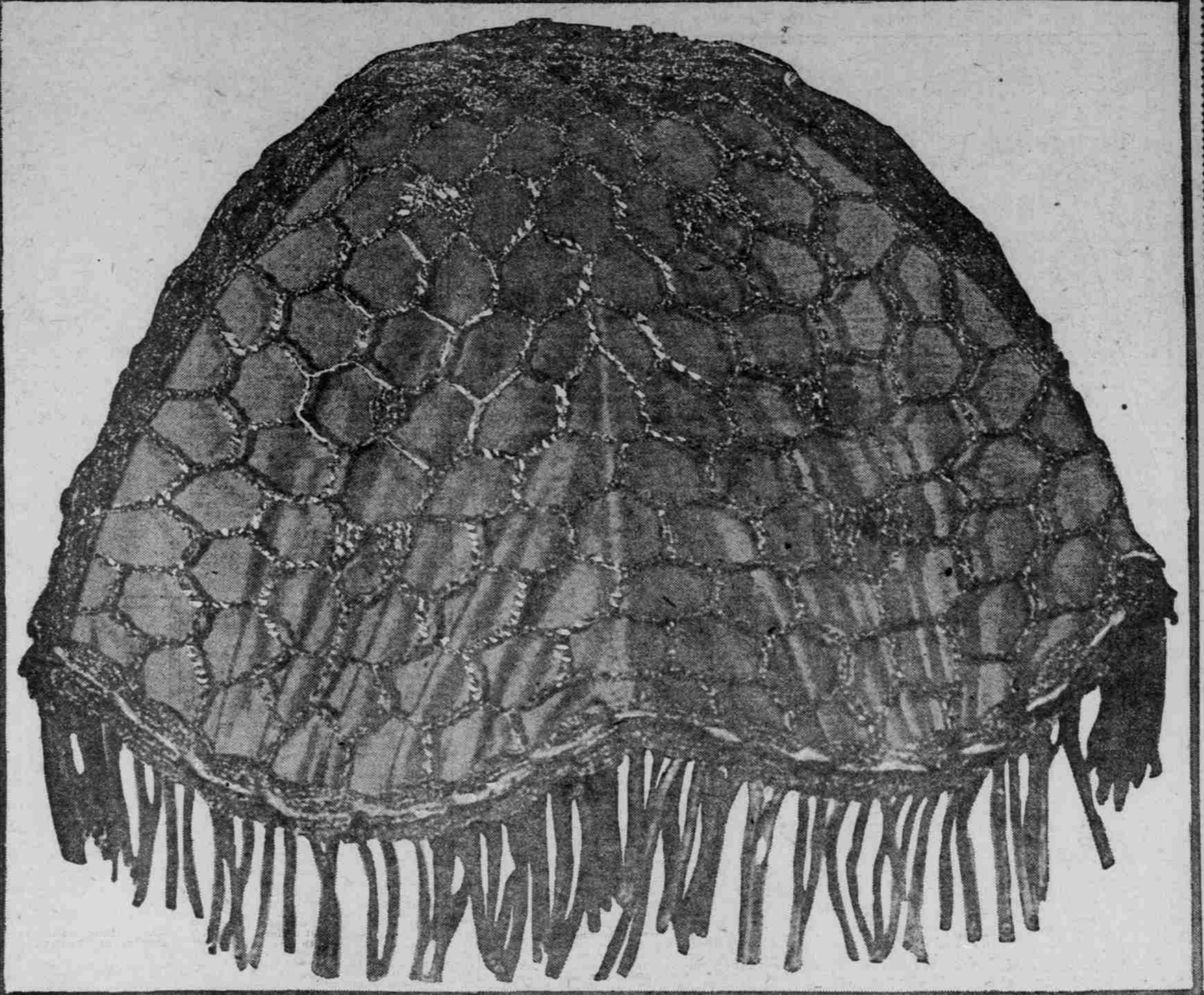
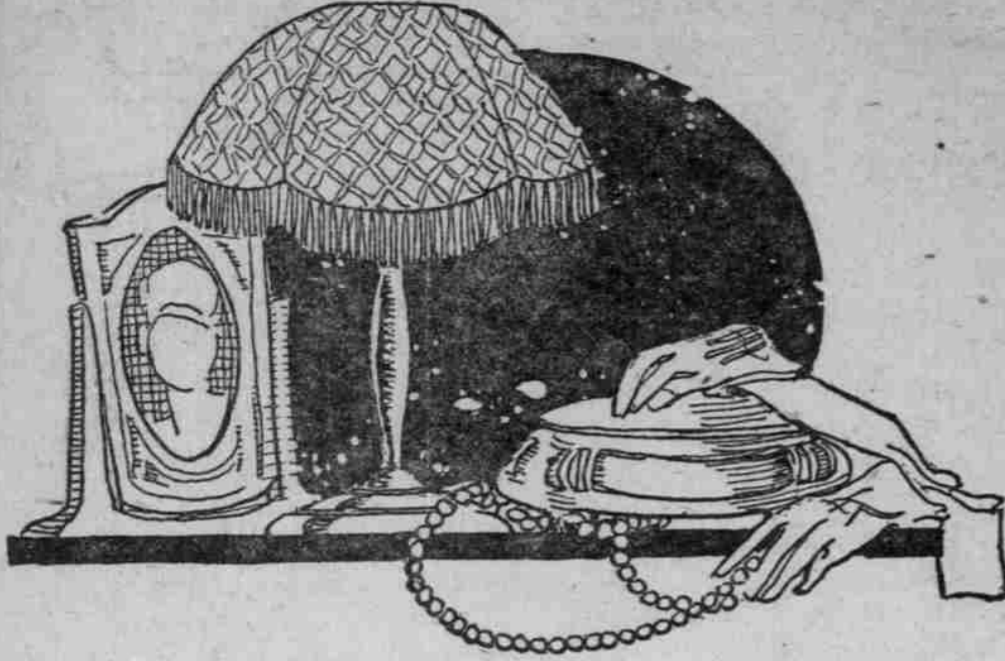


DESIGN FOR PRETTY CROCHETED LAMP SHADE IS SHOWN



Use old gold thread.
First row—Ch. 8; join.
Second row—Ch. 8; over ch. of 10 make cluster of 4 trebles finished together; * ch. 7; over same ch. of 10 make cluster of 5 trebles finished together; repeat from * 4 times and join.
Third row—Ch. 8, sl. st. into top of cluster; * ch. 8, sl. st. over ch. 7; ch. 8 sl. st. into top of cluster; ch. 8, sl. st. into top of cluster; repeat from * around and join.
Fourth row—Sl. st. to center of ch. 8, *, make cluster; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8, ch. 8; repeat from * around and join.
Fifth row—Sl. st. to center of ch. 8, *, ch. 13; treble over next ch. 8; repeat from * around and join.
Sixth row—Sl. st. to center of ch. 8, ch. 13, *, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8; over next ch. 8 make 2 clusters separated by ch. 8; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8; repeat from * around and join.
Seventh row—Like fifth row.
Eighth row—Sl. st. to center of ch. 8, ch. 13, *, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; repeat from * around and join.
Ninth row—Sl. st. to center of ch. 8, ch. 13; **, cluster over next ch. 8; *, ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8, repeat from * three times; ch. 8; repeat from ** around and join.
Tenth row—Like fifth row.
Eleventh row—Sl. st. at three stitches of ch. 8; over same ch. **, make 2 clusters separated by ch. 8; *, ch. 8, treble over next ch. 8; repeat from * three times ch. 8; over next ch. 8; repeat from ** around and join.
Twelfth row—Like fifth row.
Thirteenth row—Ch. 13, treble over next ch.; treble over every ch. with ch. 8 between, and over every cluster treble over treble all around and join.
Fourteenth row—Like fifth row.
Wind the frame with a binding ribbon of gold color. Then for the lining cover frame with gold colored china silk. Over this cover with a mulberry colored china silk. Finish edge of shade with a gold fringe and head the fringe with a gold beading.



For the Young People



AND THE CAT CAME BACK

WHEN Mamma told Mary Jane to put kitty outdoors for her regular afternoon exercise, little did she know what a time Mary Jane would have in keeping kitty out. Mamma, you see, had to go down town shopping and leave Mary Jane alone in the house. But Mary Jane wasn't in the least afraid, for she considered herself quite a "big girl" and not at all afraid of noises or "things"—in the daytime.
But Mary Jane didn't exactly want to put kitty out of doors, because it was snowing very hard and the warm, comfortable house seemed much more inviting. However, Mary Jane always obeyed her Mamma; so presently she picked kitty up from before the cheerful fire and carried her to the front door.
Kitty didn't want to go at all. Indeed, she protested as best she could—clawing at Mary Jane's dress and crying most pitifully. But Mary Jane remembered what her Mamma had told her.
"Here, there, kitty," said Mary Jane in soothing tones, as she opened the door and set kitty down upon the front steps. "Now don't you cry. You know you have to go out—and I'll let you in again very soon. Whew! Isn't it cold!"
Then she closed the door and returned to her comfortable chair before the fire, where she was preparing her arithmetic lesson for the next day. She added a whole lot of numbers over and over again to make certain she done so correctly, marked her papers neatly, "Problem 1" and "Problem 2," etc., and was really quite interested in her task when, suddenly, she looked up, and lo! and behold, right there before the fire was kitty.
"My goodness!" exclaimed Mary Jane. "How did you get in, kitty? Come here; you'll have to go out again!"
So she picked up kitty, carried her to the front door and put her out.
Five minutes later kitty suddenly bobbed up again.
"Well!" exclaimed Mary Jane. And she was so surprised that she could say no more. But she began to think "How does a kitty get back into the house again? I know I closed the front door—and surely kitty couldn't have opened it!"
Again poor kitty was bundled out into the driving snow, and Mary Jane got about finding how kitty had got back into the house. First she examined all windows; everyone was closed. Then she tried the kitchen door, but it was locked fast. Mary Jane was mused to think for a while that perhaps kitty had climbed up on the roof and had come down the chimney. But she laughed at herself for such a foolish thought, for she knew, of course, that such a thing would be impossible. All the same, the mystery puzzled her.
Imagine, then, her surprise to find, when she returned to the library, that kitty was there, curled up as contented as you please and purring away before the open fire.
Once more Mary Jane put kitty out—and in ten minutes kitty came walking into the room again, from the direction of the kitchen. But every window in the kitchen was shut and the door locked. So Mary Jane gave



There, There, Kitty, Now Don't You Cry.

The Valentine.

SAMMY ROOP brushed his sister. Then he, aside and ran to the pump, where he bathed his bleeding nose. Meanwhile Bob Joyce got up from the ground, all covered with mud, and ran home with a black eye. There had been a battle!
The worst part of it all was that it had been about such a silly trifle. Sammy and Bob had been pals ever since they could remember. That was just it! You see, Sammy thought that on account of his long friendship with Bob, Bob was in duty bound to take his side in everything. When Bob disagreed with him during an exciting game and backed up someone else, when Sammy was sure that boy was wrong, why? It was more than Sammy could stand!
"You aren't any friend of mine!"

he cried. "You're just making up to George!"
"I'm not!" answered Bob Joyce, surprised and angry. "I only told the truth! I wouldn't go against my own side, would I? You make me tired!"
More words followed, and both boys lost their tempers. Then later when they met just outside the school yard, Sammy again began calling names at Bob. He was sure he had been right and he considered Bob a black-hearted traitor. Then the fight began, with the other boys looking on to see fair play, and Tilly crying and wringing her hands. It wasn't like her kind, big-hearted Sammy to get into a vicious fight.
Afterwards when Sammy got home, his father called him from the living-room.
"Son," he said sternly, "what have you been doing to Bob Joyce? His mother was here a while ago and she said you beat him up."
"I wish I'd killed him!" cried Sammy, clenching his fists.
His mother turned pale. "Oh, Sammy," she exclaimed, "don't! You'll grow up to murder someone!"
"He doesn't mean it," said Father Roop. "Let me talk to him."
So Mother Roop went out of the room, with a pained look on her face. "You know what Bob got for fighting?" asked father Roop, turning to the angry-boy.
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"
To be respectful.
To be neat.
To be prompt.
To speak pleasantly.
To stand erect.
To smile brightly.
To be frank.
To be honest.
To respect your parents.
To obey your teacher.
To reverence old age.
To associate clearly.
To be athletic.
To be cheerful.
To be exact.
To be pure in mind.
To be pure in body.
To be polite.
To be helpful to the needy.
To be able to hold your tongue.
To be at the head.
To be in good company.
To be attentive to your own affairs.
To be civil to inferiors.
To be manly.
To be kind to animals.
To be thoughtful.
To be humble.

GOOD OLD VALENTINE

O H, mother, just see my beautiful valentines," said Alice. "Aren't they pretty? Thirteen of them, and all for me."
"You certainly are a lucky girl," said mother, taking her little girl on her lap. "St. Valentine must be very fond of you."
"St. Valentine? Who was he?" asked Alice. "I never knew there was a man by that name. I thought it was just a day?"
"No, indeed," replied mother. "St. Valentine's day is celebrated all over the world."
"Oh, what a lovely story," said Alice. "How I would like to have known St. Valentine."
"That cannot be, my daughter, but you can strive to be like him. Bring cheer and comfort to all whom you meet and the world will be better for your having lived."
"I will try my best," said Alice as she kissed her mother good night.
JULE'S father chaperoned a crowd of children in a berry hunt through the woods, and he was very much amused to see how the lads ran along following each other like a lot of sheep. When one spied a bush on which there was more fruit than on the one where he was picking he would call: "O-Oh here is a full bush, come along fellows, pick them," and they would all flock over there and leave the last bush discarded, even though there were plenty of berries on it.
At last Jules' father called him aside and said: "Son, you are tiring yourself and gaining little. If you find a bush with berries on it stick to it until you have stripped it. Don't ramble from one spot to another in the hopes of finding more. Stick to your bush."
In later years Jules had occasion to thank his father for his good advice. He did not do as so many of his friends did, and leave a fairly good job and spend weeks in trying to find a better one. He stuck to his bush, and made good in the end.
The lives of Washington and Lincoln, two of our greatest Americans whose birthday anniversaries come within ten days of each other. In this month, were true disciples of the motto "Stick to Your Bush." They, by persistent effort in the right direction, accomplished in childhood, youth and manhood just what they set out to do. The bushes were not always there hanging with ripe fruit, but they knew that they had berries to pick so they sought the bush and when they found it they stuck to it.
Washington helped to make a Nation, and Lincoln helped to make that Nation an honor among nations. Adopt their motto when next you undertake anything, and stick to your bush.



St. Valentine was a Real Man Whom Everybody Loved.

THE NEW BABY.

There isn't anything so sweet As baby's little wrinkled feet. Unless it is his funny hair That grows so softly everywhere.
I wonder what he thinks about? Oh milk, I guess or catnip treat. Or wonder now what makes him pout? Perhaps it's just the sight of me.
I wonder now what makes him cry? His feelings hurt? He hasn't come? But there's a real tear in his eye. And goodness sakes, he's looking glum.
Tongue Twister.
I saw Esau kissing Kate, the fact is we all three saw. For I saw Esau, he saw me, and she saw I saw Esau.

Stick to Your Bush.

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The Queen's Jewels.

AND so he married the beautiful girl and she was made queen over the realm, and the two lived happily ever after.
Mother closed the book of fairy tales and took up her sewing. This was a nightly performance at Mary's home; it was called the "story hour," and then Mary was allowed to ask mother as many questions about the story, or anything that came into her little mind, and mother tried her best to satisfy her curiosity.
"And do you think the poor girl, after she was made queen, wore diamonds and emeralds, and do you 'spose she had a crown?" Mary's sign of con-

tempt as to the happy fate of the poor Goose-girl in the story was only another evidence to her mother how she lived and believed the stories she heard.
"Yes, she probably received a beautiful crown from her husband."
"O, it must be grand to be a queen. I wish I was one!" said the maid.
"And then what would you do?" asked her mother.
"Why, I'd wear my crown, and I would visit all my subjects and let them share my happiness and wealth."
"O, you think real queens wear their jewels all the time?" Mother smiled at her little daughter's intentions.
"The Queen of England does, doesn't she?" asked Mary.
"If she did she'd have to be pitted instead of envied," said her mother. "For the weight of the royal jewels is so great that they are worn only on state occasions. The English crown contains about 3000 precious gems, of which more than 2700 are diamonds."
"O-oh!" exclaimed Mary. "they must be gorgeous. Did you ever see them?"
"No, but I read about the queen's jewels. The golden head-band contains about 240 precious pearls and there are also eight large sapphires and eight emeralds in it. Knowing all this, do you still think you'd like to wear her jewels?"
"I should say not! I'm right glad I don't have to trouble my head about them, for they must be a great care, even if she doesn't wear them. They are well guarded at all times."
"Maybe I'm glad that I am just a little girl with a lovely mamma to tell me stories," said Mary, snuggling up to her mother.

A Useful and Pretty Gift.

SADIE was looking forward to the month of February with great pleasure, for, judging by previous years, the many holidays brought with them plenty of diversion and fun. For instance, she had a cousin that was born on the 12th, and as that was also Lincoln's birthday and a half holiday in school, her cousin gave a party and Sadie acted as hostess for him.
Then there came St. Valentine's day



disappointment when, on the very first day of February, she fell and broke her leg, and had to be laid up for at least a month, with a plaster cast on her sore leg.
"There surely must be something that I can do for you," she said to Mother. "You are wearing yourself out waiting on me. See, my hands are all right, and I want to use them in your service. Please let me make something for you."
Mother thought a moment and then her face lit up. "Yes, there is something you can do for me, and it will save me a deal of trouble, for I will give it to Aunt Louise, whose birthday comes on the 14th."
"Tell me what it is, for I love to make valentines."
"I'll phone over to the stationer's for 11 legal-size envelopes, and a pot of paste, and when they come I'll tell you more about it. In the meantime look through this old magazine and cut out a picture appropriate for each month, beginning with February."
Sadie was a bright girl and she seemed to grasp mother's meaning at once. For February she found a picture of a cherry tree and she cut it out. March was represented by a windy scene, and a boy's hat flying off. April was a picture of a little girl under a large umbrella walking calmly through the pouring rain. For May she cut out a little child walking through a field of daisies, and June was represented by a bunch of roses. A group of boys playing soldiers was good for July, and a man in a boat fishing made one almost wish that August was here so that one could catch a few trout with the man. A picture of a schoolhouse with tots trooping in would do for September, and Sadie was quick to seize it, while a tree laden with nuts, and a boy gathering them from the ground was just the thing for October. Before the envelopes arrived Sadie had found the picture of a family enjoying a turkey for November and a Christmas tree with children playing around it for December. Then mother told Sadie to paste each picture on an envelope and to print the name of each month next to its picture.
Sadie spent a most enjoyable day working on this novel gift and when all the envelopes were finished and the bunch tied together with a pale blue satin ribbon the whole made a practical and lovely receptacle for clippings. Mother had hit on the very thing for Aunt Louise, because Aunt Louise was a writer and she had been longing for just such a thing to put her notes and clippings in. Sadie then made several more and sent them as valentines to her best friends.

TWO VALENTINES.
Now Johnnie had two sweethearts once
And one was rich as cream.
The other one was very poor.
But pretty as a dream.
He sent them each a valentine;
The rich girl got so many
She didn't know which one was Ms.
And didn't care a penny.
The poor girl just received the one
And prised it ten times more
Than did her rival, who received
Love tokens by the score.
Now every year that little lass,
So very poor and shy
Receives a lovely valentine.
The best that John can buy.