



# New Year Greetings



## A Double Anniversary

by Susan Eddy

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"NOW, I wonder what that means?" said Ethan Crane. He had just come back with the weekly paper—and one letter from his tramp through the snow to the post office.

Old Mrs. Crane had brought in the lighted candles and piled an extra log on the fire.

Ethan tore open the envelope and read the inclosed card: "Miss Angela Hanna. At Home. January 1st."

"La!" said Mrs. Crane. "She wants you to call there."

"Get out," said Ethan, with a sudden access of sheepishness. "Why should I go there?"

"Well, why not?" asked Mrs. Crane. "It's what the city people do, I'm told. They make a big cake and draw a pitcher of cider and set down in their best clothes to see company. Angy Hanna is dreadful enterprising; she means to lead in the fashions."

"Am I to call there?" asked Ethan. "Why, of course," said his mother.

"What else does it mean? Miss Angela Hanna—at home."

"She's at home most days, ain't she?" said Ethan musingly. "There was never anything of the gad-about in Angela Hanna that I ever heard of."

"Oh, but this here's a new kink!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane. "An extra-special day for calling—don't you see?"

"I'd calculated to take the oxen to Snidge Hill and grub stumps out of the clearin' on New Year's day," said Ethan.

"The next day will do just as well for the stumps," said Mrs. Crane, encouragingly. "You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

Deacon Perkins received one of Miss Hanna's cards and so did Squire Hart. In fact, there wasn't a widower or old bachelor or eligible swain in all Fairview who was omitted from her list.

"I ain't as young as I was," said Miss Hanna to herself. "It's high time I took steps to establish myself."

Miss Angela Hanna had just passed her five-and-fortieth birthday; she was stout and ruddy, with the very best set of teeth that the Fairview dentist could supply, and a perpetual smile riveted on her lips. She was very

tired of living alone and sewing on vests to earn her pin money, and she had determined, on this particular occasion, to make a bold stroke and win a husband.

She attired herself on New Year's day in a green satin dress, cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, pinned a bunch of holly at the left side, and puffed her newly tinted hair in the most elaborate style.

"I do declare," said Miss Angela to herself, "I don't look a day over twenty."

Deacon Perkins was the first to arrive, an old bald-headed man, with a complexion of leather and the keenest of twinkling black eyes.

"I got a letter from you, Miss Hanna," said he. "I s'pose you want to consult me on business."

"La, deacon, what a very strange idea," giggled Miss Hanna. "No, in-



"How Came You Here?" Screamed Miss Hanna.

deed! I only wish to promote sociability during the festive season."

"Well, then, I guess I'd better be goin'," said the deacon. "I hain't no time for no sich foolery."

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon," urged Miss Hanna. "I do wish to consult you."

"About what?" frowned the deacon, looking dubiously at the purple shoulders and arms of the lady.

"Marriage," said Miss Hanna. "Would you advise me, dear deacon, to commit my future into the hands of another?"

"Eh!" said the deacon. "Had an offer?"

"Yes," said Miss Hanna, driven by his directness into an absolute lie.

"Then, if I was you," said the deacon, "I'd accept it, 'cause it ain't likely you'll have many of 'em."

"But, deacon," she stammered, "what if I don't love the man? What if I love another who—"

"Then don't accept him," said the deacon; but, suddenly becoming electrically aware of his danger as Miss Hanna moved her chair a little closer to his, he added, "My horse is gettin' dreadful oneasy outside. I guess I'll be goin'. No, thankee"—as Miss Han-

## Benjamin Franklin's New Year's Resolutions

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**T**O endeavor to speak the truth in every instance, to give nobody expectations that are not likely to be answered, but aim at sincerity in every word and action; the most amiable excellence in a rational being.

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**T**O apply myself industriously to whatever business I take in hand, and not divert my mind from my business by any foolish project of growing suddenly rich; for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.

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**I** RESOLVE to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but rather by some means excuse the fault I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasions, speak all the good I know of everybody.

na took up the plate of cake—"I don't never eat nothin' except at reg-lar meals. Good mornin'!"

And thus the deacon escaped.

"Eh! What's that noise? If it's the cat jumping at my canary again—but it sounded more like someone laughing and cats don't laugh. Who's that comin' up the walk? Ethan Crane, I do declare! Well, he's a likely young fellow—not as rich as Squire Perkins, maybe, but— Oh, come in, Mr. Crane. Come in. I am so glad to see you. Lovely day, isn't it?"

Ethan Crane sat down with his hat in his lap.

"I received your card, Miss Hanna."

"Oh, did you?" said Angela, with a smile.

"To tell the truth," said honest Ethan, "I wanted a little talk with you."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Won't you come here and set by me on the sofa? It's more sociable like."

"Oh, yes, if you like," said Ethan, obeying her gesture of invitation.

"You see, my mother is getting feebler every day, and we feel the need of some younger person at the farm. And I'm twenty-eight now, and the place is in good orner, and I've money at interest, so that I've pretty much made up my mind to marry."

Miss Angela let the puffed and frizzed head fall on his shoulder.

"Dearest Ethan!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—exactly," said Ethan Crane, moving as far away as the arm of the sofa would allow. "So, if you thought that your niece, Mirandy, would have me—"

"My niece, Mirandy!" gasped the elder lady, the immovable bloom never altering on her face, although her heart beat wildly and her lips blanched.

"Yes," said Ethan. "I hoped to meet her here today."

"No!" said Miss Angela sharply. "She's gone away; and if she hadn't, she wouldn't accept you."

"Is she engaged to someone else?" stammered poor Ethan.

"Yes," said Miss Hanna. "To Joshua Simpkins. But, Ethan, do not grieve; I am ready to entertain your suit, although Mirandy despises you, and—"

"But she doesn't, aunty!" interrupted a clear, distinct voice, and Mirandy herself entered from an adjoining room. "On the contrary, she loves Ethan Crane dearly, and she refused Joshua Simpkins, as you know very well."

"How came you here?" screamed Miss Hanna.

"I went to Mrs. Brown's house," said Mirandy, "and she had gone to spend the holidays with her niece at Stanford. So I came back home."

"You are a dreadful mix!" cried Miss Hanna, nearly suffocated with anger.

"Gently!" said Ethan Crane, interposing in Mirandy's defense. "No calling of names, please."

"And you shan't stay in my house another day!" added the indignant lady.

"Then she shall come to mine!" boldly asserted Ethan. "Come, Mirandy, darling—my sleigh is at the door and it holds exactly two. We'll go to Parson Squire's and get married this very hour."

So they were married, and old Mrs. Crane, who was waiting at the farmhouse door to receive her son, was delighted.

"If it hadn't been me," said Mirandy, mischievously, "it would have been Aunt Angela, for she was determined to marry Ethan."

"The Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Crane, raising her eyes.

"And after this," said Ethan, as he led his bride in, "the first day of the year will be a double anniversary—the happiest of Happy New Years. Eh, Mirandy?"

It is time to be drawing up plans and specifications for the annual resolution-making.

# New Year Bells

by Alfred Tenneyson

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night.  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

**R**ING out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

**R**ING out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

**R**ING out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

