

# THE AMERICAN HOUSE

**XVIII**  
**EUNICE SAWYER** was in the kitchen when Julia and I came down on Friday morning. She looked as large as ever, but she moved, with real grace. "Will you have Farina or Cream of Wheat?" she asked us quietly. This was something Mrs. Gupitill always decided for us. "Farina," we told her.

The door opened and she glanced up nervously. It was Booby with the milk. When she gave us our cereal, we saw that it was Cream of Wheat.

We looked at each other wisely. All that day I kept speculating. Suppose they met. Would they be very calm? Would he say "How are you?" Or would they still be mad? Maybe they wouldn't speak at all. Or maybe he would come right out and berate her for the past. "I'd be a different man today if you'd stood by me..."

After school I went into the cellar where Julia was sitting, eating a doughnut. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she said. "I didn't need to ask her what she meant. I knew."

"Of course," I said, "he might just happen to come down to the kitchen."

That night we chose a good spot on the stairs and waited. Once her work was done, Eunice Sawyer acted very uneasy. She had her hat and coat on for a good 10 minutes before her husband drove into the yard.

We went to bed very disappointed.

It was cold the next day and Mrs. Gupitill took on terribly. Things had come to a pretty pass, she said, when you couldn't keep warm in bed. Every time someone went up to see if her hot water bottle she had a long list of reminders ready. She ought to

be down there herself, she reiterated. She knew everything was bedlam.

It wasn't. By 3 o'clock the shelves were lined with Baptist Cakes, Apple and Boston Cream pies. The beans were drinking their last water. The potatoes were sliced, the fish bones and ready for chowder. At 3:30 Julia and I found Eunice Sawyer sitting by the table, her hands folded.

"Come upstairs and rest in the parlor," Julia urged. There was just a possibility that Mr. Tapley might have come home early from the store.

"No, thank you," she said. "I'm comfortable here."

"It's lots nicer upstairs," I put in.

But she was determined. We had almost given up hope when we went into the cellar. "Mayb, he'll go down there tonight," Julia suggested.

I shook my head. There wasn't much hope.

"I could make him," Julia boasted.

"How?"

"She thought a minute. "I could tell him there was some Boston Cream pie left." Mr. Tapley had a weakness for pie.

It was a real inspiration. The dinner was a great success. The Odd Fellows were so pleased that they called my father into the dining room, where he made a speech, taking full credit for everything. It was 8 o'clock before the last dish was wiped and put away. Then Sue and Ada rushed over to the hall, where the Robekahs were giving a social.

My mother went upstairs to get Mrs. Gupitill settled for the night. Eunice Sawyer was alone in the kitchen. Her husband would be coming soon. . . . We would have to hurry.

"YOU stay right here in the serving room," Julia told me, "with the kitchen door open. He'll go down through the cellar. He always does."

She started for the office. I could hear Eunice Sawyer moving around, getting her things together. The snap of her rubbers over her heels. Her breathing, heavier as she straightened. The click of her coat button against the table. A little whispering sound as she drew on her gloves.

It wasn't long before I heard Mr. Tapley coming down the office stairs, lightly, slowly, because of the dark. Julia crowded in beside me. "It was as easy as that," she boasted, snapping a finger.

The collar door opened. We leaned forward. We didn't want to miss anything. Would he call her Eunice or Mrs. Sawyer?

He didn't call her anything. There was a tight, frightening silence that went on and on.

I began to be scared. Eunice Sawyer started up the stairs as if she was scared, too.

"Wait." It must have been Mr. Tapley, for no one else was there, yet it wasn't his voice as I had ever heard it.

"No. No. I was just going."

"Wait. Please." The voice sounded humble now, almost pitiful. She was half way up the stairs. "I shouldn't have come but for owing the doctor."

"Stand still and let me look at you."

I closed my eyes. Even then I saw them. Mr. Tapley, his stained teeth and yellowed fingers. His head, almost bald. Eunice Sawyer, heavy, faded. . . . I felt shame as though I had seen nakedness.

We heard the sound of bells. "That's him." She was crying as she ran by.

Mr. Tapley turned and went back into the cellar. We heard him go up the stairs, slowly, heavily this time. Then we went silently to bed.

(To Be Continued)

## Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



## Out Our Way J. K. Williams



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Crocheted Rugs



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

The round rug crocheted of cotton yarn in any two pretty contrasting colors is perfect for a bathroom—the oval rug is one of the much-admired old-fashioned "rag" rugs. Use old cotton dresses, old sheets, dyed bright purples, pinks and greens. Use plenty of black rag-strips to provide a handsome contrast. Crochet this rug any size you like, either big or small. Perfect for hallways, bedrooms or in a Colonial living room.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the bath rug (pattern No. 5857) and for the crocheted rag rug (pattern No. 5513)

## Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page 2)

ers of the Big Four. He was voted down 25 to 7. Stettinius quickly put the motion of seating Argentina to a vote. He won 29 to 5.

## City News In Brief

Keith Province, local commercial pilot, returned yesterday from Minneapolis, Minn., with a Mr. Lloyd of Kelso, Wash., and Gene King of Pendleton as round trip passengers.

Steven Henry Casmy, transient, was arrested last evening charged with being drunk and was placed in the city jail pending appearance in police court.

Two minor traffic collisions were reported to city police. Involved were vehicles driven by Gilbert Powell and Mrs. Lucie Buell, both of La Grande, at 12:30 p. m. yesterday at C and Second street. Cars driven by W. N. Divers and Lloyd Gray, La Grande, collided Sunday afternoon at Depot and Jefferson streets.

Mrs. Cella Gates has returned from Portland where she attended a one day business convention and heard a textile expert from Pennsylvania discuss their products.

Send 15 cents in coin for each pattern, plus 1 cent postage for each, your name, address and the pattern numbers to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## Classic



By SUE BURNETT

Crisp and fresh looking all day long. Your favorite shirtwaist style is ideal for crackling summer cottons—bright checks or candy stripes.

Pattern No. 8792 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 18, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric; 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch.

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 14: E. D. Burke, 1417 T avenue; C. E. Redhead, 815 Penn avenue; Mrs. Ed Neer, 104 Greenwood street.

Water turned on: Charles Keith, 1303 Tenth street; Mrs. Ed Neer, 306 Fourth street.

## Hold Everything



## Freckles and His Friends



## Red Ryder



## Red Ryder



## Red Ryder



## U. S. Public Official

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
15 Pictured U. S. assistant secretary of war	1 Gibe
11 Older	2 Single
13 Fleets	3 One who heaps earth
15 Vend	4 Negative
16 He is in general charge of plane for universal training	5 Patent
18 Only	6 Weep
19 Distortedly	7 Centimeter (ab.)
21 On account (ab.)	8 Whipped
22 Number	9 Scent
23 Electrical engineer (ab.)	10 El
24 Him	11 South-west (ab.)
25 Friends of time	12 Sun god
28 Decree	14 Observe
32 Lamprey	17 Artificial language
33 Covered wagon	20 Affirmative
34 Group of people	22 Article
37 African country	25 Still
39 Symbol for erbium	
40 Area measure	
41 Habitat plant forms	
44 Tantalum (symbol)	
46 Reposes	
50 River of Tucany	
51 Forbidden	
53 Ireland	
54 Unaffected	
56 Outdoor party	
58 Ripe	
59 Ooze	

## Wash Tubbs



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## Atley Oop



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