



COME and enjoy a HAPPY NEW YEAR with us The ROYAL

Matinee Every Day 5c The Columbia

New Year's Resolutions Have you made yours? Our's is to serve you to your liking all the time...

And do not forget we wish you a Happy New Year. Specialists in RHEUMATISM & CO.

Railroad Time Table. Hocking Valley. North-7:38 a. m.; 10:05 a. m.; 4:05 p. m.; 8:10 p. m.; 11:15 p. m.

Chicago & Erie. West-10:25 a. m.; 12:05 p. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 8:10 p. m.; 11:15 p. m.

Big Four. Eastbound-8:00 a. m.; 9:20 a. m.; 12:32 p. m.; 7:33 p. m.; 10:45 p. m.

C. D. & M. Electric. Depart southbound-6, 7, 8, 9 and 11 a. m., 12 m., 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 and 11 p. m.

THE Hocking Valley IS THE Convenient Way BETWEEN Toledo Columbus Pemberville Lancaster Fostoria Athens Carey Wellston Up. Sandusky Jackson Marion Gallipolis Prospect Middleport Delaware Pomeroy

Death of the Old Year

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing. Toll ye the church bells sad and slow, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die, You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move, He will not see the dawn of day, He hath no other life above, He gave me a friend and a true, true love, And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go; So long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with us, Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim, A jollier year we shall not see, But tho' his eyes are waxing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die, We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er, To let him die, across the waste, His son and heir doth ride post-haste, But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own, The night is starry and cold my friend, And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock, The shadows flicker to and fro, The cricket chirps; the light burns low, 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die, Old year, we'll dearly rue for you, What is it we can do for you? Speak it out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin, Alack! our friend is gone, Close up his eyes; tie up his chin, Step from the corpse, and let him in, That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door, There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, And a new face at the door, my friend, A new face at the door. -Tennyson.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE WEST by Francis Fentiman.

FOR nearly three days the blizzard had raged against the rude log shanty, which stood on a rising piece of ground amid a sea of dead-white snow.



Both Were Reflective.

out the sacks and blankets which had been hung against them for protection, while the in-driven snow lay in oddly assorted mounds on the floor.

Both were reflective, the man because he realized the gravity of the situation, the boy because he had so recently left a home in the east. It was the first day of the new year, and possibly he was picturing to himself what they were doing at that identical time.

Presently the man looked up. "Did you hear that?" he said. "No," replied the boy. "What was it—the walls?"

"Listen again," said the man, and just then above the shriek of the blizzard was heard a muffled chorus of deep bellows.

"If those cattle don't have water they'll tear the stable to pieces. They get extra thirsty feeding on straw, and it's three days since they had a drop. Why in h— that well wanted to give out I can't think."

"Yes," said the boy, "thirst's a shocking thing. Used to have one myself in days gone by. Now, if we could only do the widow's cruse of oil business we might make this lot go round," indicating a pot which stood on the stove.

"Can't you ever be serious?" protested the man. "We've got to fetch some water."

"By all means," replied the boy, "just touch the bell for the waiter."

"Don't be a fool," retorted the man. "If you'd been in this country three years, instead of three months, you'd know what a blizzard means, and wouldn't be so mighty cheerful over it."

"Aren't you a fool to suggest fetching water?" said the boy. "Why, you got lost walking to the stable not an hour ago."

"The man did not reply until the boy asked him whether he really considered his suggestion possible.

"Yes," said the man slowly, "it is possible."

"I suppose," remarked the boy, "you are aware it will take four barrels at least, that the nearest well is old man Reid's, which is three miles away, and that you can't see six feet in front of you?"

"I know all that," said the man, "and more. I can tell you that the horses will go like the wind, and when they have had their fill of cold water there'll be no holding them while the barrels are filled. Of course the trail's obliterated, but they'll find their way like a blue streak."

Without a word the man passed through the door, which the boy closed behind him, but not quickly enough to escape a cloud of snow which whirled round the room. Silently he pulled on his moccasins and wrapped himself in such outer clothes as he possessed, cursing luck generally that he had no furs.

By and by there was a tinkle of sleigh-bells outside, and the man appeared with the team ready harnessed to the bob-sled, on which four empty barrels could dimly be discerned.

"Have you put the pall and rope in?" asked the boy.

The man nodded as they solemnly shook hands, while the boy shielded his eyes with the crook of his arm and gave the horses their heads. He tried from time to time to peer into the storm, but the snow made wreaths round him and froze his eyelashes together.

How the horses got there the boy never knew, but get there they did, and whilst the lay blast probed remorselessly amongst his clothes for the flesh beneath, and poured the powdered snow down his neck.

The maddened animals charged him as he lowered the bucket into the well, and spilled the water all over him as they fought for the first drink.

It was a slow process at best, and his clothes and mittens crackled with the congealed ice as he hauled up each pail. When they had drunk their fill they quivered with the cold, and plunged to get back, but the boy bound the reins round the runners of the foremost bob. They bucked as the frozen bits galled them, causing him to spill as much as he put in the barrels, and to slither about on the rapidly forming ice, rendering a foothold almost impossible. In between times the boy rubbed his eyes and the frozen places.

It was a slow and tedious task, and he soon was fagged, because at 19 the muscles are not hardened. The horses knocked him over and the sleigh ran over his legs, but, being light, only bruised him. In his puny rage he slashed them with the pall rope, and it warned him until one of the horses trod on the bucket and bent it flat. Foolishly he took off his mittens to straighten it, and only learned sense when he felt the sensation of many needles piercing his hands and the skin on his fingers adhered to the metal.

It was a painfully slow job; to lift a filled pail shoulder high and empty it

in a barrel mounted on a sleigh requires strength, and his was fast leaving him. Moreover, the water ran up his sleeves and froze, until he was like an automatic block of ice, if such a thing can be conceived. He became such an embodiment of misery that he no longer troubled about anything, but occasionally buried his head in his arms to rest, and had only sufficient strength left when at last it was finished to put the reins behind his back and brace his feet against the hind most barrel before returning, and in this position the water slopped over him and played its sweet will unchecked.

Where the horses went he knew not, and if they tipped the lot over again he cared not. He was past caring. With what little sense remaining him he rather hoped they would, and so ended it. He believed they stopped, but couldn't be quite sure. It seemed hours after a dream that he fancied he heard the man's voice: "My God, I thought you were never coming back," and in the same dream he heard himself saying: "Neither did I."

I knew the boy in those long years ago. I see him and it is in day dreams myself sometimes even now, especially on New Year's day, as I sit round the fireside here at home. It is incongruous that pictures should appear in the embers, but so they do, or else one's fancy paints them there. Then a coal drops out, and I wake up so the remembrance that I was once that boy.

Out of the Ordinary. An M. P. was discussing voting frauds—impersonation and the duplication of votes generally. He intimated one duplicator, an ignorant fellow who had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door."

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."—Watchdog, London.

The New Year

The wind blew there and the wind blew here, And brought from Somewhere the small New Year.

It tarried for him at each door and pane And never once was a knock in vain!

All good folks waited the coming child, Their doors they opened and on him smiled.

Inside he stopped, with a happy face, And softly slipped in the Old Year's place.

Said he: "I bring you a Box of Days, Tied round with tinsel of rainbow rays; I give it joyfully, for I know, Though all days may not with gladness glow, Each gift holds some precious bit of cheer."

To win your thanks," said the sweet Child Year!

Happy New Year of Many Nations

NEW YEAR'S day has for generations been the occasion of revels. It has come down to us from the old German custom of dividing the year at the close

of these months when it was no longer possible to keep cattle out doors.

This was made quite a fête and in the sixteenth century was merged into the feast of St. Martin, November 11, on which day the opening of the New Year was celebrated.

While in Germany Martinmas and the New Year were identical, with the introduction of the Roman calendar the celebration was gradually transferred to the first of January, and with it went many of the jolly Martinmas customs.

Traces of these old New Year observances and superstitions can still be traced in the way the season is kept in different lands.

Our decorations of greens, for instance, are a relic of the old Roman superstition of presenting branches of trees for good luck in the coming year.

The giving of presents has also come to us from the Romans. They outdid even the generous Americans, for they used to ask for gifts. If not received, until one of the emperors forbade his subjects demanding gifts save on the New Year.

One of the favorite New Year's gifts after pins were invented in England, in the sixteenth century, were the rough hand-made pieces of metal that took the place of bone and wood skewers. Later pin money was substituted.

A gift that must never be omitted was an orange stuck with cloves to grace the wassail bowl. Apples, nuts and fat fowl were popular offerings of the season.

Gloves and glove money is a very old New Year custom which is still kept up in the increasing use of gloves as holiday gifts.

Even more curious are the old New Year customs. Many of these are still observed by old-fashioned people who cling to the old traditions.

The old-fashioned Englishman will formally open the outer door of his house on New Year's eve just at the approach of midnight. This is to let out the old year and usher in the new.

The Scotch make much of New Year. It is generally ushered in with a "hot pint," brewed at home and drunk by the family standing around the bowl just as midnight strikes.

After hearty greetings to the New Year, the "hot pint," with bread, cheese and cakes, is taken to the houses of the neighbors. The first to enter another's home on the first of January bestows good luck on the family for the year.

In many of the Scottish regiments even yet the ushering in of New Year is most picturesque. At five minutes before twelve the soldiers, headed by the oldest man in the regiment dressed as Father Time, march out of barracks headed by the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

A Prayer for the New Year

ETERNAL God, in whom is the hope of all our years, remember us in Thy mercy also in this new year of our Lord. Reveal Thy glory in the experience of its joys and sorrows.

Foretell its tears with the abiding comfort of Thy presence. Make us strong rightly to measure all our gains and to endure with patience every loss Thy love allows.

Show us Thy meaning in the gifts and opportunities of each new day. Assure us of Thy help in labor, Thy delight in our joys. Quicken our minds to clear vision and our hearts to cheerful content.

Provide for our bodies such vigor as shall be needful for our allotted work. We leave to Thee the mystery of the year's events, assured that Thou wilt guide our way. Withhold from us all gifts which would prevent Thy purpose for our growth in wisdom and in service.

Only deny us not Thyself—Thy Spirit to instruct our hearts, Thy work to share, Thy peace to still our restlessness, Thy presence to resolve our doubts.

In the sifting of temptation grant that our faith fail not, and when our years are ended bring us to Thyself, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Origin of New Year Gifts

Like the customs of Christmas which, in their origin, are a curious mixture of poetry and symbolism and of superstition, those that belong to the observance of New Year's day are also relics of ideas that date from early heathen ages.

The French derive their term for New Year presents from the Laifa word, Sirenia, the name of a goddess whom the Romans venerated as the patroness of gifts.

There was a grove in Rome dedicated to this goddess, where it was customary to get fresh twigs, to give as presents to friends and relatives on New Year's day. During the sway of the emperors, Roman subjects made New Year's gifts to their sovereign Augustus received such quantities of these that he had gold and silver statues made of them. Tiberius did away with the usage, because he considered it too troublesome to express thanks for the gifts. Caligula, on the contrary, reintroduced the custom, and even made up for his predecessor's refusal to receive presents by requiring those that had been offered to him to be given to himself as arrearsages.

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Best Gift of Time

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence.

But there are more precious treasures which time cannot supply and the years cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.—Herbert L. Willett.

A Happy New Year



Just at the turn of midnight, When the children are fast asleep, The tired Old Year slips out by himself, Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf, And the New Year takes a peep.

Humps and Kumps. A hump-backed woman was passing when a little five-year-old, with a plying look, said: "What's the matter with the lady, mamma? Has she got the humps in her back?"—Philadelphia Record.

AMONG LOSERS OF THINGS

The Advertisements of the Careless Present a Most Interesting Study in Psychology.

Even when you haven't lost or found anything do you ever turn to the column advertising for lost articles? If you do not, try it occasionally. You'll find the lost article column brim full of touches of nature that make the whole world kin.

Among other interesting things you'll learn that Kansas City is chock full, almost overflowing, with cows. No one who hasn't read the lost article ads realizes the magnitude of the bovine population of Greater Kansas City. Never a day passes but some Kansas City family, usually a number of them, is regretting the loss of Bossie and is asking some one to bring her back. It's merely a case of won't stay put, that's all. Bossie strays every day, every hour, almost every minute in Kansas City.

Dogs, however, are the most frequently lost article. Usually another case of won't stay put. Towser is a gregarious nomad.

The lost article column is as seasonable as the market column, too. Just now its muffs, fur neckpieces, overcoats and shotguns that are being left in street cars, dropped from motor cars or forgotten somewhere for this is their season.

Umbrellas, eyeglasses, watches, lockets, pins and brooches are lost all the year around without regard to season.

Horses are lost frequently, but mules rarely.

The other day a man lost a laundry—so the caption of the ad would lead one to believe, but later on the ad

explained that it was a package of laundry the man lost.

One woman lost a pillow cover this week. She had taken it to a matinee to embroider between acts.

Women may now and then lose parcels of dress goods, lace and other materials while shopping, but staid lawyers, careful business men and physicians aren't immune to the affliction, as lawyers lose abstracts, valuable papers and books, while business men lose suitcases, bags, pocket-books and papers, and doctors sometimes leave medicine cases, parcels and books where they didn't intend to.

A pair of red house slippers were lost the other day, presumably by a minister or a woman.

Yuletide in Australia. In striking contrast to our own is the Christmas Day kept by our kinsfolk in Australasia. No snow or blazing log; no holly or mistletoe; only a bright sky, green trees, parched grass, and a blazing sun. Christmas is so inseparably associated by us with a cosy seat in front of a roaring fire that we can hardly realize eating our Christmas dinner on a veranda beneath a brilliantly blue sky, with every flowering plant in full bloom. But, "down yonder," picnics and garden parties are the order of the day. Many a delightful excursion into the country is arranged by the Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and other townspeople, and Christmas Day is kept right merrily, far into the summer night.

While Waiting for His Oatmeal. "What has become," asked the inquisitive boarder, "of the old-fashioned man who used to say, 'as the feller says?'"