

CLASSIFIED ADS

THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLAWA COUNTIES

(Count five average words to the line.)

Per line, 1st insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consec-
utive insertion.....7c
Minimum charge on one
order.....25c

RATES BY MONTH

3 lines, per month.....\$2.50
4 lines, per month.....\$3.50
5 lines, per month.....\$4.00
6 lines, per month.....\$4.75
Each additional line over five
charged at 50c per line per month.

FOR SALE

RED RASPBERRIES about June 20.
At Frank Woods, opp. City Park.
6-15-3 tp

PHILCO cabinet radio. Cheap. 1502
Washington, Apt. 3. 6-15-2 tp

FURNITURE for 5 room house. Will
sell in bulk or separate pieces. Also
house for rent. 1809 Adams.
6-15-4 t

OAK OFFICE DESK and child's bed.
Cheap. 706 Crook. 6-15-2 t

RED CURRANTS. Ph. 424 W.
6-15-3 tp

WOOD. Best place to buy. 12 and 16"
cheaper than buying 4 ft. Smith's
Fox Farm. 6-15-1 mp

FOR SALE—Fine, country home, 10
A. mod. improvements. C. E. Gump.
5-23-1 mp

MAJESTIC electric radio and Condon
washing machine and mangle. Will
sell or trade for car. Joe Mash, Un-
ion Junction. 6-15-1 t

SCRATCH PAPER for school or home
at the Observer. 2 pads for 5c.
6-14-1 t

FOR RENT

3-RM. FURN. apartment, 1905 Adams.
6-15-3 t

OR SALE unfurnished house. Grace
Snyder, 1702 Oak. Ph. 322 W or
407 J. 6-15-1 t

CLEAN, MOD. unfurn. houses, 145 W.
6-14-1 t

MISCELLANEOUS

ASTROLOGER—Mrs. Frederick
Balmes, 203 N. Ave. Readings Daily.
4-30-1m

WE WILL CLEAN UP your ashes, pa-
pers, etc. Good service, reasonable
prices. G. E. Towery. Ph. 455 W.
4-20-1 t

WE BUY, SELL OR TRADE. The Dal-
les Furn. store. A. A. Fidler, mgr.
Ph. 683 J. 1-31-1 t

LOST

CHECK BOOK, containing currency
with name Martha M. Williams.
Beward. Ph. Main 640. 6-15-1 t

WANTED

WANTED—Exp. sten. in law office
for one week. Write P. O. Box 920,
stating age and exp. 6-14-2 t

FURN. HDW. clothes, tires, stoves,
old gold. Anything used. D. Zim-
merman. 6-15-1 m

OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams

THE NEWFANGLE'S

True Blue!



JOE PALOOKA



(Trademark Registered)
U. S. Patent Office

SCORCHY SMITH



(Trademark Registered)
U. S. Patent Office

DIANA DANE



(Trademark Registered)
U. S. Patent Office

OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



(Trademark Registered)
U. S. Patent Office

THE DILLYS



(Trademark Registered)
U. S. Patent Office

Threat and Promise



She Fits That Part OK!



The Shearing



Murder at MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Pierre DuRoi, a police officer, has been ambushed on a lonely road near the city. It may be the work of the person who has been sending him anonymous threatening letters, but Sergeant Byers is not sure. At dinner in the Auditorium, Byers has been startled by his host's heavy drinking, and by his hints that someone close to him may be responsible.

Chapter Six DULL NIGHT

TWENTY-FOUR uniformed men were drawn up in two parallel lines across the Squad Room of the Fourteenth Precinct, the most outlying police district of the city. The men wore their heavy winter coats, for it had turned bitterly cold and a howling snowstorm was under way. During the afternoon the storm had made several false starts, with brief furries, but now the flakes were whirling furiously against the steaming windows, driven by a shrill northwest wind.

Lewis finished the rollcall. "No stalling tonight, men!" he snapped. "Pull your boxes on schedule, or I'll come out looking for you myself. Dismiss!"

Instantly the lines lost their wooden character. The men broke ranks and made for the door, snuggling their coats more firmly about their shoulders and chatting as they filed out, donning gloves and setting their nightsticks in holsters. The "long shift" was going on duty. Among them was one destined never to return.

Sergeant Lewis returned to the "office" and settled down with the evening paper. For several hours the men on patrol duty rang up from the street boxes, and "Sad Sam" Byers, who was on switchboard duty, laconically reported "O.K., Sergeant," each time the round of calls was completed. A drowsy quiet settled over the Fourteenth Precinct Station, a gray stone building at the extreme end of Woodbine Avenue, just a matter of ten minutes' walk from the county line.

Sergeant Lewis sat behind the railing at the raised "charge" desk. Tiring of the paper, with its mellowing dearth of sports news, he turned a rummaging eye toward the windows and with stolid calm watched the pounding and splattering on the panes.

OVER in his corner Byers had discarded the telephone headpiece while he indulged in a game of pinch with Officer Connolly. They played with silent concentration, the only sound emanating from their game being the sharp slap and rattling of the cards.

Lewis sat down again. He stared at the calendar pad on the opposite wall. Its bold, black markings proclaimed that this was Tuesday, January tenth.

He rustled his newspaper impatiently. He hated prolonged silence. Small talk was as necessary to him as meat and bread. So, when Clymer turned out the papers from his machine and deftly sifted out the carbon sheets, Lewis pounced on the opportunity.

"Say, Clymer, did you ever hear of a Thirteenth Precinct? This is the Fourteenth and Butler's got the Twelfth, but where's the unlucky number?"

The typist leaned back in his chair and considered the question. Finally, he shook his head. "I never heard of one, now that you mention it," he admitted.

Lewis rubbed his chin. "I guess the fellows who laid out the Precincts were superstitious."

The Sergeant flicked over the

open leaf of the police "blotter," which bore the same date as the calendar pad. There was not a single scratch of writing on its blue-lined surface. "It looks like a shut-out, all right," he commented.

Byers glanced at the clock. It indicated ten minutes to nine. "There are still three hours till midnight," he said. "On the next 'pull' I'll tell the boys to get us some business," he jested.

The Sergeant smoothed down the sheet. "Not much chance now—on a night like this. I never drew a total blank before. It must be something like a record."

A silence fell, and they listened to the wind lashing the snow against the windows with unabated fury. "It must be a couple of inches deep by this time," Lewis observed. "If this keeps up all night everything will be tied up."

THERE was an angry buzz from the switchboard and a tiny white bulb glowed. Byers scurried across the room and adjusted the earpiece, flinging a glance at the clock as he slid into the chair. It was two minutes to nine.

"Fourteenth," he spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Morris—1635," came the reply.

"Any orders?"

"O.K., no orders." Then he dropped the crisp official tone. "Don't get your feet wet, Morrie," he called, "and listen—we haven't a thing on the blotter. Can't you fellows give us a little action?"

"Nothing doing tonight," came back the answer. "You're lucky to be inside. It's cold as hell." was Officer 1645's forceful, if somewhat mixed, metaphor.

Byers placed a check mark after Morris's name on the list posted at his elbow. For the next few minutes the little lights continued to flash and at the conclusion of each report Byers checked the name of the patrolman. With some he exchanged brief, bantering remarks, but always cut out swiftly to keep the line open.

"Sergeant, no report from 1645—Hamilton!" There was a note of surprise in Byers' voice.

Lewis frowned. It was eleven minutes past the hour. Connolly had drawn his attention from the cards for a moment. "Perhaps he's coming in with something," he suggested, hopefully.

"Whether he is, or isn't, we'll be hearing from him shortly," was the Sergeant's opinion. Byers kept his carphone clamped on and amused himself drawing caricatures on a piece of paper. At nine-twenty he glanced from the clock to Sergeant Lewis, still turning pages.

A moment later the outer door banged and every one looked in that direction, expecting to see the reins Hamilton. Officer 1645, come stamping in from the hall, instead, a snow-plastered and storm-battered figure appeared, hunched and muffled beyond recognition. It was not until the man had shaken off most of the clinging snow that plastered his front, unmasked a muffled and reformed his hat that Lewis recognized the newcomer. It was Howard "Sheriff" Doyle, the special crime reporter for the Daily Ledger.

Doyle greeted the Sergeant to a quasi-military salute. He hung his hat and overcoat on a hook. "Howdy, Sergeant. Howdy, boys," was his breezy salutation. "Seen anything of Detective Barry up here tonight? Or Steve Harper?"

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