The New Year's Girl

About even now, but which will be the taller when next New Year's day comes?

A New Year's Fantasy

By PHILIP KEAN

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THE long line of people stretched down the winding walk in front of the White House and through the gate and out into the street on New Year's day all the world might come and shake hands with the president, and it seemed as if half the world had availed itself of the privilege.

Marcia Marks felt almost unnerved by the thought of the honor that was before her. Marcia had not yet learned to shake hands with people at high position and august officials. She had been in Washington only three weeks. That she was soon to have a peep at the wonders of which she had heard so much seemed like a part of the fairy lore which she had loved as a child. She wished that there was some one who might share her pleasure. But she had made no friends, so she shifted from one foot to the other, moving forward slightly as far up at the other end of the line people were admitted through a magic door.

It was very cold, but Marcia's heart was warm. For the first time in her life she was earning money, and she felt a proper part of a home. Then, too, she had a new hat, which was a great cause of happiness. It was the first really lovely hat that she had ever possessed.

She did not dream that her exquisite blonde beauty framed by the big hat was attracting the attention not only of the policemen but of the occupants of the autos and of the carriages that drove slowly in line toward the other entrance, which she's privileged to have admitted at once to the blue room. Marcia feared her eyes on the pretty gowns, and for the first time as she stood there in the cold a little sick feeling entered her heart. Why shouldn't she ride in luxurious comfort? She had beauty and youth, and loved a good time.

But even as the thought entered, she put it away. Wasn't she lucky enough with her job? Wasn't a month her new hat? And once more her face was bright, and she held her head high.

Then suddenly she gave a startled glance under the brim of her hat as the door of a great motor car opened and a voice said: "Won't you get in with me?"

The woman who spoke was beautiful with the beauty of old age. Under her wide hat her hair was white, but she held herself with grace and dignity. "Oh," Marcia faltered, and the lady said, quietly: "Get in, my dear I will explain later."

So Marcia, followed by the eyes of the crowd, stepped into the wonderful car, which went slowly up the drive way.

Then the beautiful lady turned to her: "I look forward to have the beautiful lady told her. 'when I went abroad years ago, my little girl died. I wasn't going to run the chance of not having a little girl to take my place in, and made you lose your place in the line.'

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Marcia. "I can go back to the end and wait."

"Indeed, you will not," said the beautiful lady. "I am going to take you right along with me to the blue room. I am to stand behind the receiving line, and you shall meet the president and go on to the east room, and wait from me there."

"But I am not dressed for that," Marcia demurred.

"I am going to play fairy godmother, and put my wrap on you. Your gloves are all right, and your hat, and you shall have my violets, and presto!—you will be a royal lady of fashion."

Marcia protested, but for just one moment the curtains of the closed car were drawn, as the wrap was slipped from the fairy godmother's shoulders, and transferred to Marcia's more slender ones, and then the crowd, holding on now with exquisitely governed vigour, side by side, the younger one blushing beautifully over her bouquet of violets and valley lilies.

The rest was a dream—to little Marcia—the entrance into the brilliantly lighted rooms, the music, the rustle of silken gowns, the presentation to the president. She drew a great breath of delight, as she settled herself finally in a corner of the east room.

But there was more to follow, for in a few moments the fairy godmother sent the prince. He was the nephew of the beautiful lady and he was to take care of Marcia.

And he did take care of her, most graciously, and he talked with her as if she were a princess instead of a very shabby little girl, with her shabbiness covered by a borrowed cloak.

"Aren't you warm?" he said to her once, and Marcia said hurriedly, "Oh, no." But when he said again: "I think you'd better let me take your wrap," she laughed and confessed.

"It's your aunt's cloak, and I wish you could see what a very shabby little suit I am wearing under it."

And the prince said the cloak wasn't any prettier than the hat, and that the hat under the hat was the prettiest of all, and just then the beautiful lady came along and asked: "Have you made friends with my boy, Marcia?"

"I think he is lovely," she said, and blushed prettily.

She was carried off to dinner with the beautiful lady, and the prince went too. And when Marcia took off the cloak he said he liked her in her simple little suit. "Only you must still wear the violets, because they match your eyes."

It was all very dear and delightful, but that night when Marcia went home to her poor little apartment she told herself that, of course, she must not expect anything more. It was a New Year's fairy tale, and that was all.

But the beautiful lady came every day and took Marcia out with her, and often the prince was there, and at last, one day, Marcia said: "Beautiful lady, you must not, you are spoiling me for everyday things."

But she did not say that the real reason for her protest was because of the prince. He was such a charming prince, and she felt that for her own peace of mind she must see him less much of him.

And as Marcia withdrew more and more the prince one day demanded of the fairy godmother: "Where's your Cinderella?"

"She fashion," the old lady smiled, on sitting in the ashes. She says we are too fine for her with our pumpkin coaches and our palaces."

Humph," said the prince, "I guess we will see about that." He thereupon sought Marcia in her shabby apartment.

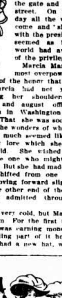
Marcia's face was radiant as she welcomed him. "But you must not come again, "she said, when he was leaving.

"Why not?"

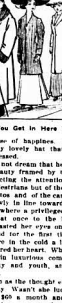
"Because," said Marcia, which was not a real reason.

"I shall come as often as I please," he said.

Then Marcia stood up very straight and said: "I am only a shabby little Cinderella," she said, "and I must



"Won't You Get In Here With Me?"



"But You Must Not Come Again," She Said, When He Was Leaving.

work, and I haven't the time to fritter away with fairy godmothers and princes who wear gardening gear."

Then he looked very sober and asked: "Do you think I fritter away my time?"

"Yes," Marcia told him, "I do."

"Well, tomorrow I am going to work." he said, "I have always been dared me to the Philippines. And I shall be gone six months."

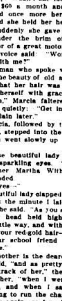
"Six months?"

Something in her voice made him say sharply: "You care?"

Marcia tried to say "Oh, no," but her lips were stiff and her voice shook

Then the prince gathered her into his arms. "You shall go with me, little Cinderella, he said. "From the minute I saw you in your fairy god mother's cloak. I knew you were the one woman."

"And I knew you were the one man," she told him later, "but sometimes I felt that it would never really come true, for it seemed only a New Year's fantasy."



"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Tennyson

The New Year is but a mirror of the years that are past, and it may bring before you all that is best and brightest, helpful and heartening, truest and holiest, for it may urge you for you all that is debasing and dishonorable, you, alone, can determine those things.

To the Old Year

By Julia Jayne Walker

MANY days we've faced through gay and wintry weather, Old Year, I yet not let you go! Such great times we've had as we journeyed side by side. None other so intimate as thou! My other friend, save thou, has will neased in defeats, neither so cheerily, shared my triumphs.

When friends proved unkind thou didst sulk by my side and counsel patience. The hurts of wounded affection were healed, time alone endured. Thou wadst sahee in a new day, full of sunshine and the song of birds. Its blessed healing power didst revive my drooping spirit and soothe all wounds.

Thou didst bring me friends from afar. The meeting them in the flesh once again, the looking into loving eyes and holding hands warm with the grasp of friendship, proved a benediction after long years of weary-big separation.

The turning point in life came to more than one young person about me. Crucial questions were decided which will make for weal or woe. Thou didst accompany me each day while I helped to guide young lives into making safe departure from the boyten path. Farewells have been said which tore the heartstrings and made them bleed afresh with the ever new pangs of parting.

And then a time came when a great wrench must be made. The old ways were to be mine no more. I must turn my back upon the past and set my face resolutely towards the future. No matter how hard the road, one has many heartaches and longings for the old path were involved in the treading of the new, there was to be no looking back. With gaze bent forward, the present must be lived; but there need be no fear, with a heart of courage within and God in his heaven overhead.

All these memories are linked with thee, Old Year! How can I part from thee? No matter how and the retrospect, no matter how many sighs and heart-throbs, we have trod the way together. Thou, and not another, hast been my companion over both the rough and pleasant ways.

I feel so much at home with thee, Old Year! Thy face, so familiar, is the face of an old friend. But this stranger which comes on space, hurry up to take the place and to usurp my privileges, I know naught of him. I know not what strange new ways he may usher in. He fills me with distrust and foreboding.

He comes bringing vast possibilities for great things. Who knows whether he will realize his responsibility and seize the moment of achievement as soon as it is presented? If he proves to be a worthy heir of thine, he may add immeasurably to the world's acquisition of science. Ere his life be ended Tennyson's dream may be realized—navies "grappling in the central blue." Science may be making houses of cement, which shall be adapted to rich and poor alike. Wireless telegraphy and wireless telephoning may be as easily done as the same is upon wires today. Mr. Bland may have bridged the gulf between this land and the further shore, with his spirit communications. Medical scientists may have waged war against disease with such success that health may be reigning o'er the earth. Warfare between nations may have been made so destructive that universal peace will cover the land as a mantle of green covers the earth. But, Old Year, should he introduce all these innovations, he might also bring to his train sorrows and burdens, new trials and toils. I shrink from letting him.

I shall trust thy son to be worthy of his sire, Old Year, to be like thee kind and sympathetic, no matter what fate may bring to me. Casting fears to the wind, I look toward the future with smiling confidence, asking only that strength may be given to bear what ever of ill or good fortune the New Year may bring.

Nevertheless, I am loath to part with thee, the friend of so many dear days that are gone into the irrevocable past.

Goodby, old year, thou dost not go out of my life. Though I shall see thy face no more, the recollection of thy dear friendship will be sacred among my heart's treasures.

Farewell, old year, with you I bury a heart-ache and a sigh. Old year, if ever I could wish you back, I wish it now.

Seeing the New Year in

The Curtain Falls

By Margaret E. Sangster

Over the sorrow and over the bliss,
Over the tear drop, over the kiss,
Over the moans that blanket and shroud
Over the sounds that are sweet and loud,
Over the deeds in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won,
Now at the end of the living year,
Year that tomorrow will not be here,
Over the freedom, over our thralls,
In black and in indigo, the curtain falls.

Over our gain and over our loss,
Over our crowns and over our cross,
Over the life we have lived,
Over the life we have shirked,
Over the scars of our self-denial,
Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that tomorrow will not be here,
Quietly final, the prompter calls
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.

Over the crumbs and the solitudes,
Over the anthems and the beatitudes,
Over the hearths where bright flames leap,
Over the cribs where the babies sleep,
Over the graves where the sorrows lie,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that tomorrow will not be here,
Softly and surely, from starry walls,
Silently downward the curtain falls.