

**NEW YEAR
HERE IT IS AGAIN**



BY JAMES A. EDGERTON

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NINETEEN-ELEVEN! That is going some. Tempus is fugiting. It has the habit. We sprint forever after days to come As swiftly as the nimble jackass rabbit. We dream each year will bring us Fortune's plum And through the Future stretch our hands to grab it. Only to find, in spite of our endeavor, Next year it is as far away as ever.

TIME deals. Twelve months have gone to the discard Since last we had to pen our New Year's greeting. And now the date returns and hits us hard With melancholy duties of repeating. The form with fresh remarks we interlard, Like "Turn a new page here," and "Life is fleeting."



The same we've said, with lame attempts to vary, Each year—and will again next January.

WITH high resolves today our hearts are warm. This is the happy season that we swear off. We are protected from Temptation's storm.

At least until our resolutions wear out. Well, it is good we've one day for reform. In view of what on other days we tear off. Our vows at least may aid the paving movement In Colonel Satan's latest town improvement.

AND, speaking of improvement, here on earth Have you observed the clip we have been going? Old Nineteen-ten had reason for his mirth,



And Uncle Sam can be excused for crowing. Accomplishment has so increased its girth That what this year may bring there is no knowing. In twelve months we may all of us be flying Or break our ailerons—and necks—in trying.

TIS New Year's! Let us think all things are new, And so they are for us till we have won them. This moment differs from all moments through.

The path of life are novel as we run them. Whatever are our deeds, it still is true This is the first time—this time—we have done them.

Nineteen-eleven wipes out last year's sorrow, And Nineteen-twelve is beckoning to-morrow.

Excluded. Ascum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man. And how is the baby to be named? Popley—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

**ONE WAY TO
MAKE RESOLVES**

THE man who resolves not to encourage folly in others is an overindulgent husband or a too easy going father. His vows and resolutions are alarming when they are made, but are of short duration usually and should not be taken seriously by his family. The woman who resolves to keep track of the household expenses and the girl who swears to keep a journal are hopeless. If they carry out their threats, and to the very bitter end, they become unbearably complacent. If they fail it pains one to think how weak of will they are. You see, there is absolutely no way to please one's friends in this New Year's business.

The only way to make a New Year's resolution with any hope of keeping it and your natural and amiable bearing toward the world is to adapt J. M. Barrie's recipe for enjoying a day in bed. The fun of staying all day in bed, says that canny Scot, is to begin by saying, "I will get up in fifteen minutes." When the fifteen minutes



are up you continue to nap or lounge. But you must not say: "I'll stay here all day. How delicious!" You must say, "Another half hour and then I'll have to get up." But at the end of the half hour you still rest among the pillows. And so on, tasting your ease all day long. And that's the way to make New Year's resolutions. Say, "I won't buy bargains or smoke or drink or read French novels or go to problem plays this month." Then at the end of the month renew the threats, and the first thing you know it will be Dec. 31 and you will have passed an exemplary and colorless year. And your stock of

egotism won't mount so high as it does when one makes yearly contracts with one's conscience—and abides by them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN PARIS.

Stirring Description of the Scenes in the Great City's Markets. After having chanced to spend a New Year's eve in nearly every country in Christendom, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, it is my opinion that there is more bewilderment to gaze upon and more bedlam to hear-in and around the "halles" of Paris than can be found compressed in any other spot on earth. The halles are the markets of the vast city, the center into which pour thousands of trains and vehicles of every sort from all the country round and from which issues the food supply that keeps 3,000,000 people from starving. Even on the most ordinary night of the year the great Paris market is a place of entrancing interest. Victor Hugo describes it in several of his novels. Other French authors have chosen it as the chief scene in their works. Zola's "The Stomach of Paris" treats of it, and it figures in no end of melodramas that have been translated into every known language. Moreover, it is so invariably regarded as one of the great sights of Paris that no foreigner ever comes here without devoting a night to the exploration of the quaint neighborhood. What it is on other nights, however, is nothing to what all that vicinity becomes on New Year's eve. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else on the globe. Into a space bounded by nearly a dozen blocks and flaring in a light that makes it almost as bright as day comes a huge proportion of the population, some on business, others on merriment bound, and all radiating with noise. Bands of itinerant musicians dot the singing sea here and there, fighting for dear life to keep their feet in the rush, but all the time screeching out instrumental discord. Temporary booths fringe the sidewalks, behind which are peddlers of all sorts shrieking their wares so loud that you might think they were trying to tempt the inhabitants of Mars to come and buy. Every little while you hear what sounds like the sharp report of a pistol shot, but it is only the drivers of market wagons notifying the crowds to look out for the wheels. Young men and boys go by in bands, blowing deafening horns with an energy that money could not buy. Every human being among the thousands who hasn't a horn at his lips is using that favorite of all weapons for Frenchmen—his mouth—in a way that would make a bellowing elephant blush with envy. And every one is either laughing or doing what represents it for all Paris is merry.

Hit Both Ways. "It ain't no fun bein' a kid," observed a boy bitterly. "You always hafta go to bed when you ain't sleepy an' git up when you are."—Toledo Blade

Making a Major. John Esten Cooke, who went into the war as an enlisted man in a Richmond battery, was soon afterward appointed an officer on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart. On Stuart's staff, Mr. George Cary Eggleston says in "Recollections of a Varied Life," he distinguished himself by a certain laughing nonchalance under fire and by his eager readiness to undertake Stuart's most perilous missions. It was in recognition of some specially daring service of that kind that Stuart gave him his promotion. The delightful way in which the great boyish southerner did it is best told in Mr. Eggleston's own words. "You're about my size, Cooke," Stuart said, "but you're not so broad in the chest."

"Yes, I am," answered Cooke. "Let's see if you are," said Stuart, taking off his coat as if for a boxing match. "Try that on." Cooke donned the coat with its three stars on the collar and found it a fit. "Cut off two of the stars," Stuart commanded, "and wear the coat to Richmond. Tell the people in the war department to make you a major and send you back to me in a hurry. I'll need you tomorrow."

How It Feels to Be Run Over. "When I was run over," writes a correspondent, "I had not seen the car approaching. The first thing I knew was that I was on the ground, kicking upward with my legs in an effort to get from under the car. Then I felt a wheel going over my chest, which bent as it passed over. In the intervening second or two I went through several minutes' worth of feelings. I had the sensations of astonishment at being on the ground, of wanting to roll aside and away, of bracing myself—and my chest especially—stiff to resist something, whatever it might be, while a lightning flash of fear was dully there and a subconscious query, 'What on earth next?' Yet it was hardly fear, because there was no time for such a durable sensation. It was rather a sense of being suddenly confronted with a grave reality, of doubtful, obscurely terrible import."—London Chronicle.

Teaching the Teacher. Teacher—Johnny, what part of speech is "nose"? Johnny—Thun't any. Teacher—Ah, but it must be. Johnny—May-be yours is, because you talk through it, but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Same Old Story. "Does he pay his alimony promptly?" "No. He has to be urged and threatened every pay day; but, then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Masculine Perversity. Men are funny creatures to enter for. A woman will buy the things she wants, but a man will only buy the things he needs.—Exchange.

CONCERNING NECKTIES.

Which One May Buy at Prices High or Astonishingly Low. A man can pay 25 cents for a necktie or 50 cents or \$2 or more. He can find neckties just as expensive as he wants to pay for, and then he can get neckties a good deal cheaper than any of the prices named. Here, for instance, was a street vender with a pushcart full of neckties, hundreds of neckties of various colors, though all of one style, of that order of necktie architecture known as the butterfly, a bow pinched in small at the middle and having at the back a tiny loop of elastic by which the tie is attached to the collar button.

Five cents apiece for the greater number of these silk butterfly ties, a great array of them on cards in pasteboard boxes covering three-fourths of the bottom of the pushcart and built up at the back to enhance the display. Then if you wanted a more expensive tie this vendor had them, plenty of them, ties of the same design but of better quality, covering the other fourth of the cart's available space, ties at 10 cents apiece. But these more costly ties were just at this time anyway neglected, at this moment the people halted at the cart were gathered around its other section, looking at, inspecting and buying cheaper ties, the ones at five cents each.—New York Sun.

American Phosphate Deposits.

A recent report of the Geological Survey shows that in the Northwest country of Idaho, Wyoming and Utah the United States possesses probably the largest and richest phosphate deposits in the world. From surveys recently cast up in total these deposits show evidences of 267,000,000 tons of high grade phosphate rock, while the chances are that millions more tons may be added to this total before the pay rock is exhausted. These deposits show the rock in pebble formation, closely cemented in masses and containing some calcite. These round particles vary from a microscopic size to pebbles half an inch in diameter. In color the phosphate rock ranges from a gray to a jet black, the black probably due to carboniferous matter. All public lands suspected of containing valuable deposits of phosphate now are withdrawn from public entry until such time as the value of the deposits is tested, preserving the status of the land until Congress shall take action.—Chicago Tribune.

New Ice Machine.

An ice-making machine has been invented at Grasse, France. The important feature is a cylinder in which the chemicals are sealed (the cylinder not requiring renewal and lasting as long as the machine itself), and which revolving in water, produces the ice. It can also produce cold air.

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