The World.

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THE EVENING

A DOUBLE STANDARD OF MANNERS.

Dr. Lorenz says that we are a notably polite city; Duse echoes his praise faintly. Is it necessary to feel guilty in accepting their commendation?

The New Yorker after business hours makes it a point to be courteous to the fair sex and considerate of his own. When he is on his way to the theatre in the evening with his wife he never permits a lady to stand. He never pushes before her on entering a car nor jostles her as he leaves it. He lives up to his opera hat and radiates a Chesterfieldian courtesy wherever he goes.

But in journeying to and from his place of business why does he allow women to stand while he is seated, as he does habitually in the elevated trains as a matter of course?

Why does he crowd in to get a seat ahead of a woman, as he does without the slightest scruple in elevated trains.

Why does he so often take a seat as it is vacated without giving the woman passenger a few feet away the refusal of it? Why is he so brusque to the invalid or the cripple who momentarily blocks his way? Why, indeed, is the Chesterfield of the tall hat not a Bayard when in a business suit?

Apparently we have a double standard of manners—one of drawing-room deportment for adoption in the evening, the other a rude assertiveness and lack of consideration for use in business hours—altogether a Jekyll-Hyde arrangement. In our Dr. Jekyll moments we may accept Lorenz's enconiums as deserved. When our manners are not on duty we must feel some sense of shame at the unmerited praise.

THE LIFE OF A PLAY.

"A Chinese Honeymoon" having had its 250th performance at the Casino, is now well along toward the front rank of stage successes. As the seating capacity of the Casino is 1,500, it is a fair estimate that at least a quarter of a million persons have listened to "Mr. Dooley" and heard the maid's aspirations to be a lady. "Florodora," with its 547 representations, still has the record for recent years, though this is beaten by the "Adonis" record of 1884-1885 with 603 performances, or that of "A Trip to Chinatown" with 656 in 1891-1892.

It would be interesting to know the effect on the actor's mind of a long run—the "demned iteration," as Mr. Mantalini would call it, of speaking the same lines and singing the same songs night after night. The same stage "business," the same puns, the same forced efforts to provoke a laugh. One might reasonably infer that after eight months of it the mere mechanical effort of the "Ooley-ooley-oo" of Mr. Seabrooke's song is a weariness to his vocal chords. It may be recalled that at the time of "Erminie's" long run at the Casino, in the late eighties, a number of the actors entirely lost the memory of some of their most familiar lines as a result of the long-continued repetition.

For some years past The World Almanac has printed an annual record of dramatic performances in New York, with the date of the play's first representation, the length of its run, &c. An analysis of the data there given shows the unquestioned popularity of the musical comedy over other forms of stage entertainment and the near approach to it of the idyllic drama of rural life. These figures merely confirm a general impression, but they are important further as showing also how emphatically the public preference is for the "clean" drama as opposed to the immoral. In the parallel columns below the length of run of the two kinds of dramas is shown in contrast:

CLEAN PLAYS.		UNCLEAN PLAYS.	
1899-1900.			
[illegible]	336 times	Sapho	84 times
[illegible]	119 times	The Degenerates	36 times
[illegible]	264 times	Becky Sharpe	119 times
The Pride of Jennico	167 times	When We Were Twenty-one	41 times
1900-1901.			
[illegible]	270 times	The Gay Lord Quex	67 times
[illegible]	240 times	Mrs. Dane's Defense	207 times
Richard Carvel	128 times	When We Were Twenty-one	44 times
[illegible]	163 times		
[illegible]	145 times		
[illegible]	244 times		
1901-1902.			
The Stranger Boy	129 times	The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch	63 times
[illegible]	126 times	The Joy of Living	16 times
The Girl and the Judge	127 times	Iris	80 times

In these data are not included "Zaza," which, though the pornographic hit of one season, has not recently been revived; nor "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," nor "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Public curiosity in them was not long-lived. It is not long-lived in any immoral play. It may tolerate "Camille" through successive generations; in "Camille" author, playwright and actress reach a high standard of excellence. But how many go to "Camille" as compared with the thousands who still crowd to see "The Old Homestead?" Here is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," perennially vital, revived last year with eighty representations! Could "Camille" have had as long a run or "Zaza" if revived? Has any problem play the stage has ever known had one-tenth of the performances "Charley's Aunt" had during its wonderful five years' run?

THE HUMBLE TOMATO.

There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

Our grandmothers would not touch tomatoes; they knew them only as "love apples," a rather rank garden product. Yet last year, according to figures collected by the American Grocer, 240,000,000 cans of them were consumed in American households. How many were eaten raw with oil and vinegar and how many served to give a decorative effect to lunch or dinner tables as they nested red and appetizing on a foundation of green lettuce leaves with the yellow of the mayonnaise blending harmoniously in the color scheme, is a matter of conjecture. The figures about the canned consumption of them are sufficiently impressive.

The Spaniards found the tomato growing along with the potato in South America and took it to Europe, but it was slow in gaining popular favor. Now one year's product of the canning factories, estimated as worth 10 cents a can, represents more wealth than the Spaniards found in their new Eldorado.

There is hardly a more interesting romance of industry than that of the once despised "love apple" becoming the corner-stone, so to speak, of hundreds of factories, giving employment to thousands of men, supporting tin plate mills and distributing annually an immense amount of money through new channels. The freak of taste that removed the old ban from the tomato has been responsible for the acquisition of many fortunes.

JOKES OF THE DAY

"He won his fortune at poker."

"Grew rich through high-handed methods, eh?"

"I hear you're expecting a raise of pay."

"I was, but the boss docked my salary 50 per cent."

"Oh, gave you a raze of pay instead."

"What became of your best girl?"

"I became her bridegroom's best man."

Nodd—Every time I go on a vacation I swear I'll never take another.

Topp—Why don't you stick to it?

Nodd—Because every time I stay home I vow I'll never do it again.—Brooklyn Life.

"Are broiled lobsters really so very unhealthy?"

Asked the man with the curious, weird disposition.

"I've never yet been called upon to attend one,

And so I can't say," said the weary physician.

"What's the difference between wages and salary?"

"The one is what a man receives and the other is what his wife tells her family he receives."

"Yes, the shipwrecked sailors actually had to boil sawdust and eat it."

"And I suppose the poor creatures never thought to call it breakfast food!"

Enthusiast—If I had my way I'd give every girl a classical education and let the young men hustle for themselves.

Cynical Young Woman—That would compel every girl to marry beneath her or go without a husband.—Chicago Tribune.

"He stole all my best ideas."

"Well, it was only a case of petit larceny."

On a diet of pickles and gherkins
Lived a bilious young person named Pherkins,
And vinegar, too,
Was his favorite brew,
Till it pickled his internal wherkin's.

"I hear Soaquer made the shortest but most wildly applauded speech of the evening. What did he say?"

"He said, 'Boys, all this is on me.'"

SOMEBODIES.

MINTO, COUNTESS OF—wife of the Canadian Governor-General, has started a scheme to mark suitably the graves of Canadian soldiers who fell in the Boer war.

MILBURN, DR.—the blind Chaplain of the Senate, who has resigned in his eightieth year, firmly believes the Tillman-McLauren row resulted from the fact that the Senatorial session that morning was opened without prayer.

PENNYPACKER, S. W.—Governor-elect of Pennsylvania, has one of the most curious and valuable libraries in the world.

REED, THOMAS B.—used to deny that he weighed more than 200 pounds, although apparently much heavier. "No gentleman weighs more than 200 pounds," was an expression of his.

TENNYSON, HALLAM—eldest son of England's late poet-laureate, has been appointed Governor-General of Australia. His predecessor is said to have resigned the post because it cost him $100,000 a year beyond his $50,000 salary.

WHAT COLORS SIGNIFY.

White is the emblem of truth, faith, joy, religious purity and life.

In the judge it indicates integrity; in the woman, chastity.

Blue, or the sapphire, expresses heaven, truth from a celestial origin, fidelity, loyalty and constancy.

Red, the ruby, symbolizes passion, fire and divine love.

Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope—particularly of the hope of victory, fame and of immortality, as the color of the laurel and palm.

Violet, the amethyst, emblematizes love and truth, passion and suffering.

Purple is the color of royalty.

Black symbolizes grief, mourning, despair, darkness, earthliness, negation, sin and death.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

In a circus in Paris a lion was given some meat shut up in a box with a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company.

In the London Zoo a large African elephant restores to his would-be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and blows them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because if the biscuit does not travel well he gives it a harder blow.

THE SOUND OF THE AXE.

The young moose thought this alien sound
Meant some new breed of wolf or hound—
But the bull who led them understood,
And made for the North and a wilder wood.

The lynx-cat snarled his hate and fear,
Snorted shrill the listening deer—
A flash of gray, a flash of red,
Showed where lynx and red deer fled.

Out from his lair the black bear flung,
Left his mate to carry her young,
Headlong fled to a distant den—
He knew this sound was a sound of men!

Soon but faint, receding tracks
Remain to a forest plagued by the axe!

—Francis Sterne Palmer, in Lippincott's.

A GOLD-BRICK WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

Artist Powers's Idea of 1902's Legacy to 1903.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"Do you believe that it is better to be born lucky than rich?" asked the person with the question habit.

"I certainly do," sadly replied the old millionaire whose wife had taken him for his coin.

CHARITABLE SEX.

He—Miss Thirtyodd must be a jolly sort of person. She smiles continually.

She—Oh, she does that so people will think the wrinkles belong to the smiles.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

"Any chance for a paperhanger in this town?" asked a stranger of the landlord in a Wyoming village.

"I reckon not, mister," was the answer. "The boys don't waste no time on the paper in this neck o' the woods. They hang the editor."

NOTHING IN A NAME.

Mr. Stubb—I never heard such a noise in all my life. Where does it come from, Maria?

Mrs. Stubb—The waiter that runs down to the kitchen.

Mr. Stubb—H'm; and yet they call it a dumb waiter.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

A GOOD CARD TRICK.

Get a pack of playing cards, Old Maid cards or visiting cards, take off about a dozen of them and fasten the rest together by gluing around the ends. Then with a sharp pointed penknife hollow out the centre.

On the top of your card-box thus made glue one card, all the way round, and on the bottom attach another card, but only glue one of the ends.

Now, get a chocolate mouse or something similar, and put into the hollow part of the pack.

Take the loose cards and put some on the bottom and some on top of the pack and it will look like an ordinary pack of cards.

Take off some of the loose cards and show to the audience, stating that you have an ordinary pack of cards. Now, take all the loose cards off the bottom and ask some one to hold the pack for you. Mumble a few words, seeming to put a spell on the pack, and lift it quickly from your subject's hands. The bottom card, being only fastened at the end, will drop and permit your candy mouse to escape into the holder's hands. If it is a girl who holds it she will not wait for an explanation, but if you are quick no one will see the lid open, but think that his mouseship came from some mysterious source.

TWO TRICKS WITH A GLASS OF WATER.

Here are two tricks with a glass of water. The first is to swing a glassful of water with a string. Attach a string to the centre of a square of cardboard by means of a knot and seal the hole with wax. Grease the rim of the glass and press the cardboard so closely to it that not a bubble of air remains. The glass may then be suspended by the string and swung.

The second trick is to raise a glass with the palm of the hand. Place your glass of water on the table and put the palm of the hand over it with the fingers at a right angle. Press down hard, then suddenly stretch out your fingers. This creates a vacuum, and you can then raise the glass.

A MIND-READING TRICK.

In this trick we have two magicians. Your accomplice will ask anybody in the audience to whisper something in his ear, the name of an animal or something similar. You will be in another room, so cannot possibly hear what is said.

Then your accomplice will call you out and name over a list of articles and animals, asking you which it was that was named. Yoo will say "no" to everything until the right thing is named, and will then say "yes."

The way to manage this trick is that when your accomplice gives the name of some animal walking upon four legs you will know that the next thing named after this will be the one that had been whispered in his ear.

You can change this by having the name of a mineral, a tool or anything agreed upon beforehand to precede the article to be guessed at.

THE RING HUNT.

A long tape with a ring strung on it is held by all the players as they stand in a circle with one in the middle. They pass the ring rapidly from hand to hand, and it is the business of the player in the middle to hunt the ring and to try and seize the hands that hold it, while the other players on their part make his task more difficult by pretending to pass the ring to each other, when it may really be in quite another part of the circle. The person in whose hands the ring is found has to take his turn in the middle.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

ON BROOKLYN "L" TROUBLES.

"I SEE the Railroad Commissioners are over in Brooklyn hearing wild cries for help from people who ride on street cars," remarked the Cigar-Store Man.

"So they tell me," said the Man Higher Up. "Personally, I have no sympathy for anybody who lives in Brooklyn; but I suppose that a man who has a bug that he ought to have a home across the bridge is as much to be pitied as the occupants of the batty ward at Bellevue. That the Brooklyn people have framed up a scheme to tell their troubles to the Railroad Commission proves to me that anybody living there has a brain composed of one of the fifty-seven varieties.

"They might just as well tell their troubles to a committee consisting of the town marshal of Wappingers Falls, the County Clerk of Chemung and the dockmaster at White Plains. The Railroad Commission is just as likely to give Brooklyn people seats on street cars as Hetty Green is likely to give away money. The only good it will do will be cashed in by the man with the funny name who runs the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. After the indignant citizens have blown off their indignation the Railroad Commission will go back to Albany, wrap itself in cobwebs and enjoy the prelude to a long snooze.

"This Greatsinger is a package of the real goods. He has got the system of making nickels spell dollars to a point so fine that you could put a monogram on a diamond with it. From what I read of the proceedings before the Railroad Commission yesterday they showed that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has solved the problem of getting it all in without paying anything out."

"It costs money to run cars," expostulated the Cigar-Store Man.

"Of course it does, now," agreed the Man Higher Up, "but it won't when the man with the billboard name gets his system worked out. He has been piking along over there in Brooklyn and people haven't been next to him. Look what he has done!

"In five months of this year he carried more than 6,000,000 people on his cars more than he carried in the same five months of 1901. In the same period he cut down the expenses $285,096—about equal to five cents from each of the passengers figured in the increase.

"There is the basis of the system. For every additional passenger carried he gets five cents from the passenger and he saves five cents for the company. This saving is made by taking off cars. The more passengers he gets the more cars he will take off. After awhile there won't be any street-car running in Brooklyn at all and everybody walking in the streets will have to drop nickels in boxes furnished by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. Say, his system has got the Earl of Rosslyn's system of beating the bank looking like a newsboy's game of matching pennies.

"As I said before," continued the Man Higher Up, "I have no sympathy with a man who lives in Brooklyn. "They're a strange aggregation over there. A friend of mine was riding down to Fort Hamilton on a crowded car after the theatre a few nights ago. He had a lady with him. Right across the aisle were two drunken soldiers in uniform. They were using language that would make a policeman want to go to confession for listening to it, and one of them was smoking a cigar that smelled like a dinner burning on the stove in an Armenian restaurant.

"My friend asked the conductor to disinfect the language of the soldiers and extinguish the cigar. The conductor refused. In this he was backed up by all the rest of the passengers. They were natives, and one pappy guy with a growth on his face that looked like it had been cultivated in a hot-house remarked that it was funny that dudes should come over from New York and try to run things in Brooklyn."

"Do you think they will get any relief?" asked the Cigar-Store Man.

"If they do," replied the Man Higher Up, "they won't know what it is."

NATURE'S BOTCHWORK.

Just now, when most of mankind is ready to believe that perfection has been reached in physical humanity, along comes a Belgian professor to take the conceit out of us and prove that even a self-made man has a score of flaws in his make-up. We are, to begin with, provided with eight surplus teeth. If we had eight less we could chew our beefsteak and gum just as well, and the chances of toothache would be largely reduced.

Then there are four fingers where but three are required to count our cash, button our collars or use the bucksaw and axe. It is the same with the toes. The third one could have been left off the foot without the slightest detriment to man or woman, and the saving in corn cures would have been a pretty penny by this date.

Nature made whiskers to grow on the faces of at least three-fourths of the male population of the world. The Belgian professor defies any one of us to show where whiskers beautify or benefit, while he can name so less than a dozen evils rising from them. We have more ribs than needed by two. He proves this by counting the hoops on a barrel. As a rule all human noses are made on too large a scale, and the consequence is that a cold in the head takes hold of a person with extra severity.

The ear of a whale, the professor says, is relatively only half the size of that of a man, while his bulk is more than a hundred times greater. It was suspected that most men had too much cheek, but now we know that all men have too much ear.

As the monkey has no use for a forehead, why should it have been given to a man? Had the extra space been added to his neck every man could have worn a collar a foot high without sawing his chin.

It is further asserted by the professor that nineteen out of twenty people squint, and that ninety out of every 100 have off-colored eyes. One eye in the centre of the forehead would have answered all demands and been a decided blue or black. The professor has taken the statues of Venus, Apollo, Hercules and other famous models, and with a two-foot rule and a bit of chalk has figured out that each has a score of imperfections. We are none of us all right—not even the professor himself—and we can't expect to be for at least 500 years to come. By that time Dame Nature will have served her apprenticeship, and man will be created on scientific lines and with due reference to art and convenience.

ANIMAL INSTINCT IN WINTER.

With many forms of life the readiness for winter is not to secure a place to protect them from cold or even from freezing, but for security against sudden changes of condition and of temperature, says St. Nicholas. It is a protection in some cases similar to that of the plants on the lawn that were covered with straw by the gardener when he made them ready for winter. In some places of the kind, for instance, in the squirrel's nest, there is undoubtedly real animal warmth and coziness. Fish seek the deepest part of pools, where the temperature of the water is a little above freezing and where it remains very near this point until spring.