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The Height of Divans.

The height of divans and couches is much less this season, in many cases only being ten or twelve inches. Supposedly the notion is that, being very low and broad, it suggests repose. That one may throw oneself down for repose with greater ease when it is close to the floor.

Keeping the Coffee Pot Clean.

To keep the inside of the coffee pot perfectly clean is part of the secret of having good coffee. Salt rubbed on the inner surface when the coffee pot is being washed will remove the coffee and the egg adhering to it, but necessarily great care must be exercised in rinsing it out afterward. It is also a good plan to fill the pot with water and to add a bit of soap, then to let it boil for an hour.

To Clean Broadcloth.

A bottle of ammonia, a small sponge and a piece of dark flannel will clean a broadcloth skirt as well as the best cleaner if one takes time and pains. The cloth should be wet only slightly, broadcloth never being soaked through. The proportions of ammonia to water should be for black goods one tablespoonful to a cup of water. For light colored material it is better to make a weaker solution, lest the ammonia fade the color.

How to Wash Flannels.

Home-washed flannels are nice and last longer when one knows how to do the washing. The chief points to be remembered are that flannels must not be put either into hot or cold water; they must not be dried too quickly nor yet allowed to hang about a long time wet, and to preserve the color and texture of the wool no alkalies should be used. Take a quarter of a pound of soap, shred it very finely and put it into an enamelled saucepan; cover with one pint of cold water, bring it slowly to a boil, and when all the soap is dissolved it is ready for use. This is sufficient to lather two or three gallons of water.

If flannels are very dirty they require two washing waters, the temperature of which should not be above ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Pour some of the dissolved soap into the warm water, and by briskly moving the hand about it make a nice lather. Put the flannel into this lather and squeeze and press it through the hands (but do not rub it, as this hardens it), squeezing it on the right side in the first water and on the wrong side in the second. White and light colored flannels should be washed first and then the colored ones. After thoroughly washing the flannels rinse them in warm water, and if the water is hard a teaspoonful of ammonia to every four gallons of water will soften it and make the flannels feel soft and nice.

Ammonia must not, however, be used for colored flannels, for it will draw out the dye; if the water is very hard soften it with a very light lather of soap, and a little salt can be added to fix the color.

All flannels must be freed thoroughly from water before attempting to dry them, not by wringing, but either by passing through a wringer several times or by twisting them in a dry towel.

Cuban Sandwiches—Thin buttered slices of white or brown bread are used, and then come consecutively a thin slice of breast of a cold chicken or turkey, a thin slice of a large cucumber, a shaving of bologna sausage, and, lastly, Swiss cheese and a top of buttered bread.

A Dixie Egg Dish—Cut four hard-boiled eggs into thin slices, place in a baking dish with alternate layers of grated cheese, sprinkle with a shake or two of red pepper, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of nutmeg; sprinkle the top with grated bread and dot over with butter. Bake till a rich brown.

Water Cress and Egg Salad—Boil one egg, hard, for each person to be served. Dip each sprig of water cress in dressing made of vinegar and oil. Place on salad plates. Remove centre of hard boiled eggs without breaking, putting one in the centre of each plate. Press whites through potato masher and pile around yellows. Add one teaspoon of dressing to each plate.

English Baked Mutton—Have the blade removed from a shoulder of mutton and fill the cavity with a stuffing made with one and one-half cups of dry bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of salt, half as much pepper and one egg. Mix these thoroughly. Sew up the opening, place the meat in a dripping pan and put it in the oven. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful and one-half of salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper and a tablespoonful of flour. When brown add one-half cupful of water. Baste every fifteen minutes, allowing twenty minutes to the pound for baking. Make a brown gravy. Serve in gravy boat.

Illiteracy in Spain.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

IF LIVING IS BUT WARFARE.

If living is but warfare, a fierce and vast campaign,
Let's be good soldiers in our day, the kind that don't complain;
The cheerful breed that on the march so steady strides along,
And gathers 'round the bivouac of night with heartening song;
That bears the brunt of battle as bravely as may be,
And cultivates a laughing eye, the brighter side to see;
For self-respect's a steadfast mark to guide your marching by,
And the world loves its good soldiers, that bear them straight and high.

If living is but warfare, let's make it splendid war,
Till of some noble purpose tells each honorable scar;
And vanquishment shall only mean a worthy deed deferred;
And victory's cry as that of right triumphant shall be heard;
So glorious that when the grand Te Deum strains arise
God's angels shall lift up the chant and choir it through the skies,
And the trumpets of archangels shall sound the proud release
That signals to good soldiers God's ultimate of peace!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

A VERY STUPID EDITOR.

THE editor of the Clubland Chronicle had had a busy day. In the morning he had dealt with—I use the expression advisedly—a huge pile of letter from readers of the Clubland Chronicle all over the world who were either in trouble, in love, or both. During the hour when he should have lunched he had been interviewed by a dowager with an imaginary grievance, a dog trainer with a savage bloodhound and a literary agent with a cold in the head. Having disposed of these visitors and stayed the pangs of hunger with a stick of plain chocolate—an effective if somewhat inadvisable method of saving time—he had spent an hour in scheming out a brilliant number of the Clubland Chronicle for the week after next, drawn up a fetching advertisement of that number for the daily papers, passed half a dozen pages for the next issue, written three diplomatic letters to as many would-be contributors, cut down two articles in proof, knocked off a dainty poem in place of one that had not come up to time and dictated a smashing leader on the iniquities of the fee system.

There had been lying on the editor's table all day a story in manuscript that he very much wanted to read. The story was from the pen of a certain young lady in whom this editor took a more than literary interest. Let me hasten to add that he was only thirty-two years of age and a bachelor. The young lady was clever, and the editor thought a good deal of that. She was also pretty, and he thought more of that.

It says a good deal for his strength of will and conscientiousness, therefore, that the manuscript had lain on his table all day long, unread. But he had not been able to resist a hurried glance over the little note that came with it.

"You told me (it said) to write of things that I had experienced myself, to talk humanly of human subjects, to appeal to the sympathy of the reader. I have tried to do that in this little story. It is a fragment of my own life. I know you won't print it unless you really believe it is good, but I could not deny myself the consolation of putting my thoughts on paper. It is easier to write than to speak things like this, and, to me far more satisfying."

And yet the story had waited on the table all day.

But when the office boy had brought in a cup of hot liquid that the sub-editor was pleased to call tea, the chief of the Clubland Chronicle found his table tolerably clear. He, therefore, after his savage custom, filled and lit a particularly foul brier pipe, rested his feet on a pile of patriotic literature sent in for review, gulped down two mouthfuls of the sub-editor's brew, anathematized the sub-editor, and began to read the story.

The scene of the tale was laid in a boardinghouse at Brighton, and here the reader began to get interested, for he happened to know that the writer had just returned from a visit to Brighton. It was not very carefully written; several stops had been left out—a fault that always annoyed the editor of the Clubland Chronicle, and he put them in mechanically with his blue pencil. Sometimes the writer repeated herself quite needlessly; he crossed out the offending word and substituted another. But when the story began to unfold itself he forgot to use his pencil. For the incident was, as the writer said in her letter, a fragment of her own life, and seemed likely to affect the life of the reader.

But it would have been better called an episode than a story. For it merely told of a girl who met a man, of the love that sprang up in her breast for the man; of the hopelessness, as it seemed, of that love; of the subsequent meeting of the pair at the seaside; of the man's sudden proposal; of the girl's genuine surprise and instinctive refusal. Then the writer struck a more passionate note. The man, it would seem, had taken the girl at her word, and had allowed her to leave the place at the time she had intended without again putting forward his plea. And the girl, too proud to make advances, had hoped on for a little and then had left the boardinghouse and all that she loved in the world forever.

The theme was old enough, but the editor found the tale an interesting one. For the girl loved a man in a seaside boardinghouse. Now, he himself had been to the seaside, but he had not met the girl there. Who, then, was this other man? What sort of a creature was he that took a woman's refusal for a final answer, that threw away the happiness of two lives, maybe, in a fit of pique? But that was no affair of the editor's. The wind that had blown evil to this couple at the seaside might waft a little good to him. For might it not be that the girl would in time forget this other man; that she would listen at last to his own importunate pleadings; learn to believe that the true love of an honest man was a thing not to be lightly cast away; that love breeds love, and that there was far more joy in the years still to be lived than there had been of sorrow in those that were gone?

The editor sat for some minutes without moving, pondering over all the chances that make or mar a man's life. True, he was sorry for the girl; but none the less he was determined to win her for himself if he could. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. His mind was made up. He would go to her and tell her——

"Will you sign these now, sir?" It was the office boy with a sheaf of typewritten letters awaiting signature.

"Yes; put them on the table."

He sat down again, took up his pen, glanced rapidly through each letter and wrote his name at the foot.

He had come to the last note, and was about to deal with it in the same half-mechanical manner when the address at the bottom caught his eye. It was a letter he had himself dictated to the author of some mediocre verses. The would-be poet had begged for the favor of criticism, even if the verses were not accepted, and the editor, in his usually kindly manner, had complied. Now he saw that the writer had sent them from the address of a boardinghouse in Brighton. Something of the subject of the verses came back to his mind, and he quickly drew them out of the envelop.

They were written in a flowery style, and some of the rhymes would have disgraced a pill advertisement. But the editor read them through with rapt attention. And, as he read, the lines in his face hardened and his brow became furrowed. He turned to the waiting office boy and bade him take the other letters to the post. This one he would deal with himself.

Yes, but how to deal with it—that was the trial. For not only the address, but the description of the scene, of the heroine and the nature of the subject enlarged upon—"Love Scorned"—left him no room for doubt as to the cruel trick that fate had played him. It was evident that the verses were by the girl's lover, written in the first bitterness of his refusal.

But why should they have been sent to a paper, and why to his paper? That was clear also. The girl would have had the Clubland Chronicle at the boardinghouse—indeed, the editor himself had sent it to her there each week. And the lover, knowing she read the paper, doubtless hoped to reach her in this way.

But what was the editor's duty in the matter? At first he refused to answer the question at all. He told himself that as an editor he could not publish the verses. They were far too weak. Neither could he publish the girl's story. Duty to his employers, after all, came first, and, to tell the truth, the story was very little better than the verses. All he need do, therefore, was to return both to their respective authors, with a little note, and then play the game as hard as he could in his own interests.

The editor was having a big fight with himself—a fight that few men have to fight even once in their lives, and none twice. For the love in his breast was divided into two opposing forces—the selfish inclinations on the one side and the unselfish on the other.

And then it happened that his eye fell upon a little sheet of note paper. It was her letter. He took it up wearily and read it through a second time. "It is a fragment of my own life. * * * It is easier to write than to speak of things like this."

Ah! It has touched her heart, this affair in the boardinghouse at Brighton. He saw her little eyes wet with tears; he heard her sobbing to herself in the night time. After all, her happiness came first; he would think only of that.

There was no hesitating now. He had thought out a means of bringing the two together again almost as soon as he had read the verses the second time. In a moment it was done—the act that had robbed him of the sweetness of living.

He simply sent the girl's story to the man in the boardinghouse at Brighton. And the man's verses he sent to the girl.

The night and half the next day had gone by, and again the editor of the Clubland Chronicle sat in the editorial chair. But this afternoon he was not alone. A lady visitor occupied the chair on the opposite side of his table.

"No," she was saying, "I don't understand it a bit! Instead of sending me back my story you forward these verses in an envelope addressed by yourself. You admit that it was not a mistake, and you say that my story is not in the office. Please explain."

Now, the editor was not used to being addressed in this manner by contributors. He had got to know which people were likely to make themselves unpleasant, and he invariably handed their cards on to the sub-editor. But this was not a matter for the sub-editor.

"My dear child," he said gently, "I assure you I did it all for the best.

"Don't be so idiotic," said the girl. "How can it be for the best to lose my story and send this wretched stuff instead? I'm afraid the want of a holiday has—well, knocked you out."

She noted the lines in his face and the dark shadows under his eyes.

"Ah!" said the editor, "talking of holidays gives you the keynote of the situation."

He looked for a telltale blush, but none followed.

"You wrote your story on a holiday?" he continued.

"I did—down at Brighton."

"You laid the scene in a boardinghouse?"

"I did. Why shouldn't I?"

"Have you looked at the address on the verses?"

"No. Oh, I see! They come from the same boardinghouse."

"And the name? Do you know that?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes! That must be the young man with long hair who would talk about the moon and waves and things."

The editor gasped.

"Then you are not—you didn't—he didn't——"

At last the girl understood. "Good heavens—no!" she said, laughing a little in spite of her vexation. "But you don't mean to say you sent my story to him?"

"I'm afraid I did," said the editor humbly. "You see I thought you meant it for——"

"Don't!" said the girl. "I wish I'd never written the thing!"

"Then wasn't it a fragment of your life?"

"Not exactly," she said, hesitating. "And, anyhow, I didn't—want it published."

The man looked across at the pretty, downcast face, and saw, at last, the blush that he had been waiting for. For a moment he thought hard, and then he rose from his chair, strode round the table, and took the little gloved hand in his. She scarcely looked up, but one glance told him all that he wanted to know.

"Fourteen gentlemen to see you sir," said the office boy; "eleven ladies, and a man with a new kind of infernal machine."

"Tell 'em I'm engaged," said the editor.

"Shall I say you're sorry, sir?"

"Certainly not!" said the editor. I'm jolly glad!"

And the boy went out with a chuckle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Some Lost British Soldiers.

One of the best stories of Kipling's youth is that of the lost regiment that marches eternally through the defiles of Afghanistan, and it is due to the brilliant administration of the British War Office that England's army has now a lost regiment in fact as well as in fiction. Strictly speaking, it is a company that is missing, not a regiment, but that is a minor matter and has little to do with the story. Three hundred Yorkshiremen were organized into the Ninety-eighth Company of Imperial Yeomanry and sent to Africa months ago. It was organized at Aldershot under the auspices of the Duke of Cambridge's Own and Lord Arthur Hill, the commander of that regiment, saw it placed on a train and start on its way to Durban. But it never arrived at Durban. It never reached the field—and more than that, there is no record of its ever having embarked at Southampton. In a word, it seems to have been lost somewhere between Aldershot and the seaport where it was to have taken ship for the war. No one will admit he knows anything about it, and the War Office is sending out "tracers," just as railway companies look for missing freight cars. The probability is that the company was broken up and its members distributed among other organizations with "nothing said to no one" about it.—New York Commerercial Advertiser.

He Wanted to Know.

A customer in an apothecary's shop up-town, who was plainly a stranger in New York, saw an article he desired to purchase on a card on one of the showcases. The article was one of a dozen of the same kind on this card, and was fastened only with a rubber band. The customer, in a nonchalant way, took one of the packages from the card, and looked intently at the spot where it had been taken from. Printed in large type (after the manner of these cards) was the word, "Sold." Seeming puzzled for a while, the stranger called the drug clerk's attention to the word and remarked in dead earnest:

"Say, there, young feller, does that refer to me."—New York Post.

Up in the Air.

It is one of the peculiarities of travel by balloon, says the Idler, that you do not feel anything; all is still with you, no matter how fast you may be going. You see, you are riding with the wind; you move as fast as it moves; you are part and parcel of it, whether you wish to be or not. It takes you in its embrace so firmly, yet so softly, you do not know it is there. You may be in the teeth of a hurricane, but you never know it; all is calm and placid with you.

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