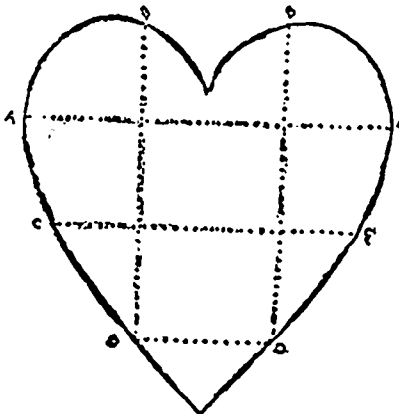




A VALENTINE PARTY.

About 25 young people received invitations to Bessie Long's valentine party. The invitations were written on large paper hearts, then folded into a



square and sealed. The accompanying design shows the way in which this was done. Fold the top down across the dotted line A A, then the sides over from the lines B B, then the top down again from C C, and lastly the point upward from D D. A drop of sealing wax at the place where the point touches the paper sufficiently fastens the whole.

The guests were ushered into a room the walls of which were quaintly adorned with valentines of all sizes, shapes, kinds, colors and ages. These were the property of the Long family and were owned by various members of the family, from dear old grandmother down to Baby Willie. Much amusement was gained from a study of the host of love tokens, and grandma soon had an eager crowd about her clamoring for stories of some of the quaint old valentines that the long-ago lover of her youth had sent to her. Tender little stories were, with now and then a merry one sandwiched in between.

When interest in this amusement began to wane, the guests were seated at little tables by fours and told to see which should be the quickest to evolve complete hearts from the ruins before them. In the center of each table was a pile of bits of cardboard of all shapes and colors. These were to be put together in shape, and the table using up all of its bits soonest was to have a prize, which went to the person at that table who had set up the most of those on the table. Each pile contained nine hearts, so that it was impossible for all to have an equal number. The prize consisted of a very handsome valentine.

Another game consisted of a large heart about three feet across on which appeared the outline drawings of some 40 small hearts. This was placed in the middle of a large table together with a pretty dish full of small hearts. The players gathered about the table and endeavored to fit the cut-out hearts into the outlines. Each player in turn picked up a heart and had three trials to fit it where it belonged. As the hearts were so nearly the same size this was a puzzling trick. If he succeeded in three trials he might try again. If unsuccessful he must slip the heart beneath the pile and let some one else try. Tally was kept by a pile of small candy hearts, one of which was given to each person who matched a heart successfully. These were kept till the end of the game, and the person holding most of them was entitled to a prize. As a reward he was solemnly presented with a large heart of white gum. This and the mottos on the candy hearts of course only added to the fun.

During the evening a lunch was served consisting of cakes, cream and tarts. These last were brought in by a maiden dressed to represent the queen of hearts. Two kinds of cakes, both decorated with hearts, and one being heart-shaped, were served with the cream. After this was brought in a large sponge cake, which contained two prizes, a silver friendship heart and a little silk pin. It chanced that the two prizes fell to the lot of a young man and girl who happened to be great

friends, if not more, and so a great deal of fun was made of them, as the assertion was made beforehand that the two winners would be the first to be married, but that they would never wed one another.

Just before leaving, Cupid's postman came around and distributed comic valentines to all as souvenirs of the occasion. These were made by the hostess, who is quite an artist, and were really comic, consisting of cunning fat cupids in various occupations and each accompanied with verses suitable to the subject of the party. For instance, one showed a cupid hiding behind a great rose bush and watching the struggles of a charming little fairy who was vainly trying to escape from a fancy mouse trap. With it was the quotation, "Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." After the valentines were all examined the guests melted away into the silent night, chattering merrily of the pleasant time just past.—[Myrtle.]

FROM OUR YOUNG AMERICANS.

Scottish Chiefs—I think Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales delightful. But what could be more sad and thrilling than Uncle Tom's Cabin? The pathos of some parts, especially the life and death of little Eva, is sublime. Have you read Scottish Chiefs? If you have not, you will never know what a treat you have missed until you do read it. It is the most thrillingly pathetic book I ever read, and any one who could read it without crying is harder-hearted than I am. That Sour Seventeen may know I am near her age, I will remark I am —[Sweet Seventeen, Wyoming.]

Younger Readers—I am one of those girls that likes to be out-doors with



papa. I have a sister named Zilpha. She is 12 years old. And I have very many pets I am fond of. [Delta Doan, Michigan.]

My mamma died when I was four years old, and I live with my grandma and grandpa on a farm. I have a

little sister younger than I am. Her name is Clare. Don't you think it a pretty name? She lives in Manitoba and I live in Ontario.—[Mary C. Bolton, Ten.]

We have lots of buffalo and cactuses where I live, and pretty wild flowers, but not any trees yet. I had a birthday party the first day of June. It was my eighth birthday. There were 32 here, and I got 30 presents. I had a trolley car swing and teeter board, and we had lots of fun.—[Florence E. Rummell, Nebraska.]

I was riding a balky horse the other day, and she fell down with me, and nearly broke my arm. I am not as fond of riding her as I was. I have a large doll and her name is Mabel. I do not play with her at all, as I think she is too nice and I am too large.—[Alta Lorina Clark, Oregon.]

I have a little doll that I named Leona. I have three brothers and one sister. My sister's name is Clarice. My brothers' names are Elzie, Leslie and Wayne. I am nine years old to-day. Papa has six horses and one colt. School will commence to-morrow. I am going to speak a piece entitled The reaper and the flowers. If I see this printed I will write again.—[Lennie Webster.]

I have read many poems, but I like Tennyson's best, such as Enoch Arden. If any of you have read this poem you can just understand my feeling exactly. Longfellow will do to compare with Tennyson. I am in the eighth grade, but our school is dismissed at present on account of small-pox. How I hated that to occur!—[A. D. Lingel.]

I go to the Edward Everett school on Summer street, Dorchester, Mass. I like all the scholars. Five or six of us have great sport between school hours. I have not any real favorites in my room, but like them all.—[American Girl, Twelve.]

I had a flock of hens, but when we moved I had to sell them. I felt awfully bad, especially about the one I had named Dewey. I go to school and

have a long way to go. I carry my dinner and don't get home till most dark. I don't have much time to do housework, do I? But I help mamma and papa all I can. I am taking music lessons, and have all my practice to do after school.—[Maud C. Clare, Maine.]

I like to read Robinson Crusoe, Boots and Saddles and American Family Robinson. I do not like it. Louis Stevenson. I have all of his works.—[Nebraska Tough.]

I like to ride horses and am a good rider. Scott is my favorite author. How many of the Y A's have read the Lady of the Lake, by Scott?—[C. Campbell (Twelve), Washington.]

Troublesome—Some of you Y A's said that you believed you could read for a



week. I believe I could read for a month. Water Lily, what on earth do you want to fall in love at 14 for? For my part, I think it is very troublesome to fall in love. I don't think there is any chance of chronic whispering dying out in our school, or chronic giggling either. The latter is not confined to schools alone. I play a great deal on the organ. I am very much fonder of poetry than of prose, though I like prose, too. My teacher doesn't like me to read novels now. He says it interferes with my studies. I do not in the least understand about the letter circles. Where do you direct them to?—[Virginia James.]

Address Letter Circle Dept. F & H, sending 10c, age and address, then we put you in a circle of other boys and girls, sending full particulars for corresponding.

Deceitful Girls—The trouble with a great many girls of today is their deceit. I very much dislike deceitful girls. Shakespeare says, "To thine own self be true, and it follows as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man." When the boy who has been deceived awakes to his folly and learns his sad mistake, then, in the horrors of anguish, when his last hopes are fleeing from him will he smite himself and repent, "Vanity, vanity! Behold, all things are vain." Boys, beware of deceitful girls. Woe unto girls because of their deceit. Think of these lines from Hamlet:

"Thinkest thou there are no serpents in this world. But those who glide along the grassy sod And sting the luckless foot that presses them? There are who in the path of social life Do hawk their spotted skins in fortune's sun, And sting the soul, ay, till its healthful frame Is changed to secret festering sore disease. So deadly is the wound!" [Vernon Mangum.]

The High School Corner—Fenimore Cooper is my favorite novelist and Longfellow my favorite poet. I also enjoyed Miss Alcott's Little Women very much. I live in the country and enjoy riding my wheel in summer and skating in the winter. Please let us hear from Eva Claiborne and her wonderful school soon again. Hurrah for the high school corner.—[Brown-Eyed Jess.]

This is my first year in high school. I have a great deal of fun at school, but it is not all fun either. There is some pretty difficult work, too, at school. I am also secretary of the Reformed Sunday school and attend as regularly as possible.—[Young American, Ohio.]

I am like Fred S., and I like to play Hobson with the young ladies. How many of our young readers like to dance? I am very fond of it, and I take in all the dances around about. I go to school. I am in my sophomore year in the Salamanca high school. I intend to go to Yale and be like Frank Merriwell, the hero of Hurl S. Standish's works.—[Charles Burnham, New York.]

I would like to write to you, Ontario Dorothy. I am a Hoosier state high school girl (16) and your tastes are mine. I love vocal music, study literature, draw, and have my own saddle

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