



NEW YEAR'S CALLS HAVE CEASED

THEY DON'T GET DRUNK ANY MORE

BUT THEY STILL DO THIS AT INDEPENDENCE HALL

THE YOUNG FOLKS NOW DO THE CELEBRATING

BY JAMES R. HAZARD.

THE hoary plaint that "things are not as they used to be" certainly holds good so far as New Year's day is concerned. One of the most marked differences between the old and the new kind of New Year's day is the conspicuous absence of abnormal consumption of spirituous liquors on the latter.

no longer fashionable, the saloons began to stop standing "treat" until today the custom has all but died out in the larger cities. In New York only a few of the old-style bawdy saloons cling to the custom; the drink palaces have long since "cut it out" in the language of their sleek, white-coated, drink-mixing artists.

The Club Welcome Has Gone, Too. As for the clubs, let a man who belongs to about a score tell of his experiences in search of entertainment last New Year.

"I decided to do the clubs in two-three order, just to find out what they were doing to celebrate the day, and to celebrate a little myself. The first club I entered was my political one. In the old days the corridors and the barroom and the dining hall were crowded. There were just six bored-looking men present, besides the equally bored-looking flunkies. At the literary club, a half-baked poet and one or two young maudlin women would have frowned upon tipping at any other time. But it was New Year, and it was the custom, and nobody, seemingly, found fault with it.

Or, the Jags were acquired at those bars which made a specialty of letting it be known that "everything is on the house" on the first day of the year. They set out elaborate spreads on the lunch counters, and anyone was welcome to step in and up and receive whatever he'd like in the liquid or food line. So it was at many clubs, where the display of viands was even more elaborate than at the fashionable grog shops.

filled, the rough-and-tumble parades that took the streets and frequently ended in brawls and fights, to say nothing of occasional murders.

In New York the ward associations, when they go in for the thing at all, now limit their masquerading revels to Thanksgiving day. Practically the only New Year's parade of any consequence now is held in Philadelphia, and even there the Mummers do not show themselves in as great numbers and under the same circumstances as in the reputed good old days.

Then such associations paraded and cut up high jinks where it listed, and if it won any prize money, usually put up by small merchants and ward politicians, went on a protracted spree that was disgraced by revel and subject to all the evils of such. Finally the

city—it dearly loves to perpetuate old things, even though they may be bad—stepped in and offered prizes from the treasury to be awarded to those associations making the best showing in an organized parade along Broad street. Thus, while the spectacle of itself is far more imposing than formerly, since it is concentrated, rowdiness has vanished and the thoroughfares are no longer used by maudlin Mummers. Except for a brief two or three hours the picturesque has also departed from Philadelphia's New Year celebration.

The Supreme Effort is to Make Noise. But if rowdiness and drunkenness and all the attendant evils are no longer in evidence on New Year's day, the crowds on the streets are greater than ever be-

fore and the noises louder, wilder, more varied. With the custom of celebrating the day apparently dead among the grown-ups, the young people seem to have come to the front as the chief celebrants. There is innocent celebration, wholly. What is there wrong in parading arm in arm up and down the streets, blowing horns, beating all sorts of noises out of rattles, shooting off toy pistols, tickling one's neighbors with miniature feather dusters constructed for the purpose, and throwing confetti recklessly and hilariously about on all sides? Noise, and yet more noise, seems to be the watchword of the modern New Year's celebrants; and from the time the chimas begin to post out on the stroke of 12, midnight, until long into the following night it is well-nigh impossible to get away from New Year noises in a big city.

Noise has been a feature of New Year's day for a long time. The memory of man does not run back to the New Year's day when enthusiastic Quaker City dwellers did not assemble in front of Independence Hall and, as long as the bell solemnly boomed out the number of years of independence, vent their feelings by shooting holes in "the crimson curtain" with the horns blowing around Trinity Church, New York, when the famous racket made even five years ago seems tame when compared with the pandemonium that is now let loose. Not only do the crowds grow continually larger, but each person seems to take particular delight in trying to make more noise than ever before in his or her life.

The men who manufacture the noisemaking instruments are authority for the statement that the demand for their products is greater with each succeeding New Year. Formerly what horns and rattles and such like were left over from the Christmas season, and were sold at the New Year's trade. Nowadays special stocks have to be manufactured for New Year's day consumption, since the young people who blow horns and rattle rattles on the first day of the year are not the ones who importune Santa Claus to put

them in their stockings on Christmas morning.

The increase in volume of the noisy celebration of the day may be due in part to our constantly growing foreign population. Continental Europe has ever been partial to raising noisy Ned on this day—as a rule its holiday celebrants are far more demonstrative than ours. Hours before dawn seemingly every male Italian in New York begins to shoot off a revolver as fast as he knows how, and until well into the day the popping keeps up. Not even a wild Western American can hope to compete with the imported son of Italy in this style of New Year's noise. The latter day customs of throwing confetti has certainly come through the foreleg, and a pleasing and inoffensive one it is, even to the most fastidious, who sometimes grow indignant when fun-loving young men and women of good address apparently endeavor to blow horns in their ears or tickle them behind the ears with the little feather dusters.

Gift-Giving on New Year's. Only within the last five years or so has New Year's gift-giving been instituted in any considerable extent. All the big stores prepare for a week of extensive gift-shopping after Christmas, and the express companies make special arrangements to handle New Year's gifts, though the problem presented by the growing practice is not nearly so big as that connected with Christmas giving.

The idea back of New Year's gift-giving seems to be twofold—the recurrence of the day offers an excellent excuse to remember those persons who sent you Christmas presents, but who were not on your Christmas list; and, secondly, it is an appropriate time to remind your closest friends, by means of some insignificant trinket, of your steadfast allegiance to them during the coming year.

New Year's cards are not employed so much to carry out the gift idea of the day as would be imagined. Indeed, those who ought to know declare that the New Year's card is not nearly so popular as it used to be. On the other hand, calendars, postcards, and the like are still popular, and books are favored gifts. The cost of

a New Year's gift very seldom creeps above \$5. Like the stores, the theaters of late years have noted a marked increase in their New Year's day business. For big days of the theaters in Eastern cities is still election day, but New Year's day is now pushing that hard, especially in New York, the foreign residents flocking in great numbers to the amusement resorts. Christmas day is now the least profitable of all the old weather holidays for the theaters. Less than 10 years ago this could be said of New Year's day. Who wanted to see a play of any sort when free drink and food of excellent quality were to be had in unstinted measure at hundreds of open houses and open bars and clubs as well?

Dining out on New Year's. With the open house has also gone the habit of having a big New Year's family dinner. If you will take the trouble to inquire of them, the family poultry dealers will doubtless tell you that turkey is eaten less and less on New Year's; while the green grocers will vouchsafe the information that head lettuce is not bought in an ordinary dinner, if they plan at all, since many families now dine at hotels on New Year's day and go to the theater afterward. This is a development that doubtless is not confined down upon the average housewife, full weary with planning for and directing the work of Christmas hospitality and revel.

Only in the country districts is New Year's day passed in anything like the same old way. When that day dawns the big family parties are so tired from the stuffing and the fun of the preceding seven days that they let the day go by without any special efforts to observe it, other than to fire off an occasional snivel, perhaps. With the countryside it's a time of recuperation for the earnest work of tomorrow.

On the whole, the new style of New Year's celebration in our centers of population is by far the most sensible New Year's celebration down to date, and it is characterized by a more generous and key-note is fun. Therefore, all hail to the new kind of New Year's! (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Who Are to Be Europe's Future Rulers

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The Crown Prince never will be King at all, and his father is the young man—only 45—there is plenty of time for Portuguese republicanism to strengthen itself sufficiently to overthrow the present form of government before the Prince himself can become the crown prince's ascension possible.

Prince Luis is said to be more like his mother in character than his father. The latter is extravagant in his sports, is fat to the point of obesity and, it is said, has had to pawn the crown jewels two or three times to pay his debts. The Queen is athletic, has a fortune of \$20,000,000 or \$20,000,000 in her own right and knows how to keep it. The Crown Prince made a very good impression in England in 1904, when he accompanied his father on a visit to King Edward.

The present situation in Russia may cause a New Year's chill in the Portuguese royal family, but again it may not. King Carlos is proverbially light-hearted and believes firmly in the continued weakness of the Portuguese Republic. The Queen, however, would support her in state little less than royal, were the King to lose his throne, and she is famous among her sister Queens as the most generous of charity's sake. Though she leaves the country at the same time as the King, it is her mother-in-law, the Dowager Queen Pia, who acts as his regent whenever he goes abroad.

years after Prince Ferdinand met the Greek Church countries, though the King of Greece is still a Lutheran.

Crown Prince of Germany. Probably there is no Crown Prince in all Europe who feels more certain in his own mind that he will accede to the honors and powers enjoyed by his father than William, Crown Prince of Germany, the greatest Continental Protestant power. He married Cecilia, Duchess of Mecklenburg, within the year. Nor is there one who feels more certain than he that, when he reigns, it will be literally by divine right, unless his belief and conceptions are radically different from his father's.

As the children of Edward VII have all married British subjects, so the children of his nephew, the Emperor William, following the Crown Prince's example, will undoubtedly marry Germans, and thus add to the popularity of the Hohenzollerns in the land ever which they rule.

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Happenings of Moment During Year 1905

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Francis Joseph's Successor. Just what will be done about the succession when the Emperor dies no one seems to be clear about yet. The Hungarians and the Bohemians declare, however, that they purpose having a finger in the pie, and there is doubt whether the man lives other than Francis Joseph, who, as monarch, could unite the turbulent people of Austria-Hungary under his rule.

The recently inaugurated official movement for universal suffrage may or may not strengthen the Hapsburg hold upon the throne.

Spain's crown, should the much-wished-for King Alfonso XIII die without issue, would go to his sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, who is now 25, unless some representative of that branch of the Bourbons known as the Carlists should seize the throne or the people should declare for a republic, which is more probable.

What would be done with Holland's throne in case of Queen Wilhelmina's death is another problem. Joseph the Dutch Legislature is now trying to figure out. In the natural course of events, she being without issue, the crown would go not to her husband, but to her cousin, Princeess Mary of Wied. But the Dutch apparently have had enough of Queens, and are planning to give the throne to a man—Prince Henry of Reuss, now a lieutenant in the German navy—when it becomes vacant, unless in the meantime they change their minds and decide upon a Republic.

Deaths and Disasters

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Deaths and Disasters. OF THE other many disasters of the year, the two which visited mines in Wales and Alabama (Birmingham), each demanded more than 100 lives, while, most spectacular of all, was the explosion and fire on Togo's flagship Mikasa, as she rode at anchor ten days after the signing of peace, which brought death to 25 of her officers and crew.

The grim reaper, too, has garnered a rich harvest. America mourns for John Hay, Spain for Silvela, Canada for David Park, Chile for Gomez. Italy may no more rejoice in the voice of her Tommaso, nor the world of players in the art of Irving and Jefferson. Lew Wallace, Julia Verne, George Macdonald, and Mrs. Doige have forever laid by their pens. Bonaventura von Menzel, Boughton and Henner never again will wield their brushes. The church has lost Archbishop Chapelle, the bar James C. Carter, the cause of philanthropy and suffrage are the poorer in the deaths of Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Stanford and Dr. Barnardo; and if Sergius gave his life in the cause of autocracy, so the day Jones Michel lay down hers upon the altar of socialism.

And yet it still is true that "there are gains for all our losses." Nineteen five goes out, a long and violent day, penitence, disheartening in the weight of seem to throw in the scale of the chronology; yet, nonetheless, does 1906 come with a fairer outlook than has been vouchsafed any of her predecessors. And this because of the genuine good which this dying twelvemonth has brought to full accomplishment.

No Sacrifice Too Great. It is said that when General Sherman was in command of the Army in Tennessee in the early part of the war he was much annoyed by people who taunted him with complaints of the petty thefts of the soldiers under his command. One day when the General was particularly busy with a special service detail at headquarters a Union woman, whose husband was in the Confederate army, came to him with a querulous complaint that some soldier had stolen her stick. He eyed her in silence for a moment, and then said in his sternest tone: "Madam, the integrity of the Constitution and the unity of the Republic must be maintained if—if it takes every chicken in Tennessee."

The Elements Amuck

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The Elements Amuck. MAN has not yet conquered the elements, however. Nineteen five, raging as seen air, water, earth and fire, raging almost at will. Cyclones have visited Los Angeles, Madagascar, Oklahoma, Natal, the Marshall Islands, Mexico and the Korean Straits, snuffing out 1308 lives; June's tornado across Natal alone accounting for 67 in 20 minutes of horror. Natal again, witnessed (May) a reservoir collapse that claimed ten score men and women, while the reservoir disaster near Madrid a month earlier was within a dozen feet of a fatal catastrophe.

The two earthshakes of the twelvemonth (not to count those lesser tremors unaccompanied by casualties) brought fearful devastation into Italy and India. Five hundred lives and widespread suffering in Calabria—but what worse thing can be written of catastrophe which centered about Lahore, the loss of life rising above 10,000.

Fire lagged behind her sister elements, though her toll of life was more easily satisfied. The Odessa district, Odessa, consequent upon rioting there, ate up \$2,000,000 worth of property; \$2,000,000 more was accounted for in New Orleans in February; in the same month Hot