

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Wallowa Counties

WANTED
 NORMAL STUDENT wants work for room and board. Call Observer. 1-5-2 tp.

WANTED—Board and room in modern home by business couple. Box A Observer. 1-4-3 t.

WANTED—Normal student from 3 to 5 p. m. week days. And all day Saturday. Call Main 730 evenings. 1-4-2 t.

WANTED TO BUY — Milking goat. Box 15, Imbler. 1-2-3 tp.

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. 12-16-1 t.

FOR SALE
 FOR SALE — Dry pine wood, any length. Farmers 293. 1-5-4 tp.

FOR SALE—10 acre farm one mile from La Grande on Island City Highway. Price reasonable. Terms. P. O. box 137. 1-5-3 t.

FOR SALE—More 2 lb. Wool Batts. Size 72"x84". 87c each. C. J. Breier Co. 1-5-1 t.

HOLLYWOOD and Hansen trapped White Leghorn baby chicks, \$11 per 100 prepaid, breeding stock purchased direct from Hansen, Brownell and Hollywood. Records 250 to 327 eggs. We trap 2000 hens, chicks equal to any. Get our catalogue before ordering. PACIFIC HATCHERY, Tangent, Ore. 1-5-6 t.

FOR SALE—Weaning pigs. Farm. 84. 1-4-2 t.

HEATER—Like new. Cheap. 438-J. 1-4-3 t.

FOR SALE — Portable Corona typewriter in good condition. Ph. 509-W after 6 o'clock. 1-4-3 tp.

FOR SALE — 15-plate new batteries \$5.50 and up. Will buy 25 old batteries. 1308 Jefferson. Burgess Battery & Electric Station 1-2-1 m.

FOR SALE—Wood \$5 to \$7 per cord. Prompt delivery. Phone 558-U. 12-31-6 t.

FOR SALE — Wood, any kind, any length. Call Frank Seward, 440-J. 12-22-5 tp.

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

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
 3 lines, per month \$2.50
 4 lines, per month \$3.25
 5 lines, per month \$4.00
 6 lines, per month \$4.75
 Each additional line over five charged at 60c 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 900
 "An Observer Want Ad Will Do It."

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

FOR SALE — 1928 Studebaker Commander sedan, in perfect condition. 1932 license, \$285. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 12-12-1 t.

FOR SALE—Willard Batteries—\$6.95. A first choice battery at chain store prices. 75c on old battery. AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRIC CO. 1425 Adams. Phone M 500 9-1-1 m.

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

FOR RENT
 FOR RENT—5-rm. furn. apt. 1905 Adams Ave. 1-4-3 t.

REYNOLDS ROOMING HOUSE, formerly Hug apartments, 1908 Fourth. Completely renovated, furnished and under management of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Reynolds. Call 400-W. Popular prices. 1-2-4 t.

FOR RENT—Lands Court furn. apts. for conveniences and real comfort. 12-30-10 t.

FURN. HOUSES AND APTS. — With baths, 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. 12-10-1 t.

FURN. APARTMENT — 1809 Adams. Main 582. 12-1-1 t.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHECK UP ON your old furniture. Scratched or marred pieces refinished and made like new. Call Carr Furniture Co. Main 770. 1-5-1 t.

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

SAVE 25% during Jan. Painting and papering by Neumann, 1702 K. 1-5-1 m.

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

FURNITURE REPAIRING Redecorating, air brushing and crating by experienced workmen. Call Carr Furniture Co., Main 770. 1-5-1 t.

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. 9-1-1 m.

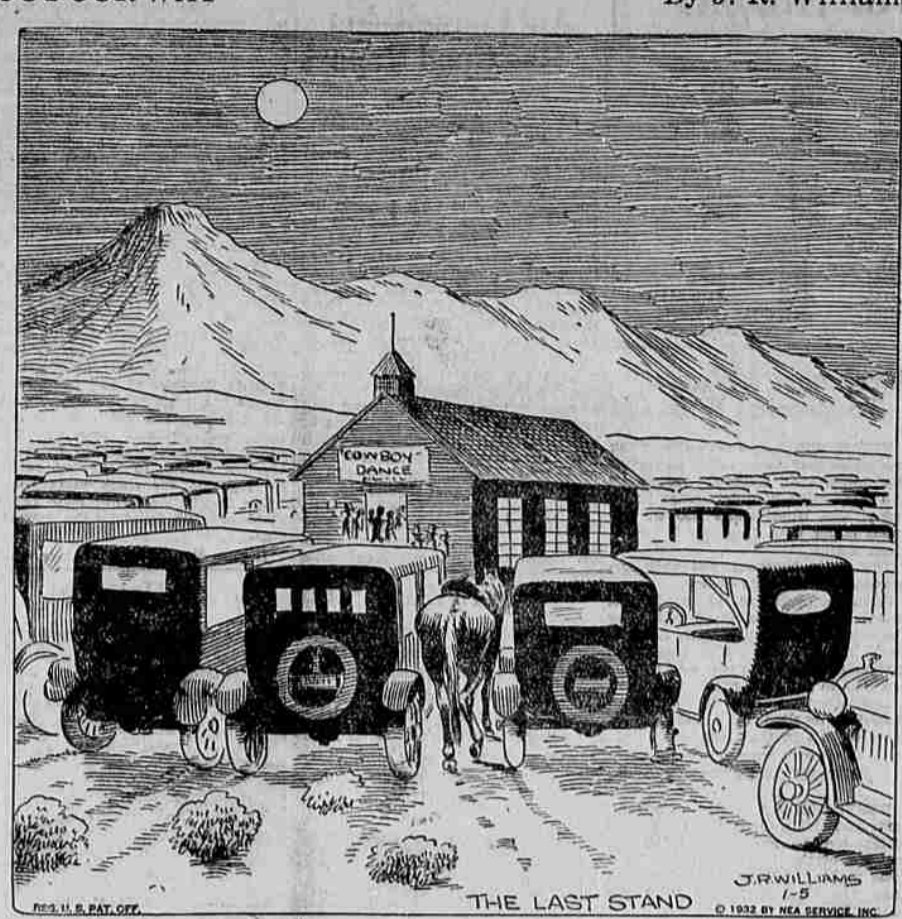
FOR TRADE

FOR TRADE—350 head reg. and purebred Hampshire ewes, will lamb in Feb. To trade for city property or tract of land. Hay also goes with deal. Write Lee Sloan, North Powder, Ore. 1-4-6 t.

Chats With Parents

TOO MUCH FROLIC
 By Alice Judson Peafe
 "Three-year-old Betty ran down the walk to meet daddy, to be tossed on high and come riding into the house triumphantly on his shoulder.
 In the living room she ran back and forth excitedly between father and mother. Both laughed and played with her, entering into her games.
 With a sudden inspiration she got down on all fours, proclaiming that she was a great big bear, and inviting daddy to play bear too. They had great fun, both down on all fours.
 To Betty it seemed funnier and funnier. She laughed and laughed, until suddenly her breath caught in her throat with something like a sob.
 They stopped the make-believe then, but Betty went right on laughing more and more wildly until, annoyed by her father's efforts to calm her, she burst into screams and tears.
 Children can stand just so much excitement, even of the pleasantest and under management of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Reynolds, and they have something very like hysterics.
 Some parents regard this as sheer naughtiness, to be punished by spanking.
 When a child thus has lost control, the only sensible thing to do is to remove him from the scene of excitement, and as gently as possible interest him in some quiet activity.
 It is good even to leave him alone for a time, provided he does not regard it as a punishment.
 In extreme cases when the child is quite beside himself it is often helpful to undress him quietly, put him into a tub of cool water and then to bed with a book or some favorite toy.
 One such experience, however,

OUT OUR WAY



THE LAST STAND
 J. R. WILLIAMS
 © 1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Spiritual Empire Now Set As Goal Of Duce's Regime

ROME (AP) — The black shirts still dream of empire, but in a spiritual rather than a military sense.
 At the same time, the "joy of obedience" is stressed by government spokesmen, who frequently say that "the privilege of discipline" is the cornerstone of Italy.
 One of the last pronouncements of the late Arnaldo Mussolini set forth the fascist policy in these terms:
 "We aim to create the state of mind necessary to build a spiritual empire. Imperialism may take any of various forms — economic, military or colonial, for example — but that which is superior to all is spiritual imperialism."
 At about the same time his famous brother, as head of the state, said to the annual congress of fascist cultural institutes:
 "Our concept of culture is that it is not a simple ornament of intelligence, but an instrument in the fight for life and an arm of, and for, the regime."
 The institutes are functioning in all parts of the country. Their aim is to diffuse political, economic and other forms of culture as seen from the viewpoint of the Italian brand of fascism. Speaking before the Varese institute Arnaldo said:
 "We can not reduce life to statistics. We must allow for fallacies in all rules. We are unitarians in politics, collaborationists in economics and humanists in our mode of existence."
 Health
 THE NERVOUS HEART—I
 It is said that "It blows the wind that profits nobody."

Chats With Parents

should be enough to teach parents just how much excitement their child can stand, and enable them to avoid a repetition.
 The World War, though an "ill wind," did, however, profit us somewhat, and not the least in the advance in medical science.
 Many branches in medicine, such as general surgery, sanitation, plastic surgery, and psychiatry, made great progress by virtue of the vast amount of extraordinary materials and opportunities presented by the war situation and casualties.
 Our attention was focused especially on neurologic psychiatric disabilities which expressed themselves in the abnormal functioning of certain organs.
 Shell shock, used generically, covered a multitude of such conditions, though of course any number of men suffered from shell shock who were a ocean's width removed from exploding shells.
 Furthermore, by virtue of the war experiences with such conditions, we were enabled better to appreciate similar abnormalities in the function of organs to be seen in civil life.
 A fairly common form of abnormal organ function due to psychologic conditions is to be seen affecting the heart.
 This condition is popularly called "nervous heart," and is technically designated as cardi c ncursis.
 A cardiac neurosis is defined by Dr. Robert H. Halsey, president of the American Heart association, as a disorder of the physiologic action or workings of the heart produced by an emotional reaction of the patient.
 These disorders, for they may assume many forms, are not due to any discernible fault in the structure of the heart mechanism.
 There is no actual heart disease present. The fault is in the manner of the heart's work, not in its structure.
 A foot track, the one he was trailing, brought a low exclamation from his lips. Bending quickly, with his little sticks he tried them. They fitted perfectly. Moreover, this one had been made recently.
 When Rock rose from that track he knew what he was going to find. The tunnel appeared about a hundred feet long, with light shining in at both ends, and the middle dark. The numerous stones on the floor were of uniform size and shape, and he noted that the first of these lay back several yards from the opening of the culvert.
 Rock kicked one. It was soft, bending to feel of it and to look at it more closely, he ascertained that it was a burlap sack tied round something. He laughed sardonically.
 "Cowhide," he said, and went on kicking to right and left. These stone-like objects were all hidden tied up in burlap sacks. They were old. Some of them were rotting. Then toward the middle of the culvert, where the bags were thick, he found that those in sight were lying on a bed of burlap, flat, decomposed. Altogether, hundreds, perhaps thousands of hides had been destroyed there. He detected a dry, musty odor, but it was not strong.
 Rock went back to the point where he had found the boot track. It was useless to attempt to conceal his own trail. He reflected that in a few days now the rains would come, and with water running through the culvert all traces of his having been there would be obliterated.
 If fresh cowhides had lately been deposited in this hiding-place where were they? Back from the opening it was difficult to see well.
 Naturally then he reached up to feel where he could not see. He had to put his toes in crevices between the stones to climb up and reach over the top of the wall.
 When Rock's groping hand came in contact with a sack he felt no surprise. It appeared to hold heat. Grasping it firmly, Rock dropped to the ground and hurried with it to the light. He ripped it open. Quicklime, hot and moist! A fresh cowhide, wrapped with hair inside!
 With hands that actually shook Rock unfolded the hide. No slight thing was this proof of somebody's guilt—about to be disclosed! The brand was clear—a half moon.
 He rolled up the hide, stuffed it in the sack, and put it back where he had found it. He struck a match. By the dim light he saw rows of burlap sacks, neatly stowed away.
 Rock sneaked out of that culvert and up to his horse as if indeed he were the gally one himself. To test out rustler tracks and discover evidence of thieving practices on the range, had been part of Rock's experience. How vastly another thing here! That boot track had been made by Ash Preston. Rock knew it. Gage Preston was growing rich by butchering other ranchers' cattle. The very least implication Rock accepted to "Thiry" Preston was that she shared the secret, and therefore indirectly the guilt. And Rock loved her—loved

her terribly now, in view of her extremity.
 Rock had no idea how far this extraordinary dealing of the Prestons had gone. But it had proceeded far enough to be extremely hazardous for them, and in fact for any riders connected with them. One remark Gage had made to Thiry had been thought-provoking. It might well be true that Ash Preston, having led or forced his father into criminal practices, dominated him wholly. Rock must know more, and if possible everything, before he could formulate any plan to stop Preston and save Thiry.
 It was long past dark when Rock arrived at Wagonmound. He went to the hotel and to bed. Rested and fresh again, and with the bright gold sunrise shining in his window, Rock dared to pit himself against Ash Preston in anything. Least of all did he consider Ash particularly dangerous to face in full play. He was several years younger than Rock, and had been only five on the range. Calculating on that, and his own long experience, his instinct for divining an opponent's intent, and his swift hand, Rock felt a certainty of his power to beat Ash Preston to a gun and kill him.
 After breakfast, which Rock partook of rather late, he went round to see Sol Winter.
 "Dog-gone, I'm glad to see you!" Winter said.
 "Same here, old-timer," replied Rock. "I want to find out something."
 "What?" asked Winter, as Rock led him back into the store.
 "Preston drove in here a couple of days ago," went on Rock, lowering his voice. "In the outfit were three wagons I know of. One was full of hides, which I helped pack. The other two were loaded with meat. Bees! Now I want to find out how many beaves there were and where they went."
 "Wal, I'll be darned if that ain't funny," ejaculated Winter, his eyes narrowing to mere slits. "I shore can tell you right now that you're so damn keen about knowin'."
 "Good Lord!" exclaimed Rock, and he sat down heavily.
 "Heard it quite by accident," went on Winter. "Jackson, who runs Dabb's butcher shop, once worked for me. Wal, I went in last night. I seen a lot of fresh meat hangin' up. All I said was: 'See you're stocked up plenty an' fresh.'
 "Preston is killin' now altogether instead of sellin' any more on the hoof," Jackson told me. 'He's gettin' thirty dollars more by killin', on each head of stock. He'll sell to anybody. Today he shipped thirty-six beaves. Driscoll told me. Shipped them to Margold.'
 "Winter paused to see what effect this news might have upon Rock.
 "Thirty-six!" muttered Rock, with uncredulous face and voice.
 "Yep. An' I counted ten beaves hangin' on Jackson's hooks. All fresh. So that makes forty-six. What you want to know all this for?"
 "Gee, Sol, you're a gabby old lady!" returned Rock. "Who runs the Half Moon brand?"
 "New cattleman named Hesbit," replied Winter. "Clink Peoples is foreman."
 "Clink Peoples. By gum! that sounds familiar. I've heard his name, anyway. What does he look like, Sol?"
 "Onusual tall puncher. Sandy complexioned. Eyes sharp like a hawk's, but tawny. Always wears a red scarf. An' he's one of the gun-packin' fraternity. Clink will be in town shore over the Fourth."
 "Red scarf? Ahum!" said Rock, dropping his head. "Well, Sol, I'll run along, and drop in again."
 Reaching Dabb's new store Rock went in. It changed that there was in stock a black broadcloth suit, with frock coat, which might have been made for him. Rock purchased it and an embroidered vest of fancy design, a white shirt with ruffles in the bosom, a wide white collar and a black bow-tie to go with it.
 Rock carried his possessions back to the hotel. While in his room he cut a pattern of a mask out of a piece of black cloth.
 What with a late dinner and leisurely saunterings around town, the day passed by. After supper Rock went out to walk in the darkness.
 Footsteps sounded behind him. A hand seized his arm, and a feminine voice he knew rang under his ear.
 "True Rock, I've been on your trail all afternoon."
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 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.

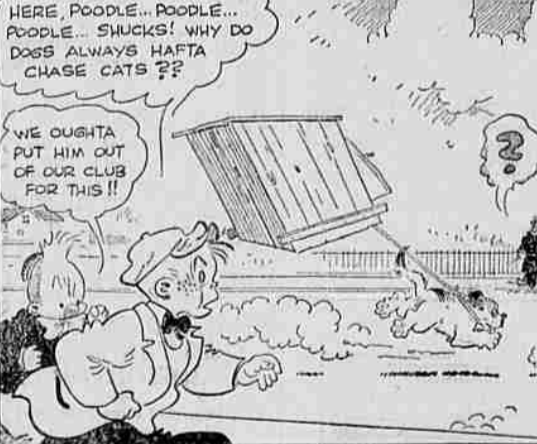
Miscellaneous
 ASTROLOGER
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 Readings Daily.

WISDOM

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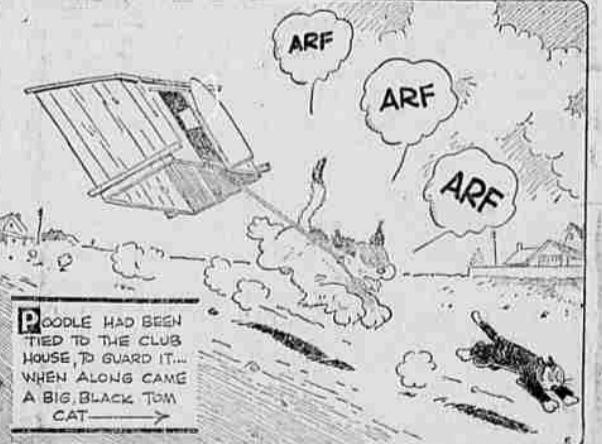
STRANGE SIGHTS!



By Blosser



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES



THE GIMMIES DUCK!



By Cowan



By Blosser



Over Half Onions Not Yet Marketed

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 4 (AP) — A survey of the Oregon onion market indicates that of approximately 435 carloads remaining within the state on Jan. 1, not more than 285 carloads are unsold in the growers' hands.
 Quiet absorption of onions during the past week took between 50 and 60 carloads. Practically all the business for immediate shipment and delivery was at 83 with sacks and twine furnished by the buyers. Sales made for later delivery were at prices slightly higher, showing a spread according to proposed date of shipment.
 Unsold holdings of onions in the Willamette valley are estimated at 285, divided as follows: Brooks 150, Salem 15, West Side 120.

Oregon Debaters Return From Trip

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 4 (AP) — A 35,000-mile tour of countries bordering the Pacific was terminated Sunday for the University of Oregon goodwill debating team when the three members, Roger Alton Pfaff, David G. Wilson Jr., and Robert T. Miller, arrived in Portland aboard the steamer Admiral Farragut.
 During the tour on which the team started seven months ago, the members held debates in Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Straits Settlements, the Philippine Islands, China, Japan and Hawaii.
 Approximately 175 pin smashers were expected to compete in the second annual Pacific Northwest Bowling classic in Seattle, beginning Jan. 3.

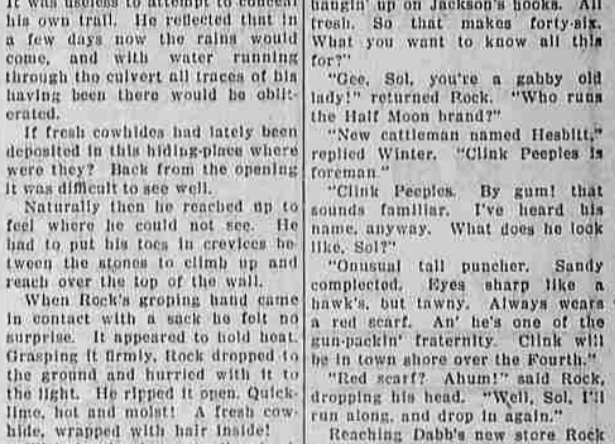
SUNSET PASS by Zane Grey

SYNOPSIS: The secret of the Preston ranch, worries Fremont Rock, because he fears trouble for Gage Preston's daughter. Thiry Rock wants to marry Thiry, but primarily he wants her to be happy. Possibly Preston riddles out the certainty of his Ash. Ash is a dangerous character. Rock finds a mysterious track.

Chapter 29 BURLAP SACKS

THE impression of the heel was well defined, but the toe part was dim. It pointed off the road. Rock found another, like it, though not so plain. For his trained eyes the trail might as well have been made in snow. It led into the coarse white grass, to the edge of the culvert, where it vanished.
 There was no doubt in Rock's mind that this imprint was identical with the one near Slagle's well. He had the little sticks with which he had measured that track. His instinct prompted him to take a look at the culvert. He walked on, stepping on stones.
 The culvert was not the handiwork of masons. The aperture was large, to take care of a considerable flow of water during the wet season. Crude walls of heavy stone had been laid about ten feet high and the same distance apart. Logs and brush had been placed across the top. Above this a heavy layer of earth formed the road.
 When Rock stepped into the mouth of the culvert he saw a lumpy floor, which at first glance he thought consisted of rocks lying on the dried mud.
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By Blosser



By Cowan

