

HAPPY SIDES OF NEW YEARS

The custom of celebrating the New Year by leaving behind, in theory at least, one's past pernicacious habit or besetting sin, may be back-moved, but it certainly is not strictly relegated, in 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 with 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 said custom of renouncing through resolutions or collecting-day sheets? The cycle will smile and say that it is all a waste of effort, a flash in the pan, a halfhearted glancing over of mistakes for words and none too sincere promises of reform. The pamphlet will have his little thing in cartoon and with quip and jest. He will purgile with the pardoning glee of Robin Goodfellow, over the folly of mortals and find in every resolve new subject for laughter. From the pulp on Sunday will sound the admonition of the minister, the moralist. They will take good resolutions seriously, and set upon them the stamp of divine approval. And whether the wry sneer of the cynic, the mocking grin of the humorist, or the approving smile of the moralist prepass the fate of the resolutions and their maker, it will be true 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 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 get 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 selfishly sharp little tongue, procrastination, and childish irritation. Behold closed doors, but any one see him in so meek a moment. 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 to debt to father for my allowance, and not to play hockey a single day.' Of course you failed, both you and Dick, before the little diary had its new gilt framed or the soft pencilling of the letter had blurred 'Dick' into an unrecognizable blurring. But the effort wasn't altogether wasted, and there were fewer fits of temper and less neck and ears than would otherwise have been.

As grown-ups man, we'd got older, some of us to the past and some to the New Year's resolves. The day was once upon a time more marked by pleasant, social customs. Only in old-fashioned New Year's day now a state-ly sort of ceremonial. But it is not hard to recall that a decade or two ago there still survived some of the ditty 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 rapacious children, preparations for New Year's day were under way.

Children were not included in this celebration. This was essentially the festival of their elders. Orders to keep from under foot were firmly enforced, and did you wish to see the fun no more 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 around. That it was there, and in full working order was evidenced by a sign.

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 full of the "How lovely with gay red ribbons," said for all the world to hear. "We are not going to-day." If you were a boy and appearing, later in the afternoon you stole up to the top to peep in and discover, by the number of cards in the box, the respective popularity of village maid 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 "glow of gas" or the substitute of sunlight on snow, but presumably kinder to complexion and gowns, just a "friffie passie." And you knew that in each house, subject only to trifling variations of background, there would be enacted the same comedy of first into the front door that opened at the first knock, the bell passed a fluctuating stream of men in holiday attire. There were elderly men in plenty in broadcloth that was brushed to the point of perfection, smart young dandies sporting the newest fashions in their neckwear, boaters and tulle-topped to the length of their neck, coats we called them Prince Alberts in the days when New Year's calls were in vogue—and a sprinkling of sportsmen in their casual, what they were saying to the established custom of society. Every body who was anybody in our town had his neighbors to the incoming year for making the rounds of his friends' homes.

Once inside, there was a certain amount of business to be done. The older folks, who help him with overcoat, hat and cane, and a call for his hat and coat and daughter, and under the characters with their



gullied until six, when twinkling street lights waded the columns to retreat. Not a serious way 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 service. For, in "our town," as in yours, mayhap, it was the usage 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 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 giving of the annual and the fun of sitting up, pasty 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 sausage and fried potatoes or scalloped oysters and mutton, 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 gold 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 sulfurous light of a dusty shop window, it had a certain charm for the one who found it. It was the picture of a watch-night service, and opened door came streaming the warm glow of shaded gas jets. From village streets flooded 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-leaved boots, back to the New Year's eve of her girlhood.

So she had walked with father and mother and a group of young boys, just so the trees had led her to 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 withaching vividness the faces

of those who had filled the pew, especially that of the man whose quilling profile, dusky eye and straight, glossy black hair formed a never-to-be-forgotten personality.

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

The year is gone, beyond recall, With all its joys and fears, With its bright and gladdening hours, With its mourners' tears.

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

Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise, To God who leaveth out our days; And makes us yet another year, And makes us see his goodness.

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

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

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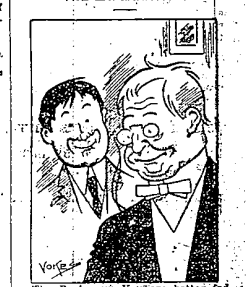
The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Quickly Made at Home and Satisfies You

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup enough to last a family a long time. You could buy one much or a good cough syrup for \$2.00. Simply each. It gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in a few days. It is due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite, and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. It relieves cough, asthma, throat-irritation, sore lungs, and colds. It is made with a few simple ingredients. It is made with a few simple ingredients. It is made with a few simple ingredients.

Pine is one of the oldest and best known medicinal agents for the throat membranes. Pine is the most valuable constituent of the American Larch. Pine extract and is rich in gaulin, and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not give you this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of households in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been so successful. A quantity of absolute satisfaction, or children who are sick, send for this recipe. Your druggist has Pine for you. Let us know you have sent to the Pine Co., 254 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



THE EXPLANATION.
The Professor—You are better fed than I thought.
The Stout Student—I reckon you're right. You teach me, but I feed myself.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s, psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have made to do any labor, and I was suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a teaspoonful of scales, taken from the sheet on my bed. Some of them half as large as certain of those protruding like hills. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. On the 15th of June I started West, in the hope I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. ... treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All though I had but a short time to live, I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, feet; feet badly swollen; toenails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair bald, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I suffered! I only survive wouldn't give up, said, "We'll try Cuticura." Getting applied to one hand and arm—Bureka! there was relief stopped the terrible burning sensation from the scalp. Their "immediacy" got Cuticura Solvent, Cuticura and Soap. I commenced using Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day; water abundant; Cuticura and Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y.

This remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is reprinted by permission of the publishers, "The Standard," 225 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn. Hiram E. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St., Lancaster, Mich. I have recently attended a reunion of the psoriasis sufferers of the year 1880. I have passed I have forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Resolvent.

"Fine weather we've been having." "Yes, but we'll pay for this fine weather with a hot summer." "If we can't, we'll go to Florida for the winter."

Through the whole of the splendid poem it swept, on to the triumphant conclusion: "Blessed is the Christ that is to be."

To the child the most dramatic moment of the evening came just on the stroke of the incoming year. While outside whistles blew and giant crackers exploded, bells clashed and cracked, inside hands clasped hands while to gather they said the good old standby, "Hark to the tie that binds," before the bustle of the benediction and the glad chorus of "Happy New Year's" that concluded the service.

There is an her sort of quiet ushering in of the baby year that is conducive to the good resolve that of his so easily under favorable conditions. That were those in the old days as there are in these, who felt that after the gala afternoon the happiest way of all was to sit quietly upon the fire, chatting with half a dozen congenial spirits, enjoying a bit of the spirit moved, reminiscing, as old-time came back in the hush and ending with the silent and the dash of sentiment that make "Auld Lang Syne," the fitting song for such a moment.

That some such happy hour may begin with 1911's first appearance, is the best wish one can offer to friends.

Let the auspicious morning be expressed with a white dove distinguished from the rest.

So the Hesper Dryden has the same thought. May it be true of us all.