

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
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CHAPTER XXXVII

Dan put down the telephone. "I'm sorry," he said. "Guess we'll have to see the Casey's some other night. That was Brenda calling. She's just had a new idea for the ending of the first act. Wants me to come over and re-write what we did last night."

"Couldn't it wait until tomorrow?"

"Why, Cherry, I can't very well ask Brenda to wait. It's a big opportunity for me; you know. It's not every author who'd be willing to collaborate with a person entirely unknown. If she wants to work on the play tonight I think it's up to me to be there."

"I suppose you're right," Cherry said slowly. "You'll have to go."

Dan disappeared into the dressing room. A few minutes later he was back, pulling the ends of his tie through to make a neat knot. "Listen, Cherry," he said, "why don't you come along with me?"

"You mean go with you to Miss Vail's?"

"Sure. Maybe we'll be through early and we can pick up somebody at the office for a game of bridge. Or we might see a late movie."

"But why don't you come? You said you'd been in the house all day. It would be good for you to get out."

Cherry was not to be persuaded. "You go," she said. "If Mrs. Moreau's upstairs I'll go up and talk to her. I'd like to have her see if I've cut that dress out the way I should."

Ten minutes later Dan was gone. Cherry hesitated before she finally took the folds of yellow cloth over her arm and went upstairs to rap on the door of the Moreau's apartment. Why should she feel jealous of Brenda Vail, this woman who was almost a stranger? What did it matter to Cherry if Dan spent so many evenings with Miss Vail? They were writing a play—the play

that was to make Dan known to the world as a talented young author. "I should be grateful," Cherry told herself. "She's doing what I can't for Dan—helping him make a name and a place for himself. It means everything for me, too. Money. The sort of life we've dreamed of. Happiness! Dan could never be happy with things as they are now. He's too ambitious. Oh, I should be glad Miss Vail came to Wellington and glad she's staying!"

Somehow, although she told herself all this several times, she could not quite believe it. Not a single thing had happened to plant in Cherry's mind the seed of jealousy and yet the restless, troublesome thing was there.

Dan did not come home early that evening or the next. He told Cherry enthusiastically that at last the play was progressing. Two acts were almost completed. The third, which was to be the last act, was going to be difficult to handle. There was so much about the mechanics of writing for the stage of which he was ignorant. Brenda seemed to know, though. If the play really "clicked," the credit would be Brenda's.

"She's great!" he assured Cherry with glowing eyes. "Brenda knows life. She's different from the sort of people you meet around here as day is from night."

It was on such occasions that the green-eyed goddess asserted itself. Cherry would remain silent to keep the bitter thoughts from her lips. Dan did not seem to notice how much of the time Cherry was silent.

There were evenings Dan did not spend working with Brenda. Occasionally Miss Vail had other engagements. Once some friends came for her and drove her to a town 50 miles away. She spent two days there, returning to tell Dan that she had been horribly bored. She managed, without saying so, to convey the impression that the time had been dull because she had missed understanding companionship.

There were other evenings when Dan had assignments or was busy at the office. He telephoned to Cherry on a night when he had been working late. It was almost 9 o'clock.

"Listen, honey," he said. "Max and I are going to stop for you in 15 minutes. Can you be ready? It's a grand night and we're going to drive out to a new barbecue place on Stewart road. Better have a coat—it's cool out. Yes, we'll be here in 15 minutes. Twenty at the latest!"

The 20 minutes were not yet up when the roadster halted before the apartment house. Cherry came down the steps wearing a knitted sweater suit. It was brown and pulled close over her head was a scarlet beret. She looked unusually childish, unusually attractive.

Cherry called "Hello!" gaily and stepped into the roadster. She had not seen Max Pearson since the night of their drive through the storm.

His greeting was friendly, casual. Dan wanted to know if Cherry was sure she would be warm enough and she said that she was. A moment more and they were off down the street.

The week had brought the first foretaste of autumn weather. There was a sharp nip in the air and once as they neared the limits of the city the odor of burning grass came to them. It must have been the first fall bonfire. Overhead the sky was almost black and the stars gleamed with chill, bright frigidity.

Cherry felt Dan's arm around her and snuggled close. She was glad that she had worn the wool sweater suit. The cold wind struck against her cheeks and sent her blood back tingling. It was good to be riding through the night. It was good to have Dan at her side. Suddenly in the darkness Cherry's worries and problems slipped away.

Her fingers found Dan's hand, slipped into it. He was saying something she could not hear because of

the wind. Cherry laughed and turned her head. "Dan repeated, 'I said we hadn't driven out on this road since June. Remember?' Max brought us that night, too."

Cherry nodded. The memory of that spring night was still sweet. All the happiness she had known with Dan, suddenly came crowding back. Oh, how could she have thought for one moment that anything could affect her love for Dan or his for her? Of course it was nonsense! She had been making herself unhappy over nothing. Nothing was wrong and nothing would ever take Dan away from her!

Pearson was talking now. He had to raise his voice so as to be heard above the wind. Cherry did not even listen or hear Dan's reply. She was glad the conversation was about something at the office about which they would not expect her to express an opinion.

"They were riding along a well-lighted highway. Presently far ahead, an electric sign loomed up. 'That's the place,' Pearson told them. 'Jo and I were out last week. Elegant fried chicken they serve. That is if you're in the mood for fried chicken—which I certainly am!'"

"Oh, for mine," Dan announced. "Haven't had a good bowl of hot chili for ages."

"Why do they call it a barbecue?" Cherry wanted to know. "It looks just like any other place to eat."

Like any other place to eat. Then Duncy grabbed it by the tail and, my, but it let out a wail. "Hey, don't do that," cried Copy. "We should treat it nice, at least."

"Why, sure we should," snapped Windy. "Gee, it's just as cute as it can be. Let's rub the paint off right away. It looks an awful mess."

"I wonder, though, how we can get the spots off when the paint's still wet. We're going to have a lot of work before we're through, I guess."

AND then they heard the zoo man roar. "Gee, whiz, what are you laughing for?" asked Scouty, and the zoo man said, "I've played a trick on you."

"Those spots will easily rub out. You thought that you used paint, no doubt, but it was merely berry juice." The Tines then laughed, too.

The zoo man soon said, "I will drop in to see her now and then. They gave me Max's Cheer her up. Cherry doesn't see enough people or get out as often as she should."

Pearson's hesitation was almost imperceptible. He said, "Why—yes, of course. I'll be glad to come to see her. Any time that I'm welcome."

"Welcome?" Dan grinned. "Say, guess you know you're welcome any time at our place. Isn't he, Cherry?"

The girl said "Certainly." Her eyes did not meet Pearson's again. (TO BE CONTINUED)



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE tiny Mites grew mad 'cause Scouty painted it. It had big spots all over its body and you couldn't blame the beast. Then Duncy grabbed it by the tail and, my, but it let out a wail. "Hey, don't do that," cried Copy. "We should treat it nice, at least."

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BLUE EVENING CLOTHES DISPLACE BLACK AT NICE

NICE, France (AP) — The black evening clothes tradition for men has been broken at several casino gains on the Riviera.

The smart dressers have been wearing dinner jackets and trousers of light summer materials. Navy blue and dark royal blue have proved the most popular colors, as they look best under artificial light, but some white evening clothes have been seen.

The waistcoat in this fashion is replaced by a colored silk sash.

ITALY TRAINS SHEPHERDS

TRENTO, Italy (AP) — A school for shepherds has been opened at Malga Juribello, a point near her 6,000 feet above sea level. It is the first of its kind in Italy and is financed by the government as part of a general plan to modernize agricultural and sheep-raising methods.

Rev. and Mrs. James Cornelson, of Pendleton, were luncheon guests of Postmaster and Mrs. Anderson Thursday. They had been visiting friends in Baker. Mrs. Cornelson is well known here.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Puckett have gone to Payette, Ida., where Mr. Puckett is employed in the apple harvest.

Mrs. P. A. Conklin was hostess to the B. Y. D. club at the home of Mrs. A. G. Conklin Tuesday evening. The women brought their sewing. A dainty lunch was served. Those present were Mrs. A. H. Orton, Mrs. Bernice Miller, Miss Beas Kelley, Mrs. G. E. Barker, Mrs. Thomas Towle, Mrs. T. B. Conklin, Mrs. L. R. Lay and Miss Jean Williams.

The Woman's club held its first meeting of the year at the library Thursday afternoon. Business of importance was transacted.

Miss Bernice Vie, of Forest Grove, and Miss Parr, a friend, were overnight guests of Mrs. M. Boerger several days ago. They were returning from a trip in the Eastern states. Miss Vie was a teacher at Cove a few years ago and is now connected with the schools at Canby.

Karl J. and G. O. Stockland went down to Portland to see and hear Governor Roosevelt.

Billy and Ayer Lightfoot, nephews of J. R. Fletcher and L. M. Laird, are guests of the two families. Billy is from Butte and Ayer is a resident of Bozeman. Mont. Ayer spent a winter here a few years ago and attended Cove High school.

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COME TO HOTEL ASSEMBLY

9th & MADISON EL. 4174 SEATTLE Ample Parking Quiet location yet close to everything.

Rates from \$1.25 per day American Plan — \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day Beautiful Dining Room and Coffee Shop S. B. CHRISTIE, Manager

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Per line, 1st insertion.....10c	3 lines, per month.....\$2.50
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Minimum charge on one order.....35c	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

FOR SALE — Cabbage, pumpkins, squash. J. F. Steinbeck, 186 R. 9-26-3 t.

FOUR REAL TOY TERRIERS, beautifully marked, Jack rabbit ears; \$5 will reserve. Mrs. Wm. Wiggins. Lostine. 9-26-1 t.

FOR SALE — 1929 Whippet sedan in excellent mech. condition. Keel-Keen trunk in rear. Driven only 14,000 miles. Priced at \$225. Can be seen at 2212 Cedar St. 9-24-2 tp.

COMPELLED — \$450 total price, 2114-3rd St. Lot 75x135, 8 rm. house. Look at this and wire A. DeRiso, 1411 High St., Oakland, Cal. 9-24-2 t.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT — Furn. Apt. steam heat, ground floor, reasonable, 1606 Wash. 9-24-2 t.

FOR RENT — 5-rm. furn. house, Ph. 290 W. 9-24-2 t.

FOR RENT — House at 1504 Seventh St. Call Dr. A. L. Richardson. 9-24-1 t.

STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow. Inq. 1405 N. Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-24-1 t.

5-RM. furn. house, garage, 1908 Oak St. Ph. 458-J. 9-16-1 t.

FURN. 6-RM MOD. house, part of all, 1612-6th St. 9-12-1 t.

MODERN house, remodeled and painted. Come and see it. 1438 W. ave. Geo Chapman. Phone 264-R. 9-8-1 t.

UNFURN. MOD. 5-rm. house. Call at 1706 4th or 145 W. 9-30-1 t.

MISCELLANEOUS

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP — We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 823-J. 9-8-1 t.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. L. O. O. F. temple, 447-J. 9-5-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards Prop. 12-1-1 m.

CHICAGO LIVESTOCK

CHICAGO, Sept. 26 (AP) — (U. S. D. A.) — Hogs 30,000; steady to 10 cents lower; 180-220 lbs. \$4.85 @ \$4.45.

Cattle 22,000; strictly choice fed steers and yearlings steady; lower grades weak to 25c lower; vealers weak; fed weighty steers bid \$10.35; few loads \$9.00 @ \$10.00; fed steers and yearlings \$8.50 @ \$9.25; beef cows \$9.50 down; vealers \$8.00 @ \$7.00.

Sheep 31,000; not fully established, few sales steady to shade lower; native lambs \$5.00 @ \$5.50; native throw-outs \$4.00; fat ewes \$1.50 @ \$2.00.

LIVERPOOL WHEAT

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 26 (AP) — Wheat closed: Oct. 57½; Dec. 57½; March 58½; exchange \$3.40.

BUTTERFAT

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26 (AP) — Butterfat f. o. b. San Francisco 22c.

Professional Directory

Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUYE

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital 2nd floor Foley Bldg. — Ph. Main 10.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

Check and Double-Check!

GLADYS, HONEY, WE JUST HAD TO COME OVER AND FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS DISTANT RELATIVE LEAVING YOU A FORTUNE OR SOMETHING

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT ISN'T IT THRILLING? IT'S ALL ABOUT MY MY GREAT-GREAT AUNT BRIDGET, WHO WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA

BUT DIDN'T THE ENGLISH LAWYER TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS?

NOPE. HE SAID HE COULDN'T TELL US ANYTHING DEFINITE UNTIL HE'D CHECKED UP ON EVERYTHING. HE'S GOING OVER TO SEE UNCLE MIKE

YES, SIR... I'LL GO OVER AND CHECK UP ON THIS UNCLE MIKE FINNEGAN... WELL, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS IT LOOKS LIKE MY QUEST IS AT AN END

THIS LOOKS LIKE A HOT SCENT... THIS OLD AUNT BRIDGET OF THEIPS GOING TO SOUTH AFRICA... AND HERE'S THE GREAT-GREAT NIECE, GLADYS FINNEGAN... IT'S A PERFECT LINE-UP—

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FORD CASHIERS, expert repairmen. Look like new, \$275. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Phone Main 500. 4th & Adams 9-16-1 t.

LOST

GRAY PERSIAN KITTENS, half grown. Reward. Call 822 J. 9-26-1 t.

BLACK KID GLOVES at 642 ball-room Fri. Call Observer. 9-26-3 t.

LOST — Large black fur neck piece. Probably near Seclaw's hotel on Adams Ave. Please leave at Trotter's men's store and receive reward. 9-24-3 tp.

LOST — Ladies' Shaffer fountain pen at or near high school. Reward. Ph. Mrs. R. J. Green. 9-24-2 t.

FOR TRADE

TO TRADE — For small business in higher altitude, irrigated 16 acres in Boise valley. Stock and equipment. Modern improvements. 1 mile from Caldwell. George F. West, Caldwell, Idaho. 9-26-1 tp.

FIGHT YELLOW FEVER

RIO DE JANEIRO (AP) — An outbreak of yellow fever in Bolivia sent Dr. Fred Soper, director of the Rockefeller foundation in Rio, and representatives of the Brazilian public health service to Matto Grosso to prevent spread of the disease into Brazil.

Freckles and His Friends

A Sky Pirate

SOON AFTER LEAVING SHADYSIDE FOR KING CITY, WHERE RILEY IS TO DELIVER A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DIAMONDS, ANOTHER PLANE SWOOPS DOWN UPON THEM WITH THE SPEED OF A HAWK!!

SAY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF THIS, ANYHOW? WONDER IF HE KNOWS ABOUT THESE DIAMONDS I HAVE?

MAYBE IT'S SOME FELLA WANTING TO HAVE A RACE WITH US!!

NOPE... I HAVE AN INSIDE HUNCH THAT HE'S TRYING TO PULL A HOLD-UP!!

UP IN THE AIR, LIKE THIS?

AW, YOU'RE KIDDING ME, AREN'T YOU, RILEY? I THINK HE'S LOOKIN' FOR A RACE!

WELL, HE'S GOING TO GET ONE... HANG ON, NOW... I'M GOING TO SHOW HIM OUR TAIL!!

LET HER GO!!

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