



## THE CONVERSION OF JOE RATTLIN.

Billy Capstan and Teddy Luff, two middle-aged fishermen, stood, or rather leaned, against one of those tall tar-smearred wooden buildings at the front of the old town of Hastings; a building used for the hanging of nets and the storing of other paraphernalia of the fishing industry. Their boat, The Sober Jade, was hauled up high and dry on the pebbly beach, and the two men, silently smoking short clay pipes with bowls turned downward, now and then cast a wistful glance at the craft of which they were part owners. According to the poem there should have been three fishers who went sailing to the west as the sun went down, but in this case the third, who was skipper and predominant partner of the craft, was, as Teddy Luff phrased it, lying up for repairs. Both men knew that he was dangerously near the boundary line of that fantastic country known as delirium tremens, and The Sober Jade was now out of the water waiting for her master to sober off.

Joe Rattlin, the captain of The Sober Jade, was not a man to be expostulated with. He was one of the domineering sort when sober, which was seldom, and very much more so when drunk, his principal line of argument being the flooring of a man with a handspike; therefore his partners and crew tried to avoid discussion with him, for in silence on their part lay the chances of a long life and immunity from bruises and black eyes. Even between themselves Billy and Teddy did not dwell at any length conversationally upon the shortcomings of their master and partner. Each of the two men liked a drop of grog himself, but neither had the ambition to be the main support of the

a grand sight it would be, especially on Saturday night. Billy replied that as a usual thing they saw too much of the fleet. "We don't care much about the fleet," he added, "except to keep out of its way. A warship won't swerve from its course for anything afloat; and as for them torpedo boat catchers, he's a wise man who gives them a wide berth."

"There will be no danger on Saturday night," said the Londoner, "for the ships are all anchored, and the sight of them will be something a man never can forget, for each of the craft will have her outlines defined by something like a thousand electric lights, shaping her in the fire; masts, ropes, funnel, and all the rest of it. There will be over a hundred and fifty ships all ablaze like tails, and on that night the electric fleet will be worth seeing."

After imparting this lurid information the Londoner went his way and left the two men meditating over what he had told them. At last Teddy said solemnly:

"If we could run the old man up against that fleet of fire, and him not knowing anything of it, he'd think he had 'em sure, wouldn't he?"

"Yes," admitted Billy. "It would be a kind o' dazzles."

"Let's get him aboard," cried Teddy resolutely, "and give him a lesson. We can drift down Spithead way and come on it kind o' casual like Saturday night, then if the fleet's ablaze, as the stranger said, it would make Joe think judgment day had come, and he'd likely swear off and not touch rum any more."

"It's worth trying," said Billy. "And anyhow, I'd like to see the fleet all lit up. We can pretend to Joe that we notice nothing out of ordinary, and I think that will stagger the old man."

The two fishers without more ado trudged off to Capt. Joe's cottage. The skipper was feeling mighty bad and rusty. He sat with his head in his hands and gave no greeting to his shipmates. The prospect of getting him aboard did not look any too cheerful, and perhaps they would have been unsuccessful had not Mrs. Capt. Rattlin told the men that they ought to be ashamed of themselves coming after a sick man who ought to be abed, if he knew what was good for him. He wasn't in a fit state to go out in a boat. This at once aroused Capt. Joe Rattlin. He'd show her who was in a fit state, he cried, so bundling his two partners out of the house, and roaring defiance to his wife, who tried to stop his exit, he followed them down to the beach, and in a short time The Sober Jade was afloat on the salt water again, heading out from Hastings. There was some shrewdness after all in the captain's going to sea; the doctor had forbidden him liquor, and now giving the wheel to Teddy Luff, the skipper set himself industriously at the consumption of what rum there was aboard. No one dared say a word to him, or expostulate. And thus the three fishers sailed to the west as the sun went down on Saturday afternoon.

There came up a wild thunderstorm which drove the captain below, for he had not his oilskins on, and it also gave Billy an opportunity of largely diluting the rum with water, which the captain was now too drunk to notice. Teddy began to fear that the old man would be too far gone to notice the fleet, even if it all blew up, but he drenching he got before getting under cover partly sobered him, and the dilution of his grog kept him from getting much more intoxicated. As darkness came on The Sober Jade had "risen the fleet," as Teddy put it, and getting under the lee of the Isle of Wight, Billy cast anchor and there they lay.

"I'm afraid," said Teddy, "that the old man won't come up on deck again of his own accord, and I don't see how we can persuade him to come up ourselves, for we can't pretend we see anything."

"Oh, that's all right," said Billy. "I've put the rum up for'ard and he hasn't much more to go on, so we'll hear him sing out after a bit."

At 9 o'clock the first of the illuminated ships broke out in dazzling splendor, quite taking away the breath of the onlookers, and shortly after the whole fleet was one gigantic display of glittering starlike beauty as if the constellations of the heavens had fallen and shaped themselves into fairy ships.

"My eye!" said Teddy, "I never saw anything like that before."

"Nor did I!" answered Billy.

Both of the men were gazing with such admiration at the scintillating fleet that they forgot all about their nebricated captain, until he suddenly roared up at them:

"Here you, Teddy Luff; bring me some more rum."

"I got something better to do," growled Teddy. "Go and get it yourself: it's out for'ard."

"If I have to come up there," said the captain, "I'll throw you overboard. Billy Capstan, bring aft the rum."

"Captain Joe Rattlin," cried Billy, "you've had more than your share now. I've put the rum for'ard, and there the rum stays."

With a resounding oath, the captain came up, and then stopped, stricken dumb by the amazing sight spread out before his eyes. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

"My God!" he cried, "Billy, what's that?"

"What's what?" said Billy, indifferently coiling a rope with his back to the fleet, while Teddy was busying himself near the wheel.

"What's that I see in the offing?" cried Captain Joe. "Look at it—a standing out between sea and sky, like a thousand ships afore!"

Billy and Teddy looked over in the direction pointed. Teddy shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"What is it?" asked the captain, and his crew was pleased to notice a tremor of anxiety in his shaky voice.

"Rum, I expect," answered Billy grimly. "I don't see nothing, do you, Teddy?"

"No," said Teddy, "except black water and blacker sky."

"Look again, boys," cried the captain. "Off there, nor-nor-west. Don't you see the lights?"

There was a trace of nervous apprehension in the skipper's tone. His two



"WHAT'S THAT I SEE IN THE OFFING?"

comrades turned their gaze to the nor-nor-west, and again shook their heads.

"Don't see no lights," murmured Billy.

"Then," said the captain defiantly, "I've got 'em! I've got 'em, boys. I've been often on the borders before, but now I've got 'em, sure."

"Looks like it, skipper," said Teddy sympathetically, "but don't get frightened, Joe; it'll be all right if you swear off. That is sent as a warning you should pay heed to."

"A warning!" cried Capt. Joe exultantly. "Why, rot my halyards! It's the finest sight you ever saw. I never dreamt of anything equal to it. Talk about the deliriums! My word, it's heavenly. I thought a fellow saw something ghastly when he got into the tremens, but that isn't the case. You should drink more rum, you two, and then you'd know what enjoyment is. Take me for a gudgeon, if this don't beat all the magic lantern shows I ever see, and if a pint o' rum will give a man a heavenly vision like this what won't a quart do? By ginger, boys, I'm going to double this row o' lights; where'd you say the rum was? Well, here goes for the rest o' the cask."

Billy and Teddy looked at each other with dismay.

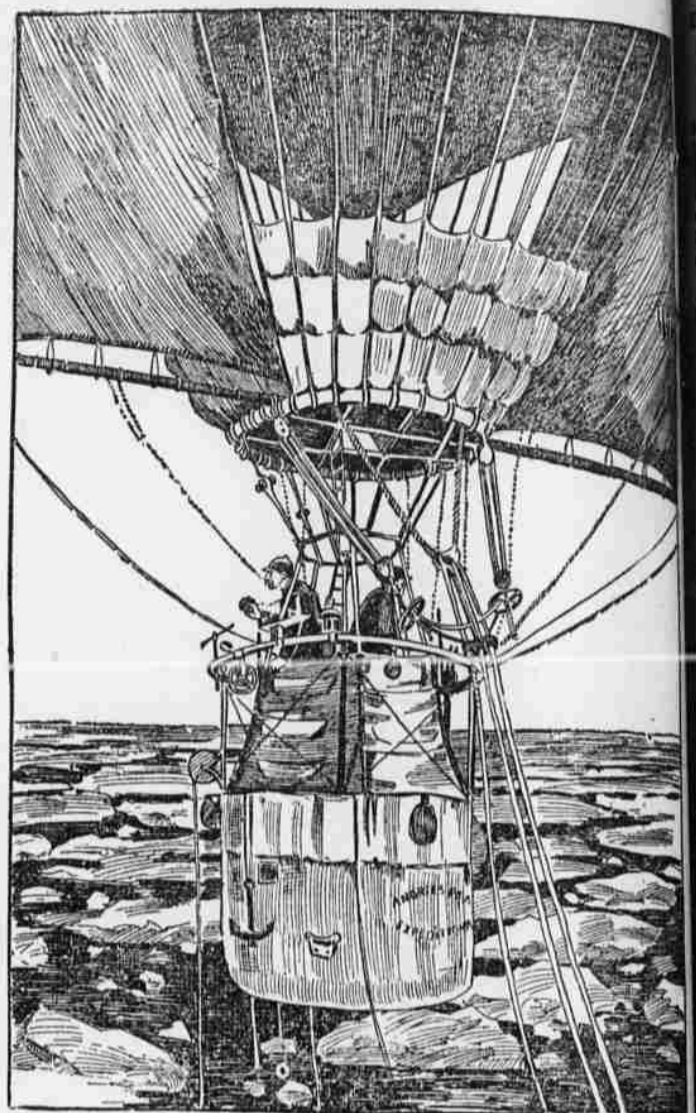
"I reckon," said Teddy "we've been hasty. This lesson's a failure."

And Billy nodded his head solemnly several times without speaking.—Detroit Free Press.

### Don't Wear Starched Linen.

Prof. Max Rubner, who lectures on hygiene at the Berlin University, has published a very interesting article on the use of starched laundry in summer. After extensive and careful investigation he has come to the conclusion that starched linen forms a very strong obstacle to the discharge of heat, and this influence becomes stronger in the same proportion as the outside temperature rises. This seems to prove that the starching of shirts is a rather unreasonable custom. In winter, when we try hard to retain our bodily heat, the protection given by starched linen is very small, on account of the low temperature on the outside, and in summer, when we try as hard to cool off as much as possible, starched linen energetically keeps the heat in. It is true enough that with the rising temperature perspiration will dissolve the starch, but even then it is very disagreeably felt. In this condition it closes up the pores of the linen and renders difficult the entrance of dry air to the skin, and it is just the fresh and dry air that gives us coolness in summer. Prof. Rubner closes his argument with the advice to leave off the use of starched linen entirely in summer, and, if possible, also in winter, although he admits that custom and fashion will hardly allow starched linen to disappear entirely.

### BALLOON IN WHICH ANDREE SAILED FOR THE POLE



The balloon in which Prof. Andree sailed away for the north pole was built much after the fashion of other balloons. It had one distinctive feature. That is a strong guide rope which serves two all essential purposes. It holds the balloon at a uniform height and so prevents the gas from being diminished by expansion and overflow. It also serves as a keel to the floating vessel, which is equipped with three large and easily worked sails. This balloon had a capacity of 170,000 cubic feet in diameter at its widest part. The basket or car was seven feet in diameter and had a depth of five feet. Above the car was the observatory. The observatory was equipped with sextants, glasses and other instruments.

### KILL THE INCURABLES.

The Extraordinary Theory Advocated by a Chicago Woman.

The proposition to kill all invalids, physical and mental, as well as the persistent and unreformable criminals, for their own and society's good, may have the support of sound and convincing argument, but it is none the less revolting. The last lips from which one would expect to hear it advocated are those of a woman, yet there is a woman in Chicago—and she is a kind and devoted mother—who has actually started a campaign in favor of this plan of slaughter. Her name is Maud Maynard Noel and she has three children. She is a close student of sociological questions, and has written much for American and English magazines.



MAUD MAYNARD NOEL.

There is nothing in her appearance to suggest the doctrines which shock so many of her friends. She is a tall, beautiful blonde. Her face is tender and thoughtful, and her every movement is full of grace and refinement. Regarding her theory Mrs. Noel says:

"One of the most perplexing questions in society is, perhaps, as to the best methods of dealing with its persistent criminals and incapables. Thousands are born yearly, monthly, daily into life, which means misery and pain in body or soul to the end of their days. Everybody knows this; everybody admits that such lives would be better un-lived; that a removal of hopeless cases of mental and physical deformity to a short grave before the sunset of their natal day would be a kindness to the race and an expression of ultimate love to the unfortunates themselves. How much suffering both to the weaklings themselves and to their possible posterity would be prevented by the humane taking away of the insensate infantile life before the opening of its eyes upon the world. To such there is no friend like death, and why should not the law be a ministry of humane things, releasing from the odium of murder the taking of life when an authorized board of humane physicians should decide it best?"

"Persistent young criminals, too, after efforts to reform them have failed

a certain number of times, and then maimed into masses of breathing horror and incurable pain and humiliating helplessness by accident—why should not they be put out of the way kindly and solemnly? Everything in humanity is duly husbanded by nature, and all these useless superfluities and infections lopped away. When once the race is perfected in love who shall say that the taking of harmful, suffering and promiseless life shall not be regarded as a mercy rather than as a revenge?"

### Things We Ought to Know

That water is purified by boiling. That olive oil is a gentle laxative and should be freely used.

That good literature should be plentifully provided for the boys.

That all children, girls as well as boys, should be taught self-reliance.

That sprains may be greatly relieved by the use of poultices of hops or tansy.

That every kitchen should have a high stool on which one can sit when ironing.

That every household should possess a pair of scissors for trimming lamp wicks.

That there is no better medicine for bilious persons than lemon juice and water.

That hot, dry flannel, if applied to the face and neck, will relieve jumping toothache.

That if an iron is once allowed to become red hot it will never retain the heat so well again.

That the "future destiny of the child," says Napoleon, "is always the work of the mother."

That a room may be swept without raising a dust by scattering scraps of damp newspaper around.

That in canning or preserving fruits and vegetables it is always most economical to choose the best and freshest.

That when putting away the stove-pipe for the summer it should be rubbed with linseed oil and put in a dry place.

That the rubber rings for fruit jars when stiffened, may be restored by soaking them in water to which ammonia has been added.

That the gilding on tarnished picture frames may be restored by gently washing it with warm water, in which an onion has been boiled.

### A Cosmopolitan Meal.

An American traveling in Palestine describes an interesting dinner he ate recently at a hotel in Jericho. "We sat on the porch of the hotel at Jericho," he wrote, "after dinner, at which we were served with butter from Norway, cheese from Switzerland, marmalade from London, wine from Jerusalem, diluted with the water from the well of Elisha, raisins from Ramoth Gilead, oranges from Jericho—in no respect inferior to those from Jaffa or the Indian River, Florida—and almonds from the east of the Jordan, smoking Turkish tobacco, which, like the Turkish empire, is inferior to its reputation, and a cup of coffee from—the corner grocery of Jericho.—Hartford Courant.

Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce



"HE'D SHOW HER WHO WAS IN A FIT STATE."

rum industry, as was apparently the case with Capt. Joe Rattlin.

The two men stood there silently with their hands thrust deep in their trousers pockets, pulling at their pipes, and they seemed to find dumb consolation in each other's presence, although their disgust at the unsatisfactory situation of things found no expression in words.

As they stood thus, there blew alongside a man from London, who began to ask them questions regarding nets and fishing boats, and the hard life they were supposed to lead, as is the custom with London visitors to Hastings. The men answered him with respectful patience, as had been their habit for years, going over the same dull round, for there is little originality in the questioning of a London man.

Yes, they encountered a bit of nasty weather now and then. No, there wasn't much money in the fishing industry. Yes, most of their catch went to London. No, the nets weren't painted brown to conceal them from the fish, but to preserve them. Yes, coming in and out of the water a good bit, they were apt to rot, and nets were expensive. No, they weren't going out that day on account of the skipper being ill; under the weather a bit. No, his malady wasn't exactly caused by the hard life he led. Yes, he'd get over it; he'd had these spells before, but he'd always recovered, although he seemed to be getting a bit worse as time went on. Yes, the chances were his trouble would carry him off some day, unless he was swept overboard in the meantime, and Teddy allowed that Joe would hate to come to his death by means of water.

Turn about is but fair play, and by and by the Londoner, from extracting information, began to impart some to the two men who listened attentively. If he were a fisherman, the London man said, he would put out to sea at once and sail for Spithead. The whole fleet was going to be on view there, and