

Wichita Daily Eagle

COURTESY SELF TAUGHT.

BILL NYE GIVES POINTERS ON FURNERAL AND OTHER ETIQUETTE.

It is Not the Proper Thing to Finger the Face of the Deceased, and as Hair Oil Costs Money It's Foolish to Lubricate the Wall Paper Therewith.

A recent work on how to conduct one's self in good society has escaped from the press within the past month, and is now temporarily engaged in lying before me. Every little while some self made man gets a new fountain pen, and writes a book on how to curuscate in good form. No one can light up the gloom of social ignorance like the arch-



GOOD READING MATTER IN THE LIVING OF ONE'S DAY.

test who has carved out his own fortune, and scattered the gloom and gray thereof all along the corridors of time. Give me the self made and self appointed snuffstick who has won his way through the counting room of the livery stable to the pond and dizzy height of "valler-off" at a catch-as-catch-can and Grand-Roman hop for inconceivable and seek-no-further advice on how to behave. He is the man who generally thinks that a good writer is a man who has won his fame in that direction by his good penmanship. He seems to think that good writing implies a feverish and delirious display of ornamental swans and bad spelling, and that powerful writing is produced by hearing on a little harder than is one's wont.

In short, he is, as a general thing and by general consensus, the ass-dunce of the century he disfigures, the artificial, veneered gentleman who, living, but not acting, is a snuffstick who has won his way through the counting room of the livery stable to the pond and dizzy height of "valler-off" at a catch-as-catch-can and Grand-Roman hop for inconceivable and seek-no-further advice on how to behave.

I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for the united aid and co-operation during the illness of my dear son, who died on the 21st of July. I am deeply indebted to the friends who have been so kind as to send me the many beautiful cards and letters which have been so kindly sent me, and which have been so kindly sent me, and which have been so kindly sent me.

At least this is the custom west of Avenue A, and especially on Seventh avenue. If in making your first call you do so on a bicycle do not bring the instrument into the hall with you or hold it in your lap whilst calling. You might drop it and break it.

A gentleman making a formal call in the morning should retain his hat in his hand. He may safely leave his overcoat or dog in the hall, but he must retain his hat, as it means that the call is a formal one, and not with a view to matrimony. The name of the maker on the inside of the hat also furnishes good reading matter when one has said all one has to say, and is just recovering from the debilitating effects of a great

"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant growth of hair, of a silk-like texture and of the original color, often results from the use, by those who have become bald or gray, of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "I was rapidly becoming gray and bald; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored." - M. Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

thought. Families in deep mourning should use black firecrackers on the Fourth of July as far south as Bleeker street.

When calling on any one at an hotel, send up your card and wait for a reply. If the servant returns with the reply that the gentleman is not in, do not lose your temper, or throw a rubber cap-drover through the mirror, or say bitter things, but go on about your business, if you have any, and if not, advertise and get some one.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, who once in a great while goes over to San Francisco to buy his groceries for the year, stops at the Palace hotel while there, and has a pleasing device for obtaining rest and soothing calm, unbroken by the uncalled-for calls of people who wish to drop in and expectorate from his window. He registers, and a room is assigned to him by the handsome clerk at the Palace. This number is placed opposite his name in the book. People come in, take a fresh toothpick, steal a few matches, scratch the calf of one limb with the skin of the other, look along down the page deliberately, so as to keep paying guests from registering, and say: "Hello! Jones is here. I will send my card up to him and see how he is behaving himself." The card is taken up and shoved under the door, for Senator Jones is not in that room. The room is kept to store cards in. But he is not in it. Sometimes he gets almost a room full of cards, he says, if he stays there long enough. He has a better room, which he occupies. Sometimes a real friend or constituent calls, and foolishly sends up his card to this lay figure room of Jones', and afterward when the senator meets him it affords him a great deal of pleasure to regret his absence at the time of the call.

In attending a funeral, and while viewing the remains, do not lay the back of your hand on the face of deceased, unless he had called upon you during life. Do not call upon persons in reduced circumstances wearing a great display of wealth and ornamentation. Possibly, on second thought, it would be better not to call upon them at all. They might shock you by openly indulging themselves in habits of industry.

Do not make a display of consulting your watch. Especially, if making a first call on one of the nobility, do not ostentatiously open the rear of your watch to show the name of the factory or the glitter of the works, and do not, while visiting among titled people, and while the family are at prayers in the morning, blow a kernel of wheat out of your key and wind your watch with a deafening report. There is nothing that will tempt a God fearing duke to come down from the front steps of the throne of grace and brain his visitor with a frozen cucumber quicker than this. Let us at all times try to be respectful to others, especially if there's money in it.

If you are a hostess, and engaged in entertaining the nobility of One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, do not jump up hurriedly and run to the barn the moment you hear a hen cackle. It is rude to your visitor and is an implied insult to the veracity of the hen. If you are a guest at the house of a neighbor who has borrowed some of your pie plates for the occasion, do not, in a fit of rage or despondency over your failure to converse fluently with the pastor, call attention to the fact that these are your pie plates. It is about the deplorablest thing you could well do.

This woman's epithets will be briefer than usual, and run more into plain or Gothic extended letter. The hand with forefinger extended upward will not be used so much this summer, as in several instances this style of stone has heretofore been upended, or turned end for end rather, by mischievous people, thus conveying a different impression on the public mind from the one intended as to the general direction taken by deceased. It is still de riger to say "Secret to the Memory of MISTE PELLE SCHWARTZ, Esquire."

At least this is the custom west of Avenue A, and especially on Seventh avenue. If in making your first call you do so on a bicycle do not bring the instrument into the hall with you or hold it in your lap whilst calling. You might drop it and break it.

Do not waste your hair oil on the wall paper. Hair oil costs money, and we cannot lubricate the future with the hair oil that is past.

Do not gawp and listen like a bump on a log while some one is playing at the piano. People will think you came from the country. If you are a gentleman, and should the small tag at the base of your shirt bosom become detached and protrude between the waistcoat and pantaloons, do not lose heart or become needlessly profane, but either excuse yourself and retire behind the piano, or hold the

large family album in your lap, and while ostensibly searching the very soul of some mealy and scared relative's portrait you can rearrange yourself, meantime keeping up a perfect good of persiflage.

The term Messers is getting too common, I think, as a substitute for gentlemen. It ought to go. It doesn't mean anything, and ought to endear itself to every one by placing itself on file in some thrifty oblivion establishment. De trop is no name for it. Do we say in making speeches at a dinner, "Mr. President and Messrs. I little thought, etc." Of course not. Do we expect to see the sign in the ladies' cabin "Messrs. unaccompanied by Mesdames if found in this cabin will be shot?" I hope and trust not.

There are many other things regarding social customs, funeral etiquette, etc., which this book suggests, and of which I hope in the future to treat, provided I am not snatched away during the watermelon season.

Bill Nye The Point of View. Railway Passenger—Isn't it wonderful how this country grows? I tell you it's a proud thing to be an American citizen these days. Look at it! Two new states in less than— Man in the Next Seat (with a snort)—Ya-as! It's a grand thing to you, I suppose. You ain't in the publishing business, I reckon. You haven't put \$2,000 into a historical chart of the United States and had it knocked galley west by two brand new states plumping into the Union just as you got the chart out! Some folks make me tired! (Goes off to another part of the car and sits by himself.)—Chicago Tribune.

His Luck. "Well, Tompkins, how did you come out at the last race meeting?" asked a man of a friend. "As nearly as I can figure it I came out about fifteen pounds to the good." "Fifteen pounds! That's not bad. What horse did you back?" "None. I had about fifteen pounds with me that I did not bet."—Chaicer.

Query: What Was He? "Are you going to Kidder's little girls' party this afternoon?" "Of course not. I'm not a little girl," retorted De Haas. "You'll be at the donkey party at Taylor's, won't you?" "Oh, yes; never miss that!"—Puck.

An Odd Stick. Hefferan (the lineman)—This is one of the short ones, Bill. We'll have it down in a jiffy.

Game of the White Cat. This is a lively game, and is a new version of the old game of pounce in the corner. A good sized room being a little cleared of the furniture, the players take possession of the corners, while the white cat stands in the center. The players are then bound to change corners with their neighbors as frequently as possible, and to keep on striving to gain one of the corners in the interval. In any case the cat retains the office, but when one of the other players is caught out of her or his corner that player is obliged to retire from the game. That corner is then considered "stopped," and must no longer be used. If any one un- luckily enters a stopped corner that player must also retire. The game is continued until all the players have thus been caught and placed in banishment. Two or more players may occupy each corner at the commencement of the game.

A Sure Sign. "That must be a Boston girl." "Why do you think so?" "She is all right." "How does that make her a Boston girl?" "Well, you see she has her specks on."—Boston Courier.

He Was a Genius. "You are forever talking back to me," said Mrs. Bitterton. "My dear," replied her husband gently, "if you realized the loveliness of your shoulders you would forgive my talking back to you."—Washington Post.

A Correction. "Give me two fresh boiled eggs," said the guest at the summer hotel. "I beg your pardon," said the young man who will be through college in two years, "but don't you mean two fresh eggs boiled?"—Washington Post.

The Bachelor's Compensation. Topley—What a pleasure to hear a baby cry! Hayditt—Why, I should like to know! Topley—Because it reminds you of what you have escaped.—Burlington Free Press.

A Hercules. "I'm going to take an electric car down town." "You are? Then you must be much stronger than I thought you were. They weigh a ton or two."—Boston Times.

The Appreciative Sucker. "Well," said the sucker as he was landed in the middle of a half dozen speckled beauties by the lone fisherman, "you have got me into a pretty mess, haven't you?"—New York Sun.

Egotistical Altruism. "Here is a case of true generosity. A man stabbed by a ruffian has saved the would-be murderer from the gallows." "Bless me! How?" "He recovered."—Puck.

On the Co-operative Plan. The Traveler—Why is everything broken? Has there been a railway accident? The Baggage Smasher—Oh, no. I've just gone into partnership with my brother, the trunk maker over the way.—Judge.

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Kitty has a Real Live Visitor, and Entertains Her Aunt Jane Instead of Dolls at Afternoon Tea—But It Was of the "Cambric" Variety. Kitty had her own little table set for tea making speeches at a dinner. "Do we say in a great while and real live visitor. But she went up stairs to find one of her doll children, and when she came back there was Aunt Jane sitting by the fire warming her feet. It was a long walk from her house and the day was cold. "Good-afternoon, Aunt Jane," said Kitty. "You are just in time. Come and take tea with me." "Dear me, I can't!" said Aunt Jane. "I am very cold. I must sit by the fire."



Kitty's Afternoon Tea. "Oh, Aunt Jane," said Kitty, "of course I shall bring it to you. Mother's away, and I am so glad to have a real visitor!" "Oh, I'm sorry your mother's out," said Aunt Jane. "Well, there, I think it would rest me to have some tea." Kitty pours carefully. It seems to be hot. I see the steam. But this tea was made for Kitty and the dolls. It is not such tea as Aunt Jane drinks. It is what people call "cambric tea," made of milk and hot water with a great deal of sugar in it. I am afraid Aunt Jane will feel disappointed, and think it will not "rest" her much. The foregoing story was first told for the benefit of Little Men and Women by Pamela M. Cole.

A Day at Coney Island. Off to Coney Island! Off to spend a day. On the breezy sea shore. With wind and waves to play: Four pairs of bright eyes: Four pairs of hands— Oh, what fun we're going to have! Bigging in the sea! We'll build a house for dolls. We'll send our ship to sea. And none at Coney Island. Will have such good times as we. We never shall grow tired, I know. Of such a jolly place. Where all sorts of happy times Await each happy face.

Back from Coney Island. As tired as tired can be. Come out to sleep, children. As ever you did see. The fish laugh in the water. And the gulls cry overhead, "See the sleepy children Who ought to be in bed!" We've had a very happy day. With the wind and waves and sand. With the playthings that the ocean Gently lays upon the land; But of all the pleasant places The dearest and the best Is the home to which we're going. Full of peace and quiet rest. —Harper's Young People.

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Sound Waves. Once on a time I knew a lad about the size of my small brother. And everything his teacher said went in one ear and out the other. —Wide Awake.

Discipline in a Royal Nursery. One day, so the story goes, the emperor of Germany, seated in his own room, heard a violent disturbance in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene of tumult. When he entered the crown prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up and saluted their father in the military fashion, as was their wont. "What is all this noise about?" asked the emperor. "A slight dispute, sire," said his eldest son, "and I was obliged to let my brother know who is crown prince in this establishment." "Good," said his majesty; "see what you mean, and now I think it will be as well if I let you know in the same way who is emperor in this particular family!" And he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the crown prince.

Welcome to It. Servant—The butcher is at the door, sir, and says he wants his bill. Howard!—Return the bill to the gentleman, Mary, and express my regrets at keeping it so long.—Money's Weekly.

Progress. "Your daughter is making rapid progress in Latin & Co.'s course, I hear." "Oh, yes. She went in as 'cash,' then she became a 'bundle girl,' and now she's a 'saleslady.'"—Boston Courier.

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Settling the Difficulty. "Now look here," said the professor to the infuriated Bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter and see which should by right get the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the bull; "let's toss up for it." Later—The professor lost.—New York Sun.



A Glimpse Behind the Scenes. Looks warm, doesn't he? He does, reader. He is warm. He is that graceful poet, Alaric Stillwater Mallows, writing a sizzling song for the Christmas number of a popular publication. At this moment he is trying to find a suitable rhyme for "icicle."—Puck.

A Contented Man. "It's pretty hard work earning an honest living," said the tramp to the farmer's wife. "You don't mean to say that you work?" "Oh, no! My remark is simply the result of my observation along the highways and byways. When I see how hard some people work and how little they get for it, I am encouraged to follow my simple vocation without a murmur."—Puck.

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