

HALF A MAN.

"If you were half a man!"
That was a phrase to which Harry Marlowe's ears had grown accustomed of late.

Just now his wife, Rose Marlowe, was exclaiming sharply, "if you were half a man you wouldn't allow your wife to spade up the garden while you sat idling on the pier."

"Well, Rose," said her husband, in a propitiatory tone, "I've something to show for it, anyhow," and he held up a long string of fish.

They had been such a suitable marriage six years ago; both young, healthy and handsome; they appeared then to have a fair prospect before them. Harry was the soul of good-nature, and Rose, though quick-tempered, had the tenderest heart in the world and a courage and uprightness that made no compromises. How fervently she had believed in Harry, in those early days! How eagerly and earnestly she had entered into all his practical plans and visionary schemes! How she had encouraged and cheered and spurred on his flagging enthusiasm! First it had been one thing, then another; but somehow every chance slipped through his slack grasp. As soon as the novelty of the scheme had worn off he ceased to be interested in it, and turned away, like a child, to seek something new.

One day when Rose was chopping wood for the stove the ax slipped and her foot was badly cut. She hobbled into the house and bound up the wound; but it was several hours before Harry returned from his idle saunterings, and by that time she was faint from pain and loss of blood.

Dr. Sansum came and dressed the wound. "How did you manage to give yourself such a gash?" he asked.

"It was—just an accident," stammered proud Rose.

"Humph," responded the doctor, with an intonation that made Harry redden. Then, with a few additional words of caution to Rose, he left the cottage, contemptuously ignoring her husband.

It seemed as if for once Harry was startled out of his sloth. He tended Rose with the utmost care, set the house in order—clumsily, it is true, but assiduously—cooked the meals after a slap-dash masculine fashion; and, in short, did all in his power to repair his neglect.

The old tenderness—not dead, but only buried beneath a weight of hopelessness—welled up in her heart again. The frozen face thawed and the brown eyes grew soft and liquid once more. When she grew better and he could leave her he picked up an odd job here and there and worked with a will.

In his new found zeal Harry made a trip to a neighboring city, in search of permanent employment. On his return his first words were, "Good luck! I've got a steady job at last," as though all the years of his married life had been spent in that quest.

"What sort of a job is it?" asked Rose.

"Fireman on an engine."
"But— isn't that rather hard work?" asked Rose, who had learned to doubt his staying quality.

"Hard!" cried Harry, and he squared his broad shoulders and looked as bright and manly as in the old days. "Ain't I as strong as an ox?"

Rose's face was a rainbow of tears and smiles. "Forgive me, Harry, for doubting you," she said, half sobbing, half laughing.

He was little at home after he began his new work; but that home seemed a different place now. There were no cutting words, no looks that stabbed with scorn. Rose sang over her work and smiles came readily to the lips that had grown so stern and cold. What did it matter that they were poor—that their lot was now that of mere laboring folk? She could respect her husband once more.

One evening as Rose was getting Harry's supper ready she heard a step on the porch and ran out to meet him. Two men were standing there.

"What is it?" she cried, feeling an instant apprehension of misfortune. They looked at each other and shuffled their feet awkwardly.

"Is my husband dead?" she asked them in a dull voice.

"No, ma'am," replied one of the men, finding his voice; "but badly hurt. There was a collision near Benton and we came to tell you about it."

When Rose reached Harry he was lying insensible. Both of his legs, hopelessly crushed, had been amputated, and his bruised and bandaged face was hardly recognizable.

Presently he was able to press her hand feebly, thus indicating consciousness of her presence.

"I'm 'half a man,' now, Rose, in good earnest," he whispered one day with a melancholy smile.

"O, Harry—don't!" sobbed Rose, "only forgive me for all those hard words."
"They were deserved, Rose—that's the worst."
Little by little, with many pauses, and in a weak voice that often sank into the whisper he told her of the collision, the result of a train dispatcher's mistake. The engineer saw the danger at a glance, became panic-stricken and jumped—only to be killed by the fall. "Harry was going to jump, too," said Harry, "but then I said to myself,

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The New Viceroy of India and His Wife

"No, I'll play the man for once," I did what the engineer should have done—pulled the reverse lever and shut off the air brakes—to lessen the shock, if possible. But it was of no use—and you know the rest."

"Well, dear," he said a few minutes later, "when it's all over you can go back to your own people and forget about the dreary life I've led you. I've been a poor excuse for a man all along. I realize that now."

"You shall not wrong yourself so," said Rose, "you had the opportunity to see in you, and when the opportunity came you showed your courage."

He smiled—a strange, wistful, pitying smile. With that clearness of self-knowledge that sometimes comes to us, he saw himself and his limitations, and he knew that he would have fallen back again into the old idle way of life. But he did not entertain Rose.

"Let her have that illusion, at least, after I'm gone," he thought.

"You shall not die," cried Rose, raising one little tooth-marked hand, as if to register an oath. "You shall live, Harry—you must live. I will work for you. You must not leave me."

And he did not die. That little woman just wouldn't let him go," said the doctor.

Influence was exerted to secure for Rose the appointment of postmistress in the little town. This insured them a support; and there were many ways in which Rose eked out their slender income. Harry was licensed now to be idle, and no one reproached him for it. He was a "helpless hulk," as he expressed it, but the best-natured, most patient hulk in the world.

And Rose—Rose was happier than she had ever been, except in the old days of radiant belief in her young husband. Her faith in him was restored; destiny had arranged it so that he could not disappoint her again by future failure.

A poor sort of happiness, you say? Ah, yes! perhaps—but it does not do to examine too closely the sort of happiness that life vouchsafes us.

STUDY SANITATION.

Because a knowledge of it does not "come by nature," any more than a knowledge of arithmetic or sewing, and because its intelligent practice lies at the very foundation of that wholeness or health on which the happiness of a household and the capacity of its members for usefulness depend. It is woman's divinely appointed mission to watch over all the processes that go to the building up of a healthy body—processes far more under human control than the unreflecting imagine; and though we are not accustomed to think of moral qualities as the outcome of physical conditions, when one has seen an amiable and mild-mannered man transformed into an insupportable churl under the pain of an ache in the face or a jumping toothache, one perceives the connection.

What is sanitation? It is the practical application of sanitary science and the laws of hygiene to the preservation of health.

Another definition might be, defending the body from any influence that can injure it or obstruct its functions—and this, under the comprehensive title of "Preventive Medicine," has become of the commonest of the current phrases of the day.

Seventeen years ago the late Dr. B. W. Richardson, then President of the British Medical Association, said: "I want strongly to enforce that it is the women on whom full sanitary light requires to fall. Health in the home is health everywhere; elsewhere it has no abiding-place. I have been brought by experience to the conclusion that the whole future of the sanitary movement rests for permanent and executive support on the women of the country. The men of the house come and go, know little of the ins and outs of anything domestic, are guided by what they are told, and are practically of no assistance whatever. The women are conversant with every nook of the dwelling, from the basement to roof, and on their knowledge, wisdom, and skill the physician rests his hopes when called to a case of contagious disease. How important, then, how vital, that they should learn as part of their earliest duties the choicest sanitary code."

FOR PLAIN WOMEN.

A woman who probably speaks from experience gives this advice to her sisters who lack brilliance or beauty: "As the chief complaint of the plain woman is her lack of admirers, I suggest an infallible remedy. Treat men with indifference—not the obnoxious kind, which makes you appear disagreeable, but the easy manner which says very plainly that while you treat a man politely and entertainingly you will treat his successor equally well. Not being used to such treatment, it piques him, and immediately he tries to interest you. And from that moment he is lost if you are one of the clever women I meet every day."

AN EXPERT.

Nelly—I believe Grace has a thorough knowledge of chemistry.

Irene—Yes, indeed. Why, she could analyze her own complexion.

COMFORTS FOR SERVANTS.

A girl has a right to expect a comfortable bedroom, warm and light. Have two beds in it if both domestics occupy one room. Very often the servants' room is a storehouse for old furniture. As human beings are governed greatly by externals, it is impossible to improve one's finer feelings and principles if one treats them as animals. Many housekeepers allow the girls to sit in the dining-room in the evening, and see that they have papers and magazines. This is not spoiling them, but makes a girl worth having respect herself and her position, and consequently her mistress.

FAMILY DIVERSION.

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A REMARKABLE SHIP.

Built of Aluminum in Sections, and May be One Boat or Three as Occasion Requires.

A trial trip was undertaken last week from Messrs. Forrest & Sons' yard, at Wyvenhoe, in Essex, England, to the measured mile in the neighborhood to demonstrate the advantages of the ship built for Mayor Gibbons' African expedition. A launch of sixty feet had been ordered by the well known African explorer for a new expedition on which he is about to start. The barge is built in sections, to permit of easy transport over land, and, for the sake of lightness, aluminum was the material selected. She can be made to form three separate vessels, two being worked by steam, the other to be taken in tow by one of the former, or they can be united so as to form a launch of sixty feet.

The Hodgetts type was selected by Major Gibbons on account of the extreme stability it offers and of the surprising delicacy in steering which in an ordinary flat bottomed boat cannot be attained. The portions used in the experiments formed a boat 26 feet in length by 6 feet beam. She was furnished with a small engine of three horse power and had twelve adults on board. On the measured mile she showed a speed of six knots, clearly proving the claim of this type of vessel to an increase in speed over the usual form. There was no oscillation, nor any approach to what is called "rolling," and the stability of the new form was demonstrated when all on board stood in a line on one side of the boat, the deviation from the horizontal position of the deck producing a reduction of the freeboard on that side of about three inches only.

The construction of this vessel being such as to present to the water two concave surfaces, one on each side of the main keel, instead of the ordinary convex bilges, there is absolutely neither bow wave nor side wash, the water thrown off at the bow and from the sides in the ordinary type of ship being, in the case of the form now in question, carried aft in two streams, converging abaft the run and forming a constant supply of unbroken water to the propeller, or twin screws, and the rudder. Hence, also, the accuracy and delicacy of her answering the helm and the utter avoidance of propeller racing. All these phenomena were noted and confirmed by the experts and other qualified judges who were present.

Owing to the constant presence of the two parallel streams of water under the channels or arches on each side of the keel, the vessel is cushioned upon them and prevented from being submerged to anything like the extent to which the ordinary type of hull is submerged; consequently the draught is less, and the freeboard greater than in the ordinary type of vessel. The obvious result of this phenomenon is that the Hodgetts safety ship will carry a greater weight either in guns, ballast, cargo or stores than any other ship of the same dimensions and calculated displacement, as well as being a great boon to passenger steamers and those engaged in the cattle trade.

To sum up the result of the experiments it was satisfactorily proved that, as compared with ships of the ordinary type, the Hodgetts safety ship possesses increased stability, increased speed, increase of carrying capacity, greater ease and delicacy in steering and handling, avoidance of bow wave, avoidance of propeller racing.

About the House.

BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A perfect thought went hovering in the air
Seeking expression visible, and found
A chaste young shoot of green from virgin ground
All budded; and he gladly entered there.

He filled her soul with beauty; and at morn
Drew warmth of love from the bright sun—God's rays.
The dew from night, the secrets from the clay—
She sighed—the petals burst—a Rose was born!

CANNING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

In preserving or canning either fruit or vegetables it is very necessary that they be strictly fresh and in good condition, if not it is time and labor thrown away to try to do anything with them as the result will be far from satisfactory.

Cans that are to be used a second time should be thoroughly washed and scalded as soon as they are emptied. The rubbers and lids should be washed and placed in a box by themselves, where they can easily be found when wanted.

We do not recommend the use of tin cans and think the glass ones preferable in all cases. Tomatoes and other vegetables are better put up in glass cans and all danger from poisoning is thus avoided. However, they must be kept in a dark place when the glass cans are used.

Before filling the cans they should be washed thoroughly in soap suds and well rinsed. The rubbers should also be washed. Self-sealing glass jars are the best to use.

If the cans are set in a pan containing cold water, while filling them, there will be no danger of the cans breaking. They should be taken out as soon as filled and sealed at once. The cans must be filled to the very top edge and the pieces should be added along with the pieces of fruit so that it will fill in between each piece and thus shut out the air.

New rubbers should be used, or if old ones are used, it is better to use two in place of one. They should fit the can perfectly and not bulge out when the lid is screwed on. It has been said that when there are no rubbers to fit the cans a narrow strip of glazed cotton batting may be put around the can before the lid is fitted.

Tin or brass kettles should never be used to cook fruit in. A porcelain-lined kettle or one of granite-ware is much better.

If canned fruit becomes soft, fades or loses its flavor it is because not enough sugar was used in canning it; or if the fruit settles in the cans it is generally because not enough juice was put in the can.

Vegetables must be cooked very thoroughly and put in the cans while boiling hot, sealing them up at once. Always remember fruit and vegetables both will keep better if placed in a cool, dark cellar. We give below a few recipes and suggestions, taken from an exchange, that we think especially good:

Always use fruit that is in good condition. When ready to do canning, give it your undivided attention; do not hurry, as haste makes waste, take your time and do it well.

Cherries—Seed fruit, boil moderately for five minutes, fill can with fruit, fill up crevices with the juice; cut small circle of muslin, lay in neck, and seal. If you wish them sweetened, use one-half pound sugar to each quart.

Raspberries, Blackberries—Select nice sound berries. If you wish them sweetened, use one-third pound of sugar to each quart, boil six minutes, proceed as with cherries.

Peaches—In halves, boil eight minutes. Whole, boil fifteen minutes. One-fourth pound sugar to each quart.

Pears—In halves, boil twenty minutes. Whole boil one-half hour. One-half pound sugar to each quart of fruit.

Gooseberries—Boil ten minutes. One pound sugar to each quart.

Crab Apples—Whole, boil thirty minutes. Two-thirds pound sugar to each quart.

Sour Apples—Quartered, boil ten minutes. One-half pound sugar to each quart.

Wild Grapes—Boil ten minutes. Two-thirds pound sugar to each quart.

Tame Grapes—Boil for eight minutes. One-half pound of sugar to each quart.

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It is customary to allow girls company one evening in the week, and it is wise not to interfere with the girls sitting up occasionally as late as eleven o'clock. When one realizes that the evening is the only time a girl has free from constant duty, it is hard to curtail that, and insist that servants should go up stairs at nine o'clock.

Teach a girl to open the front door with a pleasant though not familiar manner. Nothing makes a better impression upon a visitor than a polite and cheerful servant. Do not allow too loud talking or heavy walking around the house, slamming doors, etc. All these noises are merely bad habits, not necessary evils. A waitress should be careful of her hands, keeping the nails in order, etc., all of which is much in evidence when handing dishes to one. In a servant's former life such amenities were not dreamed of, and they must be taught by a patient, kindly mistress. If not kindly, all the patience in the world will not make a well-trained girl, but with kindness much may be accomplished with a rough diamond, but as Mark Twain puts it, do not select "one so rough that you cannot find the diamond" when looking for a girl to train. One week, will prove if the girl is willing, appreciative, quick to catch on, with a fair memory, for forgetfulness is many a housekeeper's trial, and capable of training; if not, do not attempt the task until a subject worthy of your efforts appears, and then may success crown your attempts.

DOING UP FINE SHIRTS.

A young housekeeper writes that she is having trouble with fine shirts. She likes to see them look as they do when they come from a laundry, but cannot get them stiff enough. An appeal is made to any who have been successful in accomplishing this end. Will they report their process for her benefit?

It is essential that the pieces be starched twice. Starch when hung on the line, using cooked starch, not too thick, and rubbing it well into the cloth. Have the starch as hot as the hands can bear. Wring out, shake and pat free from wrinkles and hang up to dry. When ready to iron, dissolve some laundry starch in cold water—about a tablespoonful to a pint—add half a teaspoonful of powdered borax and wet bosoms, collars and cuffs thoroughly in it. Wring out and fold at once, ironing in about half an hour.

Linen starched in this way is very stiff, but the peculiar glossy surface of regularly laundered linen will be lacking. That is due to some preparation used with which the public is not acquainted. A very good polish can be obtained, however, by thorough rubbing after the linen is dry. Use the heel of the flat-iron, or what is better, a regular polishing iron. A small piece of gum arabic dissolved in the hot starch add to the stiffness, as does also the borax in the cold starch. Some of the new brands of laundry starch contain ingredients which impart a much better polish to the linen than the old-fashioned kinds.

On general principles it is advisable to send fine shirts to the laundry instead of trying to do them at home. If it is thought they wear out faster by having them washed away from home, this part of the work may be done before they are sent. Certainly it is scarcely possible to do the pieces up at home in such an immaculate manner as most men, particularly young men, desire, and it saves a great deal of time and annoyance to put them out as suggested. If any of our readers can offer any further suggestions by way of assistance to our correspondent we shall be glad to hear from them.

THE ROSE.

Sappho vowed in rhythm that the rose was queen of all flowers, and Anacreon, Bion, Theocritus, Apollonius, and every other since their time has joined in the chorus of praise. Often the tales of the rose gave it a certain magical value, as where Lucius, in a metamorphosis of Apuleius, is restored to human form by eating a wreath of roses.

The poetical insistence of the rose as a symbol of silence had its origin in a quasi-religious employment. After the original dedication of the rose to Aphrodite, Cupid delivered it over to Harpocrates, the god of silence, in the hope that by this means the amours of the goddess of love might be kept secret.

Religion and poetry have united to make the Persian stories the most exquisite of all that owe their origin to the rose. The Persians have a feast of roses, beginning when the buds first open and continuing throughout the season. The Babul Nameh lauds the rose as God's own flower, and adds that he has set the nightingale to keep ward over it. Whenever a rose is plucked, the bird gives forth a cry, the sweetest and the saddest cry that mounts to heaven. In the springtime the nightingale hovers over the fragrant petals until it swoons in a perfume of ecstasy. Nor is the flower less faithful than the bird, for it does not bloom until the nightingale sings to the bud. Then at the marvelous strains the flower unfolds its glories to the waiting air.

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