

WALLOWA HIGH TRIMS UNION

MUCH-LOPSIDED SCORE RESULTS AT WALLOWA.

Other Basketball News and Sport Mention of Local Interest.

Wallowa, Feb. 8.—(Special).—Thirty-seven to seven, with Wallowa on the big end of the score, is the story of the game here with Union high, Thursday evening. At no time was Wallowa in danger of losing the game. They scored a short time after play commenced, and by the end of the first half, the score stood 19 to 3. In the second half Wallowa made 18 points and Union four, Union only scored one field basket, this being made late in the second half, and they were outplayed from start to finish. Wallowa showed a considerable improvement over the La Grande game, as they displayed better teamwork, more pep, and better basket shooting. All the Wallowa team played well, Marvin scoring the most field baskets. Wallowa is now the only high school team in Eastern Oregon that has not been defeated and have a very good chance of getting the championship.

La Grande Central school vs. North Side was the title of a basketball game at the Y. M. C. A. Saturday. In it, the Central building showed the biggest score ringing up 32 as against three for the Northsiders. The players were: Central—Parker, Crawley, Dordy, Kennedy, Huff and Lyman. North Side—Collier, Huntley, Moss, Brown and Mulkey.

Hjortman and Ainsworth officiated. Chenault was timekeeper and Wood scorer.

Clay Woods left today for an extended trip through Idaho to book games for a tour of the M. I. A. some time in either the last of this month or the beginning of March.

All 1915 licenses for hunters have been distributed throughout the county. They will be in the hands of 15 different agents, who are the same as they were last year.

Want Ads.

YEARS AGO the crier announced the auction sale—then came the hand bills and their "hit or miss" results—today the effective way is the Want Ads—they hit the mark. That's what counts.

FOR RENT—Four room furnished house. Telephone Black 3761 or call at 2103 First street. 2 3 15

FOR RENT—Modern furnished house 1401 Fifth St. corner N. Ave. Mrs. A. F. Lilley. 2 6 2t.

FOR SALE—Onions, by sack or any quantity desired. A. F. Lilley. 2 6 2t.

FOR SALE—Three lots with six room house new. Will consider automobile as part payment. Call Observer. 2 3 5p.

FOR SALE—A good jersey milk cow, inquire 1202 Corner Sixth and G avenue. 1 12 tf.

Dry 16-inch wood and posts for sale—J. D. Fitzgerald. Phone Red 1822A—dv. 1 28 12tp.

FOR RENT—Five room cottage. Call Golden Rule. 2 2 5t.

FOR RENT—Four room furnished house, close in. Phone M. 728. 2 4 3tp.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Good house, 2606 North Second. 2 4 3t.

FOR SALE at bargain, good organ. Phone Red 961. 2-5-3t.

FOUND—Muffs and parasols left in Shores' taxi, can be had by identifying the property. 2 5 tf.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished house 1401 Fifth street corner N. Ave. Mrs. A. F. Lilley. 2 4 2tp.

WANTED—Spring plowing to be done with Tractor plow. Address N. W. Schofield R. F. D. No. 2. w 2t—d 2 4 5t

WANTED—To rent, by March 1st: 4 or 5 room house with acre or more ground, with barn and place for chickens—mile or mile and one-half from city, or would take place on shares for owner. First-class references. Answer No. 13 care Observer, or Phone Black 3562. 2 6 1tp.

High Grade Job Printing costs no more than the other kind—Observer.

THE MASTER KEY.

(Continued from Page 3.)

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fight on the Roof.

WILKERSON did not follow Pell. After all Pell was a dangerous customer and a man who worked secretly and in his own way. It was like Wilkerson to respect a fellow crook's special methods and mannerisms. He never interfered with an expert when that expert was working for him. But he could not refrain from a furtive glance in the lobby of the hotel. He saw John Dorr there, still bearing the bruises and lacerations gained in the wreck of the auto truck. He stared at him, for there was something uncanny in seeing in the flesh the man he had thought to have killed. Then he went swiftly away, as Ruth came out of the elevator and joined Dorr.

At supper both Ruth and John were silent, not only from weariness, but because they had not settled things yet. Everett hadn't been seen nor any preparations made for the raising of the money needed to improve the "Master Key" mine. So by mutual consent they made a short meal of it. In the lobby they sat and talked a little while, but presently Ruth had to confess that she was worn out.

"Of course you are," said John repentantly. "I'll take you right up and turn you over to your maid. A good night's rest will set you on your feet again."

"I shall dream of that horrible Chinaman!" she murmured, shuddering. "Don't let that worry you," he said comfortingly. "I have a room right near yours, and if you want help I'll be there."

She thanked him, and together they entered the elevator and were lifted to their floor. In the hallway Ruth gravely shook hands and said "Good night." John tried to hold her little hand longer than was needful, but she shook her head and slipped away to her own room, just down a short hall. He watched her open the door and turned to go to his own room when a thought struck him, and he called gently, "Ruth!"

She came back quietly. "I'm so glad you called me," she said, with evident nervousness. "After all, it's ridiculous early to go to bed. Let's go for a ride some more."

They went out through Golden Gate park and after a brief stop on the bright bench came back into town by way of the Presidio.

Ruth was now quieted, and as they got out at the hotel she sighed happily.

"That was beautiful, John," she said. At the desk the clerk handed John a note addressed in a crabbed hand. He tore it open, glanced at the contents and turned to Ruth.

"Old Tom Kane got here tonight!" he exclaimed. "He came while we were out and left this note for me."

Ruth's face lit up wonderfully. "Where is he? Where is he?" she demanded. "I want to see him."

At her door he left her with a hasty "I'll be right in as soon as Tom comes, Ruth."

"All right!" she called back, and opened her door as he opened his own. She paused on the threshold at the sight within. A tall man in a light mask was delving into the desk and rummaging among her papers and belongings. At the sight of her he quickly thrust a bundle of papers into his pocket and slipped toward the open window. Then Ruth understood and screamed for help.

John Dorr heard that call and in three bounds was in her room. She pointed to the open window, gasping: "That way! The thief! He stole the deeds!"

Without a word Dorr leaped to the window. It opened on a fire escape. He peered down. No one. He looked up. A slight figure was mounting quickly and silently toward the roof.

Within another instant John had swung himself out on the ladder and was climbing rapidly after the unknown housebreaker. He paid no attention to Ruth's agonized cry after him: "John! John! Don't go after him! He'll hurt you!"

Helplessly she peered out of the window and saw the two figures going swiftly up toward the crest of the building. The seconds seemed hours as she watched. Then she saw John stumble and catch himself. That decided her. She picked up her skirts and stepped out on the platform herself. Then she gingerly swung herself out on the iron ladder and commenced to climb upward. She saw the thief reach the cornice and crawl over, then John. She struggled on up sobbingly, bruising her tender hands on the rusty rods. Once or twice she stopped and called: "John! John!"

There was no answer.

Then she realized that there was another on the ladder below her. She nearly lost her grip and fell. Surely it must be some accomplice of the thief! She hastened her way up the ladder, not daring to look down again.

At last she gained the cornice, where the ladder bent suddenly outward and she must perform almost hang suspended by her hands. But she managed to surmount this difficulty and stumbled forward on the roof of the hotel.

At first glance she saw no one. The roof was huge, broken here and there by skylights and chimneys and air shafts. The shadows cast by the moon lay dark and strange across the tarry gravel.

"John, John!" she called softly. Then again, in terror, she cried shrilly: "John! Oh, John!"

At that moment the figure of the masked man slipped from behind

of the chimney and made for the escape. She realized that he was escaping. Where was John? She waved. Could he be killed? She cried again. "John!"

She stood directly in the way of the man making for the ladder, and he paused at the sight of that eerie figure. The hesitation was fatal to his purpose. Dorr darted across the roof and grasped for him. With a swift turn the thief leaped over a skylight and commenced to run hither and thither, trying to evade John, who was not to be put off now that he had full sight of his quarry.

Ruth watched the chase with hands tensely clasped over her bosom. She could not stir from her position in the full moonlight, near the edge of the roof, nor did she move when Dorr finally caught his man and tripped him.

They fell together on the roof and rolled over and over, each trying to balk the other of a good hold. The fighting was furious, for Pell, still under the spell of drugs, was possessed of tremendous strength which even Dorr's hard muscles could not overcome.

Suddenly Ruth heard a familiar voice behind her saying, "I'll be damned if it ain't a fight!" She did not turn. Her eyes were fixed on the two writhing men.

Suddenly Pell started to roll over toward the edge of the roof, dragging John after him. This new danger appalled the girl. She watched with fascinated eyes.

John Dorr was well out of breath by this time and knew his man. It was a desperate struggle, for the thief was fighting for his freedom and possibly his life. So Dorr settled down to hold him until his wild strength ebbed and he could handle him.

Henry Pell, on the other hand, knew precisely his plight and saw with exactness what would happen to him unless he escaped the huge arms that held him down. Like all men of his class, he was averse to carrying weapons. Tonight he cursed himself for being unarmed. One shot, the fire escape and away! That being impossible, he planned another mode of getting away.

In pursuance of it, he gradually worked himself nearer and nearer to the escape ladder. If he could once get his hands on those iron rails and swing himself over, his assailant must inevitably either let go or drop over. Pell knew the steel strength of his own arms, practiced for years in just such tricks.

But the presence of a second man right in front of the ladder, as he perceived through his blurred eyes, rendered that hope out of the question. In desperate fury he kicked Dorr violently, tore one arm loose and drove his bony fist like a bullet into John's throat.

This forced Dorr for the moment to let him go. Pell rushed swiftly toward the ladder. He was halted by the sight of a perfectly level gun held in the hand of a man who evidently knew how to use it. He darted back, and John caught him again, this time with a well directed blow that felled him.

A second later the thief was helpless, lying almost at the very edge of the roof. He was trapped and he knew it. There was but one thing to do, get rid of the evidence that he had been thieving. With a flint of his elbow, he managed to send the bundle of papers which had fallen out of his pocket over the coping and into the air. Then he choked up to Dorr.

"Are you mad?"

"Mad?" panted Dorr, letting his hold relax. At this moment Ruth came out of her stupor and ran up to them, followed up by an old man, who had also

come up the fire escape. Ruth cried out, "John!" then "Are you hurt, John?"

"Ruth!" he gasped. Then his eyes lit on the form behind her and he shouted, "Tom Kane!"

By this time the tumult had attracted attention in the hotel and a half dozen employees and the house detective emerged from the stairway to demand an explanation.

John started to explain, loosening his hold on the prostrate thief, when the latter with a quick twist of his lithe body freed himself and darted away. Dorr sped after him instantly.

The chase was a short one. John caught him near the edge of the roof, tackled him low, and they crashed

down together. The thief put up a furious fight, managing to get on his feet again in spite of his captor's efforts to hold him till help came. Seeing that he was about to escape him, John made one last desperate grapple, caught him fairly and threw him heavily, but not upon the roof.

Unwittingly they had got to the very edge of the roof in their fight, and Pell was flung clean into the air, to fall swiftly to the street below.

"My God!" cried the detective, running up and peering over. "You have killed him!"

It took some time to make matters clear; still longer for the detective to assure himself, of the truth of John's statements.

Meanwhile officers from the central station had arrived, called by the policeman on the beat. To them also Dorr had to tell his story.

"Well, the fellow was a crook all right," conceded the sergeant, "for he had plenty of cocaine on him and a little Jimmy."

"It was an accident, my throwing him over the edge," John protested. "I was merely trying to prevent his escape."

Ruth was then interrogated, and after listening to her story the whole party went down to her room.

"We'd better see what he got, if anything," said the detective sergeant. "He may have taken other things."

she faltered, "but all I saw was the papers."

"Well, we'll have a look—see for papers," responded the detective amiably.

When the officers had gone away Ruth turned and greeted the cook of the "Master Key" with unforgotten affection and delight.

"Tom, whatever brought you here?" she demanded at last.

Kane scratched his head and glanced hastily at John. Then he looked at Ruth, so fair in the moonlight, and said gently: "Why, Ruthie, I just thought I couldn't stay away from old San Francisco when I knew you was here. So I came right up."

"And the mine?"

"The mine? Why, ain't John told ya? The boys are already workin' on that new lead. Everything is fine! Ye don't suppose old Tom Kane would have left if everything hadn't been all right?"

She impulsively threw her arms about his neck and hugged him.

"You are the best old dear that ever was, and I have a thousand things to tell you!"

"How did you get up here?" asked John curiously.

Kane laughed and looked at his rusty hands. "They told me Ruth was in her room, and when I got there I found the door open and the window open, and when I looked out I saw her climbing and heard her culling. So I just sauntered up myself."

"Well," said John, "as Ruth says she has a thousand things to tell you, and meanwhile we'd better be finding out just what that thief did get."

Half an hour later Ruth looked up at them with tears in her eyes.

"The papers are truly gone," she said quietly.

"Well, they shan't do anybody else any good," John said comfortingly. "and now that we have the thief I expect to dig out of him what he did with them. Don't worry!"

They said good night and left her quite cheered up.

When her door was closed John said briefly, "Come into my room, Tom."

Once inside, he turned on the old cook and asked briefly, "What brought you here, Tom? What's the matter at the mine?"

Kane threw out his hands in a despairing gesture.

"All hades is the matter, John," he said bluntly. "If we don't work fast Wilkerson will have ruined our little girl in there. There won't be any 'Master Key' any more!"

He choked back a sob. John Dorr stared at the window, at the lights of the city below him and shook his fist. "Wilkerson is somewhere down there doing his dirty work. I'll get him yet."

"Meanwhile he's got the mine in his own men's hands," the cook went on. "He left Bill Tubbs in charge and Bill"—Kane choked over the words—"that drunken hound fired me—fired me, Tom Kane!"

The old man's wrath, humiliation, chagrin and sorrow were not ridiculous in John's eyes. None knew better than he the worth and faithfulness of the old man. He held out his hand and shook the cook's fiercely.

"By heavens, we'll have the 'Master Key' back again, and it'll be Tom Kane in the cook shanty!"

An hour later, with the details that Tom had given him arranged in his mind, John threw himself into bed to toss the night through.

(To be Continued.)

Stage or Car Fare Paid.

To students enrolling for the mid-winter term, paying four months tuition in advance. Write for particulars.

BAKER BUSINESS COLLEGE.
W. P. KINOM, Prop.

To Catarrh Victims.

To surely and safely rid yourself of catarrh get a Hyomei outfit from Newlin Drug Co. There is no better remedy, yet harmless, pleasant and easy to use—you breathe it—Adv.

Read the advertisement, too.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

The Temple of Economy

Our advance showing of Spring merchandise has been prepared with care and thought throughout. This is evident everywhere; in the charming new styles, the attractive colorings, the splendid quality and above all the extraordinary values prevailing.

So it is only by way of suggestion we mention here a few of our offerings for this week—all others are as splendidly worthy of emphasis.

SILK POPLIN AT 90c

36 inches wide and all silk

This is a beautiful dress poplin that is sold elsewhere for \$1.00 and \$1.25. Comes in the new blue, green and cream white.

SILK CREPE-DE-CHINE AT \$1.49

40 inches wide and extra heavy

You will find this crepe-de-chine an unusual quality for this price. This fabric is a most popular one for the new spring gowns and blouses. Ours is of an extra heavy weight and comes in the new evening and street shades.

PRINTED CREPE-DE-CHINE AT 50c

36 inches wide

An artistic crepe-de-chine of a silk and cotton mixture. A handsome and useful fabric for all purposes, will make the prettiest gowns and blouses as well as the daintiest lingerie. Comes in a wonderful array of beautiful floral designs on dark and light backgrounds.

NEW CHILDREN'S DRESSES

At 49c 69c 98c \$1.25 and \$1.50

values incomparable

We have been exceedingly fortunate in securing these dresses at the above prices. Fresh and crisp—and so adorably "different" from everything you have seen, these newest children's dresses are offered to La Grande mothers at a price that definitely shows why this store is so popular with the people.

New Features

IN OUR MEN'S STORE

New silk four-in-hand ties, made of fine quality silk in the newest patterns of brocade and stripes, extra long with large flowing ends; fully worth 50c, our price only 25c

THE NEW SPRING SUITS FOR MEN

At \$7.50 \$12.50 and \$15.00

Perfect fitting, long service and all wool fabrics are the guaranteed futures of the new suits we are showing for Spring wear. The materials are, serges, serge cords and tweeds, in navy blue, brown and pin stripes. To fully appreciate the values offered in these suits you must see them.

NEW ENGLISH GOLF CAPS AT 85c, 98c

For Motoring and Outing

Serviceable, comfortable and very becoming are these new caps for men. Made of all wool imported tweeds and silk in blue, dark brown, grey and plaids.

New work shirts of heavy quality shirtings and Amoskeag chambray in colors of plain blue, grey and assorted stripes. Indeed a bargain at only 39c

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

The Store For The People