Color This Valentine For Baby

Say, darling little dimple cheeks,

Of Dad's and Mom's and mine,

To be my Valentine.

Please nod your head when I ask you

Maybe baby can't read this valen tine, but she'll like it just the same if you will color it brightly with crayons. Cut it out and paste it on a stiff piece of cardboard. Then crayon it in. Tomorrow there will be one for

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN_

THE INVALID'S TRAY

Sister Mary Suggests Proper Desserts To

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS CHAPTER XVII—FIASCO

By Zoe Beckley_ POLLY could have torn the frock to pieces in the frenzy of vexation that overwhelmed her. It was not only the lost 800 francs, plus the quite gone, her nerves in the grip of tax which brought the thing to near-ly seventy-five dollars, that hurt. Paul stood a moment gazing in It was the devastating disappoint-ment—and the realization that she that she really was miserable, that had been deceived and cheated. get bad clothes in Paris any more having done an unwise. ill-judged than you could get poor food. Yet thing, was not a trifle, after all. He there was this awful frock, which knew how that was in business. He bulged where it should have receded had been guilty of something, rather and was stiff where it should have similar at the office that very day. been soft and supple! It made her "Polly," he crept softly to the bed

ook like a Dutch market woman. ather than go on with the order something: and have this hideous rag to show "You're going to give that dress

ittle money for it.

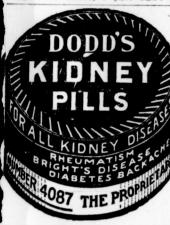
"Hello, dearest, what doing—dress-up right.
"And no

ves, dear! What's happened to my ame and not have to tell you what duck and champagne and strawberry fool I've made of myself." Polly's ice. ears burst out afresh. Paul took her

his arms. me, darling. You know with the janitor's wife!" "Tell nere's nothing you could do that ould make you seem a fool to me

Polly told her woeful story. "And look at the thing!" she ended, ith a despairing gesture, turning und and round for inspection. "What's the matter with it? Seems etty good to me, Polly!'

"But Paul-how can you say it's right! Don't you see what a-'Aw. come on! Let's go for a walk re had a tussle at the office today "My head aches, I just can't go



Monday February 13

GIFTS THAT LAST

For Your Valentine

St. Valentine's Day calls for the

exchange of tokens, unpreten

tious in themselves, perhaps, but

fraught with sentiment and good

wishes. Make YOUR gift

typify an abiding friendship by

selecting it at your Jeweller's

GIFTS THAT LAST

A Gift of Jewellery is always wel-

come - always appropriate - and

always in good taste. Buy "Gifts

that Last" from your Jeweller. There

are hundreds of such gifts at all prices

Look for this sign where you shop

GIFTS THAT LAST

under \$5,00 or over \$5.00

the disappointment had gone deep She had supposed you couldn't and the sense of being to blame, of

ok like a Dutch market woman. and put his hand on her hot fore-Why hadn't she been firm and head. "Forgive me, my own girl. crificed her hundred-franc deposit I understand. And let me tell you

or it!
to the janitor's wife (there must be a janitor somewhere), and you're rock off. She would use her own going tomorrow to the best gown-ittle money for it. . She would maker in Paris and get yourself oundle it up and send it to her poor frocked out like an empress (do embusins back home. Paul need know presses dress well, dear?) and you're nothing about her humiliating fail-ire. not going to give a d-a dime what it costs because you're my wife, and But before she had it off, Paul the most beautiful woman in France and I'm going to have my wife fixed

"And now you and your husband are going to walk on the Champs Elysees, and then take a cab "Oh, Paul, don't ask. I wanted Marguery's and have green turtle get rid of the thing before you soup and filet de sole and pressed

"If you don't look up and kiss me this instant I shall-go to dinner

> (To Be Continued). (Copyright, 1922).

Spare Time Jobs



F you leave the kitchen sink shelf soaked and possibly stained. In a breaks into splinters.

uncovered it soon becomes watershort time the grain of the wood Avoid this by covering with heavy oil cloth. You can wash this and keep the kitchen looking bright. Hot water and soap will take out the dirt



ery than most cooks realize. Frozen Cream. One cup whipped cream, 11/2 table-

main dish.

Never serve

sick person any-

thing that is not

perfect in its way.

is over-baked and

Fold sugar into whipped cream. Add vanilla and turn into a baking powder can. Pack in ice and rock salt and let stand three hours, stirring occasionally.

Junket Ice Cream For One. Three-fourths cup sweet milk, 14 cup sugar, 1/4 junket tablet, 2 teaspoons cold water, 1/2 teaspoon

vanilla, 1/4 cup whipping cream. Heat milk and sugar until luke warm. Remove from fire and stir in the junket tablet dissolved in the about 4 tablespoons mashed prunes. Crush the tablet before Add sugar, salt, cream of tartar and arms. covering with water. Let the milk vanilla to prunes. stand until it cools and jellies. Then Beat white of eg baking powder can. Pack in a pail in the and rock salt and pour over a strong brine. In ten minutes scrape down the edges of the mixture and beat in the cream whipped until stiff.

The vanina and pour into a lightly buttered custard cup or the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves. Three out of the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves. Three out of the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves. Three out of the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time selves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time selves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time selves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time selves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves again. They had perished in the tunnel.

The could put a finger on the time the forehead—in the dark, too. Some help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. Three out of the take help themselves. Three out of the twenty-nine would never help themselves. beat in the cream whipped until stiff. Let stand two or three hours, (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service).

dainty and appe- water can seep into it and spoil the drawer, apparently carelessly and of the pit. tizing. Very often ice cream. The junket makes the the dessert adds milk more easily digested. Baked Custard.

the nourishment Three-fourths cup milk, 2 dessertof the meal as the 14 teaspoon vanilla or few gratings

> Scald milk. Beat eggs slightly with sugar and salt and pour milk slowly into egg. Pour into two slightly buttered custard cups and set in a pan

spoons powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons hat water. The earthenware holds flashes ripped the blackness. the heat and keeps on cooking the custard a bit.

Prune Souffle.

One egg (white), 4 tablespoons mashed stewed prunes, 1 tablespoon cream of tartar, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla. Wash prunes and soak in cold water for three or four hours. Cook in the same water till soft. Remove

Beat white of egg till stiff and dry callously after he had turned the PASSED OVER THEM. and fold prune mixture into it. Turn body over. "Got him plumb through their companions not yet able to

egg to make a boiled custard sauce. had been when he had quarreled

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

Coming Soon: The Movie Hero With Shaky Knees

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—At last a director has been found who has used noble discretion in the manner in which a hero disposes of a villain.

Edward Sutherland, the hero of "Nancy from Nowhere," is rather an anaemic looking chap, appearing hardly sturdy enough to keep his feet were he to stand in back of a flivver exhaust at the moment the engine condescends to

In the picture he comes upon the roughneck struggling with the heroine. He jumps through a window. In a flash the villain is discomfited. He is sprawled upon the floor. Not a blow is struck. Not a gun is heard. The heroics are dispensed with.

That may seem illogical, but it's no more illogical than having Tom Meighen knock out a professional prize-fighter as he did in "Cappy Ricks," or as Wally Reid did in "Peter Ibbetson."

Now that a director has foregone the spectacle of having his hero triumph over a villain possessing the advantage of height, reach and weight, other in novations looking to the humanizing o eroes, the balancing of characters, may e expected on the screen.

There may come a time when the in-trepid hero will not look into the muzzle of a gun without a tremor o the eyelash and command his adversary to shoot, or thwart him by telling him he's too big a coward to shoot.

Heroes may be depicted with shaking knees just about the time they are to run some great risk or meet some great danger Heroes' knees sometimes shake. Some psychologists will tell you that the trembling knee indicates the alert

how he feels in that flashing second just before toe meets pigskin in the firs And if he says he wasn't conscious

of a shaky feeling, he's either not can-did or he's abnormal.



BEBE DANIELS, HEROINE OF "NANCY FROM NOWHERE."



The door of the inner room leader flung him back against the opened. Dug Doble's big frame filled rock wall. He rushed again, screamthe entrance. The eyes of the two gunmen searched each other. Steellinvalid should allow ways be very with the mixture to be sure no salt dainty and apperation water can seep into it and spoil the drawer, apparently carelessly and drawer, apparently carelessly and drawer. The eyes of the two long in crazed anger. Sanders struck him down with the long barrel of the forty-five. The Hungarian lay where he fell for a few minutes, then crawled back from the mouth without intent.

> "You fired Bear Canyon," charged dropped down at last into forgetfulthe cowpuncher.

Doble's eyes narrowed. "You aimspoons sugar, few grains salt, 1 egg, in' to run my business, Shorty?" to blot out the little group of men, From the desk came the sharp fell back sullenly in defeat.

angry bark of a revolver. Shorty felt his hat lift as a bullet tore them. through the rim. His eyes swept to quickly. Steelman, who had been a negligible of hot water. Bake about forty factor in his calculations. The man minutes in a moderate oven. Do not fired again and blew out the light. let the water boil in the pan. Test In the darkness Shorty swept out with the blade of a silver knife. If both guns and fired. His first two is well enough to eat, his food means more of him and his speedy recoving the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custard the custometric than the blade comes out clean when put in the center of the custometric than the custometric thas the custometric than the custometric than the custometric than tard is done. If earthenware cups are used put them into a pan of cold water as soon as removed from the room, perhaps two. Yellow fire

Shorty whipped open the door at his back, slid through it, and kicked it shut with his foot as he leaped from the porch. At the same moment he thought he heard a groan. Swiftly he ran to the cottonwood sugar, few grains salt, few grains where he had left his horse tied. He jerked loose the knot, swung to the saddle, and galloped out of town.

Dug Doble's first thought was for his own safety. Satisfied that a

"Dead as a stuck shote," he said

with Emerson Crawford about his daughter Joyce. He had gone more THE women of Malapi responded Dave. "Find him. He's gone off be? It has its own value, and it is The young ex-conmen in the fight against the fire in "I'll gather a posse to definitely wrong after Sanders came back to Malapi. vict, he chose to think, was responsible for the circumstances that made baked cheerfully to supply the wants | H'l' girl or Keith-" Crawford's him an outlaw. Crawford and Sanders together had exposed him and driven him from the haunts of men driven hi to the hills. He hated them both Joy, a man wants to see you! From with a bitter, morose virulence his Dave!" he shouted.

soul could not escape.

Revenge! The thought of it presenting her with a note which he him every waking hour, took from his pocket. oweling his wounded pride cruelly. There was a way within reach of his hand, one suggested by Steelman's whisperings. He could make the fire. This man will take you to him.

-DAVE SANDERS.

patrolled his line from San Jacinto to Cattle and back again, stopping always to lend a hand where as Mexicans do when they do not

The dense cloud lifted for a moment, swept away by an air current.
To the fire-fighters that glimpse of to her waist. the landscape told an appalling fact. For an hour they jogged along the The demon had escaped below from dusty road which led to the new San Jacinto Canyon and been swept oil field, then swung to the right westward by a slant of wind with into the low foothills. the speed of an express train. They were trapped by the back-fire in a lessly. abyrinth from which there appeared | The man pointed to a one-room no escape. Every path of exit was shack huddled on the hillside. The flames had leaped from hilltop to hilltop.

in to cook the tortured men inside. again their nature, cursing, praying.

warning in her heart. CHAPTER XXV.

THE change in the wind had cost three lives, but it had saved the Jackpot property and the feed on For several minutes the creaking

was that had been tolling a bell of

a wagon working up an improvised road had been heard. Now it into sight. The teamster called to Crawford. "Here's another load o' grub, boss

Miss Joyce she rustled up them canteens you was askin' for." Crawford stepped over to the

the canteens, Hank, but we can use "That's bully. Say, I got news for you, Mr. Crawford. Brad Steelman's shot plumb through the head."

"Who killed him?" "Some folks was guessin' that mebbe Dug Doble could tell." A question brought his mind back Fire-crisped and exhausted, he to the present. The teamster was talking: . . . so she started ness of pain. And the flames, which pronto. I s'pose you wasn't as bad

had fought with such savage fury hurt as Sanders figured." "What's that?" asked Crawford. "I was sayin' Miss Joyce she start-The line of fire had passed over ed right away when the note come from Sanders." In the fresh air the men revived

cavern and dragged out those of in the fire." Crawford turned. "Come

Dave," he called hoarsely. Sanders moved across. "Hank says you sent a note to

"Of course not," answered Dave,

perplexed.

'I was there when she left. About twelve o'clock last night, mebbe indeed! ater. She was on that sorrel of hers, an' Keith was ridin' behind her. Iwo young folks an' Juan." "Juan Otero. He brought the

note an' rode back with her."

FIRE HAD

gether to poison his mind.

generously to the call Joyce somewhere to sleep. Rode away less

"I'll gather a posse to rake the the chaparral. Now they cooked and hills, Dave. If that villain's hurt my whisper broke. He turned away to

Continued in Our Next Issue.

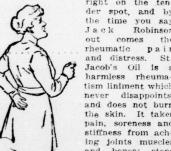
rou are not experiment ing when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and sent 2c. tamp for postage. 60c. a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Ca. Limited, Toronto Your father has been hurt in the Joyce went white to the lips and

> End Rheumatism, Weak, Lame Back

Old St. Jacobs Oll will stop pain and stiffness in a few moments

Stop "dosing" rheumatism It's pain only. St. Jacob's Oil will stop any pain, and not one rheuma fifty requires interna Keith had fallen sound asleep, his

Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacob's right on the ten-der spot, and by the time you say Jack Robinson out comes the



harmless rheuma tism liniment which never disappoints, and does not burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago



A LITTLE MORE. By W. B. Max well. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE theme upon which Mr. Max. well has built his latest novel is that universal conviction, "Of course, we could all do with a little more, A little more-more than we live. however much we have. More than we need, even when we know out needs. If not actually for ourselves, then for some one eles, for the generous act, the kind bit of help. His story is a parable, thrown

into novel shape and set in the Eng. land of today. It begins in the Spring of 1913, and it ends shortly after the armistice. But there is nothing much of the war-a scene at the front, and some of the desperate struggle that went on in England itself, where the profiteers did very well, certainly, but where the weak and the old had their own dreary and failing battle to fight from one

We are introduced to a comfortable middle-class family in that part of London closely adjacent to Clapham Junction. They are a happy and contented crew, full of little family jokes and family affection. is Mr. Welby, a man of 63, hearty and jovial, given to aphorisms and rather pointless stories, but lovable kind and simple.

There is his devoted wife, his two daughters, Violet, of a plump and gracious figure, a beauty in her large, quiet wa); Primrose, younger, fair-haired, mischievous, and Jack, the only son, a handsome fellow of 27, with a turn for badinage, the life of the home, and adored by them

But in spite of the contentment of the Welby family, there are matters which are not quite satisfactory. And, somehow, all of a sudden, these loom up as far greater on the horizon of their lives than all the solid comfort and happiness which they also possess. It is a month after our first meeting with them, and ence again the entire little group is together. After dinner they separate, wagon. "Don't reckon we'll need the young people going to play golfthe canteens, Hank, but we can use the grub fine. The fire's about out." croquet in the garden, or to sit under trees and flirt, the older ones to talk things over. Mr. Welby has just announced that his object in life has dead. They found him in his house, been attained. He has finished making the last investment that will insure him a safe income of £500 a year. They own their house and garden, and they can look forward to a secure old age.

But Mrs. Welby does not answer with the pleased delight that she is wont to bring to her husband's rhapsodizings. She sighs. She says that, after all, if only they did have a little more. * * *

And before the evening is out the

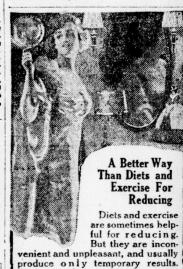
whole family is in a state of dis-"What note?" content, is gazing disconsolately at the future, wishing the impossible. But the impossible comes. Just as Mr. Welby has declared somewhat hotly, being hurt and annoyed at the family attitude, that he would make the devil himself welcome if he came Joyce sayin' I'd been hurt. What knocking at the door bringing gifts, about it?" through the door. And cousin Nicholas, an old codger who has The teamster scratched his head. little to recommend him unless it be that he is rich-oh, very rich

The upshot is that Nicholas comes to live with them, with the understanding that he will leave them all his money when he dies, and death is only a few months away.

And then old Nicholas dies and the The old cattleman felt a clutch of Welbys are rich. They have their fear at his heart. Juan Otero was little more, even a great deal more. one of Dug Doble's men.

It is a story of an almost astonishin the haggard, unshaven face of ing simplicity, like some fairy tale the cattleman Dave read the ghastly related at twilight. But it has magic, fear of his own soul. Doble was cap- it is full of real human beings, it able of terrible evil. His hatred, is changeful and colorful and moving, Jealousy and passion would work to- a charming variation on an old theme that will make a host of friends written with that verve and mastery never absent from Mr. Maxwell's

Punch and Judy are relies of characters in the old miracle plays of



produce only temporary results. Then, too, they are merely corrective measures. A better way is to aid the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone, and sinew, and not into corpulent tissue. This method allows you to eat many kinds of food which others eat and does not require strenuous exercise

does not require strenuous exercise. Thousands have found that Marmola Tablets give relief from obesity in just this way. Marmola Tablets are made from the same formula as the famous Marmola Prescription If taken after meals and at bedtime, they retard the development of fat by helping the digestive system to obtain full nutriment from food. When the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows. normal, healthy weight soon follows All good drug stores the world over sell Marmola Tablets at one dollar per box. Ask your druggist for them, or order them direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

300 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich

THE DOUGHNUT'S SPEECH [By Olive Roberts Barton.]



the pasty-man's party. Nancy and came forward in her lovely pale pink Nick, sitting in the front row, were ever so much interested. Buskins said he'd "I'm just a little flower, heard better poetry, but after all no one ever mixed food with art, and it wasn't to be expected. The next speech was made by a doughnut, which said this "Foolish little Jack a'Spandy,

Stuffed on forty kinds of candy, He ate all day till late at night, He had to groan at every bite. Jack would never mind his mother, Ate one doughnut after 'nother, Bought a big green sour pickle At the grocer's for a nickel. Doctor came with bitter pills, Jack a'Spandy had the chills, Stomach ache and dizzy head, "Deed he had to stay in bed, 'Stead of clothes he wears a plaster,

No food, only oil of castor. Some sad day he'll up and die, 'N' folks will wonder why, oh, why.' The doughnut, looking very solemn and important, made a bow and sat down. The Twins looked thoughtful.

There were flowers there, too, or

girls down on the earth.

A real cough remedy Don't surrender to an obstinate cough. There's a remedy that will help you conquer it—a remedy that speedily relieves all irritation of the respiratory organs and gives bodily strength for permanent relief. Try it—ask your druggist or dealer for—

"I'm just a little flower As all of you can see.

I'm very shy and very sweet.

Afraid of all I chance to meet, So this is all of me."

was very impolite, but necessary. "We must get back to the apple-tree eleva-

must make our adieux to our host."

Buskins looked at his watch, which

he said, "and return to earth. We

"That was sort of like a sermon, wasn't it, Mr. Buskins?" said Nick.
"Yes," nodded Buskins. "The pastyman ought to have it printed and sent around to all the greedy little boys and sittle down on the arcth." of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar ing hill of Back hoarsely.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DAVE knew no rest that night. Re self. "Is—is he badly hurt?" the attack was most furious.

Dave spoke quietly. "We've got wake him when you lay him down, a chance if we keep our heads. she told the man. "I'll just let him There's an old mining tunnel here- sleep if he will." abouts. Follow me, and stay to-

storming, or weeping as they lay.

The prospect hole became a mad-

The tunnel was a shallow one in a about the place. She could not un-Dave stood aside and derstand this. unted the men as they passed in. Her heart lost a beat. The sha-Their place of refuge was packed dow of some horrible thing was with smoke. A tree crashed down creeping over her life. Was her at the mouth and presently a second father dead? one. These, blazing, sent more heat awaiting her in the cabin? in to cook the tortured men inside. "Father," she whispere In that bakehouse of hell men showed moved forward. A hand fell on her wrist and

closed, the fingers like bands of iron. Joyce screamed wildly, her nerve house. A big Hungarian, crazed by the torment he was enduring, leaped She fought like a wildcat, twisting of old-time, honest St. Jacob's Oil the torment he was enduring, leaped to his feet and made for the blaing hill outside.

She fought like a whiteat, the property of old-time, nonest strength to break the grip on her strength to break the grip on her strength to break the grip on her stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheuma-

For she knew now what the evil tism away.-Advt.

THE LINE OF

The note read:

want to talk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

caught at the table to steady her-

Soon they were on the road, Keith

For an hour they jogged along the

"Is he here?" asked Joyce breath-

head against the girl's back.

Joyce ran toward the shack. There was no light in it, no sign of life What shock was she whispered, and

