

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.

CONSOLATION.



The World.

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WHY THE INSANE ARE SO OFTEN ILL-TREATED.

These latest charges of cruelty toward the insane—the "Ward's Island horrors"—promise another uncovering of shocking facts. The first impulse is to regard the persons implicated as extraordinary examples of depravity and degeneracy. But experience has taught, or ought to have taught, the human race that when members of it who seem to be of average character and humane development often act in a certain shocking way in certain definite circumstances, there must be a general cause for their conduct outside of any peculiarities in themselves.

The cause for the frequency of the maltreatment of the insane lies in the actions of the insane toward those about them. Unreasonable, ill-tempered, vindictive persons, all those who show in a marked degree these characteristics of limited mentality are difficult enough to get on with. This difficulty is enormously increased when there is not even a glimmering of sanity and self-respect, but only a bundle of insane passions and crazy impulses, suspicions and resentments. The insane constantly tempt the patience, the forbearance, the temper of those in charge of them.

Chiefly for this reason the condition of the insane in the days before we had public asylums was appalling. They were chained in cellars, jailed in loathsome dungeons or kept in private asylums, where the irresponsible keepers beat, starved and tortured them with a malignity of vengefulness which was itself insane.

Of course there is no excuse for the brutalities such as have of late occupied so much of public attention. The above explanation merely demonstrates how absolutely necessary is constant and searching supervision of asylums by persons not connected with them in any way.

IN PLACE OF "WAR," FEROCITY.

Of the many "things one would rather have left unsaid" which Lord Salisbury compacted into his Monday night speech with more than his usual curious skill at public tactlessness, perhaps the most unfortunate were his South African reflections and "exultations." A wise Englishman does not talk of the war on the republics nowadays. He imitates the discreet censorship of Kitchener and the Foreign Office. He wishes the world to forget what his country is doing there. For his country's war upon freedom and feebleness, conceived in crime, has now progressed by rapid degeneration into infamy.

The negotiations for peace fell through because the British refused to concede to their adversaries any right but life, and insisted that even life should be forfeit in the case of the Cape Colony relatives of the republicans who had taken up arms for them. Since that failure the war has indeed been "over" so far as the British were concerned and sentence of death or exile from home or expatriation has been pronounced and is executing against the people of the republics. In modern times there is only one parallel to what Britain is confessedly doing in South Africa. That parallel is Weyler's campaign in Cuba.

Kitchener has gathered the old men, the women and the little children into camps and feeds them and shelters them well or ill according as they have not or have relatives still in the field. He is burning and devastating the whole country, changing it into a desert. Like those inquisitors who, unable to conquer the fortitude of men with rack and wheel and thumb-screw, sought to conquer them by torturing their wives and their children before their eyes, Kitchener is seeking by brutality what he has failed to do by skill and courage. And the British people, their heads hanging and their cheeks flushing, whisper to him to go forward, but be as speedy as possible.

It is in vain that Britain excuses these ferocities on the plea of the stern necessities of war. The civilized world, Britain itself, knows better. And it is not doubtful that the quality in the British people which permits them to authorize and tolerate this cowardice and baseness is a quality of weakness and decay which foreshadows retributive disaster perhaps not long to be delayed.

SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

MORE HOME RULE. Enpeck—My dear, according to my views of bringing up children— Mrs. Enpeck—Never mind about your views. I'll attend to bringing up the children; you go down in the cellar and bring up a bucket of coal. EVERY LITTLE HELPS. He—My little income of \$3,000 seems so small, dear, compared with your father's. She—Never mind. He said it would help. SOME JUSTIFICATION. "So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" chattered the stern father. "Yes, sir," stammered the terrified young man, "but not any worse than she wants to marry me."

THE MAMMOTH OF COMEDY.

By KATE CAREW.



George K. Fortesque weighs 340 pounds, and every pound of him pans out sixteen ounces of quaint, innocent humor. It's not easy to imagine what "San Toy" would be without the elephantine Yen How and his six little wives.

SOME SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED BY AN EXPERT.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Remedies for Hair Troubles. Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you please advise something for dry, irritated scalp and splitting hair? L. E. V.

TRY this shampoo for the irritated scalp: Yoke of one egg, one pint hot rain water, one ounce of spirit of rosemary; beat the mixture up thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head. Rinse thoroughly in several waters. This wash is good for dandruff where the ordinary shampoo fails.

If you could get a course of scalp massage it would be of great benefit. I give you also a formula for a hair tonic: Resorcin Hair Tonic—Sulphate of quinine, 15 grains; acetic acid, 1 dram; resorcin, 50 grains; water, 2 ounces; oil of eucalyptus, 1 dram; tincture of cantharides, 11-2 drams; alcohol, 6 ounces. Mix all. Dissolve by agitating in a bottle and filter before using.

To Bleach Superfluous Hair. Dear Mrs. Ayer: How can I apply peroxide of hydrogen to bleach superfluous hair on the arms? M. A. D.

PEROXIDE of hydrogen is used in its pure state to bleach superfluous hair on the arms. Get a bottle of chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen. Before applying it wash the arm or whatever part of the body is to be treated with pure water into which you have dissolved a little common washing soda. Dry the surface of the skin thoroughly and apply the peroxide pure.

The best way is to pour a little of the peroxide into a saucer and make the application with a clean, soft tooth brush or a bit of clean sponge. Be careful to wash the brush or sponge thoroughly after using, otherwise the peroxide will destroy it.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

ally a shade lighter, until finally it is two-colored. At this stage the hair on the head usually shows the deleterious effect of the continued use of peroxide, which will finally ruin the constitution of the hair. Before it has this effect upon the arms it is usually irritating to the skin surface, but it exhibits such marked differences with individuals that it is not safe to predict what it will do. One thing you may be certain of, it is not injurious. Be careful not to let any drops of pure peroxide fall on your clothing, as it will mar the texture.

To Prevent Baldness. Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am twenty-five years of age and have a very thick but coarse head of hair, and in front at the sides it resembles a V and is not straight across. Is there any way to prevent baldness? J. M. H.

THE hair very often grows in the form you describe. If your hair formerly grew on the side and has fallen off, it would suggest possible baldness. There are a great many alleged methods of preventing baldness. I think massage with a good tonic is the best treatment.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut the collarless Eton in medium size 3 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 1-2 yards 32 inches wide, or 1 1-4 yards 50 inches wide will be required. To cut the three-piece skirt 4 1/2 yards of



material 30 inches wide, or 4 yards 32 inches wide will be required. Pattern No. 3568, sizes 32 to 40 will be sent for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (No. 3568, sizes 22 to 34) will be sent for 10 cents; both patterns 15 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, 63 to 65 Park Row, New York City."

HIS SOFT HEART.



The Doctor—What your mother-in-law needs is to be sent at once to a warmer climate. The Son-in-Law—Then you'll have to administer the poison yourself, doctor. I haven't the heart to.

WHO WAS THE WINNER?

(Copyright, 1901, by Dally Story Pub. Co.) A PAIR of gloves to a box of candy—that I can bring you adorable young center to a proposal before Easter! Mabelle was beautifully pretty, and she knew it; she was a consummate flirt, and others knew it, if she did not. "I'll accept the wager on one condition—the Rev. Alonso is to propose and to be rejected," replied her cousin Charlie. A kiss sealed the compact—quite a comely kiss, to be sure—and then the wicked little sinner began to form her plan of campaign. The next afternoon the Rev. Alonso

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.

was surprised and delighted to see Mabelle at the Lenten services. Her worldliness (and her beauty) had caused him sundry pangs. The following day she came late, but lingered to ask him if he would mind dropping in, quite informally, the next forenoon to discuss a little plan of hers about the "Ragged School." To discuss the "Ragged School," that being object of his affections! She had a heart—a gentle, womanly heart! He had suspected it all along; and now he knew that her worldliness, her frivolity were only surface deep. The "Ragged School!" Could any but a saint in embryo be interested in so un-

THE KICKERS' CLUB IN REGULAR SESSION.

Kick Against Notoriety-Seekers. To the Editor of The Evening World: Why is it some people are so afraid others won't know if they are still in the world, that they have to brag about themselves; also to make sarcastic remarks about others whom at one time they were willing to call dear friends? Any person wishing to join in on this kick can find these notoriety-seekers anywhere. These fellows would gain more renown by getting a pick and shovel and applying for a position in the rapid transit tunnel than by both-ering their brains with silly notoriety. J. M. White Plains. Kick Against Decadence. To the Editor of The Evening World: I kick against the decadence of the good, old-fashioned minstrel show of twenty years back. It no longer exists. The modern minstrels are no longer as the old ones were. Give us back the original style of "Bones," "Tambo," &c., and here is one man who will laugh himself sick over it. A. MERRIMAN. Kick Against Landmark's Removal. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read that the old Fifth Avenue Hotel is to come down and to make room for a twenty-five-story skyscraper. I protest against the indiscriminate way New York's old landmarks are being destroyed. In a few years, at this rate, not one place dear to our fathers will be left standing. All will be replaced by the hideous skyscrapers. OLD NEW YORKER. Kick Against Strikes. To the Editor of The Evening World: As long as I can date back strikes have usually met with failure. Hardships and privations and loss of life have been the main results. Is it possible that in the face of the triumphs attained by employers in the past strikes shall succeed in the future? A little thought will prove otherwise. Strikes? Away with them! If you desire better wages vote for those men who will govern you righteously and work for your interests. LOUIS A. KERFEN. Kick Against Imitative Women. To the Editor of The Evening World: I kick because my eyes are jarred by the sight of women in high collars, mannish ties, automobile coats, cut like men's ulsters; golf stockings, bloomers, straw hats of the pattern of men's, &c. All this shows women to be nearer the ape than man is, for she cannot hit on new styles for herself, but must copy masculine fashions. They would sneer if men copied feminine fashions. P. R. D. Kick Against Few Holidays. To the Editor of The Evening World: We have fewer holidays than has any other country. I kick. We work harder than any other country, and we deserve more holidays, instead of less. BURTON E. FAYLE. LOVE'S REQUEST. I've asked thee, dear, to share my life. Yet I'd not have it so That thou shouldst share the burdens, love, Or aught of trouble know. I wish to fill your life with joy, Sweet pleasure it would be To gather thorns, if that would bring Love, peace and joy to thee. This life of mine, my dear sweetheart, Could not be dark and drear, If I could know my work and love Had made thee happy, dear. I only ask the let me take From out thy life, my dear, And bring thee the truest tokens of The love which is thy share. —Gracie Cornett.

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

with a thorn in his heart. Easter morning he received, buried in the redolence of lilies, a pair of gloves from which fell a bit of perfumed paper. He seized it, and his hand trembled as he read: "Dear Old Charlie: I send the gloves. I hope you won't mind that the play has not turned out just right! He did all that could have been expected, but the leading lady failed at the very last moment and made it 'Yes' instead of 'No.' Be sure and come to see me when I am Mistress of The Man." "MABELLE. "Oh, certainly, we both understand that," she retorted with a return of her accustomed gaiety. But he left her