

# THE AMERICAN HOUSE

III  
ONE Saturday afternoon in April my father came home unexpectedly. He did not come into the sitting room where we were playing Authors, but instead called my mother out into the hall. Then the two of them went into the parlor and closed the door behind them. Saturday was my father's busiest day. His coming home meant something important. Going into the parlor portended the momentous. We were all agog.

"Maybe someone's dead," Julia suggested cheerfully.

At first we could make out almost nothing. Then right out clear



we heard my father say it. "A note at the bank."

A note meant a letter. A letter brought news. Julia was right, I decided. Someone had died and left us a fortune. I would take a trip to Europe. I would go on the Lusitania. I would buy myself a red silk petticoat with a bouonce.

Cousin Victoria was my father's only relation. She lived in a big house called Balmoral on the other side of the Junction. She had been born on the birthday of the Queen whose name she bore, and that circumstance had colored her entire existence, for it gave her, she felt, a real prerogative. She had always told us that every cent she owned would go when she died to The Friends of the

Royal Family, an organization of which she was a charter member, but Cousin Victoria was noted for changing her mind.

THE front door closed, and my mother, her cheeks very flushed, came back into the sitting room. "Girls," she said, "I have news for you."

Two frounces, maybe. . .

"Yes, Mama," we chorused.

"Jim McClure has left town," she told us.

I felt terribly let down. So, I could see, did Sue and Julia. Jim McClure was a little pinkish man and all three of us had viewed him with distaste. His leaving did not move us. Certainly, we thought, it did not justify the parlor.

"He left bills behind him," my mother went on.

That didn't impress us, either. Bills meant little in our life. My father sent them out occasionally, and people paid them in their own way. Sometimes it was with wood or potatoes, sometimes with weekly deliveries of fish and eggs. The grocer was my father's patient. So was the barber and the butcher and the cobbler and the paperhanger. Every once in a while he would get together with one or another of them for squaring things.

"Big bills," my mother repeated gravely. "Bills that your father will have to pay in cash."

We sobered. Our cash was gone, and we knew it. It had gone to buy the American House, to repair and to paint it. To buy horses and carriages for the stable. Cash did not come easily.

"Your father did what he thought best at the time," my mother continued. "She never criticized him, at least in our hearing. But things have turned out badly. He has spent all of his money, and now he has had to borrow \$500 dollars from the bank."

Then the note didn't concern Cousin Victoria. . .

"What was, Mama?" Sue asked. "For as to move into the hotel and sell the place and he has now had to what he has borrowed."

Our father had never the squaring in our heads. No one in our village even moved. You lived in the house where you had been born, and, as likely as not, where your father had before you. You were brought up to believe there was something suspicious about people who moved around.

"It's only for the summer," my mother hurried on. "By August your father will have other plans." She paused and sighed. "It will be very different from our life here."

My mother's eyes fell to the marble top of the table. "You will probably hear and see things, living there."

The room seemed warmer. I looked down at my shoes, fearful of smiling, though there was nothing funny anywhere.

"Hear and see things," she repeated.

Wild things had happened at the American House. There were still stories. People still talked about the carpets and the bathroom, the parlor and the dumb-waiter. Even though my father owned it, my mother had never allowed us to go inside. Now we could see with our own eyes. . .

Hear with our own ears. . .

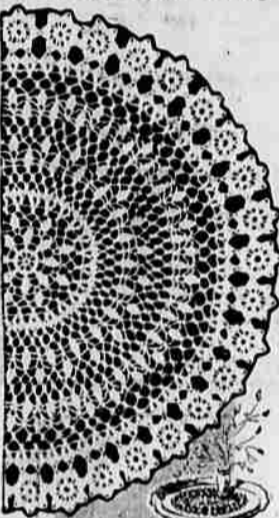
"And if you do," she went on, suddenly severe, "I want you to remember your upbringing. If I could only be sure of that. . ."

WE moved on the first Saturday in May. My mother packed only our toilet articles and our clothing, leaving each of us to judge what else was indispensable. "There's no need of carting a lot of things that will just have to be brought right back again," she warned.

The day was dull and chilly. At 9 o'clock my father came for us with the surrey. We got in gravely and sat throughout the ride in silence. For the first time I could remember we had locked our door. And we had locked it from the outside.

(To Be Continued)

## Evening Star Doily



5878

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

One 400-yard ball of crocheted cotton, size 30 makes this entrancing 12-inch doily. Thirty-six "star" flowers decorate the edge. It will make a very handsome cake-plate doily or can be most effectively used on a mahogany lamp table.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Evening Star doily (pattern No. 5878) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

A taxonomist is a person who classifies animals and plants.

## Last Rites Set For Cove Pioneer

Graveside services for Hans Andrew Anderson will be held at 2 p. m. Saturday in the Cove cemetery, with Rev. Charles Hancock officiating.

He was born December 10, 1857, in Bergen, Norway, and came to America at the age of 12. In 1882 he was married to Katie Olson in Chicago. She died in 1915. Three children survive, George I. Anderson of Cove, and Mrs. Edith Fager and Mrs. Louise Henderson, both of Long Beach, Calif.

The family came to Cove in 1889 and resided there until about 1930 when he moved to Long Beach, where he died Sunday.

Survivors, other than his children, include 19 grandchildren and 20 great grandchildren. Of the grandchildren, Mrs. Richard Miller, Leonard Houx and Eugene Anderson live at Cove and Howard Smith at Baker.

## Official Records

Water turned off, April 26: M. E. Hascall, 1604 Adams avenue; Mrs. Leonard G. Kaup, 603 Spring street.

Water turned on: M. C. Lunch, 1604 Adams avenue; Mrs. Leonard G. Kaup, 505 Jefferson avenue.

## Building Permits

George Lyman, alter and repair one story frame dwelling, 2604 Birch street, \$200.

## CONSULTANT HERE

Miss Mary Gray, nursing consultant for Oregon, representing the Pacific area of the American Red Cross, is in La Grande in the interests of home nursing.

## U. S. Army Unit

- |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL                       | 52 Operatic solos        |
| 1 Depicted in                    | 54 Id est (ab)           |
| insigne of the                   | 55 Public notice         |
| U. S. Army                       | 56 Abuse                 |
| 102nd                            |                          |
| 8 Garden shovel                  | 1 Carts                  |
| 12 Registered nurse (ab)         | 2 Mean                   |
| 13 Loud                          | 3 Whether                |
| 14 Hawaiian bird                 | 4 Male offspring         |
| 15 Half-                         | 5 Press                  |
| 16 Indonesian of Mindanao        | 6 Indian                 |
| 17 Hangman's knots               | 7 Bird's home            |
| 18 Hangman's knots               | 8 Call for help at sea   |
| 20 Coin                          | 9 Italian river          |
| 21 Shout                         | 10 Restraints            |
| 23 Seines                        | 11 Ingress               |
| 24 Coffin stand                  | 17 On the sheltered side |
| 25 Scuff                         | 19 Electrical unit       |
| 27 Propel across a body of water | 37 Slant                 |
| 28 Low sand hill                 | 39 Bird's call           |
| 29 Beams                         | 53 Senior (ab)           |
| 30 Indian army (ab)              |                          |
| 31 Part of "be"                  |                          |
| 32 Above                         |                          |
| 34 Variable star                 |                          |
| 37 Bridges                       |                          |
| 38 Make into law                 |                          |
| 40 For fear that                 |                          |
| 41 Royal Italian family name     |                          |
| 45 Chew upon                     |                          |
| 46 Individual                    |                          |
| 47 Sleeping visions              |                          |
| 49 Fish                          |                          |
| 50 Measure                       |                          |
| 51 Therefore                     |                          |

## Answer to Previous Puzzle

SENIOR CLYDE HOEY

20 Breezy 41 Symbol for erbitum

22 Assuasive 42 Line of junction

24 Shining 43 Ancient Irish capital

26 Erects 44 Man's name

27 Skeleton 47 Periped

32 Unclosed 48 Was seated of Nova Scotia

33 Urn 49 South Carolina (ab)

35 Hindu queen 53 Senior (ab)

36 Original name

## Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page 2)

of these days, and that the worse may still be avoided for England. The principal culprit in this war is Roosevelt, who, by vague promises instigated by the criminal clique surrounding him, had driven England as well as France into this war, against their will."

## Hold Everything



"All right, all right! I'll transfer you to the air corps!"

## The Ruffing House With Major Hoople



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Freckles and His Friends



## Red Ryder



## Wash Tubbs



## Alley Oop



## Put Our Way J. R. Williams



## By Edgar Marth



## Merrill Blosser



## Fred Harman



## By Leslie Turner



## By V. T. Haslin

