

**BOOTLEGGER GETS
PAROLE TO LAWYER**

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 17.—John Nicholson, La Grande, was free today after pleading guilty in federal court to an indictment charging sale and possession of liquor on June 19, July 9 and 12, Nicholson was sentenced to four months in the Multnomah county jail and paroled to his attorney, George T. Cochran, of La Grande.

**TREE BEARS APPLES OF
DIFFERENT COLORS**

MEDFORD, Ore., Oct. 17.—An apple tree of the Delicious variety

at the Southern Oregon experiment station at Talent bears upon one side apples deep red in color and upon the other side the fruit is a pale yellow, streaked with mild red.

TRESPASS NOTICE

All persons are notified not to hunt or in any way trespass on the Overland orchards.

Dan Wulfe & Co., Inc.
Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

**51-YEAR ATHLETE TRAINS
FOR FRESH CONTESTS**

(Associated Press Local Wire)
NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Joseph A. Rudy, 51, is training at the New York Athletic club for his 58th year of amateur competition. He has been a shot putter, hammer thrower, baseball player, discus thrower, water polo player and swimmer. In competition he has scored 1,560 points for the club. He has 978 prizes in a safe deposit vault. And he has reared a family of athletes. Three boys and two girls have their names in record books.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

son deepened and I had a pronounced dislike for you. You'll forgive me, won't you, for telling you these things while you are my guest? I only want to make the situation clear. My only interest in you, even now, is through Marian. She likes you and, ergo, you are important to me."

Eddie, with knitted brow, waited for what was coming next. Anything he might say, at the moment, would be futile.

"My tendency, I admit, is to be antagonistic," the older man swept on. "But I want, also, to be fair. If the doors of this house are to be open to you—and they have been opened—I want to know something about you. I want to know who you are and where you came from, for the one thing."

This was not a blow—it was the cold, swift thrust of a sword. Eddie winced inwardly, but he managed to conceal the pang. To eringe was impossible.

"I'm nobody, and I came from no place," he said steadily. "Without going into details, Mr. Thorndike, I think that answers your question."

The other looked at him with unwavering eye. "It does, perfectly. Also, your answer has the merit of great honesty. Another thing I want to know—again without details, if you prefer—is there anything about you, or in your record, that would make any friendship between you and Marian impossible if it were known? Do you understand what I mean?"

Eddie's mind was now on edge with alertness. Was there, indeed, any stain on his life that barred him from a girl like Marian Thorndike? Looking back, he envisioned his spotted past. He tried to be honest. There were black marks that burned him with inward shame. He had lived the life of his environment—but he had, he hoped, escaped in time without indelible stigma. The saying fact

was that he had confessed his past to Marian—the one person most truly concerned—and she had given him absolution.

"No man," he said seriously, "is fit for a girl like your daughter, Mr. Thorndike. That's a general statement—but I'm not trying to put anything over on her. If I felt that there was anything about me that would degrade her, I'd go away and never see her again. You can believe that or not—but my word of honor goes with it."

Mr. Thorndike was silent for a space of minutes. Finally, he said: "I suppose I'll have to be satisfied with that. I wouldn't have talked to you in this way if her happiness were not so tremendously vital to her mother and to me. I want you to know that the most precious object on earth to us is Marian, and that I would go to any length to insure her against catastrophe in the form of the wrong man. I'm not going to make empty threats, Mr. Regan; you have given me, I suppose, whatever assurances were possible. I'm going to let you come here occasionally—I'm going to accept you for what you seem to be and at face value; at the same time I'm going to give you a warning. Here he paused. Then—

"If by the slightest token you betray in any way the trust that is imposed upon you, I will settle with you myself in such a manner that you will never again blight any girl's life. And now, sir, let's make this the end of such conversation between us."

Eddie spent the balance of the evening alone with Marian, but a restraint was upon him. He could not rid his mind of the velvet-gloved menace of her father. It was not a matter he could discuss with her—he couldn't tell her that he had been put, virtually, upon parole.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

**RUNAWAY CAR CRASHES
INTO HOTEL; TWO DEAD**

(Associated Press Local Wire)
ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 17.—Two persons were killed today by a loaded coal car that ran wildly down the tracks on the Martin branch of the Pennsylvania railroad and crashed into the Hotel Waldorf at Portage. The victims, Mrs. Anne Skelley, 70, and August Hess, proprietor of the hotel, were killed as they sat in the building.

NOTICE

Reward of \$50 offered to any person finding out and telling me the person or persons annually stealing my grapes.

Adv. MARTIN BRUCKER.

Do your bit toward establishing a free dental clinic in Roseburg for Douglas county children. Join the health association for only 25 cents per year. Fees may be paid at office of Dr. H. C. Church, 122 N. Jackson.—Adv.

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OF BEING IMMACULATE
That's the feeling inspired
always, with a



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It's a permanent that lasts—waves deep and wide—no finger waving necessary—steamed from the inside out, instead of forced in.

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MARCELS WILL NEVER SATISFY AGAIN.

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Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, has broken away and gone to Virginia, where he befriends Penfield Partridge, who dies and leaves all his possessions to Eddie. Eddie had been in love with Bernice Veressi, "gang girl," but all thought of her is lost when he meets and falls in love with Marian Thorndike. Marian is engaged to Tom Freeman, Freeman and Eddie dislike each other and Eddie, discouraged, goes to Richmond, where he meets Mike Arno, a former member of the gang, who tries to persuade him to return to New York and Bernice. Eddie, however, returns to his farm and telephones Marian, asking her if he may call. Freeman overhears the conversation and a fight ensues, in which Eddie knocks Freeman out and takes him to Marian's home. Freeman is revived and tells Eddie he wants to be friends and they shake hands on the bargain. Marian's father objects to Eddie as a suitor for Marian, but Marian overrules his objections and Eddie is invited to their home for dinner.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**CHAPTER XXXV**

The beginning of the dinner, shortly after his arrival at the Thorndike home, made him acutely conscious of his lack of social experience. In truth, the meal and the table service were simple. What did give the event distinction was the quiet air of good breeding that was so utterly unlike the roistering table manners of his old companions. Too, he did not know whether Marian's parents expected him to be bright and entertaining, or whether he should say as little as possible. But Marian, sitting beside him, managed to keep him at ease as best she could.

From the first she sensed his uncertainty. There were several topics available, however, and she asked him how he was getting along with his timber cutting. On this subject he could talk agreeably; and without any self-consciousness he spoke of the lore of the woods, of tools, axes, saw, wedges and, in general, the undependability of negro labor.

When the meal was finished Marian and her mother disappeared and Eddie faced the necessity of going into the library and smoking a cigar with the elderly gentleman who, despite his hospitality, seemed charged with a hidden antagonism.

The winning of Marian—as far

as the girl herself was concerned—was the longest of shots. Eddie might hope, he might dream—even in the secrecy of dark night hours he might, conceivably, pray—but it was like wishing for the moon. A radiance descended and covered him with a glamorous light, but the moon was still beyond his reach.

Two men had opposed him. One, a rival, had possessed every natural advantage, but had gone down, knocked out. Without vanity, Eddie realized he had little more to fear from Tom Freeman.

The second man was Marian's father. To get past Mr. Thorndike would be infinitely more difficult.

They lit cigars—Eddie would have preferred a cigarette—and sat down comfortably. Eddie looked carefully at the older man, seeking some physical evidence of kinship to Marian. But the girl, he decided, was more her mother's daughter—only in something about the eyes did Marian resemble her father. Yet, mentally, daughter and father shared, obscurely, a forthright mentality. Mr. Thorndike's face was of the intellectual type and slightly cold.

"I've wanted to have a talk with you, Mr. Regan," he said, quietly. "Marian has told me a little about you."

Eddie, eager to make a good impression, was unable to think of any brilliant reply. Merely, he said, "Yeh?" Inquiringly. Instantly, he realized, he had sounded ruttier-bred.

"Naturally, I'm interested in you, Mr. Regan," her father said. "I'm interested in all of Marian's friends—but I am particularly interested in you because I understand you fought with Tom Freeman. That's true, isn't it?"

"If Marian said so," he said, feeling himself tighten, "it's true."

"Marian didn't need to tell me—I gathered the facts when I saw both of you the other night. Furthermore, I'm certain she would object violently if she knew how frankly I intend to talk to you, Mr. Regan. You see, she is our only daughter, and her mother and I are vitally concerned with her friendships. I'll be honest with you—the fact that I knew you were, in some degree, Penfield Partridge's ward rather prejudiced me against you."

Eddie felt as though he were walking on eggs. He wanted, desperately, to say the right thing. In his love-stricken eyes Marian's father possessed a dignity, an authority that was almost hallowed.

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Guaranteed 2-cell flashlight complete with fresh batteries and bulb. Splendid value at our regular low price of \$1.15... This week..... \$1

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This handy lighter is offered in two clamp-on styles, for attaching either to dash board, on most cars, or for the new Ford. A great bargain at our regular low price of \$1.65—reduced to..... \$1

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Roasts, lb.	20-22c
Boiling, lb.	15-18c
Hamburger, a real treat, lb.	20c
Lamb	
Shoulder Roast, lb.	25c
Shoulder Steak, lb.	25c
Breasts for Boiling, lb.	18c
Leg of Lamb, lb.	30c
Veal	
Very Select	
Shoulder Roasts, lb.	25c
Shoulder Steaks, lb.	25c
Breasts for Boiling, lb.	18c
Pork	
Young and Prime	
Shoulder Roasts, lb.	25c
Shoulder Steaks, lb.	25c
Pure Sausage, lb.	20c
Don't Forget	
Neck Bones, lb.	12c
Veal Loaf, lb.	25c
Ground to your order.	

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The finest Ham Swift makes. Swift Premium, half or whole, lb. 32c
All our smoked meats are guaranteed.

Breakfast Bacon (half or whole), lb.	30c
Pickled Pork, lb.	25c
Bacon Backs, lb.	28c
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A great aid to better engine operation and motor economy for all cars... materially reduced from our regular low price—\$1.35, for Dollar week to only... \$1

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