

**BANKS MUST BE CAREFUL.**

**NO LOOSE METHODS WILL BE TOLERATED.**

**Thus Says Controller Eckels, While Unfolding His New Plan of Splitting the Minnesota-Wisconsin Examination District.**

**Eckels Has an Idea.**

Washington, Special, May 27.—Minnesota is to be made a separate bank examination district. At present it and Wisconsin form one district, with Col. Brush as bank examiner. Controller Eckels said today that there was too much work for one man to do in that large district and he intended to divide it at an early date. He was asked if the division would make any difference about Col. Brush, and he said: "Not in the least. A new examiner will be appointed for Wisconsin, and Col. Brush will remain as the bank examiner for the Minnesota district. I have known Col. Brush a great many years. We lived in the same town in Illinois and I like him very much. He is a good man and an efficient examiner. He will not be disturbed for the present. Of course when new bank examiners are appointed I expect to name Democrats, but this office will be run on business principles rather than on politics, and I have no disposition to remove men who are bank examiners and well qualified for the position. Hereafter I intend that there shall be two examinations of every national bank each year instead of one, as at present. The law in regard to penalties upon banks which are doing business in a loose method will be rigidly enforced. A bank that is found loaning money on poor security and otherwise injuring its credit will not be let off with a censure, but will suffer for its neglect."

He also said there would probably be no removal at present of John E. Diamond of South Dakota, who is examiner for the Dakotas. Controller Eckels, although he went into office under adverse circumstances and was subjected to considerable criticism, has elicited favorable comment for the vigorous manner in which he has taken hold of the affairs of his office.

**Honoring His Ashes.**

New York, May 27.—Arrangements for the removal of the remains of Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, from New Orleans next Sunday and their reinterment in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va., were completed in this city yesterday at the Marlborough hotel, where J. Taylor Ellison, mayor of Richmond, Va., held a late conference with Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her accomplished daughter, Miss Winnie Davis. After the conference at which the chairman's widow approved the elaborate plans for the removal, Mayor Ellison, accompanied by Miss Winnie Davis, started for New Orleans. Miss Davis will represent the family at the ceremonies, which will take place along the route from New Orleans to Richmond, where Mrs. Davis will meet the remains and be present at the interment. Honors are to be paid upon the ashes of the ex-president. A leader from the opening of the grave in Michigan cemetery until they are laid away with in sight of the Virginia city. A list of names identified with his name and fame.

**Baptist Missions.**

Denver, May 27.—The seventy-ninth anniversary of the Baptist missionary union was celebrated today. Rev. Dr. Andrew Shong, the president, briefly outlined the condition of the union. It appears that during the year there was collected from all sources \$1,019,548.46, which is a record. The church has established missions in twenty foreign lands, where 247 missionaries are at work. Since the year ending March 31, 1925, 225 converts were made, making the total membership of the union 1,370,812. The president outlined the plan of the union for the coming year. After devotional exercises this afternoon the delegates of the missionary union convention assembled in the afternoon for a banquet at the Elks club. The banquet was a very successful one, and the delegates were very enthusiastic. The association asked that the contributions reach \$1,000,000 in commemoration of that event. It was reported that more than that had been raised.

**An A. P. A. Exposure.**

Davenport, Iowa, May 27.—A sensation of unusual size was sprung today in the city of Davenport by the publication of the Iowa Catholic Messenger in its best known newspaper of its church in Iowa. Some time ago it declared war on the American A. P. A. association, otherwise known as the "Deputies." In its issue today it gives a four-column article, in which it prints the names of every member of that secret society in this city. Among the names are many merchants, and in consequence a series of boycotts is projected. The grip, passwords and interior workings of the order are given. The article is signed by Rev. J. Quinn, who until recently has been one of the editors of a small weekly, which was supported by the members of the A. P. A. society. Quinn, however, makes the revelations and disclosures because, he declares, some members of the A. P. A. association, disguised with frankness, have arranged to start another paper. All the statements in the article are vouched for by affidavits.

**A Bank Will Suspend.**

Findlay, Ohio, May 27.—President Lloyd West of the People's bank at North Baltimore, which carried very heavy deposits of the oil producers in the oil country, was here this evening endeavoring to procure a ruling to secure this bank, announced that his bank would close its doors today morning, having been dragged down by the failure of ex-Secretary Charles Foster of Fosteria. Charles Foster was a stockholder in the bank. Oil operators and processors will lose many thousands. Findlay banks are unaffected by the Foster failure.

**He Was Not a Speculator.**

New York, May 27.—Mr. Foster was generally considered by Wall Street men to have taken an active interest in Wall street affairs, and was supposed to have been associated with Senator Calvin S. Brice and Samuel Thomson in some of their deals. Mr. Foster has not been in easy financial conditions for years, even before he accepted the secretaryship of the treasury. So far as can be learned, Mr. Foster speculated very little. At any rate, not through those houses with which his supposed operations were conducted.

**Had for the Boarders.**

Fargo, N. D., Special, May 27.—The Sherman house was burned early this morning. This is the fourth building of this name which has burned in the past seven years. It was owned by James Kennedy and was valued at \$8,000; insurance, \$5,000. The occupant was Ike Blair, who had \$1,500 in the furniture which does not cover one-half the loss. Over 100 boarders were asleep in the building when the fire broke out, but all escaped, but many lost all their clothing, some getting out with a portion of their clothes in their hands and dressing gowns.

**GIVEN IN GREEK.**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 27.—The Greek play "Antigoné" was given by the students of Vassar college before an audience of 2,000 people at the opera house of this city this evening. Preparations for it have been in progress for months, and no pains or expense was spared to make it in every respect true to its rendering in ancient Greece.

**Hanged for Criminal Assault.**

Birmingham, Ala., May 27.—Robert Alexander, Lewis and Howard Pugh, negro boys, were hanged at Tuskegee, Ala., at noon today, for criminal assault on Mrs. Cook, a white woman.

**NEWS BOILED DOWN.**

**Telegrams From the World Over in a Condensed Form.**

Cumberland, Md., May 27.—William S. Bridenbald, a prominent and wealthy young lawyer, was riding a spirited young saddle horse when the horse sited at an electric car, throwing M. Bridenbald down under the wheels of a heavily loaded wagon, which passed over his abdomen, killing him almost instantly.

Vienna, May 27.—The Austro-Hungarian military budget shows an increase of 10,000,000 francs. The government explains the increase as rendered necessary by the pace set by other powers in expenditures upon their armies. The credits in question will be spread, if need be, over several years.

Halifax, N. S., May 27.—F. C. Pearson, of the West End railway system, is reported to be the head of a syndicate of Boston capitalists who have purchased the blast furnace and mills at Perona and the large steel works at Nova Scotia. They propose to revitalize the iron industry of Nova Scotia.

Brussels, May 27.—The miners' international conference has closed its session. The next conference is to be held in Germany, provided the authorities do not interfere to prevent it. Should German authorities forbid a meeting in that country the conference will be held in England.

New York, May 27.—The "Exposition Flyer," the New York Central's twenty-hour train to Chicago, was given a preliminary run between New York and Albany today. The train is a beauty and sped over the rails at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour without a jar.

Biddeford, Me., May 27.—John L. Sullivan did not appear in court to answer the charge of assaulting Lawyer Lezotte. The defendant was represented by counsel, and a fine of \$100 and costs was imposed.

Victoria, B. C., May 27.—Collector of Customs, Miles, yesterday began paying the claims of sealing whaler owners. He has announced officially that Bering sea will be closed until the 1st of May next, unless her majesty specially orders otherwise.

Berlin, May 27.—Owing to the excitement attending the elections for the reichstag, the upper house of the Prussian landtag is likely to postpone beyond the present session the enactment of tax reforms proposed by Finance Minister Miquel.

New York, May 27.—The general meeting of bondholders of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad company has instructed their representatives to vote in favor of extending the line to Montgomery, Ala., at the meeting to be held Monday next.

Paris, May 27.—The court martial which has sat in Toulon to inquire into the wreck of the French dispatch boat La Bourdonnais in a cyclone off the island of St. Marc last March has acquitted Commander Villamaue of all blame.

New York, May 27.—The contract for towing the Spanish caravels Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina from here to Montreal, through the long locks, has been awarded for \$5,000, and a tug is now being stored and prepared for the trip.

Little Rock, Ark., May 27.—Frank Hickey, the alleged murderer of John M. Clayton, has been released. The evidence against him is considered very slight and it is not expected that he will be convicted.

Bridgetown, Conn., May 27.—Charles C. Watson, for several years on the reprobatory staff of the Bridgetown Farmer, has been appointed by United States Treasurer Morgan as his private secretary.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 27.—The annual meeting of the Iowa State Funeral Directors' association opened last evening at Webster City. About one hundred and twenty-five delegates are in attendance.

Denver, May 27.—The run on the People's Savings bank here ended and every demand has been promptly met. Confidence has been restored in financial circles and the excitement has subsided.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 27.—Edward Newell, agent of the Domestic Machine company, has made a general assignment, with liabilities between \$40,000 and \$50,000 and assets about the same.

Philadelphia, May 27.—The announcement is made that the whole amount necessary to guarantee the success of the financial readjustment plan of the Reading railroad has been subscribed.

London, May 27.—The delegation which is to attend the session of the supreme court of Good Templars at Des Moines and the temperance convention at the world's fair, will start today.

San Antonio, Tex., May 27.—Another batch of Mexican revolutionists were sentenced to terms of imprisonment this afternoon in the United States court for violating neutrality laws.

Butte, Mont., May 27.—E. G. Boyle, cashier of the Northern Pacific Express company's office, this city, is short \$700 and the crowd is with the company. He was arrested.

New York, May 27.—After his usual morning visit at the buyers' club, today Dr. St. Clair Smith said that Mr. Booth's condition was unchanged.

Odessa, May 27.—Advices from Roumania say that floods have destroyed over half a million acres of crops and that the damage is nearly £1,000,000.

Cleveland Contention.

Seattle, Wash., May 27.—Pioneer square was crowded last night with several thousand people in attendance upon the anti-Chinese meeting. The purpose of the meeting was for a public expression of opinion as to the enforcement of the Geary act. The crowd was enthusiastic but orderly. President Cleveland was condemned in a series of resolutions for interfering with the rights of the Chinese. A political significance was given to the meeting with the exception that a few orators of the Democratic party, who are in favor of the Chinese, and appeared determined to the opinion that the Chinese must be driven out.

A Contract Let.

Sheldon, Iowa, Special, May 27.—The contract for the erection of the new school house here has been let to the Mather Brick Company of Mankato, Minn., for \$25,200.

The Lutheran Synod.

Canton, Ohio, May 27.—Lutheran general synod today at resolution opposing the opening of the world's fair on Sunday was passed. Some of the delegates were in favor of boycotting the fair. The day was almost entirely devoted to the subject of home industry. A resolution will be given to Gov. McKinley Saturday night, when he comes to extend the greetings of the state to the synod.

Judge Bennett Gets His Appointment.

Washington, May 27.—John W. Bennett of North Dakota was today appointed chief of district, second circuit office.

**DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.**

**"WHO TOUCHED ME?" THE TEXT FOR A POWERFUL SERMON.**

**Even Christ Felt that Strength Had Gone Out of Him When He Made the Woman Whole—A Christ that May Be Reached by Human Touch.**

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Rev D. Talmage today chose for the subject of his discourse the inquiry addressed by the Saviour of those who surrounded him when the invalid woman having touched his garment, he asked, "Who Touched Me?" Mark 5, 31. A great crowd of people following each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought he could effect the cure, others that he could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha. He says it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain, she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine at this time, when the words physician or surgeon stand for potent and educated skill. Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Besides that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines, and had sought surgical attendance, and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with some suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and she does not so much as touch the hem of his robe. Only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowds parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind him and his human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about his kindness to the sick, and she does not so much as touch him. She thinks if she only touch him once it will do her good. She will not touch him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch him on his coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long fringe of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think he will hurt me. I have heard so much about him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches Christ, but cannot quite touch him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beauteous health, rubicund health, God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspended ridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of his garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and starts them with the interrogation of my text, "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied: "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the rosy and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may he be the family physician. Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that strength had gone out of him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Are you curious to know how the garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all his robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent pericarpity without which there would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession works that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes to home, all his nervous energy going out by active service in church or Sabbath school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good conduct, wisely gives, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and

heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock that you knit for the barefooted destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwelling garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate his accessibility, God in magnitude rather than God in minutiae, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the shroud of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scouring the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, and he looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was not insensitive to touch. He was sensitive to human touch. He was sensitive to the slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of his head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch him, if by the hand of prayer we make the link between him and ourselves complete. Mark you, the invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if they confess that they weep, they are thought to be weak. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept." Behold Christ on the only day of his early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in his eyes and on his cheek; for when he beheld the city he wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of his month to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine he doesn't care about me, and his face is turned the other way." So his back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on his way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-sounding. But the context says, "He turned him about." If he was facing to the north he turned to the south; if he was facing to the east he turned to the west. Why turned him about? The Bible says he has no shadow of turning. He rides on in his chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing scepters as though they were the cracking alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thorns on either side of him without stopping to look which way they fall. From east to west he marches, "He turned him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, with all this nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken, if it does not cure, leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia and about the awful apprehensions of something going to happen, and irritability and about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she touched the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say

she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by an accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under an ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you—I do not ask you to discard human medication. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights do not despise promidol of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm do not despise morphia. If you want to strengthen up your system do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch him not only on the hem of his garments, but touch him on the shoulder where he carries our burden, touch him on the head where he remembers all our sorrows, touch him on the heart, the center of all his sympathy. Oh, yes, Paul was right when he said: "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

O, my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows he touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning touched him and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied: "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how the poor suffer; I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and, therefore, I slept on this cold step last night." This is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He was on a cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch him?

You utter your voice in a mountain pass and there comes back ten echoes, twenty echoes, thirty echoes perhaps, weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every aspiration of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes, the throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach a Christ so near you can touch him—touch him with your guilt and get pardon—touch him with your trouble and get comfort—touch him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of preterrestrial and celestial and brotherly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep his hand over this audience and say, "Who touched me?" There would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I!! I!! I!!"

**OPIMUM AND ITS DISGUISES.**

**The Drug Sold in Asylums to People Who Land in Asylums.**

One druggist, who kept a record of his prescriptions for several years, assured a New York Herald man that nearly 2,000 out of 16,000 prescriptions he had counted called for opium. But that is not all. When the patent medicines that go to make up three-fourths of the merchandise of the chemist are gone over we run across morphine. With few exceptions, the patented cough balsams all contain opium. That's why they are so dear. The more expensive the preparation the larger the amount of opium it contains. It almost seems as if they were a cloak under which the unrestricted sale of opium is carried on in open violation of the law.

Many fields carry a doctor's prescription calling for half an ounce or more of opium in their pockets for years and have it replenished as often as they like. When the paper becomes old and faded they have it copied by an obliging druggist's assistant and it lasts for another year or so of daily use. They are the persons who sooner or later go to fill up our insane asylums and private retreats. If they are poor they become burdens upon the community. If they have influential friends they find a home in some retreat where the hope is kept green that they have not passed beyond human aid. By this time they are physical and moral wrecks, for nothing like opium will undermine a noble character and a strong will.

All this is the perilous side of opium. Now what good can be said of it? A great deal. It is beyond question a valuable drug and no doctor can afford to be without it for a moment. To relieve exerting pain, which of itself may kill a person, it has no equal as a sedative, a sleep producer and a tonic. If wakeful nights have sapped a sufferer's vital force until there is little left nothing like opium will bring on rest and freedom from pain. There are many kindred conditions in which the use of opium is indicated, yes, demanded, but rarely has it any other value in the therapy for the cure of disease. It is seldom more than a remedy of expediency. As a rule it is prescribed by the very symptoms that entitle a thoughtful, competent doctor to strike at the root of the evil, as he should, and it is precisely for this reason that its apparent haphazard use is so much condemned in medical practice.