

GIVE THE SHOP-GIRL HER DUES

IN an excellent short story published not long ago, O. Henry gave to his shop-girl heroine a colossal character, emphasized that in her were combined the notable attributes of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job and Little Red Riding Hood. And at this season of the year—"glad Christmas days"—it easily might seem to a less sympathetic person than the regretted O. Henry that the shop-girl most stands in need of the strength of Hercules, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the truthfulness and other singular excellences of Una, the patience of Job. Think what it must mean, from eight to six, or eight to ten, as the case may be, to face and serve the rattled throngs that are now surging through the shops, think of the strain on endurance and nerve, on temper and manners. The wonder is not that she often comes up to the demands on her, but that she ever does.

Some of the veterans, survivors of many hard-fought Christmas battles, are marvelous; may be seen at far-end of day still alert, though drooping; still clear-headed, though with conscious effort; still with courteous attitude in their serving, though they serve have lost the last shred of any politeness with which they may have started out. Compare the manners of some spoiled darling, some indulged, arrogant child of wealth, with the dignity and patience and sweetness often shown by the girl behind the counter. The one self-centered, of most restricted vision, capricious, petty; the other self-effacing, far-seeing, charitable, big. Caleb in search of a wife might well pursue his quest along the aisles of the big stores, find womanly ideal standing there behind the counter.

They are not all caricatures of fashion, with hair tortured to latest exaggeration, frocks cheap copies of showy splendors; not all more given to powder and rouge than to soap and water. And in the attainment of the so highly-desirable neatness and trimness herosim again has to come to the fore. It is no easy matter after long hours of labor to make one's self clean, to wash one's face and hands when eyes are heavy, back is aching. Hercules every one of them that make a good show.

I know a girl in a fashionable candy shop that every other night washes and irons that she may be presentable the next day. Her moderate wage is the chief part of the family support, there is not enough money for enough blouses to last the week, and so the midnight laundrying is done as a matter of course. But how pretty and sweet and fresh the girl does manage to look in her snowy white and well brushed black; much better dressed, she seems to me, than the woman of fuss and feathers.

What little mothers they are, a lot of them, simple affectionate, domestic creatures—though so often characterized as vain, shallow, foolishly ambitious, thinking only of dress and "dates." I know one girl that worked in one of the department stores which keep open evenings at Christmas time, who the night before Christmas did not leave the store until midnight, then after traveling an hour on the street cars to her home stayed up hours to trim a wonderful Christmas tree for the children of the family, the bunch of little ones the poor seem always to have with them. I know another girl that at this season goes down unusually early mornings to arrange "stock," comes home unusually late evenings; but after dinner cheerfully dons kitchen apron and helps with giant plum pudding and other Christmas preparation that year, and is repeated in honor of old England and the home left behind when there was made search for fortune in the rich land of America. These are just two instances, the one quite commonplace, unheroic, but you may pick up a few for yourself by eavesdropping a bit in your shopping; observing among the buyers the many shop-girls purchasing toys and silver "pusher," children's gloves and sweater, or gray dress for mammy, muffler for daddy.

Of course there is any number of incompetent girls that wait on hapless customers, rather keep hapless customers waiting, but they have been pictured with enough frequency, this sort repeatedly held up as typical, thereby obscuring the virtues of the many worthy ones following the profession of "waiting on." For some time past I have been gathering data, making experiment; and have found it the rule rather than exception that courtesy meets with courtesy. "Soft and fair go far in a day," not only on highway but in the miles of space in a huge department store.

A man said to me recently: "How honor of the sun's turning back from his downward journey, which was recognized as the days began to grow longer. This second celebration was quite naturally the happiest time, the people holding the sun in such fear in June. It was then the mistletoe was honored as being the very essence of the oak.

When eventually the church was established and its followers turned the ancient December celebration into Christmas, the mistletoe was hung up by way of compromise, although it had nothing to do with the new religion. And so even today, in our use of evergreen and holly, and eke the occasional sprig of mistletoe, we reflect the nature worship which gave us, perhaps, not only the foundation of our Christmas, but for our love of nature as well.

KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT
"Gentlemen," said the orator, "after the indubitable proof I have offered, there is nothing more to be said on the subject."
Sighing resignedly, the audience shifted about and composed itself for another hour of listening.

Christmas Day

To rule and reign with gentle sway,
The King of Love was born today,
No palace walls enclosed him round,
But in a manger was he found;
That so the boastful world might see
The greatness of humility.
He came, a child, in lovely grace,
That so a child might seek his face;
So poor was he, the humblest born,
Might come, without a fear of scorn,
To all mankind he showed the way,
And ushered in the dawn of day.
And so, with grateful love and praise,
We hail this blessed day of days,
The children's joy, the poor man's feast,
The star of hope to great and least,
When holy angels come to earth,
And sing anew a Savior's birth.

Little of church is brought into the Christmas of today. And how sadly true this is—"church" in this connection standing for whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, of full import to all religions. And bullying and bullying a shop-girl at this season seems about as far from "lovely and good" as one may wander. Put yourself in her place, remembering previous failures of your own when bodily weariness snapped strained nerves, broke down pulse.

Ye gods and little fishes, in what condition is the shop-girl to "enjoy" Christmas! I am sure if I were she I would ask of good Saint Nicholas all I would ask of good Saint Nicholas would be a dark, airy room far, far away from people (from man, and especially woman); a great, soft bed where I could stretch out long and wide; silence and sleep forever and forever. No dreams to disturb that sleep; no vision of past bagging, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

But the reality is a long way from that that I would ask. Do you suppose such a proud wage earner as she would be content to let Christmas day go by without displaying wealth and power? No, every dependent in the household must partake of her bounty, every pensioner be given good proof of what it means to have her dress up and go down town every day. Nothing of niggard is the shop-girl at Christmas, she is as much a Lady Bountiful as any millionaire of them all.

What a creature! A "Hercules, a Joan of Arc, a Una, a Job" and a Lady Bountiful on eight dollars and less a week!
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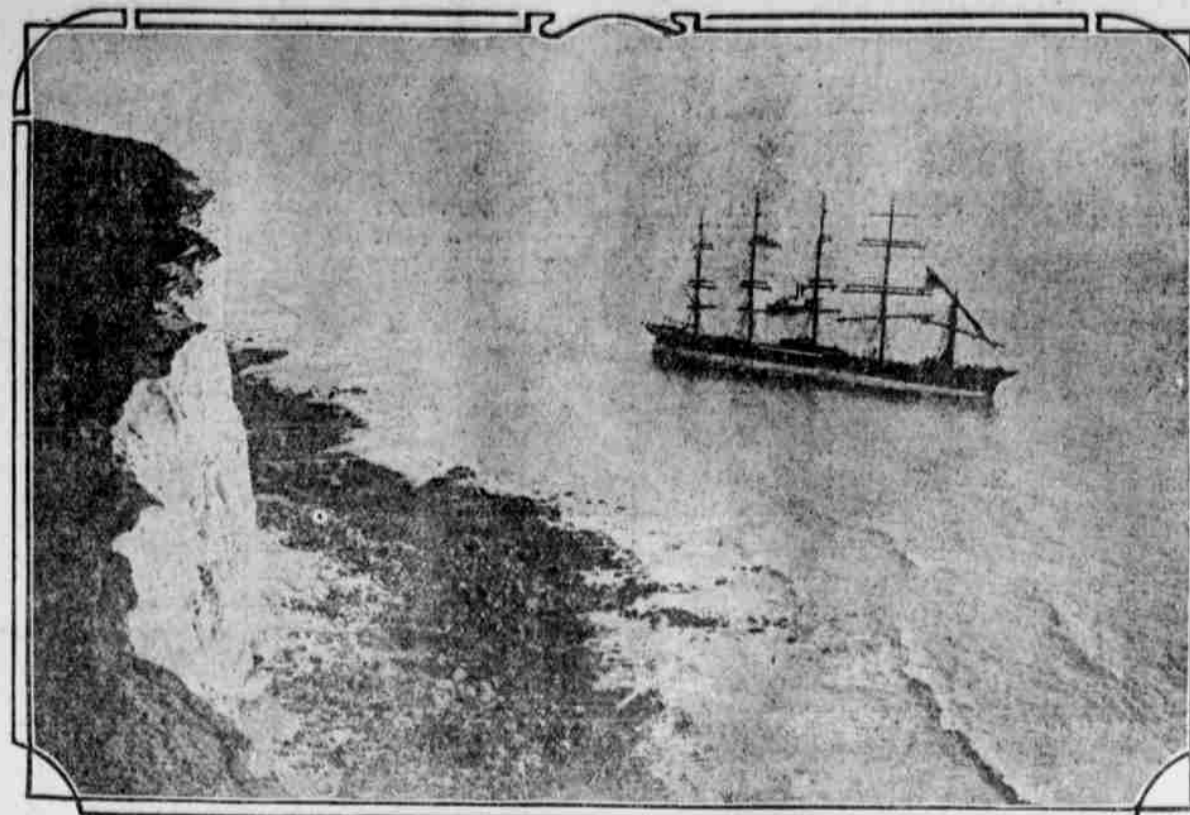
Agnes' Prayer.
Our little five-year-old Agnes, having been reprimanded by her mamma for some slight misdeed, went and knelt by a chair and prayed as follows:
"Oh, Lord, make me a good little girl. I want to be a good little girl, but I don't know how. But, if I am naughty, please send Santa Claus just the same."

Christmas Time.
I have often thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens.

CHRISTMAS AND MISTLETOE

Nature Worship Reflected in Use of Mistletoe at Christmas Time.
A great many years ago, before the time of Christianity, the oak tree, and especially the mistletoe, growing out of the heart of the oak, were revered for their supposed affinity with the sun. The Druids worshiped the sun as the one supreme god, and believed the oak to be in some way associated with the sun because they made fire by rubbing oak sticks together, the oak being at once the most common tree and the most suitable for the purpose. Twice each year these Celtic priests gave a religious festival in honor of the sun, their worship of worship being in the oak grove. In June, when the sun was known to have ceased mounting higher in the heavens, the Druids gave thanks, because a nearer approach of the sun was thought to be possible, and this, of course, would result in the warming up of the earth. In December, at the time of the shortest days, the Druids gave a celebration in

WRECK OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SAILING VESSEL



THE STRANDED PRUISSEN

LONDON.—The people at Fan's Bay, near Dover, are still gathering wreckage from the German five-master, Pruisen, largest sailing vessel in the world, which was stranded there recently after colliding with a mail steamer. The Pruisen became unmanageable in a gale and went ashore. The life-boat man from Dover and numerous tugs rescued the crew.

KILLING OFF SEALS

Report From Revenue Cutter of Wanton Slaughter.

Pribiloff Islands May Be Declared Government Reservations, Accessible to Federal Officials Only—Water Supply Involved.
Seattle, Wash.—Because of the reckless slaughter of seals in the Pribiloff islands by Japanese, these islands may be declared government reservations, accessible only to federal officials, as the only method of preventing the Japanese from securing supplies for their sealing fleets, which this season got away with 5,000 sealskins, valued at \$40 each. This plan is the outcome of investigation by the cutter seal patrol service maintained the last season, in which 49 Japanese were arrested on the charge of poaching.
Officers of the cutter Manning, which reached this port from the sealing grounds, declared that the slaughter of the seal herds goes on unabated, and that the diminution, which even among hundreds of animals has become perceptible, spells positive extermination within a few years.
The hand of the alien fisherman strikes at the root of the industry, for it kills the helpless female while she swims far beyond the three-mile limits for food for the family. That the mother is the breadwinner of the seal family has been established to the satisfaction of all who understand the industry, according to Capt. Godfrey L. Carden, commander of the Manning. Fired upon when she comes up for air, the female seal makes toward the deadly missile out of curiosity, and receives her death wound. Her pup on shore starves to death, for no other seal mother will nurture it. Thus two animals perish when one is killed.
No American vessel under the present treaty can fish within sixty miles of the islands, while the Japanese are allowed to go up to the three-mile limit. The United States government this year killed 12,000 seals, but they were males and caused no permanent damage to the herds.
There were 25 Japanese vessels, with 816 men, engaged in the traffic last season. Officers from the revenue cutter patrol boarded the aliens

at will, and kept a careful watch upon them. The members of the crews live on seal meat when they are unable to get fish, and fishing by the strangers in any of the harbors is forbidden.
More and more the law has been tightening on the Japanese fishermen by cutting off their food supply, and with another step or two the government will be able to compel them to provision their vessels in Japan for the fishing season. As yet the water supply has been uninterrupted, but if the government acts on the recommendations of the seal patrol, this will be cut off, and every seal island will be a government reserve, and not to be visited by any person save officials, under heavy penalties. Such a motive would not injure American companies, for there are none in the islands, said Captain Carden.
"The natives in some of the islands at Dutch Harbor and westward," said Captain Carden, "were in a deplorable state. They had little food, and their clothing was in rags. Disease had broken out among them. Their principal industry is basket weaving and fishing, but they do not realize enough from either to sustain themselves, and are often in a starving condition."
"With the simplicity of children,

Man is the Oldest Student

Unusual Spectacle of Pupil 93, and Teacher Over 80 Years of Age—Very Bright.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Without doubt, the oldest student in any university of the United States is Rev. David Jordan Higgins, a nonagenarian preacher and one time colonel in the United States army, who is attending the classes in philosophy conducted by Prof. J. H. Hoese, of the college of liberal arts, University of Southern California.
Rev. Mr. Higgins has had a brilliant career and a life filled with active events, and now, when within seven years of the century mark, he has returned to the ideals of his youth and is pursuing the study of philosophy according to the latest teachings.
An octogenarian teaching a nonagenarian is the spectacle presented at the university, a sight which probably finds no parallel in the world. That the former still preserves his mental activity sufficiently to engage actively in the teaching of this difficult subject, requiring the deepest reasoning, is nearly as marvelous as the fact that Rev. Mr. Higgins at ninety-three is still sufficiently active mentally and ambitious physically to grapple with a subject that is almost entirely new to him, such has been the change in his systems and textbooks since he first engaged in its mysteries nearly three-quarters of a century ago.
Rev. Mr. Higgins was born in Maine in 1817. His early education was received in that state, but Wesleyan college was his alma mater.
Prof. Wilbur Flisk was then president of Wesleyan, and Rev. Mr. Higgins recalls many incidents connected with that noted teacher and scholar.
The aged student attends the class of Professor Hoese every Monday, and is busy nearly all the week with the pages of Rudolph Eucken, the solon of Jena university.
Both teacher and student are exceptionally bright and vigorous for their years, and the only defect that Rev. Mr. Higgins suffers from is a slight deafness. He is too busy to speculate on his probable span of life, and is anxious to fill the remaining years with the bright light and consolation that the study of pure reason and philosophy only can give.

Money is Not Our Only God

German Pastor in New Book Says That Americans Care More for Religion Than for Wealth.
Berlin.—Pastor Bluth's new book on America, which is just from the press and is receiving much attention from reviewers, contrasts favorably with the common run of books by foreigners on the same subject. It shows more intelligent acquaintances with American life than the majority of European writers have taken time to cultivate. Mr. Bluth learned of the things of which he writes by living for several years in America.
"The notion that the American is a cold calculator, with no sentiment higher than lust for money, is utterly baseless," he writes. "At bottom the real Yankee is not a materialist, but an idealist with religious and even ec-

clastical tendencies much stronger than appear on the surface. Complete separation of church and state in America and the establishment of communal relations have not sprung from indifference toward the church, but from respect for it as the center of religious and social life."
In another part of the book he says: "One may get on in America by a choice of several ways. Advertising in the newspapers is one method, joining a club is another, or one may become a Free Mason. But the surest way is through the church, without which a young doctor or solicitor can hardly hope for prominence."
The book indulges in no flattery, is kindly critical throughout and appears to have been written with intent to be fair.

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SCORNS BIG SUM FOR DOG

Berlin Gamekeeper Plays Waiting Game for Highest Bidder for Talented Animal.
Berlin.—Royal Gamekeeper Ebers, owner of the talking dog Don, has refused an offer of \$15,000 for the animal. Formerly a simple rural foster, Ebers has become a Napoleon of finance since Don's talking talents burst upon the world, and is now playing a waiting game for the highest bidder. Don is kept chained inside his master's house in order to avoid the danger of abduction by swarms of music hall and circus managers who are besieging the premises, and the attention of photographers who want to reap a harvest by placing picture postcards of the dog on the market.
Getting it Straight.
Employer (to office boy)—If any one asks for me I shall be back in half an hour.
Patsy—Yes, sorr; an' how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?

Petition to the Emperor

Primitive Method of Peasants to Gain Ear of Austrian Ruler—Men Were Arrested.
Vienna.—A curious scene which might have come out of the middle ages was witnessed by the Austrian emperor early one morning recently, when his majesty arrived at the gate of the Hofburg on his way from Schonbrunn. Six peasants dressed in picturesque Slav costume were kneeling in number of installments. These were in supplication. When the carriage approaching one of them endeavored to throw a petition into it. The men were arrested and proved to be Austrian Serbs, who had a curious story to tell. They represented fifty thousand peasants living on the frontier of Croatia, descended from the military colonists, who were settled there long ago to form a barrier against Serbian raids. When in the sixties this so-called borderland was united with Croatia, the inhabitants

Housework Drudgery

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.
This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures those weaknesses so peculiar to women. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep.
Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head!
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures liver ills.

VERACITY OF THE BIBLE

After a Visit to the Holy Land Even a Sceptic Must Be Convinced.
One thing cannot fail to impress every visitor to Bethlehem, and, indeed, to the Holy Land generally, who is imbued with true Christian faith and a proper sense of the sanctity of the location and of the events that have transpired there, and that is the more than remarkable correspondence between the things and places shown us today as having been associated with the life and work of the Saviour and other events that enter into the structure of our religious faith and the descriptions and accounts of them, as furnished us in the pages of the Holy Scriptures. They agree with them in every respect and it is impossible, after carefully considering and comparing them, to doubt their identity, so exactly are they in accord with the Bible narrative.

The work in the fields, the arrangement of the buildings, the very articles of diet and clothing of ancient days are plainly recognizable in the dolmas and surroundings of today. Indeed, where modern methods have not become obtrusive the manners and customs of the people remain much the same as in the days of the presence on earth of the Saviour. Between the descriptions given in the Bible of localities, climatic and geographical conditions, distances, etc., of these times and those of today there is hardly any discrepancy, even a sceptic, considering this remarkable accord of circumstances with the Biblical narrative, cannot but be convinced of its veracity; to the believer it comes as a wonderful conviction, a satisfactory corroboration or encouragement to see things as those who described them so graphically saw them so long ago.—Columbian Magazine.

When It Was Rougher.
Paul Withington, the Harvard coach, was praising the milder football of 1910.
"Football in the '90s was a terrible game," said Mr. Withington. "Bourget, you know, devoted a whole chapter of 'Our Men' to its horrors. Some of the stories of the football of '90 or '91 are, in fact, almost incredible."
"A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale, frightened face.
"Many accidents at the game?" a police reporter asked him.
"One frightful accident," replied the sporting editor. "A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages and got killed."
"Without Malice."
"What have you done?" exclaimed Mrs. Cumrox, as she flourished a letter at him.
"Has that anything to do with the correspondence I tried to help you with?"
"It has. It's an indignant protest. I told you to address that distinguished pianist as 'Herr Professor.'"
"And I did so."
"Yes. But you wrote it 'Hair Professor.'"

Kept Umbrella Thirty Years.
A faithful old umbrella which has shielded the family of Dr. James A. Mullican of Greenwood avenue from the storms of 30 years, was stolen on Sunday. During the rain on that day the physician lent the umbrella to E. A. Seck, and while the latter was in a store some one stole it.
"The umbrella belonged to my father and has been in the family for more than thirty years," said Doctor Mullican the other night. "It has been covered several times.
"To persons who are unable to keep the same umbrella for more than thirty days this may seem incredible, but it is true," concluded Doctor Mullican with a smile.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way of Life.
It is being said of an elderly man in business in Atchison: "He can't stand punishment as he formerly could." And there is punishment to be endured in making a living; don't forget it. Look over your own experience, and you will detect punishment every hour of the day. If it isn't at home, it is on the street, car or on the road. How many ways there are to punish a man who tries his best to get along and behave himself. And after a man gets old it is more evident every year that the poor fellow can't stand punishment as he could when he was younger.—Atchison Globe.
His Talent.
"Is he a great artist?"
"No."
"But he gets good prices for his stuff."
"Yes. He's a great salesman."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BILIOUSNESS.
Take the old standard GARDNER'S FLAXSEED OIL. It is the best medicine for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, and all the ailments that result from a bilious condition. It is a natural, pure, and healthful oil, and is the best for all ailments of the bowels. Sold by all druggists for 30 cents. Price 60 cents.

For COLDS and BRONCHITIS.
Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy for colds and bronchitis. It is a natural, pure, and healthful oil, and is the best for all ailments of the respiratory system. Sold by all druggists for 30 cents. Price 60 cents.

WONDERED WHY.
Found the Answer Was "Coffee."
Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are the best medicine for constipation, indigestion, and all the ailments that result from a bilious condition. They are a natural, pure, and healthful oil, and are the best for all ailments of the digestive system. Sold by all druggists for 30 cents. Price 60 cents.

NOTICE TO YOUNG MEN
It is reported that RAILROADS and "WIRELESS" TELEGRAPH COMPANIES are Very Short of Operators. Positions pay \$25 to \$35 per month. It is also reported that the EASTERN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY of Lethbridge, Pa., endorsed by the U. S. Government, is the best place to learn telegraphy thoroughly and quickly and in first-class in every particular. They place all their students into good positions just as soon as qualified. It will pay you to write to the above school for further particulars.
PATENTS
We issue Patents in all countries. We have a large staff of examiners and attorneys. We will give you the best advice and the most reliable information.
DISO'S
OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS