VERSE BY CAROLINE WETHERELL.

AH GRIM'S DISASTROUS NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

[Copyright, 1900, by Caroline Wetherell.]

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. W. SCHWARTZ.

1 "I hope, Grim," said Jack, "the new year,
Which now, as you know, is most here,
Will find you a boy
Less prone to annoy,
More given to deeds that endear."

2 In him Grim was sure Jack would find
A giant boy quite to his mind,
And promised that he
From tricks would be free,
Obedient always and kind.

3 "The new year then welcome with joy.
Here's money to buy a new toy."
Thus foolishly Jack
Put Grim on the track
Of a plan bound the peace to destroy.

4 For Grim bought a trumpet of tin
To welcome the New Year's day in,
One blast on that horn
Made the whole village mourn,
For it caused bricks and plaster to spin.

Nature Stories

A NEW YEAR'S JOURNEY

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"NEW YEAR'S day! Well, well! Here I am again!" laughed the jolly old Earth. "Quite at the end of my tether, as usual about this time, but so tired that I must have a bit of a rest before I start on my yearly trip around the sun again."

The Moon, who is the Earth's constant companion on all his travels, winked assent as he rolled around and around his friend, always politely keeping his face turned toward the Earth and his back toward space, as a well bred satellite should do.

"There's our giant friend Orion over in the south, as usual," went on the Earth. "I should think after all the centuries he has been hunting up here in the sky he would be a little tired of carrying that big club of his around."

"So I should think," agreed the Moon. "Wasn't there some sort of gossip connected with his appearance in the sky?" The Moon knew the story quite well, but was aware that the Earth liked to brag about his aristocratic connection with the planets and constellations.

"It was this way," said the Earth as he whirled around on his axis, bringing swift succession of day and night to the people who dwelt on his surface, "it was this way, as I recall it, although it is so long ago it happened that I may be pardoned for forgetting a few trifling details. I pay very little attention, you know, to the gossip of those minute beings called men whom I allow to live on my surface.

"It seems that in the long ago days Orion was a mighty hunter. It was claimed that he was the son of a god and an amazon who was herself a great huntress. The amazons, they say, were women warriors. They were remarkably strong and clever, and Orion, as the son of a Greek god and an amazon, was supposed to be a very remarkable young man. Of course, I don't vouch for the story, for there are those among mankind who say that it is all an old fable and that a human Orion never lived. Orion, being such a clever hunter and, naturally, quite proud of himself, boasted that there was no animal on earth that could overcome him. Diana, the goddess of hunting, thought herself the champion hunter, and was so offended at his pride that she ordered a little scorpion to spring up out of the earth and sting him in the heel so that he died of the wound. He was then placed in the heavens as one of the great constellations either as a reward for his prowess or as a warning against the folly of overconfidence."

"'Tis a most entertaining tale," approved the Moon. "See, he still wears his lion skin and his shining belt and carries a great club."

"Yes, very much out of date. Now they use rifles instead of clubs for hunting. In those days clubs were quite fashionable for either bringing down one's enemy or one's game."

"HERE I AM AGAIN!"

"As I shall take a comparative rest of a few days before I start on my return race toward the sun we can have a cozy chat here. I dare say a fellow has a right to take a bit of a rest after a spin of 585,000,000 miles through space."

"Oh, surely," agreed the Moon as they settled down to a jog trot, for he was not nearly so tired as the Earth, as he depended on his friend to carry him along and only made a small trip of 25,000 miles in a month, while the Earth

"ORION WAS A MIGHTY HUNTER."

must rush through 585,000,000 miles every 365¼ days at the rate of 1,600,000 daily, or about 67,000 miles an hour.

The trip the earth makes every year is in an elliptical path around the sun.

The earth began its travels through space as a little hot ball of molten matter flung off from the surface of the sun. It has been continuing this journey ever since. It first rushed off apparently trying to make a dash into space, and when it covered about half of the 585,000,000 miles the speed of its flight, which had been growing less and less as the sun stretched out its powerful attraction toward the runaway earth, drew the resisting planet back to it in a curved line. As the sun is only one of many powerful bodies, planets and suns which were attracting the earth away from the sun, the path back, as well as away from the sun, was and is being continually modified, this body or that drawing it a little now this way, now a little that way, so that the earth never takes the straight road back to the sun. Just before Jan. 1, New Year's day, the earth gets as far away from the sun as it can—that is, 93,750,000 miles. When it is nearest to the sun, it is only within 90,250,000 miles of it. It is closest to the sun the latter part of June.

The revolution of the earth around the sun and the position of its axis allows all parts of its surface to be warmed equally by the sun's rays.

On Dec. 21 the sun passes into that part of the great path of the earth known as the sign of Capricorn, and then that part of the earth's surface known as the tropic of Capricorn has its summer. On June 21, when the earth enters that section of the path called the sign of Cancer, because of the constellation of that name there located, summer begins for the tropic of Cancer, which is in the northern hemisphere.

Therefore, those who are wearied after a journey of a few hundred miles can understand why the earth may like a little rest on its return trip. On the first day of the new year it enjoys a comparative holiday, for it then moves through space at what is for it almost a stroll. The ringing in of the new year means another year of hard work for the hard worked old planet, for it means the starting out on another 585,000,000 miles' journey.

Jumbled Names of Secretaries of the Interior.

[Note.—First names and initials are included.]

H M S W N T G I E A O.
A E B M T C H I S B L.
O N U H R J E S P H.
A H R A C A D E Z R L N H H I A C.
A L C U Z C H H S R.
E R M E L R H E L T Y N.
O E M T H H I S K.
O N L U N L S C S I B S I E R.

Solution of Jumbled Names of Famous Secretaries of War.

James Monroe, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy, Jefferson Davis, Simon Cameron, Edwin M. Stanton, U. S. Grant, John M. Schofield and William T. Sherman.

Why is a watchdog bigger at night than in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

THE YOUTH OF FAMOUS FOLK.

Louis Kossuth.

THIRTY-NINE years ago on Dec. 30 this nation formally received Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, at the capital. Kossuth was born at Monok, Hungary, April 27, 1802. His father, a lawyer, was a man of noble birth. All his children were given liberal educations. Louis, the only son, after passing through several preparatory schools, entered the University of Patak, which had always been opposed to the rule of Austria in Hungary. In the Hungarian diet, or congress, of which Kossuth became a member after he left college, he distinguished himself by his opposition to what he considered the wrongs of his country at the hands of Austria. He was even imprisoned for several years on the charge of treason, but was released in 1840. So brave did the Hungarians become under the leadership of Kossuth that they at last declared themselves independent and made Kossuth their governor. He and his followers were beaten by the army which Austria sent against them, and their leader was forced to flee to Turkey. There he was imprisoned, but at the request of England and the United States he was released. An American war vessel was sent to bring him to the United States as the nation's guest. He formally visited Washington Dec. 30, 1851, and then traveled all over the country making speeches, everywhere he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the American people who admired his heroic struggle. He returned to Europe in 1852 and began to prepare for another revolution in Hungary, but the attempt ended disastrously. He died at Turin, Italy, March 20, 1894.

A Wonderful Clock.

The designer of the great city clock in Philadelphia stated the following facts about it before a meeting of scientific men: The minute hand makes a yearly journey of 115 miles; it is phosphor bronze and weighs 225 pounds. In 59 days this clock gained four seconds in time, but as the error in running is corrected daily it is practically a perfect timekeeper. If the glass of this clock, which are said to be the largest in the world, were taken off and tracks laid through the holes, there would be space enough for two trains to pass each other. The glass in the four faces is fastened by a ton of cement. If laid on the ground, this glass would make a walk a square long and ten feet wide.

Quite a Long Time.

Johnny had an idea that everything grew, and when he went out to tea very much amused his hostess by asking:

"How long will it be before your pot grows as large as ours, White?"

JACK HENLY'S JOB

A NEW YEAR'S TALE

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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SHE looked more adorably pretty that evening than even her adorer had ever found her—more adorable and less accessible, the usual way. New Year's day was approaching and she had decided that in one respect at least he should turn over a new leaf.

As a rule, one sofa had furnished ample accommodation for both. Tonight it required a sofa and an armchair. He had pushed the armchair as close as practicable to the sofa after seeing her spread her diaphanous draperies with meaningful care all over the sofa.

She looked over and beyond him to ask a question in tones of lord sweetness:

"You think, then, Jack, dear, you really could not show papa $50 honest money of your own earning?"

"I could not." Jack Henly answered, with the solemnity of the funeral service.

SHE FLASHED A RAY OF HOPE INTO HIS DARKENED SOUL.

"Not fifty? Just enough, dear, to show him that you would not be afraid of work."

"Neither fifty nor one."

She stretched her blue eyes in distress. "Not a single one, Jack?"

"Not a"—Jack breathed a parenthetic expletive. Aloud he finished, "single one."

She folded her smooth white hands composedly on her lap and looked honestly into his troubled eyes.

"Then I am afraid, Jack, it is all over with us, and I will have to keep my promise to papa."

"What promise?"

"Never to marry a man who could not get a job of any sort even if my daily bread depended on it."

"But I've never needed a job. I can give you all the daily bread, and cake, too, that you could possibly consume without a job."

"That has no bearing whatever on the subject. You know, Jack, riches do take wings. I have never seen the wings, but I suppose we must take them on faith."

"That is what your father ought to do to me."

"Take you on faith? He will never do it, Jack. You see, dear, I know such a lot of things"—

"Among your accomplishments," Jack interrupted bitterly, "don't forget to enumerate the fine art of pulling a man around by the nose until you make an idiot of him and then flinging him over the fence."

She reduced him to pulp by a withering imposition extending over six feet of muscular manhood, incidentally taking in a pair of handsome eyes, full just then of moody discontent.

"The idea of my throwing you over a fence! Don't be inelegant, Jack, or I shall go over to papa's side altogether."

"You are there now."

She flashed a ray of hope into his darkened soul. "But not to stay."

"No?"

"Only until you get a job. New Year's is coming. You must—please do go to work and show papa what you can do. But to return to the things I learned, just to have them handy, you know, in case papa's riches should take unto themselves wings"—

"If he holds on to his riches as closely as he holds on to his greatest earthly treasure—you—the bankrupt courts won't know him soon."

"No taffy, thank you. In these utilitarian days it is not enough for a man to be good looking and well dressed and to know how to lead the german and to have a proper sense about flowers and things. He must know how to do something. You see, I am talking to you quite like a mother or an aunt or a sister. I can always be that to you, Jack."

"Yes; oh yes, of course," said Jack, with a tired smile.

"That is the way papa had me taught."

"To be a sister to fellows without jobs?"

"To know how to do things," she answered tartly. "I learned stenography and typewriting. Who knows," she interpolated meditatively, "but what I may some day decorate a great lawyer's office? And I learned dressmaking and cooking and bookkeeping. Oh, I assure you, Jack, I am very learned"—

"Dreadfully!" Jack gasped.

"And, you see, if would be a little uneven, and papa says he'll be 'double jumped up,' which is his most violent oath, if he'll ever give his daughter, his only one, Jack, to any man who cannot show a dollar earned by his own honest toil."

Jack lifted his six feet of masculine uselessness from the chair by her side. "Goodby, Edith!" There was a sad note of finality in his farewell.

"Are you going, Jack?"

"There doesn't seem to be anything else left for me to do."

"No, I suppose not. Goodby, Jack."

Their hands met in a brief and formal contact. The next minute he was striding toward the nearest car line. She was dampening her pocket handkerchief with salt water.

The big car strike was on. Perhaps never before had pedestrianism been so extensively practiced. Edith took very little interest in it beyond praying that the strikers would not do her father, who was president of the street car company, any bodily harm.

Since Jack Henly had disappeared completely out of her life, with no promise of turning over the new leaf she had suggested, a good deal of coloring had gone with him. Still a young woman who had learned such a dreadful lot of things could never find herself quite resourceless. So she lived on in spite of Jack's effacement until one day life suddenly became a very vivid affair again.

HE WAS STRIDING TOWARD THE NEAREST CAR LINE.

It was New Year's day—the day on which they brought her father to her more dead than alive. He had ostentatiously persisted in riding on his own line after the strike had reached perilous proportions. Missiles had been flung at him when he was riding in solitary state, with only a new conductor and a new motorman for company.

It was many days before his interest in life extended beyond bandages and lotions. Then he gave Edith a description of his adventure. She had been a ministering angel to him all those suffering days.

"I tell you, child, if it had not been for that conductor, a giant of a fellow, you would not have been troubled with me much longer. He showed the pluck of 40 devils. When those fiends began throwing a variety of unpleasant things into the car, recognizing me as the special object of their attentions and bawling 'Scab, scab!' at the motorman and conductor, that young fellow just flung me bodily down on the floor and sat upon me, yelling to the motorman to 'make her hum!' And he did make her hum until we met a body of mounted police. I got this hole in my head before that boy dung me. I'd like to find him again. He'd be a made man."

"I shouldn't think that would be difficult," said Edith, applying a fresh bandage to the hole in his head.

"It ought not to be if I had only thought to take his number before I was knocked out of my senses. You see, I was playing a little game of bluff that day and had been riding up and down on every car that the new men would run. He was only a tripper who went to work New Year's morning, they tell me at the offices, but he will have to be produced at the trial of those ringleaders. I'm going to patronize the line again as soon as the doctors will let me leave off these rags. I'll be double jumped up if it shall ever be said that Gwenith Dickerson is afraid to ride on his own cars!"

"I'm going with you, papa, every time you go in a car until this horrid strike is over."

And she did. The strike had simmered down to the proportions of a dismal failure and the cars were normally patronized before Edith felt inclined to depose herself as bodyguard. Tomorrow, she said to herself, she would let him go alone. She managed to get through a good deal of reading while riding up and down town in a rather aimless fashion. She was reading a newspaper with apparent absorption when her father plucked at her sleeve excitedly:

"Edith, daughter, here is the very chap!"

With a rush of gratitude to her eyes and lips, Edith glanced up. Jack Henly stood composedly making change for the quarter of a dollar her father had handed him.

"Oh!" she said, with absolute composure, and dropped her eyes once more upon her paper.

"Yes, by George, it is, and I think you might have found a decent word of thanks for the man who saved your father's life. I say, young fellow, I don't propose to lose sight of you again. Here." He drew a card out of his pocket. "You be at that number sharp 2 o'clock."

The new conductor said, "Yes, sir; thank you," and went about his business, one item of which was to stop the car at the next corner for Edith to alight, she having hastily concluded to desert her father there and then.

Father and daughter met again at the lunch table.

"I'd rather see you married to a man of that stripe," said the president, "even if he does wear a conductor's uniform, than to all the polo playing, german leading Jack Henlys in the world."

"Would you, papa?" Edith asked demurely. "You see, you've only seen Mr. Henly in evening dress."

"I would for a fact. But, no, you could not give the poor fellow a decent word of thanks for saving my life just because he was earning his own living."

"Oh, no, papa; don't think that meanly of me. But 'scab' has such an exceedingly unpleasant sound."

Edith was nervous that night at dinner. Of course, her father had found out by this time who his new conductor was, but he gave no sign of enlightenment, at least not until the waiting man had put coffee upon the table and disappeared in the butler's pantry.

"So you don't like the sound of 'scab?'" said Mr. Dickerson, carefully examining the walnut he was about to drop into his wineglass.

"No, sir. I think it has a horrid sound."

"How does 'president's private secretary' sound?"

"Better, much better."

At which stage of the proceedings the manservant reappeared with a telegram on his silver card tray. It was addressed to Edith.

"I've found a job. The new leaf was turned over on New Year's day. For particulars refer you to the president."

"EDITH, DAUGHTER, HERE IS THE VERY CHAP!"

With a utilitarianism becoming to a young lady who had learned so many useful things, Edith wired back:

"Also a wife. For particulars refer you to the president."

This duty off her hands, she turned to her father:

"I am so glad, papa, that my dear Jack was strong enough and big enough to throw you and sit on you. He says he owes his strength to polo and other useless accomplishments."

"Quite," said the president, with a jolly laugh, and on the following New Year's day, one year from the day when Jack Henly sat on his sweetheart's father and earned his first dollar, the ex-conductor claimed his bride.

One on the Dean.

A good story is told of the dean of Manchester, brother of Sir J. W. Maclure, recently member of parliament for the Stratford division. Some little time ago they were both at an important meeting. One of the company approaching the dean, said, "I think you and your brother are very much alike not only in personal appearance, but in other ways."

"Do you?" said the dean, who was a great admirer of his distinguished brother. "I am very pleased to hear you say so. But tell me in what other ways you consider we are alike."

"Well," was the reply, "there are only two easy chairs in the room. He has one, and you have the other."

The dean let his eyeglass drop and smiled all over, but he was speechless for once.

An agricultural settlement near New York supplies the Chinese of the eastern states with their diet.

SOVEREIGNS AS MEAT EATERS.

The German emperor is a great meat eater and does not believe in a vegetable diet exclusively. A few years ago he was persuaded to preside at a vegetarian banquet. At the conclusion of the dinner he said: "The dishes I have just tasted were most delicately prepared; the vegetables were delicious. Gentlemen, I mean frequently to have such vegetables again—with meat!" When the kaiser last visited England, he said to his friend, the Earl of Lonsdale, whose guest he was: "I attribute Germany's greatness to three things—beef, beer and Bismarck! These three have helped to make the German empire what it is."

The king of Portugal, although entirely against his doctor's advice, is a somewhat great meat eater and thinks no form of cooking comes up to that of the English. When staying in England a few years ago, he visited Lord Salisbury's beautiful seat at Hatfield. During dinner the conversation naturally turned upon the royal visit, and the Prince of Wales, who was present, said to the king, "Now, what has impressed your majesty most during your short stay in England?" The king of Portugal replied thoughtfully, "Well, I think the English roast beef is very delightful!" "Oh!" laughed his royal highness. "But surely something else has impressed your majesty as well?" "Ah," enthusiastically replied the king, "of course! The English boiled beef is also delightful!"

The emperor of Germany is, however, a great lover of certain vegetables done in a most peculiar manner—a manner, let us hope, quite peculiar to Germany. The German people love their kaiser because their kaiser loves the dishes of the fatherland—the food of the people. The dish dearest to Wilhelm is sauerkraut, served with sausages and bacon fried together.

The kaiser is also passionately fond of beer soup, made up of beer, potatoes and onions, and he invariably takes with him when traveling a small piece of his favorite cheese—Cheshire. His cooks are strictly limited as regards the table expenses and are never allowed more than 8 shillings for each person per meal, unless, of course, the dinner or meal is in honor of some particular guest.

Size of Centenarians.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report on the habits of centenarians made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical association. It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and a spare habit of body; the voice was rather feeble, most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and many had never known what it was to be sick. They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks, and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good natured, placid disposition.

FOR A GOOD PORT

Do you make a bad picture? If you do, your misfortune is in a fair way to be relieved.

Quite a large number of people possess such features and characteristics that they defy the camera to produce a proper likeness of them. This occurs despite the fact that the photographer avails himself of every known artifice to induce the camera to do proper work.

Just why it is that some people always manage to make good pictures, while others can never get a picture to suit, is a question which few photographers can answer. This much is certain, that it is no detraction to a person to say the camera will not reproduce his features correctly, because it is a well known fact that many of the most beautiful women have been signally unsuccessful in the way of photographs.

At many studios a fancy colored object is employed with which to direct the gaze and divert the attention of the person whose photograph is being taken. While this method acts admirably with babies, it is found that in adults but such satisfactory results are obtained. The look is apt to be too strained, and a serious expression is the result.

Now, however, an enterprising photographer has bethought himself of a scheme which will end all the trouble and make the necessity for numberless sittings a thing of the past.

Instead of the fancy colored article which is used in nearly every studio he purposes to erect a large looking glass behind the camera. The person whose photograph is being taken can thus see herself just as she is to appear in the picture and adjust herself accordingly, put on her prettiest smile and have a good photograph as the result.

The thing is so simple that photographers are wondering why they never thought of it before.

Thought He Was Raised.

An amusing story is told of one of the recent audiences at Budapest. A very timid politician had occasion to bring some petition before his majesty, and never having appeared at court before, his excitement was so great that he literally shook in his shoes. Encouraged by the emperor's friendly smile, the unfortunate man pulled out his pocket handkerchief, which, for reasons best known to himself, he kept in his trousers pocket, and out rolled a handful of small change. The emperor laughed aloud, and the man, more beside himself than ever, remained a helpless picture. Recovering somewhat, he managed to make his bows and retired, exclaiming, with a heavy sigh, "My career is done for!"

The next day he received a document from the court officers, together with the change he had scattered over the audience hall. The same evening at a court dinner the emperor related the episode to one of his guests, saying, "For a long time I have not laughed so heartily as at that poor man's fright."

Preferred Recruits.

Men who, though slight, reach the chest standard are preferred as recruits to those that are stout, the former being considered to possess the better frame.