

# THE BRICK

McAtee & Aiken, Props.

We Are Exclusive Agents in Heppner for

## Norman's Ice Cream

The Finest Product on The Market

## Are your drills In good shape?

Now is the time you should begin to look after them.

Whether it is a new drill or repairs for the old ones, we have them. We handle the

### Superior and Van Brunt Drills

Which are the best on the market... You need not take our word for this, but just ask any user.

## Peoples Hdw. Co.

### THE TIME HAS COME TO CHOOSE A HAT



THERE is a pleasant little journey just ahead of most women. It is an excursion into the shops in quest of a trimmed hat for winter. Now is the time to make it—when milliners are putting their best hat forward, so to speak, in their formal openings; so—after checking up on one's bank account—the time has come to set sail. There is a becoming hat for every type of face. A group of trimmed hats shown above, reveals several favored and intriguing styles. At the top of this group there is a representative of the small turban which proudly supports spreading bows or ends of crepe ribbon, finished off with a brilliant jet ornament at the front. It is handsome in velvet or duvetyne or other fabrics and is a tempting affair in all black. Just below it, a lovely velvet hat in a pleasant shade, has its crown covered with autumn foliage—browns, yellows, dull green, bronze—a little hint of red among the leaves. A circular veil in brown falls over it. The spirited hat at the right is made of velvet and bears an upstanding crest of ostrich which may be "platined"—that is, metalized with a gray metallic burnish, or in vari-colored ostrich plumes. It is very handsome in gray velvet with platined ostrich.

At the lower left, a velvet hat has a soft crown and graceful brim, in brown with long, soft ostrich plumes and curving spikes of chenille about its crown. It is also beautiful in the purple and petunia shades, or in other autumn colors. No collection will be minus something that calls to mind the Spanish modes and they are evident in the last hat of the group.

*Julia Bottomley*

### POSTSCRIPTS

By MARGARET A. SWEENEY.

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Cynthia Stewart, in the silken ease of her orchid dressing-gown, sat scowling at a letter that lay upon the table before her.

"I'll tell him the truth," she declared as she drew a sheet of paper towards her and began to write:

"Boston, May 3, 1920.

"My Dear Crofter—I am afraid that what I am about to say may hurt you, but I think it is the wiser way to tell you the truth.

"I know that a good sport never hits a man when he is down, so you see I am a rather cheap sport. I am going to swat you—I am breaking my word—my truth to you.

"It is now six months since your doctor sent you to Pasadena, and you tell me that your specialist there says that it will require another six months in that climate before you are well, and that in order to keep well he advises you to make a permanent home in California.

"Well, Crofter, needless to say that I would not—could not leave Boston; and, besides, it may take years, judging from what I know, before you are financially able to assume the responsibility of a home—such a home as we would like.

"I am no longer so very young, Crofter, I shall be twenty-four next month; and so, in justice to myself and my family, I think it better to break our engagement.

"Today I am returning the ring and the string of pearls. Please do not judge me too harshly, and, please, for old time's sake, let us still be friends.

"With all good wishes for your health and happiness, Yours sincerely, "CYNTHIA."

"P. S.—The real truth is, Crofter, that father's new partner, Mr. Wallace, has piles and piles of money—he made it while you were overseas being gassed to death—and father and mother and Aunt Sarah all sing his praises and all think that I ought to marry him. Mr. Wallace thinks so, too, but I told him last night that I wanted a few days to think it over."

"There—Crofter ought to know that I'm not altogether to blame," she soliloquized, as she glanced over the postscript. "He knows that I—"

"A letter for you, Miss Cynthia."

The letter that the maid brought was postmarked "Pasadena," and Cynthia opened and read:

"Mountain Road, Pasadena, "April 26, 1920.

"Dearest—Since writing to you a few days ago I have been obsessed by the thought that it is selfish and unfair for me, a partial invalid, to hold you to your promise to become my wife.

"In some way, Cynthia, I have become aware (or I think I have) that you want to be released. The tone of your letters is different. I feel a change in you.

"And, of course, I know that I am not the man, physically or financially, that I was on that day of days in June, 1917, when you made me the happiest man in all the world. I want to play fair with you, Cynthia, and so I shall not think of holding you to your promise to me.

"I wish, Cynthia, that you were here with me this morning. If I could look into your dear eyes and tell you just what is in my heart it would make this easier.

"I am alone on the veranda, and my chair faces toward that mighty range of mountains that rises before me like a vast fortress—vague and reticent these mountains stand, and they take no part in our lot or being. Beyond them lies the great Mohave desert; beyond that lie endless mountains and plains, and away off there on the New England coast—you—

"Every day, dear heart, I sit here at the foot of the misty mountains and close my eyes for a little while so that I may see you the better, and sometimes in the evening I walk and talk with you under the orange trees—it is a way lonely folks have.

"But the chances are, little girl, that I may never see you again, for I have found that I must make my home out here, and I know how attached you are to Boston. I have bought this little four-room bungalow—it is almost completely covered by a bush of rambling roses.

"I want to thank you for the wonderful letters you have written me. Please let me keep them. Some of them gave me courage at the Marne and I have another battle still to fight.

"You shall always live in my heart, dearest, for I love you—you—only.

"Always yours, "CROFTER HARRISON."

"P. S.—If I have made a mistake, Cynthia, about your supposed wish to be free, I beg you to let me know at once and I'll go and fetch you home. Remember that 'Home is where the heart is.' Please wire immediately."

Fifteen minutes later this rash message sped over the wires:

Boston, May 3, 1920.

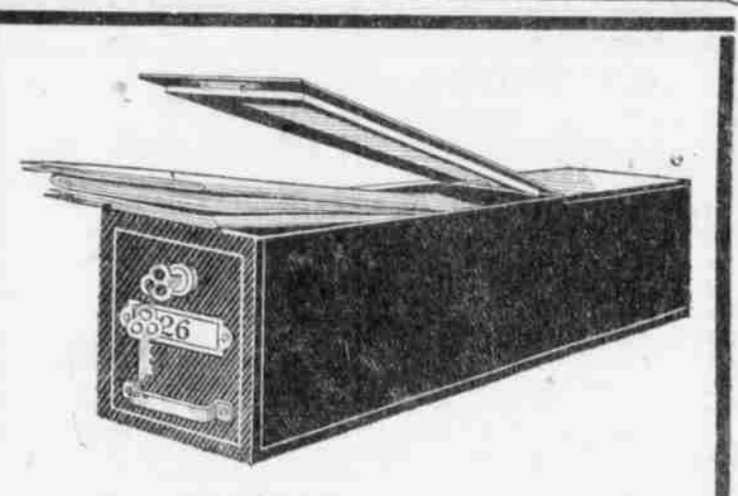
"Crofter Harrison, Mountain Road, Pasadena, Cal.:

"Leaving Boston today for home. Meet train at Los Angeles—do there the 5th. "CYNTHIA."

Not in Our Purses. Financiers say the United States has too much gold. In this computation the financiers are not referring to us.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

- DR. R. J. VAUGHAN  
DENTIST  
Permanently located in Odd-fellow's Building  
HEPPNER, OREGON
- DR. A. D. McMURDO  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
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HEPPNER, OREGON
- F. A. McMENAMIN  
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Office Phone Main 643  
Residence Phone Main 665  
Roberts Building  
HEPPNER, OREGON
- S. E. NOTSON  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Office in Court House  
HEPPNER, OREGON
- SAM E. VAN VACTOR  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
First National Bank Bldg.  
HEPPNER, OREGON
- WATERS & ANDERSON  
FIRE INSURANCE  
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C. C. Patterson  
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- DeLUXE ROOMS  
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- WOODSON & SWECK  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Masonic Building  
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## WHAT PEOPLE SAY

Who rent a lock box in our fire proof safe Deposit Vaults:

"I have no fear of losing my jewelry or keepsakes."

"My Will and other Private Papers are not being read by anyone but myself."

"I always Know just where to find my Valuables—they're never misplaced."

Isn't it worth from \$2.00 upward a year to you to be able to say the same of your valuables?

## First National Bank of Heppner

A Member of the Federal Reserve

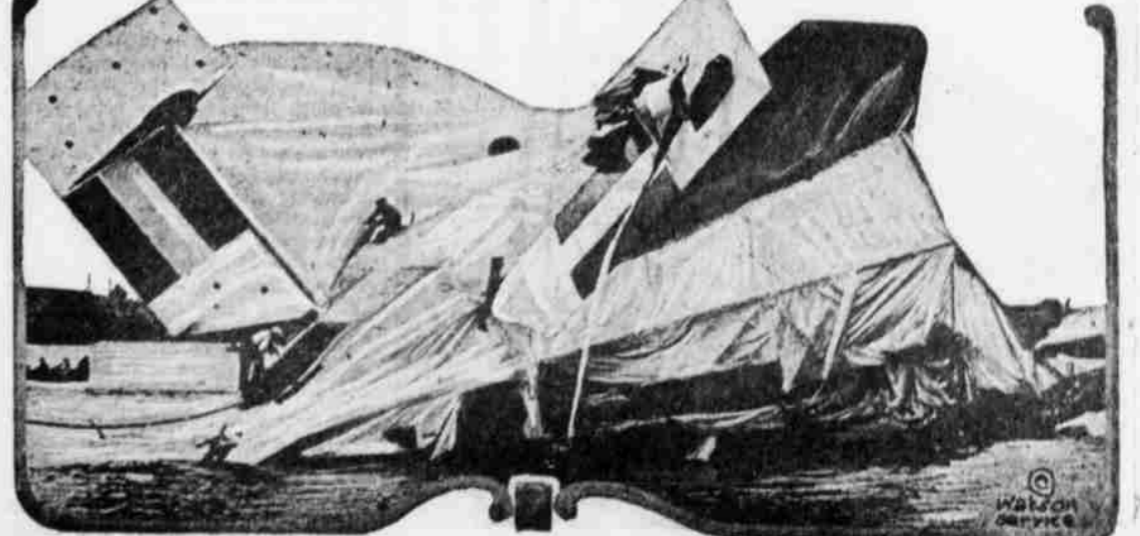
THE HEPPNER HERALD, ONLY \$2.00 A YEAR

### Family That Drew President's Attention



Here is the Zaccaria family of 16, of New York, the mother of which, Mrs. Domenico Zaccaria, received the congratulations of President Harding. All the children were born in this country. The father is employed in a local department store and earns \$20 a week. In reply to President Harding's letter of congratulation, Mrs. Zaccaria asked him to help her husband get a raise in salary. This he tried to do, without conspicuous success.

### First Photograph of the ZR-2 Disaster



The ZR-2, a mass of tangled cinders and canvas, floating on the Humber at Hull, England, one-half hour after the huge dirigible broke in half and fell, a fiery mass, into the river. Rescuing parties are making efforts to extricate the bodies from the wreckage.