

Cove Teachers Re-elected For The Coming Year

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

COVE, Ore. (Special)—Almost a full corps of teachers was elected at a board meeting Monday afternoon. These are all re-elections and include, J. R. Price, assistant in the high school, Mrs. Eva Coud, commercial and domestic science teacher, Mrs. J. E. Mills, seventh and eighth grade, Miss Stella Edvalson, fifth and sixth grade, Mrs. Eva Duncan, third and fourth and Mrs. Hattie Powell, first and second. Several of these teachers have been employed in the Cove school for several years. The board of directors is not eliminating any teachers but all salaries are being reduced 15 per cent.

Mrs. William Reynolds, who has been at the hospital at Hot Lake, was brought home Sunday very much improved in health.

Two-year-old Patsy Milman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Milman, was taken to Hot Lake Saturday. This little girl had pneumonia about a month ago and has not recovered from its effects.

Warren Marten suffered a stroke of paralysis a few days ago and was taken to a La Grande hospital.

Mrs. O. M. Gardner has been suffering from an attack of flu for the last few days.

Mrs. Stuart French and son, Roderick, came down from North Powder Friday to spend a few days at home. The family is all living in North Powder during the lambing season.

They report that lambing is going especially well with about 100 per cent of lambs, most of which are singles and strong fine lambs. Stuart French came down Monday and they returned to North Powder Tuesday morning.

Mrs. F. B. Kelly was hostess to her bridge club at her home here Saturday afternoon. Three tables of bridge were in play, Mrs. Hefty winning the high score. A dainty lunch was served after the games.

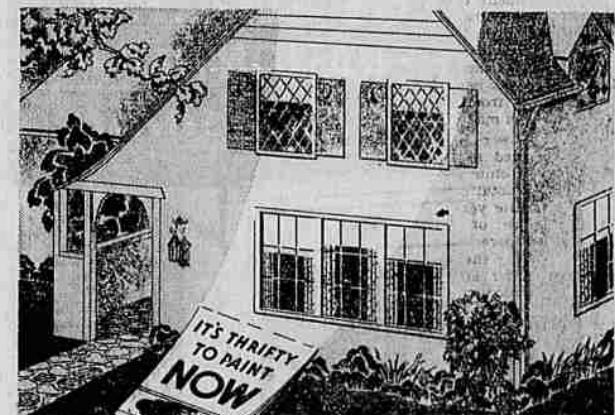
ENTERPRISE PERSONALS
By Billie Johnson
(Observer Correspondent)

ENTERPRISE, Ore. (Special)—Mr. Reynaud, of La Grande, was a visitor

PILES YIELD TO CHINESE HERB

Don't suffer another minute from blind itching, protruding or bleeding piles without testing the newest and fastest acting treatment out. Dr. Nixon's Chinaware, fortified with rare, imported Chinese Herbs, with amazing power to reduce swollen tissues, brings ease and comfort in a few minutes, enabling you to work and enjoy life while it continues its soothing, healing action. Don't delay. Act in time to avoid a dangerous and costly operation. Try Dr. Nixon's Chinaware under our guarantee to satisfy completely and be worth 100 times the small cost of your money back.

Red Cross Drug Store. —Adv.



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DEL MONTE GRAY... Cascade Green... Carmel Blue... paint colors as lovely as the Western landscapes they suggest! Here's paint quality that spells true economy—protection that meets the requirements of thrift—plus beauty that gladdens the eye.

Like all National Lead products, Bass-Hueter Mixed Paints are made of the finest materials. Always economical because they last longer, this year they are doubly thrifty. Not in ten years have they been priced so low.

About color-schemes, write National Lead Home Beautiful Department, 2240-24th Street, San Francisco. See us about paints.

FREE
1 PINT B-H PORCH & FLOOR PAINT
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This offer holds during March... It gives thrifty homeowners the opportunity to paint floors—varnish doors or paint screens—without cost. Remember! A pint free with each gallon of Mixed Paint—limits—1 gallon.

Van Petten Lumber Co.

AGENTS FOR
BASS-HUETER
PAINTS • VARNISHES & ENAMELS

"For little GAY homes in the West"

MANUFACTURED BY NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in Enterprise Monday.

S. D. Melner returned Sunday from California where he has been since the middle of January. Mr. Melner reports that conditions in Wallawa county are more favorable than in any other vicinity he visited.

The A. A. U. W. met in Wallawa last Saturday at the Miller hotel. Miss Doty, of the La Grande library who was to give a review on recent books and a general discussion on the literature of today, was unable to come. Mrs. G. M. Gally and Miss Nan Heaton substituted, giving their reviews on cartooning and cartoonists. This review had previously been given at Women's club.

Dorothy Lee, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rosewall, passed away Saturday, March 5. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the Chapel, with interment at Union. Mr. and Mrs. Rosewall have the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

The Garden

EARLY SPRING PRUNING

Winter is an important season. March is a good month for that type of pruning which must be done when plants are dormant. Fruit trees, ornamental trees and shrubs and bush fruits should receive attention at this time.

Shrubs which flower in May and June should be pruned after flowering, and dead or diseased wood may be removed at any time, but with most plants winter is the most favorable pruning time and they should have regular attention at this season.

Sharp tools are important, for those that chew and tear instead of cutting cause more grief than no pruning at all. In cutting back branches be careful to cut close to a bud. Avoid leaving stumps even half an inch long.

And unless you are shaping a shrub to fit into a deliberately formal effect, never cut back shrubbery with a straight edge as though it were a hedge, but study each shrub and try to help it realize its natural habit of growth.

The prevailing practice of cutting the ends of all stems has the effect of destroying the natural habit of growth and producing stiff, leggy plants having all their green at the top and bare, ugly limbs beneath. Such plants have been compared to a pompadour hair cut.

Shrubs in their youth throw up young, vigorous shoots from the base constantly. But if these stems are left without thinning in a few years there is room for no more new shoots and they stop coming. And if the old stems, easily recognizable by their rough bark, are pruned back annually, the shrub soon becomes a very different plant from what it was in youth. But if the old shoots are cut out yearly new growth will continue and by cutting out one-third of the old stems annually the shrubs can be kept young. And the graceful habit of growth which gives the shrub its character and for which it is chosen in the first place is preserved.

Exceptions to the rule that shrubs should be pruned at the bottom and not at the top are found in the case of lilacs and hydrangeas. Lilacs may be thinned out at the base like other

shrubs, but in addition their blossoming will be improved if directly after their blossoms have faded, all the dead sprays are cut off. Hydrangeas should be pruned at the bottom, though perhaps not so severely as other shrubs; but in addition it is necessary to cut off the tips of the stems severely each spring, about one-half, if one wishes large blossoms. The reason for this is that blossoms are formed late in the summer at the tips of the current season's growth, and cutting back encourages the growth of vigorous new branches which will bear flowers.

OLD DOBBIN MAKES BID TO REGAIN LOST GLORY

CLARENDON, Ark. (P)—Old Dobbin has joined forces with "big business" here.

Several business firms have gone back to the use of horses and mules for propelling delivery wagons.

W. H. Burke, grocer, who has used a truck since 1926 for deliveries, is now using a horse and wagon "as a matter of economy." The express company, and R. B. Strickland, another merchant, also have gone back to the horse-drawn vehicle.

Briefly Told
When things don't look as bright as you think they ought to, be sure your own windows aren't foggy with your own breath.

Scientific Fancy
One eminent astronomer thinks the whole universe was evolved from a single atom. We wouldn't have imagined less than two.

WANTED
SPIRITUAL READINGS DAILY—Appointments. Call Main 934. 3-3-1 mp.

WANTED—Clean, cotton rags. Must be good sized. Lace curtains, overalls, stockings, strings not acceptable. 5c lb. Observer office. 3

WANTED TO BUY—Hay. Call Observer. 3-3-2 tp

WILL BUY 30 old batteries. Will pay according to their condition. New batteries as low as \$6.95. Automotive Electric Co., 1425 Adams. Phone M 820. 1-20-1 m

AUTOMOBILES
GOOD DODGE COUPE—\$75.00. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Ph. Main 500 4th & Adams 3-3-2 tp

JOSEPH PERSONALS
By Mrs. Malda Stevenson (Observer Correspondent)

JOSEPH (Special)—Mrs. J. L. Searcy entertained 24 women Friday afternoon with each woman asked to bring her needlework. Mrs. Searcy served delicious refreshments and all spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Wilson attended the basketball tournament at Union last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cameron have recovered from the flu and have gone home. They were at Mrs. Cameron's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Needham's.

Marion Isom and family have moved to the Marks brothers farm on Prairie creek formerly rented by Ben Paul. The latter bought a farm at Umapine and moved last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hamilton went to Union Thursday to see the basketball games. They visited Mr. Hamilton's aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Nodine and daughter, Mrs. Vera Wright.

Harry Mays will leave soon for Portland, where he will be deputy brand inspector at the stock yards.

Harley Hamilton underwent an operation in La Grande Monday morning, for an infection in his jaw, caused from a tooth. Word has come in that Mr. Hamilton is doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Gaultke came in Friday from Big Sheep creek, returning Monday morning. Mr. Gaultke reports the snow gone, grass starting and the sheep in good condition.

Mrs. C. P. Ragsdale, of Prairie creek, was in last weekend visiting at the home of Mrs. Searcy.

William Needham, who brought his cattle in from the divide to feed, has taken them out to his ranch and will put them on the range.

Andrew Stewart, who has been quite sick of the pleurisy, is much better now.

Mr. Ed Purdin returned Friday from Wallawa. Mr. Purdin is in the hospital there, recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Ed Eben has been under the weather the last week. Mr. Eben had several teeth extracted and was quite sick.

Jasper Prout came in Friday from sheep camp and home with his family for a few days.

Frank Roup of Upper Prairie creek was in Joseph Monday, going to Enterprise to see a physician. Mr. Roup recently had the flu.

Dorothy Smith, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hap Hamilton, of Enterprise, was a guest over Sunday of Mrs. Eva Batten.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McCully went to Union for the basketball tournament Thursday, returning home Saturday.

The Married Folks club held its regular dance Thursday evening in the community hall. All who were present report a good time.

Miss Teresa Winston is recovering from her recent severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McAllister, of Enterprise, were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolfier.

ALICEL PERSONALS
By Mrs. Otis Buchanan (Observer Correspondent)

ALICEL, Ore. (Special)—Mrs. Frank Stewart entertained a few guests Saturday night in honor of Mrs. Stewart's birthday anniversary. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Otis Buchanan and Junior, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson and Norman, Mrs. Mel Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and son, Vernon Dale.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Megarity left last week for their home at Greenacres, Wash., after spending some time visiting relatives in this valley.

Mrs. W. H. Gibson returned to her home at Joseph last Saturday after spending a few days at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Reed Taylor, and son, Frank Gibson.

The water has been over the highway just north of Alicel for a couple of weeks. Several cars have been in the ditch there but no accidents have been reported.

Claude and Milo Stewart have gone to Portland for a few days.

PARIS (P)—Cross strap decolletes are replacing the low cut designs in early spring evening gowns. The new decollete may consist of two straps crossing in the back, of one broad strap straight up the spine or of a series of intricately interwoven bands.

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: A last attempt to straighten out the latter situation involving Hope Ross and her former husband, Dickey Dale, fails. The dead sprays are cut off. Hydrangeas should be pruned at the bottom, though perhaps not so severely as other shrubs; but in addition it is necessary to cut off the tips of the stems severely each spring, about one-half, if one wishes large blossoms. The reason for this is that blossoms are formed late in the summer at the tips of the current season's growth, and cutting back encourages the growth of vigorous new branches which will bear flowers.

Chapter 32
DAY OF JUDGMENT

HOPE read it twice—and looked up, flabbergasted. Passed the wire to Judy, who passed it to Tom, who snuffed and passed it back to Hope.

"My day of judgment has come!" Hope shrieked hilariously to Drown out the heartache. "Wait until Rusty gets the message I sent him at four o'clock. I sent him a proposal to marry me! I hope he just turns over with a cramp."

In his whole honeymoon, and I bet his father's secretary will have a hell of a time laughing it off!"

Judy tugged at Hope's shoulder, and her voice was full of the old hint to soft pedal.

"Don't you realize, Hope dear," she said, looking Hope straight in the eyes, "that Mr. Crandall's secretary is Angel? Did you forget that?"

Hope opened her eyes wide.

"Angel!" she gasped. "Why, of course, Angel. After all these years she's landed him! Yes, I had forgotten. Oh, I'm glad it's Angel—she'll be good to him. She's loved him so. She's loved him like I've loved—"

Judy got to her feet purposefully. "Let's have coffee upstairs," she suggested. "No, let's have it in our suite. Tom and I have some swell Corn Ranges."

Hope giggled.

"Darling, I won't disgrace you, I promise," Hope said.

In the bar, Judy watched her, dividing her worry between Hope's heart-breaking halts, and her new husband's impatient disgust with the entire proceedings.

The hilarity and general thawing of behavior that so often marks the last night on board ship, filled the ball-room with echoes of dozens of shrill voices.

The auction for the Sailors' Fund was to take place in the dining-salon, and a table had been reserved. Mrs. Carter caught at Hope's hand.

"I'm donating a shawl to be auctioned-off," she announced.

"Sure I'll donate something too," agreed Hope with a muddled amiability. "I've got a swell cat. A perfectly swell cat. They can auction that off. Anybody would like that!"

"Hope!" Judy turned, puzzled and reproachful.

"Judy, you know what a swell cat it is!" Hope insisted feverishly. Judy turned with a helpless glance at Tom.

"No use," she murmured. "When she gets like that, there's no managing her."

Hope, quite the gayest of a large table, which seemed to grow in numbers as the half-hours ticked by, bid and outbid for everything that went upon sale.

Until at last the verbose politician walked to the center of the room holding the immaculately white Sassy high over his head.

Hope, keyed to that tense moment, suddenly noted two figures far across the room. Saw them rise and leave the salon. Hickey and Dickey—retiring from the field of battle!

Somehow the game lost flavor. Hope watched while her heart ached for the white figure in the auctioneer's arms, being carried from table to table for women to caress and admire. Wishing she had enough steadiness to get up and go out too—as the Dales had done.

The bidding went on joyously. With Lillian Toff the loudest and most insistent. With Lillian Toff pronounced the owner.

Stupidly Hope watched. Every trace of blood leaving her cheeks, and every vestige of good sense, anger, that she was ever capable of rising in her heart, as Lillian came out on the floor and gathered the cat into her arms; playing with it, holding Sassy up for more admiration, and bowing to the outburst of applause.

Then suddenly Hope came out of the daze. Something happened that caused Lillian's wide mouth grin to turn to a wild expression of pain and anger. From the shoulder downward, on Lillian's plump white arm, Sassy had buried his claws and scratched one unmerciful stroke as an expression of his opinion!

With a thoroughly unprintable and wholly unadmirable ejaculation, Lillian Toff, her arm bleeding, Sassy squirming in her grasp, turned and started out of the salon.

Without realizing that she had tipped her glass of champagne all over Judy's lovely white chiffon

gown, Hope got to her feet. Silently, she fled away from the table that called to her from her robes following Lillian.

Lillian Toff turned half-way up a staircase and shouted something over her shoulder to Hope. Something that sounded like a dare.

Like a streak, Hope was after her. Up the stairs and toward the deck doorway where Lillian had swiftly disappeared. Pulling at the door, and bracing herself against the lunging wind that struck full force against her.

Even then, Hope could see. She could see Lillian at the railing lifting Sassy high up by the neck. . . . "Stop!" shrieked Hope. "Stop, you—"

But her words were choked as she headed into the fine night wind out on the deck. Where, realizing what was happening, she leaned breathlessly up against the side of the ship, panting with relief.

For someone besides herself had seen Lillian. An arm had gone up, and a voice had spoken with a startling sharpness. The voice of a man, smoking in the darkness as he leaned against one of the lifeboats.

Swiftly Sassy had been drawn back. Wrenched from Lillian's startled grasp, and was held now by that man who was shouting through the wind—shouting angry, unappealing things at Lillian. . . .

"Hickey!" cried Hope with a glad rush forward. "Hickey darling!"

Her arms went out, hugging him close, as she flung herself on him, her head buried in his shoulder.

She heard Hickey's voice, and felt his arm around her. Let herself be guided up the sea-damp deck-stairs, and finally drawn into the grateful warmth of an upper passage-way.

Before she had caught her breath she found herself in the sitting-room of Hickey's suite.

He let her sit down and cry it out while he fixed himself a whiskey and soda, and settled himself in a chair opposite her.

"What must you think of me?" she repeated at last as she gazed miserably over at him.

"Well, child," he said at length. "I think you're a terrible fool. But I think—we've all been fools."

"Oh, Hickey, I've wanted so often to talk to you!"

"God, if you only had, Hope! I didn't know what to think of you, really until tonight. Your friend, Mrs. Post, dug me up just a few hours ago, and told me all about things. Even then I couldn't quite believe it—that you cared that much. Truly cared for my boy—after all—well—that's happened."

"Hickey!" Red-eyed, Hope leaned forward in her chair. "I care so damn-ill much that I would want Dickey even if it was only for my money. I love him so much that I—"

"What do you mean—money?"

"Papa said—"

She stopped short at Hickey's expression.

"Your father told you it was your money that my boy wanted? Is that it? Did he tell you how he hurt the kid? How he struck him down? Did he tell you that?"

"Hurt him?"

"He didn't tell you! Struck him down, he did, with a billiard cue, and God knows what kept me from letting my dog on him. He didn't tell you then, that Dickey was laid up for six weeks—"

"Is that—the scar on Dickey's face now?"

"Yes, that's the scar! Given him the night after your wedding when Dickey and I went to see your father, and we quarreled down in your billiard room—"

"Oh, Hickey!" Hope covered her eyes with the back of one hand. "Dad wouldn't—he wouldn't do it to me. He wouldn't—"

"He told me Dickey or you never came near him! That you were perfectly willing to have it annulled—"

"Did he ever tell you that I went up to the White Plains Court and entered a protest against that annulment? Appeared just as a matter of form because Dickey wanted me to do badly?"

"I wrote that note to Dickey—about never wanting to see him again—because he never answered any of my letters. Hickey—did he ever get any of my letters?"

"Not a word! On my Bible oath, Hope. And that letter you did send him gave me the worst year of my life!"

"Go to him now—go find him. Hope, for the love of God, I can no longer do anything or mean anything to him."

"You mean?"—Hope jumped to her feet—"he still cares for me?"

(Copyright, Grace Perkins)

Hope's happiness depends on Hickey's answer. But if Dickey did love her—how could she break down his wall of grief?

CLASSIFIED ADS

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consec-
utive 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.

FOR SALE—\$350 upright piano, will sacrifice for \$25. Terms. 1901 East O Ave. 3-9-2 tp.

FOR SALE OR RENT—5-rm. modern house. Will sell with small down payment. M. 994. 3-9-2 tp.

HORSES, harness, most all kinds farm mach. Call Observer. 3-9-2 tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Fordson tractor, plow. L. P. Spikes, Rt. 2. 3-8-2 tp.

10 A. CHICKEN RANCH, good house and barn. Call Observer. 3-8-2 tp

FOR SALE—Oak library table, \$3 Call 296-J. 3-8-2 tp

FOR SALE—Five room modern house. Write Box B Observer. 3-7-9 tp

FOR SALE—Wheat farm of 367 A. 12 A. of alfalfa; under ditch water right for help upkeep of ditch. Very good house and barn, well and cistern. Water piped around house. Mrs. J. W. Daulton, 1027 E. Alder St., Walla Walla, Wash. 3-7-9 tp

ALFALFA and clover seed. Send for samples. Weiser Grain and Feed Co., Weiser, Idaho. 3-4-2 mp.

IF YOU WANT to buy a home in town in good location at 1/2 its value see H. W. Smith, at the Fox Farm. 3-4-6 tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Tourist camp and service station, 211 Bridge St., Baker, Ore. 3-2-14 tp

10 A. MOD. improvements, 5 A. orchard. Stock, implements with place. 498 J. 3-1-1 m

FOR SALE—Wood, \$3 to \$5 per cord. Prompt delivery. Phone 558-U. 1-10-7 m

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. 1-21-6 m

DRY COARSE WOOD from Union—\$4.35 and \$4.50 per load. Phone Archie Conley, 137 A. 1-10-1 m

BUILDS WAY THROUGH SCHOOL
TOTEKA, Kas. (P)—Ben Malang, football star at Washburn college, pays his way by building miniature pool tables and other indoor games. He plans to extend his athletic activity to field events.

DR. LEE B. BOUVY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
2nd Floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 16.

Osteopathic Physicians
DR. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE
General Practice and Obstetrics
Sommer Bldg.
Office, Main 108 Res. Main 43

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.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop)
Meet Hank!

GLADY, THIS IS MR. AFFEL'S NEW HAWK WALES, AND HE'S INVITED US OUT TO DINNER

OH MR. WALES, I'M SIMPLY DYING TO GO TO THE LITTLE CLUB—AND WE CAN DANCE TOO

IT'S A NICE PLACE, BUT SMALL

I KNOW, BUT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT

OKAY, BY ME! I DON'T MIND THE JAM

THE LITTLE CLUB, EH? JUST A MINUTE

WHAT'S THE GIANT IDEA OF THE MIDGET BOX?

WAIT TILL I TURN ON THE RADIO, I