

The Practical Value of Politeness

It has been suggested that a charming smile serves its owner better through life than the fattest of purses. An extreme view, certainly, but true it is that, altogether irrespective of the higher motives for speaking and acting kindly and considerately towards one's fellows, the study of politeness is one eminently important, indeed essential, to those who would get through this world creditably and in comfort.

It is noticeable, more especially in the smaller ways of life, how materially will a smile or tactful word used aptly influence people in the speaker's favour. It is more than probable, indeed, that did the taciturn and peremptory individual realise the actual net value, as it were, of politeness, he would devote considerably more attention to the study than he feels naturally inclined.

Perhaps nowhere is it more forcibly and visibly demonstrated how true a wisdom is politeness than when shopping. The young man behind the counter may willingly, and (oh, rare thing!) smilingly rummage forth the whole of his stock, and yet betray to another lady, perhaps both young and pretty, by means of sighs and stupid looks (for have not shop assistants a language all their own, far more expressive than mere mortal words, whereby to show their bored unwillingness?), anything but a flattering alacrity to serve. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The elder lady addresses the assistant politely, and is not above smiling encouragingly, when the young man staggers forward half-enveloped in rolls of material; the other lady, meanwhile, gives her orders, while looking in the very opposite direction to her hearer and inclines her head icily when an answer is required of her.

Even at a railway station politeness has its value. Of course, here money will go a very long way, but the pas-

senger who harasses and deluges with contrary orders his bewildered porter will reap far less satisfaction from his exertions than the passenger who explains his business moderately and lets the porter do the rest.

And—still more or less to the point—how extremely ruffling is insolence from a servant! Yet it is an annoyance by no means uncommon in small establishments. It is wrong, of course, but scarcely surprising, that having been harangued at intervals all day long over one small carelessness, because her mistress is annoyed by an occurrence quite outside the servant's province, the injured maid becomes impertinent.

One might give instances innumerable all to this one effect, the gist of which is—smile and look amiable, and don't be haughty, often. Hauteur is not a bad plan, but, like spirits, if indulged in frequently, it becomes a chronic weakness. Some of us are apt to indulge very freely in this sort of demeanour towards our dependents in the fond, false hope that we are imbuing them with a sense of awe for our importance, whereas probably they are either amused at our "airs" or describe us to their colleagues as "Houghty toighty!" Now, what is more humiliating than to be designated by one's inferiors as "houghty toighty?" But we are not to be pitied, for we should remember that we have everyone of us our "little feelings," and in so remembering, learn the truest secret of politeness.

Three Phases of Life.

At birth we respire, at twenty-five aspire, at eighty expire. This is the beginning, the sum, and the end of us, according to the philosophic mind of Hugo. He states the phenomena of life tersely, and with the touch and meaning of a master. That is all right for those who are in a frame of mind to philosophise. The panorama of life is one thing;

its detail and analysis quite another.

The greater question is: How are you living? How am I existing? That concerns us more.

There is a vast difference between living and existing. It is the difference between health, strength, happiness, aspiration and power in whatever nether sphere we work, and the endurance, the anguish, the pain and misery of bodily affliction.

Nature fashioned us all to be healthy. She did more; she secreted roots and herbs in her fields and forests to assist some of us to maintain this health, or regain it when lost.

There is a gentleman living at 373, Bourke Street, Sydney, whose interesting story illustrates this in a practical, common-sense way. "Six years ago," he writes, "my health broke down badly. My appetite got to be fickle and uncertain; then failed entirely. What I forced myself to swallow did me but small good. In fact it often gave me such discomfort and distress that I actually dreaded to sit down to table.

"After a while my stomach and other digestive organs became so upset and disordered that I was practically forced to live—or rather exist—on a diet of slops, gruel, weak broths, etc, and even these things occasioned me considerable pain and inconvenience. Medical treatment did me no good whatever.

"From time to time I tried all sorts of medicines that were recommended to me, or that I saw advertised, but with no better results. I became so debilitated that my relatives thought I was going into a decline. In truth I was fearfully thin and wasted. At this stage of my trouble a friend said I ought to try Seigel's Syrup. He made the strongest kind of a point of it, and pressed the idea upon me. I yielded, and it was the best investment I ever made.

"I began taking the medicine without faith, as I was sceptical as to the virtues of drugs and physics in general, but before I had taken half a dozen doses I found I was on the right track at last.

"In short, I persevered with the Syrup, taking it strictly according to the directions, and it speedily alleviated and ultimately cured my complaint. I used in all four bottles, and while still on the fourth I felt myself a new man. I could eat well, sleep well, and work well; and once more laugh and enjoy myself to the full. More than this what does any man want?—what more can the world give him?

"As to the thoroughness and permanence of the cure there can be no doubt, as what I have related took place over five years ago, and since then I have remained in good health with the exception of trifling ailments unworthy of mention.

"Other members of our family—notably my sister Emma Lillian, who has sent you her own account of her case—have derived signal benefit from the use of the Syrup, and can tell their stories for themselves. We always keep a bottle in the house, and whenever any of us feel out of sorts, hipped, or seedy, we take a dose or two and it never fails to give the needed relief.

"In conclusion, I can honestly and conscientiously recommend Seigel's Syrup to any persons who may be suffering from a weak stomach, impaired digestion, chronic dyspepsia, or kindred complaints, as a remedy that will really accomplish all that is claimed for it."—(Signed) William James Edward Fisher, 373, Bourke Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney, June 26th, 1901.

Seigel's Syrup is made of eighteen natural ingredients, each of which is a product of the soil. Its curative properties are derived from roots and herbs in scientific combination, and its healing action has been acknowledged in all civilised parts of the world during the past thirty-three years. Kept handy for occasional use, it keeps the body strong and the functions active. This is the way to resist diseases, to avoid the daily miseries which take the snap and go out of life. There is a difference between living and existing, as Mr. Fisher relates.

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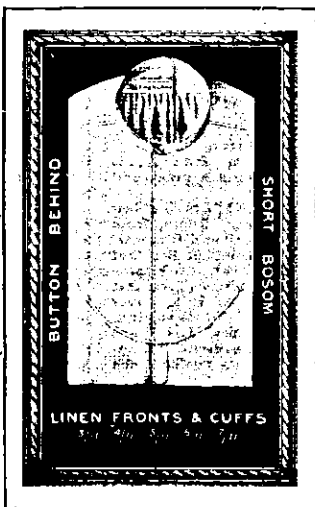


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