

# "GREAT MINDS TO MADNESS CLOSELY ARE ALLIED"

## Prof. Grasset Proves Truth of Pope's Famous Lines



The erotomaniac who loves two young women, often sisters, with equal love at the same time. He can't bear to marry either, knowing that the other adored one may become the wife of some other man.



The monomaniac is insane on one subject only, generally the invention of a perpetual motion machine, or some other contrivance which defies every known law of mechanics. On every other subject he is perfectly rational.



The dipsomaniac suffers from a disease which makes him drink whenever an attack comes on. He should not be confounded with the habitual drunkard.



The megalomaniac is the founder of queer religions and sects. He invents new doctrines and believes and strives to win converts to his way of thinking, generally with a small degree of success.



The sitomaniac is ungovernable in spite of his hunger. Sitomania is a disease, a mild form of insanity, and the sufferer feels impelled to eat at all times and hours, no matter whether he is hungry or not.



The kleptomaniac, who is driven in spite of herself to take what does not belong to her. Kleptomania shows great skill and employ many clever ruses in their thefts.

A CAREFUL study of Prof. Grasset's remarkable book on the "demi-fous" leads to two very decided and convincing conclusions; first, that all great men are more or less insane; and, second, that it is not such a very dreadful thing to be "demi-fous," after all.

There is not, as Prof. Grasset points out, any way in which to draw a distinguishing line between sanity and insanity. The shades, or brands, of one overlap and are interwoven with the other to such a degree that it is impossible to show where the one ends and the other begins. In other words, you, for instance, can be both sane and insane at the same time—perfectly sane on certain subjects, but insane, or partly so, on at least one other. There are so many brands of insanity that, fortunately, not all of us are insane on the same subject.

"Between calm, cold reason and a transport of passion," says Prof. Grasset, "between originality and eccentricity, between nervousness and agitation, between a person who is slightly touched and one who is demented, there are all degrees of transition, and it is impossible to say where insanity begins."

Admitting for the moment, then, that everybody is more or less insane, it is not a question of just how insane a person is, but of the particular brand of insanity he has inherited or acquired, says a writer in the New York Sunday World.

The brands may be counted by the score. Some of them are of real value, especially to a man of genius. Others are useless, harmless or detrimental, as the case may be.

The erotomaniac, for instance, falls in love. But that is not all. He may love two sisters with equal love at the same time, and no matter how hard he may try, he cannot make up his mind which to marry. It is impossible for him to bear the thought that either of the young women he loves should become the wife of another. He generally solves the problem by giving them both up and marrying a third.

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wear or wrappers of every style and color, or to be absorbed in researches and calculations and ridiculous inventions."

But, after all, semi-insanity in some forms has its advantages. Many world-famous men—poets, mathematicians, philosophers, historians, writers, statesmen and scientists—would probably never have been heard of but for that one little streak of insanity which lent luster and impetus to their minds and prompted them to accomplish something of tremendous value to mankind.

For instance, "Tolstoi belongs to the category of the semi-insane who are termed 'originals.' At eight years of age he was seized with an irresistible desire to fly. This idea haunted him to such a degree that he decided to put it into practice. He shut himself up in his study room, climbed up to the window and made the movements for flying in the air. He fell from a height of more than 16 feet and was sick for some time following."

Tolstoi's Peculiar Mania.

Later Tolstoi's peculiar brand of insanity prompted him to fall in love, not once, but threefold; for, having met the three daughters of Dr. Berce, he began by being very much taken by the oldest, then he thought he was in love with the second, and finally fell in love with the third. The triple romance ended abruptly, for Tolstoi suddenly decided that instead of getting married he would now hay with the moujik in a peasant's blouse.

Ossip Lourie, who made a psychological study of many of the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century, summed up Tolstoi's case in the following way:

"Tolstoi is one of those rare men to whom the English aphorism, 'They are certainly cracked, but the crack lets in light,' might apply. In a word, Tolstoi was a semi-insane genius."

Even Socrates must have had a streak of insanity in him, for he "went into ecstasies which were almost cataleptic fits. At table, or in the streets of Athens, or in the camps, he would suddenly stop short, sometimes without motive. At other times, on the occasion of a sneeze either by himself or one of his neighbors, he would act, or would not act, according to whether the sneeze had taken place on his right hand or on his left."

Insanity of Some Great Men.

Prof. Grasset cites the cases of many other great men of past and present times whose brands of insanity were manifested in various ways. Pascal, for instance, "could not stand seeing water without falling into a perfect fit of passion." Then Auguste Comte who has exerted a vast and lasting influence on the philosophical position of the savants of the nineteenth century, "was undoubtedly semi-insane when he was not wholly insane. He wrote incoherent letters. While he was taking a walk one day he wanted to drag his wife with him into the Lake d'Engelien. During his meals he would try to drive his knife into the table, like Walter Scott's Highlander, and he would order the succulent back of a pig and recite bits of Homer."

Of Gorki, Prof. Grasset writes that he "made an attempt to commit suicide at the age of 18 and belongs to the category of the semi-insane who have been termed vagabonds or wanderers."

Guy de Maupassant died insane. He had often confessed to Paul Bourget that he frequently saw his double. In going into his own room he would see himself seated upon his own sofa. The roots of his disease "seemed to be confused with the very qualities of his talent." Villain had ideas of persecution. Jean Jacques Rousseau was successively clockmaker, mountebank, music master, painter and servant, and then followed the paths of medicine, music, theology and botany. He used to meditate bareheaded in the sun at midday. He fell in love at 11. He would suddenly depart from an inn, leaving his trunk behind him. Gerard de Nerval, the political writer and poet, was subject to hallucinations. He would be found on the street corner, his hat in his hand, lost in a sort of ecstasy. In the Tuilleries he saw the goldfish in the big fountain putting their heads out of the water trying to entice him to follow them to the bottom. The queen of Sheba was waiting for him, they said. He was found at the Palais Royal dragging a live lobster along at the end of a blue ribbon. He tried to fly like the birds, and one day at a moment, in one of the streets of Paris, when he waited with his arms spread out for his soul to mount to a star, he was gathered in by a gendarme "because he had prepared for this ascension by taking off his terrestrial garments."

Freaks of Men of Genius.

Baudelaire dyed his hair green. He was an epicure of odors, and used to say that his soul soared upon perfumes as the souls of other men soared upon music. One day after throwing a traveling glance downstairs and breaking every pane of glass Baudelaire exclaimed: "The beauty of life! The beauty of life!" He declared later that he experienced at that moment an "infinite joy," because he was, not yet insane, at least, not officially so.

The case of Alfred de Musset, who was "restless visionary and slightly maniacal," is most interesting. In the Cafe de la Regence it was his habit to order a plate of cigars and a frightful mixture of beer and absinthe, which he would swallow in a gulp. Then De Musset would settle himself scidly against the back of the divan and light one cigar after another until the plate was empty. At half-past eleven the waiter would hail a cab, lead the poet by the arm, and put him safely into the vehicle. He would let himself be taken quietly to his house, where his old nurse put him to bed like a child.

Even the great Napoleon had his particular brand of insanity. He believed in presentiments and horoscopes, as is well known, and Prof. Grasset says further he "suffered from a habitual twitching of the right shoulder and of the lips." Zola used to count the number of gas jets in the streets, the numbers on the doors and chiefly the numbers on cabs. Balzac had an ambulatory mania. One evening, when he had put on a handsome new dressing gown, he wanted to go into the street with it on and with a lamp in his hand to excite the admiration of the public. Schopenhauer always suspected that he was possessed of a demon. He said he could feel it within him. He used to pass entire weeks without speaking to anybody. Swift announced in his youth that he would go mad, and, as a matter of fact, he did.

Some Curious Hallucinations.

Edgar Allan Poe drank, as Baudelaire has said, "like a savage." He was subject to the most horrible hallucinations. Haller, the celebrated physiologist, believed he was being continually pursued by enemies. He took enormous doses of opium. Newton became insane in his old age. Beethoven, who always washed in ice water, "would lift it up with his hands, scolding all the while, and dash a quantity of water on his face and his hair without noticing that it made a pool on the floor, in which he splashed about like a duck."

In connection with Prof. Grasset's work it is interesting to note that Dr. Henry S. Atkins of the St. Louis Asylum for the Insane has recently been putting a theory of his own to a practical test. He has been sending insane women out in small parties to visit the department stores and particularly the bargain counters to do some shopping. The insane women were in charge of keepers, but gave no trouble. The patients purchased with a keen regard of appearance and value, just as their normal sisters were buying all about them. Apparently the sales women noted nothing unusual in their demeanor.

Dr. Atkins said that such recreation as that afforded by a day in the stores is a valuable part of the treatment for the insane. Just as normal persons are better merry than moody, so, he says his charges are improved by anything that pleasantly occupies their minds while not at the same time exciting their nerves.

Little Incident That Happened at the Monthly Musicals.

Margaret Durham was the latest arrival at Miss Simmons' select boarding school, and being pretty and well dressed she was popular.

Would she be an usher at the monthly musicals? Margaret was horribly shy. She never could do it—oh, never! But the chosen five elected her for the sixth, so the evening found her a perfect flutter of white frills and pink bows (this was the pink musicale) awaiting to receive the early comers. Each of the hardened five bore forward an imposing auditor, and Margaret found herself inquiring of a very ancient and elegant old gentleman in a voice scarcely audible: "Sir, shall I show you to a seat?"

"What, what, what?" demanded the elderly party, irascibly, holding his hand to his ear.

"Sir," screamed the flustered novice, "shall I sew you to a sheet?"

Then five lace handkerchiefs were crammed into five titillating mouths. While Miss Margaret bolted from the scene of her discomfiture, and the five were left to do the honors—Harper's Weekly.

Ice in Dentistry.

The first use of ice in dental operations was in what the public term the "freezing system." This application is still in use in provincial towns, but it has for several years past been discontinued in London and other large cities.

The first use of ice in this way was in America. The ice was cut up fine, placed in small bags so shaped as to fit each side of the jaw and the wretched patient held these in his mouth until the desired temperature was reached, when the operator extracted the offending molar or molars.

To-day cold air is pumped into the mouth with more effect and without any of the pain and inconvenience that must have attended the more primitive style. Fed water is always used by dentists in America, but is never used anywhere else.—Ice and Cold Storage.

MEAN MAN'S GREAT SCHEME.

Boasts How He "Works" His Poor Deluded Wife.

Two men were standing together in a corridor of a post office. One of them happened to notice that a post card, held in the fingers of the other, was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer. "That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Bro. Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 287, at the hall, the evening of October 1, to transact special business. Members not present will be fined five dollars. J. B., secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed myself, the society is all a myth. When I want to go out on an evening I direct one of these cards

to my house. I reach home, and my wife hands it to me, with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of the fever, but, of course, she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."—Detroit News Tribune.

Keep the Scalp Clean.

A distinguished physician states that if the scalp is kept thoroughly clean one rarely contracts contagious diseases. This doctor, who has worked long among immigrants and the poorer classes, declares that when the hair is allowed to become dirty and matted it is almost impossible to escape infection.

Nothing to It.

A gentleman, whose name is withheld by request and who conducted a large bakery until he lost all he had on the stock market, is quoted as authority for the assertion that "this casting bread upon the water don't always work out just as some folks claim it does."—Toledo Blade.

### MOOSE AS FLOWER PICKERS.

Monarchs of the Forest Revel in Luxuriant Lily Ponds.

At first thought it would appear impossible that such large, gaunt denizens of the forest as moose could in any way be interested in flowers. They are, however, exceedingly fond of feeding on all kinds of water lilies. Few people know that these flowers grow from thick snake-like rootstocks which are so firmly attached to the bottom that the strongest man cannot loosen them. It is from these firmly moored rootstocks that the much admired leaves and flowers strive toward the light.

A well-known naturalist, who studied the habits of the animals in northern Minnesota, where moose are more numerous than in any other part of the world, often found two or three big bulls engaged in gathering their morning meal on the lake bottom. The great beasts would slowly stalk about in three or four feet of water, and often their heads would be under water for half a minute at a time, so

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## SECOND BETSY ROSS

WOMAN WHO MAKES FLAGS FOR UNCLE SAM.

Miss Mary Woods, with Her Assistants, Turned Out 7,000 Last Year Which Cost an Average of Ten Dollars Apiece.

New York.—It was considered a wonderful achievement when patriotic Betsy Ross made the first flag for Uncle Sam. Ever since she has been glorified in story and song, and there is not a school child in the land who has not heard her name. In fact, there are still to be seen old-fashioned lithograph pictures of the prim, quaint little woman sitting on her back piazza working on the stars and stripes.

But there is a second Betsy Ross among us who deserves a great deal of credit, for where the former turned out one flag our modern Betsy turns out thousands.

The average visitor to the Brooklyn navy yard has no idea of what goes on within those grim military walls. Neither does he know that up on the third floor of the equipment department is our "Betsy Ross No. 2," whose real name is Miss Mary A. Woods.

It is 28 years since Miss Woods entered the employ of the equipment department at the navy yard. At that time she was turning out filmy rows and beautiful costumes for the fair ladies of Brooklyn, when she suddenly decided to make flags for Uncle Sam instead. Accordingly, she presented herself at the navy yard with the proper credentials and impressed the officials so agreeably that an armful of piece work was given to her to take home, as was the custom in those days. Soon thereafter she was made "quarterwoman" of the flag room in the equipment department, where she has been for more than a quarter of a century.

When Miss Woods first became "quarterwoman"—forewoman she would say in civil parlance—she had only six assistants. To-day she has under her 32 women and three men, who last year turned out 7,000 flags under her direction. Of these 1,589 were American, 500 were foreign ensigns, and the rest were signal flags.

Miss Woods has made and handled more flags than any other woman in

the world, and 90 per cent. of all the work done at the equipment department is cut by her, as she is a past mistress in the art of cutting.

When Miss Woods has cut her bunting emblems they are turned over to their respective workers, who do nothing but that particular thing 312 days in the year.

There are eight hand workers who baste, embroider and do the fancy stitches required by our fastidious Uncle Sam and foreign despots. These women receive from \$1.52, fourth-class work, to \$2.24 a day, first-class work, for the pay in the navy is always by the multiple of eight. Many middle-aged women find employment in this department, and in eight years not one has been discharged for lack of work.

Miss Woods herself has taught her assistants all that they know of flag making.

Miss Woods loves the beautiful, soft, all-wool bunting, and takes great pride in displaying it even before it is transformed into a flag. The velvets, laces, silks and satins of her dressmaking days seem frivolous compared with the fast colored buntings, the choicest output of the Lowell mills.

"Last year," said she, "we used 140,000 yards. Can you imagine it? And ten years ago we used only 40,000 yards. It cost Uncle Sam last year to run this room alone \$70,000. Of this amount \$50,000 was used for materials and \$20,000 for labor."

"No, the work is never monotonous," says Miss Woods, "for there is something new to learn each day. For instance, just before the fleet started for the Pacific the signals were changed, and all the flags had to be altered accordingly. Then you see there are a great variety of flags—408 in all and 43 foreign ones. So how can the work be monotonous?"

"And what is the most intricate flag to make? By all odds the San Salvador, because it is more concentrated. And the only flag on which the front is not the same as the back is the Paraguay, which has a lion on the front and a red five-pointed star on the back. There is more cutting, though, on a No. 1 30-inch ensign than on a No. 1 ensign 36 feet long."

Paid Enormous Dividend.

A German company has just paid a dividend which, if not unprecedented, is certainly very rare. A company called the International Boring company, which has only a capital of \$125,000, has recently announced a dividend of 500 per cent.

Rothchilds' Great Wealth.

The wealth of the Rothchilds at present is estimated at \$2,000,000,000, and is believed to have doubled within the past 20 years. It is calculated that in 70 years more they will possess an amount that can hardly be conceived.



MISS MARY A. WOODS

Tricked of the Time.

A Philadelphia lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

### MAY RECEIVE NOBEL PRIZE

Congressman Richard Bartholdt, from the Tenth district of Missouri, is spoken of as the probable winner of the Nobel peace medal for this year, a distinction which was won by President Roosevelt for his work in bringing to an end the bloodiest struggle in modern times, the Russo-Japanese war. The congressman is the leading figure in the Interparliamentary union, a congress of members of national parliaments in all parts of the world, organized to further the cause of peace, and it was due to his efforts that 200 members of the American congress were brought in. Both King Edward and Emperor William have received him and Andrew Carnegie made him the custodian of \$1,000,000, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to furthering the interests of peace. He took a prominent part in the last peace conference at The Hague, where he made this very practical recommendation:

"To each nation joining the community of nations in such a legislative body will be guaranteed (1) territorial and political integrity and local sovereignty or home rule; (2) an equal opportunity to trade abroad, and (3) due voice in determining the law to be recognized by nations in their intercourse with each other. These are the rights, you will observe, which to secure and enjoy has always been assigned as the only reason for the maintenance of military systems."

Although to-day an enthusiastic American, Congressman Bartholdt was born in Germany, but came to this country when a boy. He learned the printing trade and has been a newspaperman ever since. He was connected with several eastern papers as reporter, legislative correspondent and at the time of his election to congress he was editor of the St. Louis Tribune. He is 53 years of age and has served eight consecutive terms in congress.

John H. Edwards, who resigned the position of assistant secretary of the treasury to become president of the Mercantile National bank to succeed F. Augustus Heinz, who was forced out during the flurry that followed the collapse of the corner in United Copper in October, is a little past 30 years of age. He began life as a bank clerk in Ohio, and by the time he reached voting age he had been elected assistant secretary of the Bankers' association of Ohio. Congressman Weaver of Springfield, O., offered him the position of private secretary some ten years ago, and Edwards accepted it and went to Washington with him. That position he held until 1901, when the congressman was retired. His work had attracted the attention of Postmaster General Payne, who offered him a similar position. Edwards accepted. His duties brought him frequently into contact with Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, and when the latter was looking for a private secretary he "borrowed" Edwards from Payne and never paid him back. When Horace A. Taylor tendered his resignation of the position of assistant secretary of the treasury he recommended Edwards. He suggested that the announcement be made on Washington's birthday, then but a few days off.

"It is the birthday of Edwards' good old mother," he said, "and the birthday of his young son. I would like to tell him of his promotion on that day."

"Capital!" shouted the president, enthusiastically. "I will go one better and send his nomination to the senate on that day."

He was as good as his word and Edwards got the appointment. Because the president of the United States and the secretary of the treasury in these commonplace, practical and materialistic days, were sentimentalists, he was confirmed in a position which he did not assume for several weeks later.

### YOUTHFUL BANK PRESIDENT

Dr. Purley A. Baker, head and brains of the National Anti-Saloon league, speaking of the temperance wave that is sweeping over the United States, says: "We are fighting a demoralized and divided enemy and smile at concessions shouted back by a whipped army in full retreat."

Dr. Baker looks like a country preacher. He was but he isn't. Once he rode the hills of southern Ohio in a buckboard and ministered to ten isolated congregations. He himself led the singing. Now he rides over the United States in parlor cars, an admiral on wheels in a rigorous and scientific warfare against the liquor traffic.

Officially he is described as the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league of America. Unofficially he is described as a corporation lawyer, a political boss and a doctor of divinity. His headquarters are in Columbus, O., and Washington. He is quick and nervous, but his head is all the time clear and his brain knows little if any rest. He dresses like a business man.

As the head of the Anti-Saloon league he has helped to select 250 paid workers throughout the country, a considerable number of whom are lawyers.

Dr. Baker was born in the country. At 13 he had a step-father with the usual results. He became a farm laborer. One night he drifted into a revival meeting. Then the desire for an education seized him. He became a minister and while laboring in Ohio he saw the effects of intemperance, but didn't think prohibition could be made practical and successful if it continued in politics as a separate party. He became interested with Howard H. Russell, who as a student had gone to the Ohio capital to lobby a township local option bill through the legislature. He resigned his pastorate and took up the cause of temperance.

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### IRISH PEER COMING

The duke of Leinster, Ireland's premier peer, and a handsome, stalwart young man, is coming to America, and the gossips are hinting that there is a beautiful young American girl who may wear the strawberry leaves as a result of his visit. The duke is said to be the best part of the day, for he lost his parents while he was yet a child, and the revenues of the estates have accumulated during his minority until today he is a wealthy man, even for his position. Both his father and his mother, the latter the most beautiful woman in England at the time, died of consumption, and it was feared at one time that the young duke would meet the same fate. He was sent off for a long sea voyage and he returned strong and healthy, with his constitution apparently thoroughly built up.

Consumption was not the only danger that threatened the life of the young duke, for shortly after the death of his father he nearly lost his life in a fire which destroyed Duncombe park, the country seat of his grandfather, the old earl of Faversham, with whom he was living. He was rescued by one of the servants, who climbed to his window by a ladder, wrapped him up in a wet blanket and carried him to the ground. Both the ladder and the blanket were scorched by the flames bursting out at the window, but the child was uninjured.

The young duke of Leinster is a great-grand-nephew of the famous Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot, who, after a hard struggle with the English troops and police, died in Newgate prison, Dublin, of the injuries inflicted by them. Lady Edward Fitzgerald, who long survived him, was generally believed to have been a natural daughter of the regicide, duke of Orleans, father of King Louis Philippe, and of Mme. de Genlis. The latter was the famous French authoress, who, as governess, was intrusted with the education of Louis Philippe. The romantic circumstances of the marriage of Lord and Lady Edward Fitzgerald, have found themes for the works of many novelists and poets, including Thomas Moore.

"Faith, an' O'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland never got justice yet."—Judge.

Inevitable.

"A boy should be taught to take his own part," said the earnest citizen.

"Of course," answered the pessimist. "It will save him some trouble in the school yard. But no matter what you do, he'll probably grow up into the habit of hanging on to a strap and letting anybody in a uniform tell him to step lively."—Washington Star.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.