

LITTLE SPITEFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Brenda plunges deeper and deeper into the affairs of The Street. After talking to Ned Barrow, she promises to intercede for him with Alaine's twin, Abner, while Ned is away on a business trip.

Chapter 11

Mrs. Arnold's Charge

BRENDA, I feel disloyal in talking this way to you," said Adelaide. "It isn't as if Miss Ormond lived anywhere else in town, you know. Somehow The Street—we've been like one big family so long it gives us privileges."

"If you—if we were all under one roof, it wouldn't give Miss Ormond the right to interrogate people about their private affairs as she does!" Brenda spoke with spirit. "I have a particular reason for wanting her to let Alaine alone just now. I have a plan for the poor girl."

Again the dreamy Mrs. Rostetter chuckled. "Look as if you were taking an interest in the affairs of The Street yourself, my dear!"

At dinner that night Miss Burnham was exceedingly dignified. Adelaide's comment had acted as a pin prick in the tightly blown balloon of her conceit. Ned Barrow, who had enjoyed an urban amusement at the closely knit affairs of The Street had herself plunged perhaps more deeply into them than any other person living in the block.

She determined to spend the evening in her room, reading and writing letters. She reached the hall just as Mrs. Arnold, without bothering to ring the bell, stepped through the open screen.

"Brenda, I want to speak to you, please!"

It was too much! Brenda felt she had endured enough for one day. She murmured something about a headache and ran upstairs, shutting her door as though a kidnapper was after her.

In less than five minutes the inevitable knock sounded on those much-used panels.

"May I come in, dear?" Adelaide asked, and without waiting for an answer, she entered. Mrs. Arnold closed behind her. "A headache, dearie? I'm so sorry! Mrs. Arnold is wonderful with headaches. She wants to rub your forehead. We all send for her when we have aches and pains," chattered Adelaide. "She should have been a nurse; her fingers have real magic in them."

So it was that Brenda found herself presently between cool sheets while Mrs. Arnold set patiently massaging a forehead behind which whirled enough disturbing thoughts to make it ache. Not a word was said of Dorothy, or Hugh Saltus, or Alaine; not a word was said at all, in fact. Under the spell of those clever fingers Brenda relaxed. Judge Harper's face floated before her, Ned Barrow's grin cheered her. She slept.

Dorothy

BUT if Brenda believed a mere headache could avert Mrs. Arnold's interest in her actions, she was doomed to disappointment. She was lined over a second cup of coffee the next morning when her nurse of the night before appeared. There was nothing soothing about her now. On the contrary, she was alert and disapproving.

"Now, Brenda," she began briskly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Arnold, if that's the case, but you see, my conscience is perfectly clear on the subject. It was in broad daylight, Mr. Saltus has a house-keeper who acted as chaperone—if a chaperone was needed, which I do not admit—and she looked the early caller squarely in the eye—I am old enough to be responsible for my own actions."

Mrs. Arnold sniffed. "Meaning, I take it, that I'm to mind my own business? Well, the exact reason why I'm here this morning, Brenda, my dear! Your business is my business—when you live on the same street with Dorothy. I'm responsible for her—far more so than if she were my own daughter. She—"

"Why?" the small author demanded. "Why are you more responsible than if she were your own daughter? Why are you responsible at all—at her age? If she hasn't learned by now to take care of herself, she never will. I hope you'll forgive me," she said. "Mrs. Arnold, but I do think your attitude toward Dorothy is so foolish it is almost farcical!"

A seething silence fell upon the dining room. Adelaide held her breath, her eyes steadily on her coffee cup. Mrs. Arnold closed and unclosed her hands, opened her lips but to fold them tightly again. Only Brenda went calmly on with her breakfast.

"You know really," she continued presently, "either you've got to admit that Dorothy is subnormal, or else that your guardianship of her is—abnormal! At her age, she should be married and seeing her children off to school. If the fact that I drop in to talk to a famous cartoonist who happens to live on The Street has a bad influence on her, the only thing is radically wrong somewhere."

"Brenda!" Mrs. Rostetter breathed, and took a long sip of her coffee.

"Dorothy"—began Mrs. Arnold—"Dorothy is—she isn't—Brenda Burnham, you're impossible! This is what comes of being a writer!—abnormal!—abnormal! Psychological expressions, both of them! I have no doubt," she went on in a voice from which all hope had fled, "that if we looked at another her book, we'd find Freud and Jung! A perfect whirl with this one—with curly hair, too! Her gaze dwelt bleakly on the curls. Somehow they seemed to enhance the awfulness of the situation. "Brenda, I regret more than I can say having to tell you this; having to seem to be rude to your grandfather's granddaughter; but for the present—until you get over the modern idea of yours, or until Dorothy is strong enough mentally and morally to hold her own against you, I think it would be well—"

"And when do you think that will be, Mrs. Arnold? Dorothy is in her thirties now, I understand. About ten years older than I am. When do you think she'll be able to hold her own against my ideas?"

Again a silence fell upon the room. Brenda, gayly triumphant, looked up. Mrs. Arnold's eyes were deeply sorrowful, Adelaide looked stricken. And suddenly the girl's victory seemed to her a cheap thing; certainly not worth what it was costing these two kindly women. She jumped up from her chair and put her arm about Mrs. Arnold.

"Different Atmosphere"

"I'M SORRY—truly sorry to have talked so! I'm sorry you don't approve of my calling on Hugh Saltus. From my point of view, you know, there's no harm in it. I—I really can't promise to give it up. But I do promise to keep away from Dorothy!" She thought of the stolid, cow-eyed woman who was Mrs. Arnold's charge, and her lips twitched; but she was on her feet. "You see, I've been brought up in a different atmosphere than those of you who live on The Street, Mrs. Arnold! No one in New York disapproved of me because I write. Some of them even thought it was—was creditable. I'll try to understand you here if you'll come halfway; I mean—if you'll try to get my point of view occasionally, too!"

To her surprise Mrs. Arnold said: "That's fair! Adelaide, you do see that it's fair for us to try to get Brenda's point of view?" and added dimly: "Even though she's a writer?"

Adelaide emerged from her cup long enough to say: "I... I think perhaps I'm a little more modern in my view than that most of us on The Street. Having young folks in the house all the time, you know..." She mentioned Eric and Isobel and Mac in a disjointed sort of way, murmured something about having to speak to Grenadine, and drifted from the room.

The two who were left regarded each other in businesslike fashion. Mrs. Arnold said: "All right, Brenda! Maybe there's no harm in your dropping into a married man's studio and spending two hours there; more particularly a married man who can't, or won't, say why his wife doesn't return to him. Anyhow I'd like you to explain your views on the affair."

Brenda smiled, the alluring dimple on the left of her mouth captivating even Mrs. Arnold's attention.

"My views are very simple. I think Hugh Saltus' personal life is his own—as mine is—as yours is—as your Dorothy's should be. I'm interested in an artist so talented that he would create a riot if he came to New York City. I regard it as a piece of unparalleled good luck that he should be living on this street. I intend to take advantage of the fact, to see him as often and for as long a time as he will permit."

"We talk," she went on musingly, "of all sorts of things: modern art and literature; of politics; of national issues generally. I think I have never known a better conversationalist than Hugh Saltus. It's a liberal education just to listen to him."

"H'm," remarked Mrs. Arnold. "And what does he say of his wife?"

Brenda made no answer beyond a steady look before which the older woman's eyes dropped. Surprisingly she said: "That's where you're right and I'm wrong, Brenda. No person of really fine feeling would ask Hugh about Mrs. Saltus." She rose and started toward the door, halted halfway and said: "I don't mind your talking to Dorothy if you happen to meet her on the street. But mind," she added sharply, "you're not to ask her to see you; or, at all above all you're not to take her to Hugh's studio!"

A few minutes later Adelaide sidled in.

"Gone?"

"Yes, she's gone!" The girl played with her teaspoon. "Tell me, Adelaide, why does she think I'd be so interested in her Dorothy? Is she so clever—sensitive? Dorothy, I mean. Why must she not be asked to my room?"

Continued tomorrow

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1150, Portland; KFL, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 750, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KQMO, 620, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Friday
5:00—Walt Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Pascoe's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

5:30—What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KOIN, KRL; Don Amiche, KPO, KFI, KGW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR, KEX.

5:30—Story Behind the Headlines, KFI, Believe-It-Or-Not, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Big Town, KPO.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; KFI, Anna and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Congress Concert, KGO, KEX.

7:15—Thompson's Orchestra, KPO, KGW; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN; KSL, News, KFI.

7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Home Town, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Treasure Island, KPO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball game, KEX.

9:00—Ebenzer's Orch., KFI; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Music by Wocbury, KPO, KFI, KGW; Hutton's Orch., KSL.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KOMO.

10:30—Malneck's Orchestras, KEX; Paddy's Orch., KPO, KFI; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Dance Or., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO.

Saturday
5:00—Talk by Rep. Harold D. Coyle, KPO, KFI, KGW; National Barn Dance, KGO, KEX, KJR; Holland Tulip Festival, KNX, KOIN.

5:30—Organist, KPO, KGW, KFI; Clark Ross, KNX, KOIN; Mozart Series, KOMO.

6:00—Concert Orch., KGO, KEX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:30—Churman's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Gay Nineties, KSL, Melody, KGO, KJR.

7:00—Sky Blazers, KNX, KOIN, KRL; Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; McGee's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30—Kysar's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Hally's Orch., KJR, KEX; S. S. Fiesta, KGO.

8:00—Dorsey's Orch., KGW, KFI; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN, News, KEX.

8:30—Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball, KGO.

9:00—Martin's Party, KPO; Malneck's Orch., KFI, KGW; Earl's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

9:30—Molina's Orch., KOMO; Noble's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Freeman's Orch., KPO, KGW.

10:00—Jones' Orch., KFI, KGW; Organist, KNX; Reporter, KPO.

10:30—Pastor's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Reichman's Orch., KPO, KFI.

MANY RESIDENTS NON-COOPERATIVE IN CENSUS WORK

Medford residents missed in the regular census count are slow in making the fact known, it was stated today by the special enumerator who is making his headquarters at the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce for the express purpose of enrolling everyone not yet recorded. He estimated there are 500 residents who have not yet been enrolled in the 1940 federal census.

Taking the initiative himself yesterday, the special enumerator made a swing through the business district and enrolled 30 persons who had been missed in the regular house-to-house canvass, he reported today. He said he feared people did not care whether they were counted

or not because they believed it would take a lot of time. It was emphasized, however, that it requires only a few minutes to enroll a city resident. So far as cities are concerned, he stated, the 1940 census is practically the same as that of 1930.

Cooperating with the census bureau in an effort to enroll every Medford resident so as to obtain an accurate population count for the city, the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce has called upon citizens to view the enumeration as a civic matter in which all should take pride.

Residents missed in the regular count have been urged to

report to the special enumerator at the chamber of commerce or to notify the chamber of commerce by telephone or mail. The special enumerator will go to the homes of persons who cannot come to the chamber of commerce. All that is needed to have the special enumerator call is to notify the chamber of commerce. The telephone number is 63. The address is, Jackson County Chamber of Commerce, Medford, Oregon.

Eugene Student To Fight For Hitler

Eugene, May 17.—(AP)—A 17-year-old Eugene high student

was off for Germany today, probably to fight in Hitler's Nazi legions. Wolfgang Eberwein, a German subject who has been attending school here on a visitor's permit, has left for his homeland, he knows not by what route, because German officials would not renew his passport again.

Trojan Horse Roundup

San Jose, Costa Rica, May 17. (AP)—The government today ordered two German residents removed from government jobs and began an official investigation into reports Germans controlled all key industries.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

SIESTA CALIENTE!
NATIVES OF QUERTARO, Mexico, SLEEP IN A PRE-HEATED FIRE PIT, COVERING THEMSELVES WITH EARTH!

IT REQUIRES MORE FORCE TO FILL AN ELEVATED TANK WITH WATER THROUGH A PIPE LEADING OVER THE TOP THAN THROUGH ONE ENTERING THE BOTTOM!

E. Z. BILLS—
Longmont, Colo., HAS OWNED 23 CARS ALL THE SAME MAKE!

36-HOUR HOUSE!
WHEN THE ALBERT STRAUKAMP'S HOUSE BURNED DOWN AT FELTON, Calif., WITH NEIGHBORS' HELP THEY COMPLETELY REBUILT AND REFURNISHED IT IN 36 HOURS!

5-17
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36-HOUR HOUSE
While Mr. and Mrs. Albert Straukamp of Felton, Cal., were visiting neighbors last August, their summer house burned to the ground. Twenty-five sympathetic neighbors decided to offer help rather than consolation, so on September 2 they set to work clearing away debris and laying the foundation for a new home. Strange as it seems, within 36 hours the new house was complete. Next day the neighbors held a shower and completely refurbished the new house.

Next: Left-Handed Monkey Wrench!

KEEPING AN EYE ON JUNIOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

DROPS IN, WITH JUNIOR ALONG, TO GOSSIP WITH FRIEND

INTERRUPTS GOSSIP TO CRY TO JUNIOR NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING, THAT VASE MIGHT BREAK

GETS GOSSIP UNDER WAY AGAIN

INTERRUPTS IT ONCE MORE WHILE LOOKING TO SEE WHAT HAS BECOME OF JUNIOR, WHO TURNS UP UNDER THE COUCH

GOES ON TALKING, BUT CANNOT PUT HER MIND ON IT, BECAUSE OF NERVOUSLY WATCHING JUNIOR'S MOVEMENTS

STOPS EVERYTHING, WHILE SHE TRIES TO PERSUADE JUNIOR TO COME SIT QUIETLY IN HER LAP, JUNIOR THINKING NOTHING OF THE IDEA

SIGHS, RESUMES GOSSIP AND SHRIEKS TO STOP CLIMBING ON CHAIRS, HE'S SURE TO FALL

FORCES HIM INTO LAP, WHERE JUNIOR SETS UP A WALL THAT AUTOMATICALLY ENDS CONVERSATION. GOES HOME

5-18

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Berrando Changes His Plans

WE LEFT HANK GIRVISH, EX-3-POINT CHIEF ENGINEER, NOW A HUMANELY DERELICT, IN THE EVIL HANDS OF SERG BERRANDO, AND URSUS SLADE. NOW WE GO UP IN THE SKY, WHERE WE SEE A PLANE OWNED BY A MEMBER OF THE TAILSPIN TOMMY FLYING CLUB, ACTING STRANGELY.

5-17-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Invitation!

DOGGONE IT, RUSTY, IT JUST DONT MAKE SENSE FOR US TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF HAPPY HAGSETT, BUT I AM—

ME, TOO!

TELEPHONE! EITHER YOU OR RUSTY, BEN!

ILL ANSWER IT—

...OH, YOU'RE ALL MOVED IN, ISN'T WELL, YES, I GUESS WE CAN—

MR. HAGSETT WANTS TO GIVE A PARTY FOR OUR LITTLE HAPPY TOMORROW AFTERNOON—I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO—I TOLD HIM WE WOULD—

A PARTY?

THE NEBBS—It's All Your Fault

I KNOW I USED THE SAME STUFF EMBERT USED BUT I GUESS I DIDNT GET THE PROPORTIONS JUST RIGHT

EMBERT'S A CHEMIST, AFTER YEARS AND YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HE DISCOVERS THE POWER PILL AND YOU, YOU EGOTISTICAL SHRIMP THOUGHT YOU COULD DO IT IN A FEW HOURS... IT'S LUCKY YOU DIDNT MIX IT ANY STRONGER

MR. NEBB YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF GETTING MY HUSBAND INTO ALL THIS TROUBLE. LOOK AT HIM! AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL BECAUSE HE WASNT KILLED!

MRS. SIDER, I DIDNT INVITE YOUR HUSBAND INTO THIS POWER PILL BUSINESS AND IF YOU CAN GET HIM TO MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS I'LL PAY HIM FOR EVERY DAY THAT HE DOES

GOATS REPIEVED FROM BOMB TEST

Aberdeen, Md., May 17.—(AP)—A test of the death-dealing powers of inventor Lester P. Barlow's liquid-oxygen-carbon bomb was postponed Thursday until next week and the lives

of a herd of goats were at least temporarily spared. The inventor declined to go through with the test today because, he said, he was ordered to bring out a 1,000-pound sack of his "gimite" 20 minutes before the scheduled time and much of the oxygen evaporated.

The salary of the prime minister of Great Britain is 10,000 pounds (about \$35,000 at present rates of exchange) per year. Use Mail Tribune want ads.