The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 15,086.

THE EVENING

IS SUICIDE WRONG?

The attempted suicide of a well-to-do Hartford manufacturer when informed that he had consumption reopens anew the old discussion of a man's right to make way with himself. Only in England, which Montesquieu called "the classic land of suicide," and in the United States, of all countries, is it against the law to make the attempt, but in England the coroner's jury usually finds the defendant insane, and here the law is so much honored in the breach that the contrary action of a Newark jury last week was deemed sensational.

The ancients commended self-destruction. The most celebrated instance, that of Cato falling on his sword to avoid capture by Caesar, was approved by as complete a Christian gentleman as Addison. The popular opinion now seems to hold those who seek a premature outlet from life's woes as cowards. It is noticeable that the higher the man is in the social scale the more inclined he is to self-slaughter. The news columns that contained the suicide of the rich real-estate dealer on Ninety-sixth street told of a blind old grandfather led home by a little girl from a coal-yard with his basketful of the precious fuel on his shoulder. This kind of sufferer hangs on where the one in better circumstances gives up. While suicide, as pointed out by Skelton, has increased with civilization, it is from those who have had most of its advantages that the larger proportion of self-murder cases come.

Physical ailments, however, are not a large contributing cause of self-destruction. Of 2,800 cases of suicide in 1897, as analyzed by Robert Reeves, only 13 per cent. were caused by bodily disease—4 per cent. by cancer, 6 by other ailments and 1 from blindness and 2 from insomnia. Forty-six per cent. were due to moral causes, murder, forgery, etc., and 17 to social troubles, like unhappy love affairs and domestic discord.

A DREAM THAT KILLED.

Probably the most singular dream of which there is record is that related in a World cable despatch from Munich. It was a dream resulting in death, and was as follows:

A young married pair were sitting in a garden in the light of the moon. The wife withdrew and the husband, a man of a highly nervous temperament, tired out with sight-seeing, fell asleep. He dreamed that he was taken before a court and sentenced to death. He saw the whole process of execution in a most vivid way. At that moment his wife returned and, placing her hand on his shoulder, awakened him, but he only lived long enough to tell his dream. He died of heart paralysis.

A dream almost exactly parallel to that except in the fatal outcome is related by Dr. Frederick Scholz, director of the Bremen insane asylum. He dreamed that he was living in Paris during the Reign of Terror and was summoned before the awful tribunal. He saw Robespierre there and Marat, made his plea, was condemned to death, carted to the place of execution, ascended the scaffold, felt the knife fall and was fully conscious that his head was off his shoulders! He awoke in a cold sweat to discover that a loosened rod from the bed had fallen across his neck and given his sleeping brain the idea of a guillotine.

Scholz's nervous system was strong and came out of the dream-ordeal unharmed, where the young married man's was too weak to survive the shock. Usually the awakening comes just before the fatal moment, when the dreamer is on the edge of the precipice or about to be shot by the highwayman's revolver. It has been contended that if the dreamer rolled over the precipice the shock would kill him, and the Munich case lends probability to the view.

Dreams are of two classes, those resulting from memories and those arising from physical causes at the moment of dreaming. Dr. Scholz's shows the lightning-like rapidity of the brain's action in this semi-conscious condition. Mr. Howells says that his most persistent dream has been of burglars. He thinks that the most usual dream, the most nearly universal one is of appearing in public places and in society with very little or nothing on. "This dream," he says, "spares neither age nor sex," and he "has not the least doubt that Adam and Eve had it in Eden." For years the writer of this paragraph rarely had a dream that did not involve the loss of his hat or his walking-stick.

MENTAL CONTAGION.

The insanity of Dr. Lucas C. Adamson is of more than passing interest because he was by profession an insanity specialist and had held posts of responsibility in asylums for the cure of patients thus afflicted. He was in charge of the Bellevue insane pavilion in 1895, and was for five years an assistant at the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane. His mental breakdown recalls the very similar case of Dr. Enos, who died last year at the Illinois State Asylum for the Insane. Dr. Enos was also an alienist, and for many years in charge of the Kankakee asylum. He detected the first signs of mental derangement as they appeared in himself, diagnosed his case and effected what was supposed to be a cure, but a relapse made his confinement necessary.

It has been said that every man carries within him the germ of a nervous epidemic, the meaning being a nervous epidemic of the kind that brought about the Crusades, the fantastic religious frenzies of the Middle Ages, such as the Dancing Mania, and in more recent times the hysteria of the Tennessee camp-meetings of an earlier generation and the Coxey army of this. "Man is the suggestible animal, par excellence." After Hood wrote his "One More Unfortunate" the number of women suicides in the Thames greatly increased. After the first publicity of the Molineux case we had many telegraphic stories of poisoned candy sent by mail, and even now there is an inference of bromo-seltzer suggestion in a suspicious Brooklyn death.

A custodian of the insane is subject to a greater danger of mental contagion because the diseased subject is constantly before him. He detects and examines delusions and studies their multifarious phases until the thin partitions that divide wit from madness begin to break. The delicate adjustment of the mental mechanism is disturbed and insanity ensues.

Prof. Newbold says that "the thought of any given bodily change tends to the actual production in the body of the change which that thought represents." And Dr. Biggs, of Lima, in a hypnotic experiment in 1885 caused a dusky red cross five inches long by three inches wide to appear on a hypnotic patient as the result of his suggestion that it would come there. With suggestion accomplishing this, it is easy to fancy what auto-suggestion could do in putting a doctor's mind in a receptive condition favorable for the assimilation of his patient's delusions.

JOKES OF THE DAY

It seems her lovesick swain was "shy,"
And that, beyond a doubt,
Was the especial reason why
Her father "raised him out."

Minnie—Evidently Sallie thinks herself one of the 400.

Kittie—One of them? She thinks she's the four, and all the rest are the two ciphers.—Boston Transcript.

"'What goes up must go down,' they say."

"I suppose you're referring to the advanced price of whiskey."

"How can I become a man of high station?"

"Well, you might apply for the job of 'L' ticket chopper at West One Hundred and Sixteenth street."

Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!—St. Louis Mirror.

Said the girl: "There's no rhyme for 'chrysanthemum.'"
But the Quaker said: "Find one, now can't thee, Mum?
If thee finds thee can do it
Thee never shall rue it.
For my hand as a prize I will grant thee, Mum."

"What do you mean by 'embers of the dying year?'" asked the poet's wife.

"Why, Nov-ember and Dec-ember, of course, my dear," replied the long-haired one with a fiendish grin.—Chicago News.

These people of mercurial temperament usually spend money very fast."

"Yes, with them it's a case of quicksilver."

"He's one man in a million."

"I know. But I'd prefer one man with a million."

"De Scribe is a very original and ingenious writer."

"Yes, indeed. He even makes his own dialect."—Indianapolis News.

"Why won't you let me kiss you on the lips?"

"Because mamma said I was to scream if you kissed me; and if you kiss me on the lips I can't."

"Do you think that Josh has been helped by education?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "I must say that his handwritin' has improved, but his hay cuttin' is wuss than ever."—Washington Star.

SOMEBODIES.

CURZON, LORD—will, it is said, sit on King Solomon's throne during the forthcoming ceremonies in India. The throne, according to report, has been recently unearthed. It may or may not bear a Birmingham label.

DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—who recently died, is said to have made ninety-two wills. This is believed to be the record for wilfulness.

DOLBEAR, PROF. A. E.—who has been an instructor at Tufts College for thirty years, was born in the same house which was the birthplace of Benedict Arnold.

HULETT, N. P.—of Vermont, has just showed his friendship for Edward VII. by shipping that monarch a four-pound potato raised on Hulett's own farm.

IBSEN, HENRYK—has just had some of his plays translated into Japanese.

SCHECK, ALARD—an attache of the German Embassy at Washington, is said to owe his appointment to the fact that he bears an extraordinary resemblance to Roosevelt.

HIBBARD, POSTMASTER—of Boston, says twice as much political literature went through his office last campaign than at any other.

IRWIN, REPRESENTATIVE—of Kentucky, who was defeated for re-election, lost the battle, it is said, partly from his habit of snoring during Congressional sessions. Which shows that Congressmen should learn to sleep quietly.

KAISER AS SPECULATOR.

Not only we ordinary mortals, but even princes are glad to invest their money in speculations of various kinds in the hope of collecting large returns. Kaiser William has invested about $3,000,000 of his private income in American stocks of various kinds. For this he receives about $150,000 in dividends. The Empress also has interests in Union and Southern Pacifics, Missouri Central, &c., to the extent of $500,000. Indeed, there are few of the imperial family who have not a larger or smaller sum in American concerns.

HER STAND.

HE.

Can a maiden tell when she is loved,
Does she know by the light in his eyes?
Can she tell by the sound of his voice,
Or his look when he wistfully sighs?

SHE.

Can she tell? Oh, I think that she can,
Though he lingers in doubt and in woe,
But she can't tell her love to the man,
For that wouldn't be proper, you know.

HE.

Does a maiden love him who is bold,
Or is she inclined to prefer
The lover who gazes in awe,
Beholding an angel in her?

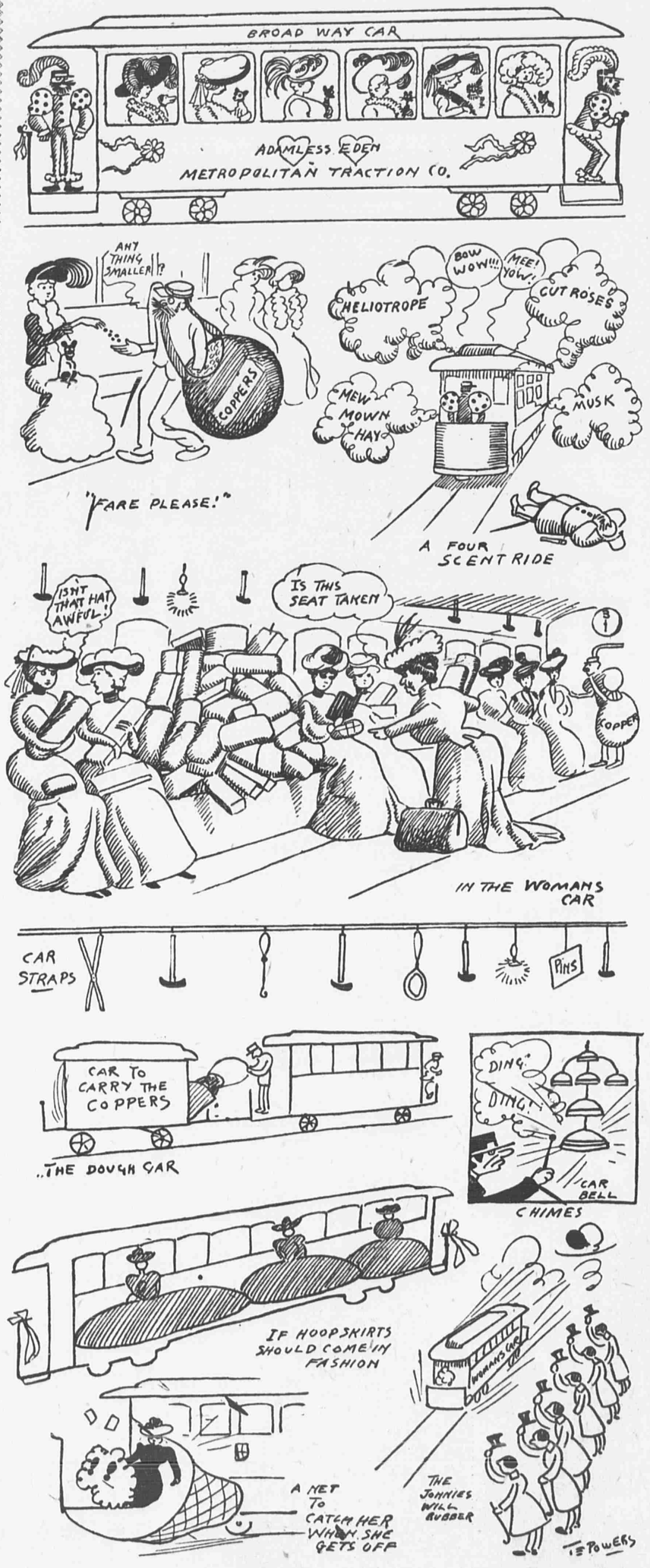
SHE.

Does she like to be soothingly swayed,
or stormed on the bold lover's plan?
I think it depends on the maid,
And likewise somewhat on the man.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOMEN WANT CARS OF THEIR OWN

Artist Powers Shows What Would Happen if They Had 'Em.

Mrs. T. St. John Gaffney, who has been moting the movement for reformed street cars in which everybody will have a seat and perhaps the conductors will pass around cake and ice cream every six blocks, has, with the assistance of her sister reformers, organized a Women's Car Passengers' Rights Association, which is now under good headway. At the meeting of the association, held at Mrs. William Tibbits Salter's residence on Monday, Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, who has been elected the President of the organization, declared herself in favor of cars for women only. Messrs. Vreeland, Greatsinger and other traffic magnates will please take notice of this declaration and order forthwith a fresh stock of weichsel wood parlor cars. Our artist shows what the dear sex will do with them. And man, poor man? Oh, he can walk or hire a cab.



BAMBOO'S GROWTH.

The bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.

UNDER THE ROSE.

The rose is the emblem of secrecy in Greece and was formerly hung over the table where guests were entertained, in token that nothing heard there was to be repeated.

NIGHT AND THE HEART.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
—Francis William Bourdillon.

SWEET BRIAR.

Because sweet briar became too abundant in Tasmania goats were introduced to head them off, as it were, by eating them, but the briar came out ahead by killing the goats.

WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES?

Not much danger of being struck by lightning, yet it kills an average of 226 persons every year in this country.

The Man Higher Up.

HE DISCOURSES ON PROF. WILEY'S FOOD TEST.

"MANKIND is getting better every day," remarked the cigar store man

"Who gave you the hunch?" asked The Man Higher Up. "Has somebody stepped in and paid you a mouldy bill?"

"Certainly not," protested the cigar store man. "I was just thinking of those twelve young fellows down in Washington who are dosing themselves with poisoned food under the supervision of the Agricultural Department to find out how poisoned victuals affect people who eat them. They must be brave, self-sacrificing boys."

"Oh, I don't know," said The Man Higher Up. "You've got another draw. The Agricultural Department didn't have to make any experiments. Prof. Wiley didn't have to call for volunteers to absorb poison. I'll make good to show Prof. Wiley that about 2,496,327 of the 3,000,000 more or less inhabitants of New York stow away more poison in their food every day than would be necessary to blow all the safes in the Wall street district. And a whole lot of them are getting fat on it.

"Down there in Washington these young fellows are going to be fed according to the rules of science. Their poison will be measured out to them from instruments so delicate that if a wine agent were to blow his breath on them they would shrivel up and go out of business. Up here in New York we get our poison with shovels.

"If you could get one of the chefs of a cheap restaurant to unbelt and steer you right about what they do with the food before they pass it out to the alleged human beings who pay for it, and then if you could get one of the chemists that gets the food ready to tell you what they do with it before the chefs exercise their drugs, you'd never again eat anything but hay grown by yourself in a sterilized pasture.

"Talk about the mysteries of the occult art! The mysteries of the restaurant and hotel kitchens and the wholesale and retail food emporiums make them look like illuminated billboards. Sometimes I think that poison is good for the human system if taken table d'hote or a la carte.

"Did you ever sit down to a steak, put it away where you think it belongs and get up from the table with your mouth feeling like the entrance to the eye of a needle? I have, and I don't make a practice of feeding in joints where they serve remnants. Did you know that they have invented an embalming fluid for chickens? That they have got stuff they inject into eggs that is guaranteed to make them appear youthful to the sight for the lifetime of the average man? They pack stuff away with the dope on it when prices are low and dig it out when prices are high, and we have got so used to eating that we couldn't recognize the real thing if it got into our systems by mistake.

"When people first come to New York from the country where they have food that is not kiln-dried and varnished they find that they can taste alumn, or borax, or formaldehyde, or similar health-giving products on everything they eat. This impression sticks until they get so they boast that they have never been in Central Park—which is the sign of a real New Yorker. Then they begin to feel that Mr. Dooley was right when he said it is better to live in the city, where all the good things come to, than in the country, where all the good things come from.

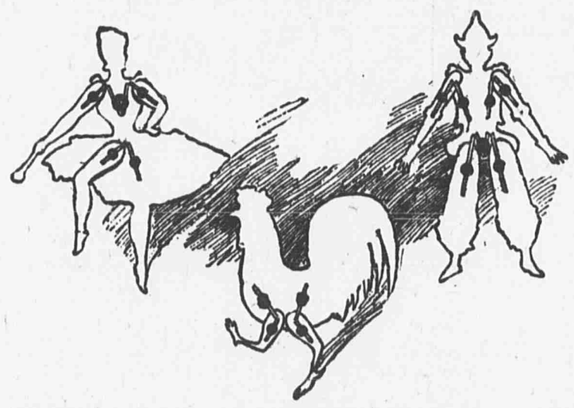
"That's the reason they live so long on the fodder they get. They begin to think that the stuff they used to eat at home was good food for the people who would stand to be skinned, but that the real stuff is here. As for the natives—well, they tell me that if you start a kid with carbolic acid in his milk you can increase the dose until he can drink it like whiskey when he gets to be a man. I pass that up myself, but I've heard funnier things from doctors."

"Don't you think there's any pure food served in New York?" asked the cigar store man.

"Of course there is," replied The Man Higher Up. "But most of the people that get it send it back to the cook. It's not spicy enough for their educated taste."

HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

TO BRING PICTURES TO LIFE.



Cut the bodies and the parts that should move out of stiff cardboard. Fasten the arms and legs to the body with the help of bent matches and sealing-wax. Crook the matches as much as possible and place the figures on their backs in a dish containing a little water. The figures will come to life immediately and move arms and legs.

VANISHED.

Can you take a penny from under a candlestick without lifting the candlestick? Knock three times on the table and then declare the coin has disappeared. The other party will lift the candlestick and you take up the penny.

THE CRANBERRY FLOWER.

One of the daintiest of wild flowers of June is the blossom of that time-honored concomitant of roast turkey, the cranberry. While, however, everybody knows the berry, few are acquainted with the flower, for the peat bogs where it blows in the choice fellowship of the stately pitcher plant and the golden club and of many a rare orchid, are quite remote from the beaten paths of travel, says Country Life in America.

The cranberry plant is a small, slender, somewhat trailing shrub, with the neatest of evergreen leaves, from amid which a few threadlike stalks lift their nodding flowers. When fully expanded the pink lobes of each corolla are curled back like a lily's, and from the heart of them the compressed stamens protrude in the shape of a spearpoint or a beak. The imaginative may see in this long-beaked little blossom a resemblance to a tiny crane's head, whence some hard-pressed etymologist has thought to derive the word cranberry—that is, crane-berry.

THE PROFESSOR'S JOKE.

Jerome C. Knowlton, professor of law in the University of Michigan, has a vast fund of good stories and tells them to perfection. One is of the time when United States Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, was a student. One morning Quarles went to his class in chemistry without having studied his lesson. The chemistry professor asked the students to recite in the order in which they were seated, and Quarles hid behind a youth of massive frame, says the Chicago Chronicle. But the professor knew he was there, and when it came to his turn the old gentleman called out in a shrill tone: "Quarles, your ears are too long to hide there."

DON'T WAIT FOR US.

A German mechanical genius has published a pamphlet on "How to Steer an Airship with Eagles." He demonstrates (on paper) that eagles can be harnessed to a balloon and made to draw it through the air, and says that he is training a team for a balloon which he has in readiness.

FOOD ELEMENTS.

Cereals with eggs or vegetable oil furnish all the food elements necessary to sustain a man in health, no matter how laborious his occupation.

THE STORY OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco was first used in Europe as a kind of rude antiseptic and preventer of infection, and both in the West Indies, northern America and Africa, the inhaling of the dried and powdered tobacco leaf was practised long before the herb was known in Europe. The same is probably true of smoking. The use of tobacco was introduced into Europe by a Franciscan friar named Ramon Pane, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to the West Indies in 1494. He was sent ashore at Cuba in charge of an exploring expedition, and reported on his return that he had found the natives snuffing this powdered herb, which they did through a short hollow cane. He introduced the practice into Europe, but it was not until 1560 that the plant was cultivated in Europe.

Jean Nicot, who had been British Ambassador at Lisbon, began tobacco growing in France in that year, and through this circumstance the herb got its name nicotine. Snuff was first used as a relief from catarrh and stoppages of the nasal passages, and the first personage to make the use of it popular was the famous Catherine de Medici, and her son, Charles IX., also used it as a relief from chronic headache. The great Catherine's patronage caused snuff to be called "Herbe a la Reine." It became enormously popular as a preventive in England after the great plague of 1660.

AN ORIGINAL ESCAPE.

Many and strange are the ways by which prisoners have attempted to escape from prison, says the Detroit Tribune. A convict in the Bench City prison, in California, had a fifteen-year term to serve, but behaved so well that he was accorded more liberty than some of the prisoners, and was set to work in the garden. But even there the watchful ring of sentries seemed to preclude all chance of escape. It occurred to him that if he could only color himself to match the long grass of a hay field which bordered the grounds he might succeed in escaping.

With this idea he procured a piece of sacking, spread it on the ground, covered it with a suspicion of earth and sowed oats on it. Well watered daily, it was soon covered with a thick green growth. Then Flaherty seized an opportunity of getting it to the meadow, slipped under it and began crawling away. If it had not been that in his anxiety he progressed a little too fast, and so attracted a sentry's attention, there is little doubt that he would have got off altogether.