

HAPPY NEW YEAR

To the Happy Little New Year

You bring us happiness, delight,
Renewed each soul and heart tonight.
Fair child of purity and grace,
We liken to your soul and face
A lily bright.

The old year dies; now rosate grows
The dawn o'er mountains capped with snows.
Your breath so faint, of fragrance rare,
Your smiling lips we would compare
To blushing rose.

Athwart the east a ruddy bar,
Your father, Time, awaits your car.
When you alight what glad surprise,
What happiness, shines in your eyes,
Bright morning star!

Oh, sweet and happy little one,
To every weary mortal run!
Lily and star and rose are you,
And faith and hope you will renew
'Neath New Year's sun.

—Walter Beverley Crane in New York Times.

WHY "HOGMANAY?"

Various Explanations Given of Scotch Name For New Year's Eve.

It is natural with New Year's even more than with other holidays that a large part of the observance should fall upon the eve rather than upon the day. In no other festival or fast is any single moment so important as the moment of midnight that marks the change from the 31st of December to the 1st of January. That is the turning point in the celebration, the thing itself which is celebrated. The early ceremonies lead up to it, and the later ones begin with it.

Nobody knows why the 31st of December should be called Hogmanay in Scotland. In the north of England this word is Hagmena, and in two or three other countries there are names for the day that sound a little like these. Several unlikely guesses have been made at the origin of the word, and they are as unprofitable as guesses made entirely without basis of knowledge usually are. One of them is that the words "Hogmanay, trololay," which occur in a song, are a corruption of "Homme est ne-trois rois ia." This theory ignores with a calmness of indifference that is positively fascinating the fact that the word trololay occurs in a thousand other songs where it could not by any possible stretch of philological imagination mean "trois rois ia." It is here set down only to illustrate once more the absurd extremity to which the craze for ignorantly deriving words will carry its victims. The word Hogmanay was applied also to a certain dose of oat cakes, sometimes accompanied by cheese, given to a child on this day. The children of the poorer people went about in companies asking these gifts, and the people who were more well to do often gave them in such quantities that the problem was rather how to carry them than how to get them.

Going about in large parties to visit neighbors with one sort of ceremony or another formed a part of the observance of many an old custom in England and Scotland, but the present time seems to have been one of the most favored of all in this respect.

NOTE ALL YOUR OLD ERRORS.

Some Suggestions For Starting Another Lap on Life's Journey.

Although with most of us the custom of making an elaborate set of resolutions—all of them to be broken perhaps in a week—belongs to the past, it is by no means a bad idea to sit down and quietly think over their significance in calm retrospect. Such a view is indeed to be commended. Without making vain and foolish resolutions one may carefully note all errors and evade as many of them as possible during the next year.

If the past year has contained more tears than smiles tear off the old page, with its blots and mistakes, and throw it away. A clean new sheet, pure and white, lies before you. Forget to pity yourself so much and contemplate the

condition of those more unfortunate. Cease your lamentations for bygone opportunities and plan for the future. Brace up! If the fates have been unkind to you during the past year try to turn the tables on them now. Do not be discouraged with your lot. Meet it and face it. It is not nearly so bad as it might be.

It is a good thing at the beginning of a fresh year, with the slate clean, to make an effort to rid yourself of that characteristic human mistake of putting too great a value on the opinions of others. Much of the misery or imagined misery of human beings has its origin in the most trifling circumstances. A negligible incident will, if brooded over, induce an attack of the blues that may last for days. Many women, and especially young girls just budding into radiant womanhood, frequently work themselves into a state of anguish through worrying over real or fancied wrongs.

Much Kissing on New Year's

It was the custom on New Year's day for all the citizens, after they had called upon each other during the day, to visit the governor in the evening, men and women together, where it was the custom of the worthy Peter to bestow upon each of the wives and maidens a hearty smack, thus setting a fashion that was no doubt carefully followed by the rest of the men. Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

Rejoicings Upon the New Year's Coming of Age

By CHARLES LAMB

THE Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age, which he does by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Facts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear) and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the Days came. Covers were provided for 365 guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve—little merry, whirling foot pages that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday and a few such movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they are all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but "Hall, fellow Day, well met!" Only Lady Day seemed a little scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day

cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epiphenous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping and Sunshine Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year, from the upper end of the table, returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrove-tide, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days chimed in.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next to him, slipping amorous billets doux under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats and took their leave. Shortest Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. Two Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safely home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the

Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipped him over his shoulders, pickaback fashion, and he went floating home singing
On the bat's back do I fly,
and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another. But Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lovers' Day could wish to set in.

VALENTINE AND MAY WENT TOGETHER.

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WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO INSURE A HAPPY NEW YEAR?

The best resolve to make at this season is to resolve to make others happy. This not only brings happiness to others, but to ourselves. It does not spring from the selfish desire to please ourselves by pleasing others, but from that proper self love which prompts us to do for others what we would have them do for us. In giving pleasure we receive pleasure, and thus the New Year is made brighter and happier for all.

RING OUT, YE BELLS!

IN every country where man keeps New Year's the pealing of the bells is the first herald of dawn of the holiday. For fifteen centuries, ever since Bishop Paulinus introduced bells in the ceremonies of the Christian church, the custom has been followed. It grew out of the ancient habit of exorcising malignant spirits with chimes so that the journey of the dead into the great beyond should be undisturbed.

The great bell of Moscow, the Liberty bell, John Bunyan's bell, the chimes of Old Christ church in Philadelphia, are some of the noted relics whose brazen throats have told the coming of a new year. Modern skill has made the chimes a part of a complicated machine operated by electricity and played by the ringer much as a pianist sits before his instrument, but whether operated by old or modern methods the New Year's peals hold their place undisturbed in the affections of man.

As We Approach a Year.

We approach a new and untried year. As we cross its threshold to meet new and enlarged opportunities let it be with a steadfast purpose to increase our fund of knowledge, our strength of character, our usefulness and helpfulness as never before, realizing that, at best, "the time is short." May the thoughts we have been considering so take possession of us, the purposes born of them so govern that our lives will be sweeter, happier, more practically and truly successful during such time as remains to us here and better fitted for the dawn of that new time which shall be reckoned not by years and have no end.

SWEET CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content.
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent.
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare—
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss.
A mind content both crown and kingdom is. —Robert Greene.

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
Where the old milestone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed or am I changed?
Ah, the oaks are fresh and green!
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

BRIGHT as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas, they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be.
Not the tides that used to run!
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A POETICAL ENIGMA.

T WAS whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder;
'Tis seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder—
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath;
It assists at his birth and attends him in death;

It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health;
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound;
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned.

Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Tis lost to the eye, and, though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.

But in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Oh, breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour!
(Answer.—The letter "H.")
—Katherine Fanshawe.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent,
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty now,
John Anderson, my Jo!

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill together,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' us anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo!
—Robert Burns.

LOWER PRICES



THE VALUES WE OFFER ARE SO BIG THAT WE WANT YOU TO SEE THEM. COME IN NOW, WHILE THE STOCK IS COMPLETE, AND SEE THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS AND THE PRICES WE PLACE ON THEM. THAT'S ALL WE ASK. WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL BUY AND BUY LOTS. BECAUSE YOU WILL FIND THE QUALITY TO BE GOOD AND THE STYLE TO BE CORRECT.

OUR PRICES ARE NOW THE LOWEST OF THE YEAR. WE ARE MAKING OUR JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE.

Special Clearance Prices

1 Lot child's Rubberized rain capes, regular \$2 to \$2.50, ages 6 to 12, priced now to close..... \$1.39

About a dozen ladies new style Fall cloaks left now prices for quick selling about one-half.

N. SELIG.

ENGLAND AT HER OLD TRICKS

England today, is as she was one hundred years ago, crafty and a consuming desire to rule the world.

In the great war that is now tearing at the vitals of the Old World, England seeks to dictate what American ships may and may not carry. To do otherwise her majesty's fleets would deem them contraband and confiscate the cargoes. Of late she has adopted extra precautions and has seized American ships, taken them into British ports for examination. The United States Government has said that this must not be done again or England may get into trouble with your "Pa."

It is very plain to the most casual observer that England has an ulterior motive in this. By hindering the commerce of the United States until the war is over she could still be mistress of the seas. It is to be hoped that Secretary Bryan will evince

enough of the spirit of '76' to make England "keep hands off", England has no love for this or any other country farther than they can be of use to her. The attempt to create sentiment against Germany for the night raid on the English coast fell flat. Does England remember the summer of 1814 when her fleets disregarding all neutrality laws landed and made the Spanish fort of Pensacola her base of supplies and undertook the invasion and conquest of Louisiana? So sure were they of ultimate success, that they chartered ships to carry away the booty, estimated at fourteen million dollars. The officers also brought their wives to participate in the festivities that were to be pulled off after the victory. The Commander-in-chief of the British forces made overtures to Jean Lafitte, a buccaneer, offering him \$30,000 and a commission of captain in the British navy and to enlist all his men if he would assist them in the invasion of

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