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Concerning Men and Women.

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VIII.—Social Sins.

Social sins are those which people commit in their character of social beings, those which society encourages or at least condones. Not a few of them come from social ambition. They are the means employed to gain the ends at which that aims. A very common ambition, though it is almost the meanest and most despicable, is to appear richer than one is. The amount of social sin that springs from this source can scarcely be exaggerated. Think of the vulgarity and positive evil that the phrase "keeping up appearances" suggests!

The world we know is deceived by ornament, and thinks more of the shadow than of the substance; accordingly we overwork and overfret ourselves "to keep up appearances." Having food and raiment we are not content unless we have a larger house than Mr. So-and-So, a greater number of servants than he is tyranized over by, and more gorgeous furniture and equipages. Who attends to the good old maxim "eight hours sleep, eight hours work, eight hours recreation," in days when ambition and competition have made a murderous compact to work us to death, or at least to cause us to swell the number of the insane?

"O, that way madness lies; let me shun that."

To deceive their neighbors people on the verge of bankruptcy give what they call dinner parties, but which really are coarse meat-shows. From 8 o'clock till 10 people sit over feasts of unreason, moistened certainly by gooseberry champagne, but utterly arid as regards flow of soul or sparkle of conversation. The business of the evening is not friendly intercourse. Guests are collected merely to witness the fact that their host entertains with a larger number of entrees than appeared at their tables when he was guest. It is air a great social sin against our bodily health, not to speak of the other kinds of health. Only to taste half of the superfluous dishes insures a headache next day. And when such dinners are given by persons of limited incomes, there invariably follows a period of starvation to make up for it that cannot fail to be unhealthy. It is no wonder that the words "in a friendly way" are now generally added to invitations where sociability and moderation are preferred to snobbishness and excess. They certainly are more friendly to the stomach. Under a glass case in Bethnal Green Museum may be seen a sort of scientific bill of fare. It is the amount of food proved by experiments on convicts and others to be necessary to keep an adult person in perfect health for twenty-four hours. Some of our gourmets would think it painfully little, and yet anything more than this must do harm on the principle that what we leave at table often does more good than what we take, and that the man who eats little eats much, for he does not dig his grave with his teeth, but dives longer to eat. The head waiter of a large hotel at which I was lately staying told me that the habit of most of the guests is this. They come down to a great breakfast at 10 o'clock, they lunch at 1:30. On getting up from this they ask the waiter what time dinner is. To sustain life, however, until the table d'hote, there is 5 o'clock tea, with many kinds of sandwiches and cakes. Before retiring to their nightmare slumbers many take supper, not because they are hungry, but because they do not like to go to bed when there is anything else to be done. At the hotel referred to I congratulated a lady between eighty and ninety on her robust health. "Yes," she replied, "I am quite well," and then added, looking around, "you see I do not eat too much." It was to save his life that Abernethy gave to his rich patient the well-known piece of advice: "Live on sixpence a day and earn it."

A few years ago we hoped that the habit of tippling was becoming less common. Afternoon tea seemed to be satisfying even men. With the revival of trade, however, came a revival of drinking which showed that the number of people who drink as much as they can afford is a large one. Even young ladies may now be heard in hotels ordering whiskies and sodas in the morning.

A very intelligent woman said lately of a sister in public life: "I never cared for her very much until I found she really loved a new bonnet as a woman should." Yes, women should dress becomingly, so as to make the most of themselves. Another legitimate reason is in order that they may gain the admiration of the other sex. A large number, however, of these gentle beings are urged to extravagant dressing by envy, hatred and malice. They want to put to shame a rival woman; they would force some hated sister to take a back seat. They are as malicious in flaring new gowns before other women as the bull fighter is in goading to madness his antagonist. This ignoble rivalry and the aforesaid desire to appear wealthy explain the milliner's bills, which furnish such pleasant reading for husbands of our time. What Judas kisses women give to each other while slaughtering character behind backs. Some time ago I listened to a class of police recruits being examined in a catechism of police duties at the Royal Irish constabulary depot, Phoenix Park, Dublin. One question struck me—"If you knew anything in the prisoner's favor would you tell it?" The answer was, "certainly." A hint from this might be taken by those who assist at tea parties and such functions. Instead of trying to make their conversation spicy by talking against people they should do the opposite, and if they know anything in the prisoner's favor say it.

Perhaps the most fertile source of social sins in our time is the rapidity of the age. Everyone is now trying to go the pace, the speed of the telegraph and telephone has infected our nerves. Prof. Huxley was staying at Belfast when the British association met there. He wanted to go to a breakfast party, but was rather late, so stepping on a car he told the "jarvey" to drive fast, quite forgetting to mention where he wished to be brought. Remembering the omission, he said to the man, "Where are you going?" He replied, "Troth I don't know, but didn't I drive you fast?" As little do many people know to where they are going when they start a fast life. Most of them do this merely to be in fashion, but their nerves soon get into a state of chronic unrest. They scorn the simple pleasure of life and vote everything slow which is not exciting. This is the explanation of the gambling which is now so rife among all sorts and conditions of men, women and even of children. That poor innocent animal, the horse, is not responsible for half the gambling that goes on. Certainly there are asses who will bet upon horses which they have never even seen, but they will also bet upon anything—I knew two men so fond of gambling that on one occasion, when they had nothing to bet on, they selected two straws in a stack and made a wager which would be the longest when they were drawn out. Some people live at a pace that gives no time for even the most sacred duties of life. There are women, for instance, who prefer all kinds of unsatisfying excitements to the oldest, the most useful, and, upon the whole, the happiest profession, that of motherhood. Either they have no children at all or they give any they have into the exclusive care of servants. They never hear their evening prayer and tuck them into bed, for at that hour they are invariably engaged dressing for some form of dissipation. And not only are morals injured by the fastness of our age, but this causes us to sin against little morals or manners. Every one now is heated in the chase after something, and they have no time to pay a "manners visit," or write a letter of courtesy, or even to give a smile of recognition to a friend in the street and call out a cheery greeting. On they go in their mad pursuit of shadows, and they salute no man by the way. Indeed our manners are in a perilous state and we seem to be in danger of losing them. Listen to the way young people now speak to and about their parents and elders generally—in a way that it would be improper to address a black beetle. None of us are infallible, not even the youngest, but boys and girls think that they are, and this makes it very difficult for them to honor their fathers and mothers—silly old people, who were born at a time when boys did not smoke paper and girls could blush, were not slangy and did not indulge in "risky" conversation.

There is at present a want of reverence for everything in heaven and earth, and this expresses itself in a disregard for the feelings of others, which is the essence of bad manners. At a crowded assembly the other day I heard an elderly lady politely asking a young one if she might sit upon a chair that was beside her. "No; it is engaged," she answered, which was a lie, which I found out afterwards. This lady would have offered the chair with a sweet smile if she had been in society where she was known; but at the time she thought that no one whom she knew was observing, so her selfish character displayed itself in being rude to one older than herself. Are our feelings of honor as sensitive as they were in the days when wounds and death were the consequences of dishonorable acts? Have we "that chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound?" We have only to read down a column of advertisements to see that there are a good many lies going about and as for shops where things are "given away" and "bargains" always to be obtained, what are they but huge lies from bottom to top? We have said that reverence for the aged is wanting at the present time, and there is certainly not too much chivalry for women as such; men will gladly make room in a railway carriage or tram car for one who is young and pretty, but how is it with a woman that is neither? Men moving in what is called good society treat women with impunity in a way that would have gained them a horse-whipping, or rather an ass-whipping fifty years ago. It is only too true that these men have, in many cases, been spoiled by fast girls, who, having no respect for themselves, did not exact it from them. If young women have "not the slightest objection, and rather like it," men will smoke in their faces, appear before them in any or scarcely any clothes, call them by their Christian names, say words and refer to things which should be nameless, and in all other ways illustrate the truth that men respect women as, and only as, women respect themselves. Bad manners are said to be prevalent in connection with public and private entertainments. There are men who seem to think that an invitation to a party is a superfluous formality. They go to large "crushes" without being asked, hoping to escape notice in the crowd. That there is safety in numbers they are quite convinced; and even if they were asked: "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" they would not have the grace to remain speechless, but would give some very impertinent answer. And when they do receive an invitation, young men of the period leave it unanswered for days in hopes something better may turn up.

Never are their manners more apparent than when they go to a party. They take no notice of the hostess and her daughters. If asked to dance with a lady or bring her in to supper, they say: "Let me see her," as though she were a horse, and then perhaps make the excuse: "I'm engaged," while they whisper the real reason to a like-minded companion—"Not good enough!" These and similar instances are adduced by those who think that we are losing our manners to prove the truth of their opinion.

(The End.)

RING OUT THE OLD.

A Few Reflections on the Uses and Abuses of Swearing Off, and Other Things. : : : : : : : : : :

There is one peculiar feature that accentuates the happy New Year, which, paradoxical as it may sound, will dawn at midnight this evening. It is the fact that quite a respectable number of respectable people believe that we are about to jump into the twentieth century.

It is this aspect of the case that has plunged us into gloom. It hasn't occurred before for a hundred years, and, while it cannot be truthfully called monotonous, it is, at least, aggravating, if not debilitating. What, we may ask, has a hundred years of civilization and delving into book lore done for us; how has our improvement in mathematics benefited us if at this stage of the world's game, and in this spirit of the age, we find men and women all around us willing to accept ninety-nine years for a century, when none of them would accept ninety-nine cents in change for a dollar—unless the train was just starting and they were in a hurry?

But every cloud has its silver lining. Beyond the deep gloom of the twentieth century controversy we can look out upon something bright and glittering in the new year about to make its debut. The old year has been a history-making epoch. In the distant future the pessimistic historian will sit himself down to an improved typewriting machine and say things about us, some good, others rancorous and extremely critical. There are so many literary people always ready to carp. Do the best we can, it is impossible to avoid mistakes. The young man who swore off last New Year's day has, doubtless, been sworn at at various and unexpected moments during the 365 days intervening since then.

Each year it is getting more and more weighty sense of discouragement. Some literary big wig has solemnly and owlishly observed within the past decade that there was less opportunity nowadays for the ambitious young man than when our nature was young. Bosh! Circumstances are always ready-made and waiting for the hand of resolve to grasp them and mold them to the purpose of the individual.

And within a few brief hours the old year will be a closed book. The record of our lives for that year will have been made up and passed over to the Great Auditor of all earthly accounts, Father Time. In a few hours 1900 will burst upon us with all its glorious possibilities. "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Let us resolve to cut deeper into the granite rock of adversity that we may gain a firmer foothold for the future. Whatever advancement we have made during the past twelve months will add to our momentum in the days to come. Many will fail and some succeed, and the young man of patient endeavor is quite likely to be numbered among the "some." What has been accomplished in the past can be multiplied in the future. Human effort can never run down like a neglected clock, for it is regularly wound by the magical hand of Ambition. The coming new year is rosy with promise as it is big with questions of moment. It is left to the survivors of the perils of the past to solve these questions right or wrong. Is it not the duty of each one to see that the balance between right and wrong is in favor of right?

—R. S. F.

MEDICAL NOTES.

White bread is, weight for weight, more nutritious than brown. Brown bread, chemically, should be more nutritious than white only in fats and mineral constituents, but in the process of digestion distinctly less of the nutritive materials actually get into the blood in the case of brown than of white bread. In the case of people with irritable intestines the white bread is to be preferred to brown. Cellulose mechanically irritates the intestine; the larger the flakes of cellulose, the greater the irritant action; in irritable intestines it will even provoke diarrhoea and so interefere with the absorption of much nutritive material. In the case of people with sluggish intestines, brown bread is preferable to white, as it tends to maintain regular peristaltic action and insures regular evacuation of the bowels. In cases where the proportion of mineral ingredients, and especially of lime salts in other articles of food or drink is insufficient, brown bread is preferable to white. It is possible that in the case of operatives living chiefly upon bread and tea, the preferance for white bread, which obtains in large towns, may be responsible in part at least for the early decay of the teeth of those living on such a dietary. If the dietary is insufficient in fat, or if the person is unable readily to digest fat in other forms, brown bread may possibly be preferable to white.

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It is well known to singers that perfumes influence the voice. The violet is regarded by artists as the flower which especially causes hoarseness. The rose, on the contrary, is regarded as inoffensive. M. Joal does not believe that the emanations of the violet prevent free vibration of the vocal cords, and thinks if this flower has any injurious effect upon the voice the rose and other flowers must have the same action. There is, in fact, nothing fixed or regular in the influence exerted by the perfume of flowers. It is a matter of individual susceptibility. Some are affected by the lilac, other by the mimosa. Others are again in no manner affected by flowers, musk, amber, civet or the various toilet preparations, but experience obstruction of the nose, hoarseness and oppression from the odors of oils, grasses, burut horn and the emanations from tanneries and breweries. "It is very difficult," says M. Joal, "to furnish an explanation to these peculiarities, and we must content ourselves by regarding them as examples of olfactive idiosyncrasy. It cannot be denied, however, that odors may occasion various accidents and vocal troubles in persons of nervous temperaments and excessive sensibility.

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Antifebrin, like most aniline derivatives, is a drug which should be used with special caution. It is official under the name of acetanalid, the maximum dose of which is ten grains. This caution seems timely because a great many people acquire an unfortunate habit of dosing themselves with drugs whose potency they do not realize. Many cases of poisoning have occurred, the cause of death being attributed to other than the true one. In such cases the patient complains of giddiness, noises in the ear, throbbing in the temples and a dull, heavy pain in the head. The face becomes livid, the lips are blue, and the pupils are contracted. Symptoms of collapse follow. The face and extremities are cyanosed, the skin is covered with cold, clammy perspiration, the pulse is feeble and respiration becomes shallow and frequent. There is no specific antidote and after the administration of a brisk emetic the sufferer should be kept in a strictly recumbent position and plied vigorously with stimulants. The effects are usually of considerable duration, and in one case reported the patient was not out of danger for fourteen hours.

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Pain in or about the eye may be often relieved by hot applications, but hot fomentations must not be poultices, save in a few conditions. The easiest way is to dip a small folded pad of cotton cloth in very hot water and apply it as hot as it can be borne to the eye, not allowing it to remain more than half a minute. This procedure should be repeated, and continue for five or ten minutes. After an interval, usually one of comparative ease, it may be again repeated. Sometimes ice cold compresses will relieve the pain quicker than hot applications, and there is no way other than trial by which to decide which is the better remedy in an individual case. Ice compresses should be of one thickness of thin cloth torn into small squares and placed separately on a lump of ice, from which they are to be taken, one by one, and applied directly to the eye. The heat abstracted will change the cold to moist heat in a very few moments, and for this reason iced compresses should be changed even more frequently than when hot applications are used.

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Dr. Savage has shown that there are many insane conditions in which the conduct of the patient must be the gauge of the disorder, and though we don't ignore intelletcual and sensory disorders, yet besides and apart from these the conduct of the patient must be studied and recorded. There is more disorder of conduct than speech or writing. An act may be a symptom of insanity apart from any apparent intellectual defect. The law does not recognize this, though. Insanity of conduct is shown in hysterical girls, in the highly intellectual, such as poets, inventors and geniuses. It is seen as a stage of insanity of other forms, such as mania, melancholia, etc. Conduct does not always indicate insanity, as conduct may be perfect and intellect defective.

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Never place a cold mustard plaster on a patient. The shock is like a sudden plunge into cold water. Before you commence to mix the paste be sure that you have all the necessary material at hand. First put a large plate where it can get warm, not hot, then stir the mustard and flour thoroughly together before you add the water, which should be tepid. Stir in enough water to make a paste about the consistency of French mustard, place your cloth (an old handkerchief is best) on the warm plate, spreading the paste in the middle of it, leaving a margin wide enough to lap well over on all sides. Do not remove the poultice from the plate until ready to apply. Place a folded cloth between parts and patient's clothing.

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Dr. Towler says, with many young physicians, and some who are not young, there is a false idea that to call in another more competent man is a sort of "give away," that the patient or family will regard it only as a want of skill on the part of the attendant if he does. It is a great mistake. That young doctor who has the good sense to call in experience in a difficult case will win nine times in ten over the "know it all," and keep the confidence of his patient besides.

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Since it has become known that milk standing in a bucket will absorb germs the idea has been applied in the treatment of smallpox, fevers, diphtheria, etc., with marked success. The patient is laid on a mattress covered with blankets. He is then packed in a sheet saturated with milk, covering the entire body, in which condition he remains an hour. A warm water bath is then given, after which the surface is dried and the patient is put to bed.

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One of the interesting characters of the fourteenth century was the sergeant surgeon of Edward III., in 1346, John of Arden. He gives a "description of ye qualities which ought to be in ye surgeons that performeth any operation in chirurgery. First, that he be devout. Second, be charitable to ye poor. Thirdly, to use few words. Fourthly, to avoid drunkness. Fifthly, to be chaste both in words and gesture, as well as to fear ye not. Sixthly, not to undertake an incurable disease."

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For the thin person who wants to grow stout the simple recipe: Eat vegetables and plenty of butter, drink milk, sweet wine and stout, take cod liver oil, go to bed early, sleep a little during each day, and laugh as much as possible, will often work wonders.

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One of the best remedies for a sluggish liver is cheap and pleasant. The best liver regulator for persons of sedentary habits—and those are the ones whose complexions are muddy—is to be found in apples, baked, if they cannot be eaten raw.

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PRESCRIPTIONS.

Pain in and about the eye, neuralgic in character and not associated with inflammatory conditions, is sometimes relieved by mild counter irritation and a mixture such as the following: Menthol, 20 grains; spirits of rosemary, spirits of lavender and brandy, of each 1 ounce. Bathe the forehead and temples with this lotion with brisk rubbing.

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An ointment for eczema. Oxide of zinc, 1 drachm; talc, 1 drachm; olive oil, ½ ounce; lime water, ½ ounce; lanolin, 2½ drachms; tincture of benzoin, 10 minims.

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For tenderness of the gums the following is recommended: Hydro-chlorate of cocaine, 2 grains; chloroform, 15 minims; glycerin, 6 drachms; essence of roses, 6 drops. Apply a small portion to the painful portion of the gums.

--Leon Noel.

Cost of Wives.

Wives in Tanganyika are considered a luxury, and even in Zululand they cost from $150 to $500, but on the Tanganyika plateau can be had for five or six goats. One goat equals 15 to 20 cents, therefore one wife equals $1.20.

Open until noon tomorrow, New Year's Day.

To All St. Paul a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Make your new resolution on a firm foundation.

Get a pair of Hanan Shoes.

Hanan Shoe Company.

We have sold out to The Plymouth the entire stock of Shoes in our St. Paul store, and have also made The Plymouth sole agent for the sale of Hanan Shoes in St. Paul.

The extreme low rent and improved system under which this new Shoe business will be carried on must result in a great saving to the public in both time and money.

(Signed) HANAN SHOE CO.,
John H. Hanan, President.

We are now selling this entire stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at sacrifice prices.

THE PLYMOUTH

Seventh and Robert.
Brokaw Clothing.

Traveling in Nicaragua.

No carriage meets the traveler at the wharf. He walks to the hotel, where a white-faced monkey tries to crawl up his leg as he registers, and the proprietor genially points out an ant-eater chained to a cage containing two huge snakes, adding that there was a third boa constrictor, but it escaped, and is hiding under the hotel. The baggage comes up in a cart with two large wheels and drawn by a mule. When the cart stops the driver is compelled by law to wrap his lines around the mule's fore legs. The animal is then supposed to consider himself secured. There are practically no other conveyances.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smoking a Crime.

It is curious to find that there is a country in the world in which it is considered a crime to smoke. Abyssinia is the region, and the law forbidding tobacco dates from the year 1642. It was at first merely intended to prevent priests from smoking in the churches, but it was taken too literally, and nowadays even foreigners have to smoke sub rosa, as if they were still schoolboys.

THE TOAST OF THE HOUR.

"TO THE NEW YEAR."

COMING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

M. Camille Flammarion, the Famous French Astronomer, Tells When and Where It Will Make Its Advent. . . . . .

An authoritative answer to the all-absorbing question when the new century begins has just been given by M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer and author. An authoritative answer his statement may well be styled, since this is a subject on which he is peculiarly fitted to speak with authority. Chronology and astronomy are closely allied, and, being an adept astronomer, M. Flammarion is necessarily also specially well qualified to grapple with any problem the solution of which depends on a right understanding of chronology.

From this statement, which covers the ground thoroughly, the following passages are taken:

"If we look back at the past we will find documents of the year 1799, 1699 and 1599 in which this subject was discussed, and a century hence, in 1999, our descendants will be discussing the same old subject. A century ago the discussions were unusually lively, and extended even to the theater. In 1800 a play appeared with the title, "Dear God, in What Century Are We Living?" This very question we of today are again asking.

"What has led many persons astray has probably been the change in the first two figures of the year, as we see in the case of 1799-1800 or 1899-1900. A similar change, however, is made when 9 becomes 10, or when 99 becomes 100. If any one gives me 100 cents I have a dollar, but the 100th cent is just as necessary to my first dollar as the ninetieth. My hundred and first cent is the beginning of my second dollar. The 100th is, in fact, a necessary portion of the dollar.

"In like manner the 100th year belongs to the century which is dying. Exactly, therefore, at midnight of Dec. 31, 1900, will the hour glass of the nineteenth century run out and at the next moment the twentieth century will start on its career."

M. Flammarion then touches on another most interesting question.

"We know now when, but do we know where, the new century will begin?" he asks. "Will it begin exactly at midnight in Paris, London, New York or Jerusalem? Exactly at midnight in every country is the answer. Yes, but when it is midnight in Paris it is 1 a. m. in Vienna. Will the Austrians then begin the century before the French? Certainly they will. And this brings up the timely question, What country will be the first to greet the new century?

"When the clocks in New York indicate that it is midnight of Dec. 31, 1900, it is already 5 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 1, 1901, in Paris, 7 o'clock at the Suez canal, 8 o'clock in Tananarivo, and 12 o'clock (noon) of Jan. 1, 1901, on the island of St. Paul, in the Indian ocean.

"If, instead of going east, we go with lightning speed westward from New York, we shall find it 11 o'clock in the evening in Chicago, 9 o'clock in San Francisco, 6 o'clock in Honolulu, 3:30 o'clock in the Philippines and noon of Dec. 31, 1900, on the Island of St. Paul. This island, as any one can see by looking at a map, is exactly opposite New York, or, in other words, its distance from the south pole is precisely the same as that of New York from the north pole.

"When it is midnight with us it is noon there, but the question is, Is this the noon of the next day or of the preceding one? To sailors this is a matter of some importance, as their captains have to decide whether they gain or lose a day's wages when they arrive at this point.

"Those who will have the honor of according the first greeting to the new century for the reason that it will actually begin there before it begins elsewhere are the Russians in Kamschatka, the Japanese in Tokio and on the island of Yeso, the inhabitants of the Philippines, of New Guinea island, of the Solomon islands and of the New Hebrides, the French in New Caledonia and the inhabitants of New Zealand and of the little island of Chatham, in the Pacific ocean.

"The people on this island will be able to greet the new century before any one else, but it is not probable that a similar privilege will ever again be theirs, for the reason that there is not likely to be a living soul on the island a century hence. A hundred years ago there were two thousand men there, and in 1830 there were 1,500. Five years later, however, a number of Maoris visited the island and ruthlessly began to destroy the inhabitants. In 1870 there were only 200 persons on the island, and at present there are hardly 50.

"Let every one, however, remember distinctly that the twentieth century will begin in every country at midnight of Dec. 31, 1900. The Asiatics will begin to enjoy it before Europeans, and Europeans before Americans. No one, not even the richest man in New York, can obtain the privilege of being the first to greet it—that is, unless he is willing to travel to the distant island of Chatham and join the handful of inhabitants in singing a paean of welcome to the new cycle."

difficult to swear off. At present the swearing off process contains altogether too much renunciation of the good things of life. The luxuries of a year ago are the necessities of today. Some of your friends, who do not happen to use the weed, will log-roll and pull wires to induce you to swear off using tobacco in any form. Yet you will find trade journals devoted to the tobacco interests which will readily and editorially prove to you, from a medical or scientific view point, that tobacco aids digestion, quickens the intellect, and keeps peace in the family.

Do you propose to swear off drinking? One of the picturesque events of the past year was the appearance of an eminent professor in an Eastern university who declared that a few ounces of good whisky, taken daily, was not only a food, but of incalculable benefit to the human system. Are you contemplating a renunciation of the seductions of draw poker? Within the past six months a Chicago divine has declared from his pulpit that all forms of business were gambling, pure and simple, and that when the farmer deposited valuable seed grain in the virgin soil, he bet the worth of that grain on weather conditions, and the problematical appearance of chinch bugs, grasshoppers or weavil, and the Chicago divine is backed up, or corroborated—if you prefer a more euphonious verb—by a New York clergyman who believes that draw poker, judiciously played, is far from being sinful. Without doubt the judicious winner will corroborate the New York preacher.

Now what are you going to do when confronted by cases like the above? "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no cakes and ale? Yes, by St. George, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too." This is a precept as old as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Yet today, on the threshold of a new year, are we not seriously debating the question of giving the world, the flesh and the devil the marble heart, forgetful of the fact that for so many years in the past, when we have religiously and penitentially resolved to lead acetic lives for a twelve month, the world, the flesh and the devil have given us the merry ha! ha! before the first quarter had expired.

Have we not Biblical writ for the claim that there is a time to dance and a time to sing, a time to make merry with tabor and pipe? Surely we can mix pleasure with the dull cares of this life even if it takes a whole season of golf dissipation to tone up our systems for the serious duties of collaring the elusive dollar.

The man who retains his youth is the young man, and the vivacity of his life shall prove it.

There is no use of approaching the dawn of tomorrow under a

Vagrant Rags of Rhyme.

"BOBS."

Rudyard Kipling's Verses on Lord Roberts.

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs.
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's our pukka Kandahader—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's the Dook of Aggy Chel,*
'E's the man that done us well,
An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell—
Won't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

What 'e does not know of war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
O 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' lord
Outer Bobs
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' 'arder**—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!

*Go ahead. **And a half.

THE WISE WEATHER CLERK.

The Funnyland clerk of the weather
Doesn't waste his time finding out whether
Tomorrow 'll be blowy,
Or sunny or snowy,
Oh! he's wiser than that altogether.

He carefully studies the past,
And runs up a flag on the mast,
So that people can see
If there's going to be
A thunderstorm week before last.

And when yesterday promises fair
When the sun will be hot and aglare,
People hitch a balloon
To the edge of the moon
And dive off and swim round in the air,
For they never get drowned in the air.

—Albert W. Smith, in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Come, little boy, so fresh and new!
Till you are sere and yellow,
I'll be your chum and go with you,
And there's my hand, young fellow.

For just one year let us be friends
In every kind of weather.
And like two well-assorted ends
May we meet well togther.
'Tis yours, my lad, to make me laugh,
Or cry—be sad or fearful.
May you preponderate with chaff,
And keep me always cheerful.

Inflict on me no useless pain,
Nor let me be long blue, sir.
And when we part, may I remain
To say good-bye to you, sir.

—Tom Masson in Life.

THE DYING CENTURY.

Into the void and vast,
Into the shrouded past,
Crowned with his years at last,
Gases the century.
Lo, how the shadows fall!
Soon now the solemn call;
Soon bier and hearse and pall—
Hail and farewell to thee!

Last of the pilgrims gray,
Holding their measured way
Into the dim for aye,
Honored thy passing be.
Age of earth-girdling power,
Age of fair freedom's dower,
Age of life's bloom and flower,
Thou hast reigned graciously!

—James Buckham in Leslie's Weekly.

FORTY BELOW.

Just pity the householder who
Must suffer now a thing or two;
He rises up from bed at dawn
And hastes his frosted garments on
His shivering frame; his fingers blows
That he may button up his clothes,
And seeks to bathe—but nothing flows
From the pitcher—the water's froze.

Then swears he just a little swear
And stumbles down the frosty stair,
Down sinks upon his frosted knees
And blows in vain an icy breeze
When he would start the kitchen fire,
But makes no blaze; in haste and ire
To get the kerosene he goes
But finds, alas! the oil is froze.

Dear, dear! 'Twould drive a man to drink,
He thinks a kindly nip or wink
From the decanter might warm up
The inner man. He gets a cup,
Unto the sideboard moves in haste
And turns the jug with care, lest waste
Ensue, and turns and turns—naught flows,
He finds again the liquor's froze.

Now see, with anger in his heart
Again he seeks the fire to start,
He whittles shavings nice and fine
And lays them in symmetric line,
From out his pocket brings a match,
Essays in vain to scratch and scratch.
His stiffened fingers then he blows
To warm—and finds his breath is froze.

He leaps into the air and seeks
To swear—the frosty floor but squeaks,
Tho' opened wide his mouth, no word
Or sound or utterance can be heard.
He waves his arms and stamps the floor,
And leaps and waves and stamps once more,
So wild his anger, for he knows,
He cannot swear—his voice is froze.

—Bismarck Tribune.

A SONNET OF WORK.

Whereto our labor and our bitter sweat?
The seed we sow we trample in the dark.
The flame we strike—our own tears quench the spark.
The white that we would purify we set
Our grimy print upon. And we forget
Thy ways and thoughts are not as ours, and hark
Toward what we take to be some heavenly mark,
And find we serve the devil to abet.
Then do Thou blind us, that we may not see
The measure of our own futility,
Lest, seeing, we should cease to work, and die,
Or give us sight, that we may know thereby
How through our labor, whatso end is meet,
We reach toward Thee who knowest no defeat.

—Katherine Warren in January Atlantic.

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

New York Press.

The largest locomotive works in the world are in Philadelphia.

The largest car manufacturing plant in the world is in Pittsburg.

The largest drug store in the world is in St. Louis.

The largest wholesale dry goods house in the world is in New York.

The largest brickyards in the world are in Baltimore.

The largest gun works in the world are in Essen.

The largest brewery is in St. Louis.

The largest tobacco factory is in St. Louis.

The largest wooden-ware manufactory is in St. Louis.

The largest steel works are in Pittsburg.

The largest drop hammer in the world is the property of the Bethlehem Iron company.

The largest bottle manufactory is in Pittsburg.

The largest spring works are in Pittsburg.

The largest bank is in London.

The largest church is in Rome.

The largest beef and pork packing house is in Chicago.

The largest starch business is in Chicago.

The largest enamel-ware works are Baltimore.

The largest copper mine is in Michigan.

The largest pumping engine in the world is in the Calumet and Hecla mine.

The largest match factory in the world is at Barberton, O. Its capacity is 100,000,000 a day.