

What New Year Resolutions Will You Make?

THE fashions in New Year's resolutions will be dominantly philosophical, with religious shades very much in evidence, says a writer in the New York World. Long and waving lines of self-expression will largely supplant the tight cuts of other years, although self-control will still be permissible. Introspections will be popular, trimmed with psychoanalysis and new thought. Economy and anti-alcoholism may be worn during the very early part of the season, but these will be draped in the most exclusive circles by tulle's of simple life or very fine philosophic setting. In other words, I've been seeing around asking people what New Year's resolutions they are going to make and I found misty few who were willing to let the season pass this year with simply swearing off some bad habit.

"I'm going to be less vain, less humble, less confident and less self-righteous," was the categorical statement of a woman who is looked upon by many as an ideal wife and mother. "Don't you know," she explained, "that vanity and humility are just different phases of the same disease? And remorse and self-righteousness are almost identical. The girl whose mind is filled with thoughts of how stunning she is simply crushed when she falls to stum. The man who exaggerates the importance of his own virtues is always the loneliest mourner on the bench when he is convicted of sin."

"Oh, yes," she added, "I want my children to be good, but I don't want them to make a business of it. Because then, if they were bad, they'd be sure to make a business of that. The woman who told her son, 'Johnny, don't go out of doors, but if you do go out put on your overcoat,' was a pretty good philosopher. Disobedience is an issue, but so is catching cold, and there's no need of tying the two together. That's why I am so particularly against vanity and self-righteousness, self-deprecation and remorse. If you try to tie the whole cosmos into one knot you're apt to get stranded in the noose."

"I'm not going to make any resolution," said a serious-minded humorist. "My humorist friends are the most serious people I know. I might make some if I knew what to make, but I'm past forty now and haven't the slightest idea whether I suit myself or not. My acquaintances seem to like me but few of them know me, and I'm sure I don't want to be the kind of man they think I am. I think I'll open up a little more, make my whole life an open book, not try to be agreeable or disagreeable, but just do what I want to do and say what I want to say, regardless of anybody's prejudices and opinions. I might eventually get a genuine appraisal of myself, something to base any proposed changes upon."

"No, I couldn't either," he added and said, "Everybody would laugh and say that I was funnier than ever."

"I'm going to economize and begin smoking," was the brilliant decision of a newspaper man. "I haven't smoked for three months," he said, "and it is getting expensive. Where I used to spend an evening with a pipe and a book I have to go out now and find a game of billiards or a musical comedy. Going without tobacco has its advantages. I admit, but unless I get a raise in salary I can't afford to continue the fight against Miss Nicotine."

ABOUT HOGMANAY.

Disputed Origin of Name of Old Time New Year's Custom.

It is possible that "hogmanay," such as marks New Year's day in Philadelphia and some other places, is related in some way to the performance which marked "Hogmanay" in England and Scotland. Hogmanay was the day of the year, says the New York Times. Some scholars think the word comes from the Greek "hagia mena" ("holy month"), others from the Saxon "halig month," which has the same meaning; still others from the French phrase "Au qui menes" ("To the mistress go") which mummies anciently used in France at Christmas, or from "Au queux menes" ("Bring to the boys zars"). Whatever the original of the word may be Hogmanay was the time for much amateur begging.

The children went from house to house singing such songs as—
Hogmanay, trolley.
Give us of your white bread.
But none of your gray.
Hogmanay, Hogmanay,
Give us cake and cheese, and let us go away.

As they sang they collected what they called their "fairs"—often cake and cheese. From this developed the "letting fair" of the new year. Parties of men and boys went through the town. They stopped at the front door of every house and sang until they were admitted. Then they received a small gift of money, went through the house and left by the back door.

Home Cookery

Calves' Tongues Roasted.

Have the tongues fresh and boil them until they are just tender enough to allow the skin to be removed easily, says the Country Gentleman. Do this; then lard each tongue with lardons of salt pork, put into a roasting pan and roast until they are tender, basting them with a little stock and melted butter in which there is a sliced onion. Fifteen minutes before they are to be taken out sprinkle with fine bread crumbs moistened with melted butter. Have the oven very hot and brown them well. Take them out of the roasting pan, and into the pan put a little white stock, let cook and thicken it with flour. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar and serve separately. Serve red currant jelly with the tongues.

Stuffed Steak.

Put one pound of round steak through a meat chopper and season with salt, pepper and chopped onion. Add one well beaten egg and one-half cupful of ground, fresh, fat pork. Make a bread dressing as for poultry, but without sugar. Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of the ground meat, then a layer of dressing and repeat until all is used. Over the top put a layer of thinly sliced onions and a cupful of stewed tomatoes. Cook, covered, until the meat becomes remove and make a brown gravy in bottom of dish. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Scalloped Sweet Potatoes.

Pare and slice thin as many sweet potatoes as are needed—Place a layer of the potatoes in a buttered baking dish; sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter. Repeat this until the dish is almost filled; then cover with rich milk and bake about an hour in a hot oven.

Turkey Quenels.

Molten a cupful of soft bread crumbs with milk, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, two beaten eggs, two cups of chopped turkey and season to taste. Mix with the hands, make into small, flat cakes and brown in butter.

Jellied Bouillon.

One or two calves' feet added to the kettle in which the bouillon is cooking will cause it to jelly. Do not use gelatin. Jellied bouillon should be served ice cold.

Hens Will Lay In Winter If Properly Handled

Why don't hens lay at this time of the year? They do if their owner is on to his job.

It is about as natural for a hen to lay in the fall and winter as it is for roses to bloom at the same season. But the expert poultryman nowadays, with his modern methods of breeding, of feeding, of housing and of handling, has his hens to lay 200 or more eggs per year and to lay a goodly number of these in the winter, says the Kansas Farmer.

Can an ordinary farmer or small poultry keeper get a good winter yield of eggs? He can if he will have a properly built house, not meaning an expensive one, but a house that poultry use and live in and can't be kept out of. He can if he will feed the modern way or feed all grain in litter; feed beef scraps, fish scraps or milk—animal protein—heavily; feed dry rashes and perhaps wet mash.

Feed plenty of grit and oyster shells. The digestive apparatus of a chicken demands grit. The feeding is the big element in governing the egg yield.

Happy New Year



"Hut Ab!" on New Year's Eve

In many German cities, especially in Berlin, a common method of celebrating St. Sylvester's day, New Year's eve, reminds one of the candid brutality of college boys or the rough humors of the Stock Exchange. Of course this, like so many other old German customs, has been sadly affected by the great war.

The unfortunate visitor from the provinces or the stranger ignorant of the peculiar customs of the day strolls lightly down the street clad in the garments usual to elegant civilization, on his head the silk hat. Suddenly a cry reaches his ears—"Hut ab!" ("Off with your hat!") Who can be shouting for the removal of a hat? The shout is repeated. From here and there men are hurrying toward him. "Hut ab! Hut ab!" Surely they cannot be telling him to take off his hat. But now from all about comes the sound of voices crying, "Hut ab! Hut ab!"

The cry becomes a roar, as voice after voice joins its volume to the chorus, "Hut ab! Hut ab!" In an instant a crowd has gathered, a mob of shrieking, laughing, gesticulating ruffians yelling, "Hut ab! Hut ab! Hut ab!" And before the astonished stranger can begin to understand what all this awful din may betoken, to give point to the words, sticks and fists rain blows upon his head. The offending hat is hurled to the ground, and the crowd's eyes, further and lower, until it reaches the gutter and is trampled under the feet. Then the exultant mob with no more occasion for howling, "Hut ab!" bows in applause of its own success.

The stranger, not knowing what catastrophes may follow on a headdress so fruitful, enraged, amazed, full of fears, flees to the shelter of the policeman near by. When the assaulted wretch has told his tale, with many a gesture of the mangled remains of his hat, the guardian of the peace offers him as the only consolation, "Wess halt gehst sie denn aus?" ("Why do you go out?") In other words, "Do not wear a silk hat in the street on St. Sylvester's day."

This custom of the demolition of high hats has been traced back to 1518. It had its origin in a commemoration of the riots on St. Sylvester's day in that year, the lower classes having at that time resorted to this forcible method of expressing their hostility to the bourgeoisie, of whom the high hat was distinctive.

A most pleasant custom is found in the Rhinish provinces. A gentleman is walking in the street when suddenly he hears spoken closely in his ear the words, "Froest Neujahr!" the greeting of the day. By the law of the day he is thus made captive and must pay ransom.

Why New Year's Day Now?

THE ancient Arabs and their Hebrew cousins used to count their hours before sunrise, and the "eleventh hour" of Scripture was the time when the sun was near setting, and travelers had to bestir themselves to finish their journey before dark.

Our present journey is rather more arbitrary, but its sins against the order of nature are trifles compared with those of our ancient arrangement. Even in railway towns "12 m." marks a moment not far from the time when the sun stands nearest the zenith and "12 p. m." when it gets farthest away from it.

But what on earth or below entities the eleventh day after the 21st of December to claim prestige as the beginning of the new year?

Our New Year is made to coincide with the beginning of a new month, but our month plan itself only aggravates the absurdity of the arrangement. If December were notched back a week and a half it would straighten out September, June and March, too, the seasons would begin at beginnings all around, and the dispute about the meaning of "winter months" and "summer months" would be obviated.

Our Saxon forefathers, with their primitive methods of computation, beat us about a week their Balderfest (Bal's feast) being nearly contemporary with our Christmas. The Celtic druids made even a better guess and celebrated the resurrection of the sun god on the 21st or 22nd of December. Their night spirits were supposed to assume control of the atmosphere about the time of the September equinox and to have things more or less their own way for the next three months.—F. L. Oswald in "The Innant Enquirer."

New Year and Old.

When I was young the coming of a new year always found me jubilant, now I am old the coming of the new year always finds me silent. My favorite book then was "The Pleasures of Hope," which I long since ceased to read; my favorite book now is "The Pleasures of Memory," of which I mean to read a page tonight. It will not take me long, and it will suit the hour and the time. It is about the new year, not the new year that is to be, but the new year that were—the old, old new years.—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Worth Knowing

When dampening clothes that have become too dry for ironing use warm water. It penetrates more quickly than cold and less of it is required, so that the ironing may be begun sooner. When ironing handkerchiefs begin ironing in the middle. Ironing the edges first causes the middle to swell out and makes it very difficult to iron and fold them properly. Test the iron on a piece of rag or paper to prevent any accident by scorching. Another-of-pearl should never be washed with soap, for it discolors and destroys the brilliancy of the shell. The right method of cleaning is with whitening and cold water.

To clean marble take two parts of soda, one of pumice and one of salt (all in powder) and mix to a paste with water. Rub this vigorously on the marble and wash off with water. Finish with clear cold water and a soft cloth. Corn breads are always heavy when sweet milk is substituted for sour and the soda is not changed to baking powder.

Some New Year's Customs, Both Ancient and Modern.

New Year's in Rome was a day of rejoicing and gladness. The people celebrated it by feasting with each other and by giving presents to their friends. They were very careful about their behavior on this day, as they believed they would get throughout the world as they did on New Year's. On this holiday there was always a celebration in the temple they had built to Janus, and great preparations were made for it.

The Chinese people make a great fuss over New Year's, but their day is not the same as ours, and their new year begins a little later than ours. For this festival day they decorate their houses and churches with funny lanterns and gay ornaments. If the churches incense is burned to the gods.

In Persia the people exchange eggs on this day. This means that the events of the coming year are as uncertain as the kind of chicken which will hatch from each egg.

The Japanese have customs of the New Year much like those of the Chinese, except that they have the same calendar as we have, and so their new year begins with ours.

In ancient times the druids gave pieces of their holy plant, the mistletoe, to all people on the first of the year as a wish that the receiver of these might be blessed all year.

The pilgrims celebrated Thanksgiving, but not New Year's. Their reason for this was because the month was named after a heathen god. The Quakers also follow this rule, and instead of January they call this month the first month.

Light as Chaff

A Spare Leg. Jones was old-fashioned and stuck to old-fashioned ways. Smith was modern and bought a fine new automobile.



One day he was proudly exhibiting it to some friends when Jones came along. "Um," remarked Jones as he sized up the handsome machine. "What's that thing there on the side?" "That's a spare rim and tire," answered Smith. "We always carry an extra one in case one of the wheels goes wrong."

"Just as I always said," was the response of Jones. "I've driven horses for nigh on fifty years, and I never had to carry a spare leg for one of them yet."—Country Gentleman.

Not Her Celebration.

Old Zeb Jackson, the champion whitewasher, walked down the main street of the village one morning dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole boutonnet and cotton gloves on his big hands. "Hello, Zeb," said the postman. "Are you taking a holiday?" "Dish yer," said the old man, with a proud wave of his huge hand. "Dis yer am mah goiding wedding anniversary, sah. Ah'm celebratin' hit."

"But your wife," said the postman. "Is working as usual. I saw her at the washout as I passed your house."

"Her?" said Zeb hotly. "She ain't got nuffin' ter do wif hit. She's mah fourth."—Country Gentleman.

The Usurper.

Every night since he arrived at his summer boarding house the occupant of the small but airy room on the rear ground floor of the farmhouse had been annoyed by a large pig trying to gain entrance to his whitton domicile. "Why is that pig always trying to go into my room?" inquired the summer boarder of the hired man one morning. "Do you think he has taken a fancy to me?" "It's his room during the winter," whispered the hired man cautiously.

The Waiter-Guest

How He Gave Ecst to a Christmas Dinner

By ALAN HINSDALE

It was Christmas eve, Ned Willard sat in his bachelor rooms before a fire place, on which he had lighted a blaze, and thought of the many Christmas eves he had spent in days gone by when he was one of half a dozen children growing to manhood and womanhood. There were a father and a mother who were interested in making the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child a happy event. Then was the going to bed with visions of Santa Claus coming in his sleigh, drawn by reindeers, distributing gifts on the way.

What a change between then and now! The father and mother had passed away. Some of the children lay beside them, while those that were left were scattered. Ned himself had drifted to a city where he was unknown and Christmas had come, and he must celebrate it alone. Better his daily work. They were very careful about their behavior on this day, as they believed they would get throughout the world as they did on New Year's. On this holiday there was always a celebration in the temple they had built to Janus, and great preparations were made for it.

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"As soon as the table is cleared away into the drawing room and play is begun to dance." Ned met this order with an expression of astonishment. "You play the piano for dancing, don't you?" she said. "I told Mr. Kinley that I wanted a man to play on the piano after dinner. He said he would send one." "Yes, ma'am," replied Ned, pulling himself together. "I play the piano for dancing."

"You play the piano for dancing, don't you?" she said. "I told Mr. Kinley that I wanted a man to play on the piano after dinner. He said he would send one."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ned, pulling himself together. "I play the piano for dancing."

This satisfied the lady, and Ned was much pleased that he could fill the bill. He had played for boys and girls to dance at home and, though he feared he would be a trifle rusty, had no doubt that he could acquit himself fairly well. When the table was cleared and the dishes turned over to a scullion Ned went to the drawing room, where a crash had been laid and some of the furniture removed. He was received by the hostess and led to the piano.

At this time modern dancing had just been introduced, and some of the men had not learned the dances. Consequently there were more girl than men dancers. Ned not only knew all the dances in vogue, but had learned one that had just been brought out. Having played the music for the turkey trot and the fox trot, he began to play for the hesitation waltz.

"What's that?" asked the girl who had cast glances at Ned during the dinner. "Ned told her that it was a new dance just out. She asked him if he could dance it, and he said he could. She told him to show the step, which he did, and nothing would do but she must try it with him. One of the guests had caught the air for the dance and essayed to take Ned's place at the piano.

A number of yards ago the bare suggestion that a lady should dance with a waiter would have excited disgust. Nowadays, when men are hired for partners in cabarets, a woman may dance with a chimpanzee provided the chimpanzee knows the step. Ned had the girl called away. Ned was a beautiful dancer and the girl a natural one, so she caught the step at once and with so admirable a partner danced remarkably well. Meanwhile the other girls insisted on having a turn with him. While this was going on the hostess was called out and when she returned brought a man with her carrying a violin case.

"There has been a mistake," she said. "I inquired at Kinley's restaurant if they could send me a man to wait on table and to play dance music. They sent this one. Giovanni came and has filled both positions. Now comes another man, who says that he was engaged to play dance music. It all comes very handy, for now Giovanni can teach us the new dances, while this man gives us the music."

Where there is a similarity as to refinement barriers in social standing are easily got over. Ned's services were called into requisition by every guest, and it was not long before he forgot the role he was playing. And for that matter, the others forgot that he was an Italian waiter. When about midnight Mrs. Vincent stepped up to him and told him that he was wanted without to bring in refreshments. It was like a box on the ear.

Nevertheless, he arose from behind Miss Merrivether—the girl who had been the first to ask him to dance with her—and in another minute was playing napkins and plates among the guests. When all were served he took help himself and resumed his seat beside Miss Merrivether.

The fact that he had just been serving the viands caused this act to raise the equality of the company. The eyes of every one were fixed upon him. It was one thing for him to touch plates to dance, another to assume a right to eat with them, though why this is so is unexplainable, for when a man has a lady a dish he doesn't touch her with his arms. Mrs. Vincent, who was speaking at the waiter's familiarity, shook her head.

"Giovanni," she said sternly, "go into the kitchen. The butler will pay you for your work."

This was too much for Ned. It drew forth a confession: He told the hostess and the company of his lonely Christmas eve and that to keep off the blues he had spent the day at work in his office. He gave an account of his being mistaken for a waiter at Kinley's and the man that was to serve at Mrs. Vincent's dinner; how he had preferred to wait on those who were happy to dining alone in an empty restaurant.

The moment he had finished every one present clustered about him sympathetically, both men and women vying with one another for a clasp of his hand. When this was over Miss Merrivether asked the newcomer to play a waltz and, advancing to Ned, said, "Giovanni, I claim the first dance with you as a guest."

The rest of the evening was not only a happy one for Ned, but the incident appealed to all the others, and Mrs. Vincent thanked her waiter-guest for having given a zest to her Christmas dinner party that would never be forgotten.

The next Christmas Ned spent in his own home with his wife, Mrs. Merrivether.

In these days, when servants are so hard to get, young ladies of refinement who are obliged to earn their own living might do well to hire themselves out to serve at dinners. If they are expert dancers, they might be called on at times to act as partners. It is why that Ned Willard secured a waiter that Ned Willard secured a waiter.