

Kitty and Patty were very quiet as grandma finished the story. Then Patty said slowly, "I guess we don't want our playhouse to be a spite house. Come on Kitty—let's have dinner for the dolls."

"All right," said Kitty happily.

"And here are some pink peppermints for dessert," said grandma, as she kissed each little girl.—"S.S. Times."

Mirandy on Valentines

By Dorothy Dix

"Sis Mirandy," says Sis [Hannah Jane] to me, "is you gwine to sen' Bro' Ike a valentine?"

"Dat I ain't," I sponds, "I done been an' got my dose wid dis heah valentine business, an' whilst I don't pretend to be none of dese heah Lady Solomons in petticoats, I is got enough sense to know when I gits enough, an' when to quituate."

"Sis Mirandy," says Sis Hannah Jane, "I'se surprised an' disapp'inted to heah you say dem words, for I'se afeard dat hit shows dat you is one of dem women whut ain't a feedin' de fires of romance, an' de flame of love on de hearthstone, an' I tell you, Sis Mirandy, dat dem of us wives which am wise virgins, as de Scriptchers says, ought to be up an' doin', an' to be continually a pourin' kerosene on de fire of our husbands' love ef we don't want to see de flames flicker out."

"Oh, Sis Mirandy," she goes on, "hit's becaze we wives talks to our husbands all de time 'bout de price of po'k chops instid of conversin' wid 'em on de subject of heart throbs, an' hit's becaze we meets 'em when dey comes home of an evenin' wid de odor of fried ham an' eggs 'round us instid of smellin' of violets; an' becaze we cuts out de poetry an' de hifalutin' sentiments an' sticks to de high cost of livin' an' de cook stove, dat our husbands cas'es sheep's eyes at gals dat ain't mo' dan half as ole as we is, an' dat weighs fifty pounds less."

"I tell you, Sis Mirandy, we wives is got to be mo' romantical."

"Well, Sis Hannah Jane," I sponds, "a lady of my finger ain't built on poetic lines, an' ef Ike is a pinin' an' a honin' any for romance, all I got to say is dat hit ain't affected his appetite none."

"Dat's all dat you sees," says Sis Hannah Jane in a pityin' tone of voice, "but may be while Bro' Ike is a puttin' away corned beef an' cabbage in his stomach, dat his heart is a hungerin' an' a thirstin' for some token of affection from you, an' dat love's young dream is still a-flourishin' in yo' bosom dest de same as hit was when he led you a blushin' bride to de altar."

"Sis Hannah Jane," I sponds, "when a man is got a wife dat gits up in de mornin' an' cooks his breakfast, an' washes his clothes, an' patches his britches, an' takes in a little washin' on de side to help pay de rent, he ain't got no need of tokens of sentiment from her. He's got a certificate of love from her dat's strong enough to draw money on at de bank."

"I ain't a 'sputin' yo' prognostication, Sis Mirandy," sponds Sis Hannah Jane, "but dat ain't de whereforeness of whut I is promulgatin'; which is dat dest de same as we laks a meringue on de pie, or icin' on de cake, so we laks a little poetry an' romance to be spread over de wuk an' de worry of married life, an' maybe ef we fed our husbands on mo' sugar plums at home dey wouldn't go rangin' 'roun' de confectionery shops dat is kept by odder ladies."

"Now," continues Sis Hannah Jane, "whut we wives want to do is to remember dat when a man marries us he don't lose his sweet tooth, an' dat he laks sentiment an' romance dest as well as he used to, an' for us to act accordin', an' my advice to you, Sis Mirandy, is to go down town an' buy de finest valentine you can git an' sen' hit to Brer Ike. Hit sho' will surprise him to fia' out dat his ole wife is dest his sweetheart still."

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"Sis Hannah Jane," sponds I, "dat advice of yourn sounds good, but I done took notice dat de better dat advice sounds, de wus hit wuks out. I done heah dem things dat you'se been spressifyin' once befo', an' I done act on, an' hit mighty nigh lan' me an' Ike in de divorsch co't. No, Sis Hannah Jane," I goes on, "ole folks lake me an' Ike ain't got no business mixin' up wid dis heah romantical truck. As I done tole you, I done been an' got my dose of dat valentine business, an' I knows when I'se got enough, an' I'se done quituate."

"Is you done sen' Bro' Ike a valentine?" inquired Sis Hannah Jane.

"Yassum, I is," I sponds, "one time when all de gals was a buyin' valentines, I jest thought dat I'd git one, an' send hit to my ole man, lak dey was sendin' to deir young ones, an' dat when he got to speculatin' 'bout who done hit I'd own up to de soft impeachment. An' I dest pictured dat he'd be tickled to death, an' dat we'd forgit dat we was ole, an' fat, an' grizzled-haired, an' go back to de days when we was co'tin'."

"Yassum, dat was de way dat I thought hit would wuk. An' so I took de money dat I was a savin' to buy me one of dese heah weepin' willer feeders, an' I bought like a valentine dat was all hearts an' darts, an' roses, an' Cupids, an' poetry. Hit sho' was one gran' valentine, an' I went out an' mailed hit at night so he'd git hit de fust thing in de mornin'."

"Wellum, hit come while we was to breakfast, an' instid of guessin' dat I was de onliest woman in de world dat would be fool enough to waste my money to send a valentine to a ole, bandy-laigged, bald-haired grandpa lak him, Ike looked kin' of sheepish, an' stuck de valentine in his pocket, an' de fust news I knowed, he'd done spruced up in his good clothes, an' I see him wid his hat on de side of his haid, a walkin' up de street past de do' of dat hussy, Ma'y Sue Jones, an' he was a grinnin' an' a smirkin' up at de window, an' I know he done think she sent him dat valentine."

"Yassum, an' dat warn't de last of hit. He keep a passin' by dat woman's house, an' a makin' a ole fool of hisself a wavin' at her, till I tell him dat I sent de valentine, an' he was dat mad when he found hit out, an' dat hit warn't from some odder woman dan his wife, dat he ain't speak to me for fo' days. Nawm, dat valentine ain't fanned de flames of love none in our house. Hit mighty nigh put hit out."

"Sis Mirandy," axes Sis Hannah Jane, "don't you think dat husbands would be pleased to git valentines from deir wives?"

"I think dat dey would rather have de price put in a beefsteak," I sponds.

"But sholy, Sis Mirandy, you thinks dat husbands an' wives should keep up deir romantical feelin's towards each other," axes Sis Hannah Jane.

"Well, Sis Hannah Jane," I sponds, "I thinks dat most men gits married so dat dey can quit makin' love, an' climb down off'n de poetry shelf to whar dey feels at home. Whut a man wants wid a wife is somebody dat'll keep on lovin' him widout him havin' to hol' her han' all de time, an' tell her whut a angel she is, an' I done took notice dat dem wives which am good cooks don't git so many divorsches as dem ladies whose strong p'int is sentiment."

"Valentines an' love talk is all very well to tole a man into de holy bonds of matrimony, but when you gits him dere, de way to keep him from jumpin' over de bars is to fill him up wid good food, an' let him read his paper in peace."

"Nawm, I don't hol' none wid married women sendin' deir husbands valentines, an' encouragin' romantical notions in 'em, for hit fills deir haid wid de notion dat dey's still fascinators wid de women, an' is got a gift for love-makin' dat hit's a pity to waste on deir wives. De wise wife am de one whut prones hit into her husband dat she's de only woman in de world dat has got sense enough an' taste enough to know whut a wonder he is. Dat's de talk dat keeps him nailed to his own hearthstone. Not dis heah valentine foolishness."

In one of the public schools the other day, the teacher presented a problem for the scholars, which would require the use of fractions. She expected the answer, "I don't know." The problem was: "If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?" One bright-looking youngster raised his hand.

"Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.

Head Noises

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