

CLOTHES

It takes more than clothes to make a man. And more than well shined shoes. It takes a little pluck and sand. And a heart that can stand to lose. Most folks judge by the things men wear. Forgetting they have a heart. That's heavy with the load they bear And often torn apart. They look at the house he calls his own, And judge by a table or chair. And seem content with this alone Of the worth of the man living there. But every man has a heart you know, And some are pure as gold. Perhaps the man who is meek and low Or even outward cold. Is a better man than the ones who live In a house with marble stairs, Or the men who very easily give Things that aren't quite theirs. So don't judge a man by appearance, my friend Judge only by virtue, true, And you'll find as you grow near the journey's end What a real true man will do. —By John M. Fleming.

LAS FLORES DE PLATA.

All through the scent laden night, the warm equinoctial rains had beaten violently against the upper casements of the white-walled curia. Little Jaime, the cripple, endeavored vainly to peer through the streaming panes out into his cherished garden. There would be vines to restrain after the storm; broken stalks to be bound and props to be raised under the drooping pinasters. The fitful extravagance of nature was a sore puzzle to this nine year old boy. In a few short months his verdant charges would have to endure a worse and more prolonged bombardment of fine sand particles borne on the wings of the fiery sirocco. His guardian, Padre Perez, with whom he lived, had often told him that the ways of the Almighty were not to be questioned, so now, the anxious orphan breathed a fervent prayer that the dawn would not reveal too great a havoc. The booming of the tempest-whipped surf grew less and less. The rain ceased as suddenly as it began, and roseate streamers of dawn broke over the surging bosom of the Mediterranean. With a crowing of cocks, and a bleating of lambs, the medieval south Spanish town of Almeria came to a leisurely awakening. Snug in its little land-locked bahia, and flanked by the mountains behind, it seemed like a dream village, glad to be forgotten by the world. Jaime could hear Padre Perez tramping the floor in the next room. He would be telling his rosary before going to the chapel to say early mass, the boy reflected. Soon, there came a knock at the child's door, and a pleasant baritone voice called, 'Art ready, Chico mio?' 'In a little minute, mi Padre,' the boy's musical treble made answer, as he hurried into gown and surplice. Jaime was the altar boy for the old priest and a proud one, even though, he had to limp through the service dragging one short and shrunken leg behind him. His slight figure soon fell in behind the accommodatingly short steps of the tall, cocked priest, and they walked slowly under the Moorish arch of the chapel, where already, there was assembled a score of worshippers, mostly old folks. The eight hundred year old church adjoined the more modern curia, and its reddish-gray walls of tufa blocks were almost hidden in a thick mantle of hiedra vines. The mass hour was soon over and Padre Perez and little Jaime had a chance to learn what damage had been done by the storm to the garden across from the curia. The patio garden, they already knew, was not harmed on account of its protection within four walls. They were relieved to find that there had been little destruction. A pinaster, olive or orange tree here and there would need propping, but the weaker vines and flowers had come through well. 'There is something fluttering there under the jasmains, Father,' Jaime called out as he made his halting way toward where a wounded, bedraggled bird struggled on the wet ground. 'Ah, Probrectia!' the boy exclaimed as he carried the bird tenderly to the priest. 'Look you, Father, its poor leg is broken. You will fix it, will you not?' The clear blue eyes of the old priest looked down into the great brown ones set in a pale, angelic face under chestnut curls. He ran a hand doubtfully back over his still black pompadour and answered, 'It may not be of much avail, Querido. Of course, I will bind it, but a wounded bird is nearly always a dying bird. They are such gay creatures, made for love and song, that tragedy finds them unprepared and unresisting victims.' It was the work of few minutes to put the bird's leg into splints and bind it, at which service the old man was adept, for one of his various duties in the isolated town was that of doctor. He was also the alcalde or mayor, and it must be said that he ruled the little town with a hand of iron. He knew the temperament of his life and pleasure enamoured people, who were really more Moorish than Gothic or Celtic. No one but little Jaime had ever seen the tender sides of this martial old priest. 'Come, Child, let us hurry into breakfast or grumbling old Esteban

will be scolding about the milk getting cold.' The meal was simple, served by a bent, toothless ancient who shuffled unsteadily about in esparto sandals. Warm goat's milk, maize bannock, oranges and a handful of olives and chestnuts. 'Father Perez; isn't it a shame that the custom does not permit a man to be custodian of "The Silver Flowers" more than once?' Old Esteban gabbled. 'Still harping about the "Flowers," Old One?' The priest asked good-humouredly, then added, 'A worthy one will be found, my Esteban, The "Flowers" have not as yet lacked a custodian.' 'But never a one like you, Padre mio!' Jaime put in. 'You confuse me, Cherub,' the priest laughed deprecatorily. The legend of 'The Silver Flowers' was an interesting one. For nearly a millenium they had reposed in their crystal case on the Virgin's altar in the chapel. El Cid, himself, was reputed to have placed them there to commemorate a notable victory over the Moorish invaders. Every twenty-five years a custodian was to carry the flowers in procession on every May the fifteenth, the feast of San Isidro. It was not an empty honour either, for poets, warriors, landowners, priests and scholars had vied jealously for the office. The custody of the flowers was only to be given to one who had signally benefited his fellows. The award was also made on San Isidro's day and the judges were always the cure, the alcalde and the wealthiest villager. On the next award day, still fourteen months away, Father Perez would have two votes, being priest and mayor. He was the present holder of the honour; it having been awarded to him nearly twenty-four years before. He had dearly earned the office for his strenuous duties during the plague when he had been priest, doctor, nurse or undertaker for most of the villagers. At that time, he had come a newly ordained priest having the bearing of a soldier, to succeed the old cure who had been stricken by the black death. While this intimate scene was being enacted in the kitchen of the curia, another of a different portentousness was going on at the village's small wharf. Felipe Sanchez's rakish smuggling felucca had tied up a few minutes before among the innocent goletas of the village fishermen. He was now on the sea wall talking to his sweetheart, Luz Martes. 'Did you have trouble riding out the storm, mi Felipe?' She asked. 'Not more than usual, Querida. It is only in bad weather that we dare venture out, with these fiendish coast guards always to be reckoned with. However, Chica, our trip was worth while and I have two presents for you. Something for your outer and inner ears;' as he spoke, Felipe undid a silk bandanna and exposed a pair of pearl earrings. Luz emitted a little squeal of delight; 'For me, Felipe?' she questioned. 'For none other, Corazon mio!' her lover hastened to assure her. 'And now for the greater offering. How would you like to be walking down La Puerta del Sol in Madrid, my Lady; with diamond-buckled slippers and over your head a point-lace mantilla? Wouldn't those pale city caballeros stop to stare at our transplanted rustic beauty?' 'Why talk in riddles, Felipe?' The girl asked with a frown. 'How is this going to come to a goathering peasant like me?' 'Hear me out, Chica;' her lover commanded. 'What would you say if I told you that our proud priest is no priest at all but an impostor?' 'Oh, Felipe!' the girl gasped in pious horror. 'Let us unmask him at once. Just think of his sacrilegious hands elevating the Host each day!' 'Not so fast, Girl;' her lover warned. 'He is going to be worth a fortune to us. You have heard the story of the rebel Carlist, general Alfonso Perez, have you not, and the great reward that was posted by the Crown following his mysterious disappearance. 'Who has not heard it, Felipe, even in this outlandish place?' 'Well, Luz, I have lately seen an oil painting of the fugitive and I am positive that he is none other than our paragon, Father Perez!' Felipe ended with a sneer. The old priest has long been a thorn in the side of the smugglers, and now was a chance for retaliation, you not?' 'With him out of the way, Felipe, there will be no one to oppose you as candidate for custodian of "The Silver Flowers," the girl remarked. And who is more popular or deserving? She went on. How many peasant women are wearing laces and silks in this poor place? How many landless are drinking the finest Cyprus wines, owing to your activities, Beloved?' She asked flatteringly. Felipe visibly swelled. It was good to be appreciated by this slender, dark beauty who had all the indescribable beauty and grace of the southern Spanish woman. And Felipe was a handsome fellow too. Quite a picture, he made as he swaggered about with a pistol and cutliss stuck through his silk sash of many windings. 'Remember, Luz,' he admonished the girl, 'not a hint to a living soul. I am going to try to arrange it so that emissaries of the Crown will arrest him during the ceremony of the awarding.' It was hardly necessary for him to add the warning, for the girl's sense of cupidty was aroused and she was dreaming dreams that led into glorious places and even ended in getting rid of this lover when he grew tiresome. Sanchez's vessel had brought something beside a cargo of contraband. Something which was to cost the town dearly, but whose effects would not be felt for several months. This was a colony of large, voracious tropical ants, which were not given any special attention at the time. Jaime's nightingale recovered rap-

idly in the warm, clean nest he made for it and it was not long until the bandages and splints were taken off its leg. Then a curious thing took place; the bird would limp around, continually following the boy wherever he went. Its limp almost duplicated Jaime's and the rough villagers poked great fun at the pair whenever the austere Padre was not around to give them a caning. The nightingale's flying ability was not impaired and it loved to fly to the boy's shoulder and there would sit in the evening under one of his beloved trees playing his mandolin. The bird's liquid notes would often accompany "Linda" or "Los Clavellitos." The nightingale's song grew sweeter as the days went by and Jaime mentioned this to Padre Perez. 'Yes, Chico, and there is a reason,' the priest said. 'Have you not noticed that there are quite a few ants about lately? Well, your feathered friend is eating the ants and the formic acid of their little bodies is what gives him such a clear call.' Jaime's nightingale kept the rectory garden quite clear of the pests, but elsewhere, the ants had multiplied to such astounding numbers that they were turning the fertile fields into a desert. The pasturage was destroyed and the villagers had to take their sheep and goats to the mountains. By fall conditions had reached such an extremity that the townpeople were subsisting almost entirely on fish. One day little Jaime burst into the priest's study with the excited cry, 'Come quick, Padre mio, my nightingale has a brother!' The priest went to the casement and looked into the patio and there saw the limping bird showing off before a stranger. He could ruffle his feathers, puff himself up, pirouette as best he could and emit thrilling runs in different keys. The Padre took one look at the strange bird's pulled plumage and said to Jaime, 'Your friend has taken unto himself a wife. The fall migration has started toward Africa and a lonely female in the air heard the love call of a male on the ground.' Jaime named his birds 'Conjo' and 'Solo' and by spring there was a nest of fuzzy babies. The cripple came one day with a complaint; 'Padre, when "Conjo" is on the nest he will let me pick up the young ones and stroke them, but when "Solo" is at home she bites me if I even point a finger at them.' The priest grinned one of his rare white tooth grins and told the lad 'That's a woman for you, Jaime. You know the sense of possession is always more developed in the female.' This was over Jaime's head, and as he suspected the Padre of having fun with him, he grinned back. When the migration started northward again, 'Solo' with his clarion call attracted a flock of nightingales and it looked as though they meant to establish a permanent colony around the village. Then the war on the ants started. When the feast of San Isidro came around again, and with it the day of the award, the birds had done their work so well that verdancy was re-established and denuded trees began to put forth new shoots. The great day finally came. The procession gathered outside the church and the march and the march around the village and back to the plaza where the award was to be made. Padre Perez held up his hand for silence, and the villagers held their breaths—who would be the successful candidate? There had been no inkling all through the expectant weeks where the padre's favour would fall. 'Children,' the old priest began, 'there is one amongst us who has been of incalculable service to this community. He has recently been the agent of the Lord in preventing our fair fields from becoming an arid waste. He has been the agent of rehabilitation that has won our soil back from the invasion of man's worst enemy—the insect. Can any among you lay claim to a greater service to your fellows?' Not a voice was heard, though all speculated about who it could be that had earned the priest's eulogy. They were not left long in doubt; the priest extended a hand to Jaime and helped him up onto the platform where the beautiful and delicately wrought 'Flowers of Silver' rested on a small table. The boy's face wore an expression, half-fearful, half-puzzled, though these feelings soon gave way to confidence in his guardian. 'Behold your saviour!' the priest commanded, presenting the boy to the crowd. He then went on to tell the story of the nightingales and how the villagers owed their salvation to the boy's tenacity for a wounded bird. When he had finished, Padre Perez asked, as was the custom, whether there was any challenge to the boy's right to the office. 'There was a bustle on the outskirts of the gathering and Felipe Sanchez made his unceremonious way to the platform, eyes blazing and one hand on his cutliss. 'I challenge!' he roared. 'I challenge not only the brat, but I am here to tear the mask from one who should be damned to the nethermost Hell for an accumulation of sacrileges! You are no priest; you are a fraudulent renegade! Do not attempt to escape, Senor Don Alfonso Maria Perez,' Felipe went on with a sneer, drawing his cutliss; 'secret agents are on the way here to lead you to the dungeon that you have so artfully eluded for twenty-six years. This, friends,' said Felipe, turning to the multitude, 'is he who has always admonished us to be as heedful of the state's decrees as of the laws of God!' A frosty smile flitted over the face of Padre Perez as the smuggler ceased speaking. The priest held up his hand for silence, and so great was the habit of obedience to the Padre's will that there came an instant hush. 'I see that an explanation is in order,' the priest began. 'For-

LINCOLN ENDEARED BY SENSE OF HUMOR.

This is a tribute to Abraham Lincoln's sense of humor. Because he was a great American, Americans honor his memory each year by observing his birthday as a legal holiday. Because he was one of its greatest Presidents, the country has preserved his name and his fame by erecting an imposing memorial in the national capital, writes Marjorie Elaine Porter in the Detroit News. Because he was intellectually great, the work of his pen still lives in our educational institutions, where his speeches are studied as examples of the finest and purest of English prose. Because of his undying patriotism, he is revered; because of his noble manhood, he is respected; because of his remarkable attainments, he is admired; but because of his sense of humor, he is loved, and endeared to the hearts of his countrymen as a man, who with all his greatness was human enough to tell a good joke or to laugh at one. Indeed Lincoln could tell good jokes, and he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply at his command. There are volumes of them now published which prove amusing and profitable reading matter. But Lincoln's "jokes" consisted of more than mere comedy. They were generally told for some purpose—to clinch an argument, prove a statement, or point out a moral. In many a trying crisis he showed himself to be master of the situation by relating some humorous anecdote that helped to carry his point and swing sentiment in favor of the cause he espoused. Under the stress of emotion or excitement, he relieved the strain of his nerves by giving vent to his irresistible sense of humor in telling some funny story. When he was waiting for the return from the Republican convention in Chicago in 1860 he was under great nervous tension, but he amused himself and entertained the staff of the Springfield Journal by telling one good one after another, until he received the telegram announcing his nomination. There was never a time, his biographers claim, when Abe Lincoln was too grave or to melancholy to fall to see the humor of a situation. Even at times when he seemed most careworn, and weighed down by the great problems and responsibilities with which he was struggling, he would suddenly chuckle to himself, a twinkle would come in to his eyes, and he was "reminded" of some anecdote that applied to the case in question. On one occasion it is told of how a very sad and solemn member of Congress paid a visit to President Lincoln at the White House during one of the darkest periods of the Civil war. The member seemed deeply depressed. So did the President, who nevertheless found his sense of humor sufficiently active to think of a funny story. He began to tell it when he was interrupted by the member, who said he was there on important national business and not to hear funny stories. 'Mr. Lincoln' it is recorded, looked hurt, the twinkle departed from his eye, but he motioned the member to a chair, and said, 'Sit down, sit down, and let me explain. I have the very highest respect for you, and a regard not much less than for your own, I guess for the nation at large; but if I didn't get a chance to laugh sometimes I'd die in my tracks. I can be as serious as you are, but not all the time. Which reminds me—' and he concluded with the story he had begun. 'There were others, too, who did not seem to understand that Lincoln's sense of humor was not only a strong stimulant for him in times of stress, but that it was also a powerful weapon with which he attacked his enemies or defended his cause. On one occasion when a major who was calling on the President with Col. Silas W. Burt, remarked, 'Now, Mr. President, tell us one of your good stories' with particular emphasis on the 'good.' Mr. Lincoln defended his reputation as a story teller, by saying: 'I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose or effect that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part, by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feelings and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress.' Nevertheless he was fond of telling a good story for its own sake, as this little incident related of him shows. 'I was never fined for contempt of court but once,' a clerk of the court in Lincoln's time says, 'Davis fined me \$5. Mr. Lincoln had just come in and leaning over my desk, had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order, saying, 'This must be stopped, Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me: 'You may fine yourself \$5!' I apologized, but told the judge the story was worth the money. 'In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was the story that Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered.'

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

The Winning Way 'If you put a little lovin' Into all the work you do, And a little bit of gladness And a little bit of you, And some pride to sort of make it Straight and clear and strong, Not a day will seem too toilsome; Not a day will seem too long, And your work will be attractive, And the world will stop and look, And your life will seem a sweetness, Like the tinklin' of a brook.' B. M. Chandler Time rolled backward thirty years in Parisian dressmaking salons where spring styles are being shown. The finery of 1901 is being dished up for the miss of 1931, puffed sleeves, ruffled flounces, sweeping trains and picture hats with crowns so shallow that they seem almost flat were paraded before style writers and buyers. Ribbon bows and double ruchings of chiffon and intricate embroidery are all used to recall the fashion days of the early nineteenth century. More than one evening gown is made of satin almost stiff enough to stand alone, while others of moire and lace sweep into trains that swish. Lavendar flowered chiffon, reminiscent of the mauve decade, is shown in a flounced design trimmed with double ruchings of gray chiffon. A silver gray satin ball gown made on fitted lines with graduated tiers is worn with a three-quarter length gray satin coat pinched in at the waist and trimmed down the back with a garland of white gardenias. Afternoon dresses of complicated cut, made of dark flower-patterned silks, are designed with puffed short sleeves, bertha collars and tiered skirts. Ribbon bows at the waistline and nosegays placed on collars accentuate the old-fashioned touch. Bows and flowers nestle in the heading of ruchings. Hats are shown with more brim than they had for several seasons. Some of them are reminiscent of the sailor vogue. Others have brims lifted at one side and drooping on the other. Wide picture hats with two inch deep crowns are worn well back off the face. They constitute some of the most interesting models. Many of the spring hats are decked with clusters of roses or forget-me-nots. Common salt used on a slightly dampened piece of flannel proves an excellent cleanser for the bathtub and bowl and also enameled ware and crockery. This removes dirt and stains without scratching. —Once in a while it will pay the busiest mother to take a day off and lay out a plan of home games. Once started the children will probably have enough ingenuity to carry on. One suggestion leads to another and it is surprising how well they can amuse themselves if only the proper hint is dropped at the proper time. When I say "game" it does not necessarily mean the regular organized play that involves competition. For instance, "dressing up" is the greatest game in the world. It is too bad that the attic has passed. There are still a few of those dusty heavens left, but not so many. If it no longer tops your house, turn a room over to the children for the day. Every house should have its old trunk, or barrel, or rag-bag of clothes, for the children to dress up. If your house lacks such a thing get all the gewgaws, odds and ends, scarfs and trawls you can from friends and relatives and watch the children use them if they are supplied. Home-made easels or drawing boards will fill many an hour. White shelf paper to draw or paint on is inexpensive, or a roll of white paper to be cut in desired sizes. Water color paints, crayons or charcoal are also inexpensive, and watch the children use them if they are supplied. Other possibilities are beanbags made by cutting six inch pieces of duck and putting in a cupful of small beans. They can be thrown at a mark, five points a hit and 50 the game, or the one who is "it" tries to hit another player who becomes "it." But this needs space. A resourceful mother can make up her own suggestions. All the children ask for a pickup from boredom is something new. This is natural. They must be busy, and busy with their interest engaged. —If children are laid up in bed for a day or so, a package of pipe cleaners or a wad of modeling clay will amuse them. They can make all kinds of figures from either, if shown how. —Cheesecloth curtains will keep clean much longer if a little starch is added to the water when laundering. —When mending a rip in the glove, buttonhole the two edges with a fine needle and fine thread, never silk. Now catch these threads together in a buttonhole stitch and you will have a neat and lasting repair. —Serve jams, jellies and marmalades in glass dishes. They always look more appetizing. A glass dish with a covered top is very practical, as it saves refashioning. —Never knot the darned thread before starting to darn. A knot may make it very uncomfortable for the wearer of the stocking. Just moisten the end of the cotton and, says the Los Angeles Times, it will not slip through.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S HOME A SHRINE.

Through the beneficence of Jay W. Johns of Bridgeville, president of the Atlas Fuel Company, President Monroe's home at Ash Lawn, near Charlottesville, Va., has become another national shrine. President Monroe lived in the home for 26 years. Mr. Johns purchased the dwelling and adjacent grounds and completed repairs which made it possible to open the place to visitors. With the co-operation of President Monroe's descendants and citizens of Charlottesville many relics of President Monroe's time have been purchased and assembled in the house. One of the relics in the house is a desk used by Monroe, which was loaned to Johns by W. O. Watson, freight agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad in Charlottesville, whose father was President Monroe's secretary. A garden of fine old box hedge, said to be the best of its kind in America, has survived almost as President Monroe planted it. Value of the garden has been estimated at \$100,000 to \$250,000 by landscape architects and engineers. Among unusual features of the old estate are the kitchens, which are extensive, and chimney which serves fireplaces in two rooms. A hallway runs directly through the chimney, the bottom being arched to allow room for the passageway. Ash Lawn faces the Piedmont Plateau and the home of Thomas Jefferson, President Monroe's close friend, at Monticello, is visible from the front porch. An ancient mounting block in front of the estate has survived also. Mrs. Johns will go to France next month to spend two months in a search for a bust of President Monroe reputed to have been done by Houdon. If it is found it will be copied and the duplicate presented to Virginia. Governor Pollard announced recently that if the bust is obtained it will be placed in Virginia's Hall Capitol Building in Richmond. There is no statue of President Monroe any where in Virginia.

HISTORICAL PLACES URGED FOR PURCHASE.

The Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies prepared two recommendations today for presentation to the Legislature seeking appropriations for the preservation of two historical sites in the State. One was for the purchase of the site at Front and Dock streets, Philadelphia, where William Penn landed on his arrival in America. The other urged State purchase of the site of old Fort Augusta at Sunbury. Senator William Apple, Northumberland, will introduce a bill for that purpose in the Legislature next week. Johnny Bull: 'We have some very large birds in England. Why once while I was standing in a zoological garden I saw a man come in on an eagle.' Yankee Dude: 'Brother that's nothing. Once while standing in a ball park I saw a player go out on a fly.' 'Hasn't Bill returned from that African cruise yet?' 'He got so sunburned they would not let him come back.'

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

'What do you mean?' 'Why mother's a dear and baby's a little lamb and I'm a kid—I can't think what you are pa.' 'I'm the goat, my son.'

WHAT WILL THE MODERN GIRL BE TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW?

'What will the modern girl be twenty years from now?' 'Oh, about three years older.'