

# WONT YOU BE MY VALENTINE?



## Making Valentines.

Childhood seeks and Youth pursues;  
Old Age doth still inquire:  
"What words will rhyme with Valentine,  
To please my Heart's Desire?"



## Saint Appetite.

(The End of the Party.)  
Although Saint Valentine's great stunt is to make fond hearts fonder,  
And though his pranks oft lead poor men on marriage to ponder,  
The time comes in each human life, when though love lies a-bleeding,  
The sufferer hunts the dining place and settles down to feeding.

## Putting Two and Two Together

I've got one half a heart. You've got another.  
Give me your half, and then, like my big brother,  
I'll hug you and I'll say: "Now I've got your heart,  
I'll keep and cherish you, no more to part."  
That's what my brother said to your big sister.  
I watch'd 'em. But say, don't you tell he kissed her!

## Choosing Partners.

(The Valentine Party.)

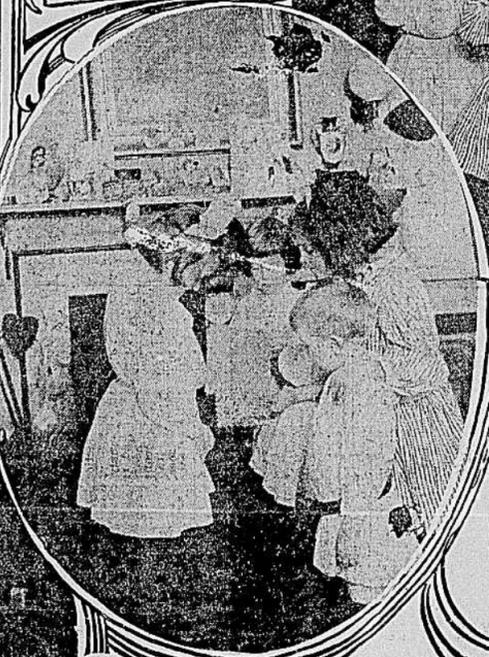
It just feels awful funny  
To be took'd by little girls;  
A feller always feels as if  
He'd like to pull their curls.  
But I wouldn't. Oh! I wouldn't,  
Because this girl of mine,  
Although it makes me kind of shy,  
Calls me her Valentine!



## Hearts.

(A Valentine Tableau.)

Oh! old, old play, wherein each one's a star,  
And all of us go on, old as we are;  
"Faces and Hearts," wherein the audience plays  
Even while it deems it is but there to gaze.



## The First Valentine.

When one has grown to be a tall, wise lady,  
Who knows a lot about real lace and art,  
One often longs, in just the funniest way, dear,  
For the first valentine that charmed her heart.  
Then all at once the finest old Venetian  
No longer pleases; and one's dreaming eyes  
See paper lace and crimson hearts, until, dear,  
One wishes one were not so tall and wise.

## Dick's Real Thought.

(The Comic.)  
"It's all right! And I s'pose that it's funny,  
And, of course, girls are queer in that way,  
But I'd just like to bet all my money,  
I could beat that 'most any old day!  
I can't see just where the great joke is,  
The thing don't look like me at all.  
But I'll laugh just to please 'em. Us fellers  
Have got to be kind, or they'll squall."

## A VALENTINE LUNCHEON.

For the centerpiece of this luncheon have a large heart-shaped basket filled with short-stemmed pink roses and a border of violets. In the apex of the heart stand a small cupid, with gauze wings, on a small fern-covered pedestal. He can hold a gilt bow and arrow, or can hold narrow ribbons, which are fastened loosely to the violets at the edge. These violets can be given as corsage knot souvenirs after the coffee is served.

- Pea Soup with Whipped Cream.
- Wafers.
- Broiled Squab, Apple Potatoes, Asparagus Tips, Tiny Hot Rolls, Square of Stiff Red Currant Jelly.
- Strawberry Sherbet.
- Mushrooms on Toast.
- Sweetbread, Celery, White Grape Salad on Lettuce Leaf, Cheese Sticks.
- Fruit and Nut Ice Cream in Tall Glasses.
- German Hunter's Cake.
- Squares of Iced White Cake.

Use a handsome lace centerpiece with loose rose petals scattered over it and place cards of fancy water-color heads of pretty girls with tiny veil and bow of pink gauze fastened around the head. Light the table by pink tapers in silver candlesticks. Have olives, salted nuts and cream white grapes (candy) in pretty silver or cut-glass dishes on the table. Serve the coffee in the drawing room. Serve this menu:  
Grape Fruit with Marshchino Cherries and Grated Cocomut.  
Ban Oysters with Catsup.

**Valentine Month.**  
The last winter month gives to humanity in its passage one of the prettiest festivals of the year. Dull, indeed, must be the heart in which the approach of Valentine Day does not awaken some vivid touch of poetry and sentiment!  
In the midst often of ice and snow, and all the vigorous environment of winter's rule, comes the song-bird of spring into the heart, with a lit of love in its notes.

The day of the verse-Valentine, with its tender little conceits, its lace edgings and its idyllic decorations, belongs as much to the past as the romantic novel. Nowadays Valentines take a more material form or, if expressed florally, are apt to be laid at milady's feet, in the shape of American Beauties, pink sweet peas, or perhaps, if milady is a trifle difficult to please, in white orchids.

**The Way of the World.**  
So the way of the world is! One looks rather pitifully back at the little 1850 maiden with the rose-flush on her cheeks, the smile on her parted lips, and her bright eyes bent upon the page where her lover declares that:

"Roses are red, violets blue  
Both are sweet and—so are you."  
The lines seem the very doggerel to the twentieth century adorer, and yet there was often an honest heart throbbing through the homely phrasing, and the little maiden knew it and was happy.

**Difference Only in Time.**  
For gilt paper, wherein "love's old sweet tale" was supposed to be told,

there are now the orchids and the royal American Beauties. The difference lies only in the different times and the different fashions. Men and women, at heart, are much as they were centuries ago, when in ancient Rome, they assembled to draw lots and find their Valentines for the year about to begin.

Surely the gentlest of saints, and the friend of all lovers in all climes and countries, must be pleased to know that even in this period of the world's age, the recurrent approach of his anniversary testifies to his forgotten away over the feelings and affections of the human heart.

**Ice Cream Roses and Hearts.**  
For the Valentine party there is no better way to serve the less than in these shapes. Metal forms can be purchased at the wholesalers—or the caterer will make the less in these forms. When made at home the cream should be frozen to a mush, then packed to overflowing in the forms so that when the hinged halves are put together the cream will ooze out at the sides; then this is cut away and the molds placed in a can

which, after being filled with the molds, is placed in salt and ice for several hours. It is better to have the can packed in ice and salt first so as the molds are filled they can be placed directly into it and thus prevent the cream from melting. When ready to serve them, remove from the can and place in a cloth wrung from hot water for a moment so as to soften the mixture enough to remove the forms easily. Into the hearts the metal darts can be put and all served from the plate covered with a paper-lace doily or each form placed onto an individual service holding green or pink paper-lace dollies.

**Cupid Cake**  
Take three eggs and their weight in butter, in sugar and in flour; then cream the butter and sugar until very light and creamy; add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-half each teaspoonful of vanilla and almond extracts; then add the eggs one at a time and beat five minutes between each addition; then add all the flour, folding it in lightly; pour the mixture into a greased pan, filling with the butter three-quarters full and using a shallow sheet pan. Bake slowly for about thirty minutes—or until a clean straw placed in the center will come out without the batter adhering to it. Let the cake become cool after removing it from the pan; then with a heart-shaped cutter form small cakes as illustrated, dipping them into boiled icing or melted fondant colored pink with vegetable coloring and flavored with strawberry or rose. On

each cake place a candied cherry impaled onto a small metal dart.

## Beet Sweethearts for Valentine's Day.

Hostess.—Here is a little novelty which will make a pretty dish for your luncheon or supper table St. Valentine's Day. Wash small beets, leaving the crown on. Bake in the oven. When done, throw into cold

water to remove the skin. Put into cold vinegar for one day. This same vinegar will do for pickling hard-boiled eggs for salads or deviled eggs. Make a syrup by using two pounds of sugar to each pint of the best vinegar. Cut the beets into slices, then with small cutter into heart shapes, and lay them in the hot syrup. Do not cook any more. Put them away in a tureen until wanted. Skim them out and lay them on a lettuce.

This syrup may be used over and over. A new and delicious dessert is made by taking a small angel food cake, splitting it and filling it as a shortcake with mashed canned peaches, sweetened. Place whipped cream over the top and serve with plain or whipped cream. A popular salad for high teas is made by taking the sweet Spanish pimentos, which come in cans, and filling them with a mixture of neufchatel cheese with a mayonnaise dressing seasoned with paprika, salt and a little onion juice. Nuts added are nice. These look very pretty served on head lettuce leaf, and make a pretty course for a Valentine supper.

## Kissed by Mistake.

"Probably more young women are kissed by mistake at the arrival of ocean liners than any other place," was the statement of a young woman whose daily duty is to be on hand at the arrival of foreign steamships.  
"This is especially so in the crowded tourist season, when hundreds of people are hurrying down the gangplank to fall into the arms of waiting relatives and friends. In the confusion I have not infrequently found myself in the arms of some doting father, who in the rush had just missed his daughter and reached me by mistake."—Boston Herald.

## Poems You Ought to Know.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1080.

## Stanzas from the Gulistan.

By SA'DI.

The Persian poet, Sa'di, inferior only to Omar Khayyam, was born in Shiraz A. D. 1192, and died in the same city 1292. During his ninety-nine years of life he traveled over the whole East, surpassing all previous records, and set down his observations of men and manners in a number of striking epigrams. The description of his works and himself which we give below is translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

In many lands I have wandered, and wondered, and listened, and seen;  
And many my friends and companions, and teachers and lovers have been.

And nowhere's corner was there but I gathered up pleasure and gain;  
From a hundred gardens the rose-blooms, from a thousand granaries grain;

And I said to my soul in secret, "Oh! thou who from journeys art come,  
It is meet we should bear some token of love to the stayers at home;

For where is the traveler brings not from Nile the sweet green reed,  
Or Kashmiri silk, or musk-bags, or coral, or cardamum seed?"

I was loath from all that Pleasance of the Sun, and his words and ways,  
To come to my country giftless, and showing no fruit of my days;

But, if my hands were empty of honey, and pearls and gold,  
There were treasures far sweeter than honey, and marvellous things to be told,

Whiter than pearls and brighter than the cups at a Sultan's feast,  
And these I have brought for love-tokens, from the Lords of Truth,  
In my East.

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