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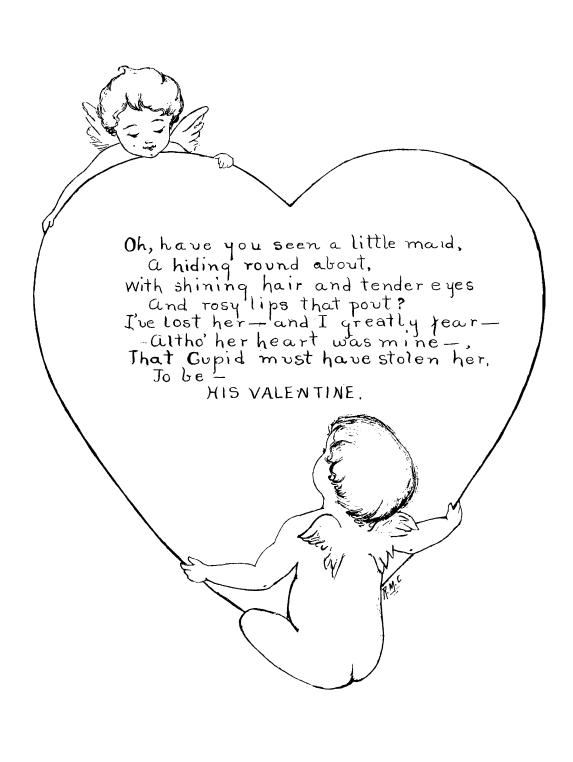
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A SLIPPERY VALENTINE.



The prisoner at the bar was singing "Goodnight Ladies, while the district judge with the purple whiskers cakewalked into the jury box when J. Philemmon Brown was roused from this highly diverting spectacle by a jamiliar basso: "F-u-h-s-t call for brekfuss in de dinin cy-ah!" and opened his eyes to grin at his distorted image in the polished roof of his berth. He stretched his pink pajama-ed length luxuriously and reflected that he still had twenty minutes to dress and the district judge began another dance.

"La-a-s call foh brekfuss in de dinin' cyah!" and Brown sat up making a hasty dive for his trousers. Almost ready to make his way to the dressing room he poked his head from between the curtains intent on rescuing his shoes from the murky darkness of the floor. He drew them into the berth and then whistled. There was one familiar bull dog tie-a substantial No. 7, and with it looking strangely cuddly and dependent on its masculine companion was a diminutive arrangement with a ridiculous heel and a silk bow. Brown examined it inside and out and then set it next to his own whimsically how comfortable and well mated they looked. "I'll ask Cinderella for the other one someday," he laughed, "but at present where the duce is my other boot?"

He peered out to call the porter but

met the electric gaze of a pair of violet cyes from the berth opposite. The eyes belonged to an elfish face with the curtains drawn tightly under its chin. A tousled mop of yellow hair framed it charmingly and the eyes, not three feet away from his, twinkled—

"You, she said.

"I--" he said.

"Oh-er-have you—?" she stammered.

"Ahem-did you er— he replied and then they laughed and Brown forgot that his hair wasn't combed in the pure joy of hearing her laugh. It was a deep throaty gurgle of humor unalloyed. She held out a large shoe and he saw that her wrists were slim and white and supple, such wrists as—"I don't think I can wear this, she said.

"Nor I this," and he placed the dainty footgear in her hand. "Thank you Cinderella." The dark curtains fell together and hid the vision.

At his hasty breakfast, Brown watched for the lady with the violet eyes. "I'd know her by her hair or her feet, he reflected but he was disappointed and the train drew noisily into his destination.

"Sylvia was to be on this train, said his sister as he dutifully kissed the least spotty portion of her veil, "you and she are the last of the party to arrive."

"At the risk of appearing bromidic. my dear," smiled her brother, "may I ask 'Who is Sylvia?"

"Why she— began Mrs. Guy. "Oh, there she is now?" and in, the flurry of the feminine embrace Brown failed to observe that "Sylvia" had a mop of yellow hair.

"Phil," he turned to hear his sister say, "you must meet Sylvia, and a pair of violet eyes smiled into his.

"May I see your feet, he queried politely.

"Why Phil— a horrified gasp from his matronly sister, and an amused laugh from the maid Sylvia as she cautiously let a tiny tip of leather peep from under her skirt.

"You see, explained Philemmon J. Brown "I always judge character by people's feet and I feel sure you and I are going to be friends. "Why, Sis," turning to the puzzled Mrs. Guy, "I know already so much of her character that I'll wager she is an artist and prays golf!"

The swift drive to Mrs. Guy's suburban home—already in the throes of a big house party, was all too swift for Brown though the conversation was light and frothy, mainly in regard to "Porter's mistakes"—"delightfully absurd"—"not longer than six inches, I swear"—"horribly unconventional, etc, etc, etc, and Mrs. Guy deep in plans for a valentine cotillion only listened vaguely and was thankful that "Phil could be pleasant when he tried.

Pickles came in to see J. Philemmon Prown while he was dressing for dinner and wagged his tail appreciatively at his enthusiastic welcome.

"Well 'pon my soul old feller, you're plum growed aren't you—did ums was—you will bite my ankles will you? Well, how you like being tickled under the ribs, stop licking my neck, you rascal! You've made me lose my collar button, there skite—!" and the pup was set down unceremoniously in

the hall. He started on a tour of investigation, meeting several beautiful ladies in various stages of getting In the last room ready for dinner. te visited there was a particularly nice person who reminded him of his nice man and he decided it would be altogether gracious to take him some small token of appreciation. So took in his teeth a small object that lay on the floor and trotted back to Prown's room to deposit his burden. He looked up expectantly and wagged his tail furiously—if he could have patted his own head he would have. but Brown didn't. "Is it raining foot wear?" he asked the dog. "Where did this come from you robber?" and then as he examined the delicate bit of satin with jewelled tip, he laughed out loud. "As like as two peas" and into his capacious pocket it went-high heel and all.

At dinner the conversation turned to dogs and Sylvia spoke enthusiastically of a strange dog that had visited her boudoir shortly before. "Here he comes now, she said, and soon the whole party were being amused by the after-dinner stunts of Pickles. As the conversation drifted back into regular channels, Brown cast about for some way of introducing gain the slipper topic to Sylvia who sat beside him. He looked down at her to meet a frozen look of despair.

"What is it?" he said softly. "Are you ill, Miss Westbrook?"

"No. she said, and a glimmer of a smile forced itself into the violet distress. "I-I-er"—then she laughed—"Swear you'll not tell?"

He nodded solemnly and said:

"Don't tell me you've lost another slipper?"

—She nodded. "It's getting to be a habit. When I went to dress tonight I couldn't find but one slipper that belongs to this frock. Your sister has a pair to match and she kindly lent me one." She stopped.

"But why," he queried, "such sudden distress?" He sternly suppressed the twinkle he felt imminent in his brown eyes.

"We-ell," she hesitated; "Mrs. Guy's icet are smaller than mine—

"Impossible," he murmured.

"And—and—well, desperately, "It hurt me horribly, so I slipped it off and now I can't find it and I think that miserable little dog has carried it away."

"It's a habit Pickles has," he told her and reached into his pocket for the first lost slipper.

A look of relief, an unspoken question and a flash of understanding passed through her eyes and as he handed it to her under cover of the cloth their hands met in an unconsciously fervid clasp. "You've saved my life," she whispered as the hostess signed for dispersion.

"Well, please save me some dances tomorrow night," he laughed.

After the last lingering bridge player had gone to bed and the tired hostess slept, relieved that the day had passed successfully, it stormed and the strong timbers creaked in the mighty wind. Rain came in torrents and those familiar with the mountain at whose foot the house nestled, were fearful of a landslide

Presently the guests began to congregate in the big living room. A servant brought in logs for the fire-piace and a tense, forced gaity pervaded. The women huddled in sumptuous dressing gowns, and negligee's spoke in hushed tones and the men went in search of liquid refreshments. Sylvia met Brown at the top of the stairs and her eyes widened as she saw him struggling into his storm coat.

"You are not going out?" she asked.
"Just down the road a piece," he replied—and then, when her eyes asked more, he explained briefly—"Sis tells me there's a band of traveling musicians camped in a hut just below here and they are probably hemmed in by the creek. I've got to go and get them out." To the protest, eloquent but unspoken, he replied. There are some youngsters and a tiny tyke, you see, I must. Don't tell the other folks, no use to stir up a commotion.

The wind fairly shook the house, and she drew a little closer to him—more appealing than ever in the clinging bine robe open at her slender throat. I heir eyes spoke to each other but she only held out her hands and with a catch in her voice said, "Oh do be careful."

"For," he prompted.

"—for me," she added and fled, leaving in her haste a little blue mulle slipper embroidered in gold, quite as small and ridiculous as the other shoes. Erown put it in his inner packet, swallowed the lump in his throat and started out into the storm, smiling.

The intense excitement attending the storm, the peaceful calm that followed, Brown's quixotic rescue of the musician and his family, and the duel that took place between Pickles and the fat gypsy baby were quite eclipsed by the elaborate preparations for the valentine cotillion and by night the house was in festive array of hearts and priceless flowers. A famous gentleman was to lead the cotillion over which Mrs. Guy had taxed her inventive powers and the guests were eager to learn more of the rumored "Sleeping Beauty Figure, "Beauty and Beast," and the "Cinderella Figure.

Although J. Philemmon Brown waited patiently all day he found no opportunity to return the third slipper to Svlvia. A very casual observer would have said she avoided him. I. Philemnion Brown was moody and even Pickles and the fat gypsy baby brought no smiles. He petted and caressed his grievance into a decided grouch by night and stayed upstairs till the dancing was well under way. Then a giance at Sylvia's card, which she tenaered him carelessly, showed him was full with only a bare chance that he might capture her for a cotillion figure. Bue he determined to do that and find out definitely if-

Waltzes and two-steps were not made for a man to enjoy when the object of his affection whirls by in another man's arms so Brown glowered most of the evening. But hope that springs eternal renewed during the cotillion as each pretty figure wound and unwound its mazes through the rooms. Her eyes met his occasionally now. And he felt sure there was a softer radiance for him than for the others. He must know tonight.

The Cinderella Figure was the supper figure and a "ladies favor." Due to a preponderance of men in the crowd it was incumbent on a number of them to "stag." Every woman had two favors, a silver heart and a tinv slipper of crystal. The farmer she bestowed upon her choice for the supper waltz, the slipper, to another meaning the promise of the first dance supper. Of course the hearts in demand. Brown received a radiant smile from Sylvia—a smile that could only mean one thing-and he went quickly to her side. Now, he thought her heart would be his by token of her favor and surely he had guesse! aright the night before!

But she slipped into his hand the tiny slipper.

Brown knew how to take defeat so he smiled his thanks and thought the hurt concealed. Her eyes softened as she saw the pain and her fingers curled into his—"Don't you understand, dear?" she whispered, "the heart is in the slipper!"

A. O.



Jill: "So your efforts to win the rich heiress were fruitless, eh?"

Jack: "Fruitless! Oh, no! I got the lemon."

CHARACTER SKETCH OF CASSIUS.

Cassius, one of the strongest and 110st interesting characters in "Julius Caesar" is a schemer, a shrewd man, whose "lean and hungry look" bore out his mental alertness and capacity. Although he cannot be called the hero, nor yet the villian, he is the one man around whose plans and projects the action of the play evolves. And yet, he is not one with whom our sympathies are enlisted for we feel intuitively that his frequent threats orcerning his own life will finally be carried out and that his conspiracy will cause his own dawnfall as well as that of Caesar. He was cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted bead.

No more practical man could have lived to execute his schemes with as firm a hand as did Cassius. He was a hard-thinking man; not a dreamer like Marcus Brutus. All the practical gifts, insight and tact which Brutus lacked, were possesed by Cassius; but of Brutus' moral purity, veneration of ideals, freedom from unworthy personal motives, Cassius possessed little. His knowledge of men was great. He saw deep down into the bottom of men's hearts and led by his common sense and unalloyed share of practicality he displayed excellent judgment on all questions. Had Cassius' advice concerning the killing of "Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar" been followed. Shakespeare might have had no conflicting parties after Caesar's death. Again, before the battle of Philippi, in answer to Brutus' inquiry, "What do you think of marching to Philippi presently?" he gave the reply. "Tis better the enemy seek us."

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers.

Loing himself offense, whilst we lying still.

Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness"

and Brutus, whose "good reasons must of force give place to better" found to his sorrow that again Cassius' judgment had been the sounder of the two.

Although thee is no particular feat of generalship given as an example in the play, we feel that Cassius must have been a good and courageous leader. But once do we have an instance of his being prescient of some ill and then his unsuperstitutious nature led him to say, as were his wonted feelings.

"I am fresh of spirit and resolved To meet all perils constantly."

He was truly possessed of the heroic vertues—being brave, strong-hearted and loyal to those he loved. And how he loved Brutus! The really effective portrayal of this love is grasped only by the reading of the quarrel scene prior to the battle of Philippi. Even in his love, however, Cassius was hotheaded and impulsive, threatening when that rash humor which his mother gave him made him forgetful.

Brutus' magisterial moral power had in it something which overswayed and influenced Cassius' more practical judgment. Cassius' love for Brutus was Caesar's undoing. Influenced by this love, together with petty personal grievances he worked himself up to the formation of the unscrupulous consuracy whose members assassinated "immortal Caesar,"

Cassius was held in the highest regard by his friends, and even Pindarus, he Jave, who stabbed him because he was commanded to, loved him better than he loved his own freedom which meant so much to a Roman slave. Titinius killed himself with Cassius' sword because of a broken heart at finding his brave Cassius slain. We have Brutus' high estimate of him in the words:

"Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of the Romans fare the well!
!t is impossible that Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time."

Republican independence was Cassius an ideal dearer than life. "I had as lief not be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself."

His whole character developed and became subservient to a master-pas sion that was disinterested and though his party spirit can be criticized as unscrupulous, he was merely one of that class of men whose personal aims, personal temptations and personal risks were interwoven with public action.

Christine E. Woldert



FRATER DOMO.

Gone is the light of my eyes; Gone, the strength of my life. Shield him, O fair blue skies From the world's, wild wicked strife.

Not the fickle breath of fame
That swells the passing hour,
Nor the glare of a mighty name,
Nor the splendor of earthly power.

But give him the heart's true ken, Wisely to know his day.
To become a man among men—Only for this, O Lord I pray.
"Sorocula.

He: "Do you think a young man has as good a chance as he had twenty or thirty years ago?"

She: "Better; this is so sudden, but I know papa will be delighted."—New York Sun.

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Here's to the tree and the cherries it bore;

Here's to the hatchet that smote it full sore;

Here's to the lad that was honest and true;

Here's to his colors, the red, white and blue;

Here's to his sword with the laurel entwined:

Fiere's to the hero in all hearts enshrined!

-Arthur Guiterman.



Dan Cupidee came home one eve,
With a sad and solemn look,
For underneath his dimpled arm
He held a covered book.
"My child, my own!" Dame Veus cried
"Pray wha is troubling you;
Can't Psyche count the mustard seed,
What makes you look so blue?"
"Dear mother," with a sob he said,
"Tis nothing—yet t'amounts
To a great deal, I must hand in
My PERSONAL ACCOUNTS."
And then he straight way sat him
down

With all his heart and might—
To count, to figure, calculate—,
To make it balance right.
Dame Venus gave a heart-felt sigh,
But not a word she spoke—
And as for Cupid—little scamp—
Why this is what he wrote:

COLLEGE OF LOVE AND HEARTS.

Personal Accounts— Dan Cupid.

From Feb. 14, 1909 to Feb. 14, 1910.

- 1. **Board** ond **Room**—Board and room in some hearts is very slight and narrow, in others, generous and wide.
- 2. College Fees—Two Smiles.
- 3. Text Book Deposit-One kiss.
- 4. Text Books Bought-Love in a

Cottage, Sweethearts Always, Historic Love Affairs.

- 5. Other Books and Periodicals
 Bought—How to Mend Hearts
 Tho' Cracked; Shooting Manual.
- 6. Extra Materials for School Work:

Four hearts.

I doz. bottles LePage's glue.

1 lb. cement.

I bunch assorted keys.

1 bucket arrow proof paint.

1 heart shaped target.

1 rope lasso.

12 yds. bandage.

6 yds iron chain.

7. School Stationery:

1 account book.

1 bottle red ink.

1 quill.

1 box note paper. stamps.

8. Personal Stationery:

6 boxes perfumed note paper.

1 box sealing wax. Stamps.

9. College Publications:

The Daedalian.

The "Bat."

The Sphinx.

10. Class Expenses:

Class bow and arrow.

11. Entertainments:

Valentine Hop.

Mock Leap Year Ball (in benuit of the old Maids' Federation).

12. Uniform:

1 pr. wings.

1 bow.

1 quiver.

1 pr. sandals.

2 yds. white ribbon.

13. Other Dry Goods:

1 doz. handerchiefs.

1 invisible coat.

14. Shoes, Etc:

1 pr. winged sandals.

1 pr. tear proof rubbers.

15. Repairing, Etc:

1 pr. wings.

10 hearts.

13 heads.

14 pr. arms.

16. Laundry.

1-2 doz. handkerchiefs.

1 vd. white ribbon.

17. Medicine:

Hearts Ease.

Twolip Salve (1 bbl.).

18. Toilet Articles:

1 mirror.

1 bottle perfume.

1 bar Ivory Soap.

19. Dental Work:

Filling of wisdom teeth.

20. Oculist's Service:

1 pr. rose colored glasses.

1 blind fold.

21. Telephone, Telegraph:

Dallas.

Nocona-Bill-O. K.

Farmersville.

Waco.

College Station. C. O. D.

22. Railroad Fare, Etc:

Krum.

North Pole.

23. Instrumental Music:

Heart strings—rent per month, nothing.

24. Fruit:

Peaches.

Pears.

Lemons.

Confections:

Candy hearts.

Lemon drops.

Candied Cherubs.
Cupid Dreams.

26. Presents:

1 diamond ring.

1 doz. red carnations.

1 doz. Tulips.

1 bunch violets.

21. Sundries:

1 airship.

1 auto.

2 valentines.

6 moonlight nights.

1 hammock.

12 spring days.

1 pr. blue eyes.

1 pr. black eyes.

1 settee.

Total—One grand, glorious conglomeration.

Balance:

1 pr. broken wings.

1 doz. broken arrows.

3 broken hearts.

2 blighted lives.

3 Old Maids.

1 Old Bachelor.

Credit—All gone.

—R. M. C.



"Who shot this heart and broke it?"
Said Jupiter one day—

And with stern looks he paused to hear What Cupid had to say.

"I cannot tell a lie, sir,

I'm sorry that it's' so-

I was the one who shot it,

With an arrow from my bow."

FINANCIALLY SPEAKING.

Isaac Silberstein, clerk, embryonic apoleon of finance, and teller of tales everworked the word "cost" to such an extent that one of his associates had said that it was two-thirds of his vocabulary.

Even during childhood, Ikey had appreciated the value of the word. When Johnnie Jones came to school in a suit of new clothes, Ikey's first duty was to ascertain the cost of the cothes. Sam Sneed's proud exhibition of a new jack knife elicited from Ikey a query regarding its cost... Invited to a birthday party, little Ikey would make a mental estimate of the value of the several gifts, and at an opportune moment would ask the host or hostess:

"My present cost more than any you have received, didn't it?"

The interrogation was not a confidential reminder of the value of his gift, but was an advertisement to all tresent that he, Ikey Silberstein, had bestowed a gift that cost more than any other.

In his young manhood feminine beauty appealed to Isaac with an insistense that would not be denied. He availed himself of invitations to mingle "in society" on favorable occasions. An occasion was "favorable" when the scene of the mingling was vithin walking distance—which meant the saving of car fare. A favorable occasion was also one that was not likely to result in his being called on to divorce himself from the almighty dollar.

Mingling with the beauty and

manliness of the younger set, Isaac was in his glory. While selling shoddy goods, tainted meat and withered vegetables and other commodities, he mentally rehearsed the conversation with which he would regale his friends when next he favored them by accepting an invitation to grace society with his presence.

In fancy he saw himself basking in the smiles of Agnes Mustapheno, her blue eyes alight with interest as he confides to her the extent of his profits since he had become a partner of his brother-in-law. The firm's elaborate plans were unfolded to the interested girl—in fancy. In referring to the firm, he usually employed the pronoun "I." Isaac doubted not that the girl would be impressed with his conversation.

After meeting her, Isaac often speculated whether Agnes aspired to sharing the wealth that would pour in when the firm became cotton factors. In a few years the firm would erect a skyscraper, and he would assume the management of the extensive business. At present, however, he needed to assist the clerks. Agnes gave no hint that she entertained any mercenary motives, but Isaac became convinced that his narration of the tale of prospective affluence, so often reiterated as it was, could have but one effect on the young woman.

Although his conversation was brilliant, Isaac Silberstein did not rely entirely upon his conversational accomplishments in wooing blue-eyed, golden-haired Agnes. She was not of his race, it is true, but love is not balked by racial distinctions. His light-grey

trousers with belt-straps, price \$1.68, were an able ally in the forces that were to take the girl by storm. The services of the imitation Panama hat, price \$2.87, were also most effective. The wine-colored tie, price twentythree cents, also augmented his forces. The patent-leathers, delightful, glossy, style unquestionable,—purchased icr \$2.95 at a sale of sample shoes, threw grape-shop into the fortress and wrought great havoc. And all the while the trousers of light-grey, veritable machine guns as to persistent effectiveness in making a passage to the citadel of the girl's heart, kept up the bombardment. Could anything withstand such an array of artillery? Ike thought not.

One evening. Ike deemed it proper to present Agnes some token of his regard. He had been calling on her steadily for two weeks. A basket of fruit would be just the thing. Better than a book, for he could share it As he handed her the fruit, he said:

"Here's some fruit for you, Miss Agnes. I purchased it on my way from town. It was a bargain—seventy-five cents."

Ike and Agnes attended a church bazaar two monts after he had begun to call on her. He loved the girl dearly, for he had calculated before leaving home that he would probably separate himself from sixty-five cents' worth of the precious metal. The separation was sadder than he had anticipated—thirty-five cents sadder.

As they slowly walked home, each engaged in deep thought. When we are near those we love, thought is semetimes too deep for utterance. At

last Agnes spoke:

"I have had a delightful time, Mr. Silberstein."

"Call me Ike, please."

"I have greatly enjoyed the evening, —!ke."

"I have had a pretty fair time myself," remarked Ike: "and it cost only—let me see,—car fare, ten cents; two tickets to the beauty show, fifty cents; chance at doll rafle, ten; Japanese fan for you, dear, twenty-five cents; lemonade, ten; chewing gum, five; total, a dollar and ten cents. It would have been a dollar and twenty had we gone on the car instead of walking. I Eke to walk, don't you?"

Agnes wore a pair of tight shoes, but she painfully assented, "Yes." A woman will lie for the sake of the man she loves.

They were silent for some time. Ike n used within himself anent his extravagance this evening. But there was much at stake. He felt justifiable in his lavishness in the use of money and conversation. It is true that he had spent a dollar-ten, but he loved the girl. Resides, when they married, they would economize, and she might assist in the millinery department which would be added to the store. would save even more than he had spent in winning her. Yes, he extravagant, but when a man is in love, we know, he commits startling indiscretions that shock him rational periods.

He stole a glance at Agnes just after the idea of post-matrimonial retrenchment of expenses passed through his mind. The demure eyes, little rose, and dimpled mouth temporarily

lanished all thought of cost of winning her, and, before he realized it, he mentioned a moonlight picnic that had been planned by several friends a few days before. His friends were delaying its announcement pending his ecision. If he decided to become a member of the party he would be accorded the privilege of inviting one lady; also the further privilege of sharing his pro rata of the expense. The estimate was ninety-five cents to the individual. He demurred, stating that he thought seventy-five cents was a sufficient amount. His friends insisted that ninety-five cents was the most conservative estimate. He promised a decision on the following day. He was in a state of financial indecision as he walked home from the bazaar with Agnes. The sidelong glance undid lom; the dimpled mouth decided for Lim.

"There will be seven couples." continued Ike. "Seven of us boys will stand the expense. A move-wagon has been chartered for the occasion. The individual cost, including refreshments, will be about ninety-five cents. I'm sure you would enjoy yourself. Will you go?"

Agnes deliberated a few minutes. She knew Ike well,—better than he suspected. That he had spent a dollar and ten cents on her that evening, and was even then planning for her further pleasure, at an outlay of ninety-five cents, deeply affected her. She realized that it also deeply affected his pocket-book despite his tales of growing profits, but she was very desirous of attending the picnic. Ike would be there, and—marvelling at man's un-

selfish attitude toward the woman he loves, Agnes said:

"I will go, thank you."

Little was said during the remainder of the walk home. Ike had attempted to broach the subject of the augmentation of profits since he had cornered the visible supply of water melons in Callahan county, but Agnes was unresponsive. She would have preferred to talk of love or something else closer to her heart than water melons.

Arriving at her home, they lingered at the gate. The usual professions of enjoyment of the evening and satisfaction therewith were made.

"There is no necessity for my addressing you as Miss Mustapheno. is there, Agnes?" tentatively ventured Ike.

Miss Mustapheno, or Agnes to her friends, did not see any pressing necessity for the use of a title, since they knew each other well. She was averse to undue formality among friends anyway.

The hour was growing late and they must part.

"Good-night, Agnes."
"Good-night, Ike."

As he slipped the ring on her finger he was tempted to make a casual reference to its cost, but he forebore doing so. That was the crucial test of his love.

As he looked into the flushed, smiling face of Agnes, her eyes ablaze with Lappiness, as she promised to be his Lade, be it said in justice to him, he thought not of the financial feature of his courtship. But he had undergone me great metamorphosis, for clasping

her in his arms, the Isaac Silberstein of the lover asserted itself in the smile that displayed his even teeth, and their gold fillings that cost \$10.85, less five per cent. for cash.

James Dee Baldwin.



ANSWER.

You say you want my heart, dear To stay with you awhile; You say I captured yours dear, With my lovely smile.

If all my smiles were hearts, dear, And every heart were two,

1:: wrap them up in rose leaves

And send them all to you.

But smiles come from the heart, dear, And if I gave you mine, I'd have no smiles to greet you On good St. Valentine.

So I'd best keep my heart, dear,
Until another day
'Till I see if you still want it
When the smiles have gone away!

-A. O.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It seems to be purely accidental that the 14th of February should be known as St. Valentine's Day. In the legends of the different saints bearing that name, no trace of the peculiar practice of that day is found. It has been suggested that the customs of St. Valentine's Day may have descended to us from the very early Remans, who during the Tupercola, which was celebrated duirng the month of February, were accustomed to put the names of young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed." Of course the young men were under certain obligations to the young ladies. whose names they had drawn. The clergy, endeavoring to eradicate this pagan practice, gave it a religious aspect by substituting the names of certain saints for those of the women. This is a custom widely extended to the Roman Catholic church to select, on or near this date, a patron saint for one year, who is called a valentine. but more probably the custom choosing valentines is a peculiarity of the season: for it is said. "That birds choose their mates and couple too this day."

The 14th of February used to be celebrated in Europe in a very peculiar and amusing way. On the eve of St. Valentine a number of young people would come together and write upon slips of paper the names of an equal number of young men and women. The names of the young men were thrown into one repository, and those of the young women into another, and

then they drew them lottery-mode, each drawing, of ciurse, the name of one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine. Thus by choosing and being chosen the amusement came where each one claimed a valentine, and he was in turn claimed by some one else. The young man, however, was more attentive to the valentine that had fallen to him, than the one to whom he had fallen. The young man was bound to the young lady, whom had fallen to him, for one year, and, as may be imagined, these imaginary engagements very often led to real ones.

For some time back the festival, at least in America and England, grown to be quite a nuisance.

"On paper curiously shaped Scribblers today of every sort, In verses valentines velepe'd.

To Venus chime their annual court I too will swell the motley throng And greet the all auspicious day, Whose privilege permits my song,

My love thus secret to obey."

As the day approaches the stationer's shop window is decorated with highly colored missives, which are intended for use on this occasion. There are some few young men who send costly gifts to "their valentines;" but the most common valentines of today consist of a single comic sheet, bearing some highly colored caricature with a few burlesque verses below. Some few contain sentimental verses, decorated by hearts "pierced through by Cupid's darts." Maidservants and youths, and school-girls and boys interchange these epistles on St. Valentine's Day; and the newspapers record in glowing letters the millions of valentines posted on that day. V. C.. '11.



DON'T FORGET TO CACKLE.

A duck, which had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and iaid several dozen large, fawn-colored eggs, complained that she was not appreciated.

"See that hen over there?" said the cuck; "she has not laid so many eggs as I have, nor so big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody says a word about me."

"The trouble with you is," said the wise buff leghorn cock that was standing near, "that you do not tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, while that sister of mine never lays one without letting everybody in the neighborhood know of it. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise."-Troy (N. Y.) Chief.

Other papers all remind us,

We can make our own sublime. If our fellow schoolmates send us

Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little.

Story, school note, song, or jest; If you want a good school paper

Each of you must do your best.—Ex.

ADVANCE SPRING FASHION NOTES FOR 1910.

Simplicity is the key note of fashion for the coming season.

Blue serge suits, tailored effect. with cloth buttons, are all the rage for street wear, morning and afternoon.

Military capes of various styles are still worn (altho' they should not be.).

For the young college 'Miss nothing is more charming than the simple linen or cambric waist, made with yoke and pocket. These are especially "chic" if worn with dark, seven or nine gore skirts.

White suits, of extreme simplicity both in material and style, promise to be exclusive and popular for evening year.

Hats are rather severe in shape, the most popular being square in effect, with graceful falling drapery on the left side. Black is the leading color, and one that may be safely worn by cld and young.

The hair continues to be arranged with the utmost simplicity. It is drawn over a water bucket or small wash tub at the rear of the head, and is held in place by a braid (of hair) which does not necessarily need be the same color of the rest of the hair If this proves shaky or unmanageable, the whole may be encased in a fish net, of suitable color, and the effect will be cuite as—artistic.

This style is exceedingly simple and girlish, yet gives the wearer the appearance of having a large and shapely head, which is so diligently sought after now a-days.



ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association this year has practically been dead. The lack of interest, so we thought, was due to bad weather, but we are compelled to admit our mistake. For the past three weeks, the weather has been ideal, but not a girl has been near the basket ball grounls, and only a few have played tennis.

We have tried in every possible way to arouse interest, but have found it utterly impossible. Will not some one suggest a way? Surely students, you do not realize the mistake you are making by neglecting your athletics. The courts, both tennis and basket ball, are kept in excellent condition, and there is no reason why you should not play regularly.

Girls! wake up. Use those courts from four until six every afternoon. Rise early and play before breakfast. The day will pass away twice as fast, and your minds will be clear and fresh ready to receive instruction, what ever it may be.

'Tis nice to be the winner in a Love game, but oh, how sad to be the loser. even if 'tis only a game of tennis.

The Naedalian

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Christine E. Woldert. Literary Editor Aleen Yeary......Athletic Editor Angie Ousley..... Exchange Editor Annie Andrews..... Society Editor

Khea Markham. ..Business Manager Jewel Dennis. .Ass't Business Mgr.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CORNER STONE ANNIVERS. ARY.

January 10, 1910, was marked by the seventh anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of this College. In chapel President Work made brief remarks commemorating the event, relating facts of peculiar interest to both students and visitors.

The local papers of that date (Jan. 10, 1903) indicate an attendance of 5,000 people. As the weather was bad, after the placing of the corner stone, the program was held in the opera house. Addresses were made by Hon. A. P. Woldrige, Hon. A. C. Owsley, members of the board of regents, President Work, who outlined the policy upon which the school has been built,—and others.

Since that time, year after year, changes and improvements of various kinds have been made. Seven of the original faculty still remain, while the number of members composing that body has from time to time been increased.

There has been a great widening of scope in the curriculum, which now offers a wide range of electives to students. The entrance requirements have been raised, and an additional year has been added to the regular college course, together with a special course in education, which promises to be most beneficial. The addition of the summer school has also proved very effective and it is hoped that next year the trades work, a thing which has been sought for years, will be firmly established.

The physical changes, the development and beautifying of the College grounds, in increase of College buildings from one to five, is also noteworthy.

Student life gives evidences of its development in student organizations. The Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, the Chaparal Literary Society, the M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club, the Students' Association, and the Col-

lege paper with its checkered career under the titles of "Chaparal Month-ly," "Meh Lady,"—and lastly "The Daedalian."

We hope that January 10, will not be forgotten, and that in the future, annual exercises will be conducted by the students on that day, each year marking not only the rapid growth and improvement in the College, but the choice of the growing favor in public opinion, and loyal support upon which the success of the College largely depends—and for which we are ever grateful.



SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 25th, the Philathea class of the Methodist church entertained their C. I. A. friends in the parlors of the Methodist Lormitory.

The amusement for the evening took on various artistic forms, such as modeling, sketching, matching puzzles, naming silhouettes, etc., and after refreshments the departing guests deciared the party a great success.

The Shakespearean lecture given by Miss Kate Friend, under the auspices of the M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club, was a most pleasing event. Miss Friend reviewed the important events

in the life of the poet, and showed very attractive stereoptican views of places which he immortalized in his writings.

The M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club celebrated their second anniversary in the auditorium of the College, on Jan. 22. A large number of local friends and several out of town guests were present. The auditorium was decorated in palms, ferns, and M. E. B. pennants. Pomptly at 8:30, the meeting was called to order, and after the regular M. E. B. call the following program was rendered:

Piano Solo.....Miss Elsie Predeaux Pesident's Birthday Greetings....

Debate—Resolved, That an Amendment Favoring Woman's Suffrage Be Added to the State Constitution.

Affirnmative—Verna Jackson, Cora AJcBryde.

Negative—May Durham, Ludie Clark.

Whe Lotus Eaters......Tennyson Misses Stuart, Jennings, Hudson, Bald win, Griffin, Carroll.

Decision of Judges in favor of the affirmative.

Misses Maggie Spencer and Hazel McGinnis entertained last Saturday in honor of Miss Minnie Pearl Williams, who has been a guest at the Methodist Dormitory. After games and pleasant conversation, a delightful feast was thoroughly enjoyed.

Exchange Department

Trinitoniam

The attractive cover and make-up of this magazine are by no means its most pleasing feature. There is a freshness and breeziness of style that speaks well of the board of editors. The quickest way to kill a College journal is to make it a journal of reproduction—to rehash every month the productions of other publications. Originality seems to be the watchword of the "Trinitonian."

Corral

We are glad to receive the Corral again and note with pleasure its new form. It is handier and more truly academic. There is no signature to the poem "Music In the Soul" but we congratulate the author. It is a little gem. The stories show careful construction but we wonder if it's ically necessary to publish all the "midnight spread" stories. Those might be left to High School writers for whom the glamour of such things has not worn off.

Sphin x

The Sphinx presents several hightly colored tales of the imagination this month. They are interesting but of so much of a sameness that we wonder

if some of the English department aren't studying along that line. "A Story Told Around the Campfire" starts out promisingly but seems to have no point. The editorial department is strong, yet we would take issue with the prescribed cure for homesickness, Nostalgia is like lov! Neither doctors, diagnoses, nor directions touch it in a vital point and Time is the only reliable cure.

Orange and Black

We note by this magazine that smoking is forbidden on the campus and think it pertinent to inquire, "Where do you smoke?" There is an over-abundance of class notes and locals and too little of real literary merit but there's nothing the matter with your athletic department.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following other magazines and regret the lack of space for comment: "Daisy Chain," "Wesleylan," "Champion," "Brownwood High School Journal," "T. B. U. Magazine," "Howard Payne Monthly," "Baylor Literary," "The Casis," "Daniel Baker Collegian," and "Southwestern University Magazine."



ALUMNAE NOTES.

Miss Katherine A. McLeod, '06, has accepted the position as Secretary of lunch work for the Y. W. C. A. at Houston.

Miss Bess Turner, '09, was a visitor at the college last week.

Invitations have been received for the approaching marriage of Miss Myrtle Bolin, '09, to Mr. Kamp Mc-Ginnis of Terrell, Texas.

In a letter from Miss Eula P. Turner, the president of the Alumni, she states that the constitution committee is hard at work preparing the constitution which will be read at the Alumni meeting on February 19th. All members of the Alumni should remember this cate and try to be present as there are a number of important matters to come before you.



---: "Opal, how do you spell solemn?"

Opal: "Solemn—let me see—v-o-l-:-m-e volume, s-o-l-u-m-e solemn.

Editor's Note—Miss Hughes is now the happy possessor of a blue-back spelling book, and a dictionary.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner, impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted rather crossly.

"Ours? O, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek on his shirt tront.—Literary Digest.

Elderly Party: "I hope, driver, you will not run away with me."

"Bless yer, no mum! I've got a wife and six kids at home already."—London Opinion.

Fraylein Braune had studied her Fnglish grammar carefully. "Ach, yes, I shall remember," she said. "This window above the door is the transom, and you call this a register? Yes, I shall learn that name." Not long after the dignified little German lady astonished some visitors by asserting, "Oh, no, I have not found this country cold. I have been very comfortable. I sit all day with my feet over the transom."

Lady—I'm looking for a governess for my children.

Manager of Intelligence Office—Didn't we supply you with one last week? "Yes." "Well, madam, according to her report, you don't need a governess. You need a lion tamer."

The story goes that the Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, during his first incumbency at Washington, received from his American friends a gift of two thoroughbred, exceedingly valuable little dogs of one of the toy breeds. The givers received a note of thanks in which the ceremonious Li said that owing to impaired health and the strict orders of his physician he had been on a strict diet for some time and was unable to enjoy the dogs, but that the members of his legation had enjoyed them very much.

The following matrimonial advertisement appeared in a Japanese newspaper: "I am a very pretty girl. My hair is as wavy as a cloud. My compexion has the brilliancy and softness of a flower. My expression is as noble as the leaf of the weeping willow." My brown eyes are like two crescents of the moon.

"I have enough worldly goods to pass happily through life with my husband, hand in hand, gazing at the flowers by day and the moon by night. If this should meet the eye of a man who is intelligent, amiable and of good address, I will be his for life, and repose with him later in a tomb of red marble."

Mr. Yeary—"Good heavens, dear, what have you stuffed this turkey with?"

Aleene (a D. A. at C. I. A., at home for the Christmas holidays)—"Why, with oysters, just as you told me."

Mr. Y.—"But it feels like a lot of hot rocks."

Aleene—"Oh, you mean, horrid, cruel wretch! That is the oyster shells of You always told me the only vay you liked oysters was in the shells. Boo shoo! hoo!"



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