

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
(Copyright 1932)

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Cherry Dixon, pretty 19-year-old daughter of wealthy parents, falls in love with Dan Phillips, newspaper reporter. She quarrels with her father about Dan and then, taking advantage of Leap Year, asks Dan to marry her. They are married and Cherry for the first time finds what it means to lack money. They take a cheap apartment and her struggles with housework are discouraging. Dixie Shannon, movie critic of the News, is friendly with Cherry. She meets handsome Max Pearson, also on the News.

After several weeks Cherry's mother becomes seriously ill. The girl is called home and there is a reconciliation with her parents but pride will not allow her to accept financial aid from them. When Mrs. Dixon is stronger she and her husband leave for several months at the seashore.

July brings an intense heat wave. Cherry and Dan are invited to a swimming party at a nearby resort. Dan is delayed and Cherry starts with Pearson. A storm overtakes them and while they are waiting for it to pass Pearson tells Cherry he loves her. They finally reach home but after that Cherry avoids Pearson.

Dan comes home elated over an interview with Brenda Vail, magazine writer, who has volunteered to criticize his writing. He goes to call on Miss Vail.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV
Dixie Shannon pulled a vividly hued coat over her shoulders and went to the door. "Oh—Cherry," she exclaimed. "Come in, darling. Why didn't you say it was you?"

It was a week after Brenda Vail's arrival in Wellington. Dixie had returned from her vacation only three days before.

Cherry said, "I came up to see if you could loan me a lemon. We're having salmon and Dan doesn't like it without lemon. I hate to make a special trip."

"Of course," you can have it. They're on the shelf behind the screen. Help yourself. I bought six last night because I wanted to shampoo my hair. Take two—take all of them if you want to!"

"One is plenty," Cherry assured her.

Dixie had returned to the day before when she had seen her friend's car. She was wearing blue slacks on her feet and the coolie coat fell back to reveal flannel-lined lingerie. Her hair was unpinched and hung in a tangled mass.

"Just taking my beauty rest," she apologized. "Sit down, won't you? I've scarcely seen you since I came home."

Cherry dropped into a chair. "I guess I can stay a few minutes," she said. "Dan won't be home for an hour. Are you going out to dinner?"

The other shook her head negatively. "No, I've got a date at 8 but I'm not eating. Orange juice diet this week. Have to get rid of those extra pounds I picked up on my trip. Let's see—I've had six glasses of orange juice today and I can have two more."

"And nothing else? But do you think that's good for you?"

"Best thing in the world," Dixie assured her. "I've read that. You don't need it, though. To tell the truth I believe you're looking thinner, Cherry!"

"Oh, a little maybe. I guess it was the heat. Tell me about that good-looking ship officer!"

Dixie shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing to tell," she said. "By this time he's dancing with some other girl and holding her hand in the moonlight. I never let myself get serious over these summer playmates. No—when the vacation's over Dixie takes off her hat and puts her heart back in storage. But I want to hear the news around here. What's been happening?"

"Nothing. Everything's been just as it always is."

Dixie swung one foot idly. The blue satin made her look away from her heel. She did not look at Cherry and her tone was casual as she said, "They tell me we have a celebrity in town—Brenda Vail, the magazine writer."

"Oh, I forgot—that is news. Yes, she's been here for several days. But have you heard Dixie, isn't Dixie? Really, it's wonderful! Miss Vail has asked Dan to help her write a play?"

"Really?"

"Yes, Dan interviewed her the day she came and she read a story he'd written. Right away she said he had talent and that he should be doing serious writing. Then she asked him about his work and he told her some of the cases he's worked on. Criminal cases, you know. Murders and kidnapping and

robberies. Right away Miss Vail said she'd had an idea for a play for a long while but she'd never had time to work up the material. It's a play about a girl of the underworld. Well, Dan told her a little about the gangsters he's known and Miss Vail was so interested she asked if he'd collaborate on the play. He's to furnish the part about the gangsters and they'll work it out together. Miss Vail is sure they can get it produced because she knows a lot of theatrical people. Don't you think it's thrilling? It seems to be just the big chance Dan's always wanted!"

"Wonderful," Dixie agreed. If the other girl had been less preoccupied she might have noticed that Dixie's voice was slightly lacking in enthusiasm. "I heard a little about it at the office," she went on. "It seems to be a great opportunity all right. Have you met this Miss Vail?"

"No, but I'm going to Sunday. She's taken a furnished apartment at the Mayfair and we're invited to tea. Dan says she's awfully interesting. She's traveled a lot and knows so many unusual people."

"Especially men, I imagine."

"Why, Dixie—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. Only they say she's quite an eye-ful and naturally such an attractive woman would know a lot of men, wouldn't she? I mean of course she'd have lots of admirers."

"Well, I don't know about that. She explained to Dan that really she's led a very lonely life. She says it's the penalty for trying to do creative work. I'm sure she can do so much for Dan! Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I imagine she can." "I mustn't stay another minute," she said. "Dan will be coming home and wondering what's become of me. Drop in to see me soon. Dixie. There are still a lot of things I want to hear about your trip."

"I'll be seen," Dixie assured her. "Glad you came," she watched the door close, frowned and shook her head.

At a quarter to 5 o'clock the following Sunday, Cherry and Dan entered the fashionable apartment hotel known as the Mayfair. Cherry wore the one costume from her spring wardrobe that seemed equal to the occasion. It was the beige frock in which she had been married. The dress had been cleaned but the pressing was not quite as it should be. Cherry wore the close brown hat that framed her face so becomingly, brown spike heeled pumps and brown gloves.

Altogether she was pleased with her appearance as she caught a glimpse of herself in the elevator mirror.

Phillips said, "Fifth floor" to the operator. The car stopped and Cherry and Dan stepped into a carpeted corridor.

"Oh, Dan, it's awfully attractive. Wouldn't you love to live in a place like this?"

"Certainly would! Wait until you see Miss Vail's apartment. The furniture's modernistic—did I tell you? And there's a great view of the park."

Cherry touched his arm. She was smiling and she said in a low voice, "When you're a famous playwright this is where we'll live!"

Phillips grinned self-consciously. "Better wait until the play's written before you count on that. Well—here we are."

A maid in gray uniform opened the door and ushered them into the foyer of the apartment. A moment later they were in a larger room and Brenda Vail was coming forward to meet them.

"Ah! At last you have brought Mr. Phillips," she exclaimed. "Such a little girl—with such brown eyes. I'm glad to know you, my dear. Do sit down. And Dan, you like that chair, don't you? So this is the little girl who has such a talented husband. But you didn't tell me your wife was so pretty, Dan!"

Cherry sat down in the low black chair. She felt as though she were a child at her first party—bewildered and a bit confused. Brenda Vail's words rushed on but Cherry scarcely heard them. She was looking at the gorgeous creature who turned such a melting glance on Dan. Miss Vail wore a costume unlike anything Cherry had ever seen. It was made of silvery green chiffon. There were long, very full trousers and a low cut bodice like a frock. About her waist Miss Vail wore a broad, deep green satin sash tied with long, fringed ends reaching to the floor.

Her hair was like burnished copper, waving and surprisingly abundant. Cherry noticed that the author had clear white skin and that her lip rouge was brilliant.

Miss Vail turned her gray-green eyes on the girl. "Tell me," she said smoothly, "are you too interested in literature?"

"Why, yes, I'm interested in everything Dan is."

"To be sure. But individually, I mean do you write, Mrs. Phillips? Poetry, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," Dan said easily. "Cherry doesn't try to write. She has all

she can do keeping house."

"I see," Miss Vail's tone had the gentleness of a cat about to pounce on its prey. "A little bird in the home nest. How sweet! But of course, Mrs. Phillips, you know your husband has great talent. He will be a famous writer. Oh, yes! He is my discovery and I am proud of him! This play we are writing together is the most stimulating work I have ever undertaken. But here, I am talking and forgetting my guests!"

She touched a bell and the maid appeared with the tea tray. There were savory sandwiches, dainty circles of toast and marmalade, miniature cakes.

"Cream or lemon, Mrs. Phillips?" Cherry said she preferred the tea without either. Why did everything Brenda Vail said or did have the effect of making Cherry feel like a runaway school girl? Why should she feel out of the conversation when Miss Vail turned to Dan and spoke to him about his "career"? There was no reason for it. Cherry was as deeply interested in Dan's future as he was in his. Certainly more interested than a stranger such as Miss Vail could be.

The hostess began to talk of literary affairs but had attended in New York. Dan leaned forward eagerly. Miss Vail mentioned men and women of whom Cherry had never heard. Dan seemed to know about them and asked questions. They were famous persons, no doubt. Miss Vail mentioned an outstanding publisher, a literary critic and an actor, calling each by their first names.

Cherry moved uncomfortably. She said after a time, "It's getting late. Dan, don't you think we should go?"

They arose to take their leave. Brenda Vail held Cherry's hand in hers and smiled beguilingly. "It's been such a pleasure to have you here," she said. "You must come often. I know we're going to be great friends!"

Cherry, "Thank you. I've enjoyed it," she said stiffly. Outside on the street Dan turned to her. "Don't you think Brenda's marvelous?" he asked eagerly.

"She's very nice," Cherry answered slowly. "Are you going to see her tomorrow?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JOSEPH PERSONALS

By Mrs. Malda Stevenson
(Observer Correspondent)

JOSEPH (Special) — Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Barton of Imnaha, came out Wednesday bringing some beef cattle to ship to Portland.

Aubrey Estes, Fred Gray and "Shorty" Lee went to Minam lake Sunday and caught their limit of Eastern Brook trout.

J. L. Seary returned Thursday from Weston and Walla Walla. He says the weather is very warm there.

Mrs. C. R. Patten is home from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Long, of Elgin.

E. W. Calvert, local station agent, is confined with an attack of lumbago.

William Warnock Sr., of Enterprise, and William Warnock, of Joseph, company with J. L. Seary left Monday for Imnaha, going to Mr. Warnock's ranch where they planned to get saddle horses and go on into the brakes where they hoped to catch a deer.

Elwin Kernan left Saturday for Portland where he will enter the veterans' hospital for treatment for an infection in his mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Caviness, of Portland, came in Monday for a few days to visit and to attend to business.

Charles Secher, who is proprietor of the cabins at Aneroid lake, has purchased a new car.

Fred Gray, "Shorty" Lee and "Pike" DeBole left Sunday for Minam lake on a fishing trip.

Sunday a crowd of people went to Aneroid lake fishing and were quite successful, each catching a string of fish but found it very cold there as the temperature dropped Saturday night below freezing in the valley.

Edward Eben is confined to his bed ill of a severe cold.

By Mrs. Malda Stevenson
(Observer Correspondent)

JOSEPH (Special) — Miss Beverly Scott, who is teaching the Precezet school on Imnaha, was out over the weekend with her aunt, Mrs. Welthy Mitchell.

The Joseph Woman's club met Thursday in the Community hall. Mrs. Welthy Mitchell is president this

year and presided at the meeting. The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church was to hold the annual dollar day luncheon this year in the Community hall, Sept. 23 at 1 o'clock. There also will be election of officers for the next year.

Paul Putman, principal of the High school, was a guest of Imnaha at the J. Ross Leslie home Sunday.

Mrs. Daisy Rumble and Mrs. D. B. Hendricks gave a luncheon yesterday to a few guests at the home of Mrs. Rumble. The afternoon was spent playing contract.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dawson lost their milk cow Sunday. The animal bloated from eating alfalfa hay.

Mrs. Mollie Mays and Mrs. Jessie Anderson Enterprise business visitors Wednesday.

The condition of C. K. Bue, father of Mrs. Schuler and Melvin and Chris Bue, is reported to be somewhat improved the last few days.

Among those reporting from hunting are George Dawson and sons who came in with three deer. William Warnock Sr., of Enterprise and William Warnock, of Joseph and J. L. Seary came in with one each.

The weather has turned cooler, frosting heavily and killing the tender flowers and garden truck.

Surgery in Middle Ages
In the Middle Ages surgery was deemed an occupation unbefitting the gentleman or the scholar and was left to the barber to perform.

Economic Effects Of Brazil's Revolt Unusually Intense

RIO DE JANEIRO (AP) — Brazil's prolonged civil war has been accompanied by wider economic ramifications that would be likely in any international conflict in South America, excluding Argentina.

Sao Paulo's 7,000,000 people—more than the population of Chile or Peru—in revolt furnished the provisional government a tough financial problem. With more than 100,000 men under arms on both sides, war expenditures have been running into millions.

With little gold in the country, both sides issued large amounts of paper currency, and each promptly repudiated the other's action.

Duration of the effects of the entire affair on business and exchange remains to be seen. With Sao Paulo isolated, its exports halted, the principal source of foreign money to meet obligations abroad was stopped.

Each week of the revolution and Santos blockade meant that 500,000 sacks of Sao Paulo's coffee normally exported to Europe were stranded, (testified the problem of the Paulista surplus principal bugaboo in the way of eliminating a mountainous carry-over.

Humming Bird Unique
The humming bird apparently experiences no difficulty in remaining perfectly stationary in the air wherever it cares to do so.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Windflower	2. Prepared for publication	3. All that a spoon will hold	4. Equality	5. The gloomy	6. Sewing implement	7. Geometrical figure	8. Row	9. Tree trunks	10. Wise men	11. Inhabitants	12. Destructive of another's possessions	13. Mexican dishes	14. Reassembling the rainbow	15. Silver coin	16. Luminous envelope surrounding the sun	17. Memoranda	18. Corrupt	19. Auctions	20. Philippine	21. Searled	22. Corded cloth	23. Plant of the lily family
1. Yarrow	2. Ready	3. Spoonful	4. Equity	5. Gloom	6. Needle	7. Circle	8. Line	9. Logs	10. Sages	11. Natives	12. Plunder	13. Tacos	14. Spectrum	15. Dollar	16. Corona	17. Notes	18. Bribe	19. Sales	20. Islands	21. Cord	22. Iris	23. Lily

The TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

"THE peanuts that the monkeys ate," said Scouty, "must have tasted great. Just watch the monkeys jump around. They're happy as can be."

The zoo man then said, "They all stuff and never seem to have enough. Whenever they get hungry they start in to poster me."

"However, they are friends of mine and we all get along just fine, until they start their funny tricks. Then, sometimes I get mad."

"Of course they help me 'round the zoo when I have lots of work to do, but you would be surprised to know of little spats we've had."

"WHY, just last week one took my hat and hid it. Just imagine that. I looked and looked until I was as tired as I could be."

"And then the monkey jumped around and threw the hat down on the ground. It had been hanging high up in the branches of a tree."

One monkey then jumped in the air and gave poor Duncy quite a scare. It landed on the wee tot's story.)

CLASSIFIED ADS

THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLAWA COUNTIES
(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion 10c
Per line, each added 5c
Active insertion 7c
Minimum charge on one order 25c

RATES BY MONTH
2 lines, per month \$2.50
3 lines, per month \$3.50
4 lines, per month \$4.50
5 lines, per month \$5.50
Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month.

FOR SALE
2 YEAR field grown rosebushes, \$3.50 doz.; grape hyacinth, \$2.50 doz.; rockplants, 12 \$1.00; 4 peonies \$1.00. Suh's Flower Farms, Troutdale, Ore. Free catalog. 9-22-3 tp.

ROGER & SON PIANO, or will trade for car, 903-6th. 9-21-4 tp.

HONEY — \$1.50 case. Bees \$2 to \$3 hive. H. Thomsen, Ing. M. Marquis. 9-21-3 tp.

FOR SALE OR RENT — 8 A. 7-rm. house, out-buildings, \$1800, 1st place east of county farm. 9-19-6 tp.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—2 rm. turn. Apt., cheap. Phone 343 R. 9-23-2 t.
4-RM. HOUSE. Also 1 rm. with or without board. Ph. 519 R. 9-22-3 tp.

SOMMER HOTEL—Under new management. F. E. Ware, Prop. Modern rooms, reasonable permanent rates. 9-21-3 t.

6-ROOM FURNISHED HOUSE, 301 Main St. Garage. Inquire 803 Main or phone 508 U. 9-20-5 tp.

STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow. Ing. 1405 N Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-20-5 t.

6-RM. furn. house, garage, 1906 Oak St. Ph. 458 J. 9-15-1 t.

FURN. 6-RM. MOD. house, part or all, 1812-6th St. 9-12-5 t.

MODERN house, remodeled and plastered. Come and see it, 1133 Y ave. Geo Chapman, Phone 224-R. 9-8-4 t.

UNFURN. MOD. 5-rm. house. Call at 1706 4th or 145 W. 8-30-5 t.

WANTED
WANTED—Special or custom sawing. Rough lumber for sale at \$13 per M.; mill run surfaced and sized on orders \$10 per M. H. H. Horn, 4 mi. west of Summerville. 9-23-1 mp.

WANTED—To buy used fruit jars in good condition. Phone Main 907. 9-1-5 t.

Making for Happiness
To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare not search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—Master-Link.

Safe Soap
Soap does not harbor or transmit disease germs. A recent analysis of partly used cakes taken from the railway stations, hotels, factories and public baths failed to show a single living organism.—Collier's Magazine.

Crater Smokes in Quiet
Mount Popocatepetl is still smoking in Mexico, although no eruption has occurred since 1940.

Professional Directory
Hospitals
DR. LEE B. BOUYE
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
2nd floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 10.

Red Shirt Style Started By Wales On Biarritz Jaunt

BIARRITZ, France (AP) — Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, whose clothes are men's "style hints" for Europe, launched a vogue for bright colors while he was vacationing here with his brother, Prince George.

The heir to the British throne appeared in a dozen different hues, "Lacoste" shirts cut on a design named for the French aviator with a sports collar.

A bright red was his favorite. With it he wore gray knickerbockers, red socks and white brogues.

Soon after his arrival he discarded his straw sailor for a beret. Prince George, however, dashed about the town bareheaded.

When not on the golf links the princes were generally to be found in the swimming pool, where they took daily lessons from an American instructor. For these plunges the Prince of Wales wore a bathing suit of red, blue and brown.

BATTERIES
\$3.00 and Up
Radio Battery 50c
Recharge
U. S. L. Distributor
Burgess Battery & Electric
1308 Jefferson Ave.

LOST
LOST—Eldon gold watch in or near M. I. A. hall Wed. about 2:30. Reward, Ph. 145 R. 9-23-2 tp.

1928 G. M. C. truck, \$270. Carr Furniture Co. 9-7-1 m.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Poodle Knows

BOY! IT SEEMS GOOD TO SEE HER OUT AGAIN... SHE LOOKS AS GOOD AS EVER, TAG!

YES, BUT SHE ACTS FUNNY... ALWAYS SHIFIN' AN' LOOKIN' UP IN THE AIR FOR BIRDS!!

AS RILEY AND FRECKLES WING THEIR WAY TO KING CITY, POODLE IS DISCHARGED FROM THE DOG HOSPITAL, FULLY RECOVERED, BUT ACTING A BIT QUEER....

WELL, IF SHE SEES ANY BIRDS SHE'S GOT BETTER EYES THAN I HAVE... DO YOU SEE ANY?

NO... THAT'S THE FUNNY PART... I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR THEM MYSELF!!

MEBEE SHE'S A BIRD DOG... Y' KNOW THEY DO THAT!!

POODLE ISN'T A BIRD DOG... SHE NEVER DID THIS BEFORE SHE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL!!

I CATCH ON! SHE KNOWS FRECKLES IS WAY UP IN THE AIR WITH RILEY SOMEPLACE, RIGHT NOW!!

I BETCHA!!

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THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

A Caller!

YES, HE'S AN ENGLISH LAWYER AND HE'S COME ALL THE WAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING!

TELL HER HE'S COMING TO THE HOUSE... AND WE'RE EXPECTING HIM ANY MINUTE

WHY, GLADY'S, I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! YOU MEAN THERE'S A CHANCE THAT SOMEONE HAS LEFT YOU A FORTUNE

UM-HUM - BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHO IT COULD BE

HUM—NEWFANGLE. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL! IT MUST BE MR. SCROD!!

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By Cowan

FLAVOR Sealed in Vacuum

Note: The steel-cut "grind" of Golden West Coffee is the result of exhaustive tests... you find it perfect for "drip" and other methods of making coffee.

90% of all coffee troubles occur in the making. This is why coffee experts say, "Drip your coffee." REAL ECONOMY... a most delicious uniform result.

Here's How... Measure Golden West into the maker. Pour in jumping, boiling water. Then let it "drip." No boiling, no percolation, no fuss. Your grocer features both Golden West, and the Golden West makes at economical prices.

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