

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Luck.'

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat,
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win,
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where 'luck' comes in!

The 'luck' that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls 'lucky'
Will tell you, every one,

That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.

—Eben E. Rexford, in 'Congregationalist.'

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. 'May I see you across, ma'am?' 'Thank you, dear.' Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella at home. 'You're the first old lady, he said with childhood's candor, 'that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you.' 'A child of the poor,' thought his questioner, 'but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman.'—Ex.

The Girl Among Friends.

(Priscilla Leonard, in 'Wellspring')

If one should be asked what girl, in the history of the world, had made most friends, and kept them, a certain famous Frenchwoman, born in the days just before the Revolution, would carry off the palm, by unanimous consent. We first hear of her at fifteen, already loved and admired, and we might say, then, that her beauty was the cause; but when we follow her along the years, through prosperity and adversity, through exile, through blindness, and find her, in old age and poverty, still the queen of countless hearts, we know that her charm must have been of the soul, not the face. It was not a charm of the intellect, either, for while other women of that bygone day have left witty sayings and brilliant letters behind them as memorials, this one is not represented by any written or any spoken cleverness. 'She listened charmingly,' as one of her friends records; but she was not a talker herself. Her extraordinary power was the power to understand, to appreciate, to in-

spire others; and it is for this reason that Madame Récamier will remain the very best model for the girl who wishes to win and hold friends.

What girl would not like to have it said of her, as was said of Julie Récamier: 'To be beloved was her history. Beloved for her beauty, her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness; for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart; beloved by old and young, small and great, men and women; beloved always and by all from her cradle to the grave,—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman. What other glory is so enviable?'

What, indeed? Surely, through all her trials, this was the happiest woman possible. How, then, can we learn her unfading charm, so that, from our youth to our age we may find friends along the way? The girl who is just beginning life naturally asks the question and its answer is of vital importance to her.

To begin with, let us take two elements of charm; one that attracts, one that retains. No girl can make friends unless she has sympathy, unless she understands others to some extent, unless she thinks about them rather than about herself. On the other hand, the worst of mistakes is to carry this beyond the line of self-respect. A sympathetic, cordial, gay manner wins friends; but only the girl that thoroughly respects herself is able to retain the friends she makes. I have known young women who to gain passing liking and admiration would do such foolish things that permanent liking was impossible. To sacrifice the lightest shade of principle never yet won a friend truly worth winning, and that plain fact is essential for every girl to remember.

A third element is a graceful, lovely manner. It is the fashion nowadays to talk of manners as hollow and insincere, and to affect a 'natural' manner, which means an untrained method of behavior that sets the beholder's teeth on edge. Now, a girl might just as well assume that because she is born in an English-speaking country spelling, writing and grammar will be 'natural' to her, as that manners will come without an effort. Bad manners are as inexcusable as bad grammar or spelling, and whether we recognize it or not, we are judged justly, too, for, in the last analysis,

'Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.'

The awkward gesture, the brusque speech, the self-conscious giggle, are things that stamp their possessor as careless of grace, of sympathy, of charm. Why should we be anxious to have a pretty hat, or a pretty dress, and take no pains to have a delightful manner? A lovely nature, showing itself through lovely manners, is pure gold, and will always, in any society, in any age, be prized as it deserves.

Self-consciousness is the worst foe, perhaps, of most girls. But the girl who goes out among people, be they washer-women or dukes, with the least possible thought about herself, and the greatest possible interest in each one she meets, will make friends and be at ease anywhere. She will notice what etiquette is observed round her, and she will follow it intelligently, but not slavishly; for really well-bred people use etiquette, and shape it continually, but are never mastered by it. She

will show constant deference to older people, and gentle consideration to all who serve her. She will look for the best in every person she meets, and so will get everyone's best without fail. She will not talk loudly, nor contradict flatly, nor dress carelessly or overmuch, nor make personal remarks, nor look bored, nor interrupt, because, in thinking it out, she can see a real reason—not one of etiquette only—for avoiding such mistakes in manner. She will say pleasant, appreciative things, yet never go an inch beyond truth into flattery; and if she has no skill in conversation she can 'listen charmingly,' at any rate.

'Tact,' perhaps, expresses it all; a word so misused as to mean insincerity to many minds. But that truest definition of tact, 'intuitive sense of what is true, right, or proper; fineness of discernment as to action or conduct,' is a good thing for the girl to remember who desires to make the best possible friendships for her life. A girl with tact will not overstay the limits of an invitation, nor make an indiscreet confidence to a mere acquaintance, nor resent a slight where none is meant, nor put herself forward unduly, nor lose her temper in public—or in private, either,—nor forget the pleasant thing to say or do, nor delay to apologize when she is clearly in the wrong, nor accept a favor ungraciously, nor fail to return one whenever she can. Fine tact is the root of which fine manners are the fruit; and tact can be cultivated until it becomes almost a sixth sense.

None of these qualities that have been mentioned are outside the power of any girl to possess. Beauty is not needed, nor brilliant mind, nor wealth, nor wide opportunity. A diamond, clear, pure, of the first water, is always and anywhere admired and valued. A bit of glass, glittering one moment, but showing its true material the next, is justly neglected, whether it lies in the road or on the palace step. Which will you make yourselves, girls?

Pride and it's Fall.

A good story was once told by the 'World' of a purse-proud old nobleman who was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country evidently the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the Continent.

One day the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and as he stopped his carriage he called out in an imperious tone:

'Horses, landlord—horses at once!'

'I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up,' replied the landlord, calmly.

'How!' violently exclaimed the nobleman. 'This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately.'

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones being led up to another carriage, he continued: 'For whom are those horses?'

'They are ordered for this gentleman,' replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

'I say, my man,' called out the nobleman, 'will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?'

'No,' answered the slim man; 'I intend to use them myself.'

'Perhaps you are not aware who I am,' roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. 'I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron