

A WORD TO GIRLS IN STORES.

It is tiresome to stand behind the counter the whole day long and wait upon women whom you think more fortunate than yourself. But does this excuse your being indifferent to them? Does this excuse your unwillingness to show the goods you are put there to sell? Of course, your behavior explains why you seldom get beyond being the girl behind the counter, writes Ruth Ashmore in *Crerand's Cloak Journal*. In shops where men are employed as salesmen it is a fact that in nine times out of ten the new man starts in to learn all about the stock. Then he is able to tell his customers which is best and which is newest. And Mrs. Millionaire, who spends many hundred dollars at that one place, says, "I'll wait until that dark young man is disengaged. I prefer to have him attend to me." This is reported to the superintendent, and in time the dark young man is promoted, and his promotions go on and on and on, until he occupies a position of importance—and all because he was willing to take a little trouble. Why don't you do this?

How many special customers have you. I deal at one store where when I wish either a yard of ribbon or a bolt of it I invariably wait for one young girl. She has taken the trouble to understand her business, and within two years she has been promoted twice, and now she is hoping to be made the ribbon buyer. But in my entire acquaintance among girls behind the counter, I regret to say that she is the only one I know who has thought it worth while to look into the future.

You say you expect to get married. That is right, and I hope you will; but you will be just so much more desirable as a wife if you are good as a worker. And a thoughtless, flippant employe is going to make a very bad mistress for a house. I

respect the working girl very much, because in nine cases out of ten she is not working only for herself.

There is nothing finer than a noble woman, and the girl who is giving a helping hand to those whose years are many, whose working days are almost over, deserves, not only your and my approbation, but she also deserves to be told of her small mistakes—for they are small—so that she may be a better woman every day of her life.

What care do you take of your health? It ought to be good if you wish to be honest. You owe it to your employer that, as far as possible, you should be in condition to work when you are in the store. Now, if you danced in an over-heated room until four o'clock in the morning, do you think you will be able to work with a clear head at eight? Your head will be aching until you feel as if it would split; and in your heart you will be envying every girl who does not have to work as you do, and never once will you dream of confessing that you took your pleasure improperly. To do your work honestly, you must arrange your pleasures so that they will at least end before twelve o'clock. You tell one of the other clerks very confidentially that your nerves are all broken to pieces, and you start with fright if anybody speaks to you suddenly. And the cause? Well, it is not often over-work.

A BRITISH MERCHANT'S GRIEVANCE.

A Canadian merchant was crossing the ocean a few weeks ago, and got into conversation with a British dry goods man who talked about his country's policy towards foreigners. Said he: "Why, look here, I am paying heavy taxes helping to maintain an army and navy which opens up new markets and new centres of trade, and yet when we get possession of them and the Union Jack is flying over them, Britain admits the merchants of every other country to enter under the same conditions she does her own traders, while the foreigner hasn't paid a shilling of the cost. There is the opening up of the Burmah and other districts of India, the cost of which has compelled the Indian Government to put on those cotton duties which Manchester men are feeling so keenly. Well, we are paying the piper, but the foreigner is allowed to dance without a fee." The *Textile Mercury* brings out this point very clearly in a recent issue, when it says: "Do the newspaper writers and anti-British politicians of the United States, who are so ready to denounce the 'rapacity' of this country, understand the one plain fact that on every spot of earth that we bring under the influence of our civilization we welcome all nations on the same terms as we go there ourselves? At an immense cost of blood and money we acquired and hold India. It has a population of about 300,000,000, constituting a vast commercial market. If we reserved that market to ourselves by a differential tariff, as do the Continental powers with their colonies, Great Britain would be many millions sterling richer every year. But France, Germany, Holland, the United States, and every other nation, trade with India upon the same terms as we do ourselves; and the same remark applies to all our colonies. And yet American politicians and newspaper writers can hardly find words bad enough to call us by."

AN AMERICAN BRANCH FACTORY.

The German Artistic Weaving Co., New York, will have an American branch factory in operation in a month or two. They can then fill orders in two or three days, where it now takes three or four weeks.



LIFE IS WORTH LIVING—HE READS THE REVIEW.