

Death of the Old Year

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die,
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still he doth not move,
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go,
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim,
A jollier year we shall not see,
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die,
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er,
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro,
The cricket chirps, the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,
What is it we can do for you,
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin,
Step from the corpse, and let him in,
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door,
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—Tennyson.

Pin These Up

Resolved—That I will not air my troubles; it only puffs them up and makes them look bigger.

That I will not say mean things—for the person who says a mean thing is capable of doing one.

That I will not complain that the world is growing worse, when I am doing little or nothing to make it better.

That I will not borrow where I see no means of repaying—for he who doth this fractureth the eighth commandment.

That I will sit down on all my bad habits—but not as though I suspected the presence of an inverted tack thereon.

That I will not let the grass grow under my feet—and, on the other hand, I will avoid that swiftness which causeth it to grow prematurely over one's head.

That I will not criticise others—for criticism of others is only a negative form of self-conceit. Instead, I will cultivate forbearance until my heart yieldeth a rich crop thereof.

That I will fasten down this "new leaf" with the strong clip of Determination, so that the winds of Weakness and Temptation shall not blow it back.

The Message of the Bells

The metal tongue of the big bell rings out many changes to our modern ears. In many parts of England the bell which tolls the old year out is called the "Old Lad's Passing Bell." In western England the bells peal merrily on "Old Apple Day," to celebrate the escape of Charles at Bosworth. Another bell, rung at the beginning of Lent, is known as "Pancake Bell," because, in old-time phrase, it "summons people away from their pancakes to confession and fasting." A lively peal of bells is often rung at the end of the Sunday morning service, and is called "Pudding Bell." Perhaps its purpose is to announce to the stay-at-homes that service is over and that the pudding may come out of the oven. Every night at 9:05 "Great Tom," the great bell of Christ Church college at Oxford, toots out its ponderous note 101 times. This particular number was chosen in accordance with the number of students at the foundation of the college.

A Healthy and Wise New Year

"Resolution No. 1—I will try to be more intelligent concerning my body," says Dr. Jess Williams in Woman's Home Companion for January, "looking with greater respect upon my physical resources and trying to realize more fully that upon them the force and success of my life largely depend."

"Resolution No. 2—I will arrange, if possible, to supply sufficient pure air for every breath I take, thus better to combat every source of disease that might attack me, to improve my chance for long life and to increase my efficiency."

"Resolution No. 3—I will be kinder to my digestive organs, avoiding all excess and not asking them to struggle with food for which they have repeatedly shown antagonism."

"Resolution No. 4—I will treat my brain and nervous system with greater consideration, and 56 hours of each week shall be devoted to sleep."

"Resolution No. 5—I will try to do in eight hours as much hard work as I should do in one day."

"Resolution No. 6—I will devote at least two of the 24 hours to such exercise as I find most beneficial."

Shakespearean Mottoes for the New Year

Heaven grant us its peace.—Measure for Measure.
Let each man do his best.—King Henry IV.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.—King Richard II.
Time shall unfold what platted cunning hides.—King Lear.
That it shall hold companionship in peace with honor as in war.—Coriolanus.
There's the rosemary and rue; these keep seeming and savour all the winter long.—Winter Tale.
Be just and fear not: Let all the ends th'aim at be thy country's.
Thy God's and truth's.—King Henry VIII.
Be of good cheer: They shall no more prevail than we give way to.—King Henry VIII.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

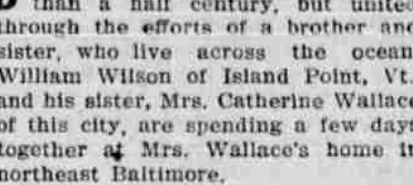
Broadway Is Routed by a 'Monster'



NEW YORK.—No sign remained in the Broadway theater district the next morning following the scenes that were enacted there one night when a maddened beast charged up and down, spreading terror and consternation, causing handomely gowned women to faint and strong men to leave their cocktails untouched and flee for safety. That lion with the burning tail that broke loose during the Coney Island fire last spring was a tame affair in comparison with the Broadway monster.

The beast is described in the police blotter as a small fox terrier, but it is evident that the police were anxious to minimize the seriousness of the panic. Hundreds of the witnesses will testify that the animal was at least eight feet tall. Its foaming mouth and wicked fangs were too terrible for description.

Brother and Sister Meet After Years



BALTIMORE.—Separated for more than a half century, but united through the efforts of a brother and sister, who live across the ocean, William Wilson of Island Point, Vt., and his sister, Mrs. Catherine Wallace of this city, are spending a few days together at Mrs. Wallace's home in northeast Baltimore.

It was in 1869 that Mr. Wilson, just then arrived at the age of manhood, left his home in County Tyrone, Ireland, to tempt his luck in America.

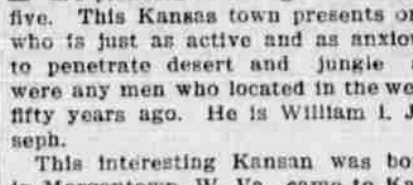
Electric Street Makes 'em All Dance



CHICAGO.—A man in a ragged overcoat and carrying a grip came along Clark street the other evening. His hat was pulled down over his brow to shield his face from the drizzling rain, and he seemed in a great hurry. Suddenly he stopped in front of No. 224 with a scared look on his face. Then he began to dance. The proprietor of the place at 224 rushed out, protesting.

a companion toward the dancers. He slid across the wet sidewalk and clutched the dancers' legs. Then he also began to dance.

Man Aged 75 Returns to Pioneer Life



EDMUND, KAN.—Not many men are pioneers at the age of seventy-five. This Kansas town presents one who is just as active and as anxious to penetrate desert and jungle as were any men who located in the west fifty years ago. He is William J. Joseph.

HOPE THERE ISN'T ANY CANNIBALS ROUND HERE

This interesting Kansan was born in Morgantown, W. Va., came to Kansas forty years ago and located a homestead out near Potwin, in Butler county. He and his wife passed through all the hardships of the frontier, rearing a family of two sons and one daughter. As Mr. Joseph prospered, he bought land until he was owner of thousands of acres. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Joseph died and then the old pioneer spirit began to assert itself in this successful stockman and farmer.

The Best of Life.
While of life itself or of its origin or destiny we know but little, we do know how we may have it abundantly and make the most and best of it. If we do that, not only shall we have done our entire duty, but we shall have given ourselves the highest present employment of which we are capable, and we may be certain that if there be a future for us beyond these scenes of earth, such a life is the best preparation for it.—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rabat Rugs and Carpets.
The best carpets are made at Rabat and have some similarity in appearance to Smyrna rugs, but in the former the wool and warp are of a much looser composition and of a somewhat lighter tone. The predominant color of Rabat rugs is red and the patterns are sometimes ingeniously geometrical, but the colors, although frequently exhibiting beautiful blends, are often of a more hectic cast than is pleasing to the most exacting European taste.

NEVER COUNTED THE GIRLS

Prince's Answer to Question Typical of Life in the Countries of the Orient.

The big punkah topped and flagged between the columns, as we sat and talked. Mem Sahib, who was born in the Caucasus amid Georgian and Circassian dignitaries, and so had a happy way with Oriental princes, took us all back by suddenly asking the good gray prince how many brothers he had. His highness looked at her with a queer little smile, half tolerant, half amused, and began, with great show of seriousness, to count them on his fingers, first of the right hand, then of the left; after going once or twice round, he halted, started again, then stopped and said:

"I am afraid I must ask my secretary!"

The secretary replied, with dignity: "Your highness had a hundred and nineteen brothers!"

Mem-Sahib, not whit abashed, then asked this good Oriental nobleman concerning his sisters.

He smiled very charmingly, saying: "I am afraid I do not know; we never counted them!"—Charles Johnston in the Atlantic Monthly.

BURNING ITCH WAS CURED

"I deem it my duty to tell about a cure that the Cuticura Soap and Ointment have made on myself. My trouble began in splotches breaking out right in the edge of my hair on the forehead, and spread over the front part of the top of my head from ear to ear, and over my ears which caused a most fearful burning itch, or eczema.

For three years I had this terrible breaking out on my forehead and scalp. I tried our family doctor and he failed to cure it. Then I tried the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and used them for two months with the result of a complete cure. Cuticura Soap and Ointment should have the credit due, and I have advised a lot of people to use them." (Signed) C. D. Tharrington, Creek, N. C., Jan. 26, 1911.

Her Credit Was Strained.
A young country merchant who had something of a reputation for close figuring was especially attentive to the village schoolmarm. The young woman had a sweet tooth and was not at all reticent about making the fact known. Accordingly, she hinted to her admirer that a box of chocolates would be greatly appreciated on the occasion of his next visit. Later the suggestion was repeated and again duly heeded. The third time the subject was broached, however, the dispenser of sweets turned a deaf ear to the entreaty.

"I don't know about taking that girl any more candy," he confided to a companion next day. "She's own me sixty cents for chocolates already."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Saving Farmer.
A man with New England small town recollections says that one Yankee storekeeper used to pull a grin in two to make the pound weight balance to a hair.

This same man was also a road contractor and had to provide lunch, to be eaten by the wayside by the farmers who gave their time to the county two or three days a year.

There was considerable kicking about the lunch, especially the bread and butter.

"I always knew old man Jones was pretty handy," said one farmer, "and I know that butter is scarce and high, but I didn't think he cut bread with a greasy knife."

He Was the Man.
A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for \$5,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were as easy enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

"You did?" gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

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NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

Magistrate—You are accused of having kissed this lady. What have you to say in your defense?
Prisoner—Nothing (looking at the woman)—I was drunk and deserve to be punished.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a Lloyd's distributor farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

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