His Mother's Valentine

* * *

By E. L. HENDERSON

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V. J. was a valentine. There could be no doubt about this. He was born on the 14th of February; his mother had named him Valentine, and he bore the outward semblance of one—one, moreover, of that offensive type popularly known as comic.

No one knew what V. J. Vincent, as he invariably signed himself, had suffered from this combination of circumstances. Hair of unmitigated red, a nose of unconventional length, inquiring ears and a dimpled chin were, he told himself, heavy enough burdens to bear, without the necessity of smiling cheerfully at the endless jokes to which he submitted on each recurring 14th of February. He had learned to accept the hair and ears and nose with resignation, but the dimples, perpetually laughing at the rest of his face, were still a sensitive point; and in a beardless era when fashion demanded glaring honesty in chins, a conspicuous one. He could only fall back on an unfailing sense of humor for support.

V. J.'s name was appropriate in more than one respect. In the lace-trimmed, Cupid-adorned creations displayed in February, there is usually found, hidden under a heart-shaped leaf, a little apartment warm with sentiment. In V. J.'s being, there was a similar recess, but so cunningly concealed that few suspected its existence.

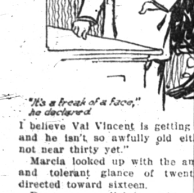
Its sentiment was, however, bubbling up on this particular morning of the 14th of February as he passed the Merrill home, bound office-ward. He had hoped to see Marcia Dillon at the window. Instead, he caught a smile from her young cousin, Dana Merrill. Fortunately, he did not catch the remark that followed it: "Dpeau't Val Vincent look like a comic valentine?"

"His face is rather an intelligent one for a comic valentine," responded Marcia. "He has good eyes."

"Oh, yes, but eyeglasses are not becoming. I wonder if anything would be very becoming to Val?" laughed Dana.

"He has a fine forehead," Marcia spoke in the manner of one determined to see justice done to an unpromising subject.

"It's a high one, certainly, and improving right along. Actually, Marcia, I believe Val Vincent is getting bald, and he isn't so awfully old either—not near thirty yet."



"It's a freak of a face," he declared.

Marcia looked up with the amused and tolerant glance of twenty-five directed toward sixteen.

Dana ran on blithely. "Of course, no one could help liking Val. He's bright and witty, and as good as he is funny looking. He was devoted to his mother, and I'd be willing to have a comic valentine for a brother myself, if he'd treat me as Val does that harum-scarum Gwen. She has two girls visiting her now, and the whole bunch depend on him to entertain them, as if he were of high school age too. The girls all like him, even if they do regard him as sort of a joke. I'm glad you're such a good friend to him, Marcia."

"He's by far the cleverest man I've met here," asserted Marcia.

"Oh, he has brains, all right," agreed Dana.

Could V. J. have heard Marcia's defense, it might have sugar-coated the annual dose of witticisms he was called upon to swallow. As it was, a growing conviction that he had been indulging in some very foolish dreams of late, was emphasized by the light jests.

He sat in his office in the afternoon, smiling rather wanly at a feeble joke from the office boy that hinged on his unfortunate cognomen. "He isn't exactly an Apollo himself," he thought as he watched the lank, grinning boy withdraw from the room. Then, "Confound the name, anyway!" he exclaimed.

If V. J. ever wavered in a deep sentiment of reverence for his mother it was when he thought of the name she had given him. At home there was a series of valentines, pictures taken on his successive birthdays, by which she had emphasized the name's absurdity. They ran up to thirteen, when the subject had rebelled. Then, after an interval, there was one sent from a distant college—a poorly finished, staring caricature of a youth in his teens, of which a fastidious regard for dress and a sentimental pose were conspicuous features. How delighted his mother had been with this particular valentine!

He arose and walked to a mirror. "It's a freak of a face," he declared, surveying his reflection sternly and critically. "It looks," he said, "as if it had repented at the last and tried to do something in the beauty line. Could anything be more harrowing and inharmonious! No sane girl could ever bring herself to the point of accepting the wearer of such a face." He would never make a fool of himself by asking it. No! The matter was settled definitely, finally and forever, he declared.

The role he was to play hereforth seemed, however, a tame and colorless one as he sat that evening in the Merrill library talking to Marcia. He delayed taking up the book they were reading for some time.

It had been a dangerous experiment, the reading of that book. An interest in it had led to regular meetings, during which Propinquity had been busy after the manner of that efficient ally of Cupid.

In V. J.'s case the mischief had been done before he reached chapter three. This was inevitable. Marcia was pretty. She had a merry face, with all sorts of charming little curves playing over it; and his heart leaped out toward the sense of humor it indicated. Then no one could look at her mouth and chin and not gain a hint as to her character. Sane, sweet and sensible were the adjectives those features spelled. But V. J. understood. For him there could be only friendship. He resolutely picked up the book for the closing chapters.

And just then Dana opened the door and tossed into Marcia's lap a large envelope. "It came this afternoon while you were out," she explained. "I thought you had it."

"Who in the world is sending me a valentine of this sort?" exclaimed Marcia, picking up the flimsy, fancy envelope. "Oh, I know. It's Dicky, Mrs. Ashton's little boy. I was over there yesterday, and he has valentine crazy. Don't you want to see it?"

V. J. leaned over as Marcia drew out the valentine; and then there fell a thick and sudden silence. From a setting of lace paper, rose-hued hearts and plump cupids, there looked up at him his own face, the familiar college caricature, beneath which in letters which seemed clamoring to be read, were the words:

"I am your valentine.
Will you, sweet maiden, not be mine?"

Marcia's face was flushed and angry. "Those silly girls!" she exclaimed. "I do not think girls of that age—"

Her voice broke as she began to replace the valentine in its envelope.

V. J. put out a restraining hand and took the picture. "It looks to me," he observed, "as if St. Valentine has had some odds and ends left when he finished his yearly fassortment and had thrawn them together to save the scraps. An old fellow of his experience ought to know that an incongruous mixture of the comic and the sentimental is never successful."

But Marcia did not laugh. "I know all about that picture," she said indignantly. "Mrs. Ashton told me yesterday how happy it made your mother one Valentine's day. Gwen should be thoroughly ashamed of herself!"

To V. J. there was something wonderfully sweet and intimate in this mention of his mother by Marcia. Certain resolutions melted in its warmth. "There was a moment's silence. Then, "I am waiting," he reminded.

Marcia looked up inquiringly.

"There is a question you know. I couldn't ask it myself, but this young fellow has had the audacity to ask it for me. You haven't answered it yet."

And the answer must have been satisfactory, for V. J. never, as he had sworn to do, destroyed his mother's valentine. Something in a nature full of sentiment forbade his doing so.

THOROUGH DISINFECTION TO PREVENT INFECTIOUS DISEASE

Average Stockman and Farmer Does Not Realize Importance of Treatment for His Premises Following Outbreak of Disorder—Complete Removal of Cause Is to be Desired.

(By GEORGE W. POPE, Veterinary Inspector, United States Department of Agriculture.)

In the work of the bureau of animal industry in dealing with infectious diseases of live stock it has been found that the average stockman and farmer does not realize the importance of thoroughly disinfecting his premises following an outbreak of contagious disease. There is apparently a widespread lack of information regarding the germicidal power of various substances, commonly termed disinfectants. There is also a lack of knowledge concerning practical and economical methods of proceeding with the work of disinfection. Moreover, the reappearance of a contagious disease on premises from which it was believed to have been eradicated may frequently be traced to careless or imperfect work in connection with the cleaning and disinfecting of the place.

It is but natural to acknowledge the presence of only such objects as can be seen with the unaided eye. Science, however, by means of the high-power microscope, has clearly proved the existence of numerous minute animal and vegetable organisms—microorganisms—and it is a matter of common knowledge that many of these organisms frequently find their way into the animal body and produce disease. It is also well known that these micro-organisms, or germs, vary in form and other characteristics and that for each disease of an infectious nature there is a specific germ.

Applying the Disinfectant.

The work of disinfection is based upon our recognition of the presence of disease germs, and disinfection means the act of destroying the cause of the infection. In other words, disinfection is a removal of the cause, and it will be clear to any practical man that in dealing with disease any effort which stops short of a complete removal of the cause is most unwise and unprofitable. To those unaccustomed to the work, disinfection may seem a most complicated process. Any approved method, however, is comparatively simple when carried out carefully, although, like many another procedure, it is one in which attention to details counts for much. It is important to bear in mind that the disinfective agents for many diseases are extremely small, and may remain for an indefinite time in dust, cracks, and crevices of buildings, so that efforts aiming at the eradication of disease from contaminated premises must be thorough in order to be effective.

A Good Type of Barrel Sprayer.

In the work of disinfection nature has provided man with a most valuable ally—sunlight. It is well known that the direct rays of the sun are destructive to many forms of bacteria, in one cases destroying them and in others lessening their influence. Thus the importance of well-lighted stables is evident. The dark and sunless building will be a favorable breeding place for bacteria, and the structure which admits the greatest amount of sunlight will be the least favorable for their development. Again, heat will destroy the bacteria of disease. By this is not meant the ordinary heat of the sun, but heat as developed in boiling water or in flame. It is upon this principle that the surgeon before operating renders his instruments free from the possible presence of bacteria by boiling, and it is heat which renders a jet of live steam destructive to bacteria. Sunlight, however, cannot be considered more than an accessory in the destruction of bacteria, while the application of heat in the form of steam or flame is seldom possible The result is that in the practical work of disinfection we are dependent upon certain drugs, which have power to destroy the organisms of disease.

Chloride of lime (sometimes termed chlorinated lime) is a well-known disinfectant, although its value is doubtless greatly overrated. This may be due in part to the fact that it is powerful deodorant—such drugs on account of their pungent odor being popularly believed to have great disinfecting power. Being of uncertain strength and somewhat destructive to metals, and having a permeating odor especially objectionable in a stable, where milk is produced, chloride of lime cannot be classed as the most desirable of disinfectants. For general disinfecting purposes it may be mixed with water in the proportion of six ounces to the gallon.

An aqueous solution containing approximately 40 per cent. of formaldehyde and known as formalin has of recent years become a more or less popular disinfectant.

Formaldehyde is used in either liquid or gaseous form. In the former case formalin is mixed with water in the proportion of six ounces to the gallon, and the resulting solution is applied directly to surfaces or substances which are to be disinfected.

Formaldehyde gas is in most cases impracticable for stable disinfection. Where, however, a stable can be made almost air tight, and the animals removed, it will be found very serviceable, as it penetrates every crevice.

Carbolic acid in its pure form is, at ordinary temperatures, in the shape of long, white crystals. For convenience it is frequently dispensed in liquid form by the addition of ten per cent of water. A five per cent. solution of carbolic acid is sometimes used as a disinfectant, but carbolic acid has the disadvantage of being expensive and somewhat difficult to dissolve.

Cresol, commonly termed "straw-colored carbolic acid," "liquid carbolic acid," etc., in a two per cent. solution is an efficient disinfectant. It has the disadvantage, however, of being somewhat difficult to dissolve, so in preparing a disinfecting solution warm water should be used and care exercised that the drug is entirely dissolved. As the disinfecting power of cresol is dependent upon the amount of cresylic acid contained therein, it is essential when using the drug to know the degree of purity. Grades can be purchased under a guaranty to contain 90 to 98 per cent. of cresylic acid.

SHEEP CULTURE IS PROFITABLE

No Economy in Allowing Animal to Shift for Itself and Eke Out Precarious Existence.

The decline of both wool and sheep will more than likely cause a general neglect of the sheep on many farms, but if a sheep is worth keeping at all it is certainly worth caring for in a way that it will be able to produce something of value. A neglected ewe is very likely to lose her lamb or else it will be stunted and not heavy enough to go on the market at the proper age. The fleece of the neglected sheep will always be light and of poor quality. In order to grow a heavy fleece of good quality there must not be any starving period from one clipping until the next. The wool is largely composed of nitrogen and mineral matter, and of course the animal of which it grows must get these minerals in its food. Corn is very good sheep feed but should not be depended upon entirely.

Bulky weeds such as clover hay, cow-pea hay or Soy-bean hay are all good sheep feeds. If the sheep have access to some winter pasture it is a great help in keeping them in condition. Succulent foods such as turnips and other vegetables are good winter feeds. The fact that a sheep will live out an existence where other farm animals would starve is no evidence that it is economy to allow it to shift for itself.

Sheep Prizes.

Heretofore Canada has taken most of the first prizes in the sheep exhibitions at the International Stock Show but at the show held in December, the breeders of the United States came to the front in good shape, Wyoming and Kentucky carrying off the principal championships.

Potatoes in New York.

More potatoes are grown in New York state than in any other state in the Union.

Like in the Good Old Days

Oratory of the Blood-Stirring Style Marked a Columbia University "Contest."

No little red schoolhouse in a country town of the middle west furnished a rarer sight than might have been witnessed at Earl hall, Columbia university, one night recently, declares the Brooklyn Eagle. It was a genuine, live oratorical contest, such as stirs the blood of the "Demosthenes Debating Society of Bumbleville." All that was lacking was a great iron stove for heating purposes, into which from time to time thoughtful members would toss four-foot sticks of wood. On this occasion the heat was principally upon the stage.

The eight contestants had selected their own themes and presumably written their own addresses. These ran the gamut from a midnight fire in a tenement to an exegesis on Delsartian theories of acting—The Roman gladiators and their Spartacus—for the night at least. Child labor was denounced and one young man promised to become a future Brandeis in the reformative methods he proposed for railroads and other corporations. "A Midnight Alarm" caught me, although its orator author did not get a prize. The $50 went to an upstate student, who convinced the judges, far more than he did me, that "American Patriotism Is Not Waning."

Valuable Crucifix.

Ten years ago a carved ivory crucifix was bought at a rag fair at Reus. On her death, soon after, the purchaser left the crucifix to her daughter, wife of the deputy, Senor Mayner. A visitor to the house offered Senora Mayner $500 for it, but it was refused. An antiquarian, learning of the existence of the crucifix, offered $75,000, but this, too, was declined. It is now known that the crucifix is one of the finest carvings of Leonardo da Vinci. An offer of $125,000 from an American collector is now being considered.

Particularly the Ladies.

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Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which are unsatisfactory. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

If love is really blind how is it that love can always find a way?

Garfield Tea, taken regularly, will correct both liver and kidney disorders.

Two heads are better than one—in a cabbage patch.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

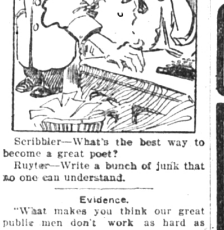
Always hold fast to love; we win by tenderness and conquer by forgiveness.—F. W. Robertson.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Loveliness of character is nothing but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.—Froude.

Many Children Are Sickly.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 25 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

THEN ALL WILL PRAISE.



Scribbler—What's the best way to become a great poet?

Ruyter—Write a bunch of junk that no one can understand.

Evidence.

"What makes you think our great public men don't work as hard as they used to?"

"By the photographs," replied Farmer Cornstead. "When I was a young feller the big men in politics didn't take near as much time to git shaved and have their hair cut."

Out of Date.

"Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."

"That's a great pity. Contortionists are no longer in demand as vaudeville attractions."

A Poor Guesser.

Wedmore—Before I married, I learned to live on half my income.

Singleton—And found that it was a wise step, eh?

Wedmore—Yes, only a half was the wrong proportion—I should have made it an eighth.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of sunshine in the soul, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

Perhaps a rolling stone gathers no moss because it isn't on the level.

A WOMAN DOCTOR
Was Quick to See That Coffee Poison Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning, and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110.

"I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day, a woman doctor advised me to drink Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum, and gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough, I expect, to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that relieved me.

"Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FOR GOOD MEASURE.

Tommy—Say, Pop, does a person ever get something for nothing?

Papa—Sometimes, and a prison sentence usually goes with it.

Work Begets Work.

George W. Perkins, the New York financier, was talking about the scarcity of the $10,000 a year man—the man actually worth a $10,000 salary.

"The advantage of the $10,000 a year man," he said, "is not alone that he works splendidly—it is also that under him everybody else works splendidly. There's a Chinese proverb," he said, "that expresses exactly what I mean:

"'If a farmer is diligent the soil will not be lazy.'"

Probably the Truth.

The druggist in a small town died, and his widow continued the business. A month later she arranged the window display so that it was very attractive. That week the town paper contained this item of news:

"Mr. Arthur Edwards, a prominent druggist of Higginsville, took in the sights of our city yesterday. He was very much interested in our druggist's attractive widow."

A man feels as ill at ease in a dry goods store as a woman does in a tobacco shop.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say good-bye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free, just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K.202 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great building and gold-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and save yourself an home.

Positively Brilliant.

"Did you hear young Pounders playing on the piano just now?"

"Yes. I consider him a remarkable performer."

"How is that?"

"He can hit more wrong keys in less time than any other person I ever saw."

The Reason.

"This purse is real alligator skin."

"I suppose that is why it has such snap."

FREE

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free sample box of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Belching, Weak Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. Note this: I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Any one of these packages for 16c. If you want the whole 10,000 kernels, it is merely our way of letting you test seeds—proving to you how mighty good they are.

Send 16 cents in stamps to-day and we will send you this great collection of seeds by return mail. We'll also mail you free our great 1911 catalog—if you ask for it—all postpaid.

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"TRIPLE ASPHALT COATED, MICA PLATED"
NEEDS NO PAINT—NO AFTER ATTENTION
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Gal-va-nite Roofing is the cheapest in the long run because it is made to stand the wear and tear of the elements without after trouble or expense.

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Gal-va-nite Roofing has been approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and takes a low rate of insurance. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity or lightning.

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