

Every Tea Expert Knows "LIPTON'S is the Best Tea" ORANGE PEKOE OR JAPAN

**Curves No Mystery 50 Years Ago In Georgia, Old Hurler Reveals**

FAIRBURN, Ga. (AP) — It was a little over 50 years ago that Will Ferguson started the Georgia sandlots by throwing a curve ball.

Ferguson follows the fortunes of pitchers in the big leagues now with the interest of a youngster, although he is getting along in years. He knows all the tricks present day pitchers use, and said he knew about all except two, back in his days on the mound. He never threw the spit ball or knuckle ball.

It was in 1879, Ferguson said, that he first heard of curves. The baseball books told about them that spring, and printed diagrams showing how to hold the ball and turn it loose.

"I practiced according to directions, but couldn't do any tricks," he said.

But that summer Ferguson got a chance to watch a pitcher from Knoxville throw curves and dogged his steps until he showed him how it was done.

During his career as a pitcher, Ferguson lost but one game. That was against the first professional team he ever saw.

True enough, there was the game between Fairburn and Douglasville in 1884 — when the opposition took 50 runs off Ferguson's delivery — but

the Fairburn boys countered with 150.

"That," declared a native who witnessed it, "was the best dogged ball game ever played in Georgia."

Judge W. S. McLarin, of Campbell county, Ga., was Ferguson's catcher. There were no masks, breast-plates, and no gloves in those days, but Judge McLarin "had about the toughest hands I ever saw," Ferguson said. He caught 'em all, crooked or straight.

**Shows Ping Pong Tricks**

KANSAS CITY (AP) — John Hoff, Swedish ping pong expert, recently arrived from his native land, has been displaying his European style of play in local matches.

**Scores Near Foe A Minute**

CLEVELAND, O. (AP) — Until he met Pete Mazzone, former Olympic contender, Ross Fields of Cleveland, had been in the ring four minutes in his last three bouts and won all of them by knockouts. One opponent was counted out after one punch, one dropped in the first round and the third in the second round.

**State Completing Case Against Reed**

MEDFORD, Ore., Feb. 25 (AP) — In stating that the defendant pay with his life for the slaying of an Ashland policeman, the prosecution drew near the conclusion of its case in the trial of Albert W. Reed, 26, of Denver, in circuit court this morning. The defense expected to place its witnesses on the stand during the afternoon.

Reed is charged with first degree murder for the killing of Victor Knott, Ashland policeman.

**PETROLLE HOPES DEMPSEY AVOIDS LEADING HEAVIES**

KANSAS CITY (AP) — Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, thinks so much of Jack Dempsey he hopes the former heavyweight champion doesn't tackle either Jack Sharkey or Max Baucus in his ring comeback.

**NEW VENUE NECESSARY IN MURDER TRIAL**

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 25 (AP) — The third trial of Cecil Beckley, 43, Gilde farmer charged with slaying his wife and stepdaughter, reached an abrupt adjournment shortly before noon today when the entire venire of jurymen was exhausted.

Eleven men were examined this morning but all were excused when they expressed opinions as to the guilt of the accused man. Sixty-one prospective jurors had been drawn for examination.

**BOY CRAZY**  
by GRACE PERKINS

**SYNOPSIS:** Without her family's knowledge, Hope Ross goes to a dressmaking college hoping to meet her former husband, Dickey Dale. But Dickey isn't there. The young couple has been separated by Mr. Ross, who disapproves of Dickey's social status. Such believes the other has failed in loyalty, because of Mr. Ross' intervention.

Chapter 23  
**NEW SCANDAL**

"YES," Twosome nodded glibly, and began whirling her round in idiotic circles. "You must have given him what for, all right."

"Dale finked all his mid-years this winter, and has been trying to buckle down and make up so he can graduate. Drinking like a fish, he is. So the fellows told me. They say he's about as easy to live with as a rattlesnake with a sore tummy."

The music jangled into a finish. Hope was grateful that Tuck Hall suddenly caught her around the waist and yelled something about bringing her down to the locker room.

Only vaguely did she realize that Betty and Twosome were joining them, down into the lockers, through the gym, and out to the swimming-pool where they squatted on long, hard benches, and Twosome wrangled with the corks of high-sounding bottles.

"Whatcha lookin' for, if I boy?" gurgled Hope in high amusement. Tuck grinned in appreciation. It suddenly dawned on him.

"You're plastered," he wagged an admonishing finger at her.

"Nobly," admitted Hope with a proud toss of her head. "Hee! Don't put the things back into your trunk. What you looking for?"

"I got to get out of here. I'm not supposed to be in the house while the girls are," breathed Tuck anxiously as he worked to repack his trunk hastily.

"Aw, shucks! Balderdash and poppy seed!" protested Hope amiably. "No harm will come to you, I'll feeler. I don't bite. Look—I'll help you search!"

With one energetic scramble Hope got to her feet and snapped off the lights.

"There, it'll be lots simpler to find it in the dark," she giggled teasingly.

"Hey, you," shouted Tuck. "Put that light on! You darned little fool!"

In the darkness he made toward the electric switch, and bumped squarely into Hope. Their heads hit with a resounding crack.

Tuck heard one firm meaningful knock on the door, and before he could reach for the light, he saw the door swing open and a figure appear



Hope heard herself sing, with Twosome joining in, silhouetted against the hall lamps.

Dimly she realized that Betty was nudging her. Protesting in pained whispers. Clearly, however, she did realize that she was the life of the party. Quite sharply she heard herself sing, with Twosome joining in.

Clearly she understood that Tuck was dragging them back to the dance, for fear that her behavior might cause an unpleasant riot. And then, madly, she felt herself dancing, laughing, kidding.

Yes, she knew all that. Quite clearly. She knew she was tight, and gloried in it. She knew she was scandalous and shocking, and reveled in the thought. . . . She wanted terribly to get lighter—bunniend, really blotto, for what did she care? Who cares about anybody? What did anybody matter but a good time?

She lost Tuck in the crowd somehow, and was glad of it. She found other boys, and lost them or left them, and was gladder still. Irritably she faced Betty every quarter or half-hour and stamped her foot at Betty's stammering protests. . . . Until finally, long after her little wrist watch had stopped at one a. m., Hope felt suddenly ill, ill, and old, and tired.

Across the room she sought Betty, and explained that she was going over to the fraternity house and turn in.

With remarkable dignity, but quite firmly a wrap which seemed too difficult to trace, Hope made her way across the well-known and memory-laden campus toward the fraternity house. Two doors down from Dickey's fraternity—only two doors away.

Groping, unheeding to any sound or word, she pushed through the door and made for Tuck's room, entered—and found Tuck himself!

Tuck was seated squat on the floor, a flat trunk pulled from under his cot, contents strewn all over the floor. He looked up, aghast, well aware of the rule that kept boys out of the fraternity houses when girls visited.

With a most unladylike, un-Rossy whoop of laughter, Hope slammed the door, and threw herself headlong across the cot, her face daubing down toward Tuck as he knelt on the floor.

Hope heard herself sing, with Twosome joining in, silhouetted against the hall lamps.

A dread figure. . . . A dread voice—speaking. . . . Tuck's hand found the switch, and the sudden glow of light in the room made him blink, the stars and pained face of the chaperon standing, shocked and angry, at the threshold.

The light jerked Hope into action. Tears were in her eyes, streaming down her face, as she turned to the white-haired chaperon in the doorway.

"He wouldn't have acted that way if he didn't care, would he?" she cried hysterically, one hand outward in urgent appeal. "He wouldn't be drinking like a rattlesnake, and beat it like a shot just because I was coming, would he?"

Vaguely she realized the cold disdain of the chaperon's eyes, and her hand dropped with a gesture of utter futility. Then suddenly, Tuck's voice cut in on her with shocking virility.

"What kind of line are you pulling?" shouted Tuck disgustedly. "Can't you shut up? Aren't things looking bad enough? Can't you see what's happened? I'm apt to be expelled now because of you!"

One short quick word from the chaperon. One arm whitely on Tuck's arm. And Hope, staring and uncomprehending in her heavy, half-sodden sobs, saw both leave the room, and stared around her with thick, unhappy puzzlement.

Would her head ever stop pounding? What was it all about? Was she really in disgrace? And would she, perhaps, be sent home with a new scandal tacked to her name—and a new uproar to explain to Papa Ross?

And what of the gossip in the college about her, if such a thing was true? And what would Dickey think when he came back from his visit to Hickey and heard of her behavior? Oh, what would he think? "Oh, Dickey!" she cried out suddenly. "Dickey, dear, where are you? Dickey—Dickey—I'm not bad!"

(Copyright, Grace Perkins)

Hope considers another, very different marriage, tomorrow. Romance provides at least distraction.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**  
THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLAWA COUNTIES

(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**  
2 lines, per month. . . . \$2.50  
3 lines, per month. . . . \$3.25  
4 lines, per month. . . . \$4.00  
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Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month.

**WANTED**

WANTED—A young team, well broke, mares preferred. Call F. 158. 2-25-2 t.

**FOR SALE**

ORANGES—Tree ripened apple, 50c bucket—3 1/2-3 doz.; \$3 apple box. Plainview service station, east side of town. Want load to take back to Call. 2-25-2 t.

FOR SALE—Cull potatoes 25c. Bring sacks, Irwin Moss, Alice. 2-27-3 t.

FOR SALE—Home-cooked food, Sat. at Noah's point store, Island City Ladies Aid. 2-25-2 t.

FOR SALE—R. 1. R. and Barred Rock setting eggs, 2700 N. Fir St. 2-25-3 tp.

SAW DUST  
And 16 in and 4 ft. slab wood, Ray McCarroll, M 1027. 2-24-1 in.

FOR SALE—Twenty shares of stock in the United States National Bank of La Grande, Oregon. Alma Conley, Administratrix of the estate of J. J. Conley, deceased. 2-15-2 t.

RESIDENCE—Large, rully modern, 1506 Fourth; cash will buy, within reason; to rent, subject to sale on few months' notice. Ph. Main 607. or write Box 68, Dos Palos, Calif. 2-1-1 in.

**FOR RENT**

FOR RENT—Mod. 5-rm. house, furn. or unfurn. Mrs. Zuber. 2-25-3 t.

SLEEPING RMS., laundry and kitchen privileges if desired, 1306 4th St. Phone 198 M. 2-28-3 t.

FOR RENT—Modern, sunny flat. Home surroundings. Close in. Garage. Geo. H. Curry, realtor, Main 130. 2-25-2 t.

DAIRY RANCH, Close in. Call at 704 Wash. Ave. 2-25-2 tp.

3-RM. FURN. APT., 1503 N. 2-25-3 tp.

FOR RENT—House on First St. Inq. 2008 2nd. 2-25-3 tp.

FOR RENT—Fine corner house, 2 bedrooms, breakfast nook, fireplace, furnace, garage. Furnished or unfurnished, 1602 1st St. 2-24-3 tp.

FOR RENT—Small house with 3 acres. Fruit and berries. Phone Farmers 207. 2-25-5 t.

6-RM. MODERN HOUSE, Near Normal school. Inquire 1406 N. Ave. Ph. 434 J. 2-22-5 t.

555 APT. FOR \$15, 501 O' Ave., Apt. 3. Phone 236 J. 2-24-1 t.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished room with private bath. One or two gentlemen preferred. Phone Main 607. 2-17-5 t.

FOR RENT—Modern rooms, steam heat, hot and cold water, 1902 Second St., cor. Wash. 2-23-5 tp.

MOD. FURN. APT., Frigidaire, elec. FARGE, 5th, Cor. 6th and L. 1-9-1 t.

**GOLD STRIKE REPORTED AT BURNS LAKE**

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 25 (AP) — A placer mining strike by McConnell creek, north of Burns lake, where gold was described as being found like 'rice and beans,' today drew prospectors to the area, with airplanes being pressed into use.

Two car loads of mining equipment, delivered by rail to Burns lake, were to be flown to the scene, a message received here said. A party of 17 men, led by W. J. Brown, of Triana, Okla., also arrived there, shortly after which a plane dropped down onto the ice-covered surface of the lake.

In addition, all dog teams and pack horses were engaged by miners, who paid premiums. Planes are already making trips into the district, the report said.

McConnell creek was described as furnishing an ample supply of water for operating all machinery. The district is east of Hazelton.

**New Honolulu Police Chief**



NEA San Francisco Bureau. Responsibility for law enforcement in Honolulu now rests with Charles F. Woeber, above, who has been named temporary chief of police by the new police commission. Alleged laxity of Hawaii police, climaxed by a criminal attack upon the wife of an American naval officer, led to establishment of the commission.

**Enkay**

**THE OUNCE OF PROTECTION That guards against loss!**

United States INVESTMENT CO. J. W. WARNOCK MGR

**AUTOMOBILES**

1927 CHEVROLET COACH — A good running car \$100.00. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Phone Main 500 4th & Adams 2-25-1 t.

FOR SALE—Wood, any length, \$4 up. Ph. 326 W. 2-28-1 in.

FOR SALE—Only \$200.00 down, 15 acres improved, joining golf links. Balance long time. See J. R. Martin, 1104 Penn. Ave. Phone 494-M. 2-21-1 t.

5-RM. HOUSE, Ph. 316 R. 2-15-3 tp.

DRY COARSE WOOD from Union—\$4.25 and \$4.50 per load. Phone Archie Conley, 137 A. 1-16-1 m.

**Professional Directory**

**Hospitals**  
DR. LEE B. BOUVY  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital  
2nd floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 18.

**Osteopathic Physicians**  
DRS. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE  
General Practice and Obstetrics  
Sommer Bldg.  
Office, Main 106 Res., Main 633

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

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

**THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) NOT A BAD IDEA, CHICK!**

OH, SUGAR HONEY, HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU !!

MY HEAVENS! WHO COULD HAVE WRITTEN ME SUCH A SKIMPY LETTER? IT LOOKS LIKE A BILL.

MAYBE IT'S FROM AUNT HANNAH

NO, IT ISN'T HER HAND-WRITING.

—AND I'M SURE IT ISN'T FROM ANY OF THE GIRLS I KNOW—

—AND IT'S POST-MARKED ST. LOUIS! WHY, I DON'T KNOW ANYONE IN ST. LOUIS. I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE !!

WELL, WHY THE HECK DON'T YOU OPEN IT UP AND FIND OUT?

**MISCELLANEOUS**

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, with piano, voice, guitar, L. O. O. Temple, 447-J. 2-25-1 m.

MONEY TO LOAN—We are representatives for the Prudential Ins. Co., and can make term or city loans at attractive rates of interest. Chas. E. Reynolds, insurance, loans and bonds. 2-1-1 m.

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

**FOUND**

FOUND—Black keytainer with 5 keys at McChay's store Sat. Call Observer. 2-25-2 tp.

FOUND—Small keytainer, 5 keys. Call Observer. 2-25-2 tp.

Old Rune Stone  
Sweden's tallest rune stone and one of the most imposing in entire Europe is at Levene. It is 16.4 feet high and dates from early in the Twelfth century. The inscription, in the runic language, reads, "Hluf erected this stone in memory of his sons, Var and Tokrut."

Light on Ancient Voyages  
It has been suggested that if the ancient libraries of Central Asia were ransacked and diligently gone over we should find accounts of voyages or migrations from China to the New World dating hundreds and perhaps thousands of years ago.

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS THE CASH!**

OLD MAN MELLINGER, OR BORSON, AS HIS REAL NAME HAPPENS TO BE, IS UNFOLDING A STARTLING STORY TO MRS. REDFIELD

AFTER I'D BEEN HERE IN SHADYSIDE A SPELL, I FOUND OUT THAT YOU LIVED HERE, BO—AND THAT YOU HAD LOST ED—MANY A TIME I WAS ON THE VERGE OF COMIN' TO YOU, BUT AT THE LAST MINUTE MY PRIDE ALWAYS GOT THE BEST OF ME.

THAT'S WHAT I'M COMING TO—ALL OF A SUDDEN MY HEALTH BEGAN TO GO BACK ON ME AN' THIS THING KEPT PREYIN' ON MY MIND—MORE AND MORE—BUT THE MONEY IS READY FOR YOU, MRS. REDFIELD, SAFELY HIDDEN—

HIDDEN!

YOUR PART OF IT, TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS, IS IN A BOX, RIGHT IN SHADYSIDE.

PSST... NOOPE! — DON'T TURN AROUND NOW, BUT THERE'S SOMEBODY OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW, BACK OF US LISTENING TO ALL THIS!!

**SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS**

25 ounces for 25cents pure

**KC BAKING POWDER**

efficient

IT'S DOUBLE ACTING

MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

Attend . . .

The **KITCHEN CHAUTAUQUA**

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**SACAJAWEA BALLROOM**

. . . which is an event of interest and importance to every woman of this city. Remember the dates and reserve all four afternoons for the Kitchen Chautauqua. . . New, Diverting, Instructive.

The Happy Kitchen

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