

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

By Virginia Chase

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WHEN I saw the inside of the American House I felt a little cheated. The carpets were red and green, to be sure, but their beyond recognition, and, although ornate, the wicker suite in the parlor was too hard to suggest careful living. The tin tub fell short of my expectations—I had expected a kind of Roman bath—and the sign CAUTION above the faucets belied stories of extravagance. The dumb-waiter, which I had pictured as a kind of agile automaton, proved to be no more than a crude framework (topped by an enormous knob), which moved with creaks and tremors.

the back, two windows looked out over the yard; on the side, two high ones over the Landing; and on the front the two that had faced the village were now painted gray, like the walls. Between them were shelves stacked with heavy, white dishes—plates, cups, nappies, butter chips tiered up like silver dollars. . . .



Still there was the furnace, a great black monster, sending out long tentacles into the darkness of the cellar. There was hot water—in season. There were two telephones, one for local calls, the other for long distance. And there was the electric bell. You had only to press a button in any of the upper rooms and a gilt arrow moved unsteadily in a glass-covered case in the office. The mechanism was out of adjustment, and no one downstairs could be sure what room was calling, but the buzz was impressive.

Otherwise the place was undistinguished. The kitchen was in the basement of the old house. Its concrete floor and gray sheathing gave it a moist, tasteless look. It held a huge, square stove with a rusted top, bearing a copper tank, grown green like boats below the waterline; a table covered with oilcloth that looked as though it had been sealed; a row for pots and a rack for knives and cleavers; a high milk closet, screened with mosquito netting; a large pump with a long, perpendicular handle, which filled the tank in the attic; and a sink, also rusted, with a shelf above it where a row of lamps stood.

At the head of the kitchen stairs was the serving room, once half of the whole first floor. On

Across the hall was the office, running the depth of the entire building, old part and new. It was finished in brown sheathing. One row of armchairs, leather-seated, lined the front; another formed a semi-circle around the stove, which stood in the middle of the room. The desk was in the back corner. On it were a cigar case, a clipper, a contraption for cutting plug tobacco, a circular inkwell with a wire bezel, a paper weight of polished copper, and a register with a mottled leather cover. Opposite the desk were a safe, a row of tin wash basins, a roller towel, and a chocolate-colored water tank with a red rose above its spigot.

parlor, the bathroom, the linen closet, and four bedrooms. The parlor was directly at the head of the stairs, facing the village. It was our greatest disappointment. Though my mother had never passed on any stories, we had heard them, just the same. There had been parties in that parlor, wild parties, parties that had lasted until 12 o'clock. There had been wine and cigars. People had played cards, perhaps even gambled there. Yet it had turned out to be only a small, dingy room, with stiff, varnished furniture, primly placed.

THE bedrooms in the house were furnished alike throughout. Each has a bed, a commode, a straight chair, and a bureau with a swinging mirror—all highly varnished. The floors were covered with straw matting, and the walls were covered with brown "outmeal." The rooms were fairly large, but they differed in contour, for those on the back of the third and fourth floors were cut off by the roof and distorted by dormers.

Our rooms were on the corner of the second floor. The one my parents shared was toward the back yard, ours looked out over the back yard, now muddy and rutted. It had five windows—one on the back; one, painted over like those in the serving room, facing the hall; and three on the side. Of these, two were so high that you had to stand on tiptoe to see out, and the third was a porthole.

We drew lots for the walls, but we divided the closet less peacefully. It was a very small closet, well cut into by the chimney. There were 12 hooks in it, and a nail.

"I shall have the nail," Sue said. "I'm the oldest."

That started us off.

"How old you are doesn't have anything to do with it," Julia insisted.

I backed her up noisily.

"Girls, girls," my mother cried. "No quarreling! You'll just have to make somehow. It's only for a little while, anyway."

Poor Mama! She really believed it.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Out Our Way J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin



April Violets!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Big one and one-half inch violets in lovely shades of purple—two and one-half inch green leaves done in cross stitch make the most colorful design imaginable. Use the embroidery on guest pillowcases, on guest towels or on a lavender or pale green linen or cotton tea cloth.

To obtain two transfers for the violet cross stitch designs (pattern No. 5721) color chart for working, 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.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Francisco conference, Pat worked it through his pal Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, head of the senate appropriations committee. McKellar called Secretary Stettinius and asked that Senator McCarran be sent out to San Francisco as an observer for the senate appropriations committee. Since Stettinius needs appropriations next year he obliged.

Official Records

Water turned off, April 27: Lester R. Seiber, 1512 Y avenue; Mrs. H. C. Stratton, 102 Hemlock street.

Water turned on: Duke Seales, 2707 Depot street; F. H. Lange, 2645 Cove avenue.

SON IS BORN

Word has been received here of the birth of a son to Cpl. and Mrs. Elbery (Bud) Cooper, on April 26, at Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The grandparents are Mrs. Ada May Cooper of Portland, formerly of La Grande, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller of Fertile, Minn.

Cpl. Cooper attended La Grande schools and Eastern Oregon college, and for the past six months has been attending an army air force school in Sioux Falls.

His brother, Leonard Cooper, is an ensign in the naval air corps in Philadelphia.

A mature giant Sequoia tree spreads its roots over an area of between two and three acres.

Jumper Jacket



By SUE BURNETT

Comfortable and smart looking all summer long—an attractive jumper jacket to make-up in striped or checked cottons.

Pattern No. 8669 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, dress, requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; jacket, 2 1/2 yards.

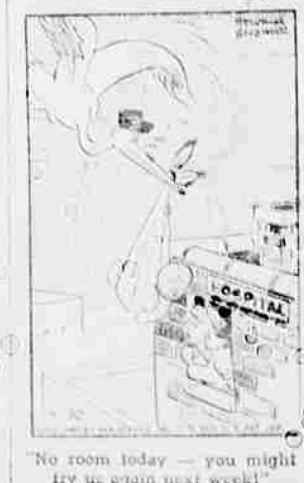
For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles, 15 cents.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Boothia peninsula, Canadian Northwest territory, is the most northerly point on the mainland of North America.

Hold Everything



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



Indians' Friend

1,5 Pictured U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs	3 Hawaiian Islands (ab.)	4 He has a high regard for Indian	5 Cornish creed	6 Subunit to Hebelud	7 Timber	8 Within	9 Dutch city	10 Paper measure	11 Mire	12 Avid	13 Railroad (ab.)	14 Meeting	15 Male relative (ab.)	16 Sun	17 Gather	18 Man's name	19 Sines	20 Set of players	21 Track	22 Melt	23 Card game	24 Protruberance	25 That thing	26 Negative	27 More abraded	28 it in	29 Vehicle	30 Cain's brother	31 Foot digit	32 Height	33 Men vocal sound	34 Warded off	35 God of love
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Answer to Previous Puzzle



Wash Tubbs



By Leslie Turner



Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin

