

Nothing Venture

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Jervis Weare's already tottering world reels again under the knowledge that it was Nan, the girl he married to save his fortune after Rosamund Carew's treachery, who had ten years before saved his life. Nan has left the room angrily after she and Ferdinand Francis fall into a field. He could have found his way blindfold, but out here under the sky and away from shadowy trees he was not so dark. The cloudless expanse above his head was luminous and already pricked with stars. The moon had not yet risen.

As he walked, his thoughts cleared. It was Nan who had saved his life ten years ago at the risk of her own, and if he had known this, their whole relation was on a different basis: it was profoundly affected—so profoundly, in fact, as to alter his entire point of view.

He went back to the stinging shock of Rosamund's defection on the eve of their marriage. He had believed then, and had since had this belief intensified, that it was a shameless and callous manoeuvre to supplant him as his grandfather's heir.

To counter this, he must be married by the date fixed in Ambrose Weare's will. Nan had stepped into the breach with her quiet proposal that they should marry as a matter of business. She had been very businesslike. She must have something for her trouble—a percentage. She had, in fact, put herself up for sale for ten thousand dollars. He had not known then that the money was for her sister, who was now on her way to Australia.

Jervis was aware that he himself had not bothered about being fair. By marrying Nan he spoiled Rosamund's story game, and that was all he had cared for at the time. In the last 24 hours he had experienced a disposition to turn his back on the events which had led up to his marriage. They made a background incompatible with Nan as he was beginning to know her.

F. F.'s story made it impossible to know how much later. Then he heard a sound—Nan moving in Nan's room. He started, but that wouldn't have wakened him. He raised himself on his hand, and as he did so, he heard a choking cry and in a moment was out of bed and at the door between the two rooms. If it was bolted...

But it gave to his hand. He switched on the light, and saw Nan sitting up in bed under the crimson canopy, her eyes wide and blank with terror, and her lips parted in a gasping cry. Bran, with his forepaws on the bed, whined and licked frantically at her hair, her shoulder, her arm.

As the light went on, he growled, flung round, dropped to the floor, and bounded to meet Jervis, thrashing at him with his head and making anxious sounds in his throat. Jervis bade him lie down, harshly. His first thought was that the dog had frightened Nan. Then, as he reached the bed, he saw that her gaze was fixed neither on him nor on Bran. It had no focus; it saw nothing. It was just a wide gaze of fear.

She was sitting stiffly upright with her hands pressed down upon the bed. Her short brown hair was widely rumpled. Her face was of an agonizing pallor, her eyes all staring pupil. She had on a childish white night-gown, rather high at the neck, and beneath it her breast rose and fell with each sobbing breath.

Jervis sat down on the edge of the bed and put a hand on her shoulder. "Nan—what is it? Please don't be so frightened—you're all right. It was just a dream." She trembled, and he put his arm about her. "All right in a minute. Just hold on, and I'll go. Would you like a drink of water?" No, I won't go till you want me to.

She was small and light to hold. Another of those dreadful shudders passed over her. He felt her struggle with it, stiffening herself against his arms until she was rigid. A sudden awkward tenderness for her fear came up in him. Under his impatient temperament he had a soft heart for children, animals—anything weak, defenseless, frightened. He patted her shoulder and tightened his grasp.

"Look here, there isn't anything to be afraid of. It was only a dream." She turned then, straining back

against his arm so that she could look at him. "Did you—dream it—too?" "No. Look here, it's nothing—a dream's nothing—it can't hurt anyone—you've only got to wake up. Here's Bran telling you the same thing. He's most awfully upset about you."

Bran had his forepaws on the bed again. The tip of his tail moved deprecatingly. He pushed his head forward and blew warm puffs of air at her hand, her arm. "Feeling better?" said Jervis. "What was it? Would you like to tell me?"

Leaning against his arm, and looking up at him with those unnaturally wide eyes, she said, "I thought—you were dead."

"Do I feel as if I were dead?" His arm tightened about her. "I saw you—in a dark place. You were—dead."

"Would you mind, Nan?" he asked softly. (Copyright, 1932, Lippincott) (To Be Continued)

Chats With Parents

A CHILD'S NAUGHTINESS
By Alice Judson Peate

Writing of his 4-year-old daughter, Ruth, Rasmussen relates that one day, as she seemed on the verge of a tantrum and had begun to stamp her feet in rage, she hesitated for a moment. Then she stamped once more with one foot, quite gently and slowly saying: "I think I only get angry to be a little bit naughty."

The incident illustrates how young children tend to regard their own behavior. With Ruth the process probably was something like this: Feelings of anger rose up and demanded expression and almost simultaneously came the thought: "It is naughty to stamp. But I am not naughty. It is only my leg that is naughty, not me."

The child refuses generally to accept that part of himself which gives him feelings of discomfort. He separates it from himself and refuses to admit its responsibility. If those who are responsible for the child's training hold him up to excessively rigorous standards of goodness and obedience he is forced to deny so many of his real feelings that their suppression becomes an enormous task which involves a large share of his emotional energy.

This energy is then not available for the learning and for the mastery of his environment which should rightly occupy his attention. Gentle guidance which spares the child the feeling that a part of him has conducted itself in a shocking, shameful and unforgivable manner is best calculated to give him time gradually to educate his feelings.

Temper tantrums, for instance, do not call for rebuke and punishment except under special circumstances; they need only be consistently ignored to fall into disuse because the child sees that he achieves nothing through them.

Menus Of The Day

- By Mrs. Alexander George
HAM LOAF FOR DINNER
Ham Loaf Baked Potatoes Escalloped Corn Bread Plum Jam Head Lettuce Mayonnaise Cocoanut Layer Cake Coffee Grapes
- Ham Loaf, Serving 6**
2 cups chopped cooked ham
2-3 cup bread crumbs
2 eggs
2 tablespoons chopped onions
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped celery
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted
3 tablespoons catsup
Mix ingredients and pour into buttered loaf pan. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Unmold carefully and serve warm or cold.
- Escalloped Corn**
2 cups cooked corn
2-3 cup cracker crumbs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/4 teaspoon sugar
2-3 cup milk
2-3 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted
Mix ingredients and pour into buttered baking dish. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Serve in dish in which baked.
- Cocoanut Layer Cake**
2-3 cup butter
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
3 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 egg whites, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream the butter and sugar. Add milk, yolks, flour, baking powder and salt. Beat 3 minutes. Fold in rest of ingredients. Bake 25 minutes in moderately slow oven in 2 layer cake pans. Cover with cocoanut frosting.
- Cocoanut Frosting**
2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons vinegar
2-3 cup water
2 egg whites, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
2-3 cup cocoanut
Boil without stirring, sugar, vinegar and water. When fine threads form, pour slowly into whites. Beat until creamy and thick. Add rest of ingredients.

Gargle

One of heredity's failures is that it still takes six months of instruction, off and on, to teach the succeeding generation how to gargle.—Detroit News.

Few Changes In City Officials At Willowa, Ore.

By Mrs. C. A. Hunter (Observer Correspondent)
WALLOWA (Special)—In the city election here Tuesday only a slight change was made in the list of city officials. Roy Lovell was elected councilman at large to succeed J. Ward Evans. Those re-elected to offices were: H. F. Allen, mayor; C. C. Wood, councilman ward No. 1; F. F. Jones, for ward No. 2; Cecil Chrieman, treasurer and John H. Britton, city recorder.

The Willowa Sun has changed hands this week and the new publisher, James A. Demet, has already taken possession. Roy Lovell who has been the publisher for the last two years traded his interests for interests in the Commercial Printing Co., at Boise. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell and daughter, Bonnie Jean, will leave very soon for their new home there. The Lovell family has made many friends during their brief stay here who regret that it is necessary for them to make the change on account of Mrs. Lovell's health and who are hoping that the change may prove beneficial. The community extends best wishes for success in their new field.

Miss Lillian Dale, third grade teacher is spending the weekend visiting friends in Portland.

Mrs. J. B. Gregory and Virginia Hunter returned Wednesday from a week's visit in Portland. They also attended the Oregon-O. S. Game at Corvallis last Saturday.

Ray Johnson, manager of the Willowa creamery, expects to go to Portland Friday to attend a state creamery meeting on Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. F. F. Jones and their two-week-old son, Franklin, returned home from Portland the first of the week.

Mrs. Hugh Daugherty spent last weekend with her uncle, Pete Evans near Island City.

Mrs. Fred Furst spent several days the latter part of the week visiting friends in Baker.

Mrs. Orville McKimie and small son, Teddy, are visiting this week in Elgin with her parents Mr. and Mrs. James Coate.

Mrs. Arthur V. Johnson, of Lower valley motored to La Grande Monday to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Dwight Pleshman.

The Willowa Woman's club cleared about \$20 at the election day dinner at the K. of P. hall.

Glenn Clark, of Willowa and Anna Thompson, of Enterprise, were married in Enterprise Saturday. Rev. H. K. Walls of the Methodist church performed the ceremony.

Whippet Only Sprinter
For a short distance, up to a hundred yards, a whippet can run faster, but for longer distances the horse is superior.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

AGROSS
1. Start in Brazil
2. Set at intervals
3. Playing cards
4. Always
5. Cloths splendidly
6. Venues
7. Keen self-reliance
8. Goddess of peace
9. Chinese negonda
10. Park in the Rockies
11. Crude
12. See
13. Supper
14. Siamese coins
15. Spindles
16. Which wheels turn
17. Pronoun
18. Gift
19. Arranged in thin plates of layers
20. Japanese measure
21. Anger
22. Dancer French
23. Compass point
24. Quantity
25. Which mathematical operation is performed
26. Abounding clear rain
27. Wild animal
28. Corded fabric
29. Sunken fence
30. Large tub
31. Grow old
32. Mother Goose character
33. Island in the west part of Asia Minor
34. Kind of dog
35. Brief interval of rest
36. An English queen
37. Deputy
38. English school
39. Rusty pipe
40. Comedie
41. Down
42. Persian fairy
43. Begonia
44. Chinese
45. Part of an amphitheater
46. Drum
47. Decade
48. 100 square meters
49. Burnt sugar

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
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60	61				62				63			64	65
66					67			68	69				
70					71			72				73	
74					75							76	

ACROSS
10. Got up
11. Suspended
12. To be Latin
13. Understanda
14. Novj.
15. Convenced
16. Sailing amount
17. Protective garment
18. Article of food
19. Concerning
20. Cavalry award
21. Try the favor of
22. Title of address
23. Epoch
24. Chivalry
25. Sick
26. Light fabric
27. Turn aside
28. Comes back
29. Hermit
30. School of whales
31. Shapened
32. Lined
33. Boast of
34. burden
35. Towns
36. Box
37. Bulwer-Lytton character
38. County in Nebraska
39. Transmit
40. Dine
41. Summer
42. French
43. Son of Judah

The TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE tire that had split its sides from laughing had had lots of rides, but now it wouldn't hold air that would keep it pumped up high. Said Scody, "Well, I did that trick and now I'll have to fix it quick. I think that I can patch the tire right up, if I try."

"And I will help you," Windy cried. "Let's roll it over on its side and take the inner tube out. That will need some patches first."

THE farmer heard them talking and he said, "I'll gladly lend a hand. I have some patching stuff that's in the tool box of my car." Kind Duncy ran to get it. He was just as quick as he could be. When he rushed back he held it up and shouted, "Here you are!" It didn't take them long to fix the tire. Soon it was strong. The farmer thanked the lads and said, "I'll show you something new."

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FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Circulating heater and furniture, Phone 1024-J. 11-12-32p

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FOR SALE—28 G. M. C. 1 1/2 ton truck, \$195.00, Fitzgerald Furniture Co. (Car's). 11-10-32

FOR SALE—Scratch paper for school or home, at the Observer, 5c pad. 11-10-32

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In Washington

By Herbert Plummer
WASHINGTON—Many men prominent in the official ranks of Washington have found that their favorite musical instrument can give them more enjoyment and recreation than a golf stick or a fishing pole.

There are musicians of real ability scattered throughout the official life of the capital who daily turn to their piano, their violin or their flute to forget the irritations of the day and office cares.

There's Senator Hebert, of Rhode Island, for example, eastern campaign manager for the Republicans in the presidential drive. He's a violinist of high rank.

DAWES A COMPOSER
Senator Walcott, of Connecticut, is an accomplished cellist. Former Vice President Dawes composed melodies on his piano which Fritz Kreisler considered good enough to include in his concerts. The love the late Nick Longworth had for his piano is well known.

But perhaps one of the most accomplished musicians in the capital is to be found at the interstate commerce commission.

He's a commissioner, 2100—Clyde

style that has been sung in some of the largest cities of the east. His version of the Swedish score, "I Have an Old Sweetheart" is specially adapted for male choruses.

In addition to being a flutist and a composer, Aitchison is a conductor of a male chorus. His chorus, composed of some 40 or more voices, is made up of employees of the interstate commerce commission.

WANTED
HAVE room for 3 passengers to Portland Sunday. Will divide expense. Call 348-M. 11-12-32p

EXPERIENCED housekeeper needs work. Capable of taking full charge. Good cook. Mrs. Parsons, 312 Lake St. 11-12-32p

FOR TRADE
TRADE vegetables and fruit for wood. See F. Truax, Kamela, Ore. 11-12-32p

TO TRADE—5 passenger touring car, good shape, for late model T Ford coupe, truck or roadster, 2908 N Oak St. 11-11-32

FOR TRADE—Milk cows and heifers for homes or wood. C. W. Comstock, 1020 Benton. 11-9-32

B. Aitchison. And his silver flute has won for him a wide reputation for ability. He is a composer as well. He converted the invocation of Rurydice in Peri's opera "Orpheus" into a choral harmonized in the old

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