

# The New Year WHAT ITS SIGNS OF PROMISE ARE

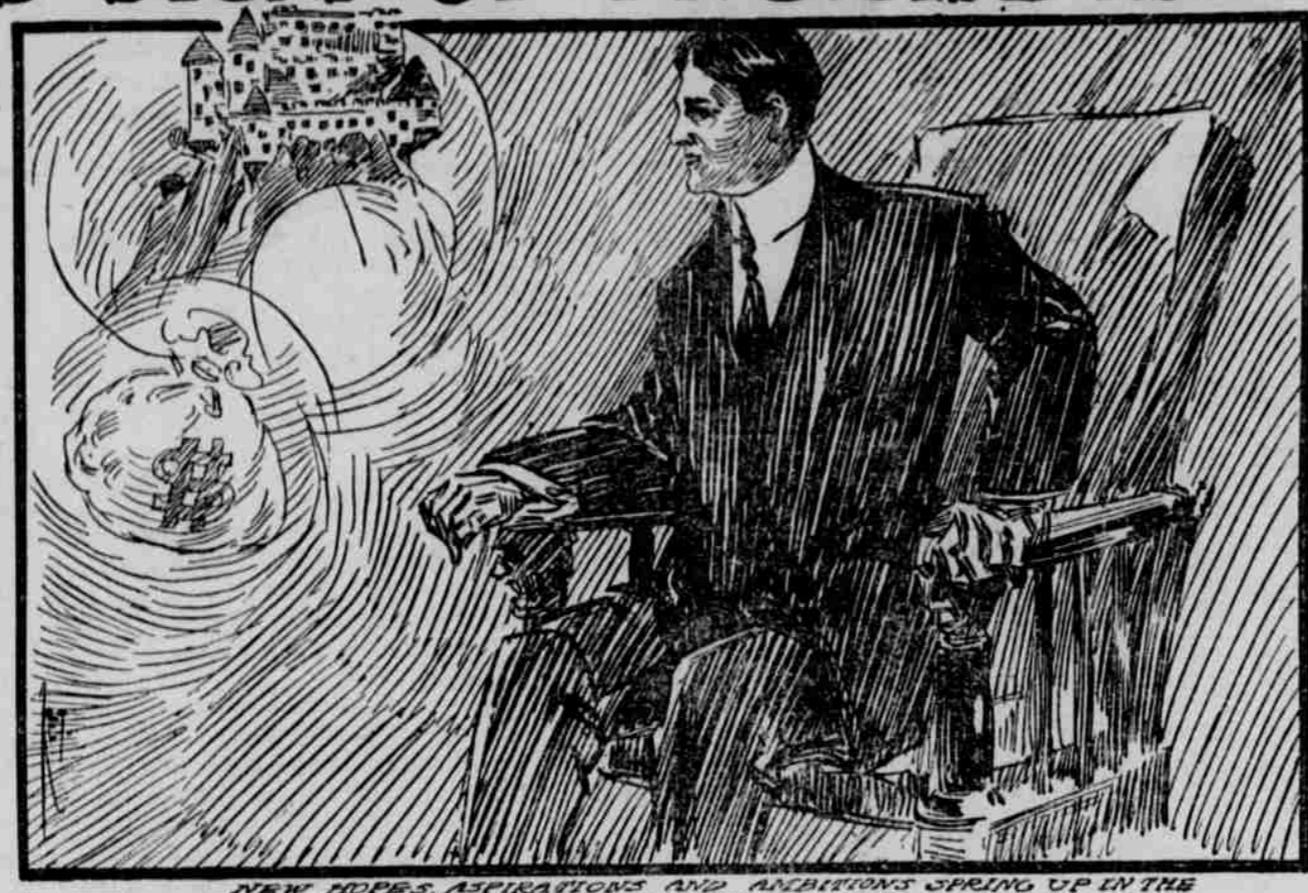
BY  
REV. WM.  
GARDAM.

NEW YEAR'S DAY has ever occupied a peculiar relation to the three hundred and sixty-five days on which are etched the doings and history of a whole calendar year. The Romans observed the day as a public holiday, and on this day all litigation and strife were suspended, social visits were exchanged, presents were given and received, and feasting throughout the empire was the order of the day. The early Christians at first set themselves against the usages of the day as observed by the Romans until the fixing of Christmas day on the 25th of December, and New Year's day came to be observed as the octave of the Nativity and also as the Festival of the Circumcision.

The observance and spirit of the day have not changed very greatly in the onrush of the centuries. We might go back across the long stretch of years between the day we live in and the day when the Romans interchanged their social visits and their good wishes and both gave and received their strena, and between the then and the now the identity of feeling, emotion and sentiment concerning this day is readily discovered.

So many sentiments crowd themselves into New Year's day and all are mostly children in the way in which the day appears to them and in the simple feelings and emotions by which it is observed. The greeting: "A Happy New Year!" pushes up through the hard strata of the year, and the simple emotions, which make the whole world kin, bring friend nearer to friend and melt life together into a richer affection, and good will becomes the keynote of life on this day. Grudges are dropped, resentments dissolved, and the average man with the average endowment of affection for his fellows finds it almost impossible to vitalize any of his hatreds through the emotion-laden moments of New Year's day. The personal life has many things to say to itself; it is at once a closing of accounts and the opening of a new career. Old things pass away and all things seem to become new. The things that might have been and have not become are forgotten in the new hopes and aspirations and ambitions which spring up in the heart on the first day of the year.

Of course, nobody will ever be what the hopes and faith of the day project for the individual life. The most ardent believer in the better day, the



NEW HOPES ASPIRATIONS AND AMBITIONS SPRING UP IN THE HEART ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR.

most sanguine architect of the richer fortune yet to be will fall short of the ideal that controls his imagination. But the very fact that the day stirs these noble impulses and floods the prospective days with the glow of hope is in itself an assurance that the year shall be rich in the gifts and the good will of the gods.

Another year! another year!

The increasing rush of time sweeps on! Whelm'd in its surges, disappear Man's hopes and fears—forever gone!

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale! The hour demands another strain. Demands high thoughts that cannot quail, And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark blue sky The stars, which now look down on earth! Have seen ten thousand centuries fly, And given to countless changes birth.

Shine on! shine on! With you I tread The march of ages, orbs of light! A last eclipse o'er you may spread— To me, to me, there comes no night!

The sentiment that phrases itself in the quite dressing words:

The world is very evil,  
The times are wearing late.

is hardly in tune with the modern spirit when life is thought of as a corporate business and this

modern spirit takes account of its own enlarged and enlarging kingdom.

Not the most credulous and believing prophet a generation ago could have forecast the world we know and are perfectly at home with to-day. Bulwer Lytton in his short book, "The Coming Race," endeavored to tell the story and achievement of mankind in the day that was shortly to be, but his seeming impossible world has been more than realized in our own day. The half has not been told. The great note of the day is the large grasp human life possesses over its own career and destiny, the growing confidence that this old yet ever renewing world is solving its own problems, and, under the guiding of that Providence which Pope's well-known lines so beautifully express:

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good,

is working for the day of a perfectly ordered and perfectly adjusted civilization. The greater power man is accumulating and employing over his own bodily life, his mastery of the secrets of life which have been hid from the foundation of the world, the realization that man himself is his own providence in a vastly larger degree than hitherto he has dreamed of, and that the "greater things" the greatest of all Teachers foretold ages ago that he should be endowed with competence to do—these he is doing in this very day with a miraculous confidence and a mighty faith. He has discovered that his own commission over life, over the happiness and health and the fruitage of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come, is a vastly larger commission than the world hitherto has dreamed of. He is finding out that Providence is a partnership and that no man may be a sleeping partner in the business of living without the penalty of losing the very thing that life is—a world of potencies converted into achievement.

This is the note, surely, as civilization faces the year 1910—the note of competency, the sense of added powers to life, the feeling that the greater things are coming on the earth, and that man is using the key to unlock the treasure-house of his own life with a sureness and a wisdom that give promise of a vastly better, richer, juster universe than he has yet known.

Another note of our time is the fact that life mirrors itself in such a wonderful way and the things and forces that make for the better day to be known and read of all men. We live in the open, and no man may become champion of any cause and keep the world in ignorance of the character of the cause and the nature of his championship. No man to-day may hide his light under a bushel. It is a tell-tale world, and, more than any past time, the world to-day has a juster sense of values and knows both the things that are saving it and the things also that threaten and endanger it. Public service was never so responsible as it is to-day, because civilization never had the almost miraculous power of analyzing and testing the value of public service as in this present year. Public life is an open book, and the most impossible of all impossible things to-day is that any national or international movement should be misunderstood or misinterpreted by the world's best mind.

And what is true of public movements is true of public men. No public man can deceive his constituents to-day, for his constituents are the world. And the strong man to-day is the man who frankly recognizes this.

For any one who does not raise chickens—"I hereby resolve and determine not to eat any more strictly fresh eggs for several weeks to come." This is in some respects the prize resolution. Its advantages are many, but all the others are overshadowed by this one—you can't get away to eat.

In spite of all the teacher may do the pupil will not learn unless he himself studies. You cannot make successful use of these sample resolutions without effort on your part. But you should find one among them which can be kept with the minimum of struggle. If you have no choice or you are skeptical as to your ability, try the last one.

## HOW TO MAKE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

RESOLUTION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

RESOLUTION FOR YOUNG MEN



NOT TO INSIST ON GRANDMA'S WEARING FRENCH HEELS

NOT TO SMOKE A PIPE IN CHURCH

and doubtless the answer is in the book somewhere if they can only find it.

The practice of resolving presents a similar aspect. It is not entirely perfect at present. But considering the few years since Adam inaugurated the outdoor sleeping fad and became grandpa to the human race it is not surprising that some details are still to be worked out. The forming of the resolution has been beautifully worked out, till almost any one, the merest novice, can resolve. The date, too, has been firmly fixed as on the first of January. The chief difficulty that still remains has to do with keeping the resolution once it is made. Something like keeping your aeroplane right side up once you have established a neighborly relation with the stars.

Probably several years will elapse before the custom of resolving reaches perfection and in the meantime it might be well to adopt a makeshift for the present unattainable.

It would seem as if the difficulty might be minimized by more attention to the subjects taken for resolving purposes. It is well to use care in selecting our resolutions, and because of the proximity of January 1, a few suggestions may not be out of place.

For a young woman—Try this one. "I hereby resolve with earnestness to no longer insist on grandma's wearing French heels." There are several advantageous features to this resolution. To begin with it is humane. Just think of forcing the poor old lady to teeter down the street with little church steeples under her sole leather! Her silver locks bob under her dignified black bonnet and at every painful step she whispers "Ouch." Fine

## How Minnie Shadowed H. Sylvester Jones

By MARY E. HOLLAND

(Copyright, 1910, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A quiet, unobtrusive looking automobile drew up before a third-floor detective agency on a certain side street of down-town New York. A heavily veiled woman descended, spoke a few whispered words to the chauffeur, and made her way to the grimed door, on whose glass panels appeared the legend: "Sharp & Son, Private Detectives."

"Do you handle divorce cases?" she inquired, bluntly.

The brisk, nervous man before her swept his eyes over her quietly gowned figure.

"That depends upon the character of the case," he rejoined, cautiously.

The veiled woman took a quick step toward him. "I wish evidence that will procure me separation from my husband. Can you furnish it?"

The brisk man pondered. "Have you reason to believe that your husband is—er, unfaithful?"

"On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that he is not."

The brisk man pondered again. "You are setting us a difficult problem, my dear woman. Such cases, you must know, involve heavy expenditure. I may say a very heavy expenditure." He paused as he darted another shrewd glance toward the veiled client before him.

"Will you name an estimate of that expense?" she asked, quietly.

"Certainly; we could not conduct such a case under \$5,000."

The woman drew a roomy purse



"I WANT YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH SYLVESTER JONES."

from her cloak and counted out ten yellow-backed bills.

"Here is \$1,000. If you will bring me evidence that will secure a divorce, I will increase it to \$10,000."

The brisk man smoothed the bills caressingly. "And who is your husband, madam?"

The veiled woman hesitated and then pronounced a name that brought a low, involuntary whistle from the other's lips. It was that of one of the best known men of Wall street.

The detective gazed after the departing figure of his client, with puckered brows. But he did not realize until a week's "shadowing" of H. Sylvester Jones had proved ineffectual, just how difficult was the problem she had left him. To all intents and purposes, H. Sylvester Jones was a model husband in the eyes of the law. On the eighth day a bright idea came to the head of "Sharp & Son." For a moment he sat with a broad grin on his face. Then he pushed a bell and a young woman in a plain dress and with a careworn face, entered from an inner room.

The man spoke a dozen curt sentences, straight to the point.

"I want you to get acquainted, Minnie, with H. Sylvester Jones."

Minnie opened her tired eyes very wide.

"I fancy that your best method of approaching him is at the theater," continued her employer, briskly. "I happen to know that he is a continuous, not to say an enthusiastic patron of the drama."

"You mean the show girls?"

"Not he. That is where I need your services. At the psychological moment, we will secure your seat. That seat will be directly next to our distinguished gentleman. You will occupy it for the better part of three hours. Do you catch the point? If you will manage your cards right, when you leave the theater, you will be acquainted with him, very well acquainted. After that point you will make your own plans. What Mrs. H. Sylvester Jones wants is an affidavit of infidelity."

The detective paused.

Minnie stiffened her shoulders and a quick flush sprang into her pale cheeks. A keen observer might have seen that under certain conditions she might be beautiful. Gradually the tired eyes dropped and the bent shoulders relaxed. Minnie had conquered

herself. She was thinking of sick mother and little sister.

"And what do I get?" she asked.

The detective held up the ten yellow-backed bills. "These are yours for the affidavit. You know where to go for the clothes. I will telephone you if we make arrangements for tonight. If not, we'll try for to-morrow night. We are bound to succeed some time—and then it is up to you."

As it happened, on the third evening H. Sylvester Jones stepped out of his automobile and entered the Fifth avenue theater. Five minutes later a stylishly dressed young woman followed him down the aisle and slipped into the next seat. It was Minnie—but a very different Minnie in evening dress and rouge, an altogether charming and fascinating Minnie. Two minutes before the orchestra began, she dropped her handkerchief. H. Sylvester Jones extended it to her politely. She smiled and he looked at her again. She was a girl to notice.

Before the close of the first act, he had made a hesitating remark, and she had answered it, and he had made another, and before the close of the second act, they were chatting genially. When the final curtain descended, they left the theater together. An agent of "Sharp & Son," loitering in the corner, noticed the circumstance and reported it to his chief. The latter smiled broadly and the next morning eagerly awaited Minnie's arrival. When noon came and she did not appear, he looked worried. When evening came without her, he sent for his agent and the two conferred together. The next day he received a note. It was a remarkable note, and under it was the scrawling signature of Minnie:

"I do not want your \$1,000, and I hereby resign my position."

The detective swore and called for his agent again. The latter looked glum and started on a search for the missing girl. He found her the next week at a fashionable suite of apartments, with two servants, a pearl necklace and an array of diamond rings that dazzled him.

"The chief wants your affidavit," he began, curtly.

"He can't have it, and I don't want him to bother me any more."

The detective bounded from his chair and Minnie tossed her head. "Mr. Jones has asked me to become his wife and I have accepted his offer!"

The statement was true. The scheme of "Sharp & Son" had indeed proven a boomerang. The millionaire had fallen in love with the girl who had been sent to trap him, and had tendered her not only his wealth, but his name. The fortunes of the detective agency, however, were only under a temporary cloud. H. Sylvester Jones bluntly told his wife that either he or she could go to South Dakota and return single. Mrs. Jones took the west trip and a few weeks ago the decree of divorce was granted.

H. Sylvester Jones married Minnie and everybody is satisfied, with the exception of "Sharp & Sons." They haven't got their remaining \$9,000 yet and there doesn't seem to be any reasonable prospect of their ever being called to receipt the bill.

**Too Much Idealism in China.**  
Reviewing "China," by Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry Arthur Blake, a writer says: "The root fallacy of the Chinese political idea, which alone is responsible for the low place to which the country has sunk in the scale of nations, is the disrepute of the soldier. The gradations of the social fabric are: (1) the literati, for mind is superioir to matter; (2) the agriculturist, for he produces from the soil; (3) the artisan, for he is a creator from the raw material; (4) the merchant, for he is a distributor; (5) the soldier, for he is a destroyer. So China is a sad example of what excessive idealism may do for the nation. Her armies have been, for the most part, mere hordes of undisciplined men, sometimes commanded by robbers reprieved for that purpose on account of their supposed courage. Yet a 10 per cent. levy on the population of forty millions."

**Furious Fun in English Society.**  
Now for the game the most popular at country houses this autumn. You may call it a variation on the old game of consequences. Each guest has a strip of paper and pencil. Each writes:

"Why is —" (choosing the name of some well known person, or a friend or acquaintance known to the general company), and then turns down his strip of paper and passes it on to the next guest.

Now each writes: "Like a —" (choosing what simile he will). Again the strips are passed on. The third time each guest writes the answer: "Because he or she —." Thus: "Why is Winston Churchill like a piano organ? Because he files his pillar to post."—The Gentlewoman.

Fog.

Admiral Seymour, discussing fog at one of the Hudson-Fulton banquets, said, with a laugh:

"Off the Newfoundland Banks, you know, the fog is often so thick that the captain has to get out and lead the ship."