



Dora's Resolution

"Wish you happy New Year," called Dora from her pillow, to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing-table, brushing her curls. "What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolutions, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," replied the little girl. "I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would scold me; Freddie has been crying all the morning."

"Freddie is such a cry-baby," returned Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Tell mamma I am coming right away," and she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining room just as her mamma and sister set the

New Year Song.

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing?
May day daisies and butterflies,
And merry birds a-singing?
Frolie, play all the day,
Not an hour of school!"
But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "School!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing?
Summer roses sparkling gay,
Summer vias newwings!
Just and sport, the merriest sort,
Never a thought of work!"
But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "Work!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing?
Autumn fruits all fire-ripe,
Autumn hours arri-ving!
Keen delight of moonlight nights,
When dull folks are a-bed?"
But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered, "Bed!"

—Laura E. Richards.

Satisfied.

A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a dooryard on a bright New Year's day.

Sue was saying: "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own doll—my own doll!" And she sang it over and over, cooing her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth doll, and

ODD TYPE OF SIMIAN TRIBE

Calculus Monkey Has Long Black Fur and White Oval Patch Center of the Back.

Very few people, when inspecting the various exhibits in a "zoo," stop to ask themselves how the animals got there. As a matter of fact, the task of capturing wild beasts alive and shipping them out to civilization unharmed is an infinitely dangerous and difficult undertaking, far more thrill-

breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed very happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora and Agnes cleared the table when the meal was finished, for there was no servant in the house, and the two sisters helped much with the work, that mamma might get more time to rest.

"Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them," said Agnes, "for you'd rather, and I don't care."

"Well, then I'm going upstairs to write out my New Year's resolutions; I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse," and Dora ran up to her room.

Dora spotted several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

"New Year's Resolutions of Dora Buckingham Prescott.

"I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast. I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it.

"I will dress Freddie every morning."

"I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them.

"I will dust the parlor every day, and not leave it for Agnes.

"I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week.

"I will take care of my bird every morning."

"I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year.

"I will sew on my buttons without being told."

"I will not let Agnes do my share of the work, just because she is obliging."

"I will always be pleasant to everybody."

"Dora, mamma wants you—"

"Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!"

"Mamma wants you to see to Freddie."

"Oh, dear! Why can't you?"

"I've got to go down to the post office."

"Oh, why, when you finished the dishes?"

"All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a mite of superiority in it.

"But I meant to come and wipe

Old Year Adieu.

Old Year! Time, with visage grim,
Marks his end on another year;
His harvest he has gathered in;
The wealth was wide both far and near.

The strife of battle rages round
The ranks of fighters in the van,
But clashing arms and shouts resound
Of victor and of conquered man.

The aged sire, with trembling hands,
And hoary lock of silvery white,
Perceives the passing of the day,
The sunset's glow, the clouds of night.

Mayhap there is a vacant chair
At home, but recently re-
signed—
A loved one gone about to wear
The crown of bliss by angels twined.

The path to glory may not lead
With roses strewn about the feet,
But hope and strive by word and deed
Some sure to cheer. The New
Year greet!

—T. J. Dehey in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

somersants, and ended by standing on his head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sorry, said: "Johnny-jumper is awful nice, and I didn't get to see you make him go, and I hope times will be a lot better to our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But," said the smiling boy, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I tell you she's a hammer!" Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."

Nowadays it's not so easy to get cheaper cuts of meat as it is to get cuts of cheaper meat—at top-notch prices.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



PROMINENT IN THE WINTER STYLES' PARADE.

People are flocking South in winter like the birds. Railroads have unlimited distance so that the journey between lands of snow and lands of sun is measured by a few hours. The wonder is that anyone who can possibly help it endures the sting of Northern winters for months and months, especially as the genial South has many all-weather bobbies its climate. Among them are the smart clothes that the fair Southern tourist indulges in.

This business of furnishing apparel for winter tourists' wear has become an important factor in establishing fashions and all womanhood is interested in the parade of styles at Palm Beach, Coconado and other centers where people of wealth assemble. The best things that money can buy are worn in these places and they come up the dress of women all over the land.

For instance, the hat and bag to match shown in the picture above is one of many beautiful matched sets made in anticipation of the demand for smart and novel dress accessories which comes into a rush just about Christmas time or immediately after the holidays. Of course, mildy of fashion is accompanied everywhere by her knitting bag, and she may have several of these indispensables made to wear with several hats. This set will be just as appropriate in the North as in the South. The small hat is of black tulle and is a simple affair, measuring length, are the best liked styles for fur neck-pieces. This is only a general and rather vague description of the great variety of fashionable neck-pieces that smart women find indispensable in all climates. They are as much liked to throw about the shoulders at indoor affairs, after coats have been taken off, as for outdoor wear.

One of the cleverest new scarfs is made of Hudson seal, and is about a yard and a half long and in the neighborhood of fifteen inches wide. At each end of the scarf there is a small pocket, hardly discernible, but quite equal to keeping the hands warm. Along the edge of the scarf, on one side, there is a band of martin fur, four inches wide. It is only half as long as the scarf and therefore does not reach to the neck on either side. It protects the back of the neck and proves a becoming addition to this neck-piece.

Another novelty in the same combination is a short sleeveless mantle of seal-skin with a wide shawl collar of martin. The mantle is merely a square cap at the back and front, joined at the shoulders.

In the group of neck-pieces shown above, it will be noticed that short tails of fur, along with legs and claws, have returned to favor as a fashion. It also, that neck-pieces are scarfs that



BEST-LIKED STYLES IN FURS.

shirled over cords. It is faced with a color and bound about the edge with gold braid. The small blossoms applied to it are made of ribbon and are lively examples of modern art.

The bag in the shape of an old-fashioned basket, is made in the same way and its lining matches that of the hat. Its handles are of the gold braid lined with silk and it is down-trimmed like the hat with ribbon flowers. The shape is a happy thought of the designer, giving a quaint flavor of old times to a most up-to-date accessory.

Next to the natural shape of the fox pelt, with head, tail and legs square capes and straight wide scarfs of look like capes, or capes that look like scarfs, lending themselves to a casual adjustment that is considered very chic. The square cape of kolmsky at the left has a narrow flat collar of the same fur. The scarf at the center is of Hudson seal with fox collar. At the right a longer flat scarf is shown, which is also developed in fur fur. It is lined for all the rarer furs as well as sable, mink, martin. Ermine is at its best in small scarfs and collars or as a trimming on other fur furs.

Julie B. Morley

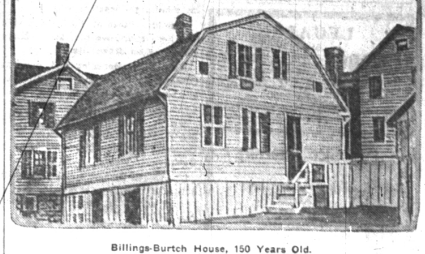
Some Pretty Trimmings.

Trimmings seen in silk and satin blouses include narrow tucks, colored piping, and many buttons. Gold stitching and steel bead embroidery showed up attractively on waist of georgette, while a deep crown georgette had yellow china beads sewn on in rows, instead of following a floral or conventional pattern.

Navy blue is less seen, so counts this season than is usual.

Japan's foreign trade is increasing.

STONINGTON



Billings-Burth House, 150 Years Old.

BY THE peaceful waters of Long Island sound, ancient Stonington sits and dreams of the vicarious conflicts of the past. The summer visitor is now the only invader and even he is oftentimes conquered by the beauty of sea and shore. If he loves the flavor of antiquity, his fate is sealed and Stonington has added one more to the list of her conquests.

But what other Connecticut town was ever the scene of an American victory over the British? Stonington twice defeated the naval forces of England; once in 1775 and again in 1814!

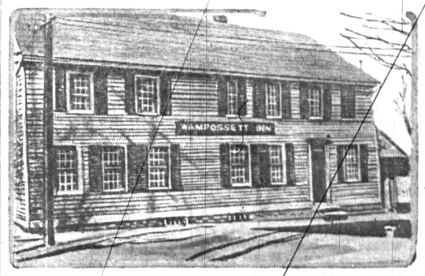
The conquests of the old town were not, however, limited to battle alone. The sea was here, traversed as it was by her whaling and sealing ships as well as by her messenger packets. The unknown corners of the earth acknowledged her supremacy, for a Stonington captain was the first to see the Fanning Islands, and Capt. Nathaniel Palmer discovered the Antarctic continent.

In the world of art, James MacNeill Whistler was a pioneer spirit, and Whistler lived at two periods of his life in Stonington.

In the long series of conquests, beginning with the Indian and ending with the summer visitor, Stonington now enjoys the fruits of victory. In peace she sits under her ancient elms, while the harbor waters lap her shores and surge beneath the ruined wharves. It is recalled that Rufus Chouteau once said of Stonington that it was the only place he had ever seen that was entirely fishless.

Spirit of its Early Settlers.

The Spirit that moved Stonington to desert the British on the 20th of August, 1775, more than ten months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was indomitable to the com-



House of Capt. Nathaniel Parker.

unity. In fact, the earliest settlers of the region first published their own Declaration of Independence.

After Massachusetts and Connecticut had united to overthrow the English Indians, they combined to conquer territory, which extended from the Thames river to Connecticut to Westport in Rhode Island. The settlers of Stonington then called Methe and Fay's territory applied to the general court at Hartford to be set off as a separate town, but the opposition of New London led to the refusal of the application.

In 1657 the petitioners sent an urgent message to Massachusetts, which colony had a claim to the area in dispute, but Massachusetts likewise refused the request of the little settlement in the wilds.

Whereupon a miniature republic was evolved under the name of "The Association of Pequot People."

These settlers on the borders of the wilderness had for the most part sprung from the better classes; indeed, a large part of them could trace their descent to soldiers of which there are a number in the area in dispute. Yet in this new country they were proud to become good farmers, blacksmiths, shoemakers or weavers.

Fatigue and Taxis.

The idea that fatigue is due to a specific toxin, as suggested by Welch early in the century, has been a popular one, but the late investigation of Levy and Aronovich at Columbia University shows it to have no good foundation. There is nothing, therefore, to encourage the hope that an exhausted muscle lost much in contractile power, but the juice of a non-fatigued muscle produced substantially the same effect.

Thought and Faith.

Men who age seeking for knowledge in regard to subjects as to which there can, in the nature of things, be none, might well ask themselves whether there is to be no sphere left in human thought in which faith can operate. It was said of Arnold of Rugby that his mind could rest as quietly in the presence of doubt as in that of discovered truth. It is a great thing to be able to believe where we cannot prove.

—Exchange.

Her Last Word.

Mr. B. (during the quarrel)—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money.

Mrs. B.—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.

Great Expectations.

He—Do you think your father will put down anything when I tell him we are to be married?

She—I know he will, dearest; his foot.