

The "Newest" New Year of Frances Elizabeth Lanyon

BEING alone over Christmas isn't so bad, but a whole week after that, too! I'm lonely now; what will it be for ten days, for Mary won't be home until New Year's day?

For the first time during twenty years of married life Robert Adams' helpmeet had taken a vacation, or rather had gone on a visit to an invalid sister, and her husband had had to miss her wofully. So smoothly had life gone, as many husbands had Mary lifted from his shoulders to his patient, plodding way that he missed her guiding, helpful presence dreadfully. She had left everything in trim order. The house was neat as a pin, everything provided for comfort to his hand, but the irksomeness of the intense solitude was beginning to get on his nerves.

"I reckon I never knew her value till just now," he muttered. "She shines me with the contrast between the inside neatness and the outside disorder, and as he glanced from the window he had to confess that he was a careless, slovenly man. The front fence had two out of every five pickets broken or missing. The barn was in antiquated ruin. The porch wobbled and the eavesdroppers of the house were bent and stem-battered for the lack of paint.

He glanced into a mirror as he passed it, his neglected beard touched and awry. He looked down at the animal and threadbare suit he wore and flushed. He had just come from the sleeping room upstairs, and rummaging a bureau for some papers, had happened across a stored-away memento cherished by Mary, a photograph of himself in his early courting days. It showed a neatly dressed, aristocratic young man, scarcely comparing with the careless, slouching individual he presented now.

The front gate gave out a rasping sound. It did not click, for one shuttled hinge alone supported it. The cracked-tired horse half issued a hollow, grizzling sound, and Robert went to the door to greet his brother-in-law, local real estate agent, who held the full lease in his hand, as it had come home, trailing half a foot of rusted wire with it.

"I nearly broke my neck stumbling over that sidewalk of yours," he observed. "Not much like Mary's donkey here, eh?" and he bestowed an approving look around the neat, clean little sitting room. "I say, Robert, I had a lot today on some of your property here."

"That's good," responded Robert, pricking up his ears, ever keen for business.

"The town's growing and getting crowded, and a client is thinking of buying some street frontage and building a half dozen bungalows as a speculation. I wondered if your vacant corner beyond here mightn't suit him. What are you asking for it an acre?"

"An acre?" fairly shouted Robert. "Humph! that's cool! Why, the land is fully a quarter of a mile nearer town than the new subdivision of Jam Lane. He charges lot prices, and so should I."

The brother-in-law hunched his shoulders and looked dubious. "See here, Robert," he said. "I'm going to be plain with you. I've brought half a dozen customers here who want to build, and lost all of them. The location isn't so bad; it's a direct street, and the house here, located, paint all flaked off and the lot flittered

at the golden chance slip by unheeded all these years." Robert Adams did not resent the straightforward talk of his visitor. He was just in a frame of mind where the suggestions implanted might take root. He nodded a thoughtful assent to his relative and sat down alone to cogitate. The postman appeared with a letter from Mary and a small bundle. The former expressed the delight her long-anticipated visit had brought to her people. The package, opened, revealed Mary's Christmas gift to him—a hat a dozen handkerchiefs and two neckties. All at them bore initials or some ornamental peddlerwork, and his face softened as he realized how many plodding hours his wife had devoted to the task to give him pleasure. Then he smiled grimly. As he fixed his eyes on a framed portrait of his helpmeet his eyes grew tender. Then they took to their depths a dreamy thing. Before his mental vision passed a series of pictures born of the vivid suggestions of the day.

"Why, not?" he cried abruptly, coming briskly to his feet. "January first is a good time to begin!" Robert Adams visited a carpenter shop, the town paint store and other places early the next morning. He went to the hardware store and examined the latest in house trimmings. He spent two hours going over wallpaper stock. He asked each artisan he consulted one uniform question: "Can you get the work all finished by New Year's eve?"

He amazed the village tailor by ordering his first suit in five years. He was a profitable customer for the barber, who not only worked in a shave and a hair trim, but a shampoo and half a dozen special treatments.

The renovated husband of Mary Adams dabbled long at the mirror ere he went out and took Dobbins out of the stable. The train was due at ten o'clock, but it was New Year's eve, travel was heavy and all trains delayed, and it was well on toward midnight when he craned his neck from the sleigh and eagerly watched the passengers alight.

An utterance of disappointment escaped his lips as passenger after passenger left the platform. Then he stared fixedly at a feminine form arrayed in a neat velvet hat and a pretty plush coat. She had turned her face toward the station light.

"Mary!" he cried, but unbelievably, as he viewed her strange attire. "Oh, Robert!" she replied, and hastened eagerly toward him, but halted with a quick shock. Old Dobbins looked ten years younger than when she had last seen him. The sleigh glist-

ened like a newly brushed mirror. And Robert—she fastened her eyes on this apparent subject of the fountain of youth.

"I—I didn't know you," she stammered. "Nor I you," said Robert—"all dotted up in new togs."

"Oh, Uncle Ephraim made sister and me a famous Christmas present and insisted on seeing it spent on our own selves," explained Mary. "I've invested a trifle in the same line myself," vaunted Robert, with a sly grin. "Get in, Mary. Yes, new robes. Don't think me reckless—I did it all for you."

Again—"Oh, Robert!" in rapt tones, as they came in sight of home, looking up like a mansion in a new robe of white trimmed with dark green. "Wait till you see the rooms—new pe-

pared from top to bottom," and Mary was in a daze as she was ushered into the house. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"What does this wonderful magic mean?" she flattered. "It means—hark! there go the bells, chiming out the old year. It means Happy New Year!" and he placed his arm about her waist—"the newest New Year of our lives, for we are going to begin to enjoy the best the world can give all over again!"

most you save your strength and over-labored expense, by making up some rubber stamps for ten or twenty pages. Just save the stamps this evening, and file them all away. You'll need them in a year from now, another New Year's day!

TAKE TIME TO LIVE RIGHT. The season for good resolutions is approaching. Thousands are resolving to begin the New Year by commencing some effort at self-improvement.

Most people suffer from poor health because they say "they haven't time to take care of themselves." The business man knows he needs exercise, but denies himself because he hasn't time.

Most people run their lives in such a slipshod fashion that they haven't time to eat properly, to think properly, and to rest properly. And the result is that they die ahead of time because they haven't had time to live properly.

Fads of the Famous. Dickens was fond of wearing gaudy jewelry, and the clanking of his numerous gold chains announced his coming while he was yet some great distance away. Longfellow had a weakness for flowered waistcoats, and he possessed many of gorgeous pattern and color, whilst Bacon was very fond of fine clothes, and spent much of his leisure in devising new costumes for court occasions.

Donatien spent a great part of his leisure in catching flies and piercing them through with a needle. Queen Elizabeth was very profane, and when angry would kick and cuff her maids. Queen Victoria shared the common superstition about salt. She would reprimand any guest who was unfortunate enough to spill it, and throughout the remainder of the meal she would be disturbed and in ill-humor.

Wide Territory. "Ever dream you were rich?" "Once." "What was the nature of your dream?" "I thought the Russian people had been converted to the use of safety razors and I had the only agency between Archangel and Vladivostok."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Too Much Alcoholism. "I suppose you will retire to private life." "Yes. I want to get back where I can stir things up and cut a figure among the home folks. I am tired of the obscurity of a public career."

tened like a newly brushed mirror. And Robert—she fastened her eyes on this apparent subject of the fountain of youth.

"I—I didn't know you," she stammered. "Nor I you," said Robert—"all dotted up in new togs."

"Oh, Uncle Ephraim made sister and me a famous Christmas present and insisted on seeing it spent on our own selves," explained Mary. "I've invested a trifle in the same line myself," vaunted Robert, with a sly grin. "Get in, Mary. Yes, new robes. Don't think me reckless—I did it all for you."

Again—"Oh, Robert!" in rapt tones, as they came in sight of home, looking up like a mansion in a new robe of white trimmed with dark green. "Wait till you see the rooms—new pe-

pared from top to bottom," and Mary was in a daze as she was ushered into the house. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"What does this wonderful magic mean?" she flattered. "It means—hark! there go the bells, chiming out the old year. It means Happy New Year!" and he placed his arm about her waist—"the newest New Year of our lives, for we are going to begin to enjoy the best the world can give all over again!"

most you save your strength and over-labored expense, by making up some rubber stamps for ten or twenty pages. Just save the stamps this evening, and file them all away. You'll need them in a year from now, another New Year's day!

TAKE TIME TO LIVE RIGHT. The season for good resolutions is approaching. Thousands are resolving to begin the New Year by commencing some effort at self-improvement.

Most people suffer from poor health because they say "they haven't time to take care of themselves." The business man knows he needs exercise, but denies himself because he hasn't time.

Most people run their lives in such a slipshod fashion that they haven't time to eat properly, to think properly, and to rest properly. And the result is that they die ahead of time because they haven't had time to live properly.

Fads of the Famous. Dickens was fond of wearing gaudy jewelry, and the clanking of his numerous gold chains announced his coming while he was yet some great distance away. Longfellow had a weakness for flowered waistcoats, and he possessed many of gorgeous pattern and color, whilst Bacon was very fond of fine clothes, and spent much of his leisure in devising new costumes for court occasions.

Donatien spent a great part of his leisure in catching flies and piercing them through with a needle. Queen Elizabeth was very profane, and when angry would kick and cuff her maids. Queen Victoria shared the common superstition about salt. She would reprimand any guest who was unfortunate enough to spill it, and throughout the remainder of the meal she would be disturbed and in ill-humor.

Wide Territory. "Ever dream you were rich?" "Once." "What was the nature of your dream?" "I thought the Russian people had been converted to the use of safety razors and I had the only agency between Archangel and Vladivostok."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Too Much Alcoholism. "I suppose you will retire to private life." "Yes. I want to get back where I can stir things up and cut a figure among the home folks. I am tired of the obscurity of a public career."

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Something New Under the Sun: Woman Gun-Fighter

LOS ANGELES.—The last of the Jones-Lewis bandit gang has been wiped out in the suburb of Arcadia. Their murderous performances match those of the bandits who terrorized the western country after the Civil war. In one amazing feat, however, this gang outdid the old-time bandits—a woman gun-fighter, twenty years old, who fought beside her husband to the death. Dale Jones, her husband, was but twenty-one. He began his criminal career in 1914 at Los Angeles by stealing an automobile. His murderous depredations have ranged from the Pacific coast to Indiana. He was a leader, if not the head, of a gang which killed without hesitation. Certainly he and his wife were the gunmen of the gang.

Deputy Sheriffs Van Vleet and Anderson found Jones and his wife and their automobile at night in front of a supply station. "Throw up your hands!" they shouted, covering the pair with sawed-off shotguns. Jones, appearing to comply, drew an automatic pistol from a special pocket and mortally wounded Van Vleet with his first shot. His second Anderson, who sprang into the shadows, Jones crouched behind the machine and began firing. His wife got into the car, emptied her revolver and took up a rifle.

Thereupon Anderson, who had balked at killing a woman, sent one of his two loads of buckshot into her body, which crumpled up over the steering wheel. Jones, seeing his wife dead, left cover and headed for Anderson, firing as he went. The deputy gave him the other charge of buckshot in the head.

"Isn't That Funny?" Says Louis. It Surely Is GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Louis Latour, 229 Bridge street, is home again after quite an interesting experience in Chicago. Louis was walking down State street in the Windy City looking in windows waiting for train time and marveling in his own mind how few furs and furs can cost so much. Pretty soon he saw a man leading a crybaby man up the street.

"His brother is very rich," said the man leading the weeping man. "For that should he cry?" "His brother is dying and he himself will soon be very rich," said the stranger.

"And he cries?" asked Louis. "Sure, he cries," said the stranger. "He is crying because while he has so much money he has got no money at all. He has his brother's money, thousands of dollars of it, but he can't spend a cent of it. He can't even pay for a doctor for himself, and he is sick. Now, if he could borrow some money for a few days he could give his brother's money for security."

"I've got a little money," said Louis. "He will give you \$5 for each \$1 you will loan him," said the man who led the weeper. The weeper choked his sobs and nodded assent. "I've got \$1,000, but it is in a bank in Grand Rapids," said Louis. Louis came to Grand Rapids and got it all. He took it to Chicago, and they met him at the train, the stranger and the sobbing man. The sobbing man felt better. Louis was coming to his help.

"I don't see how in the world they did it, but they did," says Louis. "They took my money and their money, thousands of dollars of it! They counted it all out right in front of my nose. They pulled it all up in a box and gave me the box. When I opened the box there wasn't anything in it but paper. "I saw 'em put the money in and I saw 'em nail up the box. Isn't that funny?"

"How Comes It Such Little Legs and Big Body?" CHICAGO—"H-men!" exclaimed Policeman Emil Harber, or words to that effect. "How comes it such little legs have such a big body?" Then Policeman Harber signified again. It was an odd sight. Here was a wee bit of a fellow whose body was round, like a ball, and the front protruded in a most extraordinary manner.

Behind the first came another little boy with a large sack on his back. He looked like Atlas holding up the world or a Prussian soldier going home with his loot. The kids were moving away from the Clark street bridge as fast as they could stagger and weave along under their loads.

Policeman Harber took his catch to the central station. When little Leo Holtz, eight years old, 1137 North Branch street, caught sight of the red-headed sergeant he forgot to hold onto his burdened stomach and through some opening in his clothes out flew a pigeon. It fluttered about the police station and alighted.

Leo did not smile. He stood solemn and dignified. Pigeon after pigeon made its exit from his garments. The coppers began to snicker. With each bird's flight his circumference grew less—it diminished as a rubber balloon might slowly go down. When the collapse was complete the police turned to Castimir Stozalka, ten years old, 1949 West Chicago avenue, who carried the sack.

"What's in there?" demanded the red-headed sergeant. "Chickens," said Castimir. "Where did you kids get all these birds?" "We an' my brother and Castimir and two other boys I don't know got 'em off of a truck standing on the Clark street bridge," said little Leo, now reduced by a couple of dozen pigeons.

Are Women of Denver Entitled to an Apology? DENVER.—Arise, ye sons of Ananias, and salute your king! Go yet forth, ye virgins of womankind, and beg pardon of your fair sisters, for Denver girls insist they are not bow-legged. When Dame Fashion and Madame Conservation decreed shorter skirts fastidious men immediately began to spread the charge that the underpinnings of most girls were marked by a slight curvature. Now, 'tis said, nine out of ten appear to possess knees which stand at least several inches apart.

The libel is declared, even by women, not to be altogether groundless, inasmuch as a great many young women do appear to belong to the bandy-legged class. They blame this upon three things: First, the kind of shoes they wear; second, the faulty adjustment of the stockings, and, third, corsets that don't fit.

What Is the Price of a Man's Immortal Soul? ROCKFORD, ILL.—The trial of Rev. David Gerdes, pastor of the White-side county Church of the Brethren, packed Judge Landis' courtroom. Gerdes, when he pleaded guilty, told Judge Landis that even if a Hun were to attack his own daughter he would not say the ruffian to protect her honor. The court asked similar questions of Gerdes' brother and of Joseph Langnecker.

Both said that in such a case they would plead that in God's name their daughter be spared. To kill a man would be to imperil their souls. "Is your soul worth more than your daughter's honor?" asked the court of Langnecker.

"It is worth more than all," "Take them out of the courtroom!" shouted Judge Landis to a bailiff. "These men hold their measly little, shriveled souls of more importance than they do the honor of their mother, wife or daughter," said Judge Landis to the next witness, Herman W. Pratt. "What I am trying to find out is if there is any other member with similar views." Pratt said he would take chances on the salvation of his soul and defend his daughter to the death.

Judge Landis, after declaring the Brethren church had its origin in Germany, reviewed Gerdes' antebellum talk and his opposition to the Red Cross. "The defendant and his family were not averse, however, to selling their hogs at wartime prices," said the court.

And thereupon Judge Landis sentenced Gerdes to ten years in Leavenworth prison.

Coughs and Colds Quickly Relieved. At the first sign of a cold or cough, commence treatment immediately with the best procurable remedy. Schiffmann's Expectorant is guaranteed to be the best and most satisfactory remedy ever used, or money refunded in case it should not prove so. It is so strongly concentrated that 50 cents worth makes 64 teaspoonful, when mixed at home with honey or sugar syrup. Positively contains no Chloroform, Opium, Morphine or any other narcotic. Pleasant to take and children are fond of it. Druggists everywhere will refund money if it does not give perfect satisfaction, or is not found the very best ever used for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, or Hoarseness. You will be the sole judge and under this positive guarantee absolutely no risk is run in buying the remedy.



The Farmer Receives More Than Five Thousand Dollars a Minute From Swift & Company

This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

Swift & Company, U. S. A. (Logo with 'S' in a circle and 'SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.' text)

That After Effect. (From the observations of a cynic.) I saw a dog after a cat. I saw a cat after a rat. I saw a young man after my daughter. I saw my neighbor after the almighty dollar. I looked at the infinitesimal bit of change I received from that same dollar after buying a dozen eggs. I heard the plaint of the wife whose husband got home at 2 a. m. I heard one of these after-dinner speakers. I am fed up on this after-the-war stuff. I heard of a workman after higher wages. The preacher tries to scare me about this after-life. I saw a boy take after his father. I saw another fellow after my job and I saw a chap the morning after the night before. I don't need to see the knifer after the war to convince me that this life is just one blankety blank thing after another. — Indianapolis Star.

Cheerful Giver. "Are you making presents this year?" "Yes; I expect to kill about forty friendships."

Egypt is producing fuel gas from vegetable refuse.

HUNS' DIRTY TRICK AVENGED. No Member of Party Lived to Tell of "Sniping" Yanks While on Errand of Mercy. "The body of a dead Yank." Private Albert Hawk said, "lay in No Man's Land in front of our lines. The Huns tied ropes to the hands of the dead soldier, and by pulling the ropes made it appear that the soldier was alive and waving his arms to summon help. "A dozen of our men crawled out to help their supposedly wounded comrade. As they approached the soldier's body, Hun snipers picked them off. Half a dozen brave men had fallen before the trick was discovered. "Forty of us charged at that sniper's nest with bayonets. We didn't even think about the danger, and didn't care a rap. "We found eight German snipers in that nest and not one of them escaped. We drove our bayonets into them. "The average Hun is a coward right down to his toes."—H. J. Buxton in Detroit Free Press.

His Mother's Accomplishment. Theodore, aged four, was visiting relatives in the country. He stood watching his aunt preparing to light the kitchen fire, and observing his mother, she inquired if his mother, too, burned wood. "No," he answered dejectedly, "she don't burn wood." Then his eyes lighted up and he added triumphantly, "but she burns the dinner sometimes!" —Harper's Magazine.

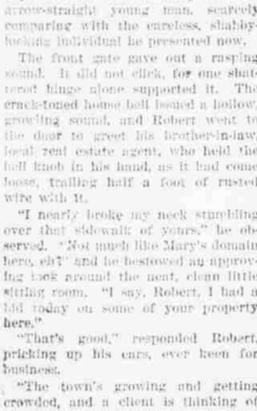
Good health depends upon good digestion. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills safeguard your digestion and your health. Tonic as well as purgative. Adv.

Simon Wolf of Washington has known every president since 1800.

Illness is the fool's continuous holiday.

Kill Dandruff With Cuticura. All druggists. Soap E. Ointment. 25c each. "Head Licker." BELLADY MUSIC COMPANY, 1211 North Ave., Canton, Ohio.

Old Folk's Coughs will be relieved promptly by PISO'S Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by PISO'S Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Sale of the Eye Free Write PISO'S Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



The Midnight Bells

The midnight hour, solemn and drear— The bells ring out our good old year. I listen to the plaintive sound Vibrating o'er the country round. Alas! my friend has to depart. My good old year, it pains my heart! He goes with me 'mid sunny rays, And clings to me in cloudy days, A friend in joy, a friend in woe, Yes, such was he, but he must go! No more his hand return to me, With all his charms and gifts, so free. And Ah! it grieves me too, the thought, That I've not used him, as I ought!

And when I think about this year, Forever sure to disappear, Now also of the years of yore, Fung out since long, to be no more: With childhood's sport, when dreams I dreamed.

When fancy's rays upon me beamed, With dear old home, and all its charms, And smiling eyes and loving arms, With beckoning hopes of rainbow hue, With hearts sincere, that stronger grew, The bells say sadly: "Gone for aye, Time sweeps your pleasures all away!"

Ah! cease to ring thou mournful bell, I do not like thy funeral knell, Curtain mine eyes, thou blessed sleep, And let me joy in dreamland reap!

The notes are hushed—the year is dead, And what he was and gave has fled. But no—once more I hear it ring, Now moving with a steeper swing, Bounding, sweet notes, conveying cheer, The bells ring in the bright New Year, New life, new hope, new peace, new cheer.

Forever the old, welcome New Year! Yes, church bells, ring from lofty spire, That heavenward point, with hope to inspire!

The happy song is in your clang, Which one sweet night God's angels sang: "Glory to God and peace on earth Good will to man," at Jesus' birth.

REV. S. F. REHERS.

CHIPS FROM THE RIME BLOCK. Well, Angel of the Record Book, turn over one more leaf, and jot down my resolutions. I shall try to make them brief. But, come to think about it, what will all the angels say when they see my resolutions, same as every New Year's day? I suspect they'll say: "That duffer has dragged out the same old set, and he'll smash 'em all by Monday, or by Tuesday night, I'll bet! I wish we angels had a harp for such and every time he has made that resolution to quit writing silly rhyme." Poor Angel of the Record Book! You've got a man-sized job, writing down the resolutions for the New Year's morning mob! I would sug-

A Happy New Year. (Decorative graphic with 'Happy New Year' text and floral patterns)

His Face Softened. up with old wagon wheels and other rubbish, they shake their heads. You're behind the times—worse than that, you delight in playing the "don't-care old husseyed," who doesn't appeal to an up-to-date neighbor. I should think, with Mary, the thrifty Mary, always neat as a pin and living in this old wreck, you would turn over a new leaf. By the way, the good time to start it will soon be here—January 1. Think it over. It seems happiness for Mary, who de-