



Upper row, left to right—Marie Crozet hat of blue taffeta, with a straw braid edging the taffeta petals at the side. Lewis model of navy blue taffeta, with a garland of roses. Lower row, left to right—Talbot sailor having the brim threaded with ribbon. Talbot well-trimmed tricorne, with long scarf drapery falling from one point. Rebox hat in Chinese coolie style, made of blue taffeta, with a brim of plaited blue horsehair braid.

LARGE HATS GAY AS POSY GARDEN

Milady's Midsummer Headgear Is Adorned With Garlands of Colorful Blossoms

GARDEN TYPE IN EVIDENCE

Name Assigned to Variety With Drooping Brims—Picturesque Fashion Favored for Country Wear—Duvetyn in Limeight.

As the summer advances hats grow larger. The small hat is always popular, both with the American woman and the Parisienne, but the mode must be varied throughout the year, declares a prominent fashion writer. Consequently a fair proportion of large hats is always shown, but midsummer is the logical season for them. The efforts of the milliners to popularize the more dressy, picturesque styles have met with great success.

Midsummer models are of lace, organdie, bright colored swiss muslins, tulle, taffetas, ginghams and, of course, some straws. The fact that more fabrics than straws are used is due to two causes—the Parisienne has never considered the all-straw hat as becoming as one in which a soft fabric is introduced, and the difficulty of obtaining straw. The high cost of straw braids, together with their scarcity, is making it practically necessary for the Paris milliner to economize in the quantity used.

Spring hats were gay. Those for summer are gayer. Summer time means flowers. So, of course, we have the flower hats. Not the slightest bit of care appears to have been taken in trimming them, yet we know by the beauty they so subtly express that they represent the greatest care on the part of those who are real artists in this line.

Like Misty Gardens.

Dozens of different sorts of flowers are on a single hat. Milliners appear to have a penchant for tumbling them haphazardly over the crowns, to trail onto the brims in the order that they happen to fall. They frequently weave their miniature flower gardens in veiling.

Both milliners and dressmakers have taken to softening bright colors by covering them with airy bits of tulle. Perhaps they got the idea of covering the colorful flowers with blue-gray net from the gardens all misty with dew in the early morning. Certainly the effect recalls such a picture.

Leaves of Paris shows very pronounced floral garlands on white-brimmed, large-crowned taffeta hats. Not only do these have their garlands of flowers, but they also have the ribbon braids or throat laces as an added bit of coquetry. Large hats trimmed with veils are very much in evidence. Long veils veils delicately embroidered and bordered are draped across wide on tricorne hats. The bowing scarf cut is left in hang from one side.

The big coolie hat is again being used, and is especially interesting and becoming when made with a transparent lace developed from burr-stalk braid. Many coolie hats in combination with slouching headbands and turbans crowns of taffeta are noted.

Taffeta and Straw.

Taffeta in combination with straw is a big feature. Broad-brimmed sailor shapes covered with taffeta, have the brim edged with straw and sometimes are trimmed with large petal ornaments made of taffeta and bound at the edge with straw braid of matching or contrasting hue.

Marie Crozet shows very smart semi-

tailored hats of taffeta entirely covered with little lines of satin cire ribbon. This makes a hat which is simple and at the same time elegant. This house also exploits large black straw hats faced with colors, such as king's blue and emerald green. About the crown and falling over the brim are lightly placed draperies of black chantilly lace and the crown is banded with a narrow ribbon in the bright color of the underbrim facing. This makes a very picturesque hat.

Combinations of straw and ribbon frequently are seen among new hats. Special favorites are those in sailor shape where the brim is trimmed with broad strappings of straw braid through which a wide ribbon passes to form the garniture. Talbot makes a strong feature of this type of hat, which is perfectly lovely in white straw trimmed with navy blue taffeta ribbon.

Hats, like dresses, have sashes, and the sashes are also veiled. The ribbon is crushed and run through a tubing of veiling much narrower than the ribbon.

A large coterie of hats have come to be known as garden hats, not because anybody ever weilds the rake or the trowel in one of them, but because the drooping brim, picture type of country hat needed something in the way of a name that brought with it a vision of lovely old gardens and of times when women dressed in keeping with their surroundings.

Petal Ornaments Popular. While it is doubtful if there are many women who would like to return to the days when we spent our time in the occupations which were considered purely feminine, such as ordering our households and watering our rose bushes, the memory of old-fashioned days always has a certain charm, and we still like to dress ourselves in this picturesque fashion when in the country.

Lovely things are done with organdies and straws. Drooping brims of black milan are topped by puff crowns of pink organdie. Here we see the hard-working petal again. Apparently not at all weary from playing its important role in fashions this summer, made of pink muslin, it flutters around the crowns of such hats.

While it is charming as a trimming for dresses, it is even more attractive as a hat garniture. I have just seen such a hat in pink and black, with clusters of glistening black cherries scattered over the brim. The orchard has not been neglected by searching milliners. It has given as much inspiration as the garden and the summer fields with their galaxy of wild flowers, and of all the fruits of the orchard the cherry is the favorite.

Since smocks have been practically adopted into the sweater family we see more and more sets consisting of this type of waist, copied from the dress of the peasants of France, with hats to match. Having those ever-blissful that match the hat is an excellent idea, for everybody knows how difficult it is to get a sweater and hat that look as if they have any relation to one another. Now that smocks of materials including duvetyn, tricotene and straws, and many sweaters are so much like blouses, one may easily interchange as the other.

From Paris comes a smock of white organdie—not the lightweight gabardine such as is used for shirts, but a heavy quality like coat materials. It is made to give the effect of a panel back and front by means of bright scarlet leather bands running from the bottom of the blouse in front over either shoulder to half way down the back. The leather has a perforated design revealing the white. The same idea is carried out in tiny trimmings buttons, which are covered first with white, then with the perforated leather. Accompanying this is a large hat of rough white straw headed with scarlet leather.

Duvetyn sets are much in favor. In some, two colors are combined.

POLLY

By NELL ADAIR.

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Four pairs of bright eyes peered through the curtains down to the veranda where the man sat.

"He's awfully stunning," Gwen commented.

"And dresses in excellent taste," Gladys said.

"I love his air of indifference," Janet added.

"Indifference," Polly exclaimed, "that air of his comes from pure conceit. Thinks no one like himself ever visited this humble town before. Thinks also, that each and everyone of us is just dying of eagerness to meet him—"

"Which we are," Gladys frankly interrupted.

"Poof!" said Polly, "eager more likely to ride in that big car of his, or to be asked to play tennis in his wonderful new court."

A mischievous gleam came to her dark eyes as she turned from the window. "All right, I'll show you. Ere another day has passed," Polly waved her arm dramatically, "the indifferent and disinterested Homer Bainbridge shall be seen in my company alone."

Janet laughed.

"Let her dream on," she said to the girls.

When Homer Bainbridge arose and strolled to the entrance gate of the big place he had rented, Polly smiled in her corner. What would he think of her, this distinguished-looking stranger after she had made good her promise to the girls?

Polly jumped up with a boyish whistle, and went out to the garage. Her own small car stood there. It was dusty and in lack of attention, so she set to work with the cleaning cloths. Then when her work was done, Polly hurried up to her room for the becoming 'daintiest blue' frock, and did certain bewitching things to her hair. When she appeared again, rosy and excited, she seated herself in the car and waved good-by to her mother.

"See you later," was her only explanation as the little car went rolling down the white road.

The difficult man was there as she passed, and he regarded her with his apparent remoteness. Polly knew the location of the golf links, also she knew that Mr. Homer Bainbridge would soon be on his way there. This, she had learned through much interested observation of his daily life's routine. At a safe distance and rather wearily, she kept his tall figure in view as he moved about on the green. When the waiting became too tiresome, Polly brought forth an inviting magazine and began the latest serial. It was remarkable after that, how the afternoon hours flew. Mr. Homer Bainbridge had departed from the links to get his own big car. In ten or fifteen minutes he should pass her.

Polly, very evidently, knew little about engines. She went on experimentally probing the car's tires with apparently little success. For each time that Polly resumed her seat, her hands upon the steering wheel, the small car utterly refused to move. A bigger automobile which had been for some time approaching, was obliged to halt in the roadside. This was a narrow park passage, and the driver wished to make sure that he might safely go ahead. The driver was Homer Bainbridge.

Polly faced him with a hopeless gesture.

"You will have to go around me," she said ruefully. "I'm afraid that I'm stalled here for the day."

Mr. Bainbridge alighting, instantly came to the rescue.

"What," he asked, "seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know a thing about mechanism," Polly honestly confessed. So the difficult man, casting aside his gauntlets, took it upon himself to find the cause of trouble. But his careful effort could discover none.

Suddenly he grinned up at Polly.

"Why?" he exclaimed, "it's your gasoline tank. Empty—that's all."

Polly had the grace to blush, but remembering the mocking faces of her three friends she quickly regained her poise.

"Thank you," she said, "then I will walk over home and send Jim for the car. He can bring the gasoline with him."

The courtesy of her neighbor intervened, as she was starting off jauntily. "Better ride back with me," he suggested, and with becoming gratitude Polly accepted the invitation.

Gwen and Gladys were upon their veranda as she made her triumphant return. Polly put just the right amount of friendliness into her passing bow. Further down the avenue Janet yapped while smothered over a garden hedge.

To her, Polly also bowed cordially. Mr. Homer Bainbridge had been bending in flattering attention to Polly's purposely low-invoiced conversation as they passed. At her own door she dismissed him.

"Thanks," Polly said briefly, and went in search of Jim.

It was exactly three months later when the difficult man had asked for the one great question and was waiting in eager suspense. Polly's reply, when suddenly she got all reassured and serious, made confession of her pique.

"Why Polly," her lover rapturously exclaimed, "Polly, my dear, all that time, I was hoping and longing for a kind fate to bring us together."

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