

very bad impression. A voice with a whine in it is always irritating, and an insolent tone of voice has told against more than one boy when he has been in search of a position. The voice that is clear and distinct, and at the same time deferential, is the voice that makes the best impression. Don't mumble; don't 'meech,' don't whine, and don't use an insolent tone when you speak.

You may think that it is of no consequence how a boy speaks if he does his work properly and faithfully, but I am sure that you are mistaken. There are other things to be taken into account besides doing one's work as it ought to be done if a boy hopes to get on in the world. I know a young man, nearly thirty years of age, who is very thorough in his work, and would long ago have been advanced to the position of foreman of the establishment in which he works, but for the fact that he is boorish in his manners. The manner of one's speech, as well as one's general bearing, are all considered at certain times apart from his work. So, speak up and acquit yourselves like men, boys!

### Telling 'Nice' Things.

(The 'Christian World'.)

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 housekeeping 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 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 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's 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 her 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 the poor little striving Nan? I was almost ready to cry with disappointment when we got into the street again.

'Why didn't you say something nice to that child,' you miserable woman?' I burst out at last.

She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

'Say something "nice" to her?' she echoed her face one whole exclamation point of surprise. 'Why, it never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say anything?'

'But,' I artfully inquired, with an eye to the future, 'don't you think she has "alent"?'

'Most certainly I do. The head of the old woman is a gem in itself, and, what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was?'

'I don't know,' I said, abstractedly, for I was planning a call upon Nan the very next day; 'but I will ask her.'

And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the 'nice' things I had saved for her. It was the impersonation of joy itself.

'And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday,' she said, with a happy laugh. 'I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone and forgot about my supper. But there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again.' And she shook the frying-pan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene-stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it's a wonderful tonic, is this 'telling nice things to people!' I have seen it work the most surprising results at the most surprising times.

### Keep an Account, Girls.

How many girls who may read these lines keep an accurate, carefully-balanced account book? asks 'Harper's Bazaar.' An English girl who is always thoroughly trained in the management of a house considers it a proud day when the key, basket and account book are turned over to her, for which responsibility, however, that begins with the keeping of her own accounts. It is excellent training in thrift to keep regular accounts. Every girl should do it of her own expenditures. Only the simplest petty cash system is necessary. Use the double page of a fair-sized account book, marked the left hand page debit (dr.), and the right credit (cr.). When the latter page is filled add up the column and balance the amount with the money received, which will be the amount on the debit page. Carry forward to the following double page in the same way. The amateur accountant will do well to balance accounts carefully each week. The account may be kept even if no regular allowance is received. Nothing is more illuminating and useful to a girl than a knowledge of her expenses. This, no matter how articles are paid for, by an allowance, by credit at shops, or by money given separately for each purchase. Shopping values will be learned unconsciously, and if items are carefully looked over from week to week careless unnecessary purchases will be fewer. It is quite probable that the candy and soda water counters might not be lined five and six deep with girls, as they often are, if each buyer counted up conscientiously the money she invests now in this ephemeral, and sometimes most unwholesome, gratification of appetite. An account book quickly teaches economy, in short, to any one who tries it.

### One Orange Too Many.

(The 'Cottager and Artisan'.)

'A young friend,' says Mr. O'Shea, asked me to show him the elephants, so we went with an offering of oranges, which the lad was to carry. But the moment we reached the stable-door the herd scented the fruit, and set up such a trumpeting that the boy dropped the fruit and ran like a scared rabbit.'

There were eight elephants, and Mr. O'Shea, as he picked up the oranges, found

that he had twenty-five. Walking slowly along the line, he gave one to each. When he got to the end of the narrow stable, he turned and was about to begin the distribution again, but suddenly reflected that if elephant number seven saw him give elephant number eight two oranges in succession, he might fancy himself cheated and give the distributor a smack with his proboscis; so he returned to the door and began at the other end of the line, as before.

Three times he went down the line, and then he had one orange left. Every elephant had his greedy gaze focussed upon that orange. It would have been as much as a man's life was worth to give it to any of them. What was he to do? He held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it himself.

'It was most amusing,' he says, 'to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.'

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