

# Leap Year Bride

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN  
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## CHAPTER I

The green rooster cutting its way, and ribbon-like, down the sky, and the bird came to an abrupt jolting at the intersection with Twenty-fourth street.

Cherry Dixon's chin rose to meet the end of the cord. Escaped from her throat to do a mad dance on her shoulder. It was one of those days in early April when brilliant sunshine snowed down on the city and without warming it. The pale radiance seemed almost to make her more biting. But it was a bright, sunny, spring air and the combination was irresistible.

Cherry crooked her wrist for a black glance at her watch. Only 10:30 now. She was not due for 20 minutes. There was plenty of time—plenty to reach the Wellington for the 1:30 engagement.

She had known all along there was a little danger that today of all days she would be late! Another halt for traffic lights and when on again, Cherry impatiently knew the beige suit was becoming as it was new, to be on her way to meet an exciting young man who knew—at least to know almost—hers as much about the wedding as she did!

Warm color that could not have been accounted for by the April wind swept into Cherry Dixon's cheeks. "What a lovely day!" she said, "I don't think you're trying very hard to find a job."

It had been the greatest luck in the world, surely, that for the second time in a week she was to see Dan Phillips. He had been simple to manage, telling Mother about the Guild committee meeting and to drive into town alone. There had been a complete meeting. For that matter, what other girl of 19 would have to explain where she was going and with whom if the notion to take a drive at midday happened to strike her?

The roadster reached the viaduct and was swept into the slow stream of east-bound travel. The Wellington's busiest thoroughfares, boasting three buildings 30 stories high—the flash of green was almost lost in the crush of fashions, trucks, limousines and small, ancient vehicles.

There was no time now to try to qualify her deception, no time for any dreams. The shrill, authoritative clanging of an officer's whistle sent the crowd of motorists to the curb. The green car managed expertly to keep abreast of the current. These deep more and the roadster swerved to the curb before the Hotel Wellington.

Cherry stepped out, surrendered the car to a doorman and entered the lobby and mounted the broad staircase leading to the mezzanine.

Mrs. Cassidy, whose glowing tulle and blue eyes made the cigar stand a highly decorative corner of the lobby, tapped her hand on the head of the Kaminshmidt, who was leaning over the glass surface of the counter.

"Well—look what blew in!" Mazie whispered in a tone that belied her indifference. Kaminshmidt concentrated on the film figure ascending the stairway. "Some baby!" he said casually. "Who's she?"

"Some baby's right!" Mazie commented. "What I wouldn't give for the dough her old man's got! Cherry Dixon—that's her name. Lives out in Sherwood Heights in one of the best houses on a farm. I've seen her picture on the society pages. Most of the time she's away—in Europe or at some swell school or something. She—some people have all the luck!"

"How about me, Mazie? Do I get to break this trip or are you going to another of your sixteenth cousin's weddings?"

Mazie grinned. "You can call Dixon for more personal subjects. It was 20 minutes after Cherry Dixon's arrival that a tall young man strode into the Wellington lobby. He wore a gray suit and carried a top-hat. His gray felt was tipped at an angle just slightly rakish. Broad shoulders, rather angular. Not a handsome young man but an attractive one.

He had dozen strides had reached the stairway. Someone sang out, "Hi! Phillips!" just before he rounded the bend of the stairs. The young man turned, waved in salute and continued on his way.

The mezzanine floor of the Hotel Wellington was a rather narrow gallery running the length of the building. It was thickly carpeted and furnished in shades of wood green, bronze and ivory. Groups of over-stuffed chairs, benches and four high-backed lounges were arranged near the iron railing to overlook the first floor. Small desks and chairs stood beside the wall. The lighting was dim because heavy draperies shut out the daylight and only small desk lamps supplemented it.

The young man in gray gained the top step and looked about. None of the persons in sight seemed to interest him. There was a stout man in round-rimmed spectacles writing at the nearest desk. Farther on two matrons engaged in conversation, one of them gesticulating emphatically. At the extreme end of the gallery a small boy was bobbing about after a mechanical toy.

The young man stepped forward uncertainly. All at once he caught sight of a beige shoulder. He thought someone had just handed me a couple of things. He made for that chair.

"So there you are!"

"Oh, Dan!"

Cherry's eyes laughed up at gray ones. The girl was prettier when she smiled. The green velour of the chair was a perfect background for her coloring. The small, rather oval face was creamy ivory except where tinges of rose burned through on each cheek. Curling lashes made the dark eyes darker. Her lips were crimson, possibly explained by the silver vanity case she held. Nature

That was the way the surprising friendship had come about. A dozen times since then the young couple had met. It was Cherry who had counted on Dan when Dan wanted to call for her at Briarport, the Dixon home. She had been vague about it, knowing well what a bombshell would explode if either her father or mother should suspect her of associating with a News reporter.

But in a tiny corner of Cherry's mind she knew the conflagration was imminent. She had been drifting with delightful, breathless madness toward something she refused to face. She didn't want to stop drifting. It was such paradise!

She knew—and refused to know—what had happened. Cherry was in love.

Today, since it was the one in seven when Dan did not have to work, the two had planned to lunch together and then drive into the country.

They finished their coffee and left the dining room. Outdoors the sunshine was glorious, banishing every possible care. The roadster was brought around and Cherry had stepped into it when she heard someone call.

A short, heavily built man had caught Dan Phillips' arm. He had been running and gulped for breath. "Say—! the newcomer exclaimed. "The boss is looking for you! Don't you know what's happened?"

(To Be Continued)

### Clark Wood Says

The world's first Hebrew radio station has been installed at Tel Aviv, but we don't know how the announcer will manage to broadcast his gestures.

Jimmie Walker asserts that the Seabury investigation was "pure politics." Even so, we'd regard it as preferable to impure politics.

At last we've found there's a floor to the bottom, and a few years from now will be due to rediscover that there's a roof to the top.

The best way to sidestep buying a new besting plate is not to own a car.

When a man bites a dog it's news, and we're hopefully waiting for some pedestrian to run down an automobile.

Benito Mussolini writes of a "directing will" in Italy, and we understand that something of the sort is demonstrated by her premier.

The new palace of the president of Turkey has been fitted with motion picture sound-producing equipment of American manufacture.

## 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.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE OR TRADE—5-rm. house. What have you? Phone 316 R. 8-13-3 tp

FOR SALE—Pump shotgun, 16 gauge. Inq. 1907 E. Penn. 8-13-3 t.

J. I. O. CASE threshing machine; 15-30 international tractor engine. Inq. Observer. 8-13-3 t.

FOR SALE—Cheap, good Studebaker truck, or trade for car. Inquire Rex Barber Shop. 8-13-3 tp.

7-RM. HOUSE, 8 A., good outbuildings, \$2000, 1st place east county farm. Inq. Union pool hall. 8-11-6 tp.

### WANTED

BOY'S SECOND HAND bicycle. Must be in A. No. 1 condition. Address Box 10, Observer, stating price. 8-13-3 tp.

WANTED TO RENT—Diversified farm. Phone Farmers 87. 8-13-2 tp.

WANTED—Girl wants housework, 1801 Jackson St. 8-10-2 tp.

WILL BUY 30 car 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 RENT

2 MOD. APTS. at 2011 2nd St. Have to see to appreciate. Call 223 R or 348 W. 8-13-1 tp.

FOR RENT—Apt. Call 481 W. 8-13-3 t.

FOR RENT—Modern house at 1610 Oak St. Chas. H. Reynolds. 8-13-3 t.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. make your rent. Will lease our home and income property at 707 4th St. to satisfactory tenant upon very favorable terms. Owner at premises Aug. 16, 17, 18. Aldrich Apt. 8-13-3 t.

5-ROOM FURNISHED house at 301 Main St. Garage. Phone 608 U. 8-13-6 tp.

FOR RENT — 6-rm. house; cellar, garage, 409-J, \$10.00. 8-13-1 tp.

FOR RENT — New modern 5 room house, 2012 Oak. 8-12-2 tp.

FOR RENT—Good house to winter in. Ph. 321 M. 8-12-2 tp.

FURN. OR UNFURN. 4-rm. house, 1306-10th St., \$12.00. 8-11-5 f.

### AUTOMOBILES

Chevrolet four door sedan. Runs excellent, price \$250.00. PEIKINS MOTOR CO. 4th and Adams Ph. Main 500 8-13-3 t.

1928 G. M. C. 1 1/2 ton truck, \$275.00. Used Hot Point electric range, \$83.50. Carr Furniture Co. 8-10-1 m.

### Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Kind of salted	SAFE	DEW	UPAS
2. South American city	OMAR	AGO	POLE
3. Chart	FACETIOUS	US	RAN
12. Mexican rub.	ANT	EL	NEWEST
13. Expression peculiar to a language	OMRI	DAY	
14. Frozen desert	BETIMES	SEPAL	
15. Large flat	ANU	SAC	ONE
16. On the ocean	ADMIT	MORNING	
17. Sun	BORDE	NOON	
18. Small close room	RIO	REVETMENT	
19. Parent	ALMA	SIN	ARIA
20. South Amer. can country	DYES	SAT	SAR
21. Kind of fruit			
22. Against; oppos.			
23. Body of arms			
24. South African natives			
25. Organ of hearing			
26. Boundary line			
27. Inhabitant of; suffix			
28. Battle for money			
29. Stalk			
30. Meaning			
31. English school			
32. Perform			
33. Ancient manuscript			
34. Favorite			
35. Inhabitant of; suffix			
36. Battle for money			
37. Stalk			
38. Meaning			
39. English school			
40. Perform			
41. Ancient manuscript			
42. Favorite			
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80. Perform			
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83. Inhabitant of; suffix			
84. Battle for money			
85. Stalk			
86. Meaning			
87. English school			
88. Perform			
89. Ancient manuscript			
90. Favorite			
91. Inhabitant of; suffix			
92. Battle for money			
93. Stalk			
94. Meaning			
95. English school			
96. Perform			
97. Ancient manuscript			
98. Favorite			
99. Inhabitant of; suffix			
100. Battle for money			

### FOR TRADE

HAVE LOS ANGELES suburban property to exchange for small ranch town property in or near La Grande. L. P. Schmidt, 240 East St., Los Angeles, Calif. 8-12-2 p.

BIG SIX STUDEBAKER, to trade for truck. Allen Bros. Service 8-11-3 t.

That Marvelous Radio  
One of the marvelous tricks done by radio is that of lifting a map to the realm of the stars, through the medium of divine music, then dropping him into a can of soup—Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

Man and Morality  
Man is so essentially, so accidentally, a moral being that, when he denies the existence of all morality, that very denial already becomes the foundation of a new morality. Mactierlink.

Hint for Novelists  
By some strange mischance, a novel has been published without its first two chapters. Here is an idea which, in many cases, might usefully be carried a good deal further.—London Passing Show.

End of Honeymoon  
The honeymoon is over when she looks across her father's table and says, "Dear, I don't think you're trying very hard to find a job."—Ohio State Journal.

### MISCELLANEOUS

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 323-J. 8-8-1 f.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music. Violin, piano, voice. Credits. I. O. P. Temple, 447-J. 8-8-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards, Prop. 12-1-1 m.

### LOST

LOST—Brown police dog with big mottled collar with Wally Walker's license. Bet. Cove and Mencham, Pri. \$5 reward. Inq. Observer. 8-10-4 tp.

### Professional Directory

Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUVY  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital  
3rd floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 16.

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### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

#### The Supreme Moment!

YEAH...THAT'S WHAT WE SAY! IF YOUR INVENTION'S SO WONDERFUL, GET IN AN' SHOW US!!

ALL RIGHT! AS LONG AS YOU FELLAS ARE TOO DUMB TO FIGURE IT OUT, I'LL TAKE A RIDE IN AN' PROVE IT TO YOU!!

WE'RE FROM MISSOURI!!

I'M KINDA BRIGHT MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THAT THING SHOULD RUN BY ITSELF, CAN YOU, ALECK?

I GAVE UP LONG AGO!

NO-LETS! SEE IT!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE YET THAT THING'LL RUN BY ITS OWN SELF, DO YOU, JAYZ?

THE BIG MOMENT HAS ARRIVED!!!

1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

### THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

#### That Fifty Bucks!

By Cowan

HOW ABOUT CHA-CHICK—ARE YOU ALL SET?

YEAH—JUST WAIT TILL I BUZZ GLADY

I'LL THINK OF YOU EVERY MINUTE, SUGAR

SO THE NEWLY WED DARE-DEVILS HAVE A PARTY ON, EH? WELL, ENJOY YOURSELVES

WE WILL NOT BE THERE, DRIZZY

ON GOING TO A SMOKER, AS HANK'S GUEST, CHICK LEAVES GLADY ALONE FOR THE FIRST EVENING SINCE THEIR MARRIAGE

WOW! ISN'T THIS THE FURNITURE STORE THAT'S HAD YOU IN THE RED MONTH 2 AFTER MONTH 2

YEAH, BABY. BUT I'M GOIN' IN AND MAKE THEM SEE RED... WAIT A SECOND

I OVER PAID OUR FURNITURE BILL, SO I'M FIFTY SMACKERS TO THE GOOD

HARTY FUZZ

1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

### THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING

(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE monkeys hopped around with ease among the branches of the trees and chattered at the Tinies who sat watching them in glee.

Said Scotty, "Gee, they are a treat. They're very nimble on their feet. I wish that I could climb that way. It would be fun for me."

"That's not a bad idea, lad," cried Windy. "I have often tried to do a bit of quick work when I've been up in my plane. I'm going to try and swing around and yet stay safely off the ground. If I can keep from falling, my attempt won't be in vain."

"WHY, all around us you can see that vines are hanging from each tree. I understand they're good and strong. Come on, who's game to swing?"

"I'll be the first to take a chance." He grabbed a hold of one long branch and then swung out so quickly that it made the breeze sing.

And, sure enough, the monkey led them to a spot where Scotty said, "Gee, look! This is a gateway and it leads to Monkey Land!"

"I guess we are supposed to go inside. The monkey seems to know that we all seek excitement. Come, we'll enter hand in hand."

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When he swung back he hooked his feet right by the bunch. "Say! (The Tinies move into a little grass house in the next story.)