

Etiquette as Seen from the School-room.

By Donald A. Fraser.

It was near the end of the term, one of those days that seem so hard to fill in with matter of interest to the children, when every one feels the actual work of the year to be over and the ever-pleasant holidays so near. More for amusement than anything else, to myself as well as to the children, I supplied them with paper and told them I wanted compositions on "How to Behave." The girls were to write on "How a Gentleman Should Behave," and the boys on "How a Lady Should Behave."

The children were rather small, most of them being about eight years old, consequently I could not expect to get anything very elaborate from them, except as regards spelling. That was elaborate enough to suit anybody; but the ideas and opinions of children of that age on the social amenities are always interesting, sometimes amusing and often instructive.

The children entered into their task with a zest often absent in more serious work; but that's the way of the world, isn't it?

From the results of their labors I have skimmed the cream for your delectation, but from the cream I have skimmed some of the "Spelling."

Both boys and girls laid great stress on the behaviour of the opposite sex on the street. Some of the girls expressed themselves as follows:

If you meet a man on the street he should lift his hat and say, "How do you do?"

If a man meets you on the street he should behave proper. He should be dressed clean, and if he has friends that is not nice he should not speak to them.

When a man is with his wife, if he meets a lady he knows he should not pass without lifting his hat.

When a boy meets a lady he should make a bow and be a gentleman, as much as a grown-up man is.

Men should not ask smart on the street or choo gum.

Men should not choo toobako or be rude on the street.

He should not forget his gloves when he is going out with his wife, and he should not forget his watch, or tie, or walking-cane.

He should take his wife's arm.

When a man goes into a car he should not push everybody over.

When a lady is with a man and she wants to get on a car, the man should let the lady get on first.

And when a lady gets on a car and all the seats are full, the man should get up and let the lady sit down.

When a man is getting out of the car he should help the lady out.

The boys did not go into so much detail about the ladies' street manners; but the few observations they did make show that some of them see things:

A lady should behave when she meets a man.

She should bow to show she is a lady, and the man should lift his hat.

Ladies should have nice dresses and nice hats.

Ladies should not wear high-heel shoes.

Ladies should walk sensibly on the street and not smile at fellows.

When ladies are out walking with men they walk on the inside.

Ladies hold their dresses up when they cross a road, and say, "Oh! Isn't this a dirty road?"

With other ladies they go walking on the road, talking all the time.

When she goes to a dance she puts on her evening dress.

Some girls try to ask smart.

Some girls are stuck up.

A lady should not be sassy to a gentleman nor step on his toes or slap his face. And after she has finished her speech she must let him have his way.

Ladies like to go out for boat rides, but they must be good and behave themselves. Men take them to shows, and the men make them behave themselves and be good, and not be tuff.

When a lady has company she should ask them what they want or tell them to help themselves.

When a lady has friends come to see her she should take them up to the park, or down to the beach, or out for a boat-ride, or for a swim. She should do whatever her friends want. And when

they go away she should go down to the train with them and take their valisees a-ways and wait till they are on the train.

The composition of one of the boys seemed to me so tersely expressed and to the point that I could not but give it in its entirety. With it I close:

Ladies should behave like gentlemen, and go to church, too, like other people; and sweep the floors, so they won't get dirty, and wash them, too, for the same thing. And wash the dishes three times a day, and make the beds for the men when they come in from work. And make things to eat. But the men have to get the money to get all these things, and the house, too; so the men have just as hard work as the ladies, and harder, too.—The Westminster.

His Specialty.

There is a time for everything, and it is quite as important to know when to refrain from doing a thing as to know when to do it. And yet, if this had been understood by the acrobat in this tale, which, according to a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is told by E. H. Southern of his father, the famous "Lord Dundreary," there would have been no story to tell.

My father in his youth was once playing in a romantic drama wherein he made a tremendous leap—a leap from his lady-love's tower to a mattress behind a wooden rock on the stage far below. It was a thrilling leap, and my father no doubt enjoyed the applause it won him; but one night he sprained his ankle, and vowed he would leap no more.

So the manager hired a professional acrobat to do the leap, made up as my father's counterpart, while my father would slip back under cover of the tower wall, and descend to his dressing-room by means of a hidden ladder.

The afternoon the acrobat came to the theatre to rehearse he made the leap, and then he began to express his disgust.

"What's the matter?" asked a young member of the company, who was an incorrigible joker.

"Why," said the acrobat, in a disgusted voice, "this here leap is too easy. A man with glass eyes and cork legs could do it. Now, if they'd let me throw a couple of flippers in the air as I came down—"

"Splendid!" cried the young actor.

"The very thing!"

"You don't think the boss would mind?" said the acrobat, doubtfully.

"Mind? Why, man, he'll be tickled to death. Ten to one he'll raise your salary."

That evening, when the great leap scene began, my father was gratified to see the acrobat, a perfect picture of himself, crouching in the shadow of the window.

"Love, good night—good night!" my father cried.

"Stay!" moaned the heroine, and she threw herself on his neck. "Stay! That leap is death!"

"Nay, nay, my own; 'tis honor. I leap, 'tis true, but there is that within my heart will bear me up—thine image, love. And so, good night, good night."

He kissed her madly on the brow, tore himself from her clinging arms, and rushed across the open space into the shadow.

"Jump!" he hissed between his teeth.

And out, straight out into the air, shot the acrobat. Twice his lithe shape whirled round like a great fly-wheel. Then he landed lightly and easily on the topmost point of the wooden rock.

Roars of laughter and thunders of applause shook the theater. The acrobat bowed stiffly and strutted off into the wings with his arms folded. But the remarks of my poor father on his ladder have not come down to us.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

"Dear Mamma," wrote a bride transplanted from a Southern family to the North, "please have Mammy Johanna send me her recipe for hot cakes."

Mammy Johanna had presided in the kitchen for thirty years. With much labor she wrote the recipe:

This was it: "Take as much flour as you need, 'cordin' to how many folks you is to eat; put in some salt—Miss Mary knows how much; put in all the rest of the ingredients and be sure to have your griddle hot."

Don't Give Up; Don't Be Morbid.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Do you believe, or fear, that you are near death or failure, and are you giving up?

Do not do it.

I know a man of 68, hale and strong, who believed at 18 that he would never reach the age of 21.

All his friends and all the doctors said he could not live.

His family had died, one by one, of tuberculosis of the lungs, and he had every symptom.

Yet, here he is, robust and well, to-day. Careful diet, nourishing food, outdoor life, proper, deep breathing exercises, and a strong determination, carried the man along.

I know another, who for twenty years believed he would not live more than a year.

Yet he carried on his work and made his plans irrespective of this belief, and now he realizes the absurdity of such impressions, and is planning a comfortable old age.

Suppose this man had been still more foolish and had refused to make any ventures on account of his belief of an early demise. He would have missed the best enjoyment of his life.

He hesitated when contemplating a country home for the summer.

"If I die next year, as I probably will," he said, "my wife and children will not want to stay in this country home."

But his wife, who never encouraged him in this morbid vein of thought, urged him to build the home; and now, for almost a score of years, they have passed happy summers there.

No matter how death or failure stares you in the face, go on and make your plans for health, success and happiness.

Sometimes death and misfortune can be "bluffed," and beaten by a bold mortal in this way.

There is only one way in which we should think of death as a near event.

It is well to think each morning when we rise to meet the day "I will treat every human being I encounter to-day in my home or in business or social life precisely as I would treat them if I knew I were to die to-morrow. I will make everyone remember me to-day as I would wish to be remembered if it were my last day on earth."

When you bring death near you mentally in this way, it can only beautify life.

But, to curtail endeavor, or to lose ambition, because you imagine your life is to be a short one, is not only folly, but a sin.

The power which created you will call you when you are needed in other realms.

Until you are called, your work is here, and you are expected to use every hour of your time to develop the best within you and to brighten the life of those about you.

This cannot be done by sitting down and indulging in morbid thoughts of death.

Climb up out of the cellar of your mind into the tower and look up to the light. Every ray belongs to you.

Take care of the hours of life and leave Eternity to God.—Selected.

Looking Forward.

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shriveled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day,
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
To-day has been the friend of man;

But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You and to-day! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time!

With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say attain! attain!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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