

# THE AMERICAN HOUSE

By Virginia Chase

BY the middle of July five or six automobiles drew up before the American House every Sunday. My father was jubilant. He was even beginning to swagger a little. "Why don't you take the girls and go to Boston for a while?" he suggested to my mother.

Her feet were still on the ground. "We aren't out of the woods yet," she reminded him. "Besides, if there is a trip to be taken, it will be yours."

It was his custom to get away for a week each year so that he could keep himself posted on new developments in medicine. He usually spent a day watching operations in the clinic at Bangor and another at Bowdoin College, talking to the dean of the medical college, who had been one of his teachers. Then he went on to Augusta, staying the remainder of the time at the State Hospital for the Insane, where he was a trustee. Coming back, he stopped—reluctantly—to see Cousin Victoria at her home, Balmoral.

It was out of his way, but Cousin Victoria naturally expected deference. Moreover, she acknowledged no reserves. She got you down in a chair, grasped you firmly by the forearm, and started in asking questions as though she had some God-given right to know everything. "Where have you been?" "Whom did you see?" "What did they say?" "What happened?" "Who else was there?" "Did anyone ask for me?" "My father always dreaded these visits, for he hated to give an account of himself. But his stopping had one advantage. It kept her from coming to see us.

At first he protested that he could not be spared. The weather was hot and summer complaint imminent. But when Benjamin reported that the stable needed some new equipment, he decided to go, after all.

HE left on Monday morning with instructions that my mother was to call him in case of any crisis. On Tuesday noon a crowd was at the Post Office waiting for the mail when an automobile appeared, going at a conservative speed. (During the week automobiles were still rare.) This was a Carter Car with a buggy top. In back it had a single seat that looked like an armchair, and in this seat sat a large woman wearing a Panama hat tied on with a veil. Just as they were right in the middle of the village, a hen started indecisively across the road.

"Look out!" someone called. Those who didn't own automobiles were always great on giving advice to those who did. The woman in the back seat leaned forward. "Look out," she echoed.

The driver honked his horn. The hen retreated, then started suddenly ahead again, cackling noisily.

People on the steps began to shout, all at the same time. "Watch it!" "Stop! Stop!" "Turn out, turn out," the woman shrieked, half-living.

The driver lost his head and made straight for the steps of the Post Office. People scattered left and right, all screaming. The woman stood up and raised her arms. Her mouth was moving, but no sound came.

The automobile struck the steps with a crash, throwing her over the wheels and upon a pile of mail bags.

People closed in, silent, to see if she was still living.

She was alive all right and groaning lustily. Her weight had stood her in good stead, and if she had bruises, they were not in spots politely visible. The driver left his name and promised to pay for all the damage. Someone cranked the automobile for him, and he drove away with the woman in the front seat, leaning heavily against him. No one

breathed easily until they were out of sight. Then, forgetting all about the mail, people scattered to tell the news.

THERE was a good deal of feeling against automobiles in those days, especially in rural areas. Recognizing this, the legislature had, in 1905, passed the Automobile Exclusion Act, allowing any municipality the right to prohibit them within certain limits. Nothing had been done in our village because of differences in opinion. About a quarter of the people (including my father) were enthusiastic about them, feeling that they would eventually benefit us in many ways. About the same number saw them as instruments of the devil. Some wanted them off certain roads, some off all roads on certain hours and days. Most people had been willing enough to let things drift. But now...

Those who hadn't seen the accident soon heard about it. It was a wonder, people said, that someone hadn't been killed. The streets weren't safe any more. You were king your life in your hands when you crossed one. You couldn't even be secure about your property. Feeling grew. By sundown a petition was going the rounds for a special Town Meeting to press a decision on the new menace.

My mother was distressed, for she hated to see people fly off the handle. Although she didn't care much for automobiles herself, she knew what they meant to our business. Yet she could do nothing. Actually my father himself could have done nothing in the face of such hysteria.

The meeting was held. Mr. Tapley made a speech. More damage was done two or three times a year by runaway horses, he reasoned. But he had little support. Still fired by visions of death and destruction, the voters passed a law banning automobiles from within one mile of the village, at which point, by a convenient crossroad, they might pass on to more hospitable territory.

That day marked the end of our prosperity. (To Be Continued)

## Our Boarding House



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Freckles and His Friends



## Red Ryder



## Wash Tubbs



## Alley Oop



## Out Our Way



## Why Mothers Get Gray



## Merrill Blosser



## Fred Harman



## By Leslie Turner



## By V. T. Hamlin



## Summer Sandals



5380

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Crocheted of bright cotton yarn they are perfect for hot-weather wear with your house slacks and cool cotton shorts. A gay cotton handkerchief or scraps of medium-weight cotton makes the "ties." The wedge heel makes these sandals unusually comfortable.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions, finishing directions No. 5380 send 15 cents in coin, for the tie-on sandals (pattern plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening

## Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page 2)

other textiles for military use, but these quantities are small.

The allied armies are actually getting more military cloth from the much smaller Belgian and Dutch textile plants, than from France. In Washington, it is reported by British sources that the French mill owners were also reluctant to make cloth for the military during the period between the beginning of the war and the fall of France.

American manufacturers say that in this country we were no more ready for weaving cotton duck than the French plants are now, but we did it. Meanwhile, the British have not answered the demand of French mill owners for an explanation as to why the huge Ghazstoff-Courtaulds mills were found scarcely damaged when we went into Cologne last month. These mills are British-owned.

Note — Civilian Requirements Chief N. Y. Elliott opposes any shut-off of cotton to France because he feels that if the French mills are idle we will have to ship already manufactured cloth, of which there is already a major shortage for our own civilian use.

## MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING

Tyron's palace, built in 1770 by William Tyron, His Majesty's governor of North Carolina, was once considered the most beautiful building in colonial America. Built at an original cost of \$30,000, it was destroyed by fire in 1798, but now plans are being made to rebuild it at a cost of between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000.

ing Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## Princess

8820 11-20



By SUE BURNETT

As slim as a reed—that's how you'll look in this charming princess frock for teen-agers. A smooth little number juniors will adore.

Pattern No. 8820 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12, dress and bonnet, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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.

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.

## Official Records

Water turned off, May 4.  
Mrs. John Hodgins, 1502 M avenue.  
Mrs. Fred Cantrell, 1502 Monroe avenue.  
Water turned on:  
Mrs. Ray Greenlee, 1502 Monroe avenue.

## Hold Everything



## U. S. Congressman

17 Pictured U. S. legislator	1 Demogod
11 He is chairman of the Congressional committee on reduction of nonessential expenditures	2 Arabian girl
12 Connected succession	3 Arent
14 Native metal	4 Royal Red Cross (ab.)
15 Make	5 Enclosure
17 Recompense	6 Run away
18 Departed	7 Insect
20 Moist	8 Year (ab.)
21 Bacteria	9 Mature
22 Nova Scotia (ab.)	10 Beloved
24 Virginia (ab.)	11 Mist
25 Remnant	12 Puppen
28 Call forth	13 Symbol (ab.)
29 Make a speech	14 Interjection
34 Titanthropo	15 Relation-ship through the mother
35 Smart	16 French dance
36 All correct (ab.)	
37 And (Latin)	
38 Profit	
41 Flat circular plate	
45 Recedes	
49 Also	
50 Conquer	
52 Meadow	
53 Piffered	
55 Lengthen	
57 Blackthorn	
58 He is a member of	