

"Please" and "Thank You"

The man who has learned to say "Please" with grace and sincerity is more than half a gentleman even if he possess no other refinements. The boy who is taught to say "Thank you" will never go to jail. These two expressions are priceless treasures too often thrown aside by heedless men and women as so much word clutter to be eliminated from common speech. "Please" is easy to say and it oils the machinery of our weary world more than all the dry erudition of acquired scholarship. It opens the doors of confidence and softens antagonism. In social and business life it will compel response where money and influence fail. It is the hall mark of breeding and dignifies the user.

"Thank you." That is easy to say also, but how few realize its potency. It is the most courteous expression in the English language and a man has to strain himself to say it curtly or without meaning. "Thank you" is an acknowledgement of a civil obligation that carries with it a blessing to him who says it and a benediction to him who receives it. It ornaments manhood and womanhood more than fine raiment or the glitter of many gems.

"Thank you" triumphs above class and caste. It is all-encompassing, combining deference, respect and simple kindness. It stamps gentility and promises those amenities that make civilization a success.

There are benighted people with shrunken souls and piggyish prejudices who go through the world so sour and crabbed that the disgust they arouse blackens their own path. They think they believe that common politeness is effeminate and timorous. They are like the little dog that must growl loudly to attract attention to its feeble ferocity. They are unhappy in the constant dread that they will be imposed upon if they

are decently civil to others. In this they are badly mistaken. It is sometimes necessary to be stern and even harsh, but politeness should be tried first, and nine times out of ten it will succeed.—Ex.

A Game of Marbles

P.—Your turn Bill!

B.—Good.

P.—No, sir. You've got to do that over agsin.

B.—Not much.

P.—Yes, you got to play fair. Now shoot.

B.—Now it's my turn.

P.—Mine.

B.—No, it's mine.

P.—Go on.

B.—That's mine. I shot that.

P.—Now watch me shoot.

B.—Ah ha! Did you ever get left?

P.—Shut up. I'll get it next time.

B.—Ahw, go on. Now you got to do that over again. You got to play fair if you don't want to get hurt.

P.—Now wait. I didn't get a good shot on that. It slipped from my hand. Let me shoot it over again.

B.—No. Put your toy over this way. Hurry up!

P.—Wait. That's my turn to shoot.

B.—Wait, nothing.

P.—Yes, you got to.

B.—You can't make me.

P.—By right—

B.—Quick and get away from there.

P.—Well it's my turn.

B.—No, sir, you just shot.

P.—So did you.

B.—Ahw, shut up or I'll whack you one.

P.—Can't do it.

B.—I'll show you if I can't.

P.—Boo hoo! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
I'm going to tell Mr. Brewer on you.

B.—Ahw go on. I don't care. You'll get the worst of it anyway.