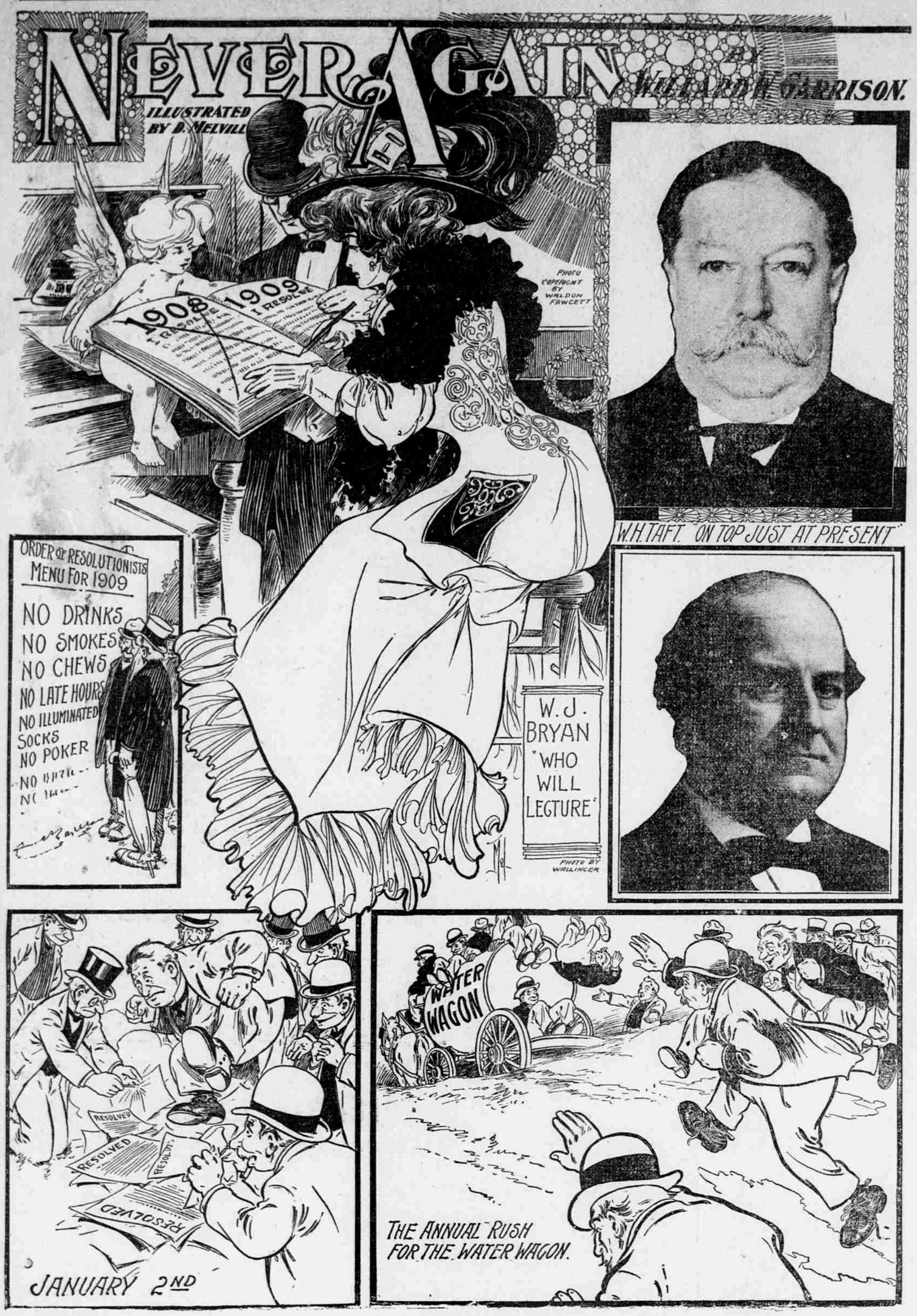


WITHIN a few days our ears will be filled with the deafening crash of people breaking their New Year's resolutions. Three million sets of iron-clad non-combustible American "never-agains" crushed to earth will remain there until dug up again the night of December 31, 1909.

What has the New Year in store for you, joy or sorrow? Few to-day realize what or where they will be before the end of 1909, and attempts to prognosticate probably would be vain. As far as destiny is concerned the world literally lives "from hand to mouth." We can only guess at what the next year will bring.

For William Jennings Bryan 1909 means more lectures at so much per night. For William Howard Taft, 1909 is a year of glad rejoicing, for on March 4 he assumes the presidential chair vacated by Theodore Roosevelt. Four years ago when an attempt was made to relegate Mr. Taft to the bench of the supreme court of the United States he little suspected that he was material to fill the chair at the head of the nation.

Joy is mingled with sadness in President Roosevelt's case and his cup is one of bitter-sweet, for while he lifts the cares of the presidential office from his head and applies his strenuosity tests upon the habitues of the East African jungle he has shot his bolt as far as the U. S. A. is concerned, there being nothing left to conquer.

But for the commonplace citizen of these United States 1909 carries only conjecture, as a rule. Lots of men and women start the year planning to carry out some cherished ideas, whether they will succeed being a matter that only Father Time himself can solve.

There are approximately 83,000,000 souls in this country. Of that number statistics say 3,000,000 have drawn up sets of resolutions, which if carried out would cut a swath in the nation's liquor and tobacco traffic.

From every state in the union the cry "never again" arises, and just a few days after the debut of the new year the phrase gives way to a murmur of "just one more" with the eventual result that 15 days or three weeks finds conditions once more at a normal state.

There is a saying that a man is never great until he dies. Therefore it is generally not until the demise of the righteous that we learn of the man or woman who made and kept a New Year's resolution. Then the press lets us know about it and as a rule the alleged New Year's resolution which was kept may be laid at the door of the bright young reporter who covered the death and who was anxious to inoculate a feature into his story.

There are thousands of ways of applying the "never again." Here are a few of the more or less popular ways:

I promise never again, after January 1 to—

Drink intoxicants,
Smoke Tobacco,
Swear,
Be Mean to My Wife,
Keep Late Hours,
Waste Money,
Eat Heavy Meals,
Vote the —— Ticket,
Grow a Mustache,
Spurn the Alarm Clock's Call,
Read Novels,
Quit My Job,
Believe Fish Tales,
Play Cards,
Gamble,
Celebrate July 4,
Dance Overtime,
Ask for More Pay,
Tell Lies,
Wear Loud Socks,
Flirt,
Part My Hair in the Middle,
Shirk Work,
Watch Salome Dances,
Marry,
Be Conceited,
Wear Merry Widow Hats.
Etc.

Other purely local faults are subjects of New Year's resolutions and usually the signed and sworn document is tucked away in a corner, neglected and its contents forgotten. Then the party to the "swearing off," who for three days has been telling his friends or her friends how invigorating it feels to be once more spiritually pure, drops down a step or two and when resolutions are mentioned has a merry laugh and tells about how last New Year's he or she had sworn off this and that and had had more fun "with the folks over it."

At midnight each December 31, Father Time loads up the water wagon with thousands of eximbibers who now are firm believers in the health-giving properties of aqua pura. About 12:01 a. m., January 1, the one who is less able to stand the gaff of total abstinence slides off to the ground and proceeds to celebrate. For fear that he may be lonesome two or three others follow him and pretty soon most of them are sliding back to Mother Earth and alleged happiness. Occasionally a man or two is found who keeps a resolution or two and then there is a place reserved for him in the hall of fame, but there are lots of empty niches there.

New Year's parties, attended by young people are the breeding places for resolutions. Inventors of games who profit thereby, have gone so far as to concoct resolution games for parties of that sort and in some of the contests the loser is compelled to keep his promise to "swear off" this or that, if he would adhere to his or her affidavit.

A story is told of a young lady and a young man, engaged to each other, who attended a New Year's party. The couple were extremely fond of each other and the bride-to-be had only one objection to her intended spouse, viz., that he drank intoxicants. He was not aware that she knew it. Consequently before the little social function she "fixed" the resolution contest, so he would lose. She playfully told him that he must keep his resolution and he, rather fearfully promised, little suspecting the plot.

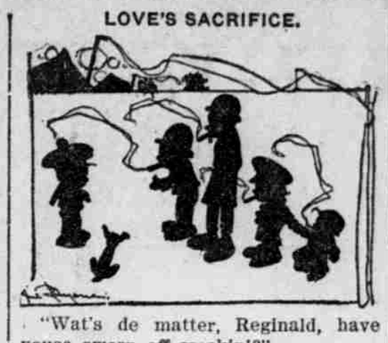
Well, he lost and said he would keep the promise, though he lied and said he never touched a "drop in his life."

"I know you don't drink," she breathed into his ear from the depths of a cozy corner, "but I want to be sure that you never will."

Thus the young man's habit met its Waterloo in the New Year's trick of a "stacked deck," promoted by his fiancee, and now, five years following their marriage, his taste for spirits was declared positively extinct by the wife in a recent coroner's inquest at the ladies' sewing circle.

That was one resolution which held and probably will for the rest of the young married man's life, providing he doesn't get into politics. But that was one of a few. When a man or woman makes a resolution with a string attached to it, such as awarding a watching friend a few simoleons in case the promise to abstain from some habit is broken, then the vaccination "takes," but otherwise, it seldom holds good for more than a week. A week is really a long stretch for the life of a set of promises, most of them expiring with dawn of January 1, although having been made only the previous night. This new year will see the breaking of approximately 3,000,000 well-founded resolutions, but who cares? There are lots more New Years coming, say the philosophers.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.



"Wat's de matter, Reginald, have youse sworn off smokin'?"

"Yes. You see, I'm engaged now, and my fiancee objects to a disagreeable breath."

Must Have Meant Him.

"I wish I knew," said Cholly Saphead, "if I have any show of winning Miss Roxie Swellman."

"Well," answered Miss Peppery, "from a remark of hers I think you're her choice."

"Aw, really? What did she say?"

"She said nobody was good enough to be her husband."

This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.

It's a bad thing to be known as a "good thing."

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 52, 1908.