

Relic of Saxon Days

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE New Year begins precisely at midnight, and almost everyone nowadays sees the New Year in general festivities and many good resolutions, which are promptly forgotten on January 2.

The festivities marking this occasion, says Hereward Carrington, scientist and author, are very ancient, and in old Saxon days it was the custom to partake of a bowl of spiced ale, which was passed around with the expression "Wasshael," which meant "to your health!" Hence the origin of the Wassail, or Wassel bowl.

We now keep New Year on January the first; but the Chinese, Jews, Turks and many others do not observe it on this day. Even Christian countries have not always so observed it; the Romans began the year with the March equinox. The later Teutonic nations for a long time continued counting the beginning of the year from March 25.

It was only in 1563, by an edict of Charles IX, that France changed the time of the beginning of the year to January 1. In 1600 Scotland made the same change, and England only did so in 1752, when the Gregorian system was adopted there. It will thus be seen that the New Year, observed on January 1, is relatively new, though we are accustomed to think that it dates back from time immemorial.

It was Julius Caesar, in the year 46 B. C., who first reformed the calendar—aided by the Egyptian astronomer Sostratus. He made it a few minutes too long, and a second correction was necessary. Pope Gregory made certain changes in 1582, A. D., and additional minor changes were made later on, from the "old style" to the "new style" calendar. We now employ the new style.

After the French revolution France decided to set up an entirely new order of things. A new calendar was made. The Christian era was wiped out, and was replaced by the new French era, beginning September 22, 1792. Instead of our week of seven days, a week of ten days was established—in accordance with the decimal system—the tenth day being set aside for rest.

Instead of the mythological names of the months, others deduced from the prevailing seasons of the year were substituted. Everything was to be based upon reason! The Notre Dame was converted into a "Temple of Reason." Mme. Mommere, the young and beautiful wife of a Jacobin printer, was chosen to represent "Reason." And so it went.

The months were chosen and given French names which were thought to be characteristic of them. Thus, autumn had a vintage month, a foggy month and a sleepy month. Winter, a snowy month, a rainy month and a windy month. Spring, a budding month, a flowery month and a pasture month. Summer, a harvest month, a hot month and a fruit month.

Each month began somewhere between the 18th and the 22nd—according to our reckoning. Thus the first month of the autumn trio began on September 22, and lasted until October 21, etc.

With the restoration of a stable government in France, this calendar was repealed, and the usual one substituted. But for a time, as we have seen, New Year day did not begin on January 1, in France, so late as the last century, and it does not begin on that date in non-Christian countries even today!

YOUR "LITTLE NEW YEAR"

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

"THE Little New Year" is a very eager youngster. He pops into view overnight; in fact, one second's difference is the margin between his being nothing at all and then appearing as something very definite to reckon with. From the minute he claps his eyes on you, he belongs; he is your "Little New Year" and you've got to decide pretty quickly what to do with him. There is no possible way of escaping this parenthood. He's going to stick to you like a burr for 365 days, every minute, every hour. It's really quite alarming.

Are you going to bring up the little fellow on underdone resolutions?

Are you going to make him a present of malnutrition by feeding him on irregular meals of procrastination?

Are you going to ruin his character (and maybe your own) by rows and rows of pleasant fibs to prevent a feeling of discomfort about his growing up into a harum-scarum boy? Like human children, he needs watching and guiding and discipline. You'll never have the opportunity of "raising" this particular lad again. He will slip from your fingers on the night of December 31—your "Little New Year" grown into whatever manhood you've permitted him.

Let's send him out a fine, sturdy fellow!

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Tell Me Again

Tell me again the story That you told when we both were young! You were my prince in glory, A prince with a golden tongue, And the touch of your hand was thrilling, The fact that you loved me joy— But I was only a girl then, dear, And you were only a boy.

NEWSY NOTES FROM LISLE AND BELMONT

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH A. L. Allison, Pastor

Mr and Mrs Alfred Ory and daughter visited Mr and Mrs Henry Grumhaus and family Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Sheldon of Hinsdale, called on former neighbors Saturday afternoon.

Mrs R Brokmeyer, a former resident left here Friday for her home in Michigan after visiting the friends on the south Morton farm.

Mr Ed Smith went to Aurora Saturday to do his Christmas shopping.

Rosella Porter attended an Oriental Orchestra concert given by several Naperville experts Friday evening at the Ashland avenue Evangelical church, Chicago.

The Ladies Aid Society had a special meeting Monday to work for the bazaar to be held Thursday evening.

Mr and Mrs E Hanson and daughter, Mildred, of the Grove, were the guests of Mr and Mrs A Porter Sunday.

Misses Marie Riedy and Clara Wiesbrook of Naperville, visited Miss Edna Riedy Sunday.

Sunday morning while on the way to Sunday school Edgar Boss jumped on a milk wagon to ride a ways and when he came to alight he stepped directly in front of a car driven by a man from Cicero. The owner of the car picked the lad up, took him to a nearby home and summoned Dr. R. L. Truitt, of Naperville. Dr. Truitt discovered a broken rib, a cut on the head that needed a stitch or two and a bruised back. The little fellow though in quite a bit of pain seems to be getting along nicely.

Mr and Mrs F Seiler, Miss Helen Seiler, Mrs B Sonnuchen and Mr Julian Yender of Naperville, spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs Henry Grumhaus.

You will miss a good deal if you don't attend the Community Club meeting December 26 at the church. Unusually good program and social time.

Much Demanded of Critic. Criticism is neither the scales that weigh nor the tongs that sweetens, but the yeast that, for readers leaves the lump. A good reviewer must have cool brains and a warm heart. He must have enthusiasms and guard them, and his likings must be as strong as his hates. It is no profession for a buck.—Literary Review.

If You Are Sleepless. We all, some time or other, suffer from sleeplessness. Worry, anticipation of the morrow, and exciting thoughts of the past day, all drive sleep from the eyes and should be put right out of the mind.

Arms Equally Matched. The battle of Fontenoy was the only large battle ever fought in which the opposing armies were of equal size—each 70,000 men—and the loss of victors and vanquished equal also—both being 7,500 men.

Words That Live. Words which flow fresh and warm from a full heart, and which are instinct with the life and breath of human feeling, pass into household memories, and partake of the immortality of the affections from which they spring.—Whipple.

What Do You Want?

By Christopher G. Hazard

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHEN the boy passed the baker's shop on his way to school, he used to look with longing upon the display of pies and cakes and resolve in his heart that if fortune should ever bless him with means he would have enough of a feast for once. But when, in after years, he passed the same old shop and looked upon the new treasures of the old window, now with a pocketful of money, he had ceased to care for the goodies, and went on, jangling his useless coins.

What do we want now? Not what we used to want. Not more pie, not more candy, not more toys, not even more money. The old ambitions have been realized, the old goals have been reached, we have the power of which we dreamed, there doesn't seem to be anything in sight worth running after, we look upon a splendid world with a falling desire for it, we go on by an acquired momentum rather than with zest. Still, we are unsatisfied. Yet we want something. What is it? What do we want? What could the Christmas time bring us of satisfaction?

How would you like to recover that lost art of imagination? How would a large investment in hope pay you? What would that strange power of beholding the reality and the loveliness of a spiritual world, that mysterious power that some have, mean to you? If you could be a child again, just for Christmas Eve, perhaps, you would see the meaning of the stars that ride so gloriously upon the billows of space. You might feel called up and out by the supreme and satisfying joy that Christmas signifies.

After all, we may have gained the world and lost faith, an immeasurable loss. Only he who keeps his childlike-ness—not his childishness—knows the eternal worth of time, the satisfaction of that everlasting love that faith grasps.

What a Christmas gift that would be! Was not the old colored preacher right when he sang, "All I want, all I want; all I want is a little more faith in Jesus?"

Raisin Pie. One-half cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls seeded raisins, 1 1/2 cupfuls boiling water, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful grated orange rind, 3 tablespoonfuls orange juice, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1/2 cupful walnuts.

Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes; pour into sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, about five minutes. Remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

Lotion for the Skin. The finest lotion for preventing rough, red hands and chapped lips in winter is equal parts of glycerin, bay rum and arnica.

THE SANITARY DAIRY

PASTEURIZED MILK and CREAM COTTAGE CHEESE

D. H. UHLHORN Phone 91

"S. R. O." SIGN AT CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERT TONITE

All Set for Delightful Evening of Music Under Director Pape at M. E. Church.

Only a few tickets for the Choral Society concert this evening remain unsold and it is almost certain that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be prominently displayed at the entrance to the Methodist-Episcopal church when Director Pape raises his baton for the start of the evening of music.

Those who have tickets will be seated first and those who buy their tickets at the door will be asked to wait until all ticket holders who purchased previously, are seated. While no more tickets were issued than the

seating capacity of the church, many people, it is estimated, will desire to attend at the last minute. The society has been rehearsing since early in the fall for this concert. After the success they made of their concert last Decoration Day, everyone will attend with the expectation of hearing some real music. They will not be disappointed.

New Idea for Road Building. Certain English engineers are advocating the general installation of roads which are concave, and drain to the center instead of toward the sides, as is usually found under ordinary conditions.

Soul Sustained by Beauty. Beauty has been appointed by the deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained.—Ruskin.

Rings for XMAS advertisement with decorative border and jewelry images.

Dry Picked FOWLS advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and a chicken.

NORTHSIDE GROCERY & MARKET advertisement listing various food items and prices.

NOTES OF THE SCHOOLS

Ruth D. Hill, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been selected as the new teacher for the fifth and sixth grades at the south building. The Board of Education decided several weeks ago that these rooms were too crowded.

The re-juvenated high school orchestra is now doing real work under the direction of the Rev. J. Alfred Nansen. There are eighteen members who get together once a week for rehearsal and from the quality of the work they are doing will be heard from in the near future.

Mr. Moser has organized a Glee Club in the high school composed of eight boys and eight girls, picked voices all. The spirit of the group is commendable and when really organized will enter into the social life of the school in fine shape.

Mrs. S. S. Vernon has started a class in physical education for the girls of the high school. They will meet one afternoon a week for an hour's work in the gym immediately after school. The girls are taking to the idea and much good will come from it.

Miss Florence Roberts, teacher in the sixth grade, is back at her place again, having recovered from the influenza she received last week when she slipped on the icy walk in Maple Street and was rendered unconscious, the back of her head striking the walk. Mrs. Norman Anderson has been substituting for her.

1923 GREETING

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

2023 GREETING

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.