

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

SUMMER people were beginning to build cottages along our coast. We held them at an arm's length, though they tried hard to be friendly. We loved our way the way you love anything you take for granted, and their admiration shamed us a little. At the same time we resented the extravagant way they talked about it. What we called "a nice view" they called "a superb vista." A plain sandbar was to them "bewitching" and a coarse growth of marsh grass "too lovely for words."

They spent hours on end in the graveyard, looking at the inscriptions on the stones. "Did you see this one?" they would call, reading it out loud. "Isn't it quaint and frightful?"

People were "quaint," too. Cap'n Pettigrew, blowing his horn. Mr. Giddings, singing his hymns as he worked. Sometimes they went bathing, wearing special suits and hats designed for that purpose. (We always wore cast-off winter dresses that stained the water where we stood.) But they never stayed in very long. The water was too cold, they said, the shore too rocky. Few of them could swim, but they joined hands and ducked merrily.

We saw a good deal of them at the American House. They often waited for the stage on our piazza, leaning their walking sticks against a post. ("Walking sticks!" Mrs. Gaspill scoffed. "Their legs are as good as ours.") Sometimes they would spend an hour or two there, talking among themselves. So-and-so was up a point, they said, or down. Sometimes they used our telephones, since the lines didn't go to the Narrows, where most of them had their cottages. They could never remember to ring the bell, and when they talked they didn't say "Hello" like the rest of us, but "Yes" or "Are you there?" They were all demanding.

Sometimes they wanted ice water, sometimes a palm-leaf fan. Sometimes they wanted an errand run. It used to get under our skins a little.

"Of all the brass!" Sue used to say when they were out of hearing. (Sue was picking up all kinds of rough language.)

THEY were always in a hurry, though we couldn't see why, for they obviously had nothing to do with their time. Yet it irked them to have to wait for anything. "A full day late," they would exclaim when they got their New York papers. (As though the world could change in 24 hours, we thought.)

The women were the talkers. They had a good deal to say about Alice Roosevelt, Bar Harbor, bridge whist, and a new sickness known as appendicitis. (Just a fancy name for plain inflammation of the bowels, it was, my father said.) They talked about fashions, too. Mesh bags. Lavalieres. Bloomers. Crepon Crepu. Libellula blue. They spoke of Paris and Naples as though they were Bangor and Augusta. "Remember that winter on the Riviera..."

The men were for the most part docile and weary. It seemed to us that more than anything else they wanted to find a quiet place and stay there. But there was little chance of that. No sooner had their wives finished discussing the past winter than they began to plan the one ahead. "Where can we go next?" they would demand a little petulantly. "We've been to..." Then they would begin to count the places off on their fingers. Sometimes it took both hands.

We had to be civil to them. They paid high taxes, my father reminded us. They were bringing the coast a boom that it badly needed. They hired carpenters, cooks, table girls, gardeners. They bought local supplies. Besides, they brought us business. Almost

every afternoon one or two of them rented a buggy or a surrey and jogged around the village, looking quite proud of themselves. (Most of them had left their automobiles behind, preferring what they called "the simple life.")

"How's for the sorrel today?" they would say airily, calling Benjamin by name just as though they had always known him. "Maybe." He used to take a good deal of satisfaction in keeping them waiting.

MORE than anything else we resented their tipping. We weren't accustomed to handing money around for favors. If you were a child and did an errand for a neighbor, you didn't expect any pay, except a cookie, maybe. If she happened to be baking.

Strangers sometimes offered you pennies after you had spoken a piece or sung a song, but if you were well brought up, you never took them. Yet the summer people handed out dimes and quarters right and left, not only to the children but to men and women as well for nothing at all. We took it as an insult, a bribe, an implication that we wouldn't have done a good job otherwise.

Our first experience came in the dining room. One Sunday Ada found a quarter under a napkin. "That's a funny place to drop money," she said, "Run and give it to the people who sat here."

I got to the piazza just as Benjamin was appearing with their surrey. "You left this, sir," I said, extending the quarter.

The man squinted at it. "Why, it's a tip," he wheezed. "For the waitress."

I didn't know what a tip was then. But I took it back reluctantly, avoiding Ada's eyes. "It's for you," I told her. "The man said so."

Her face flamed. She seized the quarter, dashed out the door and after the surrey, which was fast disappearing. Ten minutes later she returned, perspiring and grimy with dust. "I guess he won't try that again," she said angrily.

That man never did.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Marth



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



For the June Baby



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Make the baby the prettiest dress you can before you have him photographed for his daddy overseas! This one is adorable in fine, white cotton, embroidered with tiny French knots and trimmed with narrow lace edging. Sizes are to six months and one year.

To obtain complete cutting pattern, finishing and embroidery instructions for the infant's dress (pattern No. 5881) 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.

Trade Restraint In Prunes Charged

WASHINGTON, May 4 (UP)—The federal trade commission today charged the Northwest Dried Fruit association of Portland, with engaging in a conspiracy to restrain trade and create a monopoly in the sale of dried prunes.

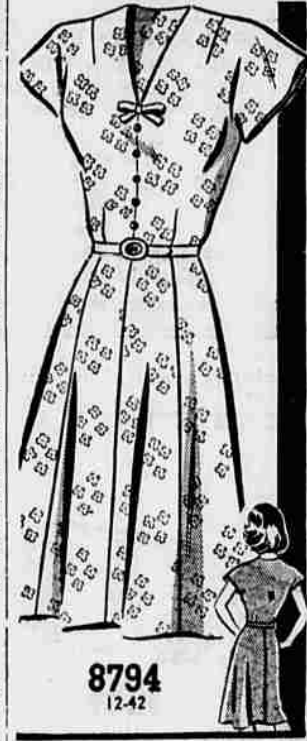
The association is composed of trade associations and their members and other parties variously engaged in growing, packing and selling fruit, including prunes, and comprises a large part of the industry in Washington, Oregon and Idaho and part of California.

The complaint names the following association members as respondents: Oregon Prune Exchange, Portland, selling agent for a number of fruit growers associations; Washington Growers' Packing corporation, Vancouver, Wash., packing and sales agent for prune producers in Washington; and Rosenberg Bros. and Co., San Francisco and Portland, engaged in buying, packing and selling dried prunes.

Official Records
Water turned off, May 3:
W. E. Wilkins, 1912 Second street; Jess Marshall, 1602 Oak street; Mrs. Art Fowler, 1313 W. avenue; Robert Fitzgerald, 504 Sixth street.

Building Permits:
Blanche Richards, alter and repair one and one-half story frame dwelling, 1201 Eighth street, \$100.

All Occasion



By SUE BURNETT

A simple, distinctive sort of dress that you can depend on for all occasions. Dress it up or down, whatever your mood.

Pattern No. 8794 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 14, requires 2 1/2 yards of 30-inch fabric; 3/4 yard for neckline bow.

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

Portland Mill Is Destroyed by Fire

PORTLAND, Ore., May 4 (UP)—The Lumber Manufacturing Co. plant here last night was swept by fire which did damage estimated at \$125,000 and kept firemen battling for an hour and a half before bringing the blaze under control.

The company was using the plant to process lumber for airplane construction.

Hold Everything



"I'm calling for a couple of volunteers for patrol duty!"

U. S. Naval Air Unit

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1 Depicted is insignie of U. S. Aircraft Utility Unit.	1 Mimics 2 Midday nap 3 Area measure 4 Fox 5 Notion 6 Prison room 7 Enemy 8 Lone Scout (ab.) 9 All 10 Implement 11 Music note 12 Peruse 13 Phillip 14 Measure 15 Pig pen 16 Bronze 17 Staff 18 Before
11 Jumbled type 12 Western sports events 13 Negative 14 Look askance 15 Remove 16 Pause 17 Onager 18 Morandin dye 19 Infirm 20 Indian gunny cloth 21 Resting organ 22 Prepared 23 Lance 24 Sun god 25 Office furniture (pl.) 26 Collections of laws 27 Golf device 28 An 29 Piece of paper 30 Symbol for cobalt 31 Singing veler 32 Chick 33 Roman patriot 34 Rant 35 Railroad (ab.) 36 Vegetable 37 Myself 38 Formation of bone	28 Exist 29 Ethiopian prince 30 Guides 31 Retain 32 Matched pieces 33 Feline 34 Heavy blow 35 Type of electrical machine 41 Spain (ab.) 42 Demigod 43 Mohammedar magistrate 44 Auditory 45 Stove part 46 Of the thing 47 Cost, assurance, and freight (ab.) 48 Girl's name 49 Chinese measure 50 Height (ab.)