

O. A. C. YEAR WAS SUCCESS

LA GRANDE PEOPLE FIGURE CONSPICUOUSLY.

Wallace Kaddery, World's Record Holder Coming Here.

The past college year has been a successful one in most all branches of athletics for O. A. C. and the many followers of the school in Union county welcome the fact.

Under the coaching of Dr. Stewart and Everett May, the O. A. C. teams tied for the Northwest championship in football, won the championship in baseball, and took second place in the conference track meet.

Next year under the coaching of the same two men, the Orange and Black teams should again be near the front. Only three men will be lost from the football team, and the coaches are already planning on the men to fill their places; two men from the basketball team will graduate, but as the new gym at O. A. C. is large enough to permit three teams to play at once Dr. Stewart should have no difficulty in finding two men to fill the shoes of those graduating. Dewey, the star forward on the basketball team has accepted a position as athletic director for the new Franklin high school in Portland. Three men who have made O. A. C. name famous on the track, Reynolds, Hopgood and Dewey have graduated and while there is a wealth of material for the next year's team the places of these men will be hard to fill. Under the guidance of the newly elected captain, Wallace Kaddery the track team should be at the front again next year.

Kaddery's main event is the 440 yard dash, and although only a junior in college and never had worn a running shoe until last spring, he has gone through this season without a defeat in this event, winning over the pick of the coast in both the California and Northwest meets. In the conference meet held a few weeks ago at Corvallis, he broke the world's indoor record in the quarter mile, winning that event in 50 1-5 seconds, later in the afternoon "Kad" won his lap of 440 yards in the relay in 49 4-5 sec. after overcoming a lead of 25 yards and winning out by six inches. By breaking a world's record twice in one afternoon, the fleet runner accomplished a trick that will be hard to duplicate.

Kaddery can give thanks for his remarkable career, to the policy of the Athletic department, which requires every freshman and sophomore to take some kind of physical exercise under the direction of a competent trainer. Rather than take indoor work in the gym, he chose to take cross-country running with Lee Reynolds, his fraternity brother and now ex-captain of the O. A. C. team, who saw in the man grit and endurance that go to make a runner and this year's running shows the result. Kaddery is also the fastest 220 yard man in the conference winning that race in the meet at Corvallis, on the same day that he broke the world's indoor record in the quarter.

Wizard Coming Here

After a few days spent with his parents in Portland Kaddery is coming to La Grande and the ex-captain and captain elect will labor side by side on the Reynolds farm and it might be added that they are both as hard workers on the ranch as they are on the track.

Ex-captain Lee Reynolds of the O. A. C. track team who arrived home the other day and will spend his summer on his father's ranch, started off on as brilliant a season as did Kaddery but after winning the half-mile in fast time of 2:00 1-5 seconds which equals his coast indoor record made last year, and taking second in the mile at the Columbia meet in Portland, he had the misfortune to pull a tendon and after that was unable to train, but in spite of this handicap he took second in the mile at the big California meet, where the cream of the Pacific coast was entered. Lee, in addition to running the half this year also took on the mile and it was in this event that Dr. Stewart, the O. A. C. trainer, expected him to win the coast championship, but his injury kept him from doing this. As the ex-captain is eligible for another year's track at O. A. C., he may return for post graduate work there and in case that he does the coast milers will go some to beat him next year. In case that he does not return he will be valuable help to Athletic Director Chas. Reynolds, in coaching the high school teams.

Everett May assistant director of athletics at O. A. C. is intending to tour this section of the state in an auto this summer and may be her, for the Motorace, Everett intends to spend the summer driving over the country and after a visit here will drive to the fair at San Francisco. In case he is unable to reach La Grande in time for the races he will come later on as, since his visit here last summer, he thinks there is no place like the Grande Ronde.

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RUNAWAY JUNE

(Continued from Page 2.)

boy in a perfect fury of temper. There was a dead silence, in which Mrs. Sawyer felt the blood slowly leaving her face. Her husband was shobeked into numbness. The quiet little figure in the corner near the window scarcely breathed.

Elizabeth Sawyer suddenly buried her face upon her arms and sobbed, but she raised her head in an instant. With a pale, set face she walked over and took the baby in her arms.

"Mary, you're discharged," she said. Sawyer had drawn the boy to him very thoughtfully, but now he thrust his hand in his pocket and produced some money. He counted out some of it and gave it to the nurse.

"You needn't blame me!" flared the nurse. "I didn't teach him to say those things. The boy has a nasty temper. The doctor said so."

"That will do, Mary," said Mrs. Sawyer quietly. "You may go." She stood motionless until the nurse walked out. "Will you hold the baby, Harry?" "I'll bet you. Come here, Buster." And he gazed down fondly not at the baby, but into the eyes of his wife, as he took the tiny burden.

She smiled up at him. There were tears trembling on her lashes. She caught up the curly headed little girl, took her over to the washbasin in the corner and vigorously scrubbed that chocolate begrimed countenance and kissed it; then she stooped down by the boy and put her arms around him.

"Mother doesn't want you to say naughty words like that." And there was heartbreak in her tones. A tear dropped on the boy's upturned face. He snuggled his head on her shoulder, and a chubby arm stole about her neck.

Elizabeth Sawyer was half laughing and half crying as she sat at the desk with the curly haired little girl on her lap and the boy leaning against her. She took up the telephone.

"Edward Jones, please." "Betty! There was such a ring in the voice as neither the man nor the woman had heard for years.

She held up her hand to him. Her lips were twitching, and her eyes were swimming, but she could not speak. She spoke clearly, however, when a tap of the telephone bell announced her call.

"This is Elizabeth Sawyer, Mr. Jones. I've been looking over your proposition of purchase." A moment of silence. She turned her eyes upon her husband. There was a new softness in them. "I might be tempted if you made the price high enough." Another silence. "Now, Mr. Jones, you'll have to come higher than that. Make me your very best offer." Her face suddenly glowed. "I'll take it. I'll fill in the contract, sign it, and you may give the check to my secretary. I'll send it over immediately."

Her husband's arm was about her as she filled in the amount which had been agreed upon and signed it. In Harry Sawyer's other arm was the baby. The four members of the Sawyer family were clustered in an unusually small space for them. The husband witnessed the agreement with great joy. Mrs. Sawyer's secretary signed it with her notarial seal and went away.

"Betty!" The man's face was against her cheek. "Sweetheart!" She kissed him and rose briskly. She took the toddlers each by a hand.

"Harry, dear, let's go to the house and start a home!"

The office was empty except for the forgotten little figure near the window, and from that corner there came a low moan. June Warner rose unsteadily. Something dreadful had happened. The rock to which she had clung had crumbled under her grasp. Was independence, too, a failure? Nothing could have been more perfect than the mutual esteem in which the Sawyers had held each other, and in their love had existed no taint of obligation or of bounty. Yet through all these years they had missed something which now, for the first time, they were to find.

June was dazed as she hurried to the bare little room. She had left Ned to achieve her independence, as Elizabeth Sawyer had done, but June had not taken motherhood into her calculations.

CHAPTER III.

SCATTI in the deserted bank vault stood with his eyes lowered for a moment, while the pursuers of the little runaway bride crowded about him. Presently he lifted his eyes to the ceiling, but they did not look into Mrs. Moore's on their way up, and he began to edge slowly along the wall again. There was a growl of anger from Ned Warner.

"I'll beat it out of him!" declared Ned and started for the extremely silent chauffeur, who jumped into the corner and lowered his head and covered his face with his arms. He was afraid of fists, though not of knives or revolvers.

Bobbie Blethering jumped in front of Ned, but was thrust aside. June's gentle faced mother could not be disposed of so easily.

"Ned," she said, and her light touch upon his arm as she looked pleadingly up into his eyes was stronger than any muscular force could have been.

Shivering with the revulsion of his passion, Ned put his arm around Mrs. Moore and walked away with her to the other end of the tiny room, while Iris Blethering threw her arms around Bobbie's neck and enjoyed a few good sobs. Scatti, left alone in the corner, straightened up slowly and, raising his shoulders, cocked his head and then gazed at the cobwebs. Presently he

puckered one corner of his mouth line, and there stole upon the pent up air, soft and low and sweet, the melting strains of "Santa Lucia."

Down a cross street hurried the maid, Marie, her high cheek bones burning with excitement and her eyes red. On her way she had collected Orin Dowd, and he was a great comfort to her. She was a person who was particularly pleasing to policemen. A large and extremely black colored woman with a market basket caught sight of Marie from afar off and came bobbing as fast as she could waddle.

In a swift taxi came a vivacious brunette.

All these were centered around the destinies of the beautiful little runaway bride.

Tired and still dazed from her disillusionment, June Warner turned into the dim hallway of Mrs. Waters' lodging house, and wearily she climbed the stairs. Halfway up she stopped to stifle a cough which had been growing upon her since she had entered upon this struggle for an elusive independence. She turned into her bare little room and sank into the chair. With numbed indifference she noted that the washstand had been moved from its place in front of the door at the head of the bed, but she was too much preoccupied to wonder at it. She stopped to rest for a moment, her hand upon her chest; then mechanically she picked up a pair of pants from the table and started to sew.

The light seemed to grow dim. She was faint and dizzy. She took her sewing to the bed with her and lay down for a moment.

The hall door slowly opened, and a young woman, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks ruddy with the flush of health, walked in, clad in gorgeous raiment. It was the vivacious brunette, Tommy Thomas.

"You poor dear!" cried Tommy in a sympathetic voice and sat down on the edge of the narrow bed. "How sorry I am to see you here!"

"There was no place else to go," June said.

"Oh, yes, there was!" said Tommy Thomas, laughing gayly. "There is no need for you to be lying here in poverty when you could be living in luxury." Stooping down, she whispered something in June's ear.

Started, the pale girl half rose, but Tommy Thomas had fled from the room. She returned in a moment, and with her was the white mustached Orin Cunningham.

June Warner rose to her elbow. "Go!" she said and pointed to the door.

"You don't mean it," laughed Cunningham. With a supreme effort June Warner rose to her feet and looked him straight in the eyes.

Bill Wolf came out of the saloon across the street wiping his lips. There was a placid expression on his round face, and he had a short, thick stub of a cigar in the corner of his mouth.

A handsome colic dashed up to the well known and justly famous private detective, barked and dashed away, barked and dashed away again.

"All right, sport," said the comfortable Bill Wolf and followed the dog across the street.

Leaping and jumping and stopping at every few steps to look back, Bouncer led the way into the abandoned bank and, springing against the heavy iron door, yelped his loudest at every leap. "All right, sport," said Bill Wolf joyfully and lifted from its place the heavy bar.

Instantly there dashed out Ned Warner, his jaws set and his fists clinched, and after him came June's father and mother and Bobbie and Iris Blethering. Ned rushed across the room and sprang for the stairs as Bill Wolf grappled savagely with the Italian chauffeur. Around the corner came the high cheek boned maid, Marie, and Officer Dowd, closely pursued by fat old black Aunt Debby, while down the street rolled an electric coupe, with the sharp featured Honoria Bye at the lever.

In the narrow bedroom upstairs June Warner stood, pale and erect, looking straight into the eyes of Orin Cunningham. For a moment he resisted her clear, steady gaze, and then he dropped his eyes, abashed. Suddenly he laughed, and, pulling from his pocket a dazzling string of pearls, he took a step nearer and flaunted them before June's eyes.

"Orin Cunningham!" A stern, cold voice.

The door behind June had clicked. She turned. Gilbert Bye!

"Go!" he ordered. Without a word Orin Cunningham, cringing, left the room with the sneering Tommy Thomas.

Gilbert Bye's black eyes softened as he turned, and they glowed down at June.

(To be Continued.)

Notice to Taxi Drivers.

All those interested in the carrying of passengers to and from the race course on June 17 who wish to make arrangements carrying passengers on the day of the big Motorace can do so by calling at the Motorcycle headquarters, or by seeing Harley Richardson, chairman of the Transportation committee, at the Red Cross drug store. We need your help and your co-operation in handling the crowd. We have a liberal proposition to offer to all having cars. We want you to help boost La Grande and incidentally get well paid for your trouble. Do not fail to report within the next few days.—Adv.

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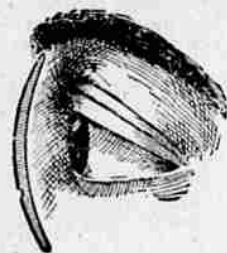
A mighty good doctor says to me once: "When it comes to curin' folks, Nature is the real M. D. I'm only her assistant." That's the way I feel about curin' tobacco for VELVET.



Baseball Dance Wednesday

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