

Geo. Ade in Pastures New

Naples, and Mr. Peasley Still With Us

BY GEORGE ADE.

(Copyright, 1936, by George Ade.)
Naples and Mr. Peasley are still with us. We waited for him in London until he recovered his lost trunk, and he was so grateful that he decided to go along with us.

He said that he was foot-loose and without any definite plans at home—always made him feel more at home to travel with people who were just as green and as much scared as he was.

A week ago we were in London—sloshing about in the damp and dismal mixture of mud and snow which lifted the dark thoroughfares.

This morning we are looking in the crystal sunlight of Naples—the blue bay, with the crescent outline on one side, the white walls of the mounting city on the other, Vesuvius looming in

don who sells anything, from a collar button to a chariot-and-four does not "by appointment" or "by warrant." Poor man opens shop; business bad. He is trying to sell shaving soap. One day royal personage floats in and buys a cake of soap, whatever that means. Dealer puts out gold sign to effect that he is supplying the royalty with soap. Public breaks down showcases getting at his merchandise. All true Democrats theoretically ignore this second-hand worship of royalty, but, just the same, take notice that the shops with the reared-up unicorns in front and the testimonials from their Royal Majesties are the ones that catch the humble American tourist.

"Opera Hats—Wandered into a hat store and discovered to my amazement that the proprietor was



PROPOSED LETTER TO ARMOUR & CO., CHICAGO

the distance behind a hazy curtain, and tourists crowding the landscape in the immediate foreground.

Three big steamers are lying at anchor with the breakwater—one from Genoa, one from Marseilles and one from New York—and all heavily laden with Americans, some sixty of whom will be our fellow passengers to Alexandria.

The hotels are over-pleasant with Yankee pilgrims, and every Neapolitan who has imitation coral and celluloid tortoise shell for sale is wearing an expectant smile.

The jack rabbit horses, attached to the ramshackle little victorias least wearily in their shafts, for these are busy days. The harvest days are at hand. The Americans have come. An English woman who had seen the horse in the streets here remarked to a friend this morning, "It must be awfully lonesome in America just at present."

And she meant it, too.
It has been a fairly busy week for Mr. Peasley. Mr. Peasley is addicted to the habit of talking notes. Every night at the hotel he takes out a small leather-bound book, presented to him by an insurance company in America in appreciation of the fact that he has paid the company all his ready money for the last fifteen years, and in this small volume he jots down brief memoranda of anything thrilling that has happened to him during the day, or some detailed information regarding the sights that strike him as being truly wonderful.

Mr. Peasley is a terse style. Sometimes he uses abbreviations. His English is not of the most scholarly brand. As he is merely writing for himself it makes no difference.

The Peasley notebook, after twenty days in Europe, is full of masty information and contains many a flash-light on the Old World. By permission we are reproducing it herewith. The author admits that his composition is jerky in spots, but he believes in the tabloid method of administering useful knowledge.

LONDON.
"By warrant—Every man in Lon-

the inventor of the opera, or concertina, hat. Surprised; always supposed that at least a dozen men had worked on it. Establishment had documents to prove that the first folding hat had been manufactured on the very spot where I stood. Proprietor has not yet been knighted—probably an oversight.

"Rubber Pavement—The large covered court at the Savoy Hotel is paved with blocks of soft rubber three feet square. Constant procession of cabs in and out of court and rubber deadens sound. Good idea—should be used in all the streets of London. The cab horse comes along—never has tackled rubber pavement—is clattering noisily over the asphalt—suddenly hits the soft rubber and begins to bounce up and down like a tennis ball. Strange look comes into horse's eye and he crouches like a rabbit, looks over his shoulder at the driver and seems to be asking, "What am I up against?" Mean trick to play on a green horse. Should be a warning sign displayed.

"Famine in Trousers—One type of English chappie, too old for bread and jam and not quite old enough for music halls, wears extraordinary trousers—legs very narrow and reefed above tops of shoes (I mean boots)—causes them to look thin and bird-like.

"English Drama—Saw new problem play last evening—new play, but same old bunch of trouble. Each principal character failed to marry the person of the opposite sex with whom he or she was really in love. Marriages did not interfere with love affairs, but helped to complicate the plot. Discovered why we can never have a great native drama in the States—We have no open fireplaces in which to destroy the incriminating papers. Impossible to destroy papers at L. steam radiator.

"L. C. C.—In musical comedies, and at music halls many sarcastic references to L. C. C., meaning London County Council. Council is ploughing open new streets, tear-

ing down old buildings, putting up new buildings and spending money like a sailor on a holiday. Their extravagance has a great offence to the low comedians and other heavy rate payers, while the very poor people who are getting parks, sunshine and shower baths free, of charge, bless the L. C. C. The dress coat crowd in the theatres seem to have it in for the L. C. C., but they are very strong for Mr. Chamberlain, notwithstanding defeat. Mr. Chamberlain seems to be a great deal like Mr. Bryan—that is, nearly every one admires him, but not enough people vote for him. In spite of protest from property holders, L. C. C. is going bravely ahead with gigantic task of modernizing and beautifying London.

Asked an Englishman why there was so much criticism of L. C. C. He said, "If you touch a Britisher in the region of his pocketbook, he sets out a holler that can be heard in Labrador. Didn't use those words, but that's what he meant."

"Snowstorm—Last night a few snowflakes drifted into Piccadilly Circus, hardly enough to cover the ground this morning, but every one is talking about the 'snowstorm.' London is now ahead of us on fogs, but their snowstorms are very amazing."

"Coals—Buying my coal by the quart—for fifty cents a quart. If I fed the fire the way I do at home would spend \$100 a day. The official who brings the bill is running up a small tin measure insists upon calling it 'coals,' but I didn't think there was enough of it to justify use of plural.

"Coming Across—The turban boat from Dover to Calais ran like a scared deer and rolled like an intoxicated duck. Held to rail all the way across, looking fixedly at oscillating horizon and wondering why I had left home—bleak, snowy landscape all the way from Calais to Paris. After dinner went to music hall and learned that Paris could be fairly warm, even in the dead of winter.

"Keeping Tab on the Cab—The 'taximeter' cab is a great institution—small clockwork arrangement alongside of seat, so that passenger may sit and watch the indicator and know how his bill is running up. The indicator is set at seventy-five centimes at the start. In other words, you owe fifteen cents before you get away. Then it clicks up ten centimes at a time, and when you reach your destination there is no chance for an argument regarding the total. What they need now in Paris is a mechanism to prevent the driver from taking you the round-about way.

"Just for Fun—Strange epidemic of killing in Paris. Two or three murders every night, nor for revenge or in furtherance of robbery, but merely to gratify a morbid desire to take life. Among certain reckless classes of toughs, or 'Hooligans,' it is said to be quite the fashion for ambitious characters to go out at night and kill a few belated pedestrians merely in a spirit of bravado and to build up a reputation among their associates. Seems unfair to the pedestrians. At one of the theatres where a 'revue,' a hodge-podge 'take-off' of many topics of current interest,

all Americans devote themselves, day in and day out to accumulating vast wealth and singing coon songs.

"Oysters—Went to famous fish and oyster restaurant for dinner. The Gallie oyster wears a deep blush of shame and tastes like the day after taking calomel. Thought that horradish might improve, modify or altogether kill the taste, so I tried to order some. Knew that 'horse' was 'cheveau' and 'red' was 'rouge,' but could not think of the French for 'sh,' so I had to do without. Almost as bad as former American consul who, after eight years in Paris, had to send for an interpreter to find out what 'ouf' meant. Have got 'merc' down pat, but still pronounce it 'mercy.'

MARSEILLES.

"More Snow—The further South we go the colder the weather and



THE AMERICANS HAVE COME

was being represented the new type of playful murderer was represented as waiting at a corner and shooting up, one after another, some twenty-five citizens who chance to stray along. This performance was almost as good as the Buffalo Bill show and gave much delight to the audience.

"Costly Slumber—From Paris to Marseilles is about as far as from Chicago to Pittsburg. Sleeping car fare is about \$10; total fare by night train, about \$30. Two cents a pound for all baggage in excess of a meagre fifty-six pounds. No wonder people travel by day in the refrigerator cars and try to keep warm by crawling under hundreds of pounds of 'hand luggage.' Anything with a handle to it is hand luggage. Some of the cowhide bags must have used up two or three cows.

"Tea Habit—The tea habit has

struck Paris. At Grand Hotel and many cafes general round-up about five in the afternoon, every one putting up and eating cakes. Not so demoralizing as the absinthe habit, but more insidious.

"American Music—After a 'coon song' has earned a pension in the United States it comes over to Paris and is grabbed up as a startling novelty. All the 'revues' studded with songs popular at home about two years ago—Frenchmen believe that

represented on the stage, except for the calcium light.

"The Ship's Barber.—Coming across from Marseilles in the dumper (German for boss) the weather moderated, so that I needed only one overcoat. Got acquainted with barber. Often have some trouble in making up with a captain, but can usually hit it off with the barberhood. Barber is a bureau of information, head-

quarters for scandal and knows what the run is going to be. The barber on our dumper no good. Shy on conversation, but great on arithmetic. Charged me two francs for a shave, and when I suggested that he was rather high, he said he was compelled to ask one franc and thirty centimes for the extract of vanilla he had put on my hair. Told him I did not want any extract of vanilla, but he said there was no way of getting it back into the bottle. Besides he had the money, so we compromised by permitting him to keep it. Said he longed to go to America. I told him there would probably be an opening in America for anyone so energetic and muscular, and I promised to give him a letter to Armour & Co., of Chicago.

"Free Fireworks—A full hundred miles out at sea we could make out an irregular oval of fire suspended in the sky—the two streams of lava now trickling down Vesuvius. Finest landmark and sailing target a sailor could ask for. When we were forty miles away we wanted at this rate to slow up for fear he would run into the mountain and injure it. Next morning in harbor we discovered that we were still ten miles away from it.

"The New Naples—In ten years Naples has done a lot of sprucing up. Streets are cleaner, new and pretentious buildings have multiplied, bellgards have been eliminated. Guides, smugglers and cabmen no longer change out of your hand but still had enough to deserve electrocution, provided some more lingering form of death could not be substituted. Cabmen (except one extra charge for cab service on a 'festa,' or holiday. In Italy 300 days out of every 365 can be rung in under the head of 'festas'. Every American who landed in Naples found himself right in the midst of a 'festa' and had to pay two fares, or as much as thirty cents in gold, to ride around in one of the open hacks. Thirty cents, but not after you have seen the hack. The smaller the horse in Naples the heavier the harness. Evidently a desire to have about the same total weight in each

"Emigrants—Alongside of our ship lay a German steamer about to sail for America. The tender made trips to and from the dock, and every time she came out it was filled with the last inch was Italian emigrants. We saw hundreds of them disappear into the ship, so many it seemed they must have been packed in below by hydraulic pressure, otherwise there wouldn't have been room for them. All headed for the land of the free to build railroads. Englishman wanted to know why there was such heavy emigration. He was told by a regular season. Told him they were hurrying over to vote at the April election in Chicago. He believed it. Come to think of it, I believe it myself."

This is Mr. Peasley's note book up to the present moment, just as we are departing for Alexandria. He admits that he may have overlooked a few minor points of interest, but he more than made up by neglecting to mention Napoleon's tomb or the Moulin Rouge.

Since arriving in Naples this morning Mr. Peasley has arranged with the International Bibliographical Institute at Brussels there have been published since the invention of the art of printing 12,000,000 books. The largest number, says the Philadelphia Record, have not been works of fiction, as a whole would be to print in a single day, experience with an ever-increasing deluge of novels. On the contrary, the most numerous were legal and sociological works.

Legal and sociological works constitute nearly 50 per cent. of the total, whereas literary men are responsible for but 25 per cent. of the whole number of books published. Of the periodical publications of the present time 48 per cent. are in English, 17 per cent. in German and 11 per cent. in French. If English publications have been in proportion since printing began, the villainous spelling of our language, which Carnegie has set out to cure, would be accounted for. Too many printers would make "of" of any language, just as too many cooks spoil the broth.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
The richest man in the world can not have his kidneys replaced nor live without them, so it is important not to neglect these organs. If Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at the first sign of danger, the symptoms will disappear and your health will be restored, as it strengthens and builds up these organs as nothing else will. Dr. J. C. Foley, a physician of the same name, has written: "I have used Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating I cured a permanent case of kidney disease, which certainly would have cost my life." R. H. Jordan & Co.

represented on the stage, except for the calcium light.

"The Ship's Barber.—Coming across from Marseilles in the dumper (German for boss) the weather moderated, so that I needed only one overcoat. Got acquainted with barber. Often have some trouble in making up with a captain, but can usually hit it off with the barberhood. Barber is a bureau of information, head-

quarters for scandal and knows what the run is going to be. The barber on our dumper no good. Shy on conversation, but great on arithmetic. Charged me two francs for a shave, and when I suggested that he was rather high, he said he was compelled to ask one franc and thirty centimes for the extract of vanilla he had put on my hair. Told him I did not want any extract of vanilla, but he said there was no way of getting it back into the bottle. Besides he had the money, so we compromised by permitting him to keep it. Said he longed to go to America. I told him there would probably be an opening in America for anyone so energetic and muscular, and I promised to give him a letter to Armour & Co., of Chicago.

"Free Fireworks—A full hundred miles out at sea we could make out an irregular oval of fire suspended in the sky—the two streams of lava now trickling down Vesuvius. Finest landmark and sailing target a sailor could ask for. When we were forty miles away we wanted at this rate to slow up for fear he would run into the mountain and injure it. Next morning in harbor we discovered that we were still ten miles away from it.

"The New Naples—In ten years Naples has done a lot of sprucing up. Streets are cleaner, new and pretentious buildings have multiplied, bellgards have been eliminated. Guides, smugglers and cabmen no longer change out of your hand but still had enough to deserve electrocution, provided some more lingering form of death could not be substituted. Cabmen (except one extra charge for cab service on a 'festa,' or holiday. In Italy 300 days out of every 365 can be rung in under the head of 'festas'. Every American who landed in Naples found himself right in the midst of a 'festa' and had to pay two fares, or as much as thirty cents in gold, to ride around in one of the open hacks. Thirty cents, but not after you have seen the hack. The smaller the horse in Naples the heavier the harness. Evidently a desire to have about the same total weight in each

"Emigrants—Alongside of our ship lay a German steamer about to sail for America. The tender made trips to and from the dock, and every time she came out it was filled with the last inch was Italian emigrants. We saw hundreds of them disappear into the ship, so many it seemed they must have been packed in below by hydraulic pressure, otherwise there wouldn't have been room for them. All headed for the land of the free to build railroads. Englishman wanted to know why there was such heavy emigration. He was told by a regular season. Told him they were hurrying over to vote at the April election in Chicago. He believed it. Come to think of it, I believe it myself."

This is Mr. Peasley's note book up to the present moment, just as we are departing for Alexandria. He admits that he may have overlooked a few minor points of interest, but he more than made up by neglecting to mention Napoleon's tomb or the Moulin Rouge.

Since arriving in Naples this morning Mr. Peasley has arranged with the International Bibliographical Institute at Brussels there have been published since the invention of the art of printing 12,000,000 books. The largest number, says the Philadelphia Record, have not been works of fiction, as a whole would be to print in a single day, experience with an ever-increasing deluge of novels. On the contrary, the most numerous were legal and sociological works.

Legal and sociological works constitute nearly 50 per cent. of the total, whereas literary men are responsible for but 25 per cent. of the whole number of books published. Of the periodical publications of the present time 48 per cent. are in English, 17 per cent. in German and 11 per cent. in French. If English publications have been in proportion since printing began, the villainous spelling of our language, which Carnegie has set out to cure, would be accounted for. Too many printers would make "of" of any language, just as too many cooks spoil the broth.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
The richest man in the world can not have his kidneys replaced nor live without them, so it is important not to neglect these organs. If Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at the first sign of danger, the symptoms will disappear and your health will be restored, as it strengthens and builds up these organs as nothing else will. Dr. J. C. Foley, a physician of the same name, has written: "I have used Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating I cured a permanent case of kidney disease, which certainly would have cost my life." R. H. Jordan & Co.

In North Carolina Society

Correspondence of The Observer.

Winston-Salem, April 6.—The meeting of the North Carolina Society at Salisbury last week was one of unusual interest, a good attendance testifying that the members never weary in well-doing. The answer to roll-call brought out much valuable information in regard to the geography of Austria, which is the country now being studied by this club. The "Realm of the Hapsburgs" furnished the theme of a very fine paper read by Mrs. J. J. Norman, and Mrs. Rufus T. Stedman delisted her audience with a most interesting paper on the "Customs of Vienna." Mrs. V. P. Moir conducted the lesson review with great skill and interest. At this meeting it was decided to take up the Bay View Course next year, and the countries selected for study were England and Scotland. The next meeting will be held April 11th, when "The Peasant Life of Austria" will be discussed.

Saturday, at 1 o'clock, Mrs. Robert Norfleet entertained very delightfully, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Hodson, of Philadelphia, and Miss Besse Shreiner, of Washington, D. C., who are the guests of Mrs. George Norfleet. Mrs. Norfleet's hospitable intentions found expression in a beautiful Japanese luncheon in eight courses, which ranks easily among the most attractive functions of the winter season. The decorations were characteristically Japanese with the dainty, fans, flags and other souvenirs that made the occasion signally and unquiescently oriental.

Yellow was the prevailing tint, being carried out in the wealth of jonquills that were artistically dispersed in the yellow ribbons that decorated the table and in the yellow butterflies that ornamented the lovely, hand-painted place cards. On these the names of the questions were written in transposed order, making the business of finding one's place quite an undertaking, albeit a very agreeable one. Each course of this beautiful luncheon was marked by the bestowal of some charming Japanese souvenir which took the course of the ladies' look truly oriental. At the close of the luncheon Mrs. Robert Galloway, who, as Miss Ida Miller, will be remembered as one of the most distinguished pianists in the State, gave some of her most beautiful selections, while Miss Ellie Norfleet's lovely voice was a source of ineffable pleasure to the guests.

Mrs. Norfleet's guests were: Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Shreiner, Messdames H. M. Du Bose, of Nashville, Tenn.; Robert Galloway, Charles Norfleet, Charles Summers, Charles Norfleet, George Norfleet, W. C. Brown, W. N. Reynolds, Misses Sadie and Ivey Walker, Ellie Norfleet and May Barber.

The Woman's Reading Club met Monday afternoon at the home of Miss Bertha Linbeck. The interesting program began with reading by Mrs. Lewis Owens. This was that portion of North Carolina history relating to the "Concluding Scenes of the Civil War." A very effective sketch of Andrew Jackson was read by Mrs. E. T. Mickey. Miss Ellen Elbert read a very interesting paper on the "Ku-Klux" which was greatly enjoyed. The meeting was enlivened by many interesting bits of history, derived by those who gave them, from the participants in the grim scenes that made their organization a necessity. After the enjoyable refreshments, the club adjourned to hold its next meeting with Mrs. H. H. Kapp at her new home on Holly avenue.

Mrs. M. D. Horton, of Salem, was the recipient of a charming surprise party Monday evening. Her friends, knowing it was a birthday, though not quite sure which one, gathered at her home with many lovely little souvenirs and tokens. During the evening each guest was requested to tell her name, a performance that brought no little amusement to the hostess. A lovely luncheon had been prepared and Mrs. Horton rejoiced that birthday parties had not gone entirely out of fashion.

Thursday afternoon the Round Dose met at the home of Mrs. W. B. Taylor. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. H. V. Horton and Mrs. Charles Boyd. The unavoidable absence of the latter, the presenter Mrs. H. H. Effer, took her place. Roll-call elicited much worth knowing about historic places of Austria, that country now being the subject of study with this club. Two papers of great interest were presented. "The Realm of Hapsburgs" and "Imperial Vienna" by those having the meeting in charge. The club enjoyed hearing "The Battle of Vienna," by S. G. W. Benjamin, read.

The Embroidery Club was delightfully entertained by Mrs. W. A. Lemly Thursday afternoon. A goodly number of the members and other friends assembled in Mrs. Lemly's lovely home and enjoyed happy social intercourse while their fingers fashioned beautiful linings and other dainty articles. After the business session delicious refreshments were served.

Friday of last week a very interesting meeting of the James B. Gordon Chapter of the U. D. C. was held in the Elks parlors. These patriotic women decided to unite with the veterans and ask the county commissioners to allow the Daughters to furnish and maintain a room at the new county home for disabled veterans. This will prove a boon to the veterans, as the new home, now nearing completion, is a very attractive place and the care which the Daughters will give to the room will add greatly to the comfort of the old heroes who shall chance to be its inmates. The Elks having tendered their parlors to the Daughters, subsequent meetings will be held there. "Dixie" was sung with much spirit, after which Mrs. John Gilmer read "The Battle of Fredericksburg." Miss Ellie Norfleet, with Miss May Barber, for accompanist, sang "Dearie" very charmingly.

If we may judge by the number of visitors expected by the number and elegance of the functions planned for Easter, that blessed season will be one of the brightest ever known in the history of the North Carolina Society. Invitations have been issued by the Twin City Club reading: "The Honor of your company at the twenty-first annual reception on the evening of Monday, the sixteenth of April, one thousand, nine hundred and six, at nine o'clock."

Winston-Salem, North Carolina. These invitations, given by Miss Nancy, are a triumph of the organizers' art, while the function to which they bid so many charming people is one of the most beautiful ever known in the history of the North Carolina Society. Miss Alice Gray left last Saturday for Salisbury.

enter the Whitehead-Stokes Sanatorium in Salisbury, where she is expected to become a trained nurse.

Following Miss Gray's example Miss Birdie Vickers left on Monday for Salisbury, where she, too, will enter the Whitehead-Stokes Sanatorium with a view to becoming a trained nurse. Mrs. Robert Lassiter arrived Tuesday evening and will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. John Hanes, after Easter. Mrs. R. E. Palls, of Norfolk, Va., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Stagg, West End. Miss Rebecca Glenn, of Raleigh, will arrive Saturday to spend Easter with her friend, Miss Mary Criss. Miss Lily Jones, of Happy Valley, will be the guest of Mrs. E. D. Jarrett during the Easter festivities. Miss Margaret Hanes, who has been visiting her father, Miss Frank, who is a student at Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C., has returned to the city. Mrs. J. W. Murray, of West Point, Miss. has arrived, and will be the guest of Mrs. P. N. Bailey for some time. Mrs. C. Buxton and her daughter, Miss Caro, after spending some time at Cambridge, Mass., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peabody, are now in New York. Thence they will go to Atlantic City for a brief sojourn. Miss Anna Sizer, who has been the guest of relatives in Petersburg for some time, has returned to the Twin City and was the guest for a few days of her friend, Miss Lil Parrish. Miss Laura Sanford spent a few days here last week, the guest of Mrs. W. T. Brown. Miss Fannie Helton, who was the guest of her uncle, Judge W. P. Byrum, of Charlotte, last week, has returned home. Miss Helen will soon enter St. Lee's Hospital at Greensboro to complete her course as a trained nurse. Mrs. Clement Manly will leave Monday for a visit to Baltimore.

Salisbury, April 6.—Henry Timrod's poem on "Spring" is matchless; no one who has ever read it can forget its beauty for the cadence, the pulse of the air and the sun-suffused glow it makes dull, prosaic souls pulse with strains, sonnets and strophes of unwritten verse, and from insensate hearts in the aridlands, the rhythmic measure of praise:

"But many gleams and shadows needs must pass, Along the budding grass, And weeds may grow before the enamoured South Shall kiss the rose's mouth. Still there's a sense of blossoms yet In the sweet airs of morn, One almost looks to see the very street Grow purple at his feet."

Wednesday morning the scribe went forth to revel in the "voice of wood and brake," to witness to all nature's tranquil charms and gladdening influences with a sudden joy, the sense of a down of the young goddesses of the city, like "Blue-eyed Dryads, stepping forth, saying, behold me! I am May." Such beauty! They were like human flowers in the loveliness, radiance and glow of youth, with the sense of splendored strength, elasticity, well-poised lines and happy tint. One was lifted to a sixth apart by incommensurable thrill of a higher world and beauty, and its eternal harmony. The Sans Souci Club was gathered at the hospitable home of Miss Lily Helton to demonstrate their pride in the Humfrey Ward hat uttered that "Sewing is to a woman what a cigarette is to a diplomatist." The scribe urged the splendid setting of woods with a backdrop of blue and brown, the prospective bride-elect of each season trusts her trousseau to the needlecraft of each of the members and may consign to the hands of the exquisite creations of her work, Of what marvels of beauty, when he who follows love's behest, far exceeds the best of the members who were so delightfully entertained by Miss Helton on the veranda embowered in violets, hyacinths and narcissus, were: Misses Rosa Bernhardt, Elizabeth Hays, Elizabeth Sadie Snyder, Janet Quinn, Elizabeth Hedrick, Rosa Holmes, Beulah Kern, Lily Helton, Kathleen Klutts and Mrs. B. G. W. Benjamin.

The next sewing festival will be held with Miss Rosa Holmes.

Mr. Hayden Clement, barrister, who magnificently juried, electrified judges, with his graphic eloquence, the past week astonished the fashionable folk as being an authority on millinery. He holds the feminine world spell-bound with his witchery of words, his graphic eloquence, the past week astonished the fashionable folk of all that run violently over the milliner's confessions. He has studied all the varieties, knows the difference in shades, those perilously perched new edibles that have been passed off as floral decorations causes him mental bewilderment. He was the discoverer of an artist who had gone to mature, and not contented with the beautiful in her creations, Mr. Clement is expounder of what preposterous liberties have been taken with every line of grace in millinery this season.

Mrs. George B. Wormer, of Lebanon, Pa., has arrived in Salisbury and is the guest of Mrs. Wm. H. Overman at the "Willows." Mrs. Wormer is a delightful young matron and many such honeymoons have been planned by her honor, notably a horse party, at Gold Hill, given by Mr. Griswold, championed by Mrs. Overman; a trip to Asheville over the graphic obituary and beautiful mountains will take in Easter at All Souls' church, Baltimore. Miss Mack on her arrival will give one of her Monday night dinners in her honor, in her most attractive colonial home, which Mrs. Wormer will realize Southern hospitality in its very flower. These Sunday evening entertainments savor of the French more so, captivating and graceful are they, as any one of our Salisbury's most attractive social features.

At St. Luke's Thursday afternoon, Mrs. and Mrs. E. R. Wormer of Grand Rapids, Mich., had the christening of their little daughter, Rosalind de Montrose Wales, in the presence of a large congregation. Mrs. Peabody, obituary editor, who performed the ceremony, Miss Janet Quinn stood as god-mother and Mr. Ned March as god-father. It was singularly appropriate in this christening that Mrs. March church this little flower should have been christened, as Mr. and Mrs. Wales welcomed this little daughter to their "Willows" home, the same link that will bind them to the chains of affection to the Old North State. During their stay in Salisbury they have been the guests of Mrs. H. E. Jordan & Co.

Continued on page 10.