

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Wallowa Counties

WANTED

WANTED—Would like to make arrangements with party going to Cove each afternoon about 4:00 to carry small bundle. Please call at Observer office. 12-18-t f.

WANTED—People renting houses to know that while I have them to rent, yet have a few homes with ideal location to sell like rent, priced 60 per cent of 1929 value. Snaps like these are your inducement. H. W. Smith, Fox farm. 12-23-5 tp

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—1st cutting alfalfa \$13.00 ton, delivered. Call 227-W. 12-24-3 tp

FOR SALE—Wood, any kind, any length. Call Frank Seward, 640-J. 12-22-5 tp.

FOR SALE—Horses or will buy. Houth McKennon, Farm. 25X or Oliver Kerr, Farm. 112. 12-19-t f.

LIMITED SUPPLY of box wood while planer runs, \$4.00 per load. Also dry chain wood, \$4.50 per load. Frank Cleavinger, Main 151. 12-16-1 t.

FOR SALE—Wood, price reasonable. Main 934, 1306 O Ave. 12-15-1 m.

FOR SALE—1928 Studebaker Commander sedan. In perfect condition. 1932 license, \$285. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 12-12-t f.

DRY WOOD—Black pine, any length, \$7.00. Ph. Observer or write M. Loree, Cove. 12-8-1 mp.

FOR SALE—Willard Batteries—\$4.95. A first choice battery at chain store prices, 75c on old battery. AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRIC CO. 1425 Adams Phone M 520 9-1-1 m.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-rm. house, 3 lots, also have cow to sell or will rent, with place, 3202 N 4th. 12-28-2 t.

FOR RENT—5-rm. furn. house with overstaffed. Piano, furnace, elec. washer. Garage. Call 1005 13th St. 12-28-3 t.

FOR RENT—Furnished, 4 room, stucco house, cor. 2nd and Jefferson. Garage. Call 802 W or inquire 2016 Oak St. 12-28-t f.

5-RM. MOD. HOUSE. Completely furn. With garage. 2112-2nd. 12-22-t f.

Observer Want Ad Rates

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, first insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consecutive insertion.....7c
Minimum charge on one order.....25c

RATES BY MONTH
3 lines, per month.....\$2.50
5 lines, per month.....\$3.25
7 lines, per month.....\$4.00
9 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 earn 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 500
"An Observer Want Ad Will Do It."

SOMMER HOTEL—Modern, warm, quiet. Best beds in town. Personal service. Rooms by week or month, \$3.50 to \$15. Showers and private bath. Cag and 2-rm. Apts. 12-3-1 m.

FOR RENT—1 2-rm. furn. Apt. Elec. range, steam heat. Close in. Phone 569-W, 1502 Wash. 12-24-4 t.

CLEAN, Steam-heated rooms. Plenty of hot water, \$1.50-\$2.00 per week. Darland hotel, 10 Depot St. 12-21-6 tp.

FURN. HOUSES AND APTS.—With bath, clean, quiet, lowest rent. Adults, 1810 Greenwood, 12-11-1 m.

1 2-RM. AND 1 3-RM. furn. or unfurn. Apts. Grande Ronde Apts. 12-10-t f.

FURN. APARTMENT—1809 Adams, Main 592. 12-1-1 t f.

FOR RENT—Modern steamheated rooms, 1408 Washington. 12-2-1 m.

MISCELLANEOUS

GEO. WEATHERSTRIPS installed. F. B. Anderson, 2102 Cove Ave. 10-28-1 m.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. I. O. O. F. temple, 447-J. 9-6-1 m.



WISDOM demands that you secure the services of expert morticians who know the profession and who have demonstrated their capacity and ability.
We Understand
SNODGRASS & ZIMMERMAN
Main 62

MONEY TO LOAN—We are representatives for the Prudential Ins. Co. and can make farm or city loans at attractive rates of interest. Chas. H. Reynolds, insurance, loans and bonds. 8-1-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards, Prop. 12-1-1 m.

LOST

LOST—3 photographs, one of woman and one of boy, near New York store, Call Main 798. R. R. Richards. 12-29-2 tp.

FOUND

FOUND—Boy's leather mitten. Call Observer. 12-28-3 t.

LOST—Boston bull dog, dark brown with diamond on forehead. Child's playmate. Reward. Ph. Main 1020. 12-28-1 t.

LOWER COVE PERSONALS

By Mrs. Nell Kight (Observer Correspondent)
LOWER COVE (Special)—The program given by the pupils of Lower Cove and Frosty schools at the Lower Cove school Wednesday evening was as follows:
Opening song, "The Herald Angels" by both schools.
Welcome—Della Morris.
Dialog—Alice and Edna Wiseman.
Recitation—Mavis Gray
Dialog—"Uncle Tim" by Lower Cove.
Song—Della Morris.
Music—Irma and Irene Clark.
Recitation—Raymond Morris.
Recitation—Lanita Gray.
Play—"Twilight Christmas" Frosty school.
Recitations—Lyle Coe, Manford Morris.
Song—"Jingle Bells" Frosty school.
Recitations—Wanda Elmer, Elda Mae Childers, Marie Kight, Geraldine Wright.
Play—Frosty school.
Recitations—Wilda Cook, Betty Koger, Aldon Gray, LeRoy Childers, Robert Becker.
Play—Lower Cove school.
Recitations—Lorene Morris, Lanita Gray.
Solo—Evelyn Houston.
Play—Lower Cove school.
Song—"Holy Night"
Pageant—Frosty school.
Treats were given to all by the Lower Cove Sunday school. The schoolhouse, one of the largest in the county, could not accommodate the crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wiseman will enjoy a visit this holiday from their daughters, Flaye, of Ashland, and Elsie, of Dayton, Wash., both of whom are teachers.
The recent rains and warm winds have taken all the snow in Lower Cove.

Miss Anna Hacker left Wednesday for Portland to spend the holidays. Mrs. E. S. Morris and Mrs. Frank Elmer were called to Clarkston, Wash., by the death of an uncle. They left immediately upon receipt of the message.

Clinton Alexander, son of Mrs. O. D. Johnson, is confined to his home because of measles.

Betty Kight was well enough to take her parts in the Christmas program but was absent from school all week. Frosty school will not have a vacation. A Christmas tree was given at the school on Wednesday afternoon. Visitors were Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Kight, Marie Kight and Elda Mae Childers.

Dorothy and Harriet Becker, of La Grande, are visiting at the homes of their uncles, A. L. and Clarence Becker.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

Freedom Hopes Soar High But Philippine Commission Seeks It In Small Parcels

WASHINGTON (AP)—With the dream of Philippine independence perhaps nearer reality than for many years, the islands are approaching that reality with caution.
Only a gradual severing of political and economic ties with the United States is expected to be sought in Washington by the eighth Philippine independence commission, although sentiment in favor of independence seems stronger in the federal government than for some time past.
The commission is due to express its views in the capital shortly.
Leader of the delegation is Jovell Senator Sergio Osmeña, veteran campaigner for independence, president pro tempore of the Philippine senate, and leader of the nationalist party in the islands for 15 years.
Osmeña has been a member of three other independence missions. Colleagues of the Philippine legislature are accompanying him.
A bill seeking independence already has been introduced in congress by Senator King of Utah.
Also introduced by Senator King is a resolution favoring negotiation of a treaty with the powers of the Pacific, asking them to respect the political independence and territorial integrity of the Philippines should the islands become independent.
In the White House the commission will find President Hoover favoring independence only when it is assured the islands can take the step without endangering their financial and business structure.
With Hoover's opinion in mind, perhaps, the independence commission is expected to present three alternative proposals.
Under the first the islands would receive political autonomy at once.

\$5.50 and your old battery buys a new 13 plate battery, installed.
Burgess Battery & Electric Service
Opposite La Grande Grocery

By J. R. Williams



Drum-Beat of Duty

One sound always comes to the ear that is open; it is the steady drum-beat of duty. No music in life, perhaps—only a dry rattle-dab, dab, but that steady beat marks the time for which the whole orchestra of earth and heaven. It says to you: "Do your work—do the duty nearest you." Keep step in that drum-beat, and the dullest march is taking you home.
Place Blame on Heaven
Men, when their actions succeed or fail, are always ready to impute the blame thereof onto the heavens, so as to excuse their own follies.—Spenser.

United States INVESTMENT CO.
O W WARNOCK MGR

Professional Directory

Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUVY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
3rd floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 16.

Osteopathic Physicians

MRS. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE
General Practice and Obstetrics
Sommer Bldg.
Office, Main 106 Res., Main 633

DR. E. L. FAUS
General Practice
New Foley Bldg., 3rd floor.
Phone Main 990 Res. 990-R.

Miscellaneous

ASTROLOGER
MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
203 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.

WISDOM

WISDOM demands that you secure the services of expert morticians who know the profession and who have demonstrated their capacity and ability.
We Understand
SNODGRASS & ZIMMERMAN
Main 62

WEATHERSTRIPS

Try our NU - WAY Weatherstrips. It is a combination of high grade felt and metal, easily applied and sells for 6c per foot.

Van Petten Lumber Company
Phone Main 782
"Good Service Quick"

Beware of Unsafe Autos

If unsafe autos were forced to display their condition there would be fewer accidents and more insurance.

United States INVESTMENT CO.
O W WARNOCK MGR

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



INSURANCE!



THE NEWFANGLES



POP EVENS THINGS UP!



HILGARD PERSONALS

By Wilmerth Welner (Observer Correspondent)

HILGARD, Ore. (Special)—The Hilgard school presented its annual Christmas program Wednesday evening under the direction of Miss Blanche Whiting. A large crowd attended. The numbers were as follows: welcome, Nellie Thornbrue; dialogue, "Waiting Up For Santa," Buddy and Lloyd Tipton; play, "No Presents," Harry Thornbrue, Jim Stearns, Lloyd Tipton, Roy Foster and Henry Bennett; recitation, "Boy Blue's Christmas," Dewey Kling; "When I Grow Up," Louie Kling; "A Present to Santa," Barbara Jane Rees; "A Note to Santa," Alice Mae Welmer; dialogue, "Jack-in-the-Box," Harry Thornbrue and Henry Bennett. After the program community singing was enjoyed, along with an evening of games and dancing.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rees and family spent the Christmas holidays visiting

PROMOTION ANNOUNCED

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28 (AP)—Glenn E. Mitchell has been named to succeed J. H. Billingsale as supervisor of Siskiyou national forest at Grants Pass, Ore. C. J. Buck, regional forester, Portland, announced yesterday.

Billingsale has been granted a year's leave of absence because of illness. Mitchell was supervisor of Colville national forest at Republic, Wash. He has been with the forest service since 1905. A. D. Mair, ex-assistant supervisor of Chelan national forest at Okanogan, Wash., will succeed Mitchell at Republic.

SUNSET PASS

by Zane Grey

SYNOPSIS: Trueman Rock tells Thiry Preston he is making love to her but he will not let her see him. Thiry Preston is a girl who is a devotee of the Sunset Pass. Her father, Mr. Gage, for whom the work, is suspected of cattle rustling.

"When he's away—where?"
"Why, on the range. Dad has large orders. The driving and—the work will take up half his time from now on."
"What a child she was, thought Rock! He ruthlessly laid traps for her, but the sole reason was not only to lead her into betrayal."
"You would risk so much for me?"
"It's not for you, though I know I—will like you, if you, if you let me. It's for Ash and Dad—all of us."
"It's very sweet of you, Thiry," he said, with just enough satire to belie the portent of his words, "but very little to risk my life for."
"No, Trueman, it may save your life."
"You call me Trueman?" he asked, amazed.
"Yes, Trueman... We can deceive Ash..."
"How long would you expect this sort of thing to go on? And when it came to an end—and I worshipped you—what then?"
"I'd run the same risk as you."
"What of—being killed?"
"No! No! No! You're tantalizing me. You know what I mean."
"Indeed I don't. Reckon some laced cowboys would think you meant that you risked the danger of love."
"I meant just that, Mr. Trueman Rock," she blazed. "I'm human. Those nasty cowboys in town, who call my love for Ash unnatural, can't understand. I've a heart, though everybody doubts it. And surely it is not beyond the bounds of possibility for me to—love some one. Especially if he sacrificed for me—proved himself a man."
"Thiry Preston, are you offering such a hope to me?" he asked, hungrily.
"It's not a hope, but a chance—only a chance—and all I can offer."
"But a chance—that means a lot," he went on, without remorse. "I could be with you alone!"
"Yes, as long as you wished."
"Could I make love to you?"
"How could I keep you—from her?" she rejoined, her nerve visibly weakening. "But if you were kind—as I first thought you'd be—you wouldn't press."
"Would you let me kiss you?"
If Trueman had expected her to gasp and droop, or flare up affronted at this bold query, he had reckoned without his host. Again some bolt had shot back within her, tapping a reserve spirit.
"Yes," she replied, white-faced and calm.
"Would you kiss me—now—to seal the compact?" he went on, as mad in the ecstasy of the moment, as stern to convict her.
"You drive a hard bargain," she murmured, bitterly. "I've never kissed any man save Ash and Dad... but I will kiss you."
"Very well," he replied, with a coolness that was the most magnificent deceit.
She stood up, took brave but hesitating steps, until her knees pressed against his, and as she bent over, instinctively her hands went out. Rock saw them trembling. She was going through with it. A moonbeam caught her face. Rock, who had perpetrated this monstrous hoax, uttered a cry of poignant repentance. One second more would make it too late. Her face loomed close, strong in purpose, with veiled eyes, sadder than ever.
Rock seized her hands, and bending his head, he kissed one and then the other.
"Thiry," he whispered, "I would give almost my very life to have you kiss me. But not for this... I led you on, I wanted to see how far you would go... You poor, loving, blinded girl! What would you not sacrifice for this damned Ash Preston?—I tell you—you shall not... I will stay here! You have no idea what a horrible temptation you gave me. To meet you often—to have you alone—to be able to kiss you! My God!... Thiry! I could make you love me... But so help me God, I wouldn't have your love at such sacrifice. I'll whittle it square and fair—or never... Now, I'll go, and I'll not speak to you soon again. Trust me, Thiry. Good night."
He kissed her hands again and rushed away into the moon-struck shadows.
(Copyright, Zane Grey)

Chapter 24 SACRIFICE

"TELLIN' you a simple fact, I'm not likely to annoy you with it soon again."
"But I sort of welcome this chance to prove somethin' to myself. You'll hear gossip about me and my love affairs, which you can believe if you like. But I know now I never had a real love before."
"It suits me to state what I think I've become against the old True Rock. This needn't worry you one little bit."
"You speak in riddles," she replied, incredulously. "How can I help but worry—now, more than ever?"
"I shall leave you blissfully alone. I shall hardly be even polite if I see you at meal-time. Your brother Ash will soon see that there's one rider who's not mushy over you."
"To what end?" she went on, sharply. "Is that to deceive Ash, as you can stay here?"
"Partly. But I'm bound to confess that it's to spare you."
"Oh, you're not going to spare me," she cried. "You'll not leave me alone. And even if you did Ash would believe it only a blind—that you were with me during his absence."
"But sure Ash couldn't believe you a liar," quipped Rock.
"He'd make more of your avoiding me than if you were just friendly. It's a poor plan. Please give it up."
"No."
She began to twist her hands in her white gown. The agitation, which before he had marked, was possessing her again. The idea that he had decided to stay at Sunset Pass held some singular dread for her. Was it as much because of a possible fight between him and Ash as for some other reason? Rock concluded it was both. And while he weighed this in mind he watched her with penetrating gaze, stealing his heart against the tenderness that threatened to overwhelm him.
"If you really care for—for me—you will listen."
"Care for you?" he returned, scornfully. "You wait and see, Thiry Preston."
"Wait for what?" she demanded, almost piteously.

"Why, I reckon, for a little time." With evident strong effort she controlled some almost irresistible fear or conflict. Her glance changed to one of deep and unfathomable mystery. She had discovered a latent strength. Rock divined she had been driven to extremity. And he grew sickeningly sure that she was involved somehow with Ash and her father in something which would not bear the light of day.

"Trueman Rock, I want you to leave Sunset Pass," she said, leaning to him.
"So you've told me about a thousand times."
"Let's risk being discovered meeting at Wasington," she went on, and it seemed a certainty she was thrilled by her own deceit. "You can get work anywhere. We'll take Mr. Winter into our confidence. We can meet in his store and spend an hour or two in his office. Then I'll arrange to stay with Mrs. Winter all night when it comes to town. You can meet me there, too. I will go to Wagon."

"Why would you be willing to do this unusual thing?" asked Rock, eager to lead her on and on. "I think I asked you that before."
"Didn't you say you—you wanted to be friends with me?"
"I sure did."
"It's your only chance, and I'm giving you that to get you—to persuade you to leave here."
"Thiry, I ask you again—why do you want me to leave?"
"To keep you and Ash apart."
"Is that the only reason?"
"It's the—the big one," she replied, with both voice and glance unsteady. She was not an adept at lying, even in an issue of tremendous importance.

"But that won't keep Ash and me apart. He will come to town when you do. He'll watch you. I'll choose the time when he is away with Dad. He won't know that I go to town."

Ash returns, Saturday. Rock must deal with his theft of Egypt, Words—or a gun?