

For the YOUNG PEOPLE



ON NEW YEARS EVE

JUST at twelve o'clock," Sister Loola told Weenty, "That's when the Old Year goes out and the New Year comes in."

"Can you see them?" Weenty asked. "What do they look like, Loola?"

"Why," said Loola, "I'm not really sure. It's time, you know. She sat looking quite wise as a big girl who had been to school for two whole years should."

"Time?" Weenty asked. "O, what you hear in the clock—it goes tick, tick, tick."

"No, that's not it," Sister Loola shook her head.

"Then I know," Weenty exclaimed. "I've seen pictures of Time. Father Time, he is. He is old and has a long, long white beard."

"Yes, but he's not really truly a person, you know."

"Are you sure, Loola?" Weenty asked. "I've seen lots and lots of pictures."

"Well," admitted Loola, "I've never seen him but, of course, there's lots of things a little girl like I haven't seen." Which was a very wise way for Loola to think for what one does not know may really be quite true and worth knowing.

"Then there might be," Weenty said.

"Anyway, we could look," Loola answered. "It wouldn't do any harm."

"Where?" Weenty asked. "In the clock?"

"No, silly, in the sky, I guess," Loola said.

"O-o-o-o! Just like fire-crackers!" Weenty exclaimed.

"I'm not sure a bit," Sister Loola hastened to say. "It might be that way, though."

Nurse came in at this minute and looked Weenty into her bed. Sister Loola hurried to go to bed, too.

"—and he sure to make us, Nurse," Loola said.

"Wake up!" It was Uncle Bob's voice from the hall. "Get up! Get up! You're on bed time and sleepers are in bed. All the bells and whistles will be ringing and blowing at such a rate you'd be deaf as well as sound asleep if you missed seeing the Old Year go."

Loola ran to the door and peeped out.

"O, but, Uncle Bob, I do go awfully sound asleep," she said. "Are you going to see the Old Year out?"

"I surely am," said Uncle Bob.

"Where?" Weenty called out from her crib.

"O, just around," said Uncle Bob. "One is not to meet with the old fellow any place at all. But don't you be afraid of not waiting up, children. The Old Year will tend to that."

"See, there is an Old Year!" Weenty exclaimed excitedly. "O, let's ask Uncle Bob about him."

But Uncle Bob had gone downstairs shouting to himself.

"I hope there is, anyway," Sister Loola said, snuggling down under her warm covers.

"He, too," Weenty asked.

And it wasn't so long after that Loola and Weenty were both as sound asleep as could be. They couldn't tell for how long it seemed the whole night and it seemed a minute when the merry sound of bells mingled with whistles of every degree began filling the air.

Up jumped Loola and Weenty rubbed her eyes. She rubbed them again to be sure she was awake for there was someone in the room. Some one quite strange looking. An old man with long white beard and silver hair dressed in a robe. But though he looked quite old he was a very spry person indeed. He came into the room and stood just between the children's beds.

Loola and Weenty looked at him



and then at each other. They didn't know whether to be frightened or not. But at last Weenty got up enough courage to speak.

"I believe he's the Old Year," she whispered to Loola.

"So you know me," said the old man. "I thought you weren't quite sure about me."

Loola looked a little abashed but Weenty spoke up.

"We weren't sure, Mr. Old Year," she said. "You see we'd never really seen you and until Uncle Bob spoke of you we—"

"Of course, you'd never seen me," the Old Year broke in. "Although I have lived with you every day. Well one year is a short time to get ac-

quainted with everybody in it, isn't it?"

"And now that we have met you you won't stay!" Loola exclaimed.

"Tell us where do you go after the year is up?"

"Well, I go and join all the other Old Years that were before me and we all around and talk about old times and I tell them all the latest news of the past year, then it's time for a new Old Year to join us."

"O," said Sister Loola. "Do you see all the years of very long ago, as far back as George Washington, who is in the History books?"

The Old Year chuckled.

"Why Washington's time was young you ought to hear some of them."

"And the Little New Year, where is he?" Loola asked.

"I have to go out and hunt him," the Old Year answered.

"Where?" asked Weenty.

"Not in the clock, anyway," said the Old Year with a twinkle in his eye.

"And what are you going to say to the New Year?" Loola asked. "Will you tell him about us?"

"Of course, and I'll give the New Year the presents. You know today is his birthday."

"What presents?" asked the chil-

dren asked in the same breath.

"Why the presents a year always gets. We pass them along to each other and they are usually in pretty good condition. There is the sky, for one, blue and gray, cloudy and sunny. Then there is rain—it's nice to paddle in, and snow, one can have lots of fun with it. There are the seeds for the flowers; they are interesting to watch come up. There are no end of saps for the trees and one must eat it up and out into fruit and leaves. The furry little animals and the big ones, the birds—O, there are a lot of things for the new year."

"I thought those things belonged to everybody," Loola said, a bit timidly.

"So they do," the Old Year agreed. "That is if you can enjoy them. And, of course, you must have time to do that."

"That's all," said Loola.

"And so you see you have to take them from time," said the Old Year. "Now there are three hundred and sixty-five days in this New Year—it's a leap year, you know—and as you sleep just about half of every day (being proper children), you have just one hundred and eighty-three days in which to enjoy all these beautiful gifts of the new year."

"Dear me!" said Loola, "that doesn't seem so very many."

"Enough, but not any to spare to be cross or unhappy in, is it?" remarked the Old Year.

"No, indeed! And I shall try very hard to economize my happy days," said Loola.

"And when we play together there will be just twice as much time, won't there?" Little Weenty put in.

"I shouldn't wonder at all," the Old Year said. "And now I will have to go—and I wish you a Happy New Year, while all the bells are ringing it in."

Before the children could answer he had gone. Loola hopped out of bed and ran out to the hall. Little Weenty sat up. In the hall Loola found Uncle Bob just coming up the stairs.

"Well, Happy New Year," he cried. "Did you see the Old Year, children, and did he come out of the clock?"

Uncle Bob laughed and told a thousand more stories about the Old Year.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

NEW YEAR bells are ringing—snow is in the air, Mistletoe and holly are hanging everywhere; Every one is happy while trudging through the snow, No one's sad or sorry to see the Old Year go; And every place where friends are meeting You hear the "Happy New Year" greeting— For on this day all girls and boys Wish to their friends the season's joys.

New Year's Day In the Morning

WHEN Robert Merrill made out his Christmas list he put a diary at the very top of the list. That didn't mean that he was going to give himself a diary, at all. He meant that he hoped somebody would give him one—and sure enough they did! For on Christmas morning he found a diary, bound in red just like a regular book and with his own name in gold letters on the front, on the floor beneath the Christmas tree. And, moreover under that same tree there was a diary marked Elizabeth Merrill for his sister. Evidently Santa Claus had thought that little brother Billy, who hadn't started to kindergarten yet wouldn't have any use for a diary for he didn't leave his bed. And, of course, Santa was right—folks have to be able to write before they can keep a diary.

Nobody in the family quite understood where Robert got his idea for wanting a diary but, anyway, he got the idea somewhere and as he got the diary too, everything was all right.

But there was one trouble with the diary that Robert had not foreseen—that was that he couldn't begin to use it right away. There was no page for the day after Christmas nor for the next day.

"I'll have to wait a whole week!" he exclaimed disappointedly. "Before I can write a single thing!"

He took his diary up to his room. And he sat down on the big window seat and wrote and figured for an hour Billy came to the door and wanted to go sled riding but Robert said he was too busy just then—they'd go later. Elizabeth came to see if he would play checkers with her and he slipped his board and diary under the pil-

lows quickly and said he'd be down pretty soon. And then, as soon as she had gone, he pulled them out and began figuring again.

"What you doing Robert?" asked his mother, as she went along the hall a little while later, "didn't you know that Elizabeth was waiting for you in the library?"

Robert started up guiltily, for all the world as though he had been doing something he shouldn't be doing. He stuffed his papers under the pillows again and hurried down to his sister.

Now if that had happened once, nobody would have thought anything of it. But it didn't happen just once. It happened every day and sometimes even two or three times a day. Every one in the house began to notice that Robert was doing something very mysterious. Even father observed Robert's thoughtfulness and asked, one evening, "What's bothering you son? Want any help?"

To which offer Robert replied, "No thank you, Dad. I'm just a-fingering."

Carol in the middle of the night. So it was ten o'clock when the Merrill family finished breakfast.

"Now you can show us!" said Elizabeth when the dishes were cleared away. "You know you promised you'd tell right after breakfast on New Year's morning."

"Come on into the library then," said Robert.

"Can we come too?" asked Mr. Merrill.

But Robert had hurried up to the stairs after his precious book. In a minute, he was back and he spread open his book and sorted out his papers on a small table where Billy and Elizabeth both could see everything.

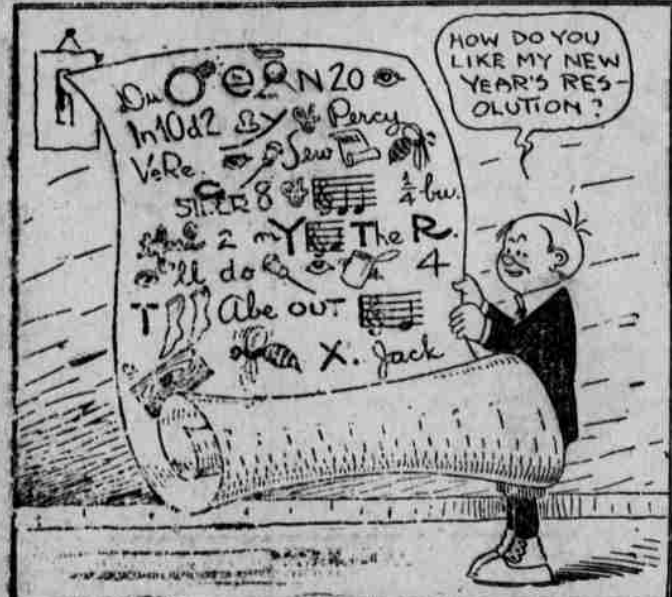
"Now I'll show you," he said, and with a proud intake of breath he began.

"Remember how much they've talked at school about buying thrift stamps and saving money and not spending foolishly and all that?" Billy couldn't answer, but Elizabeth nodded yes.

"And you remember how I always am 'broke' and my allowance gone and everything?" Even Billy nodded yes. This time all the family knew about Robert's poor business management.

"Well," continued Robert impressively, "I'm not going to be that way any more! Never! I'm going to put down everything I think I want to spend in my diary and then see how it looks before I spend it. And I'm going to think so hard that lots of times I won't spend it. And I'm going to buy a thrift stamp or give the teacher some money for a thrift stamp

A RESOLUTION



LADDER PUZZLE
The uprights of this ladder hold a message for you. To please put on your thinking cap and see what you can do.

1. At no time.
2. We'll.
3. A fish.
4. A boat.
5. Language of mind.
6. A tree.

A SEASONABLE DIAMOND
1. A consonant.
2. One of the bones of the head.
3. A girl's name.
Always comes with the New Year.
Fatigued.
To experiment.
A vowel.

ANSWERS LADDER PUZZLE
A—U
X—B—E
E—C—E
W—A—E
Y—O—H
E—A—T
A—S—E—N
R—O

A SEASONABLE DIAMOND
J—A—W
J—A—N—E—T
J—A—N—U—A—R—Y
W—E—A—R—Y
T—R—Y

A RESOLUTION
During 1920 I intend to study and persevere. I also will be considerate, and respectful to my father. I'll do all I can for those about me, and not be cross.—Jack.



"Now I'll Show You," Robert said. I'll tell you on New Year's Day—maybe."

The funniest part of it was that Robert hated to figure. He had always been the one who got lower in arithmetic than any other subject. And as for keeping accounts or anything like that—he never had even tried it. And now Robert, he who never added one and one if he could get out of it, was figuring in every spare moment. It was too mysterious! The family simply gave it up and waited for New Year's morning.

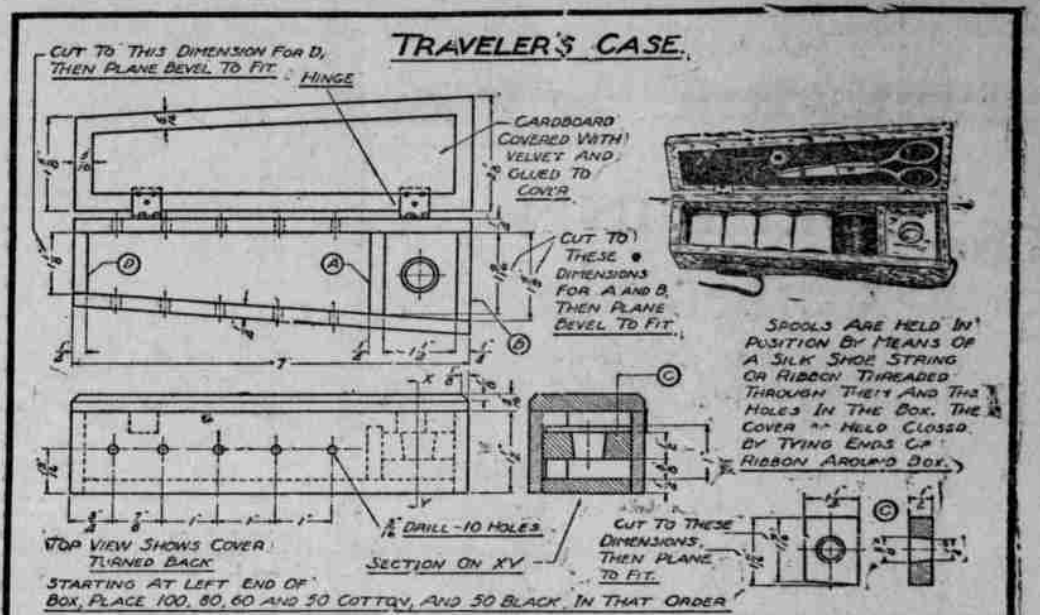
And finally that day came. Everybody slept a little late because of very special permission they had all stayed up to see the New Year in and to have the fun of lighting New Year candles and singing the New Year

stamps and saving money and not spending foolishly and all that?" Billy couldn't answer, but Elizabeth nodded yes.

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"Well," continued Robert impressively, "I'm not going to be that way any more! Never! I'm going to put down everything I think I want to spend in my diary and then see how it looks before I spend it. And I'm going to think so hard that lots of times I won't spend it. And I'm going to buy a thrift stamp or give the teacher some money for a thrift stamp

JOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.
BY FRANK A. SOLAR
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Child little article will be found to be most useful, not only by those who have much sewing to do as a regular part of their work, but by boys away at college, and older boys away from home where they no longer have the watchful eye of mother to keep their clothing in good repair. Of course, it goes without saying that girls will find the case a very great convenience, whether at home or away. Bottoms are bound to come off, and little rips will appear in clothing, and it is not always convenient to send the articles to the tailor. A little kit like the one shown herewith will provide the means to make the little repairs for yourself, thereby saving much time and no little expense. You may wonder why a thimble is included in the kit when it is recommended for the use of boys as well as girls, but if you have ever had occasion to sew on a button, you surely have discovered that a thimble is a mighty convenient thing to have.

When I was in college I was not fortunate to have such a thimble case to keep needles, thread and odd buttons in, but I had them with me just the same—except the thimble. I could have used it to great advantage, however, for many times I have pushed the butt end of the needle into my finger in endeavoring to sew on a button. The case will be found a fine gift for any occasion, and especially will be appreciated when it is known that it represents your own hand work.

The material for this should be a very good quality of wood. Walnut is very attractive and is recommended for use if it is possible to secure it. The application of linseed oil and later a thin coat of shellac rubbed down with very fine sandpaper will give a very pleasing finish.

An examination of the drawing will show that the front part of the box is not joined with the back, but the front makes a small angle with them. It will require careful work to get good joints and the attractiveness of the box is dependent upon the quality of your work.

According to our drawing, it will be seen that the bottom is 1 1/2" thick, 1 1/2" wide at one end and 1 1/2" wide at the other end, and 7" long. The ends are square with the back edge. Reduce this piece to the required dimensions, and then the side pieces, front and back. It will be well to fasten these pieces temporarily in place in order to fit the end pieces. The dimensions for these latter pieces and for the partition A are given slightly over size in order that you may have a slight margin for fitting. Fit them very carefully, remembering the caution given above regarding the attractiveness of the box. Part C will also have to be fitted with care and to assist you, the dimensions shown are slightly larger on one side. The hole in this part is cut on a slant to give the thimble a little better support. No special suggestions are needed with regard to this piece, or any of the remaining pieces that go to make up the case.

Small hinges are used between the box and the cover, and as the material is so thin, a hinge should be selected that can be fastened in the manner shown on the drawing.

A piece of cardboard covered with velvet and glued to the cover provides the means for holding the needles and needles.

The thread is held in accordance with the explanation given in the note—the small spool on the left end and the others placed in order of their size.