

STORY OF A VALENTINE



Sally M. Moses

HE was just a little boy with large gray eyes and a mass of short, crisp brown curls on his shapely head. These redeeming features helped to forget his undecided nose and somewhat large mouth, and the fact that he was poorly dressed and that his hands were rather grimy.

At the moment when our story begins his face was lit up with such a radiant expression that a teacher of delicate might, with great advantage, have used him as an illustration of the emotions. Happiness, triumph, expectation, doubt, anxiety, appeared alternately, and finally settled themselves into what in a grown man might be called "bravado," but in this little mite was simply courage. He was on his way to the "great house" of the village. To his eyes it was a very grand place with its sloping lawn, its broad avenue, wide terraces and large windows. The boy avoided the gravelled walk and, skirting the flower beds and shrubbery, reached the veranda unobserved by any one. Climbing over the railing, at one end, he edged his way close to the wall, until the hall door was reached. This was partly open and the warm February sun made a great patch of light on the crimson carpet that covered the floor.

The boy put his hand inside his tattered jacket and carefully drew out a square package. It was wrapped in yellow paper and tied with a red string. For a moment he looked about him hesitatingly, and then laid it in the center of the floor. A light noise startled him and he was off like a flash and the next moment was safely hid behind the trunk of a large elm where he waited for development.

Soon out of the half open door came a pretty, winsome, little maiden. The wide open brown eyes were sparkling with fun, her fluffy golden hair fell about her shoulders in great waves of color, her rosy nose was made to kiss, and her dress showed her to be a petted darling. As she stepped out on the veranda her eyes caught sight of the little package. She picked it up and seating herself on a step, turned over and over. "For Edna," she read. The writing was scrawly and done with a lead pencil, and she had never seen it before. Quickly she unfolded the wrappings. Fold after fold of paper and then—a valentine! It was a gorgeous one—all lace paper and red roses and cupids and doves and hearts and arrows, and a verse of such delicious poetry:

"If you love me as I love you,
We teach each other will be true;
Some day I hope to call you mine,
Till then I'll be your valentine."

The girl's eyes wandered over the lawn and rested on the trees where the buds were already beginning to swell. The boy could have sworn they looked right at him, and oh, how his heart beat. Then she read the verse again. A rosy color suffused her cheeks, and she glanced quickly around, she raised the valentine to her lips and kissed it. She was only a child, but an embryo woman, remember, and such things are born in women.

The judge was weary that night—a tedious trial with its train of stupid witnesses, wrangling lawyers and all the cumbersome machinery of the law, had left him too tired for the opera which he and his bride had expected to attend, and his easy chair, his slippers and the companionship of a charming woman appeared to him to combine the requisites of perfect happiness.

"How long is it since I first met you, Caryl?" said he, as he idly played with the rings on her delicate hand. "Just three years is it not?"

"Yes," she answered. "It is about three years since I came to the city."

"Do you know, Caryl, it seems to me sometimes that I have always known you? Once in a while I see in your eyes a look I am sure I have seen in some one, somewhere, but I can not remember whom or when."

"Probably it was one of your old sweethearts," she laughed. "You must have had several before you met me."

"No," he answered slowly, "only one. Shall I tell you about her?"

"Do," she entreated.

The Hon. Sydney Craig was a young man to fill the high position he held, but his seat on the bench had been gained by the great ability shown in his short professional career and in the flourishing western city where he made his home none stood higher in his profession or was more esteemed in social circles. His marriage a short time previous, to a beautiful girl, an orphan and a relative of a prominent family in the city, had been an event in society and the evident fitness of the young couple for each other was universally conceded.

Caryl Craig drew a low chair close to her husband's side.

"Now we are both comfortable; let me hear about this 'one' sweetheart of yours."

"Well, it was a long time ago. I was a snub nosed, freckle faced boy of 14; she was about four years my junior. She had brown eyes and golden hair, much like yours, dear. We went to school together and, how I did adore that child! I wonder I ever knew my lessons, for I spent most of the time looking at her. That is about all I dared to do, for her father was the richest man in the village and lived in a big house, and she wore the most beautiful clothes, while I—well, my father was dead and my mother sewed for a living. I was always longing to give this little girl something to show her how much I cared for her, but I had so little. But one day the teacher told us about St. Valentine's day, which was near at hand, and how bashful lovers sometimes found it a convenient way to tell their love in the pretty missive had been made for them. I saw in the shop windows there wonderful valentines and I thought if I could only send one to Edna (that was her name) I would be the happiest boy on earth."

"Somehow I scraped together enough money to buy her the most beautiful one I could find. I suppose I would think it atrocious now—and fearing to trust it to other hands, or hoping perhaps to see her when I would receive it, I carried it to her home myself, and finding the front door open I laid it in the hall and hid behind a tree. To my great joy Edna herself came out, picked up the little package, opened it, and read the verse on the inside, which do you think she did, Caryl? Kissed it! the dear little girl."

The judge paused—evidently the scene was vivid before his eyes.

"And then?" softly questioned his wife.

"Well, I trod upon air. I planned how I would tell her some day that I had sent that valentine and that I had seen her kiss it and we would be married and live happily ever afterward, according to the story books. But in a few weeks my mother died, suddenly, and I, in spite of my frantic entreaties to be allowed to remain in my old home, was packed off to some relatives out of the village, and before I had an opportunity to return to that little village, and my first inquiry was for Edna. But she had been the victim of a fate even more cruel than mine. Both her parents had been slain in a railroad disaster, her father's estate was found to be heavily mortgaged, and the poor child, bereft of home and fortune, had like myself been carried away, by relatives, none seeming to care where she went. So I came back, finally locating in this city, and later beginning practice in law, with what results you know. And there you came across my path—and I have been so happy as to win you, Caryl, sweet as you are. Look up, dear, and your bewitched hand was laid upon her coarsed head.

"You are not jealous of my child love, are you?"

"She raised her glorious brown eyes to his face. 'Something in their merry twinkle puzzled him.

"You look now as Edna used to look when she had played a clever trick on me at school—yes I have it now, I wonder I have not seen the likeness before."

"So I look like your old sweetheart," she said laughingly. "Did you love her very much? You evidently had forgotten her."

"I never forget the first love of one's lives, Caryl. But you—come, it is your turn for confession. How far down the list on your books do I pass?"

"Little by Little"

Little by little the rain drops fall—
Over the thirsting fields;
Little by little the corn grows tall—
Great is the crop it yields.

Little by little the waters flow,
Turning the mighty mill;
Little by little the moments go,
Never a one stands still.

Little by little our duties throng,
Each in its given place;
Little by little we press along,
Until we have won the race.

Little by little we sum the whole
Of knowledge, wealth or fame;
Little by little the moments go,
On which we have set our aim.

"I Had a Dove"

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died,
And I thought it died of grieving;
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet
Were tied
With a ribbon thread of my own hand's
weaving.
Sweet little red feet! Why should you
die?
Why would you leave me, sweet bird,
why?
You lived alone in the forest tree;
Why, pretty thing, would you not live
with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white
peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green
trees.

Establishing the Plural

Fred, who was four years old, visited his uncle on the farm. When he came home his father asked him what had pleased him most.

"Oh, I liked the geese. I had such fun chasing them, and had a great big goose for dinner one day."

"Well," said his father, "how can you tell the difference between a goose and a geese?"

"Aw, that's easy," said Fred. "One geese is a goose and two geeses is geese."

HISTORICAL NEW ENGLAND INNS

Among the old inns still standing is one at Byfield, Mass., formerly kept by Jeremiah Pearson, or "Old J. P.," as he was familiarly known, from the fact that these initials were stamped on his rum barrels. The dining room of this old tavern was known as "Independence hall," having been so named by the soldiers of the vicinity, to whom "Old J. P." gave an elaborate dinner upon their return home at the close of the revolution. It was here that "Lord" Timothy Dexter, that eccentric old character of Newburyport, used to delight to come with Jonathan Plummer, his "poet-laureate," and partake of the tempting viands "Old J. P." set before him.

At Marblehead, Mass., is the site of the Fountain Tavern, the opening scene in the well known romance of Agnes Surriage and Sir Harry Frankland. In olden days this tavern was the favorite resort of sea captains and gentry, and it is even asserted that the pirates, who were finally captured in the streets of Marblehead, made this place their rendezvous.

At Sudbury, Mass., still stands the Wayside Inn, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the assembly place of the soldiers after the battle of Lexington.

In the town of Danvers, Mass., is the old Berry Tavern, originally built in 1741, and still open as a public house; while a short way distant, on the old Boxford road, stands Ferncroft Inn, one of the quaintest and most picturesque old inns in Essex county.

Salem, Mass., was the home of many old taverns, among which may be mentioned the Ship Tavern, which stood on the site of the present Stearns building, and was the scene of the founding of the Social Library in 1760. Near the site of the present St. Peter's church stood the old Salem coffee house, while on Essex street, nearly opposite its present junction with Pleasant street, stood Thomas Beadle's tavern, where were held the preliminary witchcraft examinations.

In Newbury, Mass., is the site of the old Boynton Tavern, kept by Enoch Boynton, an eccentric old fellow, who could trace his lineage back, through seventeen generations, to Sir William Boynton, a knight privileged to stand in the presence of his king. Old Enoch was the inventor of the first silk reel in America. He kept silkworms, and planted for their food a grove of mulberry trees, some of which may still be seen at the grounds of the old tavern.

At Stockbridge, Mass., was an old inn, built in 1773 and situated on the stage route from Boston to Albany. It was added to from time to time, until at the time of its destruction by fire in 1896 it was a large hotel. Another tavern has been built on its site, which is most interesting from the fact that in its public room may be found one of the finest collections of old fashioned furniture, crockery and bric-a-brac in this country.

Marlboro, N. H., was the home of the first temperance inn, opened at a time when liquor was of prime importance in all taverns. The innovation was looked upon with disfavor by the drivers of the various stage coaches, who were loud in their lamentations.

A LITERARY CHAT WITH THE JUNIORS

We all have our individual hobbies, in books as in other matters. It may be Henry James, or Marcus Aurelius; there is sure to be some one author or volume which most of the people we know think us queer for liking. But this sort of individuality of taste is in itself an excellent thing, and every one might profitably keep a separate shelf, a personal nook or corner, in which to isolate those few volumes that mean to him something more than they mean to the rest of his immediate world. Yet it is the book possessing that wider appeal that keeps it passing from hand to hand, until it has completed the circuit of the family, the reading club, the waiting list of the village library, that is the sort of book likely to do the most good, and in choosing books we can invoke no better rule than that of the greatest good of the greatest number.

The reading habit produces widely different effects in different families. With some it seems to be, if not an apple of discord, at least an intrusion, an impalpable barrier, a promoter of selfish silence. Father and mother, sons and daughters, are each absorbed in some book, in which the others have no interest, and the evening passes with no pleasant comparison of opinions, often with no break of the silence beyond an occasional yawn and the rustle of a turning page. In contrast to this is the type of family where community of interest in the books they read makes the discussion of the latest volume around the evening lamp an even greater pleasure than the reading of the book itself.

It follows that one of the most important things to cultivate is a community of tastes, so as to keep as far as possible upon common ground and gradually to broaden the boundaries. The chief actor, in this developing wise taste in reading is the judicious building up of the family library. From the time that a child begins to read, it is possible to inculcate an interest in the family book shelves, to give him a sense of part ownership, to let him feel that, so long as he treats the volumes with a proper care, he is free to browse among their pages. It is far easier to tell how libraries should not be formed than it is to lay down rules for the wise building up of a collection of books. No ready-made recipe can be given. It is true that there are certain books, perhaps as many as the proverbial hundred, which every one ought to love and wish to own. Yet the fact remains that there are people in the world who do not like the books they ought to like, and there are men who can not read Thackeray, a woman who finds no pleasure in Dickens, an abnormal child who scorns the magic of Grimm's "Fairy Tales." And while every educator knows the value of inculcating a sound habit of concentrating attention upon the printed page before us, whether its subject appeals to us or not, yet the books on the family shelf, and still more the volumes which are peculiarly childhood books, should never be allowed to take on the semblance of a task.

In one direction a certain wise principle should be followed. There should be included in a tentative library, are books of fiction preferably by authors whose principal writings are intended for adult readers, and with whom the acquaintance once begun will be renewed from year to year with growing enjoyment. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" needs no argument; neither do Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." We can make no mistake in adding "Tom Brown's School Days," which is admittedly the best story of school life ever written, for boys, although Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky and Co." runs it a close second. The present generation is fast outgrowing the old fashioned romantic type represented by Scott and Cooper; yet it is, at least, worth the experiment to include in the volume of each, at us say "Ivanhoe" and "The Pathfinder." One names "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Three Guardsmen" with more assurance, for the vogue of Alexandre Dumas is perennial. And the man of mature years who can not look for a golden hour, who has no comradeship with Edmund Spenser, with D'Armagane, with Athos, Porthos and Aramis, has suffered a loss which no later diligence can retrieve. In the line of mystery and detective stories, three volumes may be mentioned, each in its way inimitable: "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins, probably the most tense and sustained story of a missing jewel ever written; the "Tales of Edgar Allan Poe," which revolutionized the form of the modern short story, and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.

There should also be included Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; also "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot; "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton; "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley; "The Marble Faun," by Hawthorne; "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.

For poetry it is scarcely practicable to lay down any rule that will fit the majority of cases. But, at least, Longfellow's poems and Tennyson's "Idylls of the Kings" are a fairly safe venture. And, of course, Shakespeare must find a place on the shelf by this time, if, indeed, it has not been there for some years.

The following list of books for children under 12 years of age may safely be recommended:

"The Arabian Nights"; Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"; "Through a Looking Glass"; Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories" and the "Jungle Books" I and II; "The Wonder Book," by Hawthorne; "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley; "Robinson Crusoe"; "Swiss Family Robinson"; Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins"; and its sequel "Rose in Bloom"; Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "The Mysterious Island," "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," "Lella, or the Island of the Lost," "The Steam-Turbine," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," by Mary Mapes Dodge; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"; Dickens' "Christmas Tales"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; and "The Story of the Boy Who Knew," by Ernest Seton Thompson.

Twilight

Hand in hand sit mother and Nan
Peacefully swaying to and fro,
Lesson over, a wondrous hour,
Watching the flickering firelight's
glow.

"Now aren't we happy?" cries little Nan,
"Rocking and visiting, just us two."
Then nestling closer, "Oh, mother, dear,
I always feel so at home with you."

The Newest Dance for San Francisco Juniors



By Prof. Z. L. Hinman

DANCING should form an important part in the education of children. Not only for the symmetrical development of the physical form but to counteract many awkward attitudes which they too often contract. The desire to move gracefully is so essential and desirable.

Dancing has now become so universal that it is a necessary accomplishment for one who wishes to mingle in society, as there are few social gatherings of the present day where dancing is not a very important part of the entertainment. It is also necessary for one who is advanced in years in order that they may retain that freedom of motion and suppleness of the limbs and body to occasionally indulge in the exercise of dancing, for it is a well known fact that any portion of the limbs or body, as well as the mental faculties, will wither and become useless when not exercised. One is apt to become decrepit and appear prematurely old from a lack of



proper exercise which will tend to loosen up the joints and allow them to assume their original positions. How often do we see those who have round shoulders, bent knees and contracted hands! And should you ask one of these decrepit individuals the reason for his affliction he would say that it was caused from hard work, when in reality it was caused from a lazy lack of energy to straighten out and bend back the fingers and kick the legs out straight occasionally, which he certainly has time to do; but instead he carelessly allows himself to remain in a crumpled position when there is no necessity for so doing.

One of the most graceful and popular dances of this season is called the "Pirouette waltz." There is music written especially for this dance which is arranged so as to emphasize and harmonize with the different attitudes and movements producing a beautiful harmonious effect, although it may be danced to any three-four or waltz time.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DANCE

Position: Stand facing partner, gentleman gives right hand to lady's left (raised), step left foot to side, point right foot forward (count 1), bend both knees (count 2), (two bars of music), repeat same movement, right changing hands, and count 3-4, (four bars in all).

Step back with left foot (count 5), step right foot to left (over and around left), (count 6), rise to the ball of both feet, and pirouette to left, making a complete turn (count 7). Bow to partner (count 8), (eight bars of music in all to this point), then take waltz position and waltz eight bars.

This position is for the gentleman, counterpart for lady.

Menus for Children Five or Six Years of Age

If starch be administered in a form which obliges the child to chew it properly, not only will the jaw be freed from starch, but the exercise which they crave, and without which they can not develop normally, but the starch will be converted within the mouth into maltose.—Horace Fletcher.

SUNDAY
BREAKFAST
Well Cooked Omelette, a Little Cream,
Twice Baked Soft Cooked Lightly in Bacon
Fat, Soft Cooked Egg, Milk.

DINNER
Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Bread and Butter,
Six or Eight Dates.

SUPPER
Pulled Bread, Reheated, Milk Stewed Flax,
Cream.

MONDAY
BREAKFAST
Boiled Rice, Cream, One Egg Scrambled in
Milk, Bread and Butter, Milk.

DINNER
Cap of Beef Broth, with Macaroni Rings,
Pulled Bread, One Lamb Chop, Broiled,
Stewed Celery, with Cream Baked Apple.

SUPPER
Raspberries Broken Apart and Toasted,
Stewed Potatoes, Omelette, Water, Milk.

TUESDAY
BREAKFAST
Cracked Wheat, a Little Cream, Slice of
Bread and Butter.

DINNER
Cap of Broth, Bread and Butter,
Piece of Broiled (White) Fish, Onion Purée,
Cream Freed from Membrane.

SUPPER
Zwieback, Bread and Butter, Honey, Milk.

WEDNESDAY
BREAKFAST
Baltimore Sausage, Cream, French
Omelette, Cooked Lightly, Corn Bread, Milk.

DINNER
Cap of Chicken Broth with Rice,
Slice of Broiled Beef, Spinach Purée, Ivory Jelly.

SUPPER
Bread and Butter,
Fruites Stewed Without Sugar, Milk.

School Children's Luncheons

I
Cold Tender Meat, Steamed Thin,
Bread and Butter, French Dressing,
Date and Apple Salad, French Dressing.

II
Broiled Bacon and Bread Sandwiches, Olives,
Chocolate Nut Cake, An Apple.

III
Edam Cheese, Nut and Bread Sandwiches,
Piece of Squash Pie, An Orange.

IV
Success-sh in Cup (Dr.-S) Lima Beans, Canned
(Corn), Fried and Butter, Gingerbread,
Chocolate Frosting, Cream Cheese,
Baked Apple.

V
Scalloped Tomatoes in Cottage, Graham Bread
and Butter, Slice of Ham, Fried,
Fruites Stewed, with Nuts and Fondant,
A Banana.

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A Valentine Tragedy

I printed nicely in red ink,
"Miss Edith Anna Thayer."
I stuck the name on the right side up
And sealed it with great care.

And when for over 29 blocks
Right through the snow I tramped
To mail it, 'cause the letterman
Might tell her where 'twas stamped.

Four weeks' allowance I saved up,
And thought the verses fine
Until she said: "Just come and see
This silly valentine."

She laughed and read: "My little dear,
Pray, promise to be true,
And though I roam far, far from home,
I'll think of none but you."

I'm through with girls, and when I
thought
How I had saved and tried,
And of the things I might have bought,
I just sat down and cried.

—Irene Elliott Benson.