

Stately Sports Suit in Rose, Tan, Green



This very dignified sports suit in rose, tan and green combination is bound in grosgrain ribbon, making a charming all-around outfit.

Sun Room Helps Save Beach Cottage Heat

A sun room is desirable in the beach cottage, where it is frequently too cold, especially mornings and evenings, in other rooms. A sun room that has become heated during the day may be kept closed and the heat thus retained until long after dark.

In this room, where warmth is the desideratum, warm colors may be used appropriately if one's fancy so dictates. Lavender in its pink shades is an effective warm color, though great care must be taken in selecting fabrics of that color, as it is sadly inclined to fade. Chintzes and cottons in gay colors add to the warmth of a room, in appearance at least, and so curtains in orange or purple having a red cast. Red itself and even pink are to be avoided as being too restless in their effect.

A visit to the shops will reveal many articles that seem expressly made for the summer cottage. There are certain patterns in china, certain shapes and colors in utensils, peculiar fabrics and ornaments that the discriminating buyer will pounce upon with joy as the very things most suited to summer needs.

Only those families that are quite free from the problem of housework can afford to indulge in fine china or fine linen for the summer home. The former involves special care three times a day and the latter causes the laundry list to expand unduly. In place of the usual china one can find quaint and interesting pieces of a stolid and staid build that will defy careless handling and yet not be unpleasant to look at or to use. If the summer weeks spent in the cabin are to partake of the nature of a picnic, the white or blue porcelain cups and plates from the hamper may be brought into use, supplemented at times by the picnic plates of paper disguised with the paper dories that are as inexpensive as they are pretty.

Black Still Liked in Materials for Apparel

Just as one begins to believe that black is definitely out of the running, so far as fashion is concerned, it suddenly steps into the foreground and once more occupies an important position.

New frocks of black materials are being shown. They are very charming and reveal decided originality. Many are lace-trimmed and in a number of instances the lace is white, cream or yellow.

There is a lovely frock of black chiffon which has three platted flounces on the skirt. Each flounce is edged with narrow valencienne lace, a deep yellow in tone, and the flounces are arranged to slant upward from the left to the right side. Lace appears as a finish at the neck and edges in ruffles on the sleeves. A most interesting frock is a wide-skirted, tight-waisted model of black satin trimmed with appliques of heavy ivory lace. Another of black net has squares of beige lace inserted into the skirt and waist. The entire frock is plaited and the effect is extremely attractive.

New Waist Bag. One of the new wrist bags shown is a finished extension of silk material in the form of an inverted gusset. The long silk or velvet points at waist shades end in black silk fringe. A wrist bag of this sort in delicate color is handled for semiformal dress, which is a bit more formal than usual.

Charming Outfit. Checked taffeta in red and white and blue and white is used for little short coats, which accompany frocks of platted white serge de china.

"ROUGH STUFF"

By JOAN M. GRAY

BOBS FREEMAN descended upon her sister, Barbara, one summer afternoon with bag and baggage and announced that she had broken her engagement to Dick. When Barbara's young husband came home from the city he reported a dismal young lover glooming around the town.

"She gave him no reason," Page told Barbara. And she's taking up Percy since then. He's coming over this evening.

Bobs deliberately vamped Percy in the shabby garden that evening. When at length she said she must go in, Percy invited her to ride to Laurel beach next evening and Bobs accepted. It was late when she finally escaped. Barbara met her in the hall and stared until told her she was wilted and crumpled and frowzy.

"That's what I want to be!" flumed Bobs. "I want to be treated rough."

She rushed upstairs, past Page, sneaking back to his room from the hall, where he had heard her confession.

Dick took it like a soldier and said that if it were Percy she wanted it was tough for him.

"Tain't Percy, it's rough stuff," gouted Page. "I have a plan. You use it and teach that girl a lesson."

Little suspecting that her fate had been settled by two young men at Puchon, Bobs went off with Percy. There was a warm moonlight, and in a romantic spot by the sea Percy stopped the car and kissed Bobs hard and many times.

"Take me home," she said in a small voice. Percy obeyed, puzzled. Bobs Freeman had certainly wanted what she got.

After a satisfactory conversation with Grandmother Corless the next morning, Dick drove away through the acres of pine trees which surrounded her house and smiled at a rough cabin, standing in among them.

That evening, at Barbara's request, Bobs sauntered through the darkness to the garden wall in search of a book. Some one rose from the other side, flung a scratchy blanket over her head and dumped her into a car. Then whizzed away.

Struggling frantically, she threw the blanket off and stared at Dick, square-jawed and ferocious.

"Get back in that corner," he growled, "and keep quiet, or I'll knock your block off. You prefer being dragged off by the hair, but I prefer this way. See?"

Bobs was secretly thrilled to the eyes. Finally they stopped before a rough cabin.

"Get out!" "I won't." "Get out!" He dragged her in and shut the door.

"Get something to eat!" "I won't!" "Get something to eat and get it quick. Who d'you think you are?"

He pushed her to the rusty stove. She struggled with a fire and he smoked a cigarette, watching her with considerable enjoyment.

Finally she set a tolerable meal before him. "Open the door," he growled; "it's hotter than blazes!"

Percy was on Grandmother Corless' piazza, asking her advice. She was a friend of his mother's—he felt he had a right. She advised him to go back to Ann Appleton.

Grandmother collapsed. "Those silly children! If Percy sees them he is sure to misunderstand!"

Which is what Percy did. Coming upon an oblong of light among the trees, he crept forward and discovered Dick Abbott angrily facing Bobs Freeman across a littered table in a badly-lighted cabin. Suddenly Dick grabbed her and kissed her many times and hard. Bobs forgot every thing in the discovery that he could be rough. Finally she slumped, lifted her head and stared straight at Percy. Dick felt her stiffen. He turned, and the three stared at one another until Percy disappeared.

He bumped into a tree and said a word. Then, "Bobs Freeman! Well, well!"

Dick gathered his forces. "Get some sleep," he said gruffly. "I'm going to sit right here all night."

Bobs sank upon the cot speechless. The next morning she asked what they were going to do now.

"We're going to get married!" "I wouldn't marry you for worlds," she hissed. "I hate you. You're rough and rude and horrid. Ugh!" She darted from the cabin. Dick overtook her in three long strides and again dumped her into the car. She gave up the struggle.

They were married in a near-by village. As they came back through the trees, she wondered why they did not stop at the little cabin. Instead, Dick drove up before a big, white house and led her into a room to face Grandmother Corless and Dige and Barbara.

"Ah, ha," Page cried—she could not stop him—"how'd you like the rough stuff?"

Entire Town of Elcho Lives in This Hotel



Elcho, Wis., boasts of the largest hotel and community center in the world in proportion to its population. Last February the town was wiped off the map by fire, not a single house escaping. Charles W. Fish, president of a lumber company, decided to build a hotel and community center, and within 90 days had erected a building occupying one block and containing a movie theater, bank, drug store, barber shop, general store and a hotel consisting of 60 rooms and equipped with every modern convenience. The entire population lives at this hotel, and the only other building in the city is the community center, which everyone is welcome to join.

When Wrong Notes Appear in Apparel

Sharps and Flats Jingle to Satisfaction of Faddists.

There was a time when the woman who wore her pearls in the morning was—well, "one of those women who wear their pearls in the morning, my dear." It was regarded much as Mrs. Gadsby regarded the lace collar on "the impossible woman's" riding habit.

For several seasons past one has noticed a decided change in attitude. The costume that achieves success at one of the great openings will have on it something that is really "wrong"—or rather wrong according to sartorial beliefs for generations. White organdy appears blithely trimmed with scarlet leather. It is not practical, it has not been done; but it is charming.

Dyed cotton lace, none too fine and obviously machine made, appears on an exquisite dinner gown made in the grand manner. At first we are startled, and then we realize that it is charming. Some of the "wrong notes" are striking, all amusing, and all more charming and of more character than the "correct" conventional detail.

An exquisite Peggy Hoyt evening frock of the "picture" type is of vivid pink taffeta gathered to a close-fitting bodice so that it stands out like an old-fashioned crinoline. They are lovely decorative nosebags embroidered on it in darker pink chenille and fine gold thread. It is a gown that might be worn with the hair smoothly parted and in ringlets at the nape of the neck. But the charming person wearing it chooses an incongruously smart and ultra modern cloche hat of black velvet, very tiny and tight and almost concealing the hair. A very severe velvet hat, such as one would ordinarily wear with a tailleur. It is the wrong note; it is delightful.

A severely tailored tailleur of black rep is worn with a stockscarf and a plain cloche hat. Trailing out of one pocket, a note of sheer femininity entirely out of keeping with the costume is a yard square chiffon handkerchief in vivid color. Again the decidedly effective wrong note.

Two other examples are the use of a tiny face veil on a sports hat; a use of lace that once would have been an indispensable bit. The hat is of beige felt, perfectly plain, with a half-inch band of brown ribbon about the crown. The veil is of sheer brown lace.

Another "wrong note," decidedly quaint and interesting, is the use of exotic antique Spanish earrings with a sports costume. The little jacket is of white crepe, with gray crepe collar and sleeve linings. Worn with this is a chartreuse-colored crepe blouse and a gray felt cloche. The earrings are of old enamel, shaped like a Japanese fan, ribbed with gold and figured with chartreuse color and black chinoiserie.

A frock of lacquer red kasha cloth, bound with matching crepe braid, would ordinarily be worn with a small, and perhaps black, or milan straw hat, ornamented, perhaps, with a coardec or quill. Not so. The hat is a "garden" shape of brown leghorn, weighed down with great clusters of velvet nasturtiums and their vivid green leaves.—Harper's Bazar.

Furniture Takes Place Next to Food in Life

Did you ever weigh the fact that next to food, or possibly fashions, furniture is the chief thing in your life?

It was a necessary witness at your birth. From your high chair you graduated into the nursery. Then came the sofa where you wooed your bride. Polished and new is the table across which you smiled at her you had won, at the first breakfast. Furniture in your home reflects your ambitions, your success. And then—life has not greater joy than the selection of the sofa for the coming of the little stranger, your first born.

And last, the bed supports you as you drop into the peaceful sleep which has no waking.

Yes, furniture truly is the chief thing in your life.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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A Hard Blow.

Mrs. Brown—Yer ain't lookin' too happy today, Mrs. Jones. What's up? Mrs. Jones—What's up? Jones has been promising all week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!—The Pathfinder.

First Rung of the Ladder.

"How did you come to choose a political career?" "I didn't choose it," replied Senator Sorghum. "The first time I was elected to office it was because everybody else was too busy to be a candidate."

Needed Treatment: Golfer—Doctor, you remember you recommended golf to take my mind off my work? Doctor—Yes. "Well, can you prescribe something now to get it back again?"—Life.

Scientific Triumph.

In perfecting a machine for testing the psychology of color, a University of Pennsylvania professor has solved a problem which defied the efforts of scientists for many years.

RAGS WANTED—Clean cotton rags wanted at Herald office. Knit underwear, etc., not acceptable. 22-17

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