

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Rosamund Carew and Robert Leonard plan to secure Jervis Weare's fortune even if murder is necessary. Leonard already has made two attempts upon Jervis' life, and Nan Weare, his wife, is distracted because she cannot persuade Jervis that Leonard means to harm him. The Weares ask Ferdinand Francis, an old friend of Jervis, to join them in the country. Rosamund and Leonard follow.

Chapter 17 A NEW WORLD

Nan saw Weare for the first time under driving rain. They taxied from Croxaton with the sky blue behind them and a heavy indigo cloud coming up out of the west. The road ran inland for a couple of miles and then, turning, zigzagged up the side of a bare hill covered with close sheep-cropped grass. As they came up the last rise, the wind met them and the rain—first heavy splashing drops, and then a solid shimmering fall.

Then tall stone pillars, and straining trees lashed by the wind until they brushed the car as it passed. At last a grey house, and a portico under which they came to a standstill. Jervis jumped out, and she followed him. Her new suitcases emerged; her new trunk came down dripping. There was comfort in them, and Nan needed comfort badly. She got home from Jervis hurriedly, and she hurried through the hall with an air of gloomy abstraction.

She started at Jervis' touch on her arm. "Nan—this is Mrs. Mellish. She has been housekeeper here for—how long is it, Mrs. Mellish? Thirty years?" Mrs. Mellish, rosy and buxom, with severely parted grey hair and a black dress with a high stiff collar surrounded by fine frilling and clasped by a large brooch of moss-agate set in a pale gold rim, interposed in a firm, respectful voice.

"Thirty-one years and six months in September, sir."

Just for a moment she looked at Nan, and there was no welcome in her look. Nan was a stranger.

With the head of it at her heart, she tilted her head and smiled prettily. Monk, the butler, considered that she smiled very prettily indeed. He was a fat man, with small sunken eyes, sparse pale hair, and a voice so soft as to lend his most casual remark the air of a confidence. "A very pleasant young lady," was his comment to Mrs. Mellish in the housekeeper's room later on. "A very pleasant young lady."

Mrs. Mellish received the remark in a bristling manner. She drew back her double chin till it rested upon the neat white frilling. Not until Monk had repeated his remark for a third time did she make anacular response.

"That is as may be," she observed. When Nan was alone at last in the room which had been Ambrose Weare's, she stood in the middle of it and looked about her with a mixture of passionate interest, shy pride, and a tremulous something

akin to fear. Mrs. Mellish had conducted her in state. A red-checked girl had appeared and been named, with a faint flavour of disapproval, as Gladys. Now she was alone, and she stood in the middle of the floor and looked about her.

The room was large and light. A big old-fashioned four-post bed with a maroon canopy and hangings stood against the loom wall, with the door on the right. To the left beyond the bed was a built-out window nearly as wide as the room, and opposite the door another window, hung like the bed with dark red curtains.

There was a great deal of dark red about the room—carpet, curtains, bed furniture, the upholstery of a Victorian couch, and the covering of two deep armchairs set very formally one on either side of the hearth. The furniture dated from the forties—square solid mahogany wardrobe, chests of drawers, and mirror. The dressing table had a crimson petticoat with transparent muslin over it, and a looking-glass with a great many little drawers. There was a very fat crimson cushion with a fringe.

It was Nan thought with alarmed dismay, very completely a grandparent's room, and very certainly not hers. She felt an abashed sense of being an intruder as she skirted the dressing-table to reach the large window.

One's first instinct in a strange room is to see what lies beyond it. Nan looked out and saw a wet green lawn. The lilac bushes that edged it bent in the wind. Overhead the heavy cloudy drove across the sky. She could not see the sea, but she thought that she could hear it. The room stood at the corner of the house. Perhaps the other window looked on the sea. But when she reached it, though the sound was louder, the sea was still hidden.

The view from this side of the house showed a paved terrace, then falling ground—at first grass with some flower beds, then shrubs irregularly planted, and finally a steep fall towards what looked like a ravine. To the left a kind of bluff or knoll covered with trees hid the sea. Nan felt sure that it hid the sea. She could hear the sound of waves against the cliff. She felt a great desire to go out into the rain and wind. Instead she washed her hands, looked at herself in the large mirror, and went down to tea.

There was to be tea in the library. She came into the hall and tried three doors before she found the right one—the dining room, full of enormous mahogany furniture; the drawing-room, long unused and breathing faint ghostly camphor, lavender, and the smell of old calendered chintzes; the third room, a small comfortable place with books, shabby old chairs, and a writing-table.

She found the library next to it; a pleasant room looking to the ravine, and Jervis sitting in the window with the largest dog she had ever seen standing gravely beside him. He had a head like a lion, and he was lion-colored. He turned deep amber eyes on Nan and came padding to meet her. She put out

In Gotham Crisis



The financial fate of New York largely rests with these two men. Charles E. Mitchell (top), as spokesman for bankers from whom the city seeks a \$35,000,000 loan to meet immediate debts, has demanded that City Controller Charles W. Berry (below) slash \$100,000,000 from the city budget.

a hand. He slid his head under it and sniffed her skirt.

"You're not afraid of dogs," said Jervis.

Nan threw him an indignant look. "No. What's his name?"

"Bran. Tell him to shake hands with you."

Nan looked down into the amber eyes.

"Bran, shake hands," she said, and was aware of Jervis watching her quizzically.

She took her hand from Bran's head as she spoke and held it out. Immediately the huge mouth opened; her hand was taken gently but firmly and shaken from side to side. She felt the pressure of the great teeth, but it was a pressure which would not have broken an egg-shell. Then her hand was dropped and the velvet-soft muzzle moved across it with a caressing touch.

Jervis came over to them. "You are free of Bran's affections," he said gravely. "He only shakes hands with people he likes very much."

Just for an instant Nan would have given everything she had in the world to know whether Rosamund was one of the people with whom Bran shook hands. The feeling was so irrational and so strong that it brought the blood to her cheeks. She walked to the window, Jervis beside her.

"In the sea behind that bluff?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was—I thought I could hear it."

"You might today, but as a rule you'd hear the fall. The stream comes down that cleft and takes a magnificent dive just through there." He pointed as he spoke. "The fall is one of our sights. It will be worth seeing tomorrow after this rain."

The door opened, and Monk entered, bearing pontificaly a large silver tray upon which, in ordered state, stood a massive and hideous tea-service. A tall pale youth followed with a cake-stand. In a hushed tone Monk issued orders. The tall youth, looking scared to death, set down the cake-stand with a clatter. It all looked so safe, and Monk thought as she poured the tea. But was it? She saw the face of Leonard in the polished tea-pot—she saw it reflected in the rainwashed windowpane. (Copyright, 1932, Lippincott) (To Be Continued)

Health

GENIUS AND TUBERCULOSIS

The German scientist, Dr. Erich Ebslein, has devoted much labor to the study of the relationship of diseases, particularly tuberculosis, to genius.

In a work entitled "Tuberculosis as Destiny," Dr. Ebslein made 50 studies of various men of prominence who have suffered from tuberculosis.

He finds that these men of genius who suffered from tuberculosis fall into two large groups: those in whom the disease engendered a warm, sympathetic reaction to life, and those in whom there was engendered an austere and gloomy attitude.

It is interesting to note how many famous men have suffered from tuberculosis. Thus we find Schiller, Goethe, Chopin, Rousseau, Keats, Goldsmith and Robert Louis Stevenson listed among the 50 reviewed.

This study is of interest in itself, but it also raises a question which is of vital concern, namely, to what extent does disease in general affect the temperament and the attitude toward life of the patient.

The acute diseases, those which develop rapidly and which come to a quick issue, may affect the character of the patient for a brief period only.

On the other hand, a relatively chronic disease like tuberculosis, chronic rheumatism, heart disease, or a defect of the senses such as

blindness or deafness, must unavoidably affect the sufferer's character. This is particularly true when the victim is young. Frequently patients with chronic disease throw upon the physician not only the burden of caring for their sickened bodies but also that of assisting them in making an adequate psychologic adjustment to their illness.

As the pearl in the oyster is the product of an injury, so, too, as it is perhaps best illustrated in the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, chronic disease not infrequently brings forth the very best there is in man.

NOTRE DAME'S GRID TEAM REALLY IRISH THIS YEAR

SOUTH BEND, Ind., (AP)—When the Notre Dame eleven is referred to this year as the "fighting Irish," the statement really will be less than 44 per cent. correct.

But players of Irish extraction predominate. Of the 110 players on the roster, 30 are all-Irish. Six German-Irish, and eight others classified as French-Irish, Italian-Irish, Bohemian-Irish, American-Irish, Scotch-Irish, English-Irish, Welsh-Irish and Canadian-Irish bring the total of sons of the old sod to 44.

The rest of the team is divided among 26 nationalities. Germans taking second place with 18 members, besides the six German-Irish.

Buckaroos Will Play Mac-Hi In Weekend Contest

PENDLETON, Ore., Oct. 27—With only a few more days left before Pendleton journeys to Milton to engage the Pioneers of Mac-Hi, Coach Hines in drilling his Buckaroo eleven until long after darkness has fallen over the field. Some changes in the lineup which started last Saturday are being contemplated, but the only shift has been to put Nash in as a defensive guard, but keeping him as an offensive end.

Little is known as to the strength of Mac-Hi's team, but figuring scores made in their past games, they are at least two touchdowns better than the Bucks. Mac-Hi held La Grande to a scoreless tie not long back, and won over Watsburg by a slight margin. Watsburg gave Kenewick a good trouncing a short time before the start with Mac-Hi.

Monday evening's session on the field saw the first time of the season that the tackling dummy was used. Scrimmage and plenty of it has been the watchword all season.

A. M. Sadler, veteran Oklahoma city golfer, played 18 holes taking only 19 putts.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACROSS	1. Tubia vessel shaped like a ship	2. Surly, ill-bred fellow	3. Fifth month; French	4. Character in Arabian Nights	5. Reprove severely	6. Dining-rooms	7. City in Quebec province, Canada	8. Variety	9. Unity	10. Treating maliciously	11. Last of the Stuart sovereigns	12. Pieces of money	13. Hypothetical force	14. Pronoun	15. Masculine name	16. Pen	17. Chinese measure of distance	18. Prosperous periods	19. Public carrier; abbr.	20. Speaking imperfectly	21. Former Rumanian queen	22. Stories about well-known persons	23. Mark	24. Sheds the feathers	25. Caught sight of	26. Faint service	27. Counteractives for poisons	28. Having bottoms	29. Goddess of the growing vegetation	30. Unit of force	31. Chasers	32. Sinsal to bits	33. Salt water	34. Cards next below the Jack	35. English city	36. Rescue	37. Family record	38. American	39. Indian	40. Before	41. Doleful	42. Exclamation
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The TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

The horse began to dip and dive and Duncy shouted, "Sakes alive! We surely have a funny horse. Why doesn't it fly straight?"

"This makes me dizzy as can be and does not appeal to me. Let's try and make it travel at a safer, safer gait."

So Scouty yelled right out, "Hey, whoa! Where do you think we want to go? If it is all the same, we'd like to travel up, not down!"

"The sky seems safe because it's clear, so kindly keep us all up here. If you dive down again, you may land in some little town."

The horse replied, "Oh, my, don't fret. I haven't thrown you lads out yet. I thought you'd like a thrilling ride. That's why I dashed around."

"But you seem scared, so I'll be slick and take a dive down very quick. The next thing that you Tines know, you'll be safe on the ground."

"Oh, no," cried Windy, "Don't do that. Gee, you might slip and

land us flat. I fear you'll take a nose dive." But the horse dropped, just the same.

When they were near the ground he saw a light that filled them all with awe. A farmer's big machine was stalled. Now, wasn't that a shame?

"PLEASE land and we will help the man. At least we'll do all that we can," said Copy. Then, with one more dive, the horse was on the ground.

The farmer shortly cried, "Hello! Please help me, lads. Give me a tow. At yonder farmhouse you can visit. That's where I am bound."

Said Scouty, "That's all right with us, if our horse doesn't start a fuss." The horse then snapped, "Oh, hitch me up! I'll gladly tow his car."

"In fact, it will be fun for me. I am a real strong horse, you see. I hope, however, that the pull will not be very far."

(The flying horse gets a rest in the next story.)

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
FOR SALE—Beautiful, natural hornless, 2 yr. old, Toggenburg billy goat, very gentle. Or trade for good tent or trailer. Inquire or write Alice store. 10-27-32.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Retail dairy.
Inquire Observer. 10-26-4 t.

TOO BUSY to pick all apples. Bring box and pick your own Wagner's for 15c box. Wilson orchard, Imbler. 10-26-6 t p.

FOR SALE—Large size combination wood and coal heater, in good condition, \$15. Ph. 2237, 2212 Cedar St. 10-25-6 t p.

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—Apts. Reasonable. Nice and clean. Inq. Pittsburgh Paint Store. 10-26-4 t.

NICE 5-RM. furn. house, very reasonable. Inquire 1415 Wash. 10-26-2 t.

50 A. FARM, house and outbuildings. \$15 mo. Inq. Observer. 10-26-3 t p.

CLEAN, MODERN 4-rm. apartment. Cheap. 2011 2nd or call 923 R. 10-22-1 f.

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

AUTOMOBILES
FORD TUDOR
Licensed and in good condition. Good tires—Price \$200.00.
PERKINS MOTOR COMPANY
4th and Adams. Phone Main 500. 10-22-1 f.

Chats With Parents

PLEASURE IN PUNISHMENT
By Alice Judson Peale

Parents frequently observe that their children court punishment. Again and again it is plain that they deliberately do that which is certain to bring scolding, spanking or some other unpleasant consequence.

Partly, of course, this may be explained as the drive of the child's feelings of guilt for some secret wrong-doing. Punishment is necessary to settle the score.

A boy who felt guilty because of reading what he thought was a forbidden book began coming late to meals, a thing which he knew was sure to be penalized.

Only after he was able to talk about the book and had learned that it wicked did he again come punctually to the table.

But besides this courting of punishment as a means of paying for secret misdeeds there was yet another reason.

It is a curious psychological fact that when we may not enjoy one kind of satisfaction we frequently find pleasure in its direct opposite.

This a child may want to hit his parents when they interfere with him. This, of course, is not allowed and so he learns to enjoy being hit instead.

Under certain circumstances his pleasure in being beaten or scolded may develop to such a morbid degree that he seeks it again and again with ever-growing satisfaction.

Especially does this tend to occur where the parent punishes in the heat of excitement and in a dramatic and highly emotional way. Punishment should never represent a high point in the day. When it is necessary it should be accomplished in a very quiet and matter-of-fact manner.

New Shipment The Popular Polo Coat For Men \$17.50

Trotter's QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP
The Store For Every Man

Professional Directory Hospitals
DR. LES B. BOUVY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
8th floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 18.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Pals!

WHADDYA THINK OF-FRECKLES MAKIN' THE SHADY-SIDE TEAM?
I'M STILL WONDERING HOW HE DID IT... HE NEVER PLAYED ANYTHING BUT SCRUB FOOT-BALL BEFORE.
YEAH...BUT COACH ROOSE IS TEACHIN' HIM THE FINE POINTS...BOY! I THINK IT'S SWELL!!

THERE HE IS, NOW... GOOD NIGHT! HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A JUMPIN'-JACK THAN A FOOT-BALL PLAYER!!
WHY HE'S PRACTICING CATCHIN' FORWARD PASSES...YOU KNOW... SHADOW PRACTICE...
HI THERE, FRECK!!

SAY! YOU'RE GONNA BE GOOD FRECK!! BY THE WAY, ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY IN THE PRINGLE GAME?
YEAH...YOU FELLAS DONT WANT TO MISS IT... RED AND I ARE GOING TO TRY OUT OUR SECRET SIGNALS!!
WELL, MEBBE YOU COULD GET PASSES FOR US, SEEM' THAT YOU'RE ON THE TEAM, HUH?

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) Taken for a Ride!

YES, MR. NEWFANGLE, GORGEOUS
YOU WOULDN'T KID A FELLOW, WOULD YOU?
WHY YES, I'LL BE INTERESTED IN BUYING A CAR A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THINGS ARE SETTLED
DONT LET THAT INTERFERE WITH YOUR ENJOYING A CAR RIGHT NOW. MR. NEWFANGLE, I CAN ARRANGE THINGS.

I HAVE A VERY CLASSY JOB DOWN AT THE CUBB. LET ME TAKE YOU HOME AND IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DRIVE THE SNAPPIEST LITTLE BOAT YOU EVER SAW
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. NEWFANGLE. DONT BE AFRAID T' STEP ON IT. YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE RIDING ON A CLOUD
HOTCHA! SHE'S A REAL GAS GOBLER!!

Sectional Interests VERSUS the State

After two unsuccessful attempts to keep the School Consolidation Bill from being presented to the people, the selfish interests opposing this measure are now flooding the State with misstatements concerning it. Don't be misled. Vote YES for School Consolidation.

Give Oregon a Great University and a Fine Teachers' College and Save Millions in Taxes

Stops duplication of courses, and of administration, operation and maintenance and capital investment. Approximate annual saving to taxpayers, \$1,000,000.

Provides a great consolidated university comparing with Minnesota, Ohio State, Illinois, Wisconsin, and many others. Giving equal educational opportunities to all.

Provides a fine teachers' college, using all good buildings at Eugene. Oregon's present normals rate very low.

Makes possible the development of Junior College work at Ashland and La Grande, in buildings already there.

No New Buildings Will Be Needed
No Fit Buildings Will Be Abandoned

Vote 316 X YES for SCHOOL CONSOLIDATION

Tax Reduction Association of Multnomah County, Woodlark Bldg., Portland. Dr. Herbert C. Miller, President, H. Ashley Fly, Secretary. (Paid Adv.)