

# THE AMERICAN HOUSE

By Virginia Chase

OUR move was a terrible blow to my father. His pride had been cut in its sorest spot, and he was in mortal terror lest my mother's parents should somehow find out what had happened.

"Don't write your grandparents where we are living now," he told us, trying hard to act casual. "Let's keep it for a surprise." His shame was almost stifled, and for once even Julia softened.

"There must have been plenty of talk in town, but my mother held her head high. 'We're going to spend our summer in the American House,' she told her friends and neighbors. It was almost as though she was saying, 'We are taking a trip to Boston.' With us she was as pleasant and composed as ever. But there was a new set to her chin whenever the American House was mentioned.

She had found things worse, really, than she had expected. Provisions had been bought by wholesale, and both the cellar and the storeroom were stocked with perishables—meat, eggs, butter, barrels of crackers, a crate of oranges, and two whole bunches of bananas. The place was over-stuffed, too. There were two waitresses, a chef, a chambermaid, a clerk, and two men in the stable, all of whom had been sent on by the same agency that had recommended Jim McClure.

"What we need is native help," my mother said after one look at the kitchen. So she discharged those from the agency (all of whom had been resting well and eating heartily) and set out to find local people to take their places. The first fruit of her search was Mrs. Guptill, a widow from a neighboring village.

bacon and beefsteak brought in from the cellar, and the fish rolled in corn meal, ready for frying. By a quarter to 8 she was rattling the dumb-waiter, fuming at people who thought only of their bed and board. She herself lived an ascetic life. Her breakfast consisted of a slice of toast and a cup of salted water; her dinner, three raw carrots and a baked potato; her supper, a pint of milk and a piece of pilot-bread.

She was as neat as a pin and, incidentally, built almost like one. Summer and winter alike, she wore a black dress with long sleeves and a high collar, and over



it a spotless white apron. (One of these she washed every afternoon, together with her under-wear, her stockings and her shoe laces.) Her reddish hair—sorel, Benjamin, the stableman, called it—was knotted deftly on the top of her head. She always smelled of Lenox soap.

Ada, the table girl, came next. She had a broad, shining face, with a few freckles on it, brown eyes and light brown hair which she wore in a pompadour with the aid of a wire framework. She was quite a talker, specializing in a long string of calamities which always involved members of her immediate family.

Nothing ever annoyed Ada. A spilled cup of coffee. Or a transient coming in at 7 o'clock. Or 27 lamps to clean daily. All

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**  
(Continued from Page 2)

schools to train general practitioners in psychiatric methods so that they will be equipped to step into the breach and handle some of these psychiatric cases along with their regular medical practice. They will be badly needed to handle insanity—the most tragic type of casualty from war.

**Conference Cross-Currents**  
Instead of playing national anthems at the opening of the conference, the orchestra played "Lover Come Back to Me" and such martial music as "Give Me Some Men, Some Stout-Hearted Men."

**City News In Brief**

Dr. J. L. Ingle returned today from Portland where he attended a course of lectures at the Portland osteopathic hospital and a meeting of the state board of medical examiners. He was accompanied by Dr. Margaret Ingle, who will return May 9.

Everyone interested in the classes offered at the local high school building on show card painting, is invited to meet at 7 o'clock tonight in the art room of the high school. Take a notebook and pencil.

Napoleon planned an air invasion of England. He drew up elaborate plans for carrying an army across the channel in balloons.

**Former U. S. Official**

<b>HORIZONTAL</b>	<b>VERTICAL</b>
1.6 Pictured newly resigned head of U. S. War Mobilization Board	1 Jokes
2 Rub out	2 Ascended
3 Antenna	3 Mother
4 Greek letter	4 East (Fr.)
5 Paths	5 Anglo-Saxon slave
6 Observe	6 Surely
7 Belongs to it	7 Shout
8 Dropped over	8 Railroads (ab.)
9 Number	9 Symbol for nickel
10 For animal	10 Church holiday
11 Lower extremities	11 Frozen rain
12 Horn	12 Jumbled type
13 Doal paddle	13 One (Scot.)
14 Symbol for radium	14 Half-em
15 Rupees (ab.)	
16 Offer	
17 Encountered	
18 War god	
19 Metal scoria	
20 Winklike part	
21 Golf teachers	
22 Fondle	
23 Sinbad's bird	
24 One who presters	
25 Compass point	
26 Closer	
27 He was formerly an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme	
28 Type of fur	
29 Succinct	



**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

JOHN COLLIER

she asked was an hour or two off in the afternoon so that she could study up on the LOV-ERS' GUIDE AND MANUAL which she kept hidden behind the dinner plates. It had a chapter on the Language of Flowers, I remember, another on Rules for Handkerchief and Postage Stamp, another on Eye and Whip Filtration. The book always surprised me, since Ada never flirted. Indeed she treated every drummer as if he were an uncle. This was a great relief to my mother.

"Now take 'em," she would say.

But Ada had her 'em. Her ideal was an older, white gentleman, she emphasized, with a white mustache. Preferably an Englishman who dropped his h's. There was no one in town who approximated that description, but she was content to wait, meanwhile tolerating the attentions of Benjamin, the stableman.

Benjamin was a Finn, big, blond, and slow-speaking. He didn't love horses, as my father did—he even used a whip sometimes—but he had a way they responded to. He could get more work out of a horse than anyone, yet he seldom lamed one or brought one in sweating.

His helper was Basil Googins, generally referred to as "Boshy." Boshy's sole qualification for his job seemed to be that no one else would hire him. If we didn't, he would be on the town, my father told us, and you couldn't stand by and see that happen to anyone. (My father was always his brother's keeper.)

We had no clerk. My father had intended to spend all his free time in the office, but messes and whooping cough were rampant. (Spring is always a great time for babies, and there is pneumonia to watch out for.) So more and more responsibility fell upon my mother. Man-like, my father did not object to her working in the kitchen, but he winced whenever he saw her behind the desk.

"To think that I should have brought you to this," his expression said.

(To Be Continued)



**Two Piece**

By SUE BURNETT

A soft flattering type of "date" frock with the figure-molding jacket edged in scallops.

Pattern No. 8855 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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.

Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

**Official Records**

Water turned off, April 28:  
Alden Long, 505 Jefferson avenue.

Water turned on:  
Mrs. R. C. Sweet, 1512 Y avenue; E. E. Olsen, 803 Spring street.

A pair of army shoes requires twice as much leather as a pair of men's dress oxfords.



**Our Boarding House With Major Hoople**

IT'S BURKE! GREAT CAESAR, MAN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? EGAD, MAN! I'VE BEEN AS WORRIED AS A JAPANESE ADMIRAL!

YEAH? WODDA VA KNOW! WHEN WALDO'S WIFE GIMME THE GO-AWAY GLARE, I JOINED A CARNIVAL—TOOK A BLACKFACE JOB, POKING MY HEAD THROUGH A CANVAS HOLE AN' DODGIN' BASEBALLS!—ONLY A LOTTA GUNS THREW STRIKES, WHICH YOU SEE REGISTERED ON MY PAN!

IT WIGGS WAS AS CORRECT AS A BIRD'S NEST IN A MILLINERY WINDOW.

**Boots and Her Buddies**

FRANKLY I'M WORRIED!

MAW, WHAT IN TARNATION IS RODNEY SUBSCRIBING TO THIS THEATRICAL PAPER FOR?

DUNNO, PAW! HE ISN'T TALKING MUCH THESE DAYS!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, STEVE--

**Freckles and His Friends**

LARD'S OUTSIDE IN A TAXI, HONKIN' HIS HEAD OFF!

HE'S JUST SHOWING OFF! I WON'T NOTICE HIM!

HEY, BUDDY, THE METER IS MULTIPLYING FAST! HADN'T WE BETTER SHOVE OFF!

JUST A FEW MORE HONKS!

**Red Ryder**

150 DOLLARS TO DRIVE ME TO RIMROCK? IT'S ROBBERY!

ONLY GOT ROOM FOR TEN! IF IT AIN'T WORTH IT, WALK!

A LANDSLIDE BLOCKS THE TRACKS AND THAT CHISELER-BUSICK CASHES IN ON IT!

LANDSLIDE NOT JUST HAPPEN--

**Wash Tubbs**

SEENCE OUR PEECTURE EES NO LONGER FOR SALE, WE WEE! GO, MR--

STICK AROUND, RAMON... LET'S HEAR WHAT KOONTZ HAS TO SAY

AH, MCKEE! I HAVE FOUND THE LITTLE BOOK ON ABELARDO THAT I HAD MISLAID!

HOW INTERESTING!

DADDY'S PRIDE AS AN ART CONNOISSEUR HAS BEEN HURT, MR. KOONTZ. HE WAS SO SURE HE HAD FOUND A GENUINE OLD MASTER!

TSK, TSK! DON'T TELL ME THE OLD BOY HAS LET THAT PRICELESS ART TREASURE SLIP THRU HIS FINGERS!

BUT, MR. KOONTZ! YOU PHONED THAT ABELARDO PAINTED IT ON WOOD—THIS PICTURE WAS ON CANVAS!

QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR TUBBS—AS FAR AS IT GOES! BUT I HAD FORGOTTEN ANOTHER LITTLE DETAIL WHICH THIS BOOK CLEARS UP!

**Alley Oop**

OOOSH, MEBBE SUMPIN SLIPPED SOME-WHERE!

MY STARS, THE BLEED-OFF LINE!!

EVEN THOUGH WE COULDN'T MAKE CONTACT WITH GOOLA BACK IN MOO, THE MACHINE SEEMED TO BE ALL RIGHT-- THEN SUDDENLY THE WHOLE WORKS WENT PFOOF!

WHAT'S THIS GADGET?

EUREKA! THAT WAS IT! OOP, BLESS YOUR SOUL, I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP!

AW! THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DOC!

A GUY COULDN'T WORK AROUND THIS LAB AS LONG AS I HAD WITHOUT KNOWIN' A LITTLE SUMPIN ABOUT THESE GADGETS!

**Out Our Way**

WORKIN' YOURSELF TO DEATH, TRYIN' TO MARRY HER OFF TO ONE O' THE ELITE OF TH' TOWN! WHEN ONE LOOK AT ME WILL CONVINC ANY INTELLIGENT GUY THAT IT'S A PUT-UP JOB!

DON'T YOU SAY A WORD! I ALMOST HAVE TO CALL A POLICE SQUAD TO ESCORT YOU TO THE BARBER SHOP OR INTO THE BATHTUB, OR TO CHANGE CLOTHES! I CAN SEW BUT I'M NO WRESTLER!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

**By Edgar Martin**

PAW RUGGLES! SHAME ON YOU!

CAN I HELP IF THE PAGE WAS TURNED TO THIS PICTURE? HM-M-BEVERLY BIJOU! NOT BAD! SAYS HERE SHE'S STANDING THEM IN THE AISLES BACK EAST!

WHATEVER I DO, I'M LICKED! I NOT ONLY HAVE TO THINK OF BOOTS—THERE'S MA AND PA, TOO!

**Merrill Blosser**

AIN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE BON-TON AT 8:30?

I'M THE FEATURE ATTRACTION! THEY'LL WAIT!

WHAT'S KEEPING HIM, I WONDER?

HERE COMES THE KING NOW! SHALL WE ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET?

**Fred Harman**

"BIG BOOM START-UM LANDSLIDE! ME SEE MAN RIDE AWAY!"

MEBBE TH' KID IS RIGHT! BUT WHY WOULD ANYBODY TRY TO WRECK US?

KIDS DREAM UP STUFF SOMETIMES! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED TH' LANDSLIDE!

**By Leslie Turner**

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**By V. T. Hamlin**

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