

Bloating Causes Death of Valued Cow At Alicel

By Mrs. Carl Fuller (Observer Correspondent) ALICEL (Special) — Kenneth Gekler lost one of his best cows this week from bloating on alfalfa. This is the second cow he has lost this spring from his herd of Jerseys and Guernseys.

Miss Geneva Glen, of Portland, who has been visiting her cousin, Mildred Standley, and other relatives, left Tuesday for Pendleton to spend a few days before returning to her home. Miss Glen and her brother, Thomas, have both been attending school. She has finished her course at business college and he will finish his course at the Diesel engine school in September. Thomas and Geneva are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Will Glen who were so well known when residents of the valley, and now both deceased.

Mrs. Katie White of Dayton, Wash., is visiting among her old friends over this neighborhood. Mrs. Cecile Mitchell, of Walla Walla, Wash., spent last weekend at the home of her mother, Mrs. Belle Gordon, and also attended the Decoration day services at the cemetery. Mrs. German's other daughter, Mrs. Ray Cook, of Pendleton, was another guest.

Wayne Foster, of La Grande, is spending his vacation helping his uncle, George Johnson, with his farm work.

Thomas Wallinger, secretary of the Farmers' Elevator Co., of Alicel, is now at their office looking after the business and running the elevator.

Mrs. Ruth McKennon and daughter, Evelyn, motored to Walla Walla last Tuesday with friends and spent the day.

Mrs. Margaret Oliver, of Portland, is visiting among relatives in the valley and in La Grande. Mrs. Oliver made her home here for many years before moving to Portland and has many friends also to visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Peal and daughter, Virginia, of Joseph, were visiting over the weekend with Mrs. Peal's brother, W. E. Ruckman and family. They also attended the services at the cemetery on Decoration day.

Miss Ruth Johnson, who has been teaching in the grade schools at the Dalles, is home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ruckman, of Baker, were visiting relatives here over the weekend. Mr. Ruckman is a dentist in Baker now and a few years ago had an office in La Grande. Roy Wells and Ruth McKennon are busy these days getting ready to attend the stock show. Each of them will enter a six-horse team.

Mrs. Thomas Wallinger, who has been ill of rheumatism, is slowly improving.

WALLOWA PERSONALS

By G. C. Meek (Observer Correspondent) WALLOWA, Ore. (Special) — L. W. Minor returned home the early part of the week from his sheep camp in the Dry creek district, where he has been shearing his band of sheep, he reports the weather quite wet there recently making the shearing slow work.

Oscar Maxwell, of Middle valley, was busy the early part of the week moving plows and teams to the U. G. Couch ranch in the Leap section where he has about 250 acres of summer-fallow to plow. Kelly Loudin and Gilbert Marlin are helping him with the work.

A break ground squirrel has been observed by a number of persons recently near the Giles Plass farm in the Leap section. The squirrel is said to be pure white in color.

Residents of the Leap and Parasp creek communities are planning on a Fourth of July picnic to be held somewhere in the Whiskey creek district. Present plans are for constructing a dance platform and a program of music and speaking and also for putting on a baseball game during the day providing a suitable ball field can be located near the picnic grounds.

Frank Mingel, of La Grande, was in this community fishing during the early part of the week. He visited Sunday evening at the Meek home at Leap.

Eugene Gastin, who has been herding and tending sheep camp for Ivan Simmons on Snake river during the past few months, arrived home during the latter part of the week. He expects to tend camp while the sheep are being ranged in the mountains during the summer.

Boyster brothers were busy shearing sheep for Gastin and Cusina the latter part of the week. They report a clip of about ten pounds per head from their flock of fine wool sheep.

Albert Vest has been helping Giles Plass with his summer-fallowing during the past week.

Mrs. E. A. Downing, who has been visiting her son, F. A. Downing, of Leap, left the last of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bramlett for Dayton, Wash., for a short visit with friends.

J. D. Slaughter and sons, of Parasp creek, moved their plowing outfit to the Cassidy place in the Leap community the last of the week where they have a tract of summer-fallow to plow. They have recently finished plowing about 250 acres at the Haun ranch on Parasp creek.

Chats With Parents

ANXIETY IS INFECTIOUS By Alice Judson Peile When Everett came home from boarding school he seemed well poised and happy. He was interested in books, in scouting, in hand ball and in swimming. He was energetic, purposeful and pleasantly self-confident. Two months later a very perceptible change had come over him. His poised, almost grown-up air had disappeared. He had become a nervous,

excited little boy who spoke in a tense, high pitched voice and who gave the impression that he might suddenly fly into a thousand pieces. His eagerness had become anxiety, his energy, nervousness. Yet he had nothing to be really troubled about. He was doing well in his studies, and he already had found friends among his new classmates. But the home atmosphere had infected him with a sense of anxiety. Both parents were high strung, over-conscientious people.

Because they worried, he worried, without knowing what to be worried about. Because they were tense and fearful, he felt tense and fearful, too. Children are sensitive to every suggestion that emanates from their parents' manner and talk. The child's feeling of security, his poise depends less upon what goes on in his own child world than upon the reverberations which he feels from his parents.

You Can't Marry

SYNOPSIS: Suddenly returning home from a business trip, George Hewell Townsend finds her cousin, Jenny, taking care of Eddie, George's husband, who is recovering from a nervous breakdown. Jenny is in the hands of an attorney, the nephew of George's employer, who doesn't know George is pretending that Jenny married Eddie.

Chapter 25 SCORCHING ANGER

"I SUPPOSE you're going to the Old Man's to dinner?" George said. "Yes, — Did you come into the apartment just now and— and go out again?" Jenny asked. "Two seemed to be company—" "How dare you, George!" And then—"Oh, we can't be quarrelling! It's too fantastic, when he has been counting the hours till he sees you again! You must be tired or very unhappy to let yourself speak like this!"

Jenny's face was quivering and now George's, too, broke up and twisted her smile into a pathetic thing. "Yes, I'm sorry. Yes, I'm tired and I'm unhappy, too. Don't hate me, honey, not anyway until we've talked this business out. Run along now, and stand up to the old devil all you can, he seems to like it. Oh, and, Jenny, if you should meet Garth Aveney at Rochester Gate—you remember the man I mean—take most deadly care not to breathe a word about Ed and me. You'll probably find out why for yourself."

Jenny went on down the stairs and into the taxi which Gill had summoned for her and as she went she said to herself over and over again—"George's tired and unhappy; people don't know what they're saying when they are very tired and unhappy."

The taxi lurched along to the tune of it. "People don't know what they're saying— But they ought to know! George ought to know that there were things one simply never, never allowed oneself to imagine! Jenny's hot, sudden anger scorched her again.

The anger did not last. Little Miss Georgina had learnt many useful lessons with grandfather. It never was wise, she had learnt, to be angry because others did things that, oneself, one would never do. People were different. Jenny was Jenny; George was George; Jenny's sore mind went back to the night when George had said—"At a pinch I could say that it was you Eddie married, not me." Something coarse-grained in the nature that planned the telling of such a lie!

Perhaps, but—Jenny's curved hand slipped between two folds of frosty silver-green—there was so much else to remember. George gave and gave and never had enough of giving; when she chose a silver frock for a little cousin, she did it royally, with a laugh and a kiss.

She woke up to the fact that the taxi had stopped and she hurried out. The high, dark-fronted house seemed familiar to her after George's intimate chatter about the old man who ruled it; but Jenny was not prepared for the beauty of the hall. George had said nothing about the gleaming floors and the softly hanging Eastern silks and the silvered lights. As Jenny went under them in the wake of a grave butler, she felt as though she were a swan, swimming in a silver lake.

Perhaps she looked like one as she entered the big, glittering room at the end of the hall, for her host stared at her through suddenly narrowed eyes, faintly smiling, and seemed to forget that he had apologies to make, and explanations.

Jenny's heart tumbled suddenly, stopped, then went on. "Mr. Matching isn't here yet?" she asked. "Garth Aveney collected himself. "I'm sorry, I should have told you at once—he's not well enough to dine with us. Later on, if it wouldn't bore you, he would very much like to see you upstairs."

"I didn't know that he was ill," Jenny sat down weakly. "He isn't ill exactly. But he has had an exhausting trip and he isn't robust. He forgets that he is an old man."

"Perhaps he doesn't feel old, in his heart." "I've never before heard anybody suggest that he'd got one. "You'll have a cocktail?" Jenny shook her head, then remembered that George had told her it was babyish, nowadays, to refuse, and took a little ice-cold glass from the silver tray a footman held before her. "Don't drink it," said Aveney qui-

etly, as the man left the room. "You'll dislike it. Besides, it's not your pose." She looked up at him, fishing deeply. No doubt, he was making fun of her, though there was no sign of it in his face. He stood with one shoulder against a high, carved mantel, his slenderness emphasized by the brightly paneled walls behind him. His face was half in shadow, and she remembered that in her dreams of him, it was always like this that she saw him—with his wide shoulders and slender hips and long, idle hands all clearly cut against the light, but his face hidden in shadow.

"I am wondering whether you will tell me something," he said, from out of his shadow. "Yes, what is it you want to ask?" "Why did you have yourself announced as 'Miss Revell'?" Jenny sought in vain for an answer. He bent down and removed the little glass which she was still clutching.

"I shouldn't have thought that you were that sort."

"What sort?" managed Jenny. "The sort that insists on being modern — though — married. The Brights Deering type. Or is it some league that makes you take a pledge never to use your husband's name? Anyway, it's a movement. And I shouldn't have thought that you would belong to it."

"I don't," said Jenny. "Then why?" "I forgot, I mean. I forgot that I am supposed to be 'Mrs. Townsend'. It is a lucky chance that Mr. Matching isn't here. But the explanation did not appear to satisfy him. He repeated 'supposed to be' and laughed.

A door in the panelling opened. A footman stood rigidly by it, waiting. Garth Aveney shrugged and turned. "Shall we dine?" Her mind raced as she preceded him into the smaller room, on the other side of the bright panels and the silent servants. Why had he shrugged like that, as though he despised her? Surely he could not think that it was she who had married Eddie? Surely he must have guessed, when his uncle ordered him to play host to 'Mrs. Townsend,' exactly what had happened to her.

He must have assumed that George, whom he knew to be in love with Eddie ('He ought to thank his stars for you!'), had covered her marriage by making use of her cousin's identical name.

Aveney seated himself opposite her and began to talk, easily and brilliantly. All about Mexico, where, apparently, he had been for many years. "Mexico?" she repeated, catching timidly at the name. "Eddie was to have gone there. But I don't believe he will ever be able to, now."

"I'm sincerely sorry to hear it. I was to have met him this week, but I understand he's not allowed to see anyone."

"I don't think he will fly again, I'm afraid not. I didn't know that you wanted to see him."

"You knew, surely, that he was to have returned to Mexico with me? I'm taking a pilot and observer back with me. He didn't tell you?" She shook her head. No, she had not been told. George, now she came to think of it, had explained very little. Her thoughts went confusedly back to her problems. Supposing she had been mistaken from the first and George had never fully explained to this man, either? She might, after all, have sent him away without saying a word of Eddie.

Then—then it would look as though she, Jenny Revell, were a very sordid type of creature, indeed; a girl who flirted languidly with one man while she was waiting to be married to another. A girl who made a "date" to go motoring when her husband of a day was ill and in need of her. A girl who would not take her husband's name or—she stared down at her bare hand—or wear his ring.

"Oh, there you go," said Seduty. "You are always trying to make us blue. I'm sure that we will be all right, if we just rest at ease."

"We're sailing onward very fast. 'Course I don't know how long 'twill last, but anyway, I hardly think we'll topple in the trees."

"Who had married Townsend?" He mentioned it, certainly, in fact he has been talking quite a lot about you. But I rather fancy that I got the news in the first place from your cousin."

"From Georgie! And you believed her?" (Copyright, Julia Cleff-Addams)

Aveney's blue eyes flash Jenny to resentment and tears, in the next instant.

Proves Value of Tings A flood in a deforested canyon in California carried from twenty to forty times as much sediment as the corresponding freshet in an adjoining forest canyon.

Signs of Bigness Big men are those who tell you how ornery juries are and haven't time to accept jury service.—Los Angeles Times.

Man's Reputation Uncle Ab says many a man's reputation has been made—good or bad—on what he thought other folks thought about him.

Iron in Meat Meat contains an amount of iron exceeded by only a limited number of other foods. One pound of lean beef contains 0.02 gram of iron.

Plant "Feeds" on Insects The sundew plant, growing where nitrogen is deficient, obtains its needed supply by ensnaring and digesting insects.

Europe's Oldest Race

The Basques of Spain are said to be the oldest race surviving in Europe.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Word puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes words like CAMELSLOOP, DATE, ALUM, LARVA, ERIN, RASP, MASTER, BARNARD, DESIGN, TRAI, SORES, RECITED, REPENTS, ALECG, DIGIT, SORE, GADY, SNAP, MOW, ETAN, BESET, CAPE, SERENER, RECEDED, LOT, MUD, SATIRIC, SPIRITES, ERIC, MORAL, LATE, NINA, ELITE, LINE, TAE, L, SAGES, ALIAS.

12x12 crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-51 indicating starting points for clues.

THE TINYMITES



"MY goodness," shouted Duncy, when the rocket seemed to jump again. "I think this is the fastest trip that we have ever had." "In planes we whizzed out through the air, but from them never got a scare. This rocket rather frightens me. When we land I'll be glad." "Oh, there you go," said Seduty. "You are always trying to make us blue. I'm sure that we will be all right, if we just rest at ease." "We're sailing onward very fast. 'Course I don't know how long 'twill last, but anyway, I hardly think we'll topple in the trees." "Who had married Townsend?" He mentioned it, certainly, in fact he has been talking quite a lot about you. But I rather fancy that I got the news in the first place from your cousin."

CLASSIFIED ADS

THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES (Count first average words to the line.) 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; 6 lines, per month \$5.50. Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month.

WANTED

WANTED — Boarders, 1915 E. Penn. \$20 per mo., board and room. 6-7-2 tp. LOAD OF APPLE WOOD for fire place. Call Observer. 6-4-2 tp.

WILL BUY BU old batteries, will pay according to their condition. New batteries as low as \$8.95. Automotive Electric Co., 1425 Adams. Phone M 520. 1-20-1 m

FOR SALE

WEAVER PIGS for sale. Ph. 490 M. 1401 N. Ave. 6-4-2 t. FOR SALE—Dining table and buffet, 1401 N. Ave. 6-4-2 t.

FOR SALE—16 in. mill wood, \$4.25 per cord. Phone 937-J. 6-4-6 tp. FOR SALE — Hay rake and mower. Call 458-J. 6-4-3 t.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor, A-1 condition; 2 pianos, or will trade, what have you? Frank Cleavinger, 211 Depot St. 6-3-1 f.

GOOD WOOD, CHEAP Will trade for some furniture. Ph. 892 U or Call at 2906 N. Spruce St. 6-1-4 t.

JUST RECEIVED lovely "Fashion Frocks" models, Lowest prices. Ph. 892 U or call at 2906 N Spruce St. 6-1-4 t.

FOR SALE—Whippet sedan in good condition. Would consider trading for late model Ford coupe. Call Observer. 6-1-3 tp.

GOOD WOOD, any kind, any length. Price reasonable. Ph. 892 W, Lee Stark. 5-25-t f.

AUTOMOBILES

FOR SALE—1930 Ford A pickup. Rebuilt motor, new tires, \$300. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Phone Main 500 4th and Adams 6-4-1 t.

1929 Chevrolet Cab. Coupe. 1929 Chevrolet Coupe. Late model Chev. Truck. Long wheelbase. Blank body, six wheels. 1927 Dodge Coupe. 1929 DeSoto Sedan. M. J. GOSS 6-3-4 t.

Good Man's Advantage A bad man is wretched amidst every earthly advantage; a good man—troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not destroyed.—Plato.

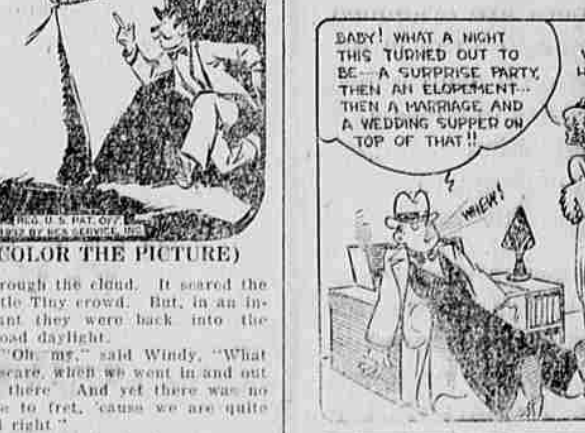
Power Vested in House The house of representatives, under the Constitution, has the sole power to impeach a President of the United States.

Their End in Sight? The elephant, crocodile and rhinoceros are among the animals that appear to be on the down grade of evolution and that will some day disappear like the great dinosaurs.

Professional Directory

Hospitals DR. LEE H. 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 106 Res., Main 148

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) And That's That!



"BABY! WHAT A NIGHT THIS TURNED OUT TO BE—A SURPRISE PARTY, THEN AN ELOPEMENT— THEN A MARRIAGE AND A WEDDING SUPPER ON TOP OF THAT!" "WASN'T IT WONDERFUL TO HAVE IT ALL HAPPEN RIGHT HERE IN OUR HOME!" "YEAH, BUT IT GAVE ME THE JITTERS, HAVING A JOB ONE MINUTE AND LOSING IT THE NEXT—AND THEN GETTING IT BACK, WITH A RAISE! PATOOTIE, LOOK AND SEE IF I HAVE SOME GRAY HAIRS!" "AND BA-BEE! AIN'T I ALL IN!" "WELL, NO WONDER! DO YOU KNOW IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK?" "I'M GLAD EVERYTHING CAME OUT THE WAY IT DID!" "I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO, ALL THE TIME—IT WAS JUST LIKE I PLANNED IT!"

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Sleeping rooms, kitchen privileges in basement. On the hill 2 blocks from Normal, 1103-6th. Ph. 882 R. 6-7-0 t. WELL FURN. double room, home accom., close in, 1708-4th. 6-7-1 f.

FOR RENT — Mod. 4-rm. unfurn. house, 1904 Oak St. 6-7-3 tp. WELL FURN., 5-rm. house. Garage. 1908 Oak St. Ph. 458-J. 6-6-1 t.

FOR RENT — Very attractive mod. Apts. close in. Summer rates. Ph. 894 W., 1101 O Ave. 6-4-6 tp. FOR RENT—3 furn. rooms for light housekeeping. Ph. 386 R. 6-4-1 t.

HILL APTS. — Under new management. Prices reasonable. Children welcome. Ph. 467 W. 6-3-0 t. FOR RENT—5 room modern house. Barn, chicken house, seven lots of alfalfa, 602 K Ave. Phone 675 W. 6-1-6 tp.

MODERN ROOMS—Comfortable steam heated rooms \$3 per week. Hot and cold water. Close in. Pleasant surroundings. 1902 Second St. 2 blocks west Montgomery Ward on Washington St. 6-7-5 tp.

FOR RENT — Strictly modern 5-room furnished duplex, in best residential district. Allen Duplex, 1507 4th. Main 543. 5-31-1 m.

FURN. MODERN 4-rm. house. Inquire 508 Adams. 6-2-1 t. NICELY FURNISHED room, good location. Very reasonable. Call 145-J. 5-25-t f.

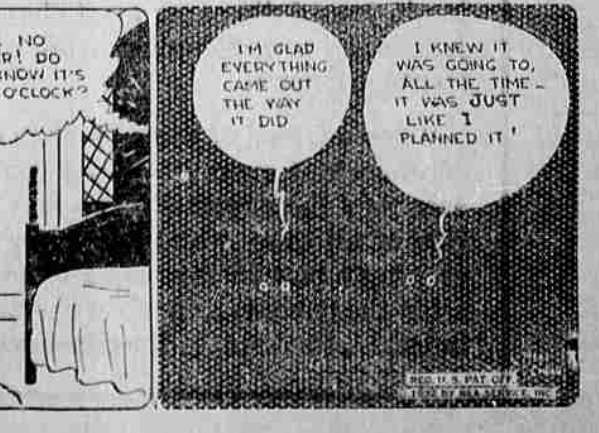
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



"THERE GOES A DOG NOW!! RUN UP AND TALK ABOUT IT TO THE LADY AND SAY THAT IF IT WAS YOUR DOG YOU'D GET RID OF IT BEFORE IT GOES MAD AND BITES SOMEBODY. THEN THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!!" "DON'T OFFER HER MORE THAN A QUARTER. THOUGH!!" "LAND SAKES, LADY!! THIS DOG OF YOURS LOOKS LIKE HE'S APT TO GO MAD AND BITE SOMEBODY ANY MINUTE... NOW, IF HE WAS FULL BLOODED HE WOULDN'T BE THAT WAY. IF I WAS YOU I'D GET RID OF IT—MY YES!!" "WHY! OF ALL THE NERVE!! TETO, CHASE THE BADDY BOY AWAY!!"



"GOOD NIGHT!! WHAT DID YOU DO OSSIE I?" "IT WASN'T WHAT I DID... IT'S WHAT I SAID, I GUESS!" "WELL! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE OUR GAS IS GOING TO WORK OUT!!" "NOPE—LETS GO AN HAVE YOU BUY US EACH A SODA!"



"AND BA-BEE! AIN'T I ALL IN!" "WELL, NO WONDER! DO YOU KNOW IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK?" "I'M GLAD EVERYTHING CAME OUT THE WAY IT DID!" "I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO, ALL THE TIME—IT WAS JUST LIKE I PLANNED IT!"