

Baptist Rally Staged at Cove; Big Attendance

By Mrs. A. G. Conklin (Observer Correspondent)

COVE, Ore. (Special)—Seventy-six people attended the district missionary rally at the Baptist church here. The program began at 11 o'clock, and as this was the annual meeting, officers were elected. A potluck dinner was served at noon and after dinner another program of music and addresses was presented. There were people here from Baker, Haines and La Grande. Thirty-eight of those present were from Cove.

T. H. Hagen, the Baptist missionary, who has been here for the last week, conducted the service both morning and evening Sunday.

Miss Louise Hunderup, who has been one of the instructors in the teacher training classes at the Baptist church, was called home Friday.

By Percival Christopher Wren Author of MYSTERIOUS WAY BEAU GESTE BEAU IDEAL

SYNOPSIS: Mr. James has from a drink of the poison he had prepared to kill Marjorie Lauderdale, and in the ensuing confusion at Dr. Charters' nursing home, John Wayne, with Sister Weldon's help, gets the girl out of the place. Confronted with the tragic development, Charters admits James is his son, as obviously Wayne tells him that neither Dawson and James have none and that he, Charters, is being saved for the last. Wayne desires to accompany Marjorie to India, where she is to meet her fiancé, Captain Lauderdale. But when she returns to the house he had seen on the day he had come to the home, it is missing. He obtains another and sets out for India with Marjorie.

Chapter 27 TWO CONCLUSIONS

"YOU absolutely insist on going back at once?" said Marjorie, studying the face of her dear friend, sympathetically, a little sadly.

"Yes, Marjorie. I'm going back," he said.

Around them was the shrill turmoil of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway terminus at Bombay, a noise unheard by John Wayne as he held Marjorie's hand and said "Good-by."

He had refused to take his farewell of her elsewhere than in this most public of places, after having



"What's your game?" demanded Charters, producing Wayne's letters given her away, before the altar of Bombay Cathedral.

"You do like Reggie, don't you?" asked Marjorie, glancing to where her husband of an hour was superintending his orderly bestowal of hand-luggage, bedding, hampers and other impedimenta in the big reserved compartment of the train that was to bear them across the plains of India.

"I approve of Reggie. I pass him. I leave you in his hands without a doubt or a fear. He strikes me as a splendid specimen of a fine type of man—your Indian Army Officer."

"I'm so glad, dear John..." said Marjorie, flushing warmly.

"How can I thank you? ... How can I ever begin to thank you?"

"By being happy." John Wayne patted the hand he held. "Happy as the day is long."

"I shall be that," replied the girl. "But you, John? Will you write me a nice long, long letter—all about yourself? All that you care to tell me, that is."

"I was going to do that, anyway, Marjorie. I'd like you to know how and why I became a... a criminal and a convict, and came to England with the firm intention of committing at least four murders. I want..."

"Come on, Marjorie," called Captain Lauderdale, jumping down from the carriage-door and seizing her arm. "All aboard."

"I say, Sir," he continued, "what on earth can I say, to give you some idea of what I feel? I'm not good at it... But, I never heard of such kindness... Straight out and back again, just to hand her over... And you saved her life too... Well, I mean to say..."

The young man wrung John Wayne's hand.

"Good-by, dearest John," said Marjorie, and, putting her arms round his neck, she kissed him lovingly.

"Good-by, darling Rosemary... Marjorie," said John Wayne huskily, kissing her.

Turning upon his heel he fled from the place.

Dr. Theodore Charters, clean-shaven, and remarkably changed in appearance, strode slowly, moodily and far from jauntily, along Michigan Boulevard...

Depressed, heavy and despondent, he went his way; but, from time to time, hummed a popular air as he felt the warmth of the sun, and sniffed the invigorating breeze from the lake.

Indeed, he was doing so audibly as three stalwart men overtook him, and, ranging up, two on his right side and one on his left, fell into step with him.

"Mr. Wayne?" inquired one of them pleasantly.

"Sure, John Wayne of this little bright burg."

The men eyed him narrowly.

"Clean-shaven... gray eyes... Would you mind removing your hat a moment?" continued the man who had accosted Dr. Charters. "Gray hair," he continued. "Nick, probably made by a bullet, in cartilage of right ear."

"Quite right," agreed Dr. Charters, coming to a halt and smilingly touching his right ear, where indeed was the mark in question—self-inflicted some months earlier.

"Scar across back of right hand?" inquired the big man.

Promptly Dr. Charters withdrew his glove.

"There you are," he said, and displayed the necessary scar, also self-inflicted some months earlier.

G. M. Rogers, game warden from Walla Walla county, paid a visit to Cove last week. While here he visited his friend G. M. Baker.

Weldon Simmons came home from Hot Lake Wednesday where he had been for an appendix operation.

Mrs. A. B. Daniel is still critically ill at Hot Lake.

Arthur Feldman and his daughter, Miss Valda, and small son, Alfred, came from Portland Sunday to be near Mrs. Daniel, their mother and grandmother.

Mrs. Viola McCoy, who has been visiting relatives in Portland and other Western Oregon cities, is now a guest at the A. B. Daniel home. She is a niece of Mr. Daniel and her home is in Iowa.

Mrs. Bertrand Wardell was taken to Hot Lake sanatorium Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. Lawson, of the Cove-Union highway, was hostess to the Carnation club of Union, of which she is a member, at her home Thursday, April 9, at one o'clock luncheon. The guests were seated at a large table with a centerpiece of daffodils. The three-course luncheon was in a yellow, green and white color scheme and the room was decorated with daffodils. Bridge was played at four tables. The club prizes went to Mrs. G. A. Selbird, high, and Mrs. Merton Davis, low, and guest prizes went to Mrs. Vera Fox, high, and Mrs. Hall, low. Other guests were Mrs. George Hoffman, Mrs. Clark Martens, Mrs. Ed Miller, Mrs. Lou Bideler, Mrs. Louisa Burwell, Mrs. Frank Conner, Mrs. T. T. Cook, Mrs. Walter Cook, Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, Mrs. Edith Phyllis, Mrs. W. W. Stevens, Mrs. Tex Knight, all of Union, and Mrs. T. C. Hefty, of Cove.

Mrs. Bernice Miller, of Cove, Miss Sara Williamson, Mrs. B. Pearl, Mrs. Rutman, of La Grande, and Mrs. Albert Wardell, of Island City.

A surprise was given Saturday evening honoring Miss Clarice Conklin, of Walla Walla, who is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mills. Cards and other games furnished the entertainment. Miss Conklin was formerly a Cove girl and her friends always enjoy her visits here.

In Washington

By Herbert Plummer

WASHINGTON—Random notes in a Washington Day Book:

Ambassador Dawes' recent remark in London that he longed for the day when after-dinner speeches would be a thing of the past expressed only half of his actual feeling about this matter of public dining, in the opinion of those in Washington who know "Hell and Maria."

They say that unless he has changed greatly since his vice presidential days he would like to see both dinner and speeches abolished. He once admitted that the waiters gave him his biggest "kick" at Washington dinner parties. Washington hostesses hire additional waiters when they give a big dinner party. Night after night Dawes would encounter the same waiters at different places, each time in different livery.

A silent friendship grew up between them and the vice president. Dawes would frequently look for a familiar face among the waiters at a dinner party and reward him with a sly wink.

HOW CAME "GABRIEL?"

Recently there appeared in this column an account of how that "great leatherneck"—Maj. Gen. John

J. Lejeune—got his nickname of "Gabe."

It was furnished by a life-long friend of the general, a classmate of his at Annapolis and one of his greatest admirers. His explanation for the origin of "Gabe" was that the general as a midshipman was so fong of sleep that his classmates were wont to remark that unless one of them ejected him bodily from bed in the morning he would sleep until Gabriel sounded his trumpet.

The other night General Lejeune, now retired, came up to Washington from Lexington, Va., where he is superintendent of the Virginia Military academy.

THE TRUE STORY

Over coffee and cigars the writer reminded him of this story of his nickname and asked if it were true. "All wrong," replied the general, "all wrong. And I have reason to know."

A little coaxing drew from him the authentic story.

"You see," said the general, "I went to Annapolis from a parish in Louisiana by the name of Point Coupee. Gabriel, the hero of Long-

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fellow's 'Evangeline,' wandered around in that part of Louisiana after leaving Acadia.

His name was Gabriel Lejeune. It was so similar to mine that at Annapolis, the upper classmen got the idea when I was a plebe that I should memorize 'Evangeline' and recite it at their pleasure. I did, and I recited it so often that I believe I could go through the whole thing right now.

"So they called me 'Gabe.' But," he smiled significantly, "no one but those in my class ever knew nerve enough to so address me."

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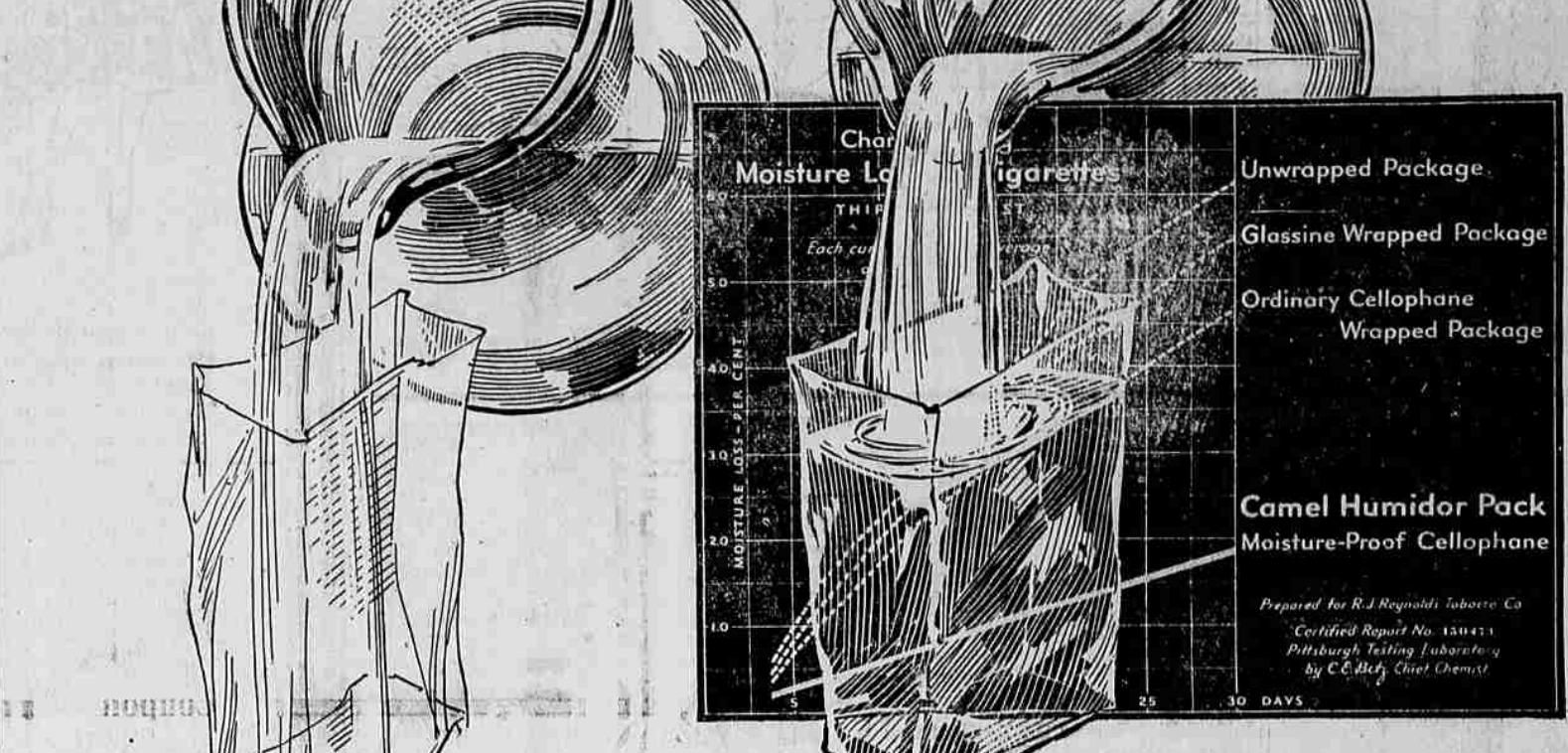
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