

NEW YEAR'S IRRESOLUTIONS

By HELEN ROWLAND.

(Author of "The Digressions of Polly," "Honey-moon Conversations," etc.)
(Digressions of Polly.)

"Isn't it hard," said the widow, glancing ruefully at the holly-wreathed clock above the mantelpiece, "to know where to begin reforming yourself?"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the bachelor, "you are not going to do anything like that, are you?"

The widow pointed solemnly, to the hands of the clock, which indicated 11.30, and then, with a look of surprise, which hung on her fluttering lips, she said:

"That's the trouble!" broke in the bachelor. "It's so hard to know just what to throw away and what to keep."

"Making New Year's resolutions is like doing the spring housecleaning or clearing out a drawer full of old letters and sentimental rubbish, isn't it?"

"You ought to get rid of it, and that is just in the way, and that you would be better off without, but the minute you make up your mind to part with anything, even a tiny, insignificant vest, it suddenly becomes so dear and attractive that you repent and begin to take a new interest in it. The only time I ever had to be taken home in a cab was the day after I promised to sign the pledge," and the bachelor sighed reminiscently.

"And the only time that I ever drew my bank account," declared the widow, "was the day after I had resolved to economize. I suppose," she added pensively, "the best way to begin would be to pick out the worst vest and discard that."

"And that will leave heaps of room for the others," said the bachelor, "but little sins, besides, won't it?" agreed the bachelor cheerfully. "Well," he added philosophically, "I'll give up murdering."

"What!" the widow started.

"Don't you want me to?" asked the bachelor, looking at her with a held spot. "Or perhaps I might resolve not to commit highway robbery any more or to stop forging or—"

"All of which is easy!" broke in the widow sarcastically.

"There'd be some glory and some reason in giving up a big sin," sighed the bachelor. "If a fellow had one. But the trouble is that most of us men haven't any criminal tendencies, merely a heap of little follies and weaknesses that there isn't any particular virtue in sacrificing or any particular harm in keeping."

"And which you always do keep, in spite of all your New Year's vows," remarked the widow ironically.

"Huh!" the bachelor laughed cynically. "It's our New Year's vows that help us to keep 'em. The very fact that a fellow has sworn to keep them, makes it a habit or a girl, makes it more attractive. I've thrown away a whole box of cigars with the finest intentions in the world, and then gotten up in the middle of the night to fish the pieces out of the waste basket. And that midnight smoke, the sweetest I ever had. It was sweeter than the apples I stole when I was a kid and than the kisses I stole when—"

"If you came here to dilute on the joys of sin, Mr. Travers," began the widow coldly.

"And," proceeded the bachelor, "I've made up my mind to stop flirting with a girl, because I found out that she was beginning to get into—"

"I understand," interrupted the widow sympathetically.

"And by jove!" finished the bachelor, "I had to restrain myself to keep from going back and proposing to her!"

"How lucky you did!" commented the widow witheringly.

"But I wouldn't have," explained the bachelor ruefully. "If the girl had restrained herself, I repeated the widow."

"Which girl?" asked the bachelor.

"The girl I broke off with or the girl that came afterwards?"

"I suppose," mused the widow, ignoring the levity and leaning over to arrange a bunch of violets on the mantel, "that is why it is so difficult for a man to keep a promise or a vow—even a marriage vow."

"Oh, I don't know," the bachelor leaned back and regarded the widow's coronet bristling through the smoke from his cigar. "It isn't the marriage vow that is so difficult to keep. It's the fool vows a man makes before marriage and the fool promises he makes afterwards that he stumbles over and falls down on."

"The marriage vows are so big and vague that you can get all around them without actually breaking them, and they should be so simple and concrete questions into the service such as, 'Do you, William, promise not to growl at me when I fall down on you?'"

"Or, 'Do you, Mary, promise never to put a dab of powder on your nose again?'" broke in the widow.

"Nor to look twice at your pretty stenographer," continued the bachelor.

"Nor lie about your age, or your foot or your waist measure."

"Nor to juggle with the truth when ever you stay out after half past ten."

"Nor to listen to things that—that anybody—except your husband—may say to you in the conservatory—oh, I see how it feels," finished the widow with a sympathetic little shudder.

"And yet," reflected the bachelor, "a woman is always exacting vows and promises from the man she loves, always putting up bars for him to jump over; when if he would only leave him alone he would be perfectly contented to stay within bounds and gaze in his own pasture. A man hates being pinned down; but a woman doesn't want anything around that she can't pin down from her belt and her theories to her hat and her husband."

"Well," protested the widow, studying the toe of her slipper, "it is a satisfaction to know you've got your husband fastened on straight by his promises and held in place by his vows and that he loves you enough to—"

"Usually," interrupted the bachelor, "a man loves you in inverse ratio to his protestations. The lover who promises all things without reserve is too often like the fellow who doesn't question the hotel bill nor ask the price of the wine, because he doesn't intend to pay it home. The fellow who is prodigal with vows and promises and poetry is generally the one to whom such things mean nothing and, being of no value, can be flung about generously to every girl he meets. The firm with the biggest front office is likely to

be the one with the smallest deposit in the safe. The man who swears off loud-est on New Year's is usually the one they have to carry home the morning after. And the chap who promises a girl a life of roses is the one who will let her pick all the thorns off for herself."

"Perhaps," sighed the widow, chewing the stem of a violet thoughtfully, "the best way to cure a man of a taste for anything, after all, is to let him have too much of it instead of making him swear off. If you want him to hate the small of a pipe insist on his smoking one all the time. If you want him to sign the temperance pledge serve him with still, every course, if you want him to hate a woman invite her to meet him every time she calls, and tell him how 'suitable' she would be."

"And if you want him to love you," finished the bachelor, "don't ask him to swear it, but tell him that he really ought not to. The best way to manage a donkey—human or otherwise—is to turn his head in the wrong direction, and he'll back in the right one."

"Then," said the widow decisively, "we ought to begin the New Year by making some irresolutions."

"Some-what?"

"Vows that we won't stop doing the things we ought not to do," explained the widow.

"All right," agreed the bachelor thoughtfully, "I'll make an irresolution to go on making love to you as much as I like."

"You mean as much as I like, Mr. Travers," corrected the widow severely.

"How much do you like?" asked the bachelor, leaning over to look into the widow's eyes.

The widow kicked the corner of the rug tentatively.

"Like—all but the proposing," she said slowly. "You really ought to stop that."

"I'm going to stop it tonight," said the bachelor firmly.

The widow looked up in alarm.

"Oh, you don't have to commence keeping your resolutions until tomorrow morning," she said quickly.

"And you are going to stop refusing me—tonight, continued the bachelor firmly."

The widow studied the corner of the rug with great concern.

"And," went on the bachelor, "taking something from his pocket and toying with it thoughtfully, 'you are going to put on this ring'—he leaned over, caught the widow's hand and slipped the glittering thing on her third finger. 'Now,' he began, 'you are going to say that you will—'

The widow sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't," she cried. "In a moment we'll be making promises."

"We don't need to," said the bachelor, leaning back nonchalantly, "we can begin by making arrangements. Would you prefer to live in a town or at Tuxedo? And do you think Europe or Bermuda the best place for the—"

"Bermuda, by all means," broke in the widow, "and I wish you'd have that hideous portfolio taken off your town house, Billy, and—"

But the rest of her words were smothered by the bachelor's coat label and something else.

"Then you do mean to marry me, after all?" cried the bachelor tri-phantly.

The widow gasped for breath and patted her hair anxiously.

"I meant to marry you all the time!" she cried, "but I never thought you were really in earnest."

"Metinks," quipped the bachelor, happily, "that neither of us did protest too much. We haven't made any promises, you know."

"Not one," rejoined the widow promptly, "as to my flirting."

"Nor as to my clubs."

"Nor to my relatives."

"Nor my cigars."

"And we won't make any vows," cried the widow, "except marriage vows."

"And New Year's irresolutions," added the bachelor.

"Listen!" cried the widow softly, with her fingers on her lips. A peal of a thousand silver bells rang out on the midnight air.

"The chimes!" exclaimed the widow. "They're full of promises!"

"I thought it sounded like a wedding bell," said the bachelor, disappointed.

"Maybe," said the widow, "it was only Love-ringing off."

WAS TOO HASTY EVEN FOR PARIS

By HELEN ROWLAND.

(Author of "The Digressions of Polly," "Honey-moon Conversations," etc.)
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"A Dream of Egypt" Causes Remarkable Scene

Daughter of Famous Duke de Morny Made Her Debut at Notorious Moulin Rouge

PARIS, Jan. 3.—There was a remarkable scene tonight at the notorious Moulin Rouge when the Marquis de Morny, a daughter of the famous Duke de Morny, and a niece of Napoleon III, made her debut in an act called "A Dream of Egypt," written by herself in collaboration with Mme. Gauthier-Villars, the author of "Claudine" and other recent novels.

The marquis, who is the divorced wife of the Marquis de Belbeuf, has already achieved an unenviable reputation, and her heralded appearance on the stage brought out a storm of criticism. To this the marquis replied in a letter published this afternoon, denying that her performance was intended to be suggestive and insisting that she meant to give artistic reproduction of the manners of ancient Egypt.

In defending her appearance on the stage the marquis says:

"This does not constitute a disgrace to the French aristocracy and a distinguished scion of this aristocracy, the Prince de Broglie has been earning his living for some time past by conducting an orchestra in New York."

In spite of this statement a number of clu-bmen and Bonapartists got together, and in the person of Mme. Morny, they conducted a demonstration, the like of which seldom has been seen in this city. For every description, the audience even threw hosiery and boxes at the women on the stage. In spite of this vociferous demonstration the two women persisted in completing their act, which is as disgustingly indecent as anything ever seen on the Parisian stage.

When the curtain was rung down the crowd rushed toward the box occupied by Mme. Gauthier-Villars and Mme. Morny. In the person of Mme. Morny, the din was redoubled. This was followed by a rain of missiles every description, the audience even throwing hosiery and boxes at the women on the stage. In spite of this vociferous demonstration the two women persisted in completing their act, which is as disgustingly indecent as anything ever seen on the Parisian stage.

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WHAT JUDGE GREGORY MEANT

By HELEN ROWLAND.

(Author of "The Digressions of Polly," "Honey-moon Conversations," etc.)
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When He Referred to St. John Hospital.

Took Case of Investigation Some Years Ago as Example When Instructing Grand Jury

FREDERICTON, Jan. 3.—When Judge Gregory, in addressing the grand jury yesterday, said that at an investigation some years ago a "rotten state of affairs" was found to exist at the St. John public hospital, he was giving the grand jury instructions as to their duties and powers. In the course of his address, he took occasion to tell them that they could take up matters of public interest and bring in a presentment upon the same. He said that they could, for instance, visit the county jail or the almshouse if they were of the opinion that they were not being properly conducted, and after investigating they could bring in a presentment setting forth what they felt should be done. In this connection, he said that some years ago, when it was generally thought that the St. John public hospital was being properly conducted an investigation was held and it was then found that a "rotten state of affairs" existed there. This morning His Honor made no reference to newspaper comments which have been made concerning the case of the late Mr. Rutter.

In the Circuit Court yesterday morning Thomas Pheneas and Walter McFarlane apologized to Judge Gregory for not being in attendance at the grand jury in the morning, giving for their excuses that they had allowed the matter to slip out of their minds. His Honor accepted their excuses. Chief Rutter of the fire department made a similar excuse for his absence, and it was said that he was at the hospital when the chief of the fire department was not exempt from serving on juries. His Honor accepted their excuses.

The grand jury returned a verdict in the case of the late Mr. Rutter that he was innocent of the charges against him. The grand jury also returned a verdict in the case of the late Mr. Rutter that he was innocent of the charges against him.

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