# LEAP YEAR BRIDE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Cherry Dixon, 19 and pretty, falls in love with Dan Phillips, newspaper reporter whom her wealthy, aristocratic parents have forbidden her to see. When Cherry learns Dan's telephone messages have been kept from her she steals out of the house to meet him. Her father discovers this and threatens to send her to California. Cherry defies him and he orders her to leave.

She goes to Dan, tells him what has happened and asks him to marry her. The ceremony is performed that night by a justice of peace. Friends of Dan's stage a party for them. Next day Cherry, who has only the dress she is wearing, goes shopping. She opens a charge account and the bill totals $93.70. When Dan comes she is ashamed to tell him of her extravagance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XII

The telephone shrilled. Cherry dropped the brown felt she had been about to pull over her head and reached for the receiver.

"Hello," she said eagerly, expecting to hear Dan's voice.

"Is this Mrs. Phillips?"

It was a stranger speaking. A man whose voice she did not recognize. Cherry said yes, this was Mrs. Phillips, and waited.

"This is the clerk downstairs," the man went on crisply. "There's some one to see you—Mrs. O'Fallon the name is."

"Who? Oh—oh, tell her to come right up! Tell her to come right away!"

A few moments later when there was a light rap Cherry ran to the door, pulled it open and threw both arms about the short, stout figure on the threshold.

"Sarah! Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I'm so glad—"

The rest was muffled against Sarah O'Fallon's substantial shoulder. Sarah's generous arms had gathered the girl into them. She was a Sarah transformed by a long dark blue coat and neat black turban, but her eyes were as blue, her cheeks as pink as Cherry had always seen them.

"Cherry darlin'!"

Old Sarah's vision seemed suddenly blurred. They were glad tears that glistened on the round, pink cheeks. She patted the girl's shoulder, mumbling endearments that were half audible.

"But Sarah—!" Cherry exclaimed, laughing. There was a suspicious sparkle on her lashes too. "You're crying! You mustn't do that. How did you know how to find me? Oh, there's so much I want to tell you, Sarah, and so many things I want to ask! Here—come inside. Sit down! Sarah, you haven't told me how you found out where I was. And you are crying. How's Mother—?"

The questions came one after the other without a moment's pause for replies.

At last Sarah, mopping her eyes, managed to get out, "You shouldn't have done it, Cherry. You shouldn't have run away like you did."

Her severity was utterly transparent. Sarah's eyes were on her former charge, anxious and adoring, while she pretended to scold.

"Oh, please, Sarah, don't begin that!"

"Just the same you shouldn't have done it! I read in the papers about you bein' married and all. My little Cherry! I couldn't believe it!"

"I'd do it again," the girl said proudly. "Wait till you know Dan, then you'll understand—"

The older woman was sitting in the big overstuffed chair. Cherry who had perched on the arm of the chair suddenly slipped to her knees directly in front of Sarah.

"Dan's—wonderful!" the girl said, raising starry eyes. "I'd do it again for him!"

"You mean you're really happy?"

"Happier than I've ever been in my life!"

Old Sarah slipped a hand over the girl's. "May the Lord take care of you and help you to keep that happiness," she murmured. "Maybe if you feel that way it's for the best—"

"Of course it is!" Cherry insisted. "And really, Sarah, there wasn't any other way!"

For Sarah's benefit she reviewed the scene of her last evening at home. With "oh's" and "ah's" and frequent nodding of her head Sarah listened to the story. Cherry described the marriage and the celebration with Dan's friends.

Then it was Sarah's turn to take up the narrative. "Such a night!" she began. "I hope I'll not live through another one! All that we knew was that you'd gone and your mother was cryin' her eyes out in her room and your father downstairs pacin' back and forth like a wild man. Half the night it went on and not a wink of sleep did I get! And feelin' guilty as I did for knowin' where you'd been off to in the afternoon. I was afraid to speak and afraid not to. Oh, it was terrible! Then in the morning we saw the papers and read how you'd been married. I guess your father took on even worse than he did the night before. He didn't leave the house until almost noon. We could hear their voices—his and your mother's—but it was your father that did most of the talkin.' Finally he left and your mother said she had a headache and was not to be disturbed. She stayed in her room all day, but she had me bring the newspapers and it was easy to tell from the way her eyes were swollen and the red lines around 'em that it wasn't headache—"

"I'm sorry," Cherry said slowly. "I didn't know she'd feel so badly."

"What? Not feel badly? With her daughter that seems almost a baby still run off and marryin' someone she doesn't even know? Not feel badly? Oh, Cherry!"

"Would she let me come to see her?" the girl asked hesitantly.

Sarah shook her head. "That's the worst part," she admitted. "It's your father that's so set against it. That's why your mother sent me—"

"Mother sent you!"

"Of course. Late yesterday afternoon she rang and said I was to go out of the house somewhere and telephone the newspaper office and see if I could find out where you were. Well, I did it and some girl with a nice polite voice said you was at the Bismark hotel. So when I told your mother she said I was to get your things packed and send them to you."

"Oh, Sarah—"

"Well, I thought before I did that it would be better to come down and talk to you and see how everything was. Your mother said yes, that's what I should do, but I mustn't let any of the others know about it. And none of 'em does know! So you tell me, Miss Cherry, what to pack. I think your mother liked the idea of my comin' to see you so I could tell her how you was and if you want to send her a note I'll be glad to take it. But I wouldn't write letters because maybe your father wouldn't like that."

Cherry was on her feet. "Of course I'll write," she said. "Sarah, you're an old darling. You'll come to see me often, won't you?"

"Well, I'll try to. We'll have to be careful, though. It wouldn't do for your father to find out."

Half an hour later Sarah O'Fallon departed. Stowed away in her purse was a letter Cherry had written to her mother. The trunk with Cherry's clothing, Sarah promised, would be delivered in the afternoon.

"Don't fret," she told the girl as she hesitated with one hand on the doorknob. "If you're sure you've got the right boy things'll come out right! Young folks have to go their own way, I guess. You can let me know if you move and I'll come when I can."

Cherry went down the hall with her. She squeezed Sarah's hand tightly as the door of the elevator car slid open.

"Goodby, Darling."

"Goodby."

Back in her room the girl glanced at her wrist watch. Almost noon. One thought and one only was in Cherry's mind. With sudden energy Cherry hurried to the clothes closet and dragged out the big box from Stanley's. A minute more and she was pulling on her hat and coat.

She left the hotel and walked to the department store with the box under her arm. Miss Lacey was in the French room, waiting on another customer. Cherry lingered until she had finished. Then she explained that she had changed her mind about the purchases.

Miss Lacey's trim dark brows lifted slightly. If Cherry had not been so preoccupied she would certainly have become uncomfortable under that gaze.

"You mean they're unsatisfactory?" the saleswoman asked.

"No, I—I've decided I won't want them. It's all right, isn't it? They haven't been touched—"

Miss Lacey opened the box and shook out the dresses. Regretfully she admitted that it would be all right. Was there anything else she could show Mrs. Phillips? Something she'd like in exchange?

Cherry said no, there was nothing else. And now that the things had been returned there wouldn't be any bill would there?

Miss Lacey wrote something on a slip of paper. "Just present this at the credit desk," she told Cherry. "They'll give you a receipt."

With the carboned receipt showing that merchandise worth $93.70 had been returned and credited to her account Cherry left the store. She discovered that the sun was shining and the faint breeze held the fragrance of spring. Surely the sky had never seemed bluer. A group of girls passed her, laughing. Cherry paused before a florist's window and gazed in admiration at huge baskets of blue and white hyacinths. She could almost breathe their sweetness.

Spring! Of course it was spring, the season when all the world took on freshness and new life. This was a sunny day in mid-April and Cherry was a bride with the finest, dearest young husband in the world. She had just corrected a mistake that for a short time had threatened their happiness. Everything was all right now. She would not even have to tell Dan about the charge account since the bill had been removed.

At a drug store counter she lunched on a sandwich and malted milk and then hurried back to the hotel. It had been agreed between them that Dan was not to telephone her at noon because Cherry expected to spend the day hunting for an apartment.

She did not go out, however, because she was anxious to be on hand when the trunk was delivered. Cherry would take no chance with that trunk. It came about 4 o'clock. By the time Dan arrived she had unpacked everything and was waiting, fresh and radiant in a deep green frock with touches of daffodil yellow that he said made her exactly like the flower.

"Only lovelier," he told her. "Lovelier because—well, you're you!"

She laughed at him from beneath demure lashes. She said that he was ridiculous and how she loved him for it!

They had dinner again at Schroeder's, exchanging news of the day over the appetizing hot food. Their plates were taken away to be replaced by dessert. Abruptly Dan looked up.

It was one of those moments that seem utterly casual when, looking backward, events reshaping entire lives may seem to have their beginning.

Dan said, "Guess I forgot to tell you. Max Pearson's coming back tomorrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## 99.9% Perfect!

Ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent perfect was the rating given Miss Maude Lee Bradshaw, above, 17-year-old Hannibal, Mo., girl adjudged the healthiest miss in Missouri at the annual 4-H club meet at the University of Missouri, at Columbia.

## UNION PERSONALS

By Mrs. L. Z. Terrall
(Observer Correspondent)

UNION (Special) — Sunday will close the conference year of the Methodist church and Dr. H. G. McCallister, district superintendent, will give the sermon at the morning church services. A short business session will follow the service in order to close up the work of the several departments of the church. All reports are to be complete and the election of the various committees for the ensuing year will be held during this session.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Cross are spending their vacation visiting her sister at Longview, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Haggerty and Gracia, Mr. and Mrs. Will Haggerty and sister, Louise Caldwell, who are visiting here from Burns, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Adney Haggerty at Enterprise.

A fishing party composed of Dr. George Hoffman, Harper and Gordon Bernard, of Union, and Tom Murphy and Harold Barthel, of Pendleton, went back into the mountains on the Big Imnaha last Friday afternoon and spent the weekend camping and fishing. Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Bernard drove to Pendleton for the weekend.

Members of the J. J. club, about a dozen in number drove to Cove Wednesday afternoon for their weekly meeting. After an afternoon of swimming they enjoyed a "Dutch treat" before returning home. They will drive to Radium Springs for their meeting next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Winship and Anna Mae, who now make their home in Boise, stopped at Union a short time Thursday on their way to Athena to attend the funeral of his foster mother.

Mrs. Eldred Hutchinson and Miss Eldora Hutchinson returned Tuesday evening from a two weeks visit in Corvallis and Portland.

Miss Clara Van Houten returned Sunday from Spokane where she spent a two weeks vacation from post office duties.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bidwell, of Island City, and Mrs. Harry Hulac and son, David, who are visiting from Portland, were Union visitors on Saturday.

RED FOR EVENING
WIN PARIS' FAVOR

PARIS (AP) — Baronne Robert de Rothschild is among smart Parisians who are choosing red for evening wear this year. She attended the recent reception given at the British embassy for the French president, wearing a gown of brilliant red crepe designed along clinging lines. With it she wore a necklace of diamonds.

## Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

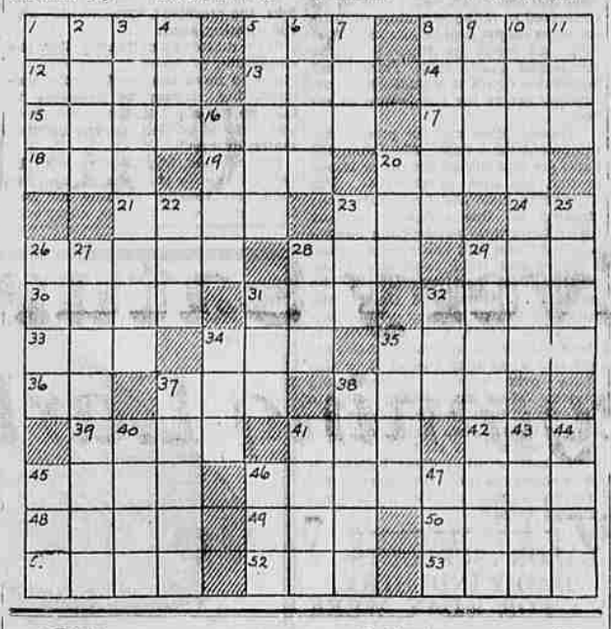
| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | R | E | C | A | | T | E | A | | A | R | T |
| R | E | W | A | R | D | I | N | G | | L | E | E |
| K | E | E | L | | E | R | I | E | | A | P | E |
| | | | F | A | R | A | D | | B | E | E | N |
| G | A | S | | M | I | D | | O | R | A | S | |
| I | L | L | S | | D | E | E | P | E | S | T | |
| G | O | A | T | E | E | | S | E | A | T | E | D |
| | O | V | E | R | S | E | T | | D | O | R | A |
| O | F | | E | A | | L | A | W | | A | S | P |
| S | N | A | P | | S | A | T | E | D | | | |
| T | E | R | | S | I | T | E | | A | L | A | S |
| I | S | M | | P | R | E | S | I | D | E | N | T |
| A | S | S | | Y | E | S | | T | O | A | D | Y |

ACROSS

1. Shed the feathers
5. Obese
8. Countenance
12. Fresh-water porpoise
13. Liquor
14. Sacred image
15. Poisonous arachnid
17. Tear asunder
18. Japanese coin
19. Metric land measure
20. Hotch
21. The rainbow
23. Passing fashion
24. Parent
26. Demolished
28. Large arm of the sea
29. Lower momentarily
30. In bed
31. Plaything
32. Existed
33. Massachusetts cape
34. Merry
35. Allude
36. Morning: abbr.
37. Purchase
38. Wait for
39. Off
41. Adult boy
42. Gone by
45. Egyptian goddess
46. Fence back of the batter
48. Discourteous
49. Japanese statesman
50. In this place
51. City in Iowa
52. Lair
53. Paradise

DOWN

1. Fail to hit
2. A single time
3. Treated as a celebrity
4. Sailor
5. Bazaars
6. Medicinal plant
7. Number
8. Discharged
9. High cards
10. Plot
11. Finish
16. Remunerated
20. Month of the year
22. Color
23. Elf
25. Imitator
26. Worthless: Biblical
27. Fourth stomach of a ruminant
28. Lad
29. Vanquished
31. Largest Scotch river
32. Marry
34. Steadying rope
35. Skating arena
37. Foundations
38. Kind of meat
40. Broad
41. Ship's officer
43. Pierce with the horns
44. Overt
45. Masculine name
46. Invite
47. That woman



## THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY JOE KING

(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE monkeys fought and fought and fought until one of them jumped and caught the other in the tummy with a blow that was real slick.

"Oh, my!" cried Coppy, "look at that. The blow has knocked that monkey flat. If I was hit that way I'm sure that it would make me sick.

"Let's help the monkey to his feet, or else find him a nice soft seat. I hardly think that he will want to battle any more.

"As long as we have been shown how, let's stage a fight ourselves, right now. We'll only scrap a little while. Our muscles might get sore."

• • •

THEN Duncy said, "I have a hunch for something better for this bunch. I'll put on both those boxing gloves and then you'll see some fun.

"Instead of fighting one of you, I'll fight the winning monkey, who seems bubbling o'er with confidence 'cause one fight he has won."

The Tinies all agreed to this. 'Twas something that they wouldn't miss. But first they took the losing monk and put him by a tree.

The monkey shortly heaved a sigh and, rather slowly, climbed up high and hid among the branches, as ashamed as he could be.

• • •

THEN Duncy put the gloves on tight and stepped right out and said, "Let's fight." The monkey seemed a bit amazed, but put his gloves in air.

Then Duncy slipped in quite a punch. A laugh came from the Tiny bunch. "Go right ahead," cried Scouty. "You have given him a scare."

The monkey, though, was rather smart. He set himself to do his part and right out from the shoulder one long arm began to sweep.

Poor Duncy promptly tried to duck, but found that he was out of luck. The blow caught him right on the chin and sent him in a heap.

(Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.)

(The Tinies ride on the monkey train in the next story.)

## Six-Miler Claims Record

BURLINGTON, N. C. (AP) — Paul "Hardrock" Simpson bettered the American and world's professional record for the six mile run here when he covered the distance in 30 minutes, four seconds. He will make application for acceptance of the record.

# CLASSIFIED ADS

THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion ..... 10c
Per line, each added consecutive insertion ..... 7c
Minimum charge on one order ..... 25c

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

YAKIMA FRUIT MARKET, at former Penney store on Depot St., offers a fine selection of canning fruits by the apple box. Don't be too late to get yours. Elberta peaches, common kind, 55c; also have choice grades, and big Hales. Our pears are select, get your prunes, crabapples, and our choice watermelons now. H. W. Smith, Prop. 8-26-2 tp

FRESH SPRING CHICKENS — Beef roasts 15c, beef loin and round steak 15c. Butter 22c pound. Orders delivered. La Grande Public Market. 8-26-1 t.

LOCAL tree ripened peaches, apricots and tomatoes. Local apples 50c per box, canning beans, corn and cucumbers. La Grande Public Market. 8-26-1 tp

APRICOTS, peaches, green beans and corn. Call 246 W or 456 M or see Will Adler, May Park. 8-25-3 tp.

FOR SALE—Beans for canning, 15c a gal. Robert O. Clark, Fruitdale. 8-25-3 tp.

FOR SALE — Buff Orpington fryers, 20c lb., Smith's Fox Farm. 8-25-2 tp

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. 2212 Cedar St. 8-18-6 tp.

A THRIVING LITTLE business in La Grande. Ideal for man and wife or mother and daughter. A real bargain. See G. E. Barnhill. 8-2-t f.

## FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furn. Apt., $12. Inq. after 5 p. m., 1403-6th. 8-26-2 tp

MODERN ROOMS, close in. 1902 2nd St. Convenient. Moderate prices. 8-26-2t

FOR RENT — Completely furnished house, 1612-6th St. 8-26-t f.

6-RM. MODERN HOUSE, 1 block from school, 372 R or 402 Adams on Sunday. 8-26-3 t.

5-RM. HOUSE near Normal and high school. Full cement basement and garage, $12. Phone 264 W. 8-23-5 tp.

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

STRICTLY MODERN 7-rm. house on 9th St. Inquire 1405 N or phone 434-J. 6-29-t f.

## WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—For cash, small place, 1½ or 2 A. Must be reasonable, in or near La Grande. Mrs. Jennie Eckstein, Elgin. 8-25-3 tp.

## AUTOMOBILES

1928 G. M. C. 1½ ton truck, $275.00. Used Hot Point electric range, $33.50. Carr Furniture Co. 8-10-1 m.

DODGE COUPE—GOOD TIRES
Runs good. Price $100.00.
PERKINS MOTOR CO.
Phone M 500 4th & Adams
8-26-t f.

## MISCELLANEOUS

STRAYED—To my place, roan pony, anchor brand on left shoulder. Owner may have same by paying for feed and ad. W. A. Bunten, 2 mi. north Iowa school. 8-26-1 tp

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 323-J. 8-8-t f.

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

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 434-W. Chas. Edwards Prop. 12-1-1 m.

### Low Grade of Society

The word "proletariat" comes from proletarius, Latin for a member of the lowest grade of society. He who paid taxes to the state, not with money, but with his children.

### Dispersing Vices

Nothing is so certain as that the vices of leisure are dispersed by occupation.—Seneca.

## Professional Directory

### Hospitals

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


Good USED RADIOS

We have a number of fine used radios in our stock which are now going at

Bargain Prices

Come in and let us show them to you.

Radio & Music Supply Co.

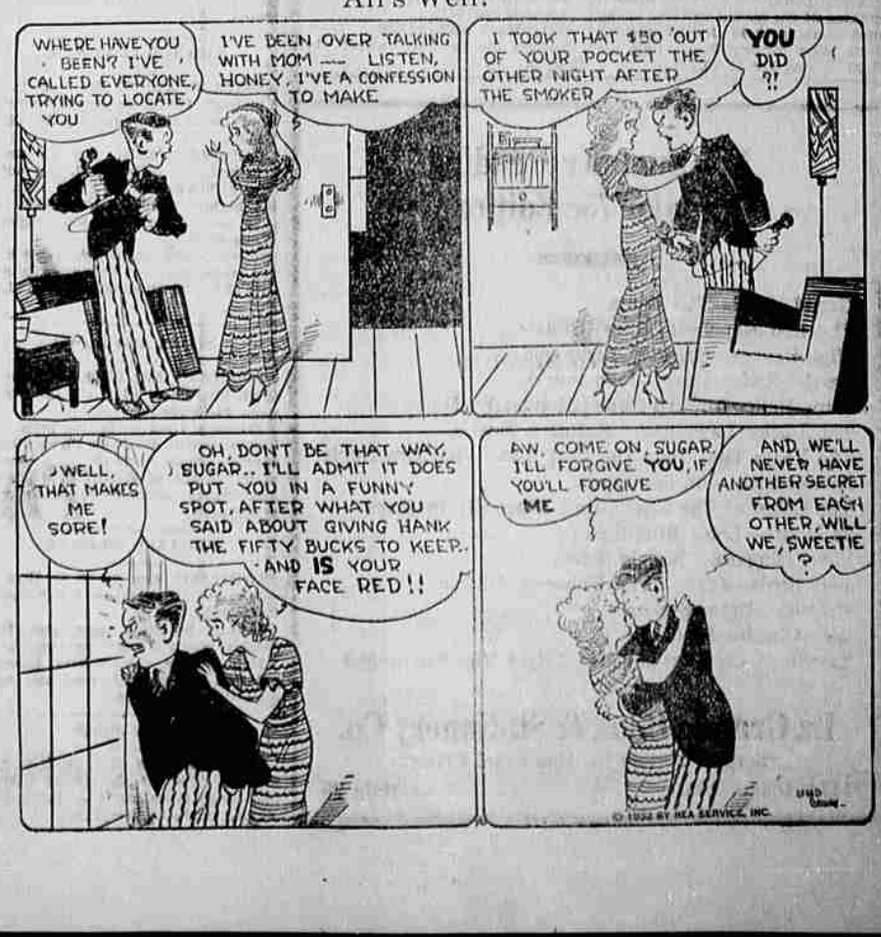
"Successors to Adler's"
First Nat'l. Bank Bldg.


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — By Blosser

Gangway!

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) — By Cowan

All's Well!





THIS DURABLE, LIVELY,
PLAY BALL FREE!

with a large tube of Rexall MILK of MAGNESIA TOOTH PASTE

The children will have a world of fun with this durable, live rubber, red white and blue play ball. Even grownups want one for swimming parties! You get it free with your tube of Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste—designed to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of dingy decayed teeth. Act now!

Both for 39c

Glass Drugs
La Grande, Oregon

THE Rexall DRUG STORE

The Shake Switch Shop
220 Fir St.

Special for Saturday & Sunday
Huckleberry, Strawberry, Apricot and Pineapple Sherbet
20c Quart — 2 for 35c

Maplenut, Black Walnut, Chocolate, Vanilla and Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream
25c Quart — 2 for 45c

Happy Jacks — each 5c

New Kordo-Hide

The Leather Coat You've Been Waiting For!

—It's Washable
—Sturdy
—Patch Pockets
—Tangrain Finish

$9.95

Trotter's
QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP