

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. She is ashamed to tell Dan of this extravagance. Her maid comes to see her next morning and promises to send Cherry's clothes. Cherry takes her purchases back to the store. That night Dan tells her Max Pearson will arrive the next day.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII

Cherry put down her cup of coffee and raised her eyes to Dan's. "Who is Max Pearson?" she asked. "Mean to say you don't—why, say, haven't I ever told you about Max?" "No, I don't think so. Who is he?" "Well, that's funny!" Phillips looked at the girl across the table and marveled that he and Cherry, who had come to mean so much to each other could have gone on for years knowing different people, going different places, talking about different things and never encountering each other. It was almost impossible now to think of himself as having an existence separate from Cherry's or her having an existence separate from his. "Max is a great boy," he told her enthusiastically. "I know you'll like him. He works on the News—rewrites man. And, boy, can he write! One of the best newspaper

men in town. Come to think of it, it's not so strange if I haven't mentioned him. Max has been in a hospital. Operated on for appendicitis about a month ago. Since then he's been down state with some relatives. Getting along o. k. I guess. Anyhow he's coming back to work tomorrow." She could tell by the light in Dan's eyes that Max Pearson was more than an ordinary acquaintance. Cherry said: "Of course if he's a friend of yours I'll like him. Tell me about him." "Well, you have to know Max to really appreciate him. He isn't like other people. I mean he's brilliant and some people think he's hard-boiled and cynical, but that's because they don't understand him. Give his last dime for a friend, Max would. Lots of nights we've sat around talking until two or three o'clock. Just talking. Max thinks our economic system is all wrong. He's a pacifist too and dead against war. Sometimes when he's in the mood for it he'll quote you poetry by the hour. Keats and Housman and Swinburne. Knows them all—" "But I'd be afraid to talk to anyone who knows so much!" Cherry protested. "No you won't. You'll like him. You see old Max is real. He doesn't just fake this literary racket. Some day he'll write a great novel. He's read everything but that doesn't make him high hat. You'll be crazy about him—I know you will!" "Well, I hope he'll like me." "As though anyone could help that! I'll admit Max doesn't care much for most girls. Never goes around with them. Down at the office they call him a 'woman hater,' but he'll go for you all right!" For another 10 minutes Dan sang the praises of his friend. Cherry, listening, thought Max Pearson must certainly be unlike anyone she knew. There were still doubts in her mind that she would be quite comfortable talking to a person of so much learning. Then she put the whole matter aside as unimportant. What really counted was that for a few hours she and Dan were to be together. They finished their coffee, left the restaurant and strolled out on the street considering how to spend the evening. Dan suggested they might rent a car at one of those "drive-it-yourself" agencies and take

a spin out on Stewart road. Or would Cherry like to drop in to see the Norma Shearer picture? How about dancing? Cherry voted for none of those things. They settled the problem by boarding a double-deck open air bus and climbing the perilous cylindrical staircase to the top deck. They found seats near the rear. The seat across the aisle was vacant so there was no one to notice when Dan's arm slipped about Cherry. Her soft, fragrant hair blew against his cheek and Dan's arm tightened, drawing her close. The other passengers, sitting two by two, were mostly boys and girls as young-looking as Dan and Cherry. Each couple seemed oblivious to the others. Overhead in a sky of midnight velvet the stars shimmered and twinkled as though symphonies of all the gems by which lovers since time began have plighted their troth. Great planets, glowing with fiery radiance. Cool, silvery star spray made up of innumerable, unimaginable distant worlds. Stars and the night breeze and darkness blotting out unpleasant realities. The bus top, jolting over city pavement, became young love's paradise. Dan's lips brushed the forehead of the girl beside him. Her hand, stealing into his, clung warm and trusting. "Fun, isn't it?" she whispered. "Great!" They rode to the end of the bus line and then back again. The girl who had seen spring cast its magic over Paris boulevards, whose costume was the exact and expensive duplicate of a French original and the young man who had been farm hand, book salesman, who had "bummed the rails" and—once—stood in a breadline, held hands and smiled into each other's eyes during the 10 cent bus ride exactly as hundreds of other sweethearts in hundreds of other cities were doing. "It was lovely," Cherry said softly as they returned to the hotel. "Let's take the same ride again soon." Later she and Dan checked addresses in the want ad pages that might prove to be desirable apartments. Cherry was anxious to leave the hotel, to have a home they could feel was distinctly their own. She was going to learn to cook and do all her own housework. Cherry knew how to preside with dignity at a tea

table. She could distinguish choice caviar from inferior and order a perfect luncheon from a menu card in French. As to actual cooking she had never so much as boiled an egg or made a pot of coffee. Cherry admitted her lack of housewifely knowledge. It was a standing joke between herself and Dan. That she could learn to manage a home quickly and easily she had not the slightest doubt. "Well, honey," Dan told her, "I'm not so bad at flapjacks and fried eggs. I'll give you lessons. Woman, I can make java that will cure your hair!" With the want ad list folded away in her purse Cherry set out next morning to look at apartments. There were two desirable residence neighborhoods in Wallington. Sweetwood Heights, the more exclusive, was out of the question, not only because of expense but because Cherry's parents lived there. Eastwood Heights, the newer and most attractive apartment buildings. Cherry knew several members of the Junior Guild who lived there. Eastwood Heights was in Eastwood. She decided to look there first. Dan had been afraid the prices might be too high for them but Cherry said it could do no harm to look. She knew exactly the sort of place she wanted. It must be furnished because buying furniture would take time and besides Dan was opposed to going into debt. Mentally Cherry pictured the cozy studio-type of living room. It should be large enough for one end to serve as the dining room. A little kitchen off at one side. The bedroom might be small, or with the right kind of couch they could even do without a bedroom. Furniture that was simple and comfortable. Bright things would be nice. And there should be a fireplace. The vision was attractive. Cherry hoped to locate such quarters for \$45 a month. Dan had been paying \$40 at the Blumark and they had set \$50 as the absolute maximum. One-fourth of their income seemed all that could be devoted to the single item of rent. "Oh, I don't think it will be hard to find," Cherry had assured Dan as she bid him goodby in the morning. "There must be lots of nice places and I'll just look around and pick out the best." It was 10 o'clock when Cherry left the hotel. She boarded a street

car that would take her to the neighborhood of Eastwood. She missed the green roadster in which she could have driven the distance in half the time. Well—the roadster was part of a life she had left behind. Following the street car conductor's directions Cherry left the car and walked two blocks to the first address on her list. She had selected it because the name of the building, "The Eimmere," attracted her and because the building faced an Eastwood park. "The Eimmere" was a dignified brick building with a tastefully furnished entrance. Cherry liked it. "I've come to look at the apartment you're advertising," she told the custodian. "Which one, ma'am? The five room or three?" Cherry said it was the three-room apartment in which she was interested. They rode in an automatic elevator to the third floor and walked down a corridor. The custodian turned a key, opening the door. "Here it is," he said, "and not a better value to be had in the city. Two windows in this room. A good sized closet. The whole place, floors and walls, just refinished. There's a wall bed. Everything in the kitchenette is first class and if you like we can furnish maid service at \$2.50 a half day. There's an electric refrigerator. You can have this suite at \$110 or unfurnished at \$95." The man had rattled off his speech in a singsong tone. Cherry turned startled eyes on him. "How much?" she asked, incredulously. "It's \$110 furnished or \$95 unfurnished." "You mean \$110 a month?" "The man laughed. "Why, sure, lady. What did you think I meant? This is a fine location and vacancies fill up quickly here. Of course all our tenants sign a year's lease. We just have this one and the five-room suite." Cherry said rather hurriedly that she'd look further and return if she found nothing she liked better. She even wrote down the custodian's telephone number, feeling hypocritical as she did so. Outside the building she breathed a sigh of relief. A hundred and ten dollars for a stuffy little box like that! She couldn't believe people paid such

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. Per line, 1st insertion...10c Per line, each added consecutive insertion...7c Minimum charge on one order...25c

FOR SALE

FOR SALE - Chevrolet coupe, good running order, good terms to right party. Inquire at Falk's. 8-27-3 t. FOR SALE OR TRADE - Modern 8-rm. house near Normal, Call 1108 I Ave. 8-27-3 t. 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. Eberts peaches, common kind, 55c; also have choice grades, and big Hales. Our peaches are select, get your prunes, crab-apples, and our choice watermelons. H. W. Smith, Prop. 8-26-3 t

WANTED

WANTED - Woman to cook on ranch for her home. Ph. 408 J. 8-27-2 tp. HOUSEWORK - Inq. 1223 U Ave. 8-27-3 tp. WANTED - Fryers. Cent above market price. Call Observer. 8-27-2 tp. WANTED - Man or woman for sales work. Ph. Main 639, 215 1/2 Pir St. 8-27-4 t. WANTED TO BUY - For cash, small place, 1 1/2 or 2 A. Must be reasonable in or near La Grande. Mrs. Jennie Eckstein, Elgin. 8-25-3 tp.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT - 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 tp. MODERN HOUSE - Inquire 1808-1st. or call 524 W. 8-27-2 t. 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. 8-26-2 t. FOR RENT - Completely furnished house, 1612-6th St. 8-26-4 t. 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 204 W. 8-26-5 tp. FOR RENT - Modern house at 1610 Oak St. Chas. H. Reynolds. 8-13-4 t. STRICTLY MODERN 7-rm. house on 9th St. Inquire 1405 N or phone 434-J. 8-26-4 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 923-J. 8-8-4 t.

FOR TRADE

FOR TRADE - Hay or wood for calves or pigs. Farm. 5X. 8-27-1 tp. REGISTERED Guernsey bull for hay or grain. Ph. 424 J. 8-27-4 tp.

AUTOMOBILES

1928 G. M. C. 1 1/2 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 8-26-4 t.

H. E. Creed of Victoria, B. C. won the prized gold medal of the Victoria-Sancti Inlet Anglers' association by landing a 42 1/2 pound spring salmon. Miss Ruth McGinnis of Honesdale, Pa. is rated as the outstanding women's professional pocket billiard player.

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

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS One More! By Blosser

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: Poodle's condition doesn't get any better, so Freckles has asked Oscar to run for the doctor. Panel 2: Freckles asks Oscar if he knows what's the trouble. Oscar says he doesn't know but a dog with those symptoms could have one of a number of things. Panel 3: Freckles says she's sick, all right, a dog with those symptoms could have one of a number of things. Panel 4: Freckles says she's sick, all right, a dog with those symptoms could have one of a number of things. Panel 5: Freckles says she's sick, all right, a dog with those symptoms could have one of a number of things.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mon'n Pop) A Total Loss! By Cowan

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: A woman says to a girl, 'You're a good girl to go to the store for mom.' The girl replies, 'And you won't spank me for anything now, will you, mom?' Panel 2: The woman says, 'Oh, Amy, you didn't get any eggs!!' Panel 3: The girl says, 'Yes I did, but they're all spoiled!' Panel 4: The woman says, 'Spoiled?!' Panel 5: The girl says, 'Um-hum! And if you don't think they are, come out here and look at 'em!' Panel 6: The woman looks at the girl with a shocked expression.

GOOD NEWS!

Tell your neighbors that...

BECAUSE one of the most interesting political campaigns in history is now in the making, and will come to its climax on election day - November 8 - everyone in Union and Wallowa counties will want to read the Observer regularly from now on in order to be informed as to the latest developments in all public affairs and thus be able to cast a really intelligent vote - in the local as well as the state and presidential elections.

AND in order to accommodate those people who are not at present taking the Observer, but are planning to take advantage of our annual bargain offer in order to start their subscription again, we are holding the annual

BARGAIN OFFER

During the Month of

September

Instead of October as in Previous Years

La Grande Observer

Only Daily Newspaper in Union and Wallowa Counties