



Heart o' me, heart o' me, where hast thou flown,
Leaving me sorrowing here all alone!
Which is the fair one whose charms have won thee?
Heart o' me, heart o' me, where canst thou be!



Cupid, O Cupid, I beg of you, tell
Where is the one who exerteth the spell?
Draw thou the string of thy bow; speed the dart
Straight to the one that hath captured my heart.



Valentine, Valentine, speed thee away
Straight unto her who my heart holds, I pray.
Swiftly return then to me, Valentine,
Bringing her heart back, a hostage for mine.

His Comic Valentine.

By ANNIE BOOTH M'KINNEY.

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ISABEL NEWMAN was thoroughly normal despite her gusty temper. No amount of social dissipation had seemed to subdue her bounding energies and level cheeriness till now, but on the morning after the club gottillon she resolved to bring herself to a saner outlook, whatever the cost.

It had all begun with Dudley Jones' "rushing" the eldest Miss Reagan. Dudley was ever keen after novelty and visiting girls. Consequently at the dance Isabel had not refused Knapp Chilton's conspicuous attentions. Last night had achieved the crisis.

It was a great relief to be off with the old love. Isabel told herself the morning after. She would rise superior to sentiment and regret, be equal to playing fate to her own destiny.

But as the day waxed the sinner her mood became, the more complex her environment. As a beginning the household descended to find itself breakfastless. Cook was reported ill and was sent home, fifteen miles distant, in charge of Milly, the housemaid. This meant a servantless day.

In some fashion the children were dispatched to school, and Mrs. Newman ventured forth to keep an engagement with the dentist. And then, with seal such as an unquiet soul bequeaths, Isabel entered upon the household ory that was to drown her sorrows. She flung aside last night's garb and stress, got on her working gown and proceeded to spree in company with the latest improved step-ladder, bucket and soap rack. Windows, blinds, mantels, doors, came under water. With the disappearance of each pail of grimy suds her own woes lightened; hence, with the exception of hearties and tiling in the reception hall, spotlessness reigned speedily.

Another bucket of somber slop to be disposed of sent virtuous thrills rioting through Isabel's tired body, its ebony hue being a visible token of her accomplishment. The blacker the scrub water the more virtuous Isabel. With a commendatory glance about the sleekless kitchen, she went to the sink and turned the hot water faucet. No output. She tried the cold. That, too, was abortive. She flew to the bathroom. No hope there. What can it mean?

"Hello, central! Give me the water company. No water to be had at 1000 Tulp avenue. What's wrong? Water cut off while you're working on the new house. I, the next lot! Well, it's mighty uncomfortable. Do you understand, we haven't a drop on the whole place? Send out for some? Yes, but you see, I can't; not a servant here, and I—she giggled irrespressibly into the receiver—"I can't, that's all. For heaven's sake turn it on as soon as possible. 'Not before 6—don't like to promise! Horrors!' The receiver went up with a click.

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Just then Miss Newman caught sight of herself in the full length mirror. "You object!" she shrieked. "Milly could somersault in the coal cellar and not look like that. Well, the house is clean if I'm not. But if a prince came a-wooing, 'water, water everywhere'—but here. Not a gill to do—or undo—my face with."

Catching up an unemptied bucket of grimy suds, she spread wide the front door for more light and frantically attacked hearth and tiling, humming a fragment from last night's one divine waltz with big a world of sentimental pain in the peeling measure.

Then a crunching of gravel as a carriage brought up at the step was heard, and before she could retreat or close the door a man's voice inquired of her back, "Is Miss Newman in?"

The amateur charwoman sprang to her feet, the scrubbing cloth dropped into the inkly pail, and she slipped deftly behind the door, but not before glimpsing two dainty figures in the waiting vehicle.

Dudley Jones, growing impatient, asked, "Is Miss Newman in?"

"She ain't at home, sir," the hidden personage answered in a suspiciously trendy voice.

There was a twinkle in his eyes, and, stepping within, he pried forward the door and coolly looked her over, inwardly contrasting this exponent of the grimy side of labor with the blue gownned maiden of the previous night. "An old friend with a new face," he said tentatively, towering above the girl in his blond immaculateness, his gaze scanning the dubious spectacle.

"The Centi—you recall how I always insisted on the likeness and wanted you to try it for a masquerade? You have, I see," said he jubilantly, indicating with an ornate gesture a contaminated pillowcase wound tortuously about her bronze hair, below it the mosaic of a dirt smitten countenance.

"I hate you," she said venomously, "and there's no masquerade about it. How dare you come here after last night?"

"It's because of last night I'm here. The Misses Reagan, the club honorees—you observed them?—desire to pay their respects before leaving. I sacrificed myself on the altar of—courtesy. They await your ladyship without."

"Courtesies! Let them wait." "Sure, but I can't, you see." His tactics became aggressive, and the girl found herself backed into the Indian alcove which they two had built and adorned. "I've been waiting, and so I shall just take what belongs to me."

A blush disclosed itself amid Isabel's facial decorations. "The bow and arrows over there are yours, and the— What will these girls think you're doing in here so long?" "Their thoughts don't concern me," he answered superciliously. "But if they propound the query I'll remind them of the day and say I was merely claiming my Valentine."

"The 14th, is it?" "It is." He gathered her into his speckless embrace and despite her struggles laid a kiss upon one be-smirched cheek. "A peck of dirt," he speculated musingly, sotto voce. "It's a peck, isn't it, or a bushel? Well, no

matter. I'm quite content with both quality and quantity." His look deepened to one of fatuous beatitude as he whispered, "I'd wade through acres of it to win my Valentine."

"All the same, it's a comic one," Isabel choked hysterically.

Mr. Dudley Jones repeated his seal of possession and ran down the steps, calling back: "Don't forget the cards and be sure to tell Miss Newman we are to miss her. You might mention I searched for what I had misplaced and found it. You won't forget?"

"No, sir," demurely replied a bobbing imitation of Beatrice Cenci done in black and white, black predominating.

As they drove away Dudley answered Miss Reagan's arch query: "Valentines? Oh, yes, one—a comic one."

"Comic? What a shame!" "Not at all. I wouldn't exchange it for a Cupid's one; not I."

A little later the gravel scrunched again. Isabel tripped to the door and adjusted a wary eye to the opaque glass panel. It was met by one equally as wary from without.

"It's only me." And as the door swung back Mr. Dudley Jones, elegant and collared and collared leader, was disclosed bearing aloft a dripping lard can. He espiahed a path across Isabel's "IT'S A COMIC ONE," spotless floor and triumphantly deposited his burden in the kitchen.

"A 'comic one' for you, Miss Newman," he announced, the remark pointed by a tentative glance toward his liquid offering, then down at a moist, disordered person.

"You believe in quick returns?" cried the girl happily. "Yes—a comic one first, then a Cupid's one, sweetheart." He caught the smugged left hand and set a glittering seal of ownership in the midst of honorable grime.

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Pagan Origin of Valentine's Day.

It would seem that Cupid should choose for his particular festival a day commemorative of some joyful event. St. Valentine's day is the anniversary of the putting to death of an early bishop of the Roman church named Valentine, who suffered martyrdom for his faith on Feb. 14, 270 A. D. However, as most young men are willing to swear that they will die if need be for the love of their maids and as St. Valentine died for the love of his bride, the Christian faith, there is no great incongruity in using Feb. 14 as the day for the more or less anonymous expression of tender regard.

It is not altogether—perhaps not at all—the fact of St. Valentine's martyrdom that has caused the choosing of his death anniversary as the day for exchanging tinted, scented missives between young men and maidens. There was an ancient belief that birds began mating on Feb. 14. This belief antedated Christianity. St. Valentine's day, therefore, so far as it is observed by modern youth, is of pagan origin. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare alludes to this belief in the mating of birds thus:

St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood birds but to couple now.
In his "Hesperides" the tender Herrick sang:
Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say
Birds choose their mates and couple, too,
this day.
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my valentine.

Love's Supremacy.
Love refreshes all the soul, quickens the cockles of the heart and purifies the murky currents of the blood.
Love forgives ere it is asked, seeks but good in all, is forever blind to evil, condemns not nor in aught would judge.
It knows not saint nor sinner, for to it all hearts that hold the hidden jewel for which it seeks are sacred vessels, hallowed by the breath of God.

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Indians and St. Valentine.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

NO one would suspect the noble red man of stooping to send frivolous Valentines through the mails. Yet there is a case recorded in Washington of some wealthy Osage Indians doing this very thing. It was Chief Jim Bigheart and three of his braves who bought the delicate creations and sent them to leading government officials. Perhaps the chief's name had something to do with his liberality. Indian names are bestowed because of qualities and not at haphazard, as with us. So "Bigheart" may have meant that Chief Jim was that kind of an Indian.

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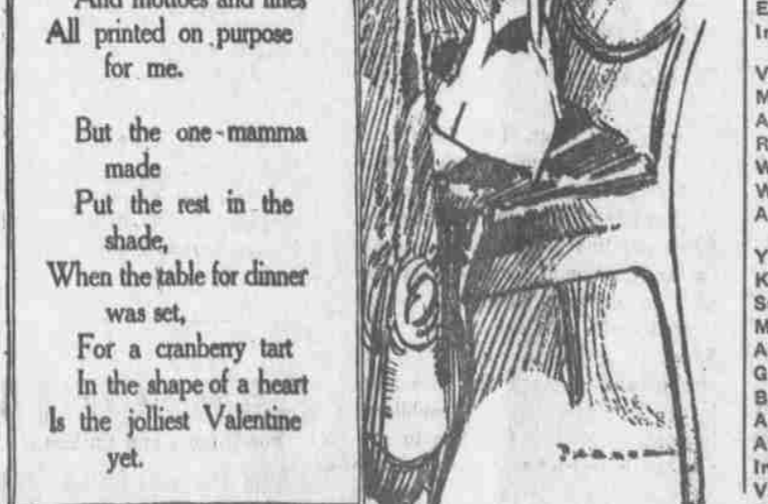
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Freddie's Valentines

There were 'leven or eight,
If I counted 'em straight,
As lovely as ever you'll see,
With posies and vines
And mottoes and lines
All printed on purpose for me.

But the one-mamma made
Put the rest in the shade,
When the table for dinner was set,
For a cranberry tart
In the shape of a heart
Is the jolliest Valentine yet.



Copyright, 1909, by Frank R. Sweet.

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled;
Ask, for she will draw thee near
And will whisper in thine ear—
Valentine! The name is good,
For it comes of lineage high
And a famous family,
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.

Valentine! I know the name.
Many martyrs bear the same,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,
Who before and for them bled,
With their robes of ruby red
And their swords of cherub flame.

Yes, there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach of fear;
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore
And a hundred thousand more;
Guarded gained, and war-are o'er.
By that sea without a surge
And beneath the eternal sky
And the beatific sun
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one.
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve and whom to love.



"HEAP VALENTINES"

cupine quills and hats with silver ornaments, stalked into a Washington department store. "Valentines! Heap Valentines!" said Chief Jim. When conducted to the counter and some of the cheaper ones were shown him he repeated "Heap Valentines!" with much emphasis. So, with a wink, the clerk trotted out one worth \$5. "Me take," said Chief Jim right off the bat, or whatever is the Indian equivalent of that expression. Then he was shown forty more of the same expensive pattern. "Me take," was the laconic expression of Chief Jim in each case. Finally the store was ransacked from cellar to garret and every high priced Valentine in the house was produced, the Indians granting approving "Ughs!" and adding "Me take!" until the bill reached \$320. The chief never batted an eye as he was informed of the amount, but paid it from an immense roll of bills. Then he asked that the Valentines be sent out for him. The manager kindly offered to mail them from the store. Asking the names of the ladies to whom they were to be directed, he was interrupted by Bigheart:

"Injun ladies no get Valentines. Injun ladies work. Squaws! Ugh!" Then Chief Jim rattled off the names of senators, representatives and leading men in all parts of the country, even sending one to the president of the United States.

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