

NEW YEARS IN MANY LANDS



BULGARIAN WOMAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE



NEW YEARS GREETING IN JAPAN



ITALIAN FAMILY TAKING NEW YEAR'S DINNER



GERMAN STUDENTS CELEBRATING NEW YEARS



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CELEBRATING NEW YEARS

NOWHERE does New Year's ceremony mean more than in the land of the little people whose faces have become familiar to us on paper fans. Indeed, from a national point of view, this season is the greatest occasion of the year.

Elaborate preparations are made long in advance. Houses are cleaned inside and out. Doorways are decorated with rice ropes and fern leaves and evergreen. Every housewife buys a pot or two of "prosperous age plant," a miniature pine tree, some bamboo, and some plum twigs, to win for her home by ornaments like these the favor of the jealous deities that guard the future.

The city streets resound with the mallet blows of the dough pounders making "mochi," the Japanese equivalent of plum pudding. All debts are paid. New clothes are bought. There are toys for the children, and picture cards that bring good fortune and are good to dream on when tied securely to the wooden pillow.

O, happy New Year! Day will hardly dawn before each town and village will be stirring. There is so much to do in celebration. First there will come the ceremonial breakfast, when the health of all the family must be drunk in that rice wine called "sani." Then visits must be paid to all acquaintance. Father will wear no more the traditional costume, fantastic and peculiar. For him the frock coat now, of European manufacture. But mother, in her quaint kimono and elaborate head-dress, will look just as she has looked on New Year's day since time immemorial.

The children will be decked out in gorgeous colors; they will throng the streets, chattering along on their wooden clogs in pigeon toed but joyful haste, and shouting "Banzai!" to friends and foreigners. In the streets clowns will perform strange antics, exclaiming loudly meanwhile:

"Hail, hail, ye gods of heaven and earth! Significant omens are in the air, and the universe is full of lucky signs."

To accompaniment of flute and drum, two-legged lions will give the "lions' dance" in masque. Strange masqueraders will dart hither and thither through streets and temple gardens.

It will be a happy time for Japanese children. For three glad days every little girl will expect to play her favorite game of shuttlecock and battledore. The boys will fly their brand new kites. The children will play games with brightly colored balls, chanting countless rhymes. Grown people will play New Year's card games. The firemen will give acrobatic exhibitions on their ladders. Every nook and corner of Japan will be in gala dress and gala mood.

Northern France is not far behind Japan in appreciation of the significance of the New Year. There Christmas, so important on our calendar, is scarcely celebrated, except by attendance at midnight mass and by a festive supper. But the last night of the year, the "Vigil of St. Silvestre," calls for observance, and the first day of the new year, "le jour de l'an," or "le jour d'etrenne," is dedicated to the renewal of friendship and to general gift giving.

So universal, in fact, has the custom become of giving presents and pretty little souvenirs that the expression "bonne etrenne" means good fortune and "mal etrenne" misfortune. Candy and flowers are acceptable gifts in France, but there is only one real rule in the matter—a New Year's gift must not be useful.

In most Scotch households, as in France, New Year's day takes the place of Christmas, an evidence of ancient sympathy when both countries regarded England as a mutual enemy. On the last night of the year, in rural districts, groups of men and boys go disguised from house to house singing curious songs, such as this:

Rise up, good wife, and shak' yer feathers.
Dinna think that we are boggars;
We are bairnies come to play,
Rise up and give us hogmanay.

When they have received the cakes and coins they expect they go on to the next place, first, however, having chalked the house, in token of good luck. Next morning all the children get up early and view with wide and interested eyes the

blue and white marks that decorate every dwelling in the village.

Scotland is, as well, the land of cakes, and at this season the bakers' shops are filled with toothsome dainties, sugar covered and mottoed in ice.

Germany observes various customs. Calls are made on January 1, and gifts are exchanged; delicious little cakes are eaten in honor of the festival day. Different neighborhoods have characteristic rites and superstitions.

Thus, in the Black Forest a workman likes to work a little bit at his trade the first day of the year, to coax luck in business; most picturesque is the vender of clocks, who sets out to sell one at least of his wares. Munich drinks deep to the health of the season in good Bavarian brew.

Jena, whose people recognize descent from those ancient Germans who believed in a god that brought light and warmth each year into the world to overcome the cold and dark of winter, builds in its public square at New Year's time a great bonfire, which typifies this ever new gift of the genial old deity that loved warmth and gave light.

Thither at midnight the people carry the things they wish to cast out of their lives with the old year.

Fire as a New Year's symbol is favored in Wales, as well. There fires are burned on New Year's day to purify the house for the entrance of a new and glad some era; and the ashes are kept sacredly from year to year, esteemed for special medicinal virtues.

The ringing of bells to announce the death of the old year and the birth of the new one is common in England and Scotland and in some parts of the United States. In many English churches impressive midnight services are held.

In the dales of Westmoreland it is usual to open the west door to let the old year out and to open the east door to let the new year in.

In England it is still an enjoyable practice to offer a mince pie to every caller during the last week of the old year, for every pie eaten under a different roof represents a happy month during the year to come. Often as January 1 draws near one hears the expression:

"Thanks, I have eaten my twelve, so please excuse me."

What probably is the strangest New Year's rite is held in the Cevennes mountains, in southern France. At the last evening mass of the old year the herds and flocks of the peasantry are gathered before the portico of the little stone church high up on the mountain side and are

blessed by the priest and sprinkled with holy water by the acolyte who follows him, in order that that this, the sole wealth of the countryside, may increase and prosper during the year to come.

The sight of the holy hour is wonderful. As the church bell tolls above them the frightened animals bleat and bellow and try madly to escape. First the oxen are blessed, then the cows, next the sheep and lambs, and finally the goats and pigs.

Throughout Europe many delightful customs prevail. In Scandinavia a feast is always prepared for the little birds, which might otherwise go hungry, on account of the deep snows.

In Holland, as in Scotland, the wind is noted with care, because the luck of the year will be determined by the direction whence it blows. The south wind brings heat and fertility, the west wind milk and fish, the north wind cold and storm, and east wind a fruitful season.

In Italy the New Year is a day of greeting and good will and special feasting. Sicilian peasants take advantage of the fete to drive to town in their gay carts, so that the country roads are merry with the music of tinkling bells.

And Swiss folk, practical, industrious, stop their work for the nonce and visit friends, even when they have to carry their babies down the mountain slopes in cradles on their heads.

Bulgaria's heart history is of special moment just now. On happy New Year's day in Bulgarian villages the small boys run from house to house waving branches of the cornel tree and shouting greetings as they tap all they meet with the luck bringing branches.

Bulgarian girls go through an interesting ceremony in an effort to pry into the secrets of the days to come. On New Year's eve a queen, chosen by lot, guards a kettle full of water, in which both men and maidens have dropped finger rings or some personal trinkets. Till dawn she watches.

Then to an open place in the center of the village she takes the precious kettle, covered with a cloth, a dancing, singing crowd following her. An oracle, who has been selected for eloquence of speech, proclaims successive fortunes. He cries: "The lucky girl whose ring shall appear shall marry the best man in the village."

The queen of the festival dips her hand into the kettle and brings forth a ring, and its owner receives it from her secure in the belief that good luck betides her matrimonially before another New Year.

GETTING BACK.

"Why do you insist on trying to sell me beef-steak and beans and buckwheat cakes?" demanded the barber. "I told you all I wanted was two fried eggs."

"Well, I was in your shop yesterday," retorted the restaurant man. "All I wanted was a shave, but you bulldozed me into a shampoo, a foam fizz, and a tonic rub."

A SAD AWAKENING.

"Warden, where are my flowers? Give me those flowers."

"Those flowers are for an embezzler in the next cell."

"Flowers for an embezzler, with a murderer in the same jail? A life of crime is not what I was led to expect."

NOT DIFFICULT.

"I wish I could do something startling," said Gladys Gloom, sick unto death with ennui.

"Well, Gladys, that is easily accomplished," said her close friend, Bella Blazes. "Go back to that little old-fashioned town where you were born and smoke a cigarette on the public square."

HONOR EARLY MISSION PAIR

Baptists of Washington Deeply Interested in Judson Centennial at Rangoon, India.

New York.—Baptists of Washington are deeply interested in the Judson centennial in India at Rangoon, in observance of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of Baptist missions there.

Among those from this country who sailed for India are Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, Rev. Henry M. Sanders, Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Goodchild of New York, Mrs. G. H. Safford, Mrs. A. B. Upham of Boston, Mrs. S. A. Scribner, Mrs. J. S. Griffiths of Chicago, Rev. W. A. Hill, Rev. F. W. Sweet and Irwin Nichols of Minneapolis, Col. and Mrs.



Judson Memorial.

Charles W. Gale of Norwich, Conn.; Miss Lena S. Fenner of Providence and Miss Louise N. Robinson of Rochester.

Among the first group of missionaries sent out by the newly organized American board in 1813 were Adoniram Judson and his wife, Ann Hasseltine Judson. While en route to India they and a fellow-voyager, Luther Rice, changed their views on baptism, and later announced that they were Baptists. Mr. Rice came back to America to establish a foreign missionary organization and stimulate a foreign missionary interest among Baptists. Mr. Judson and his wife proceeded to Burmah, and were thus the first American Baptist missionaries in the foreign field.

The church which Mr. Judson established as a feeble mission in the city of Rangoon has grown into the great Immanuel Baptist church, one of the largest Christian churches in the orient. It is here that Baptists from all parts of the United States will gather to celebrate the achievements of Judson and other Baptist missionaries.

Dr. J. Ackerman Coles of New York has given a permanent memorial to celebrate the Judson centennial. It is a replica of the colonial tower of old Tabernacle church in Salem, Mass., the church in which Judson and his companions were ordained and consecrated their missionary work. The iron staircase and everything that goes into the campanile, except the brick, were assembled in this country.

SON HAS FATHER ARRESTED

Youth Calls Policeman When His Parent Tries to Spend Dime for Liquor.

New York.—As an elderly man laid a dime on the bar for a drink in a saloon at Lenox avenue and 130th street, a younger man ran in from the street, took the coin, led the other to the door and passed him to a policeman who stood there.

"You don't mean to say that you would have your old father arrested?" the old man protested, his voice trembling.

"That is just what I am doing," the younger man replied, curtly. "You have been a nuisance long enough, and I am tired of it. Officer, take him along."

The young man, who gave his name as Richard Hawkins, said his father had accosted him in the street and begged a dime. That would have been the end of it had not the elder headed for a saloon. The act provoked the young man's disgust, he explained, especially as the father had become worthless.

The father was locked up on a charge of vagrancy.

Women Decline Election Clerkships.

Chicago.—When a score of women applicants for jobs as election clerks in the next municipal election learned that they would be compelled to work at night exploring precincts to check up voters, they notified Judge Owens that they did not want the positions.

Thinks Murphy is a Big Man. Ithaca, N. Y.—Charles F. Murphy is either the governor of New York or president of the United States, according to John D. Solomon, a Syrian, who applied for citizenship.

Forgiven. The priest had warned Pat a number of times of the probable consequence of his intemperate habits and as many times had secured the Irishman's promise to reform. Finding Pat drunk one day, the reverend gentleman began his customary rebuke by expressing his sorrow at finding Pat once more in the condition. "Are you really sorry?" asked the priest. "To be sure I am," responded the priest. "Well, then," replied Pat, "if you're sure you're sorry, then I'll forgive you."

ERUPTION DISFIGURED FACE

Lock Box 35, Maurice, Ia.—"In the spring of 1911 our little daughter, age five years, had a breaking out on her lip and part of her cheek that we took for ringworm. It resembled a large ringworm, only it differed in that it was covered with watery blisters that itched and burned terribly, made worse by her scratching it. Then the blisters would break through and let out a watery substance. She was very cross and fretful while she had it and had very little rest at night. When the eruption was at its worst the teacher of the school sent her home and would not allow her to attend until the disfigurement of her face was gone.

"I wrote and received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which we used according to directions, and they gave instant relief, so we bought some more. It gradually grew better. We kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four months the child was entirely cured." (Signed) Mr. Henry Prins, Oct. 23, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

All the world's a stage—and some of us can't even get a chance to look at the play from the gallery.

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Your young physician very speedily acquires a wise look.

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This is the season for good cheer and happiness, but **You** know how hard it is to "be merry" when **Your** liver has developed a "lazy spell." To overcome this trouble just try a short course of

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It will prove very helpful. It is for Poor Appetite, Nausea, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliuness and Grippe.

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