

The book cover features a central rectangular frame containing the title and author's name. The background is a textured yellow. The illustration consists of several large, pink, multi-petaled flowers with dark green leaves and stems. Some flowers are in full bloom, while others are buds. The entire design is enclosed in a thin, dark green border with decorative corner flourishes.

ART OF
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MANNERS
BY
SHIRLEY DARE

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A RT OF
GOOD
MANNERS

OR
CHILDREN'S
ETIQUETTE

By MRS. S. D. POWER
(SHIRLEY DARE)

Author of "Ugly Girl Papers"

THE WERNER COMPANY

NEW YORK

AKRON, OHIO

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ART OF GOOD MANNERS

OR

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE

BY

MRS. S. D. POWER

(*SHIRLEY DARE*)

Author of "UGLY GIRL PAPERS"

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PAPERS ON CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE

I

TOWARD MOTHER'S COMPANY

WHAT, Adelaide, out here in the entry alone, in a fidget between the stair-foot and the door? One would think it was a cat turned into a girl by her motions! Taking a step toward the parlor, then turning, wriggling your shoulders, and half crying, I believe! Girls have a habit of going into mild spasms for nothing. What straw lies crossway now?

There's company with your mother, and you're "dying" to see who it is, and you can't tell whether it will do to go in or not? You do so dread seeing strangers, and yet there may be some one you are fond of, and wouldn't miss seeing for anything, and you're afraid she will be gone before you can make up your mind what to do? You do seem to be "dying," or in danger of going into

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small pieces. But, then, girls like strong words, just as they like pickles, and cinnamon, and citron, and all sorts of unwholesome things—tastes that you will drop as soon as you begin to half know anything. As to your going into the parlor, take it coolly, and think out the right way and the wrong way there is of doing this, as well as everything else, no matter how small. It isn't strange that a little girl of eleven shouldn't know just what to do in every case. Your grandmother, sometimes, has occasion to consider, old as she is.

Does your mamma allow you to come into her parlor when she is with callers without sending for you? If she has never told you anything about the matter, there is a clause in the constitution of our country which provides that everything not forbidden is supposed to be allowed, and there is no harm in going in to find out if you are wanted. Open the door, and if your mamma wants you, she will say, "Come in;" if not, she will look at you pleasantly, but not invite you. You make a little bow, and go out quickly and quietly. O, mamma always allows you to come where she is? All right. But think a minute. How long has the visitor been with your mother? It is likely they want a few minutes to themselves, not because they have anything to say you needn't hear, but two people can pay better attention to each other

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when alone than if a third person comes in. The lady has been here twenty minutes. Then go in.

But you don't quite know what is expected of you—whether you ought to just bow, or go up and offer your hand to the visitor, and say, "How do you do?" Or should you only say, "Good morning," or "Good day?"

Now, listen, and get what I tell you fixed in your mind ; because, when you once know what to do in company, all this flutter and nervousness goes off. Little girls are often the most uneasy, uncomfortable creatures in the world to do with, because they are always thinking of themselves, and not sure what is genteel, and fidgeting, and getting cross to hide their nervousness.

What is the first thing you have to do now? Why, to walk into the room ; and, let me tell you, this isn't a thing merely to laugh over. The way in which people enter a room shows whether they have good training, as plainly as anything else in manners. Open the door wide enough to walk squarely in, without squeezing or edging through, as if you didn't think enough of yourself to give your body room to go through without crowding. Don't rush in, or creep in, but hold yourself straight, and look directly at the people in the room. Don't hesitate ; but if you don't know the visitor, go to your mother, and stand by her side, till she

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says, "Mrs. So-and-so, this is my daughter Adelaide." Then move a step forward, and bow, or courtesy, if you have been taught to do so; for the courtesy is coming into use again with nice people, and it is a very graceful salute, when properly done. You are not to hold out your hand, unless the lady offers to shake hands with you; then it is your place to walk up to her, and give her your hand; and when she says, "How do you do?" answer "Very well, I thank you," or "Not very well," as the case may be. Say it pleasantly, and quietly; but you are not to say anything more to the lady, unless she talks to you. She may have so much to say to your mamma, that she will only be civil to you. Remember, she is to hold out her hand to shake, and to say, "How do you do?" first. She is older than you, and the elder person has the right to make the advances, as we call it—to shake hands or not, or to speak or not, as she chooses. If your mamma were introduced to a lady older than herself, or more thought of in society, your mother would not shake hands unless the lady offered to, nor would she begin talking, unless the lady showed that she wished it by saying something first herself.

I wish you could see Clara Crane as she used to be, and you would know how disagreeable a girl

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can make herself by carelessness in these things. Her mamma introduced her to me, when she was a tall, long-legged slip of a girl, eight years old. Miss Forward came up, and poked out her hand. "How do you do, Miss Dudley?" she began in that loud, uncomfortable voice of hers, which no one could teach her to lower or soften. "I've been wanting to know you ever so long, mamma has spoken so much of you. Do you like Staten Island as a residence? Is your health very good?" All that would sound nicely enough from her mother, or some grown woman; but the young lady was quite overcoming with her condescensions. Your place among older people is to be quiet. What they have to say to each other is much more interesting than your talk can be till you have learned a good deal more than you know now.

When people talk to you, don't always say, "Yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am," for answer, or to begin your answer. It is the easiest thing you can think of to say, but we want a little variety in conversation. You don't know how hard it is to talk to a little girl like this:—

"Well, Addie, are you glad spring is here?"

"O, yes, ma'am."

"And are you glad school is out?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

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“ You don’t like being shut up so many hours—do you? ”

“ No, ma’am.”

Couldn’t you say, “ I’m glad spring has come, so I can work in my garden? ” That would give us something to talk about at once, and you would have something to tell me that was very interesting, perhaps, before we were through; for I could get you to tell me about your flowers, and what you do there, and which you like best. You needn’t talk to show off. Very, very few grown people have anything to say worth showing off; but we can any of us say something to please or interest those we talk to. If we can’t, my dear, we have no business among other people. If they have to do the polite and the agreeable, and we can’t be a very little polite and nice in return, you can’t think what nuisances among folks we certainly are.

If somebody does tell you anything interesting, I really think you know enough not to be a little bore, asking too many questions, or asking them all at once. This is a piece of bad manners, that belongs more to boys. I was once trying to amuse the two children of some literary people, very bright, well-educated young folks, too, only their education went a long way beyond their manners, which is a pity for anyone. I happened

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to say I had seen Indians on their own prairies, when the boy flew at me with his questions, his eyes fierce, his hands clinched with eagerness. "Real Indians? Cherokee or Sioux? Were they red or copper-colored? What nations? Did they ride horses in a circle? Did they use stone arrow-heads? Did they use wampum like the Eastern tribes? Were they tall as white men?" He acted just like a huge cat that meant to tear the knowledge out of me. Now, his questions showed he had read and thought about Indians in a way that was very clever for a boy; but his manner showed that he was both selfish and harsh.

Is this too much to remember? I dare say you will forget it in less time than I have been telling you, if you only think of it as something to be done for appearance's sake, just as you wear a heavy dress, or gloves too tight, because they look pretty. But when you think this is all for kindness' sake, because we ought not to slight or disturb other people any more than we want them to annoy us, you have the Key of Behaving, and your way opens easily. You will have to think what you are to do and say, because nothing nice was ever done without care. But the care grows easy in a few weeks, so that one can be polite—that is to say, kind, with as little effort as it takes to run four scales in music. Only you must be

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the same to everybody, everywhere, to get in the habit. It won't do to be very nice to your teacher when she comes to see you, or to your handsome rich neighbor, whom you admire because she has such pretty dresses, or to the new girl who has just come into your set, and everybody likes wonderfully, unless you are just as pleasant to the least popular girls, and to the tiresome neighbor who is poor and shabby and dull.

School girls are fond of showing uninteresting people a very cold shoulder of civility. I have seen a well-dressed girl of thirteen treat her mother's visitor to a pert, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Clay?" with a turned-up nose, and general air of disdain, while she flounced round the room, looking for something or nothing, in a way that said plainer than words, "I don't see what people in rusty gowns have to live in this world for!" and go out with a significant, "I want to see you as soon as I can have you to myself, mamma."

She had a very sensible mother, who merely said, "We will dispense with your company awhile, Gertrude," and paid the poor visitor so much pleasant attention as to make her forget the rude girl's affront.

Miss Gertude came down when she was gone, eager for a chat; but the mother was iced dignity,

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and answered only in the stiffest, shortest way. She gave the girl a very small saucer of berries for tea, forgot entirely to take her to ride, and settled herself with a magazine to read, instead of being sociable for the evening; in short, snubbed her daughter as thoroughly as Miss Gertrude was fond of snubbing people who didn't happen to please her.

"Mamma," she said at last, with tears in her eyes,—for you young ones, who are so hard and cruel to others, are very tender of your own feelings,—“what does make you treat me so?”

Mamma took her time to finish the paragraph that interested her, and said, in a freezing way, “It's because I don't like your style.”

Gertrude colored furiously; for, like most girls, she prided herself on being what English people call “very good form;” that is, her manner and dress after a nice model. Her mamma went on deliberately,—

“My favorites are all people who would not, if they knew it, hurt the feelings of a washerwoman by any slight, or hint that they wished her away; and I do dislike the company of half-bred people whose manners are always wearing to rags, and letting ill-nature and rudeness peep through.”

“Why, mamma! To treat your own daughter so, because I can't endure that Mrs. Clay, who

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always wears such dowdy bonnets, and makes her own dresses, so they never look nice, and who is always so particular to tell what bad nights she has, and says, 'Gertrude's growing quite a girl!' as if I was wearing short cloaks and baby sashes!" This came out with a perfect burst of indignation.

"It is very disagreeable to find one's own daughter such a badly-bred child," said that terrible mother, calmly. "If Mrs. Clay does wear cotton velvet trimming on her dress, and talk in a homely way, she knows how to be kind to others, and how to treat them, which is more than all your advantages have been able to teach you. I wish you to understand that every shabby, ill-looking creature in the world has just as good a right and cause for attention as you with your style, as you are pleased to call it. And if you don't know that everybody is your equal in right to civility, you haven't learned enough to allow you to appear abroad, and I shall leave you at home, and not admit you to company till you can carry yourself better."

It was a severe lesson; but it vastly improved Gertrude, who, from an intolerably pert creature, became a pleasant sort of companion when she learned not to look people over from head to foot to see if they were worth her civility.

I hope you know enough already not to grow

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fidgety if your mother and the visitor talk to each other instead of to you. Don't break into the conversation with something of your own that has nothing to do with what they are saying. I've known a girl to stroll about the room if she was not noticed, and interrupt the talk with anything that came into her head. "O, mamma, who has made this long scratch on the piano? I know James has been in here." Next it was, "Do you know Mrs. Gray's baby has two front teeth—real cunning ones;" and a few minutes after, when we were very happily talking of old friends, Miss Uneasy called out across the room, "Mamma, the folks that live opposite are going out to ride!" as if anybody cared. She made us forget what we wanted to say, and interrupted so often that I had to go away in self-defense, before that vexatious child worried her mother out of temper. The trouble is, you can't get one of these pests to leave the room on any pretense, unless they are ordered out, and then there is pouting, or a real storm.

A nice child is the pleasantest company in the world; but as for one that isn't nice, I'd rather have a thieving, pinching monkey by way of comfort.

II

GREETINGS AND NICKNAMES

THE other Sunday, before going into church, I stopped out of the dust to let my dress down, and was by chance witness of the choice manners found where they should not be to-day. Two well-dressed girls of thirteen came in, whom I know belonged to the best families in the Society, and met on their way to the gallery, where our young folks like to have the full benefit of the organ and view of the congregation. These girls were pretty and nice in appearance, from the trim French boots to the checked silk and pale chip hats they wore, which matched, in blue, ruffles, and trimming. They carried themselves well, which means that they walked straight and easily, without being so shy that they seemed made of wood, or holding their heads so high as to look haughty. But as the elder put her dainty foot on the stairs, the greeting that passed between them was, "Hallo, Sid!" from her, and "Hallo, Tude!" from her friend. It was just what two lounging young men might have said,

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or two stable-boys, for that matter. It would not have been out of the way for them, but it sounded odd from a pair of well-bred girls. There was nothing else coarse or fast in their manner; but they used unconsciously the words they heard from the rest of their mates. It sounded as it does to hear a beautiful gray and rose-colored bird begin to swear with a croak in his throat. Or it was as little in keeping as if one had found an end of soiled tape hanging outside of their delicate dresses. It is common enough to hear girls say "Hallo" at meeting, but one can't like it, nor get used to it.

It's a trifle, but you might as well leave off going to school and learning manners at once, if you despise trifles. They make all the difference between nice things and common ones. You ought to know better, and you do know enough to prefer sweet, lively, gentle people to those who are rough and careless. Girls fall into the free and easy ways of their brothers because they are easy; and one habit leads to another, till it is no longer sweet and quiet company we find in them, but the rapid ways and short speech of young gentlemen in flounces. The ways of boys are pleasant enough in their place; but there was meant to be a difference between them and girls, for the sake of giving us a variety, I suppose.

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And if girls try to be like boys, where will we get our sweethearts, please? You can't sweeten with allspice and cloves.

Of course, when you meet a friend you see every day, you don't want to say, "How do you do?" as formal as to a person you see less often; but wouldn't it sound just as pleasant to pass with a "Well, Sidney," and "Well, Gertie," as to "Hallo" like teamsters? If you want to be a little more precise, Good Morning always has a kindly sound when you think that it means one is wishing good to you that day. It is a little prayer of good-will for everybody we say it to, and each one needs it in this trying world. We don't need to ask people whom we see often, "How do you do?" because we know pretty well without asking; but when friends have been away from us a while, it sounds indifferent to throw them a good morning without caring to ask if they are better or worse in feelings or body since they left us. How do you do, doesn't mean to ask merely if one is sick or in health; but it wishes to know if all is well with him. All the forms of politeness have the friendliest meaning; and if we can only feel all that they express, we shall find ourselves the politest people in the world without any more trouble.

While you are thinking of these things, pray

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make up your mind to drop the stupid nicknames that girls seem to delight in. I say stupid ones ; but you are not to think, as some good people do, that all nicknames are senseless. Whenever we are familiar with anyone, it is an instinct to soften and shorten their names, and nicknames often express some peculiarity of a person with a good deal of pith. Trudie is a softer name than Gertrude, Gertie is a shorter one ; and somehow it is nature among all the nations in the world to turn a friend's name, shorten it, and pet it, to make a special name of it for those who love him. Pet names and nicknames are pleasant because they belong only to one's family and intimates. But there are some names so harsh and uncouth, without any meaning or fun, that there is no excuse for using them. I know girls whose favorite nickname for Gertrude is "Toot," or "Tute," as you like to spell it. Besides making one think of a fish-horn, it isn't in the least like the name it is taken for, any more than Caddie, or Cad, is like Caroline, or Wede is like Louisa ; for which I've had the unhappiness of hearing it used. The worst and most sickishly silly of all is Mamie for Mary, in any but a very little girl who cannot speak plain. Are names any sweeter for being spoken as toothless babies might mumble them in trying to talk ? Don't make dumplings

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out of your friend's names, or gnaw them out of all shape. Boys have their whims that are past endurance. Geordie always sounds like a babyish nickname for that manly name George. To hear a boy called Dode, when his real name is Theodore, gives most people a disposition to think little of the speaker and of the boy too. In the country, I believe, it is the height of manliness for a boy who goes to district school to be called Hank, if his name happens to be Henry—for what reason I cannot tell, unless because it is the least like it of any name in the spelling book. You must have the least grain of sense in your foolishness to make it fun, just as we have to put a pinch of salt into ice-cream to make it taste right.

There are other nicknames, not pleasant to hear from older persons, but which we must allow to boys and girls—who appear, if they are not allowed small follies while young, to make up for it by large ones hereafter. When are the professors in our town ever called anything but “Prof” by the young folks, while the boys of the preparatory school would feel as if one was chaffing them if they were called anything more than “Preps.” The church on the hill goes by the name of the “First Cong,” with never another syllable. There is not the shadow of disrespect in this; it is only a boy's natural dislike to long pedantic names;

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and I fancy most people would be sorry to have all these whimsical ways of speaking dropped. They make a variety. But there is a fault in so falling into the habit of using slang as never to speak without it. One might as well talk pidgin-English that the Chinese use, as to learn the slang dialect so thoroughly as to forget decent language. It will keep you from this to have one little rule about the matter—never to use slang in talking to older people. There are plenty of stories for children nowadays, in which the boys and girls speak the vilest slang, from beginning to end, to their fathers, and mothers, and teachers. They cannot speak like well-bred, cared-for children, used to neat, sweet expressions about them; but they borrow the talk of corner groceries, stables, and saloons, till one wonders if these young folks were actually brought up on the street. They say, “cheese it,” or “that’s the cheese,” like a grocer’s boy; and talk about the “cops,” and “plug-uglies,” say “nary red,” and “going on the straight,” like the low roughs who hang about the ill-smelling resorts of the town. These expressions are used so much by this class of persons that to hear them brings up the idea of the miserable places they come from. One actually seems to smell unsavory cheese and beer-spillings at the sound of such words. And it always seems as if a

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boy's boots smelt of the stable when he uses such talk.

There are several sorts of slang, and some of it is thieves' slang, and corner slang, which suggests nothing but what is vile and mean. Please to let that alone. As to the better sort of slang, be very careful not to get so much in the habit of using it that you can't do without it. When you can't describe a boy running down hill without saying he went "lickety split," or "lickety brindle," or if you must always say "cut and run" when you mean merely to run, you had better engage somebody to correct you every time you speak, for two or three weeks, till you can use decent English when you wish to. You get the taste of your slang—that is, the fun of it—most by not using it often.

Your teachers have probably talked to you enough against using fine words for simple meanings, like saying splendid for pretty or good, and awful or terrible for what is ugly or bad. You must learn to choose words that mean just what you mean, no more and no less. When I hear girls saying anything is splendid, I don't feel like getting out of my chair to go and see it, for they use the word on every slight occasion. But a splendid thing ought to be something that the world would be glad to see—fine and rich

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together. It isn't the word to describe caramel, or the ruffles on a debeige dress, or a picnic in a grove, or a visit to town, for any or all of which things young people use it. Why do you take out your best words for such common occasions? It is like paying out quarters for three-cent stamps; and everybody would think you a fool for doing that. As for such words as "gent" and "pants," you probably know that there are two good reasons for letting them forever alone. The first is, that there are really no such words; but they have been cut off of the longer ones—gentleman and pantaloons. The second is, that these short words are used by vulgar people almost entirely. Now, to be vulgar in manners is like being unclean in the face, and having one's clothes torn, or displeasing in any other way. You are just as unpleasant with your coarse ways of speaking as the dirtiest, raggedest newsboy in the street is in his appearance. As for these shabby and lowborn words, we will have none of them.

III

TO STAND, TO WALK, AND TO SIT

DON'T you feel very tired of being told to "sit up" and "stand straight?" I used to, when a child, and could never see the use of it, so I'm afraid the sitting and standing were not well attended to. But every day somebody comes before one, whose walk and way of holding themselves are so bad that they are a very good lesson as to the worth of doing these things well.

At theater, the other night, Mr. Edwin Booth was playing Richelieu, a play which, by the way, is considered one of the finest ever put upon the stage. A handsome young actor had the part of Adrian De Mauprat, a gallant, brave young soldier and gentleman of France, and very well he spoke some of the lines; but he spoiled the effect of his frank air and speaking face, by standing with his knees bent, and looking round the stage. I found that nearly all the actors stood in the same weak-kneed fashion. Only Mr. Booth, the principal, and one other ambitious actor, had any idea how to stand at all. Since then, thinking

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over the matter, it seems that very few people stand or walk well, and the reason is they never thought anything about either. The college boys go by, looking like the flat, jointed pasteboard dolls awry, their shoulders and elbows up on one side, down the other, and one hip sticking up to match. They have very fine figures for lying at full length under an apple tree, or stretched on a sofa, but when they stand, sit, or walk, their joints sag. Sometimes this is the effect of growing fast, which takes all one's strength ; but that excuse won't do for most boys. They copy the attitudes of loafers without knowing it. It is so easy to be a loafer. It takes as little talent to be a first-rate one, as it does to tell lies. The stout, pudgy boys who stand about the streets with hands in their pockets, shoulders up to their ears, and slack knees, as if they sat on the edge of nothing at all, make stout, pudgy men who could knock a blacksmith over, but who always "settle" if they stand alone. It is pure carelessness or ignorance with many boys that leads to these ill habits, and they deserve a special talking to about the matter.

Every boy and girl should stand so as to have a good balance, that no one brushing past can disturb them, and that standing will tire them less. To this end, turn out your feet as far as you can, one foot an inch or two farther forward than the

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other, resting the weight on the ball of the foot as well as the heel, and keeping the knees stiff. Brace them as if trying to bend the joint backward, and keep them so. You will feel as if you had hold of your knees, and in this way you can stand in a swaying horse car, or railway car, or on ship, with three times the steadiness of the common, loose-jointed way. Hold your head up, and hollow your back in all you can without allowing yourself to poke out in front. Feel as if you were going to fall all to pieces? That is because you are not as strong as you ought to be. You sit indoors reading or studying when you ought to be out in the sunshine at play or work. It is not hard for thoroughly well persons to hold themselves straight. It is the only natural thing to them. If you would bathe your joints in cool water before you go to bed tired, and try the same refreshing when you wake in the morning warm and languid, you would find it helped you to feel brisk and to hold yourself erect all day. If you do this after a long, tiresome walk or hard play, it will keep you from feeling stiff and aching the next morning. It will be hard work to keep straight at first. But if you once take pride in an erect, decided way of carrying yourself, it will come easy always afterwards. To help yourself to it, stand flat against the door, so that your shoulder blades don't

TO STAND, TO WALK, AND TO SIT

press against it, which you can't do without holding your shoulders well back. When you sit, choose straight-backed chairs, and take care that your shoulder blades don't rest against them. Keep them flat, so that you won't grow up with these paddle bones sticking out under your coat or dress.

When you walk, arch your back the other way from what the cat does. You will find this easier to think of and do than the oft-repeated command, "throw your shoulders back," and it is the same thing done by another set of muscles than those you naturally try to use on hearing those words. Hold your chest forward, as this gives you more room for breath, as you would find in running. Put the toe down first at each step, and bend your knee well back, as the whole foot touches the ground. This will give you a firm step, one of the great beauties of motion. Look at all good walkers, as they go swinging across country or pavements, with firm, lithe step. You see these two things in each of them, they put the toe to the ground first, and straighten the knee at each step. Look at the cat, which is a very graceful walker. See how she sets her paw down, and the little spring in her leg moves till it is straight. Nothing weak-kneed there, or in any animal that can walk far or fast, run, climb, or fight. As for you,

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little girls, if you knew what grace there is in one of your slim, supple figures, or what pleasing there is in a round, stout one, if held straight and carried well, with a good step, you would spring out of your languid, fine-lady attitudes, and unlearn the goose walk three-fourths the women practice from the time they are eight years old. I often watch the feet of women on Broadway, instead of their faces. It is often painful, but it is curious that so many of them walk badly, and all do it alike. They lift their toes and set their feet down so that the sole of the foot shows at every step, broad as a duck's bill, and they have in result the walk of a green drake, or something not much better. You were not made to come down on your heels at every step, and the soles of your shoes were not made to show. Break yourselves of these bad habits, so that the next generation will have such grace and ease of movement that it will be a pleasure to look at them.

It seems very tedious to learn these things, does it? and you can't quite see how you are ever going to get the idea of a good carriage in your heads? You must practice every day, for fifteen minutes or so, how to walk, just as recruits do. Turn your toes out, flatten your shoulders against the wall to start from, fix your eyes on a point opposite you, and a little higher than your head,

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so you will look up and carry your head well, brace your knees. Now slowly lift your foot, put down the toe, straighten your knee and bring your foot down. So the next foot, walking on one line of the carpet or crack in the floor. Mind about looking up, and straightening the knees, for these two things will bring all the rest right. You will have to take time to learn, but you will get the idea best by practicing very slowly and steadily fifteen minutes daily. When you go to walk alone, down to the post office or to carry a basket to the neighbors, think about your steps a little. Don't try to make a hole in the ground with your heels, or let them fly up behind. Six weeks' practice ought to improve your walk very much, and after that you would grow so used to it as to walk well without thinking about it. If you have a long mirror to practice before, so much the better. If this makes you vain I shall have a very poor opinion of you. Or if thinking about your walk makes you think a great deal of yourself, I'm afraid there is something that needs correcting more than your manner, something weak in the head if not worse in the heart. Pray, why should you be any more vain of having a good walk than of having a clean face? One is just as much credit, or rather the want of it is as much discredit, as the other. Yet you hardly get puffed

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up because you are clean. Take all the improvement that comes to you, in the same way, as something you should not be without, but too much a matter of course to be proud of. For the least pride or vanity showing in a child is more offensive by far than a soiled face or ungainly walk.

There is one trouble you find that besets older people, also. What shall you do with your hands? Trousers' pockets are not the place for them in company, and little girls have no pockets for them. I forgot, but does it look well to see a girl always carrying her hands in the pockets of her apron or jacket? It will do once in a while, among one's mates, but it is rather free and easy for a regular habit. You don't want always to fold them like a cat crossing her paws. Let me tell you something that will help in this puzzle which troubles much better-bred persons than you can be yet. I've heard well-trained ladies, brought up very carefully in good society, say, "I can't walk without a parasol or book. I must have something to do with my hands."

One could not help feeling sorry they had not learned how to carry every part of themselves easily and gracefully, without thinking about the matter. If they would try a very simple thing, bringing the hands together in front, below the

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waist, at arm's length, just as they sat down or started on a walk, and then let them fall apart as they would, and keep them as they fall, the position would be nice and easy in nearly every case. Keep your hands down, and your arms pressed lightly against your sides in walking or in sitting. You need not look like a trussed chicken, at all, but a little stiffness at first is less harm than carelessness. Don't have slovenly manners whatever you are.

Don't think, in all this advice, that you are to be little prigs and "high-shouldered" small creatures. There is a time to lounge, and a time to sit with one's heels higher than one's head, and to lie on the hearthrug. These are all changes of position that rest us by changing the weight from one muscle to another. It is a good thing, sometimes, to sit in a chair tipped back, or put one's feet on a window sill; it takes the strain off one's back. But we will take care to do this by ourselves, or with those so friendly and close as to be like ourselves. To sprawl before a stranger or visitor is entirely too familiar. It says, "I don't consider you of enough account to put myself in a pleasing position before you. I don't care whether I look awkward or not in your presence."

It isn't a comfortable feeling to give a person, and it's no credit to you. None of us have such fine manners that we need be saving of them,

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or be afraid of making too good an impression. We were made to be pleasant to ourselves and to others, and we ought to look well and act well for their sakes. Even in the privileged time of a home evening, or in one's room with a chum, there is such a thing as easy lounging, quiet enough to save the eyes of a looker-on, and there is a loutish, wide-armed and wide-legged sprawling, for which any mortal deserves to be started out of his chair with a rattan cane. I have seen a young man just from college, not to speak of men a good man years from it, who, in talking with a woman he did not know very well, would curl up in an easy chair with his shoulders above his collar and one leg over the arm of a chair, never knowing the rudeness he was guilty of. And I've seen a woman of *very* good family indeed, who composed in French and painted in water colors, sprawl between two seats before two chance visitors, till she looked as if she were just about to tip over; and I knew a poetess who read blue and gold books to young men in the back parlor, half lying on an easy chair with her feet on the sofa, both ladies having good health, and being in no way familiar with their visitors.

But your mother wouldn't like to have you do so, and I want to help you with hints, so that you will never fall into these bad habits. You have

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a better chance to grow wise and agreeable than those who went before you, for the world is wiser, and you are getting the benefit of it. Make much of your chance.

IV

MANNERS AT HOME

“ I DREAD to have vacation come, for the children will be at home all the time.”

Somebody's mother said this in the sitting room, not long ago.

It was a queer thing for a woman to say, as if she wanted to get rid of her children. But you may think it queerer when I say I don't blame that mother one bit. I know how things go on in that house.

In the morning trouble begins. To say nothing of screeches, howls and jumps upstairs, while the children are dressing, that sound as if there was a bear garden overhead, peace downstairs is at an end when the first small head presents itself. Instead of coming down in any Christian fashion, the door flies open in a way to carry lock and hinges with it, and a boy lands in the middle of the floor. Four mornings in a week he has to be sent back to comb his hair smooth, or take care of a strap or shoe-lacing.

He would never affront our eyes in such a

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way if he thought to take a good look in the glass before he came down. He has his head in some new book before his mother can send him back, and drags his unwilling body away, with his eyes on the book, till her voice quickens him, and he disappears with a handspring on the way.

You can't think how entertaining it is to have such a boy in the family. He took the tablecloth with him one morning, and upset the ink, and it took only two hours to undo the harm. For two weeks after, Harry was kind enough to vary the performance by walking out of the room on his hands instead of his feet. As far as the mischief he can do, I don't know that it makes any difference which end of a boy is uppermost, but most folks prefer seeing a curly head, or a smooth one, to a pair of dusty boots, with the soles broken.

Harry says we are "pernickety," a Scotch word he has picked up somewhere, meaning particular. It is a queer word, and expresses queer people. Whether it is queer not to like to see boys with shock heads and soiled jackets, or to have them shout, shuffle and hoot nearly every minute of their mortal lives, is a point on which Harry and we differ. I am sorry to say that not even a good book can keep him still. While he reads it he whistles, drums on the table, and, as a

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last resort, plays tunes on his teeth, which rattle like castanets. It is a very pleasant variety performance, but I have known people to object to a hand organ, when it played all day.

Carrie's father calls her the champion whiner. She always comes down cross in the morning, which, I think, is the effect of nibbling candy all the time. There is no harm in eating candy, as much as you want, if you eat it about meal times. But if you eat a little now and again, it will make you sick and cross and headachy, as I know poor Carrie is half the time.

As breakfast isn't quite ready, Carrie takes a bit of caramel, and, crowding close up to her mother, begins, with a whine, by way of grace note :

"Mamma, what shall I do with myself to-day?"

"It is so bright I think it would do to walk. You might go to ask after Aunt Jane."

"N-o-o. I don't feel like walking to-day. What else is there?"

"Do you want to help me stone raisins? I'm going to make cake this forenoon."

"N-o-o-o. That's too sticky work. I don't like it. Give me something else."

"Well, how would you like to paint? Or will you try making those picture frames out of fret-work? You used to do them so nicely."

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“No, I don't *like* any of those things. I want something different. Oh, dear! I thought you would give such a good time in vacation, and I don't see one thing pleasant.”

After breakfast, before she has been out of doors to get a smile from the sun or say good morning to the large, bright, busy, happy world outside, this wretched, nervous midge of a girl curls up on the lounge, with Jean Ingelow's stories, the sweetest ever written for children. But Carrie pays Miss Ingelow a poor compliment, by reading her book in this stupid, selfish fashion, just as a greedy child crams itself with candy. All the sweet, bright, cool morning she sits there like lead, and it is as much as the family peace is worth to try to move her. I have my lap full of work, and ask her for the scissors, and she gets up, oh! so slowly, holding the book to her nose, and reads all across the room, and back again, sticks the scissors out before her without looking, so that she nearly pokes them into my face.

Her mother tells her to go to the next neighbor's for the cake pan, which goes back and forth between the two houses till neither is quite sure which owns it. Miss wakes up with a stretch and a yawn like the poodle on the hearth, which shows much more than her boot-tops, below her dress, hunts another bit of caramel from her pocket,

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which she munches in a very unpleasant fashion, saunters along as if her shoulder and hip were out of joint, and gets as far as the hall, first time trying.

There she stops to look over the letters in the basket, waiting for the mail. She picks them up, and reads the directions, commenting on them, after this style :

“Papa has been writing to Mr. Griffin, about the horses, I suppose. Heard him tell mother about it when I was in the bay-window, and he didn't know I was there. Miss Durant has a letter for that gentleman she writes to every morning. I guess he is her beau.” He was Miss Durant's half-brother, only Miss Wisdom didn't know that. “Mother has been writing to Aunt Kate, and there is something in the letter. I wish I knew what it is. Oh, it's a piece of my new dress. I guess she is going to get some more for kilt plaitings. I don't want kilt plaitings. Bessie Evarts says they are going out, and I want fine shirring.

“Mamma,” bouncing into the room, “are you going to put kilt plaiting on my dress? Because you are real mean if you do. It isn't stylish; all the girls say so; and if you make it”—here she forgets herself completely—“I just *won't* wear it, there!”

All this fuss is for nothing, because her mother

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had only sent for a yard or two more of silk, to make a new waist when the old one wore out. But, you see, people who want to know more than is good for them, find, as Solomon says, that too much wisdom is a weariness to the flesh.

Harry comes in by this time, with his trousers tucked into his boots, his hat on his head, and mud on his feet. He throws himself into the easy chair, while his mother, tired with her forenoon's work, sits down on the lounge, with nothing at her back to rest it. She can sit uncomfortably, but somebody comes in who can't think of such a thing, not she!

"Mamma, Harry's got my place. I was going to have that chair. Make him get up."

"Why didn't you keep it then, Nannie?" Harry is an expert at making faces, and he gives his sister the benefit of it.

"Mamma! stop Harry making faces at me. You're a real mean boy. Stop!"

And the little fury flies at her brother, her hands in his hair, scratching and biting, while Harry kicks and cuffs and shakes her off, howling. Pretty, isn't it?

Well! this is the picture I have seen between the children of this well-to-do family nearly every day for a month. Do you wonder their mother dreads to see vacation come?

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The children settle down behind the window curtain pouting.

"Oh, dear!" sighs a small, miserable voice, "I thought vacation would be so nice,—and it isn't at all!"

"Carrie," says her tired mother, "can you tell what you would like if you could have it?"

"I could," shouts Harry, interrupting; "never to do anything you don't want to."

"I asked Carrie," observed his mother.

"Well, yes," says the poor thin little voice, "I'd want to be always doing the thing I liked best, and have somebody to tell me what it was."

Poor child! She reminds me of the French people in politics. Somebody said, who knew them pretty well, that they didn't know what they wanted, but were always fighting because they couldn't get it.

Let us see how this rule of never doing anything one didn't want to would work. The person of all the world who comes nearest to always having his own way, I suppose, is the Shah of Persia. His will has been law, ever since he was born, one may say, and I've a notion that he has found it very hard work to know what to do with himself. Probably the journey to Europe was taken to amuse him, because he was tired of

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everything else. The kings and queens, the emperors and grand dukes, did all they could think of to entertain him because he was the chief ruler of a country, just as they are, and they can't have company as high as themselves every day. They made feasts and balls for him, and got up great shows of soldiers and fireworks to please him. They would gather all their armies that they could get together, and have sham battles, and all their ships of war, and have mock sea fights, sights that the kings and dukes thought very grand themselves.

But they found the Shah such a troublesome visitor that, we are told, they were very glad to have him go home again. He thought manners of as little account as Harry does, and as he never had to do anything that he didn't like, he never paid the least attention to them. If his food didn't please him he spit it out, or threw it about the floors. He ate with his fingers, because it was handy, I suppose, just as Harry says, when his mother speaks to him for picking the raisins from the mince pie with his fingers. Before the court, where all the lords and ladies were beautifully dressed, and had the most beautiful manners to correspond, this savage Shah thought no more of going to sleep, if the fit seized him, than of lighting his pipe. No matter if he was to spend

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the evening at a grand ball at a palace, and he found anything that amused him more, if it were only a little dancing dog, he would wait, and disappoint everybody, and keep everyone else waiting, till he was half-coaxed, half-dragged away to keep his promise.

He was sulky and rude, just as the humor took him. He would say to a nice old lady, "How ugly you are!" and ask a man, "What makes you have such an ugly wife? If I were you I would get rid of her." In the middle of a show, at which people had spent thousands of dollars to please him, he would order his carriage away, because something did not suit him, or because he was just hungry and thought he had rather be eating an apple tart than "wasting his time over such fool nonsense," as he probably said to the folks who asked him there.

The very people who wanted him to come to their houses dreaded to see him stay, for he was so careless with his food, throwing it about and spilling his drink, as to spoil all the carpets and the ladies' dresses near him.

He thought, like Harry, that it was too much trouble to be always thinking about manners, as the boy says, when his mother wants him to use his napkin carefully, and not spill crumbs on the carpet.

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Poor Empress of Germany! I know how to feel for her with such a rude guest, for we have somebody at our house who hasn't a bit better manners than the Shah. I'm sorry for the boy, too. His ears must be tired of the din, "Harry, don't step on my dress;" "Harry, don't make such a noise with that apple;" or, as Carrie says, "Don't *chank* so;" or, "Harry, keep off my work, do, please."

Do you want to hear a sermon Harry's mother preached to him? It is a cast-off sermon, but Harry never made any use of it, and it ought to be as good as new. Perhaps some of you have heard something like it before.

The house is the place to be quiet. If you want to frolic and shout, go out of doors, and have a good enough time there so you can be quiet indoors. Move lightly and pleasantly. Don't go pounding about the house as if your boots were going through the floors, or come down stairs as if the top walls were tumbling after you. Fly round as fast as you like, but don't make a noise about it. I know it is just as easy to go to the top of a house, four flights of stairs, three steps at a time, without making noise enough to let anybody know what you are doing, as to thunder about it. Don't ask me how I found out, but it is one of the things I know all about.

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Carrie needs to mind her steps, too. It is a great wonder to grown folks how slim girls can make so much noise as they do. They don't walk, they *pound*, as if their business was to wear out carpets. Girls are forever talking about being stylish and genteel, and worrying about an inch or two in the width of their trimmings, or the shape of their hats, as if their standing depended on such things entirely, while they are as coarse and common as can be in their manner of carrying themselves. It is always to be desired that your clothes should be fresh and pretty, but it is of much more consequence that your bodies should be nice, and well trained in their movements. The dress may be something you can't help, but the body and the manner is yours—to be a credit or discredit, as it happens.

So be neat. If a child goes about with soiled neck and ears, it is a sure sign he does not think much of himself, and how can I, or anybody else, think much of him? Don't be afraid of soap and water. If you can, use hot water every morning to wash your neck and face, rubbing the soap well into the roots of your hair on the forehead and behind the ears. Nobody can wash quite as clean with cold water as with hot, for the latter dissolves the oil of the skin, that gathers the dust every day, and crusts with it. Your skin will

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look a shade whiter for washing with hot water. But I shall give you a whole sermon on this very thing another time.

Now let me tell you something I doubt you have ever heard from mother or grandmother in just the same words, though they have been telling you pretty much the same thing since you were old enough to hear.

Keep yourself to yourself. Don't be putting your elbows into my side, as you button yourself to me to look at the last new book when it comes from the post office. Keep your eyes to yourself. Don't be peeping into people's letters, or staring at a new dress, or a mark on anyone's face. It is very ill-bred to try to find out anything you are not intended to know, or to hear what is not meant for you. Make your glance as light and quick as your step. Besides, it is not kind to notice defects. So don't look at a cripple's lame leg, or the swelling on anyone's cheek.

Keep your hands to yourself. It is rude to touch anything that belongs to another till leave has been given. How did you act, Harry, when Professor Craig was here? He had brought out his photographs and specimens for us to see, and laid them on the table. There were delicate pressed plants and samples of gold dust on the table, but you rushed at the pictures, with your

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usual "What's this?" and seized them, knocking over the dust, and crushing a rare Australian fern.

It was no use to say "I'm sorry," and "I didn't mean to." Nobody supposes you did; but that didn't bring back the fern that the professor thought so much of, or pick up the gold dust. Carelessness is worse than stealing. You don't think so? Would it be worse to take the fern because you wanted it, or to spoil it, because you couldn't keep your hands to yourself? You are like the kings of old, who drove right over people rather than turn their chariots out of the way. Instead of laying hands on whatever you can get hold of, try never to touch anything not your own, unless you are told to.

But Harry's rudeness is not half as offensive as Carrie's. She seems to think it very smart and spirited to say to her mother, with a saucy pertness: "I shan't, mamma, you needn't think I'm going to;" or, "Mamma Kent, I think you're right mean;" or, "Mamma, I tell you I'm not going to have that." I suppose it very refined, after their notion, for the "young misses" of Church Hill, as they like to be called, to talk to their mothers as they would to a chambermaid, only the chambermaid wouldn't endure such language. If the young misses—it is as well to call

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them so, the name fits them, for they are neither nice girls, nor young ladies—if these misses have no respect for the fifth commandment, or love for their mothers, I notice they have an exaggerated dread of being out of style.

Style, I think, stands with some people instead of taste, kindness and conscience, as it is the only thing for which they have the slightest consideration. They would be aghast at their pertness if they knew what very bad style indeed it was, and that the children of the wealthiest and best families are trained to a strictness of respect for their parents, which it would be very hard for the misses of Church Hill to learn.

Respect for one's father and mother, as well as to older persons generally, is the first point of high breeding all over the world. All the most polished nations hold it so. The French, who give lessons on manners to other nations, will show an old woman more attention than they will the prettiest young one. The Chinese and Japanese, who are among the most polite people on the face of the globe, are devoted to their fathers and mothers; and the Turks everywhere pay the deepest respect to an old man. One does not hear the phrase, "the old man," used, except as a title of honor. If you were a young princess or a countess, as you have often thought you would

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like to be, the first thing you would have to learn would be respect for others. You would not be allowed to keep the easy-chair when your mother the queen, or your aunt the countess, came into the room. No matter how tired you were, or how interesting a book you were reading, you would have to rise, put aside what you were doing, and wait quietly till your august relative told you to be seated. If she wanted anything a yard away, and you let her rise from her chair and wait on herself, you would probably be sent away in disgrace, and kept until you learned better manners, more becoming a princess.

If you, Harry, were His Royal Highness of Saxony, and were to marry a queen when old enough, you would have to improve on your present manners to a degree that would make you sick of life for awhile. You would have to learn to pay attention to other people before yourself, to be pleasant when you didn't feel like it, to wait on ladies, and be polite to old men with great gray moustaches and not much to say, because they were high generals in the army, or councilors of state. If you showed temper to His Majesty your father, you would, in all probability, be ordered under arrest, like a common soldier, to teach you to respect authority.

Every soldier, no matter what his rank, must

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learn to obey, and to show respect. Every officer of government, every man of position in the world, has to do the same. The only exceptions are people like the Shah, and the Khedive of Egypt, who are of very little account in the world. They never care about manners, and never do anything they don't want to, if they can help it. The consequence is, they seldom have a good time for their own part, and they never allow others to enjoy themselves at all.

V

PARTY ETIQUETTE

THE kind and thoughtful lady who presides over these pleasant pages hopes I will remember her children who want to know how to carry themselves at parties. When I was a little girl and went to parties, the only thing we thought about was how to enjoy ourselves best, and we tried to do this so hard that we often succeeded in spoiling the whole affair. It takes something more than ice creams, glacé fruit, and "the German," with favors, to make the party a success. The best way that anybody knows to insure a good time, is for the hostess to think of nothing but how to please her guests, and for them to think how to please each other.

But as it is in everything else, wishing to please and knowing how to please are two different things. It is a great mistake for anyone to say that the desire to be polite is all that is necessary to teach politeness. As you grow older, you will see many well-meaning folks who, with the best wish in the world to be agreeable, never know enough to make

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themselves so. Don't be above giving your good will the benefit of training.

What do you want to give a party for? So that you can swing, and dance, and play croquet, eat bonbons and white grapes, or nuts and apples, all you want, and have boys and girls to help amuse you? That is not the idea of giving a party. You ask your friends to come to your house that you may give them a good time, and if you don't care enough about them to put your own likes and dislikes aside for one afternoon or evening, to attend to theirs, you had better not have a party at all. Instead, you ought to ask your mother to let you eat the cake and jellies alone, and hire a boy to come and swing you, or get your two aunts to spend a day amusing you by yourself. If you want other children to see how much better your house and croquet set are than anything they have, or mean to show off your new dress and your mother's fine fruit cake, and the variety of nice things she can spread the table with, you might as well have a doorkeeper and charge admission, for all the politeness there is in your party giving.

It is your place to give pleasure in your own house. Grown people expect to take a great deal of pains to please their guests, sure that they will return the kindness in their own homes some other

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time. If you want your friends to come and enjoy your garden or your house, and are willing to lay yourself out, to make them happy, that is the right feeling to give a party with, and I hope you may give one very often.

If you want to have your party in really good style, don't put on too much about it. Foolish little girls, who tease to have cards printed for their evenings, and call them receptions, should know what Mr. Tiffany's engraver says, who sends invitations for the most elegant people in New York: that a written invitation is always more of a compliment than a printed one, just as it is more of an attention to send a letter to a friend than a newspaper. The only use of a written invitation is to remind people of an engagement that might otherwise slip their minds, or to save their hostess the trouble of going to ask a number of friends in person.

For a pleasant afternoon or evening's fun, your acquaintances ought to find it polite enough if you send to ask them by word of mouth, just as Mrs. Lewis Washington used to ask her neighbors to drink tea, when it was held an honor at the capital to be invited in this informal way by the niece of Washington himself.

If you want a large party, it will be more convenient to write to your friends. An invitation

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should be neatly written on a whole sheet of small note paper, with envelope to match, and sent by hand. I mention these things because young people are apt to be careless about such things, unless they are finical, and just as bad the other way. It is never polite to send an invitation through the post office in your own town, though it may be very convenient, for you cannot be sure of its reaching the person in time, as when it is sent by messenger. Remember these things, for you will find the etiquette the same when you are men and women.

You hardly need a form for the notes. Pray don't put on airs that would suit if you were your own father and mother, but be your own size. It is just as absurd for you to use the forms and expressions of older people, as if you went about in your father's long-tailed coat, or your mother's shawl and gown. You may read these notes from girls of fourteen, and choose which you like for a model.

"The favor of your company is requested at Mrs. Benthusen Jones', Summit Street, on Thursday evening, May 3d, at half past eight o'clock. Dancing.

"R. S. V. P."

R. S. V. P., after the invitation, stands for the French phrase, "*Repondez s'il vous plait*," which means, "Answer if you please." It saves time in

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writing, which is a good excuse for using French or any other language. Be careful in using new forms, however, or you may make as queer a blunder as the lady did whose ideas of abbreviations were somewhat mixed, so that she sent out all her invitations marked, instead of *R. S. V. P.*, with *R. I. P.*, which is a common form that Roman Catholics put on tombstones and at the end of funeral notices, and means, "*Requiescat in pace*," or "May his soul rest in peace," a pleasant wish enough, but one her friends were not ready to see used for them.

The other reads:

"Dear Mary: My friends are coming Friday evening, for a gay time. Of course they won't all be here unless you are. Will you be sure and come? Half past seven, and dancing.
Yours, NELLIE.

27 Rivington Place.

If there is to be dancing you should always give a hint of it, as people like to dress more and in a lighter way for a dance than where there is only music and round games.

The person asked should always send an answer, so that the hostess will know who is coming. After you have promised to go, if anything happens to prevent, lose no time in sending word, so that some one else may be asked to take your place, for there may not be enough to make up a

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play or a dance without. When you give a party, look up all your amusements beforehand, your croquet set, the parlor billiards, the grace hoops, the battledores and the card games, to have them in good order, ready for fun. Look out the music you will want, and remember, you are to play yourself before you ask anyone else. No matter if others play better than you do, it is your place to do your best in some short piece, so that none of your guests need feel that you are saving your modesty at the expense of theirs. But you mustn't try to show off in your own house. Let others appear at their best. You must even dress plainer than the rest, that no one may feel mortified by comparison. But when you go to a party you must put on your best clothes in compliment to the lady who asks you.

If you have a visitor staying with you when you are invited to a party, it is the proper thing to ask permission beforehand to bring her with you, and no polite hostess would think for a minute of refusing the request. If such a thing happened, or your visitor had no dress for a party with her, or anything else kept her from going, either you should all stay away, or one of your family should stay with her to keep her company. I hope you don't need to be told it would be the greatest rudeness to leave her at home alone. If

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you have a friend with you who does not know the hostess, present him or her at once, after you make your own greeting. Say, "Mrs. King," always speaking her name first, "this is Mary Clymer, or Willie Hazard, you told me to bring."

Be near the door to meet your friends, speak to them cordially, give them something to look at, or some one to talk to, and make them feel at home at once. Your mother should be with you to receive the company, for it is her house they come to, and it is her place to make them welcome. Afterward, she may leave you or not, as she chooses. When you go to a party, always speak to the lady of the house first of anyone in the room, when you enter, and to her son or daughter who gives the party, and such of the family as are near, before anyone else. You only need to say, "Good evening, Mrs. So-and-so;" it is her place to say something pleasant to you, and then, unless she keeps you talking, you must move away to give others a chance. It is the part of the girl who gives the party to see that everyone is amused and sociable all the time, not leaving anyone to feel neglected, or showing one person more attention than another. If she sees a shy girl or boy standing alone, the best way is not to say, "You look lonesome," or "I'm afraid you are not enjoying yourself," drawing every-

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body's attention, but find something quietly for that person to do. Ask the boy to show pictures or flowers to another one, stroll that way with another girl and set them to talking, or walk with her yourself, taking no notice of any bashfulness at first, till you make her forget herself. Never forget the plain, shy people, if you want to have the reputation of giving pleasant parties; the bright, lively ones can take care of themselves.

You will find in the next chapter full directions for behaving at a grand party.

VI

PARTY ETIQUETTE—FOR THE GUESTS

LITTLE VISITOR, or one not so little either, your part of the civilities at a party is not so trying as that of the lady who undertakes to amuse you all.

If you go to a stylish party in town, the servant takes you upstairs to the room where you lay off your wraps, before you meet the lady of the house at all. See that your dress is all in order, and your bows pulled out nicely, and not tied in a wisp as I have seen them on little girls at parties, your hair tidy, no stray locks about the ears and temples, and your sash smooth. Of course nobody has to tell you every time you sit you should lift the sash or overskirt, not to crease it. At a party it is the business of everyone to look their best, and a dowdy dress is as much out of place there as slang in church. Dress as well as you can afford to, and with care, so that no pins can come out, and no ribbon become untied, and no flowers drop out, and then you are not to think about your looks any more. Lady Hancock, the

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wife of John Hancock, and one of the grandest ladies of the Revolution, when ladies were more particular than they are now, used to say that she would never forgive a girl who did not dress to please, or who appeared pleased with her dress. You know how absurd it seems to you when a girl goes about looking as plain as words could say, "This is a new dress, and I am completely satisfied with it, and can think of nothing else." Don't flatter yourself that if you feel so it won't creep out. People can see vanity right through one. Nothing in the world shows so plainly, and the only way not to show it is not to feel it. You look and act nicely? Very well, it is something to be glad of, but there are dozens more in your circle of friends who appear as well as you do, or think so at any rate, and there is no use to give yourself airs. Other people think more of their looks and dress than they will of yours, and if you think of yourself every minute it won't make you one whit prettier, or more noticed. The best thing you can do is to forget yourself as soon as you can.

If one of the girls has a pretty dress, have the grace to admire it cordially, and don't be vulgar and envious enough to run it down and say cutting things, even if you think she needs taking down. Have you never heard such talk as this at a party?

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“Did you see that Valenciennes overdress? And doesn't she feel good over it! I wouldn't be as proud as some people are for money!”

“Do you think that cardinal color becomes Sidney French? I can't say it is in good taste to wear such conspicuous colors. But Sid French would wear two kinds of hair to make folks look at her.”

“Should you think 'Titia Gleason would wear that old sage green silk, made over from her mother's? Those Gleasons ought to dress better. Their father is making money, and he could afford to give those girls anything. If I were one of them I wouldn't go out in company at all if I couldn't have as good as the best. My mother says she does like to see folks dress according to the company they keep,” and so on.

The girls of to-day know more than their mothers ever did, or ever will again. The most experienced society woman can say, as Swift's “City Madam” did long ago,

“My little Nancy

In flounces hath a better fancy”

than she has herself.

Parties and dress always go together. Why is it that parties do not always suggest the best and and sweetest of everybody in other ways?

You don't need to be told to wait in the dress-

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ing room, till all those who came with you are ready, so that your party can go down together. You will find the lady of the house, and her son or daughter who gives the party, near the parlor door, and you are to go up to them and make a bow if you are a boy, or a courtesy if you are a girl. It may help you to make a courtesy to remember that it is half kneeling to the person you salute. When you bow don't bend your neck as if you were going to have your head cut off, but bend your shoulders, and don't laugh at anyone who makes an awkward salute. Unless the lady says something to you, the best thing is to walk right away and talk to somebody you know. If you are a stranger, don't get into a corner and stay there till somebody drags you out, neither make yourself conspicuous, but sit just out of the way till the others are introduced to you. If you are overlooked you are at liberty to speak to anyone without ceremony. Don't complain that you are slighted, or say that you find the time dull, but seek for something to amuse yourself with, so that when people come to you they will not have a pouting, insulted child to take care of. Try not to feel too much hurt at what looks like neglect; people seldom intend slights, but they sometimes are careless of their company without really knowing it.

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I hope you don't need telling that it is in the worst possible taste to show spite or insist on your preferences against the wishes of others at a party, of all places in the world. Haven't I seen a girl in flounced silk and embroidered muslin bathed in tears in a side room, with friends hovering over her, begging her to be consoled, offering anything to make peace, and for what? Because somebody had insisted that her way of playing croquet was not the right one, according to club rules, or her bosom friend had perversely played airs from *Madame Angot*, when she wanted to sing her pretty Scotch song. There had been no outburst, only the disappointed one had gone off and grieved till she drew half the party round her to sympathize with her. Girls often think such sentimental airs and tender spirits very interesting, but instead they are very selfish and ridiculous. No matter how much your feelings are hurt or your wishes crossed, try not to show it, and the rest will feel very grateful to you for not spoiling their pleasure with your airs.

The rules for any party are not different from those for behavior at home. You dance and play and make yourself pleasant, just as you do at home always. This ought to put some of you on your good behavior, for, try as you will, and put on all you can, you can't show anything better in

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company than your old home everyday manners. You may set out to be very polite, but unless you are polite every day, the shabby, rough, common style gives all the impression that people get of you. Manners are not like clothes, that you can put on fine or coarse at pleasure, but like your spine and shoulders, that grow straight or crooked, as you carry yourself all the time. And let this be a caution, never to have manners too fine for everyday, or to try to be so nice that you can't carry it out. I mean, don't use too fine language, or try to be too sweet, or tire yourself out waiting on people, just to make an impression. Don't smile at each time you speak to anyone; it looks silly, and you should allow somebody at home to make fun of you a good many times to break you of the habit. Smile when there is anything to smile at, but to grin or giggle when you say any common thing, like "It's a pleasant day," makes you look little better than a fool.

When supper is served, a boy will look for some little girl to wait on, and bring her what she asks for, a plate of oysters or cup of beef tea, which is fashionable for parties now, or some cold tongue first, then cake and jelly with ice creams, and the grapes and candy afterwards, if there are such things. But a gentleman does not take his supper till he sees that whoever he waits on has all that

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she wants first. At a sit-down supper people look out for themselves more. Don't try to eat all the good things you can, and don't carry off anything in your pockets to eat afterwards. Don't be greedy, and what is more, don't speak of it if you see anyone else greedy. Remember the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold my eleven brethren lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrong-doing.

If asked to sing or play, and you can do so, oblige your friends without being urged; but unless very sure you can do well, allow no teasing to lead you to make a spectacle of yourself. Sing only one song or play one air at a time. If anyone else can take your place, let him do so, if not, chat or have a game between the music. Never do anything that looks like showing off, and the more you know the more gracefully this modesty will sit upon you. One never can be sure that the least educated and gifted of the party may not see and know more on some points than the brightest. Never allow compliments to draw you into speaking of yourself, and *never* repeat a com-

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pliment, except in private to your mother or nearest friend, who will take more interest in you than you do in yourself.

In the games and dances, don't choose the best partner always, but give the plain, uninteresting ones a chance, and help them to show their best. Don't allow anyone to laugh at your partner, for that is the next thing to laughing at you. Look at the impertinent boy or girl coolly and gravely, and the giggle will soon stop.

Don't be the last one to go away from a party if you can help it. Find the lady of the house to say good night, and thank her for a pleasant evening if you have found it so. Then, get your wraps, and say good night to those friends you meet on the way. There is no saying good-bye all around where there are many guests. If it is a small, intimate party, you shake hands and make your adieus to each.

I was surprised to find that at the close of the last one of these papers, I had promised to give directions for behaving at a *grand* party. The less children know of grand parties the better, and the more they will enjoy such when they grow up. But these hints may help one enjoy an ordinary evening out, remembering always that "Politeness is good feeling set to rule."

VII

LITTLE GENTLEFOLKS

“IF you please, Great-aunt Thorndike, what’s a gentleman?”

It was little Ralph’s sweet voice which spoke, in the dusk, behind his aunt’s chair, as she sat in the fire-light, with her lace-knitting flying in her slim, white fingers. Aunt Thorndike was a lady of the old school; and who in all the house sat straighter and stepped lighter than she, with her keen wits, kind heart, and clever fingers, like an old fairy?

“Why, Ralphie?” she asked, softly.

“I hear so much about being a gentleman, and what belongs to a gentleman; and in the book I was reading, it said, about a man I like, he was one of the truest gentlemen that ever lived. It sounds nice somehow.”

“So it is nice, Ralphie. The best thing that can be said of a man, or a boy, for that matter.”

“Tell me all about it; what it is and what it isn’t, so I can see if I could be one. Mamma said

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nobody knew better what a gentleman is than you do, for your brothers were all gentlemen."

"Bless the boy!" said the aunt to herself, "is there any flattery sweeter than the flattery of children?"

She bent down and gave a kiss to the fair hair against her knee, partly for the sake of the dear, kindly little head, and partly for its praise of the brave brothers she remembered so well.

One had been an officer in the navy, and died in fight, "A man who never knew fear or wrong," his brother officers said. Another was one of the finest lawyers in his state, and one a sea captain; but all honored and loved, with hearts as brave as they were clean and kind, and kinder never drew breath.

"A gentle man," she began thoughtfully. "What does that mean, Ralph?"

"I know. The teacher said it was just what it sounds, a man who is gentle and nice in his ways, polite to the girls and old women, and never says rude words, nor tries to cheat in croquet or marbles. Is that all, auntie?"

"It doesn't all lie in being gentle," laughed the old lady, "nor yet in being a genteel man, as some folks think it does. It is more than being kind and polite, or nice in manners or clothes, though they all belong to it. It is, first of all, to

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be a man—manly. At the root of the notion of a gentleman lies the idea of being a strong, useful, protecting man; and nothing else has the stuff in it to make a gentleman. In the old time, when the world was divided into two classes, gentles and common people, there were very strict lines for the former.”

“Oh, if I could only find them now!” cried Ralph. “The rules to make a gentleman! Are they written anywhere?”

“They were never written, that I know of; but they were handed down from father to son, and never laws were obeyed as strictly as these. We know enough of them to be sure that the standard of a gentleman in those days did not in many things differ from what it should be to-day. And there is no reason why a little boy should not carry in his heart as stainless a code of honor as a plumed and visored Knight of St. John.”

“There are no knights now,” said Ralph, a little sadly.

“I’m not so sure of that. Things go by working, nowadays, more than by fighting; but they call for the same knightly qualities of courage and endurance that rode forth with spear and crest to the field of battle. What do you think was a knight’s first duty? To fight for the true cross. The next was to serve his king and country. My

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Ralph's work is the same to-day—always believing in God and his truth, and, because you believe in it and cannot help it, working for it and defending it. And, to the day of your death there will be something to do for your country. You must watch that bad principles do not creep in, or bad men get control, and you must count no tax of time or money too great to keep things what they should be for you and those who come after you. This will be your work before many years, even if you never have to go out with rifle and saber to really fight, as your brothers had to. When bad men or careless men say, as they are saying now about many things, 'This is not exactly what ought to be done—it is not doing fairly by what we ought to protect, but it is the easiest way to get along,' there must be one man to say, 'No, the right way is the easiest in the end, and the only way,' if it is only my little Ralph, larger grown. No matter if you are only one for the right. Say your word as becomes a man. The rest may see it and be ashamed; but, at least, you will have your heart and your conscience clean.

“The knight's vow was to succor all who were oppressed, to right all wrongs which he came across, and to help all who stood in need. If a knight came upon any deed of cruelty or injustice,

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he could not say, 'It's no affair of mine—I won't interfere. I may get into trouble by it, and get hurt.' It was his particular business to interfere, and, when he saw a creature tortured, or found a captive in prison unlawfully, or knew of insult offered to a woman, a child's inheritance taken from it, or a child stolen from its parents, as happened in those cruel days, he was disgraced if he did not go at once, with his good lance and his men, and set things right. What he was not strong enough to do he besought his brother knights to aid him in doing; and to refuse this appeal would have cost a knight his honors and his sovereign's favor.

“For a man to draw back from danger, when called to it, was a disgrace; to tell a lie was a deep disgrace; to take a bribe, or allow himself to be influenced by fear or favor, was to be unworthy the spurs he wore, and the society of other knights. I don't see why you could not be a little knight of St. John, Ralph.

“Every good man, every man who is any better than so much straw stuffed into men's clothes, feels these same duties binding on him, in some sort, to-day. To speak the truth, to protect the weak, to be loyal to one's country, and live up to his religious faith, to be brave, and do what is best without looking to see whether one is going

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to make or lose by it, is just as much a gentleman's code now as it ever was ; and whoever falls short of this, no matter how fine and pleasing his dress and manners, is by so much not a gentleman."

"How could I protect the weak? I'm such a little fellow !"

"Not too little to see that neither you nor the other boys torment the old blind dog as he lies on the walk, not too little to pick up the bird fallen out of its nest, or to take a drowning fly out of the water, or to see that the rest do not run away from four-year-old Teddie and leave him crying when he wants to watch the game. You can protect the weak by insisting that the boys play fair, so that the younger ones and the poor players get their share of fun, and never allowing anybody to snub or pick at another, to hurt his feelings, without taking his part.

"Be good to the animals and pets about you, that cannot help themselves. Don't drive the horse too fast when he has had a hard day's work, nor leave the dog and cat unfed or half fed, or the bird without water. They all depend on us for these things, and a gentleman neglects himself before one of these dumb, patient creatures. How many times I have known your grandfather to get out of his bed in the middle of the night, to see that his cattle were sheltered from a

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sudden storm, when farmers about left the poor things to shiver in the wet pastures all night. Your grandmother, too, was the kindest-hearted woman I ever knew. When your grandfather was away, the boys would sometimes forget to water one of the cows that was not with the rest; but, tired with a busy day, and the care of her little children, she would get up at one o'clock at night, dress, and go down in the field with a pail of water in each hand for the poor thing that was lowing its heart away, parched with thirst. She was too tender-hearted to wake the boys, little fellows, sleeping soundly, and tired with work and play; but she could not rest in her own comfortable bed till she was sure that all on her place were as well cared for as herself.

“She was different enough from the man I heard once at his desk, considering whether he should send a check that he owed to a poor woman that day, or wait till it was convenient.

“‘She wants the money, I suppose,’ he was saying, ‘but I shall have to draw another draft on the bank, and the cashier don’t like to make out drafts so late. I guess I’ll let it go. It will be just as good when it comes!’

“So the poor woman had to wait two days without enough in the house to eat, because the man didn’t want the bother of a few words with his cross

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cashier. And he knew that the money was all she had to depend on, and she was in trouble for want of it. He was a kind man, too, in his way. When he had more than he wanted, and it came as easy as not, he wouldn't mind giving a friend a good many hundred dollars, which is more than some folks would do, if they had ten times more than they knew what to do with. But his was not the thorough, unselfish habit of a gentleman.

“O, be kind, Ralph, as you grow up, and do the good that comes to your hand, never stopping because somebody else is not doing his part, or because you have done so much already, or because you get few thanks for it. It isn't the bad things we have done in our lives that alone will trouble us when we look our lives over, so much as the good we might have done, and didn't.

“You wouldn't stone a cat, and drown her kittens to torment her, but who let puss go mew-ing round the house that cold night last winter, and wouldn't get up from his storybook to let her in, when her kittens were freezing out in the loft? You never made fun of Billy Sikes because he had to wear a shawl to school instead of an overcoat, rainy days; but you never tried to get acquainted with him, or you might have known that his father was saving every cent to buy the

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new books that the schoolboard ordered for his next class. And there were your old ones, that you had studied through, and that he could have used just as well as not! I declare, Ralph, I cried when I found out from his mother that she went without medicine for her face-ache, to make up what was wanted. And your old books, and your cap and slate, would have saved those six dollars, and given so much more comfort to the family these hard times.

“It is the fashion now to say that poor people had better starve than ask for help. People say so who never knew what it was themselves to go without a meal, or suffer a real want, in their lives. And Billy could not have asked if any of you boys had old books to spare, without some fine fellow dubbing him a pauper, I suppose; but it puts a heavy responsibility on us who are able to help, if we don't find out who needs it, and see that it is given.

“You had tickets last summer to the excursion, and couldn't go, so you threw them away. The little Wylies cried themselves to sleep because their mother couldn't afford to let them go, and we might have found it out if we had taken pains. When you are as old as I am, Ralph, you won't dare to throw away a chance of giving somebody a pleasure.

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“Then a gentleman is true, true in meaning and intention as well as words. It is fashionable for people to profess great regard for truth, and feel wofully insulted if anyone dares question it, but isn't it seldom you can find anyone you can trust, whether he means to deceive or not? It is the habit of coloring things that makes one a liar before he knows it. It is so in school and out of it, with big folks and little ones. You want to be off with the boys playing, and you are not to go till your arithmetic lesson is learned.

“‘Are you sure you can say that rule?’ your mother asks, as you rush away.

“‘Yes, ma'am,’ you say in a hurry, without thinking very much.

“‘Sure?’ she says again, and this time you say ‘Yes,’ sharply, not exactly caring whether you quite know it or not.

“Somebody gives you a bunch of flowers, and you come home late to tea, wondering what you will say to get off a scolding. A bright idea comes into your head as you walk in at the gate.

“‘Mamma,’ you cry, coming into the sitting-room eagerly, as if you expected a welcome, ‘see what lovely flowers I have for you!’ when, in fact, you never thought of giving them to her till you got home and then only as a peace offering.

“Sammy Richards has drawn a clever picture,

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and you want to say something very nice about it.

“‘Auntie,’ it is, ‘Sammy has done the most wonderful thing! I never saw such taste as he has. It’s really remarkable.’

“Now it’s well done and pleasing, but not remarkable, or wonderful, and you don’t feel that it is, but can’t say as pleasant things as you wish without saying more than you mean. It’s just exaggerating a little. And the next person says ‘wonderful,’ too, and the boys echo what you say, and, before you know it, poor Sammy has such a dose of flattery that it’s no wonder if his head is a bit turned, and you are thinking he needn’t be so very conceited about it.

“There’s nothing like truth and sincerity for keeping the balance of good will. It is a hard lesson for little people to say no more than they think, and yet be always kind about it.

“I remember, when I was a girl, an old English woman calling me to admire a bedquilt she had been piecing, which, to her, was the most wonderful thing in the world. The pink and purple blocks put my teeth on edge with their discordant colors, but she went on with her admiration, winding up with, ‘Didn’t I think it was pretty?’

“I thought it was the ugliest thing I had ever seen, but, like a goose, not wanting to offend the

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old creature, I said 'Yes.' And thinking of it makes me feel small to this day.

"There was an up and down lie told about a bedquilt, not to displease an old woman whom I was willing to tease and poke fun at in all sorts of ways. I might have said :

"'Mrs. Simpson, your taste and mine don't exactly agree about shades; I should like another color with the pink as well, but it is beautifully made,' and so saved her feelings and my own self-respect.

"The smaller a lie the worse one feels over it. The French are called the politest and most complimentary nation in the world, and have been called insincere; but I have noticed, among all those I ever met, a singular care to be quite frank, while saying the kindest things; and in this respect they excel our people.

"A French gentleman, used to very fine music, was making a country call once, when a vain mother managed that her daughter should be asked to sing. The girl consented very good-naturedly, and sang, vilely enough. The friends turned to hear what the gentleman would say, expecting praise of course, while I listened, wondering what he could possibly find to say for such very poor music.

"I never shall forget how gracefully he man-

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aged it. He did not say one word about the music at all, but, 'Miss Blank, your amiability in playing does credit to your execution; and I wish every singer had it, for it would lend charm to greater talents.'

"It was so kindly said it satisfied the feelings of mother and daughter; and, if the silly girl was puffed up by vain compliments to think herself a singer, here was one person with too much respect for her and himself to lend a hand in it.

"You see, a gentleman must have courage. One can't speak the truth in small matters without it, though, if people saw the trouble that comes from the want of it, they would be a great deal more afraid of not telling it.

"And, Ralph, remember that a half truth is worse than a lie.

"Alfred's mother told him not to go to Dick Hassell's house, for he was a bad boy, and she didn't want him to associate with such fellows.

"Alfred came home one day from the direction of the Hassells', and his mother asked him, 'Have you been to see Dick?'

"Alfred said 'No,' as brave as you please, but I heard him telling you boys afterward that he didn't go to see Dick, but just strolled along that way, and Dick came out, and traded three lead pencils and a shirt stud for his new knife.

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“You know it turned out afterward that the shirt stud was stolen from his father’s dressing case. Dick was a very bad boy, but Alfred was quite as mean to pass off such a miserable falsehood on his mother. People usually tell lies to those they are most bound to respect and love. One thing ought to keep you from falsehood, if nothing else will: that there is nothing in the world so useless as a lie, for it is sure to be found out sooner or later.

“Ralph, if you get into trouble, either tell the truth about it, or hold your tongue. It takes courage and endurance to do so, it is true, and is an accomplishment that many people would give fortunes to possess; but I give it to you as a cheap recipe for making the best of a bad matter.”

“What must I do when people ask me questions they have no business to? One day Mrs. Hassell asked me if my sister was going to be married; and I knew mamma wouldn’t wish me to tell her, and I couldn’t say yes, and I didn’t want to tell a story, or say it was none of her business, and I didn’t know what to do, so I ran away,” said poor little Ralph, hanging his honest head.

“You might have done worse, Ralphie. You are not obliged to answer impertinent questions at all. You can’t use your wits to better advantage than to make answers which, while they don’t

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give any satisfaction, are droll enough to carry themselves off. A gentleman never answers an impertinent question, whether he cares about the matter or not; but he turns it off in some light way, without offense. When you are quizzed about family matters it is a good answer to say, 'Ask my mother and she'll tell you.' That's always a safe one for a child, and nobody can find fault with it for being disrespectful. You see it takes courage in this world, Ralphie, to 'hold your own,' as folks say. Your opinions, your secrets, your affairs, are your own, and nobody has the right to meddle with them, except your father and mother, or those who stand in their place to you.

"A gentleman takes care of his own rights as well as if they were another's. Giving them up when there is occasion, is very different from being crowded out of them because you are afraid to defend them. You should learn how to take care of your own little rights in playground or school; assert them, and, what's more, try your best, and, if it comes to that, fight your best to keep them.

"There are worse faults a boy can commit than a square fight for just cause. There is enough shirking in this world, and yielding rights, by good people who ought to know better, because they

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will give away not only their own, but what belongs to others, because they are afraid to fight evil. We want in our boys the spirit that knows how to give up when it is wrong, but holds on when it is right, and never knows when it is beaten.

“To be brave, to speak the truth, to be kind, and loyal to his country and to his God, this is the duty of a gentleman, Ralph. Is there anything here you cannot perform?”

VIII

MISS CHARITY'S LADY

MISS CHARITY WINCHESTER was an old-fashioned lady, whom you would have liked very much to visit, for her beautiful old house and rose garden, and the delightful way in which every body was treated there. You would have dreaded her for her keen eyes that went right through you at first sight, and her sarcastic lip, that never cared whether you belonged to one of the leading families in town, or were everywhere admired for your beautiful manners, or if you won the first prize at commencement, or for any of these things which young ladies give themselves airs about.

If you used fashionable slang, or said things without exactly meaning them, the fine old eyes that were so clear and handsome would grow hawkish, and you were not likely to accept an invitation to Summer-rest, her lovely place, again, in a hurry. People either liked or disliked Miss Charity very much, but, as she didn't care an atom for either, they were usually very glad of her civility.

MISS CHARITY'S LADY

"I always thought Cornelia Dyce the most generous creature in existence," a girl was saying once, "and now I know it."

"Because she was willing to give ever so many cow and duck and dog and goose patterns for cotton flannel, in exchange for monthly rose cuttings you didn't know what to do with?" asked Miss Winchester, in her cool way. "Well, there's a pair of you, but I never knew generosity going so cheap before."

"Fanny Doremus is going to give me her recipe for making those chocolate *éclair*s, and one for graham gems, and they're both *splendid!*" a luckless one said, another time, in her hearing.

"For Heaven's sake don't try them on us then!" Miss Charity begged. "I'd rather have something we could eat!"

The young lady looked questions.

"If it's a sunset baked, or a chip diamond with sifted sugar, it would be apt to disagree with us old people. Gems and splendors sound like hard living!"

"What would you say?" asked the fair one, rather sullenly. "I don't know what to call those graham things."

"They would pass for muffins with anybody who had ever seen a muffin before, provided they weren't too tough. If you can get a good recipe

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for chocolate *éclairs* you will do well. But you poor things are so deep in German and lectures on Chaucer you can't be expected to learn the proper names for common things."

Then Mrs. Lavine, who edited the "Home Circle" for a weekly newspaper, and always talked with a gush, came over one day, in her free and easy way, and, finding the doors open, walked through into the dining room with,—

"Miss Charity, I've brought you a mess of peas from our own garden."

You should have seen the aghast look on Miss Winchester's polite face, for she was always fearfully polite to Mrs. Lavine. "What do you expect me to do with them?" she asked innocently.

"Why, eat them, to be sure. Don't you like peas?"

"Yes," hesitating. "But you said they were in a mess!" with slight disgust.

"Pshaw! I brought you a pan of peas, as nice as ever you saw," said Mrs. Lavine, looking for a place to sit down.

"Oh, if you brought me some peas I'm sure it ought to be kind of you; but when you said a mess I thought you meant something we couldn't eat, and it nearly took my stomach away. Now, Mrs. Lavine, why don't you take these peas over to Mrs. Haight, who has no garden? She would be

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very glad of them, and would take your neighborliness at its full value all the same."

"Miss Winchester! how dared you?" I asked, like a fool, after the visitor took herself and her peas away.

"How could I go on hearing her talk about messes till she sickened me? I remembered my mother turning away a governess, who talked Spanish and Latin like a grammar, because she would use such words. Mother said we might do without another language, but it was important we should know how to use our own as ladies ought to."

"But you refused her peas?"

"I don't like the woman. She is artful, and I don't want to neighbor with her. Would you have me take anything from her, so that she could make another advance on the strength of it? I am the older woman, and have lived here years longer. Her part was to wait for my civilities, not to thrust hers on me. I always hate new people who come with a gift in their hands. I want to see whether I like them enough to take their favors."

"It was such a little thing!" I pleaded, for if she tolerated you at all, Miss Winchester liked great plainness of speech. "I was afraid you hurt her feelings."

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“ There is great talk of hurting people’s feelings nowadays, when it’s only their vanity. Do you suppose I would have sent her away so if she came out of good will? She was rude to old Mrs. Pettel the only time I called on her, and quite slighted the old lady to be polite to me. I always feel as if I should be getting the snubs if my name didn’t happen to be Winchester, and my house quite as big as it is. We were never allowed to eat salt with a snob, or anyone we couldn’t invite to our houses for the love of seeing them.”

“Aren’t you too severe, Miss Winchester?”

“ Is it severe to be sincere, Matilda? How do you feel about it? Because, if you like, I shall have to begin to flatter you to the blush. I *could* do it, you know.”

“ It is so hard to be impolitely sincere to a lady.”

“ Lady! humph!” and Miss Charity was dumb over the teaspoons she was counting.

“ Don’t you call Mrs. Lavine a lady?”

“As you are one by bringing up, and won’t repeat what’s said to you, frankly, I don’t find her one. She is a woman girls like, because she is fond of petting everybody, and talks very sweetly about very fine things, and she dresses correctly; but her enthusiasm don’t sound real. A lady

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may wear imitation lace for convenience, but she never airs imitation sentiment."

"I wish I could know what you consider a lady."

"I might begin by telling you what she isn't, and what she doesn't do. She doesn't walk without knocking into the house of a woman she has only seen once at her own house, even if they have met at parties. She won't call anyone by Christian name till she is asked to take the privilege. And she won't make advances where it is her place to wait. You modern girls have such notions of freedom, that you are only content with upsetting things, and taking liberties, and you don't all outgrow it as women. I have heard boarding-school girls chaff a college president, and quiz a noted but nervous foreign musician, and say pert things to a great senator, imagining they did themselves credit, and repeat their sauciness afterward with pride.

"'Professor,' one of them said, with a flippant air for which her mother ought to have taken her home at once, 'isn't it tiresome to know as much as you do, and always have to carry it about with you?'

"'He was getting borous about his everlasting rocks,' she explained, in telling the story, 'and I gave him notice to quit, as none of the rest dared to.'

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“‘I made him blush,’ another boasted, after a pert repartee to a lawyer of twice her years.

“‘Was he blushing at you or for you?’ one of the others had the sense to retort.

“Don’t you hear of this sort of girl everywhere? There are plenty with brains and a fair education, learned in their neighbors’ conceit, who know nothing themselves, perhaps with a talent for art, but without a tith of good breeding, who carry their offensive, stupid smartness wherever they go. They will invite a Grand Duke to skate with them, write to Bismarck for his autograph, say saucy things to a President, who usually tries to smile as if he liked it, ‘answer back’ the Holy Father himself when they get a presentation, and write letters to the newspapers about it afterward. All which is beneath contempt.

“They are no less condescending to their humble neighbors. No regard seems worth their while unless it is taken by audacity. ‘I found the door of your heart open,’ one of the charming minxes, whom I was beginning to tolerate, said to me once. ‘I walked in without knocking, and I mean to stay.’

“‘I’m *determined* you shall be devoted to me,’ another said, setting her lips and looking straight into my face with her lovely blue eyes. This might be very nice to a schoolboy, or a young

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idiot who didn't know his or her own mind, but to make sayings like this her stock in trade, renders a girl tiresome beyond relief. I'd as lief see a thunder storm coming as one of these assured and overcoming chits, who is always certain that with her looks and position, and her condescension, she can make her civilities irresistible."

"Miss Winchester, what is the secret of being a lady? Is it to be true and fearless like a man, or to be just, or polite and charitable, and always giving up one's self for others?"

Miss Winchester was darning a table cloth. She always did the nice parts of housekeeping, to steady her nerves, she said, and she took time to answer.

"The truest ladies I ever knew had two things so blended that one never knew which to be surest of, their sincerity or their kindness. I never saw a lady, whether she was a girl or a grown woman, who had not the faculty a wise writer calls a 'genius for loving.' It was born in them, and grew with them. It is not that kind of 'I don't know what to do with myself' feeling, that makes girls throw their arms round the nearest friend and smother her with kisses, that is feigning pretty jealousies of others, and saying, 'I wish you could love me,' when one isn't in a mood for sweet stuff. The most loving-hearted girls don't show their

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feelings by any means. They do not love to kiss, or parade affection, but they are kind, O! so kind, to their last breath and drop of strength, to those who need and deserve their care. Kind with the kindness that makes one wise for others' happiness, so that mother looks into the mending basket to find that troublesome torn shirt-sleeve made whole, and the apron finished for Bobby, and father has the room quiet for a long evening, when he wants to read the debates, or to make calculations, and Jennie finds her rain-spoiled dress, sponged and ironed, fresh in the wardrobe, and Mrs. Brown, over the way, sees the children taken out of the house when she has a racking headache, and the teacher knows who will run up the flounces and sew on buttons for the new suit she is hurrying to make out of school hours. There is nothing too homely or distasteful for this sort of girl to do, and she might take for her signature what I saw once in a kind letter of Elizabeth Stoddard's, the novelist, 'Yours, to serve.' The kisses and the love-making may be shy enough with her, but the kindness is for everybody, and it runs very deep. Nothing draws on her help and sympathy so much as to need it most, to be without interest or attraction in any way.

"The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel

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that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world. The greatest praise written of Madame Recamier, the most beautiful woman and complete lady of her own or any other known time, was this," and Miss Winchester's face softened, and her voice fell to a moving key, as she repeated softly the words I afterward saw copied in an old, black manuscript book of hers, and knew that she had loved them. "'Disgrace and misfortune had for Madame Recamier the same sort of attraction that favor and success usually have for vulgar souls.'"

There was the nature of a great lady!

"Miss Winchester," I said, suddenly, "is that the reason you visit that queer, vulgar Mrs. Redward, who lives in such a scrambly sort of way that nobody cares to go near her?"

"No, indeed!" she said, in utter surprise. "Mrs. Redward is one of the most interesting women I know. Trying to take care of six children, alone, with only her painting to depend on, worrying about rent and coal and bills, sitting up nights to do the sewing because she can't afford to pay these high seamstress' prices. No wonder she seems hard and coarse. She says she has had to let the bark grow to keep her from getting rasped to death. She's as true as steel. She never would

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court me a bit, never pretended to like me till we found each other out, and I know we never told each other 'I love you,' in the world, but there isn't a woman who does me so much good as that cross, brave, kind, scolding creature. Call her unrefined? All my new books go over to her, and come back without a mark of wear. I send her roses, and she sits up at night after the rest are asleep to enjoy them—they rest her so. And, poor and overworked as she is, she always has a hand out for somebody worse off. Uninteresting! I wonder at you!"

Then *I* wondered if Miss Winchester, with her satin, and lightning eyes, had not something of Madame Recamier's sympathy for misfortune, and I thought the aprons she had been sewing on were the same check as those the little Redward boys wore. At the same time came a thought of that clumsy, "bounceable" Mary Tucker, who never seemed to know how to behave when anyone took notice of her, and whom we snubbed and passed by at school continually, till the poor girl moped in a settled disgrace. "She never had any bringing up," we said, but why couldn't we remember that, and let her associate with us till she got used to decent manners?

IX

MISS CHARITY'S LADY, AGAIN

WE were a high and mighty set of girls in Havenedge, Miss Charity said, of good family, and prided ourselves on our families and bringing up not more than our ability to see into and through everything in the world. This quickness and sensibility we felt came of "race," and with it an inbred propriety and principle that made it next to impossible that one of our girls could do anything really to blame. Of course, we had the high-spirited faults that belong to generous natures, and rather prided ourselves on them, as they were not common failings. There was a large circle of "good people" in town, the Robbins, who came of old East India merchants, and had a wide house with an observatory, where the owners used to go and watch their ships coming in after a voyage, and the house was full of Indian, China and teakwood furniture, and ivory carvings and silks and crapes hidden away in deep cabinets, and things went on in an easy handsome fashion,

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very pleasant to see. There were the minister's daughters, the Chauncys, the most beautiful girls in the county, whose mother was descended from a great beauty of colonial times, and was the finest lady in Havenedge herself. They were not the richest family in town, but they made it up in being more elegant and accomplished than anybody else, so that it was quite a favor to be admitted to their circle. And there was Mrs. Waite, the senator's widow, whose daughter Henrietta, with her flashing brown eyes and thick hair, was like a very imperious young man in girl's dress, and who was always doing unheard of things in the most unconscious way. There were Commodore Bevan's young ladies, with their English mother, perfect pinks of manners, and, like all the navy people, disposed to hold themselves for all they were worth. And the Stuart Primes, Bowdoin College people, with a fortune fallen to them, which they carried as if born to an earldom at least. My father was Chief Justice, and I went everywhere, especially as my great, great grandfather happened to be one of those poor gentlefolks who came over here in 1600 to make a living, as he couldn't in England. But we never think of those drawbacks now.

We girls all went to a select school, where there was fully as much attention paid to our sitting

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and standing and hemstitching and embroidery, as there was to our history and translation, in which we were obliged to be very thorough, so that you may believe we had an education to be glad of. We were foolish enough to be proud of it, and to value ourselves on our thorough studies and accomplishments, as what people of ordinary minds and sensibilities never could pretend to. We drew and painted in water colors, for each other's albums, and embroidered chairs in fine wool, not the coarse Berlin work you waste your time with nowadays, and we copied verses in delicate regular hands, and transferred lace, and read Italian and sketched, and made our own linen, in the most elegant and particular fashion. One thing was different from the habits of young ladies now; we were never idle an instant. There were fewer novels and papers to read, and less of this endless rehearsing and planning, without which you can get nothing done, and we were never so tired, after planning a charity concert or lawn party, that we had to gossip a whole evening with our hands folded. When we ran in to see each other, or spent the afternoon in conclave, out came the scrap of embroidery, or the fancy knitting, or the chainweaving, and the pretty work went on as fast as our tongues. How we looked down on people who were not so judicious and clever as ourselves!

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It was all right, and a very good example, to be busy and tasteful, and it is a bad falling off that girls are not so thrifty any more, but there was no occasion for us to be proud of our good habits. How could we have helped being what we were, with mothers and teachers, and all that care and money could do for us?

Mrs. Acton, our teacher, was very particular whom she admitted to her school, and we were curious to see the new scholar coming in April. She was a niece of Mrs. Ellis, who lived in the large house overlooking the bay, hidden from the road by its thicket of a flower garden. Our mothers remembered Mrs. Ellis' sister, the delicate, devoted woman who left the city with her bankrupt husband, and went to live with him on a farm in Maine, away from anybody, to be out of sight of friends who had known them in better days. They had never done well, and Mrs. Ellis, childless, widowed and alone, offered to take the second daughter and educate her. The little town where the girl came from was too small to be down on the map, and Mrs. Ellis mentioned, in a call on my mother, that Hannah had never attended any school save a district school in the winter. We would hardly have liked such a companion on any other account, but as Mrs. Ellis' niece, and coming from one of the best families in town, we

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could do no less than admit her and make her welcome. Our mothers had a kindness for the girl from the beginning, as a daughter of a school-mate whom they dearly loved in the old days, and her want of advantages with them was only a reason for more tenderness when they looked at their own favored girls.

But of all unpleasant impressions, that girl had the luck to carry the worst when we saw her. She was larger than any of us, tall, long-armed, with a figure that was all corners, and took up more room than anyone else, because she never knew what to do with her hands and feet. It seemed, we said, as if she had always lived out of doors. She was slow, awkward, and because she was desperately afraid of doing the wrong thing, and didn't know what was right, she managed to get in the way more, and make worse blunders than anybody I ever saw. She had been brought up in a rude, back-country place, with a discouraged, shiftless father, who never wanted his children to go into society as they might have done, which would have worn a little of the uncouthness off; and the mother was too weak and overworked to do more than sigh over the privileges her children were denied.

My mother invited her one evening to meet some of the other girls, and as it was frosty we

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had the last molasses candy of the season for a treat, brought round about eight o'clock, cut up like caramel, in an old China plate. Hannah had been shy all the evening, not venturing out of her seat, but mother was talking to her by the fire, and she was getting on well enough till the candy came. She didn't know what to do with it. It was too hard to nibble, as she tried at first; then, seeing that the rest of us popped the bits into our mouths whole, she did the same, but at first she was afraid to open her mouth wide enough for it, and once in, a dreadful spasm of nervousness, bashfulness and awkwardness came over her, and the candy stuck in her teeth, and she sat, feeling as if she couldn't move her jaws, in an agony of embarrassment. Don't laugh, for this is a real thing I'm telling, and it was no laughing matter to poor Hannah. Mother didn't notice, but chatted away over her red knitting, once in a while waiting for an answer. For awhile the unlucky girl made nods and mumbles, though she knew it was rude, and mother noticed, but passed it over as bashfulness. At last, however, came a question which required an answer. Mother waited, looking directly at Hannah, still dumb with the molasses candy. She tried to choke it down, tried to speak in spite of it, but her mouth was paralyzed with fright; she could only shake her head and point

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to her lips in mute distress. Mother could not understand at all, but, like the true lady she was, saw that something mortified the poor girl, and she went on as if nothing was amiss, taking care not to ask questions till Hannah spoke of her own accord. The dreadful candy melted, of course, in time, and the big child of eighteen confessed, "The candy stuck so, I couldn't speak." Blunt, wasn't it? but it came with such frankness, and honest blushes, that it gave mother a sort of pity for the innocent, clumsy creature. That was only one of her blunders. She didn't seem to know what to say to the simplest questions, and after a long pause, in which she seemed to be making up some fine speech, would utter the flattest, stupidest replies that made one soon give over trying to talk to her. She was not a pleasant neighbor in school, she took up so much room, and would lean against one in class without knowing it, and her warm weight was always drooping forward, or "lopping round," as country folks say, and she took her handkerchief out in the most unconcerned way on the least occasion, and coughed and sneezed so, without the least restraint, that we took quite a prejudice against her. We were trained to be discreet about these necessary things, and never to take out a handkerchief, except in private, and if a cough or sneeze could not be stifled,

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to take it and ourselves out of the way, at once.

We were more particular and intolerant about these nice points than we were when quite grown, for children and girls are often less able to make allowance than older persons who know how easy it is to offend. Gradually we slighted the girl and shook her off, in a way that we thought quite justifiable. She lived among us but not of us, and in her backwoods life I doubt if she was so thoroughly left to herself. We could not help it, we agreed, we could not associate with anyone so deficient, and with whom there could not be the slightest sympathy, or liking in common. She was so childish, or else so serious about nothing. We handed round the very original remark she made to one of us once, when we went to dine with Mrs. Ellis. There was company from Litchfield, and we had been airing our happiest manners and most elegant ways, for we had our assortment, manners for relations, and for school, and for strangers, though we were always strictly well-behaved girls, I hope, or had the name of being so. Hannah sat quite crushed and silent through the dinner, doing everything in her plain matter-of-fact way, with no air at all, and taking a second plate of pudding, which none of us would have done for the world. It would look as if we cared

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for eating, and nothing was so unbecoming to a young lady. After dinner she went into the parlor with the rest of us, and took her seat at once in the bay window, behind the curtain, a habit which we disliked especially, it looked so shy, or so sly, we could not quite tell which. Why couldn't she exert herself a little, and be sociable like other folks? It was unkind, putting all the burden of entertaining her on some one else all the time. Or if she wanted to hear and criticise without being seen, that spoiled any good time where she might be. After a while I stole up to her corner to look out on the bay where the crescent moon was hanging, clear and lovely.

"Haven't you anything to say, Hannah?" I said, to shake her up, as we phrased it.

She made an effort to rouse herself, seemed to search her wits, and tried two or three times to open her mouth. At last:

"Are—you—fond—of—the—moon?" she asked, in such a dry tone that it seemed to me as if she was offering it to me like cheese.

"No, thank you," I said, passing my fine scented handkerchief over my lips, to brush away the disagreeable idea by its fragrance, "unless it is with apple pie."

She saw the point in a moment. She grew more chalky pale, and her eyes fixed themselves

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on my pretty handkerchief, with an expression more like a dead fish, I thought, than ever. I hurried away, but some one else had seen the look on Hannah's face, and felt moved to pity.

Lucy Alvord, our finely trained Lucy, so arch, girlish, womanly, so graceful in company—I don't always call it "society," when I think of those times,—so accomplished, so simple and quick to divine the feelings of those about her, caught that sad look. She saw it wander, as if fascinated, to the puffs and bows of my pretty rose-colored dress, and glance at her own plain dark one, as nice as mine, for Mrs. Ellis dressed her, but without any of those gayeties girls delight in; which, the dressmaker said, really didn't seem to be in her style at all. Then Hannah fixed her hands primly in her lap, and went on with her dull amusement, looking out of the window. In a few minutes she opened a side window and slipped out, and Lucy stole after her.

She went off to the foot of the garden, farthest from the house, and hidden from it by tall shrubs, where the pale roses were sweet in the evening light. Lucy stopped behind a trellis and watched her, not unkindly. The strange girl put her head down against the stone coping of the wall, and kept it there the longest while hidden on her arm. She did not cry, and when she lifted it there

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were no traces of tears, only a wistful regret and patience, as if she had taken a resolve to carry her heavy trouble without complaining. Then she went softy about the walk, piping to some young birds in a tree that seemed to know her and allow her to feed them, and petting the house cat which came out after her and rubbed against her dress.

"You don't mind, old Kitty, do you?" she said, aloud, lifting it to stroke it and lay her cheek against its soft fur. "My one friend," she said in the same patient, simple way, walking up and down with it, stopping to smell the roses and kiss the sweetest of them, as if she were paying them homage.

She was another creature, in this lonely corner of the garden, alone, as she fancied. Her movements, commonly so uncertain and heavy, were gentle and smooth, her face sad, with the shadow yet resting on it, but clear of being watched or observed, and the way she bent to the cat or the roses had a homely grace as far from coarseness as it was from elegance. To stay watching her a single instant longer, when she thought herself alone, would have been unpardonable in Lucy's eyes, and she stole upon her delicately, shaking a rose over her head in girlish fashion.

"Guess who holds the rose?" she cried softly.

Hannah turned, and the light was dying out of

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her face, but Lucy was determined not to lose it if she could help it. There was something interesting about the Ellis girl, after all. She had feelings, probably, being human, and might feel as well as finer people when she had pins stuck into her. Her manner was nice and kind when she was by herself, and perhaps there might be something to her after all

So Lucy tried a little charm she had, that had been known before to drive bashfulness away, and thaw frozen natures. It was a very unconscious secret. She only treated people just like herself, in a quiet matter-of-course way, not familiar, but as if she had been on speaking terms with them all her life. It worked well now, for Hannah found she was being talked to without the trouble of having to answer, till she forgot her dread.

“Let’s sit down on this wall, and watch the ships a minute. Won’t you spoil your dress if you don’t lift it?” gathering her own skirts up daintily, as she sprang to her place. “I like to see the white edging peep out under a dress, so ladyish and neat. Mother says I think more of my white skirts than I do of my dresses.”

She said it to make talk, more than anything else, but the next minute she was sorry, when she saw how very plain Hannah’s skirts were,

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with none of the frills and pearly tating that we delighted in. She turned the talk as quickly as she could, making a note, however, for Hannah's benefit. She gathered roses growing over the wall, and put one in her hair with a turn of the hand, and offered some to Hannah. She drew back.

"Not for me. They will do for you, but they wouldn't for me."

"Why not for you as well as for me?" asked Lucy, wondering.

"I never can bear to wear roses," Hannah owned, dropping her voice, "I'm so dreadfully plain."

"Nonsense," said Lucy,—she could say "nonsense" in the sweetest tender way—"nobody is plain, unless they allow themselves to be. You don't know yourself when you say so. I'll show you the difference; let me loosen this hair—there!" and a warm deep pink rose was hanging from a braid behind Hannah's ears, and another at her throat. It was a touch that made her look girlish and fresh, with the color rising in her cheeks at the daring, and call attention to herself.

"Aren't you coming in?" said Lucy, rising to go. "Old Mrs. Ward was saying she knew your mother years ago, and hadn't had a chance to

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“speak to you. It would be a charity for you to go and make yourself pleasant to her.”

Hannah looked amazed at the idea of her making herself agreeable to anybody.

“I never know what to say to anyone,” she confessed.

“Just go and sit down by her, the first chance, and tell her Lucy Alvord said she was an old friend of my mother’s, and I wished she would let me know her too. I should say I knew all there was to be said about my mother now, but I wanted something fresh about her, such as Mrs. Ward could give me. It wouldn’t be pleasant to remind her of her age by saying, as a girl did once, she wanted some old news of her mother. Then I might go on talking, I should think, about fifteen minutes, with that little send-off, and if I didn’t ask her questions in a string, or act as if I wanted to get away, and let her talk all she wished without interrupting her, she would go away feeling that I was a very agreeable young lady. Only I should tell her something to make her laugh, for old ladies like to have young ones amuse them, and they dearly love funny stories.”

“I wish somebody was always by to tell me what to say,” said Hannah, ruefully. “I don’t know what would be interesting, and I get nervous and my wits fly, and I’m just as likely as

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not to say the first stupid, foolish thing that comes into my head."

"Don't you ever have brilliant conversations with yourself, afterwards, Hannah," asked Lucy gravely, "and think of all the smart things you might have said, and feel so sorry you can't try over again? I often do, but it will come out sooner or later, and it will with you. Well, we're not that sort of people who, the more they talk, the less they say."

This whimsical bit of consolation did Hannah a world of good, as nonsense often does, where sober reason fails. She raised courage to sit down by Mrs. Ward, and though she sat in a heap, and joined her hands together as if they couldn't lie any other way, still it was a beginning, and she felt greatly encouraged about it. For once in her life, she had known exactly what to do, and felt sure she was doing it, which settles nerves and fidgets better than anything.

The next day, Lucy went over to the Ellis garden, for a chat and lounge on the stone wall, which she declared was pleasanter than their own, at least she professed to want a change of air. And as she had a new pattern for skirt trimming, very pretty and very easy, it was natural she should offer to show Hannah how to make it, and propose that they should begin a piece at the

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same time. Hannah's hands were, not to say soiled, but tinged from the slate in school.

"I want to show you some of cousin Margaret's work," said the wise Lucy. "She always has her work so white, it looks as nice as when it first came off the spool. I'm trying to keep mine so. Here is the first piece I ever did. Mother makes me keep it, to show how work ought not to look," and she held up a discolored bit that would tempt no one to handle it.

"I never did much fancy work," said Hannah ruefully, "but I never could keep it nice."

"Margaret has let me into the secret of it. You want to wash your hands every time you sit down to work, with nail brush and soap, and keep the thread and work in a clean handkerchief, and when your hands grow moist, rub them with a few drops of cologne, or dust them with French powder."

The hint was not lost on Hannah, whose hands after that were scrupulously and delightfully clean, a beauty school girls cannot always boast.

"Have many of the girls called on you yet?" Lucy asked, when they were deep in *picot* and pearl stitch. "I'm afraid you find it lonesome—in Deephaven."

"I suppose they don't care to call on me," Hannah said, ingenuously. "I know I'm differ-

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ent from the girls here, and I don't expect it. But it is very dull."

"How do you mean you are different?" asked Lucy softly.

"You can see, can't you? I'm awkward and queer," said Hannah, looking up with a hope of contradiction in her eyes. It was a pardonable weakness, if it could be called so hard a name.

Brave Lucy. She was the kindest soul that ever breathed, but she could not palter with a fact or insult Hannah's good sense by denying what was too plainly true. She hesitated a minute, but the words came as a matter of course.

"You do act queerly, sometimes, but I don't know anything easier than for you to learn to be as nice as anybody."

It was said so simply that it took away the sting. The next minute, how glad Hannah was she had spoken so frankly.

"Could I learn to be like the rest?" she asked eagerly. "I wish I had anybody to show me. I feel somehow as if I could be like folks, if I had the chance, if some one would take the pains to teach me."

"I'll teach you all I know, which is more than I *do*," said Lucy in her droll fashion. "There! If you'll let me tell you a thousand times, what to do and what not to do, till you are sick of it, and

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if you won't say anything about pains or trouble, I don't mind giving you the benefit of mother's training. You see we've been taught how to sit, and stand, and talk, and behave ourselves, since we were in short frocks, and its ground into us—what we have learned."

"I can't wait years to learn," said Hannah, ruefully. "I need to know all these things at once."

"Well, I should think, being older, you could take them easier than we did. Besides, manners, like measles, are catching."

"Oh," implored Hannah, with a face of the deepest gravity and earnestness, "*would* you have the kindness to go over me and tell me all my defects and just what I need to cure them? I should be so thankful. I should worship anyone who would do that for me."

Our Lucy was too sincere herself not to enter into the spirit of Hannah's trouble. She saw that the girl's rough manners were spoiling her happiness, and likely to lose her every friend she might have. There was no trifling with such a case. She did not laugh, or giggle, or shrink, as many girls would have done, in dread of hurting Hannah's feelings, and try to make her think she was well enough as she was. She knew she would give next to everything she had, if anyone would do for her what Hannah asked, if she needed it as

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badly. So they went at the work of criticism in too great earnestness to think of feelings.

"You must try to look different," Lucy began. "Don't look as if you hadn't a friend in the world, because if you haven't, you don't want everybody to know it. And you don't want to smile every time you're spoken to, or to move your hands and feet. And you must learn to say something besides 'Yes mam' and 'No mam,' and 'I suppose so.' And you don't want to be so long getting out what you want to say, and you needn't jerk your words, as if you had to speak in a flash. And if I were you, I would let down the side of my dress so that it would hang even, and put a new binding on the cuff. Mother says seamstresses always have frayed edges to their gowns, because they are so busy about other folks' sewing they can't do anything for themselves, but they are the only ones who have an excuse for it. And if you should take a good look in the big glass every day, I think you would find out several matters that I wouldn't have to tell you. And don't say wash-dish, because there are different names for the different sorts of dishes; call it a wash-basin. And you don't want to say Saint John every time, but speak it soft and lightly, S'nt John. If you can remember all that with once telling, you will have the whole in less than a month."

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After that, Lucy had Hannah so much we began to wonder what she could see in the girl. "You will see too, some day," she would say, with her sweet smile and arch toss of the head, for there was no denying Lucy was airy, in a charming way. She was training Hannah in those hundred little things that girls take from each other. For an opening she went over to Hannah with a very pretty easy pattern for skirt trimming she was going to make herself, and put Hannah up to working some like it with her. Lucy not only showed her how to take the stitch, but insisted on washing her own fingers before they began, and, of course, had Hannah do the same, and put cologne on her hands to keep them from getting moist and soiling the thread, and taught her to keep the work in a fresh handkerchief, for fear of dust, and took out some of her cousin Margaret's beautiful tatting lace, perfectly white and neat, and some of the maid's beginning, dark with careless handling, that she might see and feel the difference. Hannah took the notion of being dainty about her hands and wrist ruffles directly. It was Lucy who showed her how Mrs. Howland from Boston, who had such bewitching style, taught the girls to enter a room as French ladies do it, and rehearsed the motions for fun, till Hannah was perfect in it. And what should Hannah do one evening, em-

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boldened by her success, but surprise her aunt, who was having callers, by a display of such unheard-of manners as utterly astonished and delighted that lady. Lucy insisted on dressing Hannah for tableaux one night at her own house, and with clever hairdressing and costuming made her so nearly pretty that the girl took a respect for herself for the first time in her life. Lucy taught her how to make a bow properly and pin it on, how to carry her hands, and to sit with her feet under her gown, and what nothings to use in opening conversation, in short, how to act "like folks."

I went away to Boston, about the time the lessons began, and was gone two years, when one day Aunt Sturtevant came home with a surprise for me. She had met Mrs. Ellis and her delightful niece on the street, and they were coming to lunch, and to tell me the Havenedge news.

"Delightful niece," I said to myself. "It must be on her husband's side of the family, then."

"She has been abroad, by the way she gets out of a carriage," I thought, catching a glimpse of them as they drove up. "I didn't think a Havenedge girl could put on as much style."

Style! The word is spoiled to express the walk and bearing of the lovely girl who came into the room directly, she moved so easily and softly, without affectations or mincing, free and direct in

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her movements, but gloriously graceful and sure. Aunt Sturtevant said it was a pleasure to see her come into a room and sit down on a sofa. She floated when she walked, with firm, smooth steps, and when she took a seat the lines of her dress flowed about her as if copied from a picture. The first thing that came into my head was, "She looks as if she had ten thousand a year." Ten thousand meant more then than it does now. There was a bright, generous, assured air about her, as if born to the command and ease of wealth. The next moment I knew her, and showed my surprise a little.

"Ah, Chat, dear," she said archly, coloring a little, "you don't need to alter so that your friends won't know you," and that was all she ever said about the change, for she had a pretty pride of her own that would not tolerate having her qualities talked over in her presence. She wasn't quite handsome, but she had the simplest and most superb manners I ever saw.

Mrs. Ellis was very proud of her, and took her everywhere that season, and the Harvard students we met called her "the elegant Ellis." Everything she did, from handing a book or fingering the piano, to drawing out a shy, unappreciated girl or boy, or man for that matter, was done so simply and delightfully that it seemed the only way to do it.

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She was very bright and sensitive, but very ignorant, when she came to Havenedge, and she was so nervous that she couldn't do as well as she knew how. She would have stayed so, if Lucy hadn't had the charity and candor to tell her what was wanting, and help her to correct her faults. I must tell you more about "the elegant Ellis," sometime, and you'll agree that it was hard to tell which was the true lady, Lucy or Lucy's pupil.

X

WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

AN anxious mother writes that she hopes something will be said to show the older children how to amuse their brothers and sisters. The suggestion is gladly followed, for the sake of the mothers whom it may relieve, the small ones who will be better cared for, and the big brothers and sisters who may find their work lightened. For it is hard work to take care of little children, and I, for one, would rather do the closest day's work that ever befell me in any other shape, than watch and amuse a child for half a day, as far as fatigue goes. Children, it takes the light heart and the strength of the older generation to get you ready to live, and then you sally forth to enjoy life, while we old folks have nothing left but to creep away in our graves and rest. You don't know, you don't care. But when you have the chance of helping an older person, by taking a care, or running an errand, do it freely, for you know neither how great the burden is, nor how a

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little lift relieves it. Perhaps it does not sound heroic, or fine, to take the children out of the way, and keep them out of harm and in a pleasant temper an hour or two, but you are doing quite as much and as worthy work as the girl who shuts herself up to practice brilliant music, or the gifted one who paints in water color, and makes the ten-dollar bills for herself by it. There is a wonderful amount of cleverness in the world among great and small, but there isn't so much help as there ought to be with it. So, when you are ambitious to make beautiful toilet sets, and fern pieces, and spatter-work, so that your table at the fair will take in as much money as larger ones, or if you sigh to be learning telegraphy, or design, like other girls you know, who are so independent already, remember, when the call comes for you to lay these things aside for home duties, without a grain of pleasure or credit in them in your eyes, that no work in the world tells as much for others, or is half as valuable. Nothing makes such contented, honored women as to know how to do all these mean and tiresome things, as well as the bright and entertaining ones. What you may find in this short lesson, is worth all the rest I have told you, put together.

You must learn how to take care of children and amuse them, to make it pleasant for them and

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yourself. The best feeling in the world is thrown away if you don't know how to show it. If there is a baby to keep for an hour, find out whether it has been asleep lately, or if it is near its time for taking a nap. If it is growing tired and fretful, very likely it needs to sleep, whether it wants to or not. Begin by making the little thing comfortable, if you want any comfort with it. See if its feet and hands are warm, and its little body about the waist. Babies are often chilly in warm weather, because the air creeps under their clothes, and it never fails to make them cross. Then you want to rub its little body gently till it grows warm, not rubbing briskly, but moving your hand softly, and letting it lie warm on the skin. If the baby is too heated, and the drops are about its chin, and its face flushed, bathe it gently about the neck with fine soap and tepid water, passing the sponge and lather gently under its chin and behind its ears. Babies love to be bathed three or four times a day in warm weather. But you must be careful to keep it out of a draught, for the fine thread of air that comes from the crack of a door can chill a baby, when it is being washed, enough to bring on serious consequences. Remember when your baby sneezes, it is getting too cold, and for a baby to be chilly means a stomachache or headache at once. You want to take pride in having your

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baby comfortable and well-kept while it is with you.

The only notion some people have of amusing a baby is to toss and bounce it, till it gives up crying for want of strength, and goes to sleep, as tired out as you are after a long, leg-aching walk. A baby's life is one of a good deal of suffering at best, and you have no idea how it can be tormented by rough handling and loud noise, and bright light in its eyes, and getting too cold or too warm, with not a hand to help itself. Now a baby likes to be petted much as a kitten does, and if you get it warm and snug and comfortable it will thank you as pleasantly as a kitten; let this advice guide you, never to toss or frolic with a baby unless it shows signs of feeling like it, by crowing or springing, as it will when it feels well enough for fun. Otherwise, it prefers to lie on the lap and be stroked, and have its back rubbed, which is a perfect luxury to all babies, or to be sung to, not loud, but in soft, sweet tones, crooned over it. If it is rebellious at leaving mamma and screams, wet a handkerchief in water warm enough to feel pleasant to your own eyelids, and blindfold the little rebel with it, laying a soft towel over the whole head to keep it warm. I have blindfolded my baby this way many a time, and quieted him in two or three minutes. It is one of the best

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ways of soothing a child off to sleep, for it cools its little irritable brains and quiets its nerves. The baby will fight against it lustily for a minute or two, but when it finds it can't get the bandage off, it gives up, and very soon will be cooing itself to sleep. If you should sing to it while quiet this way, and loosen the handkerchief gently, you will find under it a baby thoroughly tranquil and good-humored, ready for play, or such conversation as you may attempt. An amusement my baby used to relish very much, that I called his incantation, was to lay him on the bed, flat on his back, and stroke him with both hands from head to foot over his long gown, singing to a monotonous tune :

“ His mother will smooth him down, smooth him down, smooth him down ;” a performance that used to send him off in shrieks of delight. I suppose it was soothing to him, and suited his sense of the grotesque, for babies have a strong sense of the absurd. Then they love to have something to do, a spray of leaves to strip, or a flower to pick to pieces, or a heap of sand or bran on a newspaper to poke in, or a ball to roll with somebody to make up the game. To save yourself running to pick it up, make a return ball, with string enough fastened to one side to draw it back, no matter what corner it rolls to. A dog

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or cat, covered with an old scrap of fur and stuffed with down, will be a favorite plaything, and a heap of fine paper clippings, that blow and scatter when it grabs them, will amuse a child highly. Don't feed it, unless you are told to, or it is time for its dinner. But you may give a baby and the whole house relief, when it is fretful from teething, by picking the tiniest fragments of ice off a lump with a pin, and putting them in its mouth. A wise doctor told me to do this, and it made one baby happy through his trying time, anyhow.

The bits must not be any thicker than the pin itself, so as to melt immediately in its mouth, and it will cool the swollen fevered gums and stop its fretting like magic. Be patient with the baby while it is teething. Do you know its little gums ache then just as a boil does when it is coming on? and most of you know how that feels. The doctor said it was safe to give a baby all the ice it would eat in fine bits, for it melted and was warm water before it was swallowed, and could do no harm, but much good.

But it isn't always the baby you are called to amuse. There are such members of society as six-year-olds as I painfully know, for such an one has just laid his head on the pillow in the room across the hall. The six-year-olds have such life and spirits they can run us grown people off our

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feet, and race us out of breath, and call for stories till one's brains give out, worse than with making conversation for a room full of company. I have to devise and search and contrive to be good company for those lively wits and limbs asleep there on mamma's bed, after a day's tramp following a hunting party, half way to Mamaroneck and over by the beach, dinnerless but for some apples he found in the wood. A square of silver perforated board and a worsted needle full of pink zephyr used to keep the little fingers busy, on rainy days, and you will find that children four years old can work their patterns for a shaving case or a match lighter, with great satisfaction, particularly if it is to be a "s'prise" for somebody at Christmas. That same small boy rips most of his mother's old seams for her, and never was known to cut a stitch, or to grumble over the work if he could have a cheerful talk thrown in.

Children like to be useful and feel that they are accomplishing something, and they can do more than we suppose, if they only have somebody to work with them. So find something for your little folks to do, if it is picking up apples or pulling weeds with you, or folding newspapers, or picking and shelling peas and berries or the currants for cake. They have sense enough for it, only you must not keep them long at one

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thing, unless of their own accord. Twenty minutes is a long time for them to work, and you will be wise in suggesting something new as soon as the signs of weariness begin. Always give them a little task, however, that they must finish, and put them on their pride about it, so that they will learn steadiness by degrees.

Then do let them play. If they are noisy and troublesome turn them out-of-doors, and let them romp. They need not be rude if they do romp. And dance with them. I never saw a child that did not love to have its hands taken by an older one, and swing and hop round to a tune, the faster the better. Sawing wood, by crossing the wrists and taking hands, and drawing them back and forth, or wringing the dishcloth, with arms overhead, as every child knows, is fun, but bean-bags are, perhaps, the best fun for small people. They can catch a bag better than a ball, and it does not give such hard knocks. Dressing up in a cocked hat, sash and epaulettes, cut out of newspapers, has all the delight of a masquerade to the small fry. I know of nothing so absolutely exciting as painting small faces with colored crayons, with a cast-off rooster's feather in the hair, a shawl for a blanket, and playing Indian in earnest. Measuring heights against the door is always entertaining, so is playing postman with a bag of

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letters. But there are some pleasant games that will better amuse a quiet hour.

The boys in some of the West Side wards in New York, treat the town to wonderful processions Thanksgiving mornings, that recall the ancient masques or mummerly of old English times. They turn out in bands of fifty or a hundred, divided into companies, in different costumes. Indians, Brother Jonathans, with striped coats of bed ticking, and tall white hats, powdered for the occasion. Dutchmen with red waistcoats and stuffed figures, plantation negroes and military. Where all the war paint and feathers come from is past telling, but it is one proof of a universal taste among small fry, and those not so small, for dressing up in any character not their own.

If you undertake any such dramatics, a soft brick powdered will yield rouge for several fierce Comanches, and scalps of raveled hemp cord will furnish broomstick lances. Two or three masks, such as sell in toyshops for five cents, will be invaluable.

There are merry English games, amusing to all ages, that the youngest can join in, and some day I should like to tell you of them; but as "Robin's Alive" and "Housekeeping," "Blindman's Buff" and "Cat's Cradle" are not yet exhausted, and riddles and "Mother Goose" keep their charm,

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you will find enough to make the younger children happy, with a judicious supply of Indian, fairy and bear stories, with plenty of growling thrown in. Make each one tell some story in turn, which will give you a rest. They can do it after a fashion, and it will be a good exercise for their memory. I meant to tell you the rest of the games and occupations laid up for my "Little-boy," which is one of the two dozen pet names of the six-year-old, whose silver board and rainbow wools lie on the Lilliputian table by my side, relics of a rainy day's pastime. But, come to think, it would take a book to tell them all, and I might want some coaxing to tell them between now and next Christmas.

XI

MANNERS AWAY FROM HOME

TO be invited by one's self for an old fashioned visit, is one's first taste of the world. To have the traveling bag packed, and the sandwiches, and the lady cake to look genteel, not forgotten, with a magazine and a shawl strap, duster or ulster, and a satchel with a worked canvas cover, a bouquet and a paper of caramels, to be put in care of the good-humored conductor, and whirl off on the train alone, is a delicious experience which seems to taste all the honey of life in one's mouth at once. On these visits one first learns to feel his own responsibility for himself, and there is a great luxury in being on one's good behavior with no special calling to account for it.

It is a safe rule on the cars, or in journeying alone ever so short a distance, not to speak to strangers. A girl especially had better be distant to the verge of uncivility than fall into the other extreme of making acquaintances on short notice,

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exchanging cards and addresses and getting up correspondence with people she knows nothing about. The girl who can do such things has very little respect for herself. To say the least, it looks as if she had not friends enough of her own, or only cared for novelty, neither case being creditable to her disposition or bringing up.

But there is a loose change of civility one may carry on a journey, to spend in making time pleasant for one's self and others, and be none the poorer for. When an old lady, or one not so old, ventures a civil remark, or an old gentleman good-naturedly tries to divert himself and you by a conversation, it isn't for you to draw back and put on offended airs or give up to native bashfulness. Remember the privilege that has just been put upon you, of being a "citizen of the world," and answer to your duty, which is, not to show yourself off, or make an impression, but to just be pleasant. You will soon learn what people it won't do to be sociable with. Strangers who begin with a string of questions, "Are you traveling alone?" "How old are you?" "Have you a mother?" or "Come from such a place," may be well-meaning folks whose only idea of getting up a conversation is by asking questions enough for a geography lesson, or they may be as undesirable to have anything to do with as the wolf that

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met Red Riding-Hood. It makes no difference. You are to answer no questions about your business, or destination, from strangers, and well-bred ones know better than to ask you. Be very civil about your assertion, for it is cruel to hurt the feelings of kind ignorant people, who would do better if they knew how, and impertinence is worst punished with politeness. When the inquisition opens with the stereotyped "How far are you going?" or the blunter "Where are you going?" don't put on the airs boarding school girls love to practice as "hauteur," and look as shocked as if you had been asked to steal. There is no occasion here for these grand airs which will come appropriately, perhaps, three times in the course of your whole life. It is enough to say, very gently and quietly, "not far," or "some distance," as it may be, then turn around and look square away from the questioner, take up a book or gaze out of the window, and refuse to hear any more cross-questionings. If you want to know anything about the journey, ask the conductor or porter, or appeal to the oldest lady or gentleman in reach. Don't say "excuse me," for asking a necessary question which you have a perfect right to put. Don't go about the world apologizing for being in it, but keep excuses till they are needed. There will be occasion enough for them. "Please tell

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me," or "Will you be kind enough to tell me this or that," is good form.

I take it for granted you are not one of the lunch-eaters, who begin on caramel as soon as the train starts, and keep nibbling all the way. Nor are you one of the selfish people who take up a whole seat in a crowded car with themselves and their parcels, or one of those stupid thoughtless ones who allow a timid stranger to go looking for a place through a car without a motion to give up the vacant one at their sides. As for the girls or women who think it clever to murmur "this seat is engaged," meaning it is engaged for their own convenience, they should be put in the same class with the girls at dancing school and not of it, who are always "engaged" not to do anything they don't wish to do, and all sent to a country by themselves where decent people could never be annoyed by them. No fair-minded person would ever exchange a second word with any girl caught in such a trick.

The child or person who does not mean to take his share of the annoyances and inconveniences of life, deserves to be served as the bees treat their drones, stung to death and cast out of the world.

If your friends know you are coming they should send some one to meet you at the station, and this is an attention you must be careful always

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to show your guests. To allow a visitor to find the way to and from your house alone, when he has taken the trouble to come and see you, says very plainly that you think his visit of little account. In the last few miles of the journey, make yourself as neat as possible, which is easy to do if you go in a reserved car. Wash the dust off, smooth your hair, put on a fresh collar and brush and shake your clothes in the dressing room, for you don't want to hurry from your friends to your room before you can be fit to be seen.

When you go on a visit, especially the first time, anywhere, have it fixed how long you are going to stay, and let no common urging induce you to make it longer. Better go away before people have had enough of you. It is better to let your friends know how long you mean to stay, after you arrive. They will want to know how much time they have to plan for, whether they can take you separately to see the shipyards and the lower bay, and have a picnic and a dance, or whether they must make the most of your day or two, and crowd the pleasure. All the same, I don't think it sounds well to hear people ask, before their visitors have spent their first evening with them, "How long have you come to stay?" If such a question were put to myself, the answer

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I should want to make would be, "Till the stage can take me away by the next train." How much better it sounds to hear, "I hope you've come to make us a good long visit," or "Now I want to know how much time I'm to have with you." That you may never hear these words spoken any way but sincerely, it is a good rule never to go anywhere without special invitation, certainly never without sending word you are coming. Unless very intimate with people, make visits to them only when they set a day and time for you to come, then you know they want you. There are plenty of Delight Sanborns to say sweetly, "Why *don't* you ever come and see me? Come *any* time, I shall be *so* glad." When they really don't care whether you ever come or not. But when Delight says, "Won't you come next Wednesday and stay to tea, and we'll go on the lake in the evening," you may be sure you are wanted. Or when she writes for you to spend Commencement week with her, you will be pretty sure to be treated with Delight's very best, for she meant that invitation. "Come and see me sometime," is a careless invitation, that sounds pleasantly enough, but isn't very complimentary either to the giver or receiver. It means, "I like you well enough, and, when everything is just right, and nothing better at hand, I shouldn't

mind finding you about to amuse me, but it isn't the least matter."

Remember, before you get into the agonies of doubt that beset even well-bred children as to whether they ought to accept the politenesses showered on them away from home, this thing or two :

People who come to see you, compliment you by liking to be with you, and when they lay aside other pleasures and occupations to come when you want them, you should feel like giving them all the pleasure possible in return. The best seat, and the choice whether to walk or ride, or play, should be offered them, and not merely offered, but given, and left for them to take. You *wish* to make everything pleasant for them, and it doesn't seem gracious when they run against your polite efforts, and won't let you be as kind as you will. Put yourself in the same place when you are visitor. Don't make things awkward for your entertainers by refusing the best seat in the carriage when there are no very much older ones to take it, or by obstinately refusing to say whether you prefer to go fishing, or stay at home, or by declining a lunch sent to your room with kindest intentions. When the choice is offered you in anything, make it. It isn't even polite, when asked what part of a chicken you will have at dinner, to

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say "anything you please," or "I'm not particular," which used to be thought a genteel speech. You are to save other people the trouble of choosing for you, and say what you will have, making some choice, though really not particular, as you might say.

When I was young, I used to be deeply concerned sometimes lest the people I was visiting offered more than they really wished accepted. Whether they really meant me to have the second slice of fruit cake or mince pie, whether, when they told me to open the bookcase and help myself to story books, they wouldn't prefer the books should go untouched, whether they did really not mind if I took a gallop on one of the horses, or practiced on the piano of a morning, were such doubtful points as took away all the pleasure of doing what I liked, so that I "snatched a fearful joy" in doing anything I liked. And as signs of similar sentiments are yet to be found in the younger generation, it may reassure some shy boy or girl to know that we have no business to think whether our friends mean what they say. We ought to take their word for what it is, and not go back of it. If you take no liberties that you're not invited to, you may take as many offered ones as you please, and be sure your friends will find it all right.

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There are civilities offered sometimes which you should *never* accept, and those are the privileges of persons much older than yourself. Grandmamma, with the politeness and self-denial that comes so easily to elder age, after practicing it a lifetime, will offer you her chair by the fire because you are a visitor, but you must not *think* of taking it. It is compliment enough to you that she offered it. The mother may desire you to keep the easy chair from which you rise as she comes in, but you will not resume it unless there is a better one for her in the room. Nor will you keep the newspaper for the first reading when the father waves it back to you. At a crowded reception in Philadelphia, years ago, the elegant Mrs. Blodgett, still celebrated for her beauty, insisted on giving up her seat out of compliment to a young stranger just presented to her. Her courtesy, though cool, always meant something, and the offer was repeated in such a way that it seemed a rudeness to refuse. But it was a comfort to hear Doctor John Wardour, the delightful savant and finished gentleman, say with decision as he walked away, "That was right. You could not have taken her seat with any degree of politeness," though he had been watching the little strife of compliment without change of a muscle to help a novice out of a dilemma.

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Lessons by such teachers never lose their stamp.

In return for the attentions your friends show you while visiting, you will be careful not to put them out by habits and hours different from theirs. When you go to bed, ask what time you shall get up, and what is the breakfast hour, and let anybody else keep the table waiting, but not you. Dress neatly, but quickly, and learn to get ready for a drive or walk in the briefest time. How Lucy used to try my patience when she came to stay all night with me! Hours in a boarding house are fixed, and the breakfast bell would ring, and breakfast time go by, with that child dawdling over her shoe-strings, stopping to talk with her hands clasped round her knees, engaging in a pillow fight or two, and braiding her long hair leisurely, while the chambermaid knocked with, "Mrs. Putney says it's a quarter to nine, and are ye not coming down for breakfast," till finally, by taking matters in hand myself, we crept down to cold coffee and gristly steak, with the forenoon spoiled. I used to vow regularly that I never would ask Lucy to come and see me again, but though I love her and invited her still, as your friends do you, it isn't worth while to try them with such small negligences.

If there are servants in the house, enough to

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do the work, you will not think of helping, though you will ask as little waiting on as possible, for they often resent having to work for visitors, and you don't want to make your friends trouble with them. But when there is only one servant or none, it surely is your place not only to *offer* help, but to give it. There is all the difference in the world between offering help and meaning to help. You will see a handsomely dressed girl, on a visit, sitting about with her fancywork, while her friends are busy taking care of their rooms, getting nice little dinners and teas, perhaps ironing her ruffles and collars, while she contents herself with a languid "Aunt, can't I help you somehow?" or a sweetly uttered, "I do wish you would let me do something," while she accepts the polite objections without noticing or minding how much her presence adds to the daily cares of the house. You will always enjoy your visits more for joining your friends in their work as well as their fun. The least you can do is always to take care of your own room, if you know how. Be careful of the pretty room that may be given you, taking care not to splash the handsome toilet mats, or carpet, when you wash your face, nor throwing your dark or dusty clothes on the spotless Marseilles coverlet, or stepping on the white wool mat at the bedside with soiled shoes or stockings. A

MANNERS AWAY FROM HOME

bedroom is no place for soiled and dusty things, anyhow. If you come home from a tramp, dusty and stained, don't carry yourself right into the sweet, fair chamber, to leave marks of soil and disorder that will last after you are gone. Shake the dust off on the grass plot or piazza before you go in the house. If you are caught in the rain, leave the mud at the door, and see that your waterproof and umbrella are put to dry where they will not drip on anything that can be hurt. I mention these things, not so much because you don't know them, as to put you in mind of what you do know. So you will not set a glass of water on a polished table where it will stain the wood or marble, nor eat cake over a book and drop crumbs in it, nor cut paper or strew odds and ends over table and floor when you work, but learn to spread a newspaper to catch clippings, and keep threads in a little pile to be swept off when through with sewing. Of course, your friends love you well enough to put up with such things, but it isn't really nice to be always crossing their neat ways with carelessness that you never ought to allow yourself anywhere. It is part of a man's or a woman's business — I don't say gentleman's or lady's, for it belongs to everybody—to know how to do things the best way, and to learn so well, that doing right becomes

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natural and the only way. It is a great deal easier to be nice than to be careless, if you only knew it. You would learn it very quickly if you had to undo your carelessness every time.

Before you leave your room in the morning, see that the hat, dress, and shoes that you may need through the day are in order, no button wanting, no ruffle unbasted, that will keep you waiting when you want to walk; and get your fancywork ready, if you need it. Turn the bedclothes down to the foot of the bed, and open the window to air the room, leave your hair brush and comb clean, and hang up your clothes, or fold them in the drawers. School girls, especially, have a fashion of leaving their wardrobe in review of all the chairs in a room, that isn't good for the clothes or the looks of things. If you feel stupid in the morning, try a little exercise before you go down, to waken yourself up. Swing your arms and rub your skin till it is warm and the circulation brisk. It makes the morning so much pleasanter to have people come in feeling bright and comfortable and good-humored. If you don't feel very well, say nothing about it, for the feeling may pass away of itself, and you don't want to press your little aches and miseries upon the notice of other people. Say good morning to everybody in the room, when you present yourself, and it is polite, after

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the usual inquiries if you slept well which the hostess will make, for you to say, "I hope you are feeling well," or some little thing that shows you care whether your friends are happy or not.

When you are in a house, you are to do very much as the hostess desires you. Sit in the chair she points out, go in the parlor and see her callers if she asks you, and not unless she does, and if she wants to know if you would like to drive, or walk in the garden, or take a book in the parlor awhile this morning, take the hint that she wants to be alone awhile. She may have some work that she can do better without a guest to entertain for the hour. If your friends must be busy, contrive to help them or to amuse yourself awhile. If you can see help is needed, do what you can. Don't *offer* to take the baby, but put your arms out and clasp him, or if there is an errand to be done, rise to get your hat while you offer, make some motion that shows you are in earnest, and you will very soon know whether your aid is acceptable or not. Whether you can help or not, you ought to make yourself agreeable, as the least return for the hospitality shown you. To spend hours reading, when your friends are waiting to talk with you, or to be moping and dull, is treating them very badly, as if you came

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to their house only to amuse yourself and did not care at all about seeing them.

If you have friends in town whom the family you are staying with do not know, you may call upon them, but it is polite to ask one of your friends to go with you. If calls should be made on you, always ask the friends you are with to share them. It is not showing a lady respect to have strangers coming and going in her house and using her parlors, without at least asking her to take part of the pleasure of their company. Girls are not always careful about these things. You have no right to ask friends to come and spend the day with you, or to stay to tea, or pass the evening with you, when you are visiting. It is kind in your hostess to give you leave to do so, and you may properly accept it. You should not make long visits away from her house, unless one of the family is with you, or it will look as if you made her house a convenience, to eat and sleep at, while you took your pleasure somewhere else. When friends come to see you by permission, see that they do not stay too long, or make themselves troublesome — you are responsible for their behavior as they are your company, not that of the house. Two girls playing noisy galops and duets on the piano so as to be heard all over the house, or calling at inconvenient

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hours, may make themselves real nuisances in a family.

If there is a coolness between two of your friends you should never visit one while staying with the other, for it is not kind to disregard the feelings of your hostess. Avoid mentioning the names of people your friends are not on good terms with. I know that this is very different from the habits which many girls think clever, of piquing a friend by repeating in her hearing all the compliments they hear paid anyone she particularly dislikes. It is human not to enjoy hearing our enemies praised, and the nature mean enough to give such pin-pricks is coarse as the Bridget who blackguards a girl with a worse bonnet than her own. Anybody can be stupid enough to be malicious, few are wise enough to be completely kind.

In the matter of allowing friends to pay little expenses for you, always have your car or stage fare ready, and in your hand, when the conductor comes round, but if your friends insist on paying for you let them, and don't make too much of trifles. For a day or two, at first, you may allow these little attentions, but as it is not nice to be under the slightest money obligation to anybody, you should insist on paying your own fares afterward, and take the first chance to return the civility by paying for the whole party. You may

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accept invitations to visit theaters and picture galleries, and it would be out of place to offer to pay for your own tickets, but you will take care to return attentions in some way that shows good feeling; it may be by a present, not so costly as tasteful, the set of toilet mats or the lace cushion you have been working during your stay, a flowering plant, or some nicely done piece of sewing, or a picture frame. I don't mean that you are to keep account of the favors shown you in a dollar-and-cent way, as some girls are mean enough to do, but always meet kindness with kindness as far as you are able. Your hostess may be able to give you the advantages of a visit in the city, with all sorts of gaieties and entertainments, and you may have nothing of the sort to offer, but you can invite her heartily to your home and village fun, and you can send her some token of your handiwork, that will take its value from the loving thoughts and fancies wrought into it, and she will prize it as such. If the servants have taken trouble to make your visit pleasant, remember them by a little present, a needlebook and box of thread, a necktie or trinket, useful, as well as pretty, and they will think more of it if given with your own hand and a word of thanks. Give your hostess full thanks for all the pleasure you have had in your visit, in taking leave, and write

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to her within a week after you get home, and say something to make her feel that she succeeded in giving you pleasure, and that you remember her cordially. If it wasn't the best time you ever had in your life, if she tried to make it pleasant, that is something to be grateful for.

Whatever you may have seen or heard while visiting at a house, you are in honor bound never to mention it to the disadvantage of the family you have been with.

The thoughtlessness of young people on this point has made more mischief than they could ever undo. It is amusing to hear a clever girl take off the peculiarities of others, and she can doubtless make a circle "nearly die with laughing" at her accounts of how things went on where she was staying. She does not know that she violates the oldest law of courtesy in the world, and that her manners are lower than an Indian's in doing so. Even servant girls of the better class think too much of themselves to "carry tales," and I have been surprised at the honor and reserve they showed in keeping their employer's affairs private, when there was every temptation for them to gossip. It is a rare virtue, but not a lost one. A young lady should have good feeling enough to keep her from ever lipping a syllable to the discredit of those under

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whose roof she has been, and at whose table she has eaten; she may ridicule them, but she discredits herself more. Don't permit yourself the impertinence of "talking over" people. You have not seen enough of the world yet to know that others may have very different ways of living from those you are used to, and not be open to criticism. There are very, very few families with whom one can live, and not find plenty to satirize, and how do you know that yours is one of the number? There is nothing so open to caricature as the assumption of people who imagine themselves and their set always in the right, and those who laugh with you over your friends, will probably laugh at you in your turn, behind your back. Your friends may have hash for dinner and pie for breakfast, they may "gush," and have affectations, but you had better do all four, than be guilty of the unkindness, the vulgarity, the crime, of repeating it. Anyone who does so is as mean as one who listens at a keyhole, or breaks open another person's letter.

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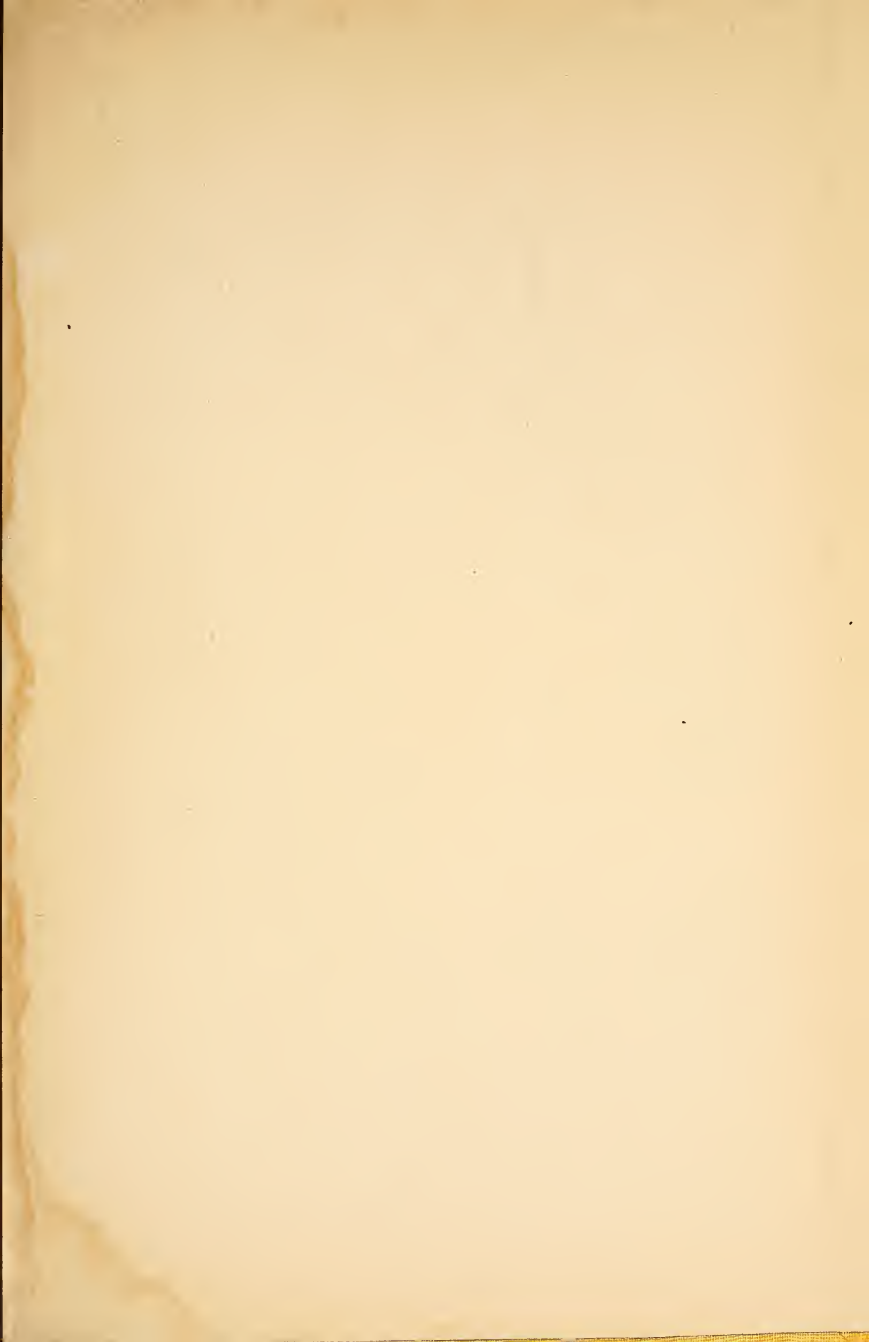


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