

The Sun Parlor

By W. E. Hill

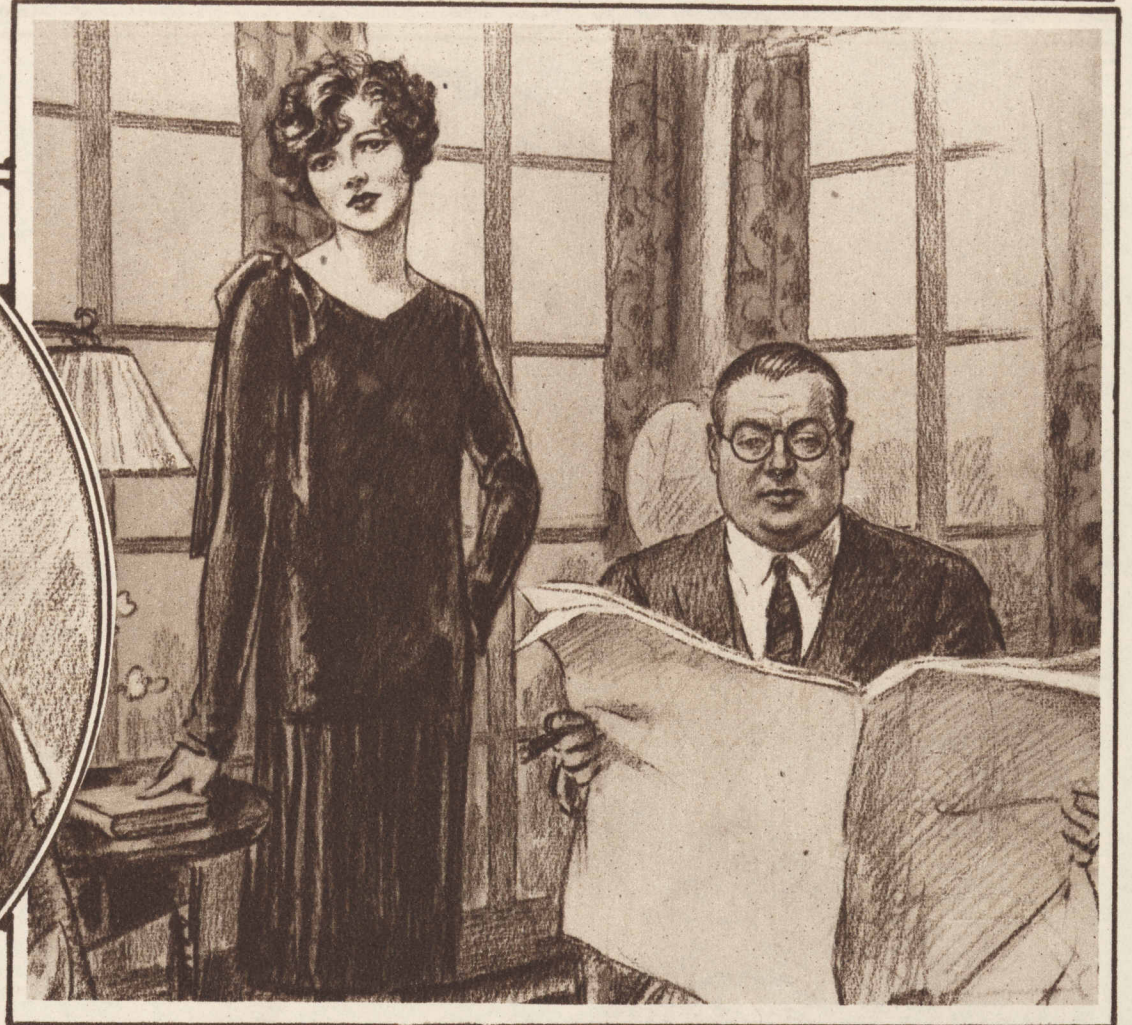
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"Who was that on the phone, Caddy? Did she ask how I was? What did you tell her? Why did you say that?" A convalescent getting over anything from typhoid to rabies will gain rapidly if moved into a sun parlor. Not only is the sun beneficial, but the patient can almost but not quite hear everything that goes on in other parts of the house, thus taking the mind off bodily ailments.



Mrs. Nellie Bellrope is entertaining at bridge in her sun parlor. Everything is too ritzy for words. The favors are pink, and even the home made ice is tinted a deep rose. Indeed, many of the more seasoned guests, mindful of chemical poisoning, are going to refrain from the iced tea.



Heavy reading in the suburban sun parlor. Wilmer and Dotsie are an average suburban couple derailed by too much reading. Dotsie is wild about the novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Wilmer's taste runs to heavier stuff. Dotsie is getting Main Street conscious and worries frightfully about things. "Wilmer," she's saying, "I don't think we ought to play any more bridge and I do wish you'd give up your service club luncheons. I'm dreadfully afraid we're getting Babbitty!"



A worried hostess, with a fly swatter, putting a few finishing touches to the sun parlor before the bridge addicts arrive.



A sun parlor adjoining the living room is very handy to house the overflow at both formal and informal gatherings. These two lovely ladies on the outskirts of a meeting of the "Where Next" club are too far away to do more than guess at what Mrs. Max Welton Braes is saying in her paper on "Just What Is Woman's Status in the Matter of Direct Primaries?" However, they are having a real good heart to heart talk. The stylish stout lady is telling her friend all about how Evelyn never once came near her when she had her kidney removed.

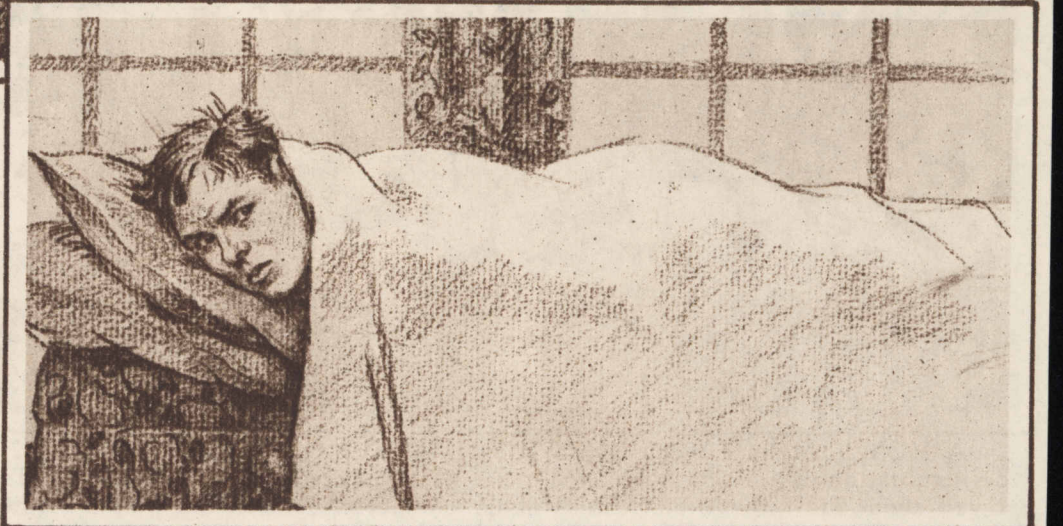


Any morning between 7 and 7:30, Unga, the Finnish handmaiden, is to be seen framed in the door of the sun parlor shaking out a dust cloth—O, so gently, and not missing a thing that goes on for blocks around. Unga is one of those snappy helpers who might easily be mistaken at a distance for a debutante daughter or madam herself. This morning Unga is hurling her personality, come what may, at the head of a neighbor's chauffeur.



The rainy day golfite. A sun parlor is useful in more ways than just to let in the sun, as any intensive golfer will testify.

Doris is home from the big city for a few days. She and her mother are sitting in the old ancestral sun parlor talking of this and of that. Doris has inquired about Uncle Ed's neuritis and Cousin Edna's twins, and her mother has asked if Doris doesn't get pretty tired eating around at restaurants and whether or no the city noises keep her awake at night. After half an hour they're all talked out.



A sun parlor is a swell place to park an overnight male guest. For one thing, it's too far away from a bathroom for said guest to be always pattering in and out using up towels and hot water and getting generally in the way.



A little Sunday afternoon nap in the Queen Anne hammock with the real estate section for covering is a perfect end to almost any kind of a day.