

# THE AMERICAN HOUSE

EARLY the next morning my father took Mr. Cutter back to the Insane Asylum from whence he had come. "He was supposed to be harmless," he had explained. "When his case came up in Trustee meeting, the doctors said he could be discharged if there was anyone to take the responsibility for him. I couldn't see a man kept in an institution just for the lack of a place to go."

"Of course you couldn't," my mother said warmly. She was feeling very benevolent. We were at home.

One after another, the members of the Sidewalk Society called up to talk about the fire. "Yes, it's most unfortunate," my mother said. But secretly she was as relieved as they were. Through no fault of our own, the American House was in ashes. It had been insured for \$2500.

The day after the fire we girls spent every spare minute on the steps of the Town Hall, facing the ruins, which were still hot and smoldering. Time and time again we shut our eyes and opened them. We could never get over the surprise of it. The whole village seemed lighter, as though a shadow had been lifted. In place of the American House we saw only a back yard, a stable, and a stretch of field to the bay.

"I can't believe it's gone," Sue kept saying. Her voice trembled. Sue had liked the American House better than any of us. She had a chance to run things there. "It's gone all right," Julia told her. "And it's a good thing, too." Julia was, as always, practical. But she was sober, too.

Perhaps she felt as I did. Though I wanted to live at home, I didn't want to lose the American House entirely. I wanted to be able to go in at any time. To listen to the drummers in the office. To smell Mrs. Guphill's bread from the top of the kitchen stairs while I waited for Jay. To get my hands on the register whenever I felt like it. Once in a

while I might even want to sit on the well curb in the cellar. Of course, there was still the stable. On the second day we could go close up to the ruins. From there we could pick out familiar objects. The office stove, with all its covers missing. The bathtub, black and dented. A plant pot, holding a charred stub that had once been my mother's geranium. One of the telephones, now only a crank, a mouthpiece, and a tangle of wires. Broken pipes, lying in heaps, like Jack Straws. Radiators, already rusting. The furnace, half buried, its arrow on zero.

There was something disturbing about seeing these things—once decent, orderly—now stripped and littered, right out in the face and eyes of everyone. Something that made us resent other onlookers.

"Go right straight home," Julia said fiercely to children who tried to join us. "Go right home this very minute."

On the third day, wearing old shoes and aprons, we ventured in. With long sticks to help us, we picked our way over the debris. Over bedsprings whose coils had snapped and spiraled. Broken crockery. A great sheet of copper that had lined the tank. Bricks that still held a little heat. Only the base of the chimney was standing. A fat of metal had fallen over it, keeping it clear of debris.

"I put my stick down in it, wondering if it would come out smelling of kerosene. 'There's something in there,' I called. Sue pushed me aside. 'Here, let me.' She took my stick and poked about. 'So there is,' she said.

We leaned over, forgetting our dresses. There, still recognizable, was the paperweight and Mr. Cutter's chimney plate. They were black now and crusted. Once they had all been round and shining. It was easier to go home than

It might have been, for Benjamin, Jay, and Ada were with us. Benjamin was to run the stable, gradually selling the horses and equipment. Jay would stay until the contract for the stage expired. (Being young, we lived in the present.) Ada was to do the work until my mother was rested. (Half a dozen times a day my father tried to get her to go and down.) Mrs. Guphill had gone to her own home, thankful, she said, for a chance to do her own cleaning.

Right after the fire a letter had come from Cousin Victoria, who, mercifully spared by the comet, was giving her attention to other things. Would Mr. Goozins be available to work for her at Balmoral? she wanted to know.

"Mr. Goozins?" my father repeated, bewildered.

"Mr. Goozins?" we echoed. Then it came to us. She meant Boshy.

It was the first time a job had ever been offered him. He took it, tickled to death, without even asking about pay.

ONE day early in June, my mother and I were in the sitting room. She was sewing and I was standing by the open window. The air was warm and sweet with lilacs. The day was quiet, too quiet, I thought.

"Now Lucy," she began, "if two-thirds of twelve..."

"Here's Papa," I said happily. He was coming up the street with a lively, jaunty step. "He's waving something."

He came into the yard, looking very pleased with himself, across the piazza, inside, and ver to my mother's chair.

"Just take a look at this," he said, flourishing a piece of paper. "You, too, Lucy." It was a check from the insurance company. A check for \$2500. It was the first time I had ever seen such a figure outside of an arithmetic.

"Just think what that will buy," he gloated. My mother reached out an insistent hand. "It won't buy one thing," she told him. "It will go right in the bank and stay there."

## For Tots



8745 2-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT  
This dainty little party frock is bound to please a mite of two to six. Ruffles will make her face look even prettier!  
Pattern No. 8745 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; 2 yards machine made ruffling to trim.  
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.

## Official Records

Water turned on, May 21;  
Mrs. John Leslie, 1806 Penn avenue; George Batley, 1022 Benton avenue.  
Building Permits  
Helen Carpenter, repair two-story frame dwelling, 2907 Third street, \$30.  
George W. Brown, erect one-story frame chicken house, 2108 Walnut street; \$30.

## Hold Everything



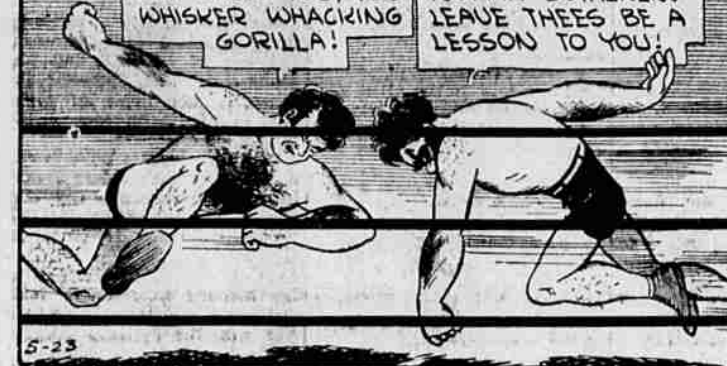
"I didn't say they all could take war jobs!"

## Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



THE MAJOR IS GIVING THE PARTY =

## Boots and Her Buddies



I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU WHISKER WHACKING GORILLA!

## Freckles and His Friends



IN THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR OF 'FILE,' A LEADING PICTURE MAGAZINE, A DISCUSSION IS TAKING PLACE WHICH WILL HAVE AN IMPORTANT BEARING ON THE LIVES OF FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS!

## Red Ryder



BUSICK HURRIEDLY LEAVES HIS OFFICE AFTER RED RYDER'S VISIT--

## Wash Tubbs



THEY'RE STILL UNCOVERING NEW ATROCITIES COMMITTED BY THOSE NAZI BUTCHERS

## Alley Oop



NOW IF I'M GONNA GET OL' DOC WONGMUG BACK FROM PREHISTORIC MOO, I'D BETTER GO AN' MAKE SURE BOOM AN' BROWN ARE ASLEEP!

## Out Our Way J. K. Williams



HERE'S TH' TRAIL, WES-- THE ONLY OTHER PLACE WE KIN GIT ACROSS THIS CANYON IS TEN MILES FURTHER UP AN' IT'S A LOT OUT OF OUR WAY!

## By Edgar Martin



LADEEZ AN' GENTS-- A DRAW!

## Merrill Blosser



I WANT YOU TO DO A PICTURE STORY, FEATURING THE KIDS THERE-- THEIR HABITS, HOBBIES AND PASTIMES!

## Fred Harman



THAT DUMB SHERIFF CAN'T CATCH FLEAS!

## By Leslie Turner



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM-- AS A WARNING TO ANY FUTURE GANG THAT MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO AGAIN TRAMPLE ROUGHSHOD OVER ALL THE LAWS OF HUMAN DECENTY!

## By V. T. Hamlin



BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM! YEZZIR! I'LL HAND THEM TH' SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!

## Summer Sandals 5553



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Cool crocheted flats make marvelous hot-weather lounging shoes. The sole is crocheted of heavy rug yarn. Ties and criss-cross straps are made of bright checked cotton, gingham or pastel pique. Pattern includes sizes for small, medium and large sandals.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the summer sandals (pattern No. 5553) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address, and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La

## Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2  
been introduced first. Even Wellington Koo's resolution to refer the matter back to the original committee was brushed aside. As usual, most of the Latin Americans came to Stettinius's support, and he won. The vote was 33 to 13. But among those voting against the U. S. A. were China, the three Russian delegations, France, Australia, New Zealand, Greece, Yugoslavia, Mexico and Czechoslovakia. Hastily Stettinius adjourned the meeting ducked out of the door without calling up the other point on the agenda.

## Editorial

(Continued from Page 2)  
In addition the county will receive about \$44,995 from income tax revenues to offset the levy on property for the county school tax of approximately \$10 per school census child. What is going to happen when these funds are no longer available? That is the question to which we should at this time be looking for answer.

## City News In Brief

Justice of the Peace Fred H. Guthery of Elgin was transacting business here Monday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Guthery.  
C. S. Spencer of the Union Pacific's Portland right of way department was transacting business in La Grande Monday.  
Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## British Actress

- HORIZONTAL 50 South American star, 51 Disciplines registered, 53 Upward nurse (ab.), 54 She is an
- 14 Special type of heterodyne (radio)
- 15 Greek letter
- 16 Possessive pronoun
- 18 Drag through mud
- 19 Fuzzy covering
- 20 Row
- 22 Allot
- 23 Demigod
- 24 Mountain nymph
- 26 Farinaceous meal
- 27 Sine
- 28 Heart boat
- 29 Isle of Wight (ab.)
- 30 Morindin dye
- 31 Withered old woman
- 34 Price
- 38 Turned left
- 39 Country in Africa
- 40 Individuals
- 41 Blood (mix)
- 45 Great Lake
- 46 Peculiar
- 47 Louisiana native of French ancestry
- 48 Native metal

## Answer to Previous Puzzle

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