

way, and the difficulty is to find what pleases each individual person. You will meet the girl who likes flattery in its gross and unadulterated form, and will be pleased only when you tell her that she is "the most beautiful (as she may be), and most accomplished (as she can never be), girl you have ever met." Again, you will occasionally meet a rare variety of girl, who is intellectual or religious, and who never listens to flattery—considers it quite beneath her. She can only be reached by very gentle treatment—often only by silent glances of unbounded admiration. Difficulties you will meet on all sides, but if you persevere, with an unwavering disregard for truth, you will finally achieve success.

One general rule you may take for your guidance. You will never offend a girl by telling her that she is pretty (although you may injure your popularity by telling her that you think her friend pretty). Every girl, however homely she may be, is of the fixed opinion that she is a beauty, or that there is a great deal of character in her face, or at least she has a "sweet" face. This will not seem strange if you think of it for a minute. After money, the thing in a man to which most importance is attached, is brains, and the most stupid man that ever lived has yet believed that he was a genius in his way, although his way might not be the same as that of other people. With girls, after money, "their face is their fortune," and a wise Providence has arranged that everyone should be so constituted as to believe that the future has something in store for her.

There is one point, however, in which girls are more vulnerable to flattery than in regard to their beauty. This is as to their dress. She is in no way the origin of her own beauty, and evidently realizes it to be an unearned triumph when told that she is pretty. But for her dress, she, with her dressmaker, and sometimes her mamma, is entirely responsible; and does she not spend nearly all her waking moments planning how she will be dressed? It would be heartless, then, if you, whom all her efforts in dressing are meant to captivate, did not tell her that you appreciated her endeavors. You will take care, therefore, never to tell a young lady that she looks charming in a new gown, but always that the new gown looks charming on her.

For a time the pursuance of a course, in accordance with this advice, may seem to you slow, but time will soon change this: you will soon come to derive the greatest pleasure from the diffident blushes and timorous smiles that your flattery provokes, even when you know you are lying. You cannot but be repaid for all your labor by observing the delight that will result from your great knowledge of womenkind, and your wonderful skill in the art of flattery.

HAROLD FISHER (SPOT).

### A DOUBLE VICTORY.

Nobody seemed to know just how it had happened. It was certain that it *had* happened, and that somebody had blundered horribly. The worst of it was, too, that George Merriman, who was suffering the consequences, knew that he was not to blame for what had occurred. And yet, what was he to do? Of a truth something must be done, for what man wants to face a hurried court-martial under charge of something that he did not do? But what *could* be done?

Such were the thoughts of George Merriman, as he stood in a small cell-like room gazing meditatively out of a three by two window, the sill of which was on a level with his chest. Kesting his elbow he twisted his dark curly hair about his fingers, as he looked wistfully at a building not far distant. It was rapidly getting dark, and with the increasing darkness came a deepened consciousness of what was to be faced on the morrow, and of the uncertainty and transiency of everything in general. Only a short while previous he had been at College, imbued with the expectation of final examinations, but now all was changed. "If only I hadn't been such a fool as to join the regiment in my Freshman Year," he murmured. "I know I'd never have got into any such mess as this. The worst of it is, too, that I know I wasn't to blame; if there's a man in the regiment at fault—and I don't believe anyone is, very seriously—it's that man Ossington. I don't like his eye; he has a *bad* eye. However, I can do nothing, shut up, as I am, in this place. If only I had some *Crito* to come and offer me means of escape, I fear my philosophy wouldn't support me like Socrates' did him. Ah, but Socrates was old, and, besides, I'm sure he never saw a Greek maiden with eyes like Eva Stafford's. I think *Berotene* must have felt like I do when he said: 'Oh, but for her eye—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.' " And with that he strained his eyes to get a good-night glimpse of the building where Eva Stafford was. He thought he knew the very room she occupied.

But as the shadows deepened, and a soft, peaceful stillness seemed to creep over the hills, and nothing could be heard except the monotonous moan of the sea as it beat upon the beach, George Merriman's thoughts reverted to what had transpired during the last few weeks. He thought of the enthusiasm that first possessed him when war was announced, and his was among the first regiments to be called to the front; and then he thought of the sense of disappointment that had come upon him at the prospect of losing his year at College, besides taking chances of shattering secret hopes that had come to him so frequently during the last year, that they had often interrupted his usual consistency of study—something which he did not seem altogether to regret. Then he thought of the revived enthusiasm that possessed him when it was announced that his regiment was to be quartered in a little sea-coast town, known chiefly as a quiet health-resort, only a few miles from the place of embarkation for troops going into active service. Merriman would not have cared to confess the real cause of his renewed interest and enthusiasm, but in his own heart he knew that it was to this town of L—, where he then was, that Eva Stafford had come for her health, when the doctors told her that she must forego her College course for the present, and take a rest. He mentally reviewed their first meeting at College; remembered how, from the first, he had hoped and feared at the same time. Then when she went away, he had only recollections of those deep, blue eyes; of a poise of head that no one else, it seemed, ever had; and of flashes of white hands. His fears had increased. Thus the very gods seemed to have beamed upon him when his regiment had been ordered to L—. Nor were the fates altogether unkind to him, for he had actually seen and conversed with Eva Stafford several times in the last