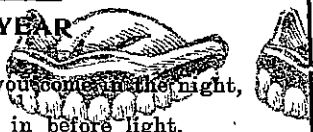


The Family Circle

THE NEW YEAR



Here you are, little Year, and did you come in the night,
 When I was sleeping in my bed?
 And how did you find your way in before light,
 With no sun shining out overhead?
 Did you pass the Old Year as he rushed out of sight,
 With a pack that was heavy as lead?
 He looked just like you, O so shining and slim,
 When he made his bow twelve months ago,
 We all said 'Good morning' politely to him—
 'It was manners, dear Year, as you know,'
 And his hand was outstretched and his eye was not dim,
 As he stood in his first morning glow.
 But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work
 And he had such a handful of days,
 That you couldn't expect, since he was not a shirk,
 He'd be chipper and cheery always.
 His story was mixed up with brightness and mirth,
 And we'll speak of him only with praise.
 As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast,
 As you stand in the other Year's place,
 That already the shadow that falls from the past
 Is weaving its veil o'er your face.
 O happy New Year, may your happiness last,
 As you trot at the century's pace.

HAZEL'S MISTAKE

Did you ever see such an ugly hat, or such an unbecoming one? I suppose it was made up in the country somewhere, and she doesn't know any better than to wear it.

The warning came too late. The small ears under the hat which Hazel had criticised turned a pink that deepened slowly to crimson. Madge was distressed, and for a moment even Hazel felt a little ashamed of herself. Then she laughed. 'What difference does it make?' she said, 'we'll never see her again.'

In that conjecture Hazel was right. The girl with the unbecoming hat changed cars at the junction, and they did not see her again. The probability is that their paths will never cross in the future, and if they did none of the girls would be likely to know it.

But that was not the end of the incident as far as Hazel was concerned. Two days later she went to call on Mary Stewart, a newcomer in the town, whose father had purchased one of the fine old residences of the place. In spite of her father's wealth and position, Mary was a sweet, unspoiled girl, and Hazel fell in love with her from the start. Mary was quite as pleasantly impressed. 'I believe I shall be good friends with her,' she told her mother. 'She's such a lady-like girl.'

Mrs. Stewart was silent for a moment. Then she said reluctantly, 'I'm afraid you're mistaken, dear.'

Mary stared. 'Why, didn't you like her, mamma? I don't see what there was in her manners you could object to.'

'Nothing to-day, Mary. But, unfortunately, I sat behind her in the train the other afternoon when she commented on the appearance of a girl near her, in a tone that was perfectly audible. She seemed to think that because she was not likely to see the girl again, it did not matter whether she hurt her feelings or not. A lady would not have felt that way.'

Hazel never knew why her friendship with Mary Stewart made no progress. It was a pity she could not have realised that, though we may part company with those we have treated unkindly or discourteously, we can never get away from the consequences of the act itself.

THE LION IN ITS WILD STATE

In the wild state one seldom sees a lion either in repose or majestically alert. A glimpse the hunter may get of him standing magnificently rigid when suddenly disturbed in early morning at his kill of overnight, and more seldom if it has been given to a man to watch one himself unobserved, gazing from an eminence at the grazing herd. But the lion is a nocturnal animal, possessing an extraordinary capacity for making itself invisible in dim light. Many sportsmen have testified to the experience of being unable to see a lion on a night not altogether dark, though it was so close that its breathing was plainly audible, and many a native of Africa has fallen victim to the sudden onslaught of what he has passed at a few feet away, he took to be only a bush or the blot upon the darkness made by a tussock of grass.

The literature of big game shooting contains perhaps no incident more blood-curdling than the experience of

Dr. Aurel Schulz, who, when with his gun-bearer he was stalking a hippopotamus at night, found that a lion was in turn stalking them. By chance the gun-bearer noticed that a bush behind them had a queer way of being always about the same distance in their rear. In spite of the moonlight, they could not be certain that it really was a lion, but when, at last, they turned upon their tracks immediately the shadowy thing swept, dim and noiseless, in a wide semi-circle, so as to plant itself again behind them. So, one going backward, with his face always to the lion, the hunted hunters made their way back to camp, hippopotami having ceased to interest them.

It has been said of the lion that he attacked only those who understood him, sparing to strike one who fled or sued for clemency, whereas he had little mercy on those who he will chase you. Moreover, that full-grown men only were his enemies; that he would not harm babies. But in the lion house one may see any day the eyes which look so indifferent on the men and women who come and go before the cages light up with sudden savagery as some small child toddles alone across the floor. The lion has learned that men and women are not for him, but this smaller creature—nice, antelope size, soft and helpless—presents itself to the royal mind as easily killable.

CURIOUS HOW HE KNEW

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of the Southern States for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse. One of the members of the party was a colored man belonging to the household where the scientist was quartered.

'Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock.'

Tom was, of course, sceptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the man's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist in a bad way and said, 'Perfesser, said he, show long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?'

'About a year ago,' said the Professor smilingly.

'Well, ef dat don't beat all!' was the man's comment.

'Perfesser, a year ago dem chickens wan't even hatched.'

BARBER OR GARDENER

A major in a certain regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind, and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

'Is there no gardener in the company?' asked the major testily. 'See if you can find one and send him to me.'

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

'Great guns!' cried the major, 'if you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go and do it.'

A NEW YEAR WISH

A happy, happy New Year to every little girl
 A happy, happy New Year to every little boy,
 And may you all be sunbeams to gladden many hearts;
 And may you hear to many a brimming cup of joy;
 For if you cheer up others you surely will be glad,
 A happy little lassie, a merry little lad.

ORIGIN OF THE SHOP SIGNS

Two of the most common signs to be seen in our city streets are the barber's pole and the three golden balls of the pawnbroker. These have been in use so many years that their original meaning as to many, quite unknown. It is said that the red stripe which winds around the barber's pole is meant to represent a bandage bound about a human arm. For in early days the barber acted as surgeon, as well as a cutter of hair. He was able to fill this office because at that time it was the common belief that all illness was caused by having too much blood in the body. Consequently, it was thought the best thing to do was to bleed the sick one. A barber was called, and he undertook the task of puncturing a blood vessel in the arm; then, after he thought sufficient blood had flowed, he would bandage the wound. The three golden balls were used as a commercial sign by early Italian merchants who lived in the days when the powerful Medici family held sway in Florence. The three golden balls were a part of the crest or arms of the Medici family. There were some representatives of this family among the merchants. These used the sign above the doors of their shops, and it became a well known emblem in the neighborhood of the city. Finally some of the Italian merchants found their way to England, and there opened the first money-lending establishments under the sign of the three balls. Later the use of the emblem became common to all money-lenders.