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FROM THE STAFF!



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Of Coos Bay

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Best Holiday Greetings

and earnest wishes

For Your Welfare and A Happy New Year

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Dicky's New Year

How He Came to Attend the Grown Folks' Party.

DICKY sprawled ungracefully on the floor, and at times he bestowed a sly and naughty kick upon the unrelenting legs of a chair that stood near him. His first impulse was to feel sorry for doing this, his second to look around and see if any one had noticed this little outburst of temper.

It may be that the Christmas festivities of a few days before had been too much for him; but, whatever it was, Dicky was certainly cross and inclined to weep easily.

However, neither his mother nor his Aunt Gertrude noticed how he kicked the chair nor the way he scowled upon the world in general from under his tawny curls. They were absorbed in their preparations for entertaining the guests of that evening, and for once Dicky was forgotten.

"If I was going to have a party and invite all the people in the world I'd invite my own little boy, Dicky, too. I wouldn't leave him out," quoth Dicky out of the silence.

"What's that?" asked his mother carelessly, absorbed in her own thoughts. "No, no, Dicky; this is a party for mother's and father's friends. You wouldn't enjoy it."

"Oh, but I do want to come," persisted Dicky. "I've heard you all talking about it, and I want to see the new year come in the window."

"What is the child talking about?" asked his aunt.

"The new year. It's coming in the window, and I heard mother tell how you were all going to open it to welcome it in," replied Dicky, somewhat impatient at his aunt for not understanding so obvious a meaning.

"Nothing will come in at the window, dear," said his mother gently. "It's just a pretty custom. There will not be anything for you to see, and you will be much happier upstairs in your nice warm bed."

Dicky wept a little at the time, and when the hour came for bed under the stern eye of his father he rebelliously consented to be tucked in by his nurse, although not without further remonstrances. Finding them of no avail, he sobbed his woes into his pillow, while his father and mother went below to receive their guests.

By making a brave resistance to the drowsiness that was stealing upon him Dicky managed to keep awake until the party had assembled in the parlor below. Then he crept out of bed and hung over the banisters, eagerly trying to catch sight of the brilliant people in the gathering. A man passed along the hall. Dicky thought it might be his father and scampered back to bed again as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. And then without more ado he soon fell asleep, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Downstairs the hours passed merrily, and the old year drew to a happy close. First there were only fifteen minutes of it left; then there were only ten. Finally the old year had but five short periods, counting sixty seconds each, to live. The men and women gathered together showed nothing of the solemnity that underlies the merriment of all such gatherings. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes—ah! They turned from the windows in surprise to see Dicky standing in the doorway.

He was not dressed for the party, and his little nightgown afforded scant protection against the drafts of the lower room. He was not expected at the party, either, and the expression on his father's face suggested that he was not even welcome there. These considerations might have disturbed an adult guest, but they mattered little to Dicky.

He did not look or speak to any one. Ordinarily his father's sternness would have sent him with a headlong rush to the protection of his mother's arms. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he went to the window, and, although his eyes were closed, his little hands unlocked the catch that fastened it and opened the great casements without a mistake or hesitation.

His mother, choking back a cry, took a furred wrap and went to cover him. His father looked, half in fright, at his brother, who was standing near.

"Be careful not to wake him suddenly," said Dr. Tom. "He's walking in his sleep!"

He raised the child gently in his arms and held him in the full blaze of the great chandelier, but Dicky's closed eyelids never quivered as the light struck against them.

When he opened his eyes he was amazed to find himself at the party after all, surrounded by men and women, who all said cheerfully, "A happy New Year to you, Dicky, dear!"

He was too drowsy to be frightened, but as his father carried him back to bed the child heard the great bells of the city calling out to him:

"A happy New Year, Dicky, dear, and many of them!"

The Old Year And the New

I WATCHED the old year fade,
And with its dying light
The gloom, at first a shade,
Turned into darkest night.
And then I said: "Tis gone
The old year is no more,
And memories now alone
Linger along the shore."

I watched the old year die,
And with its fading day
There came the thought that by
Its death a brighter way
Opens up, and, all things bright,
We'll have surcease at last
From specters dark as night.
They'll live, but in the past.



THE OLD YEAR'S FLIGHT.

I watched the old year's flight
And then said, with a smile,
"Ah, now the new year bright
Will hide with us awhile!"
But ere my hopeful dreams
Have realized one day
Is dead and passed; it seems
It starts but to decay.

Thus all along the way
Gravestones must mark the miles,
An epitaph each day,
A tomb of tears and smiles.
So we begin the new
("Tis old are we've begun)
To find it's aging, too,
With the first setting sun.

But 'twill not always be,
There'll come a living day,
And all things new, and we
Shall live in endless May.
No gravestones then will mark
The tombs where dead hopes lie,
No nights of sorrow dark
Creep o'er our changeless sky.
—James Daniel Cleston.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE dawn is gray and chilly
with the frost,
The old year's pulses now
dutter, now is still,
And all our twelvemonth's deeds,
for good or ill,
Pass into shadow, silent, one by
one,
While from the night wherein we
wander, lost,
The new year rises with the rising
sun.

A new year? Nay; 'tis but the
same old year,
The same remorseless round of
sun and rain,
Of seasons in their order, joy and
pain—
The old emotions playing upon
strings
That wax a little older, drawing
near
The final end of all remembered
things.

Earth ages, and the very moun-
tains nod
With years, and we who crawl
upon their breast
Pass at the sliding sands' benign
behest,
Hate fades, greed fails, lust crum-
bles into clay,
And there are left but love and faith
and God,
To whom a thousand years are as
a day.
—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

A New Year Proposal.

"What resolutions have I vowed to keep
the coming year?
Come, sit beside me, maiden fair, and
straightway you shall hear.
I've pledged myself to choose one girl
from out the throng so gay
And love her with an honest love forever
and for aye."

"I'll work for her with brain and brawn,
with all my might and main,
Until I've won her everything that bet-
tery can gain.
I'll fill her life with all that's good till life
itself is done,
And while we train our minds and hearts
we'll not neglect the fun."

"Now, tell me, won't you, maiden fair,
what you have vowed to do?
For I've laid bare my inmost soul to no
one but to you."
"I've made no pledges," she replied in so
demure a tone,
"But if you don't object I'll try to help
you keep your own."
—Wallace Dunbar Vincent.