

MAN WHO HELPS HIS BROTHER

His "Boys" Call Him the "General Adviser Without Pay"—He is Partial to None.

When a man loves to live he usually can go among men who care little whether they live or not and do good. Such a man is Augustus E. Vaughan, immaculate of dress and of heart venerable in years and usefulness, whom one may see almost any day either at Boston Common or at the Young Men's Christian Union.

His specialty is helping his fallen and discouraged brother, whether he be a cigarette smoking boy or a rum sodden and disheartened derelict of a man. His creed is cheerfulness and his passion is books.

Often one may see him, tall and straight, faultlessly attired in a frock coat, with his flowing white beard and his long and carefully trimmed hair, looking, standing with or sitting beside some ragged and unkempt victim of circumstances who has sought the only place where the police will not tell him to move on, the Common, and then one is sure to be struck by the contrast. Many a man he has met there has later become as clean of body and heart as himself, and all through his infectious good nature and brotherly comradeship.

Among the younger men with whom this old young man of 75 unceasingly labors he is known as "the general adviser without pay," and he is as interested in their ambitions as they can be, and so youthful is he in their presence that he is always one of them.

Mr. Vaughan is not engaged in active business this summer, but he comes to Boston every day, rain or shine, to talk with his "boys," as he calls them. Some of these have never before known a real friend. He is highly educated, and counts among his friends many college presidents and professors.

He was born in Middleboro, nearly seventy-five years ago, and traces his lineage back to Peregrine White of Mayflower fame.

"I love to live," said he to me, "and I want to help 'the boys' to enjoy living, too."

Why Do They.

Why women like the baldheaded man it is somewhat difficult to define. It may be because he appears to be: Thoughtful and kind.

Trustworthy and confiding. Whimsical. Past the follies and frivolities of youth.

Usually successful. A man of property. Opinions why women like the bald-headed man obtained by the Daily Mirror are as follows:

He is not silly like young men. He accepts refusals of marriage so nicely that one is sorry one did not accept him.

The bald patch looks so clean and nice. One would like to kiss it.

A doctor welcomes baldness when it comes to him, as it is a sign of sedateness and dignified learning, which invariably increases his practise.

Russia's Growing Population.

This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

A Long Chance.

"I took a long chance when I asked her to marry me."
"She rejected you, eh?"
"No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

To Oblige Him.

Mr. Dorkine—You're always bound to have the last word, anyway.
Mrs. Dorkine—Yes; that's because you always wait to hear me say it.

Experience is a safer and more useful guide than any principle, however accurate and scientific it may be.—Buckle.

EAGER TO WORK.

Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever.

"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

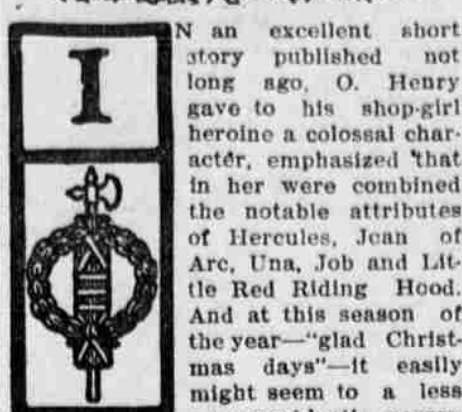
"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

GIVE THE SHOP-GIRL HER DUES
By KATHERINE POPE



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, Jean 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 excellencies 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 battlefields, are marvels; may be seen at fag-end of day still alert, though drooping so; still clear-headed, though with conscious effort; still with courteous attitude in their serving, though those 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, captious, 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 into 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 heroism again has to come to the fore, it is no easy matter after long hours of labor to labor more, take pains for personal cleanliness, sew and darn when eyes are heavy, back is aching. Heroines 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 yearly 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

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 haggling, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

But the reality is a long way from this 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 millionairess 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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THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.



And the jolliest and best of workman in the world.

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!

gloves and sweater, or gray dress for mammy, muffler for daddy.

Of course there is any number of pert, 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 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 poise. Ye gods and little fishes, in what condition is the shop-girl to "enjoy" Christmas! I am sure if I were she



Sew and Darn When Eyes Are Heavy.

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 haggling, no vision of wearisome "exchanges" to come.

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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.

A TRAIN LOAD OF TOBACCO.

Twenty-four Carloads Purchased for Lewis' Single Binder Cigar Factory.

What is probably the biggest lot of all fancy grade tobacco held by any factory in the United States has just been purchased by Frank P. Lewis, of Peoria, for the manufacture of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars. The lot will make twenty-four carloads, and is selected from what is considered by experts to be the finest crop raised in many years. The purchase of tobacco is sufficient to last the factory more than two years. An extra price was paid for the selection. Smokers of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars will appreciate this tobacco.
—Peoria Star, January 16, 1909.

Progress in Railroad.

"Yes," says the lady whose dress case is covered with strange foreign labels, "the way railroads are run nowadays is a great improvement over what they were 50 years ago."
"But surely you had no experience as a traveler 50 years ago," says her friend.

"I don't mean that. But nowadays, don't you notice, when there is a wreck it is always had at some point convenient to a cluster of farm houses where the victims can go for coffee and to get warm?"

Why Kick?

Louis Wisna, the Newark artist, wore a gloomy look on his usually cheerful face.

"It has just struck me," he said to Charles Stasse, "that my shoes don't cost me as much as my youngsters."
"Then what are you complaining about?" asked Stasse.

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IT SHOULD LEAD
Your list of magazines for 1911

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