

THE VALENTINE.

Never, since cupid began to shoot his arrows was there 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 hidden cunningly under the pretty frame-work. When this was done, your delighted eyes looked down a deep telescope of fluffy edges, and beheld at the end of the vista, 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 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 massive, 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 two long weeks, ever since its first appearance in Mr. Dobson's shop window, who had not gazed 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 rosy-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 mitted 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 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 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 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 Granby was not so very old.

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 that St. Valentine was ruling on the steps below him.

The children were counting their valentines. Cora Marsh had the most, of course. "Fifteen!" she told off proudly. The others followed by thirtens, tens, and sevens. 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. A girl with no valentines was not very interesting on the fourteenth of February, except as a sort of curiosity, and their childish 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 roughish Cupid, who aims his arrows at the most unexpected targets, pierced Mr. Granby's heart at that instant, for suddenly he 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 impulses. His acts were consequences of much cool deliberation. If occasionally an impulse did visit him, he discouraged it religiously. But now his impulse was to go down and comfort the weeping little figure on the steps, and he obeyed it.

Winny, quite extinguished in her faded skirts, looked up at a greatly 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 eyes. 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 mall after school tonight, you know. What's your name, little girl?"

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

But on his way back from lunch his handsome coupe stopped before Mr. Dobson's shop door and Mr. Granby alighted.

"Show me your prettiest valentine," he said to Mr. Dobson who came bowing to meet him.

The lovely gold and silver valentine with its swan and its cupid was laid before him.

Mr. Granby seemed unimpressed. "That the best you've got?" he asked in his sharp, dry way.

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

Cutting the shopman short—"Well, give me that, then," Mr. Granby said without even asking the price. Oh, the difference between grown-up people like Mr. Granby and little people to whom five cents is a fortune!

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 that counted now but a few belated valentines at the steps, Winny, her black eyes shining and her aching little fingers forgotten in her glee, was the centre of attraction, for in her hands she held the coveted treasure of Maple Village. And as he turned away from the window, Mr. Granby saw her raise it to her lips and kiss it reverently.—By R. B. T. in Shop Talk.

SPORTSMEN'S SHOW IN PHILADELPHIA

A breath from the big outdoors, fragrant with the odors of spruce, pine and fir, will sweep over Philadelphia when that city's first sportsmen's and motor boat show opens at the Commercial Museum on Saturday, February 21st. Boston has long been familiar with this type of exhibition, where the sportsmen's show has become an institution of recognized educational value, besides being the most colorful spectacle staged there.

Scenes dear to the heart of every sportsman, depicting forested mountains, lakes, streams and great stretches of rusty-brown marshes, will comprise the decorative motif.

The show will be a zoo of American wild life, with 80 cages of live animals found on this continent, including moose, elk, reindeer, deer, bison, bay lynx, Canada lynx, mountain lions, beavers and other fur-bearing, timber wolves, coyotes, game birds of all native species and imported birds, wildfowl by the hundreds in a huge tank, countless tanks of game, fish and other forms of wild life seldom seen outside of an exhibition of this sort.

One of the notable exhibits will be that of the State of Pennsylvania, which will set forth in its showing of wild game animals, birds and fish something of a history of its remarkable success in conserving the wild life of this Commonwealth. Another striking exhibit is that of the province of New Brunswick, which brings to the show two live moose, deer, fur-bearing animals and live specimens of the game fishes that have made that province famous among sportsmen.

A fly-casting tank, where "Bill" Vogt, nationally known expert, will give daily exhibitions of that art; log-rolling contests among the world's cleverest lumberjacks; a model rifle range, with the competitions under the auspices of the National Rifle Association; trap-shooting with daily competitions; demonstrations by taxidermists on the mounting of game animals, are among a few of the entertainment features of the big show. As an added special attraction, Arthur T. Walden, famous trainer and driver of huskies, will be in attendance with two teams of dogs which he had with Rear Admiral Byrd's South Pole expedition, with the original clothing, tents, sledges and other paraphernalia used on that historic voyage.

The show continues through Saturday, February 23th.

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SAYS CAMELS ONCE ROAMED NORTH AMERICA.

Although ice hundreds of feet thick once covered what is now the northern United States, man lived through these freezing years and left evidences of his existence for modern science to study.

That is the declaration of Dr. Chester Stock, professor of Paleontology at the California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Stock said that man survived at least one of the ice ages which are well marked in the geological records of America. Recent additions to the evidence of early man-kind have been found in the southwest—New Mexico, Utah, Nevada and Arizona have yielded important discoveries linking the savage ancestors of mankind with well known types of extinct animals. Geology records accurately record the time these animals were alive.

A University of Chicago expedition recently discovered the fossil skull of a camel near Fillmore, Utah. This skull came from an animal far different from the modern camels which came to America when this land was connected to Asia. The Aleutian island chain represents the sunken volcanic peaks of the peninsula that once linked Alaska and Siberia.

Because their hoofs were too tender for the sharp flinty rocks of the Arizona deserts, the camels were turned loose by the soldiers.

For years the descendants of the original camels were hunted for food by the Apache Indians. They are now exterminated.

Some of the camel skulls are still found occasionally. But they are a modern breed.

The fossil skull, Dr. Stock said, was a type of pre-historic camel which came to America when this land was connected to Asia.

The 59th year finds the hospital treating 1800 patients and extending treatment to 200 who are on parole and to hundreds of others who visit the nine clinics established in the district.

The Danville State hospital began operation 59 years ago with one Benjamin Boon, of Orangeville, Columbia county, as its first patient. He was 63 years of age when admitted to the hospital.

A total of 219 patients were admitted the first year.

There were 700 patients in the institution in 1881 when the build-

OLD ENGLISH LAW FORBADE WOMEN TO VAMP THEIR MEN

While America was declaring independence in 1776, the English Parliament was attempting by law to make men independent of the wiles of vamping ladies. The law held vamps liable to the punishment accorded to witches—but there isn't any record it succeeded in accomplishing much.

The law, solemnly passed by Parliament is reprinted in this month's Aromatics Magazine. It goes thus:

"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether maids or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's subjects, by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, hooks, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

In the century and a half since that law was passed, things have changed considerably. Not only do men enjoy the fragrance of good perfume about their women-folk but they are beginning to use scent themselves.

"Many of the Anglo-Saxon race are prone to carry the impression that it isn't manly for one of the male sex to use perfume," says Aromatics. "Nevertheless, men are using more perfumes and cosmetics than in former years and several manufacturers are successfully marketing lines of toilet preparations made especially for men."

In general, the article says, men prefer the simpler floral fragrances, such as lilac, lavender, carnation and rose. Women are reported active in converting their male friends to the use of scents.

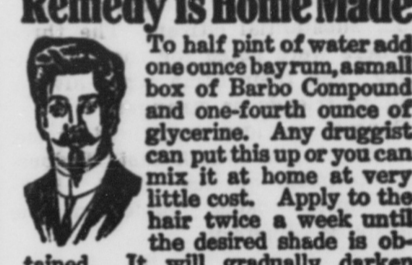
ing was consumed by fire. The walls remained after the conflagration but were razed and the institution rebuilt.

The hospital was located in Danville by a commission of three medical men appointed by the Governor. They were Dr. Trail Green, Easton; Dr. John Curwen, superintendent of the Harrisburg State hospital, and Dr. Reed, superintendent of the Dix-mude State hospital.

Dr. S. S. Shultz was the first superintendent, appointed in 1868 and serving until his death in 1891. Dr. H. B. Merrill succeeded him, serving for 28 years, until his resignation eleven years ago when Dr. J. Allen Jackson was appointed. The board of trustees elects the superintendents for a three year term.

The beginning of 1931 finds the officials of the institution busily engaged in an expansion program which will double its capacity by 1935.

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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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