

MANY SIDES OF NEW YEAR'S

THE custom of celebrating the New Year by leaving behind, in theory at least, one's pet pernicious habit or besetting sin, may be hackneyed, but it certainly is not entirely relegated to the limbo of things forgotten or outworn. Some time New Year's day, when a quiet moment in the day's swirl offers time for thought, there will be a hasty taking stock of the year that is gone, a recounting of errors and failures, a silent promise that this or that will not occur again.

And what does it all amount to, after all, this old custom of revamping threadbare resolutions or selecting new ones? The cynic will smile and say that it is all a waste of effort, a flash in the pan, a half-hearted glossing over of mistakes by wordy and none too sincere promises of reform. The humorist will have his little fling in cartoon and witty quip and jest. He will gurgie with the sardonic glee of Robin Goodfellow over the folly of mortals and find in every resolve new subject for laughter. From the pulpit on Sunday will sound the admonition of the minister and the moralist. They will take good resolutions seriously, and set upon them the stamp of divine approval. And whether the wry snorer of the cynic, the mocking grin of the humorist, or the approving smile of the moralist prophesy the fate that even the most momentary impulses toward better things will not be entirely wasted.

There was a time when, in the simple faith of childhood, you set down in black and white your promises to do better. On the first page of your new diary, a yearly Christmas present, you wrote in your best Spencerian hand—we knew none better in those days—something like this: "During this year I resolve not to lose my temper; not to be saucy at home; not to put off doing the things I dislike; to read my Bible every day." Direct, sounding blows were these on the chain mail of your besetting sins of a quick temper, a wickedly sharp little tongue, procastination, and childish irreligion. Behind closed doors, lest any one see him in so meek a mood, Brother Dick was scribbling earnestly: "I promise myself not to be late for dinner, not to forget to wash my neck and ears, not to get in debt to father for my allowance, and not to play hooky a single day." Of course you failed, both you and Dick, before the "little diary" had its new gilt dimmed or the soft pendulum of the latter had blurred itself into unrepentant illegibility. But the effort wasn't altogether wasted, and there were fewer fits of temper and cleaner neck and ears than would otherwise have been.

We grown-ups miss, as we get older, some of the past and some aids to New Year's resolves. The day was once upon a time more marked by pleasant social customs. Only in officialdom is New Year's now a stately day of ceremonial. But it is not hard to recall that a decade or two ago there still survived some of the dignity and good cheer that had attached itself to the day. Before the Christmas fruit cake had all been devoured, or the stone jars of small cakes suffered too severely from the inroads of ravenous children, preparations for New Year's day were well under way.

Children were not included in this celebration. This was essentially the festival of their elders. Orders to keep from under foot were rigidly enforced, and did you wish to see the fun no place remained but the second-story landing, which gave somewhat inconspicuously upon the hall below, with a strained view of the big parlors, and none of the dining room beyond. That it was there and in full working order was evidenced by a keen sense of smell.

It was always great fun to wander up and down the principal residence streets as noon drew near, to find out who were to be at home and who were not. A basket tied to the door knob with gay red ribbons said, for all the world to hear: "We are not receiving today." If you were a boy and daring, later in the afternoon you stole up on the step to peep in and discover, by the number of cards within, the respective popularity of village maids and matrons. Wherever the door lacked the basket, you knew that behind the drawn shades there was the soft glow of candles or the yellow glare of gas, poor substitute for sunlight on snow, but presumably kinder to complexions and gowns just a trifle passé. And you knew that in each home, subject only to trifling variations of background, there would be enacted the same scenes.

Into the front door that opened at the first touch of the bell passed a fluctuating stream of men in holiday attire. There were elderly beaux aplenty in broadcloth that was brushed to the point of perfection, smart young dandies, sporting the newest fashion in ties; awkward beginners not quite used to the length of their frock coats—we called them Prince Alberts in the days when New Year's calls were in vogue—and a sprinkling of substantial-looking business men paying homage to the established custom of society. Everybody who was anybody in "our town" paid his devoirs to the incoming year by making the rounds of his friends' homes.

Once inside, there was the neat maid or solemn butler to receive the caller's card and help him with overcoat, hat and cane, and then a dash for his hostess and her daughters and friends under the chandeliers with the prim



FLUCTUATING STREAM OF MEN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

GREAT FUN TO WANDER UP AND DOWN THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE STREETS

guiled until six, when twinkling street lights warned the callers to retreat.

Not a serious war to start the New Year! No, but a friendly one, that left hostesses and callers with a glow of human friendliness to last as warmth for many a day. And if seriousness were lacking, the same decade that enjoyed New Year's calling found itself also at one with the custom of watch-night services. For, in "our town," as in yours, mayhap, it was the thing to spend the closing hours of the old year in the quiet seriousness of prayer and sacred song. Children had their share in this, for fathers and mothers had not in this simpler time learned to fear the giving of definite religious instruction to their sons and daughters. It was clear and plain that a child must be trained in the way he should go, and watch night was a part of that training.

And, indeed, no youngster ever tried to beg off. There was first of all the joy of doing the unusual and the fun of sitting up past his bedtime. So you hid yourself to the nursery couch or the sitting-room lounge, after a hot supper, an old-fashioned winter supper of mackerel and fried potatoes or scalloped oysters and muffins, and took a long, long nap. At half-past ten, father waked you, tucked you into cap and overcoat, and the family party started out under the cold stars, snow crunching under foot, to the nearby church.

Not so very long ago the writer came across an old chronicle, of the sort that looks, in a dim and favorable light, like a fairly decent oil painting. In its day it had doubtless been the chief ornament of a well-furnished, comfortable parlor. Now it cluttered the window of a second-hand shop, dingy and out of sorts with fate. But even in the unfattering light of a dusty show window, it had a certain charm for the one who found it. It was the picture of a watch-night service, such as she had once known so well. Bright moonlight flooded the scene, bringing out in sharpened detail the snow-laden boughs of drooping elms and the Gothic spire of a small stone church. From stained-glass windows and opened door came streaming the warm glow of shaded gas jets. From village streets flocked men and women and children, stopping to say a word of greeting as they passed into the vestibule. The spell of the picture took her, with the speed of the magic carpet or of the seven-league boots, back to the New Year's eves of her girlhood.

So she had walked with father and mother and a sleepy small brother. Just so the trees had looked in the frosty moonlight. And just as warm and softly glowing had been the stone church, through whose open doors came the resonant strains of the great organ. She remembered with aching vividness the faces

of those who had filled the pews, especially that of one man, the governor of the state, whose equiline profile, flashing eyes and straight, glossy black hair formed a never-to-be-forgotten personality.

Watch-night hymns have a personality of their own, as those of Christmas or Easter, if not so widely known. They are naturally serious and a bit forbidding, with a touch of the melancholy that is associated with the rapid flight of time.

The year is gone, beyond recall With all its hopes and fears, With all its bright and gladdening smiles, With all its mournful tears.

Is an old Latin hymn to a common meter tune that illustrates the tendency of this branch of hymnology, Charles Wesley has been most prolific in voicing this thought.

Wisdom acribe, and might, and praise, To God who lengthens out our days; Who spares us yet another year, And makes us see his goodness here.

Is an old favorite. Often just on the stroke of midnight another of his voiced the feelings of the congregation, that beginning:

Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace, The holy joy prolong, And shout to the Redeemer's praise, A solemn midnight song.

Canada and Mexico, and to chronicle the animals he has stalked would be to catalogue the wild beasts of this continent. Yet he has never been a "game hog," and has always "played fair" with his brute antagonists.

He is about to start on a game trail that will take him nearly around the world, for Paul Rainey, much as he loves the "border end of millstone" life, never says in jest of a day in his more than a few months he "hunts" for the jungle, the desert, or the forest. The trip he is now planning will take him across Africa, Australia and up into India.

Paul Rainey is the type of a rich man's son much more prevalent than many people supposed. Supplied always with more money than most men ever see, he has been called "America's greatest spender," but he has not wasted his funds or his health in dissipation. His attitude towards his wealth is that of one who has been fortunate enough to know how to get from it the greatest amount of healthy pleasure for himself and others.

Mr. Rainey is considered the best polo player in America—and that means nerve, strength and quickness. He is a devotee of other sports, a big game hunter royal, and able business man, and a type of the "good fellow" at his best. He is 33 and single.—Hampton's Magazine.

Mixed Dates.

"Are you going to wait till the last to buy your holiday gifts?"

"Oh, it's too early to think about late shopping."

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



If you allow your young cattle to barely eke out an existence this winter, they will lose in flesh and bodily vigor to such an extent that it will take two months of good pasture to bring them back to their present condition. Such management swells the farm loss account and gradually decreases the net profits that you may expect next year.

The farmer who grows clover for hay and seed and sells both may think he has done a good thing for the soil, but aside from the roots which have been exhausted growing the crop he has done the soil more injury than with any other crop he can raise.

A good heifer with her first calf at a little past two years of age, if she is from a breed of fairly high producing cows, is worth from \$50 to \$100. A steer that will bring that much money is usually fed two to three times as much as the average heifer.

Pumpkins are one of the best winter green feeds for almost all kinds of stock, especially relished by dairy cows, and they are excellent to mix with dairy feed for the production of milk, the cows relishing them greatly.

It is not to be supposed that every heifer will make a first-class cow, but the manner in which she is fed and cared for from birth will have something to do with deciding the question.

The feeding of dairy cows for best results is more complicated, and involves more thought than most persons realize; merely throwing a cow an abundance of food is not all.

It is impossible to tell the profitable cows from the unprofitable animals unless you test your milk. The quantity of milk is not enough. The butter fat must be considered.

It is very important that when the calves are first placed in the feed lot they should be given the most palatable feed that can be obtained until they have learned to eat.

There is no known feed that is better for poultry than good clean grains, accompanied by plenty of clean, fresh water and an abundance of charcoal.

Now is the time to study up on the new "serum" method for preventing hog cholera, then you will be ready to act at once when you have to.

The only way to be sure a cow has good milking qualities which can be perpetuated in her offspring is to be sure she has good blood in her.

In improving a flock of mutton sheep, the ram is practically the whole thing until such a time as the ewes are equally well bred.

Don't pack the dairy cow away for winter into a dark corner of the stable and expect to take out a strong, healthy cow in the spring.

Generally farmers who feed stock upon their farms are successful farmers, but not all successful farmers need be stock feeders.

Producing what the consumer wants and putting it on the market in an attractive form are two of the secrets of successful dairying.

It isn't much use to keep cows that milk hard. You can find just as good ones that milk by man-power and not four horse-power.

Cattle raising presents a promising field of endeavor to those who aim alike at personal satisfaction and financial profit.

All damaged limbs should be cut out, because they are likely to injure others while swaying in the winds.

It requires skill and a liberal system of feeding to grow and develop a high-grade draft horse for market.

The sheep responds profitably to conditions of peacefulness. They need sensible treatment as to surroundings.

In the large city markets the best prices for fatted fowls are realized from about February to July.

Lousy hogs are a direct source of loss, which, with worms, prevent dividends in the hog business.

Attention to every minute detail in dairying must be observed if the best results are reached.

All weeds and dead branches should be cleaned out of the small fruit gardens and burned.

A good square walk for a farm horse is like a good square deal for men.

All soil is made up of ground pulverized rock and vegetable matter.

Dairying is still a peculiar industry as adapted to the northern states.

Mares do not usually give trouble by abortion if given good food and reasonable care. Of course, when pregnant, a mare should not be over-driven, nor be compelled to smell blood or stall, and should not back or hold back heavy loads. Her stall should not have much noise. Nourishing food, pure water and fresh air are essentials. If one suspect ergot or smut in hay or feed it should be discarded.

It is estimated that barn-yard manures have a value of about two-thirds that of commercial fertilizers, therefore the careful saving of farm manures and their judicious application to the soil are vital factors in farming operations, and as essential to continued success as plowing the land or planting the crop.

The price of dairy products in the winter is so much higher than in summer that only a small extra effort, as to care and judicious feeding may result in a considerable increase in the profits from the entire herd at this season.

The intelligent flock-masters are fast coming to recognize the fact that the man who makes the most of his opportunities in handling a farm flock must become a breeder and feeder of high-class mutton, more especially sheep.

The farmer who is breeding a flock of improved mutton sheep and feeding them in an intelligent and painstaking manner, may plan his feeding operations so that he may have a good nearby city market every week in the year.

Farm-yard manures benefit the soil by acting as a mulch and make humus, but their benefit to the growing crops depends entirely upon the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash they contain.

It is true that the generality of farm manures are low in quality, but that is no valid excuse for farmers to persist in breeding horses that nobody wants, not even themselves.

Sheep raising numbers among its requirements quietness and contentment in a degree perhaps not so essential to success in the handling of other breeds of live stock.

In the production of strawberries the best specimens are obtained only by careful culture. The plants should be of a large fruited and firm fruited variety of the best flavor.

Begin to take the chill off the water you give the horses when the weather gets cold. You can heat it cheaper on the stove than you can in the stomach of the horse.

A thick coat of paint daubed over the severed limbs when pruning in the orchard or wood lot prevents cracking of the wood and gives the trees a better appearance.

The ordinary diversified farm with its abundant use of horsepower furnishes ideal conditions for growing, developing and training draft horses.

It will pay anyone that keeps from 25 to 100 hens to build a shed close to the henhouse in which to deposit the droppings during the winter.

It is best to separate pullets from the rest of the flock, let them have free range and feed largely of whole or cracked corn, wheat or oats.

It is impossible to create capacity. You may breed for it but you can't create it and it's a very important function in the dairy cow.

There is the most money in the long run in dairying by selling the cream or butter only and keeping the other products on the farm.

The Duroc Jersey sows are very docile; they are easily handled during the breeding and farrowing season and are very prolific breeders.

Under no circumstances should anything be added to milk to prevent its souring. Such doings violate the law of both God and man.

The problem of keeping the boys and girls on the farmstead is solving itself, for farm life is becoming more and more attractive.

While it is some trouble to strain the cream before churning, but when that is done there will be no white specks in butter.

The feeder is the only man that can tell how much food the colts require for their best growth and development.

Fresh air is all right for the hens, but not when it is sifted through knotholes and cracks between the boards.

Item lambs are a drug on the market, yet thousands of farmers continue to flood the markets with them.

Sheep that are kept as scavengers soon assume the appearance that their purpose would signify.

Good, bright oat straw is good roughage for idle horses, but some grain should be fed with it.

Hold on to some of the clover for spring feeding. It is great when the sheep get tired of timothy.

Hens are much better breeders than pullets, because a greater per cent. of the eggs are fertile.

Warm water in winter, given morning, noon and night, make the hens sing with delight.

One of the great economies in growing of sheep is that the shelter is inexpensive.

Now is the time of year to feed corn freely to all stock, even including milk cows.

If sheep are left out in a cold rain they are almost sure to contract catarrh.

Hunter Who Has Millions

Paul Rainey, Who Is Worth \$30,000,000, Has Achieved Fame in Big Game Shooting and Other Sports.

Paul Rainey was born with plenty of money and a restless disposition, both of which have increased. When his father died, leaving him a little matter of \$25,000,000 made in ccke at Pittsburg, Paul Rainey went to New

York with it—and with his brother. They spent money in the lavish—but not in the foolish—style of Pittsburg millionaires, and Paul, particularly, seemed to get a goal of some fun out of his. Also he found time to become a member of the \$20,000,000 club, which he was achieving no little fame as a yachtsman, tennis, polo player, motorist, and all-round athlete.

He has shot all over this country,

Canada and Mexico, and to chronicle the animals he has stalked would be to catalogue the wild beasts of this continent. Yet he has never been a "game hog," and has always "played fair" with his brute antagonists.

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