you'll have to make it an ar-rest." ity in her air and costume, came in and stood by Livingston. Her face intended against her, and how he had was anxious, haughty, contemptuous. "Ethel, this is the young woman. Miss Marshall, Miss Allerton." Hitehded against her, and how he had even tried, to the length of a license, to lure her and how when he had fail-ed he had invented the story of his

The girl turned her face away from the introduction. Nan gazed wildly. She felt in a trap. Who was this girl

her trailed and planned trickery to get the evidence of his treachery. She came to herself as she heard Miss Alof wealth and station? What was this humorously solemn old man preparing erton say: for her? "Sit down, Ethel."

"I prefer to stand, Guardy dear. want?" This is very trying and very distasteful and I think unnecessary. I hope it will be over soon."

"Please be seated, dear. I am acting only for your own sake. Your father was my dearest, my only friend. I promised him to look after you said the old man. "Staats, which of these young women do you wish to against all the world, and I will keep make your wife?" my word even if it should be against my own blood. Ethel, you must know marry a convict!" exactly the kind of man you are tak-She turned on Ethel Allerton, looked at her slowly and laughed in her ing when you marry Staats."

face as she pointed to him. "You take him!" she said. Nan started. This was the explanation. She was a sacrifice. That powerful old man had come between her and her love and was forcing upon the breed but I did not think he beyoung Staats, his ward whose "Guardy dear" revealed their relation.

"I think I do know," said the girl. "You have told me all this woman's man held it open with deference. story. You seem to believe her. I do he said. "I wish you all the happinot. Even if true, we know that good ness." men like Staats are often trapped by "Thanks. designing____

Nan sprang to her feet. "When Staats comes back from Eu-

So she went out, and she never saw one of them again. Nan had hardly got this far when Miss Allerton laughed.

The button on his desk summoned another clerk.

"He has arrived? Show him in by the other door."

A moment later that door was opened and young Livingston stood in the

"Staats!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Give with kind words.

Possess knowledge without pride. Be merciful as well as just.

Be liberal in proportion to your wealth.

The Old People's Valentine Club was, in fact, an anomaly, as it was composed of five young girls of a small country town. Its purpose, however, was, according to the imposing constitution, "to bring into the lives ed notions about honor and chivalry of the old some touch of the romance he said and playing the game and seemed to and sentiment of other and earlier Valentine days." Each girl pledged her a page of Staats' private life. If he thought this would lead her to give sort to five aged persons of her acsort to five aged persons of her acquaintance, and to submit her list to the club at large, so that there should be no conflicting and so that twentyfive different persons might be remembered.

Early in February the newly formed club held an exciting business meeting, at which all sorts of valened he had invented the story of his uncle's opposition and then had had tines were displayed. The most interesting part of all was the comparing of valentines and the revelations of character made by the differences between them.

Practical Elsie had, as usual. "If Staats has made a mistake, he thought first of the utility of her valentines. She had chosen five old ladies from the Home for the Aged, from a list given her by the matron. To each she presented a small woolen shawl, to which was pinned a card bearing simply the words, "To my Valentine." Anna, the domestic, "stav-at-home" girl, had devoted herself to cookery. For each of her valentines she made a large heart of hard, old fashioned peppermint candy, on which, in chocolate, were written the recipient's name and the date. She had discovered that among all the club there were just five grandparents, and "by permis-"You're sion," as she said, they made up her rich and can afford the breed. I know list.

Florence, the artist of the group, longed. You seem to like him. 'Take had secured photographs of all her him! Compliments of Miss Marshall!" old people-all more or less distant Nan swept to the door. The old relatives-and colored them. She then passepartouted them, and presented them, being careful that none should receive his or her own portrait, but should get that of a favorite compan-I believe you're on the

ion, now, perhaps, far away. Frivolous, lovable Grace vindicated her title of "the flirt" by devoting her-self entirely to five old gentlemen of The New York newspapers had her acquaintance. For over a week many interesting details of Ethel Al- she had been busy with antique allerton's marriage to Staats Livingston. manacs, fashion books of 1850, lace They missed this one. The morning paper, gilt paper, beading and water of the ceremony, old Staats received a colors in an endeavor to make an expackage by express from Newark, N. act reproduction of the valentines of I., containing an engagement ring, a their youth. She had succeeded beaubrooch, a pearl ring, twenty letters to tifully, and it was hard to believe that her valentines really were the product of half a century later.

Winnie, by far the poorest girl of the group, had done—or rather, would do—the most beautiful thing of all. She had assiduously hunted the woods for the first signs of spring, and had been rewarded by a whole armful of "pussy willow." This she had divided "There's a cool twenty-five hundred not seeing min or any other conditions. I'll make him a good wife. Yours truly, NNA WARSWALL Session. of February 14 in the local hospital, and devote an hour to each of the aged persons there, leaving her gift as a memento of her visit. That visit was sure to prove a success, too, for who could be at once so witty, so entertaining and so tender as Winnie? All the other valentines were sent anonymously, a small brother being paid five cents each by the girls to deliver them. Each gift was wrapped and addressed as daintily as possible, even the handwritting being disguised to add to the pleasant mystery and excitement of it all. That Valentine's Day was one long remembered among the old folks of Many a long dead memory was revived, and many a man or woman grown almost indifferent toward the old members of the family suddenly resolved to form a Valentine Club of his or her own. Meanwhile, the work of the original

"You see, Guardy, she does not know. Staats has evidently been trying to get loose from her. I do not need to stay any longer, do I? There is nothing more?" "Just a moment, dear." "Dearest Nan" and a marriage license. On a slip of paper were the words: "FOR THE BRIDE —COMPLI-MENTS OF MISS MARSHALL."—

By R. A. Farrelly.

Tree Planting by Community Effort.

license, but I am willing to carry out all your conditions of waiting and not seeing him or any other condi-Intered time into five sections, each tied with a bow Allerton went over to his side. There is their appearance and comfort, is most into five sections, each tied with a bow attached a card bearing a merry val-

"Easy enough!"

In a downtown train she examined her bag and found it had been slit oepn.

"Clever sleuths!" she remarked.

At cortlandt street she took the tunnel to Newark. There she entered the office of the Essex Safe Deposit Company and paid a year's rental for a box in the name of Miss Ethel Edwards, Closter, N. J. She was taken down into the vault, given two flat keys, a japanned box for her treasures and was ushered into a private compartment, where she carefully closed the door and unfastened her waist. She drew up from her bosom a chamois bag, took from it an engagement ring, a diamond brooch, a pearl ring and two papers. The first was a license from the State of New York dated some three weeks earlier for the marriage of Anna Marshall and Staats Livingston, both of New York City, filled out, signed by both parties and countersigned by the proper authority, a perfectly good mar-riage license. All these things, letters, jewelry and license, went into the japanned box.

The last paper she read over twice. It was dated a week later than the license and read:

Dear Nan,

You will be surprised to learn that by the time you get this I will be on a steamer bound for Europe. You were so determined on every kind of You regularity, even after we got the licnse, that I decided maybe you were right in saying I ought to tell Uncle. Well, I did last night and there was a fierce time. I fought all I could for you, but he wouldn't hear of an immediate marriage. Finally he put it up to me that I should go abroad and him. not see you for six months and then if I still wanted to marry you he would not object. You can guess I jumped out to stop this match and you haven't at that because I know I can trust course, all sorts of jobs will be put up on us to break up our love, but we know each other and know all such jobs will be flat failures. I am not going to look at a girl in Europe and I hope you will have only my face be-

we'll be happy together forever. Your loving STAATS.

She kissed the letter lingeringly and put it with the others. The clerk un-locked the ponderous door, studied her face a moment that he might know her again and bowed her out.

Perhaps I should stop here and tell

the window, turned back and laughed. "You're holding out or else they

think you're an awful piker. Twenty five hundred! On the level, what did they offer? Come on, give it to me straight."

"Is it fifty-fifty, Nan?" "Sure.'

"Well, it's five thousand, then." "Oh, Dad, do you think I'm worth only \$5000? Listen. Go back and tell them that five thousand won't do. Not five times five, and that's twentyfive thousand."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars won't do," he said in a low, awed voice. 'What's your price, Nan?"

"They're not for sale."

"Don't be a fool, Nan. Do you think for a moment they will let the daughter of a broken-down old sporting man like Jim Marshall marry a young millionaire like Staats Livingston? You haven't a chance now.'

"Why, not?" she cried angrily. "Is there anything against me? Ain't I as good as any of them? Ain't I educated? Didn't I go to the convent for three years when you were rich and had your string in the old Morris Park days? I know I was only a kid then, but the influence has stuck all these years."

"You're all right, Nan. You're all right. Don't get excited. You said you got a license. Why didn't you get married right away?"

Why? I don't know, except he wanted it on the quiet some place I didn't know anything about, and I wouldn't have it anywhere except in public in a church. Besides, I thought he ought to tell his folks. He didn't want the license first, afraid it would get out, but I stuck for having every-

thing on the level when he started.' The old man groaned.

"You've mussed it all up. Why didn't you put me on? Now they've got the boy out of the country and it's goodnight." "I'll wait till he comes back."

"He'll not come back till they've done you up. Don't be a fool, Nan. They'll frame up something on you, drag you into court, smash your reputation and then what good are your letters and your license? You'll never get a cent.'

"I don't want their money. I want We want each other.

"Better give it up, girl. This fellow Staats is one powerful guy, and he's a show against him. Let me talk to you to wait that long and you know his people and fix it up. He'll be lib-my love for you will never change. Of eral. He'll stand for the limit. Where are the letters?"

Her father's words were no surprise to the girl.

"They're not for sale."

"See here, Nan, if you think I'm go-ing to be choused out of \$5000 when fore your eyes in New York. So this is good-by, Nan, for six months, then I will come home and have another guess. I want those letters."

"You won't get them, Dad. You need't threaten. I'm too old to be beaten, and you know you can't bully When the time comes to deliver, me. I'll be the one to deliver."

"And I'll get my cut?" "Oh, sure," she said, wearily, "you'll get your cut."

ten At the door of the office she hesi- uncle. tated. There might be treachery, but the halls, she noticed, were full of people moving about; the crowded elevators went up and down as regularly the conflict and she had the position as rods in a piston; attendants were everywhere. It would be safe. She entered a large outer office and, giving her name, was ushered in immediately conducted through several smaller of-fices and suddenly left on the threshold of a small room where an old, white-haired man was sitting before

his business life in a three-story brick building on this site with such a fire burning in his office; and when he put up a modern skyscraper, with steam veins and electric arteries, he gave orders that in his own room there Staats. It is for Staats to speak." bare shrubbery and white gravestones of Trinity Churchyard.

'Come in, Miss Marshall."

He stood up and welcomed her to a seat beside him. Perfectly straight he was, with a ruddy, weathered face, contrasting strangely with his hair.

"You wrote me about my nephew,' he said, inviting her to begin.

"I think it's up to you to do the talking."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her, amused.

"You wish to marry my nephew?" "He wishes to marry me and would if you had not shipped him to Europe." "Ah! Europe!"

He seemed to be studying some-thing in the fire. Suddenly he looked up. Nan liked the expression of his eyes, though afraid she was soft clay in his hands.

"Perhaps the situation is more complicated than you think. I wish you would give me your version of the affair from beginning to end. I may not know it in all its bearings."

So Nan told him the whole story, how she objected to secrecy and had suggested the appeal to him for consent

"Miss Marshall," he said, "I am going to ask you a question that you may not like to answer. You are on never heard of Miss Marshall till she the stage and they say many things about young women on the stage. Can you stand at the altar and marry an honorable man and look him straight in the eye at the same time?' The girl's face flushed. Her eyes

blazed. "That's an insult," was on her

tongue, when he held up his hand and stopped her. "Forgive me. Don't answer, Miss

Marshall. Your eyes have answered." Tears came into Nan's eyes. She grasped his hand, but his next words sent her heart down like lead.

"Do not cherish hopes too high. It is very complicated." The detectives vanished. A week

later Nan received another letter from

on Broadway to which she had writ- treachery or baseness. Perhaps he was feeble for the strong will of his

> The youth slunk into a chair. Miss Allerton put her hand on his shoulder, She was trying to strengthen him for of vantage. Nan was the struggling wrestler seeking to break a hold.

> The old man's voice broke the tensity. "There are four of us here,

my nephew Staats, my ward Miss Allerton, Miss Marshall and myself. I have thought it best to have this sit- difficult to get each property holder a soft-coal fire in a grate. Fifty years uation settled privately and to have this sit-before Staats Livingston had begun each of us know where the other each of us know where the other stands and especially that you, Ethel, might choose with your eyes open." A showdown without a doubt!

"There is no need to restate the We all have spoken except facts. should be such a grate and such a "Staats will say nothing," cried fire. The window looked out on the Miss Allerton. "Why should we be compelled to listen to this common woman's story? I should think you would rather call in the police and give her up as a blackmailer."

"I had thought of that at first," said the old man. "When Miss Marshall came to me with her story I was strongly tempted to do as you suggest, but I had her story investigated and her story is truth. You see what a very complicated situation arose. I did not think we would care to thresh that out in court."

"Then pay her price and send her away!"

Nan stood again. Old Staats went to her side, asked her to take her seat. "The trouble is, Ethel, that Miss

Marshall refuses every price." "What does she want "I want Staats to tell the truth!"

cried Nan. "Yes, let us have the truth," repeated Livingston. "Let's have all the

truth. It is true, Ethel, that some one has conspired against Miss Marshall. her room was ransacked, that offers of large sums were made to people near her for the license and the letters, that an attempt was made to lure her to some office where she might be searched. She thinks I did all that. I moderately strong brine (10 per cent.) wrote me.

He turned toward Nan and spread out his hands in deprecation of such an accusation. He seemed more of an interested spectator than a participant

in the game. "I feel sure," the old man continucl. "that Staats can throw some light on these transactions."

"Say nothing, Staats," commanded "The woman will use it against Ethel. you."

Miss Allerton was a New York girl be very pure and very clean, an at- ing the lives of motorists and reliev-

Twenty-four hours later she receiv-d a typed note in the third person re-by the hand and proclaim her. Not-Agriculture. Interest in country high-ways in the United States has increassays the United States Department of ed rapidly during the last few years. The greater interest in rural roads is due largely to the growing automobile traffic, a large part of which is pleasure driving in which the most

is willing to pay. How much do you

"It's up to you. Is there an expla-nation?"

Silence.

level yourself."

"Staats," she cried in a whisper.

"Yes, it is for Staats to end this,"

"Not me!" cried Nan. "I'd sooner

"You come out of this with honor,"

beautiful routes are naturally sought. While a few States have good laws providing for such planting, the remainder have either indifferent ones or none at all, according to Farmers' Bulletin 1481-F, "Planting the Roadside," just issued.

The traveling public has as much interest in the appearance of the road as a whole as the adjoining property holder. Furthermore, it is usually to approve and act on a given plan. For these reasons, says the department, it is best to place the planting and subsequent care of roadside trees in the hands of a public body representing some such division as the

State, country, town, township or parish, rather than smaller units Because of the intimate relationship between road construction and maintenance and the upkeep of the roadside, the closest co-operation between the highway department and those having the trees in charge is needed.

Suggestions relative to planning for the trees, planting and spacing them, kinds to plant, pruning, arrangement of shrubs and perennials, and other phases of the work are given.

A copy of the new publication may be obtained free, as long as the supply lasts, upon application to the Unit-ed States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Curing and Fermentation Applied to Vegetables.

There is a distinction between "curing" and "fermentation" as applied to vegetables treated in brine. Curing refers to the changes which vegetables undergo in brine as a result of osmosis by which brine largely takes the place of the vegetable juices, with resulting changes in cellular structure. that she has been tracked and trailed, | Fermentation relates to the action of that her handbag was cut open, that certain bacteria in changing the sugar content of the vegetable juices into acids and other end products. In a weak brine (5 per cent. or less) bacteria are not inhibited and the process is largely a fermentation. In a both processes go on about equally. In a strong brine (15 per cent. or over) bacteria are inhibited and the

process is almost entirely a salt curing.

Wide Highways Protect.

Because of the ever-increasing number of automobiles in the United States, and partly because of traffic disscusions of the 1926 convention of road builders at Chicago, wider highways are being adopted throughout reared in an atomsphere supposed to the nation as a means of safeguard-

mosphere very different from that of ing traffic congestion, S. T. Henry, cabaret dancers and broken-down newly elected vice president of the sports in cheap boarding houses where American Road Builders' association, Miss Marshall had spent all her life states. This will please those motorthe old man asking her to call at 11 except for the few years in the quiet ists riding about on Sunday.

Valentine Club still goes on, though several years have passed since its foundation. DECORATIONS FOR THE VALENTINE

TABLE. For a round table an effective decor-

ation is a huge centerpiece of red roses at each corner to serve as mats for slender candlesticks of silver with delicate hand-painted shades surmounted by in shape of a heart, and similar hearts cupids.

Between the corners are silver benbon dishes or baskets filled with iced cakes and bonbons in heart and dart shape. Where the silver holders are not forthcoming, baskets are easily shaped from cardboard and covered with silver paper.

As a souvenir at each plate have a heart of red roses for the girls in a silver paper quiver, and a boutonniere of the roses for the men made emblematic by a silvered dart run through them.

A pretty canopy decoration is made by running gilt cord from the chand-elier to the edge of the table so that a plate comes between every two ropes. To these suspend dangling paper hearts in various sizes and hung by different lengths of the cord. The tone of these hearts should correspond to the table decoration, which is quite as often pink as red on Valentine's Day.

In the center of the table should be a low bowl of pink or red carnations set on a round glass mirror edged with smilax.

A somewhat novel centerpiece is a doll dressed as Cupid and carrying a big floral umbrella to escape a shower of valentines that fall upon it from the chandelier and lie heaped on the cloth around Cupid's feet. These valentines are hung by very light wire so thin as to be almost invisible. Al are addressed and at the end of the meal are claimed by the guests.

Great fun are rhymed valentines composed by the hostess for each guest and specially illuminated by her or, if her artistic skill is wanting written or plain note paper, around which is pasted a border of narrow rec nearts. These are sealed in the usua Valentine envelope with its printed designs in white, and are addressed to each guest at the place where she i to sit.