

HAIL AND FAREWELL



O! TWELVE! comes throbbing on the midnight air, A requiem—yes, the dying year is dead: Its records written, be they foul or fair; Its mysteries solved and all its riddles read. The New Year came with swift yet stealthy tread; No footfall reached the anxious, listening ear. As through the portals he so swiftly sped; But now his firm, majestic tread we hear. And so the years go, ever speeding by, And changes come, more strange than lapse of years. The past is gone: Why comes the deep-drawn sigh? Why is the eye bedimmed with unshed tears? It once was ours; we drank, aye, drained the cup, Quaffing with eager lips its happiness, Nor even dreamed so soon we must give up. Those joys that came our daily life to bless, Shall all the ties be severed that have bound. Friend unto friend, and very soul to soul? Shall some Lethæan waters there be found That over torn and wounded hearts shall roll, In deep forgetfulness assuaging pain, Healing all wounds, and leaving not a scar? Or shall the ties, the wounds, the scars remain? Shall pain be there our future bliss to mar? "The Oracles are dumb," with bated breath We silent stand, awaiting some reply: It comes not, nor can come until kind death Shall touch our hearts and bid the clouds roll by. Enough—for when life's fateful strife is o'er, When earthly joys and pains are laid aside, When we look back from yonder distant shore And understand, we shall be satisfied. —Charles H. Allen, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

GIVEN a semi-blizzard and a somewhat pretentious sod house on a western prairie—pretentious because it contained two rooms instead of one, and each room had two windows of glass—and you have the setting of a rather interesting New Year celebration. Nor was the inside view of this sod house at all disappointing to expectations fired by the sight of those real windows of glass, for there was furniture more than the actual needs of the occupant demanded. To be sure, it was nearly all of home manufacture, but it was evidently the work of one who might have earned a living as a cabinet maker, and some of it was upholstered.

The owner of this house, Jack Walworth by name, sat poring over a cook-book. He was a merry-eyed young fellow of 25, tall, athletic, and in every way good to look at. Although many miles from any human being, so far as he knew, his hands were clean and his hair carefully brushed—two characteristics not very pronounced in the make-up of individuals in that part of the world, for they were nearly all men, and they needed the spur of a woman's approval to give them a proper regard for their personal appearance.

"These are mighty good recipes," murmured Jack, as he slowly turned the leaves of his book, "but they do require such an ocean of stuff! Why don't they write some especially for bachelors on prairie farms—lonely old bachelors who have a hankering for a holiday dinner like mother used to make?"

This was said half whimsically and half sadly, for to-morrow a new year was to begin, and Jack was homesick. There had been a time when he was quite sure that the opening day of this new year would see the beginning of a new life for him—a life in which Nellie Rogers would be the central figure. Jack turned to the fly leaf of his cook-book and reread the words he had written there.

"My first New Year resolution," he proclaimed, in a tone that ought to have frightened away the most persistent attack of the blues, "and I'm bound to live up to it. 'I, Jack Walworth, being of sound mind, etc., have resolved that my life shall not be spoiled by—Pshaw!' He threw the book on the table almost viciously. There was no fun in acting without an audience, and he must try in some other way to convince himself that he was not so very unhappy after all.

"I nipped all day on both Thanksgiving and Christmas," he said, resolutely drawing the cook-book toward him again, "and I'm going to begin the New Year in a manly fashion! I'll stick to my resolution."

Early that morning Jack had decided to cook a grand New Year dinner for himself, and the fine wild goose, shot for that purpose, now hung in the outer room all ready for the oven. But roast goose and baked potatoes, while good in their way, did not seem sufficiently festive to the fastidious Jack, whose New England mother had made a reputation for herself on her holiday dinners. His soul longed for something in the way

of "goodies," and that is why he happened to be poring over a cook-book at an hour when he was usually sound asleep in his comfortable bed.

"Mince pie is what I want," he said, "but my cupboard is against it. I've got the meat and vinegar and sugar, but there are no spices, and I'd have to use dried apple, and I'm not sure I know how the crust is made. I wonder if I could use cranberries and dried blackberries instead of raisins and currants? I have half a mind to try it, anyhow."

Suiting the action to the word, Jack donned his oil cloth apron, and was soon at work. There was plenty of meat and dried apples which he had cooked that day, and he was quite sure that he remembered to what degree of minuteness he used

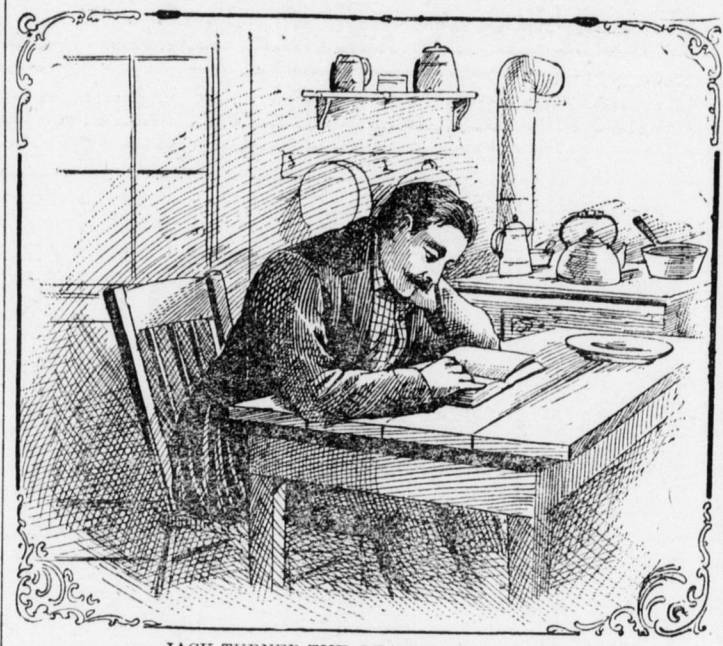
Then he fixed the fire, and before preparing for bed went to the door and looked out into the night. It is a habit shared by all who live in lonely places, for there is always the feeling that some one may be abroad who needs help.

The snow had ceased falling, and the stars twinkled overhead, but the wind still blew in gusts that kept blinding eddies in the frosty air.

"It is an ugly night," said Jack, "and I pity anyone who is not safely housed. I wonder if—good Lord!"

"Helloa, there! Helloa!" came a man's voice through the whirling snow. "Help! help! help!" The last word ended in a quaver that told of helplessness and exhaustion.

"Whoop-e-e-e!" returned Jack, in a voice that rang like a clarion call



JACK TURNED THE LEAVES OF HIS COOK-BOOK.

to chop such things for his mother.

"If Nellie were here now," he thought, regretfully, "she would have had everything ready for our first holiday dinner together, and New Year is such a suitable day upon which to begin married life."

With this thought, the cheerful tune Jack was whistling came to an abrupt close, and an expression of sadness crept into his face; then the chopping bowl was pushed aside, and he buried his face in his hands.

"It is useless," he groaned, "I can never get over it; I cannot be brave. Oh, Nellie, Nellie, I cannot live my life without you, and—I won't!"

Jack had decided to be a farmer without consulting the girl he loved, principally because he had never told her he loved her, and so had no claim upon her. He had believed that a man had no right to propose marriage to a girl until he had a home to offer her, and so he had gone alone into the prairie wilderness and taken up his battle against poverty single-handed. He had been unusually successful, and in three years he had secured the little home in which we find him, and he owed no man a penny. Then he had gone back to the old home, to find Nellie Rogers and ask her to be his wife. He had thought of her so long as a mistress of that little sod house on the prairie that he could not believe her answer would be disappointing, and when it came it almost crushed him.

"I do care for you, Jack, but not enough to live on a farm, and in such a wilderness. I want to live in the city. If you loved me, why did you not ask me where I want to live? Should a woman not have a choice in the matter? If you still love me, Jack, why not sell the farm now?"

"It is my home, Nellie. I have worked three years to get it. I could not sell it now for what it is worth to me, and I have nothing else. Do you understand, dear? It is all the home I have to offer you."

It seemed to Jack that such an explanation ought to satisfy any girl, and when Nellie persistently refused to live on a farm, he could only conclude that she did not love him well enough to be his wife. He bade her a formal farewell and went back to his farm, angrily telling himself that the girl was not worth a second thought, and that any self-respecting man could make himself happy without her. That was in November, and Jack had kept himself very busy ever since, in order to forget what he called his folly, and this was the first time he had broken down. But he had built so many air castles about this first day of the new year—the first holiday which he and Nellie would spend in their new home—that it was rather difficult to celebrate the day alone, and as cheerfully as if nothing had happened to disturb his plans.

"If there were any hope that it might be different next year," he moaned; but Nellie's answer had been final. Next year, and all the years to come must be spent without her if he remained on the farm. "And it may be years before I can sell, and even then I must begin at the beginning and make another home. A girl would have to love a man very dearly to wait so long, and if she loved him like that she would go to the home he had provided."

The clock on the pretty little mantel chimed the midnight hour, and Jack raised his head wearily.

"I won't be a coward," he said. "I don't feel, just now, as if I cared much about a swell dinner, but I may have more courage a few hours later, and then I can make that pie."

across the prairie. "Where are you? Sing out again! I'm coming!"

The snow was drifted into fantastically-shaped hills of varying height, but between them the ground lay bare and brown, as it usually did in that locality, when the first heavy snowstorm of the season was accompanied by a strong wind. It was possible to walk around the high drifts with comparative ease, but, on a stormy night, even one acquainted with the country was in danger of losing his way and perishing of exposure.

Jack hung a lighted lantern under the roof of his porch, then sallied forth on his errand of mercy, calling lustily and cheerfully at every step, and soon he was standing beside an old man who was bending over the form of a girl lying limply against a huge snow drift.

"I don't think she is dead," faltered the man, whose teeth were chattering almost too much for speech.

"We'll soon know," replied Jack, lifting the slight form into his arms and leading the way to the cabin. "Let me know if I walk too fast for you."

Jack placed his burden on the bed and pulled the frozen veil from her face, and then fell on his knees beside her.

"Nellie!" he exclaimed. "My God, my God, it is Nellie!"

"And are you Jack Walworth?" asked the man; but Jack did not hear. He had recovered his self-possession and was using all his knowledge to restore Nellie to consciousness, and as he worked he called her all the pretty loverlike names that she had ever heard from his lips—and they were many, for his was an exceedingly affectionate nature. His method of treatment proved most effective, for in a remarkably short period of time Nellie was able to drink the coffee he made for her, and to explain her presence in his home.

"We started out to find you, Jack," she said, "for I had made up my mind to spend New Year with you. This is my Uncle Ben, and he is a minister, and when he saw I was determined to come, of course, he decided to come, too!"

"What else could I do?" murmured the old man, deprecatorily; "Nellie is so headstrong, and so—so very unconventional!"

"And as soon as I can stand, Jack," continued Nellie, paying no attention to the interruption, "he will marry us—that is, if you have no other sweetheart."

"I told her," interrupted Uncle Ben, "that it looked exactly as if she were throwing herself at you."

"And I told him," answered Nellie, with a happy little laugh, "that that was exactly what I meant to do. I said you had once thrown yourself at me, and that this was the only way I could get even."

What Jack said in reply would look very silly on paper, but Nellie liked it, and Uncle Ben pretended not to hear. The good old man was relieved, however, when the lovemaking was interrupted by a shout from outside, accompanied by a vigorous demand for assistance, that sent Jack hurrying out once again into the whirling snow.

A neighbor had found a runaway team that he wished to leave in Jack's barn, for it was too much trouble to lead it through the storm.

"It is our team," exclaimed Uncle Ben. "We got out to walk, for Nellie feared her feet were freezing, and the team got away from us. We tried to find it, but the storm increased so furiously we couldn't see."

The neighbor and his companion

were easily induced to come in and remain until daylight, which was now close at hand. They were needed as witnesses to the marriage ceremony, and even had the weather made driving a pleasure they could not have resisted so interesting an experience.

Four men and one woman sat down to the wedding breakfast, which consisted of baked beans, corn bread and coffee, and it is safe to say that never a wedding breakfast was eaten by a jollier company.

"And thus," said Jack, melodramatically, "eth a happy bachelor's New Year celebration."

Uncle Ben went back to his work in the city that day, for the hired team must be returned to its owners, and his poor people could not be neglected. But there were tears in his eyes as he thought of the little world of happiness he was leaving behind him—tears shed in self-pity—for Uncle Ben had never had a home. He smiled, however, when he recalled Jack's account of his search for recipes suited to a bachelor's holiday dinner, and Nellie's reassuring reply that there was sufficient material in the house for a plum pudding and a mince pie, too.

"I am happy enough," Jack had replied, "to dine like a king on cornmeal pancakes; perhaps Nellie's swell dinner would be more than this feeble heart of mine could bear."

"Don't take it to your heart, then," was Nellie's saucy response; "I want that place myself."

"Verily," said Uncle Ben, as he urged the horses into a trot, "verily, a dinner of herbs where love is—bless my soul, nags! can't you understand that I have a New Year sermon to preach to-day?"—Sidney Sieyes, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

BREAKING RESOLUTIONS.

A Custom Popular with Many Men at the Beginning of Every Year.

There is a custom among men, as venerable as it is popular, of making good resolutions with the advent of the new year and of faithfully breaking them before it is a week old. It is well to make good resolutions at any time, and there is no objection to New Year's day as one of the dates. As a rule, however, says the Chicago Journal, a man who cannot keep a good resolution in June will be no more successful with it in January, but it is wise of him to make it on New Year's day, if only on the chance of its keeping him decent a week. On this occasion, in addition to making his good resolutions regarding his personal conduct, it might not be amiss for the confirmed swearer-off to give a thought or two to his behavior to his neighbor. To forbear to lie; to scorn to cheat; to eschew avarice; to shun evil-speaking; to forswear the practice of equivocal business methods; to check rash temper and cease worrying over trivial things; to love the truth; to aid the friendless; to be kind to the little children; to be tolerant of the frailties of the weak—these are some of the ennobling aims.

It is a time to bury dead issues, to put away, decently and in order, impossible hopes and dreams and face the future with a strong courage and a bright heart. And with the forward look must come the conviction to every man who keeps his soul as well as his body clean that there is a blessing in the fields and the mountains and the sea, a stimulant in the very sunshine; that the world in which we live is a very beautiful place.

There can be no happiness in the world without unselfishness. Therefore, when you wish your friend a happy new year pray that he may be unselfish, and try to do something for others; for if he is human he can find happiness in no other way.

IN HARD LUCK.

Deadbroke—Lend me a dollar, will you?

Nojoke—I can't do it; you know I haven't even paid for my wife's New Year's present to me yet.

Explained.

"You advertised," said the gullible one, "that you had discovered the key to success."

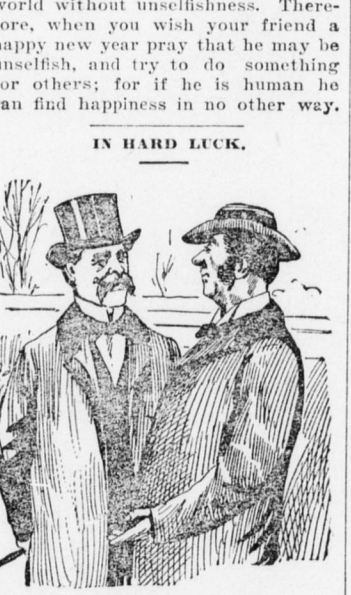
"True," admitted the fakir.

"Well, it didn't help me a little bit."

"The reason for that," answered the fakir, pleasantly, "is that you have been buying the key instead of selling it. It has brought me success."—Chicago Post.

GIVE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

In the Greek church New Year's takes the place of Christmas, so far as interchange of gifts is concerned. The father of a family gives to his wife and children presents of money which are carefully put away,



ABRAHAM LEVY.
(Boy Sociologist Who Investigated the Great West.)

He went across New York to the lakes, and then by quick jumps he made San Francisco and the other cities along the coast. Back again he came and the other day he arrived in Chicago. He was returning to New Jersey.

From the time he left Newark he had not spent one cent for car fare or food. Neither had he stolen as much as a penny's worth of anything. Against the habit of begging he had no scruples. He outlined his position on that question thus:

"As an American boy, I have a right to see my country and so learn to love it more. I do not think that when I ask a man or a woman for money to help me on my way I am imposing upon them. No person that I have asked has refused me. In Chicago I found they were very kind."

Levy intends to do something in the lecture field that no one has done so far. He has made a feature of the propaganda of truth about Chicago and a few other towns, about which he thinks the truth is yet to be told, and it is to spread this propaganda that he wants to get on a platform with a pitcher of water in front of him and with some dignified chairman to introduce him to the attention of his hearers.

His travels have taken from him all touch of the parochial and the provincial. He is a cosmopolitan, and next year he intends to go abroad so that he will have a chance of comparing Chicago with Rome, Paris and London. He does not think he will find any town where there are more people on the street than there are here, and he likes to see big crowds.

The 14-year-old traveler and lecturer is much east down because he lost the manuscript of one lecture he had completed. This address treated of conditions as they exist in California, in which state he found Los Angeles to be the best town he met in the far west. No author of ancient or modern times ever lost a manuscript under the circumstances that attended the loss of the lecture on California by Levy. It wasn't through lack of postage, or a wrong address, or the heartless cruelty of an editor that the world is deprived of a chance to hear that lecture. It is because Levy rode through North Dakota on the tender of a long freight train, and that his hands got cold. When they were in this condition the first lecture dropped from the car to the ground, and the train was going too fast to enable Levy to follow his treasure. He will take the utmost care of his lecture on Chicago.

HAS LOTS OF NERVE.

Boy Sociologist Investigates the Cities of the Country.

Traveled from Jersey City to California and Back Without Contributing a Cent to the Treasuries of Railway Companies.

A 14-year-old boy who leaves his home and his school to travel through this country so that he may get material for a lecture, and who finds in Chicago enough material for a complete lecture, which he will deliver to the exclusion of what he learned about other cities in the United States, is more or less an unusual boy. But when at his ripe age of 14 he descends on the institutions he has found to be good and those he considers bad and writes in poor English, but undeniable earnestness, poems about his home and his parents, he has certainly proved his right to be judged as the only member of his class and as neither a boy tramp nor a hired boy courier.

The young man who has come into Chicago, and having studied the town for three days, has left to write his address about it is, according to the Chicago Tribune, one Abraham Levy, and he lives at 275 West Kinney street, New Jersey. He has never had money enough to spare at one time to have his photograph taken, but once he is seen he is like the falls of Niagara or the pyramids of the desert—impossible to forget. He is undersized even for 14, and his hair and eyes, and his hands for that matter, are as black as the best stove polish. He talks as rapidly as a phonograph at full speed. His father and mother live in Newark, and up to July 18 last he went to school in that town. Then he left without a word of warning and was next heard from in Troy, N. Y. He had come up along the Hudson under a freight train on the New York Central road, which is notoriously one of the most difficult roads in the country to beat for fare.



ABRAHAM LEVY. (Boy Sociologist Who Investigated the Great West.)

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

President Roosevelt Suggested for Honorary President of the Great Athletic Event of 1904.

President Roosevelt as honorary president of the international Olympic games to be held in Chicago in 1904! Baron Coubertin, of Paris, the great and moving spirit in the international Olympic committee, as well as its executive, has written a letter to President Roosevelt asking him to accept the honorary position. Ambassador Porter has been given the letter, and in due time it will be placed before the president.

That Baron Coubertin on more than one occasion has shown his exceedingly pronounced friendship for



WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON. (Chicago Head of the Olympian Games, to Be Held in 1904.)

the United States, and especially for Chicago, is known to those who were most prominent in getting the Olympian games for that city. Europe did not desire the games to go to the new world. Eastern cities, New York and Philadelphia, had out their lobbyists for the games. But the baron had carefully studied the situation and had spoken so highly of this country and the world's fair city that Chicago easily won the fight. In Europe President Roosevelt is regarded as the wholesome type of athletic enthusiast. With the international games directly under the supervision of the nation's chief, the foreigners will have great faith in the exercises at the stadium.

"Rooter in Washington for Harvard when the crimson met the blue; rooter on the side lines for the army team at Philadelphia when the West Pointers met the middies of Annapolis, and champion of all good healthy, manly sports, was and is Theodore Roosevelt," said a Chicago worker for the success of the Olympian games. "Why should not Mr. Roosevelt accept the position? We think he will."

RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.

Bishop Charles C. McCabe Believes in the Semi-Military Government of Churches.

Bishop Charles C. McCabe, who is being harshly criticised by several members of the Emmanuel Methodist Episcopal church in Evanston, Ill. (because of his alleged autocratic methods of church government), is noted for his plain and outspoken directness of opinion and for the general sturdiness of his mind. He has been a minister of the gospel for upwards of 40 years, and came originally from Ohio, from which state he went to the civil war in the uniform of a fighting soldier. The future bishop backed up his political principles with



CHARLES McCABE. (One of the Most Forceful Bishops of the Methodist Church.)

bullets, and after serving his term in Libby prison he left the army because of the failure of his health. His first pastorate was a little church at Portsmouth, O. Bishop McCabe's principal distinction has been his remarkable success as a collector of funds for missionary purposes, and in that capacity he stands unrivaled in the ranks of American church workers. He is 64 years old.

Paternalism in Norway.

The paternal government of Norway has a fund of money amounting to about \$500,000, which is loaned to farmers through the municipal officers to assist them in buying land. Such a proposition was advanced by the populists of Kansas some years ago and did not meet with any favor, but generally with ridicule. In Norway, however, it is actually in practice and small sums are loaned to industrious people at three per cent. interest for a term of 25 years to enable them to acquire farms and improve not only themselves, but the state.