

The Old and the New Year



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A New Year Understanding

By Katherine Edelman

ONE afternoon, as the old year was nearing the end, Pauline Wilson knocked nervously at the door of Lawyer Waring's office and entered in the same manner after his sharp "Come in" fell upon her ears. Seating herself in the chair he offered, she sat tense for a moment, then with startling abruptness, she said: "I want to get a divorce from Charlie."

"We were until a month ago," Pauline was beginning to sob now and Lawyer Waring's face assumed the masklike appearance that had left it for a minute.

"Tell me all about it," he said in his most professional manner.

It might be well to add here that Lawyer Waring had known Pauline since she came into the world and had managed her father's affairs until his death, five years before.

And all through the story Lawyer Waring saw that the thing that seemed to hurt Pauline most was the fact that her married life was so different from that of her father and

mother. For she brought in over and over again the ideal life they had lived, the wonderful happiness that had been theirs, and above all the love and devotion her father had always shown. "Why, he would have died," she whispered, beginning to sob again, "rather than treat mother as Charlie has treated me."

Waring sat very still in his chair after Pauline had finished. A queer smile was playing around the corners of his mouth. Presently he turned to Pauline and the smile was still lurking there. "What would you think, my dear," he asked, "if I told you your mother tried hard to do the very thing you are trying to do today, and her story was even more convincing than yours?"

Coming closer to her, the old man, friend and counselor of the family, laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder and whispered to her the story.

New Year's Prescriptions

By Gertrude Walton

AS I entered Fred Larson's room on New Year's morning, he smilingly pointed to his dresser on which was a large bottle labeled in the familiar handwriting of his prominent father, Dr. Fred Larson, Sr.: "New Year's prescriptions for my son, Fred Larson, Jr., to be taken regularly upon arising each morning, at noon, and upon retiring at night."

Inside the bottle were typewritten slips of paper; upon the first slip which I drew out was written these words:

Adult doses for each morning of 1928.

1. Slogan for each day of the year—"Smile, Save, Serve."

2. Ten deep breaths of fresh air, mixed with smiles and clean, happy thoughts to relieve "pessimism pain."

3. One cupful of water with the above mixture.

4. Frequent bathing, plenty of sunshine, exercise, with above mixture to relieve "procrastination pain."

5. Wholesome food diluted with plenty of water and the above mixture, eaten slowly, to strengthen my entire "saving system."

6. One large spoonful of words, repeated aloud: "I am thankful for another morning of life. I love the weather, I love men, I love God. Today I will smile and serve God's creatures."

On the second slip were these words: Smile, Save, Serve.

Adult dose at noon:

1. One ounce bottle, equal to fifteen minutes of complete relaxation of body and mind.

2. Walk slowly to lunch, mince your lunch with smiles and high thoughts.

3. One tablet of words which contains grains of "no criticism" to relieve fault-finding feeling. "O God, help me to smile and serve Thy creatures in the Jesus-Way," better this afternoon than I did this morning.

4. Clean recreation with clean companions.

On another slip was this:

Adult dose at night: Slogan: I will smile, save and serve.

1. Plenty of sleep on a diet of light, happy thoughts mixed with fresh air.

2. One heaping spoonful of words, after reading something wholesome to build up my flabby moral muscles, repeated aloud: "I am thankful for this day; for its failures which brought its lessons. O God, check out my faults and failures. Scatter any seeds of smiles and service I may have sown, so that the reaping will be not all shame and sorrow. I will smile, save and serve."

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There was a new expression in Pauline's face as she listened to the story that was unfolded to her, of the coldness and misunderstanding that had arisen between her parents—of even worse—the pang of jealousy that her mother had foolishly allowed to creep into her heart—of the tide of anger that caused her to seek the breaking of the chain that bound her to the man she loved. And her eyes grew very tender as the old man told her of the peace and understanding that came to her parents because a friendly, well-meaning lawyer lent a helping hand to guide a young couple over one of the rugged spots most young married people have to travel.

That evening Pauline's task to bring back the happiness she had almost lost was made easy because Charlie, too, had been thinking of things and had resolved to make one last effort to win back Pauline's love. For he had felt of late that she had ceased to care for him, that their marriage had been a mistake. The New Year was a good time to try and begin again, if only Pauline would. He would do anything, would make any promise if things could only be as they were before.

But Charlie did not get far in telling Pauline what he wanted to tell, for before he had spoken a dozen words her arms were twined around him and she was whispering that it was all her fault, that Charlie was the best man in the world, that she loved him better than ever, and that she would try, oh! so hard to make him happy from now on.

After several minutes of blessed reconciliation both agreed that it would be a good plan to work things out on a real partnership basis, with love and understanding the chief assets of the firm.

So, instead of a wrecked and shattered bark lying broken and spent upon the rocks, a staunch and steady boat sailed out bravely into the New Year.

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The New Year, Blithe and Bold

By Frances Morgan



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THE New Year, blithe and bold, enters to do his "turn" and the name of this debonair actor is "1928". His "lines" scintillate with optimism, faith and hope. What the future holds and the applause he is to receive he does not know, yet, like all youth, he feels equal to emergencies and trusts to his "hunches" to carry him safely through. One could do worse than emulate his example.

At this time when twelve whole months lie ahead on the stage of life, ours to make of them what we will, it might be well to bear this in mind, that the man or woman having the ability always to see life on its brightest side possesses something that will carry him or her far toward the attainment of the heart's desire. Optimism, of course, can be carried too far. There is a hair's breadth between too much and not enough.

Faith in one's own capabilities is not the least necessary ingredient in the recipe for happiness and success. Like optimism, however, self-faith should be kept on a leash.

And hope—what would life amount to without hope? Hope for the spiritual as well as the material things that are higher and better than those already yours.

New Year's Wishes

MORE richly robed than any of his fellow-, 1928, the crown prince of all the years, is standing at the gate of time. Beneath his jeweled robes he carries our consignment of good wishes for the world. Peace and prosperity, with freedom from calamities, for the nation; double progress toward its goals and the realization of its ambitions, for this community; profitable investment for capital; pleasant conditions and full remuneration for labor; abundant harvests rewarding the tillers of the soil; health and wealth, in right proportions, bringing the comforts of home, alike to friends and strangers and the exhaustless mercies of God to all mankind.—William L. Gaston.

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The Passing of the Old Year

OF ALL the festive occasions which mark our celebration of the passing days, perhaps the most significant is New Year's Eve. No matter how hilarious may be the crowd of friends and relatives; no matter how gay the dance, how jocular the quips and jests; no matter how delicious the food there comes at midnight a moment of deep seriousness that beats through the sudden silence and darkness like the throb of a heart. The lights of 1927 fade out, and in the blackness each of us looks back through the year just passing, and sees it all in one flash of memory.

Some of us smile in the dark at remembered joys. There was the trip to Europe, so long anticipated; the wedding of our two dearest young people; the new baby in the family; the new house completed and the fire lighted. Others at the long supper table drop their brave cheerfulness for a moment, and think with a pang of the dear one who has gone, of the bitter failure of another, of hopes blasted, and of desolate days and nights.

Then the great gong in the hall strikes 12, and the next moment the brilliant lights flash on, announcing 1928. There is a clapping of hands, a rousing cheer, laughing wishes and congratulations, and the host raises his glass in a toast to the New Year. The music starts up, a grand march forms, the dancing begins again. Young people look in each other's eyes, wondering what the year will bring forth. Elders are more sober, also wondering. . . . wondering.

And so we are off again, on another cycle. The hopes spring up afresh, the determination to do better in 1928 than we have ever done before, rises buoyantly. A new year, like a new day, unfolds infinite possibilities. May your New Year bring the realization of all the aspirations and consecrations of your moment in the dark, as the old year passes.—Kansas City Star.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR



He wanted to do something for the dainty little lady who had prayed for him. What could he do? "Nothing, as you mean it," she answered, "but, go ye, and do likewise!"

No longer is the "Happy New Year!" an idle wish, when the man strolls into the throngs of men and women, as the sirens shriek and the whistles blow.

To the woman there came a still small voice which said, "I was hungry and ye fed me," and she answers, "I was so glad!"

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Delbert Found a New Year's Friend

By Eleanor E. King

EVEN New Year's is a dull day when one knows no one, is in a large city with multitudes of people around, and no place in particular to go. Delbert, as he stood wondering what to do, noticed a sign in a little cramped shop, across the street. It read:

"Special New Year's sale of books. Any book in our store, today, for half price."

Delbert, wading through the slush of the new fallen snow, proceeded across the street. It would be interesting to look through some of those old dusty books and, perhaps, pass half an hour or so of this long day. An hour passed. Delbert was having the time of his life.

"Where in the world do you ever find these old books? Here is one dated seventeen hundred and sixty-eight."

The old gray-haired proprietor looked at Delbert disgustedly. He laughed, showing his barren gums ornamented by one front tooth which looked as though the first gentle zephyr of spring might prove its undoing.

"It's just the young birds like you what comes in here and says to me, 'Well, Pa, I brought these old books clear from home, but my stomach tells me I'm goin' to part wid 'em soon. You ain't never done it yet?'"

"No. How much do you want for this book?"

Delbert left the shop with his favorite book of Tennyson's poems under his arm. Seated in his room, he prepared to peruse the book at his leisure.

"That was a happy thought. I have one friend in this big city I can spend New Year's visiting with."

He sat thumbing over the pages when suddenly he turned a leaf and stopped with a start.

"What a twenty dollar bill! The series of eighteen hundred I wonder what person in his dotage had that bill in this old book. Safe keeping. Quite an idea. Perhaps this person died, they pawned his books and furniture to bury him. And I was the lucky one to get the money. Funny some one else didn't find it before this. Some friend," he said slapping the cover of the book. "A profitable New Year's afternoon. I will journey to your place often, Pa."

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Beginning the New Year

A New Year, the turning of another page in the book of our lives. Lo, it is before us a clean white page, a slab of snow-white marble, whereon we must record the events of the coming year. What shall we write thereon? Happiness and joy, sorrow or grief. Truly as Longfellow says: "Life is real, life is earnest. Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

GUATEMALA



A Young Maid of Guatemala.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

LIKE ancient Gaul, Guatemala may be divided into three parts, with a special brand of climate assigned to each. There are

the lowlands of the Atlantic and Pacific—the hot country; the uplands, ranging from 3,000 to 6,000 feet—the temperate land; and the highlands, where fanglike peaks stretch up to 14,000 feet above the sea—the cold country. In Guatemala climate is a thing of altitude rather than latitude.

The American visitor to Guatemala is likely to land at Puerto Barrios, on the Atlantic or Caribbean side of this country. This port, set on the inner rim of Amatique bay, is alluringly beautiful from the steamer. Though one accepts it as a tropical dream come true, it does not bear close inspection. Here is the north coast terminal of the International railways and important buildings of the United Fruit company. Aside from these, Puerto Barrios does not intrigue one as a site for permanent residence, nor is the hotel the type to which one yearns to return.

A few decades ago the Guatemalan government concluded to build a railway connecting its capital and west coast coffee plantations with the north coast markets. When this road was half-finished, both money and credit ran low, leaving a pair of rails beginning at tidewater and ending at a spot in the broad, warm desert surrounding El Rancho. Then an American stepped into the breach, completed the railway, and made it possible for passengers to ride on a well-equipped train from the shipside to most of the population centers of the republic.

First impressions of Guatemala have to do with countless bunches of green bananas, for this northern fringe of the republic is bananaland. The great fruit farms are recent, and to make them, the low, rich, swampy conland was drained and made sanitary.

Race Between Time and Decay.

Railways, banana walks, administration buildings, imposing hospitals, modern towns—these have all been built in order that a fleet of vessels may be fed two-score million bunches of bananas yearly. It is efficiency and organization par excellence.

Reduced to its least common denominator, it is a race between time and decay. The cutter, mule carrier, pick-up train, fast steamship, radio telephone, fruit dispatch, all combine to deliver this highly perishable commodity from the banana farm to the corner store in Iowa before rot overtakes the fruit and turns profit into loss.

We leave bananaland aboard the little train of the International railways and start south. From Quirigua the railroad winds up the Motagua valley through plantations, skirting abrupt hillsides. The train crosses the Motagua river every few kilometers, and, all along the way, passes women standing under palm sheds on the stream banks, washing clothing children and themselves.

After leaving Zacapa the long climb to Guatemala City begins, over a road that winds in horseshoe curves, up mountainsides, through cuts and tunnels, over fills and bridges. Now and then one glimpses the shingly gravel bars of the Motagua and the brush fishtraps set by the Indians. There are villages where vegetable gardens are built on stilts, and perpendicular cornfields.

And still one climbs, past hot sulphur springs with steam clouds curling above them and deep railway cuts through volcanic ash. The air grows

chill as the altitude increases. At sunset the profiles of purple peaks stand out against a yellow sky. Then comes night with more chill and finally, below in the plain, the twinkling lights of Guatemala City.

Capital Often Destroyed.

Guatemala City is not of the New World. It belongs to Old Spain. It is a city suggestive of the Moors, with narrow streets, varicolored houses, deep-set barred windows, bright patios, porticos and colonnades. Guatemala's capital has always been Volcan's plaything. He has shaken it down, even destroyed it, and has seen it rise again on three different sites.

In 1527 Pedro de Alvarado began the first city on the lower slopes of Agua. In 1541 came a night of torrential rain, lightning, thunder and earth rumblings, then a terrifying shudder. The crater of Agua was torn apart and the lake which filled it rushed down to overwhelm the city.

A new capital, built a few miles to the northeast, in time became one of the most imposing cities of the New World, with splendid palaces and more than 60 impressive church buildings. The old city was but a memory, earthquakes were forgotten, and all seemed well as the new capital grew richer and more powerful. In 1717, with an eruption of Fuego, came an earthquake that leveled the city. Again it was built and again shaken down in 1773, the year of the Boston Tea party.

The capital was again transferred, this time 30 miles away to the site of the present city, and the life of the people moved on until in 1917 came a series of tremblings that first cracked the thick adobe walls and then caused them to crumble. Since 1917 the capital city has again been practically rebuilt, thus illustrating the tenacity with which people cling to homes that have been erected where the shadow of some volcano falls.

On the Mixco Road.

Ten miles away, in the village of Mixco, live the Indians who each day carry to the capital the foodstuffs which its people buy. The road from Mixco to Guatemala City is one of the fascinating moving pictures of Central America.

Dawn in Mixco finds everyone up, preparing for the long, daily walk to the market place and back home again. Early risers set out with their wares packed in a broad basket, borne on the head if the carrier be a woman, or if a man, in a canteen carried on the back, with a broad leather tumpline leading from either side of the load about the forehead.

By nine o'clock there is a procession ten miles long, more fascinating, varied, and interesting than any circus parade that ever followed a cat-lope. Women with leathery, wrinkled skin, gray hair, and shriveled bare arms and legs, still trot back and forth on this 20-mile errand each day, carrying to market a crate of eggs, a half dozen fowls, a tray of agucates, or any one of a hundred things to eat and wear.

Here comes a family. The father bears a heavy load of corn or beans or other vegetables, bending forward under the weight and balancing it with the tumpline. The mother, perhaps, juggles a wide wicker tray of vegetables on her head, while she carries a pair of chickens in either hand and an infant swung in a shawl about her body. A brood of children follows, each laden according to size and capacity. The family is anemic, apologetic, is always in the party and frequently wears a necklace of dried lamons to ward off disease.