Valentines More Popular Than Ever

IN THE latter part of the eighteenth century the "valentine"—those ornate creations of lace paper, silver and gilt, artificial flowers, scrap pictures and sentimental verse—which we know, grew from the simplest processes by natural degrees of elaboration. Before valentines became a recognized article of merchandise lovers were constrained to construct their own. A quill pen, a sheet of writing paper and ability to write "doggerel" was the required equipment. Soon there appeared obliging little chapbooks called the "Gentleman's New Valentine Writer," "Cupid's Annual Charter," "The School of Love," and the "Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer." There also was a "valentine writer" for tradespeople and one for the joker called the "Quizzing Valentine Writer." These valentine writers were little sixpenny pamphlets containing choice specimens of doggerel for almost all degrees of love and sentiment. Here are a few samples:

Round is the ring that has no end;
So is my love to you, my friend.
You are witty, you are pretty;
You are single! What a pity!
I am single for your sake;
What a handsome couple we shall make.

In the tradespeople's "Valentine Writer" valentines for almost every trade and profession were provided. Here is one for the pawnbroker:

I pledge my word for thee I live,
And am sincere when honor calls.
Oh, then, my dear, an answer give,
You know where to—at the three balls.

The grocer's was as follows:

Your breath is all-spice, I declare,
And you're so neat and handy
That you're as sweet, I think, my fair
As plums or sugar candy.
Be favorable, I implore,
These verses kindly weigh;
And if you will my heart restore,
I'll treat you to some tea.

Oftentimes these home-made valentines were of the "cut" and "torn" paper variety, beautiful designs being worked out by cutting or tearing the paper.

About the year 1800 the manufactured article began to steal away the early charm of St. Valentine's day. Transformation scenes were a conceit of the German manufacturers. A lone bachelor sits and bemoans his fate of solitariness until a shifting scene reveals to him what bliss life would be with her of his dreams. The more elaborate of these manufactured valentines were wonderful examples of human ingenuity and handicraft and some were very expensive.

The manufacturer of valentines 50 years ago gave remunerative employment to an army of women, to whom the work of construction was intrusted. Germany furnished most of the material in bulk for valentines, but the beautifully made artificial cambric roses, each no longer than a pea, were made in French convents by women to whom valentines were never sent and who were vowed to celibacy and single life.

The anonymity of the remembrance is its charm, as in the case of the young artist of Charles Lamb's acquaintance, who expended hours and his best work on a valentine for his neighbor, a young girl with whom he had never spoken, but whose radiant girlhood had given him joy to behold. To her surprised eyes came his exquisite testimonial. And like pleasure shared our grandmothers when in the good old days folded sheets with lace edges and most delicately handwritten verses beneath crudely sentimental sketches found their insidious way under their front door.

St. Valentine & Co.

In days of old, St. Valentine
Resided all alone
Within a little woodland cot
With ivy overgrown.
Thence once a year he sallied forth,
Though keen the norther blew,
To leave a letter at the door
Of every maid he knew.

But with increasing age he found
The ancient leather pack,
Stuffed full of valentines, too great
A burden for his back.
"I will no longer," said the saint,
"Go tramping up and down,
I'll turn an honest penny now,
And buy a shop in town."

So if you walk along Broadway,
The windows you will find
Are filled with pretty valentines
Of every size and kind.
With Cupid in the partnership
He peddles them no more,
But sells his dainty missives from
A big department store.
—Minna Irving.

Good Will.

Good will is at work, and it is making things better. In spite of the prevailing social philosophy, it is gaining ground. Even now, with such partial, halting, half-hearted recognition as we give it, good will is making things better.—Dr. Washington Gladden.

Old-Time Love Missives for the Day

PEPYS, that delightful old gossip of the reign of Charles II., enters in his diary on Valentine's day, 1667: "This morning came little Will Meiser to be my wife's valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself. Very pretty, we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

Two days later Pepys says: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I am sorry for, it easing me of some thing more that I must have given to others. But I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did also draw a motto, and his girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget, but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used as an engagement upon each name, might be very pretty."

But fully as interesting and much more strange were the St. Valentine's customs among the common people. Many of the observances were singularly like those of Hallowe'en. They were not so grewsome, but the resemblance is unmistakable. For instance, a pert miss, who lived in the 1750's, writes: "Last Friday was Valentine's day and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle, and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said, we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt and ate it shell and all without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them into water and the first that came to the surface was to be our valentine."

There have been endless devices for valentines, but perhaps the queerest on record is that described in the following little story. One St. Valentine's morning an English gentleman remarked to his pretty daughter that on that day 200,000 more letters than the average passed through the London twopenny post.

"Why, papa," replied the girl, "that's just the number of young folks that must be in love with each other—that's the way to reckon."

At that moment a bachelor friend of the family came in and learning the subject of their talk, drew a small package from his pocket.

"Here's my valentine," he exclaimed, and presented it to the young woman.

It contained a small rib, carved of ivory and covered with white satin and ornamented with true lover's knots. There were also some verses, of which this is one:

Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloomed like Heaven,
His bliss was incomplete.
No social friend those joys to share
Gave the gay scene a vacant air.
She came—'twas all replete.

"Well, now, I call that capital," cried the lively lass. "After such a valentine you must take the hint, my dear sir. It's settled, you must get married."

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"I marry you? No. You are too old. But there are many women of your age. Why don't you ask one of them?"

He had to be contented with this sorry consolation, though he deserved a better fate for the ingenuity of his valentine.

St. Valentine's day has always been a favorite with the poets. It is mentioned by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Donne, Gay, Lydgate and others, and many first-class versifiers have written valentines. Of these none is more remarkable than Macaulay. That renowned scholar and historian never missed giving a St. Valentine's tribute to his favorite nieces and his valentine to the Countess Beauchamp, daughter of the earl of Stanhope, ranks with the most admirable of his compositions.

It is a pity that the fine old festival of St. Valentine's day is not made more of by this generation. Something should be done to bring back to it the charm, the romance, the poetry of other times.

Happily, in the last few years the comic valentines have been more humorous and less vulgar.—The Sunday Magazine.

MR. GROUCH SURPRISED.

My Valentine.

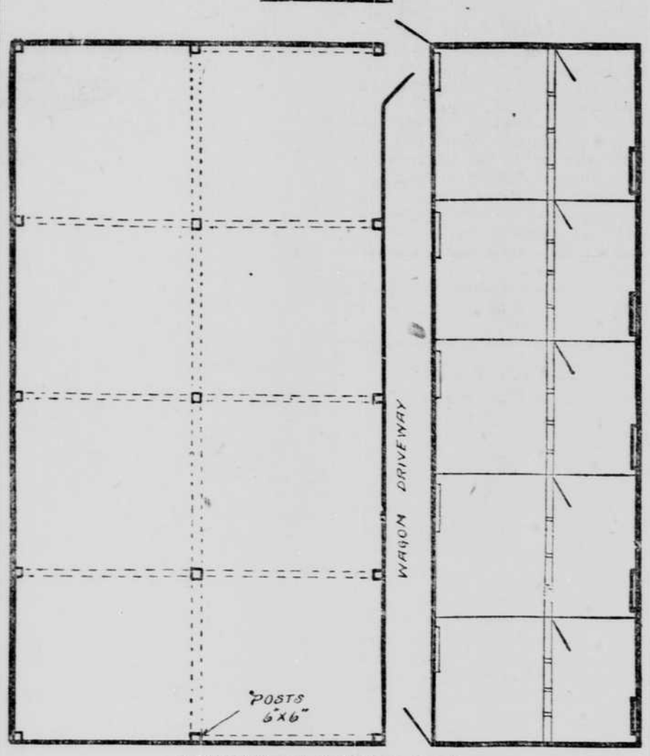
Dearest heart, thou canst not know
The love I give to thee;
Strong as the river's onward flow,
Yet calm and silently.

On ev'ry page of life—
As written hour by hour—
Thine image tints it all
As sunlight paints the flow'r.

Then let this hidden pow'r
Gleam forth in purity
To bless and sanctify
The love I give to thee.

PLAN OF HOG HOUSE WITH DOUBLE CRIB

Driveway Can Be Used to Feed in, with an Adjustable Gate—One Section Can Be Used for Store Room.



Double Crib and Feed Place for Hogs.

A plan, with illustration of a double crib and feed place for hogs is given herewith.

The first story is to be built six or six and one-half feet high, as per plan. Floor 28x34 feet concrete. Size of building 24x32 feet, making a driveway eight feet wide, north of driveway, eight feet wide for feeding. Use driveway to feed on, with an adjustable or movable gate, so as to use any part or all to feed in. South of the driveway is a narrow passage or feedway, and still south are the pens for sows, and a part of the pen and built on the outside as shown in plan, with double doors. The botton half is to let the sows back and forth to the outer part of pen, and the top half can be opened for more air, and also for a man to walk in and out to clean out bedding and litter. It also has windows to give plenty of light in each bed. This plan is drawn for 12 feet high, but can be made 14 feet if desired. One section can be used for store room to put in mill feed, and such things as one might desire. One or two sections can be used for calves, or the driveway may be used for sheep. It can be utilized. Besides the concrete floor saves all the manure, which can be cleaned out at any time and hauled out on the land.

The Farmer's Horse.

Five minutes' vigorous work with a rough cloth on a horse's hide after a hard day's work will do him a lot of good.

A team that works in the field all week should never be put on the road Sundays or holidays.

A bran mash on Saturday night is to a horse what mother's pie is to a boy.

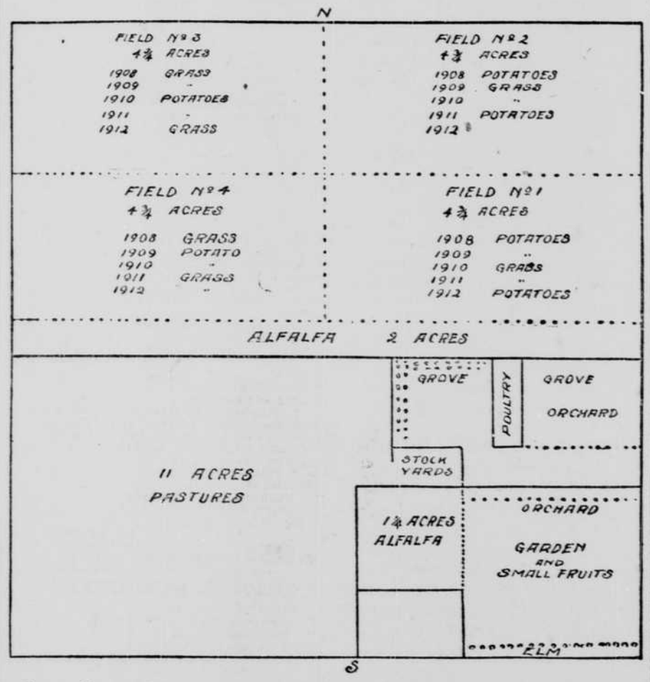
Always use box stalls whenever practicable. A horse tied in a narrow stall is never quite comfortable and is in more or less danger of being cast.

Horses very often lose their eyesight through dust and hayseed falling into their eyes from the loft above.

Does Winter Poultry Pay?

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

EXCELLENT ROTATION SYSTEM



For a 40-acre farm on which potatoes, hay and fodder are the main crops this division of fields will be found suitable. The alfalfa and other fodder crops are near to the pasture to facilitate summer feeding. The 3¼ acres of alfalfa should give from 18 to 20 tons of feed and assuming a yield of 200 bushels per acre of potatoes the 9½ acres devoted to this crop should give a total of 1,900 bushels. The plan is intended for high priced land where intensive methods will give high yields.

Feeding Sheep.

In very severe, prolonged cold weather the sheep should have plenty of clover hay or corn fodder, or other such roughness as is available on the farm. The ewes should be kept in a good thrifty condition in order that the offspring may be healthy and vigorous.

PROPER START OF PASTURES

Close Attention Should Be Paid to Preliminary Cultivation, as That Means Economy in Seed.

(BY W. R. GILBERT.)

Close attention should be paid to preliminary cultivation, as this means economy in the seed. In the first place it is necessary that the soil should be thoroughly cleaned and that annual weeds as well as couch grass should be destroyed. An important consideration is the manurial condition of the soil.

Although grasses are benefited by nitrogenous manures, it is seldom desirable to apply such manure either just before or immediately after sowing the seed.

The first effect of such manuring would be to increase the quantity of straws produced by the grain crop with which the seeds have been sown and thus to repress rather than aid the young pasture plants.

Phosphatic manure, such as basic clay or superphosphate, on the other hand, should be used liberally, and may perhaps best be applied to the preceding root crop, though it can be worked into the land during the winter months before sowing the seed.

In dry districts and on light soils 300 to 500 pounds of superphosphate should be applied, but for most soils 400 to 600 pounds of basic clay may be recommended.

In purchasing grass seed I recommend the obtaining of the best as being the cheapest in the end.

Possess the Land.

Kentucky blue grass will probably more than hold its own against all comers, when it once has possession of the land. In the fight with quack grass it will probably be worsted where quack grass has obtained a hold. In the contest with Russian brome, however, the outcome would probably depend upon the favorableness or otherwise of the conditions of these grasses.

BETTER LATE THAN EARLY

Here Is Case Where the Sage Old Proverb Might with Profit Have Been Reversed.

There is a certain young Broad street broker whose recent sad experience in endeavoring to pull the wool over his wife's eyes has led him to declare "never again."

Now, it is the broker's custom to take a 5:30 suburban train, thus enabling him to reach his home in Westchester in ample time for the early dinner that both he and his wife like.

The other day he fell. Meeting an old college mate he yielded to the latter's entreaties for an evening in town. The next step was, of course, to telegraph the wife, which he did in these terms: "Unavoidably detained. Missed the 5:30. Home later."

When hubby finally did show up, he observed an expression on the countenance of his spouse that argued failure of his little fib.

"What's the trouble, dear?" he asked, with an affected nonchalance.

Without a word the wife handed him the telegraph slip, indicating with her forefinger the words:

"Received at 4:45."—Lippincott's Magazine.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

"Excuse me, gents, would you mind givin' a dime to er poor feller wot was shot in der war?"

"Where were you shot?"

"In der spinal column, sir!"

"Beat it! There wasn't any such battle!"

Practical Christianity.

"On behalf of the sewing circle of this church," said the pastor at the conclusion of the morning service, "I desire to thank the congregation for 57 buttons placed in the contribution box during the past month. If now the philanthropically inclined donors of these objects will put a half-dozen undershirts and three pairs of other strictly secular garments on the plate next Sunday morning, so that we may have something to sew those buttons on, we shall be additionally grateful."—Harper's Weekly.

For Shame, Mr. Staggers.

"Our splendid cook left to-day and I had to take her place," said Mrs. Staggers. "I hope I shall be successful in imitating her."

"I certainly hope you will be successful in following in her footsteps," suggestively remarked old man Staggers as he chewed on a crisp-boiled potato.

Loved to Death.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

Ruling Passion.

"I knew Putt's smoking would get him into trouble."

"Well?"

"At his wedding, when it came to the ring part, he reached into his pocket and handed the minister a match."

Nothing endures but the eternal commonplace; and if one departs from that it is to run the most perilous risks.—Charles Wagner.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

THE GARDEN of the YEAR

'Tis but an idle fancy
Such as will sometimes gleam
Above the necromancy
That bids one sit and dream.

I count the years as roses
That bud and bloom and fade,
And as each one uncloses
Another year is made.

They grow in one great garden
All patiently and slow
And Time, the faithful warden,
Attends them as they grow.

I count the years as roses—
A petal for each day
To glow as it uncloses
And then be blown away.

The petals faint and wither,
The winds of winter run
To toss them there and hither,
And so the year is done.

And some are years to treasure,
And some to lose we're fain,
For some are sweet with pleasure
And some are thorned with pain.

But in the endless garden
The roses bud and blow
While Time, the faithful warden,
Attends them, all arow.

So may this New Year near you
Without a shade of gloom
And comfort you and cheer you
As does a rose in bloom.

The Early Conundrum.

The man with the ingrowing face came to the fence and looked over at the man with the dissatisfied ears.

"Did you ever hear that conundrum about the lawn mower?" he asked.

"What's that? Who borrowed it last?"

"No, no. The one about what is the difference between a little boy away off by himself yelling for his ma and a lawn mower?"

"Why should he yell for his ma and a lawn mower?"

"He didn't. He yelled for his ma, and the conundrum is: What is the difference between him and a lawn mower?"

"That's the conundrum, is it?"

"Yes. Did you ever hear it?"

"No. I never heard it. What if I didn't?"

"It's pretty good, isn't it? What is the difference between a little boy away off by himself yelling for his ma and a lawn mower?"

"I suppose it makes no difference to anyone except him and his ma."

"You don't quite catch it. He was away off all by himself yelling for his ma and a lawn mower, and—"

"Did he want her to bring it?"

"Bring what?"

"The lawn mower."

"He didn't want any lawn mower. He wanted his ma."

"Well, did she come?"

"I mean it doesn't make any difference whether his ma comes or not. The question is: What is the difference between a little boy away off alone by himself yelling for his ma and a lawn—"

"Why, confound it! You keep saying he didn't yell for the lawn mower."

"He didn't. He yelled for his ma, and the—"

"Oh, life's too short. I can't understand you."

And the man with the ingrowing face hung over the fence and grew purple with wrath and finally shouted across the yard:

"One is a lawn mower and the other is a lone ma-er, but I hope you never guess it, for of all the confounded dunkheads I ever saw you get the blue ribbon!"

But the man with the dissatisfied ears simply smiled grimly and went into the house.

Pen and Ink.

The pen—it is a magic wand
That drives the sordid world away
And calls up scenes from far beyond
The prison-housing hills of day.
It waves—and lo, another world,
A wonder-world, is bid arise
Where fancy's banners are unfurled
And tossed against the laughing skies.

The ink—it is a magic pool
Wherein the future and the past,
And sage and soldier, king and fool
Await the rousing bugle blast;
And we may bend above and look
And work our necromance alone
Until in written page, or book,
These hidden things become our own.

And yet—and yet—the wand we clutch;
We whisper spells of golden sooth;
The pool we gaze in overmuch
And it is dull and dead, in truth.
The world of fancy blurs and fades
And vanishes all tremulous—
And mocking in its lights and shades
The world we have comes back to us!

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Milk and Beef.

A large glass of milk contains the same amount of nourishment as a slice of roast beef. Milk is more economical than other animal foods, although it is dearer than most vegetable products.

HE KNEW HER

She—It's three o'clock. I'm going to my dressmaker. I shan't be more than a quarter of an hour.

He—All right; don't forget we are dining out at eight o'clock.

Asking Too Much.

The mother of little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to hitch her sled to passing sleighs, feeling that it was a dangerous practice. It was such a fascinating sport, however, that Mary could not resist it and one day her mother saw her go skimming past the house behind a farmer's "bobs."

When she came in from play she was taken to task, her mother saying severely: "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch onto bobs? Besides, you know, it is against the law."

Mary tossed her head. "Oh," she said, "don't talk to me about the law. It's all I can do to keep the ten commandments!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Teamster's Punishment Earned.

Apparently it pays not to be cruel to horses out in Chicago. A teamster who admitted abandoning his horses for six hours on a recent stormy day was fined $50 by a magistrate. The humane society prosecuted the case vigorously and promised to report the matter to the driver's employers. Presumably he will lose his job, as he was unable to pay the fine and will have to serve a jail term.

The Cagey Bachelor.

The woman who wanted the bachelor to come to dinner called him up at his rooms.

"Hello," she said, adding in the irritating way of women, "do you know who this is?"

The tactful bachelor didn't, but he was too diplomatic to admit it.

"Hello, beautiful lady," he made answer.

So Touching.

Anxious Suitor—But, sir, I thrill at your daughter's slightest touch.

Practical Father—Young man, I find her slightest touch is usually for a hundred dollars.