



Hello People!

MY NAME is Nineteen Nineteen—
You see I'm just brand-new;
With a big joyous shout, Daddy Time let me out
To bring new hope to you.

NOW that you've got my number,
Perhaps you rather doubt
That I have come here to scatter good cheer,
And all the glooms to flout.

DAD says the world's gone crazy
And things are all dead wrong;
But a new little boy brings a promise of joy,
So greet me with a song!

REMEMBERED and FORGOTTEN

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

"The heart is hard in nature and unfit for human fellowship, as being void of sympathy and therefore dead alike to love and friendship both, that is not pleased."

With sight of others enjoying life Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

At the beginning of the New Year one should brush the dust off his list of friends, looking up those who have dropped quietly out of one's everyday life without a very good reason for it. Making new acquaintances is usually an easy matter. But to nurture those acquaintances until they blossom into friends, cemented by loyalty and constancy, is a different problem.

A man or woman may count acquaintances by the score—people who invite them to their homes to dine, to theater party, or merry-making—yet they are still acquaintances only. Friendship means much more than this, while few actually understand it. Many a one has counted up a hundred so-called friends today. But if adversity assails one tomorrow there may not be one heart among the many one could turn to for solace and cheer.

Not one pair of hands would be extended to draw one in from the cold, the storm and darkness, if one is suddenly bereft of shelter. Past benefits are not remembered. Acquaintances find it easy to forget. Only friends remember the past and its hallowed memories.

A woman will remember every detail

of her courtship—where she first met her lover, their introduction, the impression she formed of him at first sight. She even remembers what her reveries were and her wonderment as to whether or not he thought of her. She remembers each call he made; all that was said or done; how she had detected his growing love for her even before he guessed it himself. She remembers the hour of their betrothal and the conversation that brought it quite unexpectedly about.

As for the man she married, not one man in a hundred can remember what emotion swept across his heart at his first meeting with her whom he was to love evermore till death did them part. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will confess to their wives, "I'm blest if I just know just how I happened to propose to you." When a man can forget that most thrilling of all moments in his life he can forget anything. Such men find it very easy to forget their wife's or children's birthdays, realizing that remembrance would call for presents.

Many wives are glad to have the children not forgotten. But they are just as well satisfied that he has forgotten how swiftly time is running away with their good looks and aging them. Last, and by no means least, no man or woman, no matter how happily married, should allow the old folks at home to imagine themselves forgotten by them. It doesn't take much time to write a few lines once in a fortnight. We should always remember not to forget those who have been dear to us.

Only Keep Green Ones.

Don't carry over any old bills into the New Year—barring, of course, green bills.

A Good Resolve.

Resolve to be better natured during the coming year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

I stood on a tower in the west,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing!
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.
—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

GOOD NEW YEAR ADVICE.

"The old familiar wish rings true,
A Happy New Year, friends, to you."

A man who keeps up the custom of sending New Year cards to his friends included this year a second card bearing these words:

"Instead of retreating evil for evil, try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of others; to act kindly even with dumb animals.

"Live thus one day, two days, or more, and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days.

"Make the attempt and you will see how the dark, evil moods have passed away and how the soul's happiness has increased.

"Make the attempt, and you will see that the gospel of love brings the greatest and most desirable of all things."

On these cards is written, "This is Tolstoy's advice. It is good to pin on a calendar where it will be seen every day."

The Future of the Hun

By E. E. HARRIMAN
of The Vigilantes

There must be a future for the German. He cannot stop and resolve into a mere memory. It is out of the question for the civilized nations to annihilate him. For their own sakes they cannot be as savage as he planned to be. However many were killed in this war, there will still be many millions left to propagate.

What manner of future awaits those millions? What will they do? What will be their status in the world? How will they prosper?

Already many thinking people are considering the matter of German trade, German industry, German debt-paying. The nation itself is making active preparations for the after-war campaign.

With this war ended Germany will find herself handicapped with a double load: the debts she has incurred through the financing of the war, and the rehabilitation of devastated countries. In order to pay either bill she must be able to manufacture and sell. She must have markets and supply them.

In order to secure markets she must first establish confidence in her wares and in her business methods. She must gain a certain, and very decided, amount of friendly regard or the rival salesman, the rival manufacturer, will hold too great an advantage. She can only hope to be a scavenger otherwise, for the other nations will leave her only that which they do not wish to handle.

All Nations on Guard.

How is she going to acquire the necessary standing, the confidence of buying nations, to give her these markets? Once she would have sent her thousands of emigrants to colonize, with rigid instructions to demand German goods and thereby create a condition that would force importations. That day is past, for in all such cases Germany's colonial idea carried with it the control of politics through colony ballots. It is inconceivable that any nation should ever again cater to the German vote or allow it to be in control of even a fraction of national activities.

With all nations on guard against Germanizing influences, that plan must be abandoned. If Germany, in her stupid disregard of all rights and prejudices, should attempt to again get control of any part of the national affairs of America or Canada or Bra-

zil, for instance, it will probably lead to the barring of intercourse with her definitely.

It is difficult to ascertain where she can first gain a foothold. With her reputation blackened by her own acts, her rotten methods thoroughly exposed, it will be a hazardous thing for any nation to attempt to deal with her.

It is a matter that calls for the sober, calm study of master minds, the consideration of all nations opposed to Germanic ideas. It must be made a matter of the most careful consideration, for upon the policy adopted by the nations will depend much of their own welfare. There must be a limit set for Teutonic activity, a bound beyond which they dare not go or it will be only a question of time until the world will again have to take up the task of beating Hun devilishness.

It is time for the nations and their deepest thinkers to begin to plan and consider, for it will not be long now until the Hun will be wanting to emigrate from Hunland to escape the burdens he has helped to create. He must not be allowed to shirk his task. He must be the one to pick up the burden and stagger along under it. He must not be allowed to shift it to other shoulders, in part or in entirety.

Must Be Kept Under Surveillance.
The forces of many nations have been harnessed in the effort to hammer some reasonable degree of sense into the Hunnish head. Next will come the prodigious effort to hold him to his work and force him to walk the straight and narrow path. It is to be almost as hard a task as fighting him into submission, if the way he is preparing for a commercial campaign is any criterion.

Unless he is so hedged about by rigid, inflexible guards that he can do only the right thing, he will soon be doing the wrong one. It is folly to think that getting a whipping will change the Hun nature. A cracked crown will not ensure a rejuvenation or any degree of reformation. He will be no more spiritually redeemed than he will be physically restored by the war. The living Hun will need a process of refining that will require more than one generation. The dead Hun, thank God, will help to hold him where he belongs by the thinning out of evil blood when he died.

So let us plan now for what comes later, that we may enjoy life with no fear of despotic oppression in the future years. We must weld a steel ring, such as Kaiser Wilhelm loved to have about, that will keep the Prussian on his good behavior for the next two thousand years. In that length of time, the world of decency may make some progress toward the elimination of the savage part in his nature, and so bring him to where he is a safe neighbor for decent people.

Making Our Flag Beloved

By HAMLIN GARLAND
of The Vigilantes

Among the victims of the measureless ruin which the Prussian militarists have wrought in their desire to dominate the world, Armenia and Syria have high claim to our sympathy. Suffering the full horror of the conquered they have been isolated from the allies who would have helped them if they could. Turkey, the partner of Germany and the cause of the suffering and desolation of the Armenians, is now conquered and it is possible for America to rescue the despairing and the hungry in those lands.

This is a duty which we cannot regretfully postpone. We are and must continue to be the storehouse of the world. Our resources must be put to the use of those who suffer. France and England, in spite of their almost inconceivable war burdens, are each doing their part in the work of freeing and feeding the oppressed. We should not fall of a ready and full co-operation.

Today the War Is Won.

Thus far we have not felt in any degree the pinch of the war—we have hardly been incommoded. We have saved sugar and meat and flour and submitted to restrictions in other ways, but we have not suffered in the slightest the pain and the grief of other countries. The sacrifices we have made seem very small and very poor in comparison with what Belgium and Poland and other equally innocent bystanders have endured.

Today the war is won—we can seize our great opportunity. We have made our flag respected by the valor of our sailors and soldiers, now let us make it beloved by the wise use of our almost limitless wealth. How great, how peaceful the United States seems as we read the reports from the scourged and desolated lands of the East. From our plenty we must instantly send in order that hunger shall not end in starvation and that a whole people shall not vanish from the earth.

Germany has narrowed its field; as its allies retire they leave a multitude of homeless and famishing victims behind—they have no care for the ruined and the desolate—and America must step in to aid till such time as the oppressor can be forced to indemnify and restore.

It is not necessary for me to rehearse the ghastly story of Turko-Prussian barbaric cruelties—that has been done full and most movingly by others. My part is to plead with those who have a surplus that they may heal the

sick, and house the helpless women and children in the wake of the Turkish armies.

Greatest Opportunity to Help.
The committee for Armenian and Syrian relief is asking for a fund of \$30,000,000. This seems but a small amount when set over against the non-Mohammedan populations of the countries named in the appeal, and yet the committee assures us that this sum will have the most enormous power of alleviation. It will not restore but it will provide the necessities of life to those who are for the moment unable to feed and clothe themselves.

Every man who gives to this fund will have the satisfaction of knowing that each dollar of his gift goes straight to its mark, affording almost instant relief to some poor soul who is physically suffering and in despair of the future. To send this relief will prove to them, and to the rest of the world, that we, the richest of nations, can be upon demand the most generous of nations. If we do our part at this time we can make the Stars and Stripes not only respected, but beautiful in the eyes of the citizens of those faraway lands. It will seem the sign of pity and of healing, the symbol of hope and peace which our forefathers intended it to be.

THE POETS TO FRANCE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of The Vigilantes.

We cannot name you save upon our knees—
France! France! what fitting tribute may we bring
That would not seem a pitiful, poor thing
Against your splendor and your agonies—
You who withstood the strength of iron seas—
A rock wherefrom God's beacon still shall fling
The light that brings a world from shipwrecking,
Seeing by you it steers its argosies!

France! France! there are no words to make your song—
There is no song wherewith to honor you;
But note by note through many centuries
Shall rise the perfect tribute clear and strong,
Giving your fame at last the singing due,
We cannot name you save upon our knees.

CAT'S PAWS

(In Teutonic Diplomacy)
By EDITH M. THOMAS,
of The Vigilantes.

When Highest Being's cat's-paws choose
To pull their chestnuts from the fire,
The cat's-paw never dares refuse
To do what overlords require.
But if not well it does its task,
To meet the overlords' desire,
What happens then?—No need to ask—
He throws the eat into the fire!
'Tis well this lesson should be learnt
Of Highest Being's ways and aims—
If their own fingers are not burnt,
They care not for a world in flames!

*Der Hochstas.

CITY BAD MAN TAMED IN WEST

Sheriff's .45 Looks Like Cannon
to Chicago Safeblower.

LION BECOMES LAMB

Official Says Prisoner Behaved Himself on Train Returning to Chicago—Always Conscious of Little .45.

Chicago.—"Big Joe" Moran, safeblower who some time ago escaped from the Cook county jail, is more or less securely locked up in the Joliet prison and bitterly deriding "rube constables" and their "Wild West" stuff.

But it was the kind of taunting a small boy does when he has a nice high fence between himself and a larger boy. "Big Joe" Moran wasn't quite up to his tough reputation when he was in the arid climate of Alamogordo, N. M., and under the cold eye of the sheriff's "forty-five," according to the story that drifted back to Chicago when Moran was brought back.

The man who brought him back was the man who captured him—Deputy Sheriff C. H. Haynes of New Mexico.

"Behaved All Right."
Sheriff Haynes is as much of the West as the alkali dust and cactus. He is tall and lanky and there are wrinkles about his gray eyes that speak humor as well as long days squinting across the hot, sunbaked stretcher of the desert country.

Deputy Haynes grinned when he was asked of the capture and conduct of "Big Joe" Moran.

"Oh, the gentleman behaved all right," he said. "I sort of knew he was hiding out at this May Wallace's place where we got him. I don't care much about gun-play, so when I went to take him with a couple of the boys we pretended like we were on a hunt for slackers. I went right up to May's back door and went in. She said she was alone, but there were two plates set on the table.

"So I start toward her room. She runs ahead of me. When I get there there is Moran sitting on a chair and a gun on the table in front of him.

He Makes a Decision.

"It really isn't a gun, at that. More like a pen-shooter. It looked like a .22, but I found out later it was a .38.

"I told him to come along. He said he guessed he wouldn't and he told me



He Said He Wouldn't Leave.

to go to—well, he swore at me. So I just moved my hand toward my .45. Then he decided to come along. He wasn't so darned hostile.

"In the jail I put a man to guard him. Moran got a little braver and said: 'There's a weak spot in the jail. I'll get out.'

"The man who was guarding him said: 'There's a strong spot, too.'

"When it came time to bring him back to Chicago this Moran began to act like he did here, according to what they tell me. He said he wouldn't leave. So I unlocked the cell door and went in and got him. I showed him my .45 and he came along.

"He knew I had the old .45 with me and we didn't even have to put the handcuffs on him.

"Oh, yes, the gentleman behaved all right. But he don't like me, nohow. As for my .45—well, he just can't tolerate it."

GIRL BANDITS IN CHICAGO

Hold Up Saloon and Get Away With \$164 With Coolness of Seasoned Crooks.

Chicago.—Two young girls suddenly popped into Patrick Farley's saloon, in Chicago, and, pointing heavy revolvers at the bartender and two patrons, ordered them to throw up their hands.

One girl stood on guard at the doorway. She also assisted the other, who did the actual robbing. This latter had a sense of humor. After emptying the cash register of \$150 she helped herself to a drink of whisky and rang up "No Sale." Then she relieved the two awed patrons of \$14.

"Don't overlook the bartender, May," the girl at the door said.

The girls backed their way out of the door and escaped in an automobile.