RESOLUTIONS BROKEN

BY

MARIE MARSH

BOB JUDSON went down to breakfast New Year's morning with his shirt cuffs dangling. He had watched the old year out and the new year in at his young sister's party and had promised to go skating with the "crowd" by nine in the morning.

"What in thunder do you mean by swiping my cuff buttons, Peggy?" he said to his sister.

"Only this," cooed Peggy, who was eighteen and uncommonly pretty. She held up her hands, showing the cuffs of a blouse of masculine cut. "I needed them, dearie, so before you were awake I came in and got them. Don't be huffy, sweetheart, it's New Year's day."

"Well, you needn't be so absurdly good-natured," growled Bob.

"No, dearest!" said Peggy. "But it's New Year's day and I've made some resolutions. One's to be very good-natured. And I'm beginning on you. I have made out some for you, too," she added.

Tom read in small, rather childish writing, these resolutions thought by



Tom and Madge at No. 26 Bedford Street.

his little sister to cover his besetting sins:

Not to flirt.

Not to be scrappy.

Note to be late for dinner—"It annoys cook so."

Not to be hoggish—This had special reference to neckties, fountain pens, cuff buttons, etc.

Not to get engaged before the next New Year's day. "Because unattached men are scarce and we need you in the bunch to piece out with."

"Bobby, dear," resumed Peggy, "I've asked some of the girls to come in this evening to practice a new dance step. We're a man short. That is we are a girl extra. Sally's bringing her cousin," she continued.

Bob's social engagements in his own and his sister's set kept him until darkness had begun to settle. But, as he reflected, it was only half past five, and with half an hour to get home and dinner at half past six, he would be in good time. He could boast to Peggy that he had kept all his resolutions at least for the day.

He was aware of the fact that there was a young woman walking hurriedly beside a man on the opposite side of the street. Then he saw the young woman quickly cross the street. She waved her hand and fairly pounced upon him with a "Why, Marmaduke, dear, how glad I am to see you!"

Tom remembered the first resolution given by Peggy, "Not to flirt."

"I thought it was you, Marmaduke," said the girl, walking beside him and laughing gayly. "Of course, you were on your way to our house. We half expected you, but I didn't know you would come this way." It seemed to Tom that the girl was talking very loudly. And then in an aside she said, "Marmaduke Butler's your name."

Then Tom realized that the man who had been talking to the girl had caught up with them.

"Say, who are you?" said the young man, well dressed, but with his hat drawn over his eyes.

"Why, I'm Marmaduke Butler," stammered Tom.

"I don't believe it," snarled the stranger. "We don't neither of us know her. And I came along first."

Tom did not wait to know what was coming next. He shook off the girl's hold, his fists clenched and his muscles tightened without volition. The next minute he had struck out toward the annoying stranger, and with the third blow the stranger was prone on the path.

"Take me home," whispered the girl, hoarsely. "It's 26 Bedford street. Can you find it?" They hurried on. The man was soon following them again as they proceeded.

Tom stood with her on the porch of the house marked 26 until a servant came to the door. "May I see you again?"

"Oh, no," said the girl. "It would seem as if I had been very impertinent if we ever met again. But I shall always be grateful." Then the door closed and Tom in much confusion traced his steps homeward. It was a quarter to seven when he reached home.

"Tom, you have broken one of your resolutions the first thing," chirped Peggy.

"I've broken more than one," said Tom dismally. "I've flirted with a girl, knocked a man over, I've felt as if I wanted something all to myself, and if I get half a chance I'll be engaged before next year. Say, Peggy, Sally lives somewhere in Bedford street, doesn't she?"

"Twenty-six," said Peggy. "And I shouldn't wonder if you'd better remember that, because you'll have to see Sally's cousin home. You see, she's the extra girl tonight."

Then the telephone bell rang and Peggy was absorbed for many minutes. She burst in upon Tom in the dining room, where he was finishing dinner alone. "Tom, hurry. I am afraid you'll have to get Sally and her cousin. Burton James was going to meet them here and they were coming alone, but the cousin—Madge is her name—had the most awful experience, perfectly awful. A man followed her. They walked along and then he took her arm, wanted to make a date with her and everything. Madge didn't know what to do, it was so dark and lonely. But she says the nicest man came along and saw her difficulty and knocked the man down and took her home, then left without letting her know who he was. Wasn't that splendid? Now the girls are afraid to come alone for fear that other man will meet them."

Of course, Tom hastened to 26 Bedford street, and of course the affair ripened into a romance, and long before the year was out announcements were made of the engagement of Madge and Tom.

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STAR SKETCHES



Story of JANET GAYNOR by Charles Farrell

PICTURE a girl as sweet as your mother, yet as smart as a college professor. Unassuming, shy, almost bashful. So timid she hesitates to cross the street alone. A girl who has become one of the most talked-of actresses in all the world, and yet has not let success turn her head . . . who remains winsome, unsophisticated, modest and simple. There you have Janet Gaynor.

Unlike many great stars who thrive in the limelight, she actually shrinks from the public gaze . . . even to the extent of having her lunches served in the seclusion of her bungalow on the lot. But being the type easily recognized, people often stop her in shops and other public places to tell her how wonderful she is. At such times, Miss Gaynor is always gracious and only wishes they would not use so many superlatives in their compliments.

Her week-ends and time off are usually spent at her cottage at Santa Monica Beach. She loves to swim, and swings a mean golf club for a girl of her size . . . being just a trifle . . . five feet tall and weighing about 100 pounds.

Her appetite is discriminating and dainty. Her hair is golden brown and she has wonderfully expressive brown eyes.

Janet reads dramatic literature and poetry, and believes romance is the key that unlocks every heart in the world. She is conversant, through study, with all famous heroines of fiction and history. One of her greatest interests is music, and she sings exceptionally well. While she seldom misses a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, she likes jazz as well as classical music.

After completing her education, her mother wanted her to go on the stage, but she preferred a business career. However, office work proved too monotonous and confining, so commerce lost a guiding angel. Mrs. Gaynor finally had her way and two days before Christmas 1924 the family moved to Hollywood. Here she attracted immediate attention. In fact, the day after Christmas found her working in pictures and she hasn't been idle since. There is a perfectly good reason for this . . . there has never been a better actress or sweeter character in filmland than Janet Gaynor.

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Old New Year's and the New New Year's

MASSACHUSETTS made New Year's a holiday long after the American custom of New Year's calls, which justified its observance, had gone the way of the polka and the hoop skirt. There is nothing American about the carnival-like merry-making which nowadays welcomes the new year. Or can it be that even this is a metamorphosis of the watchnight meeting of 40 years or more ago? To deacons and elders, to all anxious heads of families, it used to seem fitting to spend the last three hours of the year in singing lugubrious hymns and giving thanks that they had been singled out for preservation when so many had been removed by an equally discerning Providence.

But to the young the watchnight meeting was always a dreary service, only to be endured in view of the joys of the morrow. And when the life and color were taken out of the observance of New Year's itself, there seemed little sense in ushering in a day of gloom with a still gloomier New Year's eve. So they left the watchnight meeting to those who found no more pleasure in their days, and for themselves introduced the practice now generally prevalent of indulging in a last fling in preparation for the morrow's disagreeable business of turning over a new leaf. They have revived the old pagan ceremony, except that no miniature skeletons are passed round at the feast to remind them that they are mortal. Nothing in this modern New Year's eve abandon, however, commends it as a substitute for the old and gracious custom of paying and receiving calls, a custom whose desuetude was hastened by the prodigious growth of the large cities in the 25 years following the Civil war.

As people's acquaintances increased numerically their circle widened geographically. Horse-drawn vehicles were still the indispensable ways of getting about. A gentleman who in 1869 could call upon 100 or more ladies and find room in himself for an equal number of cups of coffee or glasses of sherry, was compelled, in 1870, to reduce his calling list by half; he could not get all the way round, even if his brains and his legs held out. As it became apparent that either the custom or its observers must shortly perish from the earth, the custom languished and died. Such of the old observers as survive spend the day sadly. There is nothing they can do to make them repentant. There is no pleasure in making good resolutions which you can't break if you try.—Boston Herald.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal esate of

BOLIN M. BRENT

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 10th day of June, 1933, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 6th day of December, 1932.

WILLIAM R. HOWELL,
Administrator.

WM. PEPPER CONSTABLE
Maryland Trust Building
Baltimore, Md.
In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays

REWARD FOR CHICKEN THIEVES

A reward of Two hundred and fifty ($250.00) dollars will be paid by the Kent County Commissioners for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the gang of chicken thieves who have been operating in Kent County during the past two months.

By Kent County Commissioners,
au13 MARION CALDWELL, Clerk.

JOHN W. BARROLL
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SNOODLES

By CY HUNGERFORD



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