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Directly from the World's most noted fashion centers, come the details which enter into the designing of these elegant **La Vogue** Coat and Suit models. You get here in these new models a correct picture of fashion's decree. And you may be certain of the style, tailoring, fit and service of any of **La Vogue** Suit or Coat in our stock, for each garment represents a real "Standard of Style."

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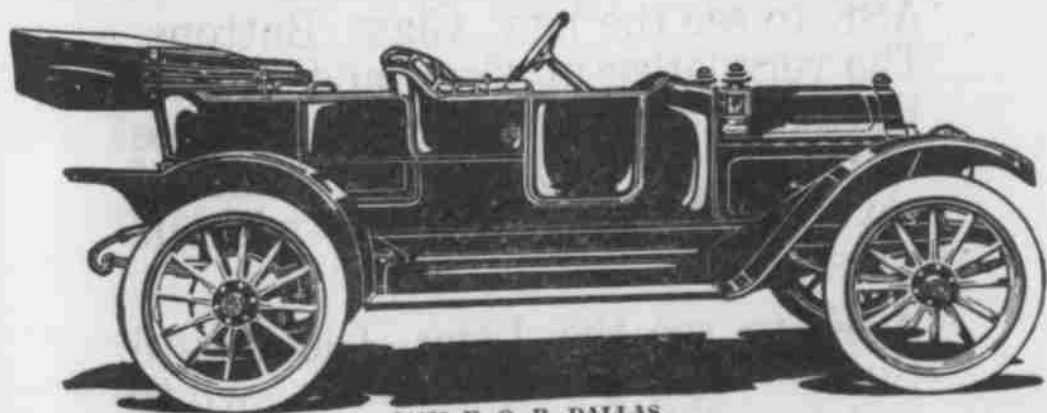
We have sold Hundreds of **La Vogue** garments during the last six years---and never heard of one dissatisfied customer. Suppose you look through the line and select the one best suited to your figure and fancy while the stock is complete. Always glad to serve you

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IF YOU FAIL TO VISIT

## The Model 5c, 10c and 25c Store

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Special Sales Every Saturday

Corner Main and Oak Streets

Dallas, Oregon

## Midnight Invasion

LOCAL

GROCERY STORE ENTERED

Dallas, April 12.—At midnight last night occurred a grand opening at the store of G. O. Butler which was decidedly out of the ordinary. Vocal music was furnished for the occasion by a row of catsup on the shelf. Bacon was present, as was also the Prince of Orange and others of the (evaporated) cream of society. However, not all were extremely well bread, as the following conversation, overheard in the jam, will testify: "It does beat all how you tramp on my corn and do not carrot all," remarked the toe-mato to the squash. "Peas, peas," the mild tobacco mustard courage to say, "something is bound to turnip soon to add spice to the occasion without creating such a disturbance."

Just then the Jonathan Apple apied Miss Peach and asked for a date. "Lettuce strike a match and be a pear, honey," he begged; but she replied in a vinegar voice which made him perceptibly wither. "Eggs-cuse me but that is a pickle I do not care to be in." "O, sugar," said the cooky crisply, "do not pineapple. She was rude, butter heart is doubtless in the right place after all."

Over in a corner Mr. Graham and Miss White were debating whether or not bran was flour. "It may be, but it isn't what I cauliflower," remarked the potato as he winked an eye at the cabbage head. "A fig for your argument," returned a crank nearby; "but you are packed in like sardines. Give the mushroom to turn."

It was daybreak and they were just separating when Automatic Scales who was society reporter, cried, "O, weight, I haven't you all down yet." But a key turned in the lock. "Cheese it, or we will all get boxed," broke in a cracker. And all was quiet when the proprietor entered.

### SONG IN LIGHTER VEIN

(By Dean Collins.)

When Franklin freely flew his kite,  
While ev'ryone looked on in wonder,  
And drew out from the stormy clouds  
The bolt that touches off the thunder,  
I doubt if e'er he dreamed that this  
Mysterious force the storm clouds carry  
Should some day drudge to decorate  
Our lovely ladies' millinery.

The lightning harnessed to the wires  
Now serves us like a humble lackey;  
It warms our slippers, browns our toast,  
And lights our fuming pipe of "baccy";  
It races o'er the telephone  
And bears our message to our neighbor—  
And now to decorating hats  
Perforce it turns its glowing labor.

Oh, lovely woman soon shall have  
An aureole of stars and crescents,  
And shrubs and flowers and humming birds,  
Framed up in glowing incandescents.

It will be found that the degree  
Of pyrotechnics in her hat is  
Dependent on how capable  
Of storing up dry cells her rat is.

In evening on the crowded streets,  
To pill the heart of ev'ry fellow  
To pipe the glowing pageant pass  
Tricked out in purple, green or yellow.  
Who knows but in the Senate's halls  
Some day a long bill may be har-bored,  
Providing, as for ships, how hats  
Must wear their lights on port and starboard?

Perhaps while waiting for a car,  
Some slender dame may catch the vision  
Of errant man who homeward treads  
The highball dance of indecision.  
He'll mark the lighted mass of hat,  
And think, "A lamp post!"—Ah, I'm very

Fraid that some drawbacks may at-tach  
To this electric millinery.  
Portland, April 1.

### PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

(Mrs. J. E. Smith.)

Volumes have been published and circulated describing the journeys, courage, privations and tragedies of those heroic people who first made homes in Oregon.

Perhaps the cheerful side of Pioneer life might be of interest, for life was not one great tragedy, for privation, toil and isolation went hand in hand with jest, song and merriment.

Those were stirring times, and stirring people. Every moment was rife with action: the hunt, the race, horsemanship, rifle practice, tests of strength, the charivari, the religious and social song service.

How many now remember those boyish sports and amusements? The long jump, the hop, skip and jump, whole and half hammond, or something that sounded like that, the foot-race, archery, chinning the beam, skinning the cat, digging out squirrels, drowning out moles and gophers, building dams and water-wheels, sailing boats; but I must stop, or people will think time was then one long holiday.

Women did not make twenty-minute calls then; when they went calling the whole family climbed into the ox-wagon and spent the day, and perhaps stayed all night. The men folks talked; the women, yes they talked, a little, and cooked.

Fresh air and simple living were conducive to health. Ordinary ailments received home treatment, or from some one who had had a "knack" for doctoring. A person ill enough to demand the attention of a physician was worthy of public distinction, also a fit topic of interest.

This custom was utilized by an ambitious youth to gain personal notoriety. His first profession of sickness brought the doctor and its attendant excitement. In the second diagnosis, declared that he needed prompt and vigorous treatment, consequently strong mustard plasters were applied to various portions of his anatomy. When the fiery compound became unendurable, the surface was dressed with wilted cabbage leaves. After the blisters, rivaling ducks' eggs in size were healed, the youth's desire for the

limelight was completely cured.

Present advocates of good banking laws would be astonished at pioneer methods. Miners returning from California carried their gold dust in buckskin bags, tied to their saddle horns, or in pack saddles. When a cabin home offered entertainment they dismounted, removed their treasure sack, either tossed it into the tall grass or carried it into the house and threw it into a corner, where it would remain until they were ready to resume travel.

I am reminded of a witty Irish woman who, through incessant care, succeeded in transporting a green and red parrot. In response to questioning she declared that parrot eggs were "foin aitin," and dominated by the spirit of fun had promised to satisfy sundry persons' curiosity as to their appearance and taste. With much delight she selected and decorated small hens' eggs, which she sold at double their market price. Nor was her pleasure decreased one whit when the demand suddenly ceased, for the simple reason that more eggs were being sold in a given time than two green and red parrots could furnish by working overtime, with Sundays thrown in.

The advent of back pack-peddlers brought joy to the children, for in those wonderful packs were knives, dolls, Jewsharps and whistles. One of these whistles (police) in the hands of a youth, through the medium of echoes, caused quite a commotion during the civil war. Some excited person, ignorant of the cause, reported hearing mysterious calls and answers and speculations were rife. Guerilla bands struck the popular fancy, and while the excitement was highest a little girl heard, for the first time, a mule bray. Hastening to her mother in an awed whisper she said, "Oh, mamma, the gorillas are coming."

"What makes you think so?" "I heard them." Just then the mule brayed again.

"There," she cried, "don't you hear them?"

This is a brief outline of early days, sufficient to refresh the minds of old timers and give you a glimpse of the good times passed.

### THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

(A. Bertha A. Bennett.)

Anyone who cares for little children should be interested in the Primary department of a Sunday School.

First of all, an atmosphere of love and good-will must surround the children, and the environment be suitable for their needs. This means beauty and comfort—plenty of sunlight and fresh air; small chairs that little bodies may be comfortably seated and feet rest on the floor.

We must provide flowers and blooming plants; only the best of pictures, and teach the children to be familiar with them and their meaning. Then from time to time we use specimens to interest them in nature and to show them God's care for all his creatures, each of whose lives "is a gift from God and its way is God's way for it."

We suggest means of helping it do God's work, by caring for anything which needs help; putting out seeds, and crumbs and water for the birds in winter time, for instance, and at this season of the year, we suggest nest materials.

We study the twigs and growing plants, sea mosses and shells, sprouting wheat or flax seed sown on a damp sponge, for all life is a miracle, and little people may learn to reverence God's wonderful power and love by these simple means, since we realize that "nature is a lens thro' which the little child views God and brings him near."

We use low benches which serve as tables upon which the handwork may be conveniently done. The children color the pictures in their story papers, while their lesson is being taught, thus by taking an active part fixing an impression on their minds. Those who are old enough are provided with pencils to write the memory verses.

To a certain extent we follow kindergarten methods, using motion exercises and songs to rest tired little muscles, and as far as possible letting the children take an active part and feel that they are helping.

The afternoon of the last Saturday in each month is set aside for the children's social time, when those having had a birthday during the month are the guests of honor. We have the birthday songs, the birthday candles and the birthday offering—one penny for each year the child has lived. At Christmas time this money is used to buy gifts for children who might not otherwise receive any. The children all see what is bought and realize that they, themselves, are giving the presents for Christ's sake on His birthday.

At our social gatherings, two of the teachers arrange the games or other amusements for the little ones; two provide simple refreshments and the fifth prepares herself to tell stories while they rest and eat their goodies.

When some small emergency arises wherein consideration for another is in question, the test of the "Jesus way" is applied, and no child ever resists the appeal.

It is truly a "labor of love," and to those who really care there is no happier hour in the week than that spent with the little folks on Sunday morning.

By devoting our time exclusively to the grocery line, we feel that we are in the position to give our customers the best possible service in that line.

Respectfully, DUNN'S GROCERY.

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