

### A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED  
"COMMERCIALISM."

A Pertinent Talk on a Present-Day Problem, by the Rev. Dr. Reese F. Alsop—Jesus Christ is the Measure of the Standard of the Perfect Man.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Reese F. Alsop, pastor of St. Ann's Church on the Heights, preached Sunday morning on "Commercialism." He took his text from St. Luke xiii:15: "Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

Dr. Alsop said: I heard lately from a brilliant speaker an address on "Commercialism." To the surprise of all it was a panegyric rather than a diatribe. His argument was that commercialism, that is, business activity, the industrial epoch in which we live and whose push we feel, engenders certain useful and even moral qualities, such as thrift, underlying all accumulations of capital; truth telling, which is essential to successful trading; the habit of saving; a credit system of the day could not exist; the sense of responsibility shown in the honesty of the great army of clerks and place holders among whom the spirit of trust, defaults and the like are comparatively rare, the percentage of the honest being surprisingly high. At the same time our Civil War and our Reconstruction have shown that the commercial spirit did not extinguish heroism and liberality. Witness the gifts of rich men to education and charities.

Now that is all true, and yet there is a bad flavor about the word commercialism. It has another connotation. Is it not a matter of emphasis? We have had the first kingdom of God? He says again, "What will a man give in exchange for his life?" What are men exchanging their life for? With all its material success, its development, for? What are they seeking first? Is it not too largely material success? St. Paul says: "Having this manner of life, we have nothing to boast of in the day of God." The feeling of to-day scorns such moderation. A modest competence is nowadays nothing accounted of. To make a name for oneself, to achieve comfort for self and family is a small thing; men aim and toil and struggle for more dazzling prizes—a success that makes a noise and is talked of; that glitters and dazzles the eye.

This is commercialism as I understand it; the measuring of success by the standard of the market, placing the sinking of other aims in the eager rush after gain. There are high things possible for man. Culture of body, mind, growth in moral and spiritual attainments, expansion of faculty and usefulness. There are magnificent careers open to him in science, in art, in literature, in philanthropic service. Great against all these stand the temptations of the age and cries follow me. The ideal is a man who turns everything to gold that he touches; a man who gets and holds and then goes on to get more. He is a man of two conversations lately overheard illustrate the point. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, walking down a New York avenue, was talking to a man of three or four university men before him. Looking upon the gleaming equipages and splendid dresses flitting by, one said to another: "If I tell you, boy, it is money that goes in this town, is it not?" The belief that it is money that goes—the feeling that it is money that ought to give evidences of an almost universal sentiment.

"Who is building that magnificent house?" said one to another. "Oh, that is to be the residence of a man who is to be a poor Baptist preacher, but Rockefeller found out that he had business ability, and I tell you he did not leave him to be a Baptist preacher, he went into the Standard Oil Company, and now see what a success he has achieved." There speaks commercialism. There is the voice of the ideal which has almost hypnotized our generation.

Agassiz's splendid reply to the lecture bureau, "I have no time to make money," sounds like a mere matter of course. His refusal to accept reward from the Chinese Emperor for his help in the Tai Ping rebellion sounds like a piece of Quixotism. The simple man, the man of God, the man in the woods, as pictured by Wagner, seems only an idyllic dream. The pursuit of learning for learning's sake, the service of man with no ulterior motive, the unostentatious sacrifice of personal interest for the good of others, these are repudiated as folly. The maddening crowd's ignoble strife is the only thing that counts. It draws like the song of the siren. Like the suction of a vast maelstrom, it seizes men and draws them in. By and by, dizzied by the fierce whirl, they are hurled to the high things and are content to be simply money-makers. That is what I understand by commercialism; the thrusting into the front place of mere material success; a corruption of the spirit in which life is lived. It is a low, wrong motive. It brings in and holds before the soul a false standard of value. It misconceives what is the real success of life. It subordinates the man to his possessions. It is a radical corruption of the ideal—an absolute reversal of what our true commercialism should be. It clares and persuades that man's life does consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Therefore, it urges let him love supremely these things; let him aim at them, follow after them, sink his very life in them. Let him for them forego, if need be, mental culture, artistic development, moral elevation, spiritual activity and all that goes to make a full developed manhood. Quench, if necessary, all lofty aspirations. Get that, and then let them about you, enthroned upon and among them. Let avarice seize every other faculty so your faculty for getting and getting on is the only thing that counts.

Let me give an illustration or two. There is a story of a man who was so eager to keep safe a very precious thing that he took it with him into a crowded hall, and he hid it on the floor and then diligently nailed the door, only to find, as his candle flickered out, that he had shut himself in with his treasure. He had not considered that in his own strong box. Here is another: I read some time ago of a young man, who, upon graduation from college, found himself the possessor of \$50,000 a year. He had health, strength, education, position. Choices lay open before him. He might go in for political life, for philanthropic service, or college settlement work. He might become a student and a patron of art, of literature. He might throw himself into the civic life of his day. In any of a dozen ways he might find his life by losing it in the service of man and of God. But alas! he was dazzled by the ideal of the age. Ambitious to turn his one million into many, to win the power and notoriety that wealth can bring, he flung himself into a banking house. All the beautiful opportunities that invited him he forewent simply and only that he might increase his pile—a pile which was already sufficiently large. Grant him all the success he coveted, what would be the end? A dwarfed man, with an immense pile heaped up around him, a life practically sunk and lost in the abundance of the things which he possessed.

As I said, then, a moment ago, commercialism is found in a wrong emphasis. Wealth is good fair and nobly used. It is not money, but the love of money, that is the root of all evil. Business is good, commerce is good and necessary, individualism is good and brings forth a goodly progeny of virtues; zeal, activity, perseverance, energy, industry, are all praiseworthy. Material success is desirable. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich." Yes, but to put these things first, to rush after them so eagerly as to forget other and higher things, in a word, to sink in them one's life with its possibilities of growth and beauty and usefulness, that is to have caught the spirit of the commercialism of the day and the age.

Who can look abroad without seeing how this spirit tends to invade and even

to dominate every sphere of human activity. We read of commercialism in politics, in art, in literature, in education, in the social world, even in religion, and though we may not have a distinct definition ready to hand, we have a fairly clear idea of what is meant. The place holder in nation or city or State whose main thought is what he can make and not what he can do; the artist who listens not to the voice of his ideal but to the bids of the market, and paints or carves simply for the money to be got; the author who writes simply what will sell and forgets the truth for which he ought to stand and the service in the way of instruction, or comfort, or amusement which he might minister to his fellows, is each one tainted with commercialism. It has crept even into our universities, tempting boards of trustees and faculties to bow too subserviently to those who can furnish endowments; tempting the young men to turn from courses that cultivate the mind to those which prepare for business. Our theatres have felt the influence, and think more of pieces which will draw than of those which will elevate as well as amuse and recreate those who see and hear.

Yes, it is conceivable that even the church may not escape. The ministry that sets gain above usefulness has caught the contagion. "Put me into the priesthood which I may eat a piece of bread!" So said one of our old, the very thought was a desecration. The ministry that is sought for the sake of "the pieces of bread" for a livelihood, whether it be large or small, is a ministry not to God, not to those among whom it is exercised, but to the man that holds it. The clergy who are in orders chiefly for what they can win in the way of comfort, or respectability or income are unfit for their place. They serve not God and their fellows, but themselves. And so the church whose chief aim is a large rental and a fashionable congregation—forgetting the while that the Master's boast is that to the poor the gospel was preached, is tarred with the same stick.

Yes, commercialism is in the air. It is the spirit that now works—that stealthily invades every department of modern life, always seeking to make gain the dominant motive. There is no line of work, no business, no profession safe against its insidious influence. It invades law, medicine, even divinity, as we have seen. It is felt in halls of legislation and seats of government. Yet, it pervades even sports, making the line between the sporting ring and the large bank account more potent to open doors than gentle birth and fine breeding.

How are we to resist this influence—escape this spirit? Just as we resist the contagion of an epidemic, the depression of a malaria, by fortifying the powers of life. A man in whom the tide of life is full and strong will walk unscathed through the plague laden air. The health that is in him resists the disease that rushes upon him. The bacteria that floats into throat or lung, or stomach finds no nidus and dies. It must be thus, then, that we escape the spiritual danger. Fortify the life within. Remember that life is more than meat; that the kingdom of God and His righteousness are infinitely worthy of our pursuit. Do not forget the possibilities of your life, what you can make of it in the way of growth, what you can make of it in the way of usefulness. Keep your eye on the Master. In Him see what you may be. In Him see what you may do. Yes, in Him only keep your eye on Him, but keep in living touch with Him, that the tides of His life may flow into your soul, and carry you on and up to the measure of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus.

Finally, my brethren, "whatsoever things are honest whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." Turn your thought and your eyes away from the dazzling bait of the age. Escape its snare. Seek first the kingdom of God. Determine to be a man, mentally, morally, spiritually; to remain to be a brother to your fellow man, and do for him a brother's part; to determine to be a child of the heavenly Father and obey His will, so far as you are able; to resolve that in the splendid possibilities hidden in the gift of life shall be realized, and you shall have learned how to use this world without abusing it. In commerce, in business, success is to minister to you but not enslave you; shall embellish your life but not absorb it; shall bring you, perchance, an abundance of goods to possess, but leave the whole strong and pure within you the life of God. Then shall you in very deed possess the abundance of the things which are yours. Let them once get the better of you, climb into the throne of your heart and life, and then they possess you and you are their slave and their victim; nailed into a coffin in your own strong box, which has, alas, with your treasure, shut in your soul also.

**Living in Hope.**  
The habit of living in the future should make us glad and confident. We should not keep the contemplation of another state of existence to make us sorrowful. We should allow the transiency of this present life to shade our joys. Our hope should make us buoyant, and keep us firm. It is an honor of the soul. All men live by hope, even when it is fixed upon the changeable and uncertain things of this world. But the hopes of men who have not their faith fixed upon God try to grapple themselves on the clouds rather than on the solid flanks of the mountains; while our hopes pierce within that veil, and lay hold of the Rock of Ages that covers above the flying vapors. Let us then be strong, for our future is not a dim perspective, nor a vague dream, nor a fancy of our own, nor a wish turning itself into a vision, but it is made and certain by Him who is the God of all the past and all the present. It is built upon His word, and the brightest hope of all His creatures is the enjoyment of more of His presence, and the possession of more of His likeness. That hope is certain. Therefore, let us live in it.—The Rev. Alexander MacLaren.

**The Poor Man's Day.**  
In all our towns, and throughout too large a portion of our country districts, the Sabbath rest is violated and the worship which was the consequence and condition of this rest is abandoned. At the same time the soul is deprived of its nourishment and the body of its repose. The poor man and the working man are deluged, unprotected, to the very day, in increasing influence of error and evil. Thus the profanation of the day has become the ruin of the moral and physical health of the people, at the same time that it is the ruin of the family and of religious liberty. The Sabbath is emphatically the poor man's and the working man's day. And there is no surer way to break down the health, as well as the moral and religious life of the people, than to break down the Sabbath. To say nothing of the Divine law, on mere worldly grounds it is plain that nothing is more conducive to the health, intelligence, comfort and independence of the working classes and to our prosperity as a people than our Christian American Sabbath.—Count Montalembert.

**Past and Future.**  
The past is dead and has no resurrection, but the future is endowed with such a life that it lives to us even in anticipation. The past is, in many things, the foe of mankind; the future is, in all things, our friend. For the past there is no hope; for the future there is both hope and fruition. The past is the text book of tyrants; the future is the Bible of the free. Those who are solely governed by the past stand like Lot's wife, crystallized in the act of looking backward, and forever incapable of looking forward.—H. Kirk White.

**The Year.**  
Beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always "the year of our Lord."—Lucy Larcom.

### Black Adventure.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE thrilling experiences of the old Lordsburg mountaineer, J. B. Camp, who was besieged by four enormous mountain lions in his cabin in the mountains at Brown's Flats, north of that Dankard settlement, as told in the Los Angeles Times, brought vividly to the recollection of the writer the blood-curdling adventures of the late Uncle Ari Hopper with an old grizzly she bear in the Black Mountain, near San Jose, early in the summer of 1869.

Scores of bears had fallen victims to the deadly aim of this bluff old pioneer and hunter during his lifetime, yet an involuntary shudder escaped him as he related the following story to the writer at his Covina home a few months after celebrating his golden wedding, before he met his untimely death several years ago, by accidentally shooting himself in the stomach while hunting rabbits in the wash just south of Covina.

"I had been for many years considered a daring and successful bear hunter, but one morning in the month of May, 1869, I had all the conceit knocked completely out of me when I ran up against the vicious old she bear that made her home at Black Mountain, about thirty miles north-east of San Jose. This old grizzly was the largest and most dangerous she bear I ever heard of in the Coast Range, and it was she who came so near getting Mose Williams on this mountain several years before I made her acquaintance. At the time I speak of I and several of my friends were camping on the Arroyo Bayou that runs through the deep canon on the west side of the Black Mountain, where we intended to spend several days hunting and fishing. Early one morning I told my friends that I was going up the mountain to kill one of the big fat bucks that I felt assured would be found on the summit. I spent nearly the whole forenoon on the mountain, but luck was against me that day, for not a single deer was to be seen. I then started down the steep ridge that leads from the summit down to the fork of the creek, and as this ridge was well covered with oak trees I kept a sharp lookout for the game I was in search of. Proceeding a few hundred yards below the chumal, I saw a young bear about forty yards ahead of me, and without stopping to think, I took a shot at it. When the cub felt the sting of the bullet (it was only slightly wounded), it began to howl, and in a moment the old she bear rushed into view. She started after me with blood in her eye, and I dived down the steep side of the ridge as though ten thousandimps were after me. About sixty yards below the top of the ridge there was an oak tree, and you can bet I put in my best ticks to reach that tree before the bear closed in upon me. The tree had forked at the ground, and one-half of it had blown down, and onto this log I sprang, just as the bear was snapping at the tail of my coat. A desperate leap landed me in the fork of the tree just as the bear mounted the log. Seeing that she was sure to catch me, I took my heavy rifle with both hands and threw it with all my might down on the bear's nose. The heavy blow checked her long enough for me to climb higher-up the tree, and to scramble out onto the first long limb I reached. The bear was close at my heels, but she fortunately climbed out on a larger limb a little to the right of the one I was on. By the time I had crawled out on the limb as far as I dared without breaking it off, the infuriated animal was directly opposite me, snapping viciously. As she had to use all her feet to hold onto the limb, she could not make use of her hind legs, and I was able to hold my face with her huge jaws and bite my head off. To avoid this I caught hold of some small branches above, and threw my head back as far as I could. Just then I thought I was a goner, and my time had surely come. Blowing her hot breath in my face, with her nose only a few inches from mine, her fierce looks as long as the tines of a pitchfork, and her mouth as large as a rain barrel as she snapped viciously in her endeavors to reach me, I thought of Susan and the kids at home and wondered how they would feel when they learned I had been torn to pieces by a bear. Then I thought of my companions down at the camp, and in order that they might know where to come and find my remains I shouted as long and as loud as I could."

The yell must have been similar to the roar of Niagara, for at seventy Uncle Ari possessed a pair of India rubber lungs, and a voice like a foghorn, and he could let out a yell that would have made a Comanche Indian ashamed for himself.

"When I let that blast from my lungs that went reverberating up and down the deep canon for many miles, it so frightened the old bear that she backed down the tree in a hurry and put in her best ticks to reach the chumal. I tell you, my boy, that was the closest call that I ever had, and I only escaped death by the skin of my teeth."—J. S. Matthews, in the Los Angeles Times.

#### CHASED BY MINNESOTA WOLVES

C. J. Chapman, of Duluth, Minn., a traveling salesman, engaged a wagon at Pine River, Cass County, to take him to Backus, twelve miles distant. Frank Perry drove.

While still four miles from Backus five fierce wolves came up behind in

the dark. Perry was frightened and Chapman drove, and told Perry to fight with the whip till the team could reach Backus.

The team was rapidly becoming exhausted when Perry threw out the contents of his lunch basket to the wolves. The animals stopped to quarrel over the morsels, and when they came on to renew the attack another small quantity of food was thrown them.

Chapman stood up in the sleigh and lashed the tired horses to a final effort. Close to the edge of the town the wolves uttered angry howls of disappointment and gave up the pursuit.

#### WOMEN WILL SHUN A GIRL WHO—

Defames an absent one. Sneers at or ridicules a bystander's clothes or appearance. Loses her temper. Stoops to a mean or petty action. Is too forward where men are concerned. Laughs or talks loudly in public places. Wears conspicuous clothes. Allows familiarity from men. Speaks disrespectfully of her parents or elders. Quarrels with her relatives. Speaks unkindly of babies or children.

#### WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics has just issued a report on "Sex in Industry," which is instructive and also suggestive. In the last ten years the number of self-supporting women has more than doubled. So, alas! has the number of female children at work in the Bay State. At present, nearly one-third of all the "gainful workers" of Massachusetts are women.

This large increase in industry for women does not follow the old lines. The Massachusetts workers in factories have only increased twenty-eight per cent.; in domestic service, thirty-five per cent.; and in teaching, thirty-five per cent. Woman is aiming higher; she wants a place in business and the professions, and she is getting it. There is an increase of forty per cent. in women professional workers, and of nearly fifty per cent. in the number of women who are partners or stockholders in business enterprises.

Woman's first footing in industry was that of the willing worker who takes the undesirable and ill-paid job rather than no job at all. These figures show that in Massachusetts, at least, she has gotten beyond that step on the ladder, and is mounting steadily. Industrially, she is succeeding. But there are some other Massachusetts figures, not included in the industrial statistics, that are not reassuring on the sociological side. In these same last ten years the marriage rate has declined. In Massachusetts, from nineteen to seventeen per 1000, while divorces have increased from one in every twenty-eight marriages to one in every eighteen; and the birth rate, has fallen perceptibly.—Harper's Bazar.

#### MASSAGING THE TEMPLES.

Stimulate the muscles at the corners of the eyes by placing two fingers on each temple and massaging with a rotary movement. Take plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise. If a foreign substance gets into the eye, try to let the tears flow and carry it toward the nose. This is the point from which it is most easily extricated. Never drop anything into the eye to produce an artificial sparkle. You may clip carefully the tips of the eyelashes and rub them with vaseline at night if you wish to promote their growth; and for the eyebrows, brush them often and train them to grow in a properly arched direction. To prevent the lids from wrinkling, a bath of boric water after the ordinary morning ablutions is effective. Boric acid ointment is very healing when eyes are inflamed, and it is better still to drop into them a few drops of boric water.—New York News.

#### TENDER FEET.

Tired and tender feet require special attention daily; spasmodic treatment is of little avail, but thorough treatment given each night just before going to bed will work wonders. To four quarts of quite warm water add one rounding teaspoonful of powdered borax and put the feet in this bath for at least twenty minutes; then wipe gently with a rather coarse towel and file or scrape all calloused spots with toilet pumice stone, being careful not to irritate the surrounding skin. Spray or dip the feet in cool water to close the pores and prevent taking cold, dry the feet briskly to induce perfect circulation. To hasten tender feet a salt bath is invaluable. In each two quarts of water dissolve one tablespoonful of sea salt and follow the bath by friction; then sponge the feet and ankles with alcohol. To reduce the swelling on feet that are afflicted in that way use only moderately warm water and an astringent made by taking two ounces each of rock salt and powdered alum, mixing and using two teaspoonfuls to each four quarts of water. Bear in mind that bathing and gentle friction is all-important in the care of the feet for it keeps the skin in a healthy condition and does much to counteract the evils of small shoes.—Mirror and Farmer.

#### MY FIRST MUSK OX.

I was in a dripping perspiration and had dropped my fur capote and cartridge belt after thrusting half a dozen shells into my pocket. On an on ran, wondering, in a semi-dazed way, if the musk oxen were really on the other side of the ridge. Finally the ridge took a sharp turn to the north, and as I reached the top of it, there, about 100 yards ahead, were two of the musk oxen running slowly but directly from me. Instantly the blood coursed through my veins and the mist cleared from my eyes; dropping on one knee I swung my rifle into position, but my hand was so tremulous and my heart thumped so heavily that the front sight wobbled all over the horizon. I realized that this might be the only shot I should get, for Indians in more propitious seasons had gone to the Barren Grounds and not seen even one head; yet with the musk oxen going away from me all the while, every instant of time seemed an insupportable age. The agony of those few seconds I waited so as to steady my hand! Once or twice I made another attempt to aim, but still the hand was too uncertain. I did not dare risk a shot. When I had rested a minute or two, that seemed fully half an hour—at last the fore sight held true for an instant, and I pressed the trigger. The exultation of that moment when I saw one of the two musk oxen stagger, and then fall, I know I shall never again experience.—Caspar Whitney, in Outlook.

#### HOME EXERCISE.

A very popular home exercise is a tether ball, and it is not hard to make all the things needed to play it with in case you have not got the money to buy them ready made. Even if you have it's a good thing to learn to make things once in a while, just to know how. First of all, get a straight stick or pole about seven or eight feet long and stick it firmly in the ground. At the top end tie a stout string about the same length as the pole or a little shorter, and to the other end of the string tie an old cotton glove, if you have one; if not, any glove will answer. Inside of this put a tennis ball or one of rubber. If you have not got the tennis racquets that are generally used in this game, make paddles like ping-pong bats, only a little larger, out of thin, smooth board, such as is to be found in soap boxes. A good place for the pole is in the back yard, even though the yard be quite small, for the game does not require much space. To play it two persons stand on opposite sides of the pole, facing each other with a bat. The game is to wind the string around the pole by hitting the ball, one person sending it in one direction and the other in the other. Who succeeds in winding it all the way round in his own direction wins the game.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

#### FUND FOR DISABLED TEACHERS.

The Lewis Elkin annuity fund for disabled women teachers from the public schools, according to the final schedule of the distribution of Mr. Elkin's estate, approved by Judge Penrose, of the Orphan's Court, Philadelphia, amounts to \$1,808,402, which far exceeds the most sanguine estimates. The schedule was filed by the Pennsylvania company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, executors, and it is expected that the first distribution of accumulated interest on the fund in annuities will be made early next year.

#### THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did by what they intended.—Thoreau.

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A very popular home exercise is a tether ball, and it is not hard to make all the things needed to play it with in case you have not got the money to buy them ready made. Even if you have it's a good thing to learn to make things once in a while, just to know how. First of all, get a straight stick or pole about seven or eight feet long and stick it firmly in the ground. At the top end tie a stout string about the same length as the pole or a little shorter, and to the other end of the string tie an old cotton glove, if you have one; if not, any glove will answer. Inside of this put a tennis ball or one of rubber. If you have not got the tennis racquets that are generally used in this game, make paddles like ping-pong bats, only a little larger, out of thin, smooth board, such as is to be found in soap boxes. A good place for the pole is in the back yard, even though the yard be quite small, for the game does not require much space. To play it two persons stand on opposite sides of the pole, facing each other with a bat. The game is to wind the string around the pole by hitting the ball, one person sending it in one direction and the other in the other. Who succeeds in winding it all the way round in his own direction wins the game.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

#### FUND FOR DISABLED TEACHERS.

The Lewis Elkin annuity fund for disabled women teachers from the public schools, according to the final schedule of the distribution of Mr. Elkin's estate, approved by Judge Penrose, of the Orphan's Court, Philadelphia, amounts to \$1,808,402, which far exceeds the most sanguine estimates. The schedule was filed by the Pennsylvania company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, executors, and it is expected that the first distribution of accumulated interest on the fund in annuities will be made early next year.

#### THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did by what they intended.—Thoreau.

annual income of less than \$200. Since this decision was reached the executors have been advised that inasmuch as unexpended income from the fund in any year is to be paid to other contingent beneficiaries, the matter should be judiciously determined by appeal directly to the Orphan's Court for a ruling, or by suit in the case of some one applicant for an annuity, whose application has been tentatively approved by the school controllers, and who has sworn to being in receipt of an income of less than \$200, before the distribution of annuities shall be begun.—Boston Transcript.

#### WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics has just issued a report on "Sex in Industry," which is instructive and also suggestive. In the last ten years the number of self-supporting women has more than doubled. So, alas! has the number of female children at work in the Bay State. At present, nearly one-third of all the "gainful workers" of Massachusetts are women.

This large increase in industry for women does not follow the old lines. The Massachusetts workers in factories have only increased twenty-eight per cent.; in domestic service, thirty-five per cent.; and in teaching, thirty-five per cent. Woman is aiming higher; she wants a place in business and the professions, and she is getting it. There is an increase of forty per cent. in women professional workers, and of nearly fifty per cent. in the number of women who are partners or stockholders in business enterprises.

Woman's first footing in industry was that of the willing worker who takes the undesirable and ill-paid job rather than no job at all. These figures show that in Massachusetts, at least, she has gotten beyond that step on the ladder, and is mounting steadily. Industrially, she is succeeding. But there are some other Massachusetts figures, not included in the industrial statistics, that are not reassuring on the sociological side. In these same last ten years the marriage rate has declined. In Massachusetts, from nineteen to seventeen per 1000, while divorces have increased from one in every twenty-eight marriages to one in every eighteen; and the birth rate, has fallen perceptibly.—Harper's Bazar.

Stimulate the muscles at the corners of the eyes by placing two fingers on each temple and massaging with a rotary movement. Take plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise. If a foreign substance gets into the eye, try to let the tears flow and carry it toward the nose. This is the point from which it is most easily extricated. Never drop anything into the eye to produce an artificial sparkle. You may clip carefully the tips of the eyelashes and rub them with vaseline at night if you wish to promote their growth; and for the eyebrows, brush them often and train them to grow in a properly arched direction. To prevent the lids from wrinkling, a bath of boric water after the ordinary morning ablutions is effective. Boric acid ointment is very healing when eyes are inflamed, and it is better still to drop into them a few drops of boric water.—New York News.

#### TENDER FEET.

Tired and tender feet require special attention daily; spasmodic treatment is of little avail, but thorough treatment given each night just before going to bed will work wonders. To four quarts of quite warm water add one rounding teaspoonful of powdered borax and put the feet in this bath for at least twenty minutes; then wipe gently with a rather coarse towel and file or scrape all calloused spots with toilet pumice stone, being careful not to irritate the surrounding skin. Spray or dip the feet in cool water to close the pores and prevent taking cold, dry the feet briskly to induce perfect circulation. To hasten tender feet a salt bath is invaluable. In each two quarts of water dissolve one tablespoonful of sea salt and follow the bath by friction; then sponge the feet and ankles with alcohol. To reduce the swelling on feet that are afflicted in that way use only moderately warm water and an astringent made by taking two ounces each of rock salt and powdered alum, mixing and using two teaspoonfuls to each four quarts of water. Bear in mind that bathing and gentle friction is all-important in the care of the feet for it keeps the skin in a healthy condition and does much to counteract the evils of small shoes.—Mirror and Farmer.

#### MY FIRST MUSK OX.

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