

THE NEW YEAR'S DINNER OF OLD JAPAN

AS Christmas is the greatest holiday of the year with us, so is New Year's the time of great rejoicing with the Japanese.

And no wonder, for to the folks of Old Nippon January means rest from the labor and toil of gathering the harvest. For this reason and because it is supposed to be the beginning of all things new the Japanese have made it their festival month.

At the very end of the old year great pine branches are placed by all gateways and hearths and the numerous shrines of their gods.

The pine bough signifies constancy and is hung with a straw circle made to resemble a zenn, having rays of light coming from it, and stuck with a sardine edible seaweed, a leaf of ever green and many bits of paper.

The straw rings are also placed upon a great many articles of furniture and a number of kitchen implements because at one time these things were thought to be endowed with life.

New Year's is a busy time for the housewife, who has to cook and prepare all the dishes which have a special significance for the great day.

First comes clam soup. The clam, which opens when cooked, typifies the opening of good fortune.

The Japanese word for health is "kamae," and so beans, which are called by a name which sounds like this, must be eaten.

Radishes and fish, salmon and sweets must be eaten also, for on this marvelous night the Japanese believe that a whole year is added to one's life.

For this evening the children may be as troublesome as they please without fear or reproof, for no sound of scolding or quarrelling is ever heard in a Japanese home at this time.

When the great meal has been made ready the gods of the household are first served. Many lights are lit before them. Sake is offered in little vases. Before the shelf on which are the gods the family hang colored leaflets, each possessing a supposed power for luck.

Seaweed, which means rejoicing, is also offered in bundles.

When the family have duly honored and worshiped their gods they set about eating the great meal.

"Once you have partaken of this feast," say they, "a whole year is added to your life."

Thus, if a child is born in December, his family will gravely declare him to be two years old after this meal.

John Milton's Cottage. One of the best preserved historic country houses in all England is John Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which the blind and aging poet fled when the great plague swooped down on London. That was in July, 1665, and Milton had just finished "Paradise Lost" and received a five pound note for it, with a promise of three more five pound notes if the poem sold four editions of 1,000 copies each. The cottage stands at the top of the village, and it is in practically the same condition as when Milton left it. Here the poet received his distinguished guests during the latter part of his life.

GERM LADEN DUST CAUSES CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM KILLS THE DEADLY CATARRH GERMS NO STOMACH DOSING

Catarrh which is bad enough in itself, often results in loss of taste, smell, and hearing, and leads to serious throat and lung troubles if not promptly checked. The seat of catarrh is usually in the back of the nose and its natural course is downward, into the throat and thence to the lungs.

Don't take any chances. If you have any symptoms of catarrh—stuffed up feeling in the head, nasty discharge from the nose, sore throat or dry, hacking cough, get a 50 cent bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and begin the treatment at once.

This remedy is not a "burning out" or "drying up" process. It is a cleansing, healing, antiseptic, Balm taken through the nostrils back into the head and throat where it instantly reaches the seat of the trouble. That's the only way to effectually and permanently cure catarrh.

Catarrh makes you offensive to yourself and friends. Start using Ely's Cream Balm today, and in a short time you will be permanently cured of this nasty, disgusting disease.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

No minute or hour of solar time begins this new year. The sunset of one place is the sunrise of another. Time's true calendar is in the spirit of man. Then every day should be greeted as the dawn of a new and better life greeted with new sensibilities, new ideas, new purposes—so that life may never wither, but keep eternally young and ready to learn, and as full of wisdom as the eyes of the Child who sits in the Sistine Madonna's arms.

God's mercy flows over the past year, blotting out its failures and sins. Let us, then, set our faces hopefully toward the new. Draw out of the book of resolutions into the book of acts and subscribe upon its fresh, fair pages a better record! May there be in all the coming year no bud that shall not burst into blossom and no blossom that shall fall without being filled into fruit.

The old year, with its lights and shadows, has drawn to a close. As we look in review we cannot but sincerely regret any stain on its pages, knowing that they must stand until that great day "when God shall judge the secrets of men." Then let us turn our eyes toward the new year with resolution and hope, with faith and love, and the victory is ours. There will be the same old foes to meet, the same old temptations to encounter and the same old battles to fight. But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, and going forth in "His name" we will wear the victor's crown.

"FOLLY"

A Tale of a New Year's Eve Ball

"I'm to go as the New Year," said Allison Thorpe. "Rose colored satin, you know, to signify the dawn of the morning and pearls sewed on in all sorts of fantastic shapes for snowflakes."

"And I," eagerly added Celeste, the second scion of the house of Thorpe, "am to be Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor."

"Mr. Hale is coming as Richard Coeur de Lion," said Allison.

"And Will Liscombe is to be Folly, with his cap and bells and a costume of violet velvet," said Celeste.

Theolyn listened with big eyes and cheeks glowing with excitement. "Oh, I think they might let me go to the New Year's eve ball," said she. "It's awfully hard to be left here all alone, with Dorcas and the dogs."

"Now, Theo, don't compel me to go all over the ground again," said Allison severely. "Do you suppose we want to go in a regular drove?"

Theo had eaten her cold supper and was sitting staring into the fire with an unperused book in her lap when there sounded the gay chime of sleigh bells under the window, and presently old Dorcas lobbied in with a countenance of dismay.

"It's always the way," said she. "My missus never goes away from home but what something is sure to happen. Here's a young man fetched in here with a broken leg or something."

"Don't believe a word she says," Theo cried in cheerful voice as Mr. William Liscombe himself hobbled in, leaning on the shoulder of the little red headed stable boy. "It's only I, and it's nothing on earth but a sprain. Don Pedro, the new black horse, hasn't had quite exercise enough of late, and he took it into his head to shy at the old burned stumps by the waterfall."



"HAPPY NEW YEAR, MR. LISCOMBE," SHE SAID GAYLY.

and flung me out with my leg doubled awkwardly under me. I held desperately on to the reins, though, and—

And by way of proving satisfactorily that there was nothing the matter with him Mr. Liscombe fainted away.

The red haired stable boy ran for the doctor. Old Dorcas sent Theolyn reluctantly up to bed.

She obeyed the old woman's injunctions to go upstairs at once with ominous docility. But she did not go to bed. She had taken up a certain flat pasteboard box which had been unloaded from Liscombe's sleigh in the hall and discovered what its contents were, and she was waiting at the outer gate when the stable boy guided old Dolly between its stone posts on his way to Mandeville Manor.

"It's only me, Tom," said Miss Theo. "I'm going to the ball, you know. I've got such a costume here, but it is to be a dead secret. Quick, let me get in!"

Miss Celeste Thorpe's eyes brightened when Folly, with his cap and bells, his violet velvet tunic, belted with a cable of Roman gold, and his violet satin mask, asked Lucy Ashton to wait with him. She whispered fascinating nothings to him as they promenade between the waitresses.

"Go and dance with some one else," whispered she. "You'll set every one to gossiping."

"Let them gossip," said Folly. "I care only for what one person says. 'Do you really care for me?' giggled Celeste."

"Really care for you? I love you. Will you be mine?" murmured Folly in flute sweet accents.

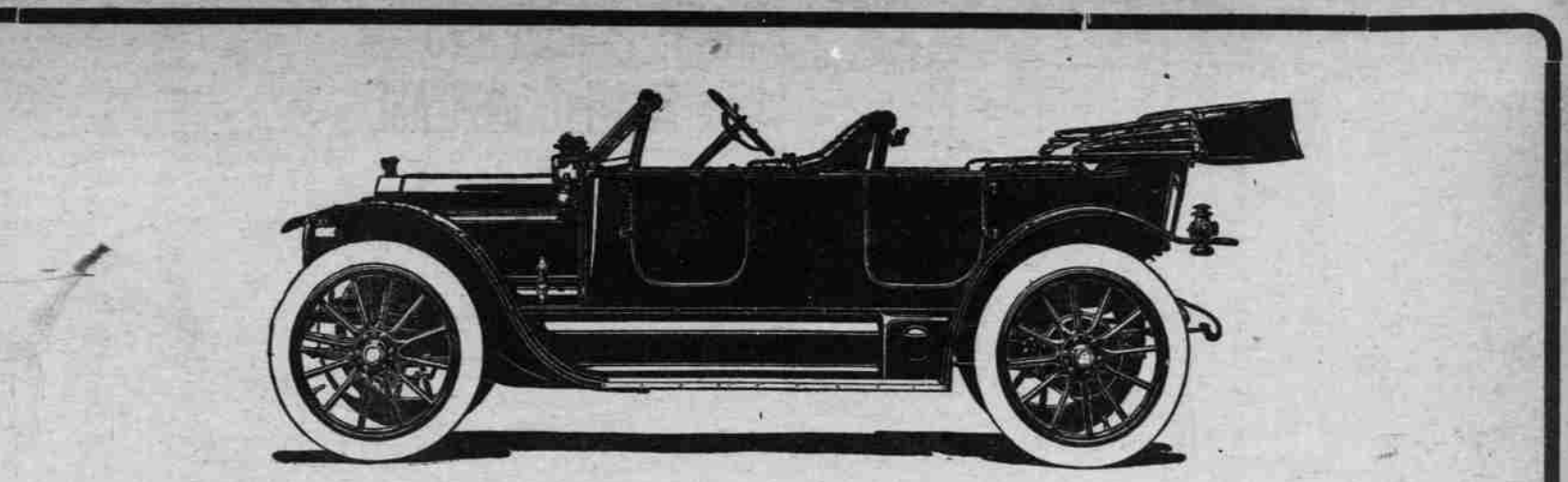
"Yes, my darling," sighed Miss Celeste, who at seven and twenty had determined that a good match was the only thing desirable. "But you haven't deceived me. I know who you are—dear Will."

"Let me bring you an ice," said the dear Will, and Celeste sank rapturously on a red plush divan to ponder on her good fortune and await the return of her lover.

Meanwhile mischievous Theo, half frightened at what she had done, was speeding home through the evergreen glens.

She was down early the next morning as quiet and dignified as a princess, with a bunch of mistletoe that Allison had chanced to overlook in her hands.

Might Have Been Better Put. A missionary who had served in China for ten years paid what some of the people there probably considered an "objectionable" compliment to the female section of a fashionable London audience in the course of his references to the Chinese custom of foot binding. Remarking that there were 400,000,000 of people in China, at least half of whom were women and girls, he inquired, "Of that number how many do you think have nice large feet like the ladies whom I see before me?"



Another Opportunity To Catch Up With The Leaders In The Auto Contest

On January 1st we place on sale Trade Coupon Books of the value of \$5.00. With every book we give a bonus of 5,000 votes. The Trade Coupon Books can be used same as cash at Huntley Brothers. The regular votes will be issued for Book Coupons same as for cash. Help your favorite candidate by purchasing some of Huntley's Trade Coupon Books. There is no time limit—they are good till used.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY

10,000 Votes with every Suit or Overcoat from \$15.00 up at J. Levitt's. This Sale starts Monday, December 30, and lasts 5 Days Only. Make hay while the sun shines.

Remember the Enterprise gives 2,000 votes with every daily subscription and 1,000 votes to every Weekly subscription. Watch for future announcement of the Enterprise.

If you drink because of a craving for stimulants—if you've reached the stage where nothing will satisfy excepting rough, high-proof, strong whiskey—our story is not for you. But if it's mellowness, age and flavor you're looking for—you'll like Cyrus Noble.

Because it's pure—because it's palatable—because you don't have to dilute it with water to be able to swallow it.

It costs no more than any other good whiskey.

W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents, Portland, Oregon



It's Daddy Talking

HUSH, children; it's daddy talking. "Yes, Jim; we are all well and the children have been real good. How have you been? Coming home tonight? That's fine! It will seem good to see you again."

The business man who is obliged to be away from home brings joy to the family circle by cheery words over the telephone.

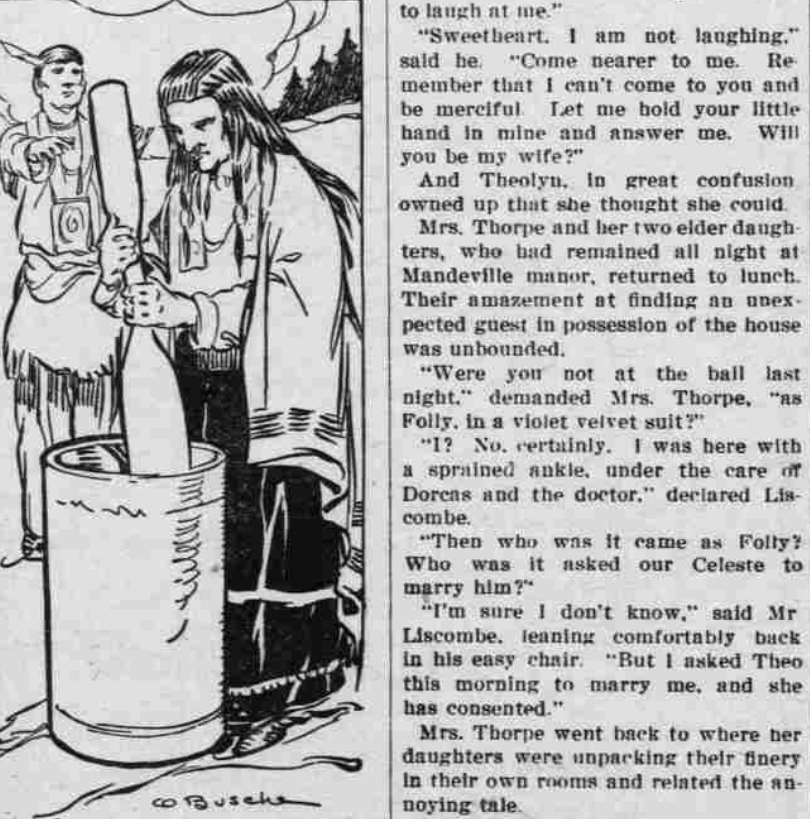
The local and long distance Bell Telephone service keeps him always in touch with home conditions.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

Quaint New Year's Ceremony of the Indians

THE new year of the Iroquois Indians commences nearly a month later than our own. The first sun of the moon, Nis-ko-wuk-ni, rises on the 25th day of January, and to the Indians this symbolizes the dawn of another year of the Iroquois confederacy and that a week of festivity is at hand.

With the rising of the sun a company of "buffalo heads" break up into four pairs and march to their assigned



THE HEAD FEAST WOMEN DEDICATE THE MEAL.

district to notify ceremoniously the people that the old year is gone and the new is come. With heavy striped corn pounders they smite the doorposts and sing the buffalo song: "Yey-he, yey-he, Gwa-a-won-dey, Gwa-a-won-dey! Hall, nephews! Hall!" With their ash paddles they sprinkle the corners of the house as they enter it in token of its purification from past evils and then light the fire of the new year. The fee for the buffaloes is a band-

ful of Indian tobacco, the host explaining as he gives it, "It clears the mind and solvers the thoughts."

The next day the whole nation enters into the game of peach stone dice. Each brotherhood of clans gambles against the other, gambles religiously and furiously. Their particular brand of betting, however, is in conformity to religious custom, and the result of the game determines clan precedence and supremacy for the year.

The third morning of the new year is devoted to the burning of the white dog. The white dog of the Indians is extinct, but the ceremony continues for, as Chief Crow says: "Our religion is greater than any of its incidents or ceremonies. They are not essential—the thankful heart is."

In the present ceremony tobacco is offered to the Great Spirit as a thank offering and is thrown in the sacred fire by handfuls during the white dog chant. The white dog ceremony is a recital of man's obligations to the Maker of all things for the things of his creation. Thanks are given for every force in nature and every plant and animal useful to man kind.

On Thursday morning, the fourth day of the ceremony, the hi-jast-ta-gy, or high priest, begins a three day sermon that runs up into the one hundred and thirty before it closes. Three entire mornings are consumed by the sermon, which, although it has been preached each year for 109 years, has never varied even a word.

The ceremonies of Friday and Saturday close the feast of the new year. For several days the feastmakers have been pounding corn for the great feast days. The milling process is primitive and is done with a wooden mortar and pestle, the head feast woman striking a few blows with the pestle to dedicate the meal. The corn is taken from the braided strings and prepared in various ways for the mill. Some is soaked in a weak wood ash lye to remove the hulls, some is parched, and some is merely soaked a little. Whatever method is used eventually yields a tempting dish that even palefaces enjoy.

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Mrs. Thorpe went back to where her daughters were unpacking their finery in their own rooms and related the annoying tale.

And to the end Celeste Thorpe never was able to unravel this New Year's mystery.

But there were the facts. At the identical hour in which the tender proposal had been breathed Will Liscombe lay under the doctor's hands at the old Thorpe homestead. And he was now Theolyn's affianced husband. Celeste knew that she wasn't mistaken, and she knew that every one else thought that she was. And the only person that can unravel the riddle is Theolyn herself, if she chooses.—Shirley Browne in Fireside Companion.

IMPOSSIBLE NEW YEAR NOTES. Your latest poem is so pleasing that we beg your acceptance of the enclosed additional check. We have decided to give you two weeks' holiday and to raise your salary 30 per cent. Please accept this deed to a house and lot. We are sorry that you have had to pay rent so long. As you have a few holiday bills to meet enclosed find our check for \$50, which, we trust, will help you out some.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE YEARS. They come, they pass, with snow soft feet. And deathless youth illumines their eyes. Alike to them are chaff and wheat. Alike the foolish and the wise. They bring the wound, they bring the balm. They light our smiles, they dry our tears. Careless of death or life, the calm Servants of time, the patient years. The winds that rend and strew the rose. Dissolve the awesomeness through the air. This wind of time that beats and blows, Leaves all the past still fragrant fair. Though hopes may fail and hearts may break And fruitless all the striving be, One golden gift is left to make Man's bliss—consoling memory. Hall and farewell, farewell and hall. The going and the coming guest. Welcome to daybreak's shining sail. As to the night beyond the west. The years may come, the years may go. And bring the good or merry mood. Merry or sad, one thing we know—That life is good, ah, life is good! —St. Louis Republic.

No Lack of Rain. The heaviest rainfall known upon the globe occurs on the mountain slopes beyond the head of the bay of Bengal and amounts to about 610 inches, or nearly fifty-one feet, during the year.

CARDUI WORKED LIKE A CHARM

After Operation Failed to Help, Cardui Worked Like a Charm.

Jonesville, S. C.—"I suffered with womanly trouble," writes Mrs. J. S. Kendrick, in a letter from this place, "and at times, I could not bear to stand on my feet. The doctor said I would never be any better, and that I would have to have an operation, or I would have a cancer."

I went to the hospital, and they operated on me, but I got no better. They said medicines would do me no good, and I thought I would have to die.

At last I tried Cardui, and began to improve, so I continued using it. Now, I am well, and can do my own work. I don't feel any pains.

Cardui worked like a charm. There must be merit in this purely vegetable, tonic remedy, for women—Cardui—for it has been in successful use for more than 50 years, for the treatment of womanly weakness and disease.

Please try it, for your troubles. N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

FOR SALE BY THE JONES DRUG COMPANY