

Over The Valley Personals

(Continued on Page Three) by that county this season. There may be some to come in from Walla Walla county, also. The reports from the big shipment made three weeks ago were not so bad. That is, while they would not stand comparison with some other years, still the returns were higher than had been anticipated. The top was \$4.07 and from this figure the proceeds went all the way down to \$3.77. Figures arrived at before the shipment was made set the probable price at \$3.75, which proved to be lower than the lowest actually received. Even at this the county agent points out, the lambs are sold at a loss. On the other hand the man who markets his lambs, is better off than those in the other fields of livestock raising inasmuch as there is no expense such as in the production of a dairy cow, etc.

Horse Injured— A horse belonging to M. J. Selver in some way got caught between two trees last week and was held there for three or four days before it was found. It was necessary to pull the two trees apart by means of ropes and horses before the animal could be freed. It did not seem to suffer any severe injuries as a result of its involuntary confinement.—Walla Walla Sun.

Improve— Arthur Hermann, of the Island City-Cove road, is reported to be improving satisfactorily from the recent injuries sustained when he was thrown from a load of hay. He received injuries about the head and broke some bones in one hand.

Entertains Club— Mrs. Roy Knight entertained the members of the Happy Hour Circle Wednesday afternoon at her home in the Iowa district, and there was a good attendance though some of the members were detained by illness and pressing farm work. The afternoon was spent visiting and sewing and Mrs. J. E. Hulse favored the company with two vocal numbers. Mrs. Knight was assisted by her daughter, Miss Vera, in serving some delicious refreshments. The next meeting will be an evening meeting held at the Coulter home and the husbands of the members will be special guests.

Health

THE COCCYX The lower end of the spine terminates in a small number of vertebral remnants collectively called the coccyx. To the coccyx are attached by means of tendons numerous muscles forming the bowl-like floor of the pelvis. The coccyx is likely to be injured by a variety of accidents, such, for example, as slipping on a loose mat and falling in the sitting position. Such an accident is likely to give rise to a clinical picture called coccydynia, a painful condition of the coccyx. The coccyx may also suffer injury during childbirth. The patient complains that he or she feels pain at the end of the spine when the body is maintained in certain positions. The pain is felt usually when the patient is obliged to sit still for any length of time on a hard seat, and particularly when he is subjected to vibrations. Occasionally, too, the patient complains that it is uncomfortable to lean back, and he prefers the bolt, upright position to the more relaxed posture. Walking upstairs, too, may be painful. Also, there may be pain when the patient rises from a sloping position to that of standing. The pain in coccydynia is not crippling, but it is annoying and worrying. Not infrequently the patient is concerned because he believes that the pain is caused by some disease condition in the rectum. Treatment of this condition depends upon how recently the injury was suffered and upon the nature of the damage. If but a recent injury and the coccyx has been slightly displaced, it may be re-adjusted by manipulation and rest. On the other hand, if the injury was suffered some time past, and the coccyx has been allowed to fuse in an abnormal position, surgical treatment may be necessary.

Musical Terms First, second, third and fourth movements in a musical composition refer to the different parts of a piano or orchestral composition, such as a symphony or a sonata. These different movements are written in different tempos and have different themes, and are in reality separate compositions united into the same work by a continuity of style of composition.

Shows American Art The Whitney Museum of American Art houses a collection of more than 400 works of art, exclusively by American artists. This museum, founded and endowed by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, was opened in November, 1931, on West Eighth street, New York city.

About Ourselves We can't manage other people's lives, even if we do love them. And frequently it would not be to their advantage if we could.

ICE Dependable and Convenient Prompt Delivery Young's Ice Co. Phone Main 804 1168 Jeff. Ave.

ENTERPRISE PERSONALS ENTERPRISE, Ore. (Special) — A baby girl, Jordis Ann, was born to Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Martin Sunday, July 7. The mother is doing very nicely. The Philharmonic choir from the Willamette university staged an entertainment at the O. K. theatre Thursday evening. A large crowd attended. Miss Mary Lyman, who has been visiting Miss Ione Jordan, of this city, has returned to her home in La Grande. Mrs. Maurice Juve, of Hermiston, and her daughter, Gayle, are here visiting Mrs. Juve's parents and relatives.

Gambler's Throw by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: Jerry Coulton in a last-minute dramatic catch deflected the hydroplane of a mysterious gambler. The gambler, who had captured Nancy Wentworth, a woman of mystery, and the man who was to marry her, was taken for some news of their fate. Mallory, the boy who was to marry Nancy, was taken for some news of their fate. Mallory, the boy who was to marry Nancy, was taken for some news of their fate. Mallory, the boy who was to marry Nancy, was taken for some news of their fate.

Chapter 12 KILL OR BE KILLED "It is possible that I shall have to collect one more bill from your loving friends and relatives," Ashwood said. "Moreover, my abnormal curiosity has been aroused. "It has come to my ears that some of you have become—what shall we say—elemental. That is a psychological phenomenon that will be absorbing to watch in its development. "Sometime it may give me pleasure to write up case histories on all of you. If you should go now, I should be denied that pleasure. "Maybe so," nodded Lucel, darkly, "but let me tell you that a week after he was turned loose, if you play us like that, I'll be here with my mob and tear this place to pieces, you with it. At that I'll have to work fast to beat the coppers down here, but I'll do it if it costs me my last grand note!"

"Very interesting," conceded Ashwood, unsmiling. "But how, pray, are you going to find this island? When the time comes for me to break up this delightful party and invite a new guest list down, I'll play the proper host and return you to approximately the spot where I picked you up. And in the same manner, so far as transportation is concerned. After a day's trip in a curtailed airplane, who among you will be able to direct a searching party here?" There was a thoughtful silence while Lucel and the others considered. Ashwood's voice went on. "No, let's not look too far into the future. Just continue to enjoy yourselves; each in your own inimitable manner. We'll not interfere unless you become entirely too boisterous." "So that's your idea of a good time, is it?" Mallory broke abruptly into the conversation. "Something in the timbre of the stockbroker's voice caused Hamilton to put down his cards and to regard the tense, ugly New Yorker with unforgotten interest. The discussion between Ashwood and Lucel had gounded the brooding man into a state bordering upon frenzy. His heavy, athletic figure was leaning forward in his chair, his hands clasped about the arm rests. His ruddy face was suddenly drained of all color. Ashwood was about to answer him carelessly but, glancing at him, he stopped and looked at him with undisguised curiosity. "Shut up, you!" Lucel faced Mallory, snarling. "I'm doing the talking, see?"

It appeared to Hamilton that the gangster was deliberately adding fuel to the all-consuming flame of Mallory's sudden anger. The stockbroker made a mighty effort to hold himself in leash. The card player could see the muscles under his mighty thighs tremble under the strain of his suppressed anger. The eyes of the cripple were upon him, too, seeming to probe into the mad-dened man's very mind. "Is this the gentleman who has been cavemanning Miss Wentworth?" asked Ashwood carelessly. "Yeh," sneered Lucel. "I had to stop him down this afternoon. I got a mind to get rid of him now. I'm getting so I can't stand him around, guzzling likker all the time and sneaking up on Nancy every time my back is turned."

There was a hiss of indrawn breath from the intent watchers as Mallory, casting all restraint aside, leaped. Like the athlete that he was, he dashed like a whirlwind across the floor, his arms bent to punch or to parry. Lucel, a head shorter, twenty pounds lighter, smiled grimly as though he welcomed this sudden reversion to brute physical action. Victor in many a bar-room brawl, he had no illusions as to fair or foul play. To fight at all was to fight to win. He reached instinctively for his hip, but drew his hand away empty. Quick

as light he pivoted on his left foot, away his body far away from the onrushing Mallory and launched a sidelong kick that was as swift and as deadly as the stroke of an enraged cobra.

Mallory, by an almost superhuman effort, twisted his body and caught the terrific blow on the hip. He crashed into One-shot and the two fell to the floor. Mallory on top. His face convulsed with hate, he clutched two handfuls of his enemy's sleek black hair and butted Lucel's head again and again against the floor.

Nancy Wentworth, standing rigid with horror, gazed wild-eyed at the frenzied pair. The dull thumping as the dark head rose and fell seemed to echo against her own body, yet she could neither move nor cry out. She heard Mallory grunting, beat-like, as his arms and body rose and fell, rose and fell, hammering Lucel's head against the floor.

At last she looked away, her eyes darting around the room. Why did no one move to stop those fiends? She saw William rise from his chair as though to interfere, then relax again as he glanced at an automobile in the slender hands of the white-haired cripple. The latter then laid his gun on his thin knees and watched the struggle with undisguised pleasure.

In the frenzy of despair, Lucel struggled convulsively. Mallory slipped from his seat on the gangster's body. Lucel writhed like a snake. Then, suddenly, he rolled over on his stomach, pushed himself to his hands and knees and threw himself backward with a bucking motion. The two toppled over, sprawled full lengths on their backs.

Now Lucel was uppermost. Mallory rolled over and tried to push himself to his hands and knees. Perched on the other's back, Lucel reached two clawing hands beneath the other's face and searched with clawing finger-nails for Mallory's eyes.

They were down again, rolling over and over. For a brief instant they had broken away and crouched there, facing each other with expressions that Nancy had never dreamed the human countenance could assume. Half a dozen deep gash-marked the progress of Lucel's finger-nails from Mallory's forehead to chin.

With a leap so swift it could scarce be followed by the eye, Lucel hurled himself at Mallory, at the same time bringing his right fist up from the floor in a tremendous sweeping arc. It struck the other's chin with a thud that echoed across the room. The stockbroker plunged to the floor as though he had been hit by a sledgehammer. There was a long, hissing sigh from the spectators, who thought the fight had ended. But the prone man rolled over. The gangster reached for the other's throat, but with a quick upward jerk of his leg Mallory kneed Lucel in the groin. Lucel's sob was like that of a wounded animal.

Nancy knew that this was a battle to the death. Mallory, the suave, polished gentleman of Wall street and the country clubs, was now an abysmal animal, gouging and maiming, fighting to kill or be killed. It was incredible. It happened to other people, somewhere in far-off worlds. She would wake up in a moment, pull the blankets over her head and lie trembling, trying to banish the nightmare from her brain. Yet her wide brown eyes missed no detail of the struggle. She was shocked to realize that she was losing all feeling of horror. Her pulses were hammering with excitement.

Lucel, again on his back, writhing in agony, was trying to push Mallory away. The other, shaking his head to clear his eyes of blood, was beating down with both fists on the gangster's upturned face. There was a sudden flurry of arms and legs, a quick change of posture. Lucel was free again. He struggled to his hands and knees, then to his feet, where he awaited, steady, standing himself by sheer force of will. He spat teeth and blood to the polished hardwood floor. He lunged forward and seized Mallory in a clench, his left arm encircling his opponent's neck. Mallory screamed and threw himself away. One-shot followed, jabbing right, pronglike fingers at his eyes. The other, off-balance to avoid the spearing fingers, tottered backwards and Lucel leaped for his unguarded throat.

Would Ashwood permit murder, as he watches the men's emotion over his skull? He analyzes his interest in the struggle. Monday.

Chats With Parents A JEALOUS WISH By Alice Judson Peale A kindergarten child built a bed of wooden blocks. "Look," he called to the teacher, "This is a bed and on it is lying a naughty girl. She climbed up to the window sill when she shouldn't and now I have covered her all up with stones so that she is dead. Pretty soon," he finished with a beaming face, "they will be coming to fetch her away." The day before, this little boy and his sister had been reprimanded by their mother for climbing upon the window sill. In the light of this occurrence it is quite obvious who the "naughty little girl" must have represented. Although nothing in the boy's behavior had betrayed his jealousy of her, through the license of play his repressed wishes had shown themselves. Such wishes, usual rather than otherwise, are the outcroppings of the

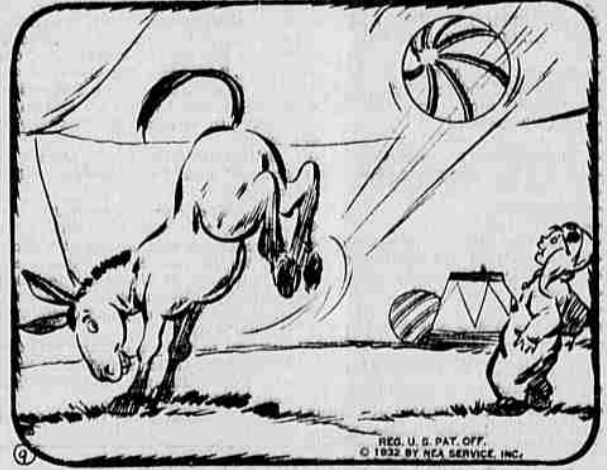
No One Is Quite Perfect We long for ideal relations and wonderful friendships, forgetting that all relationships are made by the people who enter into them. Suppose the perfect friend should appear—what would we have to offer in return for such a rare gift?

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Final; 2. Responsible for variables; 3. Of an era; 4. Positive pole; 5. Wristless; 6. Rain hard; 7. High, pointed bill; 8. Laborer; 9. Meeting; 10. Novel; 11. Metric unit; 12. Informed; 13. Part; 14. Oriental ship captain; 15. Number of squares bordering this puzzle; 16. Part of a locomotive; 17. Son of Judah; 18. Healee; 19. Jumbled type; 20. Italian river; 21. Cattle; 22. This organ or voice; 23. Tennysonian character; 24. True; 25. Aromatic herb; 26. Diminutive ending; 27. Despatch; 28. Grazing; 29. Color; 30. Heavily enjoyment; 31. Mirth; 32. County in Texas; 33. Doleful; 34. Mountain in Utah; 35. Water bottle; 36. Unruly crowd; 37. Large bundle; 38. Word at the end of a prayer; 39. Genus of the "7 downs"; 40. American; 41. Indian; 42. Peruse; 43. Fatigued; 44. Take one's own DOWN: 1. Circus; 2. Drug-selling; 3. Dwarf; 4. Human trunk; 5. Fetched; 6. Presently; 7. Woods; 8. Short for a man's name; 9. Blunder; 10. Garden implement; 11. Wanderer; 12. Varrate; 13. Ample; 14. Push on; 15. Way through rough; 16. Mark of a wound; 17. Unmolested; 18. Surface; 19. Finished; 20. A judge of Israel; 21. Require; 22. Devour; 23. Not good; 24. Sir

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76

The TINYMITES! STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

ALL of the circus folks laughed loud, and gathered in a watching crowd, to see the little Tinties crawl out of the great big net. One fellow shouted, "My, oh my, you dropped down right out of the sky. I've seen a lot of strange things, but that is the strangest yet."

The Tinties all sat still a while and then each one began to smile. "Gee, we were lucky," Scouty said. "We dodged an awful mess."

"Twas well that net was right down here, or we'd have wrecked ourselves, I fear. From now on we had better stay upon the ground, I guess."

"O.H. no!" snapped Windy. "That's no fun! Just think of all the things we've done, and yet we all are here. I'll take all of the rides I can."

"But, come, let's get out of this net. All of the folks are cheering yet. We'll have to find the owner of the balloon and pay the man."

The owner heard the last remark and shouted, "Oh, you had your

lark and now you can forget it. I have monstrous balloons galore. I'll keep the basket of the one in which you Tinties had your fun, but I don't want the gas bag. I won't use it any more."

WHEN they were safely on the ground and lots of people gathered 'round, we Duncy told them 'bout the bird that made the gas bag break. Then all the Tinties ran into the tent, for something else to do. Soon Windy said, "I'll make you laugh until your sides will ache. That kicking mule, right over there, will kick a big ball in the air. Just watch him when I toss the ball right at his two back feet."

My goodness, 'twas a sight to see! The mule kept kicking constantly, and as the ball flew through the air, we Scouty said, "That's neat!" (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.) (Duncy runs into an accident in the next story.)

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLAWA COUNTIES (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 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.

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FOR RENT 7-rm. modern house, full basement, hardwood floors, Moderately priced. Phone Main 586. 6-30-t f.

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THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) The Wrong Man!

OH IT'S YOU, MR. DETECTIVE. I'VE GOT THE BIGGEST JOKE TO TELL YOU!! OH YEAH? AND I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU! GET ON YOUR HAT AND COME WITH ME BUT- BUT- I ALWAYS GET MY MAN! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS T'COME, DOWN AND IDENTIFY YOU'D PEARLS

BUT I'VE FOUND THE PEARLS! I HID THEM IN MY SHOE AND FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT ISN'T THAT A RIOT !! YEAH ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A CRY FOR HELP!

WHEN ON VACATION YOU FOLKS START, YOU'LL REST AND SEE NEW THINGS, WHY NOT ARRANGE, HERE YOU DEPART, TO TAKE THE TINYMITES

THE LETTER THAT FRECKLES RECEIVED FROM CASABA, ARIZONA IS FROM HARRY REDFIELD THE BOY WHO GAVE POODLE TO FRECKLES, HARRY SAYS THAT HE IS LONESOME FOR HIS OLD DOG!!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL CALL THE NAME HARRY TO POODLE AN' SEE WHAT HE DOES... HOH POODLE, C'MERE!!

WHERE'S HARRY, POODLE? HURRY! WHERE IS HARRY?

WOOOF

AN, I WAS ONLY FOOLIN' POODLE... HE ISN'T HERE... SHUCKS! THAT WAS A MEAN TRICK TO PLAY ON YOU— DON'T YOU WORRY... YOU'RE GOING TO SEE HIM... YSR!!

WILL BUY 80 car batteries. Will pay according to their condition. High batteries as low as \$6.00. Automotive Electric Co., 1423 Adams, Phone M 520. 1-20-1 m. PUBLIC KEEP off my yard. Use Walks, Fannie Allison. 7-9-t f. No Arguments Passionate expressions and vehement assertions are not arguments, unless it be of weakness of the cause that is defended by them, or of the man that defends it.—Chillingworth.

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