

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Willowa Counties

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—Jersey milk cow. Have good saddle pony to trade in as part payment. H. W. Smith, Silver Fox Farm. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—Laundrying to do at home. Mrs. Al Kube, K and Wall Sts. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—House work by young lady, 642-W. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—Exp. woman to work on ranch, 402-R. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—Someone with exp. to operate or lease lunch counter. All ready to go. Gas plate. Address C. J. C. Observer. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—Cats with new born kittens or about to have kittens, \$1.00 each. Cats will be returned. Call Main 796. 4-21-3 tp.

WANTED TO TRADE—Player piano for used car. Call Main 059. 4-20-6 t.

WANTED—Painting or general repair work by exp. man, Ph. 222-J. 4-14-6 t.

WANTED—Some one driving to Union around 3:30-4:00 p. m. daily. Inq. Observer. 4-23-3 tp.

WANTED—Permanent roomers. Large light steam heated rooms. In nice home. Close in. 2 1/2 blocks west Montgomery Ward, 1902 Second St., Cor. Washington. 3-30-1 f.

Observer Want Ad Rates

(Count five average words to the line.)

Per line, 1st insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consecutive insertion.....7c
Minimum charge on one order.....25c

RATES BY MONTH

2 lines, per month.....\$2.50
3 lines, per month.....\$3.25
4 lines, per month.....\$4.00
5 lines, per month.....\$4.75

Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month. CASH IN ADVANCE is required on all Classified orders to carry these rates. Higher rates charged on all credit insertions.

Copy for all Classified orders must be in this office by 10 A. M. DAY OF INSERTION. Stop orders on ad. inserted until further notice must be received by the same hour or extra insertion will be charged.

Telephone orders solicited. Cash rates may be earned on phone orders by payment on or before date of last insertion.

PHONE MAIN 600
"An Observer Want Ad Will Do It."

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-rm. modern furn. house, lovely yard. Cor. Z and Spruce. Call 642-W. 4-23-1 tp.

FOR RENT—100 acre dairy ranch. All stock and equipment for sale. L. J. Dierks, Box 22, La Grande. 4-23-3 tp.

FOR LEASE—6-rm. mod. house, 2 lots, garden planted, 1003 Jackson. 4-23-4 tp.

FOR RENT—4 acres, south of La Grande, with water rack. Buildings fair. Inq. Bert Groat. 4-22-4 tp.

FOR RENT—Strictly modern house with 4 bed rooms. Ph. M. 586. 4-4-t f.

CLEAN, STEAM HEATED rooms. Rates reasonable. Zuber Brick, 1408 Wash. 4-3-1 mp.

HOUSES for rent and for sale. Loans on improved city homes. C. D. Potter, Res. Ph. 610-J. Bus. Ph. M-752. 3-26-t f.

FOR RENT—Furn. houses and apts. with bath, clean, quiet, low rates. Adults, 1810 Greenwood. 8-10-1 m.

FOR RENT—2 furn. rooms and sleeping porch, 1905 Adams. 4-21-3 tp.

FOR RENT—1 or 2 rm. apt. Sommer hotel. 4-21-t f.

FOR RENT—5-rm. mod. furn. house. Phone 219-W. 4-10-t f.

FOR RENT—Furn. 3 rms. Basement, private bath, 1206-8th St. 4-22-3 tp.

FOR RENT—5-rm. mod. house on gravelled street, garden, place for chickens, garage, cheap. Call 159-W. 4-23-3 t.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW. © 1931 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

MONEY TO LOAN—We are representatives for the Prudential Insurance Co. and can make farm or city loans at attractive rates of interest. Chas. H. Reynolds, insurance loans and bonds.

NOT A CUBBY-HOLE
But a big well-furnished, sunshiny, modern, clean, comfortable apt.-home. Was \$45, now \$27.50. 901 O Ave. Apt. 3. Ph. 236-3.

FOR TRADE
FOR TRADE—Two ton trucks for late model light auto. Jim Morelock. 4-21-t f.

LOST
LOST—Female Boston Bull pup. Reward, Ph. 180-W, 2304 Cove Ave. 4-22-1 tp.

SHOW GIRL SUICIDES
NEW YORK, April 23 (AP)—Lillian Page Greer of Chicago, a show-girl who made her last Broadway appearance in "Showboat," plunged to death from a window on the twenty-second floor of her hotel in Fifty-first street early yesterday.

Ivy Lee Explains Sugar Conference
NEW YORK, April 23 (AP)—Ivy Lee, public relations "champion," who has led Thomas L. Chadbourne in behalf of Cuba at the International Sugar conference in Paris, said upon his return yesterday that the purpose of the so-called Chadbourne plan would be defeated if the price of sugar rises sufficiently to attract into the market new sugar production.

"Certain it is that neither the Chadbourne plan nor any other artificial plan can restore conditions of affluence to an industry conducted on such world wide scale as the production of sugar," he said. "It is fully recognized that fundamental economic forces will be ultimately controlling.

"But the present plan of export restriction is at least a sincere effort to guide the immediate operation of these forces with some intelligence, and, it is hoped, beneficence.

Wonderlick Hospital
Established Mar. 1929
Never a Surgical Death
Phone Main 073

Magneto Repairing
Bosch, Eiseman, Splittdorf
EXCLUSIVE FACTORY REPRESENTATIVE
Battery & Electrical Service
COX AUTO ELECTRIC
1425 Adams Phone M 753

EASTERN OREGON School of Music
Violin, piano, voice. Credits, I. O. O. F. temple, 447-3. 9-9-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS & Upholstering & Rug Cleaning Works
Phone 424-W. Chas. Edwards, prop. 12-1-1m.

SAW FILING by machine or hand
Lawn mowers sharpened. All kinds of repairing. Anderson's Repair Shop, 303 Fir St. Ph. 842-J. 4-20-5 t.

AUTO AND WINDOW GLASS
Cut and fitted on short notice. La Grande Construction & Supply Co. 12-19-1 m.

DR. F. L. RALSTON
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
1-7 SOMMER BLDG.
Phone Main 778.

DR. F. C. HILL
Res. Phone Main 785

DR. F. L. RALSTON
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
1-7 SOMMER BLDG.
Phone Main 778.

JAMES J. D. HAUN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW FOLEY BUILDING.
Office Ph. M. 716—Res. Ph. M. 712

Astrologer
MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
301 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.
Readings by Mail a Specialty.

Physicians and Surgeons
DRS. RICHARDSON AND HILL
Office Phone Main 15
Rooms 17-18-20 Sommer Bldg.
DR. A. L. RICHARDSON
Res. Phone Main 55
DR. F. C. HILL
Res. Phone Main 785

LEE B. BOUVY, M. D.
LEWA WILKES, M. D.
Completely equipped Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital and offices, third floor Foley Bldg. Phone Main 16

DR. F. L. RALSTON
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
1-7 SOMMER BLDG.
Phone Main 778.

JAMES J. D. HAUN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW FOLEY BUILDING.
Office Ph. M. 716—Res. Ph. M. 712

Astrologer
MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
301 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.
Readings by Mail a Specialty.

Physicians and Surgeons
DRS. RICHARDSON AND HILL
Office Phone Main 15
Rooms 17-18-20 Sommer Bldg.
DR. A. L. RICHARDSON
Res. Phone Main 55
DR. F. C. HILL
Res. Phone Main 785

LEE B. BOUVY, M. D.
LEWA WILKES, M. D.
Completely equipped Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital and offices, third floor Foley Bldg. Phone Main 16

DR. F. L. RALSTON
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
1-7 SOMMER BLDG.
Phone Main 778.

JAMES J. D. HAUN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW FOLEY BUILDING.
Office Ph. M. 716—Res. Ph. M. 712

Astrologer
MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
301 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.
Readings by Mail a Specialty.

Physicians and Surgeons
DRS. RICHARDSON AND HILL
Office Phone Main 15
Rooms 17-18-20 Sommer Bldg.
DR. A. L. RICHARDSON
Res. Phone Main 55
DR. F. C. HILL
Res. Phone Main 785

LEE B. BOUVY, M. D.
LEWA WILKES, M. D.
Completely equipped Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat hospital and offices, third floor Foley Bldg. Phone Main 16

DR. F. L. RALSTON
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
1-7 SOMMER BLDG.
Phone Main 778.

JAMES J. D. HAUN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW FOLEY BUILDING.
Office Ph. M. 716—Res. Ph. M. 712

Mr. Lee said the agreement in principle reached by the seven most important sugar producing nations does not involve producers in the United States.

Clyde Watts, University of Oklahoma peck captain, scored nine goals in a spring game against the Colorado Aggies.

Then there's the business-like corn farmer who refers to his harvest as "stalk-taking."

The intelligent, present-day mother has learned not to do this. Instead she often goes to the other extreme. The baby is placed in his bed on the sun porch for long monotonous days with no interruption at all save for meals and necessary physical care.

Aside from the fact that the small baby acquires a change of position to prevent physical deformation, to put him and to exercise different parts of his body, he needs them as a part of his education.

The world views from a horizontal position within a small, white bed, which stands always in the same place, is lacking in sufficient mental stimulation for even the very young baby.

Before he is able to sit up he should occasionally be held in a sitting position and be permitted to look about

his taking the slightest notice of me, and, with a lightning grab, I disarmed him, at the same time growling, with a sinister scowl as I could achieve: "Hands up! ... Quick!"

Up went the guard's hands, for life was as dear to him as to most of us.

Within a minute I had shepherded my victim to the Fort door, and made him open it and enter.

The look of disappointment on the imprisoned watchman's face as he saw two automatons and the guard, instead of release, was ludicrous.

"Don't either of you be near the door, next time it opens," I said. "I may get mad and make a real killing."

The door closed gently, and again I locked it and withdrew the key.

Thrice I repeated this process, and each time the proceedings passed off without a hitch.

It was unbelievably easy—owing to the fact that, being in the uniform of a guard, I was able to present a pistol at my victim before he had the faintest idea of anything being wrong.

It was of pleasing interest to me to notice that, on each occasion, the heavy iron door of the Fort opened upon silence and apparent emptiness.

The men within knew that, certainly two, and probably four, would be killed before their excited rush could get to me.

It was in almost a state of exaltation, that I, coolly, swiftly, and in business-like manner, went about my affairs until, one by one, I had captured every single guard inside the prison.

It was, of course, my good fortune and a weakness in the prison system that, in no case, was one guard in actual sight of another. But for this I could hardly have succeeded.

Having safely disposed of all the inner guards, I now turned to the more dangerous task of dealing with the Warden's Office staff—if any were still on duty—and the outer guard at the prison gates.

Tramping heavily, whistling, and jangling my keys, I marched up to the door of the office, threw it open, tramped in, with all the assurance of the Warden himself, closed the door, and when I was the only occupant of the room was the prison bookkeeper—who stared at me in amazement.

He stared harder, with yet more amazement, as a big automatic appeared a foot from his face, and the unknown guard gave the peremptory order.

"Signal the outer guard to open the prison gates!"

"You win," he smiled, came round the desk as if to pass me, suddenly struck the pistol from my hand, and sprang on me like a tiger.

But he was fighting for his duty, whereas I was fighting for my life and the punishment of Rosemary's murderers—and, before long, I was on top, with my hands like a vise on his throat.

When his face was beginning to turn purple, I suddenly released my grip with one hand, drew another pistol from my pocket, and held it to his face.

"Do we both die?" I growled.

"No," he wheezed. "You win."

"Get up and give the signal to the outer guard at the gates," I ordered.

Staggering to his feet, the clerk went over to the bellpull, two pistols threatening him from behind. I certainly wasn't going to shoot him, but he didn't know that.

"Don't give the wrong signal, I said, 'unless you're really tired of life."

"No," he promised. "I'll sure give the right signal."

But I saw a triumphant thought flash through his mind. He would give the signal, and, as soon as the inner gate was opened, and I marched out of the room to escape, he would give the alarm to the guard at the gate when I was halfway there.

"I'll give the right signal," he answered me, and did so.

As he turned to me with a smile, I swiftly struck him a crushing blow on the point of the jaw with my right fist, in which I held the heavy pistol by the middle, as one does a dumb-bell.

He crumpled up without a sound.

As I approached him at an angle, whistling an Irish air, which was a favorite with Murphy, I got within arm's length of the wentry without

Chapter 33
CAUTIOUS GUARDS

AT ten o'clock at night Murphy passed my cell door and heard heart-rending groans that he expected to hear. Supposing (as he stated, in evidence, later) that the occupant of the cell had attempted suicide or was dying, he unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Instantly an automatic pistol appeared in front of his face and a grim voice said: "Put 'em up."

As he did so, the voice continued:

"Here's where I die—after I've killed you—or else I make my getaway. Strip!" And Guard Murphy pretended that he was "trapped," and that unless he instantly obeyed every order of this desperate criminal, he would be a dead man.

"Quick!" I growled. "Cap, trousers, everything! . . . If I get clear you'll never used to work again."

"I'm trusting ye," whispered Guard Murphy.

"I'm trusting you too, Murphy," I said, "but turn to me and cross your wrists behind you. I shall only want one hand and my teeth for the job, and my other hand will be holding the gun against your liver."

In about three minutes, Murphy's uniform, boots, cap and belt were on the floor of the cell, and his hands were bound together behind him, and I could now lay the pistol aside. In another minute his feet were tied together.

Having gagged him I dressed myself as a guard, and, taking his keys, opened the door, stepped out into the corridor, and locked the door behind me.

I was free—inside the prison, and if every man reacted correctly to my suddenly presented pistol, there was a chance that I should be free outside it too.

Assuming the attitude of a guard on duty, I tramped down the corridor toward the watchman who, as I knew, would be outside the big common-cell known for some reason as The Port.

If the watchman took no notice of me, as was quite likely in that dim light, I would pass on.

As I passed him the watchman looked up.

"Say, Patsy," he said, and then his eyes and mouth opened wider. "What the . . ."

"Stick 'em up!" I growled. "Quick!" and his hands shot up as high as he could put them.

I took his pistol.

"Unlock the door and get inside, quick," I said.

The watchman opened that four-inch iron door more quickly than usual, and went into The Port as though it was his home. It was for quite a little while.

Like Guard Murphy, he was safely out of action until some one other than myself was in possession of the big key which I turned and withdrew from the lock. The watchman had done me splendid service by recognizing me and causing me to drive him into the cell, for he had provided a perfect solution of the greater part of my problem.

Whether the watchman had gone his comrades should go—every guard, watchman, trusty, or other official who recognized me or showed suspicion.

That big cell, I realized, had no windows in the ordinary sense of the word. There would be no audible cry for help from The Port.

Proceeding on my way toward the Warden's Office, I emerged into the blessed fresh air of the dark night, and marched boldly across the bare, inner quadrangle which was the convicts' exercise-ground, to where a guard stood sentry beneath a lamp.

As I approached him at an angle, whistling an Irish air, which was a favorite with Murphy, I got within arm's length of the wentry without

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

locks clank again tomorrow—but not on W. W. He plans a "joy-ride" with an eager friend.

at what must seem to him an entirely new scene. It helps even to have his bed or carriage turned to face different parts of the room now and then.

The baby enjoys sociability too. Father or mother leaning over his bed to talk to him form a high point of pleasure and interest in his day. Being picked up and carried about

JUST TEN DAYS -- ECZEMA GONE

When the skin itches and Eczema drives you mad, just bathe the parts night and morning with antiseptic Moore's Emurol Oil.

Get a bottle for 85 cents at Red Cross Drug Store or any progressive druggist and apply after reading the directions.

If the itching hasn't entirely ceased in ten days you can have your money back.

It's easy and pleasant to use and it's speedy action is little less than marvelous.

Growing Deaf With Head Noises?

If you are growing hard of hearing, and fear catarrhal deafness, or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to Red Cross Drug Store or your druggist and get 1 oz. of Parmitin (double strength) and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, so the mucus stops dropping into the throat. It is easy to take. Anyone who is threatened with catarrhal deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

By Percival Christopher Wren Author of MYSTERIOUS WAY

his taking the slightest notice of me, and, with a lightning grab, I disarmed him, at the same time growling, with a sinister scowl as I could achieve: "Hands up! ... Quick!"

Up went the guard's hands, for life was as dear to him as to most of us.

Within a minute I had shepherded my victim to the Fort door, and made him open it and enter.

The look of disappointment on the imprisoned watchman's face as he saw two automatons and the guard, instead of release, was ludicrous.

"Don't either of you be near the door, next time it opens," I said. "I may get mad and make a real killing."

The door closed gently, and again I locked it and withdrew the key.

Thrice I repeated this process, and each time the proceedings passed off without a hitch.

It was unbelievably easy—owing to the fact that, being in the uniform of a guard, I was able to present a pistol at my victim before he had the faintest idea of anything being wrong.

It was of pleasing interest to me to notice that, on each occasion, the heavy iron door of the Fort opened upon silence and apparent emptiness.

The men within knew that, certainly two, and probably four, would be killed before their excited rush could get to me.

It was in almost a state of exaltation, that I, coolly, swiftly, and in business-like manner, went about my affairs until, one by one, I had captured every single guard inside the prison.

It was, of course, my good fortune and a weakness in the prison system that, in no case, was one guard in actual sight of another. But for this I could hardly have succeeded.

Having safely disposed of all the inner guards, I now turned to the more dangerous task of dealing with the Warden's Office staff—if any were still on duty—and the outer guard at the prison gates.

Tramping heavily, whistling, and jangling my keys, I marched up to the door of the office, threw it open, tramped in, with all the assurance of the Warden himself, closed the door, and when I was the only occupant of the room was the prison bookkeeper—who stared at me in amazement.

He stared harder, with yet more amazement, as a big automatic appeared a foot from his face, and the unknown guard gave the peremptory order.

"Signal the outer guard to open the prison gates!"

"You win," he smiled, came round the desk as if to pass me, suddenly struck the pistol from my hand, and sprang on me like a tiger.

But he was fighting for his duty, whereas I was fighting for my life and the punishment of Rosemary's murderers—and, before long, I was on top, with my hands like a vise on his throat.

When his face was beginning to turn purple, I suddenly released my grip with one hand, drew another pistol from my pocket, and held it to his face.

"Do we both die?" I growled.

"No," he wheezed. "You win."

"Get up and give the signal to the outer guard at the gates," I ordered.

Staggering to his feet, the clerk went over to the bellpull, two pistols threatening him from behind. I certainly wasn't going to shoot him, but he didn't know that.

"Don't give the wrong signal, I said, 'unless you're really tired of life."

"No," he promised. "I'll sure give the right signal."

But I saw a triumphant thought flash through his mind. He would give the signal, and, as soon as the inner gate was opened, and I marched out of the room to escape, he would give the alarm to the guard at the gate when I was halfway there.

"I'll give the right signal," he answered me, and did so.

As he turned to me with a smile, I swiftly struck him a crushing blow on the point of the jaw with my right fist, in which I held the heavy pistol by the middle, as one does a dumb-bell.

He crumpled up without a sound.

As I approached him at an angle, whistling an Irish air, which was a favorite with Murphy, I got within arm's length of the wentry without

Even a broken arm isn't so bad if it's insured

We insure anything that's insurable.

Leave it 2 Jack Ferris The Insurance Man Main 1000

Chats With Parents

ENLARGING BABY'S HORIZON
By Alice Judson Peule

Many a child in the past probably had his disposition permanently spoiled because his mother was so proud of him that she showed him off to every visitor without regard for the fact that it made him tired, nervous and irritable or interfered with a nap or a meal.

Before he is able to sit up he should occasionally be held in a sitting position and be permitted to look about

his taking the slightest notice of me, and, with a lightning grab, I disarmed him, at the same time growling, with a sinister scowl as I could achieve: "Hands up! ... Quick!"

Up went the guard's hands, for life was as dear to him as to most of us.

Within a minute I had shepherded my victim to the Fort door, and made him open it and enter.

The look of disappointment on the imprisoned watchman's face as he saw two automatons and the guard, instead of release, was ludicrous.

"Don't either of you be near the door, next time it opens," I said. "I may get mad and make a real killing."

The door closed gently, and again I locked it and withdrew the key.

Thrice I repeated this process, and each time the proceedings passed off without a hitch.

It was unbelievably easy—owing to the fact that, being in the uniform of a guard, I was able to present a pistol at my victim before he had the faintest idea of anything being wrong.

It was of pleasing interest to me to notice that, on each occasion, the heavy iron door of the Fort opened upon silence and apparent emptiness.

The men within knew that, certainly two, and probably four, would be killed before their excited rush could get to me.

It was in almost a state of exaltation, that I, coolly, swiftly, and in business-like manner, went about my affairs until, one by one, I had captured every single guard inside the prison.

It was, of course, my good fortune and a weakness in the prison system that, in no case, was one guard in actual sight of another. But for this I could hardly have succeeded.