

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily in white and pure. From its heart to its sweet left tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—Girls that are mother's right hand. That fathers and brothers can trust to. And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone. And pleasant when nobody seeks. Kind and sweet to their own folks. Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls. That know what to do and to say. That drive with a smile or a soft word. The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense. Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty. And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls. Who count what a thing will cost; Who use with a prudent, generous hand. But sees that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts. They are wanted for mothers and wives; Wanted to cradle in loving arms. The strongest and truest lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl. They are very few, understand; But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls. There's a constant and steady demand.

FIVE DOLLAR BILL

Monday morning, and no scrambling into second-best clothing and clattering down hot sidewalks toward the elevated. None of that for two rapturous weeks. "I'll be just lazy," Carla told herself.

A fragile cup of black coffee steamed on the table beside the bed. From a tin, Carla poured a twisty stream of yellow cream. No sugar, though. When you were 26 and exactly the right weight, you had to be careful. She nibbled at thin slices of brown toast and rustled the big pages of the morning newspaper under her fingers.

At the front page, laden with cable dispatches from half the capitals of the world, she glanced only casually. Carla knew no one in London or Vienna. But she did know plenty in Chicago. Nice boys they were, too; boys with good jobs who could take her to Vienna on a honeymoon. There was Jerry Wade. Soon he'd be junior partner in a loop firm of lawyers, and probably at 50 he'd be a Senator. But none of them was Rod Carver.

She read through twice the critic's review of Alice Darbell's new film. Rod once told her she looked like Alice Darbell. Carla slipped from bed and gazed at her reflection in the mirror. Someone had said that no woman looked desirable at breakfast; but where she was concerned, Carla decided justly, that was untrue.

Carla yawned, poking at smooth lips with the back of a hand, slipped into bed again, and to her paper. After a while she'd dress and go down town for some shopping before meeting Jerry Wade at lunch. Not much left to read in the paper now. Only these want ads and—

Something in the gray pages of agate type caught her gaze and dragged her attention down to the small print. She could feel her heart thumping rapidly as she read.

What'll I do? I will pay \$5 for the Lark recording (series 63-888) of the Gerald Comb orchestration of "What'll I Do?" Must be in good condition, without scratches. If you have this record, telephone Lake Park 2311.

It had been their piece—hers and Rod's—back—back—goodness, how many years? Eight? Yes—eight years ago this fall, when she was a sophomore and he was a senior at the university. The newspaper whispered through her fingers and rattled to the floor. Carla's eyes were misty and unseeing as she stared at the apartment ceiling.

"I can't think about it," Carla murmured, standing up suddenly. "I can't let myself. It hurts."

"I won't look at it," she whispered. "Won't read it again. It couldn't be anything like I've been thinking—just couldn't. And besides, if it was Rod, I wouldn't want to see him. He'd be changed, with all that money, and probably I've changed, too. And I'm just not going to read it again. Just not."

But she did. She sat in the wicker chair by the opened window and while a warm current of air from Sheffield avenue flowered into the room, she read it again and still again.

The ad was not in the personals column, and that was one reason Carla thought it might be Rod. In the want-to-buy column it appeared. Who but Rod would pay \$5 for an eight-year-old record? Who?

"Oh, lots of people," she argued, rising and going toward the bath. "And anyway," she added definitely, "I'm not going to phone."

She was a long time in the tub, lolling luxuriously while the water lapped her shoulders. For 50 weeks in the year you took a quick morning splash, dipping into the water and then out so that you wouldn't be late to the advertising offices of the Peter Krust Agency, Inc. Then in August, they gave you two weeks off with pay, and you read ads about a song that had been your favorite back in college. Carla hummed the notes. The sad, sad notes.

A dance in the women's quadrangle on a fall night of blowing rain. A 30-piece orchestra had come out from Chicago to play. Carla was very young that night—oh,

very, very young. And slim and gay. "What'll I do?" sobbed the saxophones with the moan of wind sighing along the roof of a house that had died. "What'll I do?" Carla echoed, closing her eyes as she danced. "What—with love aching at my lips until they are numb—"

Rodney Carver's hair was the color of bronze, and he had a sort of high courage—the strange gallantry of jazz music, with valor and cynicism and dour all mixed together.

"Carla," he said, "that's our piece. Whenever I hear it I'll think of you, and whenever you hear it you must remember this dance. And nothing very terrible can ever happen to us now, for we will always have this night."

And then the dance was over.

Carla wrapped her body in an orange dressing robe and stole into the living room. The portable phonograph sat on the library table. She sank to her knees and burrowed into the black stack of brittle records. At the very bottom she found it, a thin disk with music imprisoned in tiny grooves just as her memories were stamped in folds of her brain.

"Probably it's out of print," she mused, turning the crank. "Mould broken." But immediately the piece came to life again, and everything was almost as it had been eight years ago. Almost.

What'll I do  
When you are far away  
And I am blue,  
What'll I do?

That was Rod's photograph, over there on the dresser. The clean chain and firm mouth; and down in the right corner the scrawled words, "For Carla, with all my love, Rod."

After their quarrel—that terrible, senseless, jealous quarrel—he left school. Just quit, two months before graduation. A crazy, impulsive gesture—but that was Rod, and word drifted back that he was in the oil fields of Oklahoma. From time to time the Alumni Bulletin of the college printed paragraphs about him—how he had run up a fortune from a shoestring. And later, strange countries were connected with his name—Mesopotamia, the south of Russia, Mexico. Places where men thirsted or starved or died of fever, drilling through sticky clay to secret pools of the earth.

What'll I do  
When I'm alone with only  
Dreams of you  
What'll I do?

Carla lifted the needle and shut off the motor. "I won't play it any more. No sense to it. I'll—I'll break it—" She lifted the record in her two hands.

She would marry Jerry Wade, the lawyer—she was dully convinced of it. And it wouldn't do to have the ghost of a dead song living in their record cabinet. "I will break it!"

But there wouldn't be any sense in that, either. Her thoughts returned to the ad in the morning paper. "I could sell it—Five dollars." With that, she might buy a string of near-jade beads to wear this night when she met Jerry Wade. That, too, would be a gesture. Not Rod's kind of gesture, but her kind—Carla lifted the receiver off its hook.

The voice at the other end of the wire said, "Are you there?" It sounded like the Mayfair butler in talking pictures of London society. He called Carla "Miss," and his diction was cold and correct, like conversation in a Victorian novel.

"Yes, Miss—Yes Miss—"

"A record? To be sure, a record! I am every anxious to secure it. I would pay a pound—ah—\$5 for the record." And if she would call at 11—He gave her a Sheridan road address.

Carla sheathed her slender legs in silk the color of tanned flesh, urged narrow feet into white pumps, slipped into an afternoon gown. At the mirror, she pulled on a saucy hat.

The record was wrapped in big squares of newspaper, tying the light package neatly with grocer's cord.

The apartment building was gray stone rising against the hot blue sky with the cold beauty of a mathematical symbol. The elevator slid to rest on seven; and a man with graying iron hair, precisely brushed above his ears, seated her in a huge chair carved some time early in the Italian Renaissance.

"My man told me you would call," Carla nodded, holding out the record. "Yes, I'm sure it's what you want—the one you advertised for."

She watched him unwrap the black disk into which was etched the music that had belonged to Rod and to her. He did not cut the string. He untied it. Carefully, with dry efficiency, he worked. He was the kind who would not waste even a burnt match stick. And, strangest of all, why did he desire a record on which was stamped a relic of Yankee jazz?

Her host stared at the naked record in his hands. "But—this is a composition of another title."

"Perhaps you've got the wrong side. Turn it over."

"Ah, to be sure. Stupid of me. Beg pardon." He bowed—rather too humbly, she thought—and opened the top of a great walnut phonograph. And when plaintive horns sobbed grandly from the sound-box, he listened with an air of politeness, but not of comprehension.

What'll I do  
When you are far away  
And I am blue,  
What'll I do?

And Rod was far away, seeking oil and adventure in wind-bitten or sun-scorched lands, and she was, in Chicago, getting ready to take luncheon with Jerry Wade, who would be seantor—

What'll I do  
When I am wondering who  
Is kissing you,  
What'll I do?

The machine had an automatic device which slipped off the mechanism as the music ceased. The

Englishman nodded his head, and reached into the pocket of gray morning trousers.

"That is the version which I wish," he said. He handed her a bill. "Five dollars. Is that not correct?"

"Yes."

"And—do you have a card. Perhaps you have other records which I might care to buy."

On the back of an envelope Carla scribbled her address and telephone number.

"Any record you want," she told him. "Just call. I'll see if I have it."

"Very good, Miss," he said, closing the door. "And thank you!"

Carla was nine minutes late for luncheon.

When she arrived at the restaurant, Jerry was already at a table near the fountain.

He was not angry with her. He was just pained. Not a word in rebuke did he utter. He really smiled. But just the same she knew that her tardiness pained him.

But over dessert and coffee he again asked her to marry him. In September. They would honeymoon in Europe.

"Before I answer, Jerry, will you figure something out for me?"

"Why—yes."

"Well—if an Englishman had been a butler all his life, and suddenly his master wanted him to pretend he was a millionaire gentleman, how long could he go without being detected?"

Jerry scowled over the problem. "I should say—um-m-m—not very long."

"Do you think he'd be likely to say to a young lady, 'Very good, Miss?'"

"Why, yes I suppose he would. But what has all that got to do—?"

"A lot," she murmured, reaching across the table and closing tender fingers over his hand. "I'm sorry, Jerry—very, very sorry, but—"

She looked up and met his gaze. "I'm dreadfully afraid I can never marry you."

It had been Rod's apartment, she could swear it had. Just like him to bring a butler from London. But suppose—suppose she had been mistaken? Maybe Englishmen who made fortunes in trade called young ladies "Miss." She hadn't thought of that. Perhaps, after all, no Rod had been waiting behind a curtain doorway, watching her give the record to his butler, and planning to surprise her.

But it had to be Rod—just had to be. He might have come in a taxi. He would be waiting outside her door in the upper hall. Hurrying, she climbed the stairs. But the stuffy hall was empty.

"Goodbye, Rod," she whispered softly.

And then, from beyond the closed door of her apartment, Carla heard music. It was sad music—sad and gallant at the same time—the way jazz is gallant and sad.

With fingers that trembled, Carla slipped her key into the lock and opened it.

It seemed achingly strange to be kissing a man whom you hadn't seen in eight years—kissing him before ever uttering a word. But that was Rod.

"But how?" breathed Carla at last. "How did you get in?"

"The janitor," Rod grinned. "I slipped him a five dollar bill and told him we were old friends and that I wanted to return a record. You know," he said, "it's wonderful the things you can do with a five dollar bill."—By Thomas W. Duncan

IMPORTANT DATES FOR THE YEAR

On January 1st a new calendar went into effect and a study of its monthly tables show that only once in 133 years will black Friday—Friday the 13th—be encountered. The unlucky day occurs in May.

The longest day in the year, June 21, falls on Tuesday and the shortest day, December 21, falls on Wednesday.

Lincoln's birthday, February 12, falls on Friday.

Ash Wednesday falls on February 10.

Good Friday comes on March 25.

Easter Sunday comes on March 25.

All Fools day, April 1, falls on Friday.

Mother's Day falls on Sunday, May 8.

Memorial day, May 30, falls on Monday.

Flag day, June 14, falls on Tuesday.

The Fourth of July comes on Monday.

The Jewish New Year's day will be on October 1-2.

Columbus day, October 12, comes on Wednesday.

Hallowe'en, October 31, comes on Monday.

Election day will be Tuesday, November 8.

Armistice day, November 11, falls on Friday.

Thanksgiving day will be Thursday, November 24.

Christmas, December 25, comes on Sunday.

DANGER IN A PARKED CAR IF MOTOR IS RUNNING

A parked automobile and a running motor make a first-class carbon monoxide gas poisoning hazard. The hazard is almost just as great as though the car was in a closed garage and the motor running.

In a parked automobile the deadly gas seeps up through the floor boards and if the windows are not lowered it will affect the occupant of the car. Carbon monoxide gas must be mixed with plenty of fresh air to be made harmless.

AUTO OPERATORS MUST HAVE CARDS BEFORE MARCH 1ST.

Pennsylvania motor vehicle operators have been reminded by R. Richard Stickel, director of the division of titles, registrations and licenses of the Department of Revenue, that now is the time for them to apply for their 1932 operator's licenses.

All Pennsylvania operators on record now have renewal applications for operator's licenses in their possession provided the records of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles contain their correct address. If a Pennsylvania resident operates a motor vehicle on March 1 or after without a 1932 operator's license, he is subject to a fine of \$10 or five days imprisonment for the first offense. The fee for an operator's license is \$2.

The vehicle code provides that an operator's license is good for one year—from March 1 until the last day of February of the following year. This being leap year, applicants have an additional day. The 1931 license does not expire until midnight February 29. This additional day, however, is no reason why Pennsylvania operators should not apply for their 1932 license now. The new license may be used on and after February 15.

There are two questions in the applications which must be answered, Stickel pointed out. They are—"Have you any mental or physical incapacity or infirmity?" the other—"Has your license or right to operate ever been suspended or revoked, in this State or elsewhere?" The application must also show the applicant's signature in his own handwriting. A printed signature will not be accepted. Many applicants, he says, are violating this requirement, which necessitates return of the application.

Having properly signed the application and answered the questions, attach check or money order in the amount of \$2 to the application and forward to the Bureau of Motor Vehicles at Harrisburg, using the envelope provided for that purpose," Director Stickel said.

"If the address on the application is not correct, the incorrect address should be crossed out and the correct address shown on the large portion of the card which the applicant signs. Carelessness on the part of applicants in answering questions and failure to enclose the correct fee annually necessitates the return of many applications. This not only causes delay in receiving cards but handicaps the bureau in giving the prompt service of which it is capable."

Operators who have not received their 1932 applications and who have not changed their address since last year are advised to notify the bureau at once, forwarding to it their 1931 operator's license number, also the name and address as indicated on the 1931 card.

Every year we receive complaints from operators that they have not received their application," Stickel says. "The correspondence that follows usually discloses that the operator changes his address during the year and failed to notify the bureau of the new address. Operators who have not so notified the bureau are urged to do so now. This notification of change of address should be made on our Form RV-M-18. These forms may be obtained from this Bureau, as well as from any automobile club, notary public or justice of the peace. The forms are free. The postal authorities will not forward an application to a new address."

Out of about 2,214,000 applications sent out last year, approximately 126,000 were returned as undeliverable by the various post offices. Of this number 83,000 applicants had moved and left no forwarding address; 6000 moved out of the State, and 2000 were returned marked "Deceased." Department records indicate that in the past approximately 50 per cent. of the applicants returned were from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Reading, Erie, Scranton and Altoona.

"Fill out your application now," Stickel asks tardy motorists. "It takes only a few minutes time. Why delay? Every person intending to drive a car this year must have an operator's license. Remember the fee is \$2."

PENNSYLVANIA FARMS STILL PRODUCING HIGH

Despite depression and drought, one or both of which have been encountered on every farm in the Commonwealth during the past two years, the agricultural industry of Pennsylvania continued in the forefront when compared to other States.

Pennsylvania farmers produced in 1931 the most valuable potato crop of any State in the Union. Only three States produced more valuable apple crops and only two States more valuable hay crops.

Estimates on the production of principal crops show that Pennsylvania has regained first place in buckwheat production and has retained leading position in raising cigar-filler tobacco.

The rank of Pennsylvania among all States in 1931 production of various crops is as follows:

First in cigar-filler tobacco

First in buckwheat

Fourth in potatoes (first in value)

Fourth in grapes

Fifth in total apple crop (fourth in value)

Fifth in maple products

Sixth in tame hay (third in value)

Seventh in commercial apples, peaches and pears

Tenth in winter wheat and pears

Twelfth in corn

Thirteenth in oats

In the farm value of the twenty-two principal field crops, Pennsylvania ranks eleventh.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

A women's counsel is not much, but he that despises it is a fool.—Spanish.

"Please, kum to a Hart Party on Valentine's Eve," said the invitations, and everybody thought, of course, it was just a case of poor-purpose spelling, heralding the regular old-stuff valentine party.

But, not so!

On arriving, the guests found, judging by signs, that the "hart" part of the affair was Bill Hart of the movies, and the atmosphere was very much "Wild and West." A small boy in a cowboy suit opened the door and allowed the guests to enter, at the point of a tiny tin pistol. Various large-lettered signs about the rooms read:

Broncho-busting goes on here

Are you a rough rider?

Entries received for the lassoing contest

Cow-punching taught

Everybody was presented at once with a colored kerchief to tie about the neck, no matter whether that neck wore a white linen collar or any famous make or bore only a dusting of powder over its fair surface. The results were amusing, especially when the Wild West sports began.

Several of the tallest chaps were chosen for the broncho-busting, and manfully subdued, without really "busting," the small, gayly-painted steeds on two wheels which were led in for them to mount.

For the rough-riding race another set of boys was selected and, after a large white pasteboard number was affixed to each one's back, the racers took the course on all fours backward.

Though the girls were kept busy rooting for riders, they were allowed to enter the lassoing contest.

The boys stood in a row, holding up right hands, and the girls, lined up opposite, each tried to throw a loop of clothes-line over some hand, thus making the owner of the hand her partner.

The cow-punching announced was but a variation of the old donkey game. A cow's portrait was hung on the wall, and each person, blindfolded, was allowed a try at pinning on her tail. Winners were awarded paper rough-riding hats.

The rest of the evening was given over to dancing to a radio. Occasionally the shout of "hands up!" started everybody into obeying that order, and was a signal for a sudden change of partners.

Appropriately enough, the roundup was the assembling for refreshments. They consisted of Bill Hart sandwiches—yes, heart-shaped, of brown bread filled with ginger and cream cheese; cowpuncher's punch (ginger ale and grape juice); "hold-up" ice cream served in little brown strong boxes of paper, and cake that "went fast."

—The hostess who entertains in honor of Saint Valentine will not find it at all difficult to serve unique and delicious dishes, and the simplest affair will take on an air of importance if a special effort is made to have not only the decorations, but the refreshments themselves in keeping with the occasion. The following recipes will prove apropos:

—Puffed Hearts—Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, rub in one tablespoonful of flour, pour in slowly while stirring constantly one cupful of hot milk, season with salt and pepper and cook until smooth; then add one cupful of minced chicken, the beaten yolks of three eggs, a slice of onion, chopped parsley and season with salt and pepper. Cook all together for three minutes, take from the fire and cool; then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, put into buttered heart-shaped paper cases and bake until they puff and brown, which should be in about 10 minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately.

—Love in a Cabin—Pile strips of golden brown toast, two deep, in log cabin fashion on the plates, and fill with cream chicken; cover with strips of the toast slightly bent to form the roof. For the cream chicken make a white sauce by putting two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, stirring until melted and bubbling; add two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper, and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour in gradually one cupful of scalded milk, stirring until well mixed and then beating until smooth and glossy. Add one and one-half cupfuls of cold cooked chicken cut into dice, one-eighth teaspoonful of celery salt, and heat until very hot.

—Hearts of Tongue and Celery Salad—On the day before it is to be used, boil a tongue, peel it and set aside to get cold. Before serving, slice it much thicker than usual, cut into hearts with a heart-shaped cutter and arrange on a platter. To make the salad take two heads of celery, splitting the large stalks lengthwise, cutting all into half-inch pieces, then dry, sprinkle with salt and set aside. Boil two eggs hard and cut into pieces the size of the celery; chop enough English walnut meats to make a half a cupful and stone a dozen olives, cutting them into good-sized pieces. Just before serving mix together lightly, stir in a cupful of very stiff mayonnaise and pile in the centre of the platter.

—Cupid Salad—Soak one and one fourth tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of vinegar, two thirds cupful of pineapple juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a pinch of salt. Pare, chop and drain enough cucumbers to make a cupful and mix with one-half cupful of canned sliced pineapple, which

VALENTINE CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF OLD

There were certain superstitions during early times which now seem entirely to have passed away. For instance, if a young girl, on the eve of St. Valentine day, went alone and waited until midnight on the porch of a church, then started for home, scattering hempsed on the way, it was believed she would see her own true love in a winding sheet raking the hempsed behind her. Why he was supposed to be seen in a winding sheet has not been explained.

Another superstition was most interesting. If a young girl got five hay leaves and pinned one on each of the four corners of her pillow, the remaining one to be placed in the center, and if that night her sweetheart appeared in her dreams they would be married before the end of the year.

It is written of one young lady of those times that she confessed, in order to make the charm more potent, to having boiled an egg perfectly hard, removed the yolk, filled the vacant place with salt and, upon going to bed, eaten the entire egg, salt, shell and all without drinking or speaking to anyone after she had finished the eating of it.

But the really, truly way to find out the name of your own true love was to write the names of all your admirers upon bits of paper, roll them up in clay, put them in a vessel of water and the first one to rise to the surface was surely the one.

The practice of sending comic valentines is a much later one. These caricatures which poked fun at people's personal appearance, their clothes and even the work in which they were engaged had their greatest popularity perhaps 40 or 50 years ago. Fortunately, they now seem to have lost their vogue. There is no doubt that many friendships were severed and enemies made because of these frequently offensive missives being sent with malice aforethought.

Meanwhile, the pretty valentines—all hearts, paper lace and cupid—seem to grow finer each year. Beautiful handpainted cards and painted and beautifully decorated boxes for confections are sold in great numbers.

Not the least interesting of the present-day valentines are the various and numerous assortments of packages filled with all the paraphernalia ready to be assembled into lovely valentines which children love to prepare for their teachers, friends and family. As it has now become more a day for children than for grownups, these packages afford much pleasure to the sender and to the recipient.

SIGNS OF SPRING ARE TO BE SEEN IN WOODS.

How spring came to the forests of Pennsylvania three months early in 1932 is expected to long remain a topic of conversation. Reports have been received from many of the foresters and rangers in the Department of Forests and Waters concerning the freak out-of-door conditions brought about by the April temperature that occurred in the middle of January.

In the South Mountains on warm slopes tree buds began swelling and some of the early woodland flowers started to bloom. Wild gooseberry bushes in sunny protected spots showed green. Pussy willows, which are among the first trees to bloom, burst their bud scales and decorated many streams and marshes with their furry-coated blossoms.

Upon numerous occasions hibernating animals, including bear, coon, and skunk were found out of the holes observing the world, and robins and blue birds, those unfailing harbingers of spring, were reported from along the Mason and Dixon's line.

A rare sight for nature lovers was reported by Ranger John Nelson of Penfield, Clearfield county, when a toad, which usually lies dormant all winter in deep rocky crevices or in cavities of hollow trees, was seen hopping about in the woods in early January.

HOW TO PLANT FOREST TREES AS TO SOIL, ETC.

A new illustrated circular, "Forest Trees to Plant in Pennsylvania," has been issued by the Department of Forests and Waters, and, according to Lewis E. Staley, secretary, is now available for public distribution.

Descriptions are given of the important timber trees raised in the State forest tree nurseries, together with the rates at which they grow. Approved planting to be followed, and the kinds of soil to which they are adapted are furnished for the various kinds of trees.

The important animals, insects and diseases affecting tree plantations are briefly described so that they may be identified easily. Recommendations are furnished for the control of many diverse agents liable to damage forest plantations.

Prospective planters may obtain this booklet by writing to the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, Harrisburg, and requesting copies of Circular 31.

—Get Cockerels—Now is the time to buy breeding cockerels for the farm flock. If you wait until the last minute you will pay twice as much as at present. The breeder must be paid for keeping the cockerels for you until you order them.

has been chopped and drained; add to the liquid and turn into a heart-shaped mold that has been slipped into cold water and thoroughly chilled. Just before serving turn out on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with mayonnaise and tiny hearts of pimento.