

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

CHAPTER II
THE SECRET

The last stroke of eight died away and left Nan shivering. She couldn't go on standing on the doorstep. She must do something, but she didn't know what.

She moved, and just as if her movements had broken into a set piece, a car drew up at the curb. Jervis jumped out, and at the sight of him Nan knew how frightened she had been.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," he said brightly, but I had to go back—"

She said something—she had no idea of what it was—and then they were in the taxi, and she was staring out of the window and trying to quiet the beating of her heart. Just for an instant she caught sight of the edge of a bandage where his left cuff slipped back. She was ready to swear that it had not been there this afternoon.

She got herself quiet, and turned round on him.

"What made you so late? I thought something had happened."

"Nothing has happened."

"Happening?" His eyes met hers with a hint of distance and a hint of mockery.

"Yes."

"The distance went; the mockery remained."

"First news bulletin, copyright reserved?"

"Yes."

"Barometric pressure—" said Jervis.

"Is your wrist broken?"

"Certainly not. Why should it be?"

"Nothing so original."

"Please tell me."

"There's nothing to tell."

"How did you hurt your wrist?"

Jervis leaned back into his corner of the taxi.

"You might say I had bumped it up against a coincidence."

"What sort of a coincidence?" said Nan in a whisper.

"A very neat one," said Jervis—"very neat and pat. You want me against a villain in a taxi. I proceeded to old Page's by subway—not I'm afraid, on account of the warning, but because our agreeable conversation didn't leave me time

to walk. I see Page. I walk uneventfully to the house and put on my best tail coat. Then I stroll along the street to the cab-rack, and I'm turning the corner and a car swerves to avoid a dog and sends me spinning. If I hadn't seen him out of the tail of my eye and jumped for it, I'm afraid you'd have had to dine tête-à-tête with F. F."

"Are you hurt?" said Nan quickly and irrepressibly.

"The tail coat is a wreck. That's what made me late. I had to fall back on my reserve, which really won't stand daylight."

"Your arm—" said Nan.

"A messy cut, efficiently bandaged by Jenks, who would be perfectly happy if I would arrange to have a minor accident once or twice a week to keep his hand in. He was a great performer with a first aid kit in the war, and complained that he's getting rusty. He battles rather under protest."

"Did you see the driver of the car that knocked you over?"

"I did not," said Jervis. "I saw nothing except a lot of very fine colored stars, and when I stopped seeing them, there was no driver to see."

"He didn't stop?"

"He did not."

"And you call that a coincidence?"

"I think we will both call it a coincidence," said Jervis. His tone was light, cool, and even.

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from her to Jervis, and told Jervis that he was a lucky man.

"If you aren't hungry, you can go home. I'm going straight through this menu—and I shan't say that I mightn't have a second helping here and there."

"I've felt hungrier, but I've never felt greedier."

He added out of the story of how he once walked from Vienna to Berlin without a cent.

Nan enjoyed her dinner very much. It was rather like a dream to be wearing a pretty frock and dining at the Luxe. In a dream there is no past and no future. She gave herself up to the dream, and a reviving tide of happiness rose in her and blotted out everything except the present.

She watched a new Jervis. She had never seen just that amused sparkle in his eyes or heard that warm, bantering note in his voice. She listened in a smiling silence while they capped stories and reminded one another of ridiculous or strenuous adventures shared. She learned by piecing scraps of their talk together that they had knocked about Europe and the Near East for the best part of a year in one another's company.

"I was doing awful articles on Great Men's Hats, and Brigands Shoes—That's why we had trouble in Anatolia—and What Criminals Like for Breakfast. The biggest rip of the lot began the day on bread and milk—in a bowl with pink rosebuds round the edge."

"You were writing articles. And what was Jervis doing?" said Nan.

"Jervis was mending a hole in his head," said Ferdinand Francis.

"Was it fancy, or did he hold her eyes with his for a moment? She repeated his words mechanically.

"A hole in his head?"

"With a wrenching sensation she looked away and saw Jervis frowning.

"I had a fall," he said. "I came down on some slippery rocks and broke my head. I was just home from Harvard, so I got a year's holiday and went racking round with F. F. He picked me up just as the tide was going to finish me off, and has stuck to me like a burr ever since."

"Do burrs pick people up?" said Nan. "I thought it was the other way round."

"She laughed to cover the faint tremor in her voice, and was aware of Ferdinand's eyes upon her.

"Mrs. Weare, don't take any notice of him. He's rotten at telling a story, and I'm a whale at it. Besides, he was unconscious, and if the tide had drowned him, he wouldn't have known a thing about it."

His restless, curious eyes thrust questions at her: "Am I going to tell

him this story? Do you want me to tell it? If not—why not? Yes—why, why, why?" The high light in the brown eyes was like a bright elusive question-mark.

Jervis' voice broke in on them.

"There's nothing to tell. F. F.'s a professional yarn-spinner."

"Don't you want the story, Mrs. Weare—exclusive tale of eyewitness? Or—do you know it already?"

Panic knocked at Nan's heart. (Copyright, 1932, Lippincott) (To Be Continued)

Traffic Cop's Ears Burn. The Reason?

CHICAGO, Oct. 20 (AP)—If Traffic Policeman George Henkel's ears burn a bit, don't blame him.

Rather put the blame of the microphone arrangement he rigged up so he could direct traffic from a nearby oil station, thereby keeping out of the rain.

What he heard in his ear phones was: "That dumb cop isn't on duty tonight, maybe we can get across without getting killed."

The motorist who said this speech.

Henkel's going back in the rain.

Unwanted "Privilege"

When the inhabitants of Trinidad, British island in the West Indies, were given the right to divorce they sent a delegation to London to protest against having this privilege.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS

- Broad shallow vessels
- Attack
- Old French coin
- Be prudent in expenditure
- Spanish
- Scatter
- Japanese pagoda
- Unity
- Dutch meter
- Geometrical figure
- Husband of Ruth
- Wraith
- Clear profit
- Moat
- Competent
- Near
- Wills
- Shrewd
- Blilly war
- Pure ending
- Rare
- Hint
- "The Lion"
- Is profitable
- Pertaining to the roof of the mouth
- Correct
- Japanese admiral
- American Indian
- Shake
- Writing implement
- Novice
- City in Holland
- Belgian river
- Oriental beans

DOWN

- Footlike part
- Dead
- Correlative of neither
- Forced air suddenly through the nose and mouth
- Exist
- Metric measure of capacity
- Flowering shrub
- Rally
- Run away abruptly
- Fidelity
- One for whose use a thing is given
- Bird of prey
- At home
- Die in warmth
- Round
- Beverage
- Player at children's game
- Compass point
- Twisting
- Understand
- Cloths used at table
- Consolation
- List of candidates
- Thus
- Unaccompanied
- Parent colloq.
- Puneral oration
- Smoking device
- Dining mug
- Possess
- Late comb.
- Weep
- Letter of the alphabet
- Negative prefix

Name Committee To Reorganize Savings & Loan

SALM, Oct. 19 (AP)—A committee of three, T. H. Banfield, Robert M. Mount and Jean C. Vetch, all of Portland, has been appointed by Governor Julius L. Meier, to represent shareholders of the Union Savings & Loan association in effecting a reorganization of the company. Corporation Commissioner James W. Mott, upon advising the governor that sufficient progress has been made in the affairs of the association to justify reorganization, was informed of the selection of the committee Wednesday.

Herbert Gordon of Portland will be placed in active charge of the association's affairs in this reorganization, Mott was advised further. A proposed plan of operation will be submitted to the shareholders as soon as possible.

The Union association is now under operation by the state corporation department. It is a mutual concern and has shareholders in all parts of Oregon and in a number of other states, Mott said. Its former managing heads were recently placed under grand jury indictment for alleged improper manipulation of funds, Mott declared.

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

USED PARTS
1930 Model "A" Ford
J. S. Larson
Larson-Frees Chevrolet Co.
10-20-2 t.

APPLES—36c, 50c, 75c. Potatoes 40c, 60c, 80c. Peas 50c. We deliver. La Grande Public Market. 10-20-1 tp.

FOR SALE—1924 Dodge touring, glass enclosure, \$80.00, \$40.00 cash, balance terms. 1706 Wash. 10-20-3 tp.

ORDER CHICKENS for Sunday dinner, fresh from country, no cold storage stuff, from Public Market, telephone Main 788. 10-19-2 tp

CHEAP—32.90 Colts and holster, hammerless 12 gauge shotgun. Will trade for used turn. Call Observer. 10-19-2 tp.

FOR SALE—Yr.-old male Cocker Spaniel, 904-3rd. Ph. 137 W. 10-19-3 t.

APPLES—Romes, Lucindas and Jonathans, 25c and 50c box. Potatoes, Nettea, 25c and 75c. Lee Wright, 205 M. 10-18-1 t.

FOR RENT

MRS. ZUBER'S HOME, very reasonable to right party. Inquire 1415 Washington Ave. 10-19-2 t.

FOR RENT—Modern 5-rm. house, 1504-7th St. Inquire Dr. A. L. Richardson. 10-15-1 f.

STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow. Inq. 1405 N. Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-20-1 f.

WANTED

WANTED—Veal calves, fat hogs, beef cattle and poultry. Public Market, telephone Main 788. 10-19-2 tp.

WANTED—Special of custom sawing. Rough lumber for sale @ \$13 per M.; mill run surfaced and sized on orders \$16 per M. H. H. Horn, 4 ml. west of Summerville. 9-23-1 mp.

MISCELLANEOUS

DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your sashes, papers, etc. Phone 523-J. 3-8-1 f.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits, I. O. O. F. temple, 447-7. 9-5-1 m

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

AUTOMOBILES

DODGE COUPE in A-one condition. Good tires, \$100.

PERKINS MOTOR CO.
Phone Main 500 4th & Adams
9-25-1 f.

FOR TRADE

FOR TRADE—Potatoes for wood. Call Observer. 10-19-3 tp

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To the owner of the Heritage of the Coast Ranch!

Let me tell you that I have just received your offer for your property. I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I have accepted your offer of \$5,000.00.

Hollander

Plain Names of Signers

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence there were six Johns, six Georges, six Williams and six Thomases.

Professional Directory

Hospitals

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

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"No State can support TWO Universities..."

GUY STANTON FORD
Dean, University of Minnesota

The School Consolidation Bill

variously referred to as "the Zorn Bill" and the "School Moving Bill" has met with the most strenuous political and prejudicial opposition ever to confront a measure for public good in this State—The reasons are obvious, though ill-founded—

Here is what it proposes to do...

Here are the irrefutable facts...

Consolidate the University of Oregon and Oregon State College into one great, complete University at Corvallis—making all subjects available to all students—saving duplication of courses, operation and maintenance, and administration.

Combine our three poorly rated normal schools (Ashland, La Grande and Monmouth) in one good Teachers' College at Eugene—making the best possible use of such buildings there as are modern.

Use the normal school buildings at Ashland and La Grande for the development of modern Junior Colleges already established there.

Move the Law School (approximately 50 students) from Eugene to Salem, eliminating one expensive law library.

No new buildings will be needed, either for classrooms or housing. The \$7,000,000 State College, with three times the instructional space of the University, will far exceed the requirements of the combined student bodies.

Oregon's present normal schools, providing only a 2-year course, are rated second poorest in the nation. According to the report of the Federal Survey Commission, Monmouth needs new buildings to the extent of \$500,000.

Consolidation provides one administrative office and one president instead of five—one registrar's office instead of two—one university library instead of two—eliminates all duplication of courses (first two years at Eugene and Corvallis now practically identical).

CONSOLIDATION WILL SAVE TAXPAYERS \$500,000.00 ANNUALLY

—in Administration, Operation and Maintenance

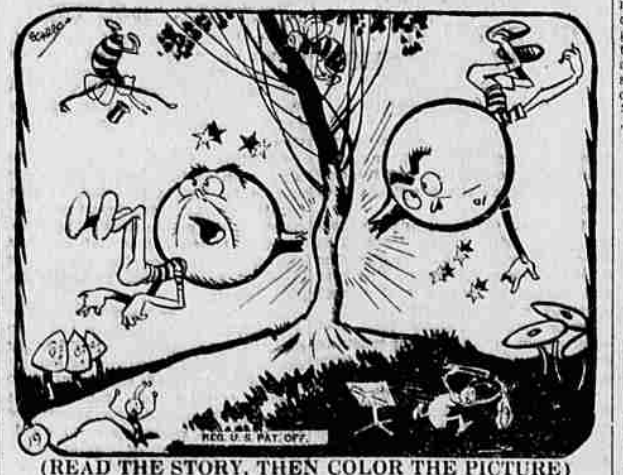
... and an estimated additional \$500,000.00 annually in capital investment.

Ask for Literature
TAX REDUCTION ASSOCIATION OF MULTNOMAH COUNTY
Woodlark Bldg.
Portland, Ore.
BR. 0803
Dr. Herbert C. Miller
President
H. Ashley Ely
Secretary
(Paid Adv.)

Vote 316 X YES

For Reduced Taxation For Better Education

The TINYMITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE dumbbell which was fighting stopped and to its side was Copy hopped. "It isn't nice to fight," said he. "It surely isn't fun."

"What is the argument about? Some simple little thing, no doubt. Explain it to me, dumbbell, and I'll see what can be done."

One of the dumbbell heads said, "Well, you are so kind, I'll gladly tell. I want to take a little walk, but I can't go alone."

"The other head must go with me, but it objects. That spoils it, see? Why, I have even begged it in a very friendly tone."

THEN Copy, at the other head, smiled very sweetly. Then he said, "Come on, we'll all go for a walk and see what we can see."

"I'll lead the way through trees and such. I'm sure it will not tire you much." The stubborn dumbbell head soon smiled and said, "Well, that suits me."

So, off they went. The Tinymites set out to show the dumbbell just the two heads got along just fine for 'bout an hour or so.

"Then Duncy said, 'I'd like to see that dumbbell run. It seems to me that that would be real funny. Wonder how fast it can go?'"

BOTH of the dumbbell heads replied, "Shucks, we can run fast, side by side. We'll race you little Tinymites and we'll likely beat you, too."

"Hurrah!" cried Scouty. "That means fun! When I say go, we'll start to run. You'll find that you are left behind when we get through with you."

"Then Scouty made his his voice ring with 'Go!' They ran like everything. The race was very thrilling. How the happy Tinymites flew."

The dumbbell crashed into a tree. It was a real sad sight to see. The force of running made the little dumbbell break in two.

(Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.)

(The dumbbell is a terrible fix in the next story.)

Health

DUODENAL ULCERS—II

In connection with the study of duodenal ulcers certain experiments have been devised and carried out.

In these experiments pancreatic juice was not allowed to mix with food substances coming from the stomach. In 15 to 18 days after the beginning of the experiment it was observed that ulcers formed in the duodenum.

The presumption is, though this is far from established, that the unalkalined, acid contents of the stomach in some manner eroded the mucous lining of the duodenum and produced ulcers.

It is known that when food enters the stomach, it is subjected to what is commonly termed "churning" process. The solid and the semi-solid foods that enter the stomach are reduced by this churning process to a mushy state.

While this goes on, the intestinal end of the stomach periodically opens to let out a bit of the digestive food contents into the duodenum.

It now appears that when the stomach opens by what is known as the pyloric sphincter (a round muscle band which pinches tightly shut the intestinal end of the stomach), a certain amount of the alkaline fluid which is in the duodenum enters the stomach and mixes, and to some extent neutralizes the acid food substance in the region.

This, in a measure, prepares the food for subsequent passage into the duodenum.

The suggestion from these experiments is that the formation of duodenal ulcers, and perhaps too of gastric ulcers, may be the result of the failure of the proper chemical admixture of the acid contents of the stomach with the alkaline contents of the duodenum.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Opportunity!

COME ON...WE'LL GO OUT ON THE FIELD WHERE THE BOYS ARE GOING THROUGH THEIR STUFF!!

Y'KNOW, COACH—AFTER THAT TALK YOU GAVE ME, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I COULD PLAY FOOTBALL...

FIRST OF ALL I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT IF THIS KID HAS ANY BACKBONE...DON'T WANT ANY YELLOW LADS ON THE SHADY-SIDE TEAM!!

HEALTH

DUODENAL ULCERS—II

LISTEN, BOYS! FRECKLES LOOKS LIKE A PROSPECT... I WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND GIVE HIM A GOOD ROUGHING... SEE HOW HE TAKES IT!!

O.K. WE'LL PUT HIM THROUGH SOME SCRIMPING AND BLOCKING... HE WON'T LIKE THAT!!

OH BOY!

FRECKLES GETS IT... AND LIKES IT!!

SHOW UP FOR PRACTICE TOMORROW, FRECKLES!

GEE! THAT'S SWEET, COACH!!

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) A Sack Full!

ANSWER THAT, WILL YOU CHICK? IT MUST BE THE MAILMAN

WHAT A POPULAR GUY YOU TURNED OUT T'BE

A SACK FULL! WHO FROM?

WELL, THERE ARE 450 CIRCULARS FROM FIRMS WANTING TO SELL US AUTOS--YACHTS-- ANYTHING!--148 INVITATIONS TO EXCLUSIVE NIGHT CLUBS--SPEAKEASIES--COUNTRY CLUBS--TEA DANCES--DOZENS OF BROKERS WHO KNOW EXACTLY HOW WE OUGHT TO INVEST OUR MILLIONS--AND 15 PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE--