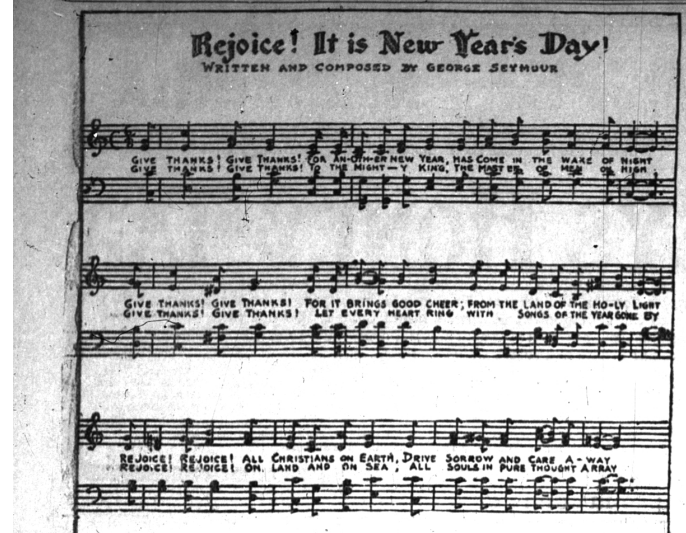
Rejoice! It is New Year's Day!

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE SEYMOUR



—New York Press.

Thousands of Centuries Re-Echo in the Blowing of Horns To-Day

Blowing of horns on occasions of joy and festivity has grown to be an established institution in the United States. Whether the custom as practiced is strictly in musical accord with the harmonious feelings of a people who in one voice indulge a celebration which affects all alike is another matter.

While the custom of horn blowing is growing, few of the old heads stop to think of its origin, and the youthful celebrant little dreams that it is all tradition; that in those reveling sounds which escape either nook for corner, loft nor cellar, are the echoes re-echoed from thousands of centuries ago—that momentous period in the world's spiritual and material history when the blasts from the ram's horn (shophar) proclaimed from Mount Sinai the giving of the Ten Commandments to the end of time.

The first mention of it is in the Old Testament at the giving of the law:

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet.—Exodus, xx 18.

How well one can picture the scene at Mount Sinai when the people trembled and stood afar off when Moses bade them to fear not; that God had come to prove them and that his fear might be before their faces that they sin not.

The sounding of the horn on an occasion so prolific with divinely potential incidents naturally brought the instrument into use and prominence during special spiritual exercises and celebrations, but later its brazen notes were heard in time of war.

They were also heard in times of extreme jubilation and in the temples of the Jews on their days of rejoicing and on the day of atonement.

In Leviticus, xxv: 9, is found the following:

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

And even in this age of "advanced thought," the Jew, following commandment and the voice of tradition assembles in his temple to hear the sound from the shophar.

What effect must such tones issuing from a holy place have upon the hearer? They are not musical sounds, for their loud, piercing notes, with no range or compass, have never been found adaptable to concerted music.

In Numbers, chapter xxxix: 1, we find an injunction as to the use of the trumpet.

Therein the people are commanded on the first day of the seventh month to hold "an holy convocation," to do no servile work, it being "a day of blowing of trumpets unto you"—a feast of the trumpets.

Here is demonstrated the giving up of all labor and indulging the tones of the shophar as heard in the synagogues to this day on a like festival.

The skeptic may say that to-day's outpourings of joy lack thought, are indulged without the slightest religious sentiment, have no relationship, with the very same movements and same trumpetings that characterized the day when the law was given from Mount Sinai, those periods when joy and victory and holy festival influenced the early peoples of the earth.

Who will say that there is no feeling of thankfulness in the hearts of the rejoicing when, with horn a-blowing and flags waving, it gives vent to its joy over victory or any great national event?

The ancient New Year's service, observed in the synagogues even at this period, is considered one of the most impressive in the Jewish liturgy. It is composed of three parts, which refer, respectively, to the sovereignty, justice and mercy of God, and as each part is concluded the shophar is sounded from the pulpit.

The first part, "Malchioth," proclaims God the universal king.

The second part, "Zichronoth," emphasizes that God remembers the work of the world and visits all creatures and that "nothing remains concealed from his eyes."

The last part, "Shopheroth," speaks of the scriptural shophar, and especially as it is connected with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, when its tones were first heard, and also with reference to the time when the "great trumpet" will be sounded "to declare the universal triumph of liberty and religion."

In a poem sermon founded on passages from the Talmund, by the Rev. Isidore Myers, B. A., in Montreal in 1897 (5657 Jewish year), the following occurs:

What solemn thoughts each blast compels!
At every sound our bosom swells.
Our soul is stirred by every note
That issues from the shophar's throat.

The first which "Malchioth" is named,
In which God's sovereignty's proclaimed,
Commencement's a fact sublime—
Recalls to mind creation's prime.
When God, creating out of nought,
This world into existence brought—
This universe by wisdom planned,
And framed by His Almighty hand—
Whose order, beauty, harmony,
We everywhere so plainly see;
Whose every part, below, above,
The impress bears of gracious love.
The shophar's voice does first record
The coronation of the Lord.

Thus, from its first mention up to the present period, has the shophar been given the most profound and grave consideration.

Besides the sounding of the horn in the hour of religious and joyous festival it was brought into use in time of war to summon and assemble the army, and in this respect it is first mentioned in Judges, iii: 27:

And it came to pass, when he was come, that he blew a trumpet in the mountain of Ephraim, and the children of Israel went down with him from the mount, and he before them.

Subsequent verses relate the defeat of 10,000 lusty men and the downfall of Moab, much resembling the bloody conflicts of later centuries, sans machinery of modern warfare.

And here we find the horn brought into military use, which is a long step from its initial requirements, when it served to bring life people together to hear the law read amid the thundering and lightning and darkness which after prevailed and filled the assembled multitude with awe and fear.

After all, in comparing the past with the present there seems but the difference in the manufacture, design and manipulation of material and the advantages in these times of having more powerful and more scientific implements with which to annihilate a foe. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything could be more effective on a modern battlefield than the slaying of 10,000 valiant men, as was done by the Israelites who answered the shophar's call to arms.

The shophar has been utilized in other than times of law-giving and war, for it is told in Isaiah xxvii: 13:

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.

Its sounds were welcomed by those to whom the law was handed down, its notes were and are maintained by one denomination to voice the anniversary of God's coronation.

By that same people its sound is resorted to as an alarm or warning of the approach of the day of atonement and that they should review the actions of the past year and prepare to become reconciled to God by means of confession to him of their sins and promise of amendment.

One other reason for the blowing of the shophar, even at this period, is to emphasize to the Jewish community the conviction that the time will come when the shophar will announce, according to the word of the prophet, a universal freedom when all oppression and tyranny shall vanish and the reign of absolute liberty will be manifested throughout the world.

PROSPECTOR LEADS THE WAY.

Bears Rightful Title as Pioneer of the West.

The prospector is the real pioneer of the West; he blazed the trail for the railroad, for the merchant, the capitalist and the professional man; to him belongs the honor of the present condition of the mining industry. The prospector has made it possible for the making of the great fortunes of Haggin, Fair, Flood, Hearst, Daly and Clark. Where would the Comstock, Butte, Coeur d'Alene and other notable camps be, had it not been for the prospector and his burro? The life of the prospector is not a round of pleasure; he sleeps in the snow and rain as often as not; his fare is bacon and beans; dollars are few with him, yet he may be hunting for a new location for you to go to. When he asks you for a grub stake, help him out; his burro found the Bunker Hill and Sullivan; his rifle killed the mountain sheep that found and exposed the rich ores of the Ram's Horn mine; Comstock, the man who found the vein named after him, died a poor man, but he did more for his country than President Roosevelt has. Marcus Daly came to Butte with his blankets on his back, but he did more for Montana than John D. Rockefeller; W. A. Clark drove a bull team into Montana, placer mined in Deer Lodge and made a fortune, which he earned by hardships endured which the average Butte citizen would not care to go through. When Stratton found Cripple Creek he was a poor carpenter, said to be too lazy to work, but he paved the way for thousands to earn a livelihood and himself a fortune.—Butte Mining Review.

CRICKETS ARE ALL VIOLINISTS.

Carry Their Musical Instruments Constantly with Them.

Violinist of the fields a poet christened the grasshopper, whose musical apparatus demonstrates the scientific fitness of its name. Both crickets and grasshoppers use a rudimentary violin. The crickets have a fiddle, the abdomen being partially endowed with small bridgelike edges or ridges, against which the wings are rubbed in order to produce the strident chirp. All such insects are tenors; deep bass voices are unknown, although it be the male, not the female, insect that is the musician. Some insects, like the locust, have veritable violin bones, covered with drumheads and attached to the wings by two buttonlike growths. Others have cauldrons covered over with a fine membrane, which serves the purpose of a resonator. In almost all insects of this type there is a parchmentlike part of the abdomen which acts as a kind of sounding board.

Are You Left-Eyed?

"Left-eyed people simply own the town these days," said an oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continues to increase we shall one day be a left-eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is somewhat considerable larger than the right, it is brighter and it lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read first with one then with the other unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten the left eye shows how much more useful the left-eyed is than the right.

"I devoutly hope that I shall never lose either of my eyes, but if one has to go I just as devoutly hope that it will be the right. There was a time when the superstitious and even the pugilistic ones believed that only left-handed people were also left-eyed. That theory is now exploded. Overdevelopment of the left eye is in danger of becoming a disease, the peculiar effects of which are already apparent in many faces."

Large Enough.

Senator Foraker was talking about a politician whose erratic conduct had estranged him from his party.

"This man," said the Senator, "was showing a visitor over his new house in Washington the other day.

"He exhibited the large drawing-room, in white and gold; the spacious dining-room, in mahogany; the vast ebony hall, with its onyx pillars, and then he led his visitor into the little den of a room off the hall—a mere cubby hole containing but a table and two chairs.

"'Not very large, eh?' he said. 'Small and cozy, isn't it? Here I entertain my political friends.'

"'Ah,' said the visitor, 'it will be large enough for that.'"

Modern Version.

The king had just opened his luscious pie and the birds began to sing.

"Ye crowns," spoke the king, smacking his lips, "that this is a dainty dish, I shall not until I cannot eat more."

But just then the court physician arrived.

"Hold on, your majesty," called the medical adviser, lifting his hand in warning, "you know I forbid you eating pastry of all kinds and limited your diet to health food." With a sigh the king closed up the pie and told the slaves to hand it out to some passing tramp.

Furniture Used by Napoleon.

When he returned to Washington recently Ambassador Von Sternberg brought a complete suite of drawing-room furniture that had adorned the rooms occupied by Napoleon in Leipsic. These treasures were bequeathed to the ambassador by a relative whose grandfather had owned the place where the Corsican elected to abide. The furniture is ancient Flemish and in the tapestry are woven mythological designs. The frames bear a gold design. A desk at which Napoleon wrote vigorous messages is part of the legacy.

Do It.

If you have a thing to say,
Say it.
If you have a debt to pay,
Pay it.
If you've something less than men—
Say that you've just been,
With an egg to lay, why, then,
Lay it.

If you have a log to hew,
Hew it.
If there's something you should rue,
Rue it.
For all things beneath the sun
Teach us this as on we run;
If there's aught that should be done,
Do it!

—A. L. Waterhouse in Sunset Magazine.

WITH THE HUMORISTS

SOME BRIGHT THOUGHTS AND WITTY SAYINGS.

Another Proof of the Small Boy's Proverbial Luck—Books Absolutely Necessary for College Education—Fault of the New Memory System.

Just the Reminder Needed.

Chesapley—Hello, old man! You seem to be in a brown study.

Popley—Oh, hello! Yes, I am. You see, my wife asked me to stop at the market for something and I can't think what it was.

Chesapley—Here, have a cigar. Maybe that'll help you to think.

Popley—Thanks. Oh, yes. I remember now; it was cabbage she wanted.—Philadelphia Press.

Won on Points.

The animals were playing football. The fox snapped the ball back to the porcupine.

The porcupine started around the end with it.

Whereupon the other animals fell upon the porcupine.

But they didn't do it a second time. The game ended right there.

The Conservative.

"And are you in favor of the square deal?" they asked of Senator Rebates.

"Yes," replied the senator, "in a modified form I'm for it. Of course, good, sane judgment will dictate that the corners ought to be slightly rounded off so that no one will be injured by the sharp edges."—Kansas City Times.

Was Going In For Athletics.

Son—Well, dad, I start back to college next week and I want twenty-five dollars for books.

Father—What are they?

Son—"Baseball Guide," "Smith's How to Play Football," "Brown's First Lessons in Lacrosse," "Aids to the Injured," and a dictionary.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Superstitious.

"There's ghosts in this room," said the Billville man, as the pillow beneath his head seemed to be sliding away of its own free will. "Ghosts—as shore as you're born! Looky that!"

"John, John!" said his wife, as she lifted the pillow. "How superstitious you are! It's only a six-foot rattlesnake, rolled up that from the cold!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Jealousy.

"Why are people so angry about the trusts?" inquired the tourist from abroad.

"Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, after seeing how easily the trick was done, a good many are cross and disappointed because they didn't get in on the ground floor."

The Artistic Temperament.

Ascum—I hear you've an order from Mr. Roxley to paint his wife's portrait. I suppose you expect to have a good time on the money you are to get for it?

D'Auber—No. I've already had a good time on the money I expect to get for it.

Mnemonics.

"How is the new memory system you are studying?"

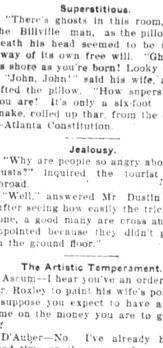
"It's like all the rest," said the man who struggles to improve his mind. "It goes on the theory that it is easier to remember a whole lot of things you are not interested in than one that you are."

Uncertainty.

"You seem in a quandary."

"Yes," answered the conscientious man, "I haven't been able to decide which candidate I ought to vote for. And after I do make up my mind I doubt whether I'll be able to mark my ballot correctly."

Very Fortunate.



"Goodness, mister, it's er lucky ting you wuz dere w'en I fell!"

Happened in Philadelphia.

"Didn't I tell yer Bill was too slow to live?"

"Why, what's 'e bin and done now?"

"He's gorn and got run over by a hearse!"

He Was Good.

Miss Askham—And do you paint nothing but animal pictures every day?

Mr. D'Auber—Well, on Fridays I paint fish.

ENVIED STORY TELLER'S GIFT.

Made Presence of Mind a Very Secondary Consideration.

C. K. Bober was showing a group of Pennsylvania statesmen over his famous chestnut farm near Shamokin.

"I have been told," said an insurance inspector, "that on a good chestnut farm each tree yields $100 profit.

"That is impossible," said Mr. Sober, laughing. "That is quite impossible. It is such a whopper that it reminds me of life in the west.

"A friend of mine sat one cold night before the red-hot stove in a western saloon.

"At the bar a number of tall stories were being told. Every man had an illustration to present of his own bravery or generosity or Lotharioism. One chap said: 'I was once crossing a long, high, one-track railroad bridge on the plains when I saw a train coming toward me. The bridge was too narrow for me to draw to one side or the other and to jump into the boiling waters below meant death to death. In a flash I grasped the situation and started on a quick run toward the locomotive. When within a few feet of the great machine I concentrated all my nerve and muscle in one effort and leaped straight up in the air. The terrible loco shot under me and I came down safe and sound on the bridge, preserved from death, but seriously shaken by the descent.'

"At the conclusion of this tale a groan went up from the assemblage and an old miner with a goatee beard said bitterly:

"'What's the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?'"

MODERN CHAPTER OF ROMANCE.

Tale of a Willing Juliet But Unresponsive Romeo.

Juliet was the ideal age, about 14. She wore a red coat that just came down to her boot tops and she had on a big black hat that partly shadowed her strikingly pretty face. She had just come out of Sunday school with a companion who was too young to figure as the Nurse, by comparison, yet was old enough to sympathize with the commotion that was raging in Juliet's heart.

Side by side the two girls walked slowly up the cross street and then, as if they were measuring their steps, they turned about and returned to the corner. When they reached a point where Juliet could see a young man who was standing half way down the block talking to a group of his friends, she cast a demure glance in his direction—but quite as though she were looking miles beyond him—and then turned about and retraced her steps up the side street. Slowly she walked up and slowly she walked back again.

Just as she reached the corner—it was beautifully timed—Romeo crossed her path. Romeo was at the stage in his youth when he probably would refer to the maid as "a little girl," though he was three years up to his shoulder. He was undeniably good looking, and he was also courteous, for he bowed to the two girls and took off his hat with a sweep as he met them. But he went on his way, leaving Juliet standing on the corner with an ecstatic glow in her eyes and one hand pressed to her coat over her heart.

Good-by, Old Year.

Good-by, Old Year; your mission ends
With midnight chimes and all is done;
The records writ with joy or loss
The deeds fulfilled and deeds undone
Are hung as trophies round thy rime,
Emblazoned on the golden scroll.

Forevermore, oh, fateful past,
That saw so much no law can change;
Beginning and the end of things
That were to be, the new and strange,
The old and worn and bloom and blight,
Passed in the dark or both the light.

And, oh, for some a happy year;
Sweet wedding bells rang joyously;
Old friends clasped hands and strangers met,
And sunshine fell so glad and free
On buoyant youth, and smiles were fair,
And laughter bantered pain and care.

Some tears must fall in every year;
Your portion came when grief had set
A badge of mourning on the hearts
Of some whose love could not forget,
And hopefully, without dismay,
They covered friends of yesterday.

Good-by, Old Year; we greet the New;
When we recall your gifts and cost,
May then a double portion show
Thy favors won or which was lost.
Good-by! A hand at parting; then
A benediction and amen.
—Clifford Kane Stout.

Chick's Size Drew Query.

Miss Anna Barrows, lecturer in domestic science at Columbia university, tells the following little story:

"The first cooking class I ever had was a class of poor boys in Boston. Materials were rather scant, and one day the sole article provided for a lesson on poultry cooking was the smallest, shrunkest chicken I ever saw.

"Right in front sat a little hunchbacked boy, a very good little boy, and very much interested in the lessons. After I had dressed the chicken and explained the anatomy of the poor little bird, he suddenly raised his hands and said:

"'If that had lived to grow up would it 'a been a turkey?'"

Hetty Green's New Auto.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, is to purchase an auto, and she will run it herself. Her heart is softened toward all automobilists. She no longer thinks they are devil wagons, run by devils, for devils, says a New York writer. Soon she will spin from bank to bank in her own auto instead of walking. Three rules she has laid down for herself:

"My auto must be the best on the market that can be bought for the least money. My auto must be capable of going slow. My auto must be one that I can run myself. No chauffeur for me."

Lame Theory.

"Do you believe," queried the long-haired passenger, "that people will have the same vocation in the next world as they have in this?"

"No," replied the hardware drummer. "That would be impossible in many cases."

"Why do you think so?" asked the l. h. p.

"Because," explained the knight of the sample case, "there are quite a number of ice dealers in this world."

CLERGYMAN ACCEPTED THE FEE.

"Bluff" of Bridegroom That Met With Deserved Failure.

A good story is told on a young clergyman in the suburbs who was recently married and who was properly punished for trying to make a "front."

It is a well known rule among clergymen not to take a fee from a dominie for marrying him. The general custom is, however, for the best man to go through the form and present the officiating clergyman with an envelope containing the fee. The minister then pays a graceful compliment to the bride and presents the envelope to her. Aware of this custom, the young minister thought he would make a big showing before his bride and placed $100 in the envelope, smiling in anticipation of her surprise when she should open it and see what her lover was willing to pay for being united to her.

The young man's consternation can be imagined when the other clergyman calmly pocketed the envelope and made no movement to return it. The officiating minister had heard glowing reports of the rich bride his young friend was getting and decided that the fee would do him more good than the newly married couple, and therefore for once departed from the usual rule. The bridegroom is still sore about the $100, but the joke was too good for the best man to keep to himself.—Philadelphia Record.

He Doesn't Curse Now.

Washington, Kans., Dec. 25 (Special).—Jesse E. Mitchell is a telephone lineman, and also a well known resident here. Everybody acquainted with Mr. Mitchell knows that he was a man who held very positive views about Patent Medicine. Hear what he says now:—

"I used to curse all kinds of Patent Medicines, for they never did me any good, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have caused me to change my mind. For twelve years I suffered from Kidney Trouble. There was a hurting across my back that made it positive agony to stoop, and as I am in a stooping position nearly all day, you can imagine how I suffered. After a day's work that any man would think nothing of, I would be tired and worn out. In fact, I was always tired. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking four boxes I feel like a new man, I am as fresh at night as when I begin work in the morning. I have no pain in my back now, and I am stronger than ever."

Bees as Weather Prophets.

Bees are excellent weather prophets. There is a common saying that "a bee was never caught in a shower." When rain is impending bees do not go far afield, but ply their labor in the immediate neighborhood of their hive.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If a girl is all the world to a young man he naturally overlooks the attentions of other men to acquire the earth.

An old maid is one whom the world is often cold on a hot day.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

No man ever bought a wedding present because he wanted to.

Many men stoop to conquer and some of them stoop low.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

In rare families, as in rare books, the edition is limited.

A fire escape is occasionally used as a board-bill escape.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

When a doctor encounters an ailment that puzzles him he blames it on the microbe.

For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"I think your Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the greatest medicine ever made," writes Mrs. Wm. Wilson, of Ivory, Nevada. "I had a bad cough, and a friend gave me a sample bottle of Shiloh, and I found relief at once. I bought a bottle and before I had used it all I was entirely cured. I have since used it in my family for croup and colds, and I always find it relieves at once. I would not be without it for any money. Shiloh is in my house for constant use the year round. I have recommended it to many others, and they all say it is the best medicine they ever used."—Mrs. J. B. Martin, Fleming, Nevada.

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee at all druggists.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

Trusted with life peculiar to their sex, used as douche in the treatment of leucorrhoea, ulceration, displacements, inflammation and local catarrh.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in your own vaginal syringe, full directions in package, and economical than liquid antiseptics for all purposes.

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES.

For sale at druggists, 50 cents or by mail.
Trial Box and Book of Instructions, Free.
THE R. PAXTON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

KNICKERBOCKER NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

When I was a girl, before New York had grown cosmopolitan, we used to look forward to New Year's day with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The first foot over the threshold was watched for with some curiosity. Who of the outside world should be first to enter the home with the merry salutation, "A Happy New Year!" We were always rather pleased if it happened to be a pretty child or a graceful girl who brought this greeting, although it was very apt to be instead the milkman, with his rosy face, bronzed and flushed by wind and weather, or the carrier of the newspaper, who brought an elaborate message in verse, for which he expected a gratuity.

New York being originally a Dutch city, it kept for many years the beautiful traditions of Dutch hospitality. Therefore, it was obligatory on all households not in mourning, to receive calls on New Year's day. A table was sumptuously spread with refreshments, which included sandwiches, pickled oysters, salad, cold turkey, fruit cake, lemonade, coffee, and if the people of the house were so inclined, wine and egg-nog, and every caller was invited and expected to partake of the feast.

Ladies' day followed on the second of January, when women called on one another, exchanged good wishes, and discussed the pleasure of the day before. It was a happy time while it lasted, but after a while, as the city grew large and distances were magnified, until, instead of a town, Manhattan became a great capital, with all sorts and conditions of people, the custom of New Year's calls died a natural death.—Woman's Home Companion.