

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN (Copyright 1932) (By NEA Service Inc.)

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Cherry Dixon, 19 and pretty, tells her mother she is going to a club meeting but instead meets Dan Phillips, newspaper reporter with whom she is in love. Her parents do not know she is acquainted with Dan. Cherry goes with him to interview a bank robber's sweetheart. She blunders into underworld headquarters and a bullet strikes her arm. Dan takes her to a doctor's office and then home. He is trying to explain what has happened when Mr. Dixon appears. He is very angry and brandishes a newspaper containing Cherry's picture and an account of the shooting. Mr. Dixon orders Dan from the house.

DAYS PASS IN WHICH CHERRY HAS NO WORD FROM DAN

Then Sarah, Cherry's maid, discovers that he has telephoned and been told the girl is out of town. Cherry steals out of the house, meets Dan and explains. Dan tells her he loves her. When Cherry arrives home her father is waiting for her. He accuses her of having met the reporter. Cherry defies her father and he orders her to apologize or leave. She says, "I'll go!"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII Dan Phillips was whistling as he strode up the three steps that raised the Bismark hotel above the street level. The whistle died as he swung open the heavy door and entered. The Bismark was a hotel that had seen better days. Its large, comfortable rooms were filled with old-fashioned furniture. The walls, even when freshly papered, seemed drab and the high ceilings cast dark shadows. Long since superseded by newer and larger structures, the Bismark

obliged its guests by moderate prices and a pleasant tolerance of bills overdue. It had been Dan Phillips' residence for more than a year. Dan crossed the lobby and made directly for the elevator. The car was delayed and as he waited he moved toward the desk where a man with gray hair was sorting letters. "How're you, Cap?" Any luck on the ponies today?

The man behind the desk looked up, grinned. "Aw, I told you I was through with the races. No sir—no for mine!" It was a standing joke between them that once old "Cap" Graham had "lost his shirt" on a particularly authentic horse race tip. The old man rather liked to be reminded of it. The incident suggested that in his day "Cap" had been one of the young bloods, free with his money and a game loser.

Dan lingered and the "Cap" continued sorting his letters. There would be none in the pack for Dan. His mail was addressed to the News office. Suddenly the hotel clerk looked up. "Say," he said, "I almost forgot! There was a girl askin' for you. She went into the parlor to wait. Must have been more than an hour ago. I don't know if she's still there—"

"A girl to see me?" "Yep. Asked me if Daniel Phillips of the News lived here and was he in. I told her—" "But who was she? What did she look like?" "Oh, I'm not much at describin' women folks. Real nice looking though. She didn't tell me her name. Maybe she's still there. Why don't you have a look and see?"

Phillips frowned. Someone who knew he was on the News, of course. Might be a nuisance—case clicked open but Dan turned away. He had decided he'd just glance into the parlor and satisfy his curiosity. The door of the elevator cage clung to its faded glory. Here were assembled the most uncomfortable

and imposing pieces of Victorian furniture remaining from the original collection. A huge, ornate chandelier was suspended in the center of the ceiling but it was not in use. Massive floor lamps with fringed, pleated shades supplied the dim illumination. With a carefully casual manner Dan paused in the doorway. Suddenly he moved forward.

"Why, Cherry?" he exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing here?" She got to her feet. Phillips was beside her now and even in the subdued light he could see that the girl's eyes were red-lined. She smiled but her pallor was startling. "What is it?" Phillips repeated. "Why, I had no idea you were here! When did you come? I'm sorry if I've waited—"

"It doesn't matter," Cherry told him, "now that you're here. I didn't know where else to go to find you. I telephoned the News but they said you'd gone. I didn't know what to do so I came here." "But, Cherry, is anything the matter?" "No—I guess not. I want to talk to you, Dan."

"Why, of course. Let's sit down." They seated themselves on the magenta-colored plush sofa with its stiff back and tipsy, irregular springs. Dan put a hand over the girl's and saw her eyes light gratefully. "I've left home," she whispered. "I'm not going back!"

He watched her, incredulous, waiting for her to continue. "It was Father," Cherry went on. "We had a terrible scene. He wanted to send me to California and I said I wouldn't go!"

At the far end of the room a group were sitting about a card table. There were three middle-aged women and a man. Dan became aware that the card playing had been suspended. "Wait a minute," he said to Cherry under his breath. "This place is too crowded. Let's get out of here!"

They arose and walked through the lobby to the street door. Outside the cold night air stung their cheeks. Dan put a hand on Cherry's arm as they went down the steps. "Where are we going?" she asked. "Suppose we wait for a while and you tell me what happened."

Cherry drew the collar of her polo coat closer. "Well," she began, "after I got home I dressed and hurried down to dinner. Father and Mother were still in the living room and I thought everything was going to be all right. Father said something about I said I wouldn't go!"

"Suppose we wait for a while and you tell me what happened." Cherry drew the collar of her polo coat closer. "Well," she began, "after I got home I dressed and hurried down to dinner. Father and Mother were still in the living room and I thought everything was going to be all right. Father said something about I said I wouldn't go!"

there I remembered you said you lived at the Bismark so I went there." "You haven't eaten?" "No-o." Phillips swung her about with alacrity. "Well," he said, "first of all you're going to have some hot food."

"But I don't want to eat. I'm not hungry." "Come on for you just the same. Come on." It was almost nine o'clock. Two blocks' walk brought them to one of a national chain of restaurants with all-night service. Across the brightly polished tile-topped table Phillips gave the order. A complete dinner for Cherry, beginning with hot soup and including a roast and vegetable. Coffee for both of them. "I know I can't eat, Dan. Really I'm not at all hungry."

"In spite of the girl's protests she ate and felt better for it." "Now then," said Dan over the second cup of coffee, "what's to be done next?" Cherry shook her head. "I don't know."

"But, Cherry, this is serious. You say you won't go back to your home but what else can you do?" "I—I thought you'd help me." "Why, I'll do anything I can, of course. But you'll have to have a place to stay. Have you any friends?"

She said she did not. There was no one to whom she could go. Cherry's great eyes were serious now. Beneath the heavy polo coat she was wearing the crepe gown in which she had dressed for dinner. Her hat was the brown felt she had worn in the afternoon. Her lips trembled.

"Cherry, darling," Dan began and then stopped. He saw that one great eye had slid down the smooth cheek. The girl's eyes were dim and misted. "We'll find a place for you," he said brusquely. "I'll get down to one of the girls at the office—"

Cherry brushed her moist lashes with her hand. She said without raising her eyes, "But, Dan, don't you remember what you said this afternoon?" "Why, yes, I think so. What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember you said it was Father's money that—well, that it made a difference?" "It does," Cherry said. "There's no getting around it."

"But, Dan," Eager eyes were raised to his. "That's all over now. I don't care anything about money. I haven't anything. When I left home tonight I said—I said that I was going to marry you!"

"Cherry! Why, it's out of the question! I can't marry anyone for a long while. You know I don't make enough to keep you in hats or even buy your silk hose! I've never thought much about saving and it's taken about all I've made to get along. Have a good time while you go! Has been the way I looked at things. I didn't dream I was going to meet a girl like you—"

"But you have met me now, and I don't care anything about money. It's you, Dan! It's you I want!" Fortunately the restaurant was almost deserted. Neither the other diners who sat across the room nor the waiter who lingered within hailing distance showed any interest in the little drama.

Phillips shook his head. "We can't do it," he said. "It wouldn't be fair to you." "You mean," the girl's voice continued unsteadily, "you don't want to marry me?" "Darling, you know that's not true!"

Cherry had turned her head away. "This afternoon," she faltered, "you said you—loved me, Dan." "I do. I love you too much to risk your happiness." Outside a newspaper delivery truck with 10-inch red lettering across its sides drew up before the glass front of the restaurant. Mechanically Cherry read the words: "Leap Year Proposals. Your chance... win a prize."

The words fairly sprang at her. "Leap Year Proposal! Your chance—!" She looked at the young man across the table. "Say it again, Dan," she said softly. "Say you love me." "You know I do."

Suddenly Cherry laughed. "It's all right then," her voice rose happily. "Everything's all right! Dan, dear, it's Leap Year! I've a right to ask you to marry me and if you love me you can't refuse. Let's get married right away. Tonight!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

COVE PERSONALS

By Mrs. A. G. Conklin (Observer Correspondent)

COVE (Special) — Mr. and Mrs. Archer Antles, who were married in La Grande Thursday evening, were given a charivari on their arrival at their home Thursday evening. After the festivities concluded with the wedding were over the young couple came to Cove and went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Antles, where a party of young people found them and gave them a serenade. They were invited in, and an hour was spent in fun and social converse. Refreshments were served and they went away wishing the young couple all happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Antles began housekeeping in their new home Thursday evening, and will be at home to the friends after the first day of September.

Dr. and Mrs. Dayton, of Tacoma, who are guests of Mrs. Dayton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rees, in Union, were visiting Cove friends and relatives on Friday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rees.

Melvin Marks, who has been in the employ of Karl J. Stackland for some years, has severed his connection with Mr. Stackland and is temporarily out of employment. They are at present living in the home of Haskell Bloom who is working in the mountains. Mr. Aas and family, who have lately come to Cove, have moved to the house recently occupied by Melvin Marks.

Mrs. Berenice Via, of Forest Grove, some years ago, has returned to school a couple of years ago, is coming to Cove for a visit before the opening of school in September. She is now connected with the school in Canby.

Rev. Mr. Drumm, a Baptist minister of Portland, has been in Cove for a few days. He held public meetings on the street corner for several nights and Sunday morning held service in the Baptist church.

Dr. W. E. Thistlewaite has been here checking on the health of the cattle in this vicinity.

Mrs. G. E. Barker is ill at her home here.

A no-hostess Guild party was held at the home of Mrs. L. E. Anderson Thursday afternoon. In the absence of the president, Mrs. A. G. Conklin presided at the business meeting. Bridge was played at three tables, with Mrs. Frank Welch winning the high score. Lunch was served. Guests were Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Bertsch, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. A. G. Conklin, Mrs. L. E. Anderson, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Lay, Mrs. Laird, Mrs. La Violette, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Dorothy Mills, Mrs. Presto, Mrs. Spaeth and Mrs. Wells.

Mrs. T. R. Conklin was a dinner guest of Mrs. Homer Liffel in La Grande Wednesday.

Schell Circus To Be Here Tuesday

Tomorrow is circus day in La Grande! What memories of childhood that recall for the adults! Funny clowns, the daring acrobats, the strange animals, the circus band, the peanuts and lots of red lemonade!

Tomorrow the Schell Brothers four-ring circus will come to La Grande for both an afternoon and evening performance. Incidentally, tickets may be secured at reduced prices from several of the La Grande merchants.

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—New 12 guage -97 Winchester pump gun. Cheap. Call 433 J. 403 Spring St. 8-20-3 t.

FOR SALE—Corn for canning, 75c sack. Robert O. Clark, Fruitdale. 8-20-3 t.

UNIVERSAL wood and coal range with coils. Cheap. 145-W. 8-18-t f.

FOR SALE—Light model sedan. Driven only 14,000 miles. Good condition. Not junk. Will take several cords of wood as part payment. Balance cash or terms if desired. Inq. 2213 Cedar St. 8-18-6 t.

A THRIVING LITTLE business in La Grande. Ideal for man and wife or mother and daughter. A real bargain. See G. E. Barnhill. 8-21-t f.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Barber shop, 194. Call met cigar shop, cor. Depot and Jeff. 8-22-1 t.

MODERN 5 room house. Close in, furnished or unfurnished. M 1000. 8-10-6 t.

FOR RENT—Modern house at 1010 Oak St. Chas. H. Reynolds. 8-13-t f.

STRICTLY MODERN 7-rm. house on 14th St. Inquire 1408 N. or phone 434-J. 8-22-1 t.

AUTOMOBILES

FORD ROADSTER with rumble seat. Reconditioned. Priced at \$150. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 4th and Adams. Phone M 500 8-10-6 t.

1928 G. M. C. 1 1/2 ton truck. \$275.00. Used Hot Point electric range. \$33.50. Orr Furniture Co. 8-10-1 m.

LOST

LOST—Cameo brooch. Leave at Tap shoe shop, Howard. 8-22-3 t.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS HELEN WILLIAMS will open her piano studio Sept. 1. Special instruction in keyboard harmony and modulation. 8-20-7 t.

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 933-J. 8-8-t f.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits L. G. O. P. temple. 447-J. 9-6-1 m.

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

LIFE GUARD and ENVOY SWAP BLOWS AT BEACH

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt (4) — Himey Bey, Egypt's celebrated camel swimmer and friend of Gertrude Ederle, swapped punches with the Austrian minister to Egypt after the diplomat had been dragged by police out of a boiling stir where it was against police regulations to swim.

It happened at fashionable Stanley Bay where Himey is a beach inspector. The fight was a draw but the Egyptian government apologized.

Professional Directory

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

because in many respects with those of many groups supporting the socialist government. Many of the fascist members are of the far nationalistic right, and refuse to have anything to do with the left. One newspaper is carrying most of the organization's propaganda in full page advertisements twice a week. Reprints are distributed widely. The paper itself is an independent, but has been critical of the government's policies.

Attack on Socialists

Some indication of an impending impasse with the government on socialist plans is given in an authorized criticism of the radical socialists, and social democrats, who have been strong backers of the new regime of Carlos Davila. The marks also attack the recently organized National Socialist Legion, though not in as strong terms, saying the military and naval men who are in that legion are getting into unofficial police work instead of political action.

Chilean Nazis Enlist Legions In Hitler Style

SANTIAGO, Chile (4) — A nationwide campaign for members has been instituted by the reorganized National Socialist party, which is forming a fascist legion along the lines of Adolf Hitler's brown shirts in Germany. No uniform has been accepted, but the leaders of the movement hope to have units of some sort of colored "shirts" marching in the streets of all important Chilean cities within a few months.

Clash In Creeds The task is admittedly difficult.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Sick Dog!



JUST THINK HOW FAR POODLE WALKED TO GET BACK TO OUR HOUSE



AN WE GOTTA WAKE HER UP AN LET HER KNOW WE'RE GLAD TO SEE HER...



because in many respects with those of many groups supporting the socialist government. Many of the fascist members are of the far nationalistic right, and refuse to have anything to do with the left. One newspaper is carrying most of the organization's propaganda in full page advertisements twice a week. Reprints are distributed widely. The paper itself is an independent, but has been critical of the government's policies.

Attack on Socialists

Some indication of an impending impasse with the government on socialist plans is given in an authorized criticism of the radical socialists, and social democrats, who have been strong backers of the new regime of Carlos Davila. The marks also attack the recently organized National Socialist Legion, though not in as strong terms, saying the military and naval men who are in that legion are getting into unofficial police work instead of political action.

Chilean Nazis Enlist Legions In Hitler Style

SANTIAGO, Chile (4) — A nationwide campaign for members has been instituted by the reorganized National Socialist party, which is forming a fascist legion along the lines of Adolf Hitler's brown shirts in Germany. No uniform has been accepted, but the leaders of the movement hope to have units of some sort of colored "shirts" marching in the streets of all important Chilean cities within a few months.

Clash In Creeds The task is admittedly difficult.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Sick Dog!



JUST THINK HOW FAR POODLE WALKED TO GET BACK TO OUR HOUSE



AN WE GOTTA WAKE HER UP AN LET HER KNOW WE'RE GLAD TO SEE HER...



LIBERTY

DIRECTION SENIOR & JUNIOR MERCY. LAST DAY! JOHN LIONEL BARRYMORE Arene Lupin

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

Something to Cheer!



with Madge EVANS Una MERKEL Ralph GRAVES

Coming Soon LIBERTY The Greatest Story of All the Ages PASSION PLAY First Played at Freiburg in the Year 1264 Watch for Dates

LIBERTY The Greatest Story of All the Ages PASSION PLAY First Played at Freiburg in the Year 1264 Watch for Dates

NEW Patterns Pendleton Auto ROBES

Trotter's QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP

SHELL BROS GREATER COMBINED WILD ANIMAL SHOWS 2 SHOWS DAILY 2:00 & 8:00 P.M. THREE TIMES IT'S FORMER SIZE

4 BIG RINGS 4 Mammoth Hippodrome Spectacular Pageant "SUNNY SPAIN" BEARS, ELEPHANTS, CAMELS, HORSES, ETC. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE La Grande Tuesday August 23 Special Merchants Tickets 10c Ask Your Merchant

The NIMITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE monkey jumped around the tree, as busy as a monkey could be. It started throwing coconuts at Duncy, down below. They came so fast poor Duncy ducked each time a coconut was plucked. The sight was very funny, which the monkey seemed to know.

So, faster he began to pick, because he wished to play a trick. I'll make him run, the monkey thought, or else he will be hit. The monkey was right 'cause Duncy jumped, as right near him a large nut thumped. And then he dashed away and cried, "That isn't fair a bit."

THE monkey chattered gleefully. "Ab, ha! The lad is scared of me," he cried in monkey language. Duncy loudly yelled back, "Stop!" The beast then did as it was told. It stopped to hear wee Duncy scold. And then, instead of throwing coconuts, it let them drop.

By now the pile of nuts was high and Duncy shouted, "Me, oh

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) The Reception Committee!



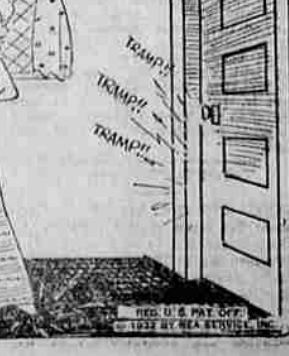
THE MORE I THINK OF THE WAY CHICK DELIBERATELY FIBBED TO ME ABOUT HAVING GIVEN HANK THAT FIFTY, THE HOTTER I GET. IF HE'LL RECEIVE ME ONE WAY, HELL DO IT ANOTHER



By Cowan



OH BABY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PAL. FIFTY BIG SMACKERS! WHAT A HOLE THEY'RE PULLING ME OUT OF



By Cowan