

# THE GOOD NEW YEAR

EMORY J. HAYNES  
in the Boston Globe

IT WAS foretold forty years ago. The New Year shall be a good one. This is the story of the prophecy. It depends upon you to believe it. Forty years ago a lone skater upon the glossy surface of a lake in northern New England celebrated his solitary holiday. At the far end of his ten-mile dash he rested in the noonday sun, sitting at the base of a towering cliff.

He was a stonemason's apprentice, a mere boy workman. He habitually carried his steel chisel in his pocket. Climbing high, and with much hazard, up the face of the towering rocks, he cut this legend in the face of the mountain:

"The New Year Will Be Good."  
The bold lettering is visible for miles. The lake in summer is a favorite resort of pleasure parties. Each year thousands of eyes have spelled out the cheery monograph, while boats passed, and many a hearty laugh has rung with a heartier joy as old and young have approved the sculptured promise.

It will long endure, for the steel cut deep, and the mountain will not remove, nor the pretty lake pass away. The boy did not date it. Fortunately so, for that makes it fit every year and every reader. Why not for a century to come?

A thousand times the question has been asked: "Who wrote it?" And no one knew. So it seemed some eternal truth of nature that the very rocks had miraculously inscribed upon themselves.

It was true to anyone who would take the trouble to lift his eyes and read it. In storms the snow silvered the lettering. In sun the words gleamed with lines of living light. A sentence by no means elegant, but crude and boyish rather. Yet what rhetoric could add to the abrupt and simple prophecy from a hopeful, healthy spirit?

The New Year was to be just plain "good." Was that enough? Is it not enough for us all? One good to you, another good to me, still another



good to others. But always to all who will grasp it, written on the very face of the turning globe, the next year will be "good."

Last summer a wealthy visitor at the lakeside hotel drew the proprietor to the corner of the veranda, and, lifting his glasses, asked: "Do you see those letters on the rocks? I am the boy who cut them, January 1, 1847. You seem glad to know the author. I never revealed the fact. Why should I?"

"It is not because I said it that it is true. No matter who says it, on a Happy New Year the New Year will be good. It is true in itself. Happy the man or boy who says it, who feels it, and who will have it so."

"The mere freak of a moment, yet somehow later I awoke to the fact that I had written a life creed on my heart out of the hopefulness and daring of a boy."

Let us take the hope and courage of youth as the truth of this latest of our years. The New Year must be good. We will make it good. Can you not see those lettered cliffs? No visitor ever was dull to their magic spell, and many have read them through grateful tears.

## SLEIGHBELLS JINGLE—

Hear the moaning and the groaning of the winter breeze; Old Year's dying—hear him sighing, listen to him wheeze! Weary Willie is quite chilly in his threadbare coat; this cold weather altogether gets his ill-clad goat. Old Br'er Rabbit's wary habits now avail him not; hounds are belling by their yelling that the trail is hot. See the fuel fight a duel with your next week's pay; watch your meter and the heater steal your heart away! You remember last September, August and July? Sun was shining, you were whining, vowing you would die! You were praying for some sleighing cry for some ice, now it's freezing quit your sneezing; yell, and say it's nice!

# Hymn for the New Year

Come, let us anew  
Our journey pursue—  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;  
Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;  
The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's oar.

O that each, in the day  
Of His coming, may say,  
"I have finished my way through;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done!"  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"  
Charles Wesley



# Seven Sentence Sermons

MEAN to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doing what can't be done is the glory of living.—General Armstrong.

A bright New Year and a sunny track  
Along an upward way,  
And a song of praise on looking back,  
When the year has passed away;  
And golden sheaves, nor small, nor few!

This is my New Year's wish for you! —Anon.

If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you.—Charles George Gordon.

And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful.—Col. 2. 15.

I asked the New Year for some message sweet,  
Some rule of life which to guide my feet;  
I asked, and passed; he answered,  
Soft and low,  
"God's will to know."  
—Anon.

What thou hast in store  
This coming year, I do not stop to ask;  
Enough, if day by day there dawns before me  
My appointed task;  
I seek not great things,  
For I have learned how vain such seeking is,  
But let me seek Thy will, O King of kings,  
And find therein my bliss.  
—O. E. Fuller.

## BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.

Though we are apt to think that New Year's has been observed since the year one, such is not the case. In fact, there is no mention of the day as a Christian festival until the fifth century, and even now the Hebrews celebrate their New Year's in September, for their calendar is arranged according to the new moon, which makes New Year's a movable holiday. Today, however, there is scarcely a nation but observes this season of the year in some manner or other, though customs differ in most localities.

## A Resolution

To be patriots, rather than partisans; to win the peace by reviving the idealism which won the war; to broaden our outlook and narrow our antipathies; to carry into national and international affairs the maxims which guide gentlemen and gentlewomen in their daily conduct; to practice thrift that we may be able to practice charity; to recognize that each of us is and always must be his brother's keeper; to work well that there may be plenty of goods in the world and think well that they may be rightly distributed; to go forward each day to a higher level of purpose and effectiveness, and live as one afraid of no man, and of whom no just man is afraid.  
—Chicago Journal

# The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by The American Legion News Service)

## ROAST FOR THE PROFITEERS

Chaplain of Columbia University Post Brands Graspers as "Greedy Human Vultures."

"Greedy human vultures" and "crawling ghouls" were terms applied to war profiteers by Rev. Dr. Herbert Shipman, chaplain of Columbia university post, No. 400, of the American Legion, in his Armistice day sermon at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth avenue in New York.

Doctor Shipman, who is rector of the Fifth avenue church and an overseas veteran, said that he was bitter against "those who out of the sacrifice and blood of others have coined dirty money while posing as patriots." The pastor read from a poem he had written, the title of which is "The Profiteer."

It follows:  
You have hooked your troway wives with borrowed splendors,  
You have hung your daughters' necks with stolen pearls;  
Have you thought about the other wives, the lenders,  
Or the harlots made to decorate your girls?

You have fashioned from the souls of sick and dying,  
From the souls of children pleading for the right,  
Ready cash today to do your Christmas buying,  
'Ready cash to pay your prostitute tonight.

You have coined your filthy gold from blood and sorrow,  
There are soldier graves across the field of France,  
Whence the dead through you upon tomorrow  
Will rise to damn your profits with a glance.

All the deathless deeds worth doing and worth telling,  
All the things that noble men hold high and true,  
All but seemed to you for buying and for selling,  
All to serve a greasy human vulture— you!

God! That better men should toil and sweat and labor,  
Bear the cross and climb up Calvaries of pain;  
While the crawling ghouls that spare not friend or neighbor  
Damn the world to make a crucible for gain.

If in blackest hell, O Lord, there be a blacker;  
If beneath the deepest pit a deeper pit;  
Not for harlot, thief or coward slacker,  
But for these that blackest, deepest hell is fit.

Profiteers of every sort and kind and fashion,  
Where you tread full many other feet have trod;  
You are ranged against the power of Christ's own passion;  
Here! Behind you walk the searching feet of God.

## FUNERAL OF OVERSEAS HERO

Massachusetts Post Conducts Last Rites for Member of the Twenty-Sixth Division.



The Fall River (Mass.) post, No. 126, of the American Legion recently conducted a funeral for Private Ward of the Twenty-Sixth division, who died overseas. The photograph shows the flag-draped casket being carried by the guard of honor from the portals of the Fall River armory.

## \$350,000 FOR NEW HOSPITAL

American Legion of Texas Actively Behind Plan for Care of Men Who Have Tuberculosis.

The American Legion of Texas is now actively behind the campaign to raise \$350,000 for a hospital for tuberculous ex-service men. At a recent meeting of the Benevolent War Risk society of Texas the directorate was increased from 15 to 45, the 30 new directors being the membership of the state Legion executive committee and 15 members of the central hospital committee at Austin.

This marks the turning over of active control of the campaign to the legion. Some \$200,000 still remains to be raised, but the first unit of 100 beds of the proposed hospital is almost ready for occupancy.

## WOMAN WORKER IS HONORED

Miss Pauline Curnick of Indianapolis Is Selected Executive Secretary of Woman's Auxiliary.

In accordance with the free-rein policy of the American Legion in regard to the women's auxiliary, Miss Pauline Curnick of Indianapolis has been appointed executive secretary in charge of the women's organization by national headquarters of the Legion at Indianapolis.

Miss Curnick, who is the daughter of Rev. P. C. Curnick, field secretary of the Northwestern conference, Methodist Episcopal hospitals, was a leader in numerous welfare activities for the benefit of sick and disabled soldiers, sailors and marines during the war, and later served as personnel and employment director for a large eastern industrial establishment.

The women's auxiliary is composed of about 150,000 mothers, wives, sis-



MISS PAULINE CURNICK, Newly Named Executive Secretary in Charge of Affairs of the Women's Organization.

ters and daughters of Legionnaires and men who died in the service organized in approximately 1,500 units all over the country.

## FRANCE, BRITAIN ARM-IN-ARM

Delegates to Convention Displayed Friendliness That Augurs Well for Future of World.

One of the most dramatic and impressive incidents of the second annual convention of The American Legion in Cleveland took place when the representatives of France and Great Britain entered the convention hall arm-in-arm and precipitated an ovation that completely disrupted the convolve for several minutes. The distinguished visitors were Gen. Marie Emile Fayolle of the French army and Admiral Sir William Lowther Grant of the British navy. Gen. Leonard Wood, who accompanied them, also received tremendous applause and was called upon for a speech.

When the cheering had subsided General Fayolle and Admiral Grant each delivered an address urging that there be no misunderstanding between this country on the one hand and France and Great Britain on the other.

"I am acquainted with the high aims of your association and with the great mission The American Legion has assumed," said General Fayolle. "It intends to keep plously the glorious remembrance of the dead, to help through life all those who came out of the fight for liberty, and to keep in all hearts the sacred love for your own country which is the spring of all civic virtues."

After referring to the close ties of friendship and esteem which bind America and France together, he asked:

"As long as France and America remain united who, indeed, would dare henceforth to disturb the peace of the world?"

Admiral Grant voiced a similar thought. "It strikes me as being the very acme of culpable negligence and coolness," he said, "if we do not resist with all our power the efforts of a comparatively small number of men in our midst to create for their own purposes had blood between us."

Discussing the problem of peace, General Wood declared that "we don't care a rap about party politics." He appealed to the Legion for a sound solution of the big national issues, foreign relations, national defense and adequate provision for the disabled men and their dependents.

## TO MEMORY OF LEGIONNAIRES

Handsome Building Planned at Centralia, Where Men Fell During Armistice Day Celebration.

Funds for a memorial to be erected at Centralia, Wash., in honor of the American Legion martyrs of Armistice day, as provided for in a resolution at the second annual convention, soon will be solicited in a nation-wide campaign, according to present plans. The arrangements for the campaign are being worked out by the department of Washington, co-operating with Grant Lodge post of Centralia and the citizens of Centralia and Chehalis. More than \$500,000. It is expected, will be raised for the memorial, which will take the form of a handsome building to be erected near the spot where the Legionnaires fell. A day will be designated by the department of Washington for the formal opening of the campaign in every post of the Legion.

# EVENING WRAPS WARM TO THE SOUL



EVERY young woman likes to feel, once in a while at least, that she looks really regal; that, if fate had made her a queen, she could look the part. Happy therefore is the possessor of a regal evening coat with which she can reinforce whatever talent she may possess for queenship.

Evening wraps enfold the figure whatever lines they follow, and everything about them is ample. The coat at the left of the two shown above has long, wide sleeves, plenty of fullness in the body and a deep cape collar of white fur. It is made of one of the shaggy, silky materials which the manufacturers of woven furs have turned out, showing what the looms can do when they work independently of imitations. Imagine

it in beige or turquoise, lined with heavy rose-colored satin.

Black panne velvet, with bands of black and silver brocade, make the handsome companion wrap with its dolman sleeves that could not be more capacious, and its cape collar of marten fur. There are bands of marten also about the sleeves, this sumptuous fur matching up with the rich fabric used, and a lining of plain heavy satin, the color depending upon the taste of the wearer, which might well consider either black or silver gray as a foil for brilliant gowns. Black and silver is a favorite combination for evening wraps, but the choice of color is wide. Vivid greens, rich henna tones turquoise and rose, all have admirers.

# Knickers and Pettibockers



IT IS not unlikely that knickerbockers and pettibockers ultimately will replace petticoats for wear with street dress, and there are several first-rate reasons why they should. They allow greater freedom in walking, gather less dust, wear longer, and pettibockers may be adjusted to suit any length of skirt. Both these very practical garments will be featured in the annual displays of underthings as soon as Christmas shopping is over. Besides being practical they have been made up attractively, many of them in rather heavy wash satin and silks, in bright colors for the knickers, and in darker shades for the pettibockers. All are adjusted about the waist by an elastic band run in a casing, or hem, at the top, and elastic bands confine them below the knees so that there are no buttons and buttonholes or drawstrings in them.

The same silks used for petticoats make pettibockers like those shown in the picture. The addition of one wide flounce or several narrower ones, that cover the legs below the knees, transforms knickerbockers into pettibockers, and these flounces give the effect of a petticoat in walking. The flounces are usually knife-plaited and silk with stripes or bars in bright colors is used for making them.

By contrast with undermustins, knickerbockers are very plain, being innocent of lace or tucks or embroideries; but make up for this lack of ornamentation by their pretty and vivid colors, of which pink, turquoise, tan, blue and flesh, are favorites.

Julia Bottomley