

# Old Year's Party

By Marguerite Hope

It was New Year's eve and a thin old man with a wizened face was sitting by the fireplace. At first sight you would have said that he was rather a disagreeable old chap, but on closer inspection you found out that he had very bright eyes and quite a humorous suite round his mouth.

It was surprising that Old Year was feeling rather sad. It was his last night on the dear old Earth. The next morning, long before it was daylight, he must fly away in a big snow-storm, and New Year, all fresh and rosy and splendid, would take his place.

Old Year wasn't the least afraid of what the future might bring, only he felt a little sad about saying "good-by" to his friends, and a tiny bit jealous about New Year's arrival.

As he sat there musing a pretty little snow flower dropped on the floor at his feet. "You beautiful thing!" he cried. "Where did you come from?"

As he spoke the flower expanded, throwing its petals all over the floor, and a little man stepped out. He was white from head to foot.

"Bless me! If you aren't Brother January!" said the old man. "What brings you to visit me? It's only the thirty-first of December."

"But I'm last January," said the little fellow. Old Year laughed. "Of course you are. You came in my waistcoat pocket and popped out before the others—they were afraid of the cold."

"Oh! glad you haven't quite forgotten me. Now listen, Old Year, we months have a great scheme for tonight. We're going to feast you in the Ice Palace on Time Mountain. We shall all be there, the whole lot of us, and you must come too."

"You're very kind," said Old Year, "but really I'm so tired I'd rather sit here and dream away my last hours."

"Now, don't talk like that, Old Year, the party can't take place if you don't come. How can we months hold together without you?"

Old Year smiled. "All right," he said. "I'll come, but all my clothes are worn out."

"Another excuse," cried January. "Come along, they're all waiting. Besides, there's a surprise outside."

Old Year started at the word "surprise," and then he strode out of the house with January on his shoulders.

Now although he had lived every minute of the year there was one thing that Old Year had never done—he had never flown in an airplane.

So imagine his astonishment when he saw a great white biplane covered with silver frost outside his door. A gay, breezy little fellow, whom he recognized as March, sat in the pilot's seat. He wore silver goggles and looked every inch an aviator.

Old Year and January got in behind the pilot, and soon the great silvery bird was soaring up into the cold, starry night.

They passed over cities and villages, lakes and forests, and everywhere Old Year noticed preparations for the coming of his successor.

"They'd be surprised if they knew where I was now," he thought. And then he gave up his spirit to the joy of the flight.

Finally Time Mountain came in sight, and as they approached they saw a dazzling light. The whole mountain was blazing with light, and the trees shone as their boughs radiated electricity.

When the airplane came into view a great cry of joy was heard, and a chorus of happy voices cried: "Hurray! for Old Year!" March executed a wonderful volplane and softly the Silver Bird settled to earth at the foot of the mountain.

Thousands of little people rushed to greet the Old Year. These were the Minutes and the Seconds. They were dressed in red, sparkling with electricity, and they talked very fast.

Old Year patted them kindly with his big hands. They flew round him very quickly, and in some magic way Old Year was carried to the top of the mountain. There he saw a wonderful ice palace and over the door were written in huge letters "In Honor of Old Year."

Accompanied by the Minutes and seconds Old Year entered the palace, and in the great bright hall he saw 12 of his dearest friends, the Months. Very beautiful they looked in artistic groups about the hall.

January, February and March were standing together in a miniature park with a lake in the middle of it; they

wore winter dresses and February was in skating costume.

April and May were sitting on a grass bank. April was dressed like a beautiful Bloodroot, in a pure white dress, with yellow stars in her hair, and she wore shoes and stockings of a blood red color. May was lovely; she looked like daffodils on a moss bank, and tiny streams trickled off her dress. June was a glorious mass of roses and green leaves. She fluttered with pleasure as Old Year approached her, and threw a rose at him crying: "In memory of the happy morning when you bade me live."

July was resplendent and Old Year felt warm all through when he got near to her. "Beautiful summer month," he murmured, "Is this the last time I'll feel you?" As he said this May let one of her little streams trickle down—she was crying for the Old Year.

August wore a sailor costume and smelled of blue grass. September and October were a mass of colors. It wasn't very long since Old Year had visited them, so they were quite familiar with him. October tossed some of her pretty leaves into his face. This was her way of kissing.

November looked hale and hearty, and December, in snowy robe, carried a Christmas tree over his shoulder.

After exchanging kindly greetings with the whole company, Old Year stepped up to June and asked her to open the ball with him. For reply she strewed him with her petals, and then such a dance began as never was seen before. The Minutes flew in by the windows, and the Seconds jumped out of the cracks in the ice floor. Everyone was giddy with joy and excitement, and Old Year, who a few hours before was meditating by the fire, now danced till even lively June began to weary. Then he took sweet April in his arms and the little red feet and legs positively twinkled round the hall. March executed a wild dance with October, and blew so hard that bits of his partner's dress were strewn over the floor.

At half past eleven some of the Minutes screamed out that supper was served, and Old Year and his friends flew to feast their last meal together. Every imaginable dainty was on the table and the dancing had made the revelers hungry.

The Minutes and Seconds ate like lightning, and then one after another, they fell asleep round the table. They would never wake again, but their short lives had been very happy. Then the Months began to get sleepy, and Old Year too. He sank into a big chair and tired June fell into his arms and slept cozily in their embrace. At last December and Old Year were the only ones awake. Then the clock struck midnight, and they closed their eyes and slept, too.

At this moment some beautiful snowflakes flew in through the windows. They formed themselves into a kind of blanket and wrapped Old Year tenderly in its folds. Just as they were going to cover up his face a pale blue spirit floated over him and kissed his sleeping brow. It was the Spirit of New Year kissing the Spirit of Old Year.

More Time to Work.

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## A New Year's GREETING to All Our Friends

By Mr. and Mrs. Eugene T. Skinkle

If you were superstitious I'll tell you what we'd do:

- We'd send a bunch of lucky charms to all of yours and you;
- A swastika, a rabbit foot, a four leaf clover, too,
- A lucky stone, a dry wish bone, also an old horse shoe.

But then you know there is no show for these old charms of yore,

They've had their day, and passed away with myths that's gone before:

So we will send to you, dear friend, our greeting full of cheer,  
Our kindest love—hovering above—you all throughout the year.

## THIS IS THE YEAR

RAISE your hat to the Glad New Year! Raise your voice with a hopeful cheer! Make a vow that while it stays You'll make the most of its glorious days,

And—  
What? That sort of resolve is old? Sounds like a tale too often told? You've made it every New Year's day, Then frittered the live-long year away? Well, s'posing you have? What's that to do With this particular year? It's new! New, you grouch, not the same old kind Of muddled up year you've left behind! New each day and each minute too! New; each second is fresh-laid, new! New for the things you've left undone! New for the races you haven't run! New for ambitions unachieved! New for mistakes unretrieved! New for unfinished efforts too! New for the things you mean to do!

Never one day in its bill of fare Is like another day anywhere. And if a year can be fresh and new Why in the dickens can't you be too?

You can! So wash from your care-stained face Of memory's dirt the last small trace. Put on Ambition's garments bright, Light your cigar with the Future's light And say to yourself: "The old year's dead. Bury it deep! Look right ahead! Here's a New Year laid out for me, As full of chances as it can be, So out of my way and let me go! It's up to me, and by jings! I'll show!"

Then start! And keep at it! Hang on! Stick! You'll notice the difference mighty quick, And you'll find, before t's half-way through, It's the Happiest kind of a year for you!

—Paul West.

## New Year's Resolutions

By KIN HUBBARD



"So We Start Off in New Year With Lofty Resolutions. We'll Quit Drinkin', or Chewin' or Smokin' or Swearin'. Maybe Our New Resolutions 'll Include All of 'em."

No sooner is th' spirit o' Christmas givin' exhausted till we're seized with th' spirit o' retrenchin' an', after a season o' spendin', with th' New Year jest around th' corner we unconsciously fall int' a retrospective mood an' take a personal invoice an' solemnly resolve t' make a better showin' both morally an' financially at th' close o' th' comin' year. So we start off th' New Year with lofty resolutions. We'll quit drinkin' or chewin' or smokin' or swearin'. Maybe our new resolution 'll include all of 'em.

But we never seem t' think o' th' many other things we might eliminate from our program fer th' comin' year that would not only better our chances in th' hereafter but which would make th' path o' life far pleasanter fer those who by force o' circumstances are compelled t' tolerate us.

So let those o' us who are perfect, aside from smokin', drinkin', chewin' an' swearin', dig around a little an' see if we can't find a few things besides th' ole moss covered habits aforementioned that we could cut out with profit t' ourselves an' those we mingle with.

Next t' thinkin' only o' ourselves th' worst habit is tryin' t' save ever' thing we make. I don't know which feller a community has th' least regard fer—th' one who licks up ev'ry penny he gits his hands on, or th' feller who holds on t' ev' cent that comes his way, but I have my suspicions.

Livin' beyond th' outskirts o' our incomes is another habit that is worse than either smokin' or swearin' an' a habit that is doin' much t' create a widespread distrust in society. Robbin' Peter th' grocer, t' pay Paul, th' auto dealer, kin have but one result.

We never hear o' our women folk makin' any New Year's resolutions. Ther's many things they might resolve t' do besides cuttin' out eggs. Ther resolutions might have a blightin' effect on clubs an' billiard rooms an' other refuges fer th' hen-pecked an' homeless, but they would help t' revive that feelin' o' love an' respect fer women that seems t' be goin' out o' style these days.

Good resolutions accompanied by a great flare o' trumpets last about as long as an ice cream cone in a Turkish bath. Th' feller who boasts that he's goin' t' quit smokin' never throws his pipe very fer, an' th' feller who proclaims from a store box that he's thro' with th' demon rum is about as reliable as th' statesman who says he's thro' with th' Republican party.

Let's do somethin' original this year an' gather up a whole lot o' nasty little characteristics an' try t' do away with 'em fer good. We've all got 'em. If you can't find 'em ask somebody who knows you t' point 'em out. They're there.

Ther's lots o' folks who don't chew or smoke or swear er drink who carry a full line o' mean traits. (Copyright, Adams Newspaper Service.)

## Many Historic Events Have Happened on New Year's Day

By RENE BACH

EVENTS of utmost historic importance, many of them tragic in character, are associated with New Year's day.

It was on the first day of January, 1513, that Juan Diaz de Solis, the explorer, coasting in a sailing vessel along the eastern shore of South America, discovered and entered the mouth of a mighty river. He called it (by reason of the date) the January river, or Rio de Janeiro, the name it bears and which is also borne by the city at its mouth, the capital of Brazil at the present time.

The tragedy, in this instance, came later. Three years afterward the same adventurous explorer again entered the river mouth. The natives were suspicious of his intentions, and when he landed they captured and killed him, and within sight of his ship roasted his body over a fire and ate it. Thus perished a man who, in his day, was reputed the ablest of living navigators.

Bartholomew Esteban Murillo, greatest of the Spanish painters, was born on the first day of January, 1618. For many years his services were employed by the churches and convents of Seville, which were enriched by his incomparable masterpieces. He earned by his art a considerable fortune. When at the height of his fame he was invited to Cadiz, and there executed his magnificent picture of St. Catherine, the mother of Jesus. Just as the work was on the point of completion he fell from a scaffold and was killed.

It seems rather odd that history should take the trouble to record the death, on January 1, 1630, of so unimportant a person as Thomas Hobson, a carrier of Cambridge, England. He made a business of hiring out horses.

Hobson was merciful to his beasts, and enforced a rule that required for each one of them a certain measure of rest. Those which had not had their proper time of rest he would not allow to go out. "This or none," he would say, indicating the horse that was available for hire. Whence came the familiar term, "Hobson's choice, this or none."

On the first day of January, 1776, the town of Norfolk, Va., was burned, not by the British, who were threatening the place, but by its American inhabitants. Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of the colony, having abandoned the town and sought safety on board of a ship (one of a number of vessels that were under his command in the harbor), found himself in distress for provisions.

The frigate Liverpool, on arriving, threatened to turn her guns loose upon Norfolk, because the people refused to furnish food supplies, but in response the inhabitants set fire to their houses and even wiped out the plantations for a long distance back from the water, in order that nothing in the way of subsistence might be obtainable by the enemy.

Exactly five years later, on January 1, 1781, an incident very alarming to the cause of the American colonists occurred at Morristown, N. J. It was nothing less than a revolt of troops of the Pennsylvania line, who had enlisted for three years' service. The term having expired, they demanded their discharge. The incipient rebellion was promptly suppressed, however.

On the first day of January, 1801, the astronomer Piazzi, at Palermo, discovered Ceres, the first of the minor planets, or so-called "asteroids," revealed by the telescope. It is less than 500 miles in diameter. Since then a great many of these baby sisters of the earth have been "spotted" by enterprising star-gazers, though none of them is so big as Ceres. One of them, Eros, is twins, two little globes revolving about each other. Up to date, 822 of these minor planets have been discovered.

## When New Year's Calls Were Made

Col. Terwilliger Bluegrass Locomotive.

Folks somehow aren't as sociable As in the good old days, When, sah, a certain grace an' cha'm Distinguished social ways; Fo' instance, sah, on New Year's Day, When chivalry arrayed In feathery fine would gathah, sah, An' New Year's calls were made.

We greeted one anotheh, sah, With smile an' cotty bow, An' round the brimming punch-bowl sah, We gracely mu'm'ued "How!" And conversation sparkled, sah, With wassail's kindly aid— But that was in the golden days When New Year's calls were made.

Pure nectah was that New Year's punch— How generously it flowed! The season's compliments were passed; One's heah, sah, fa'ily gloved. The recent generations, sah, Old customs have betrayed— But, ah those olden, golden days When New Year's calls were made.

—Paul T. Gilbert in Cartoons Magazine.

The first day of January, 1810, was made memorable in East Haddam, Conn., by a happening that was in its way wholly extraordinary. There were in the town nine unmarried young women, and it had been decided that husbands must be found for them. Accordingly, in the spirit of an enlightened public enterprise, nine men agreed to marry them, and on the above-mentioned date all of them became wives, an elaborate ceremony and much rejoicing signaling the event.

On New Year's day, 1844, London experienced a most remarkable fog. The city was immersed in a sea of suspended moisture that extended for a distance of 70 miles beyond its outskirts. Business was at a standstill and many people lost their lives by falling into the Thames river and into canals.

Four years later, on the first of January, 1818, the White House (which had been burned by the British troops in August, 1814) was for the first time thrown open to the public after that tragic event, at a New Year's reception given by President Monroe. Even then, however, the building was still undergoing repairs, which were not completed for more than a twelve-month. It had newly received its first coat of white paint, to conceal the marks of fire that marred the brownish stone of which it was built. The cost of reconstruction was \$246,430.

On the first day of January, 1825, Great Britain recognized the independence of the South American republics.

Paul Revere, hero of the famous ride, was born January 1, 1735.

Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners, left Fort Warren for England January 1, 1862.

President Lincoln issued his proclamation emancipating the slaves January 1, 1863.

These are only a few of the many notable events that have marked New Year's day in history. To give anything like a comprehensive list of them here could not be attempted. Some of the most important happenings of ancient times, in Rome, in Greece and elsewhere, are also associated with the first day of the year.

### New Year Hint.

Was it Confucius or Lao-Tse who said, "Good resolutions, like fainting women, should be carried out?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Here He Is, Right on Time

