

# LaGrande Evening Observer

(Incorporated)  
An Independent Newspaper

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# GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

**SYNOPSIS:** The police begin to forge the chain of evidence that brands Jerry Oden as his father's murderer. John Peabody, confident that his niece's fiancé is not the slayer, vows to clear the mystery. Oden's story about "gold bullets" overheard a few hours before he was slain is in startling coincidence with Peabody's purchase that day of a famous revolver loaded with gold bullets once owned by Alex Peterson, gambler and overlord of the Terrified mining camp 30 years ago. Stimson, the Oden gardener, creates a new tension by demanding a private conversation with Henry Deacon, the policeman.

### Chapter 4 JERRY'S KEYS

Deacon led Stimson through a door in the north wall of the library. This door gives entrance to a little den which Jerry Oden has taken for his own purposes. I watched Deacon shut the door behind them with deep misgivings for I suspected what Stimson was going to tell him. Heavy of heart, I began to pace up and down the room. The place stifled me, the odor of death was in my nostrils. Unable to stand it any longer, I mumbled something about going out for a breath of air and made for the hall door.

The door swung open and I proceeded slowly down the drive and along the winding path which leads into my own property. Brooding over the tragedy, I passed through the French window. Lucy was sitting in the arm chair in front of the fire, which had burned down to a handful of embers. Her face was buried in her arms, but when I whispered her name she looked up at me. I saw that she knew what had happened. The white misery of her face wrung my heart. Lucy is always so gay and buoyant. What was I going to say to her? She came towards me and put her soft arms around my neck. "I've just heard about Uncle Andrew," she said gently. Lucy had called Oden that for years.

"You got away early," I could think of nothing else to say. "Yes, Jerry didn't come, so I drove home alone."

She began to weep softly, her head on my shoulder and I let her grief have its way. Soon her dark eyes were fixed on mine again and I knew what was coming. "Where is Jerry, Uncle John?"

What was I to say to her? I tried to avoid her eyes but their expression was imperative. "Where is he, Uncle John?"

"I don't know where he is," I cried desperately. "You don't know?" she asked in bewilderment. "You must know! Has—has something happened to him, too?"

See here, Lucy! Nothing has happened to Jerry. Nothing has happened to him. I tell you, his isn't home, that's all. He left the house a little while before it happened. Pull yourself together and go to your room. I'll tell you about it afterwards. I must go back now."

She clutched my hand for an instant; then she kissed me on the lips and, turning, went out of the room. Suddenly, I remembered that I had been my impression that Jerry had dropped something as he fled down the drive. If my impression was correct, I had better find whatever it was before Deacon or any of his men came upon it. I hurried through the window, crossed the garden, and passed into the Oden grounds. Making my way to where I believed the object had seemed to fall, I dropped onto my knees and crept and panned around the cinder walk. Without result, however, and I decided to risk a match.

Shielding the flame, I poked into the grass at the side of the walk. My palms were rewarded by the glint of metal. I pounced upon it and found Jerry's keys. Six or eight on a ring. I had often seen them in his hands. Granting a little for my poor knees, I got up.

"Hand it over, John." My heart stood still and my old legs trembled until I thought they were going to buckle beneath me. The darkness did not prevent me from feeling the frigid blueness of Deacon's eyes. "Hello, Henry," I said unsteadily. "I was looking for something."

"You found it, too," he returned dryly. "Hand it over."

"See here, Henry," I began indignantly. "It's no use, John." His voice

time to bump into Deacon as he was making for the back door. "See here, Henry." My conciliatory tone stopped him. "Well?" "Leave her alone," I pleaded. "We didn't know what we were doing. You and I have got to work together."

"Come to your senses, eh? Well, what was it you picked up?" "A bunch of keys." "Jerry's keys?" I nodded and sat down heavily upon the step. "I must have them," Henry said, at length. "I'll get them for you," I promised, a trifle doubtfully.

His hand fell on my shoulder. "I've got to get as I see fit, John. It looks as if the young fellow did it. Unless he can tell a straight yarn I shall arrest him as soon as I find him." His hand tightened. "I'm sorry, John. She's a fine girl—Lucy. I'd give everything I have to make it otherwise."

I nodded for I knew he meant what he said. He left me, then. Desolate of spirit I sat where I was for a little while, sorrowing for the friend who had gone. Then I got up and tried the French window.

I set off after them. Lucy had gone like the wind and Deacon, who is a decade or so younger than I, also soon left me behind. The gate opened, slammed shut, opened again. I was heading over a vine. Dazed by the fall, I did not move for a moment. The French window of my den slammed to and I started on again. I was just in

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**SHIP BURNING**  
SEATTLE, May 11 (AP)—Fire, which started in the engine room, completely disabled the wooden motorship Boobyah today while the freighter was four miles east of discovery island in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The crew of 30 men was still fighting the flames this morning and the Canadian Pacific passenger liner Princess Kathleen was standing by ready to take off the crew.

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Fits the Foot in Action or Repose  
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**National Baby Week**  
Now, in the month of National Baby Week, is an important time to think of outfitting your own tots, as well as remembering tiny friends with appropriate gifts of apparel. You will find here a complete line of baby wear, in sheer materials and dainty colorings.  
**Norton's Kiddy Shop**  
Better Merchandise --- Lower Prices

One of the times a woman will forgive a man for lying is when he says she looks younger every day.

### MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day will be a day of tender memories in some homes; of outspoken and unexpressed joy in all others, it is hoped, for where Mother is there must be radiant and beaming delight, fine in texture and deep in root.

It is a fine observance, Mother's day, finer than anything else in all the catalog of special days. Few sons and daughters will miss its significance, fail to write home, send flowers, press kisses or otherwise express adoration for the best mother in the world—their own.

To those who are denied the priceless possession of a living mother, there remain loving memories to play the heart strings of reverence and affection. The children of such a mother no longer have her ministrations in the flesh, but they have an appreciation of her worth which by no way can other children have. It is the tragic separation of mother and child that begets the immeasurable love and affection the latter bears for her.

Mother's day ought not be somber. While there is still opportunity let her know something of the esteem and love in which she is held by those whom she loves so infinitely. Let there be gladness and spiritual sunshine. Such are the gifts she will prize most highly.

### TARGET PRACTICE FOR GUNMEN

Further light on the amazing way in which modern criminal gangs have instilled efficiency and system into their operations is shed by testimony given the other day tot Chicago policemen who are investigating the St. Valentine's day "massacre," in which seven men were machine-gunned.

On a lonely, wood-covered island in the Rock river below Rockford, Ill., it develops, the Chicago gangsters had a regular "proving ground," or target range, where gunmen made themselves proficient in the use of all kinds of weapons.

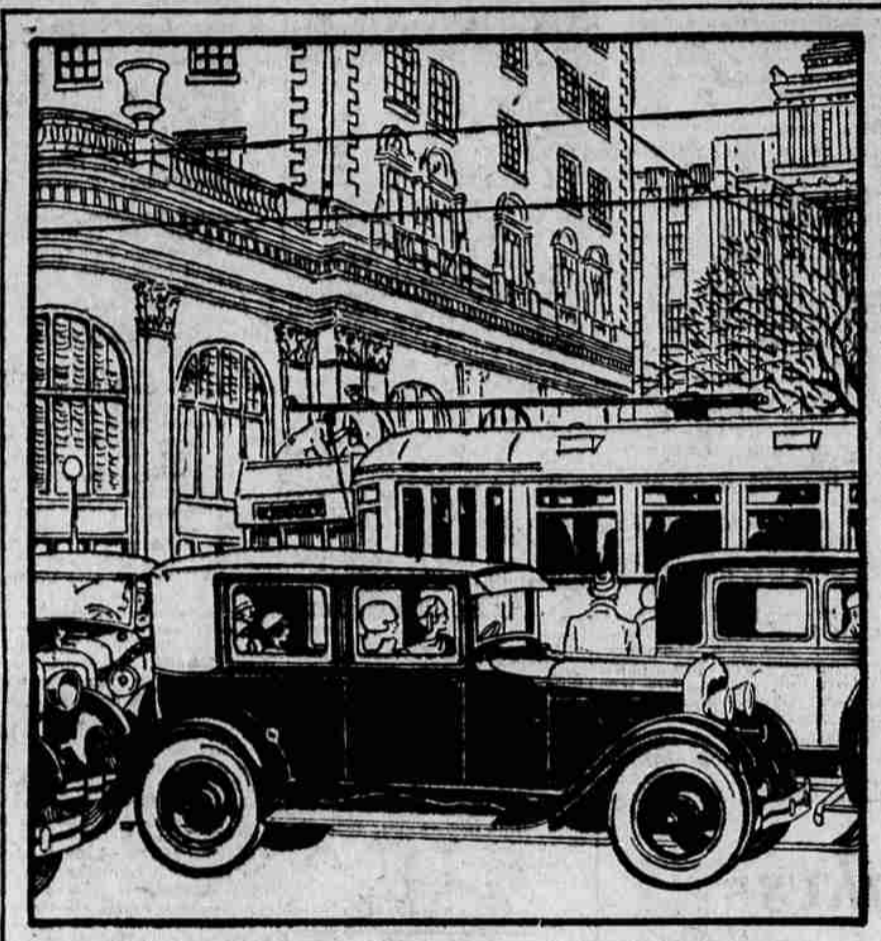
To this island would be taken squads of gunmen with machine guns. Here, far from prying eyes, they could practice to their heart's content with the new weapons, learning how to use them with the utmost skill and going into the secrets of their construction and operation as thoroughly as any platoon of doughboys preparing for service on the front. Then, when they had reached the proper stage of efficiency, they could go back to the city and put their new skill into operation. A bit of news like that reveals, as much as anything, the seriousness of the problem which the police of a city like Chicago have on their hands.

In the old days the criminal gangs were loosely organized and poorly disciplined. Most professional gunmen were atrocious shots. They got by because of the terror they inspired, not because they were really capable.

Now, however, they are going at things in a new manner. When underworld gangs maintain a regular target range where their "shock troops" can be drilled just as regular soldiers are drilled, the situation has grown terribly ominous. Small wonder, in view of that, that the Chicago police have their hands full!

**The Dealer**  
who recommends Puritan Malt could make more on other brands but he could not give as much value.  
**PURITAN MALT**  
—all quality because it's all barley

**ABE MARTIN**  
"No wonder Uncle Sam is so rich. He hadn't got any friends," says Hon. E. L. Haller, Calif. Fluhart. Easy street hat'n' in with the road to recovery.



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**THROUGH** thickest traffic, down steep hills, along the open road, you will have a feeling of security and confidence in driving the new Ford because of the quick, effective action of its six-brake system.

A particularly pleasing feature of the car is the smooth, silent, positive operation of these brakes. The four-wheel brakes take hold with a commanding



All the new Ford cars come to you equipped with a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield. Windshield wings of the Roadster and Phaeton are also of this non-shatterable glass.

grip at a slight pressure of the foot on the brake pedal. An effortless pull on the brake lever is sufficient to apply the emergency or parking brakes.

The six-brake system on the new Ford gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal-expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water and grease.

The very definite advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and construction. The comforting assurance that

your brakes are equal to every emergency means a great deal to your peace of mind and adds immeasurably to the pleasure of motoring.

Ease of steering and of shifting gears, the smooth-working clutch, and quick acceleration are other important control features that make the new Ford such a good car to own and drive.

Come in and see the beautiful lines and colors of the new Ford. Inspect it mechanically—part by part. Then know the thrill of driving it. You will realize that it is an unusually good value at a low price.

- Roadster, \$450
- Business Coupe, \$525
- Tudor Sedan, \$525
- Sport Coupe, with rumble seat, \$550
- Phaeton, \$460
- Coupe, \$550
- Fordor Sedan, \$625

(All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus charge for freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra.)

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