

The Home

The Servant of Beauty

Every woman who is inwardly honest acknowledges, at least to herself, that she would be a degree happier if she were beautiful. Beauty, we know, is skin deep, but it takes time to discover that it is the owner's only possession. While waiting to discover its surface character, we give the possessor credit for the whole calendar of virtues. The plain woman has to fight against odds. She gets credit for the virtues she possesses only when time or circumstances reveal them. And then, if, besides lack of beauty, she lacks that cardinal social virtue, tact, she is lost socially, no matter how bright a star she is in the home firmament. Beauty has become almost a necessity at the present day, for several reasons. The percentage of beautiful women is very small as compared with the total number of women. It is an æsthetic necessity that that average should not decrease. There is great danger that it will, for the women who commit suicide, disappear mysteriously, become notorious for any cause, from supposed shoplifting to being arrested for larger crimes and proven guilty, are always beautiful. We have ravishing descriptions in the daily papers of these beautiful creatures. Juries are blinded and judges alter their rulings for the benefit of these misguided or unfortunate daughters of Eve, and even the critical sister who sits at home in untempted righteousness finds her sympathies aroused in behalf of these beautiful beings whose beauty wins for them the supposition of innocence.

"Handsome is that handsome does" is orthodox, but it takes time to prove the ability to do.

At the present rate of development in the science of surgery all women may soon be beautiful. Recently a lady discovered that she had a Roman nose on a distinctively Grecian face. Her family deeply regretted the lack of harmony, and she sympathized with them to such an extent that she consulted a surgeon on the possibility of making a Grecian nose out of her Roman nose. It was a novel proposition, and received scientific attention. In due time it was decided that such an artistic change was possible from the surgical standpoint. The operation was performed, and the lady of the Grecian face with the Roman nose became a Grecian facial harmony. It will not be long, surely, before one can decide as to the changes one wishes in one's face, and the skill of the surgeon will work the magic of the artist, and all women will be beautiful! It is merely a question of harmonious lines wrought by the surgeon's skill! We shall have Roman noses where they harmonize; eyebrows will arch to the right degree; complexions and hair already command the attention of the dermatologist—while we aid science in her efforts toward the beautiful by cultivating our tempers, that the proper lines may be written by time.

The moral value of all this should be appreciated; it represents dissatisfaction with present results, and an effort after the beautiful.



A Recipe

Having seen several valuable household recipes in your paper, I write to ask if any of your correspondents can give me, through your columns, directions for making a boiled or steamed Indian pudding which may be cut in slices when served. S. C. B.

The following recipe for steamed Indian pudding appeared a few months ago in these columns; we think it

will meet the wishes of "S. C. B." Some of our readers may have other recipes that they would like to offer:

The Mission of a Daughter

By Anna L. Dawes

The organization of a society for studying the duties of parents would be an utter absurdity if it were not that it discloses such appalling weakness of character, leading the individual to seek support in determining the simplest duties. Likewise a society on the duties of daughters would seem to be necessary, if we are to judge from current literature. When the question can be discussed again and again whether a woman can live her full life as a daughter in her own home, the situation is serious. The family is not only the foundation but the center of society, and when it is made to hold a subordinate place in the social state, necessary but of little honor, we are setting our faces in a dangerous direction.

That the trend of thought among educated women is to feel a certain restriction in confining their powers to the home circle there can be little doubt. "What is all this development worth," they complain, "if we can do nothing with it? A daughter cannot live out her full life in a house controlled by others, arranged on the lines of a different and narrower generation." It is, perhaps, a question what a full life is; and it is certainly an open question whether the family does not furnish the best standpoint for the sociological development of the community. There is also an old-fashioned idea lingering here and there of duty, of the obligation of love—sometimes spelled privilege—and of God-given place in the world. But, setting these things aside, we may consider whether a woman cannot do much for herself and for others in her own home. Certainly the young woman who wishes to be a strong support to her father and a gracious helper to her mother will find life's opportunities for growth and influence increase under her hands, until she cannot fill the great spaces. It is true that such a career must center around the life of the father and mother, but that is not saying where its circumference shall be. That may be wide as the universe, and depends entirely upon the young woman herself.

The first and last and chief mission of a daughter may be summed up in these words—the friend of her father and mother. Unlike affection, friendship must be cultivated and cherished, but its worth cannot be measured by human measures. How a young woman can thus be the friend of her parents, enter into their life, and at once enlarge their horizon and her own, is hardly a problem, for the road is very plain. There are three requisites, products of both education and character—community of interest, readiness of adaptation, and eager helpfulness. All are equally required, whether it is the life of the father or mother into which the daughter enters; and she who wishes to fulfill her true mission must enter into both sides of the home. Doubtless the proportion of her interest will differ according to her own individual powers and predilections, but she will fail of a rounded development if she neglects either half of her opportunities. The present danger is double—that out of her desire for an individual career she will neglect her father's interests; and out of a contempt for the household she will despise her mother's life.

But let the girl who wishes better things begin to enter into her father's interests by becoming well informed thereon. A good householder brings forth things new and old, and so a good daughter comprehends the old and

entered into. It is a unique service, and its rewards are great. But let the daughter never forget that hers is always the post of auxiliary. However truly she may become the real center of the family circle, however much she may lead the household into new interests—always her aim and just ambition—it is as a daughter that she must do it, and along the methods recognized in and characteristic of her parents' household. Few women can make for themselves any larger opportunity.



St. Valentine's Day in Olden Times

By Alice Morse Earle

The observance of St. Valentine's Day is now confined to the sending of valentines by children, and, among vulgar folk, of so-called comic valentines in futile derision. Yet it is a festival which has been honored by poets and observed by lovers for centuries.

In Pepys's Diary we find many allusions to the valentine customs of his day; and it seems that not only sentimental verses but substantial gifts were given as valentines. Pepys gave Martha Batten, one year, "for a Valentine" one pair of embroidered and six pairs of plain white gloves that cost forty shillings. Another year his cousin Turner told him she had drawn him for her valentine; he straightway bought her "a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe strings, and two pairs of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28s." The expense troubled him (as spending money always did) when he had to lay out five pounds for a valentine for his wife. He shows plainly the customs of the times in his entry on Valentine's Day, 1665:

This morning comes Dickie Pen to be my wife's Valentine and came to our bedside. By the same token I had him brought to my bedside thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me and would not, so went to his Valentine—a notable stout witty boy.

Again he writes:

This morning came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it.

Not only boys but men boldly intruded into Madam Pepys's bedchamber, and were "challenged" by her. We find in Sir Thomas Browne's letters, and even in Governor Winthrop's of New England, similar references to "challenging" valentines. Gloves and ribbons were valentine gifts everywhere in Great Britain.

Shakespeare refers in "Hamlet" to the universal belief of his times, that the first unmarried man seen by a maid on St. Valentine's morn would become her husband.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," speaks of the practice of divining by rosebuds on Valentine's Day. Goldsmith tells us, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," that rustics sent true-lover's knots on that day—a pretty fashion.

The custom of valentine "dealing" prevailed in many English counties. A young woman would write the names of the young men she knew or had a preference for, each on a slip of paper. She then, blindfolded, drew a slip from the hat in which they had been placed, and the name written thereon was held to be her true-love and her possible husband. This very simple and innocent ceremony was severely reprehended by many pious pastors as a "heathenish, lewd, superstitious custom." St. Francis de Sales, we learn from his life, "severely forbade the custom of valentines, and to abolish it changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honour and to imitate"—which must have proved but sorry fun, and of short popularity.

In 1667 Pepys notes the fashion of combining mottoes with the names—such mottoes as "most courteous and most fair," and suggests the "very pretty" use of anagrams.

In Derbyshire a curious custom prevailed of peeping

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gests new books, and discovers new departures in the world's activity, she who performs the innumerable charitable works required of her mother, and assists by her knowledge and wisdom in the decision of the complicated questions of their management. She attends to the details of housekeeping, and is at the call of her father for any duty or pleasure; she even selects the table-linen, and essays to advise in choosing stock. Does any one think such as these are trifling duties? Let her discover for herself the amount and variety of knowledge, science, skill, experience, acquaintance with the world, executive ability, illustrated and developed by simply this random list of occupations, and she will discover how a daughter may use all her knowledge and ability, and serve the world, in the midst of detailed affairs. And she will discover also once more that, in losing her life in other lives, she has in fact saved it for herself.

In a multitude of other ways is a daughter called upon to serve her day and generation. Nowhere is her field greater than in the social life of the family, and much might be said on this point. Old age and illness make an inexorable draft upon her. That is not religion but selfishness which leaves an aged father or dying mother alone while the daughter departs upon what she is pleased to call "the Lord's errand"—missionary addresses to the contrary notwithstanding. The particulars of a daughter's service in these and many other directions cannot be