

TRYON SOCIETY NEWS

Phone 99

All Society News Must Be In This Office By Wednesday Noon of Each Week



Tryons Horse Show
Great Success

Parties

Friends of Mr. E. W. Dabbs of Suiter, S. C., and Tryon have been greeting him on the streets for the past two or three weeks. Mr. Dabbs and his family are spending a fortnight in the mountains at his summer home "The Refuge" formerly the Kruse home, and are remodelling the dwelling house.

MOTORED ON THURSDAY

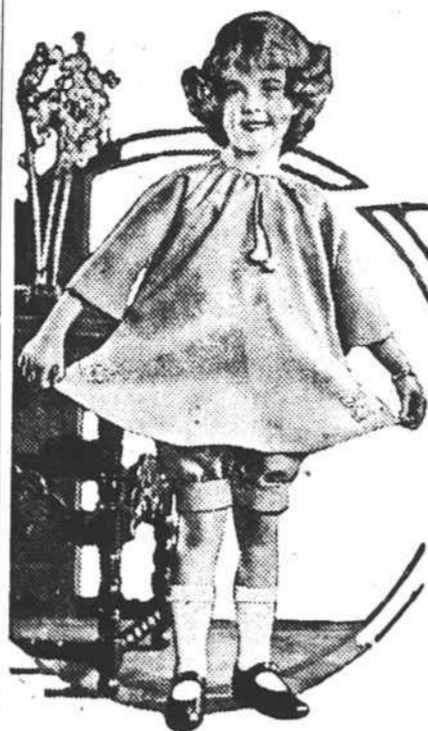
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ward, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Williamson, and Miss Minerva Avant motored to Charlotte on Thursday of last week.

On Thursday April 15 Music Memory Contest was held in the Tryon school in both high school and elementary grades. The five highest records in both departments represented Tryon in the county contest.

Prizes were awarded the two highest in each department, by Tryon people. First prize, high school, given by the Lanier Club was awarded to Caroline Jervey. Second prize high school given by the Episcopal choir was awarded Mary Sharp.

First prize elementary school given by the Lanier Club was awarded to Myrtle Nulls, second prize elementary school, given by Miss Elizabeth Richey was awarded Mary McFarland. A great deal of interest was shown throughout the school in this contest and also by our Tryon people. Music Memory Pieces were played by all the Church on the Sunday before the contest. Such contests are a great benefit to the pupils and the school appreciates very much Tryon's cooperation in helping to develop music appreciation in our community.

Pastel-Colored Wool Jersey for Tots' Bloomer Frocks



If grownups have a flare to their frocks, why not those of little folks as well? That is exactly what the designer of the little bloomers dress in the picture must have been thinking. For, sure enough, here it is, a circular flare cut, and isn't it just as cunning as cunning can be? Such a simple little bloomers frock it is, for the mother who sews a bit, to make for her child.

What this wee spring dress lacks in ornamentation it makes up for in color, for it is fashioned of wool jersey in oh! such a bright carrot shade. Rose-blush, carrot, peppermint, lilac, pencil, and Italian blue, flamingo, peach, oatmeal, maize and phantom red, and yet the list is not all told of colorings in which wool jersey is making its spring appearance. Those who create the mode are all enthusiasts over this fabric for coats and dresses for little folks.

READ POLK COUNTY NEWS

FORMAL EVENING MODES TREND TO THE PRINCESS SILHOUETTE



MADAME MODE must have been in a somewhat temperamental mood when almost without warning she whisked on the stage of fashion the courtly robe de style with its yards and yards around the skirt hemline. Surely the fickle ways of fashion are past accounting for. However, the scant tubelike frocks which for so long have been the object of our affections, still hold their own pretty successfully, especially the beaded sort. To be sure, they have let in a flare or more through subtle inset gores. However, they are finding almost overwhelming competition in these new and fascinating picturesque taffeta robes with their slightly molded-to-the-figure bodices and quaint skirts.

Speaking of the new close-fitting bodices reminds that more than one of the newer formal evening styles hint of ushering in an era of form-fitting frocks. There is, for instance, the charming princess models, which are so statuesque in their slender grace. To conservative exclusive taste they make even greater appeal than does the bouffant robe de style.

Materials of superlegance are chosen for the fashioning of the distinctive evening princess frock, preferably sumptuous brocade. Interest is divided between gorgeously beflowered satins, as shown in the picture, and rare metal brocades. Among the latter white satin brocade interworked with silver is especially featured.

In the instance of this exquisite model of our illustration the brocade, which is of almost superlative elegance, shows no trace of gold or silver in its texture, preferring to emphasize the exotic flower coloring in its design. However, the call of the mode for metallic splendor is announced in the wide gold mesh lace which flounces an overskirt effect. There is a touch of the draped at the back. Of contrasting style to the fashionable princess modes is the robe de style, whose skirt is formed of tiers of tulle which are of airy-fairy charm. The Parisienne is wearing these new frocks in black, for black is the last word for evening gowns. Black georgette frocks are the smartest item in new models. Black lace frocks are also shown among advance fashions.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Three Rows From the Front

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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THE great singer, bowing graciously to the applause inspired by his opening selection, noticed that the girl was there again, three rows from the front and in the center.

He had first seen her in Oakland, then in Denver, and had continued to find her at each recital in the various cities he visited on his coast-to-coast tour. Always she sat, as now, rapt, adoring, and, at the close of each song, clapping with her little hands.

He seized his accompanist, young Pierre Diderot, and led him forward, at which the little hands clapped harder than ever at the great singer's generosity in sharing the plaudits of the audience.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the girl was getting to be a necessity to the man. He had grown to look for her first of all, and if by any chance she was late his heart sank. And then when she did come in, her mauve evening cape over her slender arm, he revived again like a drooping plant after a shower, and was willing even to sing the "Volga Boat Song" as an encore.

To his audience Orloff Siechiensky was the great master, superb and supreme. To his manager, he was a refractory child who, if properly controlled and kept clear of entangling alliances with women who made fools of themselves over him, would continue to bring in with his golden voice vast sums of money at each performance.

Therefore, when, during the brief intermission, Orloff remarked that he was sending a note by an usher asking a certain charming lady to be shown into his presence, the manager frowned. But he very well knew that it was poor business to cross Orloff in the middle of a recital. He was quite capable of refusing to appear at all again that evening.

Yet something must be done. "Very well," he said to Orloff resignedly. "Give me your note and I give you my word I will deliver it at once. There, they are still clapping you. You must go on again."

It was after his rendering of an old Polish folk song that Orloff saw an usher approach the occupant of the center seat three rows from the front with her head bowed. When she finally raised it he could see that her eyes were shining.

After the last encore Orloff hurried from the stage to clasp the slender hand of a dark-haired girl and gaze into a pair of steady eyes.

"I am flattered by your regular attendance at my recitals," he said, speaking slowly, for his English was never at its best during emotional moments. "You are my inspiration."

The girl raised fathomless eyes to his. "Thank you," she said quietly. "You are to me the greatest of masters. But it is your pianist that I pursue, Pierre. We are to be married soon, but I follow to keep my eyes on him. These young artists are like wax in the hands of the flattering women. I have the time and the money, so I spend them both to keep him safe for me. Oh, I see him hardly at all. Once in a while a little dinner or a few words on the train"—she shrugged her shoulders.

Orloff's manager, carefully within earshot, grinned. "Bravo—bravo!" he said to himself. "The girl is a clever little actress. My suggestion and check, sent along with his note, were an inspiration. If only Pierre does not spoil it by bursting in and swearing he never saw the girl! How devilishly disagreeable Orloff looks with that frown on his forehead!"

Yes, Orloff looked for all the world like a very large little boy who sees a stick of candy about to be taken away from him. He had dropped the slender hand and was already sick of the interview.

"Pierre—Pierre!" she shouted suddenly, to the consternation of his manager.

"No—no, Siechiensky. Pierre has gone ahead to attend to your luggage." "What's that, monsieur?" Pierre rushed in hurriedly. "Did you wish—Nom de dieu, is it you whom I see—petite Eugenie? Pourquoi?"

"Ah, Pierre," the girl rushed into his arms. "The master sent for me and the other one—he wrote me this note and—he held out a check and waved it in the direction of the manager, whom the rapid turns of his wheel of fortune had made speechless—and I can't keep it because all I have said was the truth!"

"Oh," said the manager grandly. "Consider, my children, that it is my wedding present to you both."

Then: "Come, Siechiensky," he pleaded soothingly, "or you will miss your train and break the hearts of the two thousand people that await you."

Outside in the darkness he mopped his brow. It had the earmarks of a narrow escape.

Changed His Mind

The manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow who was much disliked, received an offer from an English firm and had all but decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees thereupon collected a purse of money and presented it to him as a thank offering on the occasion of his departure. "Weel, weel," said Scottie as he took the purse. "I never thought I liket me sae weel, but noo that I see ye're sae vexed at me gann' awa', I think I'll no gang, but I'll bide



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