

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

By Virginia Chase

OUR house was outside of the village just beyond the Academy, on the road that led to the hill. It was of the older variety, built back from the street and reached by a walk that was bordered by lilacs and springing. Like almost every other family in the village, we had a cow, a pig, and a garden. We had a horse, too, but her use was reserved for my father. Our barn joined the house by way of a shed. Being city-bred, my mother could never quite get used to this arrangement and was forever reminding us to close the door between them. "Your mother's afraid the smell of the kitchen will get out into the stable," my father used to say slyly.

My father was very proud of his home and his family. He was especially proud of Sue, who was 15 and a sophomore in the Academy. Sue was quick. She could hunt him up faster than anyone when a call came in, and by the time he got his things together she would have the horse hitched and waiting in the driveway. But she was impatient and apt to be bossy when my mother was out of hearing. Sue liked to draw, and she was good at it, too, though she always drew things that were fierce and turbulent. Forest fires. Houses swirling around in a flood. Cats fighting.



Illustrated by George Scarbo.

Julia scorned softness of any kind. When a tooth had to come out, she pulled it herself by tying one end of a string to it, the other end to the doorknob, then slamming the door.

come to live in the provinces, he felt the truth of it, just the same. Whenever my grandparents visited us, he couldn't do enough for them, or for us, either. Ordinarily if a patient wanted a splint or a bandage he would fix him up in the kitchen, but when my grandparents were with us, he took everyone down to the office, as if it were a matter of course. He changed his shirt the minute he came in without being reminded, and he kept his coat on all the time. (My mother had to keep a sharp eye on Julia then.) He liked to talk business with my grandfather, especially about the shrewd deals he had made.

From the time I was 7, my grandparents' visits had been growing less frequent. The trip was hard, they said, and they were getting older. They preferred to have us come to Boston. We girls preferred that, too, for we loved to sail down the bay, winding in and out among the tiny green islands, where sheep were grazing or lying motionless in the shade, like those on the monuments in the village graveyard. We loved, too, the tossing, open sea. The solemn, fearful sound of the bell buoys. The whistle tearing through our plugged ears as a boat passed. The dark water, glistening under the stars.

TRAVEL was no novelty to mother. As a child she had often taken long trips with her father, who had been a coffee merchant with connections in all the leading cities of the east. By the time she was 10 she had visited New York, Philadelphia, and Washing-

ton. She had heard a symphony orchestra and seen a real play in a theater. In Washington she had stood outside the White House and watched President Rutherford B. Hayes pass by in his carriage. When she was 15, she had gone away to school, spending two years at a "Female Seminary." It was through her roommate there that she had met my father, then a medical student at Bowdoin College.

For all her background, my mother fitted nicely into our little village, where my father's family had lived for three generations and where his father had been the doctor before him. Though she was reserved, no one felt that she was the least bit "stuck-up." She worked tirelessly for the church, and the library, and the Sidewalk Society. She had better sense than my father, and he respected it, leaving all moral judgments to her discretion. "Ask your mother," he would tell us, when, hoping for a gentler verdict, we would appeal to him. "She is the boss here." ("I boss the boys," he would sometimes laughingly add.) He asked her advice constantly and took it—on town affairs, on any speech he was asked to deliver (he loved to make speeches), even on the care of his patients. But he never asked it when he contemplated an investment. She had never volunteered it, either, until that spring afternoon in 1909.

But he went ahead in spite of her. He bought the American House and, through a Portland agency, hired a man named Jim McClure to run it on shares.

(To Be Continued)

'Good Luck' Apron



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

A handful of big four-leaf clovers are certainly luckier than one lone clover—and that's what you've got on this unusual and very pretty gift apron! A bit more than half-a-yard of checked or polka-dotted material serves for the apron—scraps of plain or figured green materials make the easily applied leaves. Stems are embroidered on with dark green cotton floss.

To obtain applique pattern and apron pattern for the four leaf clover apron (pattern No. 5614) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 708 Mission St., San Francisco 4, Calif.

Hold Everything



"He was violating the curfew."

Tailored Lingerie



By SUE BURNETT

The slightly heavier woman will like this nicely tailored slip and nightgown. Shoulder straps are comfortable and stay in place.

Pattern No. 8560 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 52. Neck 30 in. slip with multi-strap shoulder requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 in. wide material, pattern 1 1/2 yards.

For this pattern, send 20 cents in coin, your name, address, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 708 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

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Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



With Major Hoople



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Official Records

Water turned on, April 25:
A. R. Hott, 2005 Depot street.
Water turned off:
Frank Hayes, 1496 Balm street.