

THE DAWNING YEAR.



GLOBE TROTTERS' NEW YEAR'S

Love of Adventure Has Landed Many Men in Positions of Discomfort and Danger.

A grizzled, sun-tanned, hard-featured man, whose face bore the stamp of hardship and adventure, was sitting in the smoking room of a New York hotel. He happened to glance at a calendar and saw that the day was Dec. 31.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "So tomorrow is New Year's day. Unless something happens before then, it will be the quietest New Year I've spent in twenty-three years."

"In all that time I have never been so near my old home in Scotland as I am now. Often I've tried to get home, but somehow or other New Year has always found me in a tight corner in some out-of-the-way part of the world."

"This man's experience is typical of that of many of the globe-trotters in this age, when people are so fond of 'going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it,' like a certain personage in the Book of Job."

New Year's day, 1897, found one Englishman facing death from hunger and thirst on board a life raft 300 miles southeast of Madagascar.

His ship foundered seven days before in a hurricane. The boats were smashed by the fury of the waves and some of the crew washed overboard. The rest made a raft out of planks and spars, but during the night high seas swept over the frail structure and carried away most of the water and food.

"All we had left," said the man who went through this terrible experience, "were a few tins of potted meat, a small barrel of biscuit and the smallest of the water casks. That was all we had to keep life in twenty-five hungry men."

"We made it last as long as we could, but in four days everything was gone. Some of the men fell into despair and talked about throwing themselves overboard. Perhaps they would have done so, but during the night of the fourth day half a dozen big sharks swam around the raft in circles. The sea was phosphorescent and we could see them plainly in the waves of livid fire which they stirred up as they swam around. Even the half-crazed men who had talked about drowning themselves shrank from death in a shark's maw and stayed upon the raft."

"Next morning I saw by a pocket diary which I carried that the day was Dec. 30. To keep up the men's spirits I told them I had dreamed we were going to be rescued on New Year's day. That appealed to the superstition inherent more or less in all sailors, so I kept on telling them a ship would come along and pick us up on that day sure, until I began to believe it myself. We even discussed gravely whether the sail would wave in sight in the morning or the afternoon, and one man who said he guessed it would be toward evening became quite unpopular."

"New Year's morning broke with a dead calm on the oily, blistering sea and a blazing sky that aggravated our thirst tenfold. There was not a ship in sight all morning—nothing except that glassy sheet of water and that cruel, cloudless sky above us. It was the same in the afternoon, and our hopes fell as the sun sank slowly toward the western horizon."

"Just as we were beginning to despair, one of the men screamed hysterically and pointed to a thin trail of

smoke on the sky line. It was a New Zealand liner headed straight for our raft. In a couple of hours her doctor was giving us a hearty dinner and slops and weak brandy and water."

This same man spent another New Year's day off Cape Horn. He sailed from Valparaiso in a British "wind-jammer," expecting to reach his Scottish home in time to spend his first Christmas there for many years. But calms delayed her for weeks in the South Pacific ocean, and when she got off Cape Horn she ran into a tearing gale, which brought her mizzen topmast down on deck and ripped out all her sails. For days she drifted helplessly, exposed to the full fury of the western gale.

The crew labored industriously at rigging up spare and bending new sails. It was a task of tremendous difficulty, for giant combers rolled over the forecabin head continually, filling the vessel amidships with green seas.

Suddenly in the midst of this toil an apprentice piped out:

"I say, fellows, this is New Year's day. Have you all forgotten it?"

"Belay your tongue," retorted the gruff old mate. "There won't be any New Year dinner to-day, except your usual whack of lobsouse."

The skipper was superintending the work from the poop rail and heard the conversation.

"Cook!" he bawled out. "Lay aft here!"

The cook came out of his galley and the captain asked what he could give them for a fancy dinner.

"Nothin' but split peas, sir, an' salt horse and marmalade. There ain't no turkeys in my store-room, sir," he said.

"Let's catch one o' them birds," suggested an old tar, pointing to several albatrosses which were circling about the wake of the ship. "We'll stretch a point this day and be forgiven for it, I guess."

After several attempts an albatross was captured with a big fishhook baited with salt pork and dragged aboard triumphantly. Served up nice and brown and swimming in gravy, it looked so much like a real turkey that it warmed up the men's hearts and made them think of the holidays they had spent at home. But when they tasted it the resemblance ceased. It was fishy and tough. The meat was like knotted rope yarn and the gravy suggested tar. However, it was a New Year dinner all the same, and it was enjoyed as keenly as the finest feast ashore that day.

An American traveler, who is well known commercially in the West Indies, was mixed up in one of the perennial revolutions of Hayti in his hot and foolish youth. Unhappily, he allied himself with the weaker side, and one New Year's eve found himself one of a small band of desperadoes defending the stockaded town of Miragoane against a government army, which outnumbered them by more than 100 to 1.

During the night the government soldiers forced their way into the town. Only about thirty of the defenders were left alive.

"Stand them up in a line and shoot them," commanded Gen. Manigat,

But they were too weak to stand. All of them were wounded, half-starved and fever-stricken. So the government troops propped them up in chairs and shot them as they lolled there. Only the white man was spared, in order that his case might be inquired into.

When he protested to Gen. Manigat against the cruelty of shooting helpless captives that triumphant warrior merely blew a cloud of cigarette smoke and remarked calmly: "C'est la guerre."

"Late on New Year's eve," said the American, "they tried me by court-martial. When I woke up on New Year's morning I was in the calaboose, sentenced to be shot at sundown. It wasn't very pleasant waiting. I was quite glad when a gold-laced officer entered the cell toward evening, with a paper informing me that 'his excellency, the citizen president,' had been pleased to pardon me, in consideration of the request of the American minister and of the fact that it was New Year's day."

"I believe they had never intended to shoot me, but only to frighten me, for they hardly dared to touch a white man whose country owned a navy that might bombard their ports. Anyhow, I got out of jail in time to eat my dinner with some American and English friends on a coffee plantation near Miragoane."

An American globe trotter tells how he once spent a New Year's day hunting a crocodile in Jamaica, West Indies.

After a long hunt the crocodile was found buried beneath the mud in a shallow bend of a river on the plantation. The hunters only carried small shotguns, which were useless against the beast's tough hide, covered as it was several inches deep in mud.

But the planter was a man of resource. He sent hurriedly for negroes and set them to work to construct two strong walls of bamboo poles across the bed of the stream, thus inclosing the crocodile in a prison from which he could find no escape.

After the walls were built everybody hid quietly in the tall grass on the banks and waited. Hour after hour they laid there. Their luncheon consisted of sandwiches and a flask of rum punch.

It was not until the end of the afternoon that the crocodile, finding it could not break through the bamboo barriers, crept out of the water. Before it could drag the whole of its huge carcass out of the mud it was lassoed and hauled toward the bank by twenty willing hands.

Too surprised to offer resistance, the beast at first suffered itself to be almost dragged on the bank; but it caught on the edge with its forepaws and made a desperate struggle. Twenty yelling negroes hung on to the other end of the rope, but could not drag that crocodile up; they could only prevent it from flopping back into the water again. Honors were even in that terrific tug-of-war.

At last a yoke of eight oxen had to be brought. They soon dragged the beast to the bank, where it was tied around a tree and dispatched with axes.

Looking Forward

Despite all that cynics and jokers say about new resolutions and the uselessness of looking ahead, there is a glory about these opening days of the year which comes not again until twelve months have flown. It is comparable only to the splendor of a summer sunrise, to the peace and joy upon the face of a pure young bride as she goes to the marriage altar, to the thrilling moment when a stately ship glides for the first time into the waters. All the charm and potency that go with beginnings belong to the initial days of January.

A man may, perhaps, be pardoned for being unwilling to look forward, but he misses it if he is too busy or too indifferent to look forward, to stand for a moment this morning at his chamber window and looking out upon the world to send his gaze forward into the coming year. What will it hold for you? What do they all amount to anyway—these swiftly passing years? What do you see ahead worth looking at? A moment's pause like this wonderfully clarifies the vision and sets a good many things in their proper light. Some men looking forward see only the lions in the way—the note to be met next April, the unpleasant change in business or in residence next July, the burden that must be shouldered in November. It is manly to look at them squarely, to prepare in season to meet them, if you are morally sure to encounter them. But to worry over contingencies or mere possibilities is not legitimate.

At all events one should not linger long in his forward look upon the somber elements of the vision. The thing to look at longest and hardest is some large attractive objective



point. What do you see as the main thing to hope for and to work for in 1905? You may ponder that question a week and if you are a sane man you will come to just one conclusion. To get more character—that is the underlying motive of a worthy man's buying and selling, coming and going down—sitting and uprising throughout any twelve months. To see yourself a year hence a finer, stronger, sweeter, purer spirit man than you are to-day—that is the real purpose of a forward look. Come to think of it, that is all life is for anyway, to get a little more character day by day out of toil, out of pleasure, out of discipline, out of mistakes and follies even. That is the best possible thing the rich can get out of 1905. That is within the reach of the poorest.

And a comprehensive forward look ought to embrace besides 1905 the year after it, and the year after that, and so on until earthly years are swallowed up in the Heavenly, and man goeth to his long and his real home. It may not be this New Year's Sunday, but some New Year's Sunday will be our last on earth. Why not, then, look forward confidently, calmly to the ampler, richer life that stretches away beyond the grave. It is not a thought to depress one at the opening of the year, but to quicken and inspire. "May God forgive me," said Charles Kingsley, the great English preacher and novelist, "for looking forward with eager curiosity to the life beyond this." No man, least of all Charles Kingsley, need ask to be pardoned for a vivid interest in the hereafter. It is rather to the discredit of most of us that we have no interest at all.

As one thus stands at his chamber window and looks out and forward and thinks of the rich, mysterious future of all that 1905 holds of joy and pain, of all that one wants to do and of all that may befall one, the little prayer of the Breton fisherman comes to mind, "Take care of me, O God; thy ocean is so wide and my boat is so small."



Thoughts of the New Year

Let us walk softly, friend; For strange paths lie before us, all untrod; The new year, spotless from the hand of God, Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend; Forget the crooked paths behind us now, Press on with steadier purpose on our brow, To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend; Perchance some greater good than we have known Is waiting for us, or some fair hope dawn, Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend; Slight not the heartsease blooming round our feet; The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet, Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend; We cannot tell how long this life shall last, How soon these precious years be overpast; Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend; Work with our might while lasts our little stay, And help some halting comrade on the way; And may God guide us, friend!

—Lillian Gray.

A Greeting to the Coming Year

We are on the threshold of a new year. We do not know what the year holds for us, but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths, and so we go forward with glad hope and expectation.

It is always a serious thing to live. We can pass through any year but once. If we have lived negligently, we cannot return to amend what we have slurred over. We cannot correct mistakes, fill up blank spaces, erase lines we may be ashamed of, cut out pages unworthily filled. The irrevocableness of life ought alone to be motive enough for incessant watchfulness and diligence. Not a word we write can be changed. Nothing we do can be canceled.

Another element of seriousness in living is the influence of our life on other lives. We do not pass through the year alone; we are tied up with others in our homes, our friendships, our companionships, our associations, our occupations. We are always touching others and leaving impressions on them. Human lives are like the photographer's sensitized plates, receiving upon them the image of whatever passes before them. Our careless words drop, and we think not where they fall; but the lightest of them lodges in some heart and leaves its blessing or its blight. All our acts, dispositions and moods do something in the shaping and coloring of other lives.

It is said that every word whispered into the air starts vibrations which will quiver on and on forever. The same is true also of influences which go out from our lives in the commonest days—they will go on forever. This should make us most careful what we do, what we say, and what quality of life we give to the world. It would be sad indeed if we should set going unholy or hurtful influences, if we should touch even one life unwholesomely, if we should speak even a word which starts a soul toward death.—J. R. Miller, D. D.



New Year's Day.

The celebration of the commencement of the new year dates from high antiquity. The Jews regarded it as the anniversary of Adam's birthday, and celebrated it with splendid entertainments—a practice which they have continued down to the present time. The Romans also made this a holiday, and dedicated it to Janus with rich and numerous sacrifices; the newly elected magistracy entered upon their duties on this day; all undertakings then commenced were considered sure to terminate favorably; the people made each other presents of gilt dates, figs and plums, and even the emperors received from their subjects new year's gifts, which at a later period it became compulsory to bestow. From the Romans the custom of making presents on New Year's day was borrowed by the Christians, by whom it was long retained, until Christmas day usurped its privileges; but even in those countries where it lingered longest, in France and Scotland, for instance, congratulatory wishes are now almost universally substituted for the more substantial presents that were formerly conferred on this day, as marks of affection and esteem.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

How to Make Some Dainty Friendship Tokens

Two pieces of cartouche paper are to be cut in the shape of a whisk broom and sewed together at the sides. They should be just long enough to hold the broom lightly at the middle so that the handle is always free. When the paper is sewed,



gather a double ruffle of crepe paper and paste it to the foundation, with another ruffle below. A third is made doubled so that there is a ruffle at the edge of the small end as a finish. A ribbon is tied around this part and another is put at each side of the wide end to hang it by. It requires half a yard of crepe paper to make this dainty present suitable for the "men folks."

Shaving Paper Holder.
Cut round a piece of heavy cartridge paper and cover it with white paper, back and front. Then gather three double ruffles of crepe paper, setting one just beyond the edge, the others further in, and at the center put a bow of four loops without ends, and a



ribbon loop to hang it by. At the back sew another short loop, to which attach a package of shaving paper. This can be renewed as often as used. This needs but three-quarters of a yard of crepe paper.

Cardboard Bookmark.
This is a pretty present for the student, and is cut out of one piece of stiff cardboard, the body of the butterfly being cut loose from the part intended to be put between pages. Cartouche paper covered with crepe paper is also pretty. The wings and



the feelers can be colored with palm- and bronze powder. A little sentiment of some kind can be written on the flap.

Entire City Rejoices.
Perhaps the most charming of all New Year's customs hails from Frankfort-on-the-Main, where it has prevailed from time immemorial. On the night of December 31, all the city keeps festival. Family parties and gatherings of friends are universal. Games, stories and music, supplemented by much eating and drinking, speed the evening hours. At the exact moment when from the great dome of the cathedral the first stroke of midnight sounds its warning every window is thrown wide open and from their casements lean all the dwellers in the town, young and old, each with glass in hand. This is lifted high in air as simultaneously from a hundred thousand voices the cry goes up, "Prosit Neujahr!" ("Happy New Year.")

The Untrodden Way.
Each true heart in which there is a spark of the Divine life turns eagerly toward the unblemished page, the untrodden way, of the New Year, not with wonder simply, or with hope; but with fervent resolve that the dead past shall bury its dead, and that a nobler, fuller, sweeter spirit shall glisten in the chalice of existence.—F. B. Meyer.

Offering for the New Year.
It is natural to wonder what the New Year will bring us. Let us remember that there is another side—that we have something to bring the New Year. If our offering is faith and hope and sturdy purpose, we need not fear that its gifts will fall short.