



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

NEW YEAR, OLD YEAR CHANGING PLACES

"Do you want to take my place?" asked the Old Year.

"What's it like in the world?" asked the New Year.

"Well, it's different at different times. Sometimes it is very gay and happy, sometimes it is sad. Sometimes there are quarrels, but there is much joy, much happiness, and oh, such a lovely lot of friends one can make."

"It makes the world a wonderful place—having friends."

"Then why do you want to leave?" asked the New Year.

"Ah, I am too old now. I must go away and rest—rest with all my beautiful memories."

"Have you lovely memories?" asked the New Year.

"They are surpassingly beautiful," said the Old Year.

"Then I think I will take your place," the New Year said. "You have had much joy, you have made many friends, and now that you must go you have many beautiful memories."

And the Old Year and the New Year changed places, and every one shouted:

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"—Mary Graham

Banner

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Wishing the Guys a Happy New Year

—By—

Noni Clack Bailey

"Happy New Year!" The greeting was called and returned as the dozen men and girls took their places in the office.

"Empty wishes," growled Smithers cynically; "tomorrow they'll be passing the buck, blaming each other for everything gone wrong and trying to get each other's jobs." Smithers knew them—wasn't he general manager around there?

Bill the office boy heard him as he came into his private office. Bill dropped his dust cloth and answered as only an office boy would dare. "Gee, Mister Smithers, you've got 'em all wrong. They're good guys."

"Maybe you didn't know when Jimmy Pense went to the hospital how the boys took turns sitting up with him nights to save him payin' for a special nurse."

"I guess you wouldn't know how Mary posted Miss Hann's books for her during the noon hour when she

THE FORTUNES OF ANOTHER YEAR

by Wm. L. Gaston

THE NEW YEAR has arrived and the most of us will soon be making the mistakes of last year over again.

Of course we will paint the first few days with the bright red of New Year's resolutions. But these resolutions will shape only the beginning of the year and will have small connection with the destiny to which the last days of December will lead us.

THE disappointments of the year are not apparent until the chill winds of November shake the leaves from the trees and leave facts and figures hanging stark and bare. Last year began well—all years begin well. They come tripping in jantastic colors over the snows of January, and are hailed with the hope and hilarity of youth. They come with banners and promise wealth. Rainbows always bend above the triumphal march of years.

BUT each year will bring its rain and storms, the days must be intermitted with sunshine and clouds. There will be harvest and deaths. Lack and plenty will go trooping side by side. Even life and death march with equal pomp in the passing column.

IF these varied conditions, these contrasts of good and evil, these successes and failures that make strong men of weaklings. These are the things that make brave hearts and been minds, these are the things that keep the masses of humanity bravely marching to meet the fortunes of the oncoming year.

TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED and Thirty-one may far outstrip all other years. It may bring more of wealth and knowledge. It may be more lavish with its opportunities and deal kinder with the children of men. But even so, the golden prizes of life ring out a challenge to the noblest traits and proudest aspirations of mankind. The coward and the slother will fail.

EXPECTING better years will bring better years. With better years better men will continually wage a better fight for a better world. To a better world better years will hasten their coming.



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New Year's Greeting from the Bens

By Florence Harris Wells

"It's been a sort of lonesome holiday season, hasn't it, Jane?" Ben Davy stopped his restless pacing to join his wife, gazing out over the fields with their deep blankets of snow. "So much snow all week, no mails nor anything. Even if our boy Ben over in the old country did write, we don't know it."

"Ben didn't forget us, pa. We'll hear soon as the cars can get through. Why there's a snow plow now, and a car back of it! It's coming here. I do believe. What's that they're bringing in?" Jane hurried to the door.

"We've come to install the new radio, Mrs. Davy," the two men set down their burden. "Where do you want it?"

"We haven't ordered any radio," Ben managed to blurt out. "Must be some mistake."

"No. It's no mistake. It was ordered for Christmas as and we couldn't get it here, with the Christmas rush, blizzard and everything. But the manager said we had to get this in today; so we got the plow to clear the way. Oh, here's a letter, too," the speaker fumbled in his pocket and produced the missive.

Jane opened the letter eagerly: "It's from Ben. He's giving us the radio. And listen, pa, what he says—'Tune in on the chain program at six o'clock your time on New Year's eve, and you'll hear the same Big Ben, you heard so often when you were kids over here in London, ring in the New Year, and I'm going to be the leading violinist in the orchestra that plays right afterwards. Don't forget now—chain program at six o'clock.' Jane's eyes opened wide in alarm: "It's noon now. Will you have that radio up in time?"

The men laughed: "You bet we will, Mrs. Davy. We got our instructions pretty straight from the boss."

At six o'clock Ben and Jane sat intent before their new radio. Big Ben was proclaiming the New Year in London. A moment of silence, then Ben slapped his knee: "It's Big Ben, Jane, Big Ben, and we haven't heard it since we were youngsters."

The chimera ceased and the orchestra burst forth. "And that's our little Ben, pal Don't you think we hear his violin?" "Seems I do, Jane. It's a grand New Year for us."

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A New Year's Reunion

—By—

Blanche Tanner Dillin

OLD scenes and faces returned to Lee Taylor, as he sat in his New York fourteenth floor apartment. Almost 40 years ago it was since he and James Moore, his life long friend, had quarreled over some boundary lines—just two days after the New Year's eve party, the last of Christmas week festivities.

Never had they spoken since then, and with one in New York the other in California, there was little chance of their meeting soon. Both had been wrong about the boundaries, but each was too proud to admit it.

A cherished hope of Taylor's was to have the chance to forgive and ask forgiveness.

It was comfortable here with the steam heat, the radio, and a car at his disposal—young Lee's gifts—but there was a longing for old scenes and faces.

Returning from a walk early in the evening, Mr. Taylor noticed a man turning from the door of the next apartment.

Apologetically the man asked if he knew whether the family was in. He did not, but the man's Southern accent awoke memories, and Mr. Taylor asked if he were a Southerner.

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply; "I reckon you are, too, sir?"

"Yes sir, from Spottsylvania county, Virginia."

The other man put out his hand—he was from Spottsylvania, and had recently been there. A light broke over Lee Taylor's face. "Oh, if it could only be true—" a moment's hesi-

tation. "You don't happen to know a family by the name of Moore, do you?" "Why," the man exclaimed, "That's my name—James Moore."

"Then perhaps you will be sorry you shook hands with me—for I am Lee Taylor."

The other again grasped Taylor's hand—"If you only knew how I have prayed for this hour, you wouldn't say that."

That night as the two families, including the daughter, the next door neighbor, celebrated the coming of the New Year, the two old friends with clasped hands resolved to let this be indeed a New Year with all misunderstandings buried in the past.

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Begin Anew

If you feel that you misspent last year, here's another brand new one you can use better.

Home for New Year's

By

Helen Gaisford

"HOME for New Year's," the doctor had promised, but of course, thought Drake Harmon, the doctor couldn't know how little home meant to him. He punched his pillow into a lump and propped himself up in bed.

Despite everything, Drake Harmon had enjoyed his first real sick spell. His salary would go on just the same, but instead of working he was free to read. Every day he had visitors who forgot to drop in when he was well, and besides—there was Miss Bowen. Now that it was time to go home, he realized how much he would miss his cheery little nurse.

The door opened and Doctor Scott and Miss Bowen entered. "Well," the



"Why, Man, You're Looking Fit as a Fiddle."

doctor began, "how's our patient today?" "A little—weak—I'm afraid, Doctor," he answered. "I wonder whether I ought to go home just yet."

"Why, man, you're looking fit as a fiddle. Here—and let's have your pulse, too."

Drake Harmon, thermometer in mouth, looked at Miss Bowen, and tried to make his eyes speak for him. She seemed to understand, for she blushed and turned aside. His heart went pounding.

ON THE THRESHOLD

By A. H. BALDWIN, in Detroit News.

RING out, O bells! Ring silver sweet o'er hill and moor and fell! In mellow echoes let your chimera their joyful story tell. Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, the joyous, glad refrain: "A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us again!"

Ah! Who can say how much of joy within it there may be. Stored up for us who listen now to your sweet melody! Good-by Old Year! Trust, trust, friend, thy tale at last is told: O New Year! Write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

"Great guns!" exclaimed the doctor. "Fever, too I can't understand your heart action. Yes, you'd better stay here a few days longer." With instructions for the nurse, he left.

Miss Bowen turned back to her patient. "Doctor says I'm to keep a close watch over you and see that you don't get excited," she said.

He laughed. "I'm all right—now that I know I don't have to go home." "You are lonely?"

"Yes," he answered, "and in love, too."

"Oh, Miss Bowen" looked away. "But I didn't find it out till just now," he continued. "I wouldn't mind going home if I could take my nurse with me."

With starry eyes she turned to him. "There isn't any reason why you shouldn't go home. You're well enough."

At the receiving desk they paused. "Tell Doctor Scott," he said, "to get a new nurse, and say, tell him I never felt better in my life, and am going home for New Year's."

RESULT OF CHRISTMAS



Pipe—Is Mr. Purse dead? Cigar—No, only temporarily flat on his back!

Dealing With the New Year
The New Year will be just like the old year unless you have a vivid imagination.

Nancy's New Year

by

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

"WISH I knew what New Year's looks like," sighed Nancy.

She was a bright little girl, and knew many things, but was always wanting to know more, and, having a lively imagination, she liked to make pictures of everything.

She had seen many pictures of Santa Claus, but she had a different one in her own mind, all sparkling and jingly, with Santa in it, but lots of other things, too. Now, when she said this about New Year's, her small brother, Douglas, shook his head, for he didn't know whether New Year's was a city or an automobile, or just what it was.

Big sister Barbara, who was a great tease, said, "New Year's looks like a hippopotamus with a monkey on its back." Father tried to explain about the calendar, and the maid, Thelma, remembering the household on the first of January last year, said that New Year's looked like sleepy-heads who were cross from eating too much. Even mother didn't have much help to offer, as she was busy getting ready for a party; and when Nancy appealed to Clarence, the man who did things around the place, he just grinned and said, "You'll find out when the time comes."

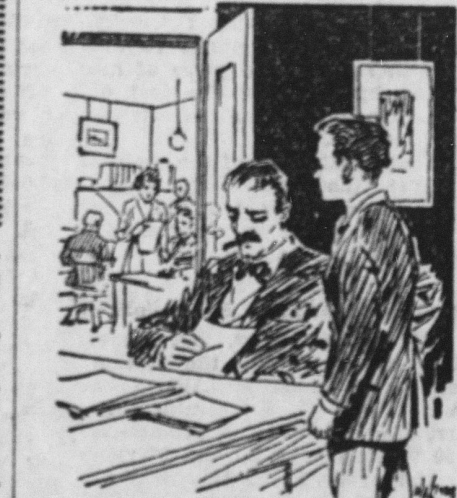
Her chum, Patricia, who was usually good at explaining things, was so preoccupied with her new ping-pong set, that she only said, "Silly!" and went on playing. So Nancy went to sleep that New Year's eve, still wondering.

When she woke in the morning, her mother called, "Oh, Nancy, get up and look out of the side window!" And when she ran, in her new Christmas pajamas to do so, she saw Clarence standing beside a beautiful little white pony and holding up a big card on which was printed, "Happy New Year to Nancy."

"Oh, goody!" shouted Nancy. "I know what New Year's is now—it's a pony—just what I've always wanted!"

And so, though the pony had been named "Dolly," it was always called "Happy New Year," after that.

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"Gee, Mister Smithers, You've Got 'Em All Wrong."

had to go to the dentist and how Mrs. Hill took Dot out to see her sick mother at noon so she could work in the afternoon.

"Maybe you didn't know how the fellows chipped in and bought a wheel chair when the train cut off old Mose's legs."

"Maybe you don't know how Mrs. Baker, the ad writer, gets up in the middle of the night and writes copy because she thinks of something good when she can't sleep. The janitor says she comes down lots of mornings before he does when the office is quiet, and I heard you bawl her out for being late from lunch yesterday."

"Maybe you don't know when that wire came last week for a big rush order while you was out of town, how they all worked overtime to help the packers get it out so the boss wouldn't blame you for bein' away."

"Honest, Mr. Smithers, you'd oughta know what good guys they are and pat 'em on the back sometimes. You'd get a lot more out of 'em. They mean it when they wish a Happy New Year—they wish everybody was happy and they'd do all they could to make it come true. Can't nobody be happy 'thout seein' what good guys other folks is."

"Folks are, Bill. All right, have it your own way." Then "Happy New Year, GUYS," he called into the general office. As one man, the office force gasped and exchanged delighted smiles.

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Resolutions

Most New Year's resolutions are the result of weakness rather than of strength.