



VALENTINE AN ILL-USED SAINT.

Connected With the 14th of February in Order to Cloak a Pagan Legacy.

If any saint representing a valentine could come to earth again and peruse some of the doggerel rhymes of doubtful color attached to pictures of colors too demonstrative to be doubtful, the worthy monk would probably bring suit for the abolishing of the custom...

The poetry of the day has gone. Only the memory of its romance remains. It was the mating time of birds, according to the once popular belief. It was the universal mating time, according to the popular idea further developed. The earliest stages of the development of this interesting coupling of Cupid's name with the custom of drawing lots for 'Valentines'...

The drawing then went on, the one who drew a certain slip becoming that person's valentine. Frequently the imaginary engagement, thus begun in the playfulness of a holiday gathering, changed later to a real one. This is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the knight was bound by the rules of Valentine's day to wait hand and foot on the lady whose name had been drawn by him in the lottery...

The custom, which extended all through the countries of Europe, from the common people to the courtiers, broadened until the valentine came to be played by married as well as single players, and in addition to being bound to run errands for and wait on the lady whose name was written on the slip drawn from the lottery box, the knight was expected to make her

ROMANCE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Young Men and Women Played a Fascinating Game on Valentine's Day.

A percentage of the valentines sent out nowadays are of the sentimental order, but the fact cannot be denied that every year sees Saint Valentine retrograde further from the romantic position he once occupied.

But as before stated, no saint should be in any way saddled with the responsibility for all the pictorial and alleged poetical tomfoolery that fly around on his day. It seems that an accident, not kind to the saints, mixed them up with the valentine custom. No saint had any connection with the 14th of February custom, according to those who have been anxious enough about the reputation of the church to investigate the matter closely.

The only explanation these authorities can give for the connection is that the ancient Romans bequeathed to us a February festival similar to that described, of drawing from the lottery box the names of women, who became the affianced of the one who drew the name. This pagan

practice shocked the prelates when Christianity began to get the upper hand, and a courageous effort was made to stamp it out, but it proved too popular, and so the best that the clergy could do was to give the sanction of the church to the festival, by having a saint selected on the 14th of February, who was called a valentine.

But it is far more likely that the custom of sending valentines on one day of the year is a queer survival of the religion of nature that existed in primitive Europe. It would seem so, from the fact that legendary lore has handed down to us this passage: "About this time of the year the birds choose their mates, and thence probably came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing valentines or special loving friends on the day."

The custom is dying out, as all customs will when they descend from the romantic to the foolishly strife-stirring stage.

The mails are still heavy with the additional missives that owe their existence to the valentine custom, but the time-honored and favorite picture of the personification of love, in which the letter carrier is represented as staggeringly beneath the weight of a huge load of Valentine day mail, can no longer be called into service with absolute confidence.

VALENTINE DANCES.

Effective Toilets in Honor of the Saint of Love Festivals.

They are getting ready for valentine dances at the capital, Washington, in all ways glad of an excuse to make merry and now that the president's period of mourning is over, Washington has awakened to the pleasant task of enjoying itself.

The valentine dances—and invitations are out for three in high social circles—

BAB TAKES A LOOK AT THE SHOP WINDOWS.

ALWAYS about this time of year the shop windows are filled with the most remarkable of white garments, while the newspapers are filled with advertisements of what they call "cheap underwear."

Whether it is that the hideous dress reform undergarment is going out of fashion, and this has brought all these abominations to the fore, or the shopkeeper, appreciating that a reaction has set in, has concluded that he had better get rid of all this old stuff, or what, no one is always sure, but it is certain that some of the most hideous things are displayed, and undoubtedly some deluded women will buy them.

What do I mean by hideous things? Plaiting ruffled with abominations in the shape of clothing long and rather varied life I have never met a woman who wore nine pieces of underwear at one time. Starting with the fact that one's petticoat has a firm foundation, as firm as Plymouth rock, and much better shaped, the average woman in good health need never wear, first, a somewhat long silk undershirt, stockings, of course, stays, and, if she is inclined to be chilly and has a tendency toward rheumatism, a well-cut and not cumbersome flannel petticoat, with the one or two pieces of nainsook that are displayed in the shop windows, but which are seldom talked about.

The petticoat may be of silk, or may be of moreen, but it is never white for street wear. With your heavy cloth skirt you need a stiff moreen petticoat, that is, a material properly held on, there is no use burdening oneself with a lot of unnecessary underwear to obliterate the stupid shopkeepers. A woman walks well and easily when she has not got on a lot of cumbersome underwear, and the line of beauty shows to much better advantage than when she is overrudded and has strings and belts cutting her, because she has no stays on and is altogether flurried and flustered.

The human form divine, especially the female edition of it, does come in for a awful lot of discussion. The line of a woman's figure is talked about with the unctuous of Dumas, who, in any or every one is liable to face a picture of Venus, and it is quite possible to stumble over her in plaster on the sidewalk. Fancy wearing such draperies as Venus wore! Why, you would have to put heavy iron weights in them, which would make them bang against your knees, and you would sit on them and be wretched, and would find yourself wishing that Venus had stayed in the sea and been comfortable.

I said modesty was complex, and it is. The modest woman is the one who wears her heart where the daws cannot peck at it and who keeps her own affairs to herself. She is the woman who doesn't talk loudly in public, and who doesn't over-dress. Modesty does not cover, it simply does not recognize the existence of, some sins. There are women who are as exquisitely modest as the angels, women who could put out their hands and lift up that other woman who has fallen and never feel that they were soiling the tips of their fingers. The modest woman is the charitable one, for charity and purity are twin sisters.

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BE WISE IN TIME. Be wise in time nor seek delay. When duty shows the right way, and let both heart and conscience tell. Where honor calls and what is well, for those who strike the right today, too soon will find life's aims astray. All learn that one small error may, and peace or happiness be lost.

Be wise when impulse would betray. To anger that would bring dismay. Into the life—be brave and quell. The wayward mood—strive to excel. In all that virtue might assume, be wise in time! —R. C. L.

CUPID WELCOMES VALENTINE DAY.

Copyright, 1898. EVERY year when St. Valentine's day comes around, there is sure to be found a little amusement in the newspapers to the effect that the custom of giving tokens on that day is "dying out." But every year valentines appear as usual in the shop windows, and everyone knows that men do not continue to offer merchandise for sale which has ceased to be demanded. One sort of valentine is "dying out," it is true—the comic kind. Our highest education has done that much for us.

In former times the communications addressed by lovers to their mistresses were the product of their own hand and brain. But the labor involved was found in most cases to be far out of proportion to the results arrived at, and it soon became the common practice to substitute the valentine of commerce for the home product. The skill of these scribes was called into requisition, and many very expensive and elaborate valentines are the result. The number of these missives sent on each 14th of February in the United States must amount to many hundreds of thousands, and the letter carriers and distributors regard the approach of St. Valentine's day with sentiments the reverse of blissful.

The observance of St. Valentine's day is a European custom, it failed to thrive in America. It was too burdened with sentiment and lacked the necessary novelty, and so it was distorted to what it is now.

When the transition from the original to the present custom occurred it would be hard to state. The first St. Valentine's day was inaugurated by priests of the early Christian church as a substitute for what was a popular Roman custom, the early fathers in their wisdom deciding that gradual substitution, or tapering off, as it might be called, was preferable to the sudden stoppage of a long-standing habit.

How this came about is told in a generally accepted work by Douce, entitled "Illustrations by Shakespeare." It is the origin of St. Valentine's day in the following terms: "It was the practice in Ancient Rome during a great part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februus, Februus and Februus. On this occasion, amid a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were drawn from a box, which they were drawn by men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, substituted in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of women, and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast because it occurred nearly at the same time."

The custom of drawing the names of saints, however, was not vested with sufficient materialism, and in the days of romance and chivalry the girls were conspicuous figures again in the observance of the day. In those times the youths and the maidens were drawn for by lot. Each youth would inscribe his name or his symbol on a piece of parchment and toss it into a box, then the maidens would draw the names. The youths would then draw a slip, and the maidens would draw a slip, and the maidens in turn draw the name of a youth.

Then the adjustment would begin. The youths would seek out the maidens whose names they had drawn, and the maidens the youths. Thus it would generally happen that each man was seeking a maid and in turn sought by a maiden he was not himself seeking. This latter maid must therefore be sought of with a girl in keeping with the rank of the man. Sometimes it happened that the youth and the maiden drew each other's names, but this was not often. When it did occur, a marriage was considered the only possible outcome.

Then this practice of drawing by lot and trusting to luck was slowly but surely supplanted by the practice of choosing the valentines. Each young man would up and away before daylight to post himself at his lady's lattice, or even, if possible, steal into her chamber so as to be the first her eyes should rest upon when she should awake on St. Valentine's day. Then for the year the man and maid were valentines and bound in all honor to observe the day. As this custom grew, so grew the practice of bearing to the maid an expression of loving sentiments carefully wrought

on parchment. Over these wordy expressions the illiterate gallants of the romantic days struggled and toiled and pounded, their hearts pierced with many arrows. They did not buy them at the shops, but made them themselves, and likewise delivered them in person, so that the custom had to some real meaning. In studying the numerous literary allusions to the festival we find none earlier than the twelfth century. Remembering that it was the most specially mystical and legend-loving of all the centuries, and that a saint presided over every imaginable circumstance and situation, we may reasonably claim that the pairing of the birds was considered specially under the patronage of this saint. Undoubtedly the belief had become an accepted fact in Chaucer's day, for his "Assembly of Fowles," or the great gathering of the birds, is treasure trove for suitable extracts. He describes the grace of the Empress Nature and amusingly sketches the anxiety of the assembly as to who should mate with the great eagle. Paring time for birds is spring, and Tennyson expresses the next step toward the completion of the chain of evidence in his lines: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. One of the most popularly quoted of valentines is that written by John Donne, the great poet of the seventeenth century. In his rugged style he anticipates Browning. This valentine was dedicated to Princess Elizabeth and Elector Frederick on February 14, 1614. All the air is thy diocese. And all the chirping choristers. And other birds thy parishoners. Thy marriage every year. The lyric lark and the grave whispering sparrow that neglects his life for love. The household bird with the red stomach. Thou mak'st the bluebird speed as soon as doth the goldfinch or the halcyon. This day more cheerfully than doth shine. This day which might inflame thyself, old Eris, Valentine!"

On Valentine's eve it used to be a common practice for girls to gather five bay leaves, pinning one on each corner of their pillow, and one in the center. Their repose was made sweet by the visions of possible sweethearts in their dreams. Before retiring a hard-boiled egg was divided, the yolk taken out, and its space filled with salt. The egg, shell and all, was swallowed. No drink of water was allowed after this charm. Unless the direction of our fair ancestors was bullet-proof, the wonder may well be why holybimbos and not lovers did not visit them in dreams. In Oxford the children still sing: Good morrow, Valentine. First 'tis yours and then 'tis mine. So please give me a valentine. and another rhyme: Good morrow to you, Valentine. But you look as I do mine. Two before and three behind. Good morrow to you, Valentine. For three centuries, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth, we have constant allusions in prose and poetry, to the custom of writing names of men and women on slips of paper that each one might draw a slip. A lady had the right to choose her representative man, who thus for twelve months was bound by honor to serve her, to do her will and desire and sing her praises in rhyme. "The expression 'relieving the valentine' arose when the man drew his representative and kissed her to prove his acceptance. He then wore her name on his breast or sleeve and gave a ball or entertainment. Sometimes these slips of names were wrapped up in a tiny ball of clay and placed in the bottom of a shallow dish. Water was poured in, and the ball which floated to the surface first bore the name of the first pair of lovers.

ILLITIS. Illitis, according to certain modern wise men, was a great Greek poet, contemporary with Sappho, whom Illitis knew in person. Illitis, in addition to being a great Greek poet, was a girl, a young shepherdess, who tended her flocks in the mountains of Pamphylia. Illitis, according to these aforesaid wise men, wrote beautiful poetry in the difficult rhymes of what we may term the Early Aeolian. Here are some of the wise men's translations of the poems of Illitis. This one is "A Lover's Oath." "When the waters of the rivers shall ascend to the summit covered with snow; when shall be sown barley and wheat in the moving furrows of the sea.



"When the pines shall come of the lakes, and water lilies of the rocks, when the sun shall become black, when the moon shall fall in the grass. "Then, but then only, I shall take another sweetheart and I shall forget you, Illitis, soul of my life, heart of my heart. "He said it to me, he said it to me! What care I for the rest of the world! Where are thou, inebriate happiness, compared to my happiness?"

"And this is 'The One I Loved.' "The first gave me a necklace, a necklace of pearls worth a city, with the palaces and the temples, and the treasures and the slaves. "The second wrote for me verses. He said that my hair was black as the hair of night on the ocean, and my eyes blue as those of the morning. "The third was so handsome that his mother did not kiss him without blushing. He placed his hands on my knees and his lips on my bare foot. "You said nothing to me. You gave nothing to me, for you are poor. And you are not handsome, but it is you whom I love."

We are told that among the wise men who have translated the songs of Illitis are Richard Dehmel, who has translated twenty-six of them and published them at Leipzig; Dr. Paul Goldmann, who has translated twenty of them and published

them at Frankfurt; Alexander Backowsky, who has translated eight of them and published them at Prague; Gustav Fodor, who has translated four of them and published them at Stockholm; and Prof. Wilmowitz-Moellendorf, who has translated twenty of them and published them at Göttingen.

But, to quote a more modern writer than Illitis, "There ain't no such person." "There is no Illitis, except in the front of a polychrome bust named thus, which is in the museum of the Louvre. Illitis is Pierre Louys, the poet of Paris, he who is as youthful as a fawn, as timid as a girl. The German scholars have translated his alleged translations, not Greek originals. There are no Greek originals. "I knew him at college. We were friends as soon as we met, probably because we were serving the same gods. He said: 'Do you know that French science has been held in contempt in Germany since 1871, and that they affect to ignore in the universities of England, Maurice Raynouard's 'Manual of Archaeology,' which can render to students more services than any other similar work?"

"Well," I said, "pupils will not go to schools kept by men who have been vanquished in battle. A professor on the origin of Greek art, to be believed, must be of the nations that excels in the manu-

facture of guns. Because Marshal Mackay was beaten in 1870 at Sedan, our friend, Maurice Raynouard is disdained at Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg." "Stupid, isn't it?" exclaimed Pierre Louys.

"Yes," I said, "but what are you going to do about it?" for I was never anything if not unpractical. "Pierre Louys said nothing. He has duped the scholarship of Germany, and all Paris—all France—is laughing, laughing and rejoicing. Oh! wise scholars of Germany!"

So Illitis, instead of being a Greek girl is a French boy. Henri Pené de Bois is evidently a boy—a young boy—himself, and the rest of them apparently take themselves very seriously.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Chicago News. A misplaced switch is apt to wreck a woman's train of thought. Blotting paper is used by writers to keep from blotting paper. Necessity knows no law, and is usually too poor to hire a lawyer. The servant girl is surrounded by perils, seen, unseen and ketones. The sun will set only in the west, but an old hen will set anywhere.

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