

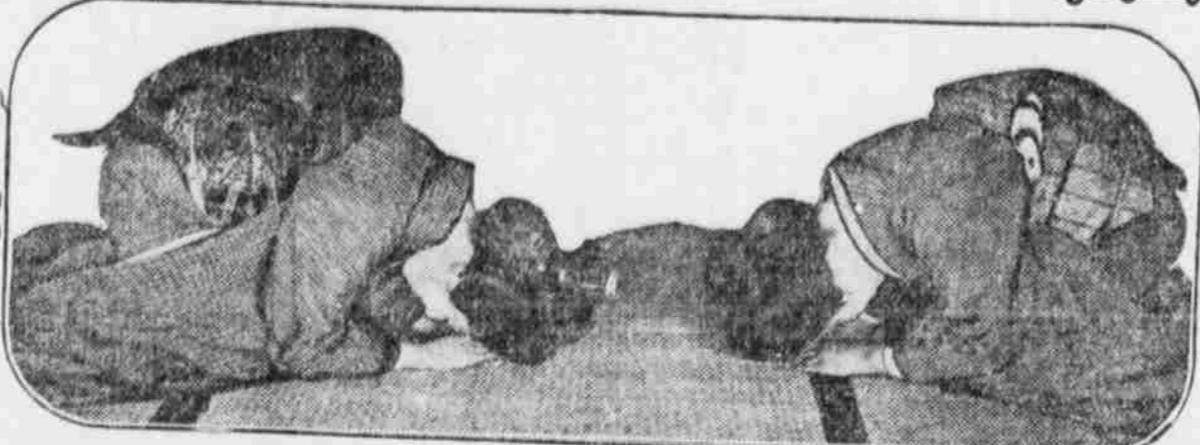
NEW YEARS IN MANY LANDS



BULLOCKS IN HOLIDAY AT FIRE



ITALIAN FAMILY TAKING NEW YEAR'S OUTING



NEW YEARS GREETING IN JAPAN



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 "sake." 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, clattering 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 beggars;
We are bairnies come to play.
Rise up and give us bogmanay.

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 mottled 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 vendor 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 portals 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 especial 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 befalls 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 fix, 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."

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS AT NEW YORK



The appointment of Dudley Field Malone as collector of customs at the port of New York, is fraught with political interest. Malone, who is a son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman, is a particular favorite of President Wilson, and also of Secretary Bryan and was sent from Washington, where he is assistant secretary of state, to New York to speak for John Purroy Mitchell during the recent mayoralty campaign. Senator O'Gorman was a supporter of McCall and he was not consulted when the name of Malone was sent to the senate for the New York collectorship.

The naming of Malone for the New York post, which pays a salary of \$12,500, is interpreted as meaning that he will co-operate with Mayor Mitchell and most probably Governor Glynn in the reorganization of the Democratic party in the state. This means that the Wilson adherents will build a machine of their own.

Dudley Field Malone is a native New Yorker, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier college and of the Fordham Law school and a lawyer of considerable talent. He was assistant corporation counsel during the Gaynor administration until last April, when President Wilson made him third assistant secretary of state. Malone was one of the "original" Wilson men.

PRESIDENT NATIONAL BASEBALL LEAGUE

Being a governor is all right, but being a baseball president is better. There are many more governors than big league presidents; in fact, there are only two of the latter. Everybody knows who the president of the National league is, and John Kinley Tener, when he ceases to be governor of Pennsylvania so become president of the National league, will be a vastly more widely known public figure than he is now.

Giving up the gubernatorial chair in Harrisburg for the National league president's chair in New York has its advantages, as well as being a unique happening in the history of the national games—political and baseball. The National league presidency is a much higher position, physically at least, for the league's headquarters are on the thirteenth floor of the Metropolitan Tower. Then again, Mr. Tener will have John Heydler, National league secretary, for a faithful adviser, and that is another distinct advantage.



Also Mr. Tener will have his salary raised. He is to get \$25,000 a year for four years as president of the National league, whereas he receives only \$10,000 for governing Pennsylvania. The National league covers a much greater area than the Keystone state and contains spirits quite as turbulent.

CHIEF OF CHICAGO'S POLICEWOMEN

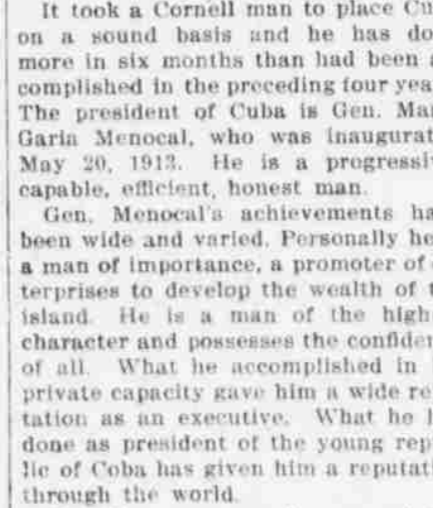


A few weeks ago the city of Chicago experienced a radical upheaval in its police department. John McWeeny, then chief of the force, became incensed through an imagined slight at the hands of Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago, and resigned his position without warning, leaving a body of 3,000 policemen minus an executive head.

Then for the first time in the history of the great municipality a woman was reckoned in the running for the office which had been vacated—and her name was Mrs. Gertrude Howe Britton. Although when the time arrived for the mayor to make public his choice for the important post, it proved to be John Gleason, a captain in the department for many years, the fact still remains that a woman was considered as a possible incumbent for the position of chief.

Mrs. Britton, it may be interesting to know, is one of the most prominent social workers in the United States. She understands police work from the ground up, and although she failed to secure the coveted post of chief, is at present the head of Chicago's new force of policewomen.

CALLED MOSES OF CUBA



It took a Cornell man to place Cuba on a sound basis and he has done more in six months than had been accomplished in the preceding four years. The president of Cuba is Gen. Mario Garcia Menocal, who was inaugurated May 20, 1912. He is a progressive, capable, efficient, honest man.

Gen. Menocal's achievements have been wide and varied. Personally he is a man of importance, a promoter of enterprises to develop the wealth of the island. He is a man of the highest character and possesses the confidence of all. What he accomplished in his private capacity gave him a wide reputation as an executive. What he has done as president of the young republic of Cuba has given him a reputation through the world.

For this young man has proved that Cuba has a right to be considered a stable government; he has discouraged big graft in high places; he has set a high standard of official efficiency, keeping in office men most capable regardless of their political party; he is putting the Cuban army on a sound basis of efficiency; he is developing the internal resources of the island, aiding the farmers, building schools and hospitals and in every way putting the country on the road to self-respect and high standing among the nations of the world.

It is in the development of the resources of the country, however, that General Menocal is strong. It is his particular line. His department of agriculture is pursuing the enlightened methods he knew about when he was a student at Cornell. The national laboratories afford the results of experiments for farmers. Practical teachers go about the country giving instruction to farmers and planters of the new methods of agriculture. Registered stock is being brought in by the government to raise the standard of the horses, mules and cattle to the highest grade, the president well recognizing that no country is strong except as its farms are productive.