



The New Year begins earliest on the 180th meridian, that is at the part of the world which lies exactly opposite Greenwich on the magic line where sailors have to jump a day either forwards or backwards according as they are sailing with or against the sun.

The earth rotates on its axis once every twenty-four hours, so that in course of time the sun apparently circles the earth. Supposing we travel around the earth in the same direction as the sun and at a speed great enough to keep it in step, then we get back to our starting point without once seeing a sunset; so that as far as we are concerned it is still the same day. As a matter of fact, it is

exactly one day later. Even if you do not keep the sun over you on your voyage, it is apparent that you will reach your starting point with your calculations one day out, unless you have provided for this by striking out an extra day on the calendar. If you travel against the sun you will have to add a day to the calendar.

The convention that has been established with regard to this matter is to consider the day as beginning at the 180th meridian, so that the 180th meridian is always a day ahead of the 17th. As the day begins first at the 180th meridian, the New Year comes first at that point too, being there two hours sooner than it comes at Greenwich.



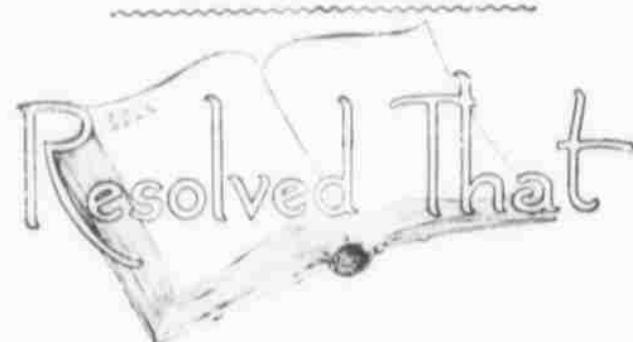
If New Year's comes so late again
This year as it did last
I don't believe I'll wait to see
The end, when it's so past,
And when the season starts to go
Arrives the epidemic.
Last time I was so near I dreamed
I was a New Year's day.

Pa says there isn't anything
That folks can see or hear
When midnight comes and Father
Time
Brings in another year.
But maybe he is fooling me.
Why do the people sing
And call it watch-night meeting, and
Why do the church bells ring?
Pa says they got the number of
The year by adding one
Each New Year's to the year before
And when that year was done,
By adding on another, till

They lifted it up to here
I thought I've taken awful long
To count just once a year
They tell me when I go to bed
The last December night,
I have to go without a meal
Until the next year's light
Some people think they're awful
stretches.

But I know what they mean
The next year has to be next day—
There's nothing in between.
A New Year's day's a happy time
For almost everyone.
It seems a sort of start of things,
With nothing quite begun.
And everybody's feeling young
And spry, just like a boy.
I hope your happy New Year will
Be spilling full of joy.

TOMMY.



Optimism turns up the corners of my mouth, and incidentally the other fellow's. But I won't carry it to a Nirvana state of inactivity. The world must move, I know.

A smile will carry me more successfully through the coming year than a frown. Besides, it's more becoming.

My husband is not a hero to the other woman. She thinks her partner is just as good. I will give her a chance to sound big praises.

I will not shake the other girl's false hand in the name of love. It is a good match to will not believe me, and it is such a bore to admit

tion, he will think that I am catty. In either case I lose.

"Truth is a moon reflected in many waters," says an eastern proverb. I will remember that when questioning my erring child.

"Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever," is a pretty good motto for married ones. The trouble is that liberty drifts into insignificance, and union ends at the divorce courts. I will be wise.

Despite the fact that love makes the world go round, he cannot pay the gas bill or the rent. I will look out for the bread and cheese and love will provide the kisses.

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