

MOTTO FOR 1912: LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN; GO FORWARD, NOT BACK AND LEND A HAND.

A Pane of Glass

By MARY HOADLEY GRISWOLD

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

THERE was no reason why John Dorman should not have replaced the pane of glass as soon as it became broken. Especially was there no valid reason why he should have postponed it until holiday time. It would have saved him some labor and Mrs. Dorman much annoyance had he been more prompt, and there would have been no story to tell.

John Dorman was the village undertaker. In the house of mourning he was sympathetic, tactful and considerate. In the social circle he was witty and a teller of good anecdotes. At home he governed his children discreetly, cherished his wife tenderly and lost no chance to have fun. That was the true reason for his neglect of the broken windowpane.

Who broke the window glass or how does not matter. It was the library window, and that did matter to Mrs. Dorman when John tacked a square



EXPERTLY HE CUT AND FITTED THE PANE OF GLASS.

of pasteboard into the sash to stop the draft till such time as he should attend to it properly. Mrs. Dorman had her own views as to propriety of appearance, and a pasteboard pane in a front window of an otherwise artistic dwelling on the main traveled road was distinctly out of harmony. In vain John begged her to remember that a thing is beautiful according to its usefulness; that the pasteboard pane kept out the cold and no doubt was at that moment the preserver of their lives by preventing the entire family from taking pneumonia. The missing pane of glass continued to be a favorite topic of conversation with Mrs. Dorman, or, rather, of monologue, since John after awhile became merely a listener. However, the pressure which Mrs. Dorman brought to bear by means of language impelled the dallying John to move in the matter.

He selected as his opportunity the afternoon before New Year's day, when Mrs. Dorman was out shopping. Expertly he cut and fitted the pane of glass, put it in place, tacked the pasteboard back outside the new glass and removed all traces of his labor. He found time also before Mrs. Dorman's return to step into Neighbor Allen's a moment. It seemed that such an event as the replacing of that oft sung pane of glass should be celebrated in all neighborliness. The Allens quite agreed with Mr. Dorman, and the little surprise prepared for Mrs. Dorman seemed quite complete.

That evening John Dorman sank into his easy chair before the grate and picked up the evening paper with a view to reading. Mrs. Dorman, however, forestalled him, having something on her mind.

"That missing pane of glass is no credit to the house, John. I had not realized how disreputable that bit of pasteboard looks stuck into that window. It may stay there tonight, for the wind is on that side of the house, but tomorrow morning, glass or no glass, that pasteboard shall go into the stove. There has been delay enough," Mrs. Dorman spoke as one determined.

"I'll see to it first thing in the morning," promised John.

A little later the Allens came in and sat down with Mr. and Mrs. Dorman to a game of whist. As the second hand was being dealt Mr. Allen shivered slightly. A moment later Mrs. Allen, also seeming to feel the draft



WHEN THE NEW YEAR STARTS HIS RACE AGAINST TIME.

asked permission to throw a wrap across her shoulders. As the hand progressed Mr. Allen shivered again and unconsciously turned up his coat collar, consciously turning it down again when his wife remonstrated.

It was evident that the room was too cool for comfort. John Dorman could understand that, but could not speak consistently since it was due to his own negligence. Mrs. Dorman, however, was governed by no such restriction. She laid down her cards and took up the window subject.

"It is cold here, and I know it is cold. Why shouldn't it be with a pane of glass broken in that west window, as it has been for a month? I have asked John to repair it time and again, and yet nothing but a sheet of pasteboard keeps out the weather. I expect no less than pneumonia for the entire family and for every one else who has the courage to venture in to sit with us for an evening. Perhaps, John, you will find it more convenient to bury us all than to set one little pane of glass."

"Really, my dear," he apologized, "I do mean to attend to it. It should have been done long ago. I give you my word of honor I will have that glass set tomorrow morning."

The words, intended to soothe Mrs. Dorman's mind, did divert her thoughts, but in a manner entirely foreign to the plan of John.

She sprang up with an air of determination and seized the brass handed poker from the fire set on the hearth.

"I will see to it now that you keep your promise tomorrow morning," she cried. "That miserable sheet of pasteboard shall not be your excuse another moment."

With a thrust of the poker Mrs. Dorman attempted to annihilate the pasteboard pane. There was a crash of



THERE WAS A CRASH OF SHATTERED GLASS.

shattered glass, a tearing of pasteboard, and then indeed the west wind penetrated the room. Mrs. Dorman masterfully concealed her surprise at finding the glass had been set. She saw at once the joke; she saw also that the joke was not entirely upon herself. Tomorrow morning John would reset that glass, and it would not be a task to his liking either.

With perfect composure Mrs. Dorman restored the brass handed poker to its place on the hearth and remarked hospitably:

"As the glass cannot be replaced until morning, let us adjourn to the sitting room and finish the rubber game. Afterward, John, I am sure you will be glad to step over to Hilton's and bring us vanilla and chocolate mixed."

A WATCH MEETING EPISODE by WILLIS HAWKINS

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

FOR seven mortal years on end
Sim Lucas courted Mary Burr
Till folks begun to apperhend
He wouldn't never capture her.
Yit Sim he stuck an' hung to it
An' swore, by jing, he'd never quit
Till she give in an' named the day
When she'd love, honor an' obey.

HE'D dog her ev'rywhere she'd go.
No other feller got a chance
To take her out to any show
Or party, festival or dance.
An' allus of a Sunday night
We'd see the same familiar sight
Of Sim a-waitin' by the door
To take her home f'm church once more.

THE women all took sides with Sim,
An' some talked plain to Mary Burr,
A-sayin' they regarded him
As jes' the fittin' man fer her.
But Mary wouldn't budge a peg.
She jes' sot back an' let him beg
Till somep'n happened Noo Year's eve
That all us men could hardly b'lieve.

WATCH meetin' had begun awhile
When with a sort o' gallus stride
Sim come a-marchin' down the aisle
With Sallie Goodwin at his side.
An' when, as if not seen' her,
They sot in front of Mary Burr
All round the church the women folks
Grinned like it was the best of jokes.

NEX' mornin' Mary chanced to meet
With Sim (I guess she made the chance),
An' there, right out upon the street,
She ast him to the leap year dance.
Then Sim walked with her to her gate,
An' on her way she sealed her fate.
That's how one weddin' come about
Through watchin' of the old year out.



The Call of the Heart A New Year's Event

By CARLOTTA PERRY

IT is not often that the prodigal returns on Thanksgiving day to sit at the table where a plate is always laid for him; that Christmas brings a restoration of peace and good or that Easter sees a resurrection of buried hopes. But here is a family episode at New Year's which is exceptional.

They were an old fashioned family, and they lived in an old fashioned country house.

They always watched the old year out and the new year in, and when from the near church tower the old bell lingered on the last stroke of 12 with much ceremony the outer door of the great hall was thrown open that the old year might depart and the new one enter. And according to a time honored custom each one made a wish for something that was most desired at the hands of the New Year. There was a tradition that strange and beautiful things had come to pass because of this wishing.

Mr. Walter Graham, the head of the family, was a man of warm heart, but with an intense pride and an imperious will.

Ten years before the time of which this story tells the eldest daughter of the house had clandestinely married a man to whose patient and faithful court paternal consent with unreasoning prejudice was refused. The father, in his wrath, forbade her ever to cross the home threshold again.

The girl's heart had not misled her. The man was in every way worthy. Happiness and prosperity had been their portion.

The holidays at Graham House, though still the occasion of hospitality and mirth, were days on which memory was sadly busy. The loving mother felt more keenly on these festive days the estrangement of which she might not even speak.

Always when New Year's eve came Mr. Graham would slip away from the family and guests and spend an hour alone in thought of the daughter who had disobeyed him. From these retrospections he had always come harder and more unrelenting than ever.

On the New Year's eve of which this story tells a merry company was gathered in Graham House.

As usual, a little before midnight Mr. Graham slipped away for his trist with bitter memories, but when just a moment before the time for opening the door he came down the grand staircase there was a new look on his face. "Dear friends," he said gently, "will not all who love us wish with me that peace, love and charity may enter Graham House this blessed New Year's eve and abide forevermore?"

The dear mother, with a sob of joy in her voice, the brothers and sisters and all the guests said softly, "Peace, love and charity to Graham House for evermore." Then, as the midnight bell rang out, the door swung open to the starlit sky, the snow white world, and each one welcomed the New Year, making the wish dearest to his heart.

Now, this is what happened next. There on the porch they stood as if rare of a welcome, the daughter and the husband and two smiling fur clad little children. The youngest lifted up his voice gleefully, saying: "We've come, grandfather. Muxver says she heard your voice. Did you call?"

The old man stooped and gathered the little ones in his arms. "Yes, I called you," he said. "She heard right the call of my heart."

New Year's Gifts

By EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

IT is worthy of comment that in all Latin countries the day for exchanging gifts is New Year's day, while in all Saxon countries it is Christmas. The reasons for this difference in customs are easy to trace. The people in the north of Europe celebrated the feast of Frey, the winter solstice, by bestowing gifts on their loved ones and those to whom they were indebted. In Rome the time for gift giving was the feast of Janus. At the present time "Le jour de l'an" (the day of the year) is regarded in France as of far more importance than "Noel," Christmas day.

Although the habit of giving presents to the loved ones on Christmas is not unknown in France, the giving of gifts on New Year's is almost compulsory, the exchange of remembrances having degenerated into a mechanical farce. Certain absolutely useless articles are manufactured simply as New Year's gifts, and when once they have been purchased they pass into the regular New Year's currency. Those who receive them this year put them away and pass them on next year to some friend or relative. It is nothing unusual for a gift to find its way in the course of a few years into the hands of the original donor, no whit the worse for its migrations. Indeed, the recipient of the much used message of affection is not offended in the least, as persons of the Anglo-Saxon race would be.

In England the regular time for bestowing gifts has always been the Teutonic holiday in honor of the birth of Christ, yet there was an established custom of giving presents to the mor-



STRUCK IT A BLOW.

arch on the first day of the year, whenever that happened to be. This practice was inaugurated by Henry III, who "extorted" gifts from his subjects. These, he informed his people, might consist of such trifles as a purse of gold, a yoke of oxen, a splendid jewel, a piece of cloth worthy to be made up into a garment for royalty or any little thing the fortunate vassal could procure, even down to a pair of pigeons or a box of homemade sweetmeats.

Elizabeth fared better than any of her predecessors in the matter of New Year's donations.

There is a peculiar custom in the city of Berlin, that of smashing the hats, which has been in vogue since 1848, when the students joined with the poor people to make war on the bourgeoisie, the hated class who wore silk hats as their mark of distinction. The first great riot was on St. Sylvester night (New Year's eve), and many a skull under the pretentious headgear was fractured. The native Berliner knows better than to go on the street on that night with a tall hat on unless he is out for retaliation.

When Emperor William was a young fellow, not even crown prince (it was before the death of his father and grandfather), he learned something about the methods to which a man who had a good silk hat ruined is capable of resorting. He approached a man in a shining opera hat and struck it the customary preliminary blow with his fist. Alas, the hat was of thin cloth stretched over a metal frame, and the top concealed a whole battery of sharp spikes. The prince's hand was so badly lacerated, that he had to give up his sport for that night. However, he stopped long enough before setting out in search of the royal surgeon to congratulate the armored pedestrian on his cleverness.