

The "Newest" New Year of Francis Elizabeth Lanyon

BEING alone over Christ... was isn't so bad, but a whole week after that, too!

I reckon I never knew her value till just now," he muttered. "She shames me with the contrast between the inside neatness and the outside disorder, and as he glanced from the window he had to confess that he was a useless, slovenly man."

He glanced into a mirror as he passed it, his neglected hair tousled and awry. He looked down at the grimed and threadbare suit he wore and flushed.



His Face Softened.

ing look around the neat, clean little sitting room. "I say, Robert, I had a bid today on some of your property here."

street, and the house here, lopsided, point all flaked off and the lot littered up with old wagon wheels and other rubbish, they shake their heads. You're behind the times—worse than that, you ought in playing the "don't-care old hussies," who doesn't appeal to an up-to-date neighbor.

Robert Adams did not resent the straightforward talk of his visitor. He was just in a frame of mind where the suggestions implanted might take root. He nodded a thoughtful nod to his relative and set down alone to cogitate.



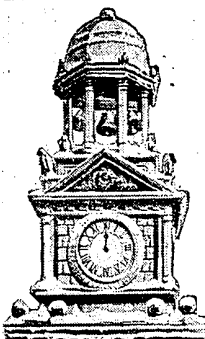
Stared Fixedly at a Feminine Form.

Robert Adams visited a carpenter shop, the town paint store and other places early the next morning. He aimed the latest in house trimmings.

He stared the village tailor by ordering his first suit in five years. He was a profitable customer for the barber, who not only worked in a shave and a hair trim, but of shampoo and half a dozen special treatments.

"Mary!" he cried, but unbelievably, as he viewed her strange attire. "Oh, Robert!" she replied, and hastened eagerly toward him, but halted with a quick shock.

"I didn't know you," she stammered. "Nor I you," said Robert—"all doped up to new togs."



The Midnight Bells

The midnight hour, solemn and drear—The bells ring out our good old year. It rises to the plaintive sound vibrating o'er the country round.

And when I think about this year, forever now to disappear, How all the years of yours, Rung out since long, to be no more:

Ah! cease to ring thou mournful bell, I do not like thy funeral knell, Curtain mine eyes, those blessed sleep, And let me joy dreamland reap!

CHIPS FROM THE RIME BLOCK.

Well, Angel of the Record Book, turn over one more leaf, and jot down my resolutions. I shall try to make them brief. But, come to think about it, what will all the angels say when they see my resolutions some every New Year's day?

TAKE TIME TO LIVE RIGHT.

The season for good resolutions is approaching. Thousands are resolving to begin the New Year by commencing some effort at self-improvement.

Most people suffer from poor health because they say "they haven't time to take care of themselves."



Graceful Fashions for the Flapper



To whoever invented the term "flapper" is due a vote of thanks from the younger, growing girls. This rather colloquial title has replaced "girls of the awkward age," which insinuating descriptive title, often "undeserved, used to be applied to the younger generation when it arrived at eight or ten years, and continued until sixteen was a thing of the past.

Versatile and Original Trotteur



This has proved to be a season in which more is required of frocks and suits than in pre-war times. With the very good intention of saving wool or labor, different sorts of wear, to fit in with varying background, and to make it possible to be well dressed up in a contracted allowance of money.

America Their Only Hope

By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT of The Vigilante

From far-away Asia comes a cry for help addressed to the wide world. It is a cry made up of many voices. It issues from the desert lands of Arabia, from the mountains of the Russian Caucasus, from the highways and byways of Turkey, of Mesopotamia, of the Holy Land.

All these are joining in the cry that comes to us across the fertile lands and the deserts of Asia, the war-torn countries of Europe, the vast Atlantic and across our own great continent to the very ends thereof.

America Must Respond. Particularly in this appeal directed to America—the one great country which is prosperous because it designed the war only comparatively recently and has had to bear only a small part of the cost of keeping the world safe for democracy.

If America could only visualize the terrible situation! Here are four million victims of Turkish villainy and brutality, under the guidance of Prussian "efficiency." Here are husbandless wives and fatherless children. Never mind the dead men—more than a million of them, at the least. They are gone and, though their bodies lie to heaven for vengeance, this is not the time for thought of that.

And who are these victims? Mostly Christians, like the great majority of Americans—Christians who have been martyrs for their faith; who could have saved their lives, the lives and the honor of their wives and daughters, their homes and their countries, by denying Christ and accepting Mahomet.

Thoroughly Organized Appeal. The chance for the Americans to do his bit towards thwarting the heinous Turco-Prussian policy of exterminating the Christian Armenians, Syrians and Arabs comes in the \$30,000,000 drive between January 12 and 15, appeal all over the United States. It is supported by the president and by the Red Cross. It is conducted by the generous and high-minded citizens who are members of the American Committee for Armenia and Syrian Relief, and who are not only donating their time and services but are seeing to it that every cent donated is the expense of administration being already provided by private subscription.

It would be a sur upon the American citizen to believe that the fund will not be promptly secured. It would be unbelievable that any American could deny this appeal and sleep of nights.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE FISH

By CLINTON SCOLLARD of The Vigilante. It was Captain Cuttle Fish called out "Frodo!" from the German boat. "A brutal look, with a swinish snout, and a head of hebebebe."

"Meth Gott," said he, "now be with me!" This modern Captain Kidd screamed: "I want the Devil, be meant, and he planned you see." "To do as the Devil bid."

From far-away Asia comes a cry for help addressed to the wide world. It is a cry made up of many voices. It issues from the desert lands of Arabia, from the mountains of the Russian Caucasus, from the highways and byways of Turkey, of Mesopotamia, of the Holy Land. The individuals who make up the great number from which comes this call to the civilized world are scattered far and wide. It includes four hundred thousand children in towns and cities and villages or hiding like frightened rats in such shelters as they can find in the open country; women, most of them gray and beyond the years of comeliness, and others looking from behind barred windows of the prisons called harems; old men and men disabled, and a few men still in the prime of life but hidden in mountains and obscure places.