

TO WARD OFF SUN

Varied Array of Parasols and Shades for Summer.

Every Sort-of Material Is Brought Into Use—Plainness of Handles Is Noted.

The ways of the parasol are many and varied as those of any other item of our wardrobe, and, glancing into the shop windows today, we can see it displaying itself in as many different moods as the dresses with which it is intended to be carried, observes a fashion writer in the Christian Science Monitor.

There is the fussy little Victorian affair, a thing of richness and frilled chiffon which is small and very bombé when open, with a long slender ferrule and a stick terminating in a pear-shaped crystal handle. Another shape has a great number of spokes, and opens out very flat something like a Japanese umbrella. It is covered with printed nylon with a plain border and the handle is also covered with the same material. A variation of this same shape is one covered with plain nylon with a border of contrasting color, and dotted about on it are embroidered butterflies with upstanding wings, looking as if they had just alighted there.

Yet another whim of the moment is the fat parasol. Its stick is short and thick, and its ferrule stumpy, and even its spokes have fat white tips; in fact one would imagine that its ambition was to look as much like a "gump" as possible and it succeeds very well. It is quaintly attractive, however, and it has the advantage of being "different." One particular specimen has a black stick with a carved ivory handle and round it is wound a sealing-wax red cord and tassel to match the red silk with which it is covered. It dangles from the wrist, being too short to be carried comfortably in any other way, but when it is put up its thick handle is very comfortable to hold.

Besides these there are many other parasols made of every sort of material. Metal fabrics are used a good deal and one imagines that they will look very pretty glistening in the sunlight. Then for the beach and the



Attractive Parasols and Sunshades.

river there are the patterned and striped cretonnes and linens made in many different shapes. One of these had three very wide stripes going straight across the parasol, a change from the stripes going round. We may be pretty certain we shall not go far into the world of parasols without meeting organdie, and, sure enough, there is one of pale pink silk with a border of white organdie looking very cool and dainty. One is glad to note the plainness of the handles.

BUSTLE DRESS WITH BODICE

Skirt is Caught Up in Distended Effect, the Drapery Being Held by Rosas.

A bustle dress of American Beauty taffeta has a Victorian bodice cut to a long point in the front, but ending in a normal waistline at the sides and back. The skirt is caught up in bustle effect, the drapery held by roses of a darker red. Another model is one in which the bodice is worked out in Pompadour silk with an even background strewn with pink and blue flowers. The silk skirt puffs somewhat in the back, but the bustle effect is accentuated by a sash of even tulle ending in a huge bow. A striking effect is obtained in this dress by edging the bottom of the skirt with narrow black Valenciennes lace and finishing the bodice in like manner.

Still another frock of this character is worked out in black taffeta and a square mesh white lace. A plain straight bodice with short set-in sleeves has a collar of the lace falling in the effect of a bib to slightly above the waistline. As in the other dresses, the drapery of the skirt forms the bustle. The lace is used to make a rather large apron. At the bottom of the bodice is a double petal of the taffeta, which continues to form the bustle at the back. This is accentuated by a bow sash of the silk.

Dreammaking.

To cut this silk lay it between two pieces of tissue paper and cut with very sharp scissors.

DREAMS

By KATHARINE A. NEWELL

"Now then, 'Dreams,' get a hustle on you with those copies, and put the long stop on that high powered car driven by the Duke of Killcrankle. Even in these days of help shortage we want efficiency just the same." Miss Johnson's razor-like voice struck on Ann Flower's ear like ice.

A titter of amusement went around the office at the head clerk's intended witicism, and many eyes were turned for a moment to the gloomy corner where the girl had sat for two years, the target for all the teasing of the department. Somehow or other it had leaked out that Ann Flower indulged in day dreams, hence the nickname, "Dreams," and the merciless sarcasm that was her lot.

"Dreams—I mean Miss Flower, the 'boss' wants you in his office." Again Miss Johnson's voice smote Ann's ear like ice, and all eyes flashed to her corner.

"The boss?" repeated Ann stupidly.

"Yes, the 'boss,' and don't keep him waiting," snapped Miss Johnson.

Ann Flower stumbled to her feet. All eyes seemed to burn into her back as she passed up the room. She knew she had not done her work well during the last week, but they did not know what it was to sit up at night and finally have to see a golden-haired baby die! Perhaps they did not know what it meant to leave the distracted mother sewing for a living to keep two other little towheads from hunger. Ann had not been satisfied with the doctor, and that morning had herself telephoned for another physician, not the kind that usually calls at apartment houses on the East side of the city, but there was something so insistent, so softly appealing and piteous in the girl's voice over the wire that Doctor Sunderland had promised to come.

"Good morning, Miss Flower," the "boss" voice came to the girl's senses through waves of pain.

"This is Doctor Sunderland . . ."

"Oh, the children are not worse?"

Ann interrupted the "boss" introduction in a frightened voice.

"No, the kiddies are going to pull through in fine shape, thanks to your foresight, Miss Flower."

The "boss" cleared his throat. "Doctor Sunderland has told me, Miss Flower, that you have been sitting up at night with a sick baby for over a week, until it died; you have also been helping out the mother with two other children all this winter with your salary; you could just as well have left her and gone to more comfortable quarters."

"But I couldn't; she was good to me . . . and it was hard for her to get a boarder who liked children . . . and I did. I'm sorry if my work suffered here . . . but I couldn't leave her when the baby got ill—and died!" Ann Flower's purple blue eyes grew big and piteous.

"Honey," the voice of the "boss" was just as soft as any of her southern "mammas," and he came to her side and patted her on the shoulder. "I did not know that I had seen a real, live girl in my employ! I guess my character reading expert is worth what I pay him after all, if he gets some like you, bless your heart! But Doctor Sunderland wants to have a talk with you; you've come from a home where there is a pretty sick bunch, and he's afraid that you may be in for a dose. We don't want it spread around the office, and whatever the damage is, remember, I foot the bills."

Poor little "Dreams" head seethed in a whirl of aches and surprises after the "boss" left her in Dr. Sunderland's care.

It was a dream of wonderful peace, to find oneself in a cool, gray and white hospital room, with a pretty red-haired nurse ready to do one's bidding. But there were days when little Ann Flower did not answer to Dr. Sunderland's "dear" with a smile of shy welcome, and nights when he would come and shake his head and turn hastily from the pretty, fever-flashed face and wonder why we have to find the best in our scheme of life, to lose it again. There were days, too, when Miss Johnson and the department could not bear to see the patch of sunlight shine on the dust covered typewriter cover in the gloomy corner, without a catch in their throats when they remembered how they had teased dear, patient little "Dreams."

But days came when Dr. Sunderland's "dear" won the day. "I take my vacation next week . . . and I am going south," he announced in his most professional manner one day.

The shadows got tangled up in Ann Flower's lashes. It would be so lonely without this big, dependable young northerner, who somehow could call her both "honey" and "dear," just as endearingly as they did in the south. "This influenza has left you pretty weak, and I want you to make the trip under my care," he went on emphatically.

"No 'buts' in this case, we are going to be married before we start, that is, if you are willing, honey, dear?"

And Ann Flower whispered happily from his arms, "They can't call me 'Dreams' again. I've realized the only 'dream' I ever had . . . just a home, and you!"

A WOMAN'S WAY

By ANNA GREENLEAF.

(By Anna Greenleaf, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"But, Jack, you wouldn't have me wear this gown to the convention, would you?" and his wife held up for his inspection the gown that had done duty for three seasons. "It is shabby and worn, besides being hopelessly out of date. I should think you would be ashamed of me," and she flung the gown from her with an angry gesture. "Ashamed of you? Never! Why, little girl, you always look well in my eyes."

"You understand, of course," he added apologetically, carefully arranging his new top coat and light felt, "that a man is obliged to keep his clothes up to date, otherwise it might affect his business standing; besides, my golf dues must be paid today, and next week, as you know, my college chums arrive. There are six of them and the cost of their entertainment will be considerable. But cheer up, you will not suffer by comparison with those at the convention, take your husband's word for it."

Mrs. Potter brushed away hot, angry tears as the door closed upon her husband. Since their marriage five years ago, she had patiently and cheerfully repressed her longing for pretty clothes and dainty articles of adornment that women love, but now that her husband was well established in his law practice and the comfortable house paid for, she began to realize that she was making all the sacrifices while her husband was reaping the advantage of them, and she resolved to check his selfishness even at the cost of humiliation to them both.

After a week of rain the day of the convention dawned clear and unclouded. The sun shined upon the green sward as dazzling in its brightness, while the birds sang merrily from trees whose buds, full to bursting, presaged the crowning glory of spring-time.

Ruth Potter had hoped the day would be stormy so as to render her shabbiness less conspicuous, but as she opened the window and lingered in the warmth of the sun, the beauties of the morning awoke an answering chord in her heart and she was glad her wish was not granted.

"There is one consolation," she reflected, as she dressed for the convention, "my things all match—shabby gown, ditto hat, ditto gloves, ditto shoes," and she laughed in spite of herself as she turned from her mirror.

At the convention the program went off without a hitch until the business session, when a difference of opinion arose regarding a point of law.

At the suggestion that the matter be settled by consulting a near-by authority, Mrs. Potter grasped the coveted opportunity and volunteered to procure the required information.

She selected a committee to accompany her with great care, choosing those who were smartly and richly dressed as a foil to her own appearance.

In her husband's office Jack and his friends were having a merry time over their cigars when Bert Morrow brought his feet to the floor with a bang.

"By Jove!" he rudely interrupted, "what a group of stunning women! And, I say, will you look at the shabby little mouse—why, if they aren't turning in here," and throwing away his cigar, he began smoothing his moustache excitedly.

"The same old Bert," laughed Jack, when a timid tap arrested him.

Upon opening the door, Jack stared first with surprise, then with consternation that was almost alarm, at the picture which confronted him—a bevy of stylish but tastefully-dressed women forming a background for a shrinking little figure with a smiling but determined face and a shabby gown.

Ruth Potter chuckled inwardly as her husband, visibly embarrassed, stammered through the introductions.

Under the inspection of his fastidious friends, the contrast between his wife's apparel and that of her richly-dressed friends seemed to Jack nothing less than appalling. But to the wife it became ludicrous, and she was obliged to make use of her handkerchief to check her risibles as she noted down the words which her husband dictated in a strained, unnatural voice.

At dinner the next day Ruth gave her husband a full account of the convention.

"It was as you said, Jack, no one noticed my clothes. How foolish I was to care so much."

Later in the evening, as Jack was enjoying his cigar, he tossed a check-book into his wife's lap, remarking sheepishly, as he felt her grateful kiss upon his cheek: "Don't be afraid of overdrawing; I'm good for it."

Early English King Deposed.

The first English monarch to suffer the indignity of judicial proceedings against himself was King Edward II, who was formally deposed in 1327. He had been left the kingdom in 1300, and faced difficulties. He could not even control the royal family. His cousin, the earl of Lancaster, conspired against him; he lost his chief minister, Gaveston, and his army was crushed at the battle of Bannockburn. After a series of high-handed political intrigues, in which religion played a prominent part, parliament was finally persuaded to file charges against the monarch. He was deposed and the government turned over to his son, the prince, who was but fourteen years old.

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