

## The Man Who Made an

## Easter Bonnet



HERE was such an unusually good dinner in the Thompkins flat that night that Mr. Thompkins instinctively became suspicious. When chocolate blanc mange, of which he was inordinately fond, was brought on for dessert he knew that his worst fears were realized. He looked across the table at Mrs. Thompkins, who was duttering behind the tea urn, and said resignedly:

"Well, where is it? What did it cost?"

"Where is what, dear?" asked Mrs. Thompkins. "What did what cost?"

"Your new hat," said Thompkins.

"Oh, yes; of course!" smiled Mrs. Thompkins, somewhat nervously. "I had forgotten all about it. It's so pretty! I want to show it to you."

Mrs. Thompkins bustled out of the room, and when she returned she proudly bore the hat aloft.

Thompkins looked it over with a critical eye. "Where's the most important feature?" he finally asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Thompkins, "this beautiful white plume, I suppose, although that love of a buckle is noticeable, and—"

"No, no! I mean the bill."

"Oh, the bill!" echoed Mrs. Thompkins. "Why, of course! I had quite forgotten. Oh, well, you know they don't send the bill right out with the hat. That will come later. Have some more of the blanc mange."

"Not any more. I seem to have lost my appetite. I suppose you have some general impressions as to what this creation cost?"

Mrs. Thompkins' face assumed a perplexed expression. "Let me see," she said. "It was cheap, I know. Mrs. Klue got a hat much like mine, but not near as pretty, and she had to



LOOKED TO SEE HOW IT WAS DOING. pay \$40 for it. And Mrs. Martin paid \$38 for that old tramp of a thing that she wore over here last Sunday and was so proud of."

"And I can see from here with one eye, Mrs. Thompkins, that you paid at least \$30 for that hat."

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Thompkins, "or was it \$35?"

"It was \$35, that's a cinch," replied her liege lord.

"Yes, I believe that, now you speak of it, the price was \$35."

"Mrs. Thompkins," said the head of the house after a portentous pause, "why do you waste money so? Why in the world did you throw away \$35 on a thing like that? Just like a woman, though. She'll go throw away \$35 on a hat that a man would not give \$5 for. Why, Mrs. Thompkins, I could sit down and make a better hat than that myself."

"You couldn't," snapped Mrs. Thompkins.

"Yes, I could," said Mr. Thompkins. "I could buy a plume somewhere and some velvet and a few gimcracks like that and then I would get a hat frame somewhere for a few pennies and make a hat that would make that thing you bought look like a bum dollar."

"No, you couldn't do any such thing," said Mrs. Thompkins.

"The trouble with you women," said Mr. Thompkins slyly, "is that you don't know anything about the cost of raw material. These fool things on this hat taken by themselves cost hardly anything. A smart milliner gets them together, fixes 'em up to look nice and then sticks a card on which says, 'Neat and nobby. Was \$60. Is \$35.50,' and you women tumble over yourself to get in and buy it."

"The idea," put in the indignant Mrs. Thompkins. "Think of such a silly sign as 'Neat and nobby.' I don't think you were ever in a millinery store."

"Why, you could work over the things you have on your old hats and make a brand new hat that would be right in style and that you would have to pay \$40 for in the store, and it would hardly cost a cent. But you women do not know how to economize. You rush down to the store and throw away money when you could find right around your own homes material enough to make as pretty a bonnet as

you want. It is a shame, Mrs. Thompkins, a crying shame, that a woman of your education and experience and having had, too, the advantage of ten years' close relationship to me should exhibit such a lack of common sense."

"Well," said Mrs. Thompkins, "I haven't paid for this bonnet yet, and, of course, I could take it back. So if you will make me a bonnet out of the material you find around the house it would be nice."

"Well, I could," declared Mr. Thompkins stoutly. "Bring some of your old bonnets and belt buckles and ribbons, and things like that, and scissors and needle and thread. I'll make you a bonnet you'll be proud of."

Mrs. Thompkins disappeared and finally came back with three or four old hats, a yard of brown velvet, some silk ribbons and the needle and thread. "How do you know what the style is?" asked Mrs. Thompkins.

"Know," repeated her lord. "Don't I meet 150,000 women every day on the streets? Don't you suppose I've got eyes in my head? Do you think I never notice anything? You bet I know what the style is."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Thompkins meekly. "There are all the materials, dear. Shall I help you?"

"No; you would only be a hindrance. Go into the library and play the piano. Leave me alone. I don't want you bothering around when I'm at work."

Mrs. Thompkins retired, and Thompkins went manfully to work. He snipped all the trimmings off of one old hat and decided to use that frame. He took a long curling feather from another hat and decided to use that for the principal adornment of the new bonnet. He slyly peered into one of his wife's fashion magazines and discovered that "pale green" would be much in evidence this spring. That settled the question as to what color the hat should be. Thompkins laboriously cut and slashed and finally, after much labor, succeeded in basting some velvet and a couple of ribbons on the hat he was building. He found a buckle that looked pretty and tacked that on one side of the hat and fastened a big black bow on the other. Then he found a good place for the plume he had taken off another old hat.

Somehow Thompkins was not satisfied with his work. His hat had a crude and dilapidated look. Thompkins decided that the trouble was that his hat had been made of old materials which needed freshening. Besides, he had unfortunately put too many blues, greens, reds and blacks in his hat. The fashion book said that green was the thing. He decided that his hat ought to be dyed green. That would give it the fashionable shade and make it look nice and fresh besides. He slipped down the back stairs and went over to the drugstore and procured a package of green dye, and, coming back, put it in a kettle on the stove, and when the green water was bubbling and boiling furiously plunged his hat into it. He decided that it would take three immersions to do any good, but the last time he pulled it out the hat was such a streaky looking mess that he put it back and allowed it to boil five minutes.

It was a frightful object that Thompkins removed from the kettle and laid in the sink to drain off the water. Thompkins felt some misgivings. Still he knew that when the hat was dried out that it would be all right, so he put it in the oven. He looked in to see how it was drying, and its appearance was such that he decided to give it another bath. He tried to, but the agrieved hat began to fall to pieces. Thompkins wildly began to fish the ribbons, feather, buckle and frame out of the pot.

In his excitement he fell against the kettle and turned it over.

Mrs. Thompkins heard wild shouts of misery coming from the kitchen and hurried out to see Thompkins dancing on a chair, waving his hands through a mist of steam and smoke.

"Help!" yelled Thompkins. "I'm scalded to death! Send for the police and fire department! Hurry up! Help!"

Mrs. Thompkins and the neighbors, who had assembled on the spot, rushed in and opened the window and got the steam out of the room. Thompkins was standing on a chair covered with green dye and still clutching tight in his dripping hands a hat frame and a bedraggled ribbon.

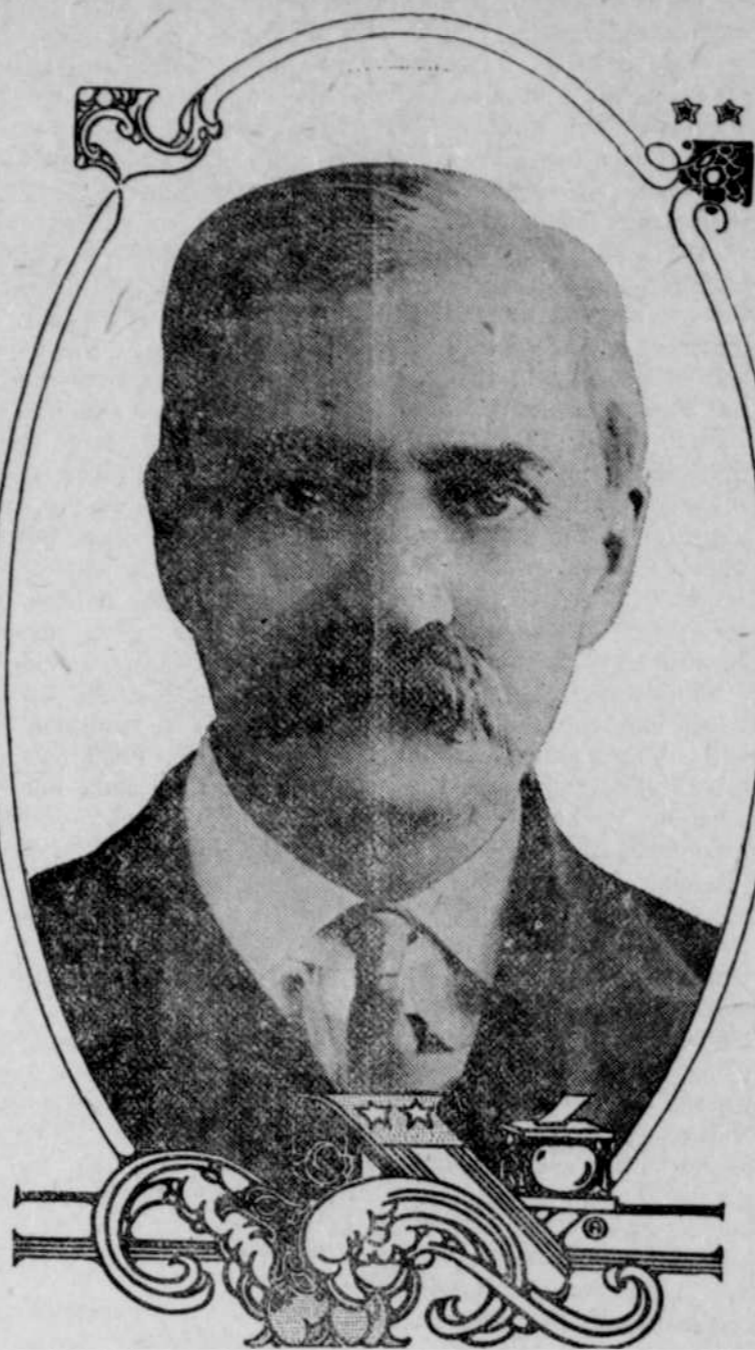
The neighbors examined him and found he wasn't scalded, although he had received some splashes of the boiling liquid on his clothes and hands. They mopped him off and took him into his room, and one particularly consoling friend told him that the green dye would wear off in two or three weeks.

"I'm afraid you have completely ruined your new suit, dear," said Mrs. Thompkins. "It's too bad you had such an accident. You ought to wear an old suit tomorrow when you go to work on the hat again."

"Mrs. Thompkins," said the ruler of the Thompkins household sternly, "do you think a man of my capacity and business ability has nothing to do but make hats for his wife? After this I want you to buy your hats downtown like other women do. I don't want to hear any more talk about sending back that hat you bought today. You can just keep it, because I've got no more time to fritter away on these trifling affairs."

Mrs. Thompkins meekly said, "All right."—Chicago Tribune.

## Our Presidential Possibilities Series



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### ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS

ONE of the earliest of Republican advocates of tariff revision downward was Albert Baird Cummins; in fact, the "Iowa Idea" of protecting American industries without fostering trusts owes its name and much of its popularity to him. His opposition to the renomination of President Taft assumed definite form last fall when he took issue with the president's position on the Payne tariff law, the income tax proposed by the progressives, but rejected by congress; the control and disposition of the public domain and the Canadian reciprocity bill. Senator Cummins is serving his second term, which will expire in 1915. He was governor of Iowa for three terms.

## RECENT REAL ESTATE DEALS

The following real estate transfers are furnished the Press by the Wilkes Abstract Co., of Hillsboro:

- Amy Jonson to W. B. Hains et ux 25x100 ft. in blk. 5, F. G. \$1.
- H. Taylor Hill et ux to Alice Iler blk. 12 Hills Acres. \$10.
- James A Bamford et ux to D G Lilly 19 ft x 5 chs. in NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Sec 16, 1 N 4 W, \$1.
- E I Kuratli et al to W B Dolan 80 ft x 3.015 chs in blk 22 Hillsboro, \$10.
- Fremmie O Countryman et ux to Thomas Wilson, 5 acres in sec 26 1 S 1 W, \$10.
- Heirs of Eugene C Friday to Albert J and Ellen Beamis Friday, 1/2 in 50 acres in NW 1/4 sec 26, 2 N 4 W, \$1800.
- Moore Investment Co to Katherine Huston, Lots 19, 20, 21, 35, Oak Park Subdivn.
- Ernest Haberstroh et ux to Leon K Fiske, 100x100 ft in lots 4 and 5, blk 9, Cornelius, \$900.
- Heirs of John B. Scott, deed, to Robert P Nixon 6 ins x 90 ft in blk 2, Forest Grove, \$350.
- Oscar F Larsen et al to John Nyberg 14 acres in sec 24, 2 S 1 W, \$9000.
- Ruth Trust Co to C P Morse et al, 39.48 acres in sec 5, 1 N 2 W, \$10.
- Oregon Nursery Co to A W Keehn, Lots 1 and 2, blk 7, Oreco, \$375.
- W B Haines et al to J J and Robt Wirtz, 25x100 ft in blk 5, Forest Grove, \$2000.
- E J Boos et al to Charles and Dudley Knapp, 40 acres in Sec 36, 1 N 4 W, \$7000.
- W H Yost et ux to John A Kirkwood, .94 chs x 81 1/2 ft in A J Masters DLC 1 S 2 W, \$10.
- C J and L S Birdsall to H E and Eugene Denderling 42.30 acres in H H Hendrix DLC, 1 N 3 W, \$10.
- John A Kirkwood et ux to

- William H. Yost 29 1/2 x 209 ft in A J Masters DLC, \$10.
- Orpha M Gardner et al to James May, 3 acres in SW 1/4 of sec 15, 2 N 3 W, \$225.
- M S Woodman et ux to W G Young, 110x150 ft in NW 1/4 sec 31, 2 N 3, \$300.
- E D Thomas et ux to W W McEldowney, S 1/2 of N 1/2 of lot 2, blk 10, Forest Grove, \$1.
- C Jaspers to J H Kindel, 6.647 acres in NE 1/4 Sec 18 1 E 3 W, \$664.70.
- Frank L Beamis et ux to Ellen N Beamis Friday, 3.93 acres in sec 7, 1 N 3, \$10.
- R W S Hamer et ux to Joseph W Marsh 87x201.75 ft in lot 3, blk 3, \$1000.

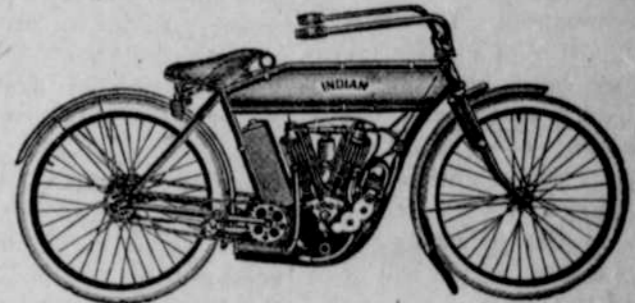
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