



A Hap Hazard New Year by Douglas Malloch (Copyright)

THE coming of New Year's Day naturally suggests the remarkable case of Hap Hazard. The mother of Hap Hazard had aimed to give him a Bible name out of the ordinary, and her aim was certainly good. It was hard to spell, and hard to pronounce; and, pronounced properly, it sounded very much like a soda fountain clerk making a fizz. But the boys shortened this unusual cognomen to "Hap."

The Hap Hazards were married on New Year's Day, Hap very happily suggesting that that would be a good way to start the New Year right.

As New Year's Day again approached, May's Aunt Ada, at whose house in Columbus the Hazards were married, thought it would be a fine idea to ask the young couple back home to spend their wedding anniversary. Hap and May delightedly accepted, and wrote that they would leave Hometown for Columbus on the 29th. It was now the 28th, and May decided it would be well to begin to pack, or at least to decide what she would wear and what she would take. It made her rather proud of her forehandedness.

"And, Hap," she said, "you might go by the depot and get the tickets, and a couple of lovers, and everything, so we shall be all ready to start tomorrow. That will be easy to do."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Hap, his pipe falling from his mouth, "easy to do? Say, do you know I never thought about those god-darned tickets?" He shoved both hands into his pockets. "How much do you suppose they will be? I don't believe I have enough money. I know we spent a lot for Christmas."

Hap had \$3.11. May had \$6 she had left out of her last week's money. There was \$1.80 in the little drawer of the kitchen cabinet, and \$12 in bills behind the picture of April Jones in the sitting room. That made \$22.91; and Hap knew he could draw a few dollars in advance down at the shop—he had done it before.

He found it was too late to get lovers, and they missed that train anyway, for the time had been changed, and the train now went through half an hour earlier—when it was on time—and this time it was. He managed to find an upper on the slow train for May, but he had to sit up in the smoker himself.

Hap did not sleep very well. The train stopped and started and jerked and bumped. It must have been near morning, after an unusually heavy fog, that Hap distinctly overheard a fellow-passenger say:

"Yep, it doesn't look much like we would get into Columbus before New Year's night."

"What's the matter?" he inquired, suddenly sitting up, "a wreck?"

"Nope," said the passenger, a fat man across the aisle Hap had observed before he fell off to slumber. "Nope, it ain't a wreck. On this gosh-darned road they can't never have a wreck."

"Why not? Is it so safe?"

"No, it ain't so safe. But they couldn't have a collision because all the trains run east one day and west the next."

"That's funny. What if you want to get to Columbus on Wednesday?"

"Then you have to go east to Pittsburgh on Tuesday and come west to Columbus the next day."

farmer. He was madder than the dickens, too."

"But why didn't the engineer see to it that the fireman had enough coal?"

"The engineer hadn't ought to say anything. He didn't have enough water. It was just running along, and never watching the water-gauge, and getting water whenever he could, but not knowing very far ahead when he could get it."

"Well, this must be a fine crew on this old milk train. But where was the conductor all this time?"

"Why, the conductor didn't know we was late until a few minutes ago when I told him. You see, he wasn't keeping any particular account of the time. He figured that we was on the right road and that sooner or later we would get there."

"Some railroad," thought Hap to himself, and in a few moments fell off to sleep again.

"He's looking at you, Aunt Ada," said May.

"He's going to be all right," said the stranger. "He's coming out of it."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed May; and, to the stranger, "I can't thank you enough for all your kindness."

"He must have hit the arm of the seat when that jolt threw him out," said May.

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The New Year Dreamer

A woman fell asleep, one New Year's eve, and dreamed a strange dream And when she woke, she told a neighbor about it, in some such words as these:

"I thought I was in a strange country," she said, "which belonged to us all. There was no king. And I thought that in that country shoes were ready-made, not fashioned clumsily of leathers, as we fashion them now, and that the flax was all spun for us, and the flour all ground. I thought that the very cows were milked without our aid, and that we lived in cities with clean pavements between clean, bright houses, and that milk and meat and bread and eggs were brought to our doors, day after day. I thought that there was something called gas, that made our cooking clean and quick, and things called cars that carried us safely from place to place."

"And in my dream we were all taught, taught to read and even to write, as only the scribes do now, and that we read books, books about strange things and wonderful places—and saw pictures—the greatest in the world!—and that we could hear music whenever we chose. And there were wise doctors to keep us well, and to give us magic sleep in our pain."

"But best of all," she said, in a low tone still tinged with the radiance of her dream, "best of all, was that the children were safe. There were no nobles to seize our girls for their own pleasure, and to send our boys like cattle into the wars. No man could kill another, and even women were of value, and children were beloved. It seemed to me a world of peace, and sunshine and safety!"

"You dreamed of heaven!" said the listener, her incredulous laughter changed to wistful awe. The other sighed and shook her head.

"No," she said sadly, "for in that country they were all mad!"

"Mad?" came the astonished echo. "Well, better our hardships than such a state. Better the village well that poisons our children and the tax that holds our men in bondage, and the pestilences that sweep us! Better the dark houses, and the smoking coal fires, the heats of summer and the freezing winters, better even the agony and terror of bearing, unhelped. But tell, how were they mad?"

"They do not see the sunshine, they do not hear the music, and they do not taste their freedom," said the dreamer. "Their thoughts are chained to little things—the stitches in a skirt, the chopped nuts that must go into a dish they cook, the shape of a chair. They long for idleness—who have nothing to do! They long for pleasure, who live in a world that might be heaven! They look at this one enviously because she can come and go to another city at will and at that one enviously because her picture is printed in the books they read. They weep because they must buy flax spun on their side of the ocean rather than that which comes to them in ships, and they weep because the papers they have pasted on the walls of their rooms are too green or too blue!"

"Mad—quite mad!" agreed the neighbor, struck. "Did they live long ago?"

"No, their time has not yet come," the dreaming woman answered. "They will not live for another thousand years. They will spring from us, who live and work and die without the touch of fine linen on our bodies, or the help of a single hand with the planting and roasting and spinning and brewing the bearing and rearing. We are their mothers, who will never read a book or write a letter, or enter a playhouse. Let us make them a New Year's wish, that their eyes may be opened and that they may see!"

"They knelt down together.—Kathleen Morris in Pictorial Review.

How to Do Things.
As the New Year comes and gently beckons—
And bids you journey yet another mile,
I hope that tear and sorrow, fear and shadow,
Will be forgotten for a little while.
For God is wise and good, and all things blessed
Will surely come to us, some soon, some late.
If we but learn each morning's holy lesson,
And in the evening smile, and hope, and wait.

A New Year's Wish.
A very acceptable message to send with your card to a friend on New Year's morning is the following sentiment:
Now what is here?
A word of cheer
To herald in another year.
May all its days be free of blame—
A little nobler than your aim;
May all its labors be content
A little better than your best.



The Fairies' Messages

By Mary Graham Bonner

"The Fairies," said Daddy, "all thought they were going to have a wonderful party until the Fairy Queen said, 'There is work for us to do.'"

"Of course the Fairies love their work as they do their play so they smiled when the Fairy Queen told them there was work for them to do."

"And what is it?" asked Princess Twilight-Bell.

"Yes, tell us what the work is to be," said the Fairy Princess Joy.

"Shall we play and make music?" asked Fairy Ybab.

"Dear me," said the Fairy Queen. "How can I ever answer so many questions at once?"

"The Fairies laughed and then waited for the Fairy Queen to tell them what she wanted them to do."

"When the New Year comes," said the Fairy Queen, "we must plan new work."

"Oh yes," agreed all the Fairies. "It needn't exactly be new," said the Fairy Queen. "But we must start off afresh in our work and get others to start off afresh too."

"We shall do that," said the Fairies. "And," continued the Fairy Queen, "we shall all go forth today and whisper secrets to the Children."

"What sorts of secrets?" asked the Fairies.

"We shall tell them," said the Fairy Queen, "that to be happy they must be cheerful and pleasant. We will tell them to see how wonderfully it works—just to give it a fair trial. Tell them to get up every morning with a bright smile for everyone they meet. And then they will see how much happier it makes everyone."

be so happy. They will not quite know why—but we will know that it is Ybab's wondrous fairy music."

"Ah," smiled Ybab, "how happy that makes me! I always love to sing and play. I think I shall sing them a song like this, and Fairy Ybab waved her wand and sang:

"Music, music makes us glad.
"Crossness only makes us sad.
"So let's be happy, bright and gay,
"And then we'll love both work and play."

"That will be a fine song," said the Fairy Queen. "I am sure the Children will love it. Of course they will hear it while they sleep and when they awake they will have forgotten the meaning of the song."

"And when shall we start?" asked the Princess Twilight-Bell.

"Let's get started very soon," said the Fairy Princess Joy.

"Oh yes," said Ybab in her silvery voice. "I want to be singing all the time."

"That is the way you must make the children feel, Ybab," said the Fairy Queen. "They must feel so happy every minute. They must be joyous and have such good times and make every-

one around them happy. Don't forget, little Fairies," she added, "to tell the Children to wake up every morning with a smile. That will be such a good start for the day."

"We won't forget," said the Fairies. "And off they went. All over the Earth they flew and they wore their invisible robes that no one can see but a Fairy. To homes and homes they went and over every child sleeping that night they whispered the Fairy Queen's messages."

"Ybab sang her song, and before she had finished, a smile came on the face of each child who heard her."

"When the Fairies returned to Fairyland where the Fairy Queen was waiting for them, though she had been off on a trip too, they told her of their work."

"Ah," she said, "they will be happy now I feel quite sure, and though they may not know that the Fairies have been to see them, they will somehow feel better—and we know that it will be because of the Fairies!"

IDEALS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Dr. William DeWitt Hyde.

To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love!

To prize health as contagious happiness, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do!

To choose in each case what is good on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved!

To put my whole self into all that I do and indulge no single desire, at the expense of myself as a whole!

To crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friends!

To lend no oil to the foolish, but to let my light shine freely for all!

To make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain!

To harbor no thought of another which I should be unwilling that other should know!

To say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others!

To take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong!

To pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the envious!

To worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful!

To serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy, or a wrong will set right; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

EVERY MAN AT HIS BEST!
Men and women as citizens are the product of four environments: The physical, the moral, the industrial and the political.

A physical incompetent by superior qualities of the unconquerable soul may lift himself out of the chains of disease and pain and make his fellows his debtors, but no man will deny me when I say that that which makes for physical incompetency is an enemy of the state.

A moral incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

An industrial incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

A political incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

I submit to you that the liquor institution is the supreme tangible foe of the state, because it is the supreme positive promoter of physical, moral, industrial and political incompetency.

Millions of citizens, men and women, immediately vital to the national and world program of this republic, cannot be at their best until the liquor institution is destroyed. Other and unborn millions are physically, morally, industrially and politically perjured by the eugenic taint of alcohol. And America needs every man at his best!—Daniel A. Poling.

BAD FOR THE WASHERWOMAN
So acute has become the local shortage in washwomen that it amounts to a "famine," says Robert Patton in the American Issue. It was not always so. In the halcyon days when Denver had saloons and the pay envelopes were being cashed in the third parties, thousands of the wives of drinking men were compelled to take in washing to eke out a slender living for the little family. This condition suited the booze interests to a T. One of the wet newspapers in an exuberant outburst of philanthropy urged the saloonkeepers to send their "family wash to the wives of their patrons" and let the saloonists rake in the pay checks.

But all this is but a dream since this city went dry. Daddy is now spending his money for household supplies and wife has ceased to take in washing—hence the "famine." Verily prohibition has "hurt" the washerwoman business as well as that of the undertaker and grave digger.

GERMANY UNDER PROHIBITION.
The German army was practically mobilized under prohibition. Miss Margaret Wintringer tells in the Union Signal. Germany actually clambered over the wheels of the water wagon, she says, by violating the law of the state of seige enacted in 1911. "For an unheard of six weeks even beer was under taboo in all German villages. And to these six weeks Germany owes her initial success in the war. But she firmly sensed she fell off the water wagon. In October the law of the State of Siege was lifted and there followed the wretched village crises and the atrocities in Belgium which have forever blackened Germany's escutcheon."

LUMBERJACKS OPPOSE SALOONS
A good argument for prohibition furnished by the action of Washington lumberjacks. About fifty of the men had been fighting fires in Idaho and Washington (both dry states) and refused to go into Montana to perform the same service because they feared that if they exposed themselves to the temptations of a wet state, they would lose all their earnings in the saloons. So they turned down an appeal for help at good wages and remained in dry territory.

Montana's statutory prohibition law enacted November, 1916, goes into effect December 31, 1918. After that date the state won't be shunned by lumberjacks or by anybody except boozers.

ALCOHOL NEUTRALIZES FOOD.
Food is not only wasted in the manufacture of alcoholic drink, but the drink itself renders nugatory the nutritive value of much food that is eaten. Put a lump of sugar into alcohol and it hardens instead of dissolving. It does when placed in water. A pound of beefsteak, chased by 60 balls does not furnish more than 60 as much nourishment to the body as when it is eaten alone.

PROHIBITION BEST.
Out of an experience which touched all classes and conditions of men, I am willing to state my belief that in this present crisis the United States would be better able to meet the high duties before it if prohibition were general and absolute.—Charles C. Whitman of New York.

REFUSE TO BE LIQUOR BOERS.
Inquiry in January, 1917, directed to every publication in the United States, no matter what its character or frequency of issue, revealed 8,307, or nearly one-third of the publications in the country, desirous to serve as a medium of drink abstention, says the Cyclopaedia of Prohibition and the Board of Temperance of the E. church. At this writing others might be added to the roll.

THE POPE'S VIEWPOINT.
A few years ago Mr. C. C. Conroy of Illinois wrote the pope of Rome to whether it was right for Catholics to vote for prohibition. He received the answer that if in his opinion prohibition was the remedy for the evil, it was not only his duty, but his duty to vote for prohibition.

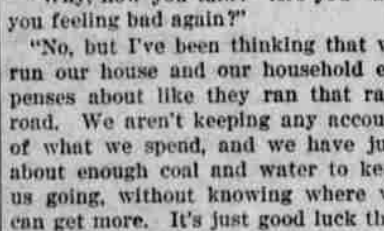
DRINK SHORTENS LIFE.
The man of twenty who drinks a probable life of fifteen years less, the abstainer one of 75 years.—Professor Lombroso.



"We're Going to Run on Schedule After This."

"every train on this road runs so much slower than every other train, that no train can ever overtake any other."

"Then, if there isn't any wreck," asked Hap, "what's the trouble?"



"He's Looking at You, Aunt Ada," Said May.

said the doctor. "But it is nothing serious."

By this time Hap was wide awake, really awake. It took a little time to untangle his thoughts for him.

"Everything's all right, old man," said the stranger. "You fell out of the seat—you've got a bump on your head—and you were a little looney for awhile. But we got you to your folks all right. Well, I guess I'll be running along."

But Aunt Ada insisted that the stranger, who was a traveling salesman unable to get home for the holiday, should spend New Year's Day with them instead of at the hotel. Hap was so much better that he was able to take a little walk that afternoon. In a stationery store he stopped and bought a book.

The next day was New Year's. That morning before they went downstairs Hap opened the package.

"I've been thinking," he said to May, "that I wasn't so blamed looney, after all, when I got that bump on the head. Maybe I've got more sense that way than this way."

"Why, how you talk! Are you—are you feeling bad again?"

"No, but I've been thinking that we run our house and our household expenses about like they ran that railroad. We aren't keeping any account of what we spend, and we have just about enough coal and water to keep us going, without knowing where we can get more. It's just good luck that has kept us from having a wreck. Now, here's an account book, and we're going to run on schedule after this."

The Forward Look.
The old year has done what it could for me;
All of it that was good for me
Has now become a part of me;
Whatever the New may bring to me,
May only the good of it cling to me
And enter into the heart of me.

New Year's Fable.
Once upon a time there was a man and his wife who decided to start the New Year right. He agreed never to come home late with a large assortment of mixed drinks. She agreed never to speak a cross word to him. He agreed to give her money whenever she asked for it. She agreed never to spend money foolishly. Both agreed never to quarrel. On Saturday night he came home very late and very unsteady, whereupon his wife called him a mean old good-for-nothing brute and demanded \$50. He told her she couldn't have 15 cents and wanted to know what she did with the other money. She admitted she had squandered it foolishly on afternoon highballs and taxis and other foolishness, and then they had the biggest fight of their lives.

Moral—What else do you expect of two human beings?

Another Year

Another year is now starting,
At midnight I heard the bells ring
Their final farewell to the old year;
Oh, what will the new year bring?

Shadow and then some sunshine—
Neither can always last;
Sorrow and pain and pleasure—
Just as the year that's past.

None can foretell the future,
It's hidden beyond our gaze;
But most of the year that's coming
Will be made of commonplace days.

Morning and noon and evening
Filled up with little things,
Days of rest and of labor—
These are what each year brings.

Go on then into the future,
With never a thought of fear;
Trusting the hand that leads us
To guide for another year.
—Grace Bulkley.



"Whisper Secrets to the Children."

one around them happy. Don't forget, little Fairies," she added, "to tell the Children to wake up every morning with a smile. That will be such a good start for the day."

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WHAT NEW YEAR'S SIGNIFIES
Time to Resume Another Journey of Life, Starting Out With a Clean Slate.

The need of getting a convenient division of time into days and years which correspond with the movements of the earth and sun is not sufficient explanation of the New Year's festival. That need is wholly mechanical, mathematical, and serviceable. The mood of New Year's is not mechanical, mathematical, or serviceable. It is wholly one of abandon and heedlessness.

It is such because the day represents an accounting and a sponging of the slate. Life needs renewed beginnings. It cannot lead away across unbroken and unmarked plains. It must have its definite steps, its prospects in the intimate future. The traveler must have in thought as he goes along the road a possibility of a comfortable ending of the day at an inn.

We seek constantly a realization of completeness, of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Life, which is formless, must have form given it. It must have its stopping places, where

Just Make Believe
A New Year's Psalm of Life

If there isn't any pleasure
Waits for you beside the way,
If there's not a thing to grin at
In your journey day by day,
If you've got excuse for kicking
And for strutting up a row,
Don't you do it! Don't you do it!
Just be happy anyhow.

Just be happy, just be happy;
Take the fiddle and the bow,
Shuggle it up against your shoulder,
Lumber up, and let 'er go.
And there's joy in every string;
Till you get all outdoors laughing,
And you make the echoes ring.

It's a duty you are owing
To the world to shake your feet,
And to lift your voice in singing,
Fill the music into the street!
If the world is dark and gloomy,
And you haven't got a friend,
It's your duty to dissemble,
It's your duty to pretend.

If you meet the world a-grinning,
Then the world will grin at you,
You can laugh the clouds to finders,
Till the blue sky glimmers through;
If you just pretend you're happy,
With your whole heart in the bluff,
Then, almost before you know it,
You'll be happy, sure enough!