

NEW YEAR MEDITATIONS

ANY of us in these stressful days find time for introspection, for glance ahead? In the slower past we seemed to have, even the most industrious of us, time for the "going apart alone," the inquiry how is it with you, my soul; but now we have little inclination for that, meditation is put away with the rest of the "old-fashioned, un-modern."

An editor friend of mine was asked they turned out much work in her life. "O, yes," she said; "we don't ink, we just typewrite." On the eve of the New Year let us old-fashioned once more; look back to Time, and look forward. What is been the loss the last twelvemonth, what the outlook for the thirteenth to come. Let us take stock. What resolutions should we venture on?

Weary of present materialism, we will look to character first of all, but retrogression here the past year? we have grown a shade more selfish, less unselfish, more sympathetic? And do we hypocritically call our selfishness "the open looking out for our own interests?" Do we look with increased pride on the laxity and term it "tolerance," an advance in worldly wisdom? Are we satisfied with the narrowing of our sympathies, and do we take of this as "more philosophy?" It is likely.

And now comes the contemplation, how far do we want this to go on? all we let self-interest, a letting go of standards, unsocialism go on an old age ruled by mercenary mores, marked by low principles, by inanity? Heigho! Just this calling things by their right names has ought us up short; we tremble a little over the careless past; are afraid that unsavory old age. Maybe it would be well on New Year's Day to fashionedly put up some old-fashioned mottoes:

"For selfishness is death." "I had a very unpleasant conversation with my conscience."

"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But day comes when he begins to care at he do not cheat his neighbor, then all goes well. He has changed a market cart into a chariot of the gods."

At us go on taking stock. How is it with the health of the body? Has been neglected, has it been over-looked—one evil no less than the other? Have we jealously guarded the care of sleep its due, not stolen therein in mistaken ambition, mistaken ambition? Has the daily generousness of air and sunshine and flying and fair sky been unregarded; "world too much with us?" Have been neglectful, with gross carelessness paid no heed to building up tissues; expended energy at the health? Or have we been inerate of wine and meat?—the one no greater than the other. Have thought and talked nothing but toms, been wholly concerned with carnal? So many omissions, so over-anxieties we may have been of. Let us put in prominence New Year's Day:

A sound mind in a sound body." "We have been cross, irritable, irritated." "Let a man practice the minor arts." "Have we been inaccurate, foolish?" "In all the superior people have met, I notice directness, spoken more truly, as if every obstruction, of malformation, been trained away."

We have been hermit, or frivolous; extreme or the other? Have we ourselves away from mankind, a life of selfish seclusion, un-der ourselves with civic and so-sponsibilities, got ourselves into a where any reminder of the seething life outside seems un-ably intrusive, unwarrantably out? Look out, look out.

The prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small." "The over-frivolity. What has it outed to; the late hours, the idly piled upon night-of-it? No no thoughtfulness, no time for noble deed, for hunting up neighbor, for the kindly homely True, "We must have society, must spare variety;" but like-ness we must have some variety society. Body and soul need repose, an escape from jar and what is the New Year guide blundering?

is the fine souls who serve us, of what is called fine society." "We were too busy, too hurried and, gentle, responsive; have we "business," underrated friend. Let us hang this where the light shine on it full and bright; not so short but that there is time for courtesy." Have we relenting; unforgetting, retail. Dare we so continue, so be ourselves? "His heart was as a world, but there was no ink for the memory of a"

All the walls of all the will be covered with motto, age and admonition. Let us with a seeing eye once in

KATHERINE POPE.

Hogan Reviews the Year 1905

By HENRY M. HYDE

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"Ladies an' gints," said Old Man Hogan, "bayfure enterin' th' new show which has jist been opened across th' way, I'd advise ye all to take a final look at th' freaks an' curiosities which have been exhibited for th' last year under th' old canvas, which is now bein' taken down an' rolled up for good."

"In th' first cage to th' right as ye enter ye'll observe Cassie, th' Magnetic Marvel, th' greatest wonder av modern times. Ar-rmed only wid a sweet smile an' a stub pin she fearlessly enters a den av wild an' savage bankers an' be a simple wave av th' hand extracts their money an' renders thim perfectly harmless an' obedient to her slightest wish. So potent is the



"CASSIE, THE MAGNETIC MARVEL." power av th' little lady that at her word av command th' most ferocious financiers fawn at her feet an' form a pyramid on th' top av which she stands in a graceful an' expansive attitude. So overpowerin' is th' popular interest in this marvelous woman that th' management has—at enormous expence—reengaged her for another season an' she will be wan av th' leading attractions durin' a lar-r-ge part av th' new year.

"In this lar-r-ge double din at th' lift you will find th' twin wild min, Tom-Tom an' Bill-Bill. The first was captured atther a terrible struggle in th' wilds av Boston; th' other was caught in a figger-four thrap in th' jungles av Wall street. Every day untill noon they spind th' time callin' each other blood-curdlin' names over th' long distance telephone, with which the din is fitted. Promptly on th' stroke av twelve th' dure separating th' two cages is thrown open an', while th' spectators hold their breath, th' two desperadoes, ar-r-med to th' teeth, rush together an'—embrace each other. Highly moral an' instructive exhibition. Endorsed by press an' pulpit. (Hank Rogers an' Jawn D. please write.) This attraction has also been specially reingaged for th' new year.

On th' platform across th' tint, next dure to th' monkeys' cage, you will see Prof. Harry Lehr an' his cillibrated troupe av performin' dogs. Three times a day th' professor an' his pets sit down to th' table together, an' so will thraired ar-r-re th' latter that 'tis har-r-rd to till which is exhibition. This amusin' an' entertainin' which enjoys th' special patronage av th' smart set an' av all th' swelled hids av Newport. 'Twill be your last chance to enjoy th' performance, as th' professor is now experimentin' with a monkey with which he has alriddy succeeded in gettin' on such intimate an' confidential terms that he expects to praysint, a little later in the new season, a startlin' an' sensational twin



"TH' TWIN WILD MIN TOM-TOM AN' BILL-BILL."

brother act which will show how small is th' difference bechune th' lower animals an' some men.

"There in th' middle, ladies an' gints, tied to th' cinter pole av th' main canvas, stands Ray-Pub, th' largest elephant ivir exhibited in captivity—be nearly a million majority. Always a big animal, he has grown immensely durin' th' lasht year. Great credit for th' increase in size is due to Thaydure, his mahout, who has looked carefully after his feedin' an' has kept his blood in order be administerin' several tonics. Nobody else has ivir been able to make Ray-Pub take medicine, but Thaydure has him under such perfect control that at th' wor-r-d av command he will roll over an' play

dead. Th' management has signed a contract for th' appearance av this unparalleled attraction for th' next four years, an' has no doubt it will grow more popular all th' time, as Thaydure is constantly teachin' it new tricks. Wan av th' novelties promised for th' new year is a head-on collision bechune the elephant an' a railroad locomotive goin' at top speed. Almost ivirbody but th' mahout is afraid this 'll raysult in Ray-Pub's gettin' badly mangled, but Thaydure day-claras 'twill be only light exercise for his pet. Public curiosity is alriddy at white heat to see th' outcome av this sensational act.

"In the lar-r-ge cage to th' left is a din av ferocious, man-killin' chaffeurs. They praysint a pleasin' picture av th' raysult av thraedin' ivir th' most savage an' bloodthirsty creatures with kindness an' 60 days in th' bandhouse. Where formerly they rushed around th' country, with fire flashin' from their eyes, they ar-r-e now almost perfectly domesticated, comin' to th' bar-r-s to lap up gasoline from th' naked hand an' takin' their favorite meal av rubber tires with purrs av delight. 'Tis expected that further progress will be made durin' the new year in th' direction av makin' thim gentle an' harmless, an' bayfure long th' thraired hopes to be able to enter th' din in perfect safety.

"Bayfure passin' on I wish to call your attention to th' curious objects confined in this lar-r-ge double-barred steel inclosure. You will observe that they constantly spend their time in jumpin' up and down on each other's faces. This, howivir, does not indicate—as it might seem—that they ar-r-e mad at each other. Far-r-r from it! On th' other hand it is th' favorite method av amusement among these strange creatures, th' scientific name av which is Footballibus center rushio. These two fine specimens ar-r-e not likely to remain with th' show much longer, as both Yale an' Harvard have offered large sums for thim.

"But now, ladies and gints, I will not detain you longer. Gintierazany ushers will now pass among you, distributin' the bliss av pasteboard which will enable you to remain to th' grand movin' picture show av the shrapnel an' siege guns of Manchuria a givin' place to th' gentle dove av peace. The cost is but a dime—in cints—th' price av a good cigar, entittin' you, at th' same time, to a cushioned seat in th' reserved section. Stay an' hear th' latest songs an' ballads, rendered by refined artistes, who have sung bayfure all th' crowned hids



"FOOT BALLIUBUS, CENTER RUSHIO." av Europe! Nowhere else will you find such a pleasin' an' elevatin' entertainmint.

"An' raymimber, when you pass out, that th' new show, jist across th' road, has alriddy opened its dures an' is praysintin' for your amusement a traymious aggregation av rechere an' marvelous attractions, includin' th' bist av th' old an' a host av new an' startlin' features. We aim to please!"

A NEW YEAR'S LONG AGO.

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE. There were gallant beaux around her, each an homage due to pay. There were Calhoun's firm disciples and the followers of Clay; Men of strength who mold a nation and its future course outline— Build a structure for their children and our children—yours and mine. They had gathered there together; they had come from far and near, To trip a last gay measure ere the passing of the year; And while grand cars were banished as they rolled to and fro, When grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

Rival statesmen turned from labor of diplomacy to steal A rest within the mazes of an old Virginia tree; And the friends of abolition by each act and word of mouth Expressed the bond of kinship with the scions of the south. It was midnight when the music from the beffry tower stole To all of swelling violins, a most harmonious whole; And the old year passed with piprats from each tripping heel and toe, When Grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

How they danced a hearty welcome to the year that newly born, How the hours seemed shorter as it nearer grew to morn, How the music ebbed, receded, with a glory in its tone That filled the hearts, the pulses, till in ecstasy it died! Ah, the gown she wore has faded, and the sequent's found at last. Along with memories, midwived in the attic of the past, Yet hearts are warm with fellowship as were the hearts, I trow, When grandma tread the minuet one New Year's long ago.

Always Acceptable.

A handsome lamp shade seldom comes amiss as a Christmas gift for a woman.

ABORIGINAL CRAFTS

MUCH CLEVER WORK FOUND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The Maoris, of New Zealand, Especially Good at Wood-Carving— Dainty Little Idols Made of Green Stone.

Duneden, New Zealand.—Hand carving, hand wrought articles and hand woven fabrics have received a great impetus of late years. Various societies have banded themselves together in the interest of a decaying art. From all sides we hear of the hand labor of the "arts and crafts" societies as if it were something newly discovered and indigenous only to our



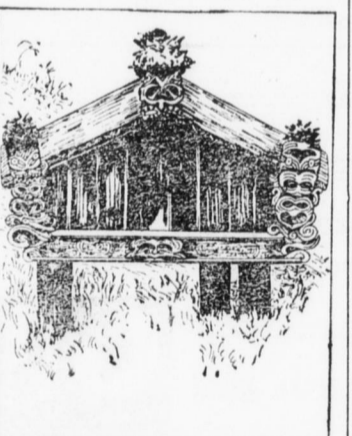
A FEATHER MAT.

superior civilization. It is true, however, that the untaught savage who finds his models in the intricate beauty of true nature is able to produce such results as shame the most ingenious artisan of our school.

The art of wood carving is seen in its greatest perfection among the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand. These people have handed down from one generation to another a delicacy of touch and a fineness of perception nothing less than marvelous. Over the door that leads into a Maori hut you may find some quaint legend pictured in full; the little figures hardly more than a span high yet all replete with a naturalness and life that is astonishing. The homes of the chiefs of the tribes are most elaborately carved; a tent-shaped wooden building standing on large piles will look like the entrance to some heathen temple, so massive are the carvings. Over the entrance is usually a figure of the favorite god or "tiki" as it is called.

Among the mountains of New Zealand is found a lovely substance called green stone. It is of a clear, translucent emerald hue. While very abundant in the rough, the finished product is enormously expensive, as it is harder than a diamond, and the labor of fashioning any article from the green stone is a stupendous task. Here, however, the native art comes into play—hardly a Maori so poor that he has not some trinket of the green stone, the most popular form being a little green idol or tiki. Some of these are wrought into most intricate designs, and when one stops to consider the almost incalculable amount of patience and the dainty skill needed to produce even the smallest of these, our vaunted workmanship dwindles perceptibly.

Among the chief industries of these strange people is their blanket making. They have a woolen blanket, similar to those made by our Indians.



THE HOME OF A MAORI CHIEF.

These are very fine and find a vast market, but among the Maori themselves are considered very common indeed; for the chiefs and for rich presents to honored guests they make a feather blanket.

These feathered spreads are robes fit for a princess; a strong warp is woven, and then in every stitch of the wool is caught the bright feather of a bird. The arrangement of the colors is perfect, and every little feather lies as perfectly as if grown on the soft breast of a dove. Such a garment three or four feet square is fit for a king's ransom.

The younger Maoris are losing perhaps just the keen touch of their forefathers as foreign materials are taking the place of the native ware, but the fine old taste will die hard, while the splendid carvings and the legends of the old life are found on every hand.

ANNA H. CLARK.

Had Noticed.

"You notice that all my napkins have borders," said the boarding-house mistress.

"Yes," replied the thin man; "and I have also noticed that all your boarders have not napkins."—Yonkers Statesman.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAYOR

London Official Has Robes of State, Four Swords and Holds Many Dignities.

The attitude of the average New Yorker toward the mayor of his city contrasts curiously with that of the average Londoner toward the lord mayor.

The office of the lord mayor of London is hedged about with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet and black for various occasions and a train bearer. The lady mayoress is attended by maids of honor; her train is borne by pages in costumes. In the city his lordship takes precedence immediately after the sovereign.

When the king visits the city the lord mayor meets him at Temple Bar and hands him the sword of state, which he returns to him. This quaint feudal ceremony was strictly observed at the jubilee of 1897.

His lordship has the choice of four swords—the sword of state, for supreme occasions; the pearl sword, for ceremonial functions, and the black sword, borne on the death of a member of the royal family or when attending funeral services. The fourth sword is hung above the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.

There are other emblems of office—the diamond scepter, the seal, the purse and the mace. They play an important part at the swearing in of the lord mayor-elect.

The city chamberlain, with three obeisances, presents the scepter to the retiring lord mayor. He in turn delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The chamberlain retires with three more reverences, to return with the seal—and three reverences more. The purse is similarly presented.

Further genuflexions follow from the swordbearer, who renders up the sword; the macebearer also resigns the mace. The former lord mayor then surrenders his key to the coffer in which the seal is kept.

There are three keys. Of the other two one is held by the chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the lands committee. To unlock the coffer all three must be produced.

Though this complex ceremonial may seem sadly belated, it has its great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority in ancient times of the chief magistrate of the city. The scepter, sword and mace are emblems of royalty.

The lord mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as by name. He is still, by virtue of his office, admiral of the port of London, gauger of wine and oil and other gaugable articles, meter of coals, grain, salt and fruit, and inspector of butter, hops, soap, cheese and other articles coming into the port of London. Needless to say, these duties are performed by deputy.

He is, to mention but one or two more of his dignities, a governor of four hospitals, a trustee of St. Paul's cathedral and a magistrate "in several places." Perhaps his most curious office, next to that of admiral of the port, is that of coroner. Here again the function is only nominally his.

No troops may pass through the city without the lord mayor's consent. The password of the tower is sent to him. He is entitled to enter at any hour, day or night.

TOO WIDE-AWAKE FOR BOTH

Light-Fingered Artist Does a Neat Piece of Work and Aids a Lesson.

A careless young fellow was often warned by his careful father of the many needless risks he ran of falling a victim to the wiles of pickpockets, and was assured that if he continued to display his watch and chain so negligently they would inevitably be taken away.

"No fear," was the confident assertion of the son; "I'm much too wide-awake for that to happen."

One evening the father offered to take his son to a theater, and the opportunity was eagerly embraced.

"Well, are your watch and chain all right?" asked the father when he and his son were comfortably seated.

"Of course they are," was Jack's amused reply. But when he began to feel in his pocket his smile disappeared, and he shamefacedly confessed that his watch was gone.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the father. "Weren't you much too wide-awake for that to happen? But perhaps you'd like to know that I took it, simply to prove to you how easy it is for a man to rob you in a crowd."

"You took it, father!" exclaimed the young fellow, in utter amazement.

"Yes, my boy. I bought these scissors, commonly used for such a purpose, and" (still laughing) "just transferred your watch from your pocket to mine, and see, here it is."

On putting his hand into his pocket, however, the father also suddenly ceased laughing, and looked quite as sheepish as Jack had done before.

"Jack," he stammered, "why, Jack, my dear boy, yours and mine are both gone. Some one has evidently been more wide-awake than both of us this time!"

Use of Hops.

The English were taught the use of hops by a native Artois, who introduced them into England in 1524. They met with some hostility, for physicians represented them as unwholesome, and parliament was petitioned against them as a "wicked weed." In 1528 their use was prohibited under severe penalties. Henry VIII. appears to have been prejudiced against hops, for in a manuscript dated Eatham, January, 1530, occurs an injunction to his brewer "not to put hops or brimstone" into the ale.

ON A BEAR'S TRAIL

FARMER MOURNS THE LOSS OF SEVERAL OF HIS SHEEP.

Difficult to Find the Criminal—Man Reports Sight of Huge Creature—Bruin Suspected and Later Proved Guilty Party.

A few weeks ago, my nearest neighbor drove up to the door, to inquire if I had seen any of his sheep. From a flock of thirty-six, nine were missing, and he thought he would ask me before hunting any further.

That afternoon my neighbor called again, to say that he had found six of the flock, all dead and all torn, doubtless by some animal. Not wishing to yard his sheep so early, he obtained permission to turn them into the Corbin game preserve, where they would have an impenetrable fence, eight and a half feet high, to protect them. Then he removed all the carcasses but one, and he and another man took their guns and lay out in the frosty air until nearly midnight, to see if the sheep-killer would return. He didn't—that is, as long as they were there; but next day the sheep had been dragged for several yards from the spot where they had left it, and a large part of the flesh had been eaten. Plainly enough it was not the work of a dog, for no dog hereabouts could drag a heavy sheep so far, nor would a single dog eat so much of the flesh at a meal. I told my neighbor to keep a bright lookout for footprints, but the ground was pretty hard and dry, and he failed to find any. Next day I went over there to look myself, but for some time my hunt was fruitless. But I kept on walking round and round the place, in a wider circle each time, until I came to a muddy ditch, which I followed. Presently I found what I sought—the footprint of a large animal. In some respects it resembled the imprint which would be left by the bare foot of a man, but it was blunter in front, and the marks of claws were very plain. It was the footprint of a good-sized bear.

At once I connected this incident with the fact that two sheep were miss-



HAD CLIMBED A LARGE TREE.

ing, and guessed that Bruin had simply followed his food supply, by climbing one of the tall fence-posts and letting himself down on the inside. An inquiry at a lumber camp brought out the fact that on two occasions when men were coming to camp at dusk, a strange, dark-colored animal, much larger than a boar, had been seen diving into the underbrush, through which it went with much commotion. I knew then that my suspicion was correct, and I told my neighbor.

A day or two later a light snow covered the ground, and that evening, wandering along the hillside in Corbin Park, I came upon the tracks of the bear again. I followed them, and they led me down into the valley, where presently I came upon the remains of a partly-eaten sheep. It must have been killed some days before, but the bear had revisited the scene, and apparently had made another good meal from the carcass. The trail led from this spot down the valley for a quarter of a mile, and then up the mountain through a belt of spruces. At one point, the bear had approached a large tree and climbed it; the ground below was covered with loose bark which had been scraped off, and the scratches made by the animal's claws were visible for twenty feet up. From this tree, the trail again continued up the hill, soon turning south for a short distance to a steep bank where the bear had scraped numerous holes in the snow, possibly in search of beechnuts, for beech trees were growing close by. After this he had resumed his upward journey, and I followed his trail along a brook for the best part of half a mile, until I could see, at some distance in front of me, a dense belt of spruce woodland. It was now quite dusk, and, as I was unarmed, I decided not to enter, but to walk around this group of trees and undergrowth and see if the trail came out on the other side. If it did not, then, of course, I knew where the bear must be. But, although I stepped as carefully as I could, I made too much noise on the snow, and before I got a third of the distance around the dark patch of woodland, I heard a rustling of branches, and out dashed the bear, scarcely twenty yards away, showing the broad soles of his feet at every jump. It was now so close to nightfall that it was useless to follow the trail any further, so I returned home. It was decided to organize a bear hunt on the morrow, but the night grew warm, and a steady rain washed away all the snow, and with it the tracks of the bear. At the next snowfall, however, a hunting party will in all probability set out to settle scores with Bruin, for a good-sized bear is not considered a desirable acquisition for a game preserve.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNE.