

Some New Year's Stories of Abounding Interest

THEIR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS



There were Richard and Paul and Ruth and Mamma and—goodness me, I all but forgot it—this mysterious thing which grown-ups call a New Year Resolution. Now the brothers and sisters and Mamma were sitting in the big living-room on the afternoon of January 1st when the New Year Resolution had to pop in and spoil their lovely party, as you shall see later on.

Not that a New Resolution is anything you can touch, or smell, or taste, or hear, or see—for you can't. But somehow, it has a mysterious and most uncomfortable way of bobbing up around the first of the New Year and worrying people, little and grown-up, just lots.

Richard himself really had no idea he was going to ask such a question two seconds before he did; it just popped out of his mouth—and, as they say, the ball was started rolling. "Mamma," he asked, "what is a New Year Resolution?"

Mamma smiled. "It is a spoken resolve," she explained, "not to do a certain thing one has been in the habit of doing, or to do a thing one has not been in the habit of doing—from the first day of the New Year right on through to the very last day of that year. I'm afraid that is about the best explanation I can give; it is too big for such little ears."

"Oh no," said Richard promptly for, since he was in the fifth grade, he quite prided himself upon being able to understand "grown-up talk," as he called it.

But Paul was still a little in doubt. "Do you mean, Mamma," he asked, "that you say you're going to do something, or you're not going to do it—and then you—you stick to what you've said?"

"Exactly," laughed Mamma. "In fact, Paul, I believe your definition is really better than the one I gave."

As for Ruth, why she knitted her little brows together and copped her

dainty chin in her chubby hand and thought—and thought—and thought. "Recently she looked up. 'Oh, I see,'" she cried. "If Paul says he won't pull my hair any—not at all—this year, is that—?"

"Exactly," said Mamma again, and with an even heartier laugh, "exactly—provided Paul sticks to what he says. The moment he forgets, however, and pulls your hair then it is no longer a New Year Resolution; or, rather, it is a broken one. Which, alas, my dears, is the kind most of them become before the New Year is very old. People, you know, find it rather easy to make such resolutions, but very, very hard to keep them."

"Humph! I don't see why!" said Richard scornfully. "I bet you if I made a New Year Resolution I could keep it—I don't see anything hard in that!"

"Well," suggested Mamma, "suppose you resolve not to use the words 'I bet you' from to-morrow clear on through the year, every day, until the first of the next year? Do you think you could keep that, Richard? Why, goodness me, you've told me many times that you would remember not to use those horrid words—and an hour later you say them without hesitation!"

Richard lunged his head and made no reply.

"It is easy, oh so easy to make them," Mamma continued, "but so hard to keep them. Now I dare say little Ruth, here, might resolve most sincerely not to use her finger-nails during the coming year. But, here we are, I have rather a feeling that before New Year's Day is over those fingers of hers will have been peeped into her mouth—and she'd declare she didn't know how they got there!"

Paul sneaked.

"And Paul!"—Mamma turned and patted him on the shoulder—"way Paul might make a resolution not to enter the front door without first wiping his feet on the doormat. It is—how long, Paul, do you think you could remember it?"

Paul grinned. "I could remember nine as long as Richard and Ruth remembered theirs," he answered. And then added, "And lots longer, too!"

"I wonder, I wonder," said Mamma slowly, half as though she were speaking only to herself. "I wonder if my little children could keep a New Year Resolution?"

"I bet you—I mean I know I could!" said Richard.

"I could, too!" cried Paul, with a particular emphasis upon the "I" word. "Deed 'Deed," he added, "I would Ruth, at the self-same instant, for getting and raising her poor, abused, badly bitten little thumb to her mouth."

"Very well," said Mamma promptly, "we shall see. Now, perhaps I had better suggest the resolution—the same for all three of you—then maybe it will be easier for you to keep it. At all events, we shall see who is the first to break it. Will you all resolve not to quarrel with each other—for a whole year?"

"Yes indeed!" the three children cried in unison. And the scornful Richard added, "That's easy! Hub! If Paul and Ruth don't fuss at me I bet you—I mean I am sure I won't at them!"

"Oh, Richard!" laughed Mamma. "Can't you see? Of course, you wouldn't quarrel with Paul or Ruth if they didn't quarrel with you—of course not. But that isn't the point! When you make a resolution like that, you resolve not to quarrel—even if they do quarrel with you?"

And the same thing would apply to them. Can you see now how hard it is to keep a New Year Resolution? You can? All three of you? Very well then; now I want each of you to say, 'From this moment on, for a whole year, I firmly resolve not to quarrel with the other members of this family!'"

They did. Standing at Mamma's knee, one at a time, they spoke the resolution.

Just then Mamma was called to the phone.

She had scarcely left the room before Richard spoke up. "It's a good thing, Ruth, that you didn't resolve to keep your finger-nails," he said, with a tantalizing grin. "I bet you couldn't keep it one hour!"

"I could!" Ruth protested.

"You couldn't!" Richard declared. "Could?"

"Say, interrupted Paul, 'you make me tired, Richard. Stop picking on Ruth. Maybe you think you could resolve not to say 'I bet you' and keep it? Huh, like fun you could!"

"Dry up, Paul!" Richard retorted instantly, with every sign of becoming angry. "And I guess you think you could resolve to wash your ears every morning for a whole year, huh? Why, that washrag would slip the very first morning!"

"It would not! You give me a pain, Richard!" answered Paul hotly. "You think you're a regular man and you put on so many airs, and—"

"I do, do I?" cried Richard. "Well, maybe I'll put something in your face you won't like in about a minute and—"

"Boys! Boys!" exclaimed Ruth, clutching each of them by the arm and trying to pull them apart.

"You keep out of this!" cried Richard.

"Let go of me!" echoed Paul.

And both of them shoved, her roughly aside—a little more roughly, no doubt, than they had meant to, for poor Ruth tripped and fell.

Instantly she was upon her feet again, mad all over; she doubled up her tiny fists and began to pummel both of them.

"You nasty, horrid boys!" she cried. "I just hate you! I just hate you!"

Then—right at that moment—Mamma opened the door and stepped on the threshold, amazed.

"What's all this?" she exclaimed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves! What has become of your New Year Resolutions? The moment my back is turned you—"

"Richard started it," said Paul. "I did nothing of the kind!" retorted Richard.

"Both of them did!" cried Ruth. "And she made it worse!" the boys hastened to explain.

"Silence! Silence!" commanded Mamma. "Now, now you see for yourselves! You were all equally guilty—for no matter who started it, he couldn't have quarreled alone. It takes two to make a quarrel, and if the other two of you had kept silent and refused to quarrel, why then whoever began it couldn't have quarreled with himself, so—don't you see what I mean, children? To keep the first New Year Resolution just about five minutes! Oh, it makes me feel simply dreadful!"

And forthwith three little pairs of arms rushed at Mamma and reached up to clasp her around her neck and to promise her that they would never, never do it again.

And they insisted upon making the resolutions all over again; and they vowed they would keep it this time.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

It was an awful long time before I understood what Papa and Mamma and Aunt Kathy and other grown-ups meant when they talked about 'turning over a new leaf on New Year's Day.' Now if it had of been springtime, why anybody could go out and pick up a new leaf and turn it over; but in January the leaves what are left on the trees are old and dead—so I couldn't see where any new ones could be found.

Of course I no now what I had that about a leaf is silly—and I have to laugh at myself for thinking such crazy thoughts. But Mamma explained it all to me very carefully, and I decided that I would make a few New Year Resolutions and not say anything to nobody about them.

So I watched for my chance and set down at the big table in the library. I had found a big piece of white rapping paper which was rapped around the big box that came to Mamma from the hat store the other day. I sharpened the longest pencil I could find. I had so many resolutions to make and to turn over so many leaves that I needed a very big piece of paper and a very long pencil.

And this is what I wrote:—(I guess I have got sum words spelled wrong.)

January first, Resolutions of Richard Dabney Clyde Donaldson which means leaves he has turned over.

Number 1 leaf, if Mamma will give me sum candy every day I won't make a pig out of myself and smer it on my close.

Resolution No. 2, I won't say 'Whoa' when anybody calls me but I will say 'Well what can I do for you?' like I heard Papa say the other day when he was walking erlong and a strange man stopped us—it sounds more dignified.

Third leaf, Towser, an scratch eround my feet all he wants when we are at the table, but I won't give him I mouthful, because Mamma says dogs mustn't be fed at table. I'll stuff little bits of food into my pockets and give them to Towser afterwards.

Fourth resolution, I won't make faces at Johnny green behind my jockey in school, cept when he does it first.

Resolution Number 5, I will clean my fingernails under the table so Papa can't see me doing it every day at dinner and I won't reach for nothing until they are clean.

Leaf no six, Mamma gives me fits erbout having dirty shoes and I'm going to carry erlong a hankerchief to push my shoes with every day just before I come into the house when I am called for dinner.

Number 7, I want make Sister Mauds bow give a cent to get out of the room every nite when he comes to see her. Sometimes I will do it for nothing.

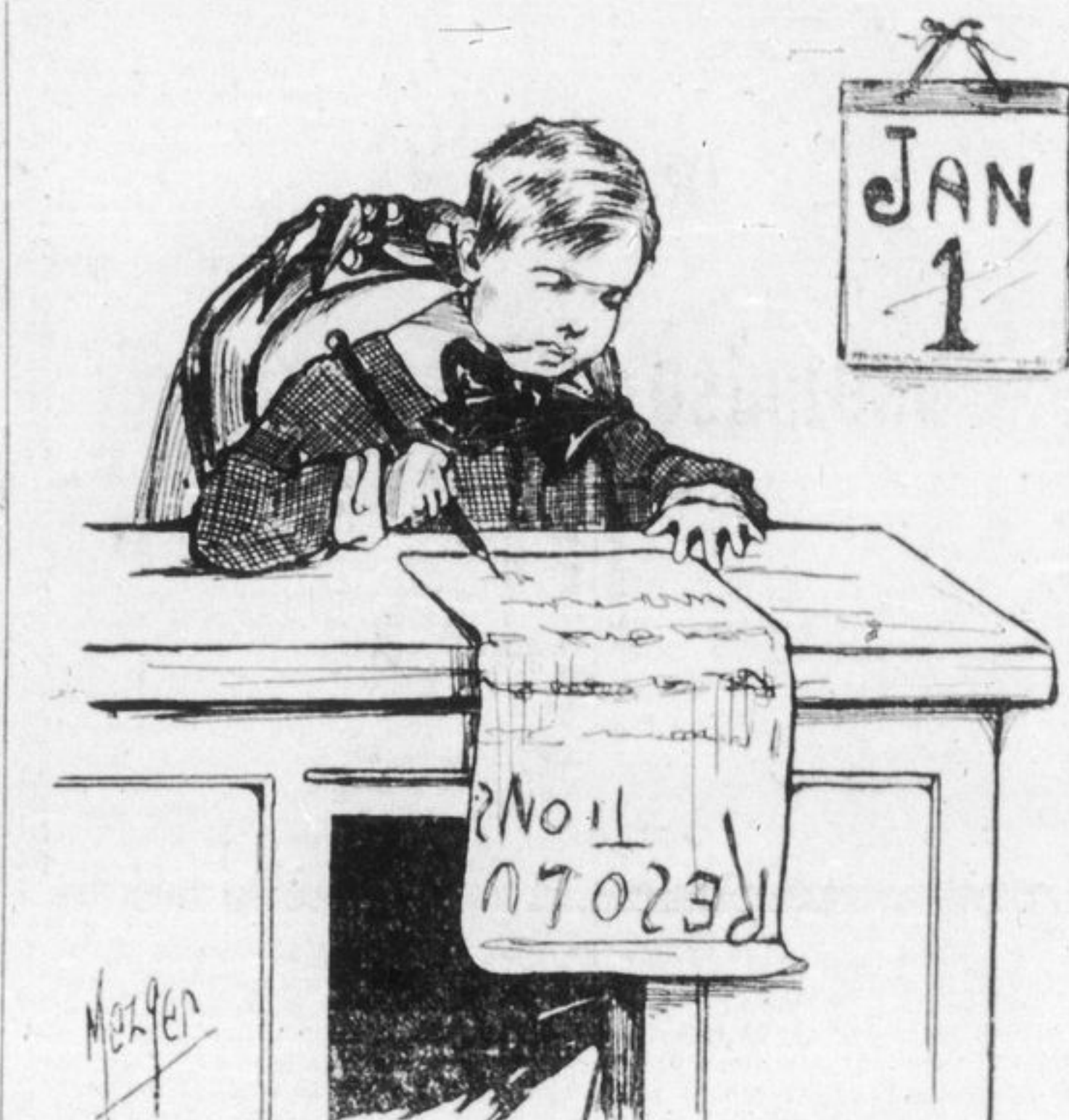
Resolution no 8 is that I will put on my old trousers when I slide down the banisters.

Leaf number nine I want ask Mamma what we are going to have for desert at dinner I'll ask cook to tell me before we set down at the table.

Ten, I will walk home, from school with Marjory when ever I want to no matter if Bud and Jonesy and the other fellers are yellin at me. But I can't go to carry no books of hers.

Resolution number eleven is that Mamma can make me go to bed at nine o'clock but I want to sleep till any old time I want to just to show her I oughtto stay up long as I want.

12 leaf, I will do everything Teacher tells me to for 1 week and then



maybe she will drop ded with surprise.

Thirteen is that I will make sum reserlotion for my friends and I resolve to make them keep them.

Leaf for Jonesy to turn over is that he will stop calling me snute and call me by my write nickname which is scerappy. I he dont I will rub his snute in the dirt.

Marjory can say nothing to that Fatty brown unless I tell her she can and then all she can tell him to do is go chase yourself.

I dont know if Teacher makes any reserlotions but I hope she resolves to give me sum good marks and not to keep me in after school if she does turn over that new leaf I mite turn over I not to play any tricks on her but I would be blamed for them any way so I mite as well

do them and get the fun out of them.

Last resolution is that I will keep these just as long as I can and not let any one talk me into breaking them if I can help it and if not there blood be on there own heads.

Amen.

If a young widow should marry again before the late lamented has resided in the cemetery a year, the neighbor women dont do a thing to her.

A man always shuts the door when about to be told a secret, but a woman opens it to see whether any one outside is listening.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but some of the imitations frequently surpass the original.



Same Old Bluff. The old year was backing up, preparatory to his departure. "Have you anything to say before you leave?" he was asked. "I don't know that I have. No, I guess not. Unless—"

"Yes, go on."

"If I had my life over again, I would do a whole lot different. I wish I had known then what I know now. I could have—"

"That's what they all say. It's old stuff, good-bye."

A SUMMARY OF EVENTS

(Continued from page 13.)
29—Duke of Connaught reviewed Overseas troops at Barrfield Camp.
30—Women at work in fields in Frontenac county to rush in crops.
31—Mrs. Nancy Job murdered in her home at 225 Wellington street. Albert E. Suddard arrested charged with crime.

August
2—Rev. S. J. M. Compton resigns as pastor of St. Andrew's Church to go overseas as chaplain of the 5th C. M. R.
3—Provincial License Commissioners decide to have Kingston bars close at 7 p.m. till December 1st.
4—James Belanger, painter, killed by fall in Strand Theatre building.
11—Word arrives of death of Pte. Edward Barry in a German hospital.
14—St. Andrew's hall given over for soldiers' club.
15—Toshi Ikehara, Japan, and a Queen's graduate of 1896, visits Kingston.
22—Cable received stating that Queen's Stationary Hospital had taken over barracks in Cairo, Egypt.
30—Child of Mrs. Osborne F. Taylor, 28 Johnson street, burned to death when fire damaged house.

September
1—Schools reopened; T. J. Leahy retires from grocery business after 25 years.
6—Hon. Martin Burrell spoke at Labor picnic.
7—Word came that Canon Forner's daughter, Nursing Sister Robinson, was saved from SS. Hesperian, torpedoed by German submarine.
8—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McEwen wedded 50 years.
10—Lieut. Col. Perreux returns from the front.
12—Ensign Madele Wilson, New York, conducts services in Salvation Army Citadel.
17—Dr. James Douglas, New York, elected chancellor of Queen's

University, succeeding the late Sir Stanford Fleming.
20—Nicholas Timmerman began his new duties as garbage inspector.
21—Gas supply shut off outer portions of city for a week to allow repairs to tank.
22—Chancellor Douglas gives a library building to Queen's.
26—Schooner city of Cheyboygan, which left here on the 25th, sank near Amheyst Island in big gale. Crew of five drowned.
27—City Council decides to secure employment for returned soldiers.
29—Death of Archdeacon Daykin, aged 83.
28—Twins (son and daughter) born here to the wife of William Murray, member of 21st Battalion at the front.

October.
1—Kingstons population reported at 21,325, an increase of 64 during the year.
2—Memorial service held in Grant Hall for Queen's students and graduates killed in the war.
5—Sir Sam Hughes reviewed troops at Barrfield camp and made some officers; colors presented by Mrs. R. S. Waldron to 59th Battalion.
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WATCH SORE THROATS

because swollen glands or inflamed membranes often affect other tissues and lung trouble easily follows. As Nature's corrector of throat troubles the pure cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is speedily converted into germ-resisting tissue; its tested glycerine is curative and healing, while this wholesome emulsion relieves the trouble and rebuilds the forces to resist tubercular germs and avert the weakening influence which usually follows. If any member of your family has a tender throat, get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion today. Physicians prescribe it to avert throat troubles, overcome bronchial disorders and strengthen the lungs. No harmful drugs. Always insist on Scott's.

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Commissioners paid visit to Kingston.
4—Dr. James W. Robertson, Ottawa, elected rector of Queen's University.
6—Church union carried in Kingston by vote of 471 to 469.
7—Nolan, the last of Welland Canal dynamiters, released from "pen."
12—James Bate died at Houston, Texas, aged 78.
14—Kingston Presbytery gives majority of 368 for church union.
18—Dr. Robert Hanley appointed attending physician and Dr. W. T. Connell consulting physician at penitentiary.
20—Mayor Sutherland gave farewell banquet at Frontenac Club.
24—Three sons of Mrs. K. Davis, Queen street, enlist for overseas service.
27—Ald. A. W. Richardson and Ald. J. S. McLean nominated for mayor; Masons held banquet at Hotel Randolph.
29—Knights of the Grip held banquet in Randolph Hotel.

SPIDERS WORK FOR A LIVING.

Make Cross Hairs for Surveyor's Telescopes at Hoboken Plant.

Popular Science Monthly. There is a colony of 200 spiders in Hoboken, N.J., which start work and stop work when the whistle blows. They are probably the most indispensable workmen in one of the largest surveying instrument factories in this country. It is their duty to spin the delicate thread which is used for the cross bars to mark the exact center of the object lens in the surveyor's telescope. The spiders produce only during August and September. In that time they spin thousands of yards of web which is wound upon metal frames and stored away until needed. A few weeks ago the entire colony, for no apparent reason went on a strike. Everybody was worried until the "forewoman" of the spiders, after patient coaxing, finally induced them to begin spinning again.

A thousand things that would be desirable enough under happier circumstances must be denied now in order that our people may be able to save for the support of the things that matter, the things that are necessary for the support of the army and navy, and of the many good causes which the war has brought before the Canadian people. Canada's war loan is a success. Let preparations be made even now for a similar success at a later period, when the Minister of Finance may be obliged to make another call on the patriotism and the purses of the people.

Wishing Everyone A
Happy and Prosperous
New Year

Louis Abramson,
336 Princess Street

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