

POLITENESS DUE TO ALL

WHATEVER THE RANK OR CONDITION IN LIFE.

HUMAN existence is a battle in which there is no retreat. Cowards are not even allowed to die. Every one must either fight bravely or suffer miserably.

It has pleased the Master Architect of this wondrous universe to place upon our earth millions upon millions of human beings in various conditions of fortune and intellect. Each of these beings must work out the problem of his or her own existence; and, although the natural and business resources are great, so fast does population multiply, from time to time it becomes imperative to open to human pursuits some new field wherein existence may be earned. When all ways and means are clogged, God sends a silent message to some brave heart to "go and lead the way for others." Thus was evolved the solicitor.

Very few lines of business can be built to any magnitude, or even brought to a successful completion by the unaided efforts of one individual. At every step of a prosperous business, it needs to enlist the sympathy or the aid of others. We are all solicitors, whether we have a trade to drive, a bargain to make, a cause to champion or opinions we wish to spread among men.

Great wholesale and manufacturing concerns send out "commercial travellers" to all parts of the business world, soliciting custom for their particular wares; thereby bringing to the retail trader his stock in trade at much less cost than if he had to spend his time and money going to the wholesaler for the same. The very life of those most philanthropic institutions of our modern civilization—insurance companies—depends upon the activity and ability of their solicitors. Thousands of widows and children have cause to bless the memory of the solicitor who induced husband and father to insure his life. Careful business men thank the solicitors who persuade them to accept protection to their property against fire and lightning, tornadoes and cyclones. All newspapers which have attained to any degree of circulation have sent solicitors from door to door: but for the solicitor who came to my door, I should not now be numbered among the privileged readers of THE HOME JOURNAL.

In almost every village and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the English speaking portion of the American continent, is found the circulating library, which contains books on all good and useful subjects. Cheap editions of standard authors, which, before the advent of the book agent, were inaccessible to any save the rich and fortunate, have been placed, through the medium of the agent, within the reach of every man and woman, of

every boy and girl, however limited their purses. The education given in the public schools, says *Donahue's Magazine*, is completed and rounded off by means of these modest libraries. The establishment of such libraries was conceived in the brain of a book agent.

Next comes the vendor of small wares; who, in pursuance of that duty of existence inseparable from man's very nature, day after day, wearily tramps from door to door, meeting with a few kind words and many rebuffs. During this period, when the cry of "hard times," "money is scarce," is so frequently heard, we should all endeavor to treat with patient courtesy any one, however humble, who is seeking an honest living. The foundation stones of some of the most stupendous fortunes ever achieved by individuals have been laid by the peddler. The merchant prince of New York, A. T. Stewart, started in business with a pack on his back. The great railroad magnate, Jay Gould, made sun dials and peddled them to the farmers of New York State at one dollar each. Many successful publishers of to-day started as book agents. The laborer dignifies his labor; and it is well to remember that "whatever is honest is honorable." Politeness costs nothing; if we do not wish the vendor's goods, there is a way of refusing politely and firmly, which, though disappointing to the applicant, will yet send him or her away with a feeling of kindness springing up in the heart, rather than a well of bitterness towards their fellow beings.

Emerson says, "Every man has a history worth knowing, if only we know how to extract it from him." We cannot judge—we do not even seek to learn the chain of unfortunate circumstances which drives people into certain avocations. It is impossible that all should pursue the same direction. Some must be high; some must be medium; some must be low. There is not one of God's creatures however humble, however fallen, however degraded, that is not entitled to our courteous consideration. On the principle that "like begets like," if we extend courtesy, we receive courtesy.

I am sorry to admit it, but it is a sad truth that "woman's worst enemy is woman"—not because she desires to be, but because of thoughtless narrowness. We go to church on Sundays, and each, according to the tenets of the creed professed, says "Our Father, Who (or Which) art in heaven"—and, on Monday, if some poor, shrinking creature presents herself and her wares for our consideration, we either angrily slam the door in her face or turn her away with contempt and hauteur; and yet, O, just heaven! how infinitely better it is for such women to find existence by selling their harmless commodities to their sister women than to

sell to our sons and brothers that jewel priceless worth, which, once sold, can never be re-purchased! By our heartless behavior we are largely responsible for the sins of our fellows.

Women, women! why will you not repeat to yourselves each day that most beautiful of all maxims, the golden rule? What does it matter how large are woman's bones, so long as those same bones contain within their proper cavity a brain stored with useful knowledge, a heart overflowing with tender love of fellow beings? Women should study to treat one another as men treat one another. Whatever woman's rights may be—no woman has a right to treat with rudeness or unkindness the humblest of "Our Father's" children. With good will to all, enmity to none, I am the wisher of every class. CATHARINE D.

NOT UNLIKE AN OLD STORY.

HE was a poor clerk, without high aspirations, commonplace, ungainly, living vacantly, and inexperienced in deep emotion. She was plain, dependent, badly informed, unattractive, and she lived because living seemed the custom. Neither had ever been in love—they had never gone beyond vague dreams of what love, marriage and home, such as they saw all around them, might mean in their own lives. And when they fell in love with each other both were surprised beyond measure—that any woman could find him lovable, she that any man could deem her attractive. There came another surprise in the sweetness of the experience—the having of a sacred little world of their own, apart from the great swirling world around them, and the cosy sympathy, the timid confidences, the bashful caresses, the tenderness that came into their hearts, and the wider and brighter aspect of the world that before had seemed so far removed.

After the first of the love-making had passed and they had adjusted themselves somewhat to their new condition and had found life broad and wholesome the differences between them began to come into evidence. Each of course magnified, beyond all reason, the goodness and charms of the other—to him she was an angel, a faithful, devoted heart; to her he was a deity, an unspeakable blessing which God in His infinite goodness had sent into her dreary life. He loved her, she worshipped him; and that is the old, old story. But she paid more careful attention to her appearance, it was to be pretty for his sake; if he was more careful in his dress and manner, it was because of the higher respect for himself which her love had inculcated in him. She lived for