

PERSONALS

New Motor Installed—The local fire department took the engine out for a test run last night and again this morning. The engine has a new Hall-Scott motor which arrived several days ago, but installation of which was delayed until a clutch could arrive from the east.

Returns To Enterprise—Mrs. E. V. Chapman, of Enterprise, has returned to her home after spending several days in La Grande. She underwent a satisfactory surgery at the Bovy hospital and remained for a few days following the operation.

Visits—Ed Van Vlack, of Cove, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Business Visits—M. E. Sawyer, of Portland, who is conductor's presence commissioner of the Union Pacific railroad, is spending a few days in La Grande on business.

Is Improving—Miss Evelyn Jean Wagner, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Wagner, is recuperating at her home following an operation at the Bovy hospital last

From Union—Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Gilmore, of Union, were business visitors in La Grande yesterday.

Visits—Mrs. E. A. Hayes was a recent visitor in La Grande from her home at Willows.

Weather Visits—Mrs. D. C. Nelson, of Umatilla, is making an extended visit with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Nelson.

Spends Weekend—Marjorie McLean, of Joseph, spent the weekend in La Grande visiting friends.

From California—Mrs. Lou Burnett, of Burtland, Cal., is spending several days in La Grande visiting relatives and friends. She is a guest at the Herlinger home and also the home of her uncle, Charles Phyle.

Is Itah—Mrs. Jack Elliott, who has been in Salt Lake to attend the M. I. A. convention, has been visiting with her friend, Mrs. Alberta Pearson, at Burtland, Utah. Following her visit there, Mrs. Elliott is spending a week in Salt Lake receiving musical instruction from Prof. Noble Cairne.

To Other Visits—Mrs. Charles Sawyer, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Sawyer, and her mother, Mrs. Cora Sawyer, are spending several days in Weir, Oregon, particularly at Eugene where they are visiting relatives. Mrs. Janet, who is a worthy member of the La Grande assembly of the Order of Rainbow for Girls, will also attend the grand assembly at Albany during her absence.

Visiting Here—Mrs. J. P. Cramer and three sons, Jack, Bill and Dick, of Grants Pass, are visiting Mrs. Cramer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Conner, and her sister, Mrs. F. B. Lyon, and other relatives and friends. They will leave Saturday for Wenatchee where they will meet Mr. Cramer and go from there to Northport, Washington, where he is a lieutenant in the C. C. C. camp for the summer. Bill, Mr. and Mrs. Cramer are well known here.

On Vacation—County Clerk C. K. McCormick is having several days of his annual vacation, during which time he is supervising work in his office at Grants Pass near La Grande.

To Vancouver B. C.—Mrs. M. H. Hoyt has left for Vancouver, B. C., where she will meet her daughter, Mrs. Al. Lundstrom, who sailed on Monday from Alaska and will spend the summer visiting her mother and sister, Myrtle Hoyt in La Grande.

Leave For Portland—Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Richardson, left yesterday morning by car for Portland where Mr. Allen will transact business. The remainder of the party will visit friends and return to their homes here tomorrow evening.

Returns Home—Mrs. W. W. Leitch, returned the first of this week to her home at High after having spent the weekend in La Grande. Saturday she underwent an operation at the Bovy hospital for the removal of her tonsils.

Here From Idaho—Mrs. A. C. Bailey, of Burley, Idaho, was a visitor in this city Monday. While here she received treatment at the Bovy hospital for an eye ailment.

Returns to Lewiston—Miss Ruth Leonard returned Monday to her home at Lewiston following several days spent in La Grande visiting friends.

At Lake—Mr. and Mrs. Lyone Bonnenkamp and family, and Mrs. Ray Williams and daughter, Jane, spent the week



The Picnic Season Opens

WHAT'S become of the old fashioned picnic that used to consist of two kinds of sandwiches, sodas, fruit, and baked warm lemonade? Like the two cylinder motor and the Swenson lamp it is fast going by the day, but now it's laid away in the cabinet—the revered ancestor of bigger and better picnics. Today's picnics have as many courses as a dinner party. A magician pulling rabbits out of a hat is no more bread-making than the refreshment committee of a modern picnic. Productive cookbooks, library plots for new salads, hot drinks, and drinks, cakes and pies from the hamper and spreading a feast in less time than it takes to say, "When do we eat?"

Convenient Picnic Foods
The burden of preparation even for the most elaborate picnic falls lightly on today's picnic-planner. Baked beans, salmon, sausages, sardines, shrimps, Irish stew, lobster and soups of all kinds go to the picnic in cans. Tomato juice

and cut them in fancy shapes with some of the newest sandwich recipes here are some recipes for sandwich fillings which should add to the pleasure of a meal in a day-decked field.

New Sandwich Fillings
Frosted Butter and Meat: Spread the bread with softened butter, then with a layer of peanut butter and then with a layer of meat jelly.

Stones and Potatoes: Chop the contents of one No. 4 can of pineapples fine, add three tablespoons chopped stuffed olives and half a cup diced fried bacon. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten.

Ripe Olives and Almonds: Chop together equal quantities of ripe olives and blanched almonds. Moisten with Thousand Island Dressing.

Strawberries and Apples: Drain one can straws, and mince finely. Add two tablespoons of chopped capers, an eighth of a teaspoon salt and five tablespoons Russian dressing.

and at Willows Lake at the Behrens' camp cabin.

Ends Visit—Eddy Jernigan returned to his home at Haines on Monday after spending several days at the Bovy hospital where he received eye treatment.

From Portland—John McInnes has been spending several days in La Grande this week and while here is receiving eye treatment at the Bovy hospital.

From Baker—Mrs. Charles Angel, of Baker, spent Monday in La Grande transacting business.

LEMON PIE BURGLAR
SEATTLE, P.—Three times within six weeks a bakery here has had its cash register robbed at night, and each time the burglar also took one or more lemon pies, leaving berry pies, chocolate pies and other pastries untouched.

Murder at MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

THREE SHOTS
THE scene of the crime was a costly furnished breakfast room, resplendent with polished wood, gleaming silver, sparkling glass against a background of dark stained wallpaper and richly embossed wallpaper. Long here and there with the bright colors of smiling scenes. In the center of the room stood a refectory table, with eight chairs ranged around it—three at each end, one at the foot, and a more formal armchair at the head of the place.

On this table six slender wafers tapered down to glistening stubs. There was an open tin of marmalade, its wide handle protruding by a dusty meshed copper screen, and a massive log was still burning. Its heat was sufficient to give the room a comfortable temperature.

Unfortunately, there were two dead men to turn the scene into a mockery. There was the friendly light of hearing and candle—with the acid fumes of granite still in the air.

Officer Hamill lay just inside the door. He was sprawled at nearly full length, his legs drawn up just a trifle, the weight of his body resting on his right side.

The cause of death was fully apparent without moving the body—two bullets had been fired into his left breast, one directly into the heart, the other slightly higher and closer to the armpit. So much for young James Michael Hamill—Officer 1445.

At the head of the table, seated simply in the best chair, but in a very natural position was the other man. His body had posed in such a life-like position that the jagged black hole drilled through the frontal bone seemed an inconspicuous mark. This man was facetiously called in evening clothes, and the bullet's impact had not even jarred loose his gold-rimmed nose-glasses with their thin black silk cord.

His features, adorned by a well-trimmed moustache and glasses, was tilted slightly, as if he were bored or abstracted in thought. Both his arms rested on the table. His right hand still clutched an automatic gun, his left held a cigarette, which had burned itself out, leaving the ash of two fingers.

A number of things stood at his place. There was a packet of cigarettes of a popular brand, with an open paper of matches beside it. Both were about half used. There were two small cafes, each holding a different liquor. A used, but now empty whiskey glass stood near his hand.

Harper was inwardly amazed at this tragic scene, but his astonishment was self-controlled. Not so Officer Clymer, on whom a great light had dawned. "Say, that must be Pierre Dufresne himself," he blurted.

Harper had ordered it, others to keep their seats by the door while he went forward to get a better view of the bodies and to examine the wounds at close range. He had leaned over the man in the chair, looking long and thoughtfully at his face. Then, without disturbing the position of the body, he had gone through all the pockets. Nothing of importance came to light. Harper turned and berated them all out of the room.

"I want every one to stay out of this room until the photographers have been here," the detective ordered, "and keep your hands off any other hat looks as if it might have a fingerprint on it."

The reporter, Doyle, buttonholed him as he was closing the door at that grim scene. "I thought Dufresne was under guard for the night," he said. "How the devil did he get up here—alone?"

Sergeant Harper's reply was cryptic. "You'll want to know a great deal more than that before the night's over."

The reporter probed up his ears at this mysterious prediction. He looked longingly at that covered and locked door, but he had covered Sergeant Harper's statements before and knew that his statements were never true.

Harper stood in the center of the spacious hall, the key in the door of tragedy in his hand. Doyle wondered why the detective had so

promptly locked up the scene of the shooting after his first scrutiny had shown him that both victims were beyond medical attention.

The candle flames reared high and cold, their guttering tails casting weird shadows of the six men up the walls and obliquely across the ceiling. "Have you tried all the lights?" Harper demanded. "Are you sure some of them is working?"

Connolly spoke up. "Yes, sir. The lights must be out."

"It must be out of the meter. Suppose you go out in the cellar and see if you can find out about it. And while you're there, take a look at the heating arrangements. We're going to be here the rest of the night, by the look of things, and we can't work without light or heat."

Officer Connolly went to the cellar door, drew the bolts after some rattling and descended the stairs. In a very short time he called up to say that he had pulled the lever on the electric meter. The candles were blown out.

Harper turned to Hamill. "You and Connolly were first on the scene, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir. We followed Officer Hamill's footprints from the callbox to this house."

"What did you do while you were waiting? Were you here in the hall the whole time?"

"We had a look around, carrying those candles, but we didn't leave this floor. It was dark everywhere and we couldn't see much, but found all the doors locked—except the front door, of course. Everything seemed to be in order."

Harper nodded and turned to his men. "I want this house searched from top to bottom. And keep your eyes open for any signs of recent occupancy. For instance, there must be a hat and overcoat somewhere about."

Officers Clymer, Smith and Hamill scattered for their search. Harper picked up the telephone and dialed the Homicide Bureau. He made a very terse report of the double killing, giving only the address of the house and the telephone number. To the listening Doyle's surprise, he suppressed any mention of names.

HARPER put in a requisition for the police ambulance to be sent up at once, with a coroner's deputy, the official photographer, and the usual technical experts whose duty it was to make the basic survey in homicide cases. He also requested that Detective John LaFerty be notified of assignment to the case and told to report at once to Headquarters.

By the time the detective had finished telephoning, Connolly had come up from the cellar. "Everything will be O. K., Sergeant," he reported. "There's one of those new-fangled oil heaters down there. It was going all right, but the gauge was set very low. I moved it to seventy-five."

"That's fine. How are the arrangements down there?"

"Very neat, sir. Everything clean and wide open. You can see all around it from the foot of the stairs. I spotted the meter right away."

"Is there a stove down there?"

"Yes, sir. There's a carpenter's bench in one corner with a whole stack of tools lying around."

"All right, Connolly. There is a job for you. Get a shovel and clear a narrow path from the front door to the sidewalk. But do not disturb or cover over any of the footprints that are already out there in the snow. That is most important. Then go on duty at the front door and see to it that every one who enters or leaves the house walks in that path."

One by one the men returned from their search parties. All had the same report to make—very thing spots and signs, with no signs of recent occupancy.

Harper glanced at his watch. "I've got to make a flying trip down town," he declared, then turning to Smith and Hamill of the Homicide Bureau. "You two had better stay here until the headquarters men arrive. Then you can check out."

He gave the key to the locked room to Officer Clymer. "If they get here before I return, get them started in there. Tell the photographer that I want an extra set of prints. And work everybody that comes in to be left exactly as it is. Nothing is to be disturbed. Tell the doctor to wait for me. I'll be back soon."

Connolly appeared as Harper was buttoning his overcoat. "Just an light while I'm gone. You'll go picking around for shoes until we have a better idea of what to look for. And don't go outside the house on any account, or you will be confusing the tracks in the snow."

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Harper moves tomorrow, an important call at the Australia.

LIBERTY
TODAY and THURSDAY

THE LAUGH-CRAMMED LOWDOWN ON RADIO!

The hilarious inside story told in a song-spludded, star-splangled, gag-packed extravaganza of love and laughter! It's the first entirely new idea in musicals since Warner Bros. bizzed the trail with "42nd Street!"

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REV. R. L. BAIRD SPEAKS BEFORE ROTARY LUNCHEON

Most of us live only within a part of ourselves and do not take full advantage of the full resources of our inner selves to gain the full measure of happiness, satisfaction and content that is open to us during our lifetime. Such was the main message of Rev. Robert Lee Baird of Klamath Falls, speaking today before the weekly luncheon meeting of members of the La Grande Rotary club.

"We hear much of service these days—the byword and slogan of most clubs and organizations," said Rev. Baird. "And these clubs with their service are doing great things in the communities in which they exist."

"In order to serve best as individuals however we must first give something within ourselves to give us service. We never can be happy or satisfied until we explore all the various areas and possibilities of our lives. There is much to discover and untill to our betterment and the betterment through our services to all those about us."

"We can't give somebody else something that we haven't ourselves. We must define first ourselves to live and make our lives count for something. We must find the courage to face the realities, probe into our beings and bring out abilities and find realizations that we have never known existed before."

"RANGERS" BACK OUT

AUSTIN, Tex. (AP)—Several persons holding special Texas Ranger commissions as souvenirs hastened to surrender them when a report gained currency that all holders might be called out to help run down desperadoes operating in the state recently.

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