

for I shall put 100 gamecocks in the Plain Dealer and sell the whole lot of them for five cents.' And he redeemed his word."

THE Underwriters Review takes Mr. Bryan to task for suggesting that a maximum limit be fixed upon the business that can be done by insurance companies, but Collier's Weekly in a recent editorial says "possibly it might be well to set a limit even in amount, say of five hundred millions, so that less attention should be paid to acquiring new business and more attention to getting good returns for the policyholders already in. Now the big insurance companies sacrifice old policyholders to new ones by such devices as giving the first year's insurance free, so that men will be led into large companies by this temporary bribe where they might, in the long run, be better off in the smaller companies. Why should not the amount of business be limited? Why should an insurance company be allowed to grow to proportions that make it a menace to the welfare of the country."

THE history of wheat corners is referred to in an interesting way by a writer in the Newark News, who says: "So far as known to date the only really successful corner in wheat (referred to in scriptures as 'corn') was that by Joseph when he presided over the destinies of Egypt, but it will be recalled that he had more than human aid in estimating the size of forthcoming harvests. When domestic wheat crops were much smaller and facilities for transporting and storing them at distributing points were much less efficient, perhaps thirty years ago, there were several so-called successful minor corners in wheat and corn, but the only successful corner in wheat within twenty years was that engineered by Hutchinson at Chicago in 1888, when he put the price up to \$2 a bushel, and made the shorts settle at that. Records of similar attempts include Keene's loss of \$2,000,000 in wheat in 1879, Handy's similar loss of \$1,500,000 in 1881, Harper's dropping \$4,000,000 on the cereal in 1887 and young Leiter's parting from \$7,000,000 in his attempted wheat corner of 1898. In addition to these there were failures to corner lard by McGeoch in 1883 and Cudahy in 1893, in which each lost, it was said,

about \$2,000,000, and Deacon White's memorable corner in corn in 1892, in which he lost a million, which he subsequently paid with interest."

GEORGE GOULD'S reason for resigning from the Union Pacific directorate, follow closely, according to a writer in the New York Evening Post, the ethics of directorship as laid down by his father. Jay Gould, while a director of the Union Pacific in 1879, had bought control of the Missouri Pacific, and was planning to extend it into Union Pacific territory by means of the Kansas Pacific. Previously, however, he had given his approval to a consolidation of the Kansas Pacific and the Union Pacific, and although (according to his own assertion) he offered \$1,000,000 to be released from this approval, other Union Pacific directors held him to it. In the investigation of these conditions by the Pacific commission, Mr. Gould was asked: "According to the ethics of Wall street, do you consider it absolutely within the limits of your duty, while a director of the Union Pacific, to purchase another property and to design an extension of the road which would perhaps ruin the Union Pacific?" "I don't think it would have been proper," Gould replied; "that's the reason I let it go." The Post writer adds: "Cynics who refused to believe in the white-souled financial integrity reflected by this reply always asserted that Gould had 'worked off' his Union Pacific stock at the current high price, while buying up Kansas Pacific stock for 7 and 8 cents on the dollar, and arranging to exchange it for Union Pacific, worth ten or fifteen times as much, on a share-for-share merger basis. The upshot of the affair was Gould's return to the Union Pacific directorate, not very long afterward, in absolute control of the property. The present instance will hardly duplicate that part of the family history; but it may be recalled that, even in 1879, Wall street said Gould had 'quarreled' with the Union Pacific people, and on that assumption they broke the market."

VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS rather turned the joke on former Senator Chandler. The Washington correspondent for the Brooklyn Eagle says that Mr. Chandler in his mirthful moods jolies aspirants for the presidency, and on a recent

occasion penned and triplicated a letter in these words:

"My Dear Mr. Secretary Shaw: I desire to inform you that it seems to me you ought to be the next president of the United States. Your long devotion to the principles of the republican party, with your eminent fitness for the position, high integrity, and the faith and confidence which the people of the country repose in you, make you the logical presidential candidate of the party of which you are today the most distinguished leader. Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

"P. S. No. 1—I have written similar letters to Vice President Fairbanks and Senator Foraker.

"P. S. No. 2.—Please don't forget me.

"W. E. C."

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Foraker answered in kind, but the correspondent avers that Mr. Fairbanks replied in this dignified fashion: "He sincerely thanks ex-Senator Chandler for his cordial endorsement and promise of support, appreciating thoroughly what this meant at the hands of a man possessing the great influence of the New Hampshire republican. He then added: 'I am also pleased to learn that you have informed Secretary Shaw and Senator Foraker regarding your attitude toward me and the presidential nomination.' " The Eagle correspondent adds: "Mr. Fairbanks may be as solemn and serious minded as charged, but the last quoted sentence shows considerable cleverness in turning the joke on the author and rivals."

A FEDERAL statute requires live stock in transit to be unloaded, fed and watered at intervals not longer than twenty-eight hours. It is agreed that it is cruel to keep animals longer than this without food and water, and that their meat is not so healthy if they are feverish and hungry when killed. The Chicago Tribune, referring to this law, says: "Investigations by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson reveal that the law has been broken 400 times in three months. Like many other enactments, state and national, for the regulation of railroads, it is habitually violated. Where obedience to a law is inconvenient or expensive, the law is disregarded.

THE HIGHER TESTS OF MANHOOD

The philosopher who asked "take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes and patriots?" might have learned something to his advantage had he lived to read from the pen of the good Quaker poet:

"Dream not that helm and harness are signs of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew."

For every ounce of evil in this sorry old world there are several pounds of good. For every act of meanness there are several deeds of love.

In this day when the world hears so much to the discredit of men, it will do it no harm to be reminded that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It will do men and women no harm to have their attention distracted from the dark pictures of cruelty, of passion and of man's inhumanity to man to the brighter view where sacrifices are made, where burdens are borne, where mighty obstacles are overcome—in many instances by frail men and delicate women—and all done in the name of that love that "passeth all understanding."

Charles Reade described the experiences of the thoughtful observer when he said "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small and the small great."

One need not go beyond the borders of his own town to find those who keeping "the noiseless tenor of their way" and unknown even to many of their neighbors, meet the higher tests of manhood. Pointing out that "heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there" one writer has reminded us that "if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors it would sound like poetry."

Regular patrons of a certain street-car line in a western city frequently observed a mother, grown prematurely gray by her burdens, carry on and off the cars, to and from a doctor's office, a girl, in the neighborhood of eighteen years of age, who had been stricken with paralysis. For

years this mother hoped against hope and trying first one experiment and then another was, after years of painstaking devotion, finally rewarded by her daughter's restoration to health. Those who remembered how that good mother carried in her arms the daughter, then grown to womanhood, even as she had carried her when a babe, must have felt their hearts beat a little faster when they were permitted to see that mother and daughter walking side by side, the one restored to health and the other happier and prouder because of the sorrows she had endured and the sacrifices she had made.

A man in a clerical position met with a terrible accident. A large family was dependent upon him for support. A fellow-employee, who was himself dependent upon wages and who had passed his sixty-fifth year, joined with other employees of the office in an agreement to do the work of their fellow in order that those dependent upon him might obtain his salary. Every night in that office some men were engaged in working overtime and several nights during the week this aged man was contributing his portion in this labor of love. He overworked himself and brought on an apoplectic stroke. For several weeks he lingered between life and death, but, to the gratification of all who have the honor of his acquaintance, he is now well on his way to health. Who will say that on the roll of heroes the name of this man does not occupy a conspicuous place?

A young physician was called to attend a woman who was at that time perhaps nineteen years of age. Although the disease with which this girl was stricken had been pronounced incurable by other and older doctors, the young physician devoted himself to the case. So attentive was he to his patient that he secured one of the rooms in her mother's house as his office that he might be conveniently situated to respond, day or night, to calls from the invalid. On pleasant days he carried the delicate woman to his phaeton for a drive. Before the second year had passed he knew that his fair patient loved him. He kept his own love for another locked within his big heart. For fourteen years the patient lingered and finally passed away. Within a year the doctor had married the woman of his choice, who, evi-

dently understanding the heroism of the man, had never married, although it was currently reported she had many opportunities. Intimate friends of those concerned in this romance know the facts as related. The doctor and his wife are still living and they keep refreshed the memory of the poor invalid as well as the grass and flowers about her grave.

There are everywhere girls of tender years engaged in laborious tasks and using their all too small income for the purpose in some cases of lifting mortgages, in others of providing bread for the family. There are boys, pushed before their time to the line of manhood's duties, who have taken the places of fathers dead, have become protectors for their brothers and sisters and providers for their widowed mothers. There are parents struggling to conceal, and finally to cure, the waywardness of a son or daughter. There are wives bearing in silence the grief that husband's shame has brought upon them and concealing, for their children's sake, the hideous skeleton in their homes. There are husbands who, to spare their offspring woe, steel their hearts against the first impulse of manhood to destroy and close their eyes to the recklessness of wives. There are children bravely holding up their heads among their fellows, although a parent has brought disgrace upon the household. There are men and women striving to recover lost ground, battling with their own bad natures and with every struggle and with every triumph impressed—as those who may not know what it is to struggle with one's self can never be—with the fact that "he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

The generous love and the tender sympathy, the enormous sacrifice and the mighty endeavor that abound in this world today need to be brought to the attention of those who, seeing so much of the meanness of men, may be moving dangerously near to the line of cynicism.

Bad people are the exception. It is natural that men and women be good and do good. Love and sympathy are part of the divine plan. "That very law which molds a tear and bids it trickle from its source—that law preserves the earth a sphere and guides the planets in their course."

RICHARD L. METCALFE.