

Rohrig Funeral Service Held At Union Tuesday

By Mrs. L. Z. Terrill (Observer Correspondent) UNION, Ore. (Special) — Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Alma Rohrig, who passed away at the home of her step-son, Herbert, in Tacoma, after an illness that had confined her to her bed since February. Rev. Clarence Kopp, the Episcopal rector from La Grande, conducted the services at the Methodist church and special music was furnished by the quartet with two solo songs by Mrs. Merton Davis and T. D. Smith. Rev. R. C. Lee spoke in behalf of Mrs. Rohrig's work in the community after which the ritualistic service of the Eastern Star was given.

Mrs. Rohrig was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Mar. 2, 1857, and was married to Reinhold Rohrig during the winter of 1894. They were well-to-do stockmen in Colorado making their home at Silverton, Cripple Creek and other mining towns. At one time Mrs. Rohrig was known as the "sheep king" of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico. They came to Union 28 years ago and lived here the remainder of their lives. During the last months that Mrs. Rohrig spent in Tacoma, Mr. Rohrig preceded her in death four years. She is survived by her son Frank Chase, of Berkeley, Cal., and a daughter, Mrs. W. H. W. of Tacoma. A daughter, Mrs. Violet Haller, died in 1922. She also leaves a sister Miss Agnes Brienne and two brothers, Theodore and Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brizien and their sons stopped over the weekend at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Williams, on their way home to Nampa after spending a few weeks at Corvallis during the week which had been visiting her grandparents, went as far as Nyssa with them. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Foye left Tuesday for a few days camping on Eagle creek. C. L. Cadwell returned home the first of the week from Hot Lake where he underwent an operation sometime ago.

Guests over the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Jackson were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Altergo, and daughter, Mrs. W. H. W. and Miss Cora Malone, of Baker, sister of Mrs. Jackson. After spending a couple of weeks with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Nielson, Leo and Virginia, Nielson and Mrs. Hilda Johnson, who came here to attend the funeral of their sister, Ruth, returned to Oakland Wednesday. Mrs. W. H. W. accompanied them up for a visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Minnick, and Leah, daughter of J. W. Lay, returned to Oakland with them. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bonny, Mrs. Frances Tallman and Col. H. W. Palmer left Tuesday evening for a ten-day camping and fishing trip at the lakes around Eagle Cap. Mrs. E. La Grande, commercial instructor in the High school, of Union, was a visitor here on Monday. G. K. McCormick, of La Grande, was caller at Mrs. Fannie Bidwell's home Sunday evening. Mrs. Eldred Hutchinson and Miss Eldora Hutchinson left Monday for the city where they will visit friends for a couple of weeks. T. D. Smith drove to Wallowa Thursday for Miss Gladys Wortman, who has been visiting relatives there for the past ten days. Frank Chase who came to Union to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Alma Rohrig, left Tuesday evening attending some business at Chehalis, Wash., before returning to Berkeley. Mrs. Hattie Mattox left Tuesday for Seattle where she will attend the national convention of the W. C. T. U. returning to Union about the 20th.

ENTERPRISE PERSONALS

ENTERPRISE, Ore. (Special) — Tuesday evening a group of friends called on Mr. and Mrs. Winchester Hiner, who are spending their honeymoon at Wallowa Lake, Mrs. Hiner was formerly Miss Lois Nelson, of La Grande. Tuesday night was "Ladies Night" at the Lions club, and a floral banquet was held. Mrs. Biard, of Wallowa, gave a very interesting talk concerning the species and growth of gladioluses. Mrs. Payne, of this city, gave a general instruction on the kinds of flowers best grown here. The dining room was decorated with many gorgeous bouquets. Each woman was presented with a corsage. Miss Mildred Shaw, who has been playing in the orchestra at the Chalet this summer, was called to Yakima yesterday by the sudden death of her father. It is not known whether she will return or not. A luncheon was given at Mrs. W. H. Bohnenkamp's cabin at Wallowa Lake honoring Mrs. J. C. Gulling Wednesday afternoon. About 15 women were present. Mrs. Roy Quick, daughter and son, Laurabelle and Rupert, are here visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Quick's home is in Portland. They expect to be here until the 15th day. Miss Myra Jordan is home on her vacation visiting her family. Myra is working in the state house at Salem. Mrs. W. P. Robinson has returned from Hot Lake where she has been under the doctor's care for some time. Sterilization of drinking water by a process utilizing silver is attracting interest in Germany.

WAKE UP YOUR LOWER BILE WITHOUT CALOMEL And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks pink, don't try to get up. Get a mineral water, eat laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your discomfort is that your bile is not flowing freely. Your food doesn't digest in it just as it does in the bowels and it backs up your stomach. You have a thick, hard taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in pimples. Your head aches and you feel dull and out. Your whole system is poisoned. It takes three good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you get "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't ask for liver pills, ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Beware of substitutes. 25c at all stores. © 1931 C. M. C.

COVE PERSONALS

By Mrs. A. G. Conkili (Observer Correspondent) COVE (Special) — Wallowa lake seems to be the mecca for many pleasant camping parties. Saturday a party made up of G. G. Stackland, Miss Thelma Anderson, Lexro and Roxie Prillman, Misses Margaret, Jennie and Otellia Ans, Oscar Ans, Logan and Conrad Anderson, went over and stayed until Monday, and report that the place was gay with many people. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mangreen, lately come here from Florida, have moved into their new home and are making some improvements by way of building a kitchen, bath room and some porches. They are very much pleased with their new home and the country. The George Anderson family have moved into the Mitchell house for the present.

Gambler's Throw by Eustace L. Adams.

CHAPTER 37 A MYSTERIOUS LETTER The hidden machine-gun became silent. The ground in front of the house seemed magically cleared of running men. Ashwood rose, slipped his hot automatic into his shoulder holster and stretched, glancing about the room. Then the hard lines reappeared in his face as he glanced toward the far end of the room. Emory, getting to his feet, saw Alfred, the faithful little steward, lying motionless. Ashwood limped across the room, looked down into the lifeless face for a long moment and turned away. "Let's pass out a round of grog, Ash," suggested Emory. "I think we've earned it."

Stevens pushed his well-scraped plate aside with a sigh of complete contentment. He grinned comfortably at Nancy, who looked adorable in her borrowed cook's costume. Then he wandered to the door of the wrecked living room and surveyed the scene of desolation. In the reaction from the battle, it had been easy to forget the splintered walls. "Glad I wasn't here last night," he observed judiciously. "See you later." "There," declared Jerry thoughtfully, "goes a real man." "He's had more fun the past few days," stated Ashwood, smiling, "than he's had in ten years." "If you'll excuse me," said Emory, rising, "I'm going to find a desk and write a letter."

"I'll ease out and see if the boys have creased up properly," decided the cripple. "Want to come along, you two?" He looked at Mallory and Martin so meaningfully that they started, guiltily, from their chairs and followed him precipitately. Then, suddenly, Mallory returned. "Here," he said to Nancy, "give these to the minister. Don't let him thank us." "Look at these," she murmured and passed them to Jerry. They were two checks for \$25,000 each, drawn simply to the order of "Dr. Titherington's church." One was signed by Mallory, the other by Martin. "The fight last night seems to have restored Mallory to something like normal," observed Jerry. "If it has done as much for Hamilton, we'll have a lot to be thankful for." "The minister has finally agreed," said Nancy, "that if Hamilton wakes up in his right mind, nobody is to tell him about Williams and the guard. Their deaths will be explained as part of the general fight last night."

Jerry fell silent, his thoughts wandering. In another few hours they would be on their way back to civilization. In another week, perhaps, this glorious girl would be back on Broadway, charming the hearts of audiences. "And now, young man, you are going to help me with the dishes," she informed him, her eyes sparkling at his moody countenance. Jerry carried a pile of dishes into the kitchen. "How dare you put them into the water without scraping them! It's going to take me some time to train you, but I'll do it, yet!" He grasped her roughly by both shoulders. "What did you mean by that?" he demanded. "You men are so awkward," she parried, not meeting his eyes. "Now you listen," said Jerry. "Isn't this whole business hard enough for me without you joking about it? You know I love you, so why try to plague me with it? You know that I worship you, your marvellous eyes, your saucy little nose, your kissable lips and—my God—you laugh at me!" A soft, slender hand crept up to his mouth and pressed hard against it with surprising strength. "Jerry, you're so dumb!" He spluttered and shook his head, trying to speak. "Are you really," she asked softly, her clear eyes meeting his at last, "going to cast me off and divorce me?" He stared incredulously at her, un-

able, not daring to believe his ears. "You're a beast!" Her voice shook a little. "Married two whole days and you haven't kissed me once!" He reached for her hungrily and it his hard-muscled arms all but broke her back, she made no complaint. But, of course, she couldn't. Her lips were sealed. At length, it may have been five minutes later or an hour, Nancy Wentworth Calhoun pushed her husband away and straightened her hair. "One more kiss!" "Not until you return with another load of dishes." He grumbled, but hastened into the dining room. Just as he was scooping up an armful of plates and cups his eye fell upon a large square envelope. Upon its face was his own name in large, scrawling letters. Anxious to return to Nancy, he grabbed a handful of plates and raced to the kitchen. Thumbing open the enclosure flap, he withdrew the envelope and stared, puzzled, at Emory's familiar handwriting. "What's the matter, Jerry?" Nancy was alarmed at his expression. "Here, you read it to me." He thrust the letter into her hand. "Dear old top," she read. "It's almost time to shove off for New York and, eventually, Boston. But I can't stick it. "I'm a restless bird of passage, a changeling child in a family to whom there is no world beyond Beacon Hill. I crave new scenes and new doings. It would never occur to me to fade out of the picture without you except that I know what you are too goofy to realize—that you are going to stay married. "So, old man, after these many years, we've arrived at the parting of the ways which comes inevitably when a girl makes a trio out of a duo. You and Nancy. A great pair, old man! You'll settle down, worry about your golf game and become peevish when the chauffeur clashes the gears. "Between pals, distance does not count. We'll drift together, old son, from time to time. I'll drop in on you, put my muddy feet on your mahogany desk and tell you how I got my tan and my touch of malaria. And you'll tell me how your tailor fusses about your respectable bulge. You'll be sorry for me and I'll be sorry for you. And maybe, in all your conventional happiness, you'll envy me just a little. You'll smell the smell of burned oil and exhaust gas and you'll remember the kick-back of a gat against your palm and you'll wonder where I am and what I'm doing. But, as the old cliché goes, you can't have everything. "Remember, Jerry, how we'd roll the dice when we faced a difficult decision? Gambler's throw, one roll? Well, I've rolled 'em and I'm joining up with Ashwood for a bit of a whirl somewhere. Next to you, he's the gamest little fighting cock I've ever known. Unlike you he has no future. In which, he resembles me, so we'll share together whatever old Lady Luck has in mind for us. "You're an ornery cuss, Jerry. You fight too hard and too often. You're an easy-going guy, but you're hell on skates when you get riled. And it's pretty tough to have to shove off without you. "Listen: we're wiping the speed boat, Ash and I. With a couple of hours' leeway, we'll be off in the amphibian and you won't be able to catch us in the monoplane. Give us a break if you can. If you can't, we'll make a race of it. "Slap Steve on the back for me and tell him that, so far as his conscience is concerned, he can sleep in his little house amid the peach trees with the assurance that Ashwood won't operate again in the U. S. A. Elsewhere—who knows? Maybe we'll roll the dice again! "Best regards, that they all pushed and made it go. Although the monk was thankful, it began to sulk and wail. "His tail is hurt," kind Copy cried. "I'm going to hold it by my side and see if I can ease the pain." Then at the monk he smiled. "The last part of the letter sounds interesting," said a voice from the doorway. Nancy and Jerry wheeled around to face Stevens. The girl passed him the letter. He read it slowly. "How long have they been gone?" he asked very quietly. "I haven't any idea," confessed Jerry. "Better give 'em a couple of hours more, then. No sense in loading the dice on 'em," Stevens said. "It's Gambler's Throw." (Continued, Next Press)

Bringing Trade Revival Chapin's Biggest Task as Commerce Head

WASHINGTON — Roy D. Chapin, seated at the wheel of the commerce department as successor to Robert P. Lamont, may find that the steepest climb facing his machine is the uphill drive to business recovery. Officials here believe that this drive will be the chief problem of the aggressive optimist as well as his chief opportunity to make good with the cabinet portfolio. Allied is the problem of steering a course, or building a road, that may minimize the necessity of such steep climbs in the future. Machinery Geared Up To tackle his new work, the veteran automotive man will head a machine geared in most part to the promotion of the nation's industry and trade. As its leader he will be faced immediately with two very practical questions which business men are continually asking the department these days: How can we get orders and how can we reduce costs? It is believed here that Secretary Chapin, because he has tackled these same problems in his own work, may offer new ideas or concentrate on old ones which have been suggested or tested by his own experience. He has, for instance, emphasized in the past the necessity for mass distribution. With the opportunities he will now have for leadership it is taken in many quarters that he may stir a new interest in this subject which many economists have held forth as an essential but too often disregarded, companion to mass production. In other business quarters it is believed that one of the current problems in which he may take leader-

ship is the turning of trade from being "sales-minded" to becoming "sales-minded." Belief that Secretary Chapin may be active in establishing such a transformation is based particularly on his automotive association, a line which has been noted for its aggressive "sales-mindedness." An International Problem A problem facing him in international trade is the growing trend among nations to be self-sufficient, a trend which has led to immediate losses in export trade. That the subject holds few fears for the new secretary has been evidenced by his open-exposed business philosophy that anything that increases buying power abroad will ultimately be reflected in increased purchases of American products. NEW CLEVELAND STADIUM BEATS 'KNOT HOLE' GANG CLEVELAND (AP)—When the Cleveland Indians moved into their new stadium they left out in the cold completely a large and motley group of followers known as the "knot hole gang." The old ball park abounded with peep holes and cracks, well cultivated and catagolged by the unofficial fans. In addition there were telephone poles, trees, roofs and windows, scattered by from which games might be witnessed. But there is not a single hole in the armor of the big stadium. Worse, not a roof, tree or pole from which the game may be viewed.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Large shallow vat. 2. Unit of electrical current. 3. Footless animal. 4. Laid out. 5. A dance. 6. Kind of balalaika. 7. Siberian river. 8. Bireta-brac cabinets. 9. Devoid. 10. Make lace. 11. Spread loosely. 12. Agreement in final sounds. 13. Wine. 14. Forest. 15. Unit of weight. 16. Pertaining to old age. 17. Pressing. 18. Headpiece. 19. Hindu deity. 20. Siamese coins. 21. Nervous. 22. Heifer. 23. Pronoun. 24. Swiss river. 25. Experts in precious stones. 26. Districted. 27. Consumed. 28. Harbor. 29. One of the olive tree. 30. Powder. 31. Jewel. 32. Pagan god. 33. Poultry product. 34. Kind of tree. 35. Meadow. 36. 17th century. 37. Flemish rooster. 38. Before confidence in. 39. Insect. 40. Flounders of the land; abur. 41. Who she does. 42. Suffix. 43. Illness incurable. 44. French. 45. High. 46. Pieces of baked clay. 47. From a distance. 48. Ovarial solo. 49. Indolent. 50. Chilly. 51. Journey. 52. Dispatched. 53. Precious metal. 54. Count.

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

THE TINNYMITES STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE strong and so it didn't take them long to move the heavy boulder from the little monkey's tail. "Twas when wee Scouty cried, 'Heave ho,' that they all pushed and made it go. Although the monk was thankful, it began to sulk and wail. "His tail is hurt," kind Copy cried. "I'm going to hold it by my side and see if I can ease the pain." Then at the monk he smiled. "The last part of the letter sounds interesting," said a voice from the doorway. Nancy and Jerry wheeled around to face Stevens. The girl passed him the letter. He read it slowly. "How long have they been gone?" he asked very quietly. "I haven't any idea," confessed Jerry. "Better give 'em a couple of hours more, then. No sense in loading the dice on 'em," Stevens said. "It's Gambler's Throw." (Continued, Next Press)

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES

(Count five 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 Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month. Per line, 1st insertion, 10c Per line, each added consecutive insertion, 7c Minimum charge on one order 25c

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Cheap, good Studebaker truck, or trade for car. Inquire Rex Barber Shop. 8-11-3 tp. 7-PM. HOUSE, 8 A., good outbuilding, \$2900. 1st place east county farm. Inq. Union pool hall. 8-11-8 tp.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—7-rm. mod. house, full basement, hardwood floors. Moderately priced. Phone Main 586. 7-20-2 f. STRICTLY MODERN 7-rm. house on 9th St. Inquire 1405 N. or phone 434-J. 6-20-2 f.

MISCELLANEOUS

EPILEPSY—EPILEPTICS! Detroit lady finds complete relief for husband. Specialists—home-abroad, failed. Nothing to tell. All letters answered. Mrs. Geo. Dempster, Apt. 19-5, 6900 Lafayette Blvd., West, Detroit, Mich. 8-11-1 tp. MONEY AVAILABLE for short time loans. Main 433. 8-10-3 tp.

AUTOMOBILES

1928 G. M. C. 1 1/2 ton truck, \$275.00. Used Hot Point electric range, \$34.50. Carr Furniture Co. 8-10-1 m. Chevrolet four-door sedan. Runs excellent, price \$100.00. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 4th & Adams Phone M. 500

FOR TRADE

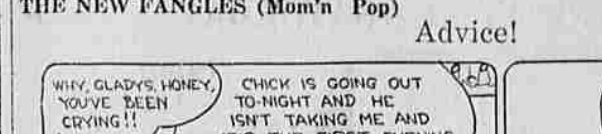
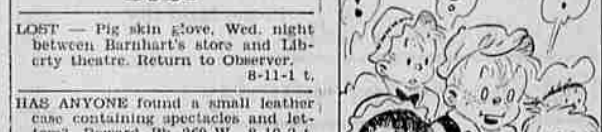
BIG SIX STUDEBAKER to trade for truck. Allen Bros. Service Station. 8-11-6 t. WILL TRADE—3/4 heavy wagon for wood, 1602 Alder St. 8-10-2 tp.

LOST

LOST — Pig skin glove, Wed. night between Barnhart's store and Liberty theatre. Return to Observer. 8-11-1 t. HAS ANYONE found a small leather case containing spectacles and letters? Reward, Ph. 369 W. 8-10-2 t. LOST — Brown police dog with big studded collar with Walla Walla city license. Bet. Cove and Meacham, Pri. \$5 reward. Inq. Observer. 8-10-4 tp.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) Advice!

WHY, GLADYS, HONEY, YOU'VE BEEN CRYING!! CHICK IS GOING OUT TO-NIGHT AND HE ISN'T TAKING ME AND IT'S THE FIRST EVENING THAT WE'VE EVER BEEN SEPARATED. BUT IT'S A SMOKER, MOM, AND GLADYS SEEMS TO THINK I OUGHT T TAKE HER ALONG. I KNOW IT MAY SEEM FUNNY, BUT MEN LIKE TO GET OFF BY THEMSELVES ONCE IN A WHILE. IT MAKES THEM FEEL THAT THEY'RE STILL FREE AND UNCONFINED. NEVER LET A MAN SENSE THAT YOU DEMAND ANY PART OF HIS LEISURE TIME — AND THE CHANCES ARE HELL WANT TO SPEND IT ALL WITH YOU. NOW WHEN CHICK GOES ON A PARTY YOU GO AND SEE SOME OF YOUR GIRL FRIENDS AND BE SURE AND TELL CHICK WHAT A GOOD TIME YOU HAD. GEE, MOM, YOU ALWAYS HAVE SUCH GOOD IDEAS.



Boss Of The Road OVERALLS 89c Trotter's QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP

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

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS A Pocket Edition! OSCAR CLAIMS TO HAVE INVENTED A PRINCIPLE WHEREBY AUTOS CAN RUN WITHOUT ANY AUTOMOTIVE POWER WHATSOEVER... PRESENTING THE INVENTOR HIMSELF...

AND WITHIN THIS SHED, BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, OUR INVENTOR WORKED FOR DAYS... WHILE FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS SCOFFED AND RIDICULED OSCAR FOR HIS FANTASTIC IDEAS... BUNK!

AND YESTERDAY, WHEN THE CONTRAPTION WAS BROUGHT FORTH, THEY STOOD IN AMAZEMENT BEFORE THE FUNNY LOOKING THING... THE INVENTION ITSELF!! OSCAR CALLS IT THE OSC-CAR, NAMED APPROPRIATELY AFTER HIMSELF... THE PRINCIPLE, AS YET, HASN'T BEEN EXPLAINED... BUT WAIT!!

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) Advice! WHY, GLADYS, HONEY, YOU'VE BEEN CRYING!! CHICK IS GOING OUT TO-NIGHT AND HE ISN'T TAKING ME AND IT'S THE FIRST EVENING THAT WE'VE EVER BEEN SEPARATED. BUT IT'S A SMOKER, MOM, AND GLADYS SEEMS TO THINK I OUGHT T TAKE HER ALONG. I KNOW IT MAY SEEM FUNNY, BUT MEN LIKE TO GET OFF BY THEMSELVES ONCE IN A WHILE. IT MAKES THEM FEEL THAT THEY'RE STILL FREE AND UNCONFINED. NEVER LET A MAN SENSE THAT YOU DEMAND ANY PART OF HIS LEISURE TIME — AND THE CHANCES ARE HELL WANT TO SPEND IT ALL WITH YOU. NOW WHEN CHICK GOES ON A PARTY YOU GO AND SEE SOME OF YOUR GIRL FRIENDS AND BE SURE AND TELL CHICK WHAT A GOOD TIME YOU HAD. GEE, MOM, YOU ALWAYS HAVE SUCH GOOD IDEAS.