



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**TOO MUCH THOUGHTLESS LEGISLATION.**

**By Ex-Gov. Herrick of Ohio.**  
It is high time that we cease to litter our law books with measures that restrict industry and give it a form so rigid as to be unsuited to natural development. Awarding growth and hampering individual initiative, and confining our attention to the removal of excessive growths, and the passage of such legislation as will keep pace with the quickened evolution of the times, permitting and aiding the country to progress freely along the lines that have been so prolific of good in the past.  
Just at present the outcry is loudest against the corporations doing an interstate business—particularly the railroads. Absence in railroad management there have been, and doubtless many still obtain. Generally speaking, rebates, private car lines, discrimination against certain localities, and the issue of securities for improper purposes are evils of magnitude and should be prohibited by stringent legislation. Discrimination in railroad rates has not always been an unmitigated evil.  
The marvelous growth and prosperity of the West are due, in no small degree, to the fact that wheat has been transported at a relatively low rate. Many flourishing centers of trade and industry have been developed by the judicious discrimination of railroads. Unfortunately, our lawmakers are being driven by thoughtless agitation into the enactment of much hasty and ill-advised legislation—inimical to the free development of railroads.

forth in big type, about a new battle with the Moors. They are picturesque, but I am glad they are so far away, those same Moorish brethren! I prefer reading "Into Morocco," by the brilliant Pierre Loti, to taking a journey along the southern coast of the Mediterranean and into the lands lying southward. A good map, after all, tells best, to the downright, practical mind, who and what the Moors really are.

**MYSTERY OF THE ANCIENT DOCTOR**

**By Sir Frederick Treves, Surgeon to King Edward**  
I am certain it is safe to prophesy that the time will come when hospitals for infectious diseases will be empty and not wanted. I also look forward to the time when it will be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it will be for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England. Very little, however, can be done by the legislature, but everything by the progress of medical science and in a much larger degree by the intelligence of the people.  
We must recognize that the saying that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies is erroneous, and see that dirt is undesirable.  
Preventive medicine is founded upon hard facts, prudence, and common sense. The mystery of the ancient doctor, his use of long names, and his extraordinary prescriptions are passing away.  
Multitudes of shelves full of bottles which surround doctors are also passing away, and being replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun, and plenty of fresh air.  
The fight of the present day is against millions of microbes, and the weapons are sanitary regulations, municipal government, the sanitary inspector, and the medical officer of health.

**EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH**

**By Prof. S. C. Mitchell, Richmond College.**  
The South is advancing educationally along three different lines—in education of the neglected white children, in the democratizing of the ideals of the higher institutions of learning, and in the training of the negroes. The school is within the reach of every negro child.  
Upon these schools the South has expended since the war perhaps as much as \$130,000,000. While the negroes should be encouraged to enter every avenue of life for which their talents fit them, it is, nevertheless, true that the great masses of this race will find their surest opportunities upon the farm. They need to be moralized.  
This threefold advance on the part of the South constitutes one of the finest experiments in education which mankind has seen, and should enlist the sympathetic cooperation of the whole nation.

**THE MOORS AND WHO THEY ARE**

**By Ada C. Sweet.**  
A touch of romance is given by the dispatches relative to the war with the Moors. Christendom was so many centuries fighting the Moors—Turks, Saracens, they are all of one mingled tanned mix of Arab and North African blood, Numidian, Phoenician, etc., with sprinkling of European. Mohammedans! these were known as Moors during all the long years of warring, and the story and song of Europe are full of the sounding name. Even here in comparatively new America tradition has lent us a tale or two connected with the romantic Moors; as in the story of Captain John Smith, whose captivity among the Moors is one of the episodes the school children wonder over. But to most of us the Moors mean that people which overran southern Spain, and held the land for centuries, only to be driven out finally by cruel and merciless war.  
These, and Othello, "The Moor of Venice," make up the picture, to most minds, when the newspaper holds

**THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.**

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,  
Held me in soft embrace;  
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,  
Were placed against my face.  
  
Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,  
Looked up in mine this even;  
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "Good night!"  
Three little forms from heaven.  
  
Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us;  
It lights our faith when dim,  
To know that once our blessed Savior had them,  
Bring "little ones" to him.  
  
And said he not, "Of such is heaven?"  
And blessed them,  
And held them to his breast?  
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,  
'Tis then they go to rest?  
  
And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,  
Three hearts encased in mine,  
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say,  
"Those angels are not mine!"

**A FALSE PREDICTION**

Madam Cleo, prima donna soprano of the Rusch Opera Company, sat before the long table in her dressing room "making up" for the evening performance.  
A dash of rouge, a dab of powder, myriad beads of blue cosmetic along the slender edge of her blond eye lashes, and she was transformed from a plain, middle-aged woman into a radiant vision of youthful beauty.  
Suddenly a shriek, sounding from the stage, startled her.  
Scream after scream went up from the chorus of fairies gathered for the opening tableau. Madam's first thought was of fire; catching up her cherished bag of jewels, she made a dash for safety, but the scene which her open door disclosed reassured her.  
It was no fire. It was only an accident to one of the chorus girls. Indifferently she would have turned back to her preparations but she spied the manager, Lynn Rusch, striding through the excited crowd.  
"What is it?" she called to him.  
"Rigging broke; one of the girls killed, I suppose," he answered, shortly.  
"Her own fault, probably," she flung back. "The 'firedy girls' are too careless. Don't let it annoy you; come in a moment, Lynn."  
He paid no attention to the honeyed invitation; he had long ago sounded the depths of Madam Cleo's honeyed phrases. Pushing his way through the horrified chorus of dimly dressed ladies he saw a heap of red and blue and flame-like gauze lying prone on the stage where she had been dropped by a defective rigging.  
"Bring a doctor," he said to one of the stage hands. "A doctor, quick."  
Alarmed, he knelt on the stage floor feeling for a pulsation of life, heading his ear to catch a sound of breathing. To all appearances the girl was lifeless; it had been a cruel fall from the flies.  
"Here," he called to some of the men, "help me to carry her into Cleo's room."  
They lifted her gently and bore her to Madam's door. The star dressing



"So you are to be my understudy?"  
told him that she was better, asking where she was, where they were going.  
He told her.  
"Oh, but I must not go home!" she exclaimed in distress. "My mother—it would frighten her; and I cannot lose a night's salary! Please take me back."  
"You are not fit to work. Besides," he added, kindly, "you shall not lose a night's salary."  
"Are you Mr. Rusch? I thought I knew your voice."  
So, she had known his voice and he, self-centered, had not known of her existence.  
It was a long drive to Welton Court, but Lynn Rusch felt that it was too short. He ought to be in the "front of the house" at that moment, still it was with reluctance that he left her in the care of her blind old mother, after being assured that no fractures had been sustained.  
Never again was Amy permitted to be drawn up into midair as a "firedy"

**JOLLY JOKER**  
Dot (meeting Johnny)—I have found you out. Johnny—What am I? Dot—Nobody. Johnny—Goodness gracious, I am discovered!  
Pa—Why did you go out in the rain today without an umbrella, John? Johnny—I ate salt mackerel this morning for breakfast, and that keeps me dry.  
Johnny—Say, dad, if I ate a chop and you ordered one and ate it, what would your phone number be? Pa—Give it up, son. Johnny—It would be 8-1-2.  
Little Edna—What is "leisure," mamma? Mamma—It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, my dear.—Chicago Daily News.  
He (scentiously)—I always speak my mind. She (tartly)—I suppose that is why you have the reputation of being a man of few words.—Baltimore American.  
Mother—Whatever are you doing to poor oldy, child? Child—I'm just going to put her to bed, mummy. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out.—Source.  
Old Lady (improving the occasion)—You know, boys, it's only the body which lies here. Now, what is it good to Heaven? Small Boy (tentatively)—'Is 'ead, mum.—Pick-Me-Up.  
Nell—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Belle—Well, I think her husband must feel like a wicker now.—Catholic Standard and Times.  
Missus—Bridget, have you cemented the handle on the water-jug which you dropped yesterday? Bridget—I started to, Mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.  
"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated." "What they goin' to do with it?" "His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.  
The Wife, during a quarrel—I'm going right home to mother; so there! The Husband—That's right, dear, of two evils always choose the less. Please don't bring your mother here.—Youkers Statesman.  
Pa—You naughty boy, you've been fighting again! Johnny—No, pa, I was only trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a little boy. Pa—That was a noble act, my son; who was the little boy? Johnny—Me.  
Department Store Manager—The clerk in the butter department says he's not going to lie about our butter any more. The Boss—What salary does he get? Manager—Eight dollars a week. The Boss—Give him nine.  
Sweet Singer—De Hammer says he has a high place in the next show he goes out with. Comedian—Well, I should say it is high. He sits in the flies and tears up paper for the snow-storm scene.—Chicago News.  
Dot—I heard your soldier brother wrote you a birthday letter. Was there any war news in it? Johnny—I don't know. You see it was printed on the envelope "Return in five days." So I kept it that long and then sent it back.  
Waiter Girl (in restaurant)—We've got frogs' legs, chicken livers, calves' brains and—Johnny (turning to his pa)—I say, dad, they must be queer people who live in this place. Don't you think they ought to call in a doctor?  
"Is Mrs. Wise at home?" inquired Mrs. Chatters, standing in the shadow of the doorway. "I don't know, ma'am," replied the servant. "I can't tell till I git a better look at ye. If ye've a wart on the side o' yer nose, ma'am, she ain't."—Philadelphia Press.  
"That, my son, you see what larrah done fer yer daddy, don't you?" "What, ma'am?" "Why, jest as soon as the goverment knowed that he could do figgers in his head they plinted him postmaster at \$50 a year, an' purty soon he'll be sellin' stamps what goes on letters!"—Atlanta Constitution.  
"But," asked the proprietor of the Bongton apartments, "do you think this man is the best one you can get for janitor?" "The best ever!" replied the manager. "He has been at various times a tannerman and a street-car conductor. He's as sassy and independent as he can be."—Philadelphia Press.  
"What I would like," said the eager young actress, "is a part with a death scene in it. I never fail to make a big hit when I die." "I don't doubt it," replied the heartless manager, "and I may say that you would make the biggest hit of your life if you would go away somewhere and die right now."—Chicago Record-Herald.  
Johnny (sitting up in his bed at 12:30 p. m.)—Dad, I'm so thirsty. Pa—Lie quietly and go to sleep. Johnny (after a pause)—But, dad, I must have a drink of water. I'm so thirsty. Pa—If you don't go to sleep this minute I'll have to thrash you. A long silence, when Johnny replied—All right, dad. If you're getting up to thrash me, you might bring me a glass of water at the same time.  
**How to Enjoy Whisk.**  
"How can one learn to enjoy the game of whist?"—Aspinwall.  
Get yourself roped into a game as partner to some one who helped Boyle write his book. The other two players must also be experts. Start in pleasantly to enlighten the game with a few well-chosen anecdotes, now and then making the wrong play. After your partner has slumped your ears and sworn at you and put the black curse on you and all your ancestry and called you a fool a few times you will awake to the real joy of the game and intellectual game. We have tried this several times, but not at frequent intervals, and we can guarantee its efficiency.—Chicago News.  
When a man imposes on himself often he taxes his memory.

**MONARCHIES OPPOSE EMIGRATION.**

It is not surprising that Senator Dillingham, who is in Europe investigating conditions of immigration, reports that European governments are much concerned about the exodus of their young men to the United States.  
In this the rulers of Europe see the reason for this republic's present and future greatness.  
To maintain our supremacy among the nations we must build fleet after fleet of \$20,000,000 battleships, increase our standing army until it equals that of any two European powers combined and spend fortunes on coast defenses; but of far greater value to us is the steady inflow of sturdy, adventurous Europeans who come to this country to make their fortunes and establish their homes.  
Through a peace conference the powers of Europe might possibly induce us to restrict our army and navy, but they have no means of cutting off the immigration which is a real source of our greatness as a nation.  
There is no mystery about the reason for emigration from Europe. Taxation to maintain great standing armies, compulsory service in such armies and hard-set class lines and governments setting up the absurd claim of divine right persuade men to try life in a better country. Once they are here their success and their letters home draw others.  
Every good citizen gained by the United States is a severe loss to his former government. No one understands this better than the rulers, who must confess themselves powerless to check the movement that, more surely than any military supremacy, could possibly do, is making the United States the strongest as well as the greatest of world powers.—Chicago American.

**Mining Speculation.**

PERIOD of general prosperity is almost sure to be also a period of unusual speculative activity. The present time is no exception to the rule. The craze to invest in mining shares has taken such a hold and become so widespread that conservative men in several cities have felt it to be their duty to sound a warning. Speculation itself may be said to be a trait of human nature. It takes various forms. The "South Sea bubble" and John Law's Mississippi Company were famous speculations of the early years of the eighteenth century. The railroad craze in England and many wild speculations in land and in banks in this country distinguished the nineteenth century.  
Mining schemes possess elements of chance to a marked degree, and have attracted ignorant and reckless investors over and over again. It is so at the present time. Mines—gold, silver, copper, zinc, or anything else that can be made to look solid on paper—or, more accurately, the promoters of mining companies, are besieged by men and women offering their hard-earned savings for a gambling chance.  
The fact that great fortunes have been made in legitimate mining investments has been seized upon by shrewd promoters and used as a bait. Their advertisements are written in a plausible, seductive and ostentatiously confidential style. They profess to be conferring a benefit when they offer their shares for sale, and they put the price of shares so low that even the members of the infant class might break open their tin banks and buy a few of them.  
It would be unjust to condemn as worthless all schemes advertised in the confidential manner and all companies

**A LIFE INSURANCE FREAK.**

THE Cleveland man who canceled his policy of life insurance, on which he had paid many premiums, because he had a premonition of death and was conscience-stricken at the prospect of defrauding the company, evidently needs a guardian. But what can be thought of the insurance company that would thus deliberately take advantage of its client's ignorance?  
Life insurance rates are based on expectancy. The average age at which a thousand persons die establishes a rate for all. Some die earlier, while others live long beyond the average. The man who dies first reaps the greatest direct benefit from his insurance, while the man who lives longest receives his compensation in that fact. The company may be protected from loss, the level premium rate is loaded to meet the expenses incident to the business, to provide a reserve fund against emergencies and to pay interest on the capital invested.  
The company, therefore, would not be the loser if the man should die the day before his premium fell due. If the policy was canceled unconditionally and the policy holder did not accept its surrender value in cash or paid up insurance, then he defrauded himself or his beneficiary and should be entitled to recover. At any rate, he has an entirely wrong conception of life insurance principles. But, really, what a snap it would be for the companies if all policy holders were to entertain similar views, and be as strong on conscience as is this man from Cleveland!—Toledo Blade.

**PARCELS POST A BAD THING.**

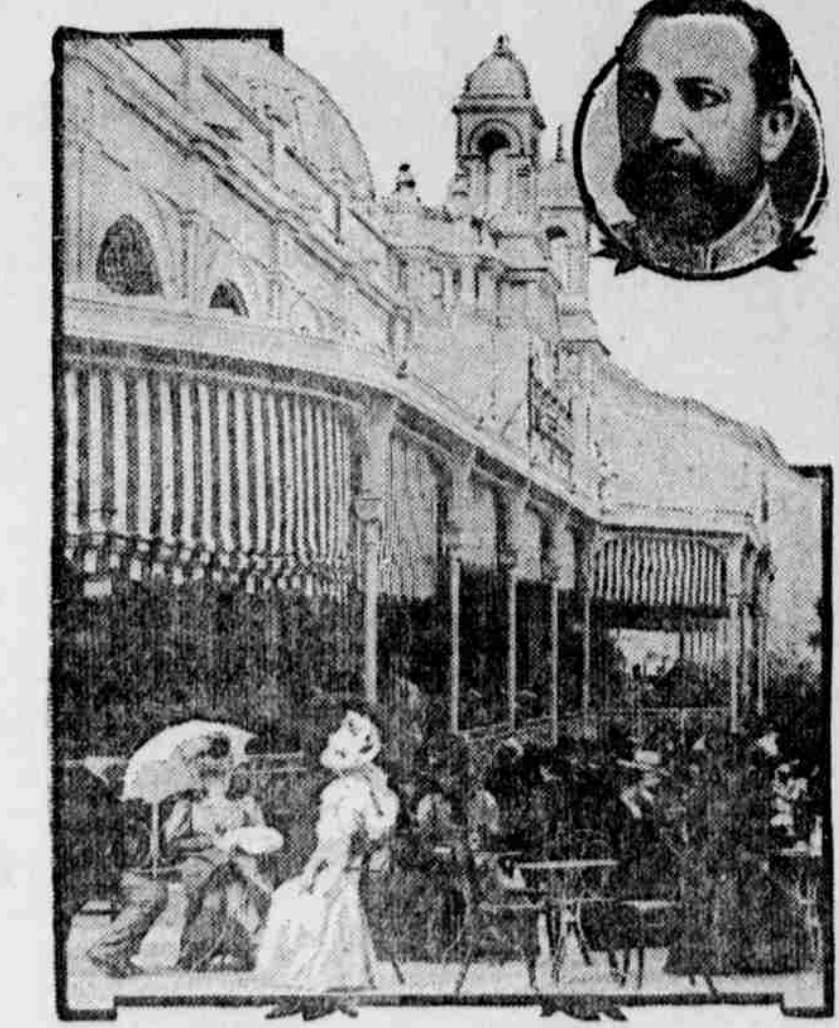
MERCHANTS in small cities, in villages, and at country cross roads are likely to overwhelm congress with protests against the adoption of Postmaster General Meyer's plan for a parcels post, as recently outlined.  
If the government should compete with express companies at a low rate, big mail order houses would soon have a monopoly in the country. Small merchants could not compete with them and widespread ruin would result. There are hundreds of thousands of such merchants, and they, their clerks, their families, their relatives, and their friends will all be opposed to the parcels post scheme.  
These merchants and the auxiliaries they can bring to bear are powerful in congress, and it is hardly possible that any parcels post bill can get through that body. Congressmen are not going to pass legislation that would bring poverty to a large class of the population. The country merchant is a useful citizen and at one stroke to deprive thousands upon thousands of their livelihood would be, to say the least, decidedly unpopular.—Chicago Journal.

**MONTE CARLO PLAGUE SPOT.**

Twenty suicides a day inspire public sentiment to revolt.  
Monte Carlo, the most immoral spot on the face of the globe, with its unparalleled list of ruined lives, suicides and murders, is to be wiped out, if the agitation against this plague spot of christendom now raging in England is successful, says a London correspondent.  
Civilized sentiment against the notorious gambling den at Monte Carlo has been intensified by the murder of Mme.

**SHIP HIT WITH A GIANT MERO.**

Fish Weighed 1,200 Pounds and Fed a Whole Village.  
Down in southern waters, where many strange things happen, the steamship Zulia of the Red D Line encountered a huge mero, a southern food fish which attains a large size, says the New York Times. While the incident was not entered in the ship's log by Capt. Bennett, her commander, the story of the encounter was duly chronicled by W. A. Hasan, a passenger, and here it is as he wrote it down:  
"On June 15 the steamship Zulia, loaded with coffee and boxwood, was crossing the bar at Toblazo. It was necessary to exercise great caution and to keep the hand lead going all the time, as the channel is very narrow and so shallow that at times there are but a few inches of water under the bottom. She had passed half way through when she struck something and careened to starboard. Capt. Bennett stopped the vessel, soundings were made and the Venezuelan pilot acquired a more complete knowledge of the English language in a short time than he had had a chance to obtain in some time.  
"The soundings were found to be right and in a few minutes the vessel steamed ahead and the spot was marked for future investigation. We arrived at San Carlos.  
"A Venezuelan sloop was going through the channel when her skipper, Raymond Jesus Gracia, suddenly exclaimed: 'Saint Marie! Likewise Holy Saint Joseph! What sea monster is this which rises from the water and bars our progress?' Then he tacked ship and viewed it from a distance and found that it was a gigantic mero, whose head had been crushed by the Zulia. He took the monster in tow and soon arrived at San Carlos. The mero measured 26 feet in length, 14 feet in circumference and weighed about 1,200 pounds.  
"On his arrival a temporary market was established, and the fish sold at 20 cents, Venezuelan money, a slice. Capt. Raymond Jesus Gracia made \$40. Some idea of the size of the fish can be obtained when it is said that the whole population of San Carlos, 600 all told, dined sumptuously on mero that day, which caused Capt. Raymond Jesus Gracia to remark: 'The saints be praised and may the Gringos, whom it is the will of heaven should all be fools, kill another!'  
"According to Director Spoder of the aquarium the mero is a food fish allied to the black grouper and called by the Spaniards mero de joto. It attains a weight of 500 pounds and is found in southern waters, sometimes off the coast of Florida.  
After all, people keep a pretty stiff upper lip.



GAMBLING CASINO AT MONTE CARLO AND PRINCE OF MONACO.

Emma Levin by "Sir" Vero Good, brother of an English baronet, and his wife, who dismembered her body, placed it in a trunk and carried it with them to France. They were arrested at Marseilles. The Goods had borrowed a large amount of money from Mme. Levin and had lost it on the gambling tables at Monte Carlo. She pressed them for payment and they killed her.  
On the same day on which this ghastly crime was committed a young Englishman and the American girl whom he had married ended their lives at Castelmar. They were sent their honeymoon and had lost every cent they had at Monte Carlo.  
When the gambling season is at its height there are sometimes twenty suicides a day at Monte Carlo. Nobody even takes time to look out of a window when a shot is fired. Everybody knows

what it means. Murder? The taking of life in the frenzy of gambling is by no means uncommon. A quarrel at cards—a shot, a break for liberty—and the game goes on, with new players substituted. A murderer at Monte Carlo is usually afforded every opportunity to escape. Murder trials are costly; besides, the notoriety is too great.  
Can these horrors be suppressed? That is the question which is now being widely agitated and discussed in England. It has been suggested that

President Roosevelt take the initiative in this righteous crusade, since American plutocrats are as prominent at the gaming tables as the aristocracy of Europe. To compel the Prince of Monaco to close the Monte Carlo casino would require unanimous action on the part of the great powers, and Englishmen who are a rising present movement are hopeful of being able to secure this.  
The Prince of Monaco receives from the company operating the Monte Carlo tables \$400,000 a year, with occasional bonuses declared periodically on the extra earnings of the casino. The next bonus to him will be made in 1913, and if the present rate of profit making is maintained he will receive \$3,000,000. The annual profits of the gambling den are \$6,300,000.  
The concession to the present com-