

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

XVI
COUSIN VICTORIA developed a real interest in Mr. Tapley, who avoided her as if she had been the plague. It was some time before she had caught on to his drinking. Then her interest doubled, for she was above all things a crusader.

"What a pity a fine man like that should be the victim of such a scourge," she said. She took to putting Temperance pamphlets under his door. (Ada used to find them in his slop jar.) As a result he brought his whiskey right into the dining room.

This only heightened Cousin Victoria's zeal. She sent away for a bottle of White Star Liqueur Cure, and one morning, very secretly, put a dose of it into his coffee. But he wasn't fooled for a minute.

"Damn you," he shouted, glaring across the room at her. Then he went out, banging the door.

We hoped this would start her packing, for Cousin Victoria abhorred profligacy. But she was magnanimous. "Poor thing," she said. "He's not responsible." We had all but despaired of her ever going when she had her run-in with Mrs. Gupitill.

Cousin Victoria was, as I have mentioned, much given to change. For years she had been going on new and outlandish diets. On one visit she would require meat three times daily; on another she would be strictly a vegetarian. She couldn't keep up with her. A few days after her experience with Mr. Tapley she turned against eggs. A pamphlet called Receipts for the Refined had easily persuaded her that they were vulgar. This pamphlet she sent by me to Mrs. Gupitill. (Being so aristocratic, Cousin Victoria had naturally kept aloof from the kitchen.)

"Every receipt here can be made successfully without eggs," the fly-leaf read. Under this Cousin Victoria had written, "My diet from now on."

When I handed it to Mrs. Gupitill, she took one quick look and threw it in the wood box. "Stuff and nonsense," she said.

I RUSHED back and knocked on Cousin Victoria's door. She did not answer. This did not surprise me, for she never allowed herself to be interrupted when she was writing in her Journal or even in the midst of a reflection. I waited impatiently. It was a good five minutes before she let me in.

I reported the incident with considerable zest.

Cousin Victoria drew a deep breath and raised her bosom high. "Show me to the kitchen," she said.

I had a hard time keeping ahead of her.

Mrs. Gupitill was laying out some salt fish to serve with pork scraps for dinner when we came down the kitchen stairs.

"I should like a word with you," Cousin Victoria began loftily.

"I'm ready," Mrs. Gupitill answered without looking up.

"It concerns the pamphlet I sent you," Cousin Victoria paused for an acknowledgment.

Mrs. Gupitill kept right on working.

This only added to Cousin Victoria's annoyance. "This child tells me that you had the audacity to throw it in the wood box."

Mrs. Gupitill tasted her fish and added a shake of pepper. "In with the other trash," she said calmly.

"Trash!" Cousin Victoria shouted, now thoroughly incensed. "You will find it immediately and follow it. Do not forget that I will never eat anything cooked with an egg again."

Mrs. Gupitill's neck reddened. She pushed the fish aside and reached up in the cupboard for a basket of eggs. Then, very de-

liberately, she counted out a dozen and began to break them in a bowl, hitting each one against the side with a sound crack. "There's in this house eat what's set before 'em," she said, "or else they go hungry."

COUSIN VICTORIA was speechless. The last egg had been broken before she began to recover. "Such impertinence!" she choked. "Such insubordination. I shall speak to the doctor." The rest of her words were lost in the racket the egg beater was making.

When my father came home at noon, she was waiting for him. "That cook of yours," she began. "Even then she won't be able to speak fluently. 'She won't take orders.'"

"That's right. She won't," he agreed readily.

Cousin Victoria looked dumfounded. "Do you mean that I must stand for that?" she demanded.

"We do," he told her.

She drew her bosom up again. "I don't take impertinence from subordinates," she announced. "I will go back to Balmoral."

He was polite, but he didn't attempt to dissuade her, though her going meant the loss of seven dollars a week.

"I'm sorry things are like this," my mother said, coming in while she was packing. "but we aren't at home, you know. When we get there, we want you to come for a nice long visit."

Julia and I tried to help her pack, valiantly suppressing our enthusiasm. But she wouldn't let us. "I can look out for myself!" she told us, dragging out her heavy bags.

My father did not wait to see her off, but he arranged that Benjamin should drive her to the Junction with Lady. It was an awkward parting. My mother kept talking pleasantly about the roads, the air, the sunshine, while Benjamin put in the bags. Cousin Victoria said nothing at all until Benjamin raised the reins over Lady's back. Then she spoke coldly.

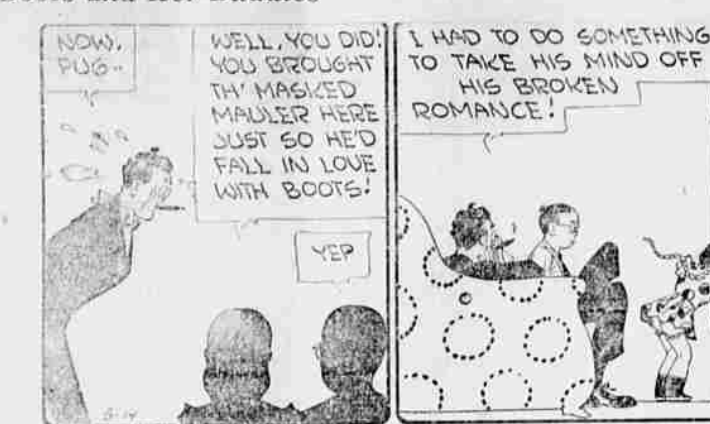
"I shall put all this in my Journal," she said.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



Summer Pretties!

5600



5692



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

A wispy of flower-sprigged cotton, scraps of contrasting colored cottons, a few yards of pretty ribbon for the bow-knot appliques and you'll have two of the most attractive dresses to be seen this summer! Make them in dainty materials for party frocks—in serviceable, launderable materials for everyday summer wear.

To obtain complete patterns for the round-yoked frock (pattern No. 5600) sizes 2, 3, 4 included and for complete pattern for the

Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page 2)

City News In Brief

The Monday-night meeting of the show card classes has been postponed. The next class session will be in the art room of the high school at 7 p. m. Thursday evening instead of 7:30 o'clock.

Official Records

Water turned off, May 11: Emory Culbertson, 1100 C avenue; Helen E. White, 2008 Second street; Mrs. Ed Powers, 1514 S avenue.

Water turned on: Richard Weeks, 405 Greenwood street; J. E. Hatmaker, 1204 First street; Mrs. W. F. Isbell, 1904 O avenue; Floyd C. Hall, 1107 C avenue; Helen E. White, 303 Spring street.

Building Permits

William Bork, wreck two story frame building, 1310 W avenue.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

measures 40 Porridge
26 Content 42 Written form
27 German river 43 Peak (ab.)
31 District 44 Coast (ab.)
32 Blackbird of 45 Coast, insular family
33 Residue (ab.)
34 Wrinkle 46 Saint (ab.)
37 Mountain 49 Verb intransitive (ab.)
38 Lamb 50 Three-toed sloth
39 Russian city

Screen Star

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
| HORIZONTAL | 3 Indian actor, Charles | 4 Snatch |
| 9 He is noted for his ability | 6 Pedal digit | 7 Upon |
| 11 Legal point | 8 Agile | |
| 12 Comfort | 10 Mineshaft hut | |
| 13 Cut, as grass | 11 Artificial language | |
| 15 Worthless leavings | 14 Weight (ab.) | |
| 17 Bill of sale | 16 Type of bean | |
| 18 Instigate | 17 Every | |
| 19 Daybreak (comb. form) | 21 Tap | |
| 20 Low Latin | 22 Dutch city | |
| 21 Copper coin | 23 Negative word | |
| 24 Depart | 25 Metric | |
| 28 Bustle | | |
| 29 Edge | | |
| 30 Four (comb. form) | | |
| 33 Onagers | | |
| 35 Half-em | | |
| 36 Square (ab.) | | |
| 37 W. m. m. | | |
| 39 Mystical | | |
| 41 Protruberance | | |
| 44 Three (comb. form) | | |
| 45 Shank | | |
| 47 Annoy | | |
| 48 He is a | | |
| 51 World of fog (Norse myth) | | |
| VERTICAL | | |
| 1 Attend | | |
| 2 Lie | | |



Two Piecer



By SUE BURNETT

Perky two piecer that will be ideal for vacation fun. You'll rate as the fashion expert of your group in this smoothie lining frock.

Pattern No. 5700 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22. Size 12, short sleeve requires 3 1/2 yards of 36" or 38" material; 3 yards machine made pleating plus 1 yard ribbon for bows to trim.

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

Hold Everything



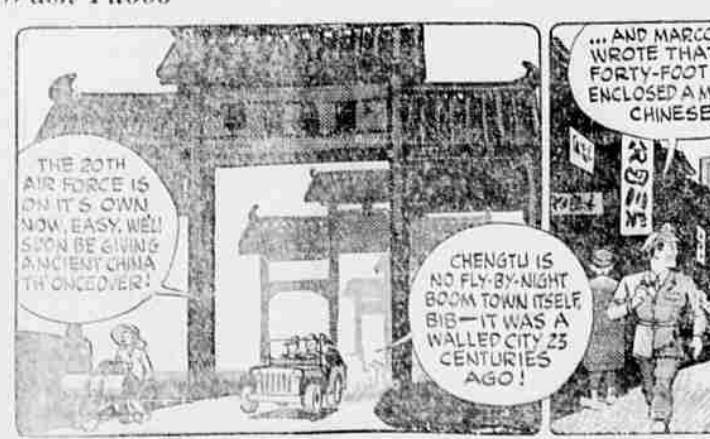
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

