

Hail and Farewell

FAREWELL TO THE OLD
Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,
Thy feet are tottering and slow,
Thy hoary head with age is bent,
The time is here for thee to go;
Already in the frozen snow
A lonely grave is made for thee;
The winds are chanting dirges low,
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—
To some thou wert of worth untold,
Thy days were blessings, every one,
More precious far than shining gold;
But unto others, thou a foe
Did prove thyself—an enemy,
Relentless as the chains of woe—
As ruthless as the maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,
Others will mourn thee as a friend;
Some will look back on thee with dread,
Others their praises to thee lend:
I neither offer praise nor blame,
Old Year, for what you brought to me,
For unto me both joy and pain
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh—
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell
Slow pealing through the darkened sky—
Farewell, Old Year—farewell, farewell!

HAIL TO THE NEW

Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year!
Not yet a day's length on thy throne,
Thou with the merry eyes and clear
And joyous voice of dulcet tone:
Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;
Our praise is thine, O youthful king,
For thou art pure of woe and sin,
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring.

The monarch who is laid away
Within the catacomb of years
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;
We look for blessings manifold,
New Year, from thy pure sinless hand,
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold
Toward us—and our Native Land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er
The woes at each heart-threshold laid:
We cannot love a tyrant king!
Our hearts refuse to loyal be
To one who takes delight to fling
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,
When comes the time for thee to go;
"O darling year, we grieve to-day,
Because we all have loved thee so!"
—Good Housekeeping.

Tommy Trot's New Year's Resolution

by
Barbara Kerr



"TOMMY-TROT," christened Thomas Trotwood Birney, sprawled on the table at his father's elbow. He was engaged in printing something which he carried about with him. "It's an awful hard job, ain't it, daddy? But I guess gentlemen has to do it anyway, don't we?"

"What's that, Sir Thomas?" asked his father, glancing up from his book.

"Why, the New Year resolution thing," answered Tommy as he laboriously put on some finishing touches.

"Pretty big word, that. What about it?"

"Yep, but then I don't say it much. It's sort of like a bet. You bet you do or you bet you don't. An' I'm going to bet I do." And Tommy closed his book on a little fat finger and climbed on his father's knee.

"And what is it you're betting you'll do, Busterkins?" smiled his father, ruffling up the boy's brown curls. The child was unusually serious; he looked intently at his father. "I'm going to see about getting a lady for our home, daddy. I'm so tired being without one. I—I want a muvver, daddy—a muvver is so handy." And try as he might to make his declaration very matter of fact, Tommy-Trot's chin quivered and he hid his face on his father's shoulder.

Mr. Birney laid aside his pipe and for a full long minute said nothing. "So that's your New Year's resolution."



Engaged in Printing Something.

is it, old man, to get us a lady for our home?" He somehow could not say the word mother lightly, though it had been five long years since Tommy's mother died. "It would be nice. Have you found any one, spoken to any one yet?"

"I'd like to have the lady with the shiny eyes that takes me to school mornings," admitted Tommy. "I asked her once was she a muvver, and she said no, just only a little boy's aunt. I spect she's so busy being an aunt that she wouldn't have any time to be a muvver," and the child sighed dejectedly. "I wisht you'd ask her daddy. Won't you?"

"Why, I don't know Miss Woodburn, old man." The father smiled a little ruefully as he remembered that he had thought to strike up an acquaintance through the child, but Miss Woodburn had coldly repulsed him, though she had long been a fast friend of Tommy's, stopping for him to slip his hand into hers as she hurried to her school-room, which was in the same building as the kindergarten. "I think we have pretty good times together, after all. Shall daddy be the bear tonight?"

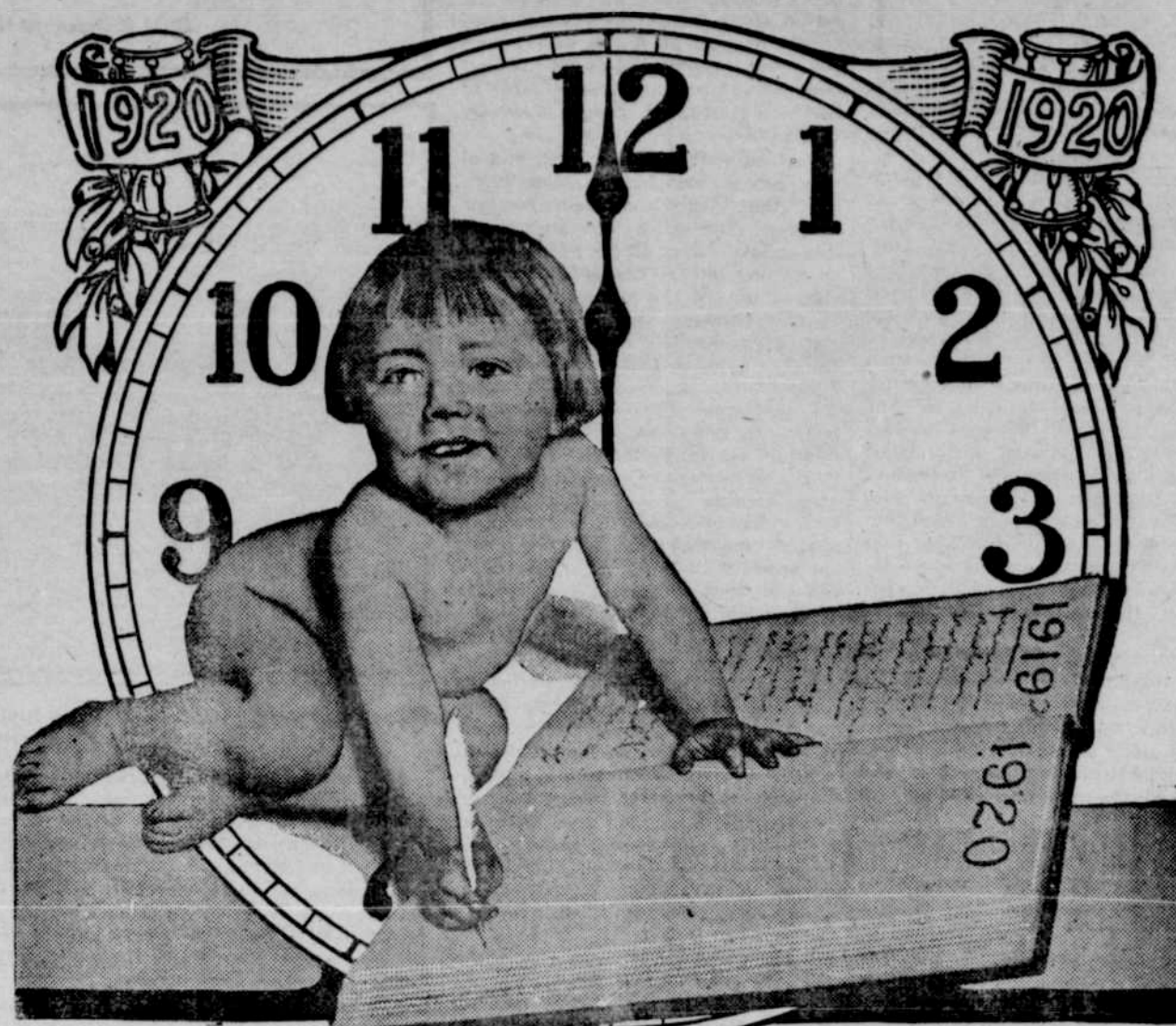
"I'm most afraid I'm sick, daddy," murmured the boy; "I spect I'd better go to bed."

Mr. Birney gathered Tommy-Trot up solicitously and prepared him for bed. "I wisht your lap fitted me better, daddy. I'm going to get the New Year lady's lap to fit like Benny Jones' muvver's does," complained the child, drowsily.

The next morning Miss Grace Woodburn slackened her pace, expecting Tommy to come running as usual, then she retraced her steps, walking slowly past the house. The door swung open and Mr. Birney, coatless, an apron tied about his neck, frantically explained that Tommy-Trot was very sick with the croup, that the doctor was trying to get a nurse, but he feared the child would die before they could get help, as the woman who kept their cottage was away.

Fortunately Miss Woodburn had taken a first-aid course; also, in her strenuous business of being an aunt, she had helped to take little Nephew Peter through a very severe attack of croup. She knew that every minute was precious. She began drawing off her gloves and unfastening her wraps as she hastened after Mr. Birney. She telephoned her assistant to take her place till further orders, then reached out her hand for the apron. Lovingly she bent over Tommy-Trot, who held

What Will He Write?



Little old last year's resolution is as good as any, and probably will wear fully as long as a new one.

brightness. April will spread her feast of flowers. June will display her green perfection of beauty. August will offer the ripening grains; October the laden orchards. The year will take no heed of the crime that has been done by man or of the vengeance that marched inexorably.

POETS died in the trenches of Gallipoli and France, watching God's sunrise or the wispy clouds in the blue. British gentlemen caked with the mud of Flanders wrote detailed reports of their observations of migratory birds and of the effect of man's fire on bird life. French students and scholars, bearded and dirty, made careful notes of the flora of the Meuse and the Somme.

These men visited Olympus and did not fall asleep while the gods conversed. Neither did they permit the roar of man's fury to drown out the divine voices.

So it must be a good year that is ahead. There can be no bad years. The years are measured by God and not by the evil that men do.

Joy That All Can Have.

The joy of living is best found in the real success of life. Take away success and there's no joy in life to one alive to opportunities and responsibilities. No live man is satisfied with mere existence, for he wants to contribute something to the world's progress, the world's good. And it is in such contribution that real joy is found, the satisfaction that comes from full realization that one has done what he could in the year given him. So this is the joy this journal wishes every reader may have the coming year; and will have if they fully appreciate that the new year is theirs, to make it truly a happy new year.

Day Means Much to All.

New Years suggest intimate personal clues of self. The annual crop of good resolutions shows how near most people are to becoming radically better. The day also brings a sense of the inexhaustible resources of life. It is the door into a wonderful future, new inventions, new discoveries, new achievements, of social justice and privilege and joy for the masses of men.

If you leave it to the schoolboy New Year's day is what comes before he has to go back to school.

But each succeeding year is a new opportunity. It offers the perfection of completeness, and by even a partial comprehension of its fullness we may move toward fulfillment of the measure of our lives.

"I am not afraid," said Thoreau, "that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not be up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable—not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus even, and fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conversation of the gods."

ONE who loves only artificiality, who does not note the excellence of the world he has been set to rule, proves himself unworthy of his heritage, and is punished by bitter unrest. His life lacks the boon of contentment which includes all boons. There are, of course, the few whose mental scope is too narrow for self-measurement. They do not even know that they are discontented and may enjoy life as the ox enjoys life. They are fortunate. The unfortunate man is the one who has, even dimly, an understanding that the world is good and beautiful and that he is falling to reap the richness that is rightly his.

The coming year is indeed a great mystery, full of possibilities. Whoever has not watched and studied the

HOW many of us are waiting for the opportunities of the coming year! With how many of us it is the unuttered hope that tomorrow, next week, next month, the next year may be as today in its privileges and opportunities, only far more abundant.

We are told that the first day of the New Year is an appropriate time to form good resolutions. But the New Year is tomorrow, and there is a better time for such a task, and that time is today. For "now is the accepted time."—Bishop H. C. Potter.

passing years may begin today; it is never too late. Whoever has long watched and loved the years will know that to his knowledge, however ripe, much will be added. He will advance a step nearer to the goal of contentment, and in so advancing will increase his human usefulness, his helpfulness.

THE year dawns on an earth red with blood, an earth torn with strife. It will be for most of the people of the earth a year of sorrow and of sacrifice. But for all this it will not be a bad year. Not half of civilized mankind but all mankind that has not forgotten the meaning of civilization has been unselfishly, heroically engaged in the needful work of ridding the world of a noxious parasitic growth, the poisonous fungus of militarism. For those who gave themselves to this essential work it will be a good year. For all who are suffering that the years to come may be happier and healthier the year will be a good year.

February will bring its crystal

In turning over a new leaf, be sure to lay a 1,000-pound weight on it, so it won't fly back.

YEARS MERELY LIFE'S CHAPTERS

Offer Opportunity for Each of Us to Write Therein a Record Better Than the Preceding.

THE coming year lies spread like the white plain that sweeps from the roadside to the distant forest where the gray squirrels are making tracks in the light snow. On this white sheet a little record may be written; not a full life story, but merely a brief chapter or two, like the chapters of squirrel life that may be read by one who to-day ventures into the white forest.

It is a great mystery that lies ahead, a treasure house of endless possibilities. The span of a man's life is short; shorter in absolute measurement than the span of a year. For each year, when October fades into November, has wrought completeness. No human life can bring completeness. It cannot bring completeness of knowledge or completeness of happiness or completeness of good works. The best man can do, in his poor, limited way, is to glean as much wisdom and win as much happiness and do as much good as the number of his days permits. When the human October fades it may thus be rich and peaceful and without the scars of stormy days or the blight of wasted days and without undue regret that what should have been seen and known and done has not been seen and known and done.

A YEAR'S completeness is but a twelvemonth. Our human incompleteness covers many twelvemonths. How fortunate that each dawning year means a new opportunity to live and learn. Again and again we may take up the thread and advance toward the goal of apprehension. We may study God's works and year by year come nearer to an appreciation of them. We can never fully appreciate them, for our minds are finite, and they are infinite.

The new resolution will be simply the same old resolve broken with such frequency.

father, "and if you will get me a glass of hot milk I will be very grateful."

"I'm ashamed not to have thought of that myself," he told her remorsefully as he hurried to obey. When he returned she tried to dispatch him to get himself something to eat.

"I'd rather not," he assured her; "I do not think I could eat. I only want to make you understand how much I appreciate what you have done for me and Tommy-Trot. We'll be your devoted slaves from now on and Tommy's father will run him a close race, Miss Woodburn."

"It was mighty fortunate that I remembered that I had promised to stop for him," she said quietly. "But I think now that you had better get your dinner at once and then I will run home for mine when you return." Her tone brooked no argument, although Mr. Birney much preferred to look at the picture of her holding his sleeping child than to eat.

Shortly after Miss Woodburn had her dinner Mr. Birney, in distress, telephoned that Tommy had awakened and was crying hysterically for her. Would she come and stay a little while and get him to take one more dose of medicine? Hastily putting on her wraps, Miss Woodburn started for the Birneys, taking with her an old nurse who she knew would stay with Tommy for the night.

"You promised me!" he wailed. "You shan't go back to Peter; I'll twash him!"

Abashed, but smiling, Miss Woodburn soothed the child, who clung to her till she assured him over and over again that she would return in the morning, and Mrs. Brown would stay till she came back. When Tommy-Trot was finally quieted for the night, Mr. Birney insisted on taking Miss Woodburn home, and it seems that most of the time was spent in telling her about his family and his prospects, as though he felt it necessary that she should be thoroughly acquainted with his biography. Next day he made the acquaintance of her father and repeated the story and much more about himself and Tommy-Trot. And as Tommy soon learned the way to the Woodburns' also the neighbors are wondering whose courtship is the most ardent, Mr. Birney's or Tommy-Trot's. But certain it is that Miss Grace Woodburn is to be the New Year lady in the Birney home.

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out his hand to her; deftly she smoothed his pillow, asking quick questions as to doctor's orders and showing the bewildered father how to follow them, all the time talking in soothing, comforting little sentences to the child. "We're good pals, aren't we, Tommy? And we're going to have some awfully good times together, aren't we? And will you make a bargain with me? When my little Peterkins was sick he did just what I wanted him to do. Will you do that, darling? If you will you may call me Aunt Grace, just as he does. Will you, dearest?"

"Ravver call you muvver," whispered the child hoarsely.

The color flooded Miss Woodburn's face, but with a little life hanging in the balance there was no time to hesitate. "All right, little man, it's a bargain."



"Ravver Call You Muvver."

gain and you'll take the bad medicine just as if it were good."

Patience she worked, sending the grateful father flying on errands, or telephoning the doctor to ask for fuller directions. No man has any conception of a woman's resourcefulness till he sees her trying to save the life of some one dangerously ill. Mr. Thomas Birney watched, fascinated, the movements of this highly competent young woman who seemed never to give him a thought except to order him about. Noon came—the afternoon was almost spent before the child was sleeping calmly in her arms, the crisis passed. "We've won!" she announced to the