

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

EARLY in February Cousin Victoria wrote us that she would board for the remainder of the winter at the American House. She would arrive, she announced, on the afternoon of the fifteenth. (Cousin Victoria never consulted anyone's convenience. She merely announced her own.)

"I suppose we should be thankful for the extra money," my mother said. "But it does seem a little strange."

What she meant was, "This is the last straw."

"She won't stay a week, if she comes," my father assured her. "You know Victoria. As likely as not, she won't turn up at all. Someone ought to convince her that the Queen was steadfast," he added with a wink at the three of us.

Cousin Victoria had always imitated the Queen. From girlhood she had studied pictures of the royal costumes, and, being an expert seamstress, copied them. Her home bore the name of the Queen's. Her dog, now buried under the lilac bush, had been called Dash. Reading once that the Queen had gobbled her food, Cousin Victoria had formed the habit, too, and as a result was constantly "in distress." Naturally she kept a Journal, which now in her seventy-third year had reached its eighty-second volume. This was her second most valued possession. Her first was a letter, dated Nov. 16, 1896, from a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen herself, replying to Cousin Victoria's cabled congratulations upon the Jubilee of 1897.

Like the Queen, Cousin Victoria was a widow, and still (ostensibly) grieving. Her husband's picture hung above the fireplace in the parlor of Balmoral, delicately mustached and whiskered. His name, discordantly, had been Hiram, a circumstance which Cousin Victoria had found hard to bear. She was childless. When she lamented this state, you had

the feeling that her grief was less for the children she lacked than for the opportunity she had missed of presenting them with royal names.

INSTEAD of arriving on the afternoon of the fifteenth, as she had announced, Cousin Victoria came, bag and baggage (including volumes 76-82 of her Journal) on the morning of the twelfth in a hired carriage, much upset that no one had met her at the train.

She was a handsome woman. She possessed—you had to admit it—a truly regal air. Stepping out of that carriage, her hair as black as her bonnet, her eyes bright and her body nimble, she had a good deal about her that the Queen herself might have envied.

My father, who had told us only an hour earlier that he was going to spend a quiet morning at home, left almost immediately for his office. My mother had responsibilities in the kitchen. But we girls had no escape. We followed Cousin Victoria upstairs and dutifully helped her unpack.

Cousin Victoria's room was next to the parlor and facing the village. It was the best room in the American House. "If I put her there in the first place," my mother said, "there won't be any excuse for her wanting to change." But Cousin Victoria took nothing on faith. Before we could unpack a bag she had to be shown every bedroom, including our own. Then, satisfied, at least temporarily, she allowed us to help her settle.

In selecting Cousin Victoria's bedroom, my mother had thought of its convenience to the parlor, where she had planned for her to sit during the day with her crocheting.

Cousin Victoria used her spare time and surplus energy in making lace for edging. This never wore out. A pair of drawers might fall into shreds, but the lace remained as good as ever. In order that none should be wasted, my mother used it lavishly around

hems, necklines, and even arm-holes. We girls had hardly a spot on us that had not at one time or another been scratched by it. (Cousin Victoria had a very embarrassing way of lifting our skirts to see how it was wearing.) Roll after roll lay untouched in her work basket. Yet she kept right on. . . .

BUT Cousin Victoria soon made it clear that she didn't care for the parlor. She preferred the sociability of the office. She ignored Mr. Cutter—as she did all the help—but she relished the drummers. One of them couldn't be in the office five minutes before she knew his product, his route, his schedule, and the size of his family. Even the most agile couldn't escape her, for she had her chair right by the door with another drawn up beside it. If a victim started by, she seized his forearm, and under her grip even the strongest wilted.

This distressed my mother terribly. Something had to be done, she said.

Something was. During the morning Cousin Victoria wrote in her Journal, but during the remainder of the day keeping her away from the office became another of our chores.

There were just two ways you could keep her in the parlor. One was to get her to give you a lesson in lace making; the other was to get her to read aloud from one of her Journals. (These were underlined, of course, in the manner of the Queen.) Since long and intimate association had made us detest the lace, we usually promoted the Journals. They were dull reading. "Awakened at seven. Lay until seven-fifteen. For breakfast oatmeal, prunes, gooseberry jam, toasted muffin. Two cups of tea. (Green.) Recorded the events of yesterday. Examined the books of P. of the R. F. Branch 2. Found them in good order. Re-read In Memoriam. Here follows my reflections on it. . . . Those reflections might cover from 10 to 20 pages.

We began to think more longingly than ever of the time when vacation would be over.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



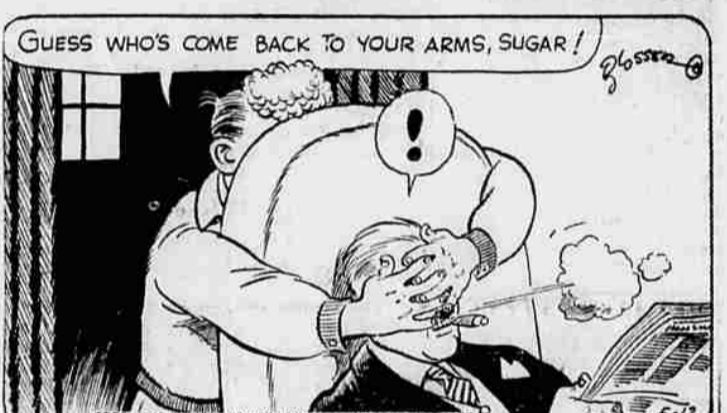
Out Our Way J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman

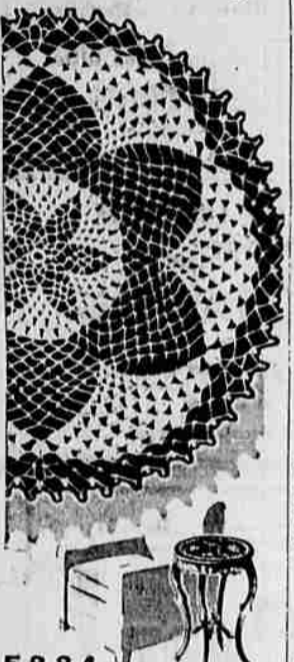


By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

Peace and Plenty!



5884
By MRS. ANNE CABOT
An elderly crocheting enthusiast of my acquaintance tells me she has been giving these "peace and plenty" doilies as wedding gifts to her young friends for years. The "increasing" design must have inspired the idea of "plenty." You'll enjoy crocheting this unusual 12-inch doily to add to your collection or to pass on to a bride-to-be.
To obtain complete crocheting

City News In Brief

Jurel Coulter of Joseph and Fonzy Wilson of Elgin were arrested last evening, charged with being drunk, and were placed in the city jail.

L. C. Hawes is in Portland attending a lumbermen's union meeting.

Official Records

Water turned off, May 10: Mrs. Charles Tarvin, 405 Greenwood street; Frank Russell, 1107 C avenue; Emory Culbertson, 1108 C avenue.

Water turned on: Dan Turley, 602 M avenue; A. R. Spencer, 1209 Tenth street; George F. Russell, 1407 Ninth street; Richard Weeks, 465 Greenwood street; J. E. Hatmaker, 1204 First street; Mrs. W. F. Isbell, 1904 O avenue.

Twins Take Honors

CAPE ELIZABETH, Me. (UP)—The Wilson twins do everything together—even in winning honors. Kathleen Wilson will be valedictorian of Cape Elizabeth high school's graduating class this year while her twin Alma will be salutatorian.

Instructions for the Peace and Plenty doily (pattern No. 5884) 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.

Afternoon Frock



By SUE BURNETT

You'll look lovely and cool in this slimming daytime dress expertly designed for the slightly heavier figure. A touch of lace at the neckline is a nice detail.

Pattern No. 8828 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, short sleeve, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric; 4 yards lace (gathered) to trim.

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.

Horse Drowns After Fire

SEBOOMOOK, Me. (UP)—After being led from his burning barn by firemen, Irving Hamilton's horse walked off a boat landing and drowned in Moosehead lake.

Hold Everything



U. S. Army Unit

- HORIZONTAL 46 Making mistakes
1 Depicted is
insigne of the
U. S. Army
— Corps
Area Serv-
ice Command
7 Assistant
13 Solid (comb.
form)
14 Having a
handle
15 Makes an
edging
16 Ache
19 Waste
allowance
20 Cloth
measures
21 Long-drawn
speech
23 Having three
parts (comb.
form)
24 Rhode Island
(ab.)
25 Transpose
(ab.)
26 Symbol for
silver
28 Naval Reserve
(ab.)
29 Frighten
31 Hindu queen
33 Woollike part
34 River (Sp.)
35 Exhausted
37 Bury
40 Father
41 Deciliter (ab.)
42 Nova Scotia
(ab.)
43 Votre emi-
nence (ab.)
44 Men of this
unit
part of the
U. S. Army

Answer to Previous Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. LILLIAN
2. WELSH
3. WELSH
4. WELSH
5. WELSH
6. WELSH
7. WELSH
8. WELSH
9. WELSH
10. WELSH
11. WELSH
12. WELSH
13. WELSH
14. WELSH
15. WELSH
16. WELSH
17. WELSH
18. WELSH
19. WELSH
20. WELSH
21. WELSH
22. WELSH
23. WELSH
24. WELSH
25. WELSH
26. WELSH
27. WELSH
28. WELSH
29. WELSH
30. WELSH
31. WELSH
32. WELSH
33. WELSH
34. WELSH
35. WELSH
36. WELSH
37. WELSH
38. WELSH
39. WELSH
40. WELSH
41. WELSH
42. WELSH
43. WELSH
44. WELSH
45. WELSH
46. WELSH
47. WELSH
48. WELSH
49. WELSH
50. WELSH
51. WELSH
52. WELSH
53. WELSH
54. WELSH
55. WELSH
56. WELSH
57. WELSH
58. WELSH
59. WELSH
60. WELSH
61. WELSH
62. WELSH
63. WELSH
64. WELSH
65. WELSH
66. WELSH
67. WELSH
68. WELSH
69. WELSH
70. WELSH
71. WELSH
72. WELSH
73. WELSH
74. WELSH
75. WELSH
76. WELSH
77. WELSH
78. WELSH
79. WELSH
80. WELSH
81. WELSH
82. WELSH
83. WELSH
84. WELSH
85. WELSH
86. WELSH
87. WELSH
88. WELSH
89. WELSH
90. WELSH
91. WELSH
92. WELSH
93. WELSH
94. WELSH
95. WELSH
96. WELSH
97. WELSH
98. WELSH
99. WELSH
100. WELSH