

Mrs. Ellan's Last Valentine Party

By JULIA BURR

"Oh, mother, may I have a Valentine party?" asked Doris, as she put her school books on the table. "Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Ellan. "We'll see what your father says." So Doris impatiently waited for her father. It would be an hour before he would come.

She tried to pass the time away by reading a book, but somehow it didn't seem as interesting as it had the night before. Then she tried to sew, but it seemed as if she couldn't sew straight and tried to do numerous other things, but was too

forgetful to do any of them. At last she thought of something to do which satisfied her. She got a pencil and some paper and wrote the names of whom she thought she would invite to her party, if she was to have one.

She had been writing for some time when she glanced out of the window and saw her father coming. She ran out to him and asked him the same question that she had asked her mother just an hour before.

"We'll see what your mother says," said Mr. Ellan as he opened the door of his house.

"But mother said to see what you said," said Doris.

"Doris, oh Doris," shouted Mrs. Ellan from the kitchen.

"Coming," Doris shouted back. She assisted her mother with the supper and at the table Mrs. Ellan said:

"What did father say?"

"Oh, he said for me to see what you said," Doris answered.

"How funny," laughed Mrs. Ellan. "I said to ask him and he said to ask me." What shall we do about it, father?"

"Well," said Mr. Ellan, "I think it would be nice for her to have a party. What do you think about it?"

"I think it would be nice, too," replied Mrs. Ellan.

"Remember the last Valentine party we went to?" asked Mr. Ellan, chuckling at the remembrance of it.

"I should say I do," answered Mrs. Ellan, smiling over her coffee.

"Tell me about it, won't you, mother?" pleaded Doris.

"Yes, but not now," said Doris's mother, "after we wash and dry the dishes." Doris hurried with the dishes and then seated her mother and self in the living room.

"Now tell me," she begged.

"Well," began Mrs. Ellan, "It happened about a month before your father and I were married. We had quarreled about something, I forget what it was now, anyway it was just a silly, little quarrel. The quarrel began about three weeks before the valentine party and father and I had not spoken to each other since. A few days before the party I received my invitation and father received one, too, although at the time I did not know it and if I had, I probably would not have gone. Then the night of the party came. I put on my blue silk dress and presented my pass which was a heart, pierced with an arrow. I forgot to mention that it was sent with the invitation and without it I could not have gone to the party. The rooms were prettily decorated. Red Hearts hung on red and gold strings from the ceiling and the walls had cupids here and there. We danced for a while and then the hostess told us that we were to play a game called the 'Valentine Post Office.' Each one was to go to the Post office and say, 'Is there any mail for me,' and then give your name. Of course there was mail for everyone who attended the party. The mail was beautifully home made valentines.

Inside of the valentines was a verse which told you what you were to do. Mine read something like this: Out of the front door you must go, Around the north corner of the house, you know. Walking backward all the time, Until someone says, 'Thou art Mine.'

Do not think you're at the beach When you begin to sink, For there will be your connecting link.

So when every one had received queer directions, we were told to their mail with the different, do just as they said. So I went out of the front door and around the corner of the house, going backwards all the time. I had no idea what was going to happen. I

soon reached the back yard and was thinking how dark it was when suddenly I fell into a hole, at first I didn't know what happened and when I was just about getting my thoughts together when somebody else fell into the same hole and I said, 'Who are you?' and then I recognized your father's voice as he said,

"It is I, Lizzie," but what are you doing here?"

"Charlie Ellan, I said, real sternly, 'I would like to know what you are doing here. I am here because that is what I said for me to do in my mail, but they didn't make it very plain. That is how I fell into this hole. But what business have you following me here? and then your father said,

"Why, Lizzie, I didn't follow you here. My valentine gave me directions that led me here. I will show you."

Then he struck a match and I read the verse that was on his valentine. It was just like mine except instead of having north corner of the house, it had west corner and both ways led to the same place. Then—but Charlie, you tell the rest. I have to go up stair," Mrs. Ellan left the room and so Mr. Ellan continued,

"When she came to the lines that said, 'For there will be your connecting link,' she said 'Charlie they meant us.' And right there the quarrel ended and I gave mother her engagement ring, which I had been carrying about in my pocket, waiting for her to end the quarrel."

Just then Mrs. Ellan entered the room and went over to Lizzie and gave her two yellow looking valentines.

"This is the one that was given to me," she said, pointing to it, "and this one is your father's." And Lizzie read the two little verses that in one night had ended a quarrel.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Lizzie, "I am going to have my party just like the one you went to and I am going to try to make George Brownly and Mary Tilter friends again. Mary got mad at George because he would not take her to a show one night. He had taken her the night before and this night he had lessons to get. I am going to do

HIS FIRST "LEAP YEAR" VALENTINE



almost like they did at the party you went to, but I am not going to drop them into a hole in the ground.

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.

I made a point of honor and conscience in all things to stick to my word, especially if others had been induced to act on it.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

Our Government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the Government practically so much.

As to the young men. You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men?

Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected.

The leading rule for a lawyer, as for the man of every other calling, is diligence. Leave nothing for tomorrow that can be done today.

As a peace maker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

Equality in society alike beats inequality, whether the latter be of the British aristocratic sort or of the domestic slavery sort.

THE REALIST

My little daughter was flower girl at her cousin's wedding, and, being curious as to the church, with which she was not familiar, she asked on returning home, "What house was that we were in?" "That was God's house," I replied. "And was that God playing the piano up in the roof?" the little one asked.

What Shall I Be?

Answered for Girls

THE SETTLEMENT WORKER

By Elizabeth Mateer

What is Jane Addams' "Twenty Years in Hull House" one of the most popular books in the high school girl's reading list? Why do so many college girls elect the social sciences? Why are the majority of settlement workers women?

Why Enter the Work

Many answers are possible. It is a new field with unlimited variety and an opportunity for no end of the thrilling experiences. Then, too, the stories of ill-fed, neglected children arouse their sympathy and fire them with a determination to uplift their neighbors of the slums.

Why Not Enter It.

Most young college girls entering settlement work are carried away with the idea of sacrifice for a great cause and forget to examine their own qualifications for the work. At the end of the first week, their noses may be adjusted to the conglomeration of odors and their ears to the endless noise, but their nerves and sympathies are exhausted.

HOW TO STUDY SPELLING

How many different ways to study spelling do you suppose there are?

Some students write the words out, and some don't.

Some spell them out loud, and some don't.

Some look at them on the page of the book and some try to make a picture of them in their minds.

If you can get a spelling lesson quickly and make no mistakes, write to the Junior Editor and tell him just how you do it. Other boys and girls who cannot do it so well would like to know.

EXCUSES

Of all the many excuses

With which this old world is accursed,

The common excuse, "I'm too busy," Is the poorest, the meanest, the worst. —Detroit Free Press.

Woodcraft

for Outdoor Boys and Girls

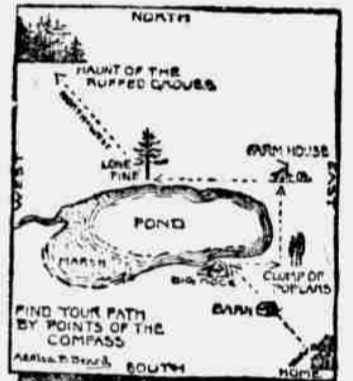
PATH FINDING

By Belle Beard

You devote but one hike to finding your path by the aid of a reliable compass, you will learn what will be of great value should you ever have the joy of penetrating really wild country.

The woodsman's rule is never to make a trip through strange woods without learning at what point of the compass his destination lies, and also the general character of the ground over which he must travel. It is the best rule and applies to open country as well as to the woods.

Suppose you want to explore a certain place where you have heard Ruffed Grouse has been seen, and that you know the place lies some



distance to the North-West; suppose that you intended to leave the road and strike out across lots. Then when ready to take the first step hold your compass in both hands at half-arm's length (that is the way Edward Breck puts it) and find a good landmark directly in line with the North-West point of the compass, a distance barn perhaps, or a tall tree. Walk straight towards your landmark and consult your compass immediately if you lose sight of it.

In case your straight North-West course takes you to a swamp or pond that you can not cross, you must find a way around. But before changing your direction, be sure to notice and remember some inlet, clump of trees, or lone pine on the other side, in line with the N.-W. point of your compass, which you can use as a new starting point when you reach it.

If you decide to turn toward the east in rounding the pond or swamp, find a landmark in that direction and, when you reach it, stop until you choose another landmark due north, then go toward that.

In this way, consulting your compass at each stop, you will reach the other side of the water and can then walk west until you find the lone pine or inlet and from there take your North-West course again, finally reaching the promised haunt of the Ruffed Grouse.

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ENJOYED THE ICE, TOO.

Aunt Polly:

I went to Greensfork last Sunday to see my grandma and grandpa. Had a good time and a good dinner. While there I was sliding on the ice, there were some other boys playing on the ice. While there I found a piece of poetry my grandpa has composed. You may call it stealing but I just took a copy of it so that is not stealing.

I will send you a copy of it. If you think it too long to put in the Junior, cast it into the waste basket. —Howard Brooks, East Haven, Roscoe Street. —P. S. I sold my rabbits, thank you.

(Note—No, Howard, we do not call this stealing when you tell who wrote it. We are glad to publish it. The "copied" poems we can not publish in the Junior are the well known ones, poems already published in many books and magazines. We appreciate your thanking us for the help the Junior gave you in selling your rabbits. —Ed)

OLD AND NEW DEBATES

"Let's have a debate Friday afternoon!"

"All right! How about the question, 'Resolved that Washington was greater than Lincoln?'"

By all means, no!

Get new questions for your debates. If you want to debate about famous men pick two men for president of the United States next time and then try to prove that your man is better than the other. You will like it much better than an old threadbare question.