

Versatile and Gay Spring Fashions

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



In this instance the flowers on the modish-shaped chapeau are velvet, so also is the stitched belt and the inevitable big bow at the neck. Of course it is of velvet, for the story of fashion would not be complete without its repeated mention.

IF EVER fashions were tuned to make up a perfect spring style parade, the modes of the present moment qualify to perfection in that respect. Perhaps it is their high color, for clothes are wonderfully gay and bright this season, or maybe it is the quantities of crisp white organdie which flutter about the new costumes in way of frills and bows and such—whatever it is, the spring styles are simply fascinating.

What's more they are that versatile they offer every opportunity to dress to type. Everything's in fashion, from quaint taffeta and woolens whose colors are a riot, to types so severely mannish as to make one gasp at sight of them.

Speaking of taffeta, the newest thing out is the rough matelasse weave. It is about as smart a looking material as one can possibly select for a "first" spring frock. It is wonderfully good looking for jacket suits, too. A most advanced fashion styled of matelasse taffeta is pictured to the left in this group. It is in brown, black and red plaid, the colors showing up handsomely due to the bilysty puffed surface, which gains for it the name of matelasse taffeta. The sleeves! Well, they are to be expected now that fashion has brought the Gibson girl to life again.

The fact that the hat this modish maiden wears is also of taffeta, goes to show how this material is scoring in every realm of the mode. However, do not forget that a touch of velvet is likewise an important factor in the making of fashions this spring.

FLOWER GIRL

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



This dainty little frock is an unusually pretty style for the flower girl who expects to play an important role in a spring wedding. It can easily be made at home at little expense of organdie, silk mousseline, chiffon or flat crepe. The arrangement of the pleating is very effective and quite along entirely new lines. In Paris, everything that can be finely knife-pleated is pleated, in the styling of fashions for grown-ups as well as for children.

Vivid Crepes

Crepes are the favorite evening fabric of the moment. Splashing the palette of black, brown, red and white, which has been seen all winter, are new and vivid tones such as cyclamen mauve, cyclamen pink, canary yellow and water green.

Peru's Capital Gets New Dress

Lima, Ancient City of the Pizarros, Is Transformed Into Modern Metropolis.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)—WNU Service.

DEMOLISHING here, building there; installing modern water and sewerage systems; tearing up rough, age-worn cobblestones, putting down smooth modern concrete and asphalt in their stead; opening up new highways both to the mountains and the sea; and developing motor routes to the outlying regions of the plain; thus the makers of New Lima are transforming the Peruvian capital, city of the Pizarros.

The older portion of the city, as well as the newer region which circumscribes it, is sharing in the modernization. True the older section is and must remain an area of one-way streets, for its thoroughfares are so narrow that even street cars must observe the one-way law. Likewise, the sidewalks are so lacking in elbow room that only two people can pass one another at a time, and the one on the outside must keep a close watch lest he be struck by a passing trolley.

Old and new fight for supremacy. The blue-necked turkey buzzards have lost their role as the official scavengers; the ox-cart has given place largely to the motor truck; the old barouche has abandoned the streets to the modern automobile; and the patient, panniered donkey is making his last stand.

Even Pizarro's stern old palace is feeling the urge toward modernization. In days gone by, there was no street in Lima that had a single name throughout its length. Each block had its own particular designation. The two streets that lead from the Plaza San Martin to the National Palace are six blocks long. Each possessed six different names, one for each block.

The municipal authorities wanted to change all this and gave each street a single designation for its entire length. The one they called the Giron de la Union and the other the Giron Carabaya.

But the populace would have none of it. The man who did business on the northwest side of the Plaza de Armas still wanted to have his store



Sale of Shoes in a Peruvian Market.

on Escribanos, and the one who held forth on the next block still insisted he was doing business on Mercaderes, and they continue to do so. Consequently the Giron de la Union is swallowed up by the several callies which compose it.

These may be named without modern-day rhyme or reason, and they certainly are without alphabetical or other indication of their sequences; but the people cling to them, despite whatever confusion it costs the post office, however much it may perplex the visitor, and whatever harvest it may bring the taxi drivers.

How the System Works.

Many interesting stories are told illustrating how this mysterious system works. One concerns a stranger who hailed a taxi in Calle La Merced and asked the chauffeur to drive him to "Baquljano veinte cinco." The driver did not bat an eye, but drove like Jehu up Jesus Nazareno, skidded on two wheels into Giron Carabaya, raced around Plaza San Martin, and whirled up through Boza, landing his shaken passenger at the address given—on the same street, but simply in the next block from where he started!

The name Mercaderes tells us of the day when that block was the Wall Street of Lima and Escribanos or the public letter writers who were sheltered under the portals on the west side of the Plaza. Calle Mantas proclaims the square where the ladies of Peru's golden past "spent their husbands' substance in riotous purchase of shawls, homespun, Indian textiles, and lingerie."

The history of Lima's past is written in her streets, in names that the municipality long has wanted to wipe out in favor of through designations and numbered blocks. But the people of the city cling to their streets with a devotion that will not permit convenience to triumph over romantic ties with the past.

In wandering about the old city, one comes upon many an architectural relic of the days of the viceroys; but, among all of these, none is more impressive than the monastery of San Francisco. There one may be ushered into a porcelain garden where the artistic tiles of the cloister compete with the living flowers that bloom in the earth they inclose.

No one has described more beautifully the effect of this porcelain garden than Mr. F. P. Farrar, of "The West Coast Leader." "Here," he says,

"is a porcelain garden, a ceramic border of springtime, where the blues of delphinium and lupine, the yellow of cythus and the gold of coichicum, the creamy white of arabis and the mauves of aubrietia, blend into the fresh foliage of the overhanging trees and the azure of the new-washed skies."

The charm of the story of the origin of this porcelain garden almost equals the beauty of the ceramic triumph itself. On a November morning in 1619 a vast crowd had gathered in the Plaza de Armas, for there was to be a public hanging, and these events were Roman holidays for the populace.

The public crier had announced: "The Warrantable and Royal Audencia of this City of the Kings has condemned to suffer a shameful death on the gallows Alonso Godinez, native of Guadalajara, in Spain, for the murder of Marta Villoslada without fear of judgment human or divine. Let him who did so pay the penalty! This sentence is to be read in the presence of all lest they meet a like end! Let justice be done!"

Gave a Reprieve.

The condemned man had taken his stand beneath the noose and the hangman was nervously adjusting the fatal knot. Suddenly a monk pushed his way through the throng, climbed the gallows platform, and handed a parchment to the captain of the guard. After the latter had read it, the two engaged in a moment of animated conversation, after which the padre led the condemned man away and into the portals of the monastery of San Francisco. The crowd, disappointed, hung about the Plaza de San Francisco discussing this strange overthrow of justice and berating those who had denied them their holiday.

But later the reason for reprieve became known. That morning the condemned man had made what he thought would be his last confession on earth, to the prior of the monastery. He said that he was a potter by trade and that he had learned the art both of making and setting tiles.

Years before, Dona Catalina Huanca had brought from Spain a magnificent collection of tiles for the decoration of the new cloisters at San Francisco; but neither plan nor a tile setter had come with them, and Lima had no tile setters. So for years the tiles had been piled up in a corner of the monastery; many were stolen and more were broken. Would Providence ever open a way for their setting?

Here seemed to be the answer; the prior saw an opportunity to let the man who had murdered a woman in a drunken brawl repent his sins in a lifelong task of setting these splendid tiles. So he hastened to the Viceroy to implore the pardon of the murderer, and the Viceroy, a descendant of the Borgias, seeing poetic justice in remitting the penalty of the scaffold and imposing a task of service that would require a lifetime, granted the commutation of sentence.

One can see today the wisdom of that act of mercy-tempered justice. Alonso Godinez was a true artist, who loved his work and threw his soul into it. Today "the walls blossom with pictures which in their mellowness, richness, and seductive beauty rival those of the Alhambra itself; and it is doubtful if outside of Spain there is to be found a finer example of porcelain enlature in the heyday of its art than here."

Lima is peculiarly a city of churches, with some 70 in its limits; and, with nearly four centuries of outstanding ecclesiastical tradition behind them, the people are much given to buying religious objects. The Cathedral is a magnificent structure, much larger than Pizarro built, but still not so grand as the one erected during the early years of the viceregal regime and destroyed by the great earthquake that wiped out Callao, the nearby seaport.

The high altar is of massive silver construction. In the chapel of the Virgin is a celebrated image presented by the Emperor Charles V of Spain, and in the Chapel Arcediano an original painting attributed to Murillo, representing Jesus and Veronica.

Here rests a glass-and-marble casket which is most interesting of all, for it contains the half-mummy, half-skeleton reputed to be the remains of the great conqueror.

Fashionable Hats Taboo.

The attire for church occasions is perhaps the most conservative in the New World. Even those women who dress in the latest Parisian modes elsewhere put on their plain black mantillas when going to church. In some congregations those who come in fashionable headgear are told politely to remove them and substitute their mantillas before they are allowed to be seated.

Among the fine old residences of Lima one of the most impressively beautiful is the famous palace of Torre-Tagle, once the home of the marquises of that name, but now the headquarters of the Ministry of Foreign Relations.

The City of the Kings long has been famous for its brilliant social life, with a constant succession of luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, champagnadas, and receptions. Nearly four centuries of wealth, leisure, and opportunity have written their impress of culture on the descendants of the nobility and official classes of the colonial regime.

Modern Demand for Speed Puts End to Leisurely Travel by Steamboat

Lovers of leisurely travel cannot read without a sigh of the evil days upon which the steamboat has fallen, the steamboat whose traffic was for so long indispensable to the prosperity of the country's inland waterways. It is only a little while since a newspaper paragraph recorded the financial distress of the Hudson River night line, and now we read that the day line, which has made the loveliness of the Hudson and of the Rip Van Winkle country familiar to generations of tourists, is in the same plight—sunk in debt. That, too, is the story of the famous Lake Champlain line which for 106 years has been carrying passengers and freight between Ticonderoga and Burlington. The automobile has left these once profitable enterprises with only the bare bones of traffic. Our age demands the service of speed, and the steamboat which 60 years ago, surpassed our grandfathers' childhood-dreams of all that was imaginable in rapid and luxurious travel, is now looked upon as a conveyance fit only for old fogies and slowpokes.

Yet nothing in the rocket-flight of the automobile can make up to some of us for the comparatively deliberate journey by steamboat, for the slow unfolding of the landscape from her deck as she moves with hardly perceptible sound or motion, calmly, restfully, from one landing-place to another. It is a rare automobile trip that can afford us those vistas and reaches that open to us as we thread the Highlands of the Hudson in a steamboat; we cannot in a car get a close view of the isles in Lake George's crystal waters or take in that panoramic sweep of far-off, haze-shrouded summits of the Adirondacks and the Green mountains that bless the sight of the traveler on a Lake Champlain steamer.

The Sound lines of steamers be-

tween Boston and New York survive and there are indications that they prosper, a reminder of the spacious days long ago when every evening a proud procession of rival Sound boats curved round the Battery in New York, Boston bound, gay with bunting from stem to stern, filling the hearts of children on East river ferries with inexpressible longing just once to make that splendid voyage to the mysterious East, the scene of Bunker Hill and the home of Paul Revere. One of these days, we hope, the steamboat will come back into its own and plow our lakes and rivers and bays and sounds with all the dividend-earning glory of the enchanted past.—Boston Transcript.

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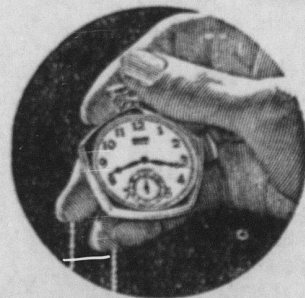
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