

# A New Year's Fantasy

By PHILIP KEAN

Copyright, by Associated Literary Press

HE 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 overpowered by the thought of the honor that was before her. Marcia had not yet learned to shrug her shoulders 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 was sending part of it home. Then, too, she had a new hat, which was a



"Won't You Get In Here With Me?" 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 pedestrians but of the occupants of the autos and of the carriages that drove slowly in line toward the other entrance, where a privileged few were admitted at once to the blue room. Marcia feasted her eyes on the pretty gowns, and for the first time as she stood there in the cold a little bit of envy 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 \$60 a month and 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 here 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 driveway.

Then the beautiful lady turned to her with sparkling eyes. "Was your grandmother Martha Witherspoon?" she demanded.

"Why—yes—"

The beautiful lady clapped her hands. "I knew it the minute I laid my eyes on you," she said. "As you stood there with your head held high in that haughty little way, and with your blue eyes and your red-gold hair—it was as if my dear school friend had come back to me."

"Grandmother is the dearest thing," Marcia said, "and as pretty as ever."

"I lost track of her," the beautiful lady told her, "when I went abroad years ago, and when I saw you I wasn't going to run the chance of not finding you again—so I made you get 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 won't," 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 young 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, looking

on saw two exquisitely gowned women, 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 hair 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: "Dear 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 not see too much of him.

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

"She isn't," 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 tall. "I am only a shabby little Cinderella," she said, "and I must



"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 gardenias."

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 told her. "They have ordered me to the Philippines. And I shall be gone six months."

"Six months?"

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

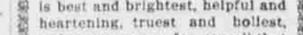
Marcia tried to say: "Oh, no," but her lips were white and her voice shook.

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 godmother's cloak, I knew you were the one woman."

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



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, or it may sum up for you all that is debasing and dishonorable—you, alone, can determine these things.



The folly of casting pearls before pork lies in that we ought to begin with pumpkins.

## Mistletoe Is Dangerous.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time, after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately, it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected, it invariably ruins all trees it reaches.

## English Women Smoke Pipes.

The latest fancy of the woman-smoker is a pipe—not the tiny affair that suffices for the Japanese, but a good-sized brier or a neat meerschaum. The pipe is boldly carried along with a gold card case and chain-purse. For some time now the cigarette has given place to a cigar, small in size and mild in quality. Women said they were tired of the cigarette, and wanted a bigger smoke.—London Mail.

## Cripple Rides Bicycle.

George Anstey, aged 12, a cripple of Leicester, England, is one of the most remarkable cyclists in the country. Both his legs are withered and useless, but the Leicester Cripples' Guild has provided him with a two-wheeled peddler machine, with a padded tube covering the axle bar. Across this he lies face foremost, and with wooden clogs strapped to his hands he propels himself along the streets and roads in a marvelously rapid manner. He has complete control of the machine, his hands acting as pedals, steering gear, and brake combined.

## Pretty Good Definition.

We hear some funny things in Fleet street sometimes, and the following definition of the height of aggravation, by a gentleman in rather shabby boots, whom we encountered in a well-known hostelry the other day, struck us as being particularly choice.

"The 'eight of aggravation, gentlemen," said this pothouse humorist, setting his pewter on the counter and looking round proudly, with the air of one about to let off a good thing, "the 'eight of aggravation—why, trying to catch a flea out of yer ear with a pair of boxin' gloves."—London Tit-Bits.

## An Alaskan Luncheon.

Runners of woven Indian baskets, with white drawnwork dollies at each of the 12 covers, were used on an oval mahogany table. The dollies were made at Sitka. In the middle of the table a mirror held a tall central vase of frosted glass, surrounded by four smaller vases, all filled with white spring blossoms. The edge of the mirror was banked with the same flowers. Four totem poles were placed on dollies in the angles made by the runners.

Place cards were water colors of Alaskan scenery. Abalone shells held salted nuts, and tiny Indian baskets held bonbons. The soup spoons were of horn, several of the dishes used were made by Alaskan Indians, and the cakes were served on baskets.

The menu was as follows: Poisson a la Bering Sea (halibut chowder), Yukon climbers (brolled salmon, potatoes Julienne), snowbirds avec auroraborealis (roast duck with jelly), Shungnak river turnips, Tannak beats, Skagway hash (salad), Fairbanks nuggets (ripe strawberries arranged on individual dishes around a central mound of powdered sugar), arctic slices (brick ice cream), Circle City delights (small cakes), Klondike nuggets (yellow cheese in round balls on crackers), Nome firewater (coffee).—Woman's Home Companion.

## Acknowledgment.

"You will admit that you owe a great deal to your wife?"

"I should say so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I wouldn't be invited to any of her receptions or musicales if I wasn't married to her."

## Disqualified.

Her—My brother won first prize in that amateur guessing contest, but they ruled him out as a professional.

Him—A professional?

Her—Yes. He's employed in the government bureau, you know.

## Lightning Change.

The Manager—Can you make quick changes and double in a few parts?

The Actor—Can I? Say, you know the scene in "Love and Lobsters," where the hero and the villain are fighting, and a friend rushes in and separates 'em? Well, I played all three parts one night when the other two fellows were ill.

## Not Altogether Dead.

Mr. Robert Butler of Marlborough, England, has had the peculiar experience of hearing his death announced. He was attending the poor law conference at Exeter when one of the delegates moved that, in consequence of the death of Mr. Butler, which they all regretted, another gentleman, whom he named, should be appointed to fill his place as one of the representatives of Wiltshire on the central committee. Mr. Butler rose from his place on the platform and announced to the conference, amid much amusement, that, so far as he was aware, he was still alive and in good health, and would be pleased to continue in the office if the conference desired.

## Bankers and Bank Notes.

Four men, three of whom were connected with brokerage concerns in the Wall street district, were discussing the United States paper currency and the disappearance of counterfeiters. "We are so sure nowadays," said one of the party, "as to the genuineness of bills that little attention is paid to them in handling, except as to denomination." To prove his assertion he took a \$10 yellowback from his pocket, and, holding it up, asked who could tell whose portrait it bore. No one knew, and by way of coaching the broker said it was the first treasurer of the United States. Again no one knew the name. "Why, it's Michael Hillegas," said the man proudly. "But in confidence, I'll tell you, I didn't know it five minutes ago."—New York Tribune.

## Viscid at Least.

Dr. Hiram C. Cortlandt, the well-known theologian of Des Moines, said in a recent address:

"Thomas A. Edison tells us that he thinks the soul is not immortal; but, after all, what does this great wizard know about souls? His forte is electricity and machinery, and when he talks of souls he reminds me irresistibly of the young lady who visited the Baldwin locomotive works and then told how a locomotive is made.

"You pour," she said, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and they you empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting room and make a blue print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully; and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!"

## Echoes of Munchausen.

It was an absent-minded traveler who had lately taken to ballooning.

"Yes," he observed impressively "It was a fearful journey. The machine, a thousand feet up, and no more ballast, headed straight for Siberia, and the rarefied air—well, you know as well as I do what effect that has on a balloon. Yes, the peril was terrible." Then the old habit was too strong for him. "The wolves detected our presence. A desperate race ensued. We felt their hot breath on the nape of our necks."—London Globe.

## Largest of Whales.

The largest whale of its type of which there is scientific record was captured recently off Port Arthur, Tex. He measured sixty-three feet in length, and was estimated to be about three hundred years old. Captain Cob Plummer, mate of a United States pilot boat, sighted the monster in the shoals off the jetties, and the crew of his vessel captured the mammal. The huge body was towed ashore, exhibited and much photographed before being cut up.

## Rat Bounty Excites Merriment.

Seattle, fearing the introduction of bubonic plague by rats, has offered a bounty of ten cents a rat. This moves Tacoma, safe from infection from the sea, to raucous laughter, and the Ledger says that the bounty, "though not intended for rodents of Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham and other populous and busy centers, has been finding its way into the pockets of non-residents of Seattle for non-resident rats. But the joke would be on us if it were found that our rat population had found its way into the Seattle census."

## Two Very Old Ladies.

We have heard a great deal lately about long-lived people, but it is probable that the oldest two people in the world today are Frau Dutkevitz and another old lady named Babavasilka.

The former lives at Posem, in Prussian Poland, and was born on February 21, 1785. She is therefore one hundred and twenty-five years old. The latter, however, is nine months her senior, having been born in May, 1784.

She is still a fairly hale old woman, and for nearly one hundred years worked in the fields. Her descendants number close on 100, and these now make her a joint allowance. She lives at the village of Bavelko, whose neighborhood she has never quitted during the whole of her long life. She remembers events which happened at the beginning of last century much more clearly than those of the last 40 years.—Dundee Advertiser.

## Too Ardent a Lover.

Georgotto Fontano, an embroiderer who lives in the Rue Sevres in Paris, has found himself condemned to a month's imprisonment for what seems to her a harmless act.

She was going home from a concert a few evenings ago when she decided she would like to see her fiancé. As he happens to be a fireman whose station is in her own neighborhood it occurred to her it would be very easy to summon him to her side by breaking the glass of the fire alarm and sounding a call.

She did so and in a few moments fire engines came from several directions, all laden with firemen, of course, but alas! her fiancé was not among them, and more than that all the firemen were angry, and before she knew what had happened she was taken to a magistrate, who proceeded to make the course of true love run unsmoothly by sending her to prison for a month in spite of her tears and protests that she thought it would be a simple way of bringing her fiancé to her side.

## The Bright

Nebuchadnezzar was lurching in his accustomed style.

"All flesh being grass," he reflected, "this must be Beef a la Mowed."

And chuckling hoarsely, he took another chaw.—Puck.

## Kindly Intentions.

"A man who enjoys seeing a woman in tears is a brute."

"I don't know about that," replied Miss Cayenne. "One of the kindest husbands I know takes his wife to see all the emotional plays."

## Takes Himself Seriously.

Nicola Tesla, dining by himself in a hotel's great dining room, takes a table where he can be seen. Throughout his meal he wears a deeply studious, a completely absorbed, attitude. He may bring to the table a portfolio filled with papers. These he may scan with prolonged solemnity. In any event, he sits an eloquent tableau of profundity.—New York Press.

## Holidays in the States.

Washington's birthday is a holiday in all states. Decoration day in all states but Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. Labor day is observed everywhere. Virtually every state has legal holidays having to do with its own special affairs—battle of New Orleans in Louisiana, Texan Independence and battle of San Jacinto in Texas, Admission day in California, and so on. Mississippi is like the federal government in lack of statutory holidays, but by common consent Independence day, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. A new one is Columbus day in a few of the states.

## Planting Wedding Oaks.

Princess August Wilhelm, wife of the kaiser's fourth son, has set herself the task of reviving one of Germany's oldest customs, that according to which newly wedded couples immediately after the marriage ceremony plant a couple of oak saplings side by side in a park or by the roadside of their native town.

The town of Mulchausen, in Thuringia, is the first to respond to the princess' appeal. A municipal official appears at the church door after every wedding and invites the bride and bridegroom to drive with him in a carriage to a new road near the town and there plant oak saplings.

The tree planting idea was started by a former elector of Brandenburg with the object of repairing the ravages caused by the 30 years' war. The elector forbade young persons to marry until they had planted a number of fruit trees.

## An Unnecessary Confession.

A hearty laugh was occasioned at the Birmingham police court by a prisoner who gave himself away in a very delightful manner. The man was the first on the list, and the charge against him was merely one of being drunk and disorderly. He stepped into the dock, however, just at the moment when the dock officer was reading out a few of the cases which were to come before the court that morning, and a guilty conscience apparently led him to mistake these items for a list of his previous convictions.

He stood passive enough while the officer read out about a dozen drunk and disorderly, but when he came to one "shopbreaking" the prisoner exclaimed excitedly: "That was eight years ago, your honor." Everyone began to laugh, and the prisoner, realizing the blunder he had made, at first looked very black indeed, but finally saw the humorous side of the matter, and a broad smile spread over his face. His blunder did not cost anything.—Birmingham Mail.

# That Suit for Libel Against the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Gave a Splendid Chance to Bring Out Facts

hospital and at the risk of death be cut.

Plain common sense shows the better way is to stop food that evidently has not been digested.

Then, when food is required, use an easily digested food. Grape-Nuts or any other if you know it to be predigested (partly digested before taking).

We brought to Court analytical chemists from New York, Chicago and Mishawaka, Ind., who swore to the analysis of Grape-Nuts and that part of the starchy part of the wheat and barley had been transformed into sugar, the kind of sugar produced in the human body by digesting starch (the large part of food).

Some of the State chemists brought on by the "weekly" said Grape-Nuts could not be called a "predigested" food because not all of it was digested outside the body.

The other chemists said any food which had been partly or half digested outside the body was commonly known as "predigested."

Splitting hairs about the meaning of a word. It is sufficient that if only one-half of the food is "predigested," it is easier on weakened stomach and bowels than food in which no part is predigested.

To show the facts we introduce Dr. Thos. Darlington, former chief of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Ralph W. Webster, chief of the Chicago Laboratories, and Dr. B. Sachs, N. Y.

If we were a little severe in our denunciation of a writer, self-confessed ignorant about appendicitis and its cause, it is possible the public will excuse us, in view of the fact that our head, Mr. C. W. Post, has made a lifetime study of food, food digestion and effects, and the conclusions are indorsed by many of the best medical authorities of the day.

It is possible that we are at fault for suggesting, as a Father and Mother might, to one of the family who announced a pain in the side: "Stop using the food, greasy meats, gravies, mince pie, cheese, too much starchy

food, etc., etc., which has not been digested, then when again ready for food use Grape-Nuts because it is easy of digestion?"

Or should the child be at once carted off to a hospital and cut?

We have known of many cases wherein the approaching signs of appendicitis have disappeared by the suggestion being followed.

No one better appreciates the value of a skilful physician when a person is in the awful throes of acute appendicitis, but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Just plain old common sense is helpful even nowadays.

This trial demonstrated Grape-Nuts food is pure beyond question.

It is partly predigested.

Appendicitis generally has rise from undigested food.

It is not always necessary to operate.

It is best to stop all food.

When ready to begin feeding use a predigested food.

It is palatable and strong in nourishment.

It will pay fine returns in health to quit the heavy breakfasts and lunches and use less food but select food certainly known to contain the elements nature requires to sustain the body. May we be permitted to suggest a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs, and some hot toast and cocoa, milk or Postum?

The question of whether Grape-Nuts does or does not contain the elements which nature requires for the nourishment of the brain, also of its purity, will be treated in later newspaper articles.

Good food is important and its effect on the body is also important.

"There's a Reason" Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.