A PARABLE.

- I watched at eve, by the ocean-The crowd was passing near, But I gazed on its bosom, heaving, With feelings akin to fear; The day was dying, westward, In a glory of crimson and gold, And the flush of the sky and water Was a poem of God untold.
- I looked at the high waves rushing,
- All crested, upon the shore; I heard far out on the billows.
- The ocean's muffled roar; I thought of the silent thousands Under the water's sheen,
- And I seemed to hear them moaning, Like phantoms in a dream. My soul went out to help them In pitiful, earnest prayer, As I pictured those depths all jeweled
- With the treasures lying there, When a rush of the billows brought And laid at my frightened feet A half dead, beaten lil, Helpless and drenched and-sweet.
- It lay there mute and broken, But I fancied it seemed to say, "For the sake of the sweet Christ, lift
- Ere the next wave bear me away!" Quickly I stooped and raised it, I washed it from weeds and slime; I carried it home and placed it In a slender vase of mine.
- I poured in crystal water, I braced up the fragile form, And saw, indeed, it was lovely Before it had met the storm But I sighed as I turned and left it, And thought, had I passed it by, A poor, wrecked flower on the seashore
- I might not see it die. Time passed. The days wore slowly Ere back to my room I went, But I stopped on the very threshold, Wondering what it meant; There in its vase of crystal Stood the lily erect and fair, And a fragrance sweet as heaven
- Was floating on the air! I gazed and gazed in my gladness At the pure brow lifted high, When the sunlight touched its glory And lingered in passing by. The tears uprose to my eyelids,
- I held them in no control-Need I say it?-my storm-tossed flower Was a beautiful human soul. -Mercedes

A CROESUS OF GINGERBREAD COVE.

Science that made Pinch-a-Penny rich. That's queer two ways: you wouldn't expect a north-coast trader with a conscience to be rich. But conscience to be rich. But conscience to be rich. But conscience to be rich business I haves that is much like the wind: it blows every which way; and if a man does but trim which way; and if a man does but trim business, ecod, an' you'll come t' starbusiness, ecod, an' you'll come t' starbusiness, ecod, an' you'll come t' starbusiness, ecod, an' you'll come to the can bowl along in the forest—nauming fire-wood with the dogs and storing it away back of his little cottage under Lend-a-Hand Hill.

"Twas back in the forest—nauming fire-wood with the dogs and storing it away back of his little cottage under Lend-a-Hand Hill.

"Dear man!" says Peter; "you've wash boiler. The was placed in the ice not kept the water flat in the lanes and pools, either Eleazer would have had to get out, as he promised, or she would have swamped like a way back of his little cottage under Lend-a-Hand Hill.

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"Dear man!" says Peter; "you've wash boiler. The was placed in the ice not kept the water flat in the location with an emulsion containing spores of the B. botal in a quart of pure water wash had to get out, as he wash bould not an emulsion containing spores of the B. botal in a quart of pure water wash had to get out, as he wash had to get out, as he containing spores of the B. botal in a quart of pure water wash and the intervent and the intervent and the containing spores of where he was bound for, wing-and-wing to the breeze behind, and got there with his peace of mind showing

Well, now, Long Tom Lark, of Gin-

science and twenty thousand dollars. Long Tom Lark, of Gingerbread sure have to even score with Pinch-a-Penny Peter afore he could pass to his

last harbor with any satisfaction.
"With me, Tom?" says Pinch-aPenny. "That's a saucy notion for a hook-'an-line man.'

"an' I'll square scores."

what I wants an' can't get." "There's times," says Tom, "when a

man stands in sore need o' what he never thought he'd want.'

"When you haves what I needs," says Peter, "I'll pay what you asks."
"If 'tis for sale," says Tom.
"Money talks," says Peter.
"Ah, well," says Tom, "Maybe it don't speak my language." don't speak my language.

Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience was just as busy as any other man's conscience. And it liked its job. It troubled Pinch-a-Penny. It trouble un to be honest; it troubled un into Pinch-a-Penny's storehouses and no goods going out of Pinch-a-Penny's shop-Pinch-a-Penny's conscience made un grumble and groan like the damned. I never seed a man so tor- Hill. tured by conscience afore nor since. And to ease his conscience Pinch-a-Penny would go over his ledgers by night; and he'd jot down a gallon of molasses here, and a pound of tea there, until he had made a good day's trade of a bad one. 'Twas simple trade of a bad one. 'Twas simple enough, too; for Pinch-a-Penny never gived out no accounts to amount to "You lacked nothin' in your fathnothing, but just struck his balarces to please his greed at the end "An' now he's dead!" ances to please his greed at the end of the season, and told his dealers how much they owed him or how little he

science irked him into overhauling his ledgers. "Twas otherwise in seasons of plenty. But Pinch-a-Penny's conscience kept pricking away just the same—aggravating him into getting victor and rights." No root for Pinch was an interest of the lad s shoulder. "No, nor holde o' the little crew over t' your house. Take up the fishin' where your father science kept pricking away just the same—aggravating him into getting your father's name on the books an' your father's name on the books an' richer and richer. No rest for Pincha-Penny! He had to have all the money he could take by hook and crook or suffer the tortures of an evil conscience. Just like any other man, Pinch-a-Penny must ease that conscience or lose sleep o'nights. And so in seasons of plenty up went the price of tea at Pinch-a-Penny's shop. And up went the price of pork. And up went the price of flour. All sky-high, ecod! Never was such harsh times, says Peter; why, my dear man, up St. John's way, says he, you couldn't touch tea nor pork nor flour with a ten-foot sealing-gaff; and no telling what the world was coming to, with prices soaring like a gull in a gale

and all the St. John's merchants cha-

ry of credit!
"Damme!" said Pinch-a-Penny; "'tis awful times for us poor traders. No tellin' who'll weather this here panic.
I'd not be surprised if we got a war bound!"

"An' you guzzled your share, I'll be bound!"

out of it." Well, now, on the Newfoundland north-coast in them days 'twasn't much like the big world beyond. Folk didn't cruise about. They was too you'll busy. And they wasn't used to it, you? anyhow. Gingerbread Cove folk wasn't born at Gingerbread Cove, raised at Rickity Tickle, married at Seldom-Come-By, aged at Skeleton Har-bor, and buried at Run-by-Guess; they were born and buried at Gingerbread Cove. So what the fathers thought at knowed by the old men for a good many years. Nobody was used to changes. They was shy of all of the parson doesn't earn what science?"

Twas too much for young men for yo changes. They was shy of changes. up and down at Gingerbread Cove was beyond any man of Gingerbread Cove

And he had the shoes and the clothes and the patent medicines. And he had the twine and the salt. And he had after that Tom kept hacking wind—they could make harbor well all the cast there was at Gingerbread away on his father's debt. In good enough afore the gale worked up the Cove. And he had the schooner that fetched in the supplies and carried away the fish to the St. John's markets. He was the only trader at Gingerbread Cove; his storehouses and gerbread Cove; his storehouses and shop was fair jammed with the things the folk of Gingerbread Cove couldn't square this here little balance afore do without and wasn't able to get nodo without and wasn't able to get nowhere else. So, all in all, Pinch-a-Penny Peter could make trouble for says he, "t' do business in a businessthe folk that made trouble for he. And like way. had the courage to do. And Pinch-a-Penny let un grumble away. The best work no mischief in secret.

"Sea-lawyers, eh?" says Peter. "Sea-lawyers, eh?" says Peter.
"Huh! What you fellers want, anyhow? Huh? You got everything now that any man could expect. Isn't you housed? Isn't you fed? Isn't you clothed? Isn't you got a parson and a schoolmaster? Damme, I believes you wants a doctor settled in the fall of the year when Tom Lark was fifty-three he went up to St. John's in Pinch-a-Penny Peter's supply-schooner. Nobody knowed why. And Tom made a mystery of it. But go he would. And when the schooner got back 'twas said that Tom Lark had vanished in the city for a day. Where? the harbor. A doctor. An 'tisn't two years since I got you your schoolmas- Nobody could find out. Tom wouldn't outports these days, with every harbor from his wife. And, after that, Tom My name's Race. I've traded these here Newfoundland north-coast outports for salt-fish for half a lifetime. Boy and youth afore that I served Pinch-a-Penny Peter in his shop at Gingerbread Cove. I was born in the Cove. I knowed all the tricks of Pinch-a-Penny's trade. And I tells you it was Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience that made Pinch-a-Penny rich. That's queer two ways: you wouldn't expect a north-coast trader with a doctor within hail. You're well enough done by at Gingerbread Cove. None better nowhere. An' why? Does you ever think o' that? Why? Because I got think o' me! Damme, if ar a one o' you had my brain-labor t' do, you'd soon find out what harsh labor was like. What with bad debts an' roguery an' failed seasons an' creditors t' St. John's I'm was light! And until he fair dropped in his tracks of sheer weariness! "Twas back in the forest—hauling fire-wood with the dogs and storing it on the coast wantin' a doctor within was a changed man; he mooned a

tear of the spirit. Pinch-a-Penny when Pinch-a-Penny would yield an bowled along, paddle-punt fisherman inch. Oh, aye! I've knowed Pinch-ato Gingerbread merchant. He went Penny to drop the price of stick-candy

never a sign of the weather. In my day the old codger had an easy con- But 'twas a common conscience. Most men haves un. And they're irksome of that year when seals was thick on the floe off Gingerbread Cove. You ave to even score with Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience.

Nothing useful ever came of it. 'Twas Lack-a-Day Head. A hundred thouse the more Transition. poor. All Tom Lark's conscience ever aggravated him to do was just to live along in a religious sort of fashion "Ten more years o' life," says Tom, and rear his family and be decently stowed away in the graveyard when "Afore you evens scores with me, Tom," says Peter, "you'll have t' have un first. But 'twas a busy conscience for all that-and as sharp as a fishprong. No rest for Tom Lark if he didn't fatten his wife and crew of little lads and maids! No peace of mind for Tom if he didn't labor! And so Tom labored and labored and labored. Dawn to dusk his punt was on the grounds off Lack-a-Day Head, taking fish from the sea to be salted and dried and passed into Pinch-a-Penny's storehouses.

When Tom Lark was along about fourteen years old his father died. didn't Twas of a Sunday afternoon that we stowed un away. I mind the time: to be rich. And it give un no rest. spring weather and a fair day, with When trade was dull—no fish coming the sun low, and the birds twittering in the alders just afore turning in. Pinch-a-Penny Peter cotched up

with young Tom on the road home from the little graveyard on Sunset "Well, lad," says he, "the old skip-

per's gone." "Aye, sir, he's dead an' buried."

"A fine man," says Pinch-a-Penny. None finer." With that young Tom broke out cry-

of the season, and told his dealers how much they owed him or how little he weed them.

In dull times Pinch-a-Penny's concioned into the lad's shoulder. "No, nor none over the lad's shoulder. "No, nor none over the lad's shoulder."

put down your own in its stead.'
"I'm fair obliged," says 'That's kind, sir." "Nothin' like business t' ease sorrow," says Pinch-a-Penny. father died in debt, lad."

"Aye, sir?"
"Deep." "How much, sir?" "I'm not able t' tell offhand," says Peter. "'Twas deep enough. But never you care. You'll be able to square it in course o' time. You're young an' hearty. An' I'll not be harsh. Damme, I'm no skinflint."
"That's kind, sir."

"You—you—will square it?"
"I don't know, sir."

"What?" cries Peter. "What! You are not knowin', eh? That's saucy talk. You had them there supplies?"

"I 'low, sir."

"Yes, sir." "An' your mother had her share?"

"No, sir."
"'Tis for the likes o' you that jails was made.

"Oh, no, sir!" "Doesn't you go to church? Is that what they learns you there? I'm thinkin' the parson doesn't earn what

'Twas too much for young Tom. ing shoreward against the wind on You sees, Tom Lark had a conscience his last legs—he must do for himself.

—a conscience as fresh and as young 'Twas no time to succor rich or poor. New ways was fearsome. And so the price of flour was a mystery. It is, anyhow—wherever you finds it. It always has been. And why it should go father's name. And so when he had father's name. And so when he had brooded over Pinch-a-Penny's words for a spell— and when he had maybe laid awake in the night thinking of his to fathom. When Pinch-a-Penny said the prise of flour was up—well, then, she was up; and that's all there was about it. Nobody knowed no better.

And Pinch-a-Penny had the flour.
Pinch-a-Penny had the pork, too.

I aid awake in the night thinking of his father's goodness—he went over to Pinch-a-Penny's office and allowed he would pay his father's debt. Pinch-a-pan, close by a hummock which he marked with care. And 'twas for Tom Lark's little rodney that the seven last men of Gingerbread Cove was Pinch-a-Penny had the pork, too. says: "You is an honest lad, Tom And he had the sweetness and the tea. Lark! I knowed you was. I'm proud t' have your name on my books!"- jumping. With her afloat-and the ognition. and that heartened Tom to continue. pack loosening in-shore under the years Pinch-a-Penny would say: "She is comin' down, Tom. I'll just apply the surplus." And in bad he'd say: boat. There was room for six, with "You isn't quite cotched up with your safety—but room for no more; no says he, "t' do business in a business-

When Tom got over the hill—fifty and more—his father's debt, with inthe folk grumbled. By times, ecod, they grumbled like the devil of a fine Sunday morning! But 'twas all they terest, according to Pinch-a-Penny's figures, which Tom had no learning to dispute, was more than it ever had cure for grumbling, says he, was to been; and his own was as much as he give it free course. If a man could ever could hope to pay. And by that speak out in meeting, says he, he'd time Pinch-a-Penny Peter was rich, and Long Tom Lark was gone sour.

In the fall of the year when Tom ter. Queer times we're havin' in the tell, nor could the gossips gain a word

"Aye," says Peter; "but will you lie idle next winter?" "Next winter?" says Tom. And he laughed. "Oh, next winter," says he, "I'll have another occupation."

ice three miles and more to sea! "Swiles! Swiles!" And Gingerbread Cove went mad for slaughter. 'Twas a fair time for off-shore sealing, tooa blue, still day, with the look and feel of settled weather. The ice had come in from the current with a northeasterly gale, a wonderful mixture of Arctic bergs and Labrador pans, all blinding white in the spring sun; and 'twas much more than a lane or two and a looked for a gale of off-shore wind to able t' find me." blow that ice to sea afore dawn of the

next day. "A fine, soft time, lads!" says Pinch-a-Penny. "I 'low I'll go out with the Gingerbread crew." "Skipper Peter," says Tom Lark, 'you're too old a man t' be on the

"Aye," says Peter; "but I wants t' bludgeon another swile afore I dies." "But you creaks, man!"

"Ah, well," says Peter, "I'll show the lads I'm able to haul a swile ashore." "Small hope for such as you on a movin' floe!"

"Last time, Tom," says Peter.
"Last time, true enough," says Tom, 'if that ice starts t' sea with a breeze

"Oh, well, Tom," says Peter, "I'll take my chances. If the wind comes up I'll be as spry as I'm able."

It come on to blow in the afternoon. But 'twas short warning of off-shore weather. A puff of gray wind come down; a saucier gust went by; and then a swirl of gaylish wind jumped off the heads and come scurrying over the pans. At the first sign of wind, Pinch-a-Penny Peter took for home, loping over the ice as fast as his old legs and lungs would take un when pushed, and nobody worried about he any more. He was in such mad haste that the lads laughed behind un as he passed. Most of the Gingerbread crew followed, dragging their swiles; and them that started early come safe to harbor with the fat. But there's nothing will master a man's caution like the lust of slaughter: give a Newfoundlander a club, and show un a swile-pack, and he'll venture far from safety. 'Twas not until a flurry of snow come along of a sudden that the last of the crew dropped what they was at and begun to jump for shore

like a pack of jack-rabbits.

With snow in the wind, 'twas every man for himself. And that means no many and less help.

"Oh, some few small thoughts on that order," says Peter. "'Tis perfectly natural." mercy and less help.

By that time the ice had begun to feel the wind. 'Twas restless. And a bad promise: the pan srcunched and creaked as they settled more at ease. The ice was going abroad. As the farther fields drifted off to sea, the floe fell loose inshore. Lanes and pools opened up. The cake-ice tipped and went awash under the weight of "Yes, sir."

and went awash under the weight of a man. Rough going, ecod! There was no telling when open water would cut a man off where he stood. And the wind was whipping off-shore, and the snow was like dust in a Aided by a grant from the Califorman's eyes and mouth, and the land-marks of Gingerbread Cove was nothing but shadows in a mist of snow to windward. Nobody knowed Junior University School of Medicine, where Pinch-a-Penny Peter was. Nobody thought about him. And wherever poor old Pinch-a-Penny was—whether safe ashore or creak-attention to the importance of recognized by the presence of the will put a gloss on your windows, oilcloth and linoleum. It will take attention to the importance of recognized part of the will put a gloss on your windows, oilcloth and linoleum. It will take

> Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. en last men of Gingerbread Cove was enough afore the gale worked up the water in the lee of the Gingerbread tomed to tight places. And they took to bottled clam broth; but in all the this one easy. Them that got there rest, eleven in number, the food first launched the boat and stepped which was responsible for the poisonin. No fight: no fuss.

over the ice. "No room for me," says he.

'Twas sure death to be left on the The wind began to taste of frost. And 'twas jumping up. 'Twould carry the floe far and scatter it broad-

"See for yourself, lad," says Tom.
"Pshaw!" says Eleazer. "That's too bad!"

"You isn't no sorrier than me, b'y." Eleazer tweaked his beard. "Dang it!" says he. "I wisht there was room. I'm hungry for my supper."
"Let un in," says one of the lads. 'Tis even chances she'll float it out.' "Well," says Eleazer, "I doesn't want t' make no trouble—" "Come aboard," says Tom. "An'

make haste." "If she makes bad weather," says

Eleazer, "I'll get out." They pushed off from the pan. Twas falling dusk, by this time. The wind blowed back. The frost begun to bite. Snow come thick—just as if, ecod, somebody up aloft was shaking the clouds, like bags, in the gale! And the rodney was deep and ticklish; had hour had she not been hailed by Pinch-a-Penny Peter from a small pan of ice midway between.

squatting, his old face pinched and were inverted and placed in a dark "Movin' away, Tom?" squatting, his old face pinched and woelegone, his bag o' bonnes wrapped woelegone, his bag o' bonnes wrapped up in his coonskin coat, his pan near flush with the sea, with little black waves already beginning to wash

A sad sight, believe me! Poor old Pinch-a-Penny, bound out to sea without hope on a wee pan of ice! "Got any room for me?" says he.
They ranged alongside. "Mercy o'
God!" says Tom; "she's too deep as it

"Aye," says Peter; "you isn't got room for no more. She'd sink if I put foot in her."

'Us 'll come back," says Tom. "No use, Tom," says Peter. a field so vast, and jammed so tight knows that well enough. Tis no place against the coast, that there wasen't out here for a Gingerbread punt. much more than a lane or two and a Afore you could get t' shore an' back Dutchman's breeches of open water will be down an' this here gale within sight from the heads. Nobody will be a blizzard. You'd never be "I 'low not," says Tom.

"Oh, no," says Peter. "No use, b'y."
"Damme, Skipper Peter,"

Tom, "I'm sorry!"
"Aye," says Peter; "'tis a sad death for an ol' man—squattin' out here all alone on the ice an' shiverin' with the cold until he shakes his poor damned soul out." "Not damned!" cries Tom. "Oh, don't say it."

"Ah, well!" says Peter, "sittin' here all alone, I been thinkin'." "'Tisn't by any man's wish that you're here, poor man!" says Tom.
"Oh, no," says Peter. "No blame
t' nobody. My time's come. That's

rodney, Tom."
And then Tom chuckled.
"What you laughin' at?" says Pe-

"I got a comical idea," says Tom. "Laughin' at me, Tom?" "Oh, I'm jus' laughin'." "'Tis neither time nor place, Tom,' says Peter, "t' laugh at an old man.." Tom roared. Aye, he slapped his knee, and he throwed back his head, and he roared. 'Twas enough almost

more than Pinch-a-Penny thought so.
"Skipper Peter," says Tom, "you're
The botulinus rich, isn't you?" "I got money," says Peter.
"Sittin' out here all alone," says

Tom, "you been thinkin' a deal, you says?"

"Well," says Peter, "I'll not deny that I been havin' a little spurt o' sober thought." "You been thinkin' that money wasn't much, after all?"

"Aye."
"An' that all your money in a lump wouldn't buy you a passage ashore?

Continued on page 3 col. 1.

Health and Happiness

"Mens sana in corpore sano"

BOTULISM.

Aided by a grant from the California State Council of Defense, Dr. Ernest C. Dickson, of Leland Stanford and all housewives are familiar with has made an investigation of food And poisoning caused by the presence of attention to the importance of recog- grease from woodwork. nizing its existence owing to the fact that the toxin may be found not only the bathtub and washbasin. It will in foods of animal origin but also in take the smoke from granite kettles certain vegetables and fruits. In all, and clean paint where soiled fingers there have been at least twenty-two outbreaks of botulism in the United kitchen stove. States during the past twenty years in which eighty-one persons have saturate the parts with kerosene and been ill and fifty-five have died, a leave it on over night. In the mornmortality of 67.9 per cent. He thinks ing wipe dry, then oil with a highit extremely probable that there have grade machine oil, and the machine been many more outbreaks of botu- will run like a breeze. lism which have passed without rec-

An important feature of the resource of the poisoning was recogwhich was responsible for the poison- them. ing was of vegetable origin, one out-It just happened to be Eleazer Butt that was left. 'Twas Eleazer's ill-luck. And Eleazer was up in years, and had fell behind coming one by home-canned apricots, one by home-canned corn, one by home-canned asparagus, one by commercially-canned beans or spinach, and six by home-canned string beans.

been able to show that the botulinus toxin may be formed in mediums prepared from canned string beans and tation. When he arose from it he canned peas, from green corn, artichokes, asparagus, apricots and peaches to which no trace of animal protein was added.

The cold-pack method of canning filled jars in a wash boiler at the temperature of boiling water) advocated by the federal authorities, was ning vegetables which may be contaminated with spores of the B. botulinus was tested as follows: A number of jars of peas, beans and corn he presented her to the man. were prepared according to the direcing water for 120 minutes, and those of corn were heated for 180 minutes. The jars were sealed immediately And there the old codger was after removal from the boiler and

closet. Within three weeks the contents of all the jars had undergone a fermentation with the formation of gas, and some of them were leaking. When the jars were opened there was a strong odor which resembled butyric acid and cultures of the juice from all the jars showed a mixture of B. botulinus and B. subtilis. Portions of the juice from all the jars were injected into guinea-pigs and some of chest, for they have come into their the peas were fed to a chicken. The own and will be worn extensively this guinea-pigs died within twenty-four season. hours and the chicken died within thirty hours.

The results of this series of experiments prove that the cold-pack method of canning vegetables is not efficient if the raw material happens to be contaminated with spores of the B. Botulinus. A single sterilization for the time recommended in the published directions is not sufficient to cause the destruction of spores. Fortunately, the number of spore-bearing bacteria which are responsible for but the B. Botulinus belongs to this small group, and since it is also an obligate anaerobe, the conditions which exist in the sealed jar or can are ideal for its growth and toxin formation. (the reader who is unfamiliar with the terms "spores" and "anaerobe" will find them explained in all. But I wisht I had a seat in your numbers 21 and 23 of this series in

It is probable that a very small percentage of the total number of cans or jars of food prepared in homes, according to the widely distributed directions for the cold-pack method, are contaminated with spores of the B. botulinus, but the fact that botulism has occurred so frequently during the past few years, makes it necessary that all susceptito swamp the boat.
"For shame!" says Peter. And by this method should be regarded ble foods which have been prepared

> The botulinus toxin is easily destroyed by heating, and all danger of botulism will be removed from homecanned products if the food is always boiled before it is eaten or even tasted. Under no circumstances of interesting taffeta frocks, recalls should home-canned vegetables which the charm of taffeta and emphasizes should home-canned vegetables which have been prepared by the cold-pack method be served as salad, unless they have been cooked after their removal from the container, and, until it is established what fruits are suitable for the formation of the toxin, it will be safer to reheat all fruits method, even though there may be no are sold under various names.

apparent evidence that the food has spoiled .- American Medical Journal, Sept. 22, 1917.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

Leave not the business of tomorrow to be done tomorrow; for who knoweth what may be thy condition tomorrow? The rose garden which today is full of flowers, tomorrow, when thou wouldst pluck a rose, may not yield thee one.-Firdausi.

The uses of kerosene are many, some of them. The best is worth sav-

A cup of kerosene to a pail of wa-

A rag wet in kerosene will clean have smudged around the doorknob. It will take off the rust from the If your sewing machine runs stiffly

Cut the grease from your drains and sink by using kerosene on a brush.

Put some kerosene in your starch corded cases is the relatively small and see what an easy ironing day you number in which the poisoning was will have. If your irons are rough, caused by food of animal origin. In wet a cloth with kerosene, and while eighteen outbreaks in which the the irons are very hot, rub them on the cloth vigorously.

When a knife becomes rusty, let it stand in kerosene a few hours and then thrust it into the ground several times, and see the rust disappear. Before giving up neglected ma-chinery and tools as hopeless, try kerosene to remove the rust from

According to a Hindu legend, this is the proper origin of woman: Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world. But on his commencing to create woman he discovered that with man he had exhausted all his creative ma-In a series of experiments he has terials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, proceeded as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade and vegetables and fruits (heating the the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the tears of the widely published in the daily press cloud, the inconstancy of the wind, and in magazines during the past the timidness of the hare, the vanity summer and was probably followed of the peacock, the hardness of the by many persons in canning at home. diamond, the sweetness of honey, the The efficiency of this method of can-cruelty of the tiger, the heat of the fire, the chill of the snow, the cackling of the parrot and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he mixed together and formed woman. Then

than five it will come to the surface.

The smartest thing of the minute is the large black velvet hat, with its high crown and soft brim, and one sees it in many variations.

All milady needs to complete her winter costume is one of the large, handsome hats of the season, and it can be of black velvet or panne velvet or hatter's plush, which is one of the innovations of the winter. These large hats, with their graceful lines and draped crowns are a source of joy to the feminine beholder.

Ostrich feathers, in the discard for the last few seasons, can now be brought from the attic and the cedar

The high-standing wing, representing nothing so much as the Indian block-house, is used as the only trimming for many hats and can be used at any time desired. Goose fancies are favored. The shades that predominate are

brown, taupe and black, and a large number of the black hats have colored facings, which give a chic appear-One charming model displayed is a

large hat of black panne velvet with robin's egg blue facing, while the high crown is appliqued with formal producing changes in food is small, trimming of flowers and robin's egg blue velvet. Some delightful turbans of draped

veil are shown for the matron. large hat, Gage model, displayed is of taupe velvet with delft georgette crepe facing and crown of blue and taupe. The crown is soft and pliable and can be arranged so that the lines are at the most becoming angle for the wearer. This unusual hat can be used for sport or suit wear. For evening wear a Rawak model

of brocaded velvet is shown. The face is of taupe and silver trimming in the form of flowers is used.

The furs shown at the openings are luxurious, and among them are Hudson seal, kolinsky, foxes in all shades, including silver fox, rose taupe, black, slate, Hudson sable, and Rus-sian sable. Other delightful furs are natural muskrats and wraps of ermine and moleskin.

After one has watched for hours a procession of mannikins wearing satin, then serge and satin, then satin again and more satin, one comes to the conclusion that satin reigns supreme. But another line-in, as they call it in the parlance of the trade the fact that taffeta is today a staple, which means that it is always in demand and always more or less

fashionable. The consensus of opinion, however makes satin the silk of the hour, and enjoying the same popularity as the closely allied silks which, to the unwhich have been prepared by this initiated, pass as satin, though they