

Leap Year Bride

(Continued on Page Five)

ere outside on the street. A taxicab drew to the curb in answer to Pearson's signal. Max would have entered and driven home with her but Cherry shook her head. She sank far back against the cushioned seat as the cab pulled out into the street. Blessed relief to be alone!

How the dreary afternoon passed she could not have told. She reached the apartment, climbed the stairs. Huddled in a little heap on the davenport she lay staring across the room. Cherry did not weep. She did not even try to think. The ache in her heart—the ache that twisted and flayed and tortured her—was like a physical pain. It was new and so terrifying.

The gray kitten climbed to the davenport, nestled beside Cherry and waited for caresses that did not come. Sunshine faded from the patches of sky outside the living room window. Footsteps sounded on the stairs and then died away. In the apartment overhead a radio orchestra played a brassy torch song.

The whole situation was apparent now to Cherry. Oh, yes! She had been blind not to see it before. Dan's sudden coldness. His frequent absences. How could she have failed to understand what was happening?

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HERE'S LAST CONTEST PICTURE



This is the fourth and last of the Famous Trade Marks contest pictures. Fill out this and with the other three, turn in to the Observer office. Ten persons who bring in their solutions first and correctly done will each receive two tickets to the Liberty theatre for tomorrow and Monday, when Maurice Chevalier's picture, "Love Me Tonight," will be shown.

favorite chair and unfolded a newspaper. There was silence that was not broken until Cherry spoke.

Her voice sounded flat and unnatural. She said, "Dan, I waited nearly an hour—"

"Waited? It's no later than the time I usually get here." "I mean a noon. At the Liberty. Don't you remember we were to have lunch together?"

The young man's face was hidden by the newspaper. "Sorry," he said. "I forgot. Couldn't have made it anyhow because I was tied up on a story. They're short a couple men again at the office."

So he chose to lie about it! He thought he could deceive her with the usual excuses. Cherry sat up stiffly, her hands clasped, fingers pressing into the flesh.

"I saw you, Dan!" she said. "The newspaper dropped and Phillips regarded her curiously. 'What are you talking about?' 'What do you mean?'—at the Wellington. You were having lunch there with Brenda Vail."

"Oh, you did!" Their eyes met like swords, pointed and flashing. Cherry could not endure it. She could not face the anger and hostility that burned in Dan's gaze. He must hate her to look at her that way!

"All right," Dan said evenly. "Suppose I was at the Wellington! Suppose I did lunch with Brenda. Is there anything criminal in that?"

Cherry spoke as though she had not heard him. "All these nights," she said slowly, "when I thought you were at the office—special assignments—extra work—you were with her then, weren't you? You've been seeing her for weeks. Why didn't you tell me the truth? Why didn't you say you didn't love me any more? Why did you have to lie?"

"Wait a minute!" Phillips interrupted. "You haven't any reason to complain and you can't say I lied. I did work on a story today until 1 o'clock. If you wanted to know where I've been spending my evenings why didn't you ask? You haven't seemed much interested in anything I've done for a long while."

Tears filled the girl's eyes. She tried to brush them away. "You—"

led to me!" she went on chokingly. "You lied today and you've probably done it before. It was our wedding anniversary—and I thought we were going to be so happy. I had everything planned! You couldn't even remember after you'd promised to meet me!"

She sank to the davenport and buried her head in the cushions. Cherry was weeping uncontrolledly now. Her shoulders rose and sank with great shaking sobs.

For a moment Phillips stood looking down at her. Then he crossed the room, picked up his coat and hat. An instant later the hall door opened and shut.

Cherry did not know how long she lay there. She knew Dan had gone but she did not stir. Gradually her sobbing became more quiet and then stopped altogether. She got to her feet, crossed the room and fumbled mechanically in a bureau drawer for a fresh handkerchief. Her eyes were swollen and red. Cherry caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and was shocked for an instant because she did not recognize herself.

Upstairs the radio was still turned on and a man was singing. A crooner whose weekly salary was fabulous. The song was a popular one and Cherry had heard it often before. The words were appropriate:

"After I was sold on all the tales you told Didn't you let your kisses turn from hot to cold? Was that the human thing—"

The song ended on a dissonant note. Perhaps the owner of the radio disliked the ballad or perhaps he was only leaving the apartment to go to a belated dinner. At any rate the radio was silenced.

It was curious how that silence affected the working of Cherry's mind. She was still dazed by the unreality of what had happened. Dan had come and gone away. She was never going to see him again. Dan was leaving her for Brenda Vail.

The words shaped themselves in her consciousness. She said them over to herself and yet they meant nothing. Dan was gone. He wasn't coming back again. He didn't love her—had never loved her.

Cherry began to move about the room nervously. She picked up the newspaper Dan had thrown aside, folded it and placed it on the table. She straightened the cushions on the couch.

"But I can't stay here," she told herself suddenly. "I've got to do something—go away. I've got to make plans!"

All at once she was consumed with feverish energy. She pulled on her hat and coat, caught up gloves. Then she was hurrying, almost running down the stairs.

"Telephone," was the word that repeated itself in Cherry's mind. Yes, she must find a telephone. There was one on the table in the entrance hall but she swept past it. Out in the night the cold wind struck her face and blew her coat back. She bent against the wind, walking rapidly.

It was almost an hour later that Cherry stood in the telephone booth of a corner drug store. She gave a number, waited for the answering voice. It came at last.

"Max!" the girl cried eagerly. "I've got to see you!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle. 1. Away. 2. Asiatic palm. 3. Word of consent. 12. French coin. 13. Interparts: archaic. 14. Any. 15. Painter. 17. Attack. 19. Guiding strap of a bridle. 20. Oriental ship. 22. Open court. 23. Morality of the Thetis monks. 25. Japanese seal. 28. Rub out. 35. Solid comb. 36. Enraged. 37. Japanese fish. 38. Brown in the. 39. Judge. 42. Formerly. 43. Request. 46. Flexible stender twine. 51. Pertaining to the lips. 52. Guido's high-eat note. 54. Pilot. 56. Literary fragment. 57. East Indian weight. 58. Taut. 59. Seine. 5. Obstinate animal. 9. Period of time. 10. Great lake. 11. Large room in a Spanish house. 16. Feminine name. 18. Borough in Pennsylvania. 21. Third king of Judah. 24. Furns. 25. Nerve net-works. 26. Sphere. 27. Heat. 29. Kind of well. 31. Ocean. 32. Exaggeration. 33. Cuck. 34. Savor. 41. Shoe latchet. 42. Rieps. 43. Vex; colloq. 44. Celestial body. 47. Country in Utah. 48. Long narrow board. 49. Superlative ending. 52. East. 53. Type measure.

Grid for the Daily Cross-Word Puzzle with numbers 1 through 59 indicating starting points for words.

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.

FOR SALE: Cook stove, surrey in good condition, except top. Cheap. 1008 Adams. 10-1-2 tp. 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN for sale. Inquire 2011 Cove Ave. 9-30-2 t. GOOD EATING POTATOES 2pc sack. Bring your sack, Carl Fuller, Phone P. 25X5. 9-29-3 t. SPUDS—25c, 75c and \$1 per sack. 10c extra for delivery. Routh Kennon. 9-27-t f.

FOR RENT: 3 room house, furn. or unfurn., 1533 7th St. 10-1-1 tp. MODERN HOUSE, remodeled and plastered. Come and see it, 1408 Y Ave. Geo. Chapman, Phone 264 B. 9-8-1 m. FOR RENT—80 acre dairy farm, close in, Inq. 704 Wash. 9-30-2 t. FOR RENT—2 and 3 rm. furn. Apts. \$12 and \$15. 1905 Adams. 9-30-3 t. MODERN, FURN. 4-rm. house, garage, 1306 10th, \$10.00. 9-28-t f. STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow, Inq. 1405 N. Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-29-t f. 5-RM. furn. house, garage, 1000 Oak St. Ph. 456-J. 9-28-t f.

FOR TRADE: Milk cow for hay. M. H. Beeson, My Park. 9-29-3 t. AUTOMOBILES: DODGE COUPE in A-one condition. Good tires, \$100. PERKINS MOTOR CO. Phone Main 500 4th & Adams 9-28-t f.

UNION PERSONALS: By Mrs. L. Z. Terral (Observer Correspondent). UNION (special). A large delegation of Union people attended the lecture of Dan Polling given at La Grande on Wednesday. A dinner party was enjoyed by several of Mrs. Louise Barwell's friends whom she invited in on Tuesday to help her celebrate her birthday anniversary. After a delicious meal at noon the afternoon was spent visiting and sewing. Those present were Mrs. Bell Wright, Mrs. Edith Pity, Mrs. Alex Slater, Mrs. Roy Con-

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the hills hunting deer but returned disappointed as so many other hunters have done this year. Mrs. Tethrow and daughter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bernard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rosewall are moving back to La Grande where he has been employed by the Eastern Oregon Light and Power company for several years. He was transferred to Union about a year ago but was returned to the La Grande office and had been driving to his work for several months.

Mrs. Winifred Case, of Heppner, was a visitor of Mrs. Edith Pity on Monday, the two having not seen each other since they were in school together at Portland university 38 years ago. She was enroute to Baker with some friends.

Josef Crum, of Elgin, candidate for state representative, was a visitor in Union on Thursday.

Deadliest Snake: The most poisonous snake in the world is generally conceded to be the king cobra of India, naja hamadryas. This snake has its evil reputation not only on account of its extreme virulence of its poison, but also because of its vicious and aggressive disposition, which make it doubly dangerous.

Cut Prices: A fat butcher from Burbank, who's facing loan business, bones the Los Angeles Times for information. "If" he asks, "business needs in making meat of wood, won't that sell beef prices still further?" "At least," wisest the editor, "there will be a further drop in the price of plank steaks."

BY BLOSSER: IF HE WONT COME DOWN ON HIS OWN POWER, THEN ILL USE THIS!!

Flying Alongside the Plane Carrying Riley and Freckles, the Pilot of the Bandit Plane Draws a Gun on Them.

TRYING THAT STUFF ON US, IS HE? ARE YOU OKAY, FRECKLES?

BETS Y'S LURCHING A BIT... WHAT'S THIS? HE'S SHOT AWAY ONE OF THE STRUT WIRES!!

YEAH... BUT I DONT LIKE HIM SHOOTIN' AT US LIKE THAT!!

UNLESS THATS REPAIR'D QUICKLY, THE PRESSURE OF AIR MIGHT SNAP THE WING CLEAN OFF!!

BY COWAN: MILLIONS! MILLIONS! IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME... THE THING TO DO IS TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE BRIEF CASE SCOD GUARDS SO CAREFULLY. IT HOLDS THE INFORMATION THAT'LL PUT MY SCHEME OVER.

LET ME THINK... JUST A PEEK AT IT'S CONTENTS AND I COULD SUPPLY AN HEIR RIGHT TO MEASURE... HOW TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT BRIEF CASE...

AH! I HAVE IT! JUST THE THING! I'LL SHOW THAT YOUNG FUZZY-LIPPED CHICK THAT HE CAN'T INSULT ME WITHOUT PAYING A PRICE.

OLD MIKE FINNEGAN'S NIECE MAY BE THE RIGHTFUL HEIR, BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH THIS YET.

How The Bank Contributes To Community Welfare

THE MYSTERY ABOUT BANKING IS A MYTH

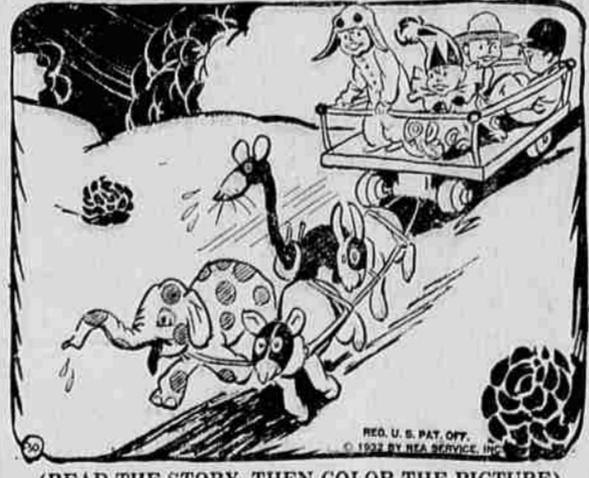
Banking is simply a unit operation in business — a service link in the financial activity of every person and every concern. Naturally, there are many details connected with the handling of incoming and outgoing funds which have made banking seemingly mysterious. This bank, among other members of the Oregon Bankers Association, is going to use its advertising space each week to describe various purposes and uses of the bank, feeling quite sure that better acquaintance leads to added utility and to better serviceability.

When you realize that there is hardly a person who does not have some kind of financial transaction each day—each transaction being related to the payment or receipt of money—you appreciate your close relationship to and interest in the bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

MEMBER OREGON BANKERS ASSOCIATION

The TINYMITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE elephant with the candy trunk all of a sudden dropped, kerplunk. Wee Scouty said, "Oh, are you hurt? We've made you stand too long."

"You see, your candy was so good we tried to eat all that we could. We're sorry that we kept you here. You don't look very strong."

"Oh, don't mind him," the zoo man cried, as he ran to the small beast's side. "That fall down is a signal that his candy is all gone."

"The last piece always makes him drop. He wants his trunk filled to the top. Right now, though, I will let him snooze. He'll wake again at dawn."

AND then the zoo man added, "Say, it's almost at the end of day. Why don't you Tinymites also sleep? I'll watch over all of you."

"I am not tired, so don't you fret. A good night's rest you all can get." The Tinymites agreed it was a real smart thing to do. At dawn they woke up feeling great. The zoo man shouted, "If you'll wait, I'll fix some dandy pancakes. Then a brand-new ride you'll try."

THEY ate until they'd had enough. The zoo man said, "My, how you stuff! Now, if you're through, lads, come with me. I own a big flatcar. If you all wish to ride on it, there's room enough for all to sit. I'll hitch some little wild beasts up and they will pull you far."

The flatcar was a sight to see. Said Copsy, "This appeals to me!" "All right," replied the zoo man. "Hop aboard, you Tinymites." And then he hitched strange beasts up tight and everything seemed quite all right. The happy lads were shortly on their way to see new sights. (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.) (The animals desert the Tinies in the next story.)

Professional Directory

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

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom's Pop)

Hawk Lays His Plans!



By Cowan

