

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

By Virginia Chase

XXII

BENJAMIN and Jay dashed down over the rocks of the gully. Right down over the front of the hill. We followed them, slipping, sliding, crawling through brambles. By the time we got to the foot they had turned the survey and were ready to drive off. "Wait! Wait!"

They pulled us aboard.

We sat there on the back seat, Julia and I, clinging to the arms, while Nellie raced toward the village. The sky had a glow in it now. We were beginning to smell smoke. The ladder—the only one we had—was way up in the haymow, I remembered. "Maybe we oughter have told the rest," Jay said, breaking the silence.

"They'll have seen it by this time," Benjamin answered. "I want to get the horses out."

We could see little flames now, not so red, high up, where the roof would be. Then the outline of the house itself, dimly, through the smoke and growing darkness.

"It's that chimney where we set the stove to," Jay said.

As we dashed into the yard, we heard a horse kicking.

"That's Lady," Benjamin shouted. He got out and headed for the stable.

"You girls go tell Miss Treworgy to spread the word," Jay told us as he started to unhitch Nellie.

MISS TREWORGY was the village telephone operator. We rushed across the street and rattled at her door. She peeked out from behind a curtain and saw the blaze. We heard her at the switchboard.

"Fire! Fire! The village's burning!"

We looked back. Major and

General were coming out of the stable, slowly, stolidly, with a white flash that must be Noel at their heels. Benjamin followed, leading Lady, who reared and whinnied. Then Niobe, stumbling, listless, unperturbed.

We hurried on again, stopping wherever there was a light.

"Fire! Fire!"

When we got back, men were running about with buckets and lanterns. Some children had gathered in the back yard near the stable. "They can't get at the tank," one of them told us. "The smoke's too thick up there."

The top of the roof was all ablaze. Smoke was pouring from the fourth floor windows. From the lower ones people were throwing out mattresses, bureau drawers, chairs, chamber crockery.

A buckboard rolled in, bearing my father and Boshy. "Form a bucket brigade to the Mill Brook," my father shouted, stripping off his coat.

Others took up the cry. "A bucket brigade!" "Bring them buckets from the stable!"

All of us fell in, stretching in a long, gaping line to the brook.

"Pass it on!" "Pass it on!" "Pass it on!"

By the time buckets reached my father, standing at the foot of the ladder, they were almost empty.

"Faster! Steadier!" he shouted, as he passed them up to Benjamin.

PEOPLE had already begun to arrive on foot from the hill. Some rushed inside and brought out whatever they could lay their hands on. Furniture. Silver. Linen. Dishes. Clothing. Blankets. An armful of funn—"ers. Others

filled in the gaps of the bucket line.

"Faster! Steadier!"

The flames were hot and noisy. You had to raise your voice to be heard above them. Sparks were flying.

"Children around front," my father shouted. "The chimney's awaying."

We went reluctantly. The village was brightly lighted. People were taking furniture out of their own houses. On almost every roof was a man with a bucket and a broom. Storekeepers were packing their wares. Mr. Sawyer had covered his steps with barrels and boxes. Mr. Orcutt was loading carcasses on a jigger. Through the window of Mr. Tapley's store you could see his clerks frantically filling hampers with clothing, shoes, bolts of material. Mr. Tapley himself was sitting on the steps of the Town Hall, leisurely smoking a cigarette.

"Quite a sight, eh, young ladies?" he said, seeing us.

The front wall was still untouched, yet through the upper windows we could see the flames creeping closer.

"Mama! Oh, Mama!"

My mother, Sue, and Mrs. Gup-till were hurrying by, dusty and out of breath.

"Where's your father?"

"We'll show you." We were glad of a chance to get into the yard again.

The bucket line had broken. Even my father had given up hope. "It's too late," he was shouting. "It's going fast." Before we could reach him Jay passed us, coming up from the kitchen. He was black with soot, and his eyes were running.

"How did it start?" my mother asked him.

"In that old chimney," he called over his shoulder. "Twas soaked with kerosene."

"Oh," my mother said. She understood now. That chimney had an opening in Mr. Cutter's room. She remembered the shining copper plate.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House



With Major Hoople Out Our Way



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin



Sheer Prettiness



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

There's nothing more flattering than a full "broomstick" skirt in vivid print cottons and a cool, sheer blouse with a young and romantic drawstring neckline! And so easy to make that any girl can turn out a perfectly swell outfit!

To obtain complete pattern for the drawstring blouse (pattern No. 5715) sizes 13, 15, 17 included and for the broomstick skirt (pattern No. 5768) sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 included, send 15 cents in coin for each pattern, plus 1 cent postage for each, your name, address and pattern numbers to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer.

City News

Harry A. McGill of Springfield, Ill., was arrested yesterday afternoon on a charge of begging and was ordered by the city police to leave town.

Fred J. Patton, superintendent of city schools, left today on a business trip into Idaho. He plans to return Tuesday.

The first fire in La Grande since May 1, occurred today when the city fire department was called at 12:13 p. m. to extinguish the blaze on a power line leading from the pole to the house at 604 N. avenue. No damage resulted to the house.

William M. Pearce, member of the state board of aeronautics, will leave tonight for Salem to join the other members of the board and the civil aeronautics authority in a four-day tour of airports at Salem, Medford, Bend and Baker. He plans to return to La Grande Thursday night.

Lifting of 48-Hour Week Extended

WASHINGTON, May 19 (UP)—War Manpower Chief Paul V. McNutt has delegated to regional directors authority to retain or revoke the 48-hour work week in 28 areas where it originally was mandatory.

The order provides that regional directors may rescind the 48-hour work week in the 28 areas upon finding that its continuance is no longer necessary to ease labor shortages that are impeding the war effort.

The areas include: Portland and Seattle.

er 709 Mission St. San Francisco Calif

Figure-Slimming



By SUE BURNETT

Smart two-piece that is especially attractive—a style that's good the year 'round. Inserts at the waistline make you look inches smaller.

Pattern No. 8711 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material; 1 1/2 yards ribbon for bows.

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.

Official Records

Water turned off, May 18: Mrs. R. Summerfield, 410 Crook street.

Water turned on: Mrs. Ed Powers, 1514 S. avenue; Mrs. Olga Petersen, 2009 Penn avenue.

At the time of her death, Queen Elizabeth had 3000 dresses in her wardrobe.

Hold Everything



Wash Tubbs



By Leslie Turner



Alley Oop

