

has, and uses only his own towel, washcloth and hair brush. These should be just as distinct as the tooth brush. Children once taught the importance of this fact will never forget it. Different colored borders on the towels and washcloths can be used to distinguish them. These little things add greatly to a child's comfort and health. Order and carefulness once taught detract greatly from the daily friction that must exist in a badly trained household.

### Care of an India-Rubber Plant.

(By Mrs. Abbie M. Worstell, in N. Y. 'Observer'.)

Some years ago I received as a gift a handsome young rubber plant, having a dozen leaves or more, and being perhaps ten or twelve inches tall. It was a beauty, in splendid, thrifty condition; and I desired to keep it so, but I was in utter ignorance of its proper treatment and training, and must needs learn. I would go to those who could aid me with their own practical experience and success. I called upon a friend who had a fine specimen growing in her parlor. 'Does your rubber plant require much care, much water?' I asked.

'Not a bit, not a bit,' she replied. 'See how thrifty it is, and I have not watered it for weeks. I ought to have dusted the leaves.' Even in its dust and neglect the poor thing seemed fairly healthy and to be growing well.

I then called upon another friend who had a parlor pet of the same kind.

'Tell me,' I said, 'how do you care for your rubber plant? Do you give it much water?'

'Well, yes,' she answered, 'it requires a great deal of water; I give it all it will drink, every day, and then I sponge off the leaves about as often. Isn't it a beauty?'

Now, those two plants were 'brought up' by directly opposite methods, yet both were thrifty and beautiful. But, let me reason, I thought about this matter. These thick, pulpy leaves must contain a large percentage of moisture, and they must certainly draw it more easily from the water in the potted earth at the roots than from the dampness in the air, so it is only a sensible conclusion that it needs a liberal supply of water to satisfy its natural thirst, and to rear a strong and handsome plant. My plant shall have all the water it can take, and its every leaf shall be kept free from dust, so that it can breathe with all its pores open. Such were our resolves and conclusions, and soon the most generous response to our care and attention was most apparent and gratifying.

The plant grew to be more than five feet tall, most symmetrical in form, straight as a major, and every leaf perfect. Yet growing and still growing, something must be done to check its upward progress. It was suggested a hole should be cut through the ceiling to accommodate it, or else our favorite must be exiled to out-door life, a thing at present impossible. We pinched off the young, topmost leaf, and so forced the plant to develop side branches, which it did speedily, soon becoming a beauteous tree, fully the rival of the florists' finest specimens.

To be generous with water, not too much sun, and to give a frequent sponge bath to the leaves and stems, is the proper treatment of this interesting plant. It will transform a poor, sickly little thing into 'a thing of beauty' instead. And it is most

appreciative, too, of a chance to stand and cool off in a brisk outside shower, or in time of drought of a free and bountiful sprinkling in the bath tub. It seems fairly to speak its thanks from the glistening leaves.

All plant life must take a rest in winter, why should not those that grow indoors? If they 'hold their own' we should be satisfied. I heard a lady complain that her 'rubber plant' had put out only three new leaves the whole winter long. How easily a little reflection would explain this seeming idleness. Does not everybody and everything need a little rest once in a while?

### 'The Best Boys' Story I Ever Heard.'

That was what a lawyer said of this story that I am to relate to you: 'It is the best boy's story I ever heard.' 'We have a good many boys with us from time to time,' said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market Street, Philadelphia, 'as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when a country boy comes to the city to live everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. The city boy, who is accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents.

'But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out, when, according to agreement, we should have been paying him \$500 a year, we paid him \$900, and he never said a word about an increase of salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little overtime at night it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, "Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?"

"I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer."

'And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble

to suit them, and to fulfil to the letter everything he promised.

'Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued as at the beginning to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was probable that he had laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm he replied:

"If ten thousand dollars will be any object I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred."

'I can tell you that I was never more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents or five cents for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in a bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much"; and on the other: "He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men." And Frank Jones's success was the literal fulfilment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds,' concluded Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to the story with eager eyes, as well as ears, said:

'But we don't have any kings in this country, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to stand before!'

'Yes, we do,' laughed Mr. Alden. 'We have more kings here than in any other country in the world. We have money kings, and land kings, and merchant kings, and publishing kings, and some of them wield an enormous power. This is a great country for kings.'—Mary Wagner Fisher, in 'Wide Awake.'

### Little Things.

It was just a pleasant smile  
Upon a little face,  
And yet for a long while  
It brightened all the place.

It was just a kindly word,  
Spoken in a low tone,  
Yet sweet as song of bird  
When days of spring-time come.

It was just a little deed  
Performed in 'His dear name,'  
Yet it supplied the need  
And life was bright again.

So little things of good,  
Possess a holy power;  
And like our daily food,  
Give strength for every hour.

—'Adviser.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.00.