

# Started With a Smile



## A New Year's Promise

By Miriam Lee

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**N**ORMAN HARDY was born on New Year's day, and deemed the fact a decided misfortune. There was one feature in which his father specialized—a system—and this involved discipline. "A strict disciplinarian," he would boast to his neighbors. "That's me," and he looked it and acted it out until Norman fancied he had been placed in the world simply to become the butt and victim of rigid rules.

When Norman's tenth birthday was only eight hours distant, his father gave the order, sternly spoken: "You will be in the house for the night at seven o'clock," and Norman moped in a martyrlike way, envying his boy friends who had mapped out a joyous New Year's eve program of skating, hill sliding, and like boyish pranks. He wondered what was coming, but his father simply viewed him speculatively and sent him to bed at the usual time. He was awakened to find his father roughly pulling at his arm.

"Get up, Norman, and come down to the kitchen," said Joel Hardy; "you needn't dress."



"My boy," spoke his father after a moment of ominous deliberation, "when I was a lad of ten, my father taught me a lesson that has left its impress on my whole life in a salutary way. Upon the tick of midnight just preceding my birthday he always called me down to the kitchen and gave me a good sound strapping. It hurt him more than it did me, he used to say, but the reminder would be ever present with me. Until I was twenty-one, regularly, upon each birthday the strap played its part and I think it did a good deal towards teaching me that I had a master and in making me a better man. I have concluded to adopt that feature with my system. You're a pretty good boy, but for fear you might kick over the traces I'm going to bulk the system until you are of age. Now, then, take your punishment like a man."

Joel Hardy produced a short, thick piece of tanned cowhide and Norman winced, but did not cry out during the unique castigation. It was five years later, and with the usual routine late in the afternoon Joel Hardy reminded Norman of the pending midnight event. His eyes bulged and his face betrayed overwhelming amazement as Norman stood up before him, a tall, well-knit strapping, almost menacing in his bearing as he said:

"Father, there will be no strapping this time. I'm through with it. Half the town has heard of it, and the boys taunt me and the girls twist me. Not that I care for any of them except Milly Daniels, and she's true blue and stands by me, and I won't have her humbled and shamed. I'm going to spend this New Year's eve with the crowd, and I'll be home to breakfast."

## The New Year

**W**ITH the whirling and the drifting of snows Come a breathless the wild New Year; While bitter north wind blows, O'er the fields that lie stark and drear.

Yet hope is a light in her eyes As she looks from the storm, "Earth sleeps in her shroud," she cries, "But the life in her heart is warm."

"Death is but a dream of the night And the hymn of joy is begun, For slowly seeking the light The great globe turns to the sun."

"Behold, I will bring delight In place of darkness and cold; Safe under the meadows so white Is hiding the buttercup gold."

"And summer's splendor shall reign In place of the winter's dearth, Her color and music again Shall gladden the patient earth."

Hark to the New Year's Voice Through the murk of winter drear! Oh, children of men, rejoice! At the tidings of hope and cheer. —Celia Thaxter.

o'clock, and then repaired to the agreed-on rendezvous of the crowd, an old buggy shed attached to a great barn owned by Farmer Logan. He felt uneasy, stubborn and nettled. Recently he had been dared by his companions to smoke a cigarette. He had met the dare and now, with two of them in his pocket, he lit one, and in sheer rebellion against his father's system, was about to puff out his resentment when the signal cry of his comrades echoed forth. Carelessly throwing the lighted cigarette into a corner of the shed, he bounded out and for over an hour forgot all save the excitement of the moment. The unruly coterie rolled a giant snowball and let it slide down the hill leading to the town common; they got up into the town hall tower and rang its bell.

In the midst of setting loose a drove of cattle from a live stock enclosure they were attracted by the dash and rush of the village fire cart, making for a vivid, spreading glare.

"Why, it's Farmer Logan's place!" shouted a chorus of excited voices, and Norman Hardy's heart stood still. He recalled the cigarette and the littered woodshed. He stood dumb and scared. The flames completely engulfed the great frame barn. Norman slunk off alone by himself, oppressed with an appalling sense of guilt. His emotions were doubly intensified when he heard some one say:

"Logan thinks it was set ablaze. Arson. I pity the firebug if he's caught. It's straight 14 years in the penitentiary."

"It will ruin Logan, they say," spoke another. "The barn was stored with grain and machinery and the insurance ran out last week."

Norman was crushed with a sense of his culpability. He felt like flying from home, town and all the people he had ever known. He skulked behind a hedge as a group of girls

came along. They were discussing the fire so excitedly that they paid no attention to a lone member of their group trailing on behind them. Norman noticed her, however. She was Milly Daniels. He started her by stepping directly in her path.

"Just linger for a moment, will you, Milly?" he spoke under high agitation, "or I'll walk with you a bit. I'm in terrible trouble, and I'm going to leave town for good," and Norman recited the entire story of the evening. "There's only one way out, don't you see it, Milly?" he said. "I don't dare to face Farmer Logan; I'm going away to make something of myself, and the day I have got the money to make it square with Mr. Logan I'm coming back. And Milly, dear, you have been my truest friend and have always stood by me. Will you try to think of me while I'm gone, will you—will you wait for me? For I shall never love anybody but you."

Five years went by. Not a word had been heard from the truant son. Joel Hardy had forbidden even the mention of his name in the home. Mrs. Hardy, half heartbroken, repined in silence. Milly Daniels became an orphan, and when Mrs. Hardy needed a nurse and then a companion, it came about that she found a permanent home with the mother of the man she loved. She and Mrs. Hardy, with the tyrant father, all unaware of it, cherished a mutual memory of the absent youth and took comfort in watching and hoping for his return.

It was a few minutes after midnight, five years to a day since Norman Hardy had gone forth into the world to seek his fortune. Milly had pleaded to sit up and watch the old year out and the new year in. All three of the family, though in different ways, were thinking of the boy who had run away from home. The bells had just finished a resonant chime when the knob of the outside door turned. There stepped into the room a bronzed, stalwart young man, at a sight of whom Joel Hardy gasped incredulously, his wife uttered a joyous scream, and Milly stood breathless and fluttering.

"I waited till I was sure the final hour of discipline and the strap was past and gone," spoke Norman Hardy. "Mother," a warm embrace. "Father," and a sturdy hand reached out. "Milly," and the young girl swayed to and fro and would have fallen had not Norman caught her.

"I said I wouldn't come back till I could pay for the damage I did to good old Farmer Logan," continued Norman. "I've kept my word. I hear you are struggling with a two-thousand-dollar mortgage, father; I can pay it off and loan you as much more if you need it. Milly, dear, am I welcome? I have come to keep my promise true."

Joel Hardy left the room. He returned with the strap that had been so familiar to his son. Taking out his pocketknife, the old man proceeded to cut the strap to pieces and flung them into the blazing grate.

"You've cheated me out of several years, my son," he observed, "but I forgive you. It's enough to know that you are back home safe and sound this blessed New Year's day!"

## A New Year Custom

In some of the European countries Christmas is almost ignored, save as a religious observance, while the festival of St. Sylvester or New Year's eve is celebrated with great ceremony. One of the curious customs of St. Sylvester's eve that obtain among the people of the Cevennes mountains, in the south of France, is the blessing of the animals. A correspondent who has witnessed this curious and pretty ceremony, says of it: "It is not known that this custom is observed anywhere save among this primitive, credulous people of the hill country of southern France. The wealth of these simple people consists of their herds of cattle and every New Year's eve

they bring their precious animals to one of the little churches to be blessed by the priest, that they may be fruitful and multiply and bring prosperity to their owners throughout the year." The churches are often many miles apart and often the people have to drive their animals a great distance that they may receive this blessing.

### NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

The Old Year has done what it could for me, All of it that was good for me. It has now become a part of me. Whatever the New Year may bring to me, May only the good of it cling to me. And enter into the heart of me. —W. H. CARRUTH.

## RETAIL PRICES WILL BE PROBED

PRICES IN MANY LOCALITIES ARE FAR TOO HIGH, SAYS ATTORNEY GENERAL.

## DIRECTOR BURNS IN CHARGE

Retail Prices of General Foodstuffs, Fuel, Clothing and Shoes Will Be Closely Studied.

Washington.—Federal investigation of retail prices charged in various parts of the country for food, fuel, shoes and clothing was initiated by Attorney General Daugherty. He gave orders to Director Burns of the bureau of investigation of the justice department to assign a force of men at once to the duty of obtaining data on retail prices in different localities. Mr. Daugherty declared that prices of necessary commodities were too high and that in some instances the profits of retailers were "unconscionable." It would never be possible, he asserted, to get prices down to the pre-war level, but with wages lowered and the costs of foodstuffs reduced, he was determined to learn whether the present "badly proportioned" retail prices should be maintained.

Mr. Burns was instructed to put his men to work simultaneously to obtain the variations in various localities in the retail prices of general foodstuffs, such as meats, provisions, beans, bread and butter, fuel, shoes, and clothing and to make schedules of the comparative prices. Reports will also be gathered on the wholesale prices of wheat, beef and meats of all kinds in order, Mr. Daugherty explained, that comparisons might be made of the costs of these commodities with the prices charged by the butchers and grocers. The department's agents are to be instructed to do their work carefully as rapidly as possible.

Action to remedy price conditions, Mr. Daugherty declared, would be taken through several channels. In the main, he said, the situation was a local one and the states would be asked to do as much as they could to solve it with federal co-operation.

Secretary Hoover, he added, would be invited to join with the justice department in its effort to lower prices, while it was believed that the publication of the comparative wholesale and retail prices would do much to remedy high prices by conveying to the housewives of the country accurate knowledge of actual conditions.

**Henry Watterson Dead.** Jacksonville, Fla.—Colonel Henry Watterson, known to the American people as one of the last surviving members of the old school of journalism and to his friends as "Marse Henry," died at a hotel here.

Death came peacefully, the venerable editor retaining consciousness almost to the end and conversing during his last half hour with his wife, son and daughter.

Colonel Watterson came to Jacksonville several weeks ago in accordance with his annual custom of spending the winter in Florida, usually at Fort Myers.

The immediate cause of his death, his physician said, was heart failure.

**To Lower Freight Rates.** Omaha, Neb.—The railroads of the country will put into effect on January 1, or as soon thereafter as possible, a voluntary 10 per cent freight rate reduction on cotton, butter, poultry and other commodities, as well as the reductions ordered by the interstate commerce commission for western territory on grain products and hay, according to a statement issued by F. W. Robinson, freight traffic manager of the Union Pacific system.

**Peonage Is Alarming.** Augusta, Ga.—United States Commissioner C. J. Skinner, Jr., announced that peonage conditions in Richmond county and other counties in this federal district are most alarming and that he will recommend a federal investigation.

**Report Mrs. Raizen Insane.** New York.—A committee of four alienists appointed by counsel for the defense diagnosed as insanity the mental affliction of Mrs. Lillian S. Raizen for months before and at the time when she shot and instantly killed Dr. Abram Glickstein.

**Ship in Trouble.** Baltimore.—The steamer Cambridge, bound from Baltimore to Claborne with a large number of passengers, was blown aground by a north-west gale off Wade's Point.

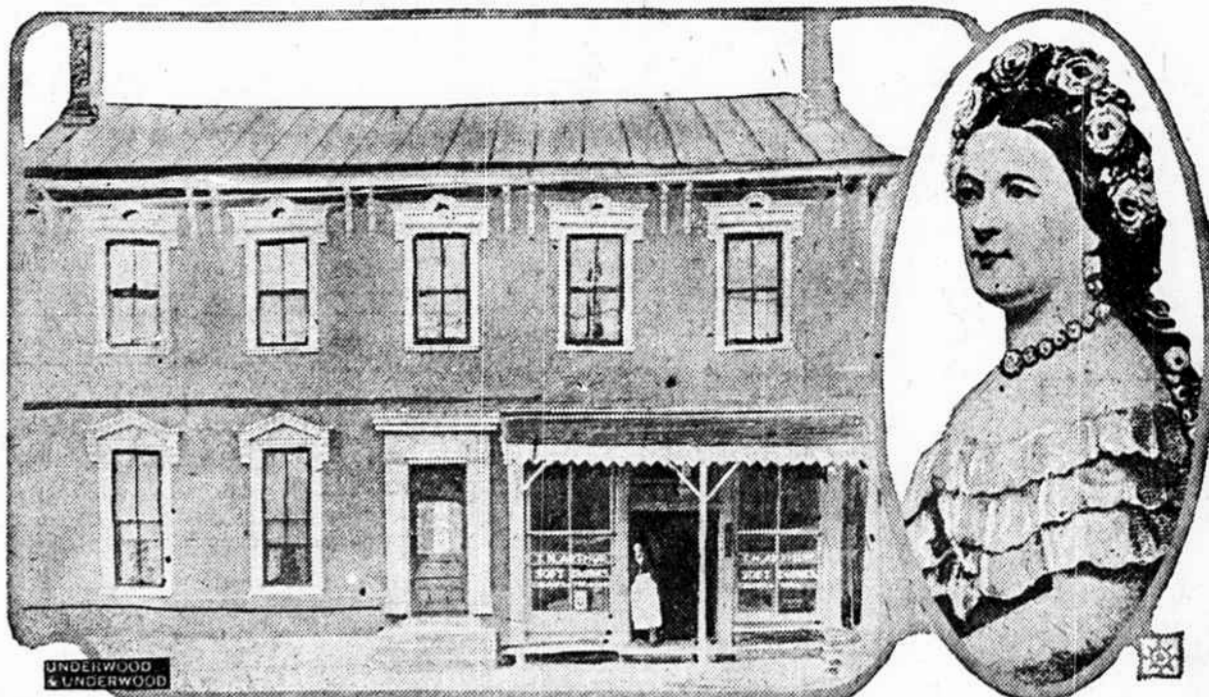
**Supreme Council to Meet.** London.—Another meeting of the allied supreme council, this time at Cannes, on the French Riviera, is the outcome of the parleys between Prime Minister Lloyd George and Premier Briand of France.

**Island Threatened.** Rouen, France.—The picturesque island of Mont Saint Michel is threatened with destruction by landslides. Engineers have been rushed there to see what can be done to preserve the island.

**Explosion Kills Three.** Columbus, Ohio.—While the police reported 12 dead and 40 injured, a check of hospitals showed only three dead as a result of a basement gas explosion that partially wrecked Wright's women's furnishing store in Main street near Third.

**Sleep Sickness Cure.** Liverpool, Eng.—Professor Newstead of Liverpool university says German scientists have discovered a few drug which has proved invaluable in the cure of sleeping sickness.

## Mary Todd Lincoln Home May Become a Museum



The old Todd home at 574 West Main street, Lexington, Ky., where Mary Todd lived from her early childhood until her marriage to Abraham Lincoln, is on the market for the first time in years, and the site is sought for business purposes. But a group of public-spirited citizens of Lexington is planning to purchase the old structure and use it as a museum for Lincoln relics owned in Lexington. The illustration shows the Todd home and an old portrait of Mary Todd Lincoln.

## Europe Home of White Race

Habitat 5,000 Years Ago Was in Lithuania, Declares Professor Bender of Princeton.

### HONEY BEE SEEN AS FACTOR

Indo-European Language Indicates Ancient Home in Common Word for Insect—Traced Through Comparative Philology.

Princeton.—Where would your home be if you had lived 5,000 years ago? The search by ethnologists and other scientists to find just where the first white peoples lived, before splitting up into what are modern nations, is described by Prof. Harold E. Bender of Princeton university, who declares that our ancestors of the cave man period lived in what is modern Lithuania.

As a student of languages and professor of Indo-European philology at Princeton Professor Bender's investigations have led him back to the origin of all white races, before the dawn of history. His conclusions, together with a description of the methods by which he came to them, are embodied in "The Aryan Question, Did the Languages of Europe Come From Asia?" a lecture published by Princeton.

The Indo-European race, which flourished almost 5,000 years ago, is the founder of all the present peoples of Europe, save the Hungarians, Greeks, Romans, Anglo-Saxons and other Germans, Celts, all these people are descendants of the one-time race, which Professor Bender believes lived in that section of Europe between the Baltic and Black seas, or modern Poland and Lithuania.

Living before recorded history, in what is often referred to as cave man times, this ancient people from whom are descended all of the modern European races left us little with which we might learn of their culture and daily life. All that we have is a method of comparative language study by which we find their own language, and hence much about their civilization.

Philologists have discovered that the languages of a quarter of a billion people in Asia and most of the inhabitants of Europe, North and South America and other regions of the earth colonized by Europeans are fundamentally alike. That is, Latin, German, Russian and Greek are at the bottom of same, having all descended from the same parent language. Professor Bender says: "Language is the best evidence of community, of life and culture, and we can at least assume that at some time and in some more or less definite territory there dwelt a people, or group of peoples racially pure or racially mixed, who lived to a large extent a common life, and who spoke a tongue which was the common ancestor of the languages now spoken by the majority of the civilized peoples of the earth."

"With the beginnings of the science of comparative philology early in the Nineteenth century came the knowledge that Sanscrit was the oldest of the Indo-European languages—if not the mother of them all, at least their

elder sister. Philologists concluded that the home of the Hindus must also have been the home of the Indo-Europeans, and this common home they visualized on the banks of India's most sacred stream, the Ganges. The study of the Veda soon showed, however, that the Vedic people did not know the Ganges, but lived in northwest India; so the primitive home of the Indo-Europeans was moved once more, this time into the Iranian region east of the Caspian sea."

Professor Bender goes on to show how philologists and theologians met on a common ground for different reasons and decided that the location was southwestern Asia. He presents the arguments in support of this hypothesis and shows how most of them have been disproved and presents the method whereby modern philologists have arrived at this new conclusion. **Honey Bee Is Factor.** On account of the fact that almost every Indo-European language shares with its cognates a common word for honey, or for an intoxicating drink made from honey, it is made clear that the primitive home of the Indo-European must have been a land where the honey bee abounded. But not one of the Asiatic sites that have been seriously considered by modern philologists as the possible home of these peoples, falls within the bee belt. In Europe, on the other hand, the bee is indigenous almost everywhere. By continuing this process of comparative philology and by the processes of elimination the conclusion above mentioned is reached. "We have left, finally," says Professor Bender, "the great plain of central and southeastern Europe, which embraces roughly the present Poland, Lithuania, Ukraine and Russia south and west of the Volga. Almost every condition is satisfied by the conception of the Indo-Europeans as inhabiting some part of this plain as late as 3,000 or 2,500 B. C. Geographically this central European plain lies in the very heart of Indo-European territory as we now know it."

In support of his theory Professor Bender states in the closing paragraph of his lecture: "Nor can we ignore the notable fact that right here we find the Lithuanian, which has preserved into modern living speech more of the Indo-European past than any other language on earth. Not a scintilla of evidence, historic or linguistic, has been produced to indicate that the Lithuanians have ever stirred from their present dwelling place since they separated from the other Indo-European speaking peoples."

"Indeed, it has been made very probable on the grounds of linguistics, natural science and history that the Lithuanian stock has dwelt in its present location for at least 5,000 years,

which would approximate the duration of the Indo-European period, so far as it is known. There is probably no other part of Indo-European territory for which there is so much evidence against autochthonous, non-Indo-European predecessors."

**POLICE DOG IS SHIP'S HERO**  
Saves Little Girl From Death In Sea During Violent Storm on the Atlantic.

New York.—Thyras, a shaggy police dog from Poland, is a hero, acclaimed by the sixteen passengers of the steamship Gdansk, which docked in Brooklyn recently after buffeting its way across the Atlantic through storms that more than once threatened to carry youthful members of the ship's company over the rail and into the sea.

Capt. A. H. Peterson, who said it was the roughest voyage of his lifetime as a skipper, told the story of Thyras' exploit in saving Zeta Zaborowski, youngest daughter of a family of five children on their way from Danzig to join relatives in the United States. "Zeta dropped her doll over the rail and it caught on a nail on the side of the ship," he said. "A heavy sea was running, but Zeta, who is seven years old, started to climb after the doll. Just as she was going over the side up dashed Thyras, who seized her dress and hung on. The girl screamed and the purser ran up and dragged them both to safety. After that Thyras and his two companions, Toif and Nellie, were masters at arms and practically took care of the children."

**Mad Bull Has Fit.** Poplar Bluffs, Mo.—William Daniels admits that he is as much opposed to Hereford bulls as Ireland is to Johnny's "bull." And William is in favor of "fits." Because an angered Hereford threw a fit Daniel's two small sons are alive. The two boys, ten and twelve, were attacked by an irate bull. With the youths lying on the ground, the infuriated animal was preparing to gore them to death when he suddenly was seized with a fit. Frothing at the mouth the bull was slain by a veterinary surgeon, who declared the animal had hydrophobia.

## LOVE OF MOTHER STAYS JUSTICE

Woman Assumes Blame for Son's Shortcomings to Save Him From Sixty-Day Sentence.

Detroit, Mich.—A mother agreed to go on a year's probation and to suffer the penalty to report personally regularly that her son might not serve a 60-day sentence in the Detroit house of correction.

She is Mrs. Charles H. Slatyng, wife of a prominent Flint (Mich.) banker. She was given the "sentence" when she appeared before Judge John Faust in Recorder's court, to ask leniency for her son, Charles Reynolds, twenty-six. Reynolds was about to be sentenced for the third time in two years for larceny. His latest offense was the theft of women's silk hose from a downtown store. He was found guilty, but sentence was deferred until the court could confirm reports that Reynolds was a drug addict.

Mrs. Slatyng, accompanied by Reynolds' stepfather, tearfully took the blame for Reynolds and volunteered the penalty.

"I spoiled him as a child and after

he had grown up," she told the court. "I, not he, am to blame. I should pay the penalty. Let him go home with me and I'll keep him there, try to cure him, and report regularly in his stead. If I fail to do so you can give me the sentence you were about to impose on him."

Judge Faust accepted the offer.

**Kills Big Bear.** Saranac Lake, N. Y.—Charles Rivers of Glen Valley, while deer hunting in the Black Brook section, had a thrilling experience when he killed the largest bear on record in that section of the Adirondacks since the days of the pioneers. When creeping along a low ledge in the wilderness, the hunter suddenly came upon the bear. He did not seriously injure the beast with a hasty shot and was instantly charged by it. In attempting to get a better shooting position, the hunter fell from the ledge and dropped his rifle. The bear scrambled down the ridge and was almost upon his foe, when Rivers recovered his rifle.

## ENEMIES OF ENGLISH SPARROWS

Pacific Coast Seagulls Drive Them Away From Wharves and Docks.

Seattle.—The Pacific coast seagull conducts an eternal warfare against the English sparrow, and because of it keeps wharves and docks free of the noise and litter so predominant around sparrows' households. Observers declare some older gulls

act as sentinels and when a sparrow alights on a wharf roof several immediately chase it away.

On one occasion recently a lone sparrow flew seaward followed by half a dozen gulls, who kept the tiny bird so hotly pursued it fell into the water exhausted.

Wharf operators are grateful to the gulls for this bit of police work, as

English sparrows once inhabiting the rafters and overhead work inside the docks would produce an amazing amount of litter to fall into freight and express shipments. A large amount of grain is wasted every day on docks which would attract and feed myriads of sparrows but for the watchful eye of the seagulls.

It is believed the gulls show the antagonistic spirit toward the smaller birds because they fear competition in the salvaging from the sea of their daily food.