

A TRULY VALENTINE!

by Louise Oliver



LUELLA tramped down to the mail box through snow that had drifted as high as her knees. The postman was late. This was her third trip and it was almost dark. There was a good reason for the lateness, Luella knew, for it was Valentine day and more than likely the dozens of pink and blue sentiments he left along his route had caused the delay.

Her own heart was beating hard, not so much with the delicious joy of anticipation—for she hardly expected a valentine from anybody—as with excitement. What if, after all, somebody had thought of her!

As she drew near to the box she stopped for an instant. What if it was empty? Oh, well, she was used to not getting things, and life wouldn't be any different than before. She went on down to the box, lifted the lid and peeped in.

"Oh!" Luella's gray eyes widened with wonder. For there in the box lay another, cubical in shape, violet in color and tied with silver cord. "Oh!" she said again, standing on her tiptoes to get a better view.

She touched it cautiously lest it vanish. "It's a mistake, I know. No one in the world would send me something like that." She thought of all the people she knew and made a rapid retrospective of the one stationer's shop in town and its possibilities in the way of sentimental souvenirs.

There was no one she could think of who would send her anything, and nothing that she could remember that would come in a box like that. And Mr. Marks, she knew, had never seen silver string. He used red and white cord that looked like peppermint candy and since paper was so high he had even charged extra for envelopes.

She laid back the lid of the letter box and took the violet box tenderly in both hands as she would have lifted a sick baby. Yes, the name and address were hers. She had received a valentine.

She laid her cheek against its damp cold top, where the snowflakes were already doing their best to obliterate the address. "You darling," she whispered. "You dear!" Then she folded it carefully under her shawl and turned back to the house.

"Well," said Miss Mathilda, looking up from the stove where she was frying eggs for their supper, "was he here?"

Luella shut the door, still keeping her treasure out of sight. "Yes," she answered slowly. Then producing the box, "He left this."

"Hm! Who's it for?"

"Me."

"Who from?"

"I don't know."

"If I catch any of these young sillies hangin' round after you, I'll get rid of them in short order."

"But, auntie, no one is hanging round. And there's no harm in a valentine, is there?"

"It depends," said the older woman grimly. "Open it."

Luella laid the box on the white tablecloth beside her own plate and untied the cord with trembling fingers. Inside in a nest of damp tissue paper nestled a gorgeous bunch of double violets. With a little cry of joy she buried her face in the fragrant mass. "Oh, Aunt Mathilda, aren't they beautiful?"

"I suppose they're from that young fellow in New York," examining the wrapper for the postmark. "Yes, I thought so—New York!"

Luella started and her face went crimson.

"He needn't keep up that gratitude business forever!" her aunt went on. "It was all right in his automobile and we nursed him back to life for him to write a couple of times. But I answered both letters and told him as much as to mind his own business. That should have been an end to it. I know this sinful old world and when I was told to take care of you, I promised to do it and I have. The idea! He must be away up on the top of society in New York

and you a quiet little mouse of a girl away off here in the country. Why, you two haven't got any more in common than a weasel and a settlin' hen. He'll marry some rich girl of his own kind no matter what he says, and he needn't be makin' eyes at you. Violets indeed! Is there any card or letter or anything?"

"No, auntie!" Luella's lips trembled guiltily as she said it, for when she had buried her face in the flowers, she had noticed a little white card down among the leaves. But her aunt's words hurt her fully and she was afraid she couldn't stand any more.

"I'll put them in water on the sitting-room table," said Luella, filling a bowl and going into the other room. She slipped out the card and read. "Dear little girl, I love you, Bob."

Her heart hammering so she was afraid her aunt would hear it, and her face aflame with suppressed excitement, she went back and made an attempt to eat her supper.

But as the evening wore on, her aunt's words got in their effect. "He'll marry some rich girl of his own class." It was true, of course. And the card was only a valentine and it didn't mean anything. He was probably sending similar souvenirs with like sentiments to all the girls he knew.

So she went to bed and cried herself to sleep with the card tucked under her pillow, and dreamed that Bob was lying out of sight in a silver airship with violet wings and waving good-by to a crowd of girls, all of whom, when she looked more closely, had her own features.

She was awakened by the aunt calling, "Luella, oh, Luella. Do you think you could be ready to make the eight o'clock train? I've been thinking I could get those new curtains made if I had the stuff today. You could be back by noon."

"All right, auntie, I'll go!" Luella began dressing rapidly. The touch of the card had brought back everything and she was glad of a chance to get away.

She ate her breakfast and passed the sitting-room without once glancing in at the violets. Perhaps she was foolish to feel so about a valentine sent in fun, but they recalled her aunt's words too keenly.

She went straight from the station to the store and took the elevator to the fourth floor where she was directed for certain goods. She walked through a department of rich oriental rugs, the colors of which glowed wonderfully in the warm lights from skillfully placed lamps. She felt as if she had rubbed Aladdin's magical lamp and had suddenly been transported to the Orient.

A man came forward to ask if he could be of service and Luella, reluctantly turning her eyes away from the scene, gave a little cry, "Bob!"

"Luella! It was dear of you to come! Did you get my note?"

"Yes—but I—I—Will you please tell me where the curtain goods is? Aunt Mathilda sent me in to buy some."

There was a high-backed bench in a secluded corner concealed by palms. He drew her toward it, they can wait, dear, and I can't. Come and sit down and tell me you care enough to marry me, dear! When you save anyone's life, you have to pay the penalty by marrying him, you know."

"Aren't you just grateful?" she stammered.

"Perhaps!" he smiled.

"And don't you think you ought to marry a society girl?"

"I don't know anything about society and don't want to. I want you, that's all."

"Oh, Bob!" cried Luella happily. "Then it was a really truly valentine." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"They Can Wait, and I Can't."

Memory's Day.

St. Valentine's is Memory's day
For some of us who hold
A bit of satin put away
Engraved in tarnished gold.
"From one who gives his heart to you
And vows forever to be true."

St. Valentine's is Memory's day;
We watch the rising sun,
With lips that vainly strive to pray
Their Lord, "Thy will be done,
Love was so sweet, so brief its state,
And it is hard, so hard, to wait.

St. Valentine's is Memory's day,
Yet, like to that above,
Is blooming by an earthly way.
A long-remembered love,
And tender are the eyes that shine
Tear-gemmed, above a valentine.

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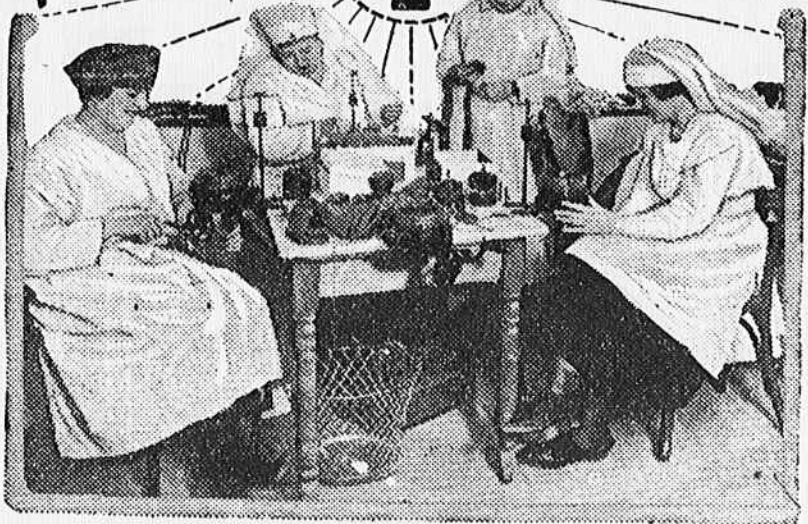
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What Can We Do?



Patterns of refugee garments for women are now ready and are known as official American Red Cross patterns, numbering from 151 to 158 inclusive. Making these garments is a work that every woman ought to do with a sense of gratitude that she is thus able to contribute something to the bodily and spiritual comfort of the women who have been caught in the maelstrom of war. Their case is pitiful. They have been driven from their homes and are dependent upon charity for the bare necessities of life.

It is inspiring to know that the women are responding to calls for needed garments and comforts for fighting men with untiring enthusiasm.

Knitting has become the habit with many, and they are providing the socks, sweaters, wristlets, ear-warmers and helmets that the men use, in great numbers. Some of them devote their time to making just one sort of garment. A lady of Coldwater, Mich., who is eighty-two years old, is sending us beautiful socks which she knits at the rate of one a day. This is a fine contribution to Red Cross work.

Another old lady makes only comfort kits, and is now well on toward the three hundredth kit. But most women really like to vary the work they do; those who knit undertaking

sweaters, wristlets, socks, etc., in turn, and resting up from knitting with work on surgical dressing, hospital linen or refugee garments by way of variety.

Mrs. Charles G. King, superintendent of the department of knitting and comforts for fighting men, in the Central division, which includes the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Illinois and Iowa, reports that 10,723 articles was the remarkable record of one day's inspection and packing of knitted goods from the state of Illinois alone, exclusive of the Chicago chapter, on January 17th.

Mrs. John Glass, superintendent of the department of surgical dressings, has received a letter from the associate director of bureau of development, national headquarters, in regard to the remarkable output of the drive for surgical dressings:

"The response to our appeal from all over the country has been very inspiring, and the Central division has had no small part in enabling us to take care of the special request we received from France. I hope that you will express to all those concerned our great appreciation of the work they have done."

Julie Bottomley

Fads and Fancies of Fashion



NEGLIGEEES GROW MORE LUXURIOUS.

It is a tie between evening gowns and negligees when we make comparisons and draw conclusions as to the most fascinating things that women wear. The negligee may adopt any style it will, be of any gay color it likes, follow no set fashion, for it is one garment at least in which any woman may indulge her fancy—if it is whimsical so much the better. It is for the eyes of her household and she may do as she likes with it.

The lovely negligee which has a representation to many eyes here must have been inspired by a simple classic robe and elaborated with lace and floating draperies of crepe. It is of pale pink satin, with a wide border of heavy lace about the bottom of the satin slip. There is a short bodice with band of lace across the bust. The skirt portion of the slip appears to be laid in narrow plaits across the front.

The satin slip with pleat edge at the bottom makes a brilliant foundation for soft draperies of crepe georgette. As to the intricacies of their hanging, that is something not at all easy to tell about. Every negligee

has a fashion of its own. These draperies which are so gracefully pictured are of light pink georgette. They are finished in points weighted with silk and silver ornaments and balls.

Beginning with an underslip of satin and finishing with a coat of lace, or a mantle of crepe georgette, almost any woman may fashion a negligee suited to her own style and figure. She is not apt to finish it without bringing narrow ribbons into the play of lovely materials and she will not wear it without slippers that are dainty enough to rank in the same class as the negligee.

Julie Bottomley

Feminine Frills.
The coat tunic is a novelty. Many wraps are in cape style. Tapestry shopping bags are new. Satin coats are heavily embroidered. Fluted ribbons are used for trimming.

Stock collars are made of white satin.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is a capitalist—
The cultivator contentment sweet,
And loves his work whatever it be,
Loves quiet glens where waters meet
And friends and flowers and melody!
—J. H. Ayers.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

New dishes are being originated every day, because the housewives are putting more thought on what to eat.

Risotto.—Put two tablespoonfuls of olive oil into a saucepan, and a cupful of rice. Cook, stirring carefully with a fork 15 minutes, then add two cupfuls of stock, a quart of tomatoes put through a sieve, three tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, a half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a few grains of cayenne, cook an hour at a low temperature, add a cupful of mushrooms cut in slices and sautéed in butter. Serve hot with grated Parmesan cheese.

Potage Albert.—Soak a cupful of Lima beans over night in four cupfuls of water. In the morning add a cupful of string beans and cook together until the beans are soft. Add one potato and one tomato, cook until soft, remove and mash with enough olive oil to make a paste. Add to the bean mixture with salt and pepper to taste, bring to the boiling point and serve hot.

French Fried Cornmeal Mush.—Mix three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, a teaspoonful of salt, add it slowly to three cupfuls of boiling water. Stir and cook several hours in a fireless cooker or in a double boiler. Add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, spread in a pan three-fourths of an inch thick. When cold and firm cut in strips and dip in sifted crumbs and then in egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper.

Ohio Pudding.—Sift together one cupful each of flour, sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda. To these ingredients add a cupful each of grated raw potato, grated carrot, currants and raisins. Mix well and put into buttered half-pound baking powder cans. Put the molds in a kettle and cook 20 minutes, then set away in the fireless cooker and leave three hours. One hour will be sufficient if cooked on the top of the range.

Ohio Sauce.—Cream a half cupful of sweet fat, a cupful of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls each of chopped pecans and dates and a half teaspoonful of lemon extract. Mix well and serve.

Taint no use! all to complain,
Cause the sky's foretelling rain,
Taint no use to growl an' fuss,
Only makes the wet seem worse.

WAYS WITH CODFISH.

Codfish is such a wholesome, common and easily prepared fish that we should use it in many more combinations.

Fish Balls With Tomato Sauce.—Take one and a half cupfuls of flaked fish, three cupfuls of potatoes. Cook together until the potatoes are tender, then mash and beat very light, add one cupful of milk, a seasoning of salt and pepper, shape into balls and roll in beaten egg and sifted bread crumbs, then fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with half a cupful of strained tomato, three pepper corns, a bay leaf, stew and remove the seasoning, rub through a sieve and thicken with a tablespoonful each of flour and butter, creamed together, cook for five minutes, season and pour around the fish balls.

Baked Codfish With Cheese.—Take two cupfuls of flaked fish, one cupful of mashed potatoes, two eggs, three cupfuls of milk, a half cupful of sweet fat, a fourth of a cupful of grated cheese, and two milk crackers rolled. Mix all together, add the beaten egg and seasoning to taste, cover with well buttered crackers, and bake.

Cream of Codfish on Toast.—Take two cupfuls of shredded fish, simmer until tender. Take a cupful of rich, sour cream, salt and a little flour, cook until smooth, pour over well buttered toast after adding the fish to the sauce.

Mme. Begue's Codfish With Beans.—Take one-half pound of large white beans, one large onion, one pound of codfish, salt and pepper to taste. Cook the beans with the onion and seasoning until tender. Put four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, add the beans and fish with water, if needed, a sprinkling of parsley and cook until thoroughly heated.

A most delicious codfish gravy may be made by using sour cream instead of milk and butter.

Opportunities.
The reason opportunities are neither recognized nor embraced lies in the composition of the tissues, the flesh, and the blood, called man. One man perceives one kind, his blood brother sees a lesser or many better ones. John pushes through the habits he acquires all too early; James overcomes the temperament he and his fine brothers partly inherited.

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WASH THE KIDNEYS!

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every few minutes. This is why the kidneys play such an important role in health or disease. By some mysterious process the kidney selects what ought to come out of the blood and takes it out. If the kidneys are not good-workmen and become congested—poisons accumulate and we suffer from backache, headache, lumbago, rheumatism or gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed at night. So it is that Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., advises "Washing the Kidneys," by drinking six to eight glasses of water between meals and then if you want to take a harmless medicine that will clear the channels and cure the annoying symptoms, go to your druggist and get Anuric (double strength), for 60c. This "Anuric," which is so many times more potent than lithia—will drive out the uric acid poisons and bathe the kidneys and channels in a soothing liquid.

If you desire, write for free medical advice and send sample of water for free examination. Experience has taught Doctor Pierce that "Anuric" is a most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial package.

DRIVE MALARIA OUT OF THE SYSTEM



BABEK for That Tired Feeling

A GOOD TONIC AND APPETIZER



W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 7-1918.

HAD KEEN EYE TO BUSINESS

Good Reason Why Young Man Did Not Desire House as Gift From His Father-in-Law.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the Y. M. C. A. camp in New Jersey, where he has been doing volunteer war work, told a story about a mean young man.

"This mean young man," he said, "married a girl of wealthy parentage, and the young couple began their wedded life in a house belonging to the bride's father."

"Not long ago, while we were discussing market conditions together, I asked the young man if it was true that his father-in-law had made him a present of the house he lived in."

"It's a very generous thing, if so?" I added.

"Well, it ain't so," said the young man. "That is, it ain't exactly so. He offered me the house, but I wouldn't accept it."

"Why not?" said I.

"He winked solemnly. 'The house is sure to be willed to me when my father-in-law dies,' he said, 'and meanwhile I'm living in it rent free, while the old man pays the taxes.'"

There are a lot of worse things than a wet day in a dry town.

Never try to feed a healthy credit on promissory notes.



Your comfortable, healthy well-to-do neighbor uses

INSTANT POSTUM

instead of coffee.

Ever ask him the reason?

Might be worth while—especially if you are one of those with whom coffee doesn't agree.

"There's a Reason"