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THE DAY OF ST. VALENTINE.

By ORA ARNOLD.

Good Morrow to you, Valentine!
Curl your hair as I do mine,
Two before and three behind,
Good Morrow to you, Valentine!



THE sending and receiving of valentines constitute the main feature of the observance of St. Valentine's day, which falls on Feb. 14.

To be strictly orthodox the valentine always must be wrapped in white paper and sprinkled with sealing wax kisses, and must bear the inscription, "Good Morrow, Valentine."

Modern usage has departed from the ancient custom, however, and in Canada the sending of comic valentines has abused the day and robbed it of much of its original sentiment.

Birds are supposed to choose their mates on St. Valentine's day, and since earliest history, some day at about this same season of the year has been set apart as sacred to love-making. Herrick voices the spirit of the day in this quaint verse:

"Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds chuse their mates and couple, too, this day.
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my valentine."

The lines quoted at the beginning of this article used to be sung by the poor children of Hertfordshire, England, as they would go around early St. Valentine's morning to the houses of the rich who would throw them wreaths and lovers' knots from the windows. With these the children bedecked themselves, and, choosing one of the youngest among them, they made him appear smarter than the rest, and led by him marched around again, singing the same verse under the windows of their patrons.

The abiding faith with which the ancients observed the day and the love and sentiment attached thereto is evidenced in a communication to the London "Connoisseur" of Feb. 17, 1775. The communication is from a Miss Arabella Whimsey and is addressed to Mr. Town, an editor of that publication. Miss Whimsey in most outspoken language confides to the editor, and readers of his magazine, her desperate affection for a Mr. Blossom, whom she has long loved in vain. Every test of fate, according to the writer, pointed to Blossom as her future husband. She had made the test in coffee grounds and teadregs; she had practiced all the divinations proper to St. John's eve, the May morning, and to Hallowe'en, and all had proclaimed the man Blossom as her future mate. Finally she describes an especially weird and mystic rite performed by her on St. Valentine's eve. She took five bay leaves and pinned one to each of the four

corners of her pillow, and the fifth in the middle, for Betty, the maid, had said that if, sleeping under those thrilling conditions, she dreamed of her sweetheart, she should be married to him before the year was out. But to make it more sure, the trusting Arabella boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk and filled the space with salt, and when she went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it, which was, she says, to help along the bay leaves in producing the desired result. Nor was this all, for she further says:

"I also wrote my lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay, and put them in water, and the first that rose was to be my valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man, and I shut my eyes all the morning until he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." The letter concludes:

"Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try one's fortune by, do put them in your paper."

is pretty to have a table centrepiece of a hollow heart of red roses with maidenhair fern. Arrange a tiny pedestal or throne in the centre of this heart and on this let cupid stand or sit.

Deep red roses, crimson tulips and stately poinsettia plants are appropriate flowers for the decorations. Lamps and candles should wear crimson shades, throwing a subdued but rich red glow over all.

A pretty conceit is to have ribbons reaching from the centrepiece of roses to the place of each guest, where it is joined to the place card. The other end is attached to a single rose or a cluster of roses. At the end of the meal each guest finds that when his place card is taken up a ribbon is drawn and the centrepiece is broken up into nosegays and single flowers—nosegays for the women and a single rose for each of the men.

At one entertainment last year a novelty consisted in pretty little white boxes, heart-shaped, and suspiciously suggestive of wedding cakes. They

chopped almonds; marshmallow parfait colored with rich cranberry syrup; raspberry sherbet; tiny cakes in form of hearts and kisses, some of them holding prizes in the shape of golden hearts, silver thimbles, dimes or rings.

Heart shape should be borne out in as much of the menu as possible. The cakes should be heart-shaped, baked in heart-shaped tins, such as can be found at any hardware store. Heart-shaped sandwiches and meat loaf in heart shapes can be produced by tin cutters to be found at the dealers'. Potato balls can be shaped after frying and brick ice cream can be cut into hearts in heart-shaped tins.

Tomatoes, both from their color and significance form a fitting place on the valentine table. Love apple was the name applied to the tomato many years ago. Therefore, it is appropriate to have tomatoes in different forms, some showing as much of the red exterior as possible. The interior of the tomato may be removed and filled with a dainty salad. The soup may also be of tomato, tomato cream of bisque being ideal for the occasion.

A large round loaf cake is made pretty by garnishing it with hearts cut from cherries. Champagne glasses filled with pink Bavarian cream, into which are thrust tiny silver darts, form a dainty dessert. Crimson hearts cut from candied cherries, peeping here and there above the foam, add greatly to the pretty appearance of the dessert.

For a valentine dinner it is advisable to have the general color scheme either rose, scarlet or pink. Rose is emblematic of hope and happiness, and scarlet is the color of the heart and of love's passion. It is a good idea to have the menu accord with the general color scheme.

For a very delightful valentine tea the invitations sent out may be in the shape of hearts. When unfolded, each invitation may enclose two other hearts, on the first the invitation proper; on the second, some appropriate wording, such as "To Meet Your Fate," and on the third, a suitable quotation for "my lady fair," or for bachelor knight. These may be enclosed in large white embossed envelopes, indicating contents of a sentimental nature. When the male guests arrive they may find in the cloak room a monk of the order gray, a large red heart on his sleeve, from which he takes smaller hearts, on the back of each of which is pasted a small piece of paper bgfik bzgfsiqfkk small strip of paper.

A lovable Dan Cupid with a quiver full of golden (paper) arrows across his shoulder circulates among the fair guests, presenting to each woman as she passes from the cloak room an arrow bearing the name of a masculine guest. When at length the recipient finds the one whose name corresponds with the one written on her arrow, she appropriates his red-paste-board heart and him, by slipping her arrow through the loop indicated by the pasted strip of paper.

THE VALENTINES.

WITH his greyhound at his feet,
And the tapers flaring tall,
And the flames upon the hearth
Painting pictures on the wall,
While the panes were thick with frost,
And the world was white with snow,
Lo! he wrote a valentine
Twice a hundred years ago.

Every line was traced with care,
Every word was from his heart,
Though his pen was all unused
To the rhymers' subtle art.
Fast away the little page
Sped across the frozen snow,
With the missive to her door,
Twice a hundred years ago.

She with powder on her hair,
And a smile upon her lips,
And a strip of 'brudery
In her rosy finger tips,
Read the ardent message through
With her velvet cheek aglow,
Happy youth and happy maid
Twice a hundred years ago!

Now I buy a valentine,
Tender verses all aflame,
Twined with roses pink and white
In a lace and satin frame,
You receive it in the mail,
But, my darling girl, you know
Hearts are just the same as then,
Twice a hundred years ago.

It is a distinct loss to the lore of St. Valentine's day that no mention is made as to whether Arabella's wooing of her blossom ever bloomed into matrimony.

St. Valentine's is a day of feasts at which Dan Cupid rules and hearts play the leading parts. It is Cupid's day, and love making must be the theme or it is robbed of all its meaning. There are all kinds of Valentine feasts—breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers—and there are all kinds of Valentine games. A hostess may draw on her own imagination as extravagantly as she desires in devising unique dishes, decorations and performances. To convert an ordinary dining room into a Cupid's den is no difficult task with decorations of bows, arrows, hearts and likenesses of the little love god. From the ceiling there may be hung fows of red paper hearts and they may be festooned about the walls. Clusters of arrows, made of light wood and paper, may hang from the chandelier, and here and there against the wall might be placed a bow and arrow. It

were tied with red ribbons, with a tiny golden arrow through the love knot.

Place cards and souvenirs may be decorated with designs pertinent to the occasion, such as the "maiden all forlorn," "the bachelor, tattered and torn," "the house that Jack built," "love in a cottage," and much amusement is afforded by allowing the guests to guess at their significance.

The old fashioned game of "Ideals," choosing numbers, and other such methods of divining the future, form appropriate entertainment.

Many kinds of dishes may be devised for an appropriate menu—sweetbread or oyster croquettes, lobster served in shells, pickled red cabbage, pickled beets, sliced and cut in heart shapes; timbales of tongue in cider jelly, heart-shaped sandwiches of celery or olives or sweet red peppers and neufchatel; cold pressed turkey with cranberry jelly molded or cut heart-shaped, molds of crimson jelly filled with fruit mayonnaise, red wine, white cake with candied cherries and