

# The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

## ONE NEW FACE

Chapter 44

"My dear," said Gloria when the last guest had gone, "you'll do me the greatest of favors if you'll let me have some dresses made for you. I'm simply aching to put you into proper clothes."

Pandora consented, after conscientious objections. Gloria at once began making plans. She brought out some of her own things, which she declared unspendably old, but which were the last word in magnificence to the country girl.

"You can't wear my sort of things," Gloria laughed. "I have to put on bizarre dresses, otherwise I'd be too nondescript."

"Oh, but you're so beautiful!" the girl cried with an innocent candor that made her hostess laugh again.

"I'm not, though it's sweet of you to think so. I have homely features, but a striking color combination if it's brought out. That's why I wear bold colors—besides which, my vulgar soul adores them!"

She rattled on gaily, strewing the floor and the bed of her room with the oddest assortment of negligees, cloaks, hats and gowns.

"There's nothing a woman likes better than to 'get hold' of another one who obviously needs her helping—it does not matter whether it's an affair of the heart or a matter of the right sort of husband or the right sort of hat, the feminine zeal becomes equally keen. Gloria cancelled an invitation to dine, perched herself on her bed while Pandora concocted a supper of odds and ends—and began ripping off feathers and flowers and cutting up material.

"Your type is the quaint and picturesque," she said as she worked. "I'll send my dressmaker around here as soon as she's free, to sew up all the things I'm planning together."

"I'm hopeless to dress," Pandora reflected, seated on the only empty chair in the room and wishing she could be of use. "I'm so awkward and homely—"

Gloria became impatient.

"Don't be a goose," she said. "You have a sweetness and charm that I've never met before in any other girl. No one could rise superior in beauty to the current styles of Norris City—"

"They weren't current styles—my

clothes," Dora giggled. "They were Gladys's castoffs."

She helped when Gloria could make use of her. Gloria had some cream color taffeta with tiny pink rosebuds embroidered over it, which she had vaguely thought of for curtains. This she had made into a frock with a basque waist and a quaintly full skirt, with puffy sleeves and a more suggestion of a low neck.

"Cream color silk stockings and low heeled black slippers for that," she decided.

"I couldn't look fashionable if I tried," the girl said once as she went shopping with her, staring enviously at the smart women with fur to their noses, a great length of slim silk stockings and ankles and a display of pointed toes, high heeled slippers.

"You shouldn't try," answered Gloria. "I'm dressing you to type."

She considered her much as she would consider a room to be decorated, studying its possibilities and making the most of them.

"Do your hair like this," she suggested once. And she pulled down the brown mass around the girl's shoulders, parted it in the middle so its limpness did not matter, brushed it smoothly to each side—

"So much for quaintness," Gloria said. "Now for smartness."

And she deftly fluffed a little hair out over each ear, hiding the hollows of the girl's cheeks, making the face less drawn and thin. Then she coiled the rest of her hair into a knot, and handed Pandora the mirror.

Pan practiced for days until she learned to do this herself. Meantime Gloria, with a lavish hand, was bestowing underclothing and silk stockings and other undreamt-of luxuries from her own wardrobe.

But this sartorial making-over took weeks.

Meantime Pan petted Frankie and kept him quiet, gave him hot milk and made him take naps, took him for short walks in the park and put him to bed early—the only things his nervous little organism needed. Frankie began to look well again, and he adored his new friend.

For two days after she arrived, she continued cleaning the flat, until it lost its neglected appearance and gained the fresh look and smell that comes from lavish use of soap and

water. Gloria hunted vainly for a servant, fairly slaved over the work she was busy on then, came home tired at tea time—to wake up again into a nervous excited pleasure over the invariable tea parties that assembled at her flat.

The second day she sought Pan in Frankie's room.

"You must come in and have tea," she insisted. "My oldest friend is here and I want him to meet you."

That was how Pan met George Ridgeway.

Tomorrow—The Guest.

One of the first women to be admitted to membership in the Neptune Association of Masters and Mates, in New York, is Captain Jennie Crocker, who was the first American woman to qualify as a master mariner and to receive a deep sea license.

At the last census, nearly 12,000 people in the United States were working in factories that made clothes and undertakers' goods.

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## HORTON'S DRUGS

### WISE OLD INDIANS BEAT BOY SCOUTS

#### Thrilling Battle Is Fought Near Madras

Above the distant mountains of the Ochoeco national forest rose a moon, its starboard bow caved in. Through the sagebrush of the Madras country silently stole a group of men, one of them without shoes. The hour was near midnight. The object of the silently approaching men was the well guarded campfire of "wild Indians."

All of which is the dramatic setting of a night battle between "Scouts" and "Indians," recently staged near Madras. The "Indians" were Madras business men who are interested in the boy scout movement. The scouts were members of the Madras troop. The purpose of the war game, played until nearly midnight, was to decide a victor.

For many hours the scouts and Indians maneuvered through the bushy country, each attempting to get within 10 feet of the enemy without being seen. When this distance was attained, the word "Scout" or "Indian" was called and an enemy fell. When each side had an even number of prisoners, an envoy with crossed firebrands made arrangements for an exchange.

Things looked very much like a draw in the midnight battle when J. J. Watts conceived the plan of capturing the entire camp of the scouts. Watts was an "Indian." To capture the camp it was necessary to approach within 20 feet and shout the cry of the captor. It was at this phase of the war game that the shoeless man made his appearance. He was Watts, and he approached the camp of the scouts from the rear.

While the shoeless Watts stole toward the boys' campfire, his comrades, all Madras business men, took assigned positions. Nearer and nearer stole Watts. Finally, a short distance from the campfire, he was spotted. The boys spread the alarm and gave chase, all but two or three leaving the campfire.

The action of the boys had been anticipated by the wiser "Indians." While the scouts chased Watts through the sagebrush, the Indians rushed the camp, taking the guards prisoners and proclaiming themselves victors in the night's battle—said to be virtually as interesting as the battle between America's two naval squadrons recently in the Asiatics.

The interesting episode of the battle of the Madras boy scouts and the business men in the sagebrush at midnight was related today by W. B.

Morse, executive of the Central Oregon council, who visited the troops at Madras and Redmond this week. He reports that these troops are making good progress. It is expected that 25 Redmond boys will attend the summer camp at Scout lake this year.



### Asters and Their Troubles

When a plant becomes highly developed and attains unusual beauty and excellence, there seems to be a penalty of plagues and pests to follow rapidly. Such has been the fate of the aster, which has been brought to a point where it rivals the chrysanthemum in size, with a wider range of colors not found in the latter.

Some gardeners have given up in disgust and left asters off the garden list, which is a pity, for there is no finer fall annual and none more easily raised—until some of the pests hit it.

"Yellows" is a new complaint that has caused a great deal of trouble, and bacteriologists and seed specialists are working to find out the cause and a check. The main recommen-

dation to avoid this plague is to plant the asters in new soils, lime the soil thoroughly and give good cultivation from the start.

The symptom of this disease is that the bud remains greenish yellow and does not unfold and develop its normal color.

Stem rot and root aphid are other pests. Lime or wood ashes applied to the soil at planting time avoid these troubles and copious doses of tobacco tea or nicotine solution poured about the roots of the plants will destroy the aphid.

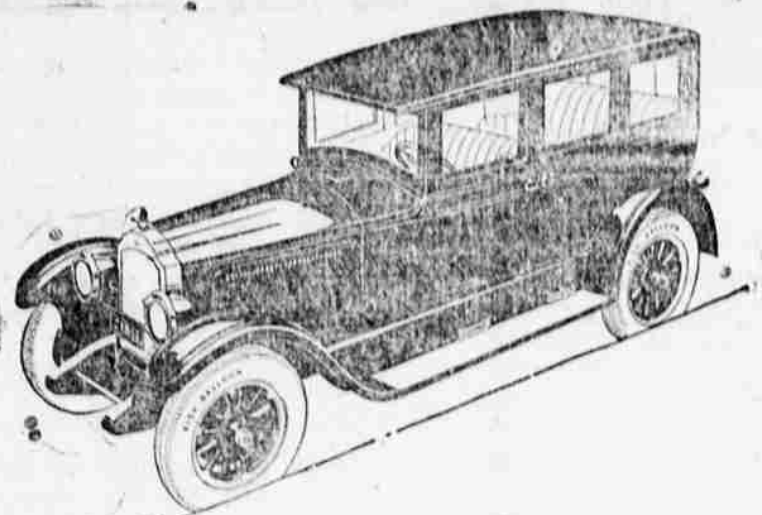
Insect pests, which work above ground, are more easily controlled. The aster beetle comes in August. Plant later types and this pest is eluded. Black or brown aphid, which often infest the asters, may be dis-



Set out your asters in a new location this year if you had trouble with them last year. Lime the soil and give it bone meal. Nicotine solutions sprayed on the plants. They are easy to control. Lime the soil two weeks before setting out the plants, enough hydrated lime or pulverized limestone to give it a light coating like a light snow, rake it in lightly, and then give bone meal when the asters are set out and success is likely. The pests need not deter anyone from growing asters. If you had yellows last year, plant the asters in a different soil this year.

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## Woman's New Freedom

Countless women in homes beyond the gas mains have learned that the secret of freedom from long kitchen hours lies in their cook stoves.

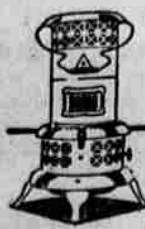
They have abandoned the old fashioned coal stove and adopted in its place the improved Perfection Oil Range. This is the modern development of the oil stove—an oil range, whose powerful burners have raised the standard of oil stove cooking to that of gas.

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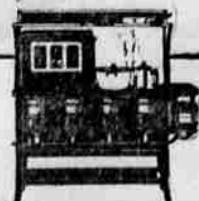
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