

HADLEY, OF YALE

College, in An Address in Chicago Yesterday, Treated

THE SUBJECT OF TRUSTS

From an Ethical Standpoint—Looks Hopefully to the People Who in One Generation Advanced From Frontier Life to a High Plane in Public Affairs.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Following is an abstract of the address of President Hadley, of Yale, delivered before the University Convocation in this city. He said in part:

“An unusually well informed foreign critic, Mr. Mulhaud, has recently published the opinion that the standard of personal morality in America is decidedly higher than in England, that of commercial morality probably a little lower, and that of political morality quite distinctly lower. There is reason to think that in this view he represents the consensus of opinion of well-informed observers on both sides of the Atlantic. The causes for this condition of things demand serious attention. A failure to carry into policy the same kind of ethical standard which is applied in matters of personal morals implies, as a rule, that there is something in a people's political condition to whose understanding it has not fully grown up. Such a failure implies a defect in public judgment, rather than in individual character. It indicates that we do not know what virtues must be exercised for the maintenance of organized society, as well as we know what virtues are necessary to the harmonious living of individuals among neighbors.

“Organization in business, in local politics and in national politics has brought with it an inequality of opportunity and an unfairness of conditions in which the game of life is played. Competitive business is giving place to trusts. The town meeting has been supplanted by the organized municipality. The old federation of states with strong traditions of home rule, has become a centralized nation, reaching out beyond its old borders to rule over other countries less civilized than itself.

“Under these circumstances it becomes impossible for the community to rest complacently in that egotistic morality which seemed sufficient for the needs of a generation earlier. We can no longer rely upon competition to protect the consumers against abuse when industry has become so highly organized that all production is centralized in the control of a single body. It is no longer true, in the sense that it was fifty years ago, that each man may be left free to manage his own business, and that the community will find its work best done as a consequence of such freedom. Commerce and industry are no longer to be regarded as games where we have nothing to do but to applaud the most skillful player when he wins, and rest in the assurance that his triumph is in line with the best interests of the community as a whole. What once was regarded as a game has now become a trust, not merely in the superficial and accidental sense in which the name 'trust' is now applied to all large combinations of capital, but in a profounder sense—as a trust exercised on behalf of the public, which it is in the power of those who control this capital to use well or ill at their pleasure, without adequate restraint from any quarter. Where competition is thus become a remote contingency, and where law is almost necessarily inadequate unless it be made so strict as to forbid the good no less than the evil in private business enterprise, a new system of ethics is a matter of vital necessity for the American people—a system which shall treat the director no longer as an individual pursuing private business of his own and with the right to resent the suggestion that he should conduct it unselfishly, but as having moral responsibilities to his stockholders, to his workmen, and to the consumers that purchase his goods or his services. In the absence of such an ethical advance, no political or legal solution of the so-called trust problem is likely to be effective.

“Until there is a fundamental reform in the code of political ethics which the community imposes upon its members, public trusts will be no more adequately controlled than private ones. Nay,

they are likely to be even less adequately controlled, because a public official holding his power as a tool of a trust, and acknowledging an allegiance to standards higher than those which have made his organization successful, is, as a rule, more firmly entrenched in authority than the representative of any private corporation, however extensive or powerful. Until such change is made, the socialistic ideal of reforming abuse of private trust by the substitution of public trust will be but the substitution of one set of masters for another.

“If this difficulty is felt in internal affairs, where those who suffer are at any rate citizens and men of action, with the power to make their protests heard even where they cannot make their resistance successful, much worse will it be in dealing with colonies and dependencies. Under an impartialistic policy, our government cannot remain what it was, it must grow either worse or better. It cannot remain a game in which the struggle for success is as far as possible dissociated from the moral sense of the participants. It will involve either a direct breach of trust or a direct acceptance of trust.

“Our own experience with problems other than these, and the experience of England with this particular problem, both warrant us in the belief that we shall move toward a better solution rather than toward a worse.

“A country which has in so many of its parts passed in a single generation from the lawlessness of frontier life to the extreme of legality may readily in a generation more pass from a state where conceptions of public duty are bounded by legality alone to one where they are inspired by a moral obligation which will carry into the conduct of public affairs the principles and the sentiments which we recognize as private ones.”

COMMISSIONER GENERAL PECK Has Issued List of Commercial Exhibitors at Paris.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Commissioner General Peck, of the United States commission to the Paris exposition, has issued a list of the principal commercial exhibitors in the United States, who have accepted space in the exposition assigned to them by the commissioner general. The list contains 1,095 names of persons, firms or corporations. This list does not include exhibitors of record in agriculture, mines, literature and periodicals, science, fine arts, religious, charitable, and other associations, schools, colleges, etc. Such a list would include the names of about seven thousand exhibitors. A complete list, arranged by groups and classes, will appear in the official catalogue, now in process of preparation.

Wolfsohn Insurance Mystery.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 2.—Attorney Oscar Bamberger, who represented the heirs in the Wolfsohn case when they sought to recover the \$10,000 life insurance from the New York Life Insurance Company, is in the city. He will not give up his case, though his clients have waived their claim to the \$10,000. He does not believe that the man who came from Chicago pretending to be the real Wolfsohn is so.

“He is a fraud,” said Mr. Bamberger. “He is made up to resemble Wolfsohn, but he is not real. I shall spend \$500 of my own money, if need be, to ferret out this mystery.”

Mrs. Maggie O'Neil, the woman who paid the supposed Wolfsohn's funeral expenses, is not satisfied either. She tried to confront the supposed Wolfsohn while he was here, but it is said he would not see her.

Attorney O'Bryan, of the Insurance Company, has left the city for San Diego.

There is no doubt that the new Wolfsohn has returned to Chicago.

CConnell-Cline.
Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.
NEW CUMBERLAND, W. Va., Jan. 2.—A very quiet wedding occurred at the residence of Rev. J. F. Dimit, pastor of the M. P. church, New Year's evening, at 8 o'clock, uniting Mr. William C. Connell and Miss Vina E. Cline, both of this place. The groom is a well-known barber and the bride is one of the belles of this place.

Kubach's Successor Elected.
Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.
CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 2.—J. H. Seal, of this city, was to-day elected secretary and treasurer of the New River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, to succeed O. C. Kubach, who was killed in an explosion several days ago.

Part of St. Louis in Darkness.
ST. LOUIS, Jan. 2.—The incandescent lamps in use by the city were turned off at midnight last night, owing to the expiration of the contract with the Missouri-Edison Electric Company. For the first time in the history of St. Louis the public institutions, the parks and the alleys within the district between Washington avenue and Keokuk street were dark, except for a few tall candles, gas lights and coal oil lamps. No arrangement has been made for a continuance of the service. The street corners are still lighted by arc lights, these being furnished by the Missouri-Edison Company, under another contract.

Chicago's Ice Harvest.
CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—The ice harvest began to-day, and ice twelve inches thick is being taken from the lakes and rivers of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin in the vicinity of Chicago. This work gives employment to over 7,000 men. The annual harvest is not as early in arriving as last year, but it is so far fully up to all expectations on the score of quality and abundance.

Millions Given Away.
It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine, and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call at Logan Drug Co., druggists, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size, 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed or price refunded.

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Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
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HIS LUCKY ESCAPE.

Many a Place the Outraged Populace Would Have Strung Him Up Without Any Question.

“Say, listen, an' see if ever you heard the likes before,” says the Chicago Record. “It was in October—a year ago last October, I had walked from Loueyville over to Terry Hut with a nigger that played the mouth harp. We hid in the yard at Terry Hut an' got into an empty stock that we thought was headed for Danville. Some time in the night a brakeman seen us and fired us out. I'd been asleep, an' the first thing I remember was fallin' out of the car an' lightin' hard, with the coon comin' after me. We didn't know where we was, but could make out a side-track an' a chute for loadin' hogs. About a mile off we could see some lights an' we judged we was near a purty good-sized town. Me and the coon started to walk toward the town an' then I stopped him and says: 'Here, if we go to drillin' around town at this time o' night an' one of them coppers gets a peek at us, he'll shoot us first and then ask us our names afterward. Let's crawl in somewheres an' sleep till mornin' an' then we'll go in town an' try to round up a hand-out.' Well, just as I was sayin' this, we happened to be walkin' along past a tall fence. I looked through the cracks an' could see one or two lights quite a distance off, an' right near us was a long buildin' that looked something like a barn. It wuz gettin' chilly, and I said to this partner of mine: 'Coon, gi' me a boost over this fence an' I think we can find a warm place here.' So we skinned over the fence an' come to this buildin'. It wuz big and still I thought it wuz a barn. We walked around, lookin' for a door or window, so't we could crawl in. At last this partner of mine—his name 'uz Jeff, and I'll kill him if I ever lay eyes on him again—Jeff found a little door that wasn't locked, an' we went in, feelin' our way along, thinkin' you know, that we might find some hay or straw to sleep on. Purty soon Jeff fell over somethin' an' I landed on top of him. We felt aroun' an' discovered that we'd run into a lot of watermelons layin' on the floor. I s'pose the coon was sorry to meet them melons, wasn't he? The first thing I knew he split one of 'em open, an' I could hear him chompin' in the dark. Well, I got up an' felt my way along an' purty soon I reached out, an' what do s'pose I took hold of there if the pitch dark? A plate with about a dozen biscuits on it. Now, I ain't no crook an' I never broke into a house to steal anything, but I'll leave this to you. If you hadn't had anything to eat for eighteen hours an' should happen to crawl into a barn at night an' reach out into the dark an' find a dozen light biscuits, would you eat 'em or throw 'em away?”

“I'd probably eat 'em,” was the reply.

“That's what I done, except what I give to Jeff. He found a match in his close an' struck it, an' we saw in front of us a wooden shelf covered with pies an' cakes an' all kinds o' cooked stuff. The match only burned for a minute, but we made out that much. Jeff found a plate o' butter, an' I ain't tasted anything like it since I ran away from home in Lowell thirty years ago. Then Jeff broke a cake in two an' give me half of it. It wuz kind o' dry eatin', but we put lots of butter on it. I s'pose I ought to have stopped an' remembered that all this provender belonged to somebody, but I wuz so blamed hungry I didn't wait to think of nothin'. An' I must say I never seen anybody eat the way that coon did. I didn't exactly see him eat, neither, but I could hear him all right. After he et all the cakes an' pies an' biscuits he could lay his hands on, he went back to watermelon, an' I could hear him slobberin' an' gulpin' there in the dark. I started to feel around for a soft place to lay down, an' what do you guess? I run into a lot of bed-cloze strung on lines.”

“Say, what kind of a pipe is this?” asked the listener, with a sidewise turn in his chair, indicating skepticism.

“It's the truth, every word of it. There must o' been a dozen quilts. I pulled 'em down an' me an' Jeff rolled ourselves up in 'em an' went to sleep. We'd et a lot an' it wuz a cold night, an' under them warm covers we slept like a couple o' logs. Well, the next thing I remember somebody was shakin' me good an' hard, an' I looked up at a fellow that had a tin star on his coat an' a broomstick in his hand. I kind o' remembered what had happened an' looked around. It wuz broad daylight. We laid there in the infernal mess of eatables you ever seen. People wuz pillin' through the doors to get a look at us. I don't s'pose you've figured out what we'd done, so I'll tell you. This place we'd run into was what they call the Floral hall at the county fair. All the stuff we'd been eatin' wuz the exhibitions of the best biscuits, the best watermelons, the best cake, the best butter, an' so on, of the whole country. You know the quilt I had around me. It was made out of about a million little pieces of silk. The woman that made it put in fifteen years on it, an' it wuz supposed to be worth two hundred dollars. That all come out at the trial.”

“Well, there must a' been a sore

crowd o' grangers around there,” suggested the listener, after he had leaned back and laughed joyfully.

“Honest, it's a wonder they didn't kill us. We come mighty near bustin' up the whole show by eatin' them exhibitions. When they let us out of the grounds an' took us in town to the jail there wuz a big crowd followin' us an' hollerin' 'Lynch em!' 'String 'em up!' an' a few more remarks like that. That wuz the one time I wuz in a hurry to be in jail. Do you know what they made it when it came to a trial? Burglary! An' do you know what Jeff done? He got up an' swore that I'd hypnotized him. He testified that he didn't want to go into this buildin' at all, but I made him by threatenin' to cast a spell over him. You never heard such lyin' in your life. They sent him back to jail for three months an' put me over the road for a year. They bleached me just about right, ain't they? That's all right, though. Look here.”

He put his hand into a raveled side pocket and brought out a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." He made a deeper reach and found a brass "knucks" with a blunt head and three stinging finger-holds. "I'm savin' that for the coon," he said.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

The Texas is in New York harbor. Senator N. B. Scott's condition is still improving.

Emperor William has conferred the title of prince on Count von Eulenberg.

County Treasurer E. H. Heraney, of Lancaster, Pa., is alleged to be a defaulter, and has absconded.

The Baptist church at Stromburg, Neb., was totally destroyed by fire yesterday. Cause, an explosion of acetylene gas.

Ellen Labasch was shot and instantly killed at Passaic, N. J., yesterday by Michael Schwartz, who "did not know it was loaded."

Capt. W. W. Marshall, of Des Moines, a veteran of the Spanish war, attempted suicide by shooting. His recovery is impossible.

George E. Metz, founder of the Improved Order of Heptastoph, died yesterday at his home in Shepherdsport, Pennsylvania.

The Ward line steamer Saratoga, after having been ten days aground, and was pulled off by the Santiago and two tugs, at Santiago de Cuba.

It is reported that Penians are storing dynamite and other explosives in northern Vermont and New Hampshire. The story is discredited.

David M. Cameron has been appointed presiding judge of Tioga county, Pa., to succeed John I. Mitchem, who goes on the superior court bench.

Calvin Parsons, a pioneer, one of the most prominent citizens of Luzerne county, died yesterday at his home in Parsons, Pa., aged eighty-four.

William Ellis, wife and two children were burned to death in their home, near Barboursville, W. Va., early yesterday. No one knows the origin of the fire.

Aginaldo's wife, sisters and eighteen Filipino boys surrendered to Major March's battalion of the Thirty-third infantry, at Bontoc, province of that name.

The grand jury at Concord, N. H., did not indict Senator Gallinger, who was charged with violating civil service laws in soliciting campaign subscriptions from federal office holders.

The Gridiron Club, of Washington, are the guests of Charleston, S. C. Among other prominent visitors are Senators Dewey, of New York, and Tillman, of South Carolina, and Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri.

The Chilian Congress having approved the renewal of the Chilian claims commission, or the Washington tribunal, according to the convention with the United States, executive action has made the revival an accomplished fact.

For the first time in many years the Mississippi river is frozen over at St. Louis. Steady cold weather for a week or more has formed a sheet of ice that resists the river boats. As a result, no boats are arriving or departing, and the ferries have been compelled to tie up.

Mrs. Governor Stone received informally at the executive mansion, at Harrisburg, Pa., yesterday. She was assisted in receiving by her holiday guests and the debutantes of the season. The reception was followed by a dinner, at which covers were laid for forty-six guests.

A Portuguese Opinion.
LONDON, Jan. 2.—The Lisbon correspondent of the Standard says:

"It is currently reported that the speech of King Carlos in the cortes tomorrow (Tuesday) will refer at some length to the situation in South Africa, but it is doubtful whether anything will be said more friendly to England than to the Transvaal.

"The public is with the Boers, and the papers generally fear British designs upon Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese government asserts that it has done everything to preserve neutrality."

Steuenville Assignment.
Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.
STEUENVILLE, O., Jan. 2.—Goldberg Bros., clothing and gent's furnishing dealers, made an assignment to-day to Henry Gregg. No statement is given of assets or liabilities.

WITH ONE VOICE.
Wheeling People Who Have Investigated are a Unit on the Subject.

The voice of the people is heard all o'er the land. Trumpet notes of truth rounded from east to west. Whetting has joined the throng. Many a citizen lifts his voice in praise.

Enthusiastic people everywhere. Backs relieved of heavy burdens. Nights of suffering, days of misery. Become nights of rest and days of joy. It's the constant workings of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Are these reports all true? Here's a Wheeling citizen; ask her for her opinion.

Mrs. M. Deiters, of No. 28 South Huron street, says: "I suffered for several years with my back, brought on by an attack of la grippe, characterized by severe aching pains across the small of my back and through my right thigh; bearing down pains in the bladder; numbness and aching of the ankles; often worse when lying down; and often when in bed I would be so stiff I could hardly turn over or get out of it. I saw so many favorable accounts of Doan's Kidney Pills that I got a box at the Logan Drug Co., and began their use. I felt relieved after a few doses and continued their use with splendid results. My sister was visiting me at the time, and being troubled as I was, she took some of my recommendation and they helped her right away."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McBride Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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A Short Line between Fairmont and Clarksville. Quick Time—Fast Train—Sure Connections. When traveling to or from Clarksville or West Virginia and Pittsburgh railroad points, see that your tickets read via the Monongahela River Railroad. Close Connections at Fairmont with B. & O. trains, and at Clarksville with B. & O. and W. & P. trains. Tickets via this route on sale at all B. & O. and W. & P. R. R. stations.
HUGH G. BOWLER, Gen'l. Supt.

Beautiful Women
There are few women as beautiful as they might be. Powder and paint and cosmetics don't make good looks. Beauty is simply an impossibility without health. Beautiful women are few because healthy women are few. The way to have a fair face and a well-rounded figure is to take **Bradfield's Female Regulator**
This is that old and time-tried medicine that cures all female troubles and weaknesses and drains. It makes no difference what the doctors call the trouble, if there is anything the matter in the distinctly feminine organs, **Bradfield's Female Regulator** will help and cure it. It is good for irregular or painful menstruation; for leucorrhoea, for falling of the womb, for nervousness, headache, backache and dizziness. Take it and get well. Then your old-time girlish features and figure will be restored.
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