

Section 1
A. F. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND MANAGER
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STORY OF THE RESOLUTIONS



Ten little resolutions all in a line—
Good man burns his thumb, then there are but nine.

Nine little resolutions wondering at fate—
Ten dollars comes in sight, then there are but eight.

Eight little resolutions point the way to heaven—
Long comes a poker game, then there are but seven.



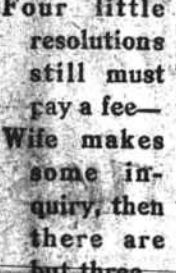
LONG COMES A POKER GAME.

Seven little resolutions in a sorry fix—
Pretty woman comes along, then there are but six.



Six little resolutions trying hard to thrive—
Long comes a horse race, then there are but five.

Five little resolutions, only five, no more—
Keyhole can't be found at all, then there are but four.



Four little resolutions still must pay a fee—
Wife makes some inquiry, then there are but three.

KEYHOLE CAN'T BE FOUND.

Three little resolutions looking very blue—
Some unheard of circumstance brings them down to two.



Two little resolutions pondering what's to be done—
Preacher's sermon hurts the man, then there is but one.

NEVER MIND.

One little resolution leaves a month before—
Never mind; next New Year's day you can make some more.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE SAD FATE OF A RESOLUTIONIST

THE New Year's resolutionist is thinking hard these days, smoking against time to get rid of his Christmas cigars and get himself as full of nicotine as possible before joining the anti-tobacco league, making memoranda of the errors of his ways during the past year and buying nice, fat, inviting journals, with 365 white pages and a cover of red leather, lettered in gold.

The New Year's resolution habit is one of those things that won't be snubbed out of fashion, as Valentine's day, New Year's calls and other ancient institutions have been. It is an instructive proceeding, this making of promises, signing of pledges and taking the vows. It shows up one's weaknesses and one's strength to all and sundry, but especially to the signer of pledges and maker of promises himself. It proves that two-thirds of the world's resolutions, like pie crust, are made to be broken, and occasionally it wakes up dormant pride and principles in some weak-willed individual and sets him strenuously on his legs.

But the success attained by the man who keeps his resolution unbroken through the year is sometimes of doubtful value. It puffs him up with pride, conceit and intolerance. Having accomplished his feat of strength, he has no patience with the weaker vessels who fell by the wayside—to put it liberally.

One such individual resolved one New Year's day in the tower of his youth to take a cold plunge every morning.

He considered cold plunges good for health and good discipline for a lazy



HE WOULD BRAG AND HE WOULD LECTURE and sleep loving body. He lived down south when he began his early morning aquatic performances, but later he came north to live, and he kept right on plunging head first into a cold tub every morning, winter or summer.

He kept this up for years, and his vigor and bloom were splendid advertisements for the benefits of the cold plunge habit and incidentally to his strength of will in acquiring and sticking to such a habit.

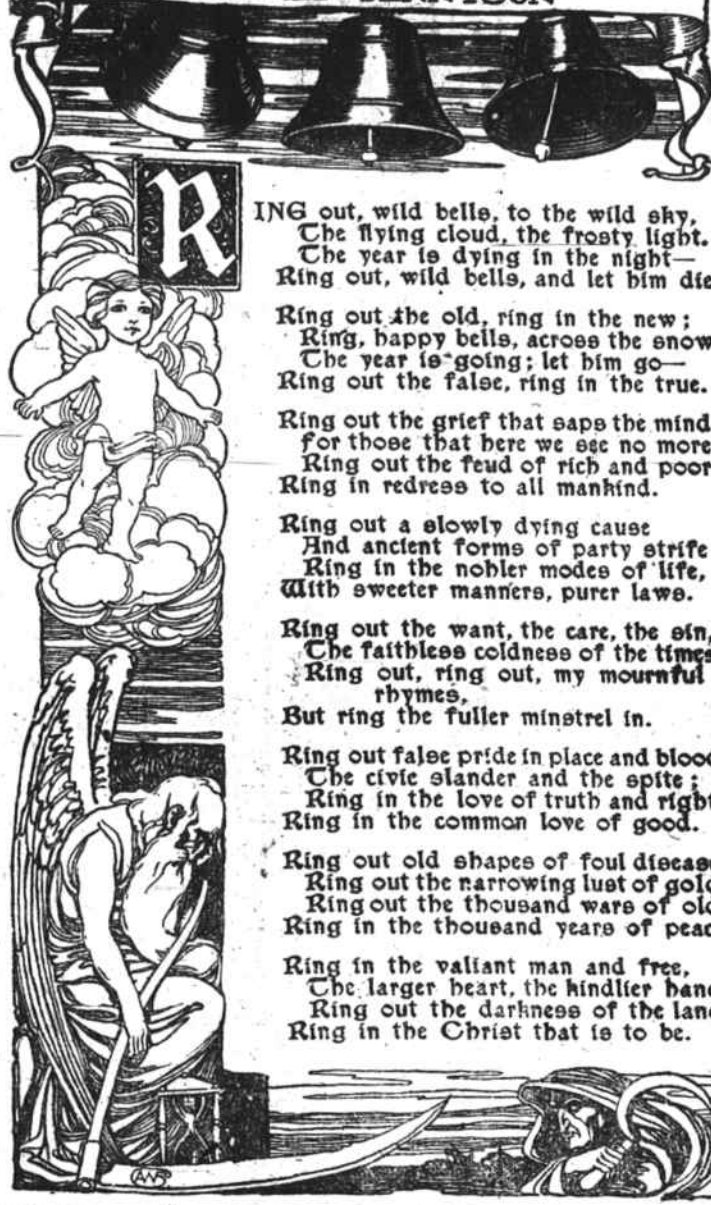
But he had the weakness of his strength. He would brag, and he would lecture people who did not like cold plunges or else took them only six months of the year. As the years went by he got more and more vigorous and more and more impatient with complaining, late rising, cold catching persons who would not be converted to his ways.

"I rise every morning at 6," he used to tell every one who could be prevailed upon to listen to him. "Then I draw the tub full of cold water—the colder the better. Then I plunge in, and in ten minutes I am ready to dress after a violent rubdown with the roughest crash in the market. And do I ever have a cold? Am I ever ill? I haven't had a pain or an ache in thirty years, and I am never in bed after 6 o'clock a. m."

Perhaps it is cruel to tell, but it was a positive relief to his friends when one morning he was found dead in bed at 9:30. The coroner said he had been dead five hours. So his friends blamed it all on his not having had the cold plunge at 6. Had he lived until then and taken his usual dip, they said, he never would have died at all. —New York Evening Post.

RING OUT WILD BELLS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON



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.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going; let him go—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A Thought For The New Year

Shall the world be better the next year, because of your presence in it? Your home happier, your community more uplifted? Here is a new year's resolve, which imperfect as it is, may have a meaning for you:

Resolved, That for our presence, our wives, our children shall walk in the golden sunlight of happy peace, that because of our word of cheer; our friends shall shoulder more gladly the burden of life; that for our gentleness, our enemies shall forget their hatred. That for our smile, the poor shall be rich, that because our hearts are warm, little children shall shout with crystal gladsome voices. That our hand shall kindly rest on the neck of the animal, that plows our field. That our dog shall nestle at our feet, in simple faithful companionship. That in deed and thought we shall love the great Giver of Time and Years, and that we shall be Brother unto Man. That we shall gather with full hands, the brightness of our souls, and shed it on our world. That we shall be brave in life's hard battles, and fight the bitterest fight, with the calmest mind, trusting that one great, immensely-loving God, has and holds us in the palm of His hand.

—A. VERMONT.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK CITY

YOU couldn't drag a New York man out of town on New Year's eve, and the only trips he will plan are auto rides in some sequestered locality late on the afternoon of the 1st, so that he can get fresh air and perfect quiet. As for the New York hostesses, when they are arranging for dinners it is with the understanding that the party shall go later to the theater and still later



ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

Join the throng which is bent on turning night not into day, for no day was ever like New Year's eve in Manhattan now, but into a cross between Mardi Gras, a bullfight and a football game, with dashes of a Coney Island festival and a queen's birthday.

There is one time honored custom of New Year's eve which will not be cut out, that of going to old Trinity, where the chimes will be rung, but there will be a change even in this. Albert Melshahn, the bell ringer, who had officiated for thirty years, is dead, and a Columbia undergraduate is in his place.

At the big hotels and restaurants it is estimated that between 1,000 and 2,000 people will be accommodated by each. Tables have been engaged for weeks, and the demand is so great that all the rooms usually reserved for drawing rooms are to be furnished with supper tables.

In regard to specific arrangements it is the mode at present to have everything at the hotel table as delicately fine as if one were entertaining at one's own home. If a dish is served that can be carried on the table the hostess wishes to supervise it, and any chafing dish article must have the finishing touches put in by her. Often she will make the salad dressing, all with the notion to give the appearance of the private entertaining with the public environment.

"The old time favorites, canvasback and terrapin, are no longer named by those ordering in advance or by the chef who prepares the regular menu for such occasions," said a hotel manager. "These articles of food are difficult to procure, expensive, and, besides, tastes have changed."

"The favorite supper dish now is some kind of shellfish daintily prepared so that one can hardly recognize its flavor. The approved menu is caviare or oysters on the shell, a consommé or clam broth en tasse, an entree of sweetbreads, frogs' legs, lobster à la Newburg, game and salad and tées with delicious cakes."

Chrysanthemums and American Beauties lead in the matter of floral decorations, with the usual holiday



GOING TO OLD TRINITY.

background of greens, holly and mistletoe berries and red ribbons. Carnations are also favorites. Many of the reserved tables will have special decorations of flowers and souvenirs sent by the entertainers. One hostess has ordered an elaborate centerpiece of orchids, with orchids for the women and gardenias for the men.

Some of the hotels will not make rules in regard to the kind of liquid refreshment served. If one wishes a cup of tea at 2 a. m. at these places he can get it. But at many of the hotels and restaurants nothing but champagne will be served after a stated

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rigidly adhered to. A woman, for example, may drink all the champagne and cocktails she wants, but if she attempts to light a cigarette she will be asked to desist.

Taking care of a big restaurant or hotel crowd, it is learned, is not so difficult as it sounds. When one of a party becomes boisterous the head waiter asks the assistance of his own party in keeping him in order, which is usually given with decision. One of the Broadway restaurants which will display the sign "Champagne Only After 10 o'clock" also offers the explanation that the reason for this is that a crowd of champagne fed is merely hilarious and good natured, but when highballs and mixed drinks are served there is always trouble-foot for the management.

The price for the table d'hôte suppers will be about the same in all the first class places. The hotels that do not place an embargo on wine usually go further and serve their patrons à la carte, as much or as little as may be required. The regular sum charged is \$5 for the menu prepared without wine. In the grill rooms, wine vaults, extra supper rooms, less desirable in location, some of the hotels will serve a \$4 supper and a few offer a very attractive menu for \$3.

Besides the hotel and restaurant celebrations most of the clubs will keep open house. The National Arts club will have a special reception for the members, and the members of the Players club, next door on Gramercy park, always foregather, no matter what other attractions there may be, to celebrate founders' night. The loving cup is passed around, a custom inaugurated by Edwin Booth, and after that the doings are wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

The New Year's eve celebration will by no means be limited to the restaurants, hotels and clubs, although they perhaps furnish the most pictur-



CHAMPAGNE ONLY AFTER TEN O'CLOCK.

esque and interesting elements of the celebration. Broadway will add its decorative features, and hundreds of thousands of people will rush back and forth, if the night be fine, enjoying themselves by watching the fun of other people doing the same thing.

QUAINT NEW YEAR CUSTOM.

Feast of Asses of the Middle Ages Still Celebrated.

In certain parts of southern France New Year's eve is still celebrated by the famous feast of asses of the middle ages. Before the congregation is admitted to the church a great glowing brazier is placed in the nave, upon the stone floor, and a broad path from the entrance of the church to the altar is roped off.

The ceremony begins with a procession of men made up to represent various Biblical characters. At its head walk two priests singing an old Provençal hymn. When the procession reaches the center of the church six men dressed as Jews of the time of Christ step forward on one side and six gentiles on the other. Two advocates stand between them.

"The Lord is made man," the gentiles exclaim.

To this the Jews reply, with scornful demand for proofs. The advocates then summon the prophets and legislators of the Old Testament. One by one the great personages of the past—Moses, Aaron, Isaiah, Daniel and many more—slowly advance up the aisle and, pausing for a moment in the glare of the brazier, bear witness to the divinity of Jesus and then pass on into the darkness.

But the principal figure of the ceremony is Balaam's ass, from which the feast takes its name. The ass, under whose voluminous trappings a child is concealed, bears Balaam up the aisle and when beaten by his master rebukes him in a piteous voice through the medium of the concealed child, just as the ass did the real Balaam in the Bible story.

The last personage of the procession is usually Judas, who constitutes the tragic feature of the quaint festival.

New Year's in Europe. In London New Year's day is observed with little formality, but in capitals of the continent it is a day of official receptions.