

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.

Days pass and Sarah, Cherry's maid, discovers Dan has telephoned and been told the girl is out of town. Cherry steals out of the house, meets Dan and explains he tells her he loves her.

They are married by a justice of the peace. Friends of Dan's find them and stage a celebration. Cherry and Dan manage to steal away from the party.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Cherry crossed the room and gave the window shade a tug. Bright morning sunshine was a fine thing, but too much of it was as bad as none.

She tossed her head back, shaking the tangled mass of dark hair into becoming disarray. Then she sat down in the big chair, leaned back and surveyed the room.

She made an amusing picture. Pulled about her and tied securely at the waist was Dan Phillips' old

dressing gown. A strange purplish-red hue now the dressing gown had once been a handsome broadie. It was many sizes too large. Cherry had rolled the sleeves back, but the shoulder seams reached almost to her elbows. Dainty lace-trimmed lingerie showed where the dressing gown fell away.

She had read the words at least a dozen times. At first it had been a surprise to realize that never before had she seen Dan's handwriting. That was odd, and still it was very angry and brandishes a newspaper containing Cherry's picture and an account of the shooting. He orders Dan from the house.

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Cherry's chin raised and set in a firm line. No indeed! If she wrote they would imagine she was writing for fun. She could not do it! The dainty platinum watch on the girl's wrist reminded her it was growing late. Almost 10:30. There would be an hour and a half at least before Dan telephoned.

She discarded the dressing robe and hung it away. Dan's clothing crowded the tiny closet to overflowing. As Cherry turned she realized what a really hideous room this was. Dark, dismal, poor on the walls. Worn spots in the carpet. Two of the dressing table drawers were pulled out revealing garments tossed about. Newspapers and magazines in staggering piles littered the table and one of the chairs. The furniture was not only out of date; it looked as though it had not been dusted for days.

Cherry considered this a moment, then shrugged. "We won't stay long," she told herself. "Dan said we could move and I'll begin looking at apartments right after lunch."

The beige crepe Cherry had worn the night before hung over a chair. She held it up, shaking her head. It was certainly not a costume to wear to breakfast in a restaurant. The tiny cap sleeves and becoming neckline were of lace, over which skillful French fingers had labored for long hours. Too elaborate, too distinctive in its simple, unusual manner of cutting and seaming for the street.

Still there was no choice. Cherry slipped the frock over her head and snipped the fastenings. Another note for her mental memorandum; she would have to buy some clothes.

With the pole coat pulled about her and the brown hat drawn down smartly Cherry set forth. Downstairs the hotel lobby, with its chandeliers still burning, looked exactly as it had the night before. A clerk she had not seen stood at the desk. Very self-consciously Cherry approached and left her room key. She went out into the sunshine. The air was cool, bracing, but with that indefinable quality that never, never any but a day of spring can boast. Cherry breathed deeply, wondering why all the world was not out to enjoy the glorious morning.

She made her way to the restaurant where she and Dan had gone the night before. At the corner she stopped and bought a newspaper. The wait ad pages might help her to find a place for her and Dan to live. Cherry had never read a want ad, but she understood vaguely that people put advertisements to rent advertised there.

An apple-cheeked waitress in a fresh yellow uniform smiled at Cherry and presented the menu card. "Cherry juice, coffee and toast," the girl ordered. She spread the newspaper to its full size and glanced at the first page hastily. A heading caught her eye.

MISS DIXON BRIDE OF NEWSPAPER REPORTER It was only a paragraph. The brief report stated that Miss Cherry Dixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Dixon of Sherwood Heights, and Daniel Phillips, reporter for the Wellington News, had been married the night before by Justice of the Peace Cunningham. The paragraph listed the schools Cherry had attended, adding that she was a popular member of the younger social set. Another sentence stated that Dan was on the News editorial staff and previously had been employed by the Sentinel.

Cherry was flushed and her eyes bright as she read the last words. So everyone knew! Her father and mother must have seen that paragraph. Well, she had meant what she said! Lost in these thoughts Cherry scarcely noticed when the waitress returned with her coffee. She remembered presently, drank the orange juice and coffee and nibbled at the toast. Then she paid her bill and departed.

She went directly to the hotel, anxious to hear from Dan. It seemed a long while before the telephone rang and his voice came over the wire. "Hello. That you, Cherry?" "Yes, Dan. I've been waiting for you."

"How are you, baby? Sorry I couldn't give you a ring earlier, but I've been chasing all over town. Listen, dear, we'll have to call off that lunch date."

"It's bum luck, but there's no way out of it. I'm parked out here at the airport and there's no telling when we'll get away. Those two girl flyers were due to leave an hour ago and I'll have to wait till they land or word comes they're done. It wasn't supposed to be my assignment, but Groves is tied up at City Hall."

"But can't you?" "I can't do anything but stay here," Dan assured her. "I hate to disappoint you, honey, but I can't help it. We'll try to find some way to amuse yourself and we'll make up for it with a bang-up dinner party tonight. Is that all right?"

Reluctantly she told him it was. Phillips said something that brought a quick smile to the girl's face and then the conversation was over. Well—not only a long morning to herself, but the afternoon as well.

The newspaper in which she had intended to search for apartment addresses lay on the table, but suddenly Cherry's interest had waned. She made up her mind to go shopping instead. There was less than a dollar in her purse, but all her life Cherry had made purchases on charge accounts. Besides she simply had to have a dress. If she went to Maison Madeline she knew they would be glad to open an account for her.

Baseball Standings

Table with columns for League (Coast, National, American), Team, W, L, Pct. Lists standings for various teams like Portland, Hollywood, Los Angeles, etc.

YESTERDAY'S GAMES

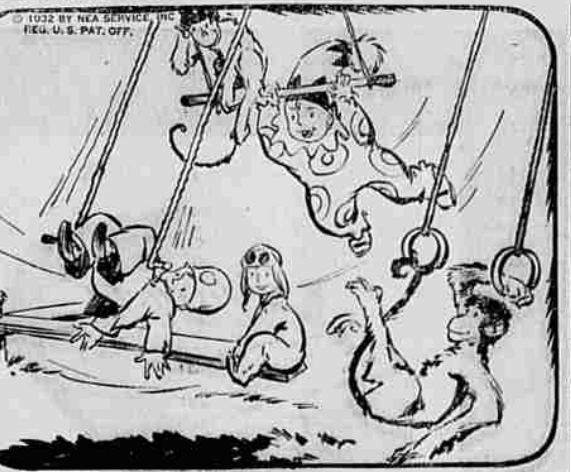
Coast League: Oakland 4, Portland 0; San Francisco 11, Los Angeles 6; Sacramento 7, Seattle 2; Hollywood 9, Missions 8. American League: New York 8, St. Louis 7; Boston 4, Detroit 5; Washington 5, Cleveland 4; Philadelphia 15, Chicago 7. National League: Pittsburgh 4, New York 3; St. Louis 3, Boston 6; Chicago 5, Philadelphia 1.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes words like SCOW, HOB, BRAD, PONE, OBI, RADE, AM, DOVER, AGES, REP, WET, INERT, STOKER, ANT, AR, LID, PIN, EGO, BEAD, GAR, TREY, ERR, GUY, TOE, ASSET, SON, TRY, KINE, LOOSE, MAN, EVIL, EMS, MUSE, SEPS, TEE, USES.

13x13 crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-73 indicating starting positions for clues.

The TIN MITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE monkeys that were in the race were set a rather speedy pace. The big one did the running and the other hung on tight. "Don't lose your hold," wee Duncy cried, or you will spill a dandy ride. As long as you don't slip off, you are bound to be all right.

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES. Includes rates by month and categories like FOR SALE, WANTED, FOR RENT.

FOR SALE, WANTED, FOR RENT. Yellow Bantam Corn and hens, Pasture with meadow grass, Farm for sale, Light model sedan, Thriving little business in La Grande.

FOR RENT. 3-Rm. FURN. HOUSE and Apts. James, 1403 S. Ave. MOD. FURN. HOUSE at 1202 9th. 5-Rm. HOUSE near Normal and high school.

MISCELLANEOUS. MISS HELEN WILLIAMS will open her piano studio Sept. 1. DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—we will clean up your ashes, papers, etc.

FOUND. KEYS at Squaw Springs on road to Toltgate. LOST—Cameo brooch. Leave at Tap shoe shop, Reward.

FOR TRADE. TRADE—Electric radio for wood. See Chandler at Carr's. MAINEA EMBROIDERY TRADE DECLINES HITTING ISLAND PUNCHAL Island of Madeira.

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

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) What Could Be Sweeter!

Comic strip panels showing a woman talking to a man. Dialogue includes: "GLADYS! GLADYS!! THAT'S FUNNY. I WONDER WHERE SHE WENT." "WHY, GLADYS, YOU LOOK SO WORRIED! HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED?"

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hotel Congress Rates \$2