

looked up hopefully, turned to the frontispiece once more.

If he would—would but absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained, he might stay forever. But the Man was, by this time, in such a state of nervous irritability as to be incapable of conversation.

His very boots expressed his desire to summarily eject the Boy. How I wish he had!

"Our friend is suffering already from home sickness," said that wretched superfluity.

I laughed the tears into mine eyes, and pricked myself badly.

"Have you seen that sketch?" said the Man at length, handing me the paper. Something on the page, written in pencil interested me considerably.

"What is that?" asked the Boy condescendingly.

"Harper's," said the Man.

"Have they changed, their cover then?" he inquired; "it will get mixed with Pearson's."

"It is Pearson's," said the Man; "I made a mistake. What do you think of it?" he turned to me.

"It seems a bit startling!" said the Boy.

"I looked up and my eyes met the Man's."

"Have you a pencil?" I asked courageously. "I should like to mark this."

There was one in his hand. I wrote a tiny note in the margin; only one word, in fact.

"I always annotate books," approved the Boy.

The Man took the magazine, and looked at the page; he looked happier than he had done since his entrance.

"Thank-you," he said, so fervently that he aroused the Boy's curiosity.

"May I look?" he asked. "Unless it is poetry."

"It is poetry," said the Man; "The nicest verse I have ever seen."

He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must—"

"Must you?" said the Boy, cheerfully; "that's the best of living on the spot, we need never hurry away."

"Have you oiled your door lock?" asked the Man. "It was very stiff when I last tried it!"

I put down my work. "I must see what I can do," I said; I felt happy enough to laugh. If the Boy would only stay on the sofa he might come again and stay ten hours.

He jumped up. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger hands than yours; I can post the letter besides."

"It is on the hall table," I told him.

"O, that's all right, I can get it when I go out, he said. "Good bye."

He politely waited till his senior had had his innings.

"Till I return, then," said the Man.

"I thought you didn't know if you were returning," said the Boy.

"I have made up my mind," he replied. "Good-bye."

They were in the hall. The door opened again, and there was the Man.

"I had to," he said, breathlessly, after the first two seconds. "Confound that fellow. Don't mind, dear; they are to last me a long time."

"Mind!" "Look here, you'll lose that train," said the Boy, opening the door.

The Man had managed to get a good deal out of four seconds, but all the same he swore, and it is odd how it relieved my feelings.

When their steps sounded down the path, I went to the window and raised it; as they passed, the Man tried to look around the Boy, who was between us, but dodged him unsuccessfully. I watched them grow smaller and smaller with the lamps until they were out of

sight, then I tore out the page of a magazine, and, carrying it up stairs, locked it into the trinket box, where it is still.

The Boy was a nice boy, and I could not find it possible to hate him, even though he spoiled THE evening of my life.

I think of it, now that he is stout and fatherly, and in my heart is amusement, exasperation and something far more bitter.

For the man never came back.

Rock-fever killed him.—From Black and White.

"SMART," BUT ILL-BRED.

BAD MANNERS AS EXHIBITED BY THE TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL OF TODAY.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason discourses in the August Century of "The Decadence of Manners." Some of her keenest shafts are levelled at the girl of the period.

It seems a trifle unjust to the clever and well-bred American girl to dwell upon a familiar type so much in evidence as to overshadow all the others and pass everywhere as representative, but it is a question of tendencies. This typical girl of the day puts on mannish airs with mannish clothes, spices her talk with slang, not always of the choicest, tosses her pretty head in proud defiance as she puts down her parents, her elders, and her superiors—indeed she admits no superiors, though this scion of equality does admit inferiors and snubs them without mercy—pronounces a final opinion of which she does not even know the alphabet, shows neither respect for white hairs nor consideration for favors which she claims as a right, and calls all this "awell," or "smart," and a proper expression of her fashionable, or unfashionable independence.

The same spirit runs through the entire social gamut. There is nothing more contagious than bad manners; it is so easy for the selfish instincts to come uppermost when the pressure of a law, written or unwritten, is removed. The insolence of servants is sufficiently emphasized. Even the shop girls wait upon you with half disgusted impatience, often impertinence, without any disguise, and replies to your civil words with a lofty stare, as much as to say, "Since you are not polite to me, you cannot be of much consequence." * * *

The causes are not far to seek. A potent one is the rush and hurry of life in which everybody is intent upon doing the most in the least possible time. There is no leisure for small courtesies. It is a heterogeneous scramble for the loaves and fishes, in which the survival of the fittest resolves into a survival of the strongest. It is something akin to the brute force that wins the prize, whether it be a seat in the car or a seat in congress. Indeed, we claim, as a part of our national glory, the trait so well expressed by the word "push." It makes little difference what one pushes so long as it stands in the way. Men in the garb of a gentleman do not scruple to thrust aside delicate women who happen to be moving before them in the procession. Well dressed women run over one another. It is the same spirit applied to the minor morals as that which prompts the Wall street magnate to walk over his weaker rival, and the laboring man who has organized in the name of freedom and human brotherhood to crush out of existence, if he can, his poorer neighbors who have not—the spirit of instinctive, though some times unconscious, selfishness, whether it be crudely clear or hidden under some high-sounding name. Nor is the fact without significance that women, who are natural arbiters of manners as well as conservators of morals, have been

driven by necessity into the hustling crowd. It is an alternative between struggling for a foothold in the world or sinking; and success, nine times out of ten, is the triumph of aggression. This in itself is fatal to the self-effacement which is so strong an element of good breeding, and tends toward a radical change in the habits and traditions of women, which must react more or less upon society.

WHAT "SOCIETY WOMAN" MEANS.

By "society woman" I do not mean the type that first presents itself, the brilliant compound of style, daring and Paris gowns, whose life begins and ends with entertaining and being entertained, who puts the fashion of a hand-shake, the porcelain and the cut glass of the dinner table, and the cost of an equipage above the simple graces and fine breeding which betray the choice life of generations, or the inborn taste and nobility that ask nothing from inheritance. I mean something that compares with it as the rare old lace compares with the machine-made imitation, as the rich and mellow tones of the cathedral window, which the light of centuries has tempered and softened, compare with the crude and garnished coloring of its modern copy. There are society women upon whom the mantle of the old-time lady has fallen, through nature or heritage, whose social gifts are the sum of many gifts, the crown of many womanly virtues. One finds them everywhere, women who cherish the fine amenities, who are gracious, intelligent, tactful, kind and active in all good works, who understand the art of elegant living, as well as the intrinsic value of things, and like to open their hospitable homes for the pleasure of their homes. It is such as these who represent the finest flower of our womanhood and help to preserve the traditions of gentle manners, which are in the way of being trampled out in the mad march of something we call progress. It is for these to ostracize vulgarity, to put the delicate barriers which have been permitted to be let down between the pleasant comradeship of men and women, and the loud note of familiarity to temper the sordid spirit of commercialism with the refinement of that higher class of intellect which sees things not only as they are, but as they ought to be.

Nations as well as individuals have a perfect right to do good unto others, but they make a great mistake when they attempt to beat it into them.—The Saturday Evening Post.

A man who holds his head high may stumble, but he never crawls.—The Saturday Evening Post.

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