IN AUTUMN.

Come out with me on the hillside, The world is in gay attire, The maples along the lowlands Glow with October fire. The elm tree and the ash tree Have changed their green for gold, And the sumac shines in scarlet, And-the year is growing old.

Soe! When the breeze comes blowing It's way down the steep hill's crest The leaves like birds are flying North, south and east and west. Through the haze that is over the land

A breath comes chillingly cold, Lake a sigh in the midst of singing, For the year is growing old.

O, the beauty that's all about us-How soon it must fade and die! I wonder if bare boughs dream of Green leaves and the summer sky? I wonder if old folks' dreaming Is the same when the days are cold.

Or is it heaven's spring they think of When life, like the years, grows old? What matters the autumn's coming, And the fall of the ripened leaf. There's an endless springtime nearing

And winter's reign is brief. O, sorrowful thoughts-forget them! Look forth with a joy untold To the time all hearts have faith in. Where nothing we love grows old .- Ex.

> THREE OLD-TIMERS. A Story of Loyalty. (Concluded from last week.)

Too soon the door pull was violently jerked, and its bell clattered hysterijerked, and its bell clattered hyster, cally in the kitchen and rang through the still house. Mrs. Gill hurried with an oath.

"You blundering shrimp!" Lawyer
"You blundering shrimp!" Lawyer the still house. Mrs. Gill nurried along the front passage and stood in the door, her bent and trembling Gifford cried. He picked up the sheets —shook them—fairly danced in his

"Yes, Mr. Candless. Come in. Come in. Nort isn't here." She brushed her fingers across her eyes, helplessly. "He—he died in Septem-ber—when was it?" Candless interrupted her, giving

his smaller fellow a quick glance.
"Don't bother your head about that,
old lady!' he said. "This is Mr. Gifford, the lawyer. A shrewd man, Mr.
Gifford is, Mrs. Gill. I wouldn't cross
him, if I were you!' He winked broadly at the attorney.

"Come in, Mr. Gifford. You are welcome, sir!" Her voice quavered, and she took herself to task. She closed the front door and led the way

home. It's cold in this barn of yours, and this unaccountable visitor. His Mrs. Gill!"

"Cold? Oh, yes. Nort—But Nort isn't here. I din't notice it was cold." She found her knees shaking, and her strength gone. She sank into her chair at the window. Candless came second paper for her to sign, and prein noisily, kicked up the fire on the hearth, threw on a new log. He stood with his back to the flames, his hands behind him.

"Drag up a chair, Gifford," he directed. "That's more like. Now, Mrs.

forehead. His mouth was large and straight, with a slight downward droop at the corners; it had the look of a

"In the first place,' he continued; T've made all the arrangements I spoke to you about for finding you a comfortable place down below. A Woman will come for you this morning, and as soon as we're through here you'll be taken away."

not turned toward the window, where Doc Winship sat, and Candless stood. She signed. Her pen made a slight scratching sound in the stillness, as it traveled over the heavy paper.

"And now this one," Lawyer Gifford said.

Doc Winship uttered an evolution.

you'll be taken away."

"Taken away?" Mrs. Gill's eyes left his face to travel haltingly about the room. "Taken away. Yes, Mr. Candless."

I can manage your affairs for you without any trouble. You have the documents there, Gifford?"

The lawyer roce of the documents there without any trouble. The lawyer roce of the documents there without any trouble. The lawyer roce of the documents there without any trouble without any trouble. You have the documents there, Gifford?"

The old lady's trouble without any trouble without any trouble. You have the documents there, Gifford?"

The old lady's trouble without any trouble without any trouble. You have the documents there, Gifford?" The lawyer rose, as though shot up

by a spring, and opened a brief case.
"All ready, Mr. Candless," he said,
spreading the papers out. "Power of atorney, assignment of homestead, assignment under foreclosure, mortgages, memorandum of agreement-

Mrs. Gill's atention wandered. She could understand nothing now. only knew that something troubled road, with patches of snow here and there under the firs.

A wagon drawn by three burros down, tied the burrows, hurried into the yard. The wagon had a torn and weather-beaten canves to a tor weather-beaten canvas top; two buckets hung from the rear axle. Mrs. Gill's heart leaped. Norton would have known—Norton—Doc—Doc Winship—Who was Doc Winship? Oh!

Nancy Gill gasped. "Excuse me, gentlemen," she said suddenly to Candless, who was standing by the fire, poking it. He swung around. Mrs. Gill was leaving the room. "Where in thunder-

In a moment she was back, and following her came a shrewd-eyed little commonly well-uncommonly!" man of many years, who nodded to them easily, and crossed to warm his hands at the fire, unimpressed by the frowns of Candless.

Mrs. Gill stood off, looking at the new-comer with a pleased smile. She

"I'm so glad Why din't I sen "Pshaw, Nar

uttered little birdlike noises of delight. Candless boomed, "What is it you want, my friend?" He looked down

want, my friend?" He looked down on the visitor angrily.

"Going by," the latter replied. "Old friend of Nort Gill's; thought I'd drop in on Mis' Gill. Don't let me bother anybody. My name's Winship."

"Well, Mr. Winship," Candless said resenting Mrs. Gill"—he bowed to her sourly, "this is a bad time for calling.

Mrs. Gill, as you see, is engaged—"
"That's all right," the doc interrupted, agreeably; "go right ahead." Candless was nonplused for a mo-ment. His lawyer shuffled his papers,

"Mrs. Gill," he said, "here is that paper you wanted to sign."

He fixed his eyes on the old lady; she wavered, looked at Winship, as though appealing to him, took a step forward. Gifford handed her a pen

and opened the square bottle of ink that he placed on the table.

"Doc Winship," Mrs. Gill faltered,
"I'm all confused. Mr. Candless
wants me to sign this—"

"You asked that it be prepared for your signature, Mrs. Gill," the attorney interjected, holding her with

"I'm not much of a hand at business,"
Doc Winship said. "But if you'd like
me to look—"

"See here, neighbor!" Candless broke in violently; "when you're wanted to act as business adviser I'll resign and you can take my place. At present your room will be more acceptable than your company! Mrs. Gill I told you time was precious—if I didn't, I meant to. Let's get this thing

finished up."
Mrs. Gill did not hesitate longer. She looked pitifully at Doc Winship, adjusted the pen in her trembling fingers, sat down in a chair at the table. Doc Winship, humming a tune dissonantly, strolled toward the window. In passing he brushed her arm. Her hand was shaken and the pen made a scrawling line across the face of the typewritten document.

Doc Winship, with a snort that was intended for an apology, put his hand out quickly, as though to recover the pen for her, and his fingers struck the bottle of ink. It was tipped over its black contents rushed out on the document, smudging it, defacing it, and flying over the other papers be-

burgeoning honey-suckle.

"Hello, Mrs. Gill!" Candless greeted her, in his blooming voice. "We're on the dot, you see. This is the tenth "That's enough of you!" he ex-'That's enough of you!" he exclaimed, purpling yith anger. "Get

out of here!' Mrs. Gill was shrinking in her chair, frightened and distraught. The ink had smudged her fingers and she be-gan wiping them on her little hander-chief, gazing at them wonderingly. Her mouth worked, like that of a child

about to cry.

Doc Winship recovered his balance.

"My fault," he said. "Always was awk'ard round a house!" He sat down at the window, taking out his pipe comfortably. "Guess I better set still, 'fore I do any more damage!" Candless seemed to consider throwing him from the room. He was plaintoward the back parlor, where the fire glowed.

'Hat rack behind the door, Gifford," less, muttering, walked across and said Candless. "Make yourself at stood between the pair at the table

face was set in a scowl.
"Get along, Gifford," he snaped. "You've a fountain pen, I suppose." Gifford had. He caught Mrs. Gill's wandering attention again, chose a

sented it. Doc Winship spoke up: "If it ain't on-mannerly, I'd like to ask, Mis' Gill, if you understand—" Candless leaped at him—pushed a big

rected. "That's more like. Now, Mrs. Gill!"

The little old lady's eyes leaped to his face. He was a big man of forty, with a heavy, round head on enormous shoulders, and a smooth face lined only by two or three wrinkles on his forehead. His mouth was large and thim—pushed a big hand over his mouth, roughly. "If you don't shut up," he muttered in a low voice, "I'll kick you out of here! I've had enough of you!" He raised his voice. "That's what Mrs. Gill is signing," he said cheerfully. "We've talked it all over, haven't we, Mrs. Gill?"

Nancy Gill nodded feebly. She had not turned toward the window, where

tion.

"Well, as I live and breathe!" he aid. "Mis' Gill, do you know who's said. comin' up, this minute, in a livery rig,

The old lady's eyes filled with tears. "Judge Marker? Gold Bar? Yes. Nort was there—and a driver, with six horses, craking his whip-

For a moment she was transfixed, thinking of the past. She brushed her fingers over her eyes again, as though clearing from them the mist. She "Why," she exclaimed, "Judge

Marker can advise me!"
Old Doc Winship had gone to the her excessively. She stared about her. Outside the window the first rosebuds were just beginning to form—small, green. Beyond was the "Power of attorney and memoran-dum of agreement?" he asked Gifford. "The rest don't matter," the lawyer

the attorney observed, with satis-

Judge Marker was in the door, bowing ceremoniously. He looked bigger than ever, very erect; but he was fatigued, and showed it. His clothes and Hall, in American Magazine. bearing were perfect, however—black stock, black frock coat, light trousers, speckless shoes, his air of dignity and

composure.
"Nancy Gill!" he said; "I'm flat-tered to death! You're looking un-He crossed, and bent over her hand. She trembled with delight, and tears

"I'm so glad you've come, Judge! Why din't I send for you—"
"Pshaw, Nancy! I'm here." He

turned, facing the two city men. "Mr. Candless, no doubt! And you, sir, I take to be a counselor at law."

"I am," Gifford said. The initiative was now with the judge—he had

"Thank you, Judge," Nancy Gill said. When she could avoid the savage eye of Perry Candless she found the mists disappearing from her brain. She tried to keep her gaze steadily on the lined, weather-beaten face of Doc Winship or on the ruddy, strong countenance of the old judge. She knew now that she had almost done

some vital thing having to do with the place. Almost? Or quite? Judge Marker was speaking:
"In Mrs. Gill's behalf I took the liberty of filing, late last evening, in the county seat of Plumas County, a lispendens in connection with all the matters relating to transfers of the

property and estate of the late Norton Gill and of Nancy Gill, his wife." Candless bellowed.

"What in the thunder do you mean by that, you old scoundrel?"

"Mr. Gifford is your attorney. I

will have no communication with you, Candless, appearing to meditate an angry retort and then to think better

of it, turned on Gifford. "What's this fandango he was filed?"
The little attorney's brows went up.
"An obstruction, Candless; nothing more. A legal notice to all whom it may concern that litigation is to be begun, or has been begun, in a given matter concerning property rights and transfers. It would—ahem!—be a

tempory cloud on a title." "You mean that it ties up the deal with Satterwhite's outfit?" "Yes. But a few minutes in court would dispose of it, as you have Mrs.

Gill's power of attorney—signed."
He glanced at Judge Marker. The latter was plainly taken aback. "Signed?" he asked. "Signed!" Gifford said, with a leer.

The judge sat down, checkmated. Resources of the law, as he had known it, flashed into his mind; at best, though, they were all slow and costly Candless, visibly straightening, tri-

umphant, received with a nod a whispered suggestion from his counsel.
"Now, Mrs. Gill," he said, sharply, going over to fix her with his cold stare, "it's time we were moving. We won't wait for your friend to come up—the woman. We'll meet her on the If you'll get your things,

Doc Winship started.
"Mrs. Gill isn't going anywhere," he protested. He was a pygmy beside the big man. Candless clenched a fist. "I've heard the last I'm going to from you!" he roared, with an oath. "You and your shyster friend are through!" Unable to keep his tem-per longer, he struck the old wagoner in the face with a heavy hand. Doc Winship went backward-staggering. Judge Marker, gripping his ebony cane, started to rise. Gifford shoved

him into his chair.
"Come, Mrs. Gill!" Candless barked. He snatched up a couch cover and threw it around her shoulders. He took her elbow firmly. He walked her

took her elbow hirmly. He walked her toward the door.

"Where?" she quavered. "Away from the place? But where?"

"To an asylum!" he said angrily.

"Where you belong. Where you can't do yourself any harm—or come to any from others!" He glanced at Doc. from others!" He glanced at Doc Winship and Judge Marker. The two

old men gasped. A long, trembling, piercing cry rose from Mrs. Gill's lips. She faltered and would have fallen. "The asylum? For the insane? In-

sane? Am I insane? Mr. Candless, am 1?" "Aren't you?" he demanded, brusquely. "You'll find the court be-lieves so. This afternoon—"

Candless threw open the door-and Piney Johnson stepped into it. He stood leaning against the jamb, throwing the lapels of his mackinaw back with his thumbs—slipping his hands down until they caught in his belt. A revolver butt protruded there. Johnson did not touch it. He did not glance at it. But Candless did.

"Lawin's too slow, eh, Jedge?" Piney drawled. "Doc figgered it might be!"

Judge Marker stood up, his face transfigured. "Piney Johnson!" he cried.

Candless stepped back—released his hold on Mrs. Gill's arm.
"You're—that Johnson?" he asked. "I ain't changed much," Johnson observed for answer. "Trouble you to back up a little, Candless." He turned to the judge again. "I'm late," he said. "Got bogged down, couple o' times. But I made it. Go ahead, Jedge. What comes next on the program?"

Old Doc Winship answered. He rose, gratuitously shouldering the big, flabby-faced, beaten Candless aside. He crossed to the table, picked up from the open brief case of Lawyer Gifford the two papers Mrs. Gill

had signed. Candless lunged, with outstretched hands and a cry. Doc Winship very colly pushed an open palm into the city man's face, walked to the fire-place, ripped the documents in two, and dropped them into the fire.

"The law's all right, Jedge," he said

sententiously. "We can all see that. But there's times when a man recollects back to the days when the Vigi-lantes straightened Californy out without any.

He paused, looking at Judge Mark-

Americans to Plant Rubber.

America's first bid to break up the British rubber monopoly is under way. Harvey S. Firestone announced the organization of the Firestone Plantations Company to develop rubber in various parts of the world. The plantations company has ne-

gotiated for a ninety-nine-year lease of 1,000,000 acres of land in the Republic of Liberia, Africa, and will build a harbor at Monrovia, the Liberian capital.

Firestone predicted that within five years the price of rubber would drop materially and that with capital more than \$100,000,000 behind the new project, America would be independent of foreign rubber resources. -Exchange.

Cross-Word Puzzles

Boon to Golf Widow It already has been suggested that cross-word puzzles are the almost providential and overdue instruments of vengeance ready to the hands of wives who have long suffered from golfing husbands. The fact that a wife is daily getting bogey for the solution of puzzles in the newspaper points the moral further. The golf widow can now be tied with the cross-

word puzzle widower. Evening conversations in the home should begin to have two sides and should run somewhat as follows: "Sorry to be late for dinner, dear Had to get in 18 holes."

"You're not late. Dinner's not ready yet. Had to fill in the last 18 squares in my puzzle." "Well, that's all right. I had a great

game. Made bogey on two holes. Say, do you realize what bogey is on the fourth?" "Eleven, isn't it?"

"What! Eleven strokes?" "No, silly. Eleven minutes for the fourth puzzle."

"I'm talking about golf." "But let me tell you about the third puzzle I worked on today. It has the sweetest interlock!" "Shush! On the fourteenth I had

Jeff one down and-" "Two across. Now it's time you're listening to me after all these years of golf monologue. Lend an ear. On the sixteenth square across I was, as you might say, in a trap to think of a word of five letters meaning a Tyrolean outcry. What do you know? It was 'yodel.' After that I foozled a personal pronoun and got lost in the rough of the lower left-hand corner. Well, I got out of trouble, but it cost me three minutes."

"What a lot of drivel! You ought to have seen me today after I'd sliced-'

"-sharpened it and addressed the-" "-with the deuce of a pretty nib-

lick I-" "-guessed the word was 'orthogo

nal'-" "-after which I sunk a long-" "-key word. One minute to play" -"Blah!"

"Blah yourself!" (A tribute of half an hour's silence.) "Well, my dear, what's the latest dirt on the neighbors?"

"It's quite interesting, dear. I'll be glad to tell you. But first tell me what the boss said down at the office today."-Fairfax Downey, in New York Herald-Tribune.

Giant Salt-Cellar

The Palestine government proposes to erect a plant for the recovery of 30 odd billion tons of salt from the Dead sea-a giant salt-cellar of apparently unlimited capacity—and very soon huge chemical factories and warehouses will be established round the lake, and the peace and quiet of centuries will give place to the ceaseless whir of wheels

It is remarkable that one of the most desolate spots in the world should suddenly acquire such tremendous economic importance. Of all the billion tons of salt in the Dead sea. only about ten tons is common salt. The remainder consists of salts of potassium and magnesium, an abundance of which will make Palestine the richest potash country in the world.

In appearance this strange sea challenges the Mediterranean with its clarity and blueness, but so deathly still are its waters that they have earned It its grewsome name.

Finding New Power

Although their progress is slow and unspectacular, scientists are making dogged attempts to discover a way to make artificial fuels which will replace the diminishing supplies of coal and oil. The process they seek to perform in their laboratories, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine, is the marvelous one that nature uses every day in storing up energy in leaves and plants by converting waste material into wood, etc., under the action of sunlight. Solution of the riddle is being sought in California by Dr. Herman A. Spoehr and a staff of research workers. A year's consumption of coal at the present time represents the accumulation of 100 years, he

Vienna Exports Coins

The output of the Vienna mint in 1924 was the greatest since its foundation, according to a report of the budget committee of the national assembly. Only a comparatively few of the coins struck, however, were for Austrian account, the bulk going to Poland, Bulgaria, North and East Africa and even Afghanistan, in the shape of the old Maria Theresa dollar. Altogether, the Vienna mint turned out 341,000,000 coins, calling for 7,000 pounds of silver every day of the year.

Advancement in Tibet

The butter-burning lamps of Lhasa forbidden city of Tibet, soon will be no more. Their place will be taken, even in the most sacred shrines, by electric lamps, and electricity to light these lamps will be generated by a hydro-electric plant that is now making its way on the backs of pack mules along trails reaching from the Indian

Offsets the Weather First Boarder (in the mountains)-Going to stay till November, eh? Must be rather cold here at that time of the

Second Ditto-Yes, but the hotel proprietor loses some of the icy manner which distinguishes him in July in ' agust. Boston Transcript.

Bandits' Buried "Loot"

Awaits Lucky Finder About one hundred thousand dollars in gold dust and currency lies buried in a certain Colorado gulch and has been there since 1864. The currency was wrapped in oiled silk and the dust was placed in tin cans. This treasure was interred by Jim and John Reynolds, leaders of a gang of outlaws which terrorized three states during the closing years of the Civil war. By adding murder to highway and stage robbing, they so incensed the citizens of Park county that a posse went forth to exterminate them. It was while in hiding from this posse in Geneva gulch at the junction of Deer and Elk creeks, which flow into the Platte river, that the Reynolds brothers, without informing the other bandits.

hid their loot. The exact spot selected for the cache was an abandoned mine tunnel. A nearby tree was suitably marked, and the brothers fled with their gang. One was killed by the posse. Jim Reynolds and four others were killed in a bunch some weeks later. Finally there was but one left alive, John Reynolds. He was shot while attempting, with Albert Brown, to raid a ranch. Brown carried him to a place of refuge and Reynolds, realizing that he was about to die, told Brown about the buried wealth and how to find it. In addition, he drew a rough map of the locality which has descended through photographed copies to the present day. Having done this, Reynolds being full of bullets, gave up the

ghost. Yet, though men have been searching for this treasure for over half a century, it has not been found. Forest fires have swept the gulch and the old tunnel undoubtedly has caved in, burying within its embrace the loot hidden by Jim and John Reynolds in the brief pause of a flight from a posse.-Josiah M. Ward, in Adventure

Chief Proved Worthiness

How did the story of Hercules and the three-headed monster, Cerberus, at, the entrance of Hades stagger the youthful imagination! What strength. what daring right at the mouth of the eerie underworld! Yet from British East Africa comes a news dispatch with the story of a native chief who braved a blazing and spitting leopard barehanded. Hercules' story after all is but mythology, but Murigo was Trimu's in reality. Leopards had been raiding the kraals. Several of the chief's subjects had been killed. One morning the alarm was given and Trimu, seven feet tall and a giant in strength, ran from his hut and, seeing the leopard mauling two natives. tackled him with his bare hands and tore him to pieces. The natives of British East Africa apparently exercise due common sense when they elect their chiefs.-Pierre Van Paasen in Atlanta Constitution.

Hunting in Siberia

Hunting is still of considerable economic importance over large parts of Siberia, particularly in the tundra and the forest regions. In some localities it is the chief means of livelihood, while in others it supplements fishing and farming. Sparse population favors the survival of fur-bearing animals, but the supply is decreasing as the country becomes more thickly settled. In consequence of the increase in the number of hunters and the more intensive methods of hunting fur-bearing animals are killed faster than they

multiply. This destruction has led the Russian government to restrict the hunting of wild animals and birds. Animal sanctuaries have been established. It is difficult, however, to enforce hunting laws over such a vast territory inhabited by so primitive a people.

Japanese Women Lawyers?

Japanese women will be allowed to practice law in the courts of the empire if a measure advocated by the woman suffrage party receives the approval of the next diet session. Discussing the proposed bill, which would put women barristers on the same plane as the male members of the bar. one of the leaders of the woman suffrage party said: "Women have proved to be good doctors and they are certainly better fitted to deal with crimes and home problems than men because they understand them better. The argument that women are too sentimental is ridiculous."

Noted "Spoon Eater" Dies

John A. Malmgrene of Parsons, Kan., who several years ago became famous as the "Spoon eater," died recently at the Kansas state hospital for epileptics. During the period of his notoriety he was operated on and 27 spoons, a safety pin and other pieces of metal were taken from his stomach. According to reports he died as a result of eating his blanket which he first cut up into small strips.

Discard the Pack Mule

Barcelona and other prominent cities in southern Spain no longer have the pack mule as the principal method of freight transportation about the streets, and that feature and others that were quite Oriental in type have given way to modern conveniences, a delightful surprise to travelers, and the city of Barcelons is planning a subway to help with its

Lead in Apples

Washington state produces more than a fifth of all the apples growt in the United States, and New York state nearly one-seventh.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish; and castles are at any rate better than dungeons in the air. -Sir John Lubbock.

Serve everything one drinks to

the right.
2. Place individual plates upon the table from the right or left, as seems most convenient, always remembering never to reach across in front of any

Pass all dishes from which those at table help themselves to the left. 4. Walk as quietly as possible and set dishes upon table as gently as pos-5.

The waitress should never speak to any one at table or show, in any way, that she hears the conversation. 6. Receptacles for liquids must never be filled so full that there is danger of spilling when being carried. Dishes must never be scraped or stacked at table.

8. Only so many dishes as can be carried without "stacking" should be taken from the table at one time. 9. Care must be taken that one does not get the hands around the mouth of pitchers; the fingers should never touch the food being conveyed in dishes.

10. All unused silver must be removed from table before dessert is 11. The table is crumbed only before the dessert course.

12. Coffee is served in small cups after the dessert course, and generally with sugar, without cream. It may be served at table or afterward, in the living-room or elsewhere. If served during the meal it is poured into large cups and passed with sugar and

There is a difference of opinion as to who should be served first, some contending that a guest of honor be served each time before any one else is served, and others that all ladies be served first. Many claim that the hostess should be helped or help hor hostess should be helped or help her-self first (from dishes passed) and that the waitress should thereafter go straight around the table in rotation. This last seems the simplest method and the most efficient.

Against the successful launchings. of increasingly elaborate formal and informal styles in the recent French openings, the newer mannish mode of the tailored suit is firmly holding its own, according to a special bulletin by the fashion service department of the Botany Worsted Mills. Concessions to the vogue for flares and pleats are indicated, but in the main the basic traditions of the tailored suit have been upheld. The bulletin also calls attention to the advance in prestige of the sports tailleur, especially in a short straight jacket which is advocated in men's wear fabrics by Drecoll and houses of like reputation.

"O'Rossen presents a short peplum jacket in common with other houses, but also retains the severe redingote style which drops almost to the hem edge," the bulletin continues. "Simplicity rather than severity marks the tailleur which introduces self-fabric manipulations and elaborate seamings, an unfamiliar styling in mixtures, cheviots and diagonals.

"Godet sides, with the flat front and back, characterize alike the jackets of finger-tip, hip-length and knee-length. which revert to lines long dominant in what is known as the traditional suit. Recently advocated back flares in jackets of all lengths have also received distinguished endorsement.

"Developed along unfamiliar lines are the new short jacket ensembles. Philippe and Gaston, emphasizing this silhouette, have introduced an interesting flared peplum style with fitted side seams. The skirt designed to accompany this jacket maintains close lines. Luxurious fabrics, fur edgings and borders, embroideries and seamings bring to these ensembles a distinctively youthful elaboration which has made an exceptionally good impression and which places them prominently in Palm Beach forecasts. Jenny has created a short jacket innova-tion in black velvet which reveals a lining, collar and cuffs of clipped white rabbit.

"The range of fabrics employed for these suit developments is wide and includes the napped suitings, cashmeres, broadcloths, cheviots, coverts, men's wear fabrics, diagonals, basket weaves, velvets and velveteens. Hip blouses designed to accompany these creations, also casquins and tunics, offer a fabric choice of linen, the dull and lustrous crepes, velvets and metal

Pineapple Marmalade.—Use ripe sweet pines; slice and pare, then cut into small pieces. Allow three-fourth pounds of sugar to each pound fruit, mix in granite or porcelain bowl and let stand over night, preferably on ice. In the morning take from ice and cook gently for an hour. At the end of this time press through a fruit crusher or coarse sieve with a potato masher. Replace on stove and cook half an hour longer. Place in little pots.

Salmon Croquettes.—Free a pound and a half of salmon, fresh or canned, from skin and bone and chop fine. Season with the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful chopped parsley, a tea-spoonful salt and a dash of paprika. Mix well, put two cups of milk on to boil. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls butter and three of flour. When melted and bubbly, add the hot milk and stir until smooth and thick. Add the salmon, stir until hot, then turn out on a dish to cool. When quite cold and firm, form into croquettes, roll in fine crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep, boiling fat and serve very hot with a garnish of lemon and parsley.

Nursery Tea Table.—A pitcher for milk, with mugs and a tray, all of porcelain, are for the nursery tea table. They are painted to illustrate the rhyme of the cat and the fiddle, the acrobatic cow and the dish that ran away with the spoon! The porcelain ware is more substantial than glass and stands the knocks that will come, no matter how careful little hands

Keep salt and sugar jars covered and in a dry place.