

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

When Letters Shower on Cupid's Shrine—Good Morrow then St Valentine



A Novel Valentine



TIM WAS THEIR VALENTINE

"LET'S make 'em," suggested Elizabeth.

"Make what?" asked Nell.

"Valentines," replied her little friend.

"Why, Elizabeth Carson, as if we could. They'd look awful and every one will be mad that we send them to. Anyhow, it's ever so much easier to buy them."

"But I can't buy any this year, Nell, and I don't believe the girls would mind if I made them real pretty ones, do you?"

"Elizabeth Carson, the very idea of you not being able to buy valentines, when your father's the richest man in Rockport! I hope you're not getting stingy! Or maybe your father is getting mean," and Nell looked rather scornful.

Elizabeth, who was the most generous of girls, flushed painfully to the roots of her fair hair.

"My father never can be mean," she said reproachfully. "He makes me a very big allowance for a girl, but he always likes me to live within it. I know if I asked him he'd give me more money, but then it wouldn't be me helping poor Tim. Mother says any one can give what don't cost them anything, but true charity is to keep on giving when we feel it."

"Fun and valentines and charity and pocket money! Lisbette Carson, I just don't know what you're talking about," said Nell, looking rather sorry for her rudeness.

"Nellie, you know Peggy O'Leary, our washwoman? Well, yesterday I found her crying in the laundry, just as if her heart would break, because the doctor had told her unless little lame Tim was sent to New York to a big oculist there he would go blind. It will cost a hundred dollars, and Peggy says she can't rub together a hundred cents. I felt so sorry for the poor thing I almost cried."

"That's too bad about Tim," said Nell, "but I don't see what it's got to do with Valentines!"

"Nell Dayton, do you know how much I spent last year on valentines? Fifteen dollars! Well, if I make my valentines this year I could give that to poor Tim."

"But 15 aren't nearly $100, so what good would it do him?" asked Nell.

"I know it is not, but it is a good starter, and I thought maybe you might be sorry for Tim, too, and help with your valentine money, and then we can coax some of the other girls to join us. Father says if I can raise $50 he will give the other $50."

"You're just the sweetest thing, Lizbeth Carson, and I'm a horrid, selfish beast. Of course, I'll give my valentine money to Tim, and we'll make all the other girls too. And let's tell the boys we wont take a single one from them; that we'd a great deal rather have them give the money to Tim's eyes!"

said Nell, stirred by her friend's appeal.

"Oh, Nellie, that's splendid. It will be real fun making valentines, too, and they'll be almost as pretty as the ones we buy."

"Maybe yours will, 'cause you paint so be-yoo-te-fy, and can make rhymes, but the last heart I drew Miss Peters told me looked like a squashed pumpkin pie, and I can't think of a single verse but that old

'The rose is red
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.'

one."

"Never mind, I'll help you with your valentines, and if all the girls get interested in Tim, why, they won't care."

All the girls did get interested, and not only the girls, but the boys as well. So much so that Mr. Wells, who kept the book store, said he would have to go out of business if there were many such poor valentine seasons.

Each girl and boy counted up exactly how much was spent last year, and handed the same amount over to Nell, who was treasurer.

Then they all went to work in secret to make just the prettiest valentines possible to surprise the others.

What fun it was! Every one was full of mystery. Paint boxes, tissue paper, paper lace from candy boxes and pretty heads from advertisements were utilized, while young brains were racked to grind out appropriate verses. All were busy as bees, and happy in consequence.

Such excitement when an invitation came from Mrs. Carson to a Valentine Party at which the bank was to be opened and the amount of money raised for Tim made known!

Valentine Day dawned clear and bright. Never had the Rockport young people known one as enjoyable. The home-made valentines were so original, appropriate and really pretty that the girls and boys decided they were more fun than the bought kind.

But, best of all was the evening, when, after a merry time spent in a heart hunt, where each guest found a handsome store valentine from Mr. Carson, Nell broke the bank.

How much do you think those children had saved for Tim? Eighty-one dollars!

What a joyful time it was, especially when Mr. Carson doubled the amount, enabling Peggy to go to New York and stay in the hospital with little Tim until his cure was completed!

When the children took the money to Mrs. O'Leary she cried almost as hard from joy as she had from grief, and called on all the saints in heaven to bless her young friends.

As Nell confided to Elizabeth, on their way home: "I think Tim O'Leary is the best valentine we ever sent, don't you?"



A GREAT AMERICAN

FEBRUARY has only twenty-eight days, with an extra one thrown in every four years for good measure; but three of those days are rather important ones to boys and girls—for they are holidays to commemorate three good men.

Who can guess what they are? Not much trouble about two of them, I'm sure, because every young heart loves Valentine Day and Washington's Birthday. But there is another birthday celebration that comes tomorrow, which, though it is a legal holiday in nine States, does not mean so much as it should to young Americans.

Ninety-seven years ago tomorrow there was a baby boy born in a plain log cabin in Hardin county, Kentucky, who became one of the greatest men this country has ever seen. Do you know his name? Abraham Lincoln.

All of you girls and boys who are studying history can tell me much of "Honest Abe," as he was called, and his wonderful rise from his poverty-stricken birthplace to be President of the United States. You know how, with only a year in schools altogether, he became a learned lawyer, a statesman and a good and great man just by his own hard work and determination.

And hard work it was, for Abraham's father was very poor and could not give his son the education which some of you boys perhaps do not appreciate. Why, Mr. Lincoln tells us himself that up to the time he was 21 he could only read and write and cipher. He was kept busy all day on the farm, cutting logs and clearing woodlands—for Indiana, where the Lincolns had moved, was a very new country, full of bears and wild animals—but somehow the boy found time to get an education.

After his long, tiresome day chopping wood and plowing, young Abraham would cut down spicewood brushes and burn two or three together for light that he might study at night. He had no fine fairy tales and stories of adventure, such as all boys love; indeed, the only books he ever saw for years were the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Weem's Life of Washington and a Life of Henry Clay, but these he read many times, making such good use of them and of an English grammar which he borrowed that by and by, when he had been a clerk in a store, a builder of boats and a captain in an Indian war, he taught himself law, became a Congressman and finally President during a very dreadful war. He was noted for his good English. His Gettysburg speech should be learned by every American.

Now, what was there about Abraham Lincoln that made this success possible? He had what you boys call lots of "grit," and conquered difficulties by a strong will. He was wise, unselfish, tender-hearted, full of sympathy and love even for his enemies, was free from bad habits, and had a very keen sense of fun. Naturally, in such times Mr. Lincoln made many foes, and dreadful things were said of him, but more and more as the years go have even those enemies come to realize that Abraham Lincoln was their best friend, and to regret his dreadful death by an assassin.

Polly Evans hopes her boys especially will learn many helpful lessons from what they read or study in school tomorrow of Abraham Lincoln, for he was a good and great American who dearly loved his country and the plain American people.

VALENTINE SURPRISES

WHY not send mother or father or even grandmother and grandfather a valentine? Perhaps they have not received any for years and years, not since they were boys and girls themselves.

You might make a good luck pen-wiper for father or grandfather. Cut the top out of green cover paper, just the shape of a clover leaf, and letter it gilt "To My Valentine." Then take three or four pieces of green or white flannel, just the same shape, fastening them to the outside by a bow of red or green ribbon around the stem. On a card write as neatly as possible the following verse:

As rusty pen would poorly write
My love to thee by day and night,
Pray, use this good luck valentine
To send back love as true as mine,

and inclose it with the penwiper in an envelope addressed to father.

For mother, make a valentine present for her desk cut in heart shape from a big piece of red blotting paper. As a blotter to be really useful must be of good size, you can put your verse on it instead of on a separate card. The letters should be done in black and gold, and, if you like, a tiny Cupid can be cut out of some colored picture and pasted on the upper left-hand corner, above this verse:

A ruddy heart is this blotter fine;
May it blot wherever thou art,
So long as the love of thy Valentine
It blots not from thy heart.

Cut out two circles of chamois skin, nicely bound in red, and fasten them together with a bow of red ribbon for a spectacle cleaner. Direct it to grandmother, with a card bearing this verse:

Cupid blind
Could never find
The love I bear to thee,
So this small valentine I send
That Love may henceforth see.

THE ELEPHANT MAKERS

ALGERNON JONES and Eliphalet Brown
Went to a circus one day in the town,
And straightway an elephant felt they must own,
Since the circus man meanly refused one to loan.

Then a happy idea did Eliphalet strike,
So glorious a scheme that you ne'er heard the like;
"We'll make one," he said, "on the very first day
That papa and mamma do both go away."

So they did; and this elephant grand did appear,
Though its make-up aroused in the children some fear—
For its body was pillows from mamma's best bed,
While papa's dress coat served as fore-legs and head;

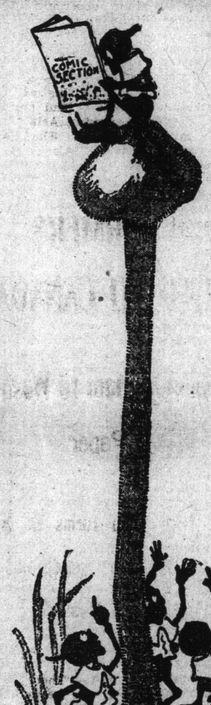
His trousers for hind legs; his crop for a tail;
While his best patent leathers for tusks did avail;
As ears his new boxing gloves proudly did flap,
While his waistcoat stretched tight filled up many a gap.

Their handiwork Algernon viewed with great pride,
Though Eliphalet felt it required a gray hide;
But a paint box and brushes soon made it all right.
"He's better than Jumbo!" cried both in delight.

When papa and mamma that elephant saw,
They took him all in, from his trunk to his paw;
What they thought you could tell by the piteous groans
Of Eliphalet Brown and young Algernon Jones!



A Book-worm



THE studious Brownie dearly loved
To read Our Boys and Girls,
But he'd no chance, his teasing friends
Were such ill-mannered churls.

Each time he picked the Comic up
They'd snatch the sheet away,
And yell, and yell, with all their might,
"Old bookworm, come and play!"

The brownie cried, "I'll find a way
My reading to get through;"
Then on a fairy toadstool perched
That grew, and grew, and grew!

Aloft at pictures, tales and rhymes,
With pleasure he did shout.
Till all his teasing friends below
Cried: "Please to read it out!"

GETTING EVEN

WHEN Harry Ralston was still young enough to wear kilts, he was presented with a cane, of which he was tremendously proud. Soon after he received it his mother took him down to call on his uncle.

As it was Uncle John's birthday, he offered his sister some cake and wine to drink his health.

In the meantime, Harry and his little cousin Walter were having trouble. Walter wanted Harry's precious cane, which the owner sternly refused to lend.

Seeing the difficulty, Mrs. Ralston said, "Harry, let Walter have your cane."

Harry paid no attention.

"Harry," said his mother, "be a good boy and lend Walter your cane for a while. Don't be selfish!"

Still no attention.

"Harry! do as I tell you, at once! Give Walter your cane this minute!"

Immediately the little fellow struck a menacing attitude, and, pointing his finger reproachfully at his mother, said severely:

"I'm goin' to tell the pleeceman you're drinkin' wine!"

PEARL'S PRAYER

SMALL PEARL, who was visiting her aunt, knelt down one evening to say her prayers. After lengthy petitions, in which father and mother, brother and sister and all her relatives near and far were remembered, Pearl ended thus:

"And now, dear God, don't let me do anything I ought not to do, and, for God's sake, don't make me do anything I don't want to do."

A MERRY RHYME

Hearts and darts,
Cupid's arts;
Comic faces,
Paper laces;
Love-knots blue,
Sweethearts true;
Stilted rhyme,
Mating time;
Secrets sweet
Maidens greet;
Postmen sad,
Children glad;
Clanging bells,
Merry yells;
Missives white,
Hearts' delight;
At each card
Guessing hard
What young friend
It did send;
Now what day
Would you say
Ever brings
On its wings
Joys so fine?
Valentine.

A FLAG OF TRUCE

ONE rainy day small Freddy Mapes went to church with his father. He was very good during the early part of the service, and, in fact, sat still as a mouse until the sermon was nearly finished.

Suddenly, to his father's horror, Freddy raised a big umbrella and waved it back and forth.

The congregation giggled audibly, and even the minister had to laugh so hard that he brought his sermon to a hasty end.

"Freddy," said his father on the way home, "how could you be such a naughty boy in church?"

"Why, papa," the child replied, "you always told me when soldiers were shut in a fort in war and wanted to get out they always waved a flag of truce; and my umbrella was the nearest thing I had to one!"

FUTURE TROUBLE

WELL, my little man, what are you crying about?" asked Mrs. Thompson, who was visiting Harry's mother.

"I heard papa say C-Congress was goin' to make some new St-States. Boo-hoo!"

"Why, Harry, what a strange thing to cry for! How can it make any difference to a little boy?"

"I'm c-cryin' c-cause I'll have to l-learn so much m-more in my g-geography and h-hist'ry w-when I g-grow up."

Look up! My heart before you lies.



Little Maid with down cast eyes,

A Valentine to Paint.

HERE is a valentine that can easily be made by any girl or boy who owns a paint box.

Trace the design on white water color paper folded in the middle. Paint each heart a rich red, and make the little girl with blonde hair and blue eyes; the little boy a brunette, with brown eyes and hair.

The little hearts can also be red, with a black arrow through them.

The lettering must be done in gilt paint, the capitals having a touch of it.

If you like, a gilt line can edge the entire sheet on the outside; and on the front page may be printed in gold and blue letters "To My Valentine." This is not necessary, as the design on the one side only is quite pretty enough to please any boy or girl who receives it.

Valentine Day and Its Customs



EVERY boy, and especially every girl, is looking forward to Wednesday, I'm sure, for then comes one of the very nicest holidays in all the year.

Valentine Day! Who does not love it? What fun to pull bells and push white envelopes under the door, then scamper quickly away so your valentine will not know who is favoring her! How we watch for the postmen and count all our valentines over and over again to be sure we have a goodly number to show the girls at school next day how popular we are!

Isn't it delightful to receive beautiful cards full of bowknots, cupids, hearts and darts and sweet sentiments? Better yet is the custom which has grown in popularity in recent years of sending little boxes of candy or even trifling gifts instead of the old-time valentines of paper and lace. Even the comics, ugly as they are, make jolly fun if they are but taken good naturedly.

Do you know that we really can tell very little of how this much-enjoyed holiday started? An old superstition is that the birds always choose their mates on that day, while many think that, like Halloween, we took it from the old Romans, who had in February a feast called Lupercalia, when all the maidens cast their names in an urn, and the young men, blindfolded, drew them out. This drawing of lots made the young people lovers for a year.

The Church did not think all the customs of this heathen festival very wise, so Pope Galsius in the fifth century put the names of saints for those of maidens in the lottery, and set the day on the 14th of February to commemorate the death of the loving and charitable Bishop Valentine, who was beaten with clubs and beheaded in Rome, because he opened the eyes of his jailer's blind daughter.

Though the name was changed to Valentine's Day, the young people kept the holiday as a time of lovemaking just the same, and Scotch and English boys and girls hundreds of years ago drew lots for their year's valentines, just as did the Romans. When you grow a little older you must read what a famous Englishman, Samuel Pepys, who lived in the seventeenth century, had to say of Valentine's Day, also the valentine that Shakespeare wrote to his sweetheart, Anne Hathaway.

The very first valentine verses we know anything about were written by a French duke, Charles of Orleans, who was taken captive in the battle of Agincourt, of which many of you have studied in your English histories, and kept a prisoner in the Tower of London for twenty-five years. While there he wrote more than sixty valentines, which are still to be seen in the British Museum.



IN THE olden times on the night before Valentine Day maidens would pin bay leaves on their pillows, one at each corner and another in the middle, hoping to dream of their lovers. As, to make it more sure, they took out the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, filled it with salt, and ate it, shell and all, before going to bed, without speaking or drinking afterward, I should think most of the lovers those maidens saw must have looked like hobgoblins.

Even today in some English villages they have a very pretty custom, called valentining. The children gather in bands early in the morning and go from house to house singing:

"Good morrow to you, Valentine,
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind,
Good morrow to you Valentine."

At each place they visit they are thrown pennies or candies or some little gift, and have great fun scrambling for them.

Other English children get up before the sun rises on Valentine Day, to be the first to say "Good morning" to passersby, and thus "catch a valentine." However, if they are little sleepy heads and do not get to work before the sun is up woe is theirs, for they are "sun burnt" and are entitled to no reward.

The bought valentines, as we know them today, only appeared toward the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1849 a Miss Esther Howland, whose father kept a book store in Worcester, Mass., started the valentine business in America by cutting out pictures, pasting them on sheets of letter paper with scalloped edges, and had her young brother copy verses on them in his round, school-boy hand. These became so popular that Mr. Howland had to employ four young girls to help his daughter. Before long they were made more elaborate, and soon Miss Howland's valentines brought her in many thousands of dollars each year. Aren't you girls and boys glad she had such a bright idea?

Sweet Road to Fame.

"Elsie!" cried mamma, in consternation, "what do you mean by sticking your fingers into the pudding? I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well," responded the little girl, tearfully, "Jack Horner did, and you said yourself that it made him famous!"

A Natural History Lesson.

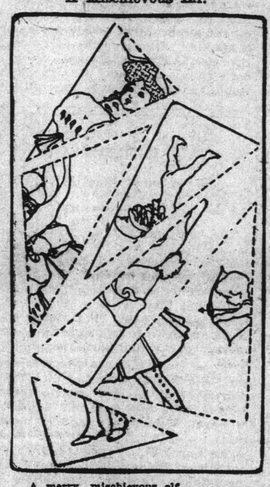
Little Son—Father, what is a quadruped?

Father—Oh, anything that has four legs.

Little Son—A piano?

Puzzles and Problems

A Mischievous Elf.



A merry, mischievous elf
At his naughty tricks will be caught
If you fit together these pieces small
In just the way that you ought.

Who is He?

. To leave.
. Skill.
. Talking birds.
. Where a Queen played dairymaid.
. The founder of the Hebrew race.
. Perpetual.
. A wanderer.
. A State House.
. A favorite pie.
. A passage for boats.
. Uncommon.
. One who prophesies.
. A branch of mathematics.
. Mischievous.

Guess these words, put them one below the other, and the letters marked by stars will spell a famous American, of whom we will hear much this week.

Not Hard to Guess.

My first five dollars oft is called,
In Arctic zone my next;
My third in lemonade is found,
My fourth in vexed and text.
In valentines my fifth is seen,
My sixth in ten and two;
My seventh's egotistical,
When forced too much in view;
My eighth in names is never missed,
My ninth's in East and West;
My last forms one-third of the sun.
As it sinks down to rest;
My whole is what each girl does hope
To find beneath her door
One day this week, to prove that she
Has sweethearts by the score.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE ANSWERS

What Countries?

Portugal (Port-ewe-gal).
Ireland (Ire-land).

A Famous Englishman.

Gladstone — Generation, lamentation, assimilation, dissertation, sensation, temptation, operation, numeration, emulation—Notation, nation, elevation, consummation, veneration.

What Cities.

1. Concord. 2. Lowell. 3. Providence. 4. Hartford (hart-ford). 5. Troy. 6. Newark (new-ark). 7. Reading (reading). 8. Canterbury. 9. Frederick. 10. Roanoke (row-an-oak). 11. Raleigh. 12. Columbia. 13. Savannah (savanna).

Answer to a Charade.

ROSEBUD.

Answer to Who Can Guess It?

HOSPITAL. (HOSS-PIT-AL.)

HARD TO BREATHE

LITTLE Marion was a very affectionate child, who dearly loved his mother. His chief delight was to give her great bear hugs, holding her fast around the neck till mother would cry out, "You're squeezing me so tight I can't get my breath!"

One day Marion was taken to the store to get a new pair of shoes. Several pairs were tried on, all of them too large.

At last, Mrs. Smith said, "Those will never do. Try a smaller pair."

When they were put on and buttoned, little Marion cried excitedly:

"Mamma, these shoes squeeze me so tight I can't get my breF!"

Grasping Mary.

Aunty — Mary dear, I'm thinking of buying you a doll for a valentine. What kind of one would you like?

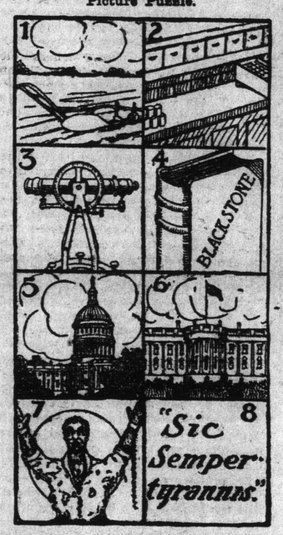
Mary — I think I'll take triplets, aunty.

Easy to Understand.

"Johnnie, my dear boy, I cannot imagine how you get your feet so wet," said mother.

"Can't you, mother; that's easy. Bill James and I waded in the gutter," replied Johnnie.

Picture Puzzle.



These pictures represent important events or epochs in the life of a great American whose birthday is in this month.

I wonder how many of Polly Evans' boys and girls can tell who was the man they represent and what part the pictures played in his life.

A Riddle.

I'm dreaded by the postman,
I'm loved by girls and boys,
I'm boon of every book store,
Who profits in my joys;
Sometimes a thing of sweetness,
Again, a horrid joke,
I either give great pleasure,
Or else do much provoke;
I'm fragile, gay, artistic,
I'm hideous to behold,
I'm called—now that is just the thing
I'm waiting to be told.

Additions.

Add the same syllable to each word and change a small dog to the combing of a horse; a conveyance to to bear; to dance, to unite in wedlock; a mother to a girl's name; ditto to a fish; a sailer to to delay; a margin to a girl's name; dispatched to a soldier on guard; to breathe quickly to a closet for provisions; a Scotch dog to a coal mine; a penalty in money to a decoration.

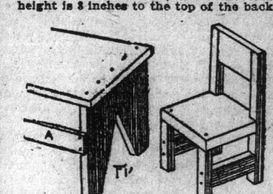
DOLLS' FURNITURE

OF COURSE, no young housekeeper could get along with just a bed and a dressing table, so this week Polly Evans will tell you how to build a table and chairs for the doll family.

You can make your table in two ways. Either as in the picture, where a top, 6 inches wide and 10 inches long, is supported by solid ends, 5 inches high and about an inch narrower than the top, and braced with side strips, nailed at A, as is shown in the picture; or the top, at each corner, may be nailed to four legs, each 5 inches long and ¾ of an inch square, and braced with strips nailed or glued on.

You should have at least four chairs like the one shown in the drawing.

The seat is 4 inches square, and 4 inches above the floor; while the total height is 8 inches to the top of the back.



The frame is made from sticks half an inch thick, and put together as shown in the cut.

The seat is three-eighths of an inch thick, and between the back posts a piece an inch and a half wide is let in to form the back.

These chairs can be quite varied. For instance, you might have two plain, as in the picture, simply painted with enamel, or varnished and shellacked, according to the way you finished the first furniture. Then you can have one chair with the seat covered with padding and covered with some pretty, plain material of one of the shades of the bed draperies; while another might be padded on seat and back, and have a valance or box-plaited piece, fastened around the seat with brass-headed nails, to conceal the legs.

I'm sure many of Polly Evans' ingenious little carpenters will have no difficulty at all in making this attractive set of furniture.

CANADA

Canadian M
Attracts
in Eng
Editoria

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Th
manufacturers' memorial a
spread attention here. Th
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article, also a strongly syn
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the memorial in a special
editorial articles. The Tm
the memorial, based as it
and carefully collected evi
of the most important docu
issued since the fiscal con
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actual situation with wh
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character of the arrangen
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mutual preference. The ar
summarized as follows. It
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tariff requires scientific and
justment, such as the Canad
ment has taken in hand.
course is a matter entirely
dians to decide.

Firstly, as regards the pre
Canadian manufacturers
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adapted to the conditions of
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Secondly, the present Can
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gives a very real and subst
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United States imports into
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Thirdly, Canadian free t
protectionists alike realise th
system of free importation,
duties so low as to subject
industries to the full force
States competition, Canada
to abandon her ideal of nati
opment, which aims at the
sible development of every
every branch of activity, whi
to national well being.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a con
Fall and Winter weather.
catch cold. Do you know a
Consumption Cure, the Lun
what it has done for so many
to be the only reliable re
diseases of the air passages
It is absolutely harmless and
take. It is guaranteed to cure
is returned. The price is 25
and all dealers in medicine se

SHILO

This remedy should be in ever

GOOD POSITION FOR
TORONTO

CHICAGO, Feb. 9—Dr. Be
brose Cohoe, of the medical
the University of Chicago
signed to accept a position a
physician and bacteriologis
John Hopkins Hospital at
Dr. Cohoe is a graduate of th
sity of Toronto, and came to
versity of Chicago two years
Cornell, where he was an ins
biology.

SUSSEX, N. B., Feb. 10.—
the freight shed here was br
Entrance was secured throu
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The thief then made his w
freight shed and removed s
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sight. The drawer in the offi
so broken open and a few
silver removed. There is no c
perpetrators. The authorities
advised and the matter will b
gated. This is the first robbe
ed in this town for some tim
has caused much talk.

The Celebrated
English Cocoa.

EPPS

An admirable food, wi
its natural qualities
This excellent Cocoa
tains the system in
health, and enables it to
winter's extreme co

COCO

The Most Nutritio
and Economical.