

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN (Copyright 1932)

CHAPTER XLVII

Pearson repeated Dan's words. "You've got to find her? Why— isn't Cherry at home?"

"I haven't seen her for a week," Phillips admitted. "Cherry and I had a row. Oh, it was my fault! My fault altogether! I've got to find her and tell her I've got to find her."

"But where is she?" Dan did not answer. They had reached the intersection of two important thoroughfares just as the traffic lights flashed red. There was a drug store on the opposite corner. Dan touched Pearson's arm. "Let me out here," he said. "I've got to telephone to Cherry."

"But if you don't know where she is how can you do that?" "I'm going to call her home—I mean her parents' home. That's where she must be. Want to ask her if I can come out and talk to her. Don't you understand, Max? I've got to see Cherry! I've got to tell her a lot of things!"

Pearson stopped the car. "All right," he said, "but make it snappy. I won't be able to park here all day, you know."

Dan disappeared into the drug store. It was several minutes before he emerged and when he did one look at his face was enough to tell that the mission had failed. Dan got into the roadster. "She's not there," he said. "They haven't seen her or heard from her."

"Then where do you think she is?" "I don't know! I thought all along—my God, Max, I've got to find her!"

"Isn't it rather late to begin thinking about that? You said Cherry left Saturday. I must say, Dan—"

"Say it! Say anything you want to! I'll admit I deserve all you're thinking about me. Tell me I've been a damned fool! I don't care what you say if you'll help me find her. She must be here in Wellington. She wouldn't go away!"

"Why not? How about her parents? Maybe she's with them." Dan shook his head. "I don't think so," he said. "Cherry's proud. I don't think she'd go to her par-

ents and—well, admit that she'd made a mistake. I thought she'd come back or at least send some word. When she didn't I decided she really meant what she said—about being through with me. I thought she wanted a divorce and I was going to give her a chance to get it. Lord, but I've been a fool, Max! I've—oh, if I could only find her. Talk to her! Maybe I could make her understand—maybe she'd give me another chance!"

Pearson interrupted. "Listen," he said. "I think Cherry's gone to her parents. You'd better try to get in touch with them. The truth is she telephoned me last Saturday. Told me things weren't going very well. That's the reason I planned that movie stunt and tried to get Brenda Vail out of town. I didn't want to see you and Cherry break up."

"Her father and mother are in North Carolina. Did she say she was going there?" "No, she didn't say so. I just figured it out that way."

"What shall I do, Max?" "Well, if I were you I'd send a wire. Do you know where to find her parents?"

"They are at some hotel. They've been there a month or more. It's—wait a minute—I've got it!" He named a hotel in the fashionable North Carolina resort.

"Why don't you wire the manager of the place? That would be less embarrassing, I imagine, than trying to get in touch with her parents. Ask if Cherry Phillips—no, ask if Mr. and Mrs. Dixon's daughter is with them. That's the best way. Can't tell how she might be registered."

"I'll do it," Dan said. "Let's go to the office. I'll send the wire from there."

Forty minutes later in the city room of the Wellington News Dan Phillips stood with a telegram in his hand. It was a terse report that Cherry Phillips was not with her parents.

Silently Dan handed the message to Pearson who read it and said, "Not there, huh?" Pearson and Phillips were in a corner of the room otherwise deserted. The day staff had departed and only half a dozen of the night men were on hand. The click of a typewriter sounded monotonously from across the room.

Pearson rubbed his head. "We'll have to try again. Who are Cherry's friends, Dan? Who could she

be with if she hasn't left town?" "I can't think of anyone! Dixie Shannon didn't even know she was gone. There isn't anybody—" "But there must be!" Suddenly Pearson's fist hit the desk. "Look here, Dan, this may be serious! Has it occurred to you that Cherry's an heiress? Her father's money—have you thought of that?"

"What do you mean?" "I mean anything may have happened in a week's time! A beautiful girl—wealthy—has been missing for seven days. Nobody knows what's become of her. Her parents—the servants at her home—not a person she might have been expected to communicate with has heard a word from her. How do you know she hasn't been kidnapped? Maybe there's been an accident! Why, in a week's time—!"

Pearson was on his feet. His dark face had set into a harsh mask. "What are you going to do, Max?" "Call the hospitals! You'd better get on another phone and take part of the list! If we can't find her this way there's nothing left but the police—"

A telegraph messenger entered the swinging gate that shut the city room from the entrance way and came directly toward Pearson. He held out a colored envelope.

"Your name's Pearson, isn't it?" "The boy asked." Max was tearing the envelope open. Dan sprang to his side and together they read the words: "Start five per week agreeable stop can you report here Saturday?"

The message was signed with the name of the city editor of an eastern newspaper. Pearson crumpled the sheet into his coat pocket. The boy asked, "Any answer?" Pearson hesitated an instant.

"Not now," he said and was on his way to the telephone booth. "There were no reports from Wellington hospitals of accident cases or patients who could be identified as Cherry Phillips. Dan and Max tried the hotels but the effort was equally unavailing."

Suddenly Dan sprang up. He caught Pearson's shoulder. "I've just thought of something!" he cried eagerly. "Yes—I'll bet that's where she is. Max! Why didn't I think of it before—?"

"Why didn't you think of that?" "I'll bet she's with Sarah—the woman who used to take care of her when she was a little girl. Sarah O'Fallon, that's her name!" "Where is this woman?" "Let's get hold of her."

"I don't know where she is." "But—" Dan's mouth was drawn in a tight, hard line. His face was colorless, his voice sharpened. "I don't know where she is," he said, "but I'll find her. Sarah left when the Dixon's closed their house last summer. She's somewhere not far from here. Cherry used to get letters. Letters! That's it—there must be letters—! Come, Max!"

It was a single flight up the street level. Hatless, half-running, the two men reached the street. They sprang into a cab and Dan gave the address of the apartment. It was Dan suddenly who was taking the initiative who was giving orders and directing the search.

"I don't know what you're going to do!" Max reminded him. "We're going out to the house to look for Cherry's letters. There must be some from Sarah. They'll give us the address."

"Dan, I think it would be a lot more sensible to go to the chief—" "Not until I find out whether or not she's with Sarah. Besides, what could the police do? Cherry wouldn't want them interfering. I can't—I won't believe anything's happened to her!"

Max glanced quickly at his companion. Dan might say that he did not believe Cherry could be in danger. He might refuse to face that possibility, fight it off but Max knew it was that possibility that was gripping Dan, that had set his chin in its hard line and turned the gray eyes into blazing pits.

Max said impulsively, "Of course not. We'll find her somehow. Cherry's all right."

He didn't believe it; neither did Dan Phillips but Dan was grateful for the words. He needed hope and encouragement then more than he had ever needed them in his life. Hope that Cherry was "all right" as Max had said. Encouragement that he could find her and make her listen to the things he must tell her. Without this hope and encouragement—but the blackness of such an abyss was unthinkable!

The cab halted. Max called, "Wait for us!" over his shoulder to the driver as he followed Dan up the steps. Now they were inside the building, hurrying up the long staircase.

Dan had whipped his keys from his pocket. He was fumbling in the half-darkness, trying to fit the key into the lock, when something caught his attention. He looked up, almost missed the tiny object half way up the stairs. With an exclamation he sprang forward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CAMPBELL BANDIT CHASER REGIATE, England (AP)—Sir Malcolm Campbell, who holds the land speed record, has become honorary chief inspector of the Regiate special constabulary flying squad. The squad is designed to take care of motor bandits.

Government High Cost Is Arraigned At Bankers Meet

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 7 (AP)—The high cost of government was arraigned again yesterday, and in caustic style, before the American Bankers association convention, which yesterday denounced mounting taxes by resolution and oratory.

Addressing the closing session, Paul Shoup, vice chairman of the Southern Pacific Railways company, insisted that government expenses must be cut down and no new debts incurred if property values are to survive.

He assailed existing tax burdens as almost confiscatory and said the "autocratic power of taxation so widely exercised has approached socialist form and substance in its result."

The remedy, he said, is to "stop spending." He referred to government spending.

He described taxation as "the result of a number of people great or small concluding to pick the pocket of the individual for the collective benefit," and said the national tax bill is greater than the entire principal amount of the war debts European countries owe the United States.

Installed as president of the association, Francis H. Simon, New York banker, said in his acceptance speech there is depression to believe the worst of the reason is the past.

Slain Justice



A victim of gangsters was Justice of the Peace Giuseppe Pirelli, above, of Camden, N. J. While seated in an automobile with his chauffeur, he was shot by three men in another car and died without giving a clue to his assailants.

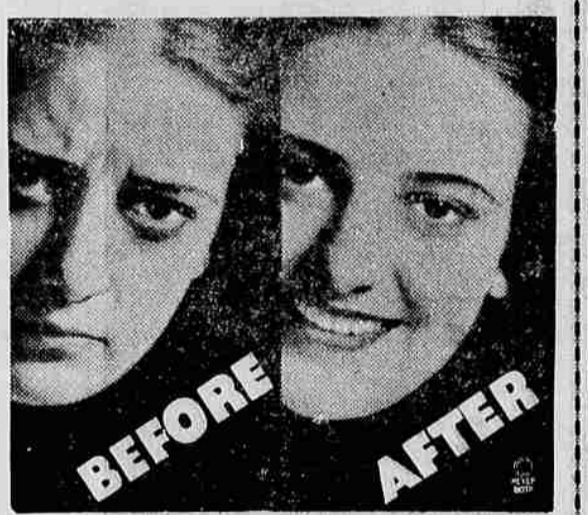
Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and solutions. Clues include 'Mountain', 'Fruit of work', 'Tumult', 'Contend', 'Medicinal plant', 'Augment', 'Exit', 'Propose', 'Cover', 'Rendered accessible', 'Lily', 'Trouble', 'Gift', 'Mistake', 'Er', 'Chinese', 'Before', 'Asthetic country', 'Interior race', 'Pitch', 'Lost life fluid', 'Deep natural sound', 'Empire', 'Artificial language', 'Score at baseball', 'Pertaining to the salmon family', 'To an inner place', 'Shelter', 'Therefore', 'Mexican laborer', 'The human race', 'Castles', 'DOWN', 'Reseach', 'Wary', 'Revolve rapidly', 'Bisect', 'Transmit', 'Greek letter', 'Japanese measure of length', 'Strike', 'Prepared a golf ball for driving', 'Alaska mistake', 'Action at law', 'White of an egg', 'Tavern', 'River islands', 'Too', 'Provoked', 'Scotch', 'Religious poem', 'Grass trimly', 'Early alphabetic character', 'To', 'Capital of Latvia', 'Scout', 'Meadow', 'Native metal', 'Forward', 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle', 'LET FEAST TAN', 'AAR ANILE RYE', 'DREAMS ENDURE', 'BASE ADORE', 'BETS ARE NESTS', 'ERS LURE ATEN', 'FA DERIVED NO', 'ISLE AVER TOR', 'TEAMS AN MERE', 'VITAL SOS', 'CRETAN SETTER', 'OUR RIVER ERA', 'RES ELITE DEN'.

GREETING CARDS For All Occasions

Birthday Greetings for members of the family and friends, Greeting Cards for Convalescents, Wedding Congratulation, Wedding Anniversary, Friendship Cards, Baby Congratulations, Birth Announcements, Gift Enclosure Cards.

La Grande Book & Stationery Co. "Service Station for Home and Office" 1114 Adams Ave. Main 90



These Are Actual Unretouched PHOTOGRAPHS of a La Grande Housewife Before and After Using Bluestem Flour

BEFORE she learned about Bluestem she often had cakes that were heavy and unevenly baked, and the very same recipe never produced results twice alike.

THEN someone told her that Bluestem Flour is a tested flour especially prepared for cakes and all fancy baking—and that it is always the same fine quality, assuring uniformly delightful results every time.

A 100% Home Product Made in La Grande by the

La Grande Milling Company

The TINYMITES! STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE) THE man who ran the tin shop cried, "Hey, Tinymites, come on inside. I'll let you watch me work a while, and make things out of tin."

"A good boy never interferes. My pounding, though, may hurt your ears. However, if you'll be real good, you're welcome to walk in." "Oh, well, he's very good," said one. "And watching you will be real fun. We came here on a big, flat car to see what we could see."

"We travel round from place to place. It's always been a merry chase." "Then, to the other Tinies," he cried, "Come, lads, follow me."

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES (Count five average words to the line) Per line, 1st insertion... 10¢ Per line, each added consec... 7¢ Minimum charge on one order... 25¢ 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 50¢ per line per month.

FOR SALE

WHILE THEY LAST — Pianos from storage. No reasonable offer will be refused. Cash or terms to suit you. Like rent. Frank Cleavinger Transfer Co. 10-7-2 tp

FOR SALE—Barrels and burlap sacks, Cherry Blossom Candy Shop. 10-7-2 t.

FOR SALE at a sacrifice. Piano belonging to a famous eastern manufacturer can be purchased on low monthly payments. Write Box 792, La Grande. 10-6-9 t.

FREE \$5.00 FREE PIANO MANUFACTURER has two repossessed pianos for less than amount due. One for rent. One for \$65.00. Will pay \$5.00 for names of parties wanting piano provided they purchase. BUY DIRECT SAVE THE PROFIT. FACTORY AGENT BOX 6, care Observer. 10-5-10 t.

WHITE LEHORN: Lens. Ph. 264 R. 10-5-3 t.

PURE 100% GRAPE JUICE. Just from press. \$1.25 gal. while it lasts. Yak-lima Fruit Market. 10-5-3 tp

DELICIOUS APPLES for sale, 25¢ and 50¢ per box. Bring boxes. Sweet cider 15¢ gal. Inquire Alcea store. 10-3-0 t.

SPUDS—25¢, 75¢ and \$1 per sack. 10¢ extra for delivery. Routh McKennon. 9-27-1 f.

FOR RENT

STRICTLY MOD. 5-rm. bungalow. Inq. 1405 N. Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-20-1 f.

5-RM. furn. house, garage, 1908 Oak St. Ph. 458-J. 9-15-1 f.

FOR RENT — 4-rm. modern house. \$8.00. Call F. 256. 10-7-2 t.

2-ROOM HOUSE rent free till spring in exchange for confinement services. 402 Harrison. 10-7-3 tp.

WANTED

GIRL WANTS housework, part or full time. Call Observer. 10-6-1 tp

NORMAL SCHOOL GIRL wants work for room and board. Call Observer. 10-6-1 tp.

GROW MUSHROOMS—We teach you how and find market. Grow 355 days in the year. See Mr. Griffith at 506 Washington Ave. 10-1-6 t.

WANTED—Special or custom sawing. Rough lumber for sale @ \$18 per M.; mill run surfaced and sized on orders \$10 per M. H. H. Horn, 4 mi. west of Summerville. 9-23-1 mp.

MISCELLANEOUS

PARTY IS KNOWN who took girl's shaker knit, brown, mixed wool sweater from Riviera school Thurs. during noon hour. Kindly return to place where taken from and no questions asked. 10-7-4 tp

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 828-J. 9-8-1 f.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. I. O. O. F. temple. 447-J. 9-6-1 m

LA GRANDE MATTHEWS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chase, Edwards Prop. 12-1-1 m.

Pure Gold Used Division of labor is the rule in a china factory, thus a piece of china passes successfully through the hands of the glider, the painter and the glider, together with many minor operations. Only pure gold is used in gliding the best chinawares.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) You Gotta Show Pop

POP, GLADYS JUST CALLED AND MY THINGS YOU SHOULD HEAR THE STINGS SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER GREAT-GREAT-AUNT BRIDGET

WHAT THINGS?

WHY, THAT SHE WAS A NURSE IN SOME WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA... SHE NURSED A SOLDIER BACK TO HEALTH. HE NEVER FORGOT HER KINDNESS AND, WHEN HE BECAME WEALTHY, HE WILLED HER HIS FORTUNE—

AND IT SEEMS, SHE WAS ECCENTRIC, OR SOMETHING QUEER LIKE THAT, AND LEFT HER MONEY TO THE FIRST GREAT-GREAT-NEECE, ON THE PINNEGAN SIDE— AND GLADYS IS IT! ISN'T IT LIKE A FAIRY TALE?

IT'LL BE A NURSERY FABLE TO ME UNTIL I HEAR THE JINGLE OF THOSE MILLIONS

OH, YOU ALWAYS WERE A WET BLANKET!!

Looking Evil "How did the superstitious claim that green is an unlucky color?" asks a correspondent. From the days when walking in unlighted roads might mean robbers, or wild beasts, dropping down from trees on to the backs of unwary travelers.

Celluloid Kisses A Hollywood kiss requires 12 feet of film. A pistol shot demands about as much. The word, "love," when spoken uses up a foot of celluloid. A wink spools but an inch and a half. A shriek shrivels six feet. Evidently the kiss calls for the most patience all around.

FOR RENT — beautiful steam-heated apartment large living room, bedroom, bath, hall, breakfast nook, kitchen with refrigerator and electric range and built-in features. Call Melville's Main 439

Professional Directory Hospitals

DR. LEE S. BOUVY Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital 2nd Floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 14.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS The Possum!



IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DONE FOR!

YEP... THAT WAS A HARD TUMBLE... HE WAS THROWN CLEAR OF THE WRECK... I WANT TO LOOK THIS BIRD OVER!!

THERE HE IS, RILEY!! TOO BAD, EVEN IF HE WAS A BANDIT TRYING TO HOLD US UP

I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE THIS FRECKLES. STAY THERE WHILE I GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS FOR IDENTIFICATION!!

HANDS UP... BOTH OF YOU!!

TO THEIR SURPRISE THE BANDIT SUDDENLY SPRANG TO HIS FEET!!

By Cowan

POP, GLADYS JUST CALLED AND MY THINGS YOU SHOULD HEAR THE STINGS SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER GREAT-GREAT-AUNT BRIDGET

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WHY, THAT SHE WAS A NURSE IN SOME WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA... SHE NURSED A SOLDIER BACK TO HEALTH. HE NEVER FORGOT HER KINDNESS AND, WHEN HE BECAME WEALTHY, HE WILLED HER HIS FORTUNE—

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