

Ring Out, Wild Bells

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor; Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

MOLASSES FOAM.

This is the very cheapest candy. Boil equal parts (say, one cup each) of sugar and good molasses together until the mixture becomes brittle when tested in ice water, and then put into this (first) lemon flavoring (just a few drops) and a level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda—old-fashioned baking soda. Stir very briskly and be prepared for the candy forms in over twice the quantity it was heated. The soda was added, hence the necessity for making it in a big pan and of having your bottomed tin at hand to pour it in instantly when it is thoroughly "risen." This candy must never be exposed to sudden cold while cooling.



NO WONDER.

Dorothy—Oh, father, why have you buttoned your coat way up around your chin?

Father—So as to hide this tie your mother bought me for Christmas, my child.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry

Don't tell yourself into a fancied security.

Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise.

—LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance

Dr. W. H. McBride

DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

Red Cloud Nebraska

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.

Good Resolutions

By Mary Graham Bonner

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ELLI, what about some good resolutions for the coming year?" asked daddy.

"I have one or two—that is I have made one or two which I think are good ones," said Nancy.

"So have I," said Nick. "Let's hear them," said daddy, and he settled back in his chair.

"Nancy first," said Nick. "All right," agreed daddy. "In the first place," said Nancy, "I have made a resolution to get up when I am called in the morning and not make mother or you try to wake me so that you get all tired out. I get lazy in the morning, so lazy, and I think I cannot possibly get along without another little nap."

"It isn't that I haven't slept enough, or that I want to be late to school, for I don't. I love school. It's lots of fun and I like even the work, for I think it is very interesting. But there is something else about my resolution."

"What is that?" asked daddy.

"I know perfectly well that I can go back to sleep for a little while and that some one will see that I really get up in time though it often means that mother has to hurry the breakfast or that Nick has to get my books ready."

"I have known that someone would get me up and look after the things I hadn't time to do, so I have grown selfish about it. That's all. That's my resolution number one."

Nick smiled, for he knew how often he had gotten Nancy's books ready. Not that he minded, but still he thought it was fine of Nancy to try to do something which would be hard for her to do. He knew that she loved a "few extra moments" in which to sleep.

"And my second resolution," said Nancy, "is to save half of every penny I get and—"

"That would be hard to do," laughed Nick. "Would you divide the pennies in half really?" he added after a moment.

"No, don't laugh at me," said Nancy. "We aren't really laughing at you at all," said daddy.

"I know it," said Nancy, smiling. "Well, I mean, as Nick knows quite well, only he is such a tease that whenever I get some money I will

save half of it. If I only get one penny at a time I will save the first penny I get and the second one will be for myself."

"What are you going to save for, Nancy?" asked Nick. "Do you expect to be a penny millionaire?"

"What in the world is that?" asked Nancy.

"I thought perhaps you were trying to save a million pennies instead of a million dollars so you would be a millionaire of pennies."

Nancy and daddy laughed. But Nick said:

"Go on, Sis, I want to hear."

"I'm going to put my pennies in a bank and when the summer comes I'm going to give them to some farm for city children. Daddy gave to one last year for both of us. But I'm going to try to do my own share this year. We have a country home but there are lots of children in the city who can't have the same things unless someone helps to pay their expenses."

"Great!" said Nick. "That's the right idea. Well, my resolutions don't sound so fine beside yours. But here is one: I've been thinking that sometimes there are children in the hospital here, and that it would be nice if once a week we went to see them and showed them our story books, and took them some of our toys, played games with them—quiet games like Jack Straws. In the springtime we could take any sick children we know of some flowers, for it must be awfully hard to be sick in the spring. And at Easter time we could take them chocolate bunnies."

"I've planned to save some of my pennies for the bunnies and sometimes for an extra treat we might take the sick children. And I've also made a resolution to never tease anyone or anything smaller than myself, for that's mean."

Daddy smiled and said, "Two resolutions to be kept are better than dozens of them forgotten the day after New Year's."

When Grandma Was a Girl

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

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Grandmother Penderby was one of those sweet-faced, silvery-haired old ladies who seems to have stepped straight out of the pages of some seventeenth century novel. She ruled by love, but unquestionably, in the old house at Lyndbrook.

Nobody would ever have dreamed of disobeying or thwarting Grandmother Penderby. Even "Squire" Penderby, hot-headed and impetuous as he was, had never done that.

That was why the quarrel between Mildred, the old lady's granddaughter, and her fiance, Will Hurdub, was made up so quickly.

"Quarrelled? Did you say you and Will had quarrelled, Mildred?" exclaimed her grandmother that evening, when she had succeeded in forcing an explanation of her grandchild's tear-stained face and dejected spirits. "How can a girl quarrel with the man she is engaged to marry?"

"Because I have found out that he is false," sobbed Mildred, unhappily. "He—he—didn't love me; he has never cared for me at all."

"He cared for you enough to offer you his hand and name, Mildred," replied her grandmother.

The old lady's cheeks had suddenly grown scarlet. "From the day when I accepted Mr. Penderby," she said, "my will was his will and his wishes were mine, and I placed the most implicit trust in him."

So the quarrel ended, because that evening, when Will came back in a pent mood, Grandmother Penderby led him straight into Mildred's boudoir, and made Mildred put her hand in Will's, and then wisely went out and left them together. And ten minutes later, when they appeared before her, as she sat in her chair, knitting, the faces of both were radiant.

A week before their marriage Grandmother Penderby, who had been rambling in what she called her private store room, appeared before Mildred and Will, flushed and triumphant. In her arms she bore a heavy, dust-laden writing desk.

"This is to be one of my wedding presents to you children," she said. "And don't turn up your noses at it, either of you, because my mother thought enough of it to give it to me when I was engaged."

Mildred had often seen the little desk, but instinctively she had refrained from touching it. She knew that grandmother valued it highly. When she opened it it was empty, and only the faint odor of dead rose leaves betrayed the fact that it had contained anything but dust.

"Well, keep—when shall we keep it, Will?" Mildred asked.

"Our lives henceforth," responded Will, gravely.

And then a curious thing happened. The whole front of the desk flew open, revealing a single sheet of paper, covered with faded writing. Will looked at it as if he had just discovered it up and he had not read it.

"But I must read it," he exclaimed. "Look at this signature—it is that of my grand-aunt, Ebenezer Thurston. It may be of some value."

"But it was my will," it was a letter addressed to Grandmother Penderby, and it read as follows:

"My Dearest Mrs. Elizabeth:

"Your kind words to me today, though they have already wounded me, cannot excuse the omission for you that burns in my memory. So, since you have said that my unhappy mis- understanding of a woman's mind and character, since I have forced me to approach the altar and altar of my devotion, I shall give this written your mother's writing desk, hoping that some day you will draw you into, to open the little desk, you once showed me, and to find the outpouring of my soul. Remember, my dear, that you will bestow your presence—self upon that dullard, Nat Penderby, for when your marriage bells ring on my life will become inseparable to me and I shall and this wretched existence. Without you, life will become impossible."

"The time shall end, mine."

"EBENEZER THURSTON, Jan. 24, 1857."

Will Hurdub folded up the paper and looked at Mildred. Her eyes were moist and her lips were quivering.

"I must have lain there unnoticed these fifty years and more," she said. "We must not let her know, now."

"No," answered Will, and tearing the paper into strips, he let them flutter slowly out of the open window.

"Will," said Mildred, presently, "do you remember the date of your grand- father's marriage?"

"It was in the spring of 1856, I think—it must have been, because my father was born that Christmas."

"And grandmother was married in the summer of 1857. It didn't last long, this desperate passion, Will? But dearest, do you know what grandmother told me once—it was just after our stupid quarrel? That when she was young no girl ever dreamed of quarrel- ling with the man she was engaged to marry."

Will laughed as he kissed her. "Oh, well, I guess that human nature was pretty much the same in those times as it is nowadays," he said. "But Mildred, dearest—"

"Will?"

"Think how lucky it is for us she didn't marry your grandfather. Because that would have made us cousins—and marriage between cousins is impossible in this state."

The New Year



"Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another"

God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home. Amen. Under the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone And our defence is sure. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone; Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun, Thine like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day. God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our eternal home. Amen.

LIFE'S NEW YEAR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Our Being Not Transitory, but an Eternal Possession. Exchange of Hearts Regarded as Most Acceptable.

Time Has Very Little to Do With the Fundamental Things of Our Existence. The Most Valued Gems Are Those Strong on Love's Chain and Beyond Price.

THE second thing is, not that life is so long or short, but that it may be wasted or preserved—indeed it is likely to be so in most cases.

There are few men in whose lives there is not something of the shadowy and yet there is so much to do. Others are not shadowy, but only because they have no sense of responsibility, and are careless of no obligation, and are careless of no obligation, and are careless of no obligation.

Yet they think their lives shall continue forever, and that their dwelling places shall endure from generation to generation, and they call their lands after their own names.

So it is harder to live nobly and bravely than it is to do gallantly in defense of a righteous cause at the end of a century. This is, of course, in no way surprising. Yet the obligation is the same in both cases, for in both it is a question of being loyal to duty, sensitive to the promptings of what is best in human nature. If time is short the wise thing is, not, as the Roman poet suggested, to use it recklessly and to the utmost in mere enjoyment, but to build it into the future self which is being realized with the passage of each day. Life thus used is not transitory, but rather an eternal possession, something of which a man cannot be deprived. And that, of course, is the moral of New Year's day. It is an old moral, and yet ever new—new every morning. Indeed, it is the whole of religion, as applied to daily life, is summed up in it. For religion, even more than culture, is "the study of perfection," and it is the study of perfection, and it is the study of perfection, and it is the study of perfection.

He who has been "made perfect in a short time" has, as has been seen, "filled a long time." And an un-erudite life is old age. On the other hand, the man who dies in wickedness dies in his youth even though he live far beyond the scriptural term. Time, therefore, has very little to do with the fundamental things of life.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR. Now joy bells ring across the sea, All clear and sweet and full and free, A message that the world may hear, It is New Year! The glad New Year!

The snows lie deep on hill and plain, Our voices sing the full refrain Of hope and faith and wondrous cheer, It is New Year! The glad New Year!

We break the links of trouble's chain, Forget the sorrow and the pain And with our loved ones gather near, It is New Year! The glad New Year!

The past is the past, its grief is gone, There breaks for us a brighter dawn, God sends to us a gift most dear— It is New Year! A glad New Year!

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The Flag of Hope

NEW YEAR'S day flies the flag of hope. Many of us come to the close of the year with a sense of defeat. We have failed to accomplish what we had hoped. Events have shaped themselves against us, and we have lacked the power to stem the tide. The good resolutions with which we so bravely started our year went lame and dropped out. Time many of us and the shadows of disappointment, discouragement and failure falling around us as the old year closes. What is the use of struggling longer? We are failed to disaster.

Then New Year day dawns and something is saying: "Try again." There is ozone in the air. Events begin to wear a different outline. Voices are calling. Hands beckon us on. And as we lift our eyes to face the future, yonder on the sky line flies the flag of hope.

This is what New Year day would do for you and me. It would put ginger and punch into our spirit and find vitality. It would help us to stand on our feet and look the world fearlessly in the face and carry on. It would shout in our ears: "Forward! March!"

Some cynic may say it will be the old story again, but success is on the road to meet the man who tries. It is a glorious thing to put up a fight, even if you seem to lose. We are not lost because we fail, but because we decline to attempt.

The page of yesterday is a stained page, blurred by our tears and blotched with failure, but the page of tomorrow is white and clean. The New Year is saying that you may do better. Grandly begin!—Dr. James I. Vance, in Springfield (Ill.) Journal.

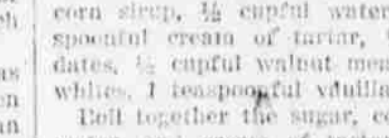
DATE CREAMS.

2 cupfuls brown sugar, 1/4 cupful corn syrup, 1/4 cupful water, 1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1/2 cupful dates, 1/2 cupful walnut meats, 2 egg whites, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Beat together the sugar, corn syrup, water, and cream of tartar until it will form a soft ball in cold water; add the dates which have been chopped fine, return the pan to the fire and boil until it forms a hard ball in cold water; add the vanilla, then pour the mixture over the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until creamy, then drop by spoonfuls onto oiled paper; put half walnut meats on top.

THE FIRST OF THE YEAR

"Hey, what are you doing there?" "Turning over a new leaf! The first of the year is most here."



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