

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE DAYS' NEW YEAR PARTY

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

My Lady's Resolutions



1913 — 1914

Take away the tattered page
Of my erstwhile piety,
Dim and soiled and outraged quite—
Mocked of bland satiety;
Resolutions such as they
May greet the season with aplomb,
But when the year, grown old and gray,
Time's not a crutch to lean upon
Of all that lofty sentiment,
I fain would close the vexing tale
And yet again experiment.

For like a bloom perennial
And rosy tinted wake the dreams
Of all the morrows yet to come,
When life is really what it seems:
When tardiness and broken vows,
And duties shirked for Pleasure's court,
And Mother Grimly's sad pow-wows,
And fickle Fashion's mad report
Are strangers to my righteous heart—
Tear up the old and frame the new,
For I would make another start.
—Maude DeVerse Newton.

Some New Year Don'ts

- Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.
- Don't try to get the better of a man who hasn't any.
- Don't snore in church. It's mean to keep others awake.
- Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to get back.
- Don't get married with the sole idea that misery loves company.
- Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.
- Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.
- Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.
- Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.
- Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.
- Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.
- Don't greet Misfortunes with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.
- Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.
- Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.
- Don't forget in times of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.
- Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

DIDN'T OBSERVE NEW YEAR'S

Puritans Regarded the Celebration as a Heathenish and Un-Christian Rite.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the new world, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief: "We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god, Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's eve and New Year's day were second in importance and domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing E'en, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas carols at that time.

This New Day.

Out of the tomb of night a day has risen. Be not anxious; this day is all your own. Do not hurry, for in time it is like all other days; neither delay, for now is passing. Early turn your face to the dawn and let its fresh beams bathe away all stains of night; then, should the noon be dark with storms, your smile will still wear the rose tints of the morning. Step softly among human hearts, and leave so much of kindness along life's pathway that gladness shall spring up, bearing tribute in the cool eulogies of the world's glad New Day.—Croft.

His Coming of Age Marked by a Dinner to Which All of the Festivals Are Invited.

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 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 Fasts 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 footpads that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few other movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

"Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but 'Hail, fellow Day! well met!' only Lady Day seemed a bit 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 the Sunshiny 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, chiming in, made a merry burden.

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

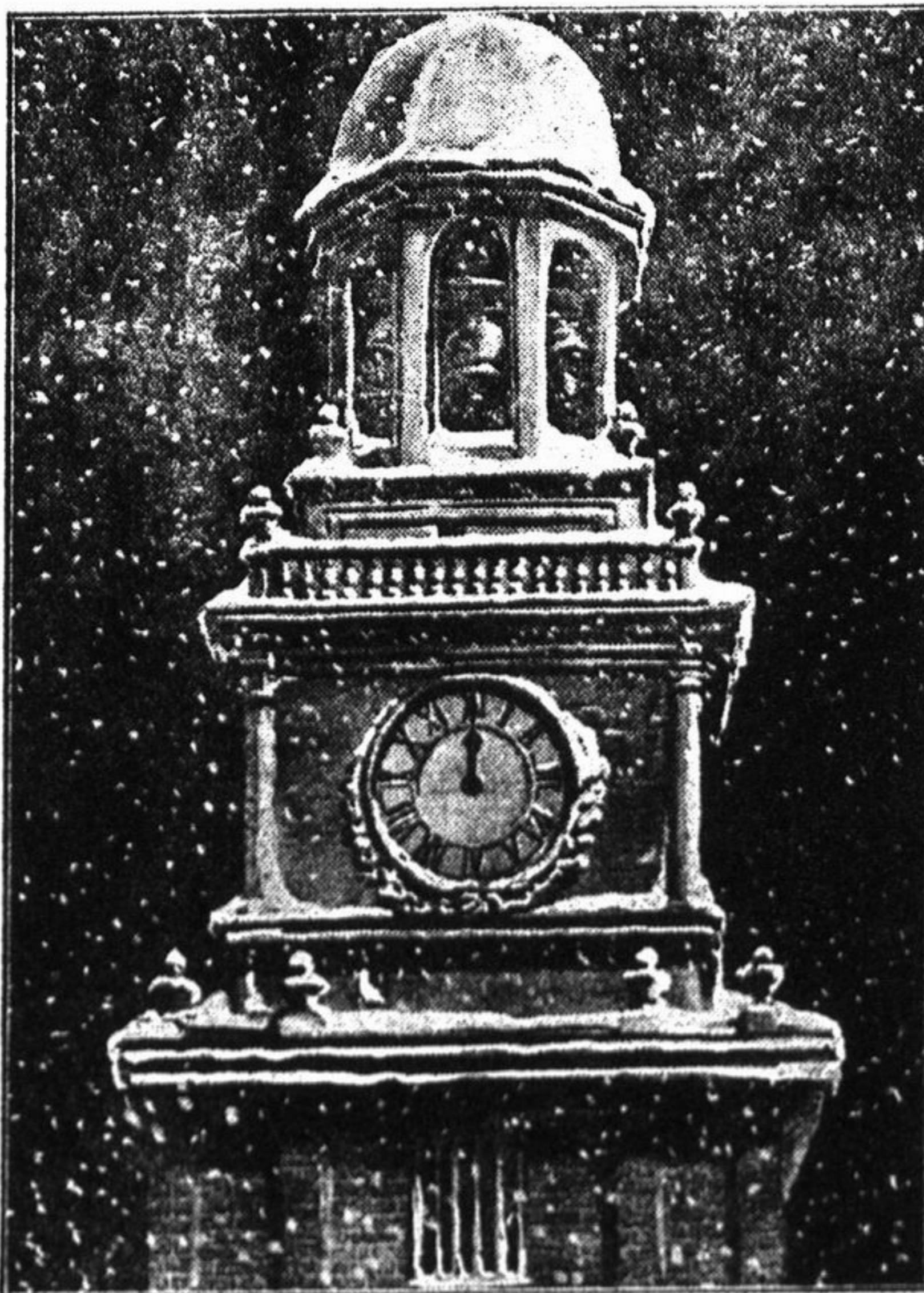
At last the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats and took their leaves. Short Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. The Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in condition little better than he should be 'e'en whipped him over his shoulders pick-a-back 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 Lover's Day could wish to set in.

GOOD AS NEW.



"My good man, I hope you've made some good resolutions."
"No, ma'am, not dis year. You see I've got a bunch of 'em I made last year an' never used."



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

New Year's day is kept very curiously in some of the old countries. In England the ringing of bells is about the only formal demonstration they show for the anniversary at the present time, though years ago it was as much of a gala day as Christmas. They used to give presents and have great feasts, and there was a good deal of revelry and drunkenness, more than there ought to have been in a civilized community. On the whole the new is quite as good as the old way, to my thinking. In Denmark the cannon booms, as a sound of joy to welcome in the new year. Every morning of the first of January, Copenhagen is shaken by this peaceful cannonading. The people in the rural districts go to the farmhouses and fire their muskets under the windows of the sleeping inmates, to inform them that a new year is at hand. The custom is not a very nice one; it smacks too much of old time roughness and rudeness.

New Year Resolutions.

I will try to be kind.
I will try to find the good in others.
I will carry sunshine with me, especially into the dark places.
I will try to make someone happy each day.—Woman's Home Companion.



"THERE!"

The Past and the Future.
Carry into the new year only the choicest thoughts and inspirations. As in the olden days when men approached the Parthenon they cleansed their persons and arrayed themselves in white robes before entering that glorious temple, so cleanse your garments from transgression, clothe yourself with aspirations. Farewell to the past! Welcome and all hail to the future!—Newell Dwight Hillis.

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND

S. E. KISER

When Christmas time comes round it seems
As though the long, long years
Ro! back and take away our cares
And dry up all our tears
I don't know why it is, but when
The great day comes along
I get to feelin' young again,
And kind of turn to song,
And whistle and go on just like
A boy would. I'll be bound,
The old world seems to brighten up
When Christmas time comes round.

I'm tickled at the Jumpin' Jack
And all them kind of things;
I like to watch the toys that play
By windin' up the springs,
And somehow—don't know why it is—
Love seems to fill the air,
And I forget I've enemies
Or troubles anywhere;
And every little while I sort
Of listen for the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus
And had a magic sleigh,
To visit all the children who
Look forward to the day—
The orphans and the cripples and
The poor folks everywhere—
All children that are good and kind
And don't forget their prayers;
I'll bet you that they'd all be glad
When they got up and found
Their stockin' fairly bustin' out,
When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of jinglin' bells
And hills all white with snow;
Oh, joyful day that takes us back
To care-free long ago!
I wonder if up there above
Where happy angels roam
They do not get to thinkin' of
The happy times at home,
And turn, in fancy, back once more
To listen to the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round!

In the Spirit of Christmas Jollity

By S. E. KISER

Many a woman is known by the Christmas presents she takes back to be exchanged.

If there is a Christmas season in heaven the department store clerk will hardly want to go there.

The woman who looks for the price mark on her present generally gets mad if she finds it.

A good thing about some Christmas presents is that they don't last more than a day or two.

People who put off buying things they really need until after Christmas hardly ever find them in their stockings.

Some people don't permit their children to believe in Santa Claus because they selfishly want all the credit themselves.

If Santa Claus were a woman Christmas would always have to be postponed for a few days while she administered the finishing touches.

Lucky Givers.

With happy hearts some people give
And never mind the price;
They know the gifts they will receive
Are sure to be as nice.

A Warning to Liars.

"What was the happiest moment of your life, dear?" she asked.
"It was when you said yea, darling," he replied.

She sighed and permitted her cheek to rest against his breast for a long time. Then she said:
"Harry, do you remember that diamond ring we looked at in Blazem's? I was there yesterday and they had it still. What a splendid Christmas present it would make."
After he had reached the next room he whispered to himself:

"That's always the way. Never told a lie in my life without having immediate cause to be sorry for it."

Why the Colonel Gave It Up.

"Colonel," said the beautiful grass widow, "why is it you so strongly object to the exchanging of Christmas presents?"
"I'll tell you," he replied. "I used to be as crazy as other people over the sending of gifts. There was a girl that I thought a good deal of in

those days, and a sister who had been married only a few years was made glad by the arrival of a little one only about a month before Christmas. I thought a nice present for her would be a book on the care and nursing of infants. So I bought it. At the same time I bought a very handsome volume of poems for the girl."

"Yea!"
"They got mixed. I believe the Christmas present business is all foolishness."

Candor.

"If I were to catch you under the mistletoe would you try to get away?"
"Of course I should—but I feel almost sure that I should not succeed."
—A. B. Kiser.

An Exchange.

"What did your mistress give you for Christmas?"
"A box of cheap handkerchiefs."
"What did you give her?"
"A week's notice."

A Lucky Man.

He sees the sun through spreading gifts,
He hears the wind sing songs of cheer;
His wife will buy no Christmas gifts
And have them charged to him this year.

FAIR WARNING TO SANTA CLAUS.

There ain't no Santa Claus, I guess, or if there is, why he

Don't know so very much about book-keepin' seems to me;
I sent him for some rabbits and a pair of skates one year,
And all he left was nothin' but a little sister here.

And last year when I wrote to him I said I'd like a sled
And one of them here spaniel dogs that's kind of brownish red;
But blame the Jack, I didn't get a solitary thing

Except a cap and overcoat and plaid napskin ring.

I've wrote him this year that I want a hook-and-ladder truck
And magic lanterns and a goat that I can train to buck,
And mebbe a four-bladed knife, if he has one to spare,
But I've told him plain and honest that I don't want things to wear.

I'll try to keep beavin' till he comes a second once more,
But he's got to do much better than he ever done before;
If he brings another sled or a pair of skates, or a little sister here,
I'll quit believin' in him for sure, the old Jack.

