

did, placed himself between the legs of the musicians, and listened eagerly to the music. This went on until the constant appearance of the dog excited the curiosity not only of Sir Arthur, but of all the musicians. They did not know his name, so they gave him that of Melody.

Very soon the dog was petted by all, and each in turn invited him to dinner. "Melody, will you dine with me to day?" was the form of the invitation, and the words were sufficient. The dog followed his host, ate heartily and as soon as dinner was over ran off again to the theatre, found his way to the orchestra, placed himself in a corner, and never left till the evening performance was finished.

Nothing could be more amusing or more curious than the attitude of Melody during the performance. If a new work was being performed he found it out before the overture had become far advanced. Then he listened with the greatest attention. If the piece abounded in sweet and original melodies he testified his pleasure by delighted barks and by scraping his feet rapidly on the ground.

On the other hand, if the piece proved to be only ordinary or insipid, Melody invariably yawned, turned his back upon the orchestra, gazed around the boxes, and at last slunk away in a decidedly bad humor. This expressive pantomime was the most piquant criticism of the new opera.

When the work of some great master was played Melody always knew the precise moment when an artist was going to sing some striking song or play some special part of the work, and then his movements and gestures were such as almost to plead for silence among the spectators.

"I do not know," said Sir Arthur, not many weeks before his death, "what finally became of the dog, but his name and reputation are still fresh in the memories of several musicians who have seen his singular antics."

"GO IT, TOM."

Tom belonged to a settlement school, and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.

He was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then, to the surprise of every one, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give

him a second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob. "Tell me what happened, Tom." Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

"I started all right, you know—"

"Yes, you led them all."

"But when I got half-way there the boys began to call. 'Go it, Johnny; you're second!' 'Hustle, Jim; you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny, run; you're most up to him!' But nobody said, 'Go it, Tom!' and somehow it got into my legs, and they wouldn't go," and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.

GROW STRAIGHT.

While you are growing, you are forming your figure for life. If you are accustomed to crouch down in your seat in school, if you walk with stooped shoulders, if you stand so that one hip is higher than the other, if you twist your head to one side, be certain that this will be your appearance when you are grown to manhood or womanhood.

Keep your head up, your chest out and your abdomen in when walking. Do not crouch down on your spine when seated. When standing, make the hip-bones support the weight of all the upper part of the body; that is why they are made so broad and strong. If your nose, chest and toes touch the walls when you stand facing it, your body is in good position. Practice this until you have an erect carriage that will add not only to your health, but to your appearance.

TELLING "NICE THINGS."

I know a girl—in fact, she's a very dear friend of mine—a young, timid, struggling artist, who is trying to support herself by her brush. This is not a small thing to accomplish, as perhaps many of you know by experience; so my little friend has begun house-keeping in a modest way. She lives in two rooms at the top of a very tall house, and she does her own cooking on a small kerosene stove, but she's a brave girl, and paints away for dear life.

I went to call on her the other day, and took with me a friend of

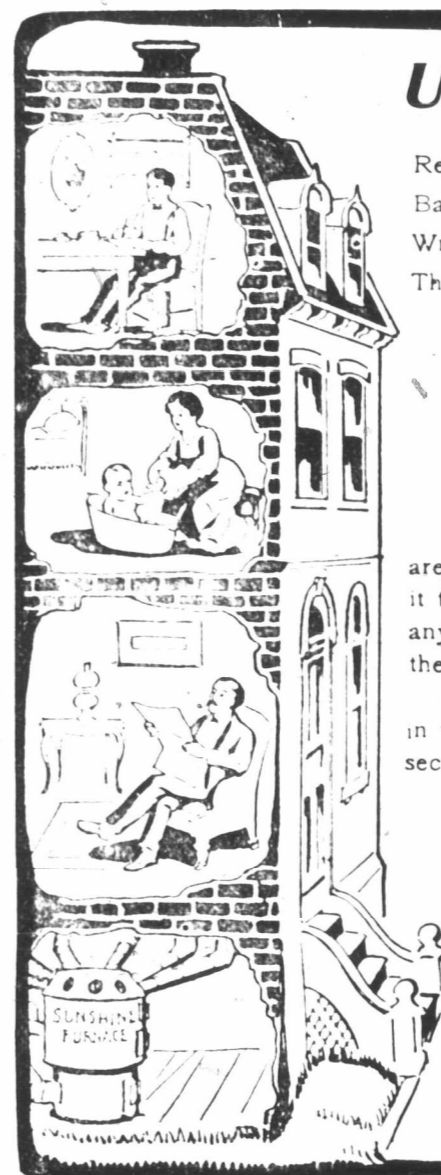
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her work, for she turned over sketches, looked at paintings, and then, with the picture of an old woman's head in her hand, sat down and talked art all the rest of the afternoon to her heart's content. I did wish it had been to Nan's "heart content," but one glance at the child's face told me it was not, for it was art that was away over her head.

Meanwhile there was no word of praise from her lips, neither any criticism, even of the kindest; and the comments were of the mildly polite style that is exasperatingly like the faint praise which condemns. Do you wonder that I felt like shaking her when I looked at the repressed hope and longing on the face of poor little striving Nan? I was almost ready to cry with dis-



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mine, who is also an artist, but one who is far along that hill of success which Nan is now so patiently climbing. I had hoped much for Nan from this call, so introduced them with a beating heart. She shook hands cordially enough with Nan, who was trembling with nervousness, and seemed graciously interested in

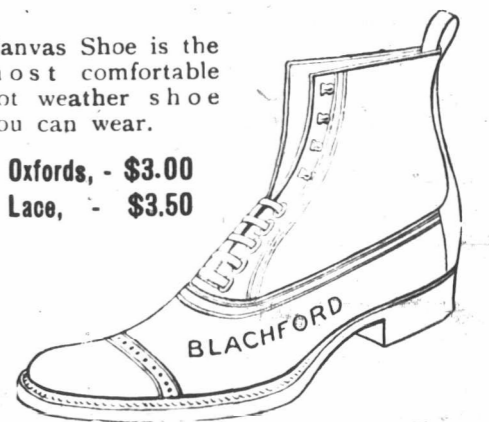
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