

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Manners in Society—No. 6

When we make a call upon a friend, we should speak to each person in the room when we enter and when we leave, but at a party or other formal gathering it is not necessary to take leave of any except the host and hostess, to whom we must also speak as soon as we arrive.

A gentleman should allow a lady to pass through a door before him, holding it open for her. We ought not to pass in front of others if we can go behind them; but if it is necessary to do so, we should ask them to excuse us.

A gentleman should go upstairs before a lady, and behind her coming down, taking care not to step on her dress.

It is often our duty in society to introduce persons to each other, and we should study to do this gracefully. We should introduce a gentleman to a lady, saying, "Mr. Walker, Miss White," if we use this simplest form of introduction. We should introduce a younger person to an older.

We should be thoughtful to introduce strangers to each other, at the table and elsewhere, before they have time to feel awkward at not being able to speak, and we must pronounce the names distinctly. It is also nice to give a start to conversation by saying, "My friend, Mr. Stewart, of Toronto, Miss Jordan, our minister's daughter."

No one should make himself conspicuous in company by loud talk or boisterous laughter.

We must not interrupt one who is speaking and must pay attention to remarks addressed to ourselves or the company in general, even if we are not interested. A good listener is as welcome in society as a good talker.

When anyone is reading aloud, playing or singing, we ought to give him the same close attention we would wish to receive if we were in his place. Talking or moving about at such times is unpardonably rude.

It is ill-bred to contradict, and especially if the person be older. If a person says the meeting was on Wednesday, when it was really Thursday, it is not our place to embarrass the speaker by setting him right, when it is of no importance.

We should not open and read letters in company, unless it is necessary, and then we should ask to be excused for doing so.

It is a common saying that people unused to society do not know what to do with their hands and feet. The best direction that can be given is to do nothing. Let them take easy positions of themselves and think no more about them. Drumming with the fingers on tables or chairs or rocking rapidly back and forth is often very annoying to other people and makes them nervous.

We ought to be willing in company to contribute our share to the general entertainment. If games are proposed, unless there is some good reason for our doing so, it is not polite to decline taking part. It is much more the part of good manners to enter heartily into the amusement of the hour, and do our best to make it a success. It is this spirit of readiness to help on things that makes useful members of society, and the more earnestly boys and girls cultivate it,

the more fit they will be for their duties as citizens.

Giving Him a Show

Old Farmer Brownlee was moving slowly across his big onion field. He was on his hands and knees, and his head was bent low so that his near-sighted eyes could distinguish the weeds among the tiny, upright onion plants. Now and then he raised himself wearily. His back was too old and rheumatic for such work, and he wished that one of his boys had chosen to be a farmer instead of a business or professional man. When at home they had taken all such work as this from him, but now the last

Farmer Brownlee's face darkened. The idea that any one could be so ignorant as not to recognize growing onions never entered his head.

"None of your sass, boy," he said angrily. "An' just suppose you git down off that fence. Fust you know there'll be a rail broke, or suthin'."

The boy sprang nimbly to the ground, but it was on the inside of the fence and not on the outside, as the old man had intimated.

"I'd like awfully well to know what they be, mister," he said, as he bent down to examine the green, needle-like points. "I've been watchin' you a long time, an' s'pose likely they're some extra fine posies, you're so careful of 'em. But say, if you don't mind, I'd like to try a row of 'em across. I b'lieve I can do it."

The look of anger on Farmer Brownlee's face became one of as-



THE YOUNG HAYMAKERS

one of them was packing his trunk for the city, and hereafter he must do his own chores and onion weeding. Well, he would not complain; the boys had bettered themselves, and that was what he most desired.

When he reached the end of the row he straightened his shoulders with a sigh of relief. Then a look of surprise came into his face. He thought he knew every boy in the neighborhood, but there from the topmost rail of his zigzag fence, a ragged, unknown boy of twelve or thirteen was regarding him earnestly. As he looked up the boy grinned conciliatingly.

"What is them things you're so careful about tendin', mister?" he asked.

tomishment. A boy anxious to weed onions, and not know what they were!—two phenomena that made him almost speechless. His boys had always been willing to do the work for him, but he could not remember that either of them had ever seemed anxious for the job.

"Not-know-onions! Well, that beats me!" Then a quizzical look came into his face. "I d' know's I mind you goin' across an' back. I'll sit under this tree an' sort o' keep an' oversight. You must be careful an' not pull up any onions. An' say, as the boy dropped on his knees astride one of the rows, "you haven't told me your name yet, nor where you come from."

"Bob Cooper, an' I'm one of the