The Sun Parlor
By W. E. Hill

"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 get-
ing over anything from typewrit to rabies will get rapidly if moved into a sun parlor. The rich, deep, golden light of the sun is so benignant, but the patient can almost but not quite bear everything that goes on in it or to it of course, thus tak-
ing the mind off bodily ailments.

Mrs. Nellie Bellrose is entertain-
ing at bridge in her sun parlor. Everything is too noisy for words. The favors are pink, and even the home made ice is tasted a deep rose. Indeed, many of the more seasoned guests, mind-
ful of chemical poisoning, are go-
ing to refrain from the low tea.

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

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

Any morning between 7 and 7:30, Unga, the Finnic housemaid, is to be seen fringed in the door of the sun parlor shaking out a dust clot--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 as a distance far a debutante daughter or maid herself. This morning Unga is bustling her personality, come what may, at the head of a neighbor's chauffeur.

A sun parlor adjoining the living room is very handy to house the overflow at both formal and informal gatherings. Those two lovely ladies on the outskirts of a meeting of the Women's Club, just far away to do more than guess at what Mrs. Max Wood Brees is saying in her paper on "Just What is Woman's Part in the Matter of Direct Pri-
maries?" However, they are having a real good time to hear talk. The stylish young lady guests are trumpeting her friend all about how Evelyn never once came near her when she had her kidney removed.

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

Doria is home from the big city for a few days. She and her mother are sitting in the old ancestral sun parlor talk-
ing of this and that. Dorare has told her stories about Uncle Ed's nekkud and Cousin Edna's tenement mother has asked if Dorina doesn't get pretty tired with all of the restaurants and whether or not the city noises keep her awake at night. After half an hour they're all talked out.

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

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