"EATS" FOR VALENTINE'S DAY SUGGESTED BY MRS. WILSON

Heart-Shaped Cheese Cutlets, Puree of Love Apple, Cupid Sandwiches and Other Appropriate Delicacies Which Are Not Hard to Make

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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"A valentine I sent my lady fair
Upon which my lips I press,
And wished it were her hair
My valentine, I could caress."

THE original observances of this day are hidden in obscurity. The early valentine ceremonies included a drawing of a lottery upon this day, followed by a ceremony not unlike the game of forfeits.

It is said that upon this day the birds mate for the season; they select their mates, amid a great fluttering and chattering.

The good saint Valentine selected the little god of love—Dan Cupid—to become his emissary. Red, the color of hearts—the lifeblood—is the color of St. Valentine Day. The luncheon, the dinner-dance and the evening affair, is an appropriate way to celebrate this day.

Use hearts made from cherry red paper and pierce them with a golden or silver arrow. Have these for decorations and favors. Hearts made into whiskbroom holders for the men and heart-shaped handkerchief cases for the ladies.

The table decorations may be of carnations and ferns.

Luncheon

Puree of Love Apple
Cheese Cutlets, Heart Shaped
Stuffed Tomatoes on Celery Salad
Salted Nuts
Cherry Ice Cream Heart Shaped Cakes
Coffee

A Saint Valentine Dinner

Oyster Cocktail
Celery — Olives
Broiled Lamb Chops — Pimento Sauce
Potato Hearts — Peas
Hearts of Lettuce with Tomatoes
Cherry Ice Cream with Gelatin Mold Heart Shaped
Nuts — Raisins — Coffee

Refreshments for an Evening Affair

Jellied Chicken Pimento Salad
Cupid Sandwiches
Valentine Gelatin Hearts
Cake — Coffee

Puree of love apple is cream of tomato soup.

Cheese Cutlets

Place two cups of milk in a saucepan and add one cupful lightly sifted flour. Dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook for two minutes. Now add

One and one-half cups of grated cheese.
One teaspoon of paprika.
One and one-half teaspoons of salt.
One teaspoon of mixed mustard.
One-half teaspoon of cayenne.

Mix and then turn on well-greased platter and spread about three-quarters of an inch thick. Set aside in a cold place for two hours to mold. Cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. Dip in flour, then in beaten egg and milk, and then roll in fine bread crumbs. Fry until golden brown in smoking hot fat.

Select medium-sized southern tomatoes and scoop out the centers. Chop the celery fine and then mix with mayonnaise, and part of the tomato which has been removed from the center. Fill into the tomatoes and pile high, then mask with mayonnaise, cover with grated raw beet and dust with salt and paprika.

Cherry ice cream may be purchased in the block and then sliced and cut heart-shaped with a cookie cutter which has been dipped in warm water. The trimmings can be put together and recut.

Bake sponge cake in sheets and then cut into slices and cut out heart-shaped ice top with white icing and use tiny red candies to decorate.

Potato Hearts

Cook the potato and then mash, season and spread an inch thick on greased platter. When cool cut out with a heart-shaped cutter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in the oven to heat and brown.

Prepare one cherry and one raspberry gelatin, molding in a large square pan about three-quarters of an inch thick. When set, turn out on table and cut the raspberries in three-inch squares and the cherry in heart-shaped pieces.

To serve, Place the raspberry gelatin on ice cream plate and cover with ice cream, then place the heart-shaped gelatin on top and garnish with a rosette of whipped cream.

Jellied Chicken and Pimento Salad

Open and drain two large cans of pimentos. Chop fine. Make lemon gelatin and then rinse out an oblong pan and place a layer of gelatin one-half inch thick. When firm cover with the finely chopped pimentos and spread evenly. Then with the prepared chicken salad fill to the top with lemon gelatin and set aside to mold. When ready to serve, unmold, cut in squares, trim to heart shape and serve in a nest of lettuce with Russian dressing.

Chicken Salad

Cook until tender a three-pound stewing chicken and then let cool in the stock. Remove the bones and cut in inch pieces and add

One quart of celery, cut in dice.
One cup of mayonnaise.
One-half cup of vinegar.
One and one-half teaspoon of salt.
One teaspoon of white pepper.
One teaspoon of grated onion.

Toss and let marinate for two hours.

Russian Dressing

One pint of thick mayonnaise.
Two, one grated beets.
One large raw grated carrot.
One large raw grated onion.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
Two teaspoons of sugar.
One teaspoon of paprika.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three teaspoons of lemon juice.

Mix and serve.

THEY ALL STAND UP NOW

Even the girl in the new spring frock, who stretches up on tiptoes to say good morning to the bird in the tall wicker cage. The twisted effect of the standard is very decorative. Then we have the standing lamp, which now takes on the form of an old-fashioned lantern, although the electric light within the attractive shade is very modern. The goldfish are no longer content to swim about in a mere bowl on a table like so many pond lilies. They must have their own place set upon its foundation, which stands higher than an ordinary table

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Jean Nichols expected her guardian, Mark Brand, because she was afraid of poverty, he—she hated his son Frank, but she hated a western life, she thought she did, until she went to visit Cecile Knowles, an old school friend, and discovered that she cared more for her husband than she knew. Pride prevented her from telling him the truth, but finally she plucked up courage to return to the ranch, only to discover that apparently Mark no longer cared for her. Then came an accident to Mark's hand, which robbed Jean suddenly of all pride and she told him the truth.

An Interrupted Scene

WHEN Mark commanded Jean without the least vestige of emotion in his voice to kiss him her heart seemed to stand still. If he had taken her in his arms even roughly, but with feeling, it would not have seemed so strange. As it was she was suddenly frightened. She felt as if she could not rise to her feet if she would, she was as much held there as if he had made an effort to detain her and he was very close, his blue eyes fastened on her face deliberately and almost insolently.

For a moment she did not move, then something impelled her to do as he commanded. Lately she realized that he was supposed looking for coffee. He intended to humble her pride to the utmost. It was not enough that she had confessed her love knowing that he no longer cared for her, he had intended to force her to crawl to him. Jean's pride was wounded all too often. I still love her, however, and I am sure that I cannot love any other girl, although I know a dozen of them, and associate with them and am quite popular with them. If this one girl of my heart refuses me I shall spend the rest of my days in loneliness and memories.

Captain, I am a healthy, sensible young man, but this girl seems to hold a dominating influence over my very soul. How can I forget her? Or do you think there is a chance of winning her love? I have made arrangements to depart one month hence for a distant city, where I have business interests which will hold me there for some time. Would it be advisable to write this girl a letter, asking her frankly why she has treated me so cruelly? Or should I write to her brother, asking him if he thought it a wise policy to write her a letter? A SOPHISTICATED SIMP.

Perhaps you have worn your heart on your sleeve too much. Try a strong indifference. Simply be polite to her and show attentions to others if you are in her presence. When a girl believes as she has the only remedy is apparent utter indifference. She usually does like to be come around if she thinks you have perhaps lost a single heart. It makes her want it, and she'll show she does. Go away on that business and say nothing to her or to her brother. I know it's hard, but it's the wisest plan.

DON'T FORGET!

As soon as you finish the story about Jean and Mark, on Monday start right in on

"Fifty-Fifty"

the new serial which takes its place. You'll sympathize with Frances Carter in some of her ideas, want to shake her for others, and then after while you'll feel sorry for her. You'll just love Jerry Page, her husband, but Clarissa Harlowe! Well—

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

the clever writer of this entertaining story, finally attends to her! Be sure to look for the first chapter on

Valentine's Day, Feb. 14

it must have been agony to have the doctor touch it. Jean, standing close by, thought him unnecessarily rough, but in reality he was hurting Mark no more than he could help.

When it was finally over and the hand was carefully relandaged in splints, the doctor lit a long black cigar and looked curiously at Jean. Mark was well known in Galena, and news had gone about there that his wife was a city girl. He personally preferred what he would have termed a chummy woman, one you could talk and laugh with, and who wouldn't hold you off at arm's length as this one did. Nevertheless he decided that this wife of Brand's had an air, but she was cold, cold as ice. If he had known that at that very moment Jean's blood was running through her veins like fire, he might have been a good bit surprised.

Mark had refused to lie down although he had taken the brandy that Frank had brought him, and was now walking restlessly about the room. Frank had gone back to the corral at Marie's request, and Jean finally rose, her one thought to escape to her room where she could be alone. The doctor, however, forestalled her impulse by rising himself.

"Well, I must be on my way back. I'll ride over again day after tomorrow—the hand will be all right till then. Glad to have met you, Mrs. Brand," he said facetiously, holding out his hand to Jean. She forced a smile but the hand that she gave him was like ice and the doctor stamped out carrying away the thought that Mrs. Brand was the coldest proposition he had come across in a long time.

Monday—Alone Together.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Little Explanation

J. E. R.—Your letter with suggestions to "H. W. S." was received. While the idea is good, we cannot publish suggestions for positions in these columns.

Thanks for Encouragement

Dear Cynthia—May I once more make use of your valuable column? Thank you.

A few weeks before Christmas I wrote to the column during a period of depression and, as it were, bared my soul of its heartache. I'm taking this opportunity to thank "Peggy," "Peck" and "Avalon" for their sympathetic words of cheer and encouragement, for their kindness meant a lot to me at this time, as I'm a stranger in your city, having come here from a distant western state to study and make the most of a God-given talent. But my recent illness as the result of mental anguish has made this impossible now. In spring, if my health warrants, I'm going to return to my home town, and when time, the wonderful healer, has invigorated my body and seduced my mind, I'm coming back to continue my studies, so that some day my goal may be accomplished.

I want to tell "Peck" that I'm not condemning all men, for I've been blessed with six brothers, six of the most wonderful boys in God's creation. One of them crossed the continent to be near me in my illness. God bless him.

I'm going home with malice toward none, but kindly thoughts for all, for the words of the three above mentioned with their ring of sincerity have had their effect, and I appreciate and thank them. Good luck to all.

DESPONDENT.

"Pansy" Writes to "Dopey"

Dear Cynthia—May I speak a few words of advice to "Dopey," who writes that your column is quite unnecessary? This only makes my second appearance among your happy family.

"Dopey," I feel sorry for you, yes, very sorry, to think you should take life so seriously. Here is a perfectly congenial crowd being criticized for their fun-loving dispositions, simply because you cannot see fun from their point of view. As to the value of personal queries, whether they are genuine or false, it is not for you to judge. A great many people are more impressed upon receiving advice through the medium of a newspaper column such as this one, than if they were to ask their best friends. But just because this method of solving one's love affair problems does not especially appeal to you (and you are entitled to your own opinion) is no reason for dispensing with Cynthia's column altogether. If you don't find this section of the Evening Public Ledger interesting, I fail to see why you should concern yourself with the manner in which it is conducted. I don't mean to be rude, but can't you perceive a bit of selfishness in your argument? I am sure that the readers of this column all agree, that they derive as much pleasure from the nonsensical letters that appear from time to time as the ones who write them. Nobody writes to Cynthia for financial advice, seeking sane advice alone; they write out of curiosity and a secret hope that they might carry on a real argument with an unseen opponent. It is one of the most fascinating ways of killing time, to those who have a strongly-developed sense of humor. If you are inclined to be a pessimist, think for the sake of others, and well for yourself, to get the smile habit, instead. Remember, "Dopey," "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men!" I hope you're not offended at my gentle criticism, but rather wish that you and I can have some fun, too, in Cynthia's merry throng! If you does get acquainted with this happy-go-lucky company, I'm sure you'll never want to leave it! And say, wouldn't it be funny if you should one day defend the honor of Cynthia the same as I am going to-night?

I beg your pardon, Cynthia, for using so much space, but it is a relief to get all this off my mind. Now I should like to hear every one of "McWizzburghs" letters, and hope he will write soon again. With your permission, Cynthia, I should like to put "my little two-cents' worth" in once in a while. I'll be back again, for I love to get the fever now!

"PANSY"

She Spurns Him

Dear Cynthia—This is a letter from an emotional young man who is deeply in love with a girl who is not in love with him. She is sincere, pretty, very popular. I am twenty-two, serious-minded and ambitious.

I met her over a year ago at a masquerade party given at my home. I was attracted to her immediately. She was agreeable and entertaining and unsuspectingly she won my heart by her frank and wholesome manner. Later she invited me to her home, but I made excuses because I was bashful, having had little experience with the opposite sex. In fact although I knew quite a number of attractive girls who appreciated my attentions, I felt ill at ease in their presence. This never impressed the girl of my dreams. I actually lay awake at nights thinking of her. Her very smile and voice thrilled me ineffably.

I called at her home just once and became deeply infatuated with her. She was an angel who brought the romantic breath of happiness into my uneventful, studious life. But unfortunately I could think of no way but by wooing I could not devote my time to my studies. I was forever framing love letters to her. We corresponded regularly. Eventually she became disinterested and ceased writing. I worried and was heart-broken. Moreover I flunked ingloriously in my exams and was forced to leave college. I made a grim resolution to forget her. And I was successful for a time. With a former roommate in college I formed a partnership and we went to business. But again this girl engaged my attention, and the business was a failure.

Now she seems to despise me, and I hate me although I have always respected and loved her. She ridicules all my advances and humiliates me at every opportunity. She gave jealous looks to my acquaintances that she has given me the bounce.

I can't understand why she does not like me any more and why she talks in this manner. She is a cultured, educated and dignified girl, well liked and respected by every one. She is very beautiful and talented. She is keeping steady company with a young man who is well known to me. He smiles sphinxlike at me when we meet. Cynthia, I love this girl with my whole soul. I love her so! Cynthia, I love her so! And I feel like battering down the door. He is not as handsome as I, nor as talented or respectable. I am not conceited but I know that any girl would prefer me to my successful rival. Sometimes I think that she is merely testing the endurance of my love. Her brother has been good enough to ask me around to call on him, and he hints that his sister cares a great deal for me despite her contradictory attitude, but my pride has been wounded all too often. I still love her, however, and I am sure that I cannot love any other girl, although I know a dozen of them, and associate with them and am quite popular with them. If this one girl of my heart refuses me I shall spend the rest of my days in loneliness and memories.

Captain, I am a healthy, sensible young man, but this girl seems to hold a dominating influence over my very soul. How can I forget her? Or do you think there is a chance of winning her love? I have made arrangements to depart one month hence for a distant city, where I have business interests which will hold me there for some time. Would it be advisable to write this girl a letter, asking her frankly why she has treated me so cruelly? Or should I write to her brother, asking him if he thought it a wise policy to write her a letter? A SOPHISTICATED SIMP.

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WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Thomas Jefferson made many wise rules for himself—rules which have been followed by his shrewdest compatriots. One of these guaranteed Jeffersonian self-controllers is "When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, count one hundred." Tempted to write an irate letter to a correspondent who had provoked him, President Jefferson obeyed his impulse, wrote the scathing letter, and—left it to cool unsealed on his desk overnight. Rereading it in the calm morning, he destroyed what might have been the destroyer of a valuable friendship.

A word spoken may be forgotten, but what is written and read in bitterness is remembered forever. No one "in a rage" is fit to write a sane letter. If the final letter has been penned, the Jeffersonian example might be followed with profit and peace to all concerned.

The Woman's Exchange

Frosted Feet Cure

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In answer to the inquiry for a cure for frosted feet, I can recommend oil of origanum which can be purchased at any drug store.

H. H.

It is very kind of you to give this information, and I am sure that the person for whom it is intended will appreciate it.

Club Names

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Won't you please suggest a few original names for a basketball club, consisting of twelve girls?

Most of us are about eighteen years, and would like very much a name that will fit in well with our "cheers."

YOUR READERS.

You could call yourselves the Trusty Team, the Tried and True Twelve or the Ball and Net Club.

Sweater Is Too Big

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have come to you for advice many times before and you have given me very good advice. Now I am coming to you again.

I received a white knit sweater for Christmas and it was a little too big for me. Some people told me that by washing it it would shrink. I did this a couple of times and it has become immense. Will you please tell me some way in which I can make the sweater smaller, so that it will look all right?

S. E.

If the sweater did not shrink after being washed there isn't any way that you can shrink it, but you can make it smaller by taking it in at the sides, or even cutting it down and putting a finish to it. Since the wool is very good and not worn at all, it would be a good idea to rip the sweater and knit it over again. When it has been ripped, steam the yarn, and this will take the "crinkles" out of it, making it smooth and easy to knit with.

Making More Money

The "Hollow-Tile Girl"

Ask almost any one who is familiar with the details of hollow-tile construction work whether women can make conspicuous successes in the business world and he will probably reply: "They certainly can. There's an outstanding success right in my own line. Ever hear of Averill Rose? No? Well, she's responsible for supplying a large portion of the tile used in big office buildings and public structures throughout the Middle West and in a considerable proportion of the East as well.

"She wasn't always so prominent, though. As a matter of fact, Miss Rosing came over to this country from Denmark when she was only twelve years old and she had to go to work at fifteen—the moment that she had mastered enough English to enable her to take a position as a stenographer at $6 a week. Then she clerked for a while in a hardware store at $7 a week and left there for a factory position at $8. Then, determined to make more money, she reverted to stenography and applied for a job with a dealer in sewer pipe and clay products, demanding and receiving the comparatively high return of $15 a week. Within three months she had taken such an interest in the business and had shown such marked ability to handle details that she was raised to $18 and, before the end of the year, she received $100 a month, of which she saved nearly half.

"When the firm broke up, Miss Rosing determined to go into business for herself, but it took every penny of her small capital to secure the necessary offices. Undaunted, she went right out in competition with men who had been selling tile for years and landed her first contract by the sheer weight of her knowledge of the goods she was selling. Since then she's gone ahead and, today, is one of the best-known contractors in the business."

Monday—A Profitable Cellar

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a game which children will like to play at a Valentine party.
2. How can a plain dark velvet bag be made to look like a different one after it has been carried for some time?
3. In what attractive way is a new leather belt for wear with a sports sweater made?
4. To make a doll's house in a very inexpensive and easy way, what article may be used?
5. How is an up-to-date lounging robe of corduroy or quilted material made?
6. What can be done to prevent a glass utensil from cracking when a very hot liquid is poured into it?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A bolster filled with loose balls of cotton, to suggest the plantation days of Lincoln's time, makes an original centerpiece for a Lincoln's Birthday party, with inexpensive favors under the cotton to be pulled out by red, white and blue ribbons.
2. A pair of bloomers, longer than the regular kind, for wear under a heavy skirt, can be knitted out of mercerized silk.
3. The round neck of a little girl's dress is cut down the center front about five inches and laced together with colored ribbon over a white vest.
4. When ruffles are to be pieced, they can be cut twice as wide as intended, and pieced down the center, so that both edges of the work can be used, thus making the work cost just half as much.
5. A book cover which is used by the woman who is particular about her books, and at the same time likes to have things looking well, is made of unbleached muslin with an embroidered monogram.
6. Cold water should be used in first soaking clothes when they are being washed, as this dissolves the starch left in them.

THE ARTIST COULDN'T TALK WITHOUT PENCIL AND PAPER

And It Seems Very Funny to Us, but We Can't Cook Without an Apron or Exert Our Strength Without Making a Face

"WHAT kind of a hat did she get?" the artist was asked.

"Why, it was sort of black," he began, vaguely. "And it had a thing—wait a minute."

He found his favorite pencil in his vest pocket, pulled out one of those bunches of letters that men always seem to have handy, and found a comparatively clean envelope.

"It was like this," he said, drawing a few accurate lines. "And it had a thing like this in front—that was a nice shade of blue—and then it turned up just a little like this in back."

With his pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him he could describe or explain anything.

Without them he was helpless.

And you think he's funny—but you do the same thing yourself.

YOU can't draw a single line, no; but do you cook?

And are you rather fussy about always having nice, clean aprons ready to slip into as soon as you go into the kitchen?

Well, then, you're just as helpless in a kitchen without an apron as that artist is in a conversation without his pencil.

You may start in sometimes, without it, and think you are getting along nicely.

But somehow, your heart doesn't seem to be in the work; you stand way off from the table to mix up your biscuit batter; you behave as if you were afraid of getting near enough to the sink to wash the lettuce.

You lean half-heartedly over the stove, waiting for the potato water to boil.

Then suddenly you realize what's the matter—you haven't any apron on.

You get one, put it on, and right away you sail into things as if you meant business—and you do, too.

PERHAPS you are like the little girl who always twisted her face into a knot when she made any effort—such as buttoning her own shoes, pushing a pin all the way into a patient rag doll, through several layers of clothes, or lifting a heavy burden from the floor.

She stood one day watching her mother try to untie a much-knotted string; she longed to help.

"Stick your tongue out, mother!" she advised, at last. With the aid of the stuck-out tongue, mother finally managed to untie the knot.

Her daughter couldn't possibly have done it otherwise, neither could you if that is your aid to effort.

THERE was the man with a mechanical turn of mind who fussed all day about machinery with a cigarette always turned piquantly up toward his nose as he compressed his lips with the effort of dislodging a part, or adjusting a wire.

A look of utter consternation spread over his face, one birthday, when his wife set a huge cake before him and handed him a knife.

"It's your birthday, you'll have to cut the cake," she told him, waiting anxiously for results.

He poised the knife bravely over the cake, looked helpless but game—and then his expression changed.

"Wait!" he commanded and plunged into his pockets for the package of cigarettes.

Placing one at the usual rakish angle, pressing his lips firmly over it, he rose from his chair, grasped the knife again—and the cake was cut with perfect aim and precision.

YES, it is funny the way the artist has to have his pencil and his piece of paper before he can describe anything.

But, after all, it's no funnier than the way all the rest of us have to have our this or our that right with us before we can accomplish any task satisfactorily.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Bruised Reeds

By GERTRUDE CUSHING

"And I contend that it is the experiences and exercises of the mind that cause age to appear in the body. It is the knowledge of good and evil and the consequent ever-increasing obligation to discriminate, together with the sorrow incident to failure, intentional or otherwise."

"Then you think that if the brain ceased at any given minute to develop from that minute the body would remain unchanged in line and color and expression?"

"Something like that."

"Can you cite a case in point?"

The question came from a third man, who up to this point had taken no part in the discussion.

The three men, until the day before strangers, were gathered in a room in a small hotel in western Massachusetts. A snapping wood fire flaming in the grate, a pack o' well-thumbed cards and tall glasses containing some steaming brew were helping to dispel the monotony of a desperately stormy evening.

"Yes," replied the first man, "in a very few words. Do you remember the oddly dressed young woman on the station platform when we left the train yesterday? Well, this is her story.

"She was a girl in this town when I was a boy, some twenty years ago. The winter she was eighteen she spent in New York visiting an aunt. In the spring she came back engaged to be married. In the fall her lover came up for three or four weeks and the wedding took place at the end of that time. They went to New York to live. We all liked him and her letters home always sounded as though she was entirely happy. The next summer he received a letter calling him to a mining district in Montana. It was said that it was business which demanded his personal attention. He brought her here to stay with her people until his return, and from that day to this nothing has been heard from or of him. Whether the letter was a fraud, and that was a way he took to desert her or not, of course, I don't know. I have never thought so, however.

"For a while she put up a good fight. Then one day she collapsed utterly and cried continuously for hours. Nobody could do anything for her. At last it seemed as if something in her brain gave way and a complete change took place. She stopped grieving and declared her belief that her husband would return soon to surprise her and she must be ready for him.

"Each day she dresses, with the utmost care, and goes to meet the New York train. Her brain life ceased at that minute and in mind and body she seems to be the age that he left her. You've heard my theory. Now what's yours?"

There was silence for a minute, then the third man spoke. He was a tall, stoop-shouldered man, with extremely white hair and eyebrows and a peculiar sliding gait. A man old for his years, one would have said.

"Twenty years ago the fourteenth of July," he began, "I opened my eyes in a small room in a sort of improvised hospital ward in a mining town in Montana. They told me that six weeks before I had been struck on the head by a piece of stone from the arm of a derrick which had sprung loose. I was knocked unconscious and had been practically so ever since. When I looked in mirror I was as you see me now. To all appearances an old man at twenty-eight.

"I gained health and strength rapidly, and soon began to live again, but everything previous to the moment of my awakening on that fourteenth of July was a blank—an absolute void; and with memory went all capacity for intense feeling of any kind." He paused abruptly, then concluded: "I suppose that woman is my wife."

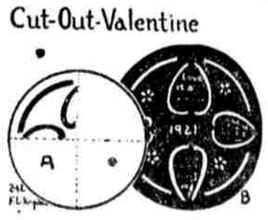
The cold-blooded statement brought the second man erect in his chair. "Suppose she is? My God, man, is that all you have to say? What are you going to do about it?"

The third man rose slowly, thrusting his long arms upward, his fists clenched as though in some dumb, hopeless way he were challenging the infinite. When he answered, his voice seemed attuned to the play of the elements raging outside.

"She's in a fool's paradise—of hope. Let her stay there. What can I do?

Things You'll Love to Make

Cut-Out-Valentine



If you are looking for a valentine to send to a "special" person, make this novel CUTOUT VALENTINE. I show a very simple development of the old-time Pennsylvania cutout valentine. Cut a circle of fine quality paper—tinted if you like. Fold the circle into quarters and mark out the design as shown in A. Cut out these black parts; open, and you will have the design as shown in B. In each heart write a small love poem, or one stanza of a long one. Painted forget-me-nots, here and there, add much to the beauty of this unusual CUTOUT VALENTINE. FLORA.

I've got a wife and children in Claremont, Wyoming. I married the girl who nursed me back to life." With that he shuffled from the room.

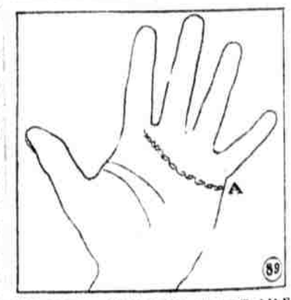
"To the devil with your theories!" burst from the second man as he raised his glass unsteadily to his lips.

The first man said nothing, but long after midnight he sat before the smouldering ashes.

Next complete novelette—Her Mistake

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



SHALLOW, CHAINED HEART LINE

A. If other indications show lack of health, the shallow, chained heart line speaks of a poorly functioning heart with ultimate heart disease threatening. If the hand shows good health, this kind of heart line shows sentimentality coupled with selfishness.

LXXXIX

We have seen (section LXXII) that a shallow, chained line indicates a poorly functioning, obstructed organ. Accordingly we must read a heart line of that sort to signify that the heart of the person in question is functioning poorly and is, in some way, obstructed in its operation. This may refer to health or character. If to character, the shallow part of the heart line, in a good hand, shows sentimentality; in a bad hand fickleness and inconstancy during the period of the shallowness. The portion which is chained shows a still more pronounced condition of these respective qualities in the affections. In a bad hand it indicates a vacillating, cowardly disposition.

If the life line shows defects at periods corresponding to those of the periods of shallowness or chaining on the heart line, the latter should be read as health defects. If the life line is perfect but the hand in general gives the defective heart line is more likely to be indicative of the character defects.

(To be continued)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"RASCAL RAT"

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

The Jingling Bell

PEGGY'S ghost story will was followed by the spooky jingle-jangle of the unseen bell. [illegible] jingling in a hard, [illegible] from the strawstack [illegible] into dark holes, they rushed madly [illegible] compared, they hid in the barn, [illegible] trees and fences—anything to get away from that awful ghost.

Rascal Rat [illegible] of all. Peggy's story of the [illegible] had been chased by a ghost [illegible] the jingling bell [illegible] himself, and [illegible] the awful "me-ow-ow" [illegible] farther than [illegible] lazy, fat rat [illegible] he jumped [illegible] him. It was [illegible] right on his back.

Rascal Rat [illegible] he forgot [illegible] only one [illegible] horrible [illegible] ging bell.

"Me-ow-ow" [illegible] right behind Peggy and [illegible] most as far as Rascal Rat had done. She knew [illegible] she knew she had [illegible] ghost story, but she couldn't understand the queer jingle-jangle and that awful "me-ow-ow." Was there really a cat ghost she hadn't known about?

Then she heard Billy chuckle. He was close beside her. He was the one who had said "Me-ow-ow."

"My, how you scared me," gasped Peggy, who was [illegible] to find [illegible] that was Billy. Jingle-jangle sounded the bell, seeming to [illegible] it—so that as he dashed [illegible] under the straw. Jingle-jangle, the sound grew fainter and fainter.

"That bell. What is it?" whispered Peggy, clinging to Billy's arm for she hadn't fallen over her fright.

[illegible] stumbled around in the straw and [illegible] Billy [illegible] at Rascal Rat. [illegible] story [illegible] the bell. Black [illegible] he faced the cat old [illegible] Rascal Rat [illegible] jingling [illegible] gave the goosey goosey [illegible] and [illegible] them scampering.

[illegible] sounded the big now [illegible] jingle-jangle, out of a hole popped half a dozen scrambling [illegible] After them scurried Rascal Rat, [illegible] bobbing and [illegible] And after Rascal Rat came the gaunt, [illegible] jingling jingle-jangle. Away then [illegible] Rascal Rat [illegible] Peggy [illegible] Rascal Rat tried to get [illegible] work [illegible] dwelling place for [illegible] bell behind with the gaunt, [illegible] shadowing him. But [illegible] was far ahead, and he [illegible] safety, and he [illegible] the bell the nearer he got to [illegible] at times fled for the [illegible] that spooky jingle-jangle.

When the rats finally [illegible] hole from the [illegible] Rascal Rat [illegible] strawstack, [illegible] across the [illegible] and [illegible] away [illegible] never dared to [illegible]

And Rascal Rat followed [illegible] kept [illegible] so [illegible] Billy were [illegible] first [illegible] back as [illegible] and [illegible] in the snow. They [illegible] and stopped [illegible] and when the stopped [illegible] were green [illegible] size. [illegible] Peggy hurried back [illegible] She had been away too long from [illegible]

Next week Peggy and Billy [illegible] Rascal Rat [illegible] South. [illegible] what they [illegible]

A DAINTY SATIN CAPE ON A PLAITED DRESS

By CORINNE LOWE

The dress cape demands, here, in this charming creation of rose pink georgette knife plaited on to the smart stock collar of deep pink satin, she shows you again how the whole distinction of a garment may be affected by the possession of a cape. This particular example is made more forceful because of the fact that the cape forms the only sleeve for the arms. The girdle of plain satin matches the collar, and by way of trimming we have only four roses of graduated size cut from the same satin and accompanied by foliage in native green.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Lincolnize

ABE LINCOLN was the best-liked President this country ever had. This was because he was a fine man first and a good President afterward.

He was [illegible] when to tell a joke, which is an art. He distributed an abundance of sympathy gratis, which is a gift. He always considered the other fellow's side of the argument, which is a rarity.

Lincoln had tact. He had a reservoir of humor. He had an inexhaustible stock of made-for-everyday-wear horse sense. He always kept his feet on the ground.

Lincoln was dignified without being snobbish. He could talk, but he never wasted words. He was profound yet extremely simple and he never went over people's heads.

Lincoln worked hard, but he played as hard as he worked.

He could be stern as Cæsar, but in the hour of trial he never lost his smile.

He often felt like getting cross, but when the atmosphere got too tense he told a funny story. And everybody laughed.

Lincoln understood people and he never forgot he was one of them.

He was farsighted—he could see everybody else's point of view. But he had convictions—he always did what he decided was right.

He was kind. He was square. He was just and he was generous. He was [illegible]. He was modest. He was gentle and he was strong.

Lincoln was honest—primitively honest. He never looked at the world through gold-rimmed spectacles. Though a lawyer, he tried his utmost to discourage litigation. Wherever possible he persuaded people to compromise. He pointed out how the nominal winner was often the real loser—in fees, expenses, time and worry. His plea was that as a peacemaker a lawyer had a superior opportunity to be a good man and still have plenty of business.

Lincoln had no use for the shirker or the parasite. A man, he claimed, won't produce only what he earned. He held that if the Almighty had intended men to do all the eating and no working He would have made them with one mouth to do all the eating and no working He would have made them with mouths only and no hands. And if He had intended others to do all the working and no eating He would have made them without mouths and all hands.

Lincoln saw straight. His rule for accepting or rejecting a plan was not "Does it contain any evil?" but "Does it contain more good than evil?"

Lincoln always extended a helping hand. He never pulled the ladder up after him.

Where he did good he was sometimes horribly frank.

[illegible] thousand excuses for not getting [illegible] young man, "are all nonsense. They deceive nobody but yourself. Stop making excuses and make good!"

Take this tip—LINCOLNIZE!

Covering a Screen

[illegible]

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