

NEW YEAR GREETINGS

The Old Year and the NEW

By HARLOWE RANDALL HOYT

THE New Year comes. The Old Year goes Adown the pathway of the years, Bent neath his pack of joys and woes, Of Junetide smiles and April tears, Across the fields with snowdrift white, The Old Year passes on tonight.

ATWELVEMONTH past we welcomed him— A New Year he, one year ago, But now his eye is weak and dim, He totters on with footstep slow, His voice, complaining on the breeze, Comes in the groaning of the trees.

WE watched him grow. The wintertime Ebb'd into spring, and summer, then We saw him pulse with virile pride When autumn fields were ripe again, And now, we view him at the last, Nipped by December's chilling blast.

WELL, let him go. His race is run. He was a goodly Year, indeed. So let us toast him, every one, And bid the wanderer "God-speed!" Old Year, a final health to you! You were a comrade, tried and true.

THE Old Year goes. The New Year stands Before the door and waits us here. Ho, bring him in with welcome hands. The Year is dead! Long live the Year!

Happy New Year

The following New Year wish is ascribed to Goethe.

Health enough to make work a pleasure.
Wealth enough to support your needs.
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.
Cheerfulness enough that shall make others glad.
Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.
Faith that shall make real the things of God.
And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

When the World's All New.

It is the same old world that we greeted on New Year's morning. But somehow it looked so different. The invisible dividing line between last year and this has made possible a new angle of vision. The grip of old passions seems to have lost its hold and a new purpose, partly old, partly new, throbs for recognition. A gentleness appears in faces thought to be hard and cynical. Happiness sparkles in the eyes of sad and lonely folk. A sort of introduction is needed to oneself. For the dawn of the new year makes possible a fresh attack on the age-wearied problems, another attempt to produce the best instead of the good, and a new walk down by-ways of human experience where one may be a good Samaritan with no eye but his to see and understand. The world is all-new on New Year's morning — my world, your world, our world — to make over for the Kingdom. — Ralph Welles Keeler.

TURNING A NEW LEAF

By DeLysie Ferree Cass

ROGER FEATHERSTONE rose late on New Year's morning with the barest suggestion of a headache. That was the aftermath of the previous night's celebration, memorabilia of which were scattered all about the apartment in a weirdly incongruous way. Roger's coat was still brightly speckled with red, yellow and blue confetti; there was a battered tin horn protruding from one pocket, and a particolor fool's cap made of tissue paper was set rakishly askew on the bronze bust of Beethoven on the piano.

In the hazily-recalled grotesquerie of last night's homecoming, Roger had denuded himself progressively, beginning with his shoes at the door, his hat and waistcoat beside the dresser; trousers and linen at the foot of the bed and, last of all, his scarf tied in a beautifully neat bow beneath the nob of the bedpost.

Roger sat up regarding all this whimsically for some time and wondering dully how it is that morning daylight always imparts such a haggard aspect to the rosy visions of the night before. He yawned and stretched prodigiously; then made a bound for the washbowl and immersed his head in gratefully cold and refreshing water from the tap.

"Heigh-ho! New Year's morning and my fortieth birthday all in one! The good Lord knows that I don't feel that old, but these periodic 'parties' sure are beginning to pall upon me. If I were to do the conventional thing now, I'd begin the new year by making some amazingly moral resolution and then— But, after all, why not? I'll make a resolution and not break it, either! I'm forty years old today and as comfortable a bachelor as any I know. Hereby I do solemnly avow a placid life of celibacy. No wedding bells for me!"

Roger dressed leisurely, not a little pleased with the positive formulation of the idea that really had been in the back of his head for months past. He liked and admired girls, of course — what real man doesn't? But it was in a detached, impersonal sort of way. He enjoyed their chatty conversations as mentally restful after weighty business conferences at the office all day long; he liked vivacious femininity across the table when he dined out in the evening. But as for actually burdening himself with one woman for life — as for voluntarily domesticating himself, eschewing the good fellows at



Roger Sat Up.

the club, and as for systematizing his life into a humdrum routine — no, no! not for Roger Featherstone!

Ah! there went the telephone bell! His sister Madge undoubtedly — Madge who had married Phil Barnes and taken out of the merry whirl of things as jolly a chap as ever —

"Hello! hello! Yes, this is Roger talking. Oh, I thought it might be you, Ma. Why, no-o-o! I've no particular appointment for tonight. For dinner at your house? Yes, I'll come, thank you. Eh? You don't say? Betty Hurling going to be there with you, too? Well, well, of course I remember her! We used to be sweethearts back in kid days. When did she get back in town? Must be four or five years since we've met. All right, I'll be over."

Roger sighed as he hung up the receiver; then grinned.

"Tonight will be a good time to tell them about my New Year's resolution."

The cozy little dinner party was over. Sister Madge and Phil — "Hub" she patronizingly called him — were somewhere out in the back of the house. They had left Roger and his old chum Betty alone tete-a-tete in the dimly lit parlor.

How that girl had grown and "improved" during these five years that Roger hadn't seen her! Why, she had developed into a positive little peach! What a sensation she would make at one of the club dances!

She hadn't forgotten about their old days together, either — recalled lots of little childish intimacies that had slipped even Roger's memory. Why, those fuzzy little tendrils of hair curling at the nape of her neck were posi-



She Hadn't Forgotten About Their Old Days.

tively adorable! Yes, and those liquid, mischievous eyes of hers! Deuce take it! what was that elusive scent she used? Did it come from that fluffy hair, or the gown, or —

Roger was in the midst of telling her about his resolution to eternal bachelorhood. He had intended to do it humorously, epigrammatically. But the warm, physical proximity of the girl was an indubitably permeating thing — went to one's head — and that little-pink-nailed, soft hand lying passive so near to his was —

"So when I got up and remembered that today is New Year's and my fortieth birthday, I said to myself —"

"Yes, Roger," — oh, the subtle, amused, encouragement of that inflection. It piqued him strangely.

"I said to myself that —"

"Yes, Roger —"

The man stared at her confusedly and all at once was accusingly conscious that, somehow or other, that soft, warm little hand of hers was nestling comfortably within his own tremulous grip.

"You were saying, Roger, that you told yourself that —?"

"That I've been needing you for ever so long, dear," mumbled the man, red-faced.

And she: "Oh, Roger! What a perfectly lovely New Year's resolution!"

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA

Occasion When Whole Country is Painted Red—Time When All Debts Must Be Settled.

New Year is the national payday in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers; their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the New Year. There are crowds, also, who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.

The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking, on New Year's day, in more senses than one. Red is the color which with them denotes good luck and prosperity, and all the New Year cards and invitations are on paper of that color. Every child gets its New Year's present wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses. These inscriptions bear characters praying for good fortune, wealth and happiness, and they are posted on each side of the outer door of the houses. New pictures of Chinese generals are put on the front doors and the houses are scoured and made clean. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

NEW YEAR "NEVER AGENS"

Suggestions for Husbands, Wives and All Lovers, Married or Single, That Are Timely.

If you haven't thought up any, here are a few timely suggestions:

For hubby: Never again to spend a moment out of the presence of the wife unaccompanied by a trustworthy guardian appointed by her, who will report faithfully all of your doings, even to the irregular quiver of an eyelash, or the drinking of soda instead of buttermilk.

Never again to be such a brute as to want to stay at home when the wife wishes to go out, or to wish to go out — by yourself — when wife desires you to stay at home in the bosom of your family.

Never again to threaten to forbid tradespeople to allow the wife credit if she and the girls do not cease their extravagance — when the monthly bills come in.

Never again to forget to peck wife on the cheek upon leaving her in the morning and coming home at night, to tell her that her frightful new bonnet is a perfect gem, and that her "fourteen-year-old" short dress is altogether too old-looking for her youthful figure.

For wife: Never again to make biscuit for breakfast until you have tried them on your own digestion for a few weeks in the absence of the rest of the family.

Never again to notice pa exchanging glances with the pretty girl across the aisle all the way downtown.

Never again to keep the lights turned on when pa has been detained downtown "on business," in order to see what time he gets home, or to insist on his kissing you that you may smell his breath.

Never again to come to the table with hair in crimpers and wearing a soiled kimono.

Never again to subject pa to spells of lachrymose reproaches, telling him that he doesn't love you any more.

For lovers, married or single: Never to miss an opportunity to tell the dear old story over and over again.

Never to lose the coquettish elusiveness that makes lovers so delightful to each other.

Never again to spend the sweets of young lover souls in cheap flirtations when there is such a world of real happiness at your command.

Never to become insensible to the delicious tremblings and flutterings of your own heart, or to become lax in all of those lovely attentions and givings that help to keep a keen response a-thrill in the heart of the beloved.

Helps Some.

"Some folks say that mere words don't count," said Uncle Eben, "but de fact dat some folks think enough of you to say 'Happy New Year' to you helps some."

Good-by, Old Year!



GOOD-BY, Old Year! With words of grace, Leave us with him who takes your place, And say, Old Year, unto the New, "Kindly, carefully, carry them through, For much, I ween, they have yet to do."

—John Godfrey Saxe.

Their Resolutions.

They were young as April as they pressed close to a window full of wonderful confections.

"What bad habits are you going to give up this New Year?" he asked.

"You," she answered briefly; "what bad habits are you going to give up?"

"Letting you have your own way," he responded firmly, "so our engagement stands."

"Very well, then, go in and buy me that heart-shaped box of candy." And both New Year resolutions went the way of their kind.

The Old and the New.

Another year has joined his shadowy fellows in the wide and voiceless desert of the past, where, from the eternal hour-glass forever fall the sands of time. Another year, with all its joy and grief, of birth and death, of failure and success, of love and hate. And now, the first day of the new o'erarches all. Standing between the buried and the babe, we cry, "Farewell and hail!" — Robert G. Ingersoll.

Look to the Future.

In reverent gratitude for the year gone, may we turn our faces toward the more blessed year to come.

Good Resolutions

