



"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."

TIME and tide wait not. And so we are gathered once more around the couch of the dying year, whose short lifetime has been fraught with new experiences and old failures, with sorrow and with joy to the sons of men. With friendly feelings of regret we watch his solemn passing. The weary sighing of the winter wind over the frozen wastes of snow is a mournful dirge for the days that are gone, for the irrevocable past. Chastening some with the heavy hand of sorrow and woe, showering blessings of happiness and love upon others, the year that is "dying in the night" has striven mightily to be the friend of all. Even where unmerited misfortune has swamped the high spirit and bruised the aching heart, the old year's passing stirs memories of regret for bright hopes faded, and of gratitude for the few radiant gleams of happiness which have illumined the darkness.

By a natural force of habit, with many of the declining moments of the old year are devoted to a sort of spiritual stock-taking. The mistakes and the offenses of the past are canvassed over during this "burial of last year's sins," and resolutions of reformation adopted for future guidance. It has been said that those who make good resolutions are only those who break them. Too often they are simply the impotent products of lingering habit, aroused to life in the bewildering swirl of a customary moral house cleaning, and doomed to a brief existence. A momentary repentance, induced by the solemnity and associations of the season, does not effect much material change in the moral capacity for clean living. Generally, something is bound to give way when new wine is put into old bottles. To do as a matter of course that which is right as it comes is the true secret of a good life, and becomes in time a force more persistent and effectual than the weak-kneed habit of shipping an ill-assorted deck cargo of good resolutions, whose shifting in bad weather will give serious trouble until it is jettisoned, or swept overboard.

But hush! the hour is near. The old man is breathing hard, his eyes grow dim, the hue of death is spreading over his hollow cheeks and wrinkled brows. Soon he will be gone, forgotten with the trouble and sorrow, the joy and delight, he brought in his train. "Across the waste his son and heir doth ride post-haste," and we prepare to salute the rising sun, to make the rafters ring with "The king is dead, long live the king." And so, unmindful of "benefits forgotten," with regret and remembrance buried deep in the joy of the moment, we hail the signals of the momentous change—the blaring of sirens and the boom of cannon, the cheering of reveling crowds and the mad joyous clangor of multitudinous bells.

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.
The blessed glad new year is coming, heralded with rejoicing, and replendent with hope. "There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, and

the New Year contributions of her subjects, and, although she made return gifts, it is related that she took good care to have the balance well in her own favor.

The early fathers of the church reprobated the immoral and superstitious observances of the pagan festival, and directed that the Christian year should be opened with a day of fasting, prayer and humiliation. The festive character of the day, however, pertinaciously clung to it throughout the ages, and the church preserved its religious aspect, by making it a festival in commemoration of the circumcision. In Catholic countries, New Year's day is a holiday of strict obligation, opening with a solemn midnight mass and the singing of the Te Deum. Many Protestant churches hold a "watch-night service" through the last three hours of the departing year—a solemn service of prayer and song and exhortation—which is hushed into a few minutes of silent meditation as the midnight hour draws near, and then breaks forth into a song of praise, greeting the first moment of the new-born year.

THE VANISHED YEAR

Once again a year has vanished,
To the realm of bygones banished,
Where the past years sleep in glory—
Not forgotten—gone before—
And the New Year comes to greet us,
On the wings of Time to meet us,
And to tell the old, old story
Of the years that are no more.

In the wings of Time, swift flying,
Lies the Old Year, sighing, dying,
Borne to join the host that slumbers
On that distant unknown shore—
Borne to join the countless legion,
That have crossed that mystic region,
And are counted with the numbers
In that land of Nevermore.

Once again the bells are ringing,
Tidings of the New Year bringing,
With the bygone and gladsome clangor
Of the bells that rang of yore,
And their glad and tuneful pealing,
Brighter, fairer skies revealing,
Bids us banish sorrow, anger,
Think of gladness yet in store.

Let us greet the New Year gladly—
Though we miss the old ones sadly—
Let us hope for bright skies o'er us,
Let our dreams be ever fair—
Let us banish care and sorrow,
Hope for gladness on the morrow—
Let us build for days before us,
Brighter castles in the air.

CAN YOUR BABY FIND ITS NOSE?

Here Are Some of the Tests for Determining Normal Child.

If a child of three years knows his name and can thrust a chubby finger to his nose, mouth and eyes, when asked about those organs, he's a normal kid. If he can't, then it's time papa and mamma got busy with petty little think tank, or he'll grow up to be a boob.

This, in plain laymanese, is the translation of the formula given in scientific terms by the medical savants of the Mental Hygiene conference and exhibit, who are holding "tests of children" in the hall of the city college, remarks the New York Journal.

"A child of four," continues the scientific formula, "is expected to know his sex and to be able to recognize such objects as a key, knife or a penny, and to tell the comparative length of lines.

"At five a boy or girl should be able to draw a square and to repeat sentences. When a child is six we ask for definitions. I might ask: 'What is a fork?' If a boy answered: 'I eat with a fork,' it would be sufficient for that age, but if he inserted the word 'something' in his definition, as 'A fork is something to eat with,' it would place him in the eight-year class. If he said: 'A piece of tableware,' he would be in the twelve-year class.

A child of ten is asked what he would do if he missed a train. Here the answers vary. Any reply that is an answer is accepted. One child said: "Wait for another." Another said he would "run and catch it." While a boy from the Bronx said he would go home for the day.

What to do if struck by a playmate was the most puzzling of all questions. Boys invariably looked at their mothers when the question was put. "Forgive him," was the answer only a few times.

The best examination passed so far was by seven-year-old Donald Grant of 507 West 125th street, who passed the examination for the child of ten.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

DETHRONED by Time the old Year dies, Whose life was filled with many deeds, Some noble, grand, some ill; he lies In history with other years of creeds

And wars and men of fame; we know Him only by the things that passed Within his time. Time measured slow But found the old Year's doom at last.

New Year with youthful smile steps in With scepter in his hand and claims The Earth as his domain. Within His days great men may write their names; Nations may rise, may fall and die; Mysteries their secrets may unfold, But ere he knows shall come the cry "New Year, thou art among the old!"

REASON FOR HIS GENEROSITY

Small Boy Was Not Giving Away Goslings Simply Out of the Goodness of His Heart.

We were fishing in the James river in the Ozarks, writes a correspondent of The Companion, and for three days had floated down the clear, swift stream, casting as we went. For fifty miles we had not seen a human habitation, although occasional sounds indi-

cated there were scattered farms beyond the fringe of timber that closely lined the stream.

One morning, when the current was hurrying us along at eight miles an hour, we saw a tow-headed boy pop out of the underbrush on the bank fifty yards ahead.

"Say," he called as we drifted by, "I'll give you some goslings if you want them."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"No," a little rebelliously, "I'm mindin' an old cow out of the corn."

"Say," he said, a little anxiously, as we were floating by, "you can have them goslings if you want them. I'll show you where they are."

"No, thank you," we said. "We couldn't take care of them."

"There they are," he leaned for-

ward and pointed down the bank, "right down there. You can have 'em if you want 'em."

"That's a funny kid," remarked one of our party, as we drifted by a dozen half-grown goslings at the edge of the water. "Wonder what makes him so generous?"

Just then, loud and shrill, came a woman's voice from the field back in the valley:

"John! John! John! O John! Air you keepin' them goslin' out of the garden?"—Youth's Companion.



MELISSA WILL NOT BE SCORCHED BY A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

Mrs. Merriwid came into the room where her maternal maiden aunt Jane was industriously tating, and her head was drooping and her step weary. She passed her hand across her half-closed eyes and sank into the easiest chair, with a deep drawn sigh.

"What's the matter now?" asked Aunt Jane.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," replied Mrs. Merriwid, faintly. "Mr. Gladden has been leaning on me for the last three-quarters of an hour and there wasn't a shady spot in the room. He's the most refrugent person I ever did see, but basking in his rays for more than a half hour gives me pronounced pangs of anguish. Would you mind having the blinds down, dearie? And I'd like to have Hilda tell an imitation of a passing bell on the lowest cup of the gong, if she isn't too busy. Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs. Would you rather be buried or cremated?"

"How absurd you are, Melissa," Aunt Jane reproved.

"That's the kind of conversation I want," said Mrs. Merriwid. "Go on, dearie."

"I won't do anything of the sort," said the elder lady. "Some of these days you'll be sorry you ever said such things."

"I hope so," replied Mrs. Merriwid, meekly. "I trust there are sadder days in store. You're doing nicely."

cloud up and rain some day when I am wearing my best hat. And if I lose my purse with twenty dollars' worth of money in it, I don't confidently expect to have it returned to me intact within twenty-four hours; furthermore, I won't dismiss the matter from my mind with a gay laugh. I'm not a pessimist, at that. I know one jovial hearty, smiling, haw-hawing optimist that I'd like to see with a raging toothache, anyway, and the last part of that sunny-tempered visionary's name is Gladden."

Mrs. Merriwid spoke with such unusual petulance that Aunt Jane looked at her in surprise. Then Mrs. Merriwid laughed.

"The wretch proposed," she said. "You don't mean to tell me!"

"I didn't mean to," said Mrs. Merriwid, "but I suppose I might as well. Yes, he wanted me to marry him and he couldn't see anything ahead of us but ineffable bliss. I could see quite a number of things. I could see him making light of all my troubles even if he didn't magnify his own, which your cheery optimist has a way of doing, dearie. It's the easiest thing in the world to be philosophical over a broken leg when it's the other fellow's, and it's cheaper to encourage your forlorn and disconsolate brother man with a few words of cheer than it is to lend him money. Well, I didn't mention all this. I merely told him that it could never be.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "I cer-



"I Could See Him Making Light of All My Troubles."

But, honest, auntie dear, do you like 'em as cheerful as Mr. Gladden?"

"Of course I do," Aunt Jane answered. "A person can't be too cheerful!"

"I disagree with you," said Mrs. Merriwid, emphatically. "I think Mr. Gladden is. Of course, being a promoter, he's got to be more or less sanguine and encouraging but, in my opinion, he runs it about sixteen hundred feet into the ground. I'm not a prospective investor, whatever he may think, and I refuse to believe that everything happens for the best. I want to have a presentiment that the worst is yet to come, once in a while. If I wanted to take a perpetually rose-colored view of existence, I'd wear pink goggles. Imagine that man as a husband!"

"I hardly think that is a proper thing for a lady to do," Aunt Jane opined.

"Fudge!" said her niece. "As if a lady would do anything else! He'd be everlastingly gallembing in and exasperating you with his idiotic optimism, no matter what happened. If the cock left at the most inconvenient time, he'd tell you to cheer up because it would be all the same in a hundred years and that there were just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it and that care killed a cat and away boys with melancholy and that sort of piffle. If the landlady ruined your very best waist, he'd grin and say that there was no use crying over spilled milk and that every cloud has a silver lining and in trouble to be troubled is to have your trouble doubled."

"I'm sure I think that's a very sensible way to look at things," observed Aunt Jane. "Fretting over a thing never helped it yet, and it's always better to be hopeful and look at the bright side."

"Suppose it hasn't your bright side," argued Mrs. Merriwid. "Suppose it's a slab of soft coal. And what a woman wants in a husband is sympathy. If she's lying down with a sick headache, she doesn't want him to jolly her up and tell her she just imagines the ache part. And if he can't come across with the price of a new hat once in a while, it isn't any satisfaction to her to be told she'll be sporting diamond tiaras by next fall on the strength of his scheme to establish aerial road houses for the flying machine trade. You give Mr. Gladden a patent clothes rin and the population of the United States at the last census and he'll begin to imagine he's got a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice and nearly up to Morgan's, and his wife will find that it begins to wear on her in time, like her last year's dresses."

"It's the optimists that do things," said Aunt Jane.

"I know," agreed her niece. "Hope springs eternal and it's darkest just before dawn and the longest lane must have a turning. It's likewise an ill wind that blows nobody good; but you can't make me believe that a bad egg is going to improve in course of time and be good, or that it won't

tainly hoped that it could, but of course if it can't, I'll have to make the best of it. Maybe it's just as well after all!"

"If you expect me to like optimists as far gone as that, you're going to be disappointed," concluded Mrs. Merriwid.

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Happy Burmese.

The Burmese are the most light hearted and care free people in all the world, and the sound of merry laughter fills all this happy land. At heart the Burmese is, first of all, a gentleman, and though he is the proudest mortal in the world, he is unaffected, sincere and as simple as a little child, and is, moreover, remarkably free from the vices of other oriental races. The Burman may be indolent, careless and pleasure loving to a fault, but he is always kindly and what he lacks in ambition and industry is more than supplied by the energy and cleverness of his wonderfully capable women.

Power to Do Good.

The increment that comes to any human faculty through use is the sweetest of all satisfactions to be got out of work—sweeter than material rewards, sweeter than the praise of one's fellows, sweeter than purchased ease. To feel that one is steadily growing in one's power to do good—there is deeper gladness in that, to an earnest soul, than in almost anything else this world affords.—Pun- sation.

Her Faith Lost.

A little Boston girl was coaxed to own to her aunt that she had done something which she ought not, and which she stoutly denied. Finally, such undeniable proof of her guilt was put up before her that she could no longer keep her denial. She turned to her aunt, and said: "Well, Aunt Kittie, you can't trust anybody, now—adays!"

The People Supreme.

I repeat that all power is a trust; that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs and all must exist.—Benjamin Disraeli.

TO TEACH LOVE MAKING.

According to reports a professor in Germany proposes to open a school wherein to teach love making. Bless the dear professor, what can he be thinking about? What does he suppose love making is that he presumes it is something to be taught after the manner of algebra, geography and cooking? Love making doesn't have to be taught, says the Philadelphia Press. From the palmy days in the Garden of Eden it has been going on all over the world among all peoples. It has its different methods, grading from barbarism to civilization, but it is love making all the same. To the end of time, if there is to be any end of time, it will go on just as the habits and inclinations of the people direct it. It is one of those diversions, or features, or essentials of human life which no government has yet attempted to regulate, as attempts have been made to regulate so many other things, and it had never occurred to anybody that teaching it was necessary. Teaching boys to saw wood and girls to make their own clothes is feasible enough, but teaching them how to make love isn't. Besides, it's perfectly useless. They all know how already; the knowledge was born with them.

Roland had his Durandal, Charlemagne his Joyeuse, twin sisters of glory, heroines of steel. Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany is not ignorant of this and to continue the tradition he has given to his sons arms upon which are engraved glittering mottoes of which he is the author. On the sword which he has given to the crown prince are the words, "Always ready to serve his country;" on that of his favorite, Prince Eitel, "Faithful and without fear;" on that of Prince Adelbert, on one side, "For all proofs" and on the other "My soul and God and Germany;" on that of Prince Oscar, "Rectitude and Intrepidity." The Princes August Wilhelm and Joachim will have their swords and mottoes when they are promoted to the guards.

A Paris town councillor has conceived and drawn up a scheme for saving from the perils of the street, both moral and physical, the poor children of parents forced to work out late, unable therefore properly to feed and care for their children after school hours. Widows and widowers in particular are to benefit from the scheme, and parents out of work, trying to get work, unable in the meantime to provide good food for their children or to keep regular hours. It is proposed to set up a canteen in certain available school buildings and there the children unable to have home care are to be kept till bed time under the eye of a number of teachers temporarily unoccupied during the day.

There are now under construction in Europe 34 sea-going vessels equipped with internal combustion engines. New and more economical methods of producing the oil consumed in these engines have been devised, and it is predicted with confidence that they soon will become the standard for ocean service. That is not all. There are confident predictions that invention before long will adapt the new oil fuels to use in the propulsion of automobiles. This is an age of frequent revolutions in the mechanical world.

The demand for celluloid in Japan is yearly increasing and the amount imported is accordingly augmenting, but only as raw material, the import of finished material showing a gradual decrease, a fact which proves the steady improvement of the Japanese celluloid industry. The celluloid factory at Abashi, Harima, now produces 80,000 pounds a month, and the Sakai Celluloid company 25,000 pounds, so that taking the price of one pound at one yen Japan produces 1,260,000 yen worth of celluloid manufactures in a year. In the near future, says the Jiji, Japan will not only cease all importation of the material from Germany, but will rank as an exporting country, her first customer being China.

All enlistments in the regular army now are for seven years instead of four, so that each recruit who serves his full time will be a new man when he comes out, if there is truth in the old theory that a man's physical characteristics completely change in seven years.

A lecturer who advocates the painting of pears, cherries, strawberries, etc., to make them more attractive, pointedly refrains from including peaches in the list. Perhaps he thinks the suggestion would be superfluous.

The buttermilk fends may now point proudly to the fact that the Turks once contemptuously referred to the Bulgarians as "yoghurtj," or sour milkers. Great little diet is butter milk.

A woman in California cast her first ballot for president at the age of 102. She is convinced that all things come to her who waits.

Sir William Ramsay is devising a new universal language, the basis of which are pictures. It is one of the most popular characters.

Washington wants policemen. Evidently, it thinks the idea a capital one.