CORY'S DAILY CARTOON.

A DECEMBER FANTASY.

Please, Mr. Santa Claus, don't put these in our stockings again this Christmas.

The World.

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"I'M YOUR EQUAL;" "YOU'RE MY EQUAL."

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW YORK PUBLIC MANNERS?

The formation of a league for the forcible improvement of the manners of New York street-car conductors brings forward the whole subject of public manners in New York.

Is the average of good manners in New York high or low?

A great many of our worthy citizens returning from abroad complain bitterly of our manners in public, especially if we happen to be policemen or conductors or waiters or "salespersons." They point to the English as examples of what we should strive to attain.

Good manners among the various kinds of public and semi-public servants in England would not be considered good manners here. Without disputing with these worthy admirers of the English servant, we must insist that it would be ridiculous for a self-respecting, sovereign American citizen to grovel and scrape and look and act "humble." We want no servility here, much as we would like to please those persons who constantly feel the need of assurances from others that they are as grand folk as they would like to think themselves.

VARIOUS KINDS OF BAD MANNERS.

Scraping and cringing are in their way as bad manners for a human being as are arrogance and impertinence. And as far as impertinence is concerned, the policeman who yells "Move on!" or the conductor who shouts "Step lively!" or the saleswoman who yawns in your face and says "Hey?" is not a bit more impertinent that the woman who keeps a line waiting at the theatre ticket office while she fumbles with her gloves and pocketbook, or who stares and talks loudly at the play or the opera. Indeed, the former are less impertinent than the latter. One can say in excuse for them, "Poor creatures, they mean well, but they do not know any better." One must say of the impudent "lady" that she neither means well nor knows better.

A man does not become a saint because he gets a place as ticket-seller, policeman, elevator man or the like. If his patience is tried, if his breakfast sits ill, if those whom he serves are insulting, he will show temper and, being an American and not a member of the "lower classes" in some monarchy, he will not content himself with gritting his teeth and raging inwardly.

It is unfortunate, it is reprehensible, that he has human weaknesses. But is it not to an extent excusable?

On the whole the public manners of New York are fairly good. Manners consist of *intention* and *form*. On this basis American manners grade at about 90 per cent. in intention and about 10 per cent. in form; European manners grade much lower in intention and very much higher in form in France, a little higher in England and greatly lower in Germany.

But when all the snobbishness and nonsense and unthinking grumbling is left out of account, the fact still remains that we in New York are not so polite as we ought to be.

OUR MANNERS CAN AND OUGHT TO BE BETTER.

We are only too unmindful of our own dignity and self-respect, only too heedless of our self-interest, only too ignorant of our duties as citizens of the foremost city in civilization.

To begin with, there is entirely too much of the "I'm just as good as you are" cheap insolence. This is perhaps due to the fact that many of us cannot get used to the democratic idea of the dignity of the sovereign among sovereigns. At any rate, these citizens, whether they live far from or near to the Avenue, should reason with themselves. A dignity that has to be angrily and rudely insisted upon is a dignity that does not exist. Of course you are just as good as anybody else. And any one who says or insinuates that you are not should not be gratified by a confirmation of his sneer in your display of your sneaking suspicion that he is right. He should be treated with amused forbearance.

Then, too little attention is paid to the forms of politeness. The conductor does not know that it is rude to yell, to throw change and transfers at passengers, to omit "please" and "thank you," to embrace the women as they get on or off his car. The shop girl forgets that she is the representative of the house and too often patterns her manners upon those of the underbred among the customers. The policeman disregards his position as a pattern of public "good form," as the chivalrous protector of the weak, the courteous guide to strangers.

These matters can and should be corrected more rapidly than they are now correcting. The executives of the public departments,

A PLAN FOR RAPID IMPROVEMENT.

of the big shops and corporations ought to provide special courses in manners.

For instance, it would handsomely pay any big shopkeeper to have practical instruction in manners for his employees.

But the most serious fault of all is with the men and women who by education ought to be models of good manners. Some of them are. But how very, very many are patterns of rudeness and vulgarity!

Why? Chiefly because they have an idea that to be arrogant with those whom they amusingly call their "inferiors" is a sign of high caste, of rank, dignity, importance.

It is not difficult to have good manners in a graded social system. It is extremely difficult to have good manners in a democracy. Any one can easily be a snob, a looker-up and a looker-down. But how very difficult it is to be a simple, unaffected man or woman, considerate, courteous, looking all other men and women straight in the eyes and saying: "You are certainly as good as I am. I hope I am as good as you are."

"I am your equal" is at the basis of democratic bad manners.

"You are my equal" is at the basis of democratic good manners.

Never disturb yourself about your equality to others. Never forget the equality of others to you.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE CHARLIE?

BY C. E. POWERS.

1.—How'd you like to take Miss Tootsey Wootsey out on the links; and, in a sheltered nook behind a bunker, intermingle your vows of undying love with tales of your wonderful record as a golfer—as Charlie did?

2.—And at last, spurred on by your own self-praise and by her admiration, to prepare for a ten thousand-yard drive which shall utterly win her fair young heart—as Charlie did?

3.—And, swinging back your mashie with all the force of your two strong little arms, to encounter the too-solid head of good Deacon Wootsey, her papa, who has followed you unobserved—as Charlie did?

4.—And then have him drive you before him like Autumn leaves before the December blasts, threatening to humiliate you in the gentle Tootsey's eyes by taking you across his knee and breaking twelve niblicks over you—AS HE DID CHARLIE?

W. D. HOWELLS *Discusses the Morality of* BECKY SHARP.

IN Becky's admirably naughty presence Beatrix Esmond shows thin and factitious and Blanche Amory dwindles to the measure of her literary affectations.

Becky Sharp is indeed of that ideal perfection which we find nowhere outside of nature. If Thackeray had done nothing else she must have immortalized him, and he did a multitude of figures, all so much better than his method of doing them that one hesitates whether to wonder more at means so false or results so true.

This greatest creation of his is first of all so tempered that she cannot even illogically arrive at any other end than she reaches, though she sometimes stands at the parting of the ways, and now and then advances a little in the right way.

She is destined to make others her prey, not because she is stronger, but because she is weaker; she might be willing to be good if she thought goodness would avail; and she is at her worst because certain things are left out of her rather than because she has done certain things.

She has defects of nature; she is incapable either of passion or affection; she loves neither her husband nor her

son; and these defects are imputed to her for evil, but they hardly constitute guilt.

Her guilt is in telling and acting lies; but she tells them and acts them because she is weak and has no other means of offense or defense that seem to her so effectual.

She is not incapable of gratitude, and when she can with safety do others a good turn she sometimes does it; she would probably always do it rather than an ill turn.

Thackeray's hand is heavy throughout "Vanity Fair," which is prentice work compared with "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," and he results in Becky's decline and fall, as perhaps he might not in a maturer work. He is boisterously sarcastic at her expense, as if she were responsible for the defects of her nature, and must be punished for her sins as well as by them.

His morality regarding her is the old conventional morality which we are now a little ashamed of, but in his time and place he could scarcely have any other. After all, he was a simple soul, and strictly of his epoch.

A later and subtler time must do finer justice to a woman badly born and reared in dependence and repression, liberated from school to a world where she must fight her own way; taught the evil consciousness of the fascination which she had but which she never felt for men; married to a reprobate aristocrat not her superior in nature, and distinctly her inferior in mind; tempted by ambition and spurred by necessity, the greater since she had her husband as well as herself to care for, she was predestined to the course she ran; and she could not have run any other, made as she was, so clever, so pretty, so graceful, so unprincipled.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Bazar.

UGLY MEN AS LOVERS. *The Opinions of Some Queens.*

IT seems that plain men, after all, have the best chance of marrying nice girls.

"Is a man ever plain to the woman who adores him?" asks a correspondent in the "Gentlewoman," and the lady (for it is a lady) goes on to say: "No; rather is it that his very ugliness is a beauty in her fond eyes. The cause is not difficult to discover. A woman only too frequently loves not the man himself, but her idea of him; and it is when she ceases to be swayed by that idea that she sees the man as he is. Perhaps, too, it is that a woman is in love with being loved, in which event who shall say that a very satyr of ugliness may not win her affections?

"The man loving where love is hungered for need feel no qualms. The woman will see in him a combination of Hercules and Adonis, and thank God for him."

The Queen of Portugal possesses a question book in which is written: "Can ugly men please women?" says the Frauen-Echo.

The Empress of Russia wrote her answer: "Yes, I believe that there are women who like ugly men—when no handsome ones are near."

Queen Margherita of Italy wrote: "From fifteen to thirty years of age women love handsome men; admire them from thirty to fifty years of age; but after fifty they will take a man, whatever form and appearance he may have."

Princess Henry of Battenberg remarked: "Many ugly men are without doubt worthy of being loved, but so are many handsome men. But 'handsome is who handsome does,' and a handsome man who is nothing else will find it difficult to win the love of a reasonable girl."

To the question of what quality in men is most valued by women, the Queen of Portugal herself answered: "Purity of character ennobles men as much as women. The most despicable man is he of a shaky reputation who yet turns up his nose at a woman who is not quite comme il faut."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Parents Say He Is Too Young to Wed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am twenty years old and earn $18 a week. I am desirous of marrying, but my parents say I am too young to know my own mind. They also say $18 a week is not enough to live on in comfort. The lady's parents say the same. We are heartbroken. Who can advise us?

YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY.

Old Recipe for Lovesickness.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Here is a sure cure for love: A fool there was and he loved a girl. So I send this cure for him: Take 12 ounces of dislike, 1 pound of resolution, 2 grains of common sense, 2 ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, 3 quarts of cooling water of consideration. Set over the gentle fire of love. Sweeten with the sugar of melancholy. When cool skim with the spoon of forgetfulness. Put it in the bottom of your heart. Cork it with the cork of a clear conscience. Let it remain forever and you will find ease and be restored to your senses.

VERETTE D.

PRETTY HOUSE DRESS

This dainty dress is of red silk with black dot; the little ruffles are used in rows of three on the waist and skirt, and the chemisette and undersleeves are of black mousseline de soie.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER *Answers Questions of Perplexed Lovers.*

Loves One Man, but Likes Others.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I love a man who loves me. A number of gentlemen call at my home. Many make me presents, and while some occasionally attempt to talk love I always stop it. The gentleman whom I love says he does not like to object, but hopes his love and all the attention he could give me would fill my life. Am I acting properly in going out with other men or in accepting their presents or in permitting any of them to give their entire time and attention to me?

BELLE K.

WHEN a woman really and seriously loves one man, she does not find the attentions of another agreeable and no woman who has confided her love to a man should in my opinion be inconsiderate of his feelings in the slightest particular. The trouble with you, I think, is that your conscience smites you. It certainly is not kind of you to accept attentions from others. I think you should discourage the other men, if you ever expect to be happy as the wife of the young gentleman to whom you say you have given your heart. No girl under like circumstances should receive presents or accept attentions from other men, and I cannot understand how such attentions can be agreeable to a good square woman.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

A Frank Talk Should Settle This.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I know a young woman who corresponds with a young man out of town. When I asked her to go to the theatre she willingly accepted and we had a pleasant time, but when I asked leave to call on her she told me this out-of-town correspondent would be jealous. She has confided a few secrets to me such as a sweetheart would, and whenever she sees me she always recognizes me, no matter whom she is with, and always shows a great friendship toward me. Is it advisable to try to win her affection? "SUSPENSE."

UNLESS the girl has come to an understanding with the other young man (by which I mean that they intend at some future time to marry), there is no reason why you should not pay her such respectful attentions as you desire. Apparently the girl does like you. Why do you not have a frank talk with her on the subject and abide by her decision?

BABY'S PHYSICAL WELFARE: *Parents' Responsibility. By Dr. Fannie J. Henry.*

THE exposure resulting from a change of 20 degrees at birth to 80 degrees of the birth chamber and an immediate bathing often results in the fastening upon the child of bronchial and other throat troubles. The babe should be immediately wrapped in flannel or eiderdown and there should be no hurry in bathing it.

The baby is unable to see for several days after birth, and hence when a bright light is flashed in its eyes it does not shut them immediately and injury often results.

By the second day a baby hears loud sounds and by the second week ordinary sounds, and in six weeks it enjoys being sung to.

Wax should never be removed from the ear with a hairpin, as there is danger of permanently injuring its delicate structure.

Mothers should early learn the range of vision of their children and report any abnormal condition to an oculist. Large playthings that do not tax the eyes should be selected, and children should not be allowed to study at night.

In dressing the hair it is better not to dampen it, especially in the region of the ear.

The period of teething is always one of anxiety. Baby teeth should be brushed twice a day with a soft brush and lime water, or just pure water. No tooth pastes or powders should be used. The advent of the second teeth is also attended with constitutional disturbances that are often attributed to other causes than the right one.

Though apparently healthy, a child should be examined occasionally to see that the spine is straight and no indications of hip trouble or other bone disease. One should notice if the child is a mouth breather, and measures to discover and remedy the cause taken before the child's lungs are affected or the shape of its mouth.

Mothers should never allow their babies to be kissed on the mouth. Mouth diseases are contagious, and one of the greatest sources of disease lies in the common drinking cup of school and public places. Mothers ought to institute a reform along this line immediately.

FRENCH JACKET.

This smart little Fall jacket is one of the latest arrivals from Paris. It is of a pale tan cloth, which is almost cream color, and is strikingly combined with inset black velvet, which is overstrapped and appliqued with bands and patterns of the tan cloth outlined with gilt braid and stitching.

SIX DAYS ENOUGH.

Mrs. Nexdore—We consider piano-playing wicked on Sunday.

Mrs. Snapp—Glad to hear it. That's what we consider your daughter's six week days.

JUST AS HE LEFT THEM.

His toys are lying on the floor,
Just as he left them there:
The painted things for keeping store,
The little broken chair;
The jumping pig, the whistling ball,
The duck, the gun, the boat,
The funny looking Chinese doll,
And bucking billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things,
The rabbit and the fox,
The cuckoo with the broken wings,
The Jack, sprung from his box.
Here lie his knife, his tangled string,
His boy and silver cup—
Because I'm tired following
Around to pick them up.