

Leap Year Bride

(Continued From Page Three)

leader—is getting into Wellington tonight. He's coming on a train. If he does McAllister's going to arrest him on a suspicious person charge. I'm here with Mac now. We don't know what train Toccalli's on so we have to wait. He'll have a bunch of gorillas with him of course. The swell part is the tip is absolutely exclusive. I've got a photographer and the minute the train gets in we'll mop up the whole thing. Splash it all over an extra Boy, what a story!

Cherry's reticence was gone. "But, Dan," she cried, "I'm afraid for you. If anything should happen—"

He scoffed at the idea. "There's nothing to worry about," he assured her. "Not in the least. I'm keeping close to my personal body-guard, safe as a bug in a rug. Now promise me, honey, that you'll do as I want you to. Be a good girl and go out and have dinner. See a movie maybe. It's the 8:15 we're watching especially, but he may come later and anyhow I'll be tied up at the office for a while. Well, will you promise?"

"Y-yes. But I'll be worried every minute!"

Dan's laugh rang in Cherry's ears as she put down the telephone. The girl was not smiling. So this was what it meant to be a newspaper

man's wife. To know your husband might be in the path of a gunman's bullet and be powerless to interfere. To wait helpless while the one you loved most in all the world was taking unknown dangers. Oh, how could she bear it! How could she wait here alone when at any minute something terrible might be happening to Dan?

He had admitted it would be unsafe for her. Tony Toccalli! Even Cherry knew Toccalli was considered the most dangerous and powerful criminal in the United States. Public enemy No. 1. That was what they called him. "Gorillas," Dan had said. What did he mean by that. Of course Tony Toccalli would not be arrested without resistance.

Cherry envisioned the scene. A dozen burly criminals with their leader in their midst entering the station. The objecting officers. A sudden rain of bullets and the children, innocent victims falling. Cherry saw it all as in a motion picture. She saw Dan lying pale and lifeless.

"I mustn't go on this way!" the girl told herself. "Of course he'll be all right. I only have to wait an hour or so and then Dan will be here. He told me he'd be safe. I mustn't let myself imagine so much. I'll do as Dan said—go out and have dinner and maybe he'll be here when I get back."

To put this resolution into practice Cherry crossed the room and snipped on the dressing table light. It was almost 6:30. The face that looked back at her from the mirror was pale and the dark eyes were shadowed by circles. Cherry was wearing the dress she had put on that morning. It was rumpled and altogether she was anything but the picture of a happy bride.

"Dan mustn't see me like this," Cherry thought. "I can't go out looking such a fright!"

She drew cold water and bathed her eyes. Then she took a quick shower, finishing with the water coming down like icy needle pricks. Wrapped in a rose dressing gown she sat before the mirror and applied fragrant face cream and powder that left her skin like warm ivory. A touch of lipstick, the dark curia brushed and tucked into place, and then she was ready for her frock. She was preoccupied and chose the green one she had worn the night before.

No matter how often she reassured herself, no matter how she tried to put her mind on other things, Cherry was worried. When she was ready to go she stopped long enough to write a note for Dan in case he should arrive while she was away. It read: "Gone back a little after eight."

She propped this against the pin cushion on the dressing table. Then she went downstairs and into the street.

The Maple Leaf tea room was two blocks away. Cherry had noticed it several times as she passed. It looked attractive and for some reason she did not want to go alone to the restaurant where she and Dan usually dined.

There were several vacant tables at the Maple Leaf. Cherry selected one at the side of the room with places laid for two. She glanced at the menu and told the waitress to bring the 75-cent special dinner. It would be all right and would probably be served more quickly than anything else. She could eat and hurry back to wait for Dan.

A picture of Tony Toccalli seen in a newspaper photograph section flashed into Cherry's mind. "Maybe he's not really so wicked," she argued with herself. "And maybe he won't come!"

The last was a really cheering thought. On the strength of it Cherry attacked the rather tasteless, mildly warm croquette that had been set before her. She sampled the creamed peas and found them very appetizing.

"How do you do?"

With genuine surprise Cherry glanced up. The words seemed to be addressed to her yet she was sure she must be mistaken. The young man who had spoken was not a dozen yards away. For a moment Cherry did not recognize him. Then she saw that it was Garth Hendricks, a member of Wellington's younger social society crowd whom she knew as well as she knew any of the others. She had met Hendricks at a Guild tea and once when she had been driving with Gretchen Alden they had given him a lift.

"Why, hello," Cherry said. "You surprised me. I wasn't expecting to see anyone I knew."

Hendricks smiled. "Mind if I sit down here?" he asked. "I hate eating alone." As soon as she had indicated that he was welcome Hen-

dricks hurried on. "I want to offer my best wishes for your marriage and all that sort of thing. You know I've met your husband. Fine fellow."

"Do you know Dan?"

"Yes, I'm working on the Sentinel. Met him over at headquarters."

Hendricks explained that for two months he had been serving his apprenticeship as a cub reporter. He said some day he hoped to be a columnist.

"Don't you think it's a great game?" he asked. "Don't you get a kick out of newspaper life?"

"Oh, I don't know. I did for a while, but there are so many dangers. I wish I could persuade Dan to do something else."

"What? Say there's nothing dangerous about it?"

"I don't see how you can say that. I'm nearly crazy right this minute worrying about Dan. If he didn't work on a newspaper he'd be here with me instead of risking his life with that terrible Tony Toccalli."

"What makes you think he's with Tony Toccalli?"

"He told me himself. I don't know if he's actually with him, but I know he expects to be. He's down at the union station waiting for Toccalli's train to get in. They're going to try to arrest Tony and if they do there'll be shooting and someone will be hurt. I don't see how I'm going to stand it! I'm almost wild—"

Hendricks interrupted to ask questions. Smoothly he tried to reassure her. Of course she was over-aggregating the affair. There was no likelihood that even Tony Toccalli would start a shooting fray in the union station. She was imagining things that could not happen.

Cherry listened eagerly. It was encouraging to hear someone else say the things she had tried to convince herself were true. She was disappointed when, a few minutes later, Hendricks said blandly: "I'm sorry, but I've got to rush away. Just remembered I was to meet a man at the Wellington. Nice to have seen you again, Mrs. Phillips. Goodbye."

It was after he was gone that Cherry realized what she had done. She had told Dan's big story to a Sentinel reporter. Did Hendricks really mean that he was going to meet someone or was he at this very minute talking to his city editor? (TO BE CONTINUED)

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES 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

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Imbler School Will Be Opened On September 12

By Mrs. Ray Wilson (Observer Correspondent)

IMBLER (Special)—The Imbler schools will start Sept. 12. Supt. and Mrs. J. W. King and children arrived in Imbler yesterday morning from Eugene where Mr. King has been attending summer school. Miss Vergele Bond, of the grade faculty, has been on a trip to Kentucky. Harry Johnson, of the High school faculty, was in Imbler recently accompanied by his bride and they are expected here this week. All indications point to a heavy enrollment in both the High school and grades. A number of minor improvements have been made in the school building during the summer and all is in readiness for the opening.

Mrs. Tom Ruckman has been having very poor health recently but is now improving slowly. Among the recent callers at her home were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parker, who are now making their home in California. The annual meeting of the legion auxiliary will be held today. Officers will be elected for the coming year.

Professional Directory

Hospitals

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

WANTED

WANTED—Good wood range, reasonably priced. Call M 388. 8-29-1 t.

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 Fir St. 8-27-1 t.

and other important business transacted.

Several members of the local Sunday school attended the Sunday school convention at Pleasant Grove yesterday.

Aimee Collapses Before Sermon

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 29 (AP)—The news may again cut short the comeback series of sermons of Aimee Sem-

LOST

LOST—Pair of horn-rimmed glasses in pink case. Also leather pocket-book with driver's license and credit card. Suitable reward. No questions asked. Mr. McKinlay at Falk's store. 8-29-1 t.

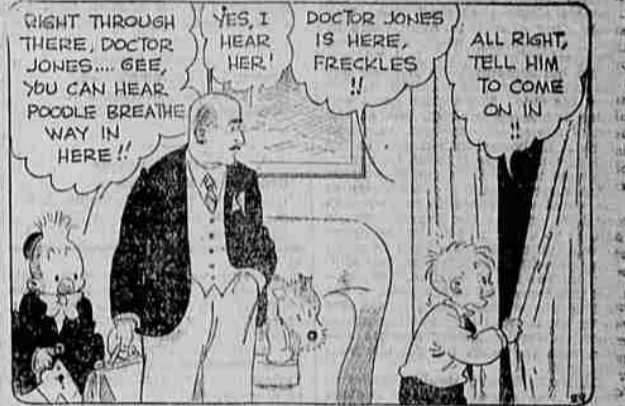
McPherson Hutton, the evangelist. Returning to her parents' last night after a five months' absence on account of ill health, Mrs. Hutton was reported by Angelus temple officials to have suffered a collapse before entering the church. However, the evangelist delivered a brief sermon, although she obviously was weak and pale.

On several previous occasions, Mrs. Hutton has collapsed as she pursued her evangelistic work and she recently took a prolonged rest in an effort to regain her health.

HUTTON STARTS HOME

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 29 (AP)—David L. Hutton, husband of Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, checked out of a hotel here Saturday night saying he was returning to Los Angeles.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Distemper!



HAVING TROUBLE, AREN'T YOU? WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



GOSH...I'D HATE TO LOSE HER... YOU DON'T THINK SHE'LL DIE, DO YOU?



I'LL BE HER NURSE, DOCTOR... JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!



WELL, THE ONLY REASON I'M ANSWERING IT IS THAT I'M OUT OF BOOKS!



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

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