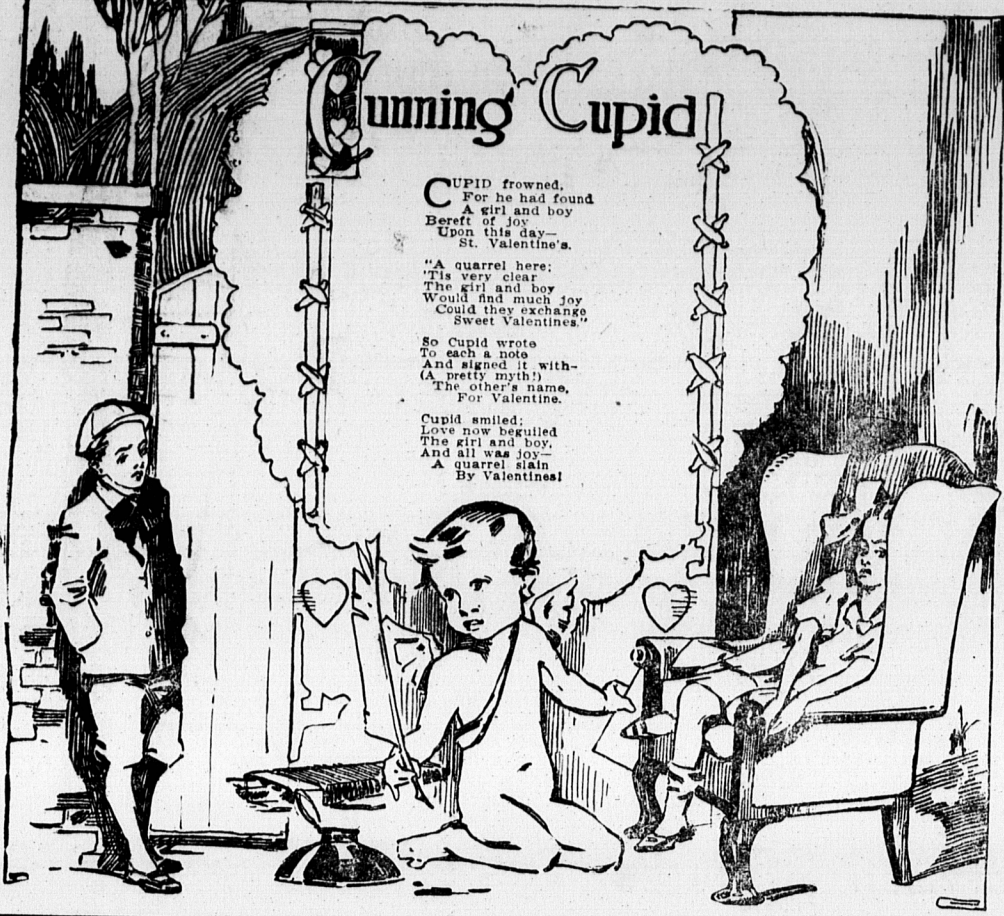


POLLY EVAS' STORY FACE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Cunning Cupid

CUPID frowned, for he had found a girl and boy bereft of joy upon this day—St. Valentine's.

"A quarrel here: 'Tis very clear: The girl and boy would find much joy could they exchange Sweet Valentines."

So Cupid wrote to each a note and signed it with—(A pretty myth!) The other's name, For Valentine.

Cupid smiled: Love now beguiled The girl and boy—And all was joy—A quarrel slain—By Valentine!

Marian's Tribute to St. Valentine

HAVING carefully addressed the last envelope, and still poised the pen between her little fingers, Marian stared thoughtfully into space.

"Mother, dear, who was Saint Valentine?" she asked.

"There is a story," replied her mother, "of a high priest named Valentine who lived in Rome during the reign of the cruel Emperor Claudius. A good man was Valentine. Rich and poor came to worship in the Greek temple, where he held service, and all loved him. A time came when the men of Rome had to march away to war. But the wars lasted for many years, so that after a while the young men did not wish to be separated from their sweethearts any longer, and the older men insisted they must stay at home to take care of their families. This angered the emperor. He said all the able men must go away to fight. Furthermore, he ordered that all engagements for marriage be broken, and that there be no marrying until he gave permission. As time passed, however, the girls who were to be married, and now could not, became very unhappy, and some of them died; while the young men grew much discouraged and sad with grief. Therefore, the high priest Valentine set about marrying the young people.

"Cast him into a dungeon," cried the emperor, when he found his commands were being disobeyed. He was thrown into a damp underground cell, where the daylight never came. Yet he did not give up. He thought of the people's memory, for each year his birthday was celebrated, and many were married on the day. Many of his changed notes of love and friendship. These, in time, came to be known as valentines.

"Thank you, mother; I shall remember what a good man Saint Valentine was, and I shall always think of him when I send out my valentines." As she said this, Marian deftly inserted in its envelope the one remaining valentine—a dainty little thing, seemingly made of lace and gold and decorated with chubby cupid's bearing quivers and bows for



"What wonderful plans is my little puss making now?" he asked, playfully chucking her under the chin.

Marian smiled brightly at him, but she said nothing, letting her mother explain.

"I suppose she's thinking of the valentine she has ready for mailing. She has addressed all those valentines and bought for her in the city the other day, although Saint Valentine's Day won't be here for a week. Isn't she an industrious little miss?"

"Indeed she is!" heartily responded the father.

Still Marian was silent; but after dinner, while her father was enjoying his cigar, she crept up to her room.

"Daddy," she began, "do you think Saint Valentine would like our teacher to get an ugly valentine and have her feelings hurt?"

"No, I shouldn't think she would," answered her father.

Marian continued earnestly. "Well, her one, 'cause she reported him to the principal. An' I know lots of others are going to send in valentines that Valentine will be sure to like. Saint Valentine will be sure to like 'em."

"I imagine she will, dear," said her father gravely. "But what scheme are you carrying in your little head?"

"You'll help me make this a happy Saint Valentine's Day for Balsamhurst, I'm sure, daddy. An' that's what I want to do. Mr. Jackson keeps the only store in town where they sell valentines, an' I wish you'd buy people won't be made miserable. It won't cost you such an awful lot, will it, daddy? Folks say you're the richest man in town."

"I suppose I am," said father, with a chuckle. "And, puss, he added, 'if making other people happy is going to bring such happiness to you, I'll see that your plan goes through.'"

"Oh, thank you, daddy," Marian cried, giving him a great, big hug in her joy.

The next morning saw Marian and her father before the one stationery store of Balsamhurst. They paused a moment to gaze upon the array of valentines in the window. But Marian was anxious to complete her mission. Inside the shop she dragged her father there to listen with a gleeful smile as her father stated his errand to the astonished Mr. Jackson. The merchant made some feeble protest, but he had too much respect for the wealthy New York banker to refuse, and so Marian gained her point.

"Well, puss, are you satisfied now?" asked the father, as they stepped into their carriage.

"Yes, daddy," whispered Marian, her eyes shining. "I think I've done my best to show respect for Saint Valentine."

"I believe you have," returned her father, musingly. "Surely Saint Valentine could have made no better reply, when the fourteenth day of February came and passed without leaving in its wake the usual bitterness. No unhappiness was felt by any one in Balsamhurst this Saint Valentine's Day, save those who wanted to send wicked valentines—and they deserved the disappointment."

Betty Learns the Romance of her Dream-self

STEALTHILY Betty crept up the attic stairs and tiptoed across to the little window, which lay directly under the eaves of the old farmhouse. The light, filtering through panes covered with dust and cobwebs, fell in patches upon the antique chest. Betty flung open the lid with eagerness. A moment of fumbling, and the precious Thought and Dream Diary was in her hand.

This, you must know, was the diary of her Dream-Self, that other Betty, who had lived years and years before, yet who seemed strangely like the "old-fashioned" Betty of the present.

The little girl's heart beat quickly; her fingers trembled as she separated the discolored leaves. For a long time she had restrained her desire to devour the unread contents of the book at one sitting, striving to content herself reading the notes of a date corresponding with the present day of the month. Thus she would probe her pleasure. Today was February the 13th. She would read in the diary about St. Valentine's Day.

Betty's heart throbbed more violently than ever as she hesitatingly passed the date of February 13. There before her eyes was the space which should have been devoted to St. Valentine's Day. With a gasp of disappointment, she saw there was no writing, and that the diary had come to an end. But, stay! Between the pages was tucked what seemed to be a little note, yellow with age and still bearing a faint odor of lavender.

"A valentine!" whispered Betty, as she reverently unfolded the circular sheet of paper, adorned with faint hearts, whose points turned toward the center. Here was written a verse. Betty softly repeated the words aloud:

"Whit' ev'ry gallant chants her praise 'Tis mine of Betty to complain, Made a poor prisoner while I gaze, I feel in ev'ry smile chin."

It was signed "Godfrey." Betty wondered who Godfrey was. Every moment her curiosity became greater. Was this a secret she should never learn about her Dream-Self?

She heard a step beside her. Startled, she turned, expecting to find Aunt Jane, who, she knew, would scold her for "fooling among old scraps of papers instead of doing something useful."

But no, it was Grandma Hereford, who bent over her reassuringly and said:

"I wondered if I should find you here. I see that you, too, like to rummage among old relics."

Grandma was different from Aunt Jane—much different. Several times, on grandma's former visits, Betty had thought of telling her about the Thought and Dream Diary. Always, however, the temptation to keep it her own secret had been too strong. But now she unfolded her tale about the discovery of the old diary and of the splendid writings therein.

Nodding sympathetically, grandma stroked the head of the little girl. "Then she gently took from the valentine."

"Betty," said she, with a far-away look in her eyes, "would you like to hear the story of the valentine, pausing for reply, she went on, speaking softly:

"This Betty was my great-grandmother. And this is the valentine she received when she was about 16 years old.



"THE TERRIFIED MOUSE FLED ACROSS THE HALL"

could he be from whom she received a valentine the first. Early in the morning she stole from her room down to the hall, where the letters from the post were always laid upon a little table. Two missives there were. Something told her they were both for her. But, in order to be entirely just, she closed her eyes as she reached out to take one of them. Just at that instant a mouse sprang upon the table, seized one of the letters in his mouth, and darted away with it.

"Betty, forgetting her dread of mice, sped frantically in pursuit. Now that this letter was being carried away, she felt that she wanted it the more. The door of the immense hall clock being left slightly ajar, through the crack leaped the mouse. But the lassie wasn't daunted. She battered on the door, rattled the weight, and dropped until the terrified mouse again fled across the hall. Nor was it until he had almost reached the hole in the wall that the letter. Betty could hardly wait to open the valentine. You may be sure that she looked at it with a gasp when she saw the verse and the name of—

"But you know my great-grandfather's name was Godfrey, my dear?"

So this was the story the older Betty had never written in her diary. Betty sighed, and wondered whether a Godfrey would ever come to close the diary she was writing.

"You will be as beautiful as my great-grandmother, I think—and she was the prettiest girl in all Maryland," said grandma, with a tender smile, though guessing the little girl's thoughts.

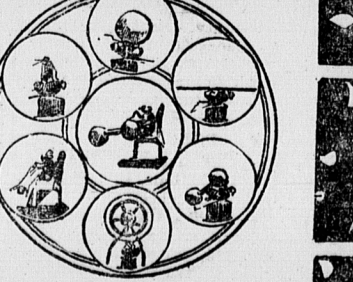
Fly Acrobats

ACCORDING to our way of thinking, flies would seem to be doing clever gymnastic "stunts" almost all the time. You remember the verse, beginning:

"Baby Bye, here's a fly: Let us watch him, you and I."

That fly, when he simply walked across the ceiling, performed a trick that couldn't be done even by one of the best circus men.

And now, in London, flies have proved that they can also juggle and balance objects, such as miniature dumb-bells. The picture gives you an idea of some of the difficult feats these tiny insects are capable of.



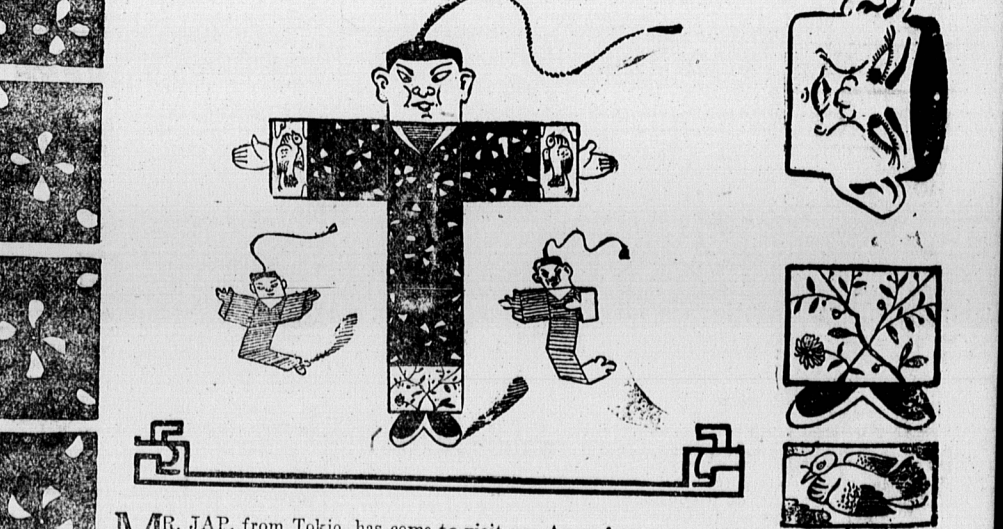
"THEY PAUSED A MOMENT TO GAZE ON THE ARRAY OF VALENTINES"

their mischievous archery practice. A sweet verse was prettily lettered inside its covers.

"I think Saint Valentine will be pleased with my valentines," murmured the little girl to herself, "because I send them to make people happy. But I don't believe he likes bad, comic valentines."

When Marian's father came home from New York city that evening, he observed the serious look on his daughter's face.

Our Visitor From Tokio



MR. JAP, from Tokio, has come to visit us. An unfortunate accident while traveling, however, has caused Mr. Jap to reach us in pieces. But it will be a simple matter to put him together so that he will look as spick and span as he does in the picture above.

It must be admitted that Mr. Jap's lavishly decorated robe is built upon rather straight and narrow lines. Yet, after you have pasted the different parts of his body upon pasteboard, then cutting them out, and have joined these parts together with pieces of stout paper (the size shown above), you will find the Japanese gentleman to be not as stiff and dignified as might have been expected. For he will nod his head, seat himself, kneel, salute with his arms, and when you have placed a bit of cord through his hat, for a queue, he will dance in a most sprightly fashion. Mr. Jap, I might as well tell you, is a jumping-jack.

The Contest of Endurance

"MAY the gods have pity on me! A coward am I. How I fear the contest on the morrow. My comrades despise me, my instructors cannot bear with me, and even my parents are ashamed of me—a weakling. Yet it must be that heroes are born heroes. I've tried—oh, how I have tried—yet fear and weakness are constantly with me."

Ever and anon the Spartan lad groaned to himself. For an hour he had freedom from his training, where he and his fellows were trained into hardness and strength. But the youth had not developed as had his companions. And now, with the thought of the grueling contest before him, he muttered his woes to mother earth as he lay upon the sward of the hillside.

As she was dressing was the boy saw the altar in the Athenian Temple of Artemis Orthia. Indeed, so he thought he had seen that the nine other lads took additional courage at beholding his pitiable condition, and



RUINS OF ALTAR OF ARTEMIS ORTHIA

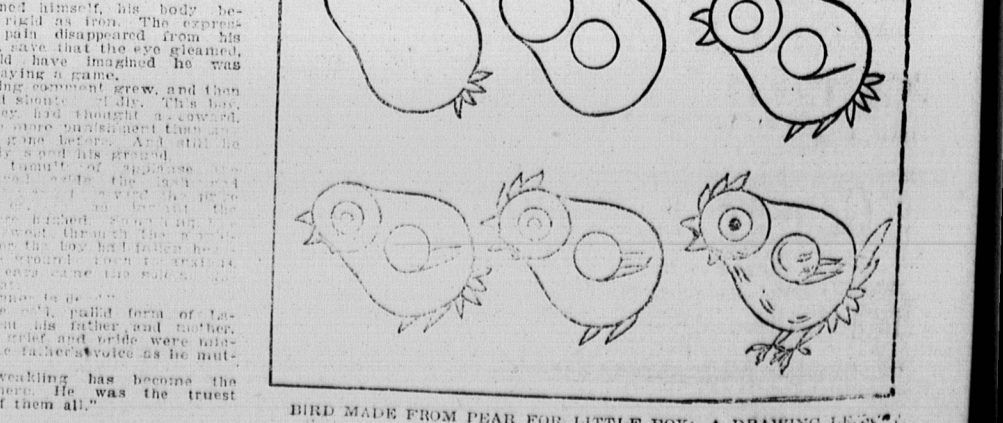
that the "contest of endurance" was about to take place—that ten Spartan lads would show the results of their rigorous training in order to prove themselves worthy of soon entering the noblest regions of Sparta. He who best bore the public whippers, without cry or protest, was to be awarded a prize of merit.

One after another the "contestants" submitted to the entire lash. Seven cutting into the flesh, seven even cutting into the bones.

"A hero! A little hero!" shouted the crowd as each bore the punishment with fortitude. Some were over, as before others were; but none even so much as whispered,

"One of them has felt the nearest agony it descended upon their bodies. A murmur of disapproval ran through the crowd as they saw that the poor lad could hardly stand erect. Lamented parents hung their heads and frowned. They were over, as unworthy to be called a Spartan.

Once, twice, three, the lash fell. Then, to the surprise of the multitude, the boy's quivering lips passed themselves army together, he



BIRD MADE FROM PEAR FOR LITTLE BOY: A DRAWING BY...