

through the keyhole on the early morn as a matrimonial divination. If the spying eye chanced to see but a single object at the first glance, the looker would remain unmarried for the ensuing year. If she saw two objects or persons, she was sure to quickly have a lover. If fortune chanced to drive a cock and hen within the range of vision of the keyhole, she was sure of being married ere the year was ended.

As with all old-time holidays, the poorer classes seized on St. Valentine's Day as the opportunity to demand gifts. On many holidays persons of all ranks of life forced unwilling gifts from each other. It is curious that in the one holiday we have still retained in America—Christmas—we have clung to the lowest form of its observance, the exchange of gifts, while as a religious holiday it has lost its significance. In Cambridgeshire and Herefordshire, until recently, little bands of children went from house to house on St. Valentine's morn singing,

Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind,
So good-morning, Valentine!

Small gifts of money were thrown out to them. In other counties the children sing,

Good-morrow, Valentine!
First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine,
Please give me a valentine.

In some towns the drawing of lots for a true-love is done on St. Valentine's Eve. Another method of divination is to go to the churchyard at midnight and walk twelve times round the church, repeating without intermission:

Hemp-seed I sow,
Hemp-seed I sow;
He that loves me best
Come after me, and now.

It is believed that the figure of the lover will then appear and make some sign by which his identity may be discovered.

In New England, twenty years ago, it was the universal custom among little children to send valentines. As soon as it was dusk the valentines were carried clandestinely to the various doors and left with loud rings of the door-bell, or with a succession of violent knocks. "Boughten" valentines of lace-paper or stamped paper with printed mottoes, costing a cent or two apiece, or even the exorbitant sum of five cents, indicated not only much opulence on the part of the sender, but a violent extreme of affection and interest. Cases were known where even such unwonted luxuries as carnelian rings were inclosed with the valentine—a most significant gift. In general, these New England valentines were of home manufacture: sheets of paper, occasionally heart-shaped, with bits of gilt and colored paper, or tiny stamped roses with hearts pasted thereon, and with appropriate though trite inscriptions in the giver's handwriting—

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The pink is pretty, and so are you.

If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two.

And many other lines of amatory doggerel. Shelley's pretty lines were unknown to us:

My heart to you is given,
Oh, do give yours to me;
We'll lock them up together,
And throw away the key.

The child who received the largest number of valentines was an assured favorite. At a somewhat earlier date cut-paper valentines of white paper, cut in various significant designs, were very popular in America.

Good St. Valentine! I pray thee give us absolution and forgive us our degenerate and irreverent days when I confess to thee that, to thine honor and in tender memory of thy natal day in this New World in 1894, I saw offered for sale "a large Vallentine and peece of A. 1. Chewing Gum for 1 cent."

The School-Girls' Fund

Last week we made no acknowledgment of the money received for the Friendship Fund of the working-girls of New York. As an evidence of what a little money can do, the following story is told:

About the middle of last August a blind girl was horribly burned in one of the tenement-houses in the famous East Side of New York. The girl's mother was a partial invalid, and this accident compelled the sister, twenty years old, to give up work and become a nurse. No amount of love could supply the knowledge necessary to care for the suffering girl. An appeal was made to two trained nurses, who had gone down to the East Side to live, to call at this home. Only those who have seen what those two young women have become to that family can realize the opportunity that trained nurses among the sick poor have. Last spring the mother of the sick girl went to one of the New York hospitals and had an operation performed, the seriousness of which neither she nor her family knew. In September the old trouble returned; again the mother went to the hospital to see the physician; the truth was not told to her; but to the twenty-year-old girl, who from the middle of August had been up night and day caring for her injured sister, the truth was told. Her mother had cancer, well developed, and there was no help for her but death. Quietly, bravely, she kept her

secret, because her sick sister must not have anything more to bear than her awful physical suffering. Time has gone on, but the limit of the girl's strength has been reached.

Not far from the sick girl's house was a widow who has a paralyzed mother to support; it has been impossible for her to get work for the last four months. She was willing to do "anything," but the "anything" that would pay wages could not be found.

From the money sent to The Outlook \$15 has been taken. The widow goes every day to this home of sorrow, sickness, and pain, and does the housework, so that the young girl may spend these last hours with her mother, and comfort the sister, on whom it is slowly dawning that her mother will never again be about the house, her constant attendant, her companion, her friend. Fifteen dollars has furnished the workingwoman with the surety of rent and food for herself and the paralyzed mother for one month. It has given to an overworked, worn-out, sorrow-stricken girl the opportunity to sit down in quiet beside the bedside of a dying mother, and to be the constant companion of a nervous, suffering, blind sister.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$180 25
C. B. C.....	5 00
Priscilla.....	1 00
H. E. C., Worcester.....	10 00
F. H. H., Boston.....	2 00
A Friend, Elmira, N. Y.....	2 00
In His Name, C. E.....	10 00
Total.....	\$210 25



Freda's Winged Valentine

By Mary Reynolds

High on the hilltop two big houses turned their backs on the queer little street below. Yet the five little houses on the queer little street seemed very contented in spite of the snub; and kept their windows especially clean that they might have a bright outlook on the grounds sloping down the hill. I am afraid these lovely lawns were called "back yards," in the queer little street; but the big houses did not seem to mind—perhaps because they did not know. There was no gateway into these grounds from the street below, so they were not open to the public; and yet Senator Brown and Justice MacMillan might have been astonished to hear the inhabitants of the queer little street speak of "our place," in the tones of large property-holders.

Freda Kleim, of No. 3½ Dickens Lane, spent, in imagination, a large part of her time in Senator Brown's home; she felt a genuine thrill of ownership as she watched the trees and flowers from her window, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Why shouldn't she?

When a beautiful thing is where one can enjoy it all the time, what does the question of ownership matter? She would have liked to walk under the trees and sit on the grass in summer; but still, she could always look! A great deal of pleasure can be had from seeing things even if one is not in them; and the spring afternoon of the Senator's garden tea, all Dickens Lane enjoyed the sight from their front windows.

The dresses were so pretty and the music so lovely!

If only Freda Kleim *could* have had some ice-cream handed through the iron railings, because ice-cream was not plentiful in Dickens Lane, and it looked very tempting!

The lawn tea was entirely a grown-up affair, save a little figure in white that was first here and then there and always petted to distraction. All Dickens Lane knew that was the Senator's little granddaughter from Germany; for the newspapers had said a good deal when the Countess von Haupt died, leaving her little Freda, with a great deal of money and a very long title, to her American grandparents. Titles and money could not make her forget the *Heimweh*, or homesickness, as we call it; though Senator and Mrs. Brown thought this dear little foreigner should feel at home with her mother's people. Freda Kleim knew *Heimweh*, too. She knew it in both languages, for the feeling is the same all the wide world over.

But Freda Kleim's German grandparents were with her,

and all the dear yellow birdies that were to turn into American silver and greenbacks. A great many of the best singers had been sold, but the house was full of the little soft things that made such sweet music.

At least Freda thought it was sweet, and great was her indignation, one day, at hearing a lady say, as she left the shop with her fingers in her ears, "I should go mad with that frightful noise!"

Noise! How the old people and their little granddaughter discussed that subject in their own tongue, to the great satisfaction of the birdies, whose cheerful notes added to the excitement!

If that fastidious lady had really wanted a bird, the old people would not have sold her one, for, added to her dislike of their singing, she had said to her daughter, "What a pretty trimming he would make for your hat!" pointing out a dear little fluff-ball that was just beginning to try his throat.

One of the great griefs to the whole Kleim family in giving up their birds was the fact that some drooped and pined from neglect, and two, they knew, had died of actual carelessness.

Still, the birds must be sold for a support; so all Freda could do was to help her grandfather in his daily care for their well-being, and every night to pray the good Lord

To keep my birdies well and warm,
And safe away from cats and harm—

a prayer that her grandmother had learned from *her* grandmother, for the family had always been noted bird-raisers. Two rooms of the little house were given up to the birds, and they flourished with so much love and comfort.

From the time in the early morning when the first sleepy twitterings were heard, until night came, and the little heads were tucked away, the hours flew by on wings of melody. Sunshine or shade made no difference in such a number; for, should one feel dumpy and depressed, there were sure to be half a dozen more so glad to be alive that they had to speak of it to the world in general.

In this German linnnet family all sang; the lady birds had quite as good voices as the males, and even the baby canaries could not wait until they were of a respectable size to try their unsteady little twitters. It was funny to watch the mother and father birds when the little ones felt the first song-movement rise in their throats, and would shake their tiny sides in vain efforts to pour out streams of melody. The older birds would cock their heads knowingly and listen with an air of pride to the feeble little sound, then go off in such a bird-song of joy that the little ones felt doubly encouraged to try again.

One day Mrs. Brown's carriage drove up to the door, and with her was Freda von Haupt, whose blue eyes grew round and big as the other Freda's when all the birds made her welcome at the same time.

But they did not say, "How horrid!" or put their fingers in their ears. Freda laughed and clapped her hands, while Mrs. Brown smilingly said, "I wish, dear, we could try one at a time, and then we would know which one to choose."

"They like you, they like you," chirped Freda Kleim; only she chirped in German, and the other Freda instantly answered, and their little tongues bid fair to outrival the birds'.

The two grandmothers looked at each other almost sadly as they saw the children's perfect enjoyment in their own tongue. Freda Kleim, with eager haste, had already chosen a fine young bird, and while the grandmothers were talking she taught Freda von Haupt her own funny little whistle that acted like a charm on the birds when they felt strange or droopy.

"Birdies have often *Heimweh*," she whispered shyly to Mrs. Brown, as they left the shop.

"You must come and whistle to your bird, and talk German to my Freda," said the old lady. "Can she not come next Tuesday afternoon and see Freda's Christmas-tree?" turning to Mrs. Kleim.

"It will be most kind," answered the latter.

Tuesday afternoon Freda went up to the big house, dressed in her very best frock, and her pig-tails so aston-