

SHOULD HAVE BEEN CUPID'S DAY, NOT ST. VALENTINE'S

WRONG AND INAPPROPRIATE NAME BECAME ATTACHED TO FEBRUARY 14 AND CAN NOT BE CHANGED



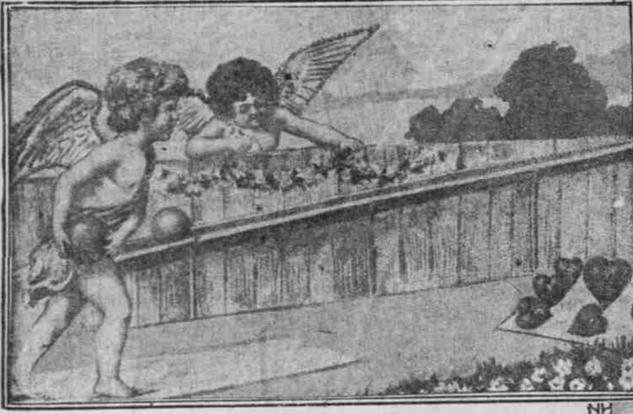
DAN GATHERING HIS ANNUAL CROP



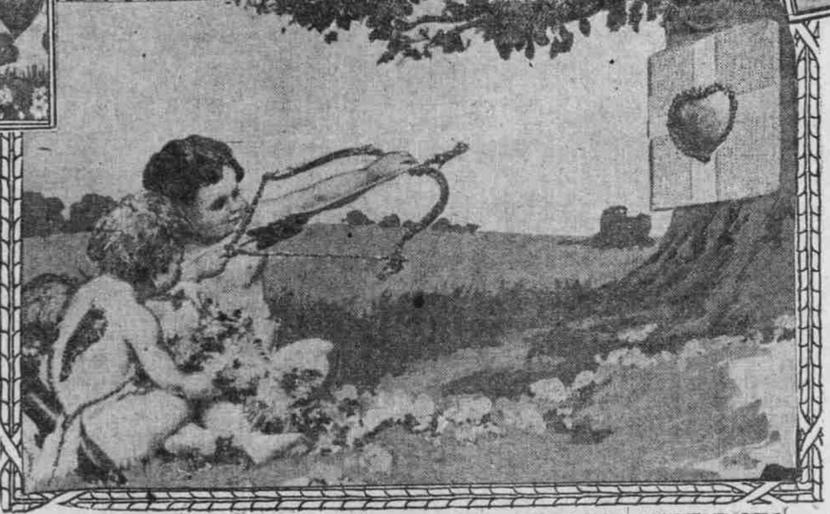
PACKING LOVE'S CASKET FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY OPENING



THE GOD OF LOVE FISHING FOR HEARTS



CUPID BOWLING WITH HEARTS FOR TEN PINS



CUPID PERFECTING HIS AIM FOR HIS VALENTINE SHAFTS

If fight prevailed in nomenclature, the day of sentiment that falls this year on a Sunday would be known as Cupid's day instead of St. Valentine's day, for the jolly little god of love has a lot more to do with its significance than the grave old saint of legend and church history.

Not many of the young folks who on this occasion will try by divers means to lift the veil of the future and try to determine who their future husbands and wives will be, know much of St. Valentine, with information on the subject of that tormenting sprite, Cupid, whose venomous darts lead the way to the altar.

Cupid has all the best of the controversy, in fact, for he was never anything but the god of love. His history traced back to remotest antiquity proves it. In fact, he goes so far back that none have been able to definitely assign him parents.

According to the Greeks, Eros, God of Love, the Cupid of the modern world, was one of the first of beings introduced into existence without parents, this wise provision probably being arranged so that the first couple in the world might not lack the attentions of the mischievous little archer who is the forerunner of sentimental attachment.

But not all historians took this view. Some said that he was the offspring of Venus and Mars. Others still more

grandiose in their theories named him as the child of Heaven and Earth.

But at no point in the misty records of antiquity can a time be found when Eros was not worshiped. Tablets handed down from Theophrastus in Borealis show the Thesians celebrating games in his honor on Mount Helicon. Always he was pictured as today, a rosy, plump-cheeked boy, winged and armed with a bow and arrows, with which to transfix the affections of those who were loath to bow to his will.

How much more appropriate, then, that the day of youthful sentiment should have been named for him than for St. Valentine.

An accident, the chance selection of a date, is said to be responsible for the solecism.

Longer ago than anybody has been able to trace some party of young folks in England, Scotland, or in some part of the Continent, particularly Lorraine or Maine in France, a party of young folks, maids and bachelors, it might have happened in any sort, and lottery-wise, drew them, each being observed of course, that each person drew the name of a member of the opposite sex.

The first of these events took place on the eve of St. Valentine's day, and hence the maid or bachelor thus drawn in love's

lottery became the valentine of the recipient.

The connection of St. Valentine with the custom had been of course purely accidental, for there is nothing in the legends of the different saints of that

name recorded in the Acta Sanctorum to show any of the practices now connected with February 14.

But the date stood in history, has continued to stand, and is not likely to pass away while men and women still love,

and while children and those in the intermediate stages between the two great divisions of life still find their thoughts romantically turning to speculation on their future love stories.

But Cupid is an up-to-date divinity.

He does not stand still. As a matter of fact, he moves all along with the times, and is now pictured in more enterprising guise than he was wont to be in days of old.

Then Cupid was never shown as anything but the archer, shooting at his prey.

Whether his shot hit the mark was something one could never tell from the picture. Much was left in doubt.

The artists of today have remedied this uncertainty, and now the jolly little god is shown as a veritable harvester of hearts in the valentines that this year will be sent to gladden the hearts of sentimental swains.

One that is a big hit represents two figures of Cupid. Perhaps the rush of business has compelled him to drill in a staff of assistants, packing into a fanciful casket a score of hearts, each of which has lately fallen victim to the darts of this master marksmen. This is a most dainty and artistic conceit, the box being placed in an open field, rich in Spring grasses, with border of pansies and forget-me-nots, suggesting their fragrance, in the foreground.

Another picture gives an idea of the method by which these hearts have been gathered.

In the midst of a field of blue and yellow flowers, with rolling hills in the distance, stands a little tree, with thin and supple branch.

Under it are Cupid and another assistant, this one a girl's figure with butterfly wings.

While Cupid vigorously shakes the tree she holds a violet-colored apron to catch the harvest as it falls, and so rapidly do hearts fall at the command of the past master of sentiment that not all can be held in the little apron and one of them has tumbled to the ground, doubtless to be recovered later.

But not all the vocations of Cupid as pictured by the Twentieth Century artist

are so purely pastoral as those already described.

In fact, according to some of the pleasure Cupid has developed into quite a sport who believes in getting as much fun as possible out of his never-ending hunt for human hearts.

Cupid is a fisherman, and his bait and his game are both the same thing—heart.

Standing on the edge of a little point of land that juts out into a stream, probably in the symbolism of this drawing, so that the enticing hook on the end of it will conceal the hook and be the lure that will bring to it some of the other hearts, even faithful assistant is in attendance, and is forcing into an already well filled hamper the latest catch.

Another sporting method for gaining hearts is to bowl for them, and the hearts placed on their points on a little square are a fair target for the notable little marksmen.

But in the midst of all this new method of going after the sentiments of human kind, Cupid has not lost his skill at the first of all his systems, that which has come down to the present generation from the storied past.

The bow and arrow have not been entirely abandoned in adapting himself to more modern methods, nor has the aim lost anything in its deadly accuracy.

The conception has been modernized a little, but the ancient idea is still maintained.

The heart that is the target is fastened to a tree, seated in the grass, his arm drawn full back as he prepares to loose the arrow, all in readiness. Beside him sits his companion, a quiver of arrows available, in case by any chance the first shot should miss.

That Cupid keeps up to date ought to bring joy to the world, for of all calamities the worst would be to have the master of St. Valentine's Day losing his craft.

A VALENTINE

COLLABORATION

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

I was all alone in the library one evening making some valentines for Dorothy. I am very popular among my younger brothers and sisters on those days directly preceding the feast of good St. Valentine, because of my tiny talent for drawing and vers-making.

"Do not let any one come in and disturb me," I warned Dorothy, who was deeply engrossed in a fairy tale. She nodded. "All right," she said and added the parting admonition, "Please don't forget Amy and Clary Barnett; and, oh, Fatty, make an ever so nice one for Dickums. I promised to send him one if he'd send one to me." And Dorothy quite content to let me shoulder the entire responsibility of her affairs of heart, dozed peacefully on.

Soon I was deep in my task. Intoxicated with the joy of creation, I drove my pen furiously and had about completed half the number of valentines demanded of my genius when the door opened and Dorothy entered, followed by John Wetherall.

I looked at my little sister reproachfully, biting my lip and frowning as a further indication of my displeasure, but she only turned to her companion with an ingenuous smile.

"Now, you see how it is," she exclaimed. "It's just as I said. She's mad at me for letting you in."

"If you're really angry, Patty, I'll go away, but please don't blame Dorothy," John coaxed. "I pushed her past her at the door, I was quite determined."

"Hospitality has some claims here, Mr. Wetherall," I answered him in a mock-serious manner and swept him a courtesy. "So now that you are in we must needs make the best of it until such good time as you see fit to depart."

John drew a long face and seemed much dejected. "Patricia, have pity!" he implored. "Be truly glad to see a fellow who's in trouble and wants your help, can't you?"

I relented at once at the real note of worry in his voice, begging him to sit down and tell me all about it.

"There's only a little more work to do; it can wait," I told him.

John looked at the littered table. "And I came clear over here to add

to your burden—to ask you to help me write a valentine," he explained, sighing critically. "Honestly, Patty, I sat up until I o'clock last night trying to make it rhyme myself, but I find I am quite incapable of it. All I have written is the veriest prose. Do you suppose you could make a little poem out of it for me, Patty?"

It was certainly an unusual request to make of a girl to whom he had been sending bad verses annually; but partly because it was so hard to resist John's earnest, wheedling tones and partly because my pride would not let me refuse, I answered calmly enough: "Oh, I should think I might do that much for you, John," adding carelessly, "If in return I might know to whom I am indebted it."

He leaned his handsome head back against the cushions and gazed dreamingly into the fire before him. What a boy he was to pose.

"To one whose winsome face haunts me night and day," he began in bombastic tenderness; "whose hair is like tangled seaweed," (at that I instantly thought of Ethel Rose—she has the untidest hair of any girl I know), "one whose eyes are like dancing twin-stars (then it was Ethel after all—the things that girl can do with her eyes) and whose voice is like the liquid laugh of limpid springs—"

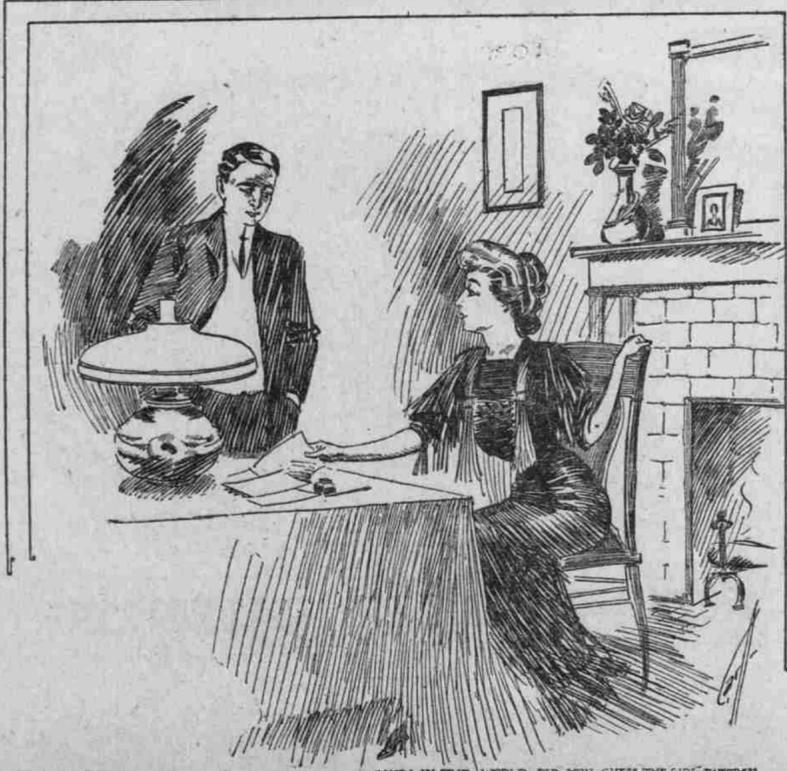
I sprang to my feet. "Sir!" I exclaimed, mockingly. "I understand that you come in search of a poet! I think Ethel Rose would be less than thankful were she not content with your own flowery figures!"

"How in the world did you guess the girl, Patty?" John exclaimed.

But I was ashamed of the clew the "tangled seaweed" gave me and so answered evasively. "Oh, I have eyes; I can see things," and I managed an amused, impersonal laugh.

But John, in his most persistent, lawyer-like manner, cornered me mercilessly: "What things, for instance?" he demanded, and then I had to confess I had noticed nothing at all, that the matter was really a great surprise to me.

"So great a surprise, indeed, that you can guess the girl's name without a conscious effort!" John exclaimed, banteringly. "Oh, Patty!" and he



HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GUESS THE GIRL'S NAME?

laughed at me provokingly. To hide the sudden queer feeling that assailed me, I began reading over the little composition John had spread upon the table. It was real poetry—without rhyme or rhythm, to be sure, but none the less poetry. I had not thought John capable of so graceful a sentiment. How deep must be the feeling he entertained for Ethel Rose to inspire in him so noble an effusion! Ethel came far from satisfying my idea of a true mate for John, however. She was pretty, indeed, but wholly a butterfly, and if her beauty faded, as I thought, and if her heart faded, as beauty does sometimes—oh, I prayed this cruel fate might never befall shallow little Ethel Rose!

I have known John since our first schooldays together—and they seem but yesterday. He is the only big brother I have ever had. He has fought all my childish battles for me. It was hard to think I should fight them for myself afterwards. But I must not think of the after—
"It is beautiful," I assured him. "It would make a splendid sonnet."

John was marching up and down the room, awaiting my verdict. He wheeled now and exclaimed:

"A sonnet! Oh, that is too much to ask. I'm afraid. A sonnet is very hard, is it not?" And then he added, with all the selfish impudence of a lover: "Do you think you could manage it tonight, if you think you could manage it in the morning, you see. Could you really make it into a sonnet now?"

"It requires but a simple turn of the pen," I responded with an airy sarcasm which was entirely lost upon John. "You have dropped into iambic pentameter here and there yourself, so that by just tacking on a few rhymes and making a few unimportant transpositions—
"Oh, Dickums, dear, it seems so queer to send you a valentine from me. Please, Dickums, do remember me!"

"You see, Dorothy," I explained, meaningly, "I have been interrupted. If you will take Mr. John out there, I do believe he and you can make up the other four yourselves. I have a most important one to do for Mr. John—now—at once!"

And these two children set to work to

gather in the next room, leaving me alone with peace for thought. Dorothy's delighted giggles soon apprised me of their happy progress. Nevertheless I was sorry after all I had sent John away. It seemed as if somebody else that night, somebody intent on doing a last service for dear John bravely and well; somewhat as one might, if occasion demanded, help to bury his own dead.

Fine! My little sonnet was completed to my satisfaction, and I carried it to John to read.

He declared it a masterpiece. He held both my hat and my hand and said: "Patty, dear, it is beautiful," and I was glad.

"Oh, I hope she will like it!" I said then. "John says Ethel Rose will like it—for your sake."

"Thank you, little Patty!" he answered. "And now I will go. You look so tired. I could not sleep last night, and it hardly seemed worth while to pretend sleep—alone there in the dark. At last, however, after what seemed endless centuries, it was morning—St. Valentine's day. I arose at once, with a determination to crowd all the tasks I had ever left unfinished into that one luckless day. I would be furiously busy. I would work, work—and forget!"

I discovered several valentines upon my breakfast table—one from dear little Dorothy. Curious as to the contents of a beautiful box, I undid the purple ribbon which bound it and found therein a drift of perfect double volutes. I buried my face in their cool perfumed depths and in so doing discovered among them a message from John. This was perhaps the way he was taking to thank me for my service last evening. I drew it from its envelope and gave a startled cry of surprise as I recognized his sonnet—our sonnet—in John's handwriting. I looked at the address again and again, but it was quite plain—Miss Patricia Wells, to Patty. I picked up the box and fled to my room, that I might read and re-read these magic fourteen lines I already knew by heart:

"The sweetest voice of the heavenly choir,
And that same instant fairies should
To place Titania's wand within my hand,
With which all must of necessity be
Cured, then be willed to end my desire;
If nature also I might even inspire,
To share in harmony with my dear friend,
Oh, then, what melody should reach this ear!"

MILLIONS of voices swaying to one mind; MILLIONS of voices then, alone, to hear! "A thing from John, I under the purple ribbon which bound it, my dear friend, would sing dear!"

Things terrestrial concerned me no longer. I could hear the music of the spheres. But above the mighty turbulence of worlds that whirled round me in charmed circles, I heard as in the dim distance Dorothy's voice, small, anxious, tremulous:

"Mamma, I think you had better come up. Her door is locked, but I listened, and she's crying as if her heart would break!"