

LILACS AND A LADY.

By CRAWFORD LUTTRELL.

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She had loved Gordon Wilson ever since she could remember, but his attitude toward her was the same big brother interest that he showed his own sister, Anne. He tweaked her ear and made fun of the little line of freckles that dusted her aristocratic-looking nose. He told her about his intermittent spasms of love for various girls, most of whom were visiting favorites. In other words, Gordon loved so many that Peggy felt there was some balm for her own heartache in that very symptom. No affair had ever lasted long enough to cause her any real anxiety.

She was having a cup of tea with Anne late one spring afternoon, both of them seated on a big tufted day-bed that was drawn up hospitably before a cheery little blaze that seemed to take the chill out of the wide living room, when Gordon came in.

"Hello, girls! I'm just in time for some jam cake, huh? Say, Peg, I sure did like that new hat I saw you wearing on F street today. Sorry I couldn't stop and take you for a spin, but I had a rich old prospect from Podunk or some other equally famous place, and I knew if he got out of the car without buying it some other enterprising automobile salesman might beat me to it. I put the deal over and sold a roadster besides. Hence my ability to leave the shop early and play the role of gentleman of leisure."

He sat down between the two girls and helped himself generously to cake that was piled in thick, luscious slices on the tea cart. He pushed the cart toward Peggy. "Pour me some tea, child! I need refreshment. How did you like that girl I had at the dance last night? She's a regular girl, believe me! She's as bright as a dollar and she has good looks, too. Did you ever see such eyes and such wonderful hair?"

"Pshaw, Gordon, you've heard that she is worth a cool million," said Anne laughingly. "That accounts for your ideas of the golden tint in her hair and the sparkle in her eyes. You're thinking what that cash will do to help out in these days of the H. C. L."

The young fellow set down his empty cup and looked around quizzically at his sister. "Well, being rich won't keep me from loving her, of course, Miss Romantic. I am going to take her to the theater tonight and then supper at the club. What are you folks doing?"

"Peg's going to the Winters' big dance with Jim Winter himself. Do you know, Peg, Jim's quite mad about you? I'll bet he proposes tonight!"

Gordon turned suddenly. "Jim Winter! Gosh, he's got all the money there is, girls. And that home! It's a palace!"

"Peg has a wonderful frock to wear, orchid with touches of turquoise about it and a huge ostrich fan, turquoise, too," Anne told him. "You know Jim confided to me last night, Peg, that he thought you were the prettiest girl in this town. I'd like to hear what he will have to say about you tonight in that creation."

Gordon cupped the girl's chin in his hand and turned her face to the light. "I'll swear, Peg, you are pretty, freckles and all! Look at me! Let's see your eyes!" he demanded.

Peggy felt the red creeping up from her beating throat. She put her little teeth together in an effort to keep her chin from quivering. He was so casual about it; she must never by any chance let him know that those level gray eyes of his shook her heart as the wild March wind outside tossed the burgeoning boughs of trees.

Suddenly there was a strange, dawning light in those same gray eyes that were so close to her own.

"Well, they are pretty, aren't they?" asked Anne, watching the two with a little knowing smile on her lips.

Almost instantly, before he could frame a reply, Peggy stood up. "I'll have to run along now," she said breathlessly. She reached down for her big silver gray fox scarf that she had tossed on a chair nearby.

All at once, courage born of that strange look that had lighted Gordon's eyes for one brief second, possessed her. "If I decide to be Mrs. Winter, Anne, shall I call you tonight, even if it is late?"

"I want to be the very first to know, you dear," Anne acknowledged. "You're silly if you don't marry Jim, with his good looks and all that money. You'll be a real princess out of a fairy tale!"

"I'll take you home," said Gordon. "My car is on the drive."

"Won't it make you late for your engagement?" suggested Peggy. "It's nearly seven now," glancing at her wrist watch.

"That won't matter," exclaimed Gordon mechanically.

"I'll run home in your car, bud," offered Anne maliciously. "You can be dressing while I am gone. You'll have to have dinner, too, you know."

Gordon was struggling into a light topcoat. "Ready, Peg?" he questioned eagerly.

They breathed the heavy fragrance of purple lilacs as they rode slowly down the long driveway before the house. Stars glimmered brightly overhead. A little silver sickle of a moon hovered in the west. All the faint, sweet music of springtime saturated the soft night air.

"Lilacs make me think of you," said

Gordon quietly in a voice that not even Peggy could mistake for a brotherly tone.

She clasped her gloved hands tightly in her lap and looked away where swiftly moving clouds seemed to be rocking the little silver cradle of a moon in the sky.

"We've known each other ever since we could walk, haven't we, Peg?" asked Gordon in a voice that was still subdued.

She answered in a monosyllable, not daring to trust her own voice.

"We've been great old pals, haven't we?" he continued.

Peggy did not answer, and presently the machine slid noiselessly to a stop before the shabby old brick that had always been home to her. Boxwood shielded the driveway from the street. Gordon groped for and found one of her cold little hands. It trembled in his as he lifted it gently and held it above his heart.

"Feel anything wrong there?" and then, at her eloquent silence, he pressed her hand still closer. "The darned thing is nearly beating out of me," he laughed shakily.

Still Peggy could not find her voice. There seemed to be something thick, binding, in her throat. It contracted painfully when she tried to swallow.

"If you can't feel it, perhaps you can hear it," he argued, and gently, ever so gently for big, brotherly Gordon, he put his arm around her, silver fox furs and all, and drew her head in its close-fitting little turban to a place where his heart hammered under her cheek. "Oh, littlest one," he whispered softly when she did not resist. "It's been you all the time, and I have been such a fool I didn't realize how dear you were, how blank this old world suddenly seemed when I thought of it without you to love. I love you, girl. Could you ever think of me as—as a husband?" His big rich voice was trembling with eagerness. The little turban tilted drunkenly over one ear as he strained her to him. "Is—is it Jim Winter? He has looks, money, everything—but, girl, nobody could love you as I do."

"Do you think for one second, Gordon Wilson, that I would let any man but you kiss me—like this?" asked Peggy, suddenly finding her recreant voice.

PRAISED FOOD OF AMERICA

Robert Louis Stevenson Went So Far as to Pronounce It "Heavenly"—His Favorite Songs.

Nellie Vandegrift Sanchez, in her book on her sister, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, has thrown new light on the author of "Treasure Island." In August, 1870, Stevenson sailed from England, as a steerage passenger, for this country. From New York he proceeded at once across the continent to Monterey to marry Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne. In August, 1880, he returned to England to present his wife to his people. Though a willing and brilliant conversationalist—he had been described as "deuced explanatory"—he expressed very few opinions concerning his first impressions of the United States. Now we have them.

Stevenson liked our food. In a letter to Sidney Colvin he said: "You eat better here than anywhere else; fact. The food is heavenly." He had hardly reached Monterey before he told his friends of the wonderful "little cakes" he had bought at the restaurants along the way. He meant baking powder biscuits. Later he fell in love with hot tamales and meat stew and red peppers.

He found the names of our western states—Arizona, Colorado—most poetic. The perfume of the pine forest, the blue of the California sky and our 20-dollar gold pieces he found beautiful beyond comparison. He was impressed by the way the Indians pronounced Latin at a church service and the mechanical cleverness of our women. He regarded Francis Parkman as our best historian, "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" as our best songs. For "Home, Sweet Home" he had but little use.

Plucking Oranges Is an Art.

Orange gathering and packing is not such a simple business as is generally supposed. The trees are high, and the fruit is so tender that careless handling at any stage will cause decay to set in, and through one defective orange thousands may be infected and spoiled. Every orange is taken from the tree by hand. The pickers stand on high step-ladders, which enable them to reach the topmost branches. Catching the orange in one thickly-gloved hand, they deftly sever its stalk with a sharp knife in the other, and drop it into a deep bag slung across the shoulder. To pluck the orange away would break the skin and allow decay to set in. Various devices have been tried for picking, such as long-handled knife connected with a canvas chute through which the orange slides gently to the ground; but hand-picking still holds its own as the one satisfactory method.

Flowers Feared by Witches.

Witches, of course, must be excluded from the house. The Chinese bring this about—or think they do, which amounts to the same thing—by suspending bunches of herbs and magic plants over the door. In England hawthorn used to be hung over the entrance to a house in May to ward off witches. On May day the witches, as well as the fairies, are in the gorge, so choose some other time for burning it. If you don't believe there are any witches there are Dutch folk who will tell you to carry a four-leaf clover on Christmas eve and let your own eyes convince you.

TRES ARROYOS, ARGENTINA



Moreno Boulevard, Tres Arroyos.

THE District of Tres Arroyos, which was established in accordance with a law of July 19, 1885, is now one of the most important political divisions of the province of Buenos Aires, in the Argentine Republic. The southern part of this district is exceedingly progressive, and its development along numerous lines of useful effort insures for it a prominent place among the departments of the province. Because of the importance of its products, its manufactures, its general development, the attention accorded public instruction by its officials, as well as the united efforts of its inhabitants, who are filled with the spirit of progress and of industry, the district of Tres Arroyos has undergone a constant growth which has brought to it the prosperity which it now enjoys, says the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

The city of Tres Arroyos, capital of the district of the same name, is a fine example of the development of the section in which it is located, and its people certainly have cause to be proud of their rapidly growing town. Built up by the constant, disinterested, and loving devotion of its inhabitants, the city has progressed daily, and little by little has become a popular center with all the attributes of a large city, influential and powerful because of the industry of its inhabitants and their great accomplishments. The district has an area of 623,680 hectares, and an approximate population of 42,000 souls.

The traveler who arrives at Tres Arroyos cannot fail to be pleasantly surprised on finding at a distance of 500 kilometers from Buenos Aires a beautiful city of commanding aspect, with modern urban developments and with traffic showing intense business life. Its streets, extending into the suburbs, are paved with granite blocks, and it has many beautiful buildings, which of themselves are an index to the growth and progress of the city.

Fine Buildings and Boulevards.

The municipal palace, which is now in course of construction, the bank, school, commercial, and church edifices greatly contribute to the beautification of the town. Moreno Boulevard is a fine, wide avenue which fronts on San Martin Plaza. On this avenue are the buildings of the National, Spanish, and Commercial banks, as well as the edifice of the Italian Society, the market, and other structures. In the center of the boulevard is a beautiful park or ramble. This is a popular place of reunion, especially during the summer months, for the elite of the city.

Notwithstanding the great activity in building in Tres Arroyos, rents are very high there, due to the influx of population. The value of land in the center of the city varies from 40 to 60 pesos per square meter, the price decreasing greatly according to distance from the business section of the town.

On September 25, 1873, the first municipal committee of the department of Tres Arroyos was formed, and on July 9, 1885, on the occasion of the celebration of national independence day, the municipal buildings were opened to public use. Since that time the prosperity of the town and of the district has continued unabated. The municipal building already referred to, which is being erected on San Martin Plaza facing the Moreno Boulevard, is not yet completed. The construction of this edifice, which was commenced in 1906, was temporarily discontinued. One of the floors, however, has been completed and is now occupied by the mayor's office.

District Is Very Prosperous.

The district of Tres Arroyos has 24 schools, 9 of which are urban with a registration of 1,880 pupils, 5 suburban with an enrollment of 494 pupils, and 11 rural with 440 pupils. The private schools are attended by 431 pupils, making a total school registration of 3,245 pupils. These 24 schools have 60 female and 5 male teachers. The district also has a normal school, which is well attended.

There are 240,000 hectares of land in cultivation in the district. The remaining area consists of grazing lands, sand dunes, etc. The annual production of wheat and oats is 250,000 tons, of which 110,000 tons are wheat and 140,000 tons are oats. Corn, barley, flax, and alfalfa are also cultivated.

According to the census of 1916 the district had 749,000 sheep, 101,021 head

of cattle, 74,130 horses, and 10,031 hogs, the aggregate value of which is estimated at 23,809,421 pesos. The colonists not only cultivate the soil, but raise stock as well. The importance of the stock industry of Tres Arroyos is very great, and this industry is one of the principal factors in the commercial life and prosperity of that section.

Commerce in Cereals.

A number of large houses of Buenos Aires maintain branches in Tres Arroyos. The commerce in cereals of the Tres Arroyos and tributary districts aggregate annually from 650,000 to 700,000 tons. Of the 110,000 tons of wheat produced in the district, 80,000 tons are sold in the grain, and 30,000 are used by millers and for seed purposes. Of the oats 130,000 tons are sold and 10,000 used for seeds.

The Southern railway penetrates this district, and at all of its stations there are large grain elevators. The city of Tres Arroyos is abundantly supplied with grain elevators and warehouses. The Southern railway was opened to traffic in that city in 1885.

In this section of the country there are numerous small farms, the value of the land varying from 280 to 320 pesos per hectare. The annual rental of agricultural land is from 15 to 20 pesos per hectare.

Community aid centers have been organized in the principal towns of the district. Tres Arroyos has the Spanish, Italian, French, Danish, and cosmopolitan clubs, nearly all of which occupy their own buildings. There is also a social club, which has a fine building. The Spanish and Italian clubs have splendid edifices and many members.

The city is also provided with a library, has a charitable society, and a home for poor children. The building in which the latter institution is housed cost upward of 60,000 pesos.

LUCKILY HE WAS RETURNING

Looking on the Bright Side, Physician's Auto Did Run Until He Had Seen Patient.

Probably every autoist has at some time or other tried to run his automobile without gasoline. It's all right for a joy rider, but hard on a physician, as Dr. E. Hawkins, of Greencastle, can testify.

A few nights ago Dr. Hawkins had a midnight call west of the city. While returning home and on a lonely stretch of road, his auto gave a cough, another cough and died in the middle of the road. Not until then did the doctor think of his empty gas tank. It was too late. He walked a mile to the nearest farm house, roused a sleepy but obliging farmer, borrowed a gallon of gasoline and walked a mile back to the auto. He poured the gas in the tank and expected soon to be home, but he was doomed to disappointment. He had the carburetor set for a "high test" gas and the common fuel refused to respond.

After repeated efforts and adjustments, Dr. Hawkins got the motor started, but in the meantime he had used most of the gallon of gasoline and when he started for home, the car soon went dead again. Then another sleepy farmer to get to a telephone and the doctor had sent out from a local garage. He got home, but not until in the wee small hours of the morning and with the old saying "never again" firmly impressed on his mind.—Indianapolis News.

Pigs Is Pigs' the World Over.

The Chinese Christian family was the proud possessor of two pigs. The older of the two was a runt and the younger had outgrown him. The husband and wife were explaining the situation to the new missionary.

"The big pig, he the littlest," explained the husband in broken English.

"No," said the wife, "he means not that. He means the young pig is the oldest."—World Outlook.

Short, but Sharp.

"Why aren't you speaking to Mrs. Gadder?"

"We had words."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—one spiece. She called me 'upstart' and I called her 'cut'."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Will Weed Out Extreme Modes

Exaggerated Fashions Must Encounter Elimination Test as Season Advances.

PRETTY MODELS FOR GIRLS

Designers Seize Upon Satens for Little Misses—Low Decolletage Not Featured—Old Laces in Demand.

Many extreme fashions are introduced at the beginning of each new season. This has always been noticeable throughout the history of clothes. It is seldom, however, observes a fashion correspondent, that the exaggerated models take root, although they flourish until the weeding out process is over—for there is always a weeding out of fashions as the season advances; then we find their best features embodied in wearable models.

At this stage of the metamorphosis of fashion the well dressed woman, who is always careful to avoid extremes, selects her wardrobe. It is important, however, from the standpoint of fashion news as well as a guide in making future selections to note the new things as they are brought out and to follow them through their various incarnations, for many of them are put forth for the new ideas that they embody. Dressmakers and manufacturers vary these ideas to suit their own clientele.

Will Straight-Line Triumph?

After the first flurry occasioned by striking models passed, the chemise frock proved to be more of a favorite than ever, because the best dressed women absolutely refused to accept

tions of clothes at exclusive dressmakers', but they were not adopted to any extent, being looked upon as a novelty. This spring will see any number of dresses made of English satens. It is not, however, the plain colored saten that is most prominent, although this is used to some extent. Printed satens in designs very much like the English prints are smarter. When we see a pretty model developed in this material, which has the appearance of foulard, we wonder how we could have ignored it in times when cottons had not come into the prominence that they are enjoying just now.

Pretty Models for Little Girls.

Designers of children's clothes have seized upon these English satens to work out some interesting play clothes. There are any number of pretty models for little girls made of the figured saten in combination with white organdie, the organdie being used for collars and cuffs as well as for sashes and belts. Some straight-line saten frocks for tiny girls are smoked in blending colors and have sashes of white organdie; others have interesting stitchings of colored worsteds.

One jumper dress of printed saten in a soft green shade is worked with black yarn around the neck, cap sleeves and belt, a blanket stitch being used. For tiny tots there are amusing play clothes of pink and light blue satens without a design. These are made just like smocks and worked in worsteds. On the pockets are embroidered Kate Greenaway figures. Mothers may not care to dress their children regularly in clothes of this sort, but they are most amusing as play aprons for the nursery.

Flounces and frills have brought about a great use of net, which is most popular at a time when fluffy



Charming Lanvin frock of the new taffeta, Diamontine, with petal skirt having applique embroidery. Also a French suit with chiffon skirt arranged in cascade tiers and basque bodice of taffeta.

anything else. It is too early to predict whether this season will see a similar triumph for the straight-line dress.

The use of the old-time light weight materials is brought about partly through these new designs and partly through the scarcity of wool fabrics. The present high price of silk, too, has had a great deal to do with making cotton frock will cost almost as much as last year's silken dress.

A frock illustrating a revival of three old-fashioned features has the three-tier ruffled skirt cut in petal points, the old-fashioned bertha draped about the shoulders and the very old-time rococo applique ribbon and chenille relief embroidery which came into prominence in the days of Marie Antoinette. This is a design which might be attractively developed as a lingerie frock for a young girl, with a simple embroidery substituted for the more ornate relief work.

Voiles and Dimities.

Among the cotton things which we will wear are fine, sheer, flowered voiles that are almost like chiffons, as well as old-fashioned cross-barred dimities, very fine in weave and of silky finish. These have the bars marking off tiny squares. One seldom sees white dimity in the coming summer's frocks, the preference being for pale shades of pink, blues and lavenders.

Then there are the beautiful dotted muslins from Switzerland. These are in deeper colorings than the voiles and dimities, some even being in bright reds and purples dotted with a contrasting color. The dots are very small and close together.

English satens are now used extensively by smart dressers. Frocks of the plain colored satens were seen early last summer among the collec-

dressers are worn. Dressmakers are reveling in its use and everybody is wearing it. A great deal may be expressed through net, depending upon the colors chosen and the method of handling it. An older woman may wear with great dignity a black net dress, beautifully draped, while for a debutante a bright, billowy, tulle frock may be extremely informal.

Among the more elaborate black tulle frocks are some lavishly embroidered in crystal and silver beads. A beautiful one has a bright note of color introduced through an apron effect of bright peacock blue tulle, which is laid in full plaits, the apron being draped at the sides to give the effect of a tulle pannier.

Low Decolletage Not Featured.

Many of the smartest tulle dresses do not feature the extremely low decolletage. Some of them have little more than the shallow round neckline that extends out on the shoulders after the manner of a street frock. The transparency of the material, however, gives the effect of a low decolletage. If you have any old laces put away, now is the time to use them. Entire dresses are being made of bands of lace joined together. Where the strips of lace are sewn together, metal embroideries are of silver, a little silver ribbon in the form of a girdle or shoulder straps is a delightful addition to the dress, especially if the lace is black.

So great is the demand for lace that the lacemaking industry of England and France has been given great impetus. In fact, it is almost impossible for the supply to meet the demand at the present time. Laces and nets not only make entire frocks, but are used as trimmings in a most lavish way. High wired lace collars somewhat like the Medici collars are introduced on many afternoon frocks.