

WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR IN DUE AND PROPER FORM

THE seeing of "the Old Year out and New Year in" throughout the world is generally accompanied by much merriment and sometimes with much noise. But whereas in some countries the "wild" night has disappeared and has been replaced by celebrations more in keeping with the passing of a year of past opportunities, and the making of new resolutions for the coming year, on this continent, at least, the night has been given up to revelry strongly condemned by right thinking people.

At one time New Year's eve in Berlin was a time that might have gladdened the heart of the most exuberant undergraduate, being from dusk to dawn a succession of practical jokes and good-natured "ragging." But nowadays the town shows a more sedate temper, and in a very German way a beer or a wine "journey" (to give the German expression) often reminds one in the small hours of what used to be seen at the same time of the year in the ancient world, the days seem to have passed by when it was unsafe for a cabman to show himself in the city before dawn, for fear of having some joker ride away on his unharnessed "Polly."

In those times the silk hat was more worn than today, and still more often was crushed in or thrown across the street by some of the more rampagous. It is said that one could then buy a cheap edition of the silk hat that had a gloss that would last through the evening, and at a price that made its disappearance quite sufficient.

Today such practical jokes have dropped into the background. Berlin and the rest of the empire indulge in a celebration of the New Year that has something of the French revelion, something of the Scottish festivity, and also some reminders of April Fools' day and Gunpowder Plot day in England, and the Chinese New Year's "Feast of Lanterns."

New Year's day in Germany is the day for sending the jokes and would-be jokes that are generally held over until April 1 in France and England—clips that might seem to be burning, references to such rarities as the peacock's eggs, and all the "sells" that can be thought of. Then, as the English of the North may eat *toffee* and "parkin" on the eve of the 5th of November, the Germans have a special fare of pancakes and jam, with punch.

The rattle reminds one of the Orient. It is the article of the day, or rather of the night. Even the biggest stores in the capital head their weekly catalogue with a list of the styles of rattles that they have to sell, and no self-respecting Berliner is without one when he sallies forth late in evening to make a round of the town before saluting the emperor with the guard in front of the palace in the Lustgarten at nine o'clock.

The occasion also offers another example of the extraordinary powers of endurance in the matter of entertainment that the Berliner possesses. Although business begins at eight, and in some offices even as early as half-past seven, there are as many in the cafes between two and three in the morning as one would see, for example, between one and two in Paris—a much more leisured city.

And on New Year's eve the company does not go home to bed with the milk, as in the French capital, but sees it out until it is a question of whether luncheon shall come before or after the sleep.

Supper in the better-known restaurants in the center of Berlin and in Charlottenburg's fine avenue of Kurfurstendamm is much on the lines of the Paris revelion. There is no mention of the traditional "Boudin avec sauce de pommes," but in return the panecakes and clump get their place, and there is always some punch in the making.

New Year's eve is marked at the Court of Vienna by a ceremony somewhat reminiscent of "Hamlet" without the chief character. The diplomatic body is invited to the Hofburg to wish the emperor the compliments of the season, but his imperial majesty never attends to receive them. Since the days of Maria Theresa it has been the custom for the grand master of the court to deputize for his sovereign on this occasion, and no member of the imperial family is ever present.

This ceremony, which is commonly known as "the homage to Gessler's hat," is so strongly resented by some diplomats that they purposely absent themselves from Vienna at this time of the year in order to evade it.

At Queen's college, Oxford, besides



"HULLO! WORLD, 1915, PLEASE!"

the picturesque procession of the bear's head at Christmas, a quaint but less known custom for New Year's day has been retained. After dinner on this anniversary the burser presents to each guest a needle threaded with silk of a color suitable to his faculty, and prays for his prosperity in the words, "Take this and be thrifty." This word "thrifty" has no connection with the philosophy of the late Samuel Smiles, but is, according to Doctor Magrath, the retired provost, the old English for prosperous.

To "grow thrifty" in the sense of to thrive was used in America within living memory. The ceremony is a practical Norman-French pun (*alguille* at all) upon the name of Eglesfield, the chaplain to Queen Philippe, who was the real founder of the college. A picturesque ceremony marks New Year's eve at the court of Dresden.

A reception is held in the evening—generally one of the most thronged of the year—during which the king instead of receiving the guests in his ordinary manner, plays cards with his suite.

Those invited file past a group of card-tables, all the players at which are intent upon the game, except the king, whose aide-de-camp stands behind his chair and whispers the card for him to throw, so his majesty can devote his attention to acknowledging the greetings of his courtiers. The king plays a card, then bows as a curtsying lady catches his eyes, then another card, another bow, and so on, until the long procession has passed.

The little Scotch fishing village of Burghhead, on the Moray Firth, keeps up a strange survival of pagan ritual, the burning of the "Clavie." This is a sort of rude spoked wheel or tub made from half a herring-cask and half a tar-barrel, knocked together without the use of a hammer, for which a smooth stone is substituted. The blacksmith supplies a long nail.

This contrivance is borne flaming on the shoulders of a succession of bearers to the town boundaries, and then to the "Doorie," a sort of stone altar, on a small hill. The "Clavie" is then smashed and the crowd scrambles for the pieces. The custom defies explanation and is immemorial.

The great Scottish festival of Hogmanay is celebrated in "the wee, sma' doors ayont the twal" with unusual zest among the Caledonians.

In every corner of our far-flung empire, wherever the Scot has carried his accent and his Robert Burns, the festival of the Celtic race will find its earnest, if decadent, expression in good wishes and good resolutions for the new-born year.

If you have taken part in the festival in Scotland itself you will be able to conjure up what the Saturnalia was in the classic days. The modern Italian carnival bears little resemblance to that great festival in which the worker in the field expressed his whole-hearted delight that one year of toil had ended, and that a new, and perhaps a better, year had dawned.

Hogmanay is the Saturnalia of Scotland, and if the Bacchanalian ele-

ment—at all events in the far North—is a trifle strong, it cannot be doubted that enmities are ended and friendships strengthened in the general rejoicings.

So then, every Scot, wherever and whatever his lot—Scots Wha Hae and Scots Wha Hinn—will raise the glass to the New Year, and his heart will turn to the Mecca of his hopes, the home of his poet and prophet, Robert Burns.

Writing to an English friend from Scotland in 1802, Henry Bickersteth says: On December 31 almost everybody has a party, either to dine or sup, the company almost entirely consisting of young people. They wait together till midnight strikes, at which time every one begins to move, and they all fall to work—at what? Why, kissing! Each male is successively locked in a pure Platonic embrace with each female. This matter is not at all confined to those, but wherever man meets woman it is the privilege of this hour.

New Year's gifts have taken many different forms; at different periods from the eggs exchanged by the Persians and the sacred branches of mistletoe of the Druids down to the fat capon which the tenants in many English counties were expected to present to their landlords.

In the sixteenth century, gloves were often given on New Year's day, and there is record of a certain Mrs. Croaker, in whose favor Sir Thomas More had decided a case, sending the chancellor a pair of gloves with 40 gold angels therein.

"Mistress" wrote More, returning the money. "Since it were against manners to refuse a New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but, as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

What precisely is "Hogmanay"? Etymologically, it has been derived from the French "au-gui-menez," "come on to the mistletoe." The Norman French "a-gul-an-peuf," also an association of the New Year and mistletoe, seems likelier.

Can anyone tell us precisely, what was the origin of the custom in some parts of England, of the going to the parents' bedroom on New Year's morning with new snow (if it can be had), and the song,

New Year's day in the morning
The cocks begin to crow
Open the doors and let me in
And I'll give you some New Year's snow.

The Zulu Trick.

The English soldiers who had served in South Africa quickly taught the allies in France how to sleep comfortably on the ground.

To sleep on the ground in the ordinary way, without the aid of this South African trick, which the English learned from the Zulus, is so painful as to be almost impossible. Sleep, instead of resting, fatigues.

The Zulu trick is to dig a little hole to hold the hip bone. The soldier can then rest on back or side with equal comfort. He rises from his slumber on the hard ground as refreshed as if he had slept on a feather bed.

The Canny Scot.

A Scotchman recently returning home from Russia would now be in a German jail had he not written British after his name on the passenger list. The naval officer who stopped the ship he was on carefully removed all English, but British escaped the German eagle's eye. An eminent divine said some 200 years ago: "In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense." If he were alive today he might say it again.—Baltimore Sur.

Johnny Knew Them.

"Johnny," said the minister, "can you name the three graces?"
"Sure," replied the little fellow. "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

When Was He in the Legislature?

"The legislature, pa—?" "The average legislator, my son," replied J. Fuller Bloom, "is a debating society wherein nobody knows what he is talking about, and does not care anything about what anybody else is talking about."

Perhaps He Had None.

A fellow has his face shaved, hair cut, shoes polished, clothes pressed and had brushed, then pays no attention whatever to his dissipated conduct.—Toledo Blade.

NEW IN CONFIDENCE GAMES

Mining Promoter Working in New York Is Very Evidently a Man of Ideas.

Edgar Lewis, moving picture director, told a story to his guests in a cafe of a confidence man with new ideas. He called the swindler Nat Pierce in telling the story. Mr. Lewis said that he was sitting near a group of rich westerners in the Waldorf when he heard a voice calling "Nat Pierce, please." The westerners became interested. One of them said:

"That is the name of the clever promoter we met today. Let's see who is calling on him."

They stopped the page and took the card. It was that of Senator Ellihu Root.

"Ha, ha!" they said, "he must be all right. Here is Senator Root's card." Soon another page came through "Peacock alley" calling "Nat Pierce, please!"

The westerners stopped him and looked at the card. It was that of M. Jusserand, the French ambassador.

"This is enough!" they chorused, and went out to look for Nat Pierce and his glittering opportunity. They found him carelessly shuffling a collection of cards ranging from Governor-elect Whitman's to that of President Poincare of the republic of France.—New York Sun.

At the First Signs

Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Satan's Way.

Mrs. Kilgore was the pretty young wife of the elderly village pastor. One day she went into the city with a friend and, among other things, bought a new frock. "Another frock, my dear?" said her husband. "Did you need another?" "Yes," said the wife, hesitatingly. "I do need it; and, besides, it was so pretty that the devil tempted me." "But you should have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Have you forgotten that?" "Oh, no; but that was what made the trouble, hubby, dear. I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he hid, but he whispered over my shoulder, 'It just fits you beautifully in the back!' And I just had to take it then."—Harper's Magazine.

Starting Too High.

"You told me before I married you that my slightest wish would be gratified."
"So I did, my dear, but I had no idea at that time that your slightest wish would be a limousine."

A Blow to Estheticism.

"What's the matter with Professor Biggers? Is he suffering from palsy?"
"No. He began to shudder when the Germans first bombarded Reims and he hasn't been able to stop yet."

More for Your Cash.

"It costs more to live now than it did in the old days."
"Yes, but you get more kinds of life."

Something Hercules Never Did.

"Pa, what is meant by 'herculean labor'?"
"Hooking a woman up the back, son."

At Last Accounts She Was Dead.

The Colonel—Is it true, Sogback, that your wife is dead?
Brother Sogback—Yessah, tanky sah; or, leastways, she was yist'dy.

Its Size.

"What is that story Bragg is telling of himself about?"
"About the limit."

Not Flattering.

He—Whenever I sing the dog howls. She—The instinct of imitation, I suppose.—Boston Evening Transcript.

An Exception.

"I don't take any stock in a man who will blacken his own business."
"But suppose he's a minstrel?"

His Wife's Ways.

"Isn't your wife a clipper?"
"She's more. She's a revenue cutter!"—Judge.

Right There.

"What fad has the club on hand now?"
"I believe it's palmistry."

Its Development.

"How does a language grow?"
"I should suppose from the roots of the words."

When the average man makes his wife an expensive present she always thinks he must be guilty of something.

COLDS & LA GRIPPE

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever, Colds & LaGrippe; it acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. Price 25c.—Adv.

So Low You Can Only Feel It.

An organ recently installed in Lowell, Mass., can produce a tone an octave lower than has ever been known before. It is described as a mighty atmospheric throb of awesome majesty, and scientists declare that it must be rather felt than heard.

For any one use Hanford's Balsam.

You can't keep a good man down; nor an upstart.

Industrious Spiders.

They have very industrious spiders down in South America. We think our spiders here work hard enough, but down there they are said to work overtime. Upon one occasion, at least, they completely disorganized the telegraph service in part of the Argentine republic by spinning too many webs across the lines. As soon as dew fell or shower of rain came on, each one of the innumerable microscopic threads, becoming wet, set in motion a tiny leakage of electric current. These millions of leaks practically stopped the operation of the lines, thus putting the government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Aires, to serious inconvenience and expense.

Their Trouble.

A member of the board of education, serving as chairman of the board of superintendents, was in need of a teacher, and he wanted a certain woman whom he knew to have passed the examination satisfactorily, but who for some reason had not yet been assigned. In his indignation he called up the office of the board and in a sharp, impatient voice asked:

"What is the matter with the board of superintendents, anyway?"

"The trouble with the board of superintendents," came the slowly drawled reply, "is that they take themselves too seriously. They forget that God made them just for the fun of it."—New York Evening Post.

Wives Have More Now.

Soldiers' wives find themselves in many cases in receipt of much more money than they were when their husbands were at home.

"Is a' this money for me?" asked the wife of a Glasgow soldier when she received her first week's allowance.

"Aye, a' for you," responded the general pay sergeant.

"Will I hae a' this money every week?"

"Weel, then," said she, "ye can tak' my guid man an' keep him as long as ye like. I never had sae muckle money before."—London Chronicle.

Festidious Shopping.

A butcher in a "nice part" of town tells of the curious whims of some of his well-to-do patrons.

One of them, it appears, rushed into his shop just about closing time and exclaimed:

"My husband desired that I should come in this afternoon and order some special English chops, and I've been so busy until now I haven't had the time. Now I shall be compelled to carry them. And couldn't you please have them wrapped so that they will look like a book?"

Important to Mothers

Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Knew His Daughter.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Grumbells—Has she accepted you?
Young Man—Yes, sir.
Grumbells—Then why do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles?

Lizzie Would Stay.

Mrs. Atwell had had a quarrel with her maid, Lizzie, and the maid remarked that she would leave.

"Lizzie," said the mistress, severely, "you must stay until I get another girl."

"I intend to, mum," said Lizzie. "Shure it's only right some wan should tell her the kind of a woman ye are."

How Else?

"How do you explain the reported reduction in the size of Boston's smart set?"

"Oh, in the usual way."
"And how is that?"
"There's a strong-minded woman behind it."

Visible Proof.

"Clubleigh's wife is deaf and dumb."

"Does she talk with her fingers?"
"I guess so. Clubleigh hasn't a dozen hairs left on his head."

Forced Out.

"Why did Congressman Blowster retire to private life?"
"Oh, for the usual reason."
"And what was that?"
"Another man got more votes than he did."

At the Front.

"I have enlisted as a chauffeur."
"Well, my boy, drive your car like a man and a soldier."
"Father, I'll spill my last drop of gasoline in defense of my country."

By the time a woman acquires a third husband she begins to think her attractions are irresistible.

When a woman builds an air castle she always uses a man's heart as the foundation.

A coat hanger to which is attached a clothes brush has been patented by a Denver resident.

Start the year by getting Hanford's Balsam. You will find frequent use for it. Adv.

Some people can't even stand up for their rights without feeling high and mighty.

It's the luck of other people that makes the average man dissatisfied with his own.

Many a man's character is formed before marriage—and reformed after.

HIS COMING TIME OF EASE

Georgia Farmer Was Looking Forward to Period When Hard Work Should Be Over.

A lumber buyer was staying overnight in a little farmhouse in the backwoods of northern Georgia. The men of the house did nothing but sit by the fire and chew tobacco. The lumberman had told how he had held his job for seven years.

"You got me beat," said the old cracker. "I've only held mine for six years."

"What is your job?" asked the lumberman.

"Oh, I sit by de fire and watch dat de kids don't fall in."

"What do you do in the summer?" he asked.

"I sit by de well and pull de kids out when dey falls in."

"What will you do when the children grow up and don't need watching?" he asked.

"Den, I s'pose I's goner take things easy and retire," he said.

Not Quite the Same.

A youth was employed in a business house a few years ago where the assistants had their meals supplied by their employer, who deducted a certain amount each week from their wages to defray the cost of the food.

The assistants were not satisfied with their meals, and one day the housekeeper, highly incensed at the remarks passed by the youth and his fellow-sufferers concerning the scarcity of food on the dinner table, reported the matter to the principal, with the result that the young fellow was invited the next day to a free lecture by his employer, who began:

"I hear that you were one of those who complained about what was provided for dinner yesterday?"

"Oh, no, sir!" came the unexpected reply. "You heard wrongly. What I complained about was what was not provided."

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains—Neuralgia, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Old Sores, Burns, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne. Price 25c.—Adv.

Her Collateral.

"Excuse me," said Bridget, putting her head in at the cashier's window, "but do I understand that yez lind money here on character?"

"Why—yes," hesitated the cashier. "Thin Oid loike fifty dollars, sorr, on moine," said Bridget, producing a number of greasy references. "They's sivin uv thim from me previous im-dlyers—"

But the cashier had fled. The idea of explaining the intricacies of collateral to a lady with seven characters was too appalling.—Judge.

He Knew Two.

Miss Paull was one of the teachers at the mission Sunday school. One Sunday the subject of the lesson was "The Second Commandment," and Miss Paull began by asking little Adelbert Dugan the question:

"Now, Adelbert, have we any idols in this country?"

For a moment the boy hesitated, and then replied:

"Yes, ma'am. Me dad's idle, and me uncle, too."

Overheard by Mr. Mills.

At lunch, a Western Union office girl was reading a letter from a chum to the other girls. Describing a new dress the letter said: "It is certainly fin de siecle."

"Fin de siecle," repeated one of the girls, "what does that mean?"

"I don't know. Fin sounds like a fish. Maybe it means it was trimmed with fish net."—New York Sun.

It Made a Difference.

Johnnie (puzzled as to how to pronounce the name of an employer)—Say, father, do you pronounce K-n-u-d with a long or short "u"?

Father (who, of course, doesn't know)—Oh, it don't make any difference.

Johnnie—Well, I guess it makes a good bit of difference whether a man is nud or nude up in the arctic regions.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging. Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Appreciation.

The governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said, proudly, "is at the head of the state militia."

"O! thought as much, ma'am," said Bridget, cheerfully; "ain't he got th' foine malicious look!"

A Slow Learner.

"I fear that Jobson was not intended to have a cooking school wife."

"And why not?"
"He's been married two years and hasn't yet learned how to use a can opener with neatness and dispatch."

The woman who is always looking for the latest wrinkle falls to look in her mirror.

He is a fortunate man who can catch up with his ambitions and his debts.

That there is plenty of room at the top may be due to the fact that so many of us are too lazy to climb.

Universal peace is merely a matter of waiting for the other fellow to begin the fight.

Early to bed and early to rise, and you will probably have to look after the fires.

Discretion may be the better part of valor, but it is often only another name for lack of nerve.

Fatima Cigarettes
—mild, delightful Turkish-Blend. The choicest of leaf—always a pure and wholesome smoke—always satisfactory.

"Distinctively Individual"
Liggett &