

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.



OLD TIME CALLING. NEW YEAR'S EVE CAKE.

The overcoat of our 1850 dandy was of several fashions, like our own day. The box coat was affected by horse-men and sporting characters—the long tailed short waisted surtout by the more fashionable.

In the midst of the excitement attending Kosuth's visit to America the soft felt hat worn by him was affected by a few even with the feather, but it never attained the dignity of a fashion.

The wide flowing cloaks, called the Talma, were also worn.

Thus attired, the caller sallied forth for his day's work.

The dress of the ladies was as rich as possible as for dinner, an evening party or the opera, and for the fashion I must beg them to turn to a magazine or fashion book of the day. Many gentlemen proceeded in carriages from call to call, thus saving time and preserving their attire from rain, snow or dust.

Upon entering the parlor the caller advanced gayly toward the hostess or a lady he knew, saying, "I wish you a Happy New Year," or he extended his wish to all the ladies by saying, "I wish you all a Happy New Year." The old or elderly gentlemen who were on intimate terms with the family or were relations were often permitted to salute the young ladies or all the ladies they were safe in honoring. Some old gentlemen, indeed, claimed it as a rite or ceremony descended from colonial times. The caller then seated himself and exchanged a few remarks.

In a few moments the caller arose and said he must go. He was then asked to take some refreshment, which he generally did, more or less according to the circumstances of his being more or less devoted to the table, his intimacy with the family or the number of tables at which he had already partaken. Relatives and intimate friends having seen the table spread and knowing the strength of it in certain delicacies they might be fond of made vigorous assaults on it, which the ladies frequently saw with regret, not being able to renew the supply and fearing there would be none for favorite callers. Others, more frugal and circumspect, kept these choice matters for the latter part of the day, when the "particular" callers came.

The clergymen of that day kept open house not only for their congregation, but when famous, like Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Bethune and others, were accessible at all hours to all who might call.

Then came the war that did away with more than one delightful old custom. But neither the war nor anything so caused the custom of New Year's calls to decay as the rapid growth of the city, the sharply drawn lines of the different classes and the great distances between the dwellings of friends. So it died out and became only a pleasant memory.—W. H. Wallac, L. New York Evening Post.

So excellent is the German New Year's cake that it cannot be used for a charm, like the New Year's eve cake of Ireland, for this was thrown against the wall and was broken into pieces. The first fragment to touch the ground was eagerly sought, for he who ate it was sure of a year's happiness. There was much pleasure in the baking of the cake. It was placed on a grilliron before the open fire, and incantations were sung to secure the success of the charm. In many countries the baking and eating of New Year's cake have been attended by quaint customs and beliefs.—New York Times.



I MEAN to be all through the year
As good as good can be
And listen to the voice inside
That softly speaks to me.
Sometimes it is a happy voice;
Sometimes it's very sad.
It tells me that some things are good
And others—very bad!
If I don't listen through the day,
It talks out loud at night
And makes me feel so much ashamed.
I want to do what's right.
So this New Year I'll try my best,
As all good men have tried,
To listen hard with all my might
And mind the voice inside!
—Little Folks.

New Year's Day In Grandfather's Time

In our grandfather's time—and before him for a score of generations—New Year's day was celebrated in a most delightful manner. It was really a field day for romance. Many a truth has been hastily plighted as a result of a seemingly formal New Year's call, many a man and maid have seen each other for the first time on this day.

The old-fashioned New Year's celebration—the normal, healthy, happy, sane and delightful observance of the going of the old and coming of the new twelve months always started off with an informal social gathering on New Year's eve.

People divided themselves into groups of friends. One year they would all go to the house of one, the next year to the house of another. They used to gather about 9 o'clock. There was nothing formal about these parties. They were there for a good old-fashioned social time. The women chatted together of home and babies. The girls clustered together of beaux and balls, and the men sat over mugs of toddy and, comfortable with their pipes, told stories.

Just before midnight the harpsichord was moved into the center of the room.

The guests gathered about and sang songs. Hymns, ballads and old folk songs were enjoyed. Then when midnight came the host, unless a clergyman was present, repeated a short prayer, giving thanks for favors of the past year and asking Providence to shower blessings upon them all during the coming twelvemonth "in accordance with thy divine will." Another song, another drink in which all stood and drank to each other, and they dispersed.

And when they awakened on the following morning their heads were clear and their hearts glad, for they had greeted the New Year and they had given thanks at the midnight hour to Providence.

The celebration had then only begun. As early as 9 o'clock in the morning services were held in the churches, and every one went. It was a short service—a hymn, a prayer, a ten minute talk on making the most of the new year—and then the people flocked homeward.

After that came the round of New Year calls. People went afoot, on horseback, in their carriages, and some by coaches. The women remained in the home. They served the callers with cakes and wine.

By nightfall every one in town or city had called upon his friends and relatives.

In the evening there were balls and parties, and a great New Year's cake, baked especially for the occasion, was always served.

Today the paper boy does your paper up into a wad and tosses it up beside your front door. That is all. The letter carrier makes his single holiday trip and hurries on, anxious to complete his work. But in the good old days, in the days when romance and sanity and real joy all went to make up an enjoyable New Year's day, the newsboys used to deliver an attractive carrier's address. This was a New Year's poem of greeting. Sometimes it was from a well known poem, but more frequently it was written for the occasion. And the faithful carrier always received something at every house along his route.—Boston Herald.

Every One Went to Church.
This Was a New Year's Poem.

Freight Embargo Order Received

The local Southern Pacific agent has received notice of a new freight



embargo from headquarters, covering about forty lines in the United States. Hereafter the local depot with other Oregon stations will not receive freight, with certain exceptions, consigned to points and localities specified in the embargos. The action came from the railroads who found themselves unable to guarantee delivery of freight on account of congested traffic conditions.

Exceptions are made in most of the embargoes for perishables, livestock and food provisions. Some of the lines have no exception lists whatever, but refuse outright any kind of shipments. With a few exceptions there are no time limits set on the embargo. Freight men say that it will be raised as soon as traffic conditions are improved.

According to the lists, lumber will probably be the hardest hit material

in Oregon. Few of the roads make any exception, and when they do it is for certain points only. Many of the lines refuse to accept cars now in transit. Wool shipments will also be refused on most of the lines, as well as hay, for which there is no exception made.

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