

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN (Copyright 1932) (By NEA Service Inc.) BEGIN HERE TODAY Cherry Dixon, pretty, 19, tells her mother she is going to a club meeting but instead met Dan Phillips, reporter on the Wallington News. Cherry has few friends because her wealthy parents consider most of the other young people of the town socially inferior. She has become acquainted with Phillips without her parents' knowledge. She and Dan lunch together and she about to start for a drive in Cherry's roadster when another reporter tells Dan the city editor has been trying to find him. Duke Smith, a bank robber, has escaped jail and the city editor wants Dan to find Inez Malloy, Smith's sweetheart, and get an interview. Dan and Cherry drive to the apartment where Inez is staying. He enters, promising to return in 10 minutes. When he does not come Cherry grows nervous and goes into the apartment and Dan goes on with the story.

CHAPTER III Some of the names above the mail boxes tilted tipily so that they were difficult to read. Others lacked identification of any sort. Cherry searched the list but nowhere could she find the name "Baker." It must be there, though. "Baker" was what Dan had said. Unless he found the place he'd have come back. But there was no such name on the list of tenants of the apartment. The girl turned uncertainly. The exterior of the building had proven deceptive. The small square entrance way in which she stood was soiled and down-at-heel. Brown walls and hideous panels of scenic wallpaper on either side. Pungent marks smudging the woodwork. The simulated floor in need of soap and water.

Cherry's fears were rising. It was at that instant that a grimy urchin, capless and wearing a sweater too large for him, appeared on the other side of the outer door and stared at the girl through the glass panel. She drew back the door. "Do you know if some people named Baker live here?" she asked. The urchin nodded. Traces of some sticky stuff showed on his cheeks. The blue stare of impulsive eyes regarded her, but the child did not speak. "Can you tell me where to find them?"

The urchin pointed a sticky finger to the door at the left. Through the glass portion of the door a short flight of stairs was revealed. Evidently it led to a hall. Somehow the child reassured Cherry. It couldn't be such a dreadful place if there were children about. Timidly she put a hand on the door. It opened. She went up the steps gingerly and found herself in a long passage. There was a dim yellow light half way down the hall. Its meager rays showed doors on either side—probably a dozen of them. Gray daylight filtered through a window on the landing where the stairs turned. The thing to do now would be to knock at one of these doors and ask where the Bakers lived. Cherry took two steps forward— and drew back in dismay. There were voices, men's voices, raised and angry, behind the nearest door on the right.

The voices continued. One of them grew louder than the others. Oh,

there was no doubt that the men were angry. Suddenly Cherry heard the clatter of keys turning in a lock. They were coming! In panic, blindly, the girl ran up the stairs and turned at the landing. She heard the door open below and the men came out. Breathlessly she flattened herself against the wall. Now they were gone but she dared not go down. Stealthily Cherry crept up the stairs to the second floor. She must find someone to help her. She must find Dan! Marshaling all her courage, Cherry stepped forward. She raised a hand and knocked at the door before her. She could never remember the rest. The deafening roar of a gun's report, the sharp, stinging sensation in her arm, her own shriek—they seemed all to have happened at once. Out of the darkness she was able vaguely to hear voices. One that was familiar. A pleasant voice. Who was it? Cherry opened her eyes. "That's the girl, Cherry! Feeling better now?"

Why, it was Dan who was bending over her! He seemed to have his arm about her. "Dan—what happened?" "Never mind about that now. Here, make if you can drink this." He held a glass to her lips. It was sharp, biting stuff that stung her throat but she drank it. Dan's face looked worried. What was the matter? Suddenly Cherry began to remember things. That drive down strange streets—Inez Somebody whom Dan must find—waiting outside in the car—

Cherry felt a knife-like twinge of pain in her left arm. A little moan escaped her lips. Then she saw that the arm was bandaged and there were blotches of red on the white cloth. Fright widened her eyes. "Dan—?" she began but was interrupted. "Listen, honey, do you think you can stand up if I put my arm around you? We want to get you to a doctor. Here, let's see if you can make it!" She was lying on a davenport in a room she had never seen before. Strange faces were peering at her. Several women, a half-grown girl, the grimy urchin, she had seen downstairs and two men. It was not an attractive room. Her arm ached.

"Try it, Cherry," Dan prompted. "I'll help you." Obediently she tried to rise. The throbbing pain made her awkward. Phillips lifted her, carefully and gently. When she was red on her feet she leaned against him. "I—I can make it!" she said. The girl's voice was almost a whisper. She took a step unsteadily. "Wait—here's your coat."

They managed to get it around her, one arm in its sleeve and the other hanging loose. One of the women helped Dan. Then, slowly and painfully, they made for the door. It had been one of the rooms on the second floor in which Cherry had found herself. They reached the hall. There Phillips picked the girl up and carried her in his arms down the stairs. Not until they had reached the entrance way did he set her down. "Arm hurt much now?" he asked. "It's pretty sore," she admitted. "Was it a gun that went off?" Phillips nodded. "Might have been a look-out or just some crazy drunk. Whoever did it was gone when I got there. The main thing, child, is to get you to a doctor's office."

They left the building. Suddenly Phillips brushed around the girl and a little in front of her. "Stay

close to me!" he murmured. "And let me do the talking!" Not six yards away, coming toward them, was a blue-coated officer and a youth. "Just a minute there!" the policeman called. Dan and Cherry halted. "What you live in this building?" the policeman demanded. "No." "Then what have you been doing there?"

"Officer, we're looking for an apartment. Stopped to see if there were any for rent but we didn't like the looks of the place—"

"Can't go back now," he told her. "Not with that flat-foot there! After I get you in a doctor's office I'll come back for it." Cherry's arm burned painfully. Two great fear drops, unbidden, slid down her cheeks. Firmly she gripped her teeth, resolving not to cry out. Twice Dan's eyes left the road to catch side-long glimpses of the girl's white face. Each time he increased the speed of the car. Ten minutes later he was ushering her into a physician's office.

"It's her left arm," he told the doctor. "Gun went off accidentally, served to stop the bleeding with a tourniquet." For another 10 minutes there was activity—tense and efficient—in the small office. Cherry's courage probed and cleaned. The bullet had torn the flesh of her upper arm in an ugly, jagged line but had not lodged there. Weak from fright and from loss of blood, Cherry clung to Dan's hand while the doctor sewed the torn skin in place. "A quarter of an inch deeper and this would have been serious," the physician told them. His name was Dr. Ryland and, according to the framed diploma from medical school which hung on the wall, he had been practicing less than four years. "The bullet barely missed an artery. Your tourniquet was a splendid idea. It might have saved her life."

"How's that now?" he went on, addressing the girl. "Is it too tight?" "It's all right." Already the arm was less painful, but in conversation Cherry noticed Dr. Ryland apply the last bit of bandaging. They had cut away the sleeve of her sweater. The new beige skirt was soiled and spotted and so was her coat. For the first time Cherry thought of going home. Her mother—her father—how on earth could she face them? A moan escaped her lips. "I thought you said it didn't hurt so much!" It was Phillips speaking. She tried to smile. "It doesn't."

"Then, what's the matter?" "Nothing," she told him. "Just—nothing." The bandage was finished and Dr. Ryland stood back. "It will be painful," he told the girl, "but I don't think you're going to have any trouble with it. The dressing will need to be changed. What you need now is quiet. Lots of rest."

"Dan, certainly." Dan picked up the instrument, gave a number. "City clerk," he said brusquely and then a moment later, "Bates? This is Phillips, say, I've just been talking to Inez Malloy. Give me a good story. Shall I—WHAT? What did you say—?" Both of the listeners turned. There was something in Dan's question that was electrifying. Spell-bound, they watched and seemed to see the youth's whole body go limp. "No!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God—no!" The words were not a denial, not even disbeliever. Slowly he turned and set down the instrument. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Sack of Wheat Is Ticket to Round-up

PENDLETON, Ore., Aug. 16 (AP)—Any rancher with a sack of wheat may see the first two days of the Pendleton Round-Up. Henry Collins, president of the western cops, announced Monday that the Round-Up board has decided to exchange seats for wheat. The offer is not being limited to Umatilla county ranchers. All comers, with wheat, may stay.

Indian Girl Hurt Badly in Accident

BEND, Ore., Aug. 15 (AP)—Mrs. Hilbert Williams, young Indian girl whose month-old son was killed last night in an automobile accident on The Dalles-California highway south of Crescent, was in a critical condition in a hospital here today. Her husband, young resident of the Klamath reservation, also is in the hospital, but less seriously hurt. The Indian baby was killed and its parents were injured when two automobiles, one driven by Williams and the other by R. O. Stevenson, Nebraska tourist, met on a curve in a blinding rain. With Stevenson was his wife and five-year-old son who was badly injured by a piece of glass which slashed his neck.

Portland Produce

PORTLAND, Aug. 16 (AP)—Butter, butterfat, eggs, live poultry and country meats unchanged. Mohair, nuts, cascara bark, hops, onions, potatoes, strawberries, wool and hay quotations unchanged. Iowa spent \$29,587,589 for paving and grading state roads during the year ending June 30.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Wooden pins, 2. Brief, 3. Serpents, 14. Leave out, 15. Hummer, 16. African arrow poison, 17. Generous, 18. March around an escutcheon, 21. Slender, 22. Lift up, 23. Evergreen tree, 24. French river, 25. Pronoun, 26. Source, 27. Substrate, 28. Untrue, 29. Formerly, 30. Substrate, 31. Resumes, 32. Note of the scale, 33. One of the British Isles, 41. Seven, 42. Pronoun, 43. Hardens, 44. Period of light, 45. Son of, 46. Diver, 47. Handler, 48. of 45 across, 50. County in, 51. Punish by a fine, 52. Slayer of one's parent, 54. Salt, 55. The coming of a new moon in its second quarter, 56. Typographer, 57. Communication, 58. Period of time, 59. Fine fabric, 60. Top earth, 61. People, 62. Giddy person, 63. A position at a table, 64. Arabian chieftain, 1. Convex, as the moon in its second quarter, 2. Feminine salute, 3. Abbrev., 4. Compound of a gas, 5. Healthy, 6. Alsatian Hindu, 7. Discount, 8. Jobs, 9. Help, 10. Talk through the nose, 11. Persian fairy, 12. Prophet, 13. Remainder, 14. Go over again, 15. Steady ropes, 16. Debut, 17. Beak, across a mountain, 18. Title of "Britannia", 19. Six, 20. Kuchas, 21. Nubian, 22. Marcelline, 23. German's tool, 24. Symbol for nickel.

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1-64 indicating starting positions for the words.

The TINYMITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE "TIMES" sign soon was complete. Said Scouty, "Gee, it looks real neat. It makes me feel we own that house. Come on, let's go inside." And then the painter monkey said, "That's what my sign means. Go ahead!" Wee Doney promptly entered. "Say! It's wonderful," he cried. "And he has right. The grass house was a real attractive place because small windows let the sun shine in to spread a bit of cheer. Small piles of grass were on the floor and Windy said, 'What are they for?' Another answered, 'They are beds. We all will sleep right here.' 'ERE we retire, though, let's look 'round the town and see what can be found. We've never been to Monkey Land. The sights all will be new. 'I'm sure the monk we rescued will stay with us till we've had our fill. Why, I can think of nothing that I'd really rather do.' So, out they started to explore the place they'd never seen before. The little monkey hopped along and chattered merrily. They came upon a peddler monk who shouted, 'I sell lots of junk. I even have some peanuts, as you lads can plainly see.' THE peddler then heard Scouty say, 'We'll take some. I will gladly pay. I'm very fond of nuts.' Give each lad a bag of two.' They promptly sat down on the ground. Peanuts galore were passed around. Said Windy, 'We all will go home as soon as we are through.' And so they ate and ate and ate, because the peanuts tasted great. And then they headed homeward, all so tired they couldn't peep. They piled up grass upon their beds so they could rest their weary heads. It wasn't very long until they all were fast asleep. (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.) (Doney takes a strange ride in the next story.)

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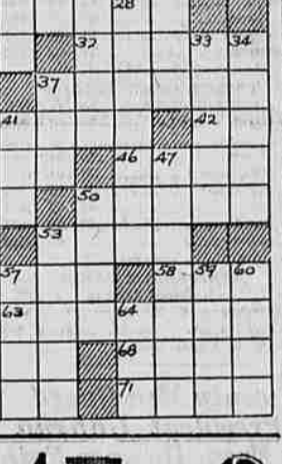
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CLASSIFIED ADS

THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES (Count five average words to the line) 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

HARTLETT PEARS for canning. At fruit stand in the old Penney store bldg. or phone 937 W. 8-15-3 v. CRAWFORD canning peaches, 98c apricots, 89c apple box. By-Rite Market, opposite Sacajawea. 8-15-3 tp

WANTED

BOY'S SECOND HAND bicycle. Must be in A No. 1 condition. Address Box 10, Observer, stating price. 8-15-3 tp

FOR TRADE

BIG SIX STUDEBAKER to trade for truck. Allen Bros. Service Station, 8-11-0 t.

74-Day Drouth In Bend Area Broken

BEND, Ore., Aug. 15 (AP)—Breaking a 74-day drouth, the longest ever recorded in Bend, sufficient rain fell here late Sunday to send rivulets of water coursing through the streets. Lightning from rapidly moving thunder storms peppered the Deschutes forest, starting eight fires. The exposed peak of Bachelor Butte was bombarded by lightning. One bolt struck near the lookout house and William Catlow, lookout, was slightly shocked.

FOR RENT

TO LET, small home to reliable man who wishes a place to batch and will be caretaker for small place. Roscoe Clark, 1209 Hall St. 8-15-3 t. FOR RENT—Apt. Call 481 W. 8-13-3 t. FOR RENT—Modern home 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 Apts. 8-13-3 t. 5-ROOM FURNISHED house at 301 Main St. Garage. Phone 508 U. 8-13-6 tp. MOD. FURN. or unfurn. Apts. Elec. range and refrig. 1101 O Ave. Ph. 894 W. 8-8-6 tp. STRICTLY MODERN 1-rm. house on 4th St. Inquire 1405 N or phone 934-J. 8-29-2 f.

MISCELLANEOUS

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 328-J. 8-8-5 f. EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. I. O. O. F. temple. 447-J. 8-6-1 m. LA GRANDE-MATRESSE and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards, Prop. 12-1-1 m.

AUTOMOBILES

1928 CHEVROLET coupe, excellent condition. Bargain for cash. Call 569 J. 8-15-2 t. Chevrolet four door sedan. Runs excellent, price \$250.00. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Ph. Main 500 4th and Adams 8-13-5 t. 1928 G. M. C. 1 1/2 ton truck, \$275.00. Used Hot Point electric range, \$39.50. Carr Furniture Co. 8-10-1 m.

Professional Directory

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

LARGE GROUP OF CONVICTS MAKE ESCAPE

GRANITE, Okla., Aug. 15 (AP)—Menacing their guards with a smuggled pistol, a large group of convicts fled from state's reformatory here last night in a bloodless break. Definite information as to the number escaping was hard to obtain, but state bureau of criminal identification at Oklahoma City said the warden had advised there were "about twenty." Three were recaptured, two at Sayre, Okla., and one at Chaney, Tex. Guards were searching for the others in the Wichita mountains. The men forced their way from the west cell block by overpowering two guards. They leaped into the parked automobiles of two officers and sped away.

SUGAR AND FLOUR

PORTLAND, Aug. 16 (AP)—Sugar-Cane, granulated \$4.45 100 lbs.; Beet sugar \$4.20 100 lbs. Domestic flour—Selling price delivered: patent 49c \$5.50; do 98c \$5.50; bakers' bluestem \$4.10; soft wheat pastry patent \$3.40-\$5.20; Montana hard wheat patent \$5.00-\$5.20; eye \$4.50-\$4.60. Exports from Alaska to the United States and foreign countries since 1910 have totaled more than 100 times the purchase price of \$7,300,000 paid for the country.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser Poor Ossie!



LINOLEUM Should be laid NOW! Don't Wait Until Cold Weather We have one of the most complete linoleum departments in Oregon, showing all grades from low priced felt base to the heaviest inlays. See the new 1932-33 patterns now on display and the Armstrong Educational display in our Annex Window. Bohnenkamp's Four Floors of Fine Furnishings

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) Tripped Up!

