A HAPPY NEW YEAR
THE EMPORIUM
"QUALITY CANDIES"—SAINT PAUL

Minnesota Historical Society

THE APPEAL.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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MR. FOX WAS SO SICK

MR. FOX thought that he would try singing to Miss Henny Plump to see if he could not entice her to come out one night as the door of her house was locked and he could not get in.

"You can come out through the window that is open over my head," said Mr. Fox, looking up with longing eyes at Miss Henny through a small crack in the wall of the poultry house.

"You need not be afraid, my dear Miss Henny," said Mr. Fox, "I will be right here to catch you if you fall."

"And if I don't fall you will catch me, too, Mr. Fox," said Miss Henny.

"I wonder if she suspects my plan?" thought Mr. Fox, but he did not ask. Instead he said, "I will sing for you here in the moonlight while you are flying up to the window, then you will know I am patiently waiting for you to appear."

But Miss Henny Plump knew all about smooth-talking Mr. Fox and

Mr. Fox Began to Sing.

she knew, too, that she was safe so long as she stayed inside her house, so she flew up closer to the window, where she could look down at him, but she did not go out.

Mr. Fox began to sing with his eyes fixed upon the window, but when he saw Miss Henny looking he stopped and asked why she did not come down.

"Oh! Mr. Fox, you are so wonderful," she said. "There are a few harsh tones that should be smoothed out and when that is done I am sure that all who listen will be so charmed that they will be unable to refuse anything you ask."

Mr. Fox began to feel flattered. "What can I do to smooth those harsh tones?" he asked.

"I really should not tell you, for it belongs to Mr. Dog, and he thinks his voice the best in the world, but it is all on account of what he uses to make it smooth," said Miss Henny.

"Tell me what it is, Miss Henny," pleaded Mr. Fox, forgetting about wanting her for his breakfast.

"Well, if you will promise not to tell anyone I'll tell you what he takes to make his voice beautiful," Miss Henny replied.

Of course Mr. Fox promised and crossed his heart not to tell and Miss Henny told him that in a pail right by the barn was some very black-looking oil, but that he must promise also not to eat it all or Mr. Dog would be very angry, indeed.

"I am sure a little will be all you need to take, Mr. Fox," said Mrs. Henny.

Mr. Fox did not wait to hear any more. If it was something that belonged to Mr. Dog he would eat every last drop of it, for Mr. Fox did not care for Mr. Dog the least bit.

Mr. Fox poked his head in the pail. It did not taste very nice, but it would make Mr. Dog angry when he found it gone and so he did not stop until he had licked the bottom of the pail.

Then back to the poultry house he ran and sat down and began to sing. He had hardly began when he commenced to feel queer about his stomach. "I don't feel quite well. I think I'd better run home," he told Miss Henny.

"I guess you had, Mr. Fox," she replied, "for you are going to be very sick, very sick, indeed. That was grease the farmer uses for the wheels of his wagon and you will not care for poultry for a long time."

But Mr. Fox didn't hear the last of what Miss Henny said. He was hurrying home as fast as he could, for every little while he had to stop and lie down, he was so sick. "I wish I had that Miss Henny," he began "Oh, no, I don't. I never want to see a chicken or hen again. Oh! I am so sick. Oh, dear, what shall I do!"

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

BERTHA

BERTHA, signifying bright, has an extraordinary ecclesiastical flavor. In old German chronicles the feast of Theophania is translated by a word meaning brightened night, and the root of that word is "perahta." How perahta, or berahta, became an individual character is too involved for space here, but it is sufficient to say that Perahta, or Bertha, was a sacred being, called, in an old Alsatian poem, the mild Berchte, in whose honor all young farmers dance, ring cattle bells and blow whistles throughout the night of the feast.

She is pictured as an old, white-haired woman, with a long nose, who creeps into nurseries and comforts little children neglected by their nurses. In other stories, she is used as a figure of terror to frighten children and is the avenger of idle spinners. Frau Bertha is undoubtedly the impersonation of the Epiphany, though there is an effort to connect her with the old mythical Huldr, and other etymologists believe her to be another name for the Goddess Freya, wife of Odin.

One of the most famous Berthas was the wife of Pepin and mother of Charlemagne, known as "Bertha aux grands pieds." Another Bertha of historical fame was her daughter, sister of Charlemagne and wife of Orlando, who, being in great want, supported herself spinning until her son won recognition from his powerful uncle.

Because of Queen Bertha of Switzerland, the name has always been very popular there. It has also had great vogue in England since the Norman conquest, and even before that time it was in use, having named the daughter of Chilperic, king of Paris, and wife of Ethelbert of Kent, who smoothed the way for St. Aguustine's mission. It is used quite commonly in France and Germany, and in Dante's time was so frequent in Italy that he places Monna Berta with Ser Martino as the chief of the gossips. Southey gave it additional vogue in England by so-calling one of his heroines, and it even penetrated Greece by the marriage of a German princess of that name to a Greek emperor.

Bertha's talismanic stone is the beryl, which is said to keep its wearer amiable and with inconquerable charm. Wearing a beryl will reawaken love in married people. Sunday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

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His Opinion.

Smithers—I see by the paper that they caught a girl on a freight train dressed in masculine attire.

Hen-Peck—That's what I call a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Mother's Cook Book

We climbed the heights by the zigzag path,
And wondered why—until
We understood it was made zigzag
To break the "force of the hill!"

A road straight up would prove too steep
For the traveler's feet to tread:
The thought was kind in its wise design
Of a zigzag path instead.

HONEY DISHES

THOSE of us who are not bee keepers will not feel that it is economy to use much honey in cookery, but rather as a sweet, and as an occasional treat; however, those who have it in abundance will enjoy a few of the dishes made famous by the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck who has written very entertainingly of the bee and its habits.

Honey and Sour Milk Ginger Bread.

Blend one cupful of honey, one-half cupful of sour milk and one-half cupful of butter; two well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of salt, one and three-quarters teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Heat the honey and butter and when just at the boiling point remove from the fire and add the sour milk and the eggs and dry ingredients. Bake in a sheet and coat with a thin icing.

Baked Apples With Honey.

Core large apples, fill each cavity with honey and top with pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally.

Pears are also delicious (using lemon juice with the honey) baked in this way.

Ham Cured With Honey.

To every 50 pounds of ham use a brine of four pounds of coarse salt, one ounce of saltpeter, two pounds of honey and two gallons of water. Blend well, pour over the hams and let them stand for six weeks. They will be found delicious in flavor.

Oatmeal Honey Bread.

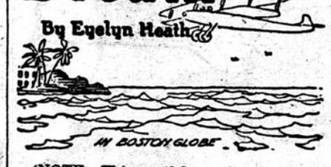
To a cupful of rolled oats add three cupfuls of hot water, half a cupful of honey, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt. When cooled to blood heat add a dissolved yeast cake. Stir in flour till a suitable dough for kneading has been made. Raise again and make into two loaves. Raise again and brush with one teaspoonful of honey and two tablespoonfuls of milk just before going into the oven.

Honey is a natural sweet and should be given to children to satisfy the craving for sweets which is natural to childhood.

Fresh preserves are quite different when prepared with honey instead of sugar. Quinces are especially delicious when preserved with honey. Served with whipped cream they make the most delectable dessert.

New Year's Dream

By Evelyn Heath



(NOTE.—This article, printed in the Boston Globe in 1893, predicted many things which have become a reality in much less time than anticipated.)

THIS New Year's eve while I lounged with nothing else to do, I scanned each column of the Globe and almost ere I knew a growing dimness stole across the printed page; I drew it nearer, and behold! 'twas yellowed o'er with age. My hands, I found, had wrinkled grown, my locks were changed to gray; my form was bent, my vision dim, my teeth had passed away. And as I gazed I heard a voice, "Good morning, grandma, dear! I wish you many, many times a Happy, Glad New Year." Then tall men said they were my sons, and daughters fair to see told me this wasn't ninety-three, but nineteen forty-three.

Said I: "My memory has failed; how goes the world today?"

"You shall go out this afternoon and see the town," cried they.

At that the tears flowed down my cheeks. Quoth I, "The days are ended when these poor eyes could see the sights."

"Oh, no! we'll have them mended." A grown-up son then seized a knob and gave three pulls upon it: "The car will be here at once, mother; put on your bonnet." And while he spoke the coupe came; 'twas wonderful to me, how faster than e'en fabled horse was electricity. My son just turned and touched a screw; you'd think I'd lost my mind if I should tell how fast we flew, for we left the wind behind.

We went to see the surgeon first. "The lenses crystalline have grown too flat with age," he said. "We must put new ones in."

With that he hypnotized my mind in some peculiar way, such rare sweet visions floated by, then quickly passed away.

I woke, my eyes were strong and well, and hastening to depart we paid the fee and entered next a gallery of art. But as to pictures, when I turned, so very strange they seemed, I thought the artist must have sketched the stories he had dreamed.

"We never think of painting now," my guide said, with a laugh. "These are but landscapes in the moon, taken by photograph."

"What! are there people in the moon?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said he. "Here is a lunar telescope; look through and you will see."

I gazed, and to my great surprise distinctly saw them walking. I listened at another tube and there I heard them talking.

"You see," said he, "we've learned to catch such swift, intense vibrations in the thin ether that we hear their slightest intonations. You look surprised," my son went on. "I'll show those eyes of yours a sight worth while, our famous scheme that beats the Paris sewers. These little gutters ramify through all the streets and streets and catch the rain and hail and melting snow. These tiny gratings match, conducting down to pipes beneath, which take it miles below straight towards the center of the earth, where the great heat, you know, will turn it into steam of course, and up it comes again, by other pipes, to spin and weave and cook and print for men. It feeds the factories through the land with no expense for fuel; it polishes for artisans full many a precious jewel. We've laid large pipes through all the streets to warm the winter weather, so rheumatism's out of date and done with altogether.

"Now, mother, we will go and lunch in Afric's sunny clime," and drawing out his watch he said, "I see there's ample time. The sub-Atlantic tunnel's done; we'll take it over there. The cars are sent through every hour by the force of compressed air." He placed me on a cushioned seat within an egg-shaped car, suspended in an iron tube. I felt a sudden jar, and then, to my astonishment, conscious of nothing more, I found that we were standing upon the farther shore.

And soon we reached a city near the Mountains of the Moon. (They told me Ethiopia would be admitted soon as one of the United States, for China late had been.) We found a place to order lunch, by three tall men brought in. They served us well, but spoke no word, while gravely bowing low.

Quoth me: "I thought that slavery was done with long ago."

"So 'tis," said he. "Then who," I asked, "are these three stalwart fellows?"

"They are not human, mother, dear; they're only tame gorillas."

Much as I feared the tunnel then, I feared gorillas more, and glad was I to come again back to our beloved shore.

"When home once more my son remarked: "You'll want to see the play at the Olympian theater; it is their matinee."

"I think I'd like to stay indoors," I said, "and rest awhile."

"Oh, well, you need not leave the house," he answered with a smile. "We do not go to theaters like the canaille, I hope. Just darken, close the drawing-room, open the dioscope and you will see the actresses, the cornices and frieze. Beside it stands the telephone and you can hear with ease."

"What is a dioscope?" I cried.

"A small, objective lens, so placed as to command the stage (as all the world now kens), connected by electric wire with yon white plate of glass that's framed in panel on our wall, and over this will pass the scenery and actors both until the play is through. By electricians it was tried in 1882.* But that is quite old-fashioned, so I'll show you something new. You'll want to ride in my balloon directly after tea; I'll take you, if you're not too tired, up to the Polar sea."

His kindness overpowered me, and I began to weep, when someone shouted in my ear, "You are crying in your sleep."

The Globe had fallen on the floor, the lamp was growing dim, so what my son might yet have said is known to none but him.

*A fact.

BANISH THAT STRAW MAN

Supposing you thought you had been able to ward off all bad luck during the coming year by merely throwing a straw image out of your house on the last day of December. You would have thrown out not only one image, but a dozen. And supposing that with the discarding of the straw effigy you had thrown away all your sins. This is what the people of far-away Korea believe. On the day before New Year's the wise and far-seeing head of each family carefully makes a rough image of straw, which, with great ceremony, is taken to the door and thrown away with all the vigor a man would exert when he threw away ill fortune.

NEW YEAR OF ANCIENTS

The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their new year at the autumnal solstice (September 21) and the Greeks, until the Fifth century, B. C., began the year at the winter solstice (December 21). In 432, B. C., the Greeks changed the festival to June 21, the beginning of summer.

THE JULIAN CALENDAR

In the Julian calendar New Year day occurs 12 days later than in the Gregorian and the countries in which the Greek church predominates observe the holiday on January 13.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

LET'S NOT DESPAIR

TAKEN generally this world is about what may be expected of it, considering the sort of people who are in it.

Mourning for the dead, dead days of long ago has a sentimental value, but otherwise is pretty useless.

Man was not born to become perfect in a hurry. He isn't perfect now, even after some millions of years of opportunity for development.

But he is more nearly perfect than he was two thousand years ago, or for that matter, a hundred years ago. In other words, he's progressing.

He isn't war-proof yet. He hasn't found any means of settling his biggest quarrels except by taking up arms.

But he doesn't burn witches any longer, and he accords his fellows more right to their opinions than he used to.

Incidentally his morals are better than they were in the time of Rome, and he has done considerable to add to his comforts and to his education.

We have better means of understanding each other than we used to. We know what is going on in Sydney and Nome and Tokyo, and can go to the movies and see pictures of elephants a pilin' teak in India. All this makes for education, and as H. G. Wells tells us, education eventually means perfect civilization.

It may not be the best of all possible worlds, but it is the best world that people now living have experienced. And we think it is getting better.

Anyway, just because women wear short skirts, and crowds go to prize fights, let's not despair. We're improving, slowly but surely, and by and by we can work out our own salvation. And a time like this, when there is more going on than there ever has been before, is surely a good time in which to be living.

Where Your Taxes Go

How Uncle Sam Spends Your Money in Conducting Your Business

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

Author "Washington Close-Ups," "Banks and Financial Systems," etc. Contributor Political and Economic Articles to Leading Periodicals and a Writer of Recognized Authority on the National Government's Business Methods.

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XXIII.

WHY GOOD MEN QUIT

Go today into the Treasury department, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce, or into any other establishment of the government doing important technical work, and they will tell you that their chief difficulty is to retain competent employees in the supervisory and technical positions. Their turnover is abnormally high in these positions.

Every day men leave the service to accept private employment at materially increased salaries, so that the departments are continuously going through a process of selecting and training executives and technical employees, only to lose them, as they become really valuable, on account of the inadequacy of their compensation.

The second factor which contributes to the present ineffectiveness of the government as a business establishment is found in the improper organization of the executive branch of the government for effective service. You are familiar, at least in a general way, with the defects of the present administrative machinery.

You know for example, that the Interior department now has jurisdiction over a great number of bureaus of a miscellaneous character that have nothing to do with each other or with the functions which the Interior department was originally established to perform.

You know that many agencies have been located in the Treasury department, the great fiscal department of the government, which are purely nonfiscal in character, such as the coast guard, the public health service, the supervising architect's office and the bureau of war risk insurance.

You know that the great bulk of the civil public works of the government are executed under the supervision of the War department, although the bureau of public roads is located in the Department of Agriculture, and the reclamation service in the Department of the Interior.

You know, furthermore, of the independent existence outside the jurisdiction of any of the great executive departments of some 40-odd boards, commissions, offices and bureaus.

These are merely examples of a condition that would require volumes to describe fully, but it is generally known that the executive branch of the government is at the present time illogically and uneconomically organized in many important particulars.

It should be remembered, however, that even with an ideal personnel and a perfect organization it is doubtful if the high degree of economy and efficiency that characterizes private business can ever be attained in the government offices. This is so because economies made by government officials are not transformed into dividends for themselves as they are in private business.

There is an impression in congress and throughout the country that men of great ability are not found in government service; that the salaries are not sufficient to attract and hold them. On the contrary, there are a great many people of distinguished ability in the government service. One is more and more impressed by that fact, especially since the war sent to Washington so many men of large means and famous names with whom the government employees could be compared. The comparison was time and again to the advantage of the government employee. But the salaries are not the attraction; it is the work itself. This is well understood by some eminent observers of public life. Secretary of State Hughes declared himself as follows before the advisory committees of the war risk insurance bureau:

It has been my experience that with the higher officers, the officers of greater institutions, where efficiency is rewarded by public representation—while the field is a limited one because of the great opportunity to men of ability—it is still entirely possible to draw to the public service men of great ability and distinction, because of the desire to render public service, and the number of men who are available for that purpose, while relatively small, is still sufficient if the appointing officer wants men of that class. In order to obtain them, however, he must give a free field. He must not interfere as to political action to control administration tendencies and must permit them to be given the reward which a well-conducted office of importance will give to its incumbent in the public estimation.

Now the difficulty increases when you pass those heads that get the credit and come to the technical expert who has got to do the regluar work and upon whose efficiency the operation of the department finally depends. These men are little known. The public hasn't time even to learn their names. They are interested in work to a degree of being willing to make sacrifices.

There is active competition for men of brains and great ability of that sort, and the government will never be served unless it pays the price for those men. Now I think that is a plain situation. You may be able to get a director in the bureau of war risk insurance for $5,000 a year, or for nothing at all, but you cannot get an actuary. You cannot get insurance men. You cannot get superintendents. That would be my judgment.

CUPID OPENS U. S. GATE

Russian Refugee Stowaway Permitted to Enter Country.

First Officer of the Manitowoc Falls in Love With Girl He Found in Hiding on Ship—Passports Are Waved.

Washington.—Love came to Anna Vivdenko, a Russian refugee stowaway on the high seas, after she and her companion, Evguenia Bonar, had been discovered hiding on the American steamship Manitowoc, bound from the Black sea to Baltimore.

When John Brakka, first officer on the Manitowoc, ordered the trembling girls to emerge from their hiding place, he little thought that before the voyage ended he would have plighted his troth to Anna. But this is exactly what happened, and the bureau of immigration, Department of Labor, has set aside the recommendation of deportation made by the board of special inquiry at Baltimore, and admitted them for six months. The State department, "for humanitarian reasons," waved passport requirements.

Anna and Evguenia, the former a vocalist and typist, the latter an actress, were employed on the dock at Neveressick, Russia, when the Manitowoc arrived for cargo. They conspired to stowaway on the American vessel and seek fame and fortune in the new land.

Two Russian boys, with whom they had worked, were taken into the secret, and the four found a black hole big enough to accommodate them all. Two days out they were discovered, and their problem became the problem of Capt. Waldemar Knudsen.

The captain decided to put the boys ashore at Messina, Italy, but the girls pleaded so piteously to be allowed to remain that his heart softened towards them. So, when soviet soldiers searched his ship at other Russian ports he found a hiding place for the girls and brought them to the United States.

The barrier of language did not prevent John Brakke from speaking to Anna in the language of love, and before the ship reached Baltimore she had consented to become his wife.

Anna sang small parts in Russian grand opera and Evguenia was an actress of ability, their papers show. Anna is nineteen and her companion twenty-one. Brakke is forty-one. When they reached Baltimore the girls' combined wardrobe consisted of three pieces and one hat.

CHINESE WOMAN SOLDIER

In the South, where China's radicals are concentrated, the women, feeling that the Canton government holds out the best hope of the emancipation of their sex, are volunteering in unusual numbers to serve in the southern armies. This photo shows one of these "lady recruits," as they are called, standing on guard outside one of the government buildings in Canton.

ART BRINGS $1,500 IN 4 YEARS

English Painter Says the American Public Will Buy Only Dead Masters' Works.

London.—An income of $1,500 in four years from the painting of pictures has been confessed by C. R. W. Nevinson, an artist known both in England and the United States.

Across the water the study of art is most discouraging, worse than in England, Mr. Nevinson declared. "The American public buys only the gilt-edged dead masters," he said. "America is admittedly only interested in the antique, so she might as well close her art schools."

Slips on Banana Painting.

London.—William Boggerty sued a street pavement artist for damages owing to a broken leg. Boggerty claimed that the artist used greasy chalk, causing him to slip on a drawing of a banana on the pavement.

U. S. FILM SHOWS DANGERS TO ELK

Campaign to Save Majestic Member of Deer Family From Fate of the Buffalo.

STARVATION GREATEST FOE

Adequate Winter Grazing Grounds Are an Absolute Necessity—Winter Snows Drive Herds Into Forests Where Poachers Get Them.

Washington.—The question of whether the elk—a noble American animal and the most majestic of the deer family—is to follow the buffalo into near-extinction is asked in film form in a new United States Department of Agriculture motion picture, "When Elk Come Down."

Up in the highlands of Yellowstone National park dwell the remaining big herds of this animal. In the park where they are well protected there is an abundance of feed in the summer time. But in the winter, when the big snows sweep down on the Rockies, the elk are forced from the mountains and out of the park, to the lower levels where there is less snow. In this annual migration many of the elk pass into the national forests which entirely surround the park. Thus they become a source of concern to the forest service, which, in co-operation with the Montana state game department, is responsible for the new film.

To Protect the Elk.

The film story opens when a big snow is due. From a ranger station, forest rangers and a state game warden start out to protect the elk from "tooth hunters." Up in the mountains "Six Prong," a great bull elk, sniffs the coming snow and starts to lead his clan to the lower country. Sam Bil-

Most Majestic of Deer Family.

ler, a notorious poacher, also senses the coming of "elk weather," and he and a companion leave their cabin for the open ranges, knowing that the elk will be easy to trail and kill when they are handicapped by snow and hunger. The adventures of the three elements in the triangle are then shown, up to the trailing and killing of an elk by Biller and Biller's arrest by the rangers. The story ends with the statement that the elk can be protected from poachers, but that starvation, the animals' other dangerous foe, can be permanently thwarted only by the provision of adequate winter grazing grounds.

The available winter range in the national forests is far too limited in area to support the great bands that migrate from the Yellowstone park. The greater part of the winter feeding grounds is, also, not within the national forests but under private ownership. The solution of the elk problem, it is said, lies in the purchase of these private lands either by the government or by popular subscription.

Cold Photography.

"When Elk Come Down," was photographed last February in the Absaroka national forest, Montana. The camera work was done with the thermometer twenty and thirty degrees below zero. There are many scenes in which the elk appear on the snow-covered mountains. Good "close-ups" of the animals were obtained by the use of telephoto lenses.

The picture, two reels in length, will be distributed and exhibited largely through the co-operation of organizations interested in perpetuating the elk and other game animals. Prints may be borrowed from the department, or may be bought at the manufacturing cost by authorized institutions.

Crow Rides With Mailman.

Norwich, N. Y.—John Cheehy, rural mail carrier, has a pet crow named Jim, which rides with him on his mail route. The crow has never offered to fly away and may be seen every day riding with Sheehy in the latter's automobile.

Often the crow is perched on Sheehy's shoulder when he goes to the post office to make up his mail for delivery. The crow was taken out of a nest and is about two months old.

Two Men First to Climb Mt. Victoria.

Lake Louise, Alberta.—Val A. Flynn of St. Louis, noted amateur mountain climber, and Rudolph Aemer, Swiss guide, succeeded in climbing the face of Mount Victoria in the Selkirk range, 11,600 feet. This is the first time this feat has been performed. Flynn has tried it three times before.