

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 love-lorn lass to lie 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 anon the 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 hers—the afore-said 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 him, 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 foy" 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 mammas will not let them come out.

Nor must we overlook the comic valentines—not because we are on the subject of children, but 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 clodhopper 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; if 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 be-a-u-t-i-f-u-l! 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. Humpf! Little Jane knew it was Tom right away!

Just as this moment, perhaps, the young hopeful of the family comes stamping in. He is a sight! His stockings and trousers are dirt-stained, where he evidently fell down, his hair is all

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! Valentines? 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 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 to 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 yea, they are many in number, and some times but ew 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.

RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW

CLOTHES for little boys—small and active youngsters from three to six years old—have not changed much in design for many years. This is because they have been cut and made to suit his needs, and it transpires that nothing could look better than the Russian blouse suits which protect and adorn the body of the most restless and frolicsome and daring of young animals.

Therefore suits for little boys are to be made in two pieces and of plain and durable materials. Small knee pants, put together to hold against the strain of play and battle, and the easy-fitting, well-cut Russian blouse, such as appear in the illustration given here.

Linens in the heavy or strong weaves, natural or dark colors, ginghams, and various cotton weaves that



will withstand constant tubbing, are chosen for everyday wear. White and some of the strong and medium light blues, and natural linen color, prove best for those more or less painful occasions when the youngster must be "dressed up."

All his garments should be made plain in design and the materials

shrunk before they are cut. The best behaved young man will forget all about caring for his clothes and romp as freely in white linen as in khaki. Little boys are less conscious of their clothes than little girls, and much soap and water falls to the lot of their apparel. Therefore their clothes are to be made easy to wash and iron.

The problem that confronts the mother is that of teaching her son to wish to be clean and neat looking without interfering with his romping. There is only one way, it seems, and that is to provide him with plenty of plain, strong, well made suits like that shown here, in order to provide a fresh one with the recurrence of his need for it.

Very little material will make a suit. Plain box plaits add to the strength of the blouse and also something of adornment. Collar, cuffs and belt are usually in a contrasting pattern. That is, a plaid blouse is finished with collar, cuffs and belt in a plain fabric. Or a plain blouse is finished with these accessories in plaid or figured material.

After all, it does not require a great deal of work to keep a little fellow presentable enough. Summer and winter he wears a union suit, a waist to support his stockings and pants, his shoes and a blouse. In cold weather he is protected from the cold when he is out (which should be a considerable part of the day) by heavy coat, cap, leggings and mittens. In midsummer he may shed all but his waist, pants and blouse; it is fine for him to run barefoot.

All the standard pattern concerns provide suitable paper patterns for suits. In making a selection choose the plainest designs, for in the long run they look best.

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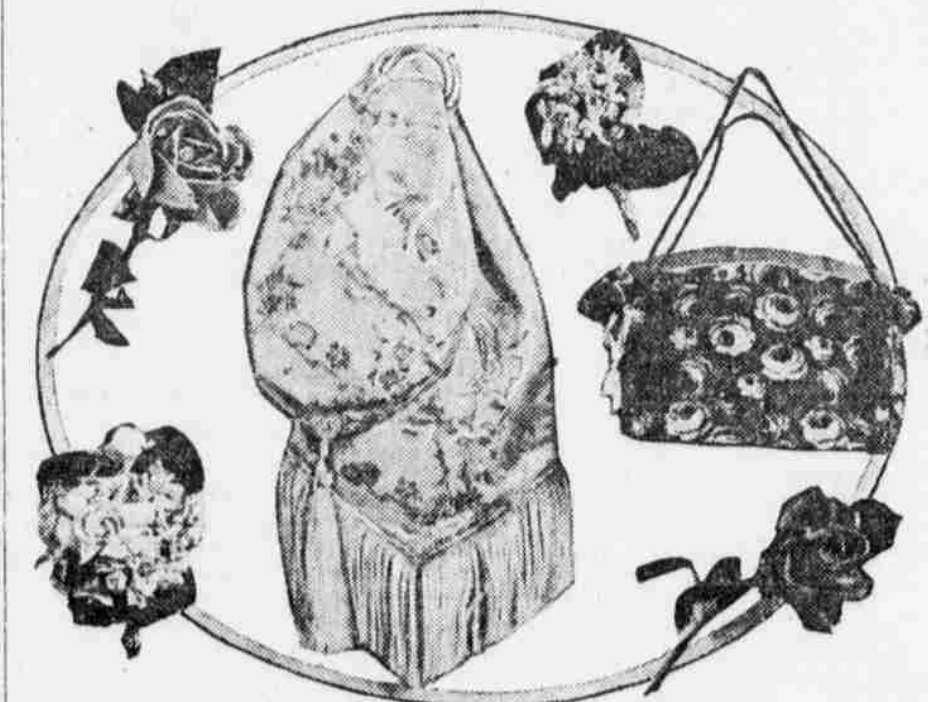
Pretty Collars.

Pretty collars, to be worn on blouses as well as outside the coats, are seen now in the shops, and few are so intricate that they cannot be fashioned by the girl with a taste for needlework who wants to look well but can't afford high prices.

The upstanding frills tacked inside low collars are very dainty and a charming finish to the bare neck under a coat. The frillings are quite cheap now, and you can buy them as wide or as narrow as you wish.

An attractive round collar to be worn with a Dutch necked blouse can be made of a quarter of a yard of fine batiste. One seen recently was in the shape of a crescent moon, and the pointed ends and side that were laid down on the back of the blouse were embroidered with a scallop drawn with a 10-cent piece—just a plain scallop, nothing more, but so carefully and beautifully embroidered that the stitches fairly melted together.

New Dress Accessories Made of Ribbon



IN all the history of their manufacture ribbons have never occupied so prominent and important a place in the belongings of womankind as they do today. Old Father Time—whose daughters do not love him any too well—allows them ribbons and furbelows from the cradle to the grave. From the baby ribbons which so gayly adorned the layette to the purple rosettes on grandma's breakfast cap, every year in the progress of the splendor-loving feminine one is marked off by variations in her ribbon adornments.

Certain ribbon novelties are brought out each season, and things that were novelties have become staples, varied each year to suit new conditions. The ribbon rose is no longer a novelty but is shown in new colorings and in new perfection of detail. Everyone must own a bunch of ribbon violets, and this season they are made up around a millinery gardenia. Little ribbon roses in nosegays and wreaths, in all sorts of ornaments, are blooming everywhere. There are vests or waistcoats of ribbon, and all our lingerie is ribbon-decked.

In this last field the liking for ribbon decorations has made the most rapid strides. Baby ribbons are not so much used, but wider ribbons—from one to one and a half inches—are made up into bows and rosettes, and any number of pendant pieces, to be sewed or pinned, on to undermuslins.

The next step naturally will be ribbons made up in the body of small garments. Alternating rows of ribbon and lace, and very wide soft ribbons, already are used in making dainty corset covers.

The bright brocaded ribbons are so well adapted to making ribbon bags that many new and lovely models are brought out by designers, who are inspired by the beauty of the ribbons. Bags for all purposes are made. A very handsome party bag is shown in the picture, made of white brocade. It is cut after the fashion of old-time purses and has two compartments. One of these will carry slippers and the other fan, gloves and other things that are required. It is provided with two covered rings for handles and finished with Chenille fringe. There are any number of bags of brocade and printed ribbons made in different ways for the same purpose.

The latest addition to the cap family is the Tango Cap, made of ribbon and lace in one of the Tango shades, which are about like the nasturtium yellows. It is bedecked with short floating ends of ribbon and keeps the hair in place during the strenuous time of the dance. The tango is really a romp to music and will develop the need of small caps as it grows popular.

Of all the adornments for which ribbon is used, ribbon flowers, and pre-eminently ribbon roses, remain the most wonderful and beautiful. It is a case of the design fitting the material to perfection. Ribbons are the roses among woven fabrics in themselves—the queen of all others.

These little accessories are well worth while, for it is remarkable how a pretty adornment of this kind will capture and hold the attention and make a plain costume appear quite splendid.

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