

A New Year's Resolution

By JANE CRAWFORD



HE diffidence of Thomas Wentworth was disturbing to his soul's peace. For six months he had been vainly trying to propose to Helen Griswold. Opportunities had not been lacking. Together they had studied moonlight

effects from shadowy porches. They had discussed life and love in cozy corners, but the all-important words remained unsaid. Every attempt to speak them left him in a state of quaking disgust. At last he framed a little speech that exactly suited his needs. During all his conscious moments, yes, most of the unconscious ones, he rehearsed it, with more or less dramatic effect. Time and again he had gone with the strength of Samson to present it; like Samson, he had departed, shorn of his strength by a woman.

"Ah, but such a woman!"

She had eyes like violets—big ones—that spoke volumes; but it was a language he couldn't understand, so he



For six months, he said, he had longed to tell her—to ask her—continued his rehearsals. Now on the last evening of the old year, pacing back and forth across his room, he was still rehearsing the speech with interpositions of the one New Year's resolution he had deemed worth while.

"Go-between," he repeated the word several times. It had a pleasant suggestiveness. He smiled broadly. "Certainly! Of course, why not? I'll write it!"

He literally fell upon pen and paper. His tongue never could have formed the words that followed his facile pen. The accumulation of six months' allegiance was laid before her eyes. The letter was a gem. The essential part of it was that if her answer was yes, would she, when he entered the ballroom that night, simply lay the violets that he would send with this letter against her face? For just a second! He would understand.

The violets matched her eyes. He had often said so. There was no time to lose. He telephoned the florist to whose coffers he contributed.

"Oh, send a bushel!" he laughed, happily, like a schoolboy perpetrating a joke.

"I have a note to send, deliver them here."

The flowers arrived by a messenger who looked like the chief emissary of Dan Cupid. Tom untied the violet cord, lifted out a bunch of the choicest blossoms about the size of a prize cauliflower, smiled approval, retied the box, addressed the card and with a generous tip to the boy started him on his errand. Then, with a strange peace possessing him, he awaited a seemly hour to present himself to learn his fate.

Only the family was present when he arrived. The effusion of their greeting would have set at rest his tumbling heart, could he have seen anything but the girl, who, standing in a circle of light made by the pink shaded lamp on the piano, was holding the violets. With a smile full upon him, she slowly lifted the flowers and for a fraction of a second buried her face in their sweetness.

He looked at her as Jacob looked at Rachel when his seven years of service were ended. When the chance was given them for a moment alone, he seized not only the chance, but, untrusting of possible damage to chiffon ruffles, he likewise seized the girl.

The right words came at last. For six months, he said, he had longed to tell her, and to ask her,—

"But, Tom," she gasped, "you haven't yet—"

Her protest was smothered, and he lost no time in finishing what he had to say, reaching the climax by demanding an early date for their wedding.

"But, Tom, dear! you haven't—"

Mother entered softly, in time to hear her daughter in a strangely muffled voice answer, "June."

Mother was an astute woman. She withdrew softly, but a listener might have heard her pious ejaculation: "Thank Heaven! The New Year promises well."

The dying hours of the old year passed in the merriest dance the Griswold home had ever known. The bells

grow new friendships, and keep the old ones in good repair. You can so choose the music, the great paintings that you see, and the architecture that you study, as that music, and eloquence, and art and worship will enrich your life. You can make your daily work, however humble it be, to take on the culture of a full college course.

No matter how old you are, or how much you have done for society, you can open new furrows and sow new harvests of happiness for generations as yet unborn.

Are you young? Take Paul's ideal: "Whatever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

Are you old, with all your life behind you? Remember Gladstone, who in his dying weeks wanted to do one more good deed, and translated Horace. Remember Tennyson, who in his last moments tried to write one more song. Remember that English hero who went out and planted just one more tree on the day that he died. Remember that scarred apostle who had sown the world with happiness, but whose dying word was: "I will forget the victories and the glories of yesterday; write one more golden page, stretching my hands out unto the things that are before."

This will turn the new year into a great opportunity. This will crowd all the days with duties and delights. Life will be worth the living. Work will bring rich reward.

You can so order your life as to grow in health and in enjoyment of God's out-of-door world. You can

A CREED FOR 1907

To be satisfied with what I have, and not to wonder how others can fail to be satisfied with what they have.

To do some worthy deed each day, so long as I have an appreciative audience.

Not to tell my troubles, and not to show any one else to tell his troubles to me.

To refrain from kicking about the weather, so refrain from bragging about the climate where I live, to avoid prophesying worse weather tomorrow if it is a nice day today.

To hold up my end of the golden rule, and not to present it as a motto to others; if they don't do unto me as I do unto them I shall take it as a hint that I am worrying them, and stop.

Not to tell how hard I have to work, nor to envy the other man and his snap; nor to wonder how some people hold their jobs.

To find something to commend in everybody that will give me a chance; and not to keep books and insist on striking a balance between the kind things I say about you and the kind things you say about me.

Not to cherish resentment, but to blurt out my grievance and have it over with.

And then, if it isn't a better world by 1908, it will not be my fault.

Possibilities of the Future

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis

Memory gives us the past, and work uses the present, but our real life is in the future. Three hundred and sixty-five golden days lying before us. Think of it! One hour sufficed for Burns to baptize a daisy with immortality. One hour was enough for Wordsworth's Ode to Duty. One evening sufficed for Whitney to sketch his cotton gin. One winter's night gave the hours of Jefferson to take from the Gospels his scheme of ideal ethics.

For the youth the first duty is to grow. Growth means planning; planning means something definite; definiteness appoints certain duties for each hour.

Every day next year read one page or poem; every day meet one man greater than yourself, from whom you can learn, and help one less than yourself. Every day do some one stroke of good work that will stand, and cross one threshold to carry sunshine with you. Every day plan to do some one thing that will help men, not hurt them; make men, and not mar them.

You can so order your life as to grow in health and in enjoyment of God's out-of-door world. You can

the room five distinct times, each time to smell, taste, hear, see and feel certain objects.

If there is a large party it is best to offer a prize for each of the five tests, and have them written up after each one. Some care must be exercised in the objects selected, especially in the tasting, when nothing harmful or distasteful should be allowed.

For this test, as well as for the hearing and feeling tests, the guests are blindfolded or the room left absolutely dark. It is not as easy as it sounds to distinguish various musical instruments when they are not seen. A mouth organ, zither, mandolin, guitar and cello or flute—a few notes of each played in turn—are better than an organ or piano, which are more easily distinguished.

For tasting salt, cinnamon, flour, pulverized sugar, oatmeal and allspice are good, while for feeling bananas, potatoes, a glove filled with bran, a cap, a cane, poker, book and quite a number of objects are handled, and observation being easier and, therefore, requiring more objects than the other two tests. The objects to smell are generally liquids, such as vinegar, alcohol, turpentine, benzine, glue, camphor and cologne.

A clever hostess selects appropriate prizes for each test, such as a puff box, with a puff within, for "touching"; a vinaigrette or a bottle of cologne for "smelling," an ornament or book for "seeing," a rabbit's foot whistle or a silver tassel bell for "hearing," and a soft scarf or shawl or a silk muffler perhaps for "feeling."

Entertaining New Year Guests

The game of the five senses, commonly called "perception," is an excellent one with which to entertain grown people or children, or both, at a New Year's party.

One method of arranging the game is to have a table filled with things to look at. The guests are taken into the room one or two at a time and given three minutes to look at the objects on the table.

When all have seen the objects each is provided with paper and pencil and allowed three minutes to write down a list of all they can remember. The one who displays the best memory is given the first prize.

The objects displayed on the table may be of any number, but for the few minutes allowed for inspection 35 is a good number. Inkwells, pens, penholders, tea caddies, emeries, thimbles, book and any such articles may be exhibited—except that when two of one object are given, such as two books, the color or some distinguishing mark about each should be inscribed upon and called attention to.

This method of playing the game calls upon but the sense of sight, and is more easily arranged than when all five senses are appealed to. The latter, however, is excellent fun and gives scope for some originality and a good deal of cleverness.

In this case the guests are led into

New Year's Resolution.
He had loved and lost.
"Never again," he sighed. "I shall never love again."
"Oh, yes, you will," rejoined the heartless beauty.
"Never again," he repeated. "I'm going to turn over a new leaf and save money."

New Year's Rush.
"You seem busy?" interrogated the caller in the corner drug store.
"Exceedingly," replied the druggist.
"Many patrons dropping in?"
"I should say so. We gave out 1,000 patent-medicine almanacs and 900 soothing-syrup calendars in two hours."

For 1906.
Father Time was observed getting his hair clipped.
"What is that for?" asked the friend.
"Why, people are going too rapidly these days," explained Father Time, "and I want to fix it so they can't take me by the forelock."

The Result of Observation.
"Did your husband make any New Year resolutions?"
"I hope not," answered young Mrs. Torkias. "I have about come to the

PLANNED TO MURDER

DOG DELIBERATELY ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE RIVAL.

Animal Proved Itself Capable of Subtle Plotting and Much Boldness of Execution—Similar Cases Recorded.

Of premeditated cases of brute assassination there are several remarkable instances on record. They manifest the faculty of contrivance, of motive, and of inductively assimilating cause and effect, which, if not actually human reasoning, comes perilously near to it.

I have more than one record of that character, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, this instance for example: A few years ago I was on a visit to a Westmoreland clergyman and was accompanied by a favorite Scotch terrier. It made itself agreeable to every member of the family but one—a large Newfoundland retriever dog, who showed subdued signs of jealousy. One day both dogs disappeared and were absent from the house more than two hours, when the large one returned home alone.

I was anxious about my own and went in search of it, and passing through the village I met a gamekeeper whom I knew well, carrying in his arms the poor brute, soaking wet and in an exhausted state. He revealed the cause. While sitting on a bank of a river about a mile from the parsonage he saw the two dogs, apparently out for a friendly ramble, approach to the waterside on the other side; they lay down close together, and in a few minutes he was astonished to see the big dog suddenly grip the terrier by the back of the neck and leap into the water with it. There in about two feet of water it deliberately stood and held the terrier under the surface.

My friend saw that there was nothing but death for my dog, but as he could not cross the river without going around by a bridge nearly a quarter of a mile away, he fired a shot close to the head of the would-be canine assassin. That startled it, and letting the terrier loose, it sprang to the bank and bolted for home. My friend then ran around by the bridge, and when he got up to the scene of the meditated murder found my dog lying on the bank in an exhausted state, just having strength to crawl out. We have here motive, contrivance to realize the motive, and skillful deliberation in the operation, and if that is not reasoning I should be glad of a definition of "reasoning" which would exclude such a performance.

I have records of a similar nature—in all cases the outcome of jealousy, and mainly manifested among the mammals of primary gregarious habits, especially the family Canidae. That arises from the early fierce struggle for life, more especially the struggle over prey. As a matter of fact, although the dog was the first wild animal domesticated by man, it still displays several of its far off prehistoric traits of wild life, and this is one of them; rounding and worrying sheep is another.

Jealousy over food or partial favoritism to others is rare among the cat tribe, and their leisurely consumption of food is another striking trait of their ancient habit of solitary hunting. The habit of domestic cats becoming inveterate poachers is another evidence of the "old Adam" still surviving.

Unhappy Love Affairs.
A clergyman discussing unhappy love affairs said:
"Many a love tragedy is caused by a husband's promise to a dying wife that he will not marry again. He thinks when he makes this promise that it will be easy to keep. Whether it is easy or hard to keep it is a promise rarely, if ever, broken."
"Time and again widowers have sought me out for advice on this subject. They are in love, but they promised their dead wives not to marry again. Shall they break or keep this promise? I can only advise them to do as their conscience dictates."
"At the same time I think it is selfish for dying wives to extract such promises from their broken-hearted husbands. Such promises, by the way, are rarely extracted by dying husbands from broken-hearted wives. But then when the dead husband's will is read it is usually found that if the widow marries again the money is all taken from her. So it comes to the same thing in the end, doesn't it?"

Col. Church's Christian.
When Col. Church made his final expedition for the capture of Port Royal and had arrived at Mt. Desert Harbor, he was visited by several members of the Indian tribes of that neighborhood. Among them was one old man who asked to be permitted to partake of the refreshments, which were about to be served.
The colonel told him he must be a Christian first. He replied that he was one already, and rolling up his eyes, solemnly uttered these words:
"Adam—Eve—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon."
"What do you mean?" asked the colonel.
Looking hard at the junk bottle on the table, the old man answered:
"I mean rum, rum plenty."

All Details Arranged.
"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."
"Oh, that's all right," replied the coy damsel, "pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."

NEW YEAR'S HOSTILITIES

conclusions that New Year resolutions merely fret a man's conscience and make him irritable without doing any real good."

THE NEW YEAR

By W. Reed Deunroy



that before the New Year dawned he would ask her. He would be a blithering fool no longer.

"I'll ask her to-night," he announced.

Her mother was giving an informal dance to watch the old year out. Not less than 100 men would be there to bribe the orchestra for extra selections, or prolonged numbers, which they would sit out, or dance, with the lady of his heart.

"But," grimly, "I'll ask her. It's quite simple."

In his steady tramp around the room he knocked down a Japanese flapper screen.

"In Japan they have a go-between. That must be a comfort."

sealed forth their welcome to the glad New Year, and the party, grouped with mother in the midst, waited breathlessly.

With a becoming maternal tremor in her voice, Mrs. Griswold announced the betrothal of her daughter to Mr. Thomas Wentworth.

In the still, small hours of that New Year's morn'g, Tom switched on the lights in his own room.

"After all, it was not so very difficult," he murmured.

But just how easy it had really been he realized when he picked up from his desk the letter of proposal, properly sealed and addressed, but undelivered.

Good Old Times in Oregon.
Return to the "good old times," would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, pull on a pair of rawhide boots that rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woolen shirt over your back and sit down to a bare meal with your three-legged stool dancing around on a slipshod floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor 14 hours out of 24. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquito bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp; gee-haw your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Parch corn

and peas for coffee and use sassafras for tea, and see how you like it.—Arlington Record.

Heard on the Corner.
"What do you intend to do, to-night, Jack?"
"The same thing that I have done every New Year's eve for the last ten years."
"What's that?"
"Swear off, so that I can start in fresh to-morrow."

New Year.
Every one ruckles
And wrong retrieves;
This is the season
For fresh laid leaves.

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Try Some Frozen Coffee.
Frozen coffee makes a desirable change when fruit creams and water ices are no longer a novelty. Grind very fine a quarter pound of freshly roasted coffee; put it in a cheesecloth bag, and then in a porcelain farina boiler; pour on it a quart of boiling water taken at its first boil. The water should be freshly drawn. Cover and let it stand away from the fire for five minutes.

Remove the bag of coffee and add half a pound of granulated sugar. Dissolve this by stirring and strain through a fine cloth. When cold add the unbeaten white of one egg. Turn into the freezer and freeze, turning slowly until the whole mass is frozen like soft mush or wet snow. Serve in frappe glasses or lemonade cups. If preferred, add cream in the quantity you do for coffee you intend to drink, just as you are going to put it in the freezer.

To Clean Matting.
To clean matting it should be first swept thoroughly with a stiff broom, care being taken to follow the grain of the straw. Then brush it across the grain with a soft broom which has been dipped in warm water. It should then be thoroughly washed in warm water in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. There is nothing that will brighten matting as much as salt, and it will do wonders in preventing the colors from fading. Light colored matting should be washed in water in which borax has been dissolved.—Interior Decoration.

Caught.
Smith—Say, I received a severe shock to-day.
Smythe—How's that? Touch a live wire?
Smith—No, I was sitting in a street car reading my paper, and was not aware that the car was crowded, and that some ladies were standing. Suddenly, to my surprise, a woman who was standing in front of me said to me, "Don't you think it would be the right thing for you to give me that seat?"
Smythe—She had her nerve didn't she?
Smith—She always has. She is my wife.

For Freckles.
Here is a remedy for freckles which has been satisfactory, but it is impossible to predict how soon the cure will be effected: Thirty grains of pulverized borax, dissolved in two and one-half ounces of lemon juice. This makes a lotion that is very effective in keeping freckles in abeyance where it agrees with the skin. It should be applied at night, after the face has been thoroughly washed and rinsed.

Chocolate Cream Pie.
Bake the crust first, as for peach pie. This filling is very rich, and there must be enough for two pies, unless it is a very large one. It is a cooking school recipe. One pint of milk, four ounces of chocolate dissolved in the milk in a double boiler. Thicken with 1½ tablespoonsful of corn starch, add one cup of sugar and cook it, stirring often. When it is done, remove and add one teaspoon of vanilla and cool. Then whip one cup of thick cream and add to the filling.