

**THE WHITE FLOWERS OF JANUARY**

By WILLIAM SHARP

The woodland ways were white;  
the boughs swung low  
With weight of snow;  
There was a shimmer of dancing  
golden light,  
And through the glow  
The goddess Flora moved in  
sudden flight.

But when she saw the dead  
blooms everywhere  
Laid low in the mold  
Her sunny wings she did unfold.  
Long did she brood amid that  
woodland bare  
And the blooms withered there.

Then with a smile she called the  
snows to her.  
There was a stir,  
A falling rustle, as when bird  
wings whirl  
Alow in the thickets in the twi-  
light hour,  
And, next, a glimmering shower.

Swift, mid the green gloom  
flecked with white, she fled,  
But where each snowflake fell  
There was a happy miracle—  
Dead petals, wind flowers, vio-  
lets, once more rose,  
But now in white each petal did  
disclose.

**GIVE A "BELL PARTY."**

Seasonable and Appropriate Way of  
Welcoming the New Year.

The hostess in search of something  
seasonable and out of the usual form  
of entertainment on New Year's eve  
will find a "bell party" most attractive.  
Following as it does, so closely upon  
Christmas, the holly, mistletoe, poin-  
settia and green decorations already in  
evidence may be placed into service  
without additional cost if some fresh  
cut flowers are added and bells of every  
imaginable size and design are pro-  
fusely arranged about the room,  
with red bell shades, or rings, light  
globes, candles, etc., which will fur-  
nish a beautiful melow glow over the  
whole scene.

Write the invitations on the reverse  
side of gilt cardboard bells with "Ring  
out the old, ring in the new."  
If there is no objection, cards may  
be played, and during the game tiny  
glasses of refreshment may be served.  
Only the snowiest of linen and hand-  
somest of silver should be used upon  
this occasion. The dining room decora-  
tions and menu may be made to  
convey the bell idea, with a center-  
piece in the form of a silver bell filled  
with red carnations and a toy Father  
Time, with his scythe in his hand,  
peeping out of the blossoms.

Over the table suspend an immense  
red bell with green streamers reaching  
to the head of the table. As the mid-  
night hour is ready to strike the host-  
ess will ring it nineteen times and  
pause, then sixteen distinct peals.  
From its center a shower of tiny paper  
bells will drop as she rings. At the  
last peal the hostess and guests rise  
and drink a New Year's toast to 1916,  
then resume the feast.

**KING FOR A DAY.**

It Costs Leader of New Year "Shoot-  
ers" \$1,000; He Thinks It's Worth It.

One thousand dollars to be king for  
a day! Men of little wealth spend that sum  
for a few brief flouts of glory in Phila-  
delphia on New Year's day, and the  
next day they return to their work  
entirely content, even though the sav-  
ings of a year have been swallowed up  
in the process.

It is for the celebration of New  
Year's day in the distinctive "Shoot-  
ers" parade, that the money is in-  
vested, and the conditions that exist  
there in the southern portion of Phila-  
delphia cannot be duplicated anywhere  
else in the United States.

The captains of the various clubs vie  
with each other to such a point in the  
contest for the handsome prizes that  
the costumes which they wear repre-  
sent a bigger cash outlay than the cost-  
liest gowns worn by the queens of so-  
ciety at the opera.

In last year's parade several of the  
captains wore robes that cost more  
than a thousand dollars. The train of  
one royal robe was so elaborate that it  
required fifty pages to carry it. In  
making the elaborate flowers that  
adorned its velvet surface one woman  
had been kept busy for an entire year.  
Yet the man who for one brief day thus  
donned the trappings of royal station  
was only a workman.

**NEW YEAR GREETINGS.**



**HAIL AND FAREWELL!**

**OLD YEAR, you're dead.**  
It's just as well.  
You put our  
Patience to the test;  
You added only to our cares.  
That you should die  
Was far the best.  
We've older grown  
And wiser, too,  
And we are glad  
We're through with you.

New year, come in.  
You're but a child,  
Yet what you bring  
We must accept.  
It may be joy or death, per-  
haps;  
We have no choice;  
It must be kept.  
We only pray  
And anxious wait  
To know what may be  
Our new fate.

**THANK CHINESE FOR "CALLS."**

They Originated That Manner of Cele-  
brating New Year's Coming.  
The custom of making New Year's  
calls, which had a long run in America  
and is still extant in some places, came  
originally from China, where such  
calls are one of the main features of  
the brilliant and lengthy New Year's  
celebration.  
Every Chinaman pays a visit to each  
of his superiors and receives one from  
each of his inferiors. Images of gods  
are carried in procession to the beating  
of a deafening gong. The younger  
people call upon the elder. Children  
call upon their parents; pupils pay their  
respects to their teachers. A light col-  
lation is offered every visitor, but it  
is to be noted, no wine is served.  
Tea takes the place of any strong  
drink. In China gentlemen never call  
upon the ladies, but upon each other,  
and the women also make social visits  
among themselves.  
No one is obliged, happily, to make  
all his calls on "Monday" for all calls  
made before the 15th of the month  
are considered correct. These calling  
customs have existed in China from  
earliest times—Ladies Weekly.

An Ancient New Year Prediction:  
When men shall fight,  
The women will do the right;  
The moon will miss the vintage.  
This is the translation of a quaint  
old French prophecy made more than  
300 years ago on New Year's day.  
In the French district of Arles this  
prophecy has been repeated every year  
since that time. The year of the be-  
ginning of the great war saw men fly-  
ing, of course, and the women of Eu-  
rope, as far as they were able, did the  
harvest. As for the vintage, the men  
from the vineyards did indeed miss it  
since they were either shooting or  
dodging grenades instead of prepar-  
ing grape juice.—Boston Herald.

The New Year.  
I drew the lace curtains by  
And looked upon the night  
Above a white and frozen world  
The moon was shining bright,  
I heard a chiming faint and far  
Of silver bells, and, lo,  
Before my door a rosy boy  
Was playing in the snow!

His dimpled arms were full of flowers—  
Sweet violets, darkly blue,  
And arbutus and crocuses,  
All wet with diamond dew.  
He planted them beneath the snow,  
Each tender, fragrant thing.  
Behold, he was the glad New Year  
With promises of spring!  
—Minna Irving.

**1915 Goodbye Old Year 1916**

**COME IN, NEW YEAR**



Goodby, old year, goodby!  
You have brought much pain and sad-  
ness;  
You have brought much joy and glad-  
ness.  
Many a pathway you have brightened;  
Many a sorrow you have lightened.  
Goodby, old year, goodby!

Come in, new year, come in!  
We are much rejoiced to meet you.  
With words of welcome we do greet  
you.  
For you the midnight bells are ring-  
ing!  
For you the choristers are singing.  
Come in, new year, come in!



Come in, new year, come in!  
Lighten the footsteps in the furrows;  
Soften every pang of sorrow;  
Scathe the brow that is ever aching;  
Comfort the heart that with pain is  
breaking.  
Come in, new year, come in!

Come in, new year, come in!  
Deal gently with those that wander  
From the fold of the Good Shepherd.  
With the Bread of Life, oh, feed them,  
And in the light, oh, kindly lend them!  
Come in, new year, come in!

**What's Your Resolution?**

That swishing sound echoing through-  
out this fair and happy land is the  
dusting of the New Year's resolution.  
Here's what we purpose doing:  
Save money—perhaps.  
Stop smoking—maybe.  
Quit swearing—we hope so.  
Become so good that—not so we can  
notice it.  
What is your resolution for the new  
year?—Philadelphia-Public Ledger.

Seek, if ye can, of those that roam,  
Where'er the year thy hopes shall lead—  
Toward what proud heights, in lines of  
fire,  
The world may look to read thy name.  
But know that in the deepest vales,  
Where heroes strive and courage pales,  
Amid the wilderness and fen,  
Along the beaten paths of men,  
Where, face to face with common things,  
God's saints have known their stress and  
strains,  
There, brave to share the lot of all,  
Shalt thou endure thy part or fall.  
There only shalt thou raise or rear  
Thy building of another year.

**ZEIGLER—SHANK**

Miss Mary Zeigler, daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. John Zeigler, of Listit, and  
Charles W. Shank, son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Simon Shank of Stoyestown were  
married Dec. 18 at the Shank resi-  
dence by the Rev. J. S. English, pastor of  
the Stoyestown Lutheran Church.



**She Doesn't Have to Worry About the Hard Work of House Cleaning**

**She Cleans for a Few Minutes Every Day or So With One of the**



Luke Hay will show you one in  
your own home—  
**SEND FOR HIM**

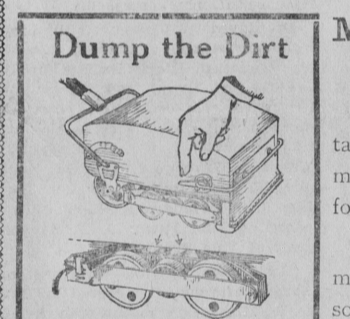
These machines are easy running, practical, efficient combination carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners, that take hard work out of housecleaning, and make the weekly sweeping and daily brushing up a pleasure instead of a drudge. There's a real fascination in running one of these roller bearing machines across the rug or carpet a few times and then opening the dirt pans and dust bag to see how much dirt it took up

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Where You Wish

The two dump pans each operated by an easily reached spring lever enables you to Dump the Dirt where you want to without getting it on your clothes or back on the floor again. Just one of the features

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This will enable you to see for yourself just what the machine will do. Then if you wish, it can be arranged so that you can pay for the machine in Small Weekly Payments until the price \$7.00 is paid.

**Don't Wait Any Longer, CALL FOR ME TODAY**

**LUKE HAY,**  
413 MAIN ST., MEYERSDALE

**THE BUILDING OF THE YEAR**

By FRANK WALCOTT HUNT  
Seek, if ye can, of those that roam,  
Where'er the year thy hopes shall lead—  
Toward what proud heights, in lines of  
fire,  
The world may look to read thy name.  
But know that in the deepest vales,  
Where heroes strive and courage pales,  
Amid the wilderness and fen,  
Along the beaten paths of men,  
Where, face to face with common things,  
God's saints have known their stress and  
strains,  
There, brave to share the lot of all,  
Shalt thou endure thy part or fall.  
There only shalt thou raise or rear  
Thy building of another year.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**  
TRY RED RIBBON BRAND COFFEE

**Women Know**

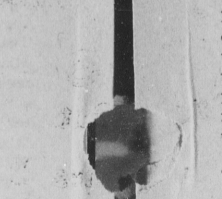
that they cannot afford to be ill. They must keep themselves in the best of health at all times. Most of all, the digestive system must be kept in good working order. Knowing the importance of this, many women have derived help from

**Beecham's Pills**  
These safe, sure, vegetable pills quickly right the conditions that cause heart languor, constipation and indigestion. They are free from habit-forming drugs. They do not irritate or weaken the bowels.

Women find that relieving the small ills promptly, prevents the development of big ones. They depend on Beecham's Pills to tone, strengthen and

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