

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

XIV
 BY the middle of October the foliage was gone from the maples and birches, leaving the birds' nests bare. The burdock withered, and the milkweed clung to its last little banners of white. Except for one long, green line along the shore was limp and darkened. Lobster pots marked above the high-water mark. Dories were drawn up and turned over, power boats cradled and housed. Every morning there was a thin shell of ice in the pond above the dam.

In November it grew steadily colder. My father had promised that we would be home by Christmas, but he had never set the exact day. Whenever we pressed my mother for it, she put us off by saying, "You'll find out in good time." Though we were impatient, for we were not apprehensive, for we knew that there was almost enough money on hand to pay the note.

The cold kept up until the end of November. Still there was no snow. Jay was getting worried, for the ruts in the road were hard on the wagon. They loosened the body bolts and racked the wheels. A thaw early in December only made traveling harder than ever, for at noon there was mud to contend with and at morning and night re-freezing ground.

On the ninth of the month the tongue showed a crack, which Mr. Giddings repaired with an iron band. On the twelfth, just as the Christmas loads were beginning, a spring broke. That meant only one thing—a new wagon. It would cost \$150.

My mother dreaded to tell us, but she couldn't put it off, for we were asking her daily when we should begin to pack our things. That night she came into the parlor where we were playing Pit. "Girls," she said, "we won't be going home after all. We'll have our tree right here in the corner."

At the end of January we owed the bank \$150. Profits from the stage had become very small. People didn't travel now unless they had to, and those who had horses transported their own perishables to keep them from freezing on the road. It didn't help our feelings any to discover that my father's bid for the line had been \$500 lower than that of his closest competitor.

We girls were having our winter vacation, a long one in our village, and for us already becoming dull. The excitement of the snow had worn away under the routine of filling wood boxes and watching the arrow of the furnace gauge to see that the fire did not become too hot. It was not so warm in the American House as it had been in school. You wore a sweater all day, and your feet began to burn and itch as soon as you stopped moving. There were very few transients. Except for the meat, fish, eggs, and potatoes my father got as payment from his patients, we would have been operating at a loss.

Mr. Cutter had been growing lazier and lazier. He never swept the office or shoveled the snow from the piazza without being reminded. Day after day he let the clock run down. His maps grew longer. When he was awake, he just sat on his stool drawing his circles or handling some of the bright new Lincoln pennies. Sometimes he piled them up in tiers. Sometimes he arranged them in intricate patterns around the brass-topped circular inkwell. When anyone came in, he guarded them jealously. I never got a chance at the register and the paper weight except when he was in the dining room.

Mrs. Guptill's irritability was keeping us out of the kitchen. She sputtered constantly about the cold, for, located as it was, the stove couldn't possibly heat the entire room. She kept harping,

too, on Mr. Cutter. His laziness. His extravagance. His appetite. The business of the lamp plagued her terribly. She didn't say much about that, but she kept her eyes open.

ONE afternoon she came hurrying down to the kitchen where my mother was ironing and listening to my complaints about how drab the days were.

"I've found out," she gasped. I brightened, for her face suggested an outrage.

"Found out what?" my mother asked, looking up.

"What he does with it." He, spoken so scornfully, could mean just one person as far as Mrs. Guptill was concerned.

"Does with what?"

"The kerosene."

"Oh." My mother had never begrudged Mr. Cutter his kerosene. His extravagance was the least thing she held against him. We girls had never given it a thought. "Well, what does he do with it?"

Mrs. Guptill's face took on an expression of disgust. "He uses it to soak his hands in."

From Mrs. Guptill's manner, my mother, too, must have been expecting something more. "Well," she said coolly, "that's probably the way he keeps them so nice and white."

Her composure knocked some of the wind out of Mrs. Guptill's sails. "If you ask me, I think something should be done about it," she said, looking injured. Then she left and went back upstairs. I felt quite let down. Still it was a story.

"Are you going to tell Papa?" I asked my mother.

She shook her head. If my father had not been moved by the discord Mr. Cutter was causing, he was unlikely to be impressed by the fact that he soaked his hands in kerosene. Besides, she had her pride. For some reason my father could not discharge Mr. Cutter. If he did not care to divulge that reason, she would not ask it. She would not even bring the subject up.

"I've said all I intend to say," she told me.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Out Our Way J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin



Bathroom Set



By MRS. ANNE CABOT
 Applique flowers and leaves in bright colors are sewn to ordinary quilted bed padding or thick cotton left-over material to make this gay bathroom rug and seat-cover. Use yellow for the flower, rose pink for the center, green for the darker leaves. Do the three rows of quilting around the flower design on your sewing machine. Any bright striped cotton can be used to make the finishing ruffle on the rug. Half the fun of making this set is in working out your own color

Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page four)

French Foreign Minister Bidault — "Sits back and watches big powers, hoping for an opening for France."

Senator Tom Connally — "Tries to run his committee of foreign ministers as he does his senate foreign relations committee back in Washington, pointing at delegates and asking them, one by one, to speak their piece."

Official Records

Water turned on, May 9:
 A. J. Burnett, 1795 X avenue;
 LDS church, 1405 Fourth street;
 E. R. Swart, 1562 M avenue; E. Chidsey, 102 Hemlock street; B. F. DeFrees, 1702 Jefferson avenue.

Water turned off:
 E. Chidsey, 602 M avenue;
 Marjorie Hickey, 1216 Y avenue.

Building Permits

Ralph Beery, alter and repair one story frame dwelling, 101 Greenwood street, \$125.

BETTER MAKE IT ONE-WAY OLD ORCHARD BEACH, Me. (UP)—Thieves broke into a railroad station here and took only four round-trip tickets to New York.

schene to match yourt bathroom. To obtain complete cutting instructions, actual size cutting pieces for applique finishing instructions for the patchwork bathroom set (pattern No. 5595) 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.

Party or Play



By SUE BURNETT

Dresses for tots are such fun to make—this one will be sweet for parties in organdy with lace edging or in gay cottons for play trimmed with the brightest of trimming.

Pattern No. 8680 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4 1/2 and 6 years. Size 3, requires 1 1/4 yards of 36 or 39-inch fabric; 3 yards trimming as shown.

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.

STATE FORGOT TIMBER

AUGUSTA, Me. (UP)—A legislator estimated the state of Maine lost \$200,000,000 in revenue during the past 125 years by failure to survey all the timber on its school land grants.

Hold Everything



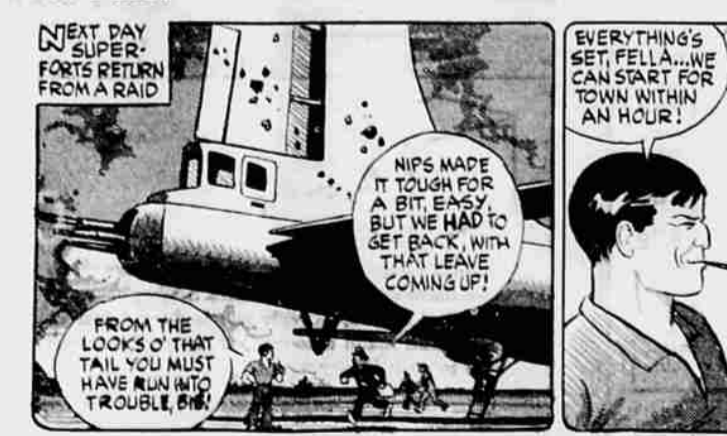
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Merrill Blosser



Ered Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



British Air Head

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1, 8 Pictured British air marshal	1 Delay action
13 With amusic (anac.)	2 Measure of length
14 Starvation	3 Stead
15 Frozen water	4 Long meter (ab.)
16 Hangman's knots	5 John (Gaelic)
18 Fastener	6 On top
19 Dull, heavy sound	7 Waste land
21 Fore part of boat	8 Exacted
22 Vipers	9 Type measure
23 Exempli gratia (ab.)	10 Mouth parts
25 Home of Abraham	11 Clip
26 Expunge	12 Fowls
29 Bedaub	14 Not many
33 Slopes	17 Thus
34 Sacred (comb farm)	20 Notwith- standing
35 Those opposed	22 Armor-bearer
36 Heron	24 Gypsum
37 Toward	25 Conduct
38 Anent	26 Age
39 Painful	27 Raced
42 Sauced spear	28 Scandinavian territorial
49 Highway	30 Ever (contr.)
50 Egg (comb. form)	31 Exist
51 Kind of dog	32 Decay
52 Abyssus point	39 Kind
54 Nurate	40 Above
58 Be ened with Genes	41 Stringy
59 Enlover in North campaign	42 Obtained
58 Meeting place	43 Morindin dye
59 Concisely	44 Level
	45 Musical instrument
	46 Contradict
	48 Analysis (ab.)
	49 Feline
	52 Make a mistake
	53 Electrical unit
	57 Exists