

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

FROM VARIOUS STANDPOINTS



Of all the holidays on the calendar, St. Valentine's day is, of course, the least conspicuous. Unlike Christmas, Easter, the Fourth of July or Memorial day, it makes no direct appeal for our serious consideration. Instead, it is closely akin to Halloween—a day of pranks and larks. It is, more or less of a phantasmagoria of sentiment and nonsense combined. It is, pre-eminently, the day when Cupid reigns supreme and every form of celebration necessarily harks back, in one way or another, to the little cherub with the bow and arrow.

The attitude of the average grownup toward St. Valentine's day is one of good-natured tolerance and endurance. In the light of maturer years, the whole business of the celebration is apt to look mighty foolish. When he was younger—well, perhaps it was different then—but he has long since put aside childish things. It is all right for the youngsters, who consider the giving and receiving of valentines in much the same light as they regard Christmas presents from Santa Claus. But not for him, a grown-up.

A modern celebration of St. Valentine's day, considered from various standpoints, really makes a difference in the day's work of a surprising number of people. And not all of these so affected are interested in Cupid or the random shots from his bow. In fact, many breathe as when the day is over as they do after Christmas, the Fourth of July, or any of the rush-season holidays.

If St. Valentine himself were alive today, or if, by chance Eusebia Palladino could be persuaded to coax the old man back from the other side of the Styx, he would, in all probability, throw up his hands in astonishment and lady of the Red Skirt in the fable: "Land sakes! Can this be it?"

In the old days it was a most serious occasion attended by all sorts of superstition and painstaking observance of queer formulas and customs that seem more like fiction than fact. Young men and young maidens paraded all over country churchyards, by the light of the moon, and held serious converse with owls and hobgoblins, in spirit at least if not in letter.

In fact, it was quite the proper thing in England for a lovelorn lass to tie herself into the churchyard at midnight and as the clock struck 12 run around the church and play tag with herself among the tombstones, repeating an enlightening and touching little doggerel: "I sow hemp seed, hemp seed I sow; he that loves me best come after me now."

Imagine—just imagine if you can—a certain type of twentieth century maid conducting herself in a fashion so violently at variance with the instructions of the Ladies' Hum Journal and other Anthony Comstock's of feminine propriety! It cannot be imagined—not even in one's wildest dreams!

It might have been all right for her ancestors—simple folk at best—but not for her! Nothing of that sort in her family! Instead, it's flowers and bonbons and "real grown-up" presents for her—the aforesaid flowers at one dollar per, the bonbons done up in a fancy, silk-lined box and the presents anything that poor William can be persuaded into coming across with, from a jabot to an aeroplane.

It would be pleasant, indeed, to picture a certain Miss St. Valentine of the present all in a flutter over what the patron saint of the day will bring her. It appeals to the mental appetite to picture all the fair sex as the same gentle, shy, retiring creatures of former days. As a matter of fact, however, such is by no means the case.

Of course, the average wholesome, mentally healthy girl is interested in St. Valentine's day. Of course, she believes in it. But there are, it must be confessed, many who find but little mystery about it for them. If Alfred sends a girl of this sort a five-pound box of bonbons, you can bet your last dollar he is going to let her know in some way that it came from his, not from Tom or from Will. And if she, in turn, sends him a tie or a package of shaving papers inclosed in a valentine cover you may be equally sure she will inadvertently see to it that the young man is aware of the proper person to thank.

But not all our girls are like that—not by a great deal. There are some still who enthuse over tinsel and gauze bearing dancing cupids and bleeding hearts. Tender verses still appeal to them, and old favorites are still popular. "The rose is red, the violet blue; sugar is sweet and so are you," still causes a fluttering of the heart and a tell-tale blush. "I had a heart and it was true; it flew from me and went to you. Treat it as well as I have done, for you have two, and I have none," is still certain of eliciting an ecstatic sigh from its fair recipient. But the lad who will carry off the candy this St. Valentine's day and put one over on the other chap is the "broth of a boy" who manages to secure a dainty beflowered missive bearing the words "Oh, you kid!" Maybe they have been manufactured, and may be they have not. They ought to be, at all events.

And don't forget little Jane, the dear ten-year-old mite, who won't trust her valentine even to the postman, but insists on delivering them herself in person. She is in somewhat of a quandary as to whether she had better remain in her own home for the exquisite joy of flying to the door at the first ring of the bell on St. Valentine's eve,



flinging it wide open and rushing wildly out to detect, if possible, the fleeing donor of the white missive lying on the floor of the vestibule, or whether to join her little companions in a similar crusade to the doorsteps of others whose mamas will not let them come out.

Nor must we overlook the comic valentines—not because we are on the subject of children, be it understood, for, though it does seem evident that they are distributed by the little lads and lasses, it would never do to accuse them of it outright. No, indeed, not even for one single little minute. These comics have come to be an important feature of the modern celebration of St. Valentine's day. Some people call them horrible distortions of clothopper humor; but that depends on the condition of development of the recipient's funny bone. If he's ticklish, he will most likely smile and let it go at that. If he doesn't, you have found a man without a saving sense of humor.

Watch papa when he gets his on St. Valentine's eve. If he just grins and makes some remark to the effect that the manufacturer of the valentine is certainly up-to-date in placing his caricatured figure in an aeroplane, you may be sure he's a pretty good sort of a papa who believes in boys wearing their stockings out at the knee. But if he doesn't, if instead he makes a wry face and wry remarks anent the unwholesome influence of such hideous atrocities upon the juvenile mind; he isn't—well—it might not hurt him to be reminded of the days when he was a kid himself. The real, good natured, beloved papa isn't apt to mind in the least being labeled by the multi-colored caricature pushed under the door a "Nervy Nat," a "Grim Old Money Bags" or a "Walking Jewelry Store." He just grins and sort of says to himself with a lump in his throat, "Well, I guess boys will be boys."

And Sister Lu? It isn't altogether a pleasant occasion for her, the receipt of a comic portraying her as a vain vixen who spends most of the day and a good part of the evening admiring herself in her mirror. It's a trifle trying on one's dignity. Maidens in the popular romances of the day never have unpleasant experiences of that sort—or, at least, if they do the author forgets to mention them.

But how different it is when a "really, truly" valentine arrives! Sister Lu is all smiles and excitement. Who could it have come from? Stop that, you Jane, it isn't yours at all, and you have no business opening it. My, how beautiful—how beautiful—how beautiful! Violets! Um-um! Aren't they fragrant!"

Papa and mamma are called in to see what a gorgeous valentine Lu has received. Pa makes some remarks about being willing to venture a guess as to the identity of the sender, with the added insinuation that the \$2 the violets cost might help some, at least, in furnishing an apartment. But ma just smiles and is pleased.

"I know who it's from! I know who it's from!" cries little Jane, dancing up and down and teasing her sister, with one chubby little forefinger working diligently back and forth in "Pshaw! For shame!" fashion upon the other.

Sister Lu makes a great show of trying to think who in the world could have sent them. And she appeals to mamma for her opinion in the matter. Yes, mamma agrees, it might have been Alfred, or it might have been Will, or it might have been any one of a dozen other young men she knows. But Tom? Why, Tom's name is the very last of all mentioned, though both she and mamma know perfectly well the violets came from him. Humph! Little Jane knew it was Tom right away!

tousled—and his hands and face are unanswerable testimony to the fact that the rising generation occasionally gets back to Mother Earth even in the private city streets, pessimists to the contrary, notwithstanding. He has been having a great time. St. Valentine's night is almost as much fun as Halloween! Valentine? Sure, he's been giving valentines—but they aren't exactly the kind Sister Lu or even little Jane received.

He's presented the almond-eyed Celestial down at the corner with a most touching reminder of how he looks when he irons a shirt—and he's had a thrilling, hair-breadth escape from the aforesaid washee-washee, who couldn't see it as a joke at all. Pshaw, a Chinaman never could run anyway! Then there was old Peanut Caruse, who kept the fruit stand on the opposite corner. Poor, excitable old Dago! If there hadn't have been quite so many little American devils in the gang he might have run one of them down and gotten his revenge. But, if he did, what would become of his peanuts and his smooth, sleekly-polished apples in the meantime, with all those other little pests swarming around and yelling like Comanche Indians?

And grandma and grandpa. They sit quietly by in their big armchairs and smile complacently at the enthusiasm of the youngsters. In their hearts are memories of other St. Valentine's eves—way back in other days, in the dim and distant past, when they both were young and the fever of love beat strong in their breasts. There are valentines for them now, for they are old and gray and their course of life is almost run, and, somehow, St. Valentine's day is a day for the young. But wait. What is that on grandma's lap? Can it be? Yes—it is—it's a valentine! Grandma has remembered! It is not one of those gaudily-painted modern ones of elaborate manufacture; no, but an old-fashioned one of many layers of carved and curly-cued paper, framing a tiny picture of the Madonna and bearing the simple message: "Be my valentine." It is the kind grandma knew and learned to love long years ago when grandpa, then as fine a young dandy as was to be found in all the country round, came sparking her. She smiles happily and nods across at the old man, who understands all that she feels—and remembers.

In the morning the mail man comes loaded down with more valentines. Indeed, it seems just like another Christmas to little Jane, when she beholds his pouch full of overflowing. But he can't see it in that light at all, or in any other light except that he has been lugging that blamed old pouch for ten squares, leaving something at almost every door, and the darned old thing is heavier than when he first started out with it. Christmas is bad enough, and the people who made these fool holiday stunts ought to be satisfied with plaguing mail men once a year; but instead, they don't give him time to recover from the Christmas avalanche of mail before they jam all this crazy Valentine foolishness down his throat. After that pouch has gotten to a respectable, convenient size—so that it feels more like a mail pouch and less like a ton of coal—the mail man may appreciate the sentimental side of the day. He may recall the flushed, eager faces that fairly hurled themselves almost through the door in their eagerness to snatch the mysterious letters from his hands. He may recall his own boyhood when he himself both gave and received valentines with childish glee and couldn't understand why in the world, on this of all mornings the mail man was so late. If so he smiles good naturedly and remembers that every task, however onerous it may be, has its own reward when viewed in the right light.

Watch your newspapers on St. Valentine's day for one particular news item—eloping couples who chose the day because it is especially Cupid's. Some years they are many in number, and some times but few and far between. But there is always a half-dozen at least. Cupid sees to that himself. And to the lovers themselves, it is a day of all days, for each gives himself to the other as a really truly valentine for life.

Is Typhoid Conquered?
Vaccination to prevent smallpox is so general in this country and has been so effective in abolishing what was formerly one of the most destructive scourges of the human race that nearly everybody except the small number of people whose temperament predisposes them to "take the other side" accepts it as a matter of course and recognizes in it one of the greatest blessings conferred by modern medical advancement. But typhoid vaccination is somewhat comparatively new, with which the public as a whole is not familiar. Yet it will be well for the public to take heed of the results that have been obtained by its use in the United States army.—Cleveland Leader.

Progress.
"How is your Shakespearian club getting on?"
"Splendidly. We learned two new steps last week."—Life.

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cure.—See at Drug Stores.

We are never too old to learn the things that are of no use to us.

Beauty is only skin deep. Also lots of modesty is only on the surface.

The old toper's pack of trouble is always full and stopping over.

It's a Pleasure
to be able to eat your meals without fear of an attack of

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NAUSEA OR
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The Sequence.
"Just as we were wondering where the money for a feed was to come from, Billy Smith, who always has his pockets full, blew in—"
"Well, what happened?"
"A blow-out."

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 6 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly,
PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.
Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.
Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free Adv.

In addition to the love of money there are the queer ways we have of getting rid of it.

Complimentary.
"Harold, I dreamed about you last night."
"You dear girl, did you?"
"Yes, I think it was something I ate."—Judge.

Quite Frenchy.
"Your friend is always chaffing, isn't he?"
"Yes, indeed; he is quite a chauffer."

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All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 28 to 48 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steers. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the greatest opportunity of any place on the continent.

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