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THE REGISTER WISHES ITS MANY READERS A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The New Year.

IN TIME there are no rests as in music. Time was in the without-a-beginning, and time will be ever and forever. On and on and on it goes in harmonious perfection, knowing no age and making no record of days. "Natura non soluit"—nature never made a break or a pause. It shows no chasms anywhere in its majestic course.

Man, though, for his convenience or pleasure, or profit, establishes times and seasons. Thus he says the first day of January shall be termed the beginning of a New Year. The Romans, with an acute poetic sense that pervaded all their work, elected to have the dawn of the year show in March—the first spring month, when nature kisses new life into everything and robes the earth in garments of many colors.

Man must have his pauses and starting points. It is not so much a question of sentiment as of necessity that dates and seasons be fixed. The success of business life depends upon it, and a nation without a chronology is a people without a history. Each year must hold its own events, nor may one trench upon the other.

Leaving this line of suggestion, one is led to the thought that these year points of man's time offer opportunity for reflection upon what has been and what may be. Each New Year day tells not only of the new birth, but also of the year that is spent there. Here are presented in brave contrast life and death. As the old passes out, the new comes in. So with man and all other animate things. "The king is dead; live the king."

So one lesson after another may be learned, if one be but a willing pupil. What the memories of the just dead year? What the sins, the errors, the follies? What the good one did, and what progress in the knowledge that is lasting? Ah! the year is gone, gone to one and all of us; but the impression remains. These years one by one are character builders, each adding to the other until the mortal reaches to the immortal.

Looking backward, what is the reckoning? Whatever most of good, or of ill, the New Year is at hand. Let the accounting be just, that one may be able to meet justly and righteously the things that are before. One should recall the errors of the past, not that he may mourn over them, but that he may gain strength for future struggles.

One need not give the whole of New Year's day to the forming of good resolutions. Alas! there be many who do vow overmuch at such times. The halfway of the New Year, like that of hell, is paved with good intentions. One may resolve and resolve again, and swear lustily in confirmation of such purpose; yet all unavailingly, because of the frailty of his being. He acts the better part who reflects, and is not rash in promises.

Not the same to all is the history of the past year; and not two shall find the New Year the same in experience. But each year is for all, and has in abundance riches of good for every one. The year just closed was lavish in gifts; the new offers plenty as great. It is but to look for it fearlessly and the searcher will be rewarded.

The old was and is not. The new is here with its portents. A warm heart for the year just dead, and a glad hand for the one that is newly born.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

The New Year.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full and
Sins' wild, discordant cries are past and
hurled.
With sad, glad heart and brave, reluctant
feet
He steps upon the threshold of the world.
—Judge

Merely an Official Form.

He wished me a happy New Year;
The words would have tickled me, but
I knew from his hearing austere
I was booked for a salary cut.
—Chicago Record.

A New Year Declaration.

Alas, no resolutions fair
Shall on the scroll appear;
I'll but endeavor to repair
The ones I broke last year.
—Washington Star.

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR.

THE sweetest beauty of a winter morning's glow
Come the footsteps of the New Year
For the light and frothy snow.
And a happy welcome soundeth
From the step-guarded chimneys
And prophesy the
Tune of the new year's
Ring in the new year's ring in the new.

In the splendor of the morning, e'er the
stars have vanished quite,
When the earth awaits her bridal in her
robes of spotless white
And the millions watch impatient while
The holy bells they hear,
From the orient, old in story, comes again
The glad New Year.

The old year passes slowly, like a vision
Of the night,
With its over-shaded sorrows and its pleasures
Dimly bright,
In the footsteps all around us lie a people's
tears (impearled),
And its dark and silent passage is the joy
Of all the world:
Let the bells that ring its going greet the
New Year's birth,
May the dawn proclaim its day that shall
brighten all the earth,
Let every soul beneath the sun from trouble
and distress
And read upon its brow the sign of
universal peace.

Columbia greets the New Year with a
welcome fair to see,
And brighter glow the stars that gem the
dunnet of the sea.
To the stars that bring us to the days
that come again,
We trust the mighty destiny that doth
in our race,
In the dawning of its dawn we can see
a glimmer of fame
That that whose glows today our country's
dear name:
In the brightness and the beauty of the
year's initial morn
Beneath the flag our fathers gave a newer
day is born.

Hail the year's auspicious dawning! let all
strife and evil cease,
May every sword be buried 'neath the
banner of peace,
May every son of freedom stand erect
today and here,
With lifted soul the chimes that ring the
morning of the year;
From far Alaska's whitened coast to where
the waves pierce
Their shadows shed where nobly stood the
serried battle lines,
From Maine's immortal surges with their
legends still untold
To where the Sacramento cleaves a paradise
of gold.

Ring out, O chimes, your gladness, let
rejoicing rule the land,
God holds the New Year's blessings in the
hollow of His hand,
He hath guarded well our country from
the days of long ago
When knelt the Pilgrim Fathers in the
New Year's fleecy snow;
Each year hath brought us grandeur, and
blest the hours we now
Will set another star of fame upon Colum-
bia's brow;
Behold! with added glory now the nation
doth appear
In the bright and matchless splendor of
the dawning of the year.

It dawns for every mortal on the land
and on the sea,
Its light is shed on every path that leads
to liberty,
The sunlight of its morning falls alike on
hut and spire
And kindles in the heart of man a new
and holy fire;
Lo! it marches to the anthem that the
Choir immortal sings,
And every tongue may prophesy the bless-
ings that it brings;
From east to west, from north to south
throughout our country dear
Let the proud and the humblest greet
the dawning of the year.
T. C. HARBAUGH.

A Habit of His.

Major—Going to swear off drinking this
year, old man?
Minor—I suppose so. I generally do.—
Town Topics.

Drink His Only Solace Now.

"Yes, I'll swear off on New Year's day."
He said, "if my neighbor's kid'll
Swear off from trying to learn to play
His everlasting fiddle."
—Chicago Tribune.

One New Year's Eve

By Mauda L. Crocker.

THE swish of a blue dress, a faint
breath of voices, as it passing, and
he felt rather than saw Marie Sum-
merfield go by.

Standing a little apart from the knots
of merry young people thronging the pleas-
ant rooms, he was conscious of a thread of
pain running through the last night of the
old year, touching only Miss Summerfield
and himself.

By he, I mean Leigh Reburn, the owner
of the old-fashioned, jaw-rotten grange be-
neath whose roof the young people of Glad-
brook had gathered to keep a merry watch-
night. With music and laughter and gay
repartee they meant to dance a welcome
to the joyous New Year without much
thought for the stand old twelve-month
which had served them so faithfully.

But Leigh moved uneasily, sending im-
ploring glances after the blue gown, all to
no purpose. Marie was absorbed with the
fascinating company of Maurice Davenport,
and was smiling her sweetest—and Marie
could smile divinely—and entertaining him
admirably.

Reburn was thinking hard, and it must
be confessed, melancholy. Had he won-
dered and fretted and lived for Miss Sum-
merfield these two blessed sunny years, to
have hope and happiness go into the grave
of the train-old year leaving nothing but
memories?

What was that Marie was singing to the
sweet-toned guitar she held so daintily,
strapped in place with a blue ribbon?
"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring in the old, ring in the new."
Ring in the new; ring in the new.

Her voice seemed to falter a little on
the repeat as it fell to a soft cadence. Was
it possible she was thinking of the old so
truly—the old love, for instance? Ah!
well, he did not know.

The yule log had burned out a week ago,
but he had not the heart to take up the
silvery ashes from the old, red brick hearth
as yet. Ever since that other night he had
kept his vow and closed his doors to all
merriment for two long years. But some-
how the lads and lassies of Gladbrook had
lain their sympathies on his door-stone and
worked themselves into his good graces
once more, and before he realized what he
was doing he had given up the silent rooms
again to Christmas party. But no more New
Year frolics under his roof, he said; not until
—well, maybe—He stopped short in his
musings; still the remnant of the mistletoe
hung in the bracket work of the old cham-
ber, and he remembered now, as he looked
at it, how pure and fair, Alicia Merrill
looked when Herman Montrose kissed her
beneath its potent spell a week ago. She
put him in mind, O, so much of her. Cov-
ering his eyes for a moment with trembling
hand, he went to the window and looked
out. White and glistening as an angel's
wing lay the snow on the intervening fields.
Over there was her home, but she had been
away now for a long time studying music,
and he had heard, for she did not write to
him, that her voice was simply divine, and
as a musician he was wonderful.

Nevertheless, it was a night like this,
rolling toward the heading midnight out-
side, that they—he and she—had their
misunderstanding. A spasm of pain crossed
his line face and he caught his breath a
little. He could not tell just how it came
about, never clearly understanding, but that
night so much like this, and New Year's
Eve, too, marked the beginning of their di-
verging paths. And he had heard of di-
verging paths which came together again
after awhile!

To-morrow was the glad New Year again.
Would his happy greetings be only mock-
ery to him?
Suddenly a thought, which had smoul-
dered in his mind for days, flashed up like
a gleam of heavenly light, radiating his
whole being.
She was coming home to-night on the late

train; and he was so hungry to see her; only
God knew how famished of heart he was!

He would take the down train, get off at
Rockland when she changed cars for Glad-
brook. No one could prevent him from
riding home in the same coach with her,
and even that would be a blessed comfort.
Then, maybe, something would come of it.
Who knew?

In 15 minutes he was inside his great
coat and locking the hall door, with a nervous,
glad excitement stealing over him,
like the coming of a new day. A ten-min-
ute walk brought him to the station.
"Going away for the New Year?" queried
the agent, pleasantly, handing Reburn the
required pasteboard.
"O, a little way," he replied, absently,
pulling on his gloves.
Scarcely had he settled himself in the
outward-bound train than Joe Antrim
thumped him on the shoulder and sang out:
"Hallo! going away on a blow-out, I
suppose? Well, so am I. Some are going
away, and some are coming home."

In the awkward silence which followed
Joe's voluble introduction, he seemed to
read Reburn's thoughts, for, without look-
ing further for reply, he began again:
"Miss Summerfield is coming to-night, they

say; and they say, too, that she is bringing
her best fellow with her. Gladbrook looks
for a wedding at the Summerfield home to-
morrow. But, of course, I don't know, it
is only gossip, maybe."

Having thus delivered his remarks, Joe An-
trim, without waiting for reply, he took him-
self to the smoker, leaving Reburn in the
state of mind he intended, halfway be-
tween insanity and desperate intent.
But by and by Reburn's mind cleared to
Joe's last sentence. Only one word in
course that was all; but Joe was meant to
hush it over to him of all persons, and in
such an insinuating manner, too. Well, he
would go on to Rockland now if he met her
complete bridal party; he would see for him-
self, and it was all true, why, as would
not go home that night, and perhaps Glad-
brook would never see him again.

At Rockland he had only a few minutes
to wait between trains, and already the
home-bound one was waiting on a side track.
Reburning his ticket, he disengaged himself
where he could hardly see the passengers
leave the cross-track.
"Now for the bridal party, at least the
bride and groom," he said, trying to be
jocular with himself, although his face was
very white and his mouth twitched nervously.
At the cry "train, train," everybody be-
gan to bustle about. Friends, baggage and
good-bys were mixed up indiscriminately,
but Leigh was very still. He could hear his
anxious heart beat out its suspense in great
suffocating leaps, as the fatal train thun-
dered in.
Sure enough, there was Miss Summerfield;
and the fine-looking young man who helped
her alight also took charge of her bag-
gage.
Heaven have mercy! Were gossip and
Joe Antrim right after all? But beware!
any chivalrous fellow traveler would have
done as much.
Notwithstanding this plausible thought,
Leigh slipped into the home-bound coach
like a thief, taking the corner seat in the
rear end of the car.
When Miss Summerfield came in, the
terrible groom-to-be, to whom the bridal
party had decided, even he, was not in
attendance. Marie carried her own "grip."
The man felt a tremor of hope quiver all
over him, something like an electric cur-
rent. She took the third seat from the
door and leaned her head on her hand wear-
ily. A strange air for a bride, thought the
man in the corner. He could not see her

face, but some way he felt that this New
Year's Eve was not what she wished. He
was sure it troubled her. He had had a
mind to go to her, the seat directly behind
her was providentially empty. He could
whisper "Marie" over the back of her seat
when his courage warranted it.
At the next stop he took advantage of
the stir of the passengers and slipped into
the coveted groove. Blessed privilege! He
had not been near, so near her for years,
and his heart was on fire. When he could
wait no longer, he whispered over the bar-
rier: "Marie!"
She looked up, surprised and startled.
After the confusion had left her lovely
face, she gave him her hand gingerly and
asked in strained tones: "How came you
here, Mr. Reburn?"
"I could not help it," he confessed, flush-
ing, but looking straight at her. "I wanted
to be near you once more. You don't know
how miserable I am without you."
There was a world of emotion in the
undertone, but he kept bravely on:
"I came down to Rockland for nothing
else than that I might get a glimpse of you.
I felt it would comfort me to ride home in
the same coach—to-night of all nights."
He stopped and looked at her in such a pit-
iful, hungry-hearted way. It was all out
now, this confession of his. He meant to
make it at the risk of everything before his
heart failed him—and he had done so.
Of course she could do what she pleased
with it, and him, too, he had staked out
would win, or lose, all. Putting his elbow on
the barrier and leaning a little toward her,
he waited for her to speak. And her face
was a study. Presently she gasped out:
"Then you aren't to be married to-night?"
The interrogation snapped the last thread
holding Leigh Reburn's great love in re-
serve.
"Marie, darling! Could you—did you think
—O, Heaven! as if I could love anyone but
you, O, Marie!"
The whiteness of his face was terrible to
see, but it all dawned upon her at once.
"—O, Leigh!"—she put out both her
hands, and two great tears stole down her
cheeks to finish the sentence more eloquently
than words.
When the train stopped at Gladbrook, a
very happy couple alighted. And out across
the moonlit snow, from the belfry bays of
the gray stone church came the merry chime
of bells:
"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring in the old, ring in the new."
"Ring in the new," said Leigh, drawing
her arm through his. "The years of mis-
understanding are dead; let them go, dear-
est."
"We will," she answered, softly and hap-
pily.
And Joe Antrim laughed in his sleeve,
and said to the bright New Year morning:
"I am glad I set those two simpletons right
by a bit of strategy. A little prevarication,
ahem! But all is fair in love and war."
"Wouldn't this jar you," said the early
Bird, testily; "not a worm in sight?"
"Perhaps," said the Night Owl, "this
being New Year's, the worm has turned a
new leaf."—Kansas City Star.

JOHN HOBBS' ERROR.

How It Helped Him to Break a Cast-iron Resolution.

IT was the eve of the New Year. In
one short hour the bells would
peal for the birth of 1900.

John Hobbs, lawyer and notary public,
sat in his office looking, for he had much
to think of. Eighteen hundred and ninety-
nine had been what he called a "corner."
In other words, it had been vastly unisat-
isfactory.

He was young and handsome, and the
poorest lawyer in the city, both as to
talent and legal ability. And he rightly
attributed this state of poverty to a pair of
brown eyes. Had he devoted as much of
1899 to the study of law as he had to those
brown eyes, he would have progressed vast-
ly in legal lore.

"And, by Jove!" he cried, bringing down
his fist, "I will not waste another minute
on the little couplet! I have let her play
trick with me long enough, and to-night I
draw the line and dismiss the case!"

Having said which he took up his pen
and wrote the following iron-clad resolu-
tion.

"Chicago, Jan. 1, 1900.
"I hereby resolve and promise, during
this year just arrived to have nothing
whatever to do with Anita Sara Atkins."
JOHN HOBBS.

Having written this, he appended the
following:
"I, John Hobbs, having appeared before
me, John Hobbs, a notary public for the
county of Cook, state of Illinois, do most
solemnly swear that I will keep the above
resolution."
JOHN HOBBS.

To this he affixed his notarial seal, and,
taking 50 cents from his right pocket, paid
it to himself, and put it in his left pocket.



AFFIXING HIS SEAL.

The clock struck twelve. John Hobbs im-
mediately underwent a revision of con-
science. He felt that the resolution would be worth-
less without Anita.

"But I have sworn it," he said, "and it
would be penny to think of her now!"
But suddenly a gleam of joy lightened his
face.

"By Jove!" he cried, "this resolution is
null and void! There's a technical error in
it! I have succumbed to the inevitable
force of habit, and dated it 1900, instead of
1901! Anita, my darling, I am free!"

With a cry of joy he snatched the sworn
resolution into a light, and lighted his pipe
with it.
Some people swear when they date every-
thing incorrectly on the first day of a new
year. As for John Hobbs, he only smiles.
They will be married in June.
ELLSA PARKER BUTLER.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Its Advent is Marked by Various Customs in Many Lands.

MORE attention is paid to New Year's
in our national capital, Washing-
ton, than in any other city in the
United States. The state levee at the
white house is but the beginning of the
calling that continues throughout the af-
ternoon and well into the night in official
and private houses. In fact, the social
season is formally inaugurated on New
Year's day. It is a grand rallying day, and
men call then, who never emerge from their
shell again during the year. Lists are
published in the newspapers of the houses
where receptions will be held, with the
names of the assisting women. The latter
often attract more callers than the hostess,
and newly arrived families are on the look-
out for popular women for their receptions.
The affairs are conducted with lavish south-
ern hospitality. Tables are loaded with
viands—real southern egg-nog or bowls of
fish soup punich mixed by a well-guarded
formula, an heirloom in the family, is
served. It is a gala day for Washington, and
it is well it comes but once a year.
New Year's day is made much of in
Europe, and in some countries its celebra-
tion is on a more elaborate scale than
Christmas. Gifts are exchanged with reck-
less abandon, recalling the days of feudal-
ism, when every landlord presented his ten-
ant with a fat capon. An orange stuck
with cloves was the common gift of poor peo-
ple. Among the rich, gloves were a popular pres-
ent, and often a sum of money, called glove
money, served as a substitute. When pins
were invented they took the place of gloves,
and every woman was proud of her collec-
tion of pins made from thorns, bone, silver,
gold or steel. The expression, pin money,
was originally used to designate the money
given presented in lieu of the pins for their
purchase. Under good Queen Bess the
custom of giving presents on New Year's
was at its high water mark, and the most
extravagant packages were distributed an-
onymously with no inscription but a verse
expressing greetings.
According to an old superstition, one's
luck for the year is dependent on the com-
plexion of the first man who calls. If he
is a blonde, fate will be kind, but if a
dark-complexioned man steps over the
threshold first, sickness, trouble and finan-
cial disaster are apt to step with him. So
firmly was this superstition implanted in
the mind of an elderly woman that she
made arrangements every year by which
her first caller was sure to be of a light
complexion.

The holidays revel in England end with
Twelfth Night. In America they are
drawn to a close with the New Year
celebration. The stripping of the Christ-
mas tree, which properly takes place New
Year's Eve, as frequently made the ex-
cuse for a jolly party. There is very
likely to be a package on the tree for
each one present, containing a joke that will
be as good-natured as it is amusing.

NEW YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

It Shows That Jealousy Sometimes Rests on Thin Foundation.

"WELL, well, so this is New
Year's day," said Mr. Spon-
son. "Do you remember how
we quarreled this day one year ago?"
"Remember! I think I do!" cried his
wife. "Why, the cards were ordered when
it happened, and I didn't know whether I
could have your name taken out and Dick's
inserted, in case I changed my mind."
"In case I changed my mind, you mean, dear.
Strange that I never suspected how much
poor Dora cared for me until that day."
"I'm sure she had concealed it very well—
the way she ran after Dick, as if he ever
had eyes for anybody but me? He never
told his love, but a woman's intuition was—"
"A synonym of vanity, dear. Of course,
I couldn't help knowing that she cared
for me when I met her in the boarding
house parlor, with her eyes full of tears, on



THIS DAY ONE YEAR AGO.

the very morning after you had told Marie,
her dearest friend, that we were to be mar-
ried in a month."

"Humph, that girl would cry about any-
thing; I've known her to cry when the vil-
lain in the play was killed—as if a villain
could expect anything rise in the last act.
But as soon as I saw Dick that morning I
knew that he knew it. Why, his pocket-
book slipped around under one ear and his
voicer, as he wished me a happy New Year,
was so sad that I felt guilty, though my
consciousness told me that I had not encour-
aged him."

"You've forgotten how you used to praise
the shape of his head."

"As if that meant anything! A girl only
praises the shape of a man's head when
she cannot find anything else to flatter him
about. It means no more than it does
when she tells a small man that he re-
sembles Napoleon. But when I remem-
bered that you had once gone down on the
floor in your new underwear to pick up Dora's
handkerchief I knew that I had been cruelly
deceived. So when you reproached me
about Dick, I—"

"I remember how lady I felt when she
replied to my New Year's greeting with the
remark that happiness for her was over for-
ever. And before I could comfort her Miss
Marie came in and I could only go sadly
away without telling her that I should al-
ways be a brother to her."

"And poor Dick, I asked him if there
was anything I could do for him; he re-
plied: 'Yes,' but just then the maid came
in with a note for him, and he said he must
go at once—I think he wished to be alone
with his sorrow. Then you came in, and
instead of sharing my pity for him, you
accused me of flirting with him!"

"I—er—don't remember that. But wasn't it
odd that before I left you forever Miss
Marie should come in and tell that Dora
and Dick were engaged! I've often won-
dered how it happened that they decided
to console each other."

"And so have I. Why, here is Marie now
—perhaps she can explain. Sit down, Marie,
do. Tom and I are just going over old
times. Do you remember last New Year's
day, and—"

"Indeed I do. I've just been to see Dora,
and she was talking about it. She and
Dick quarreled last New Year's Eve about
the date of their marriage, and almost
parted forever. They think you both must
have guessed it. I remember that Tom
was in the parlor with Dora when I ran
in on New Year's morning to tell her of
your engagement. She had been on the
point of asking him to help her to make up
with Dick. And when she told me about it,
I wrote him a note telling him that I be-
lieved she would forgive him if he came at
once. That note found him at your house,
Irene, where he had gone to ask your aid
as peacemaker. Odd, wasn't it?"
ELLSA ARMSTRONG.

TRUCE.

"I shall not see you till another year
has dawned," he said.
Oh, fickle maid! she turned not pale with
fear—
She laughed instead.
This seems a tragic tale, till we remember
It occurred the thirty-first day of Decem-
ber.
—N. Y. Truth.

He—But I'm going to turn over a new
leaf.
She—You've done that so often that there
can't be any leaves left to turn.—Collier's
Weekly.

A Natural Mistake.

Young Poet (to friend)—Well, Charley,
I've sworn off.
Friend (enthusiastically)—I'm heartily
glad of it, old boy; and all your friends will
feel the same. Let's go and have a drink.
Young Poet—Didn't I just tell you I had
sworn off drinking?
Friend (disappointed)—You didn't say
you had sworn off drinking poetry. Good-
bye.—N. Y. Tribune.