

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

PROMINENT PORTLAND MEN WRITE ON THE TRADITIONAL "NEW LEAF."

At the request of The Sunday Oregonian, representative Portland men have contributed to its columns today a symposium on thoughts for the New Year. Each was solicited to choose his own topic and to treat it in his own way. That which the several men would wish to see written on the traditional "new leaf" follows:

GOVERNOR-ELECT CHAMBERLAIN.
Let Us Put Away Our Hammers for the New Year.

WHEN we speak of turning over a new leaf with the New Year, we generally mean that our own course of conduct is so to be changed as to affect us personally, and no one else. This view is selfish and narrow, and I would suggest two thoughts to be observed in turning over a new leaf with the beginning of the year—first, let our resolution in this regard have reference to our neighbor as well as ourselves; and, second, to the state as well as to our home.

We are so much addicted to the habit of criticizing the faults of our neighbors that we fail to command their virtues and kindly acts. Let us reverse this rule with the New Year. Who of us has not at one time or another seen some poor fellow bedecked in tatters and rags do a commendable and oftentimes heroic act without a single word of praise from any one? Incentive to loftier aims and ambitions in such a one might be stimulated by an approving word or smile, whilst silence tends to deaden and destroy his generous impulse. How easy to encourage such a man to still further noble actions! How easy to brighten the atmosphere in which we move by words of kindness instead of cruel and unjust criticism! Let us commend our neighbor's virtues and write his faults upon the sand for the New Year.

Who ever assisted in upbuilding a city or state by unfavorable comparison with others? Let us put away our hammers for the New Year. Oregon has the loveliest climate, the richest soil, the most beautiful mountains and the grandest forests on the globe. Portland has everything in her midst to invite population and wealth. Her men and women are the souls of honor.

Sub-crowned, and live above the fog. In public duty and in private thinking. In turning over a new leaf, let us tell everybody about it. Let us correct existing abuses, if any exist; but let us not spend time in finding fault.

If these suggestions be written on the new leaf and honestly lived up to during the coming year, we will find we have grown better ourselves by assisting to make our neighbors happier and better; that we have made our homes brighter because we have made our city and our state appear what they really are, the best and most prosperous of them all.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN.

BY MAYOR GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.
Fathers Should Spend Their Evenings With Their Families.

RESOLVED, That commencing with the New Year I will stay away from clubs, saloons and other places of public resort and spend my evenings at home with my family.

Let every father write out this resolution and fasten it inside of the hat he wears so that he may see and read it every day of his life. I am fully persuaded that every man in Portland with a family who will adopt and adhere to this resolution will do more to improve the morals of our city and promote the happiness of others than can be done in any other way.

Some, and too many, men think that they must go into some hilarious company away from home to find a pleasant evening, but this is a mere matter of habit, and any man who will faithfully carry out the above resolution through the year 1903 will form a habit which will make him contented and happy to stay at home and spend his evenings with his family. I know there are some indulgent fathers among children, but in a great majority of cases the fall of boys and girls into loose and vicious practices is due to the culpable neglect and carelessness of parents, and especially the father. Oftentimes while he is away with his boon companions his children are allowed to roam the streets at night and run thoughtlessly into the hell holes of dissipation and ruin. Let the father when the darkness and danger of the night come on keep his children at home with him by kind words and gentle means if he can, but if not, let him to that end exercise a most rigid parental authority. The fathers of the night are full of perils for the young. Parents in a multitude of ways can make their household so attractive that their children will turn away from the blandishments of the outside world and feel and say: "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

BY ARCHBISHOP CHRISTIE.
Grasp Each Hour and Hold It Till It Bless You.

BHOLD, short years pass away, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return. (Job xvi:22.)

What a world of wisdom do these simple words of the patient patriarch contain. The feeling on the approach of the New Year is not in the hearts of all a retrospection tinged with regretful sadness at the thought of a priceless time, fading into the irrevocable past. Rather does the short-sighted man, that thinks not in his heart, greet the on-coming change with a sense of novelty, as though bearing its new face, the opening year were really new and not absolutely the same in all essentials as the one that has preceded it. Years are indeed short, and they pass swiftly and almost imperceptibly, but they are of sufficient duration to be marked as an important interval in that subtle element which men call time. Their ending and beginning, therefore, when the tireless old earth completes and recommences its dizzy flight, supplies an occasion, the world over, to all conditions of humanity, to indulge in demonstrations of rejoicing.

To youth and strength, flushed with broadening hopes, it appeals but in that sense of gladness. But in the mind of

maturer age it inspires reflections of less radiant hue. It recalls the fact that the years are few and numbered, and their successive passing draws us inevitably nearer to the final one. And then, on his own topic and to treat it in his own way. That which the several men would wish to see written on the traditional "new leaf" follows:

Years are made up of shorter intervals, no less distinctly marked, but because shorter, allowed to pass unnoticed. If the opening of each new hour attracted our attention as does the year, would not the insistent frequency of the remainder finally convince us of its value? Did we grasp each hour and hold it, as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us, then would those hours, as they glide by, bear with them no trace of bitter regret, but, lengthening into days, and months and new recurring years, would beckon us on, with strengthening hope, to meet with fearless hearts the waning December of this life, and greet with joyous welcome the new epoch of timeless union, in perfect being, with the Source of being.

May the blessing of the New Year to all who read this simple message be to engrave more deeply in their hearts the timely wisdom which this lesson teaches.

ALEXANDER CHRISTIE.

BY DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.
Take Your Philosophy From Living Man and Loving Woman.

THE first thing to be written on the new leaf is your own name, in large letters. Be proud of it and you will probably have some reason to be so for the year's end. Be yourself. You can't be anybody else if you try. And if you fulfill half your own native possibilities it is triumph enough. Consider that Nature has taken some 2,000,000 years to build you up to your present stage—and Nature is not altogether a fool, nor given to utterly wasting her time.

Believe in yourself and as many other gods as you can. Don't take your views of life from philosophers, for they are painfully apt to be burnt-out rakes, turned pessimist, from Solomon to Tolstoy. Don't pattern after saints; they are lovely to paint and put into books, but desperately trying to live with.

Take your philosophy from the living man and woman about you. You are probably much better than you imagine.

You are the merest drop in the world's ocean—but a drop of some pedigree. Many millions of things have happened since the first mist began to whirl, but plain, hard-fighting, warm-hearted, faithful man is the finest product yet.

It has taken a thousand generations of him and millions in each generation to reach this present level, but every one of these thousands of millions who fought hard and kept clean was needed.

The mountain of human achievement was built, and is building, sand-grain by sand-grain; the occasional pebble of the genius cuts but a most insignificant figure.

Your grain of sand is but a grain, but it will fuse into the eternal granite to lift generations yet unborn further above the mire. It is little but it is adamant-hard. It will stay to all eternity where you put it. The fire that burns in your veins has never been quenched since the first dawn of life on this planet. See that you hand on the flames undimmed; if may be a little brighter, and let the torch sink to the rest it has deserved. Death, like every other natural process, will be welcome when it comes.

Meanwhile, don't think about it. Live! Fight hard, eat heartily, play heartily, sleep long, live in the open. Keep your digestion sound, your eye clear and your temper—and morals—will take care of themselves.

Any subject is interesting if you go into it deep enough. Any field has scope in it for making a world-reputation. Remember, death ends nothing. What you have done, what you have been, endures. You simply sink back tired, into the lap of mother earth, to rise again in higher, lovelier forms.

WOODS HUTCHINSON.

BY DR. T. L. ELIOT.
A Plea for Fellow-Feeling, Like-Mindedness and Mutual Trust.

I CHANCED to follow a stream of boys and girls just out of school the other day, and could not help noting the trail of papers they left behind them, torn and waste bits, the refuse of school work—varied by an occasional remnant of lunch. One girl amused herself and others by tearing a composition into small bits, and successfully littering a whole block of otherwise neat sidewalk.

"The child is father to the man," I wonder if the grown-up denizens of society realize the small sins of omission and commission with which they also may be better and unobtrusively the walks of common life?

The vast majority of us who are in the day's work are there as "rank and file." Our contribution is regimented—some task work for so much specific pay. We accept certain drill duties and submit to certain inspections because they are prescribed by the standing code of business or social tradition. After that, too much like some soldiers off duty, we throw away responsibility, and looking askance at the social scheme, make it the ground which we litter up with everything we can dispose of as waste matter or embarrassment, caring no more for our deeds and neglects in the open highway of human living than do the children for their thrown apple-cores or torn papers.

Here comes in the need of social consciousness and the social conscience. The man who feels responsible for neatness in his own person, or in his own front yard, and has an average concern about his specific tasks and debts, when it comes to his outside walk and conversation with a nuisance—a kill-joy and polisher, an utterly non-responsible scatterer of trash. He talks of his neighbors, of other people's business, of the city government, of the affairs of the street and parlor, in the tone of a jackal or hog. His tender mercies are cruel. He stands off everything and every man as the subject of indifference or contempt. Outside of his own family and clique, he is a niggard of sympathy or fellowship. When this type is extreme, a man or woman may throw as repulsive and stinging a feeling upon those who meet them as Stevenson's Mr. Hyde; and such men and women, in all the varying degrees of malice, are the real traitors and criminals, human parasites, whose track is that of an unclean beast, wherever they go or whatever they do.

If, then, one service may be exacted over others in the upbuilding of the golden day of the world, is it not the service of men and women who not only do not make it cleaner and better, who go out of their way to stop a scandal, who are defenders of the absent, who are merciful toward the arrogant and gentle with the absurd, who pour oil, not upon fires of hate and misanthropy, but upon the wounded, and into the lamp of sympathy, who neither despise the rich nor the poor, who feel a keen and personal responsibility for every social wrong and wrongdoer, and who, finally, exalt humanity into a habit of the soul and an affection of the nature?

In the apogee of the destruction of the city of the plain, Jehovah promised to save Babel, if ten righteous men could be found there. The salvation of modern society, overwhelmed with huge materialism and the machinery of pride, is in the hands of those who have been fitly called "the inglorious good," the "peradventures if there be ten," who go along the highway, not waiting for the police or the street-cleaner, but picking up the unclean scraps and gathering the litter away from the eyes and from the feet of their wayward fellowmen. I would make it my own chief desire and new resolve to cultivate the spirit of "togetherness" to renew the life that shares, to knit the heart of helpfulness towards every next man; and especially toward the misunderstood of every name and class. Let us always "hear the other side," even if it is the side of wealth and power, the side of bigotry or the prejudice of ignorance and sin. Let us pick up the broken glass and remove the ugly waste. Society is not to be saved by justice only, nor by philanthropy alone. It is to be saved by fellow-feeling and like-mindedness and mutual trust.

T. L. ELIOT.

BY DR. EDGAR P. HILL.
Let Every One Accept His Share of the World's Hard Work.

WHAT a fine thing it would be if every one of us, at the beginning of the new year, were to set before himself the definite purpose to accept his share of the world's work, its responsibilities, its sacrifices, its regeneration. Most of us are selfish. We insist on doing things which we insist others must not do. We are well aware that some one must do hard tasks, but we prefer to avoid them. Some must stand for righteousness, if society is to be saved; but we do not want to be among them. Some must be called visionaries, reformers, if the world is to be saved from animalism and chaos; but we prefer soft clothing and Kings' palaces.

Our great temptation is to study only

our own safety. The gambler thinks only of himself. If all men were to do as he does, there could be no social order. No one would turn the soil and plant the seed; no one would till the mine or with net or at the desk. Every one would live on every one else, which would give us a society like that of which we have heard wherein all the people earned their livelihood by taking in one another's washing. The gambler can only thrive where other people toil, he being exempt from the severe demands which others must meet, in order that he may live.

The immortal man is supremely selfish.

He would not think of living in a community where all were immoral. He would resent a reflection on his mother's purity and it would be an unspeakable sorrow if his daughter should become a woman of the street. And yet he asks to be exempt from the restraints he insists must be on others. To the purity of others is largely due his own happiness, yet he insists on being impure himself.

Thus we might go through the list—drunkenness, lying, covetousness and the rest. The wickedness of them all is their consummate selfishness.

National policies or great social principles are important as we move on into the new year. But I suggest this very homely virtue, which any child may cultivate, this of accepting our share of the world's hard work.

EDGAR P. HILL.

DR. STEPHEN S. WISE.
Let No Day of the New Year Slip Useless Away.

THE year is going, another year is coming. For as much as a year is nothing more than a collection of days, I would for my own guidance urge with redoubled emphasis the very boldness of the truth which comes to me not unaided at the close of a day's work.

Let sleep not come upon thy languid eyes. What's done amiss, what's done, what left undone.

From first to last examine all, and then blame what is wrong, in what is right rejoice.

The thought and its poetical expression alike have come to us from among the discourses of Epictetus. What wiser counsel could man give to man? And if it be well, after examining the contents of a single day, from first to last, to "blame what is wrong, in what is right rejoice," is not this word of warning, spoken by Epictetus, calculated to give us pause as we consider that we stand at the outer threshold of a year of days? But we live in the future, not in the past, hence our thoughts are naturally directed to the days which are before us. Thomas Carlyle was slier as well as sage when he wrote down for men:

So here hath been dawdling
Another blue day.
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforesaid
No eye ever did
So soon it is forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawdling
Another blue day.
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Carlyle would have us take to heart

the significance of a single day.

If we are to guard a day as precious, lest "it slip useless away," what shall be the measure of our sense of responsibility towards the advent of the year, three to ten days and more. Life's tragedy is suggested in the command of Epictetus and in the song of Carlyle. The tragedy of life's postponements and "unfulfillments." As we look back upon the passing year, a sense of unutilized possibilities of worth and unutilized opportunities for service haunt, even affrights us. Of what possibilities, of loving tenderness and brotherly solicitude have we failed to avail ourselves?

What opportunities for truth-speaking and right-doing have we neglected or misused? The good has been deferred and the evil, alas, wrought without delay or scruple. Some one, thinking of the world's outcasts, has proposed the founding of the "Church of the Divine Fragments." Life is made up of the fragments we call days, and every fragment, it may be, may become divine. Who then will let a year—a year of divine days—slip useless away?

STEPHEN S. WISE.

BY CHIEF OF POLICE M'LAUCHLIN.
Vigorous Campaign Against Certain Criminals Recommended.

THE rockpile is a prevention of crime. It is generally conceded that a large percentage of the crimes committed today in the United States and especially in the Pacific States, is done by the hobo criminal, who generally comes into a city or town riding on a brakebeam, and after getting his bearings proceeds to commit any one of a number of crimes, such as burglary, larceny, highway robbery and safe blowing. Immediately upon the completion of his work he and his associates, in all probability, take the next train out of the city and he is well away out of reach, often before the crime is discovered; and as the efficiency of a police department is shown by the prevention of crime, any policy that will keep this undesired class away is to be regarded as the proper course to pursue.

The experience of the past year, since the inauguration of the rockpile, demonstrates that the hobo will avoid a city or town where he is more likely to be put to work, either breaking rock or cleaning streets.

Nor is the hobo the only one affected by this class of punishment. By the strict enforcement of the vagrancy law a great many idle, worthless, vicious men, white and black, who live off the earnings of fallen women, could be driven from a city or forced into some employment whereby they would have to support themselves. I think it would be a step in the right direction to begin the new year by opening a vigorous campaign against this class of disreputable characters. This is no easy thing to do, as there are always persons in the community who are ready to go into court and perjure themselves in the defense of this class of people, but a united effort on the part of all the officials concerned would make a great change for the better in this line.

D. M. M'LAUCHLIN.

BY JUDGE MARTIN L. PIPES.
Good Resolutions, to Be Effective, Must Become a Habit.

THE first thing to be noticed about the New Year resolutions is that they are always good resolutions. Whoever heard of a man making a resolution on New Year's day to be a worse man than he was the day before?

And the next morning the newspapers announced that Steven Brit was on his way back to the penitentiary. A friend welcomed him—tipped glasses, having dodged the old man—they broke into a house, were caught. The "friend" was held for trial. By 8 o'clock Steve was on a train rushing toward his stripes and his cell.

What a moral is held by this true recital! None save the moral that we find in all address, in all weakness of character and in the strength of love.

In Winter.
(Louis Chandler Moulton.)
Louis Chandler Moulton was born in Pomfret, Conn., in 1854. He is the daughter of Mr. Chandler. In 1884 she was married to William Moulton, a publisher, of Boston. Her poems are of a high order of merit. She lives at the present time in Boston.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again!
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main;
And they few at the summer's wane,
Free they never can be again;
Since time was coming for wind and rain,
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain—
They are here in the days of June,
Free they never can be again;
Petters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly, and sorrows that tarry—
Tears are over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we can chant but a desolate tune—
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain;
Winds in the needless trees complain,
Snows of Winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Youths and maidens, blithe and vain,
Time makes thrush that you cannot parry;
Ah, well—God careth, else he would be vain,
And doubly vain he who keeps alive the faith and trust in these higher things that he learned at his mother's knee.

THOMAS H. STRONG.

BY DR. J. W. HILL.
To Young Men: Cultivate Dignity of Purpose, of Thought, of Soul.

IN complying with the request of The Oregonian for a few words from me concerning resolutions and thoughts appropriate to the New Year season, I wish to come to my suggestions to the young men who will soon be the men of action, and particularly to the boys who will soon be young men. Advice to old men is time wasted, as their habits of thought and deed are fully formed, and so much of their lives is behind them that no change of action now would be productive of much good to them or to others.

The earlier in life you of the younger

generation learn some of the underlying principles of right living the better it will be for you. Yours is the time of preparation for the real part of your life that is before you. Make that preparation thorough. It will take you at your best more than one-third of your life to prepare for the real part of your life. How essential it is then that this should be thorough. To whatever course of action, your tastes, early surroundings, training, accidents of fortune, good or bad, may lead you, to that one line of work give your whole, undivided attention. This age of fierce competition has no place for the man of poor preparation or the one who spreads his energies over too wide a surface. Large opportunities await the young man now coming upon the stage of action who is properly trained to think and to do.

Elements of character I would name as necessary parts of the make-up of the young man who is to be a success in the best sense of the word. I would emphasize the virtues of industry, moral courage, high standard of honor, purity in mind and deed, temperance, charity. None of these would I belittle, but dignity is the one thought I would ask the young to cultivate. This is not the time nor place to enlarge upon the idea, but I mean by the term to include dignity of action that will govern all your intercourse with your fellow men, direct of purpose that will develop self-respect, and thereby command respect of all with whom you are brought in contact; dignity of thought that will establish habits of self-control; dignity of mind that would scorn to do a mean act; dignity of speech that will never permit an unkind word to pass your lips, and last of all, dignity of soul that will bring a self-discipline that will grow to a large charity and open to yourself and to others the real message of the Christmas and the New Year time—perfect charity to all men.

J. W. HILL.

BY DR. GEORGE B. VAN WATERS.
Be Hopeful but Expect Not Unrealizable Things.

NO life is beyond improvement; so all may turn over a new leaf and make record of a better line of conduct.

We have made mistakes. Let them go. Napoleon, a certain critic says, made more mistakes than most Generals, but he surpassed them all in dropping his mistakes and doing something better. Emphasis for the word doing—for it is the thing that counts and is permanent. Dreams, imaginations, even thoughts, are so much vapor, unless touched by the hand of labor. So let us put on the new leaf a resolution to work, and work cheerfully.

As to our mistakes, it is easier to remember our errors than to avoid them, but no one should be so simple as to fall into the same pit twice. There is an old proverb that it is a disgrace to stumble twice against the same stone. Experience should teach us to avoid the stone of tumble it out of the way.

Everybody expects to turn over a new leaf and write the record of a new and better history than that of the past. This hopefulness keeps us alive, keeps us from breaking down, and makes life endurable.

Be hopeful, but expect not unreasonable things of your future. Future is only another name for effect. The effect, or outcome, of the past and the present is the future. The future is development or unfolding. The result of your past and present is yourself.

Your future is largely in your hands. Your future depends on your use of past experiences, past sorrows, past blessings. No failures are written on the future of the man who reads and heeds his past and present.

Enjoy your present, but enjoy it not so as to injure your future.

One good thing to resolve on for 1903 is to live within our means. Much sorrow and heartache comes to individuals and people by forgetting this simple thing. If we live within our means in prosperous years, our prosperous years will be prolonged.

In a word, our field is the present. The harvest is the future, and it depends on our husbandry.

GEORGE B. VAN WATERS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL GANTENBEIN.
New Year Promises Much for the Country's National Guard.

WITH the coming year a new era is about to dawn for the National Guard. It is to receive the Federal recognition for which it has so long been contending. The National militia law of 1903 still remains on the statute-book. It makes compulsory the enrollment and the performance of military duty on the part of every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 45 years, and directs that he shall "be constantly provided with a good musket or firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the 18th part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints and a knapsack, a pouch with box therein to contain not less than 24 cartridges, or a good rifle, knapsack, shot pouch and powder horn, 25 balls and a quarter pound of powder, and each commissioned officer with a sword or hanger and sash."

This archaic law is about to be repealed. There is every assurance that the Dick bill will become a law within a fortnight. This measure makes the National Guard a first reserve to the regular Army for service not to exceed nine months within the territory of the United States, and gives its organizations from a regiment to a company the first right to be received into service by the volunteer Army for foreign service.

The bill will grant aid to the prestige of the National Guard, will make its service more attractive, and will certainly increase its efficiency.

C. U. GANTENBEIN, Adj.-Gen.

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