

White House Valentines

Between 1200 and 1500 Received Each Year. This Number Will be Augmented Because of Presidential Romance.



Ira Smith Who Opens Thousands of Letters Received at the White House.

Found in the White House Mail on Last Valentine's Day.



The Mail Room at the White House.



The Mail Carrier Arrives at the Executive Offices.



This Valentine Was Sent to the White House.

of a heart, and decorated with cupid, their faces colored purple, black, yellow and green. Each held forth gingerly a result was startling—six little pop-eyed cupids standing in a row, with even

the valentines which she had received at school last year, together with the following note:
"These valentines are all that I got in our valentine box last year at school. You can expect all that I get this year, too. We often study about the war and you in school. I told the children in my class that I was going to send all the valentines I got to you, and so I guess I'll get more, and when you get my this year's valentines you will know that lots of little boys and girls in Tennessee are grateful to you for not dragging our country into bloodshed."
"My father told me you will go down in history as something, I forget just what, but something awful nice, because of the way you have acted about war, or, I mean about no war at all. With much love, I am a small admirer of yours."

One of the odd valentines to reach the White House is made up of two boxes, heart-shaped, fastened together with wide red-satin ribbon. Each box contains a nice, firm apple, and to the stem of one was tied a card, which bore the words:
You name your apple core for me, And I'll name mine for you, So if the seeds count up to love, We'll know it's coming true.

Dozens of the valentines are conspicuous because of their inappropriate nature. For instance, one is a cardboard valentine in the shape of a wee, fat boy in overalls, standing at the edge of a creek, with a can of wiggle worms and a fishpole made of a twig, fishing hearts out of the water. A small pile of hearts are heaped up on the cardboard shore, and one large "catfish" is dangling on his line. The verse underneath is:
I've been fishing 'bout a week, Dangling my bait in the 'ere creek; I've caught a heart, but what of that, When you don't know where your girl lives at. This helpfully hinting valentine might have been just the thing for some lovelorn chap to send to the object of his fond affections, but why it should have been selected as an apt one for the President of the United States must remain an unsolved riddle.

A valentine which aroused the mirth of even the dignified assistants in the executive offices last year was a picture of a little boy laboriously painting a heart on a piece of paper. On the ground beside him is a pile of school books, and standing a little distance off is a small girl who gazes scornfully in the direction of her young swain, as she declares (according to the verse up in one corner):
Please don't waste your time and paint; I ain't your valentine. No, I ain't.

To the valentine was attached a letter, signed Herbert:
"The little girl who sent me this goes to my school. She is in my grade. I sent her a 10-center, and got this from her. I am sending you a good one along of this, but only thought I'd send this, too, because it must be real funny, as every one laughs when I show it to them, but I don't exactly see the joke, as it looks like a snub to me, but I thought maybe just now having so many troubles just now about fights in all parts of the world that it wouldn't hurt you none to get a little laugh out of it, too."

CIVILIZING THE ALASKAN CANNIBALS

(Continued From Page 5.)
We went out to the beach where the crowd of Indians was. They were divided into two bands, each led by a brave who was stark naked. All were howling horribly. They had killed a woman and cut her in half and each of the nude Indian leaders was carrying his half of the woman in his teeth. As we came up the bands separated and each gathered around its leader. They were so crowded together that I could not see. They sat down in two great bunches on the sand. When they got up not a vestige of the woman was to be seen. What became of the flesh I do not know, but I was told it was eaten, and that all had engaged in the feast.
"Do you mean to say that they ate the flesh without cooking it?"
"Yes, they must have eaten it raw, for, as I say, the woman disappeared. They may have buried the bones in the sand. I doubt, however, whether the flesh agreed with them, for the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company fort nearby told me that it was the custom of the Indians after every such cannibal feast to come into the post the day following and buy large quantities of opium salts."
"You spoke of seeing a boy killed, Father Duncan?"
"No, I did not see him killed. The boy had died of consumption. His body was laid out upon the beach and it was there eaten by the people."
At another point in the conversation I asked Dr. Duncan about some of the attempts made to kill him. He described them most graphically, and as he talked I could see that he was again living over the past. He rose to his feet and acted the story, his eyes flashing and his arms waving gestures. He told me how one of the chiefs tried to close his school, being incited, as Father Duncan thought, by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who wanted to get rid of him. In one such case a chief demanded that Father Duncan close the school, because his beautiful daughter was just about to drop down from the moon to be married. The chief said that she had gone away and would come back in great state. She would drop from the moon into the sea and would rise out of the water with a bearskin over her shoulders and thus appear to the people. At this time there would be many ceremonies that would prevent the school being held.
Said Father Duncan: "I refused to stop the school. The Indians threatened to kill me, but I kept the school open. Then they begged me to give up the school just one week prior to the young lady's drop from the moon. I told them that she might fall, but that the school would go on. They then wanted me to stop for a day, but I refused and would make no compromise with their superstition. On the day before the event was to occur two men came to kill me. They had knives and they were about to jump upon me when they saw my teacher, an Indian who has taught me the language, standing behind me. The teacher had a pistol under his blanket, and this bulged out in such a way that the Indians knew it and realized that they would be shot if they stabbed me. You see, the Indian never works in the open. If he shoots it is usually through a blanket concealing his gun. Well, to make a long story short, they gave up their design and afterward one of them came back and tried to prove to me that he was a good man."
It was from such material as this that Dr. Duncan created the civilized community of the Metlakahla of the present. The community has its own preachers and its own public speakers. Some of the sermons, in the Tsimshian language, are full of eloquence and beauty. Here, for instance, is one urging the people to believe that the Savior will take care of them:
"Brethren and sisters: You know the eagle and its ways. The eagle flies high. The eagle rests high. It always rests on the highest branch of the highest tree. We should be like the eagle. We should rest on the highest branch of the highest tree. That branch is Jesus Christ. When we rest on him all our enemies will be below and far beneath us."
Another preacher who had formerly been vicious and high-tempered, speaking of himself, said:
"I will tell you what I feel myself to be. I am like a bundle of weeds floating down the stream. I was going down with all my sin, like the weeds,

(Special Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 11.—Hundreds of valentines pour into the White House each year, the average being between 1200 and 1500. But this season the number bids fair to be tripled, and those who know say it is because so many people consider these sentimental little tokens peculiarly appropriate for the President and his bride. Already a number of them have arrived.

Each time there is a wide variety to the valentines received at the White House. Some are extremely elaborate and costly, all frills and fluted paper, others are conspicuous contrivances, arranged in sections so as to be extended or folded flat to suit the fancy; some are simple affairs, with scalloped edges and with but a picture and a verse on one side, while still others are merely postcards.

But, costly or cheap, most of them have generously distributed over their surfaces yield crimson hearts, entwined and pierced with arrows; fat, beaming-faced little Cupids with bags of darts slung over rounded shoulders, and all the other illustrations which are generally conceded to be the proper decorations for these dainty February 14 tokens.

Quite a number of unique valentines have also been received, such as satin pouches in the shape of hearts, flower-scented sachets in the same form, heart-shaped boxes of candy, homemade and otherwise, and various receptacles fashioned in the shape of a heart.

Many of the senders would be surprised could they observe the careful attention which is bestowed upon their remembrances. Could they happen along some time near 11:30 o'clock in the morning or 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, just before St. Valentine's day, the time when the two principal mail deliveries are made at the White House, and trail the mail pouch until its contents are dumped out on desks before the squad of executive office employees especially assigned to the care of their offerings, they would find out not only what happened to their valentines, but, incidentally, a whole lot about office efficiency.

The valentines which bear personal and written inscriptions are destined to be preserved for some length of time—at least as long as President Wilson is in office, for they must be placed in the files, along with all the other communications which are addressed to the President. The ones which bear only the customary printed, sentimental lines need not be accorded the same careful attention, though many of them also find their way to the files.

In going over the paper-lace envelopes in which the valentines repose the clerks, have found a great many addressed to the Tamm children, whose father is the President's private secretary. These kiddies have made hundreds of friends since their arrival in Washington, and last year these friends did not forget the jolly little youngsters on St. Valentine's day.

One of the important members of the "valentine squad" is Ira Smith, who opens the thousands of letters received every day at the White House, so he has had plenty of practice before February 14 in the way of sifting open envelopes addressed to the President. Undoubtedly you would think him quite presumptuous if you could see him nonchalantly rip open communications for Woodrow Wilson, marked "Personal," "Strictly Private," "To Be Opened by the President Only" and similar injunctions. It isn't because he is careless, or because he has overlooked these underscored notations in the left-hand corner of the envelopes that he thus disregards them, but because he is simply obeying orders.

No matter how important persons feel that their communications to the President may be, the fact remains that all White House mail must be handled through the regular channels; and that means that Ira Smith—who might well be called "official opener," as his job at the White House consists of opening letters, packages, and all other things addressed there—reads them first.

So, during the valentine season, he never blinks an eyelash or feels that he is doing anything out of the ordinary when he opens and scans the valentines which are intended for the President. It's all in the day's work. He draws his salary for doing just little things like that.

ous sections throughout the United States proudly display important-looking envelopes bearing the White House gold crest and, perhaps, ask their less fortunate friends and neighbors:

"Did you see my valentine from the President?" Then they display the courteously phrased acknowledgments of their valentines, composed, dictated, written, and mailed by White House office attaches. 'Tis true, but, just the same, by authority of the President.

By his instructions have they been informed that their Valentine greetings were received and appreciated, or words to that effect. And, understand, these pleased recipients of White House communications derive a great deal of satisfaction from the mere fact of knowing that their offerings were accorded due amount of consideration.

Most of the valentines received are from women and children, and this seems quite natural. Many come from mothers of kiddies named after the President. They are frequently photographs of the little "Woodrow" Browns, or "Woodrow" Jones, or whatever the family names happen to be. One of these, showing a plump, pudgy-faced babe, not yet old enough for one to determine whether his nose is going to be Roman or just plain pug, was accompanied by a note from his fond mamma, which read:

"Mr. President, this little valentine was named after you. My husband has always been an ardent Wilson man, and we had always known that if ever we had a boy we would name him after you. I am sure you would agree with me if you could see our little son that so other name could fit him quite so well as 'Woodrow.' He is the exact image of you. We sincerely trust that he will not only resemble you in appearance, but that he will grow up to be the same splendid type of man that you are."

This is mild compared to the flattering notes which accompany some of the photographs of valentine babies. One photograph received is of twin boys. Above one small head is written in red ink "Woodrow," and above the other "Wilson." On the reverse side is an explanatory message, which says that the twins' father insisted that they both bear some part of the President's name.

Another class of valentine delivered at the White House this season might be styled "war valentines." The valentines are arriving in large numbers, and are sent by both men and women. They come mostly in the shape of embossed cards, and they convey the writer's thanks to President Wilson for having kept this country out of war. They style the President as "the world's greatest prince of peace," "the most brilliant diplomat of the age," and the finest President this country has ever had." Many of them caution

him to pay heed to the "lingoes who are harassing you to get our country into war."
Probably the most interesting of all the valentines received are those which are mailed by children. In some cases it is hard to decipher the childish scrawl on the envelopes and reverse sides. These valentines are of the cheaper sort, flimsy paper heart, with ridiculous verses printed on the inner side, though a few of them are partly made of celluloid and quite ingenious in design. Accompanying one of them was a letter from a little lad in Philadelphia, signing himself "Roy."
I read:
"I am a little boy, 10 years old. This valentine costs 10 cents from my bank. My papa, who said he is a neutral, said for me to send you if I wanted to. I would like to thank you because we haven't got any terrible big war in this country on account of you. I don't want my papa to go to war and get killed, and I don't think it would be any fun to be an orphan. I hope you will like this valentine, because I picked it out myself."
One valentine which had a gold back-

ground studded with red hearts, bore a picture of a little boy sitting on a boat, which was a big heart, rigged up with a sail. It came from a little girl in Idaho, and on one side of it was copied the verse:
There is a lassie in your town, A lassie I love well, But what's her name, and where's her home, I dinna choose to tell.
"If you can't guess who I mean I will say that it's the lassie who lives in the White House. I am a little Scotch girl, and that's why I like this poem. Maybe the pitcher on this valentine ain't exactly appropriate, for it's a little boy and I'm a little girl, but I couldn't find any little girl floating on a heart floating along like is shown on the pitcher. I thought I'd get this one, and explain to you that I'm not a little boy, but a little girl named Mabel. I have a cousin whose name is Edith like yours. She is going to send you a valentine, too, only later. I hope you will answer ours both."

One little lad, the other year, sent a valentine of his own designing. It was made of Manila paper, cut in the form