

Leap Year Bride

(Continued From Page Two)

and sniffed appreciatively. "Food!" Dixie announced. "And such food!" The table had been drawn out and places laid for two. The odors of baked pork chops, fresh vegetables and muffins mingled appetizingly. Cherry was pouring water into amber tumblers. "Everything's ready," she announced. "And does it look good? Cherry, you're a genius, that's what you are. I've never heard of anyone who could learn to cook the way you have in such a short time. Here I've been struggling with a frying pan for years—and what does it get me?" Dixie wore a green and white striped bathrobe that apparently had shrunk. She wore floppy-blue satin mules on her feet and black lace hose. Her bobbed hair, partly dry now, looked more than ever like the exaggerated coiffure of a Fiji Island princess. Cherry glanced at her and laughed. "You did wreck that permanent!" she said. "I'm no professional but I think I can promise a little improvement!" "It cost \$7.50," Dixie announced dolefully. "And I thought it was going to make me look like Joan Crawford. Well—there's no use crying over a rolling stone—or whatever it is they say. Looking at those pork chops makes me feel a lot better even if my beauty is ruined." They were sitting at the table now and Cherry served the plates. Dixie broke open a steaming muffin and the golden butter melted as it touched the bread. "Dan Phillips is missing an elegant dinner if anyone should ask me," Dixie said. "By the way,

what's Dan doing? Working on that play of his?" Cherry shook her head. "No, Dan's at the office. He said he had a lot of extra work and wanted to stay until it was finished." "At the office?" The other girl looked up. For an instant she seemed about to speak but then her eyes lowered. "Didn't you see him there?" Cherry asked. "Why—oh, yes, he was there when I left." There was another pause and Dixie broke it to say, "Um! These muffins are marvelous. If I could bake muffins like this one I'd be the proudest person in the world!" "You can have the recipe," Cherry told her. "They're awfully simple to stir up." At the other side of the room Pinky the kitten, was playing with a rubber ball. He gave the ball a smart slap and it went rolling across the floor. Pinky flew after it. "Cherry looked at the kitten. She said, 'I'm glad you stopped in tonight, Dixie. Pinky's been the only company I've had all day. It's lonely here when it's so dark and gloomy outside.'" "Well, it was a break for me to walk into a meal like this," Dixie assured her heartily. "Don't know when I've had such food!" "I wish I had a job like you have," Cherry went on. "I wish I could write or draw or know shorthand. I've always wanted to do something worth while." "Say—what could be more worth while than cooking a meal like this?" Cherry shrugged, but her smile was wistful. "How's Dan's play coming?" the other girl asked. "It's been finished and now they're writing the second act over again. It seems to take an awfully long time to write a play. I had no idea it was so much work." Dixie glanced up and the lids of her eyes narrowed. "What do you think of this Brenda Vail?" she asked. "Do you like her?" Cherry hesitated. "Dan says she's awfully clever," she said slowly. "Yes, of course, but what do you think of her?" "I don't think I know her well enough to say. I've only met her

a few times." "Dan sees her rather often, doesn't he?" "Why, of course. They've been working together for weeks." "She's—rather unusual looking, don't you think?" Dixie persisted. "Not pretty exactly but the type a lot of men fall for. That red hair and the way she dresses. I've only seen her at a distance but I've heard them talking about her at the office. There aren't many wives who would be willing to let their husbands spend evening after evening with a vamp like that." "Dixie, you don't mean to suggest—?" "Heavens forbid! I don't mean to suggest a thing in the world. Of course I know Dan isn't the sort to play around with anyone else—even if it were harmless. I wouldn't say a thing like that for the world!" The denial was a shade too vehement, and Dixie's smile a trifle forced but Cherry did not seem to notice this. She looked across at the other girl. Cherry's face had suddenly become serious. "If anybody would dare to say things like that I hope you'll tell them it's not true," she said earnestly. "Dan wouldn't—he couldn't do anything except play fair. He knows I understand about Miss Vail. Dan admires her because of her ability and of course he's grateful for all the help she's given him." "Of course, lamb! I know that's all there is to it. Nobody's been talking about your Dan and I was a dumbbell to suggest it. Matter of fact, I only meant Dan's exceptional because his is so level-headed. There now—it's everything all right!" They talked of other subjects. Cherry brought the dessert and poured the coffee. Afterward they washed and wiped the dishes together and put the room to rights. Then, Dixie sat before the mirror while Cherry dampened the frizzled, unruly hair and combed it painstakingly into neat waves. It was almost an hour's work but when it was finished Dixie was enthusiastic. "It looks better than when they set it at the shop," she insisted. "Honestly, I don't know how I can thank you—" "There's nothing to thank me for," Cherry told her. "I didn't have anything else to do and it's been fun." A little later Dixie departed. In her own apartment she hung away the raincoat that was dry now and tucked the gossamer out of sight. Dixie stood before the mirror for a moment inspecting her carefully waved locks. She was thinking of the girl down stairs. "There's no use to tell her," Dixie informed the image in the looking glass. "It's better for her not to know but just the same it's a dirty shame! I'd like to tell Dan Phillips what I think of him!" It was evident from the black looks directed at the girl in the mirror that these remarks would not be complimentary. With a sigh Dixie turned away to pick up the mystery story she had begun the night before. The way in which the good-looking amateur detective tracked down the perpetrator of the series of horrifying crimes was fascinating reading. Dixie did not put the book down until she had finished the last chapter. The hands of the tiny ivory alarm clock on the bedside table pointed to 20 minutes after 12. Dixie tossed the book aside then and switched out the rose-shaded light. At the same time in the second floor apartment Dan Phillips yawned and discarded his vest. "Say, Cherry," he asked, "what's become of that yarn I wrote about the taxicab driver? The one I called 'Night Life'? Remember? I'd like to take it around for Brenda to have a look at." Cherry's back was toward him. She did not turn as she answered. There was a pause, almost imperceptible, and then she said, "I'm sorry, Dan, but I destroyed it. I didn't mean to. It got in with some other papers and I didn't know until it was gone." The words were a deliberate false-



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE kittens finished with their meal of milk and they all seemed to feel real good. They stretched out on the ground to take a little nap. The zoo man, when they licked their paws, explained that they did that because they liked to be real clean. Then Scouty held one on his lap. When he began to stroke its fur, he said, "Gee, listen to it purr. That means the kitten likes me. See! It wants to cuddle tight." The bunch then had to laugh at it cause it meowed a little bit. "It's going to sleep," said Windy. "That is how it says good night." THE other kittens crawled around until at last each one had found a cozy place to snuggle. Then they closed their little eyes. "It's growing dark," the zoo man said. "I'm going to rest my weary head. Come, join me! We'll rest up when the sun begins to rise." The Tinkles all felt quite tired out and Coppy said, "There is no hood. But of course Dan would never learn the truth!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Local News Of Record

The following information from the Union county records is by the Abstract and Title company of La Grande, Ore. Deaths: Cyrus Williams et ux to Carrie C. Williams, Pt. Sec. 18-45-40, \$10.00. Thomas J. Robbs et ux to L. E. Prouty, L. 3, Bk. 2, Home Inv. Add., \$1.00. Mollie E. McDowell to Edgar F. Gombes, L. 1, B. 8, Shaw's Add. Summerville, \$1.00. Leah Clay heirs to Albert G. Clay et ux, SE 1/4 Sec. 14-28-3, \$71.00. Adjust. Bureau of Credit Men. Tr. to Julius Roesch, Pt. Lots 14, 15, 16, Bk. 154, Chap. Add., \$1.00. Julius Roesch et ux to J. Robert Albertson, Same land \$200.00. Marcus L. Roesch to Emma C. Wilson, SE 1/4 Lot 7, all lots 8 to 13, Inc. Bk. 111, Chap. Add., \$1.00. Benj. P. Courtney to Ruth Zeynerson, Lot 16, Bk. 151, Chap. Add., \$1.00. Bert A. Rogers et ux to John A. Rogers, Pt. Sec. 32-28-38, \$10.00. William H. Schull to Addie E. Rus-

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 PEACHES, APPLES, potatoes, tomatoes, prunes, grapes. Ph. 205 W. Lee Wright. 9-28-2 f. FOR SALE—Field run potatoes, 75c sack delivered. Ph. 681 J. 9-27-3 tp

WANTED—10 girls to sell tags during the Human Fly exhibition on the La Grande hotel 7:30 p. m. Thurs. Good pay. See Mr. White 12:30 noon, Thurs. 9-28-1 tp

FOR SALE—1928 Whippet sedan in excellent mech. condition. Kari-Keen trunk in rear. Driven only 14,000 miles. Priced at \$225. Can be seen at 2212 Cedar St. 9-24-5 tp

FOR RENT 4-RM. FURN. HOUSE will take wood for rent, 2301 N Birch. 9-28-1 tp. MODERN FURN. 4-rm. house, garage, 1306 10th. \$10.00. 9-26-1 f.

MISCELLANEOUS DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 528-J. 9-8-1 f. EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits 1, O. O. P. temple. 447-J. 9-8-1 m

AUTOMOBILES DODGE COUPE in A-one condition. Good tires, \$100. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Phone Main 530 4th & Adams 9-28-1 f.

FOUND BLACK KID GLOVES at Sac. ball room Fri. Call Observer. 9-26-3 ll

Professional Directory Hospitals DR. LEE R. BOUVY Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital 57d floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 15.

Library Chats LOCAL LIBRARY RECEIVES ROSICRUCIAN BOOK Readers in La Grande will now have access to the Rosicrucian book in the public library. Mrs. B. A. Tull of 1301 11th street, a member of the Rosicrucian order (AMORC), has just received official notification from the organization headquarters in San Jose, Cal., that the following book has been donated to the library by the order: 'Rosicrucian Questions and Answers with Complete History of the Order.' by H. Spencer Lewis, Ph.D. F. R. C. Mrs. Tull states that the Rosicrucian grand secretary informs her that the donation to the library is the result of several requests from local readers that the book be made available to the public. A yearly appropriation is made by the Rosicrucian order, says Mrs. Tull, to provide the educational, philosophical, non-religious works of the organization to such public institutions as libraries and hospitals. It is said the number of Rosicrucian books at the local library will be increased as the public interest creates a demand for them.

MISSOURI TIGERS LOSE STRIPES UNDER CARIDEO COLUMBIA, Mo. (AP)—The leopard may now change its spots, but the Missouri Tigers have lost their stripes. Football uniforms ordered by Frank Carideo, the school's new coach, lack the striped jerseys and stockings which have identified Missouri teams for years. The 1932 outfits are also considerably lighter, weighing an average half pound each, compared with 10 pounds for the old suits.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS The Hawk! By Blosser

HOLD-UP IN MIDAIR!! A FAST PLANE ALONGSIDE RILEY'S SHIP, AND THROUGH THE PILOT CALLS OUT, 'GO DOWN AT ONCE OR I'LL CRASH YOU!' HE KNOWS THAT I HAVE A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS ON ME... HE'S AFTER THEM... ARE YOU GAME TO STAY UP, OR SHALL I LAND YOU? NO! KEEP ON GOING... HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO US!

HE'S JUST TRYING TO BLUFF YOU... THE ONLY WAY HE COULD BRING US DOWN WOULD BE TO CRASH US, AND HE WOULDN'T DARE DO THAT!! WELL, I'LL KEEP ON GOING AND SEE WHAT HE DOES!!

THE BANDIT PLANE IS HIGH ABOVE THEM, HOVERING ON THE EDGE OF A BANK OF FLEECY CLOUDS, LIKE A BIRD OF PREY WAITING TO POUNCE!! IF HE'S GOING TO DO ANYTHING HE'D BETTER HURRY, OR I'LL BE IN KING CITY BEFORE HE KNOWS IT!!

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) When Dreams Come True!

OH, ANGEL, JUST THINK OF IT! WE'RE WEALTHY!! GOSH! A MILLION BUCKS!! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH ALL THAT DOUGH? OH, I KNOW! NOW WE CAN HAVE THAT ELECTRIC FRUIT SQUEEZER WE'VE BEEN WANTING FOR SO LONG!! YEAH, SUGAR! AND AM I GOING TO PUT AWAY ALL THE RASPBERRY SUNDAES I CAN GOBBLE UP, FOR ONCE—ASK ME!! AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT INSTALLMENTS, OR RENT, OR GAS BILLS, AND WE'LL TOSS THE BUDGET BOOK INTO THE ASH CAN! HOTCHA!! WHAT A DIFFERENCE A BANK ROLL WILL MAKE!!



A brand new floor... for less than a DOLLAR!

In your kitchen, or dining room, or bed room floor beginning to look a little shabby? There's one successful way to make old floors look like new—Quick-Step. With this new type of floor finish you can have a brand new floor in a few hours.

Quick-Step is especially made for floors—linoleum, wood or cement. The surface is colorful, lustrous and extraordinarily durable. A moderate sized floor can be completely renewed with Quick-Step for less than a dollar.

Modern floors are colorful floors! You have a wide variety of colors to choose from with Quick-Step. And it is easy to use. Proof against grease and water. Ideal for porches. Come in and let us demonstrate its remarkable qualities.

W. H. Bohnenkamp

Complete Showing

Pendleton Pure Virgin Wool Merchandise

Bed Blankets Indian Robes Lounging Robes Shirts Sport Coats



LAST CHANCE! TO GET A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE La Grande Evening Observer At These BARGAIN OFFER RATES By Carrier \$7.75 By Mail \$4.00 Delivered to Your Home in La Grande, Union, Enterprise, Wallowa or Elgin. DURING SEPTEMBER ONLY! Mail Your Check Today —And Keep Up-to-Date For a Year Only 2 Days More!

hotel Congress PORTLAND, OREGON