

The American House

XVII
EVER since Mrs. Gupitll had discovered the secret of the heron-sense, she had taken it upon herself to make out punishment. She saw to it that Mr. Cutter got the dregs of the coffee, the tail of the fish, the neck of the chicken. What was more, she put a padlock on the closet so that he had no more lunches.

I had my grudge against him, too. One day in reaching secretly for the register, I noticed that the copper paper weight was missing. To have asked him where it was would have been to reveal my own trickery. Besides, he wouldn't have answered.

"I believe he's put it away just to spite me," I complained to my mother.

"Nonsense," she said. "Some transient has picked it up for a souvenir. It didn't amount to anything anyway."

My mother might have been more sympathetic had not her mind been on something else.

One Saturday morning she had filled the oil stove, put in a new wick, and set it in the linen closet. On Sunday when she picked it up to take back into the bathroom, she found it dry. The wick had not even been lighted. The stove held a gallon.

Suddenly a question had come to her. What did Mr. Cutter do with all that kerosene when he finished with it?

She went at once to his door and knocked. No one answered. She stepped inside. His chamber work had not been done. (Ada liked to leave it until last, so that she could dwell upon it.) The receptacles were all empty. The lamp was empty, too.

She looked around the room. There wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. The windows were clean; the brass plate on the chimney was shining. She looked in the

closet. It was bare. (Mr. Cutter owned only the clothes on his back.) She opened the drawers of the bureau. The top one held a shirt and some underwear, neatly folded. The others were empty. She looked in the commode. Under the bed. Out the window. Everywhere. There was no sign of kerosene.

She called us girls together and took us into her confidence.

We searched the cellar, the linen closet, the halls—everywhere he would have been likely to go. My mother herself searched the office. None of us found anything.

EARLY in March the weather moderated. It rained and at the same time grew very cold so that everything was covered with ice.

One morning Mrs. Gupitll recklessly stepped into the back yard without taking time to put on her clogs. She had barely put her foot down before she slipped and sprained her ankle.

The apron turned out to be a bad one. Bad enough to keep her in bed for a week, my father decided, or even longer if she didn't stay perfectly still. She made a terrible fuss when he told her. Who would get Jay off in the morning? Who would do the cooking and planning? Who would take charge of the 20 visiting Odd Fellows who were coming for dinner on Saturday? Here it was Tuesday...

We would find someone, my father assured her with more confidence than he felt. Help was hard to get especially at this season.

The second day passed without even a real prospect. Upstairs Mrs. Gupitll was fit to be tied. Things were going to rack and ruin, she knew. There was no good, she said, in trying to keep it from her. Here it was Wednesday...

On Thursday morning Mrs. Gupitll threatened that if we didn't have someone by night, she would come downstairs herself.

She meant it, too. Suddenly father had an idea. "I've got the very person," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of her in the first place."

"Who?" my mother wanted to know. "We've scoured the town."

"Eunice Sawyer. Luther owes me \$20. She was asking me the last time I saw her if there wasn't some way they could work it out."

"She'd be real good help," my mother agreed. "Only..."

"Only what?"

"Nothing, only..."

My father was getting provoked. He had his own hands full, and he considered this help-hunting a kind of personal favor he was doing my mother. "What's the trouble with Eunice Sawyer?" he demanded.

"Nothing's the trouble with her," my mother assured him. "I just wondered if she would be willing to come."

"Why shouldn't she be willing?" he demanded.

"No reason, I guess. Why don't you telephone her?"

He went into the office. In five minutes he was back again. "She'll let us know right away," he said. Actually it was an hour before she called back. She would see us through the Odd Fellows' dinner, she said, on condition that she could go home on Friday night. Her husband would have her back at 5 in the morning. She could come no other way.

That afternoon my mother called us together. "Eunice Sawyer is going to help us out for two days," she said, "and I want you to be very careful not to let on that I ever told you about her having been friendly with Mr. Tapley. As I think it over, it was just gossip anyway and probably made up out of whole cloth."

"Yes, Mama."

"And something else," she hesitated and then went on, trying to be very matter-of-fact. "There is no occasion for Mr. Tapley's knowing she is here. After all, he is a boarder, and not in the least concerned with the running of this place."

"Yes, Mama."

"We hadn't been fooled."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



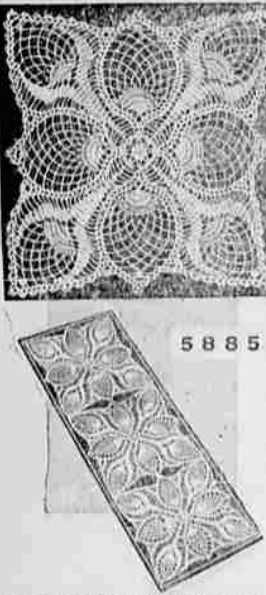
Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Pineapple Runner



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

The lovely eleven-inch pineapple square can be used as a separate doily, as a place mat or three or more squares can be joined together to make a buffet runner or a long dining table centerpiece. Crocheted in either white or ecru thread.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the square pineapple runner (pattern No. 5885) 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.

City News

In Brief
Scottish Rite Masons of La Grande and vicinity are completing cat-pool details in connection with the meeting scheduled at Baker, Friday, May 19. Baker Cornet of Galesburg has announced degree-work in which several local members are expected to participate.

Cora Mae Denton fell Saturday evening at her home 3297 Walnut street, and was taken to the Grande Ronde hospital for treatment.

Oris Newton Hoss, 2904 Greenwood street, was arrested Saturday night by city police, charged with being drunk. He was released on bail pending appearance in the municipal court.

Canada Promises Newspaper Boost

WASHINGTON, May 14 (UPI)—Canadian officials said today that five to six per cent more paper and pulp will be produced in Canada beginning in July.

Canada now ships 200,000 tons of pulp and newspaper to the United States monthly. It is expected that the increased Canadian production will be sent to the United States to augment present monthly shipments.

Orders from U. S. consumers and government agencies now are exceeding the available supply. It is expected that deferred newspaper orders will total more than 50,000 tons by July.

For Juniors



By SUE BURNETT

You'll be a gay charming eyelet in this attractive 'state' frock with perky shoulder treatment and tiny doll-like waistline.

Pattern No. 8859 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 37 inch material; 3 yards more for trim.

For this pattern send 50 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, July 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

U. S. Naval Leader

HORIZONTAL
1. Pictured U. S. expert on amphibious operations. Vice-Adml.
3. Sewing tool.
4. He — with the U. S. 7th Fleet.
5. Permit.
6. Lad.
7. Regius Pro-tessor (ab.).
8. Pacific island.
9. Great Lake.
10. Affirmative votes.
11. War god.
12. Hence.
13. Skin opening.
14. Perish.
15. Wanders.
16. Narrow inlet.
17. Mere unusual.
18. Spain (ab.).
19. Sharpens a razor.
20. Lion.
21. Compass point.
22. Touch.
23. Leaping amphibian.
24. Average (ab.).
25. Negative.
26. Trial.
27. Ocean movement.
28. Spinning toy.
29. Play on words.
30. Put on guard.
31. Exclamation.
32. Unravel.
33. Self-esteem.
34. Light.
35. Before.
36. Mother's sister.
37. Grafted (her.).
38. Bear.
39. Envy.
40. Indented.

VERTICAL
1. Pedestal part.
2. Dry.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CHARLES LAUGHTON
QUEEN
20. Also
31. Female deer
35. Powerful
36. Unit of weight
37. Philippine tree
38. Reverse
40. Greek letter
41. Priority
42. Well-being
43. Malarial fever
44. Girl's name
45. He said his
flagship into
Lingayen gulf
when the
Yanks —
the beach
of Luzon
47. Gaelic
48. Conduct
49. Command
52. Scatter
53. Malarial fever
54. Girl's name
55. He said his

Hold Everything



By Leslie Turner

By V. T. Hamlin