



Heart o' me, heart o' me, where hast thou flown, Leaving me sorrowing here all alone? Which is the fair one whose charms have won thee? Heart o' me, heart o' me, where canst thou be!

His Comic Valentine.

By ANNIE BOOTH M'KINNEY.

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ISABEL NEWMAN was thoroughly normal despite her gusty temper. No amount of social dissipation had seemed to subdue her bounding energies and level cheeriness till now, but on the morning after the club cotillon she resolved to bring herself to a saner outlook, whatever the cost.

It had all begun with Dudley Jones' "rushing" the eldest Miss Reagan. Dudley was ever keen after novelty and visiting girls. Consequently at the dance Isabel had not refused Knapp Chilton's conspicuous attentions. Last night had achieved the crisis.

It was a great relief to be off with the old love, Isabel told herself the morning after. She would rise superior to sentiment and regret, be equal to playing fate to her own destiny.

But as the day waxed the saner her mood became, the more complex her environment. As a beginning the household descended to find itself breakfastless. Cook was reported ill and was sent home, fifteen miles distant, in charge of Milly, the housemaid. This meant a servantless day.

In some fashion the children were dispatched to school, and Mrs. Newman ventured forth to keep an engagement with the dentist. And then, with zeal such as an untried novice bestows, Isabel entered upon the household orgy that was to drown her sorrows. She flung aside last night's storm and stress, got on her working garb and proceeded to spruce in company with the latest improved step-ladder, bucket and soap rack. Windows, blinds, mantels, doors, came under water. With the disappearance of each pall of grimy suds her own woes lightened; hence, with the exception of hearths and tiling in the reception hall, spotlessness reigned speedily.

Another bucket of spongy sloop to be disposed of sent virtuous thrills rioting through Isabel's tired body. Its elan being a visible token of her accomplishment. The blacker the scrub water the more virtuous Isabel. With a commendatory glance about the fleckless kitchen, she went to the sink and turned the hot water faucet. No output. She tried the cold. That, too, was obsolete. She flew to the bathroom. No hope there. What can it mean?

"Hello, central! Give me the water company. No water to be had at 1600 Tenth avenue. What's wrong? Water cut off while you're working on the new house in the next lot? Well, it's mighty uncomfortable. Do you understand, we haven't a drop on the whole place? Send out for some? Yes, but you see, I can't; not a servant here, and I—she giggled irrepressibly into the receiver—"I can't, that's all. For heaven's sake turn it on as soon as possible. 'Not before 6—don't like to promise? 'Horror!' The receiver went up with a click.

Just then Miss Newman caught sight of herself in the full length mirror. "You object!" she shrieked. "Milly could somersault in the coal cellar and not look like that. Well, the house is clean if I'm not. But if a prince came a-wooing, 'water, water everywhere'—but here. Not a gill to do—or under my face with."

Catching up an unemptied bucket of grimy suds, she spread wide the front door for more light and frenziedly attacked hearth and tiling, humming a

fragment from last night's one divine waltz with him, a world of sentimental pain in the pulsing measure.

Then a crunching of gravel as a carriage brought up at the step was heard, and before she could retreat or close the door a man's voice inquired of her back, "Is Miss Newman in?"

The amateur charwoman sprang to her feet, the scrubbing cloth dropped into the inkly pail, and she slipped deftly behind the door, but not before glimpsing two dainty figures in the waiting vehicle.

Dudley Jones, growing impatient, asked, "Is Miss Newman in?" "She ain't at home, sir," the hidden personage answered in a suspiciously throaty voice.

There was a twinkle in his eyes, and, stepping within, he pried forward the door and coolly looked her over, inwardly contrasting this exponent of the grimy side of labor with the blue gowned maiden of the previous night.

"An old friend with a new face," he said tentatively, towering above the girl in his blond immaculateness, his gaze scanning the dubious spectacle.

"The Cenci—you recall how I always insisted on the likeness and wanted you to try it for a masquerade? You have, I see," said he jubilantly, indicating with an ornate gesture a contaminated pillowcase wound tortuously about her bronze hair, below it the mosaic of a dirt smitten countenance.

"I hate you," she said venomously, "and there's no masquerade about it. How dare you come here after last night?"

"It's because of last night I'm here. The Misses Reagan, the club honorees—you observed them?—desire to pay their respects before leaving. I sacrificed myself on the altar of courtesy. They await your ladyship without."

"Courtesies! Let them wait!" "Sure, but I can't, you see." His tactics became aggressive, and the girl found herself backed into the Indian alcove which they two had built and adorned. "I've been waiting, and so I shall just take what belongs to me."

A blush disclosed itself amid Isabel's facial decorations. "The bow and arrows over there are yours, and the—What will those girls think you're going in here so long?"

"Their thoughts don't concern me," he answered superciliously. "But if they propound the query I'll remind them of the day—and say I was merely claiming my Valentine."

"The 14th, is it?" "It is." He gathered her into his speckless embrace and despite her struggles laid a kiss upon one be-smirched cheek. "A peck of dirt," he speculated musingly, sotto voce. "It's a peck, isn't it, or a bushel? Well, no matter, I'm quite content with both quality and quantity." His look deepened to one of fatuous beatitude as he whispered, "I'd wade through acres of it to win my Valentine."

"All the same, it's a comic one," Isabel choked hysterically. Mr. Dudley Jones repeated his seal of possession and ran down the steps, calling back: "Don't forget the cards and be sure to tell Miss Newman how very sorry we are to miss her. You might mention I searched for what I had misplaced and found it. You won't forget?"

"No, sir," demurely replied a bob-

bing imitation of Beatrice Cenci done in black and white, black predominating.

As they drove away Dudley answered Miss Reagan's arch query: "Valentines? Oh, yes, one—a comic one." "Come! What a shame!" "Not at all. I wouldn't exchange it for a Cupid one; not I."

A little later the gravel scrunched again. Isabel tripped to the door and adjusted a wary eye to the opaque glass panel. It was met by one equally as wary from without.

"It's only me." And as the door swung back Mr. Dudley Jones, elegant and cotton leader, was disclosed bearing aloft a dripping lard can. He splashed a path across Isabel's spotless floor and triumphantly deposited his burden in the kitchen.

"A 'comic one' for you, Miss Newman," he announced, the remark pointed by a tentative glance toward his liquid offering, then down at a moist, disordered person.

"You believe in quick returns?" cried the girl happily. "Yes—a comic one first, then a Cupid one, sweetheart." He caught the smudged left hand and set a glittering seal of ownership in the midst of honorable grime.

"Another chance for quick returns?" he suggested slyly.

"HEAP VALENTINES!" cupine quills and hats with silver ornaments, stalked into a Washington department store. "Valentines! Heap Valentines!" said Chief Jim. When conducted to the counter and some of the cheaper ones were shown him he repeated "Heap Valentines!" with much emphasis. So, with a wink, the clerk trotted out one worth \$5. "Me take," said Chief Jim right off the bat, or whatever is the Indian equivalent of that expression. Then he was shown forty more of the same expensive pattern. "Me take," was the 12-

Pagan Origin of Valentine's Day.

It would seem that Cupid should choose for his particular festival a day commemorative of some joyful event. St. Valentine's day is the anniversary of the putting to death of an early bishop of the Roman church



Cupid, O Cupid, I beg of you, tell Where is the one who exerts the spell? Draw thou the string of thy bow; speed the dart Straight to the one that hath captured my heart.

named Valentine, who suffered martyrdom for his faith on Feb. 14, 270 A. D. However, as most young men are willing to swear that they will die if need be for the love of their maids and as St. Valentine died for the love of his bride, the Christian faith, there is no great incongruity in using Feb. 14 as the day for the more or less anonymous expression of tender regard.

It is not altogether—perhaps not at all—the fact of St. Valentine's martyrdom that has caused the choosing of his death anniversary as the day for exchanging tinted, scented missives between young men and maidens. There was an ancient belief that birds began mating on Feb. 14. This belief antedated Christianity. St. Valentine's day, therefore, so far as it is observed by modern youth, is of pagan origin.

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare alludes to this belief in the mating of birds thus:

St. Valentine is past; Begin these wood birds but to couple nov. In his "Hesperides" the tender Herkier sang: Oft have I heard both youth and virgin say Birds choose their mates and couple, too. But by their flight I never can divine When I shall couple with my Valentine.

Indians and St. Valentine.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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NO one would suspect the noble red man of stooping to send frivolous Valentines through the mails. Yet there is a case recorded in Washington of some wealthy Osage Indians doing this very thing. It was Chief Jim Bigheart and three of his braves who bought the delicate creations and sent them to leading government officials. Perhaps the chief's name had something to do with his liberality. Indian names are

bestowed because of qualities and not at haphazard, as with us. So "Bigheart" may have meant that Chief Jim was that kind of an Indian.

This happened a few years ago when some of the Osages were in Washington to see the "great father." One day the chief with his braves, dressed in all of their finery, with red blankets, blue trousers trimmed with por-



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Valentine! I know the name. Many martyrs bear the same, And they stand in glittering ring Round their warrior God and King, Who bore and for them bled, With their robes of ruby red And their swords of cherub flames.

Yes, there is a plenty there, Knights without reproach of fear; Such St. Denys, such St. George, Martin, Maurice, Theodore And a hundred thousand more; Quenon gained and war are o'er, By that sea without a surge And beneath the eternal sky And the beatific sun In Jerusalem above, Valentine is every one, Choose from out that company Whom to serve and whom to love.

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