Rev. Williams Returns From Denver Meeting

By Mrs. L. E. Hill
(Observer Correspondent)

ELGIN (Special) — Rev. L. B. Williams returned Saturday from a trip to Denver where he attended a meeting of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. While in Denver, Mr. Williams was a guest at a dinner at the home of H. F. Reed's mother, where he met several members of the Reed family. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and two children are leaving Thursday for Eugene where they will attend commencement exercises. Their daughter, Margaret Elaine, will receive her A. B. degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Larsen and small daughter, of Milton, are visitors here at the home of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Larsen. Mr. Larsen brought them over but returned Sunday to his work at Milton.

Miss Doris Sturgill has returned to her home here after a visit with her mother in Portland.

Antony Maxwell, who has been employed in Portland, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Maxwell.

Harold Culp was brought home Monday from the hospital at La Grande. He recently submitted to an appendix oberation and is now recovering satisfactorily.

Mrs. Mary Sturgill went to Union Friday to attend the wedding of her niece, Mss LaVerne Clark.

The J. E. Witherspoon and John Gekeler families attended the farmer's picnic in La Grande Monday.

Mrs. Ruth Patten is a visitor at the home of her mother, Mrs. Florence Elliott.

Mrs. Maurine Richardson and Miss Margaret Hall returned Sunday from a short visit at St. Helens.

Mrs. J. W. Brown has entered the hospital at Hot Lake for treatment. Mrs. Brown has been having a great deal of trouble with an infection in her mouth and has spent much tme since last fall in hospitals in Portland.

The city has a crew of men at work on the municipal park. New fences and gates are being put in and a good deal of brush is being pulled. Trees and shrubs will be trimmed and everything put in shape. The Elgin park has proved to be a popular place for picnics and other gatherings.

Mrs. Carl Long entered the Grande Ronde hospital Monday for examination and underwent an operation early Wednesday morning. Her condition is reported as being satisfactory.

Mrs. Frank Giltner entertained Friday in honor of her son, Dick's ninth birthday. The guests were taken to the City park where they enjoyed many happy games. Mrs. Giltner was assisted in serving the refreshments by Mrs. Bill Smith and Mrs. Quesenberry. Guests were Bobby and Billy Sanders, Patty Blumenstein, Dale Ray, Alice Anita Gordon, Lillian and Elmer Smith, Kenneth Fitzgerald, Lloyd Hill, Carl and Dick Giltner.

WINNIPEG WHEAT

WINNIPEG, June 9 (AP) — Wheat close: July 54¾@⅞; Oct. 57⅛@½; Dec. 58⅜.

Cash wheat: No. 1 northern 54¾; No. 2 northern 51⅜; No. 3 northern 49.

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: "The cleverest little vamp I ever met," Garth Aveney calls Jenny Revell, because she has encouraged him, and now her cousin, Georgie, announces Jenny's marriage to Eddie Townsend. Jenny has promised not to tell that Georgie really is married to Eddie, because Gratton Matching, Georgie's employer, discharges all married women.

Chapter 27

COMPLIMENT TO THE QUEEN

BEFORE Jenny could tell him, a man's form came round the curtain of the four-poster.

She saw that he was short in the shoulder and neck, and that he had a soft, quick way of walking. He looked deferentially at Gratton Matching and murmured:

"I thought perhaps you required me, sir?"

"Why should I require you? Eh?" His employer's voice rose into a rasping squeak that startled Jenny still further. "Get out! Go away! I'm capable of finging for you, I hope, when I want you."

The soft, silding walk took the valet over the expanse of carpet to a door in the panelling of the wall. A moment later it closed behind him. Jenny found that her eccentric host was watching her again.

"Have you seen that fellow before?"

"Yes. Just for a second, when he carried my cousin's bag down, on the day that she went away with you."

"Ha! You've a memory for faces. And you're a judge of character, too, by the set of your lips and the breadth between your eyes. No need to blush—I'm old enough to pay a compliment to the queen herself without offense. . . . What do you think of him?"

"I don't want," said Jenny firmly, "to discuss your nephew."

"But I was speaking of that fellow, my valet," the old man pointed out; and the sly grimace that was his smile, made her blush anew.

"It doesn't seem fair to come to conclusions about a man I've only seen twice for a minute or so. But—"

"You don't like the look of him? Don't trust him?"

"It might be better," said Jenny, unwillingly, "not to trust him in a matter of great importance. But that's only *my* opinion."

The strange old man lay back upon his pillows, wriggled twice—whether with satisfaction or annoyance Jenny could not tell—and remained flat upon the bed. She could barely see him and when he spoke she had the greatest difficulty in following his words; for he was not using his dreadful, nerve-racking squeak but a monotonous thread of sound that blended with the rustle of brocade at his opened windows and the sound of the satin coverlet under his hands.

"My wife was so very like you, little Miss Jenny. You've got her same tricks and graces and her same sound judgment under all that pale gold hair. Only, I wouldn't listen to her, d'ye see? Shut her up, laughed at her, cowed her; and then, when she was gone, found that she had had the right of most things. People she warned me against and people she believed in, she was right about them all and I was wrong. But you're not so timid as she was. You speak up—you stand up to me—I couldn't cow you without—without meaning to. Eh?"

"Well, I had the advantage of a very bullying old grandfather," explained Jenny conscientiously. And they laughed together—Jenny Revell and the old man who, people said, hadn't got a heart. On impulse, she put out a hand to cover his as it plucked at the coverlet. "Please shout at me, if you'd rather. I shan't care a scrap."

How thin and cold old people's hands were! —she remembered Grandfather's being like that, and on nights as hot as this. She slipped her other hand under it and cradled it gently, trying to give out her own thrilling warmth.

"Old bones, cold bones," muttered Gratton Matching, as though he read her thought. "What's between you and my great-nephew Aveney?"

She began to draw her hands away but he retained them with surprising strength. All her vitality seemed to flow out from her and into that strange, compelling old creature whom one could love and detest all in one breath.

"There's nothing. That is—we dislike each other."

"He thinks badly of me and I'm not free to defend myself. But as we're not likely to see anything of each other, his opinion doesn't matter to me. He simply doesn't matter at all."

"My wife said that of me once, when we had a courting quarrel. She had spirit, then."

"We haven't—it isn't—you're all wrong about everything." She dragged her hands away, crying out: "I shall make him apologize and then I shall forget—" Her voice broke and she had to stop.

"Who's shouting now?" enquired Gratton Matching and wriggled flatter in the enormous bed.

I spite of her misery, Jenny laughed. He really was like a mischievous old wizard, lying there half-hidden, baiting her, drawing her out! It was a pity that Georgie should hate him and fear him and so lightly deceive him. It wasn't dignified, all this secrecy and intrigue about Eddie . . .

"All this nonsense about you marrying my pilot, Townsend," said the Old Man and, gasping, Jenny shrank in her chair. Magic, this—or else he really could read her mind!

"That's what has come between you and Garth Aveney, all this nonsense about Townsend," concluded Gratton Matching. "Do you like butter-scotch?"

"No, I hate it," Jenny answered, too bewildered to be polite. "I don't really eat any sweets."

"Nor do half the people I give them to, but they're such sheep they daren't say so. All the same, little Miss Jenny, I know what you like and I'll have them next time you come and see me. Tomorrow. You'll come tomorrow, I daresay. You might come every day."

She could not decide whether it was a request or an order or a prophecy. But she forgot that he had bewildered her and angered her and teased her and, bending down, she put her lips to his frail, cold hands.

"Yes, I'll come as often as you want me to," she promised him. "And now I must go and look after —after Eddie. Good-night."

She believed that he was laughing as she left the room. At her? At Eddie? Georgie would maintain that the Old Man knew well enough which of them had married his pilot. Perhaps she was right and the mocking old laugh was a sign of it.

But why should he have spoken of Garth Aveney? He had talked as though it were she and not Georgie whom Garth had loved at first sight. And—and at dinner, Garth had talked like that, too.

She had barely a glance for the butler who proffered her shawl and put her into the big car that, he assured her, waited her pleasure. She knew only that she must get home to the apartment and ask Georgie—many things.

Georgie stood on the stairs and watched Jenny go on her way to dine with Gratton Matching. A shimmer of silvery green and a flash of jade and she had vanished from sight. Georgie was left face to face with something that she had never admitted to herself before—that her little cousin was not a child, not an enchanting little plaything, but a woman grown. A very lovely woman.

Georgie took out her powder and lipstick and lavishly repaired her complexion. She wished that she had not lost her temper with Jenny; not only because there was after all no reason for her jealousy, but because she had planned to come home cool and competent and to be a tower of strength to Eddie and Jenny as well. And now she was actually crying!

It is useless to dust powder over cheeks that are wet with tears and so she sat down on the stairs for a moment and waited for the old control over her nerves to return. She could hear Gill downstairs in his office, moving heavily about, and she could hear the muffled noises of the street outside, the hootings and grindings of the cars and the cries of the children on the pavement. For some odd reason, she remembered that at this hour Eyle Street was on the very edge of twilight and that Jenny, funny kid, loved watching the dusk.

She shivered but got up, and turned resolutely up the stairs. Face things, face things! —cried her courage. Face the fact that Jenny isn't a child and that Eddie always really wanted a home-loving little wife who would leave all the adventuring to him. Face the fact that Eddie can't go adventuring at all, for a bit, and that, being a man and illogical, he will want a home-loving wife all the more!

She faced all these truths and, with her head up and her reddened lips smiling, she ran up the flight that led to her apartment. Nevertheless, as she laid her hand on the door and heard a step on the inner side of it, she darted away and up the next flight, and stood there panting while Eddie opened the door and came out on to the landing.

(Copyright, Julia Cleft-Addams)

"You'll choose between me and your job, and you'll choose now," Eddie tells Georgie in the next installment.

Warrendale Dam Site Survey Plan Making Progress

PORTLAND, Ore., June 9 (AP)—R. H. Kipp, executive secretary of the Columbia Valley association, said today he had received a telegram from United States Senator McNary indicating plans for a survey of the Warrendale dam site on the Columbia river were progressing.

"I am advised that the chief of engineers today sent his indorsement of the board's recommendation for survey at Warrendale to the division engineer asking for his suggestions as to best procedure and most feasible plan," McNary's message said. "I will be advised when the survey is definitely approved."

Kipp said he now expected the division engineer, Colonel Robins, will make plans "to complete the survey of the Warrendale site and open the way for some definite river development achievement."

BROKERS LOANS

WASHINGTON, June 6 (AP) — Loans to brokers and dealers held by New York federal reserve member banks for the week ending June 8 were announced by the federal reserve board today as $373,000,000, representing a decrease of $36,000,000 as compared with the preceding week.

German Telephone Device

A scientific magazine reports that in Germany a number of telephones have been equipped with typewriter devices whereby anyone who rings up a friend and finds that he is not at home can rap out a message on a keyboard attached to the telephone the message being transferred to a paper tape on the friend's desk.

THREE OTHERS IN FRISCO HURT AND MAY NOT SURVIVE

(Continued From Page One)

ed in the home of Policeman Bell, who was awakened by his wife's scream shortly before he was to go on duty at midnight. Bell jumped from bed and saw two men run from the house. He telephoned the nearest police station and a radio call was broadcast to cruising car details.

As officers gathered at Bell's home, they were informed by Darling, the citizen who was later slain, the men had entered the Nelson residence, a short distance away.

The house was surrounded and officers entered to discover Moore crouched in a clothes closet. He was handcuffed and pushed into the living room.

As the police stood around Moore, Johnson rose from behind a piece of furniture and opened fire. Moore at once spraing to his two-gun companion's side. They were brought down together by the return fire as they attempted to back through a door.

Health

SCARLET FEVER

In time past scarlet fever was a widely prevalent and severe disease, responsible for much illness and not a few deaths.

Then the disease became less common and appeared in less severe forms. This condition prevailed until very recently, when its prevalence increased.

Scarlet fever is now known to be caused by a germ belonging to the hemolytic, that is, blood-destroying streptococcus group, spread principally through discharges from the nose and throat.

In very young children scarlet fever is most serious. Half of the cases occur in children from three to seven years of age, and 74 per cent of all deaths from scarlet fever occur in children under 10.

By the Dick test it is now possible to determine whether a child is susceptible to scarlet fever.

Doctor Dick, to whom we owe much of our recent knowledge of the cause of scarlet fever, recommends active immunization against the disease, but this practice is not as widespread as immunization against diphtheria.

On the other hand, the use of scarlet fever antitoxin is now an accepted treatment. This antitoxin, developed by Dr. Dochez, has proved itself effective.

The child sick with scarlet fever needs careful medical attention, for, though the disease itself may not threaten life, its serious after-effects and late complications include diseases of the ear and of the kidneys.

The scarlet fever patient should be kept isolated in a room well ventilated and with as much light as possible.

Daily sponging with soap and water will keep the patient comfortable and will help reduce fever.

Children recovering from scarlet fever need a proper convalescent period. They should also be guarded against subsequent infections, particularly of the respiratory system.

JOSEPH PERSONALS

By Mrs. Malda Stevenson
(Observer Correspondent)

JOSEPH (Special) — Mrs. Bonnie Foster, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitles at an Oregon City hospital, is recovering dicely and soon will be home.

Mrs. Max Wilson will drive to Eugene Tuesday to bring her son, Keith, home with her. Keith is a freshman at the U. of O. Frank D. McCully Jr. went with Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gowing, of Prairie Creek, are in the hospital at Wallowa. Both have the flu but are getting along very well now.

Ellis Marr, of Enid, Ore., came Monday and took his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Marr, home with him.

Mrs. Charles Vest, of Puyallup, Wash., is at Hot Lake taking treatments for heart trouble and is much improved. Mrs. Vest plans to come to Joseph where she formerly lived and has many friends.

Word received last week from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winston, who are in Portland with their daughter, Teresa, is that Teresa is much better and they will soon be home.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Caviness, of Portland, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ebon Tuesday.

Mrs. Ole Miller has been quite sick but is now better and able to sit up a while each day.

Saturday the fire alarm was turned in when the roof of Jay Schroll's house was seen to be on fire. The fire was soon under control. It is thought that it caught from a spark on the roof.

Russell Blivans and George Boner returned Sunday from a two weeks' trip. Mr. Blivan has been in Portland where he had treatments for sinus trouble and Mr. Boner was visiting in The Dalles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gillaspie were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolfer Sunday.

A gentle rain fell steadily for 24 hours with an occasional flurry of snow early this week.

Mrs. C. C. Clearwater and son, Clinton, of Portland, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ben Peal and expect to spend the summer.

Tuesday evening, May 31, the Silver Lake Rebekah lodge elected the following officers: noble grand, Welthy Mitchell; vice grand, Mabel Elliott; secretary, Norma Doak; treasurer, Evelyn Collinsworth. Mrs. Arlene Reams and Mrs. Virgie Halsey, delegates to the state assembly were present and each gave a talk on the work taken up at that assembly.

The Ladies Aid held a tea at Mrs. Ben Peal's Friday afternoon. A short program was given by Mrs. Peal's pupils. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Glenn Sprague has been visiting her mother at Milton this week.

Mrs. Mollie Mays returned Saturday from Enterprise where she spent several days with her niece, Mrs. Hazel Burland.

William Needham and Jack Isom went to Wallowa Sunday to receive two bulls which they recently purchased from C. A. Hunter, and are driving them to their range on the Divide.

James Fleet, of Arko, was in town recently and visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolfer. While here he purchased the Welthy Yeager farm of 320 acres at Arko.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wells, of Montana, arrived in Joseph the first of the week called by the death of her father, George Cole.

Harry Mays cut his thumb very badly while cutting wood Tuesday. It took several stitches to close the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carpenter left Saturday for Portland and Oregon City to visit their son, Clarence and family, and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Wilson.

John Ostrander is very sick in the hospital at Enterprise with very little hope of recovery.

Professional Directory

Hospitals

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

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WANTED

LOAD OF APPLE WOOD for fire place. Call Observer. 6-4-2 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 520. 1-20-1 m

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Late 1930 Austin, good condition, $175 cash, or will trade for bigger car. Phone Farmers 208. 6-8-3 t.

FOR SALE — New Zealand rabbits, both red and white. All ages. H. F. Briggs, Island City. 6-8-2 tp.

WEANER PIGS for sale. Ph. 490 M. 6-7-3 t.

FOR SALE—12 in. mill wood, $4.25 full cord. Phone 937-J. 6-4-6 tp.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor, A-1 condition; 2 pianos, or will trade, what have you? Frank Cleavinger, 211 Depot St. 6-3-t 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 Frock" models. Lowest prices. Ph. 892 U or call at 2906 N Spruce St. 6-1-4 t.

GOOD WOOD, any kind, any length. Price reasonable. Ph. 966 W. Lee Stark. 5-25-t f.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—5 A. with improvements. Farmers 3X2. 5-10-t f.

FOR SALE—Coffee cream that whips, home churned buttermilk and milk you'll like to drink. Clovordale Dairy, Farmers 85. 5-6-t f.

TYPEWRITERS for rent or sale. Let us show you our stock of new and used portables. E. C. Tuckey's Typewriter Exchange, 109 Depot St. 4-15-t f.

AUTOMOBILES

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

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-rm. house, nicely furn., garage, 2003 Wash. Ave. 6-9-2 t.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room in private home, with or without meals. Mrs. Finlay. Phone Main 607. 6-9-t f.

NORMAL STUDENTS—Rms. with kitchen privileges, 1308 K. ½ block from Normal. Mrs. Arthur Dahl. 6-9-3 t.

FOR RENT — Furn. Apt. Summer rates. 1606 Wash. 6-8-4 t.

ROOMS, with kitchen privileges, 2 blocks from Normal, $10 month. 1602 M. Ph. 440 U. 6-8-2 t.

FOR RENT—Sleeping rooms, kitchen privileges in basement. On the hill 2 blocks from Normal, 1103-6th. Ph. 852 R. 6-7-6 t.

WELL FURN. double room, home accom., close in, 1709-4th. 6-7-t f.

FOR RENT — Mod. 4-rm. unfurn. house, 1904 Oak St. 6-7-3 tp.

WELL FURN., 5-rm. house. Garage, 1906 Oak St. Ph. 458-J. 6-6-t f.

FOR RENT — Very attractive mod. Apts. Close in. Summer rates. Ph. 894 W., 1101 O Ave. 6-4-6 tp.

HILL APTS. — Under new management. Prices reasonable. Children welcome. Ph. 467 W. 6-3-6 t.

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FOR RENT—Furn. Apts. and unfurnished house, 1311 O Ave. 5-23-1 mp.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, with or without meals. Gentleman preferred. Phone Main 607. 5-23-t f

FOR RENT—Mod. residence. Phone 524 W. 6-13-t f.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW LOW PRICES on painting, paperhanging and kalsomining. Phone 611 W. 5-17-1 m

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 823-J. 5-8-t f.

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ESSEX COACH for small engine and pump, 1709 Y Ave. 6-9-2 tp.

Beget Each Other

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—Addison.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — By Blosser

THE TINYMITES — STORY by HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES by JOE KING

(READ THE STORY THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

'COURSE driving stakes was far from fun, but Scouty said, "It must be done! The circus man is mad at us because we tore his tent.

"He's going to make us work today until we've earned enough to pay for all the damage we have done. He is a real gruff gent."

"It's our own fault," wee Duncy cried, "because we took that rocket ride. Perhaps, though, we can do this work and then look 'round a bit.

"I'll carry water, if I can, to elephants. Let's ask the man. I'd like to see this show tonight, when all the lights are lit."

* * *

THE tent boss then approached. Said he, "Keep up your work and then you'll see that I can be real kind to you. I really like you boys.

"I'll take you to the cages where the lions may give you a scare. Just wait until you hear them roar. They make a lot of noise."

"Oh, I am not afraid! You'll see," said Windy. "Nothing frightens me, especially when it's in a cage and can't come jumping out.

"We'll gladly do the work you say if, after while, you'll let us play. We'd all be thrilled to find out what the circus is about."

* * *

IT wasn't very long until each Tinymite had had his fill of driving stakes into the ground. At last the job was done.

The tent boss then said, "Come with me. Some circus people you will see. No matter where I take you, just be brave and do not run."

And then he led them to a tent. Inside of it the big boss went. "I'll be right out," he told them. "And I'll bring a girl with me." That's what he did. The girl came out. "Hello," the Tinies heard her shout. Wee Duncy softly whispered, "She's as pretty as can be."

(Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.)

(The Tinies make friends with the dancer in the next story.)

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) — By Cowan

Diplomatic!