

The Heroism of Common Life

By the Rev. A. P. Fitch.

HEROISM is determined by motive. Not what you do, but why you do it, makes your life petty or sublime. The thing is nothing, but the spirit giveth life or bringeth death. The content of life has nothing to do with the value of life—the intentions of life are all.

The popular conception of heroism is well enough summed up in calling it the martial attitude of souls. It is this sort of thing that makes the Kaiser a hero in the eyes of the German army, which makes the newsboy revere the pugilist. But we all feel instinctively that this is not real heroism. Its most splendid exponent is the bulldog.

Delight in the difficult, indifference to pain and death, while inevitably they are elements of heroism, are not its salient or distinctive qualities, for they are to be found in many unheroic deeds.

There is physical bravery, a cool mind and a determined will in the man who robs his house at dead of night. There is acceptance of pain and a challenge to death in the man who engages his hotel room, stuffs the keyhole, and lies down to sleep with the gas turned full on. But he is not a hero. He is an arrant coward.

It is not the fact of valor, but the reason of valor, which determines the heroic deed.

When the seamstress of Hester street, in dark, obscure and piteous poverty, works like a dog and lives like a slave, in dull and wearing monotonous toil, refusing the wages of sin that she may still keep her woman's honor, it isn't the courage, the patience, the steadfastness, the industry which make her a heroine; it is the reason for these things that makes her divine.

I heard a story the other day of a fine heroine as an early Christian martyr. She was a fragile girl in a New York tenement, left alone with her two younger brothers to care for and support them. She earned the money for their meagre fare during the week, and on Sunday would wash and dress and send them off to church, too tired, too ill, too unkept to go herself. The day came when her frail life succumbed to its unnatural strain, and the superintendent of the Sunday school climbed the attic stairs to call upon the dying child.

She lay in mute helplessness upon her bed, and stretched upon the coverlet were her twisted, broken, old woman's hands. He found her in some distress of mind.

"Teacher," she said, "I am afraid to die. I have not been to church, and I couldn't go to Sunday school. I just was too tired to pray, and I'm afraid God won't know me when I come to heaven."

"My child," he said, "you needn't be afraid. When you meet your Heavenly Father, hold up your hands, and he will see the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Causes Accounting For Steel Displacing Iron

By William Lucien Scaife.

WHEN Andrew Carnegie and his partners started in business in Allegheny, over forty years ago, they possessed only a small forging shop, whose specialty was axles, made from scrap iron. A few years later, they built a small rolling mill in Pittsburgh, where they rolled into bars wrought iron made in four puddling furnaces. During the civil war these works paid handsome profits, so that a new plant, known as the Upper Union Iron mills, was added, and afterward became one of the principal factors in the enrichment of Mr. Carnegie and his partners. For there they made the universal plates and the beams, channels and other shapes so essential in bridge and building construction.

As the entire Pittsburgh district at that time—only a generation ago—produced less pig iron in a year than the Dequesne furnaces alone now make in a month, and as all the pig iron needed for the Upper and Lower Union mills had to be purchased at high prices, Kroman, Carnegie & Co. built the first Lucy furnace, making it considerably larger than the Clinton, Eliza and other blast furnaces already existing. A few years later, the second Lucy furnace was built. Both have been constantly improved up to the present time, with the result of greatly reducing labor and increasing the output by means of mechanical and metallurgical devices.

One of the greatest steps in advance was the employment of chemists to aid the blast furnace manager, and subsequently to direct the operation of the Bessemer and open-hearth steel works, in conjunction with educated mechanical engineers, whose importance also increased as mechanical appliances multiplied. Today the analysis and drawings of large steel works are numbered by thousands.

Moreover, one of the greatest aids to the introduction of the Bessemer process in the Pittsburgh district was the desire on the part of the ironmasters to get rid of puddling, which was the cause of more labor troubles than all the other departments of their works. The puddler himself has been able to exchange his former laborious task for the less strenuous steel processes.

Another important reason for the change to steel was the comparative excellence of the product and its adaptability to railway and engineering construction. In fact, our modern railway development and fire-proof building construction would be impossible without Bessemer and open-hearth steel.

Rockefeller and His Money

By R. S. Seabold.

LET those clergymen whose zeal causes them to quibble with trifling technicalities ask their own conscience the straight, unvarnished question: How would Christ Himself act in such a case? Would He accept money obtained in the way that Rockefeller and others of his kind have obtained theirs? And their conscience can and will give them only one answer.

One of the greatest dangers that menace us today is the alleged philanthropy and generosity of our great trust creators. I say alleged, because there can be no real generosity with that which is not rightly ours. Rockefeller founds a church or endows a university, and where does he get the money to do it with? Why, from the profits of the Standard Oil monopoly, of course. And where do those profits come from? Why, from the ability of this monopoly, by methods which would not bear a real investigation, to crush all legitimate opposition, and then to wring from the people an exorbitant and unwarranted price for its product. The people who are forced to pay this exorbitant price are really paying for this church or university, and Mr. Rockefeller gets the credit, in this world at least. And the danger that menaces us in this lies in the fact that even a part of our clergy who are supposed to guard our moral welfare should resort to such poor, weak and quibbling arguments to justify accepting \$100,000 from a rich man under conditions which would cause them to reject a smaller gift from a poorer one! Their real argument is: It is a lot of money, and we want it; perhaps it was wrongfully obtained; perhaps it is part of the price of ruined homes and hopes and blasted lives; perhaps it is part of the actual price of blood; these things are alleged concerning it, but as long as we did not personally see these things done we are not supposed to know about it, and anyhow, it will enable us to build a bigger church, and that's the main thing, so we'll take it anyway.

And this is the church that Christ founded? Truly, were He to visit it today He would be a stranger in a strange land, and afar from His own place. And this, honeycombed with the greed and avarice which can blind it to the moral wrong of accepting alleged help, from as dangerous an element of evil as ever existed, is supposed to be one of the greatest bulwarks of our present day civilization. If this is so, then may God help us, for indeed we need His help.

University Problems.

When and How Shall the Student Develop His Professional Activity?

By President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale.

TIME alone can show whether the idea of allowing a student to develop his professional activity at as early a period as possible, but postponing to as late a period as possible the narrowing of his sympathies and the lessening of his points of contact with men outside of his profession, is a practicable or an impracticable one.

While we are waiting for this question to be decided, we shall probably see two sets of experiments going on in different universities. In those which are connected with our large cities, where the work of the professional school counts for more and the life of the college for less, we are likely to see a tendency to shorten the college course—a tendency to make a sharp line of demarcation between the studies of that course and the professional studies which are to follow it, and to disregard or undervalue the social adjuncts which a college course carries with it. In smaller places and among institutions which have a more distinctively collegiate atmosphere we may expect to find these tendencies reversed—to see an effort to maintain the college course in its integrity, and include within it as much as possible of the preparation for the actual work of life—in the belief that the gain to American institutions and American citizenship resulting from the contract of different types of men with one another will be strong enough to resist the tendency of such a college to disintegration and valuable enough to compensate for any difficulties and losses which the prosecution of such a plan involves.—The Century.

Pluck, Romance and Adventure.

A SWIM IN THE FOG.

The passengers of a steamship think they have enough cause for anxiety when the sea-mist shuts them in its bewildering cloud; and the fisherman in his dory looks upon the gray fog as his worst enemy. But neither of these situations can compare, for danger and terror, with an adventure experienced by a well-known athletic club swimmer and a party of his friends. The story is told by the New York Sun.

The late Mr. Bratton had many thrilling experiences in the water, but his narrowest escape from drowning occurred a few summers ago off Coney Island. He was spending the season at Manhattan Beach, and it was his custom every day to take a long swim straight out into the ocean for a mile or so, and then to return at his leisure. Usually a few of the regular bathers accompanied him on these trips.

One day, with six others, he swam out for about a mile and a half. When the party turned for home they were thrown into a temporary panic by a dense fog which suddenly enveloped them and caused them to lose all idea of direction. They swam aimlessly round for a few moments, Bratton trying to calm their fears by assuring them that the fog would either lift quickly or else the tide would carry them near shore. The swimmers mustered up courage and began to swim slowly in the direction Bratton selected.

The tide along Coney Island runs in a crescent shape. Bratton said afterward that he could not remember at the time of his peril whether the tide was coming in or going out. If it was coming in he thought it would carry them, without much effort on their part, in a curve to Sea Gate Point. If it were going out he feared they would be carried past the inlet into the ocean.

They swam slowly along, and after, as it seemed, about two hours, one of the men was seized with violent cramp. Mr. Bratton always maintained that this was the most perilous position he was ever in, for after all the party had gone through this trouble was enough to weaken the strongest nerves.

But the whole party behaved courageously; not for a moment did they give way to panic, and one after another they took turns in towing the disabled swimmer. All this time they had not even heard a steamboat whistle. They had shouted until hoarse, but to no avail. After what appeared to be about two hours more they heard the faint sound of a bell. Swimming in that direction, they came in sight of a bell-buoy, which they reckoned was the one anchored near Sea Gate Point.

After hmbanging to the buoy for a rest, the exhausted swimmers started in the direction in which they thought the shore must be. In a few moments they were on the beach, half-dead from the long mental and bodily exertion. They had been five hours and forty minutes in the water.

SHOT BIG BEAR IN A CAVE.

Shooting a 400-pound black bear in the darkness of a cave twenty feet in the side of Mount Hood was the experience last week of three Portland plumbers who have returned to the city with the pelt.

The hunters are Fred H. Schindler, Jesse S. Hayes and Roy C. Maxwell. It was three days out from Portland that the party stumbled upon the bear's den. Just after lunch they saw behind a large rock an opening in the hillside. It was a hole about six feet deep. Maxwell dropped inside, the others following. A candle was lighted, and fresh bear signs were discovered. After going in fifteen feet they found that the cave widened out and pitched downward. Hayes was in the lead.

By this time the hunters were in darkness, except for the flickering light of the candle. Hayes was sure he had heard a bear moving about, so the trio proceeded with fear and trembling. They had come all the way from Portland to hunt bear, but to steal along in the semi-darkness of the interior of Mount Hood was not on the program as arranged.

When the party had walked 300 feet from the entrance and were down in the earth at least 200 feet, at the same instant all three heard the sound of claws on the rocky floor and saw two green eyes glaring at them, the bear fearing to approach nearer to the light. Hayes fired instantly. The report was deafening, but as nitro-smokeless powder was used there was no suffocating smoke. There was a half-stifled roar from the bear, and the hair of each man went straight up. Fearing an onslaught all fired a volley of three shots each and awaited developments on the part of Bruin. But the bear was dead. Half the shots had been wasted.

Not only the pelt was secured, but twenty-five pounds of meat as well. Bear meat at this season, however, is almost useless for food. No attempt was made to explore the remainder of the cavern.—Portland Oregonian.

CRUELEST FORM OF SLAVERY.

It is not perhaps generally known that Herman Whitaker, whose new stories of the Canadian Northwest, under the title of "The Probationer," have just been published by the Harpers, is keenly interested in social and economic problems. Mr. Whitaker is now in the wilds of Mexican jungles, trying to appease his nature hunger, and is continuing his social studies at the same time. In a letter just received—the mailing of which necessitated a ten-hour horseback ride—he writes as follows: "These lines are written from a solitary plantation on a lonely tropical river. From where I sit I can see alligators take the water; strange birds fly overhead, birds of brilliant plumage; strange venomous insects crawl underfoot. All about, the jungle spreads its deep enormous tangle. Here human life counts for little. In one short month I have seen one man killed and two desperately wounded. Here slavery exists, the cruelest form of slavery—the contract-labor system. Last Sunday I joined in a man-hunt, for a poor devil of a peon who had escaped from his haunts. I joined the hunt, trusting that if the man fell to any one, it might be me. He was not, however, caught. Miserable being! Without food or shelter he will falter through the jungle till starvation or some tiger makes an end. I have seen men flogged with machete blades, and women whipped. At night they are herded in great galleries, that are surrounded with barb-wire entanglements; by day, they are watched in the fields. Disease stalks among them; the death rate runs to sixty per cent. These are matters of daily life here, matters of course. No one thinks them of moment. But they are startlingly cruel, and I hope yet to turn my pen in the direction of their easement."

KILLED THE MOOSE.
A day or two ago Elijah Morehouse, a young man living at Zealand Station, a son of George Morehouse, was in the woods, not far from home, partridge shooting, when he came across a big bull moose. The big fellow, instead of fleeing, showed fight. Young Morehouse had only a double-barreled shotgun and no ball cartridges, but his resources were equal to the occasion.

Opening up a small pocketknife which he carried, he put it down the barrel of the gun on top of a shot cartridge, and in the other barrel he put an old table fork which he happened to have in his pocket. Taking steady aim at the angry moose, which was steadily coming toward him, Morehouse discharged both barrels of the gun in quick succession.

The barrel into which the knife had been rammed was burst, but Morehouse escaped uninjured. The moose fell in his tracks, either the knife or the fork having gone right through him and piercing a vital part.

Mr. Morehouse secured assistance and got the big carcass home, and is pardonably proud of his exploit. The moose head, a magnificent one, with antlers spreading fifty-eight inches and carrying sixteen points, is being mounted by Avery Morehouse, Zealand Station.

FOUGHT OFF SHARKS FOR DAYS.

Two hundred miles in a rowboat, almost destitute of provisions and water, and pursued by hordes of sharks that threatened momentarily to capsize the boat and devour its occupants, was the experience of Sam Harris and four South Sea Islanders who composed the crew of the little trading schooner Victor, wrecked on Apataki Island on November 30.

Apataki Island is 200 miles from Papeete, the port of Tahiti. All hands on the Victor were asleep on the night of November 30 and there was no prospect of danger. Suddenly she struck a reef. She filled from the jagged holes cut in her side, and Captain Harris and his crew put off in a small boat, with only one day's provisions.

Without a compass and with no sail Captain Harris and his men struck out for Papeete. Hunger and thirst combined to tantalize the men, but these things were forgotten when sharks began their pursuit of the small boat. For eleven days the five men rowed toward Papeete. They landed emaciated and nearly crazed, but still alive. The day they reached Papeete the steamer Mariposa left there for San Francisco. The officers of the steamer brought the news there.

Decries the Yellows.

The Waterbury (Conn.) Democrat, a decrier of yellow journalism, says that so far as its typographical appearance is concerned, it does not accord with good taste. Its hysterical headlines and sycophantic makeup doom it to eventual disaster. It is perhaps a fad with some just at the present time, but the man who likes his reading matter furnished so that he can enjoy it with as little effort as possible positively dislikes freak makeup in his newspaper. He does not care to wade through columns of slush and padding to glean the few items of news which they contain. In the end, that paper which presents the news in a comprehensible, concise and plain manner is going to be the newspaper of the country.

Anti Nuisance Pledge.

Since the stuffing of private mail boxes became a public nuisance in London, advertisers who send out circulars sometimes receive copies back with this notice enclosed:

"National Association for Suppressing the House to House Delivery of Circulars, and other objectionable and gratuitous literature. Members pledge themselves to return same to the source of origin by post-unpaid—and to boycott the offenders. Envelopes supplied free of cost. No more dirtied steps! Gates banged and left open! Runaway knockers! Vaulting over railings to next house! Smearing polished brasswork, etc., etc."

A peculiar method of charging cloth with electricity, in order to furnish heat to the wearer, has been invented by a French engineer.



PRETTY BOUDOIR SLIPPERS.

Charming indeed are the newest slippers designed for mademoiselle's wear in the boudoir. They are opera shape, of the softest kind, and having a modified Louis Quinze heel. The particular pair which attracted the admiring attention of the writer were of a soft, dull purple color. The top of each slipper was furnished with a turnover about an inch and a half deep of quilted heliotrope silk, a very pale shade, bordered with embroidered pink rosebuds. A flat bow of heliotrope ribbon supplied finish in front.

HOW TO HANG LINEN.

Always hang table linen in good shape, for it is almost impossible to iron out wrinkles which dry in it. Hang both tablecloths and sheets across the line evenly, with the weight on the warp threads, ends down, for the warp is stronger than the woof, and if hung habitually lengthwise the goods will split across the folds. Iron down the middle, folding them exactly opposite from the way they hung on the line, and they will wear longer.

If clothes have become discolored through improper washing, try for a few wash days the plan of scalding them just before putting them into the last rinse water. This will whiten them beautifully, although it is more trouble.

Never take the clothes from the line damp and fold down to iron; let them get quite dry, and then bring them in, folding them properly when they are taken from the line, as this will save much ironing out of wrinkles.

ROYAL SIAMESE WOMEN.

Advocates of dress reform will heartily approve of the costume which is worn by the Queen of Siam. It consists of a white blouse, black knickerbockers and stockings and shoes with buckles.

"Siamese women," says the Graphic, "are described as graceful in movement and figure, and as fitting models for a sculptor. Their skin is olive colored, their cheekbones prominent, their eyes black and almond shaped."

"The Siamese are orthodox Buddhists and are strict followers of their faith. Their religious fervor is shown by the large number of bonzes whom they maintain, and the number of pagodas and sanctuaries to be seen in their country. The rich, not content with giving handsome donations, build endow temples, in which they intend their ashes to be placed in one line; while the poor give an idol to the temple. The deep religious sentiment of the Siamese is bound up with a feeling of reverence for their King, to whom they give the most exalted titles, such as 'Master of the World' and 'Lord of Our Lives.' King Chulalongkorn visited England in 1897. Previous to that he had sent his sons to be educated in England. Queen Sowaya Pongsi did not accompany her husband on that occasion, being intrusted with the government of the country in her husband's absence."

FOR ROUND SHOULDERED GIRLS.

Although gymnastics are so prevalent these days, there is danger for the young growing girls becoming round shouldered, and probably no one suffers greater agony of mortification than the girl or woman with this affliction. The girl of fourteen can easily avoid round shoulders and cultivate an erect carriage if she will. First of all, it is necessary for her to become accustomed to sleeping without a pillow. A pillow pushes the shoulders forward, and the pillow habit, moreover, is an unnatural one, which civilized folks have cultivated. Babies do not require them and they rather object when one is placed under their little heads.

All day long the round shouldered girl should walk as though she were balancing a book on her head, and if she cannot keep this thought in her mind, let her remember to keep the back of her neck pressed against her collar. This will keep the head and shoulders erect, and help to acquire a good carriage. To strengthen the shoulder muscles and broaden the chest take this exercise every day fifty times in the morning and fifty times at night.

Standing in a doorway, spread both arms until the hands touch the door ledge on either side on a level with the shoulders. Grasp the ledge firmly and then step forward as far as you can without removing the hands from their position. Now step backward as far as possible. Walk back and forth in this manner the given number of times. Each time the muscles of the chest are brought into action. When you are seated in a chair be sure that your spine is straight and have it touch the back of the chair. If the growing girl would remember these things and watch herself constantly, she would have no need for gymnastic exercises when she grows up.—Newark Advertiser.



We have never known a woman past fifty to be so foolish as to monkey with a chafing dish.—Athenian Globe.

A remark the average woman makes every evening to her husband, as he silently reads his paper or dozes off in his chair: "Well, I must say you are

not very entertaining."—Athenian Globe.

Speaking of the widening sphere of women, President Nicholas Murray Butler wonders why there are not women dentists. Incidentally the suggestion seems to offer a scheme of encouragement for the more frequent examination of the condition of the masculine teeth.—Boston Herald.

The frequent reports of loss of finger rings while traveling are not complimentary to woman's sense of prudence. When washing the hands away from home, if one has not a jewel case about the throat, the safest way is to put the rings in one's mouth, where there is no possibility of forgetting them.

Mrs. C. A. Hutton suggested to a burglar at 10.30 o'clock last Sunday night that he leave her house, at 123 Lyon street, and though her tone was, perhaps, not as steady as she could have wished, the revolver which she leveled at the intruder was so strong an argument that the burglar fell over himself in taking the hint.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. Benjamin Stenborn, a widow living at 946 South Ashland avenue, desired a "love charm" to attract the man she loved, and she paid James White, Warren and Ogden avenues, \$60 a week ago. White, she alleges, disappeared with her money. Yesterday Mrs. Stenborn and Mrs. Alice Kern, 3933 Fifth avenue, swore out warrants for White's arrest. Mrs. Kern said she paid \$35 for a "charm" that would keep away a man who was annoying her.—Chicago Tribune.

It is not generally known that Mrs. Fairbanks holds three collegiate degrees. She was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, in 1872, in the same class with her husband. She was married to him a few days afterward and at once began the study of law, also with her husband as a classmate. She received the degree of bachelor of laws and afterward took a full course of international and parliamentary law. During the infancy of her children Mrs. Fairbanks studied medicine, and one of the most charming traits of her character is her sympathy and generous aid to sick and ailing children and old persons.—Chicago News.

Miss Helen A. Knowlton, of Rockland, Me., is the only woman lawyer in that State. She was admitted to the bar of Knox County six years ago, and has acquitted herself well in the practice of law. Miss Knowlton is not a woman suffragist. "If men cannot properly govern the country, what can they do?" she asks. Her relations with the bar are most pleasant, and she is glad she chose the profession of law.—Hartford Times.

The woman suffrage interests have been traveling a somewhat shorter road this year than usual before the various Legislatures where they have appeared. There has developed a fashion of outward courtesy, which involved prolonged hearings and often the adoption by one branch of the proposed measure, with the understanding that the other branch should administer the desired coup de grace. This season there has been more business and less fictitious courtesy. It has been out on the first round. Women opposed to the extension of the suffrage do not enjoy appearing in public and arguing. They seem ready for the present to let the existing apathy demonstrate the lack of genuine interest in the matter, and to trust that the usual objection may be relied upon.—Hartford Courant.



The smartest hats are either picturesquely large or quite small affairs.

The most carefully studied part of all bodices and coats is the shoulder line.

Skirts are shirred, puffed, tucked and trimmed with lace ruffles and embroideries.

The slashed turban with cockade and tall, well-spread egret, is a favorite choice.

For slender figures of medium height nothing is more jaunty than the long, full-skirted redingote.

All smart sleeves are built out into a square military top line, no matter how soft the material may be.

This is the season when coat suits and rain coats are most in demand, and there are many new models shown.

Long jackets of faultless cut and perfect fit are very becoming, and give to the wearer quite a distinguished look.

Many of the hats are trimmed with wreaths, half-wreaths, rosettes of ribbon and clusters of large roses without foliage.

The small hats are worn with street costumes of tailor-made severity; the larger hats add much charm to gowns of more elaborate style.

With a costume of cloth the redingote is of velvet; while, with the velvet gown, the redingote is of cloth—always the same tone—with collar, broad revers and deep cuffs of the velvet.

The velvet costumes are quite popular as ever, and it is not too late to have such a costume made; for one can wear them until quite late in the season, and they always make a serviceable frock for fall.