

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 RENT

SHOP room only or entire garage of McCully Service Station at Joseph. Write Box M, Observer. 4-9-14
FURN. or unfurn., strictly mod. 3-rm house. 701 Crook and First St. 4-9-6tp
SMALL furn. house, rent free. See Dick Robertson or Jim Steffen at police station. 4-7-2tp

MISCELLANEOUS

WE BUY, SELL OR TRADE. The Dallas Furn. store. A. A. Fidler, mgr. Pl. 685 J. 1-31-t f.
DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your ashes, papers, etc. Phone 323-J. 1-30-t f.

WANTED

OWN A BIG PAYING GROCERY ROUTE BUSINESS. Make up to \$42.50 a week while learning; get Ford car as extra bonus. Beats owning a store. No capital required; no risk. Write quick. Albert Mills, 6434 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio. 4-9-1tp
STEADY WORK—GOOD PAY—Several choice openings in country and towns for reliable men or women. No capital or experience required. Write Mr. Thomas, Supt., 428 Third St., Oakland, Calif. 4-9-1tp

USED SAW mandrel and 30-in. saw blade. Phone 565-R. 4-7-2t
FURN., HDW., clothes, tires, stoves, old gold. Anything used. D. Zimmerman. 3-15-1 m.

PROGRAM FOR HISTORICAL MEET GIVEN

A program of special appeal has been arranged for the meeting of the Union County Historical society to-morrow evening at 8:00 o'clock at the Sycamore Inn. All members are urged to be present, others interested are given a cordial invitation and all who come are asked to bring their old-time song books. It is announced. The program numbers follow:
Singing of old-time songs, lead by Miss Lydia Hug, with Mrs. Nell Thacker furnishing the accompaniment.
Group of songs, "Wagon Wheels," and "The Old Spinning Wheel" by Ray Williams, accompanied by Mrs. Williams.
Talk, Mrs. Tom Wallinger, "A Covered-wagon Journey Across the

Face "Broken Out?"
First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore pimples with soothing
Resinol

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS by Blosser

A Real Idea!

WELL, SON, IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE STOPPED! MAYBE THERE IS A PIPE TAPPED INTO THAT LARGE TANK, BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THE PIPE GOES? YOU CAN'T DIG A TRENCH AND TRACE IT!

I HAVE AN IDEA! COULD I BORROW THE SMOKE FROM THAT SMOKE-STACK FOR ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES?

HA! THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE A ONE-BRAIN-CELL IDEA! WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT WITH IT?

ALL I'M ASKING IS THAT YOU FORCE THE SMOKE INTO THE TOP OF THAT EMPTY TANK UNTIL IT IS FILLED WITH SMOKE... THE SMOKE WILL HAVE TO COME OUT SOMEWHERE... AND I HAVE A HUNCH IT WILL LEAVE THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND PIPE!

THEN ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO, MR. HELL, IS SIT ON TOP OF A HILL AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN... AND WHEREVER THE SMOKE COMES UP, WILL BE THE PLACE WHERE YOUR OIL HAS BEEN GOING!!

WELL... I'LL BE COW-KICKED BY A MULE... PRETTY SMART!!

WHERE THERE IS SMOKE, THERE'S GOING TO BE FIRE!

DON'T GO 'WAY, FOLKS!

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

YOU DIDN' WARSH BEHIND THEM EARS! SEE HERE—LOOK AT IT!

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. DON'T SHOW IT TO ME.

A LONG STRETCH

JOE PALOOKA

HEY-HEY... I SENT A GUY FEVER A LIFE SAVER—IS HE STILL ABOVE WATER—WHERE'S JOE?

OH-HY KNOBBY—OUT-OUT THERE—HE WENT T-TO CERTAIN DESTRUCTION

OH MIGOSH—OH MIGOSH—H-HE AINT GOT A CH-CHANCE T-JOJOY—OH JOJOY—

4-9

BRAVE ANN—A VIKING FOR SURE—GRITTING HER TEETH AND CLENCHING HER FISTS SHE PRAYS AND WAITS.

OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff

COME ON, MISS LANE, TAKE A BOW!—BE A GOOD FELLOW

THAT'S A GIRL, OLLY—AFTER ALL IT'S PUBLICITY, AND YOU'RE IN THE MOVIES NOW

—AND VAL! GET OLLY TO DO THAT PEACHY SONG AND DANCE SHE'S BEEN DOING AT THE HOUSE!

SURE, OLLY, WILL YOU? COME ALONG—

DIANA DANE

HEY, KIDS, DIANA JUST PLEW IN WITH HER NEW HEAT WAVE!

YEAH—I SAW HIM, HE'S TALL, BLOND, AND—

INTRODUCE US TO THAT DASHING CAVALIER, WILL YOU, DIANA DEAR

SURE SHE WILL, GIVE HER TIME TO PARK HER WRAP.

SCORCHY SMITH

Recent Happenings

FOREIGN SPIES ATTEMPT TO STEAL PLANS OF AN AERIAL BOMB INVENTED BY BOB WRIGHT—SCORCHY'S FRIEND. TWICE THEY ARE FOILED BY SCORCHY AND BOB AND BUNNY—BOB'S FIANCEE.

TURNING THE CASE OVER TO FEDERAL AGENTS, SCORCHY AND BOB AWAIT A TEST OF THE BOMB BY THE NAVY.

GRINELLI, THE LEADER, DIVULGES A SINISTER PLOT TO HIS GANG OF SPIES TO FORCE BOB TO GIVE HIM THE PLANS.

—AND THIS IS YOUR NEW BOMB?—SAY—IT'S A BEAUTY, BOB!

—THESE BABIES WILL REVOLUTIONIZE AERIAL BOMBING! A CLEAN HIT AND IT'S JUST TOO BAD!

THE DILLYS

THIS TIME WHEN UNCLE ALGERNON DRAWS TO THE AIR LITTLE FRISCILLA IS WITH HIM!

MOGOSH, ALMOST OUTTA SIGHT ALREADY!

(GLUB)

SPLASH

THE NEWFANGLES

AFTER AMBUSHING AND CAPTURING THE WRONG MAN, THE CONSTABLE AND HIS POSSE, MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO NAB THE ESCAPED CONVICT, RUN INTO A HOT LEAD

HE BROKE INTO YER HOUSE?!

YES SIR, AND HE MADE ME COOK A MEAL AT THE POINT OF A GUN! HE'S UP THE ROAD A PIECE NOW—YE CAN'T MISS HIM!!

And The Posse Still Pursues

LOOK! IN THE ROAD, SIGNALIN' TO US!!

IT'S OLD BILL NIBBERGAUL!!

PULL UP—LET'S SEE!!

GET READY, BOYS! WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH HIM, DRIVE RIGHT PAST, AND PULL UP QUICK! THEN PUSH HIM!!

To The Rescue

HEY-HEY--HEY--HERE SHARK--

JOE IS TRYING TO ENGAGE THE SHARK'S ATTENTION AS IT CIRCLES IAN. HE MEANS TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR THE ONE HE BELIEVES ANN LOVES.

WELL, FER GOODNESS SALES? HE'S WENT—

HEY MISTER FUSSPOTTE—IM COMIN'.

CHEERIO—STOUT FELLA—CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER

SUDDENLY THE BLACK FIN VEERS—IT CUTS AWAY—THE SPLASHING AND JOE'S VOICE SCARED IT—ITS OMINOUS CIRCLE BECOMES A VANISHING WAKE OF HAPPY SPRAY—IT'S GONE.

Is It a Dream?

WELL, LALA, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT OF YOU!

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, OLLY—LET'S GO!—WHAT MUSIC WILL THE BOYS PLAY?

JOE DID YOU EVER SEE—GIVE IT TO THEM, OLLY—

Kitty—Kitty

IF YOUR BOYFRIEND ASKS ME FOR THE FIRST DANCE YOU WON'T BE SORE, WILL YOU—DARLING?

BE SORE?!

WHY—ID SIMPLY BE ASTOUNDED!!

THERE'S EIGHTEN WORDS THAT CALL FOR WAR PAINT FOR THE CAT

The Doomed Battleship

YOU'LL LOOK GREAT UP THERE ON THE REVIEWING STAND WITH A FLOCK OF GOLD BRAID!

SURE I WILL! GEE—IT'LL BE FUNNY TO SEE THE FACES OF THOSE ADMIRALS WHEN THE BOYS BEGIN LAYING THESE EGGS!

YOU'RE SURE COCKY TODAY! BETTER WIPE THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE—SOMETHING MAY SLIP UP YET!

NOT A CHANCE! WELL—THERE SHE IS, SCORCHY! OBSOLETE. DONE FOR. WE'RE GOING TO BLOW HER HIGHER'N A KITE!

Bucket Tears

WELL!!? DUST MAH PANTS!

THEAH, THEAH, OL' BANANA, CONTROL YO'SELF!! SHE AIN'T WITH CRIN' OBUH!