

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY, Mrs. Arnold, who has an exaggerated idea of her responsibility toward her thirty-year-old ward Dorothy, asks Brenda to give up seeing Solius. Amused, Brenda refuses, but promises to keep away from Dorothy.

Chapter 12

A Little Adjusting

"WHY can't I ask Dorothy to my room?" Brenda asked Adelaide, after Mrs. Arnold had left. Mrs. Rostetter bridled gently. "Dorothy, my dear child, is a very stupid person; one can hardly call her a girl. I doubt if she reads a single book in a year. She glances at the headlines of newspapers—if they have to do with murders. Mrs. Arnold's protectiveness toward her is almost a phobia. I think the matron who put Dorothy in her care in the first place was largely responsible for it. She kept impressing on the poor woman that the girl would receive her impressions from the person with whom she made her home. It's ridiculous, really—the way she spreads her skirts in front of Dorothy. Eric and Isobel make all sorts of fun of her; but Mac thinks it's sort of pathetic. But then Mac—"

Brenda rose abruptly. "I must get to work! And by the way, Adelaide, I've asked Hugh Saltus to come here this afternoon. I hope you don't mind?"

Adelaide smiled demurely. "This is a boarding house, my dear. Who your guests and callers are is certainly none of my business!"

So Hugh came that afternoon, his eyes wary as a wild animal's but his mouth sensitive and almost tremulously smiling.

"You're sure this won't injure your social standing in The Street?" he inquired.

"How absurd!" Brenda exclaimed. "I'm proud to have the great Mr. Saltus calling, let me tell you! When my friends at home know—"

He looked alarmed. "You haven't written them where I am? Oh, Brenda, I hope you haven't!"

"Is it a secret?" In her turn she was disturbed. "Because I'm afraid I have told one or two. I'm so proud of knowing you, you see, Hugh, why do you hide?"

"There are reasons. He seemed suddenly as vague as Adelaide herself. "Never mind, dear child, I'm flattered that you are proud. It's a pretty swell—having a nice girl like you willing to know me."

The whole situation puzzled Brenda. What if his wife had gone home and had not come back? Did that affect the man himself, or his work? Probably, Brenda mused, Mrs. Saltus was a cat, and Hugh was better off without her anyway. He seemed a lonely soul, poor Hugh!

"Who do you think you are?" Isobel inquired, that evening. "Mrs. Omniscience? For I tell you, Brenda, not even a Burnham can carry on with Hugh as you're doing and not get herself talked about."

"Carry on?" Brenda ruffled indignantly. "I receive a famous artist in the parlor of my boardinghouse—in the afternoon. If that's carrying on, I wonder what they'd think of some of the things that happen in the Village!"

"Ah, but they wouldn't let them happen here, you see! This street has been—well, pure and unadorned in its morals since your grandfather's time; perhaps before. It's not for a young girl like you, my sweet, to come along and corrupt it."

"If it's never corrupted any more than I shall corrupt it, it's most fortunate. Yes, Grenadine, what is it?"

"Miss Mac say would you come down to the parlor a minute. He'd like to speak to you private-like."

Brenda cocked a mocking eye at her caller. "Now there, Isobel, is food for gossip, if you like! A young eligible man craves private speech with me—and after midnight! Hadn't you better call Miss Ormond and Mrs. Arnold and tell them about it?"

In the parlor Mac said gravely: "I've tried all evening to get a word in with you but I've had no luck so I sent Grenadine to ask you to come down. I hope you didn't mind?"

"What is it?" she demanded briefly.

"I simply wanted to warn you to keep out of the Abernathy-Barrow affair," he said. "There are ramifications to it which you don't know; which you needn't know. Will you take my word that it's wisest to let the twins attend to their own affairs?"

The icy wrath which he had stirred in her twice before rose again.

"No," she answered deliberately. "I won't. Won't take your word, and won't keep out of their affair. It seems to me to need a little adjusting. And I'd have you know," she continued defiantly, "that I've been asked to adjust it!"

"By whom?"

"By—Ned Barrow." "I was afraid so," he sighed. "My dear girl, I wish you'd believe that I really want to be a friend of yours—not an enemy. And as a friend I tell you that mixing up with Barrow and Alaine will bring down a lot of trouble on your head. I know. I've lived here several years and I understand the situation as you can't hope to do—not for months, anyway. Barrow, he's even been praised, has gone to California for two weeks. Will you give me your word to do nothing about him and Alaine—most especially about Alaine—until he comes back?"

"My dear Mac," she began affably, "your solicitude is most gratifying—most gratifying indeed. But somehow I can't see how my helping a pair of lovelick youngsters out of a coil of trouble they've wound themselves up into is going to harm me in the least. Likewise," she cocked a mocking eye in his direction—"flattered as I am at your effort to look after me, I'm at a loss to understand why—"

"Yes, you said that before. I wonder about it myself—sometimes. Let's put it that I hate to see either fools or angels rushing in where they shouldn't tread."

"I being—?"

"Take your choice," he said, and strolled away. "My last word is: you'll regret it deeply if you don't keep out of that mess!"

"Very unjust!"

BREDA had progressed from the first square to the second in her book. She was supremely dissatisfied with the result but, as she reminded herself almost tearfully, she couldn't stay or one chapter forever.

Viciously she had scratched out the word "sparkling" from the cardboard plan. It was as much as she could do to get Margaret and Brian to open their mouths to each other, much less engage in sparkling dialogue. Their stiff, formal sentences disgusted the young author beyond measure, but try as she would, nothing better came.

"And this makes three days to one chapter at that!" she thought. "At this rate I'll be forever writing the infernal book!"

She worked doggedly all morning and until nearly four in the afternoon when she decided that a brisk walk would clear her mind. It was a heavenly day with a blue haze on the hills beyond the town.

"I wish I had a car," she thought wistfully. "I'd like to drive out there and see the river. Oh!" She bumped into a young man who came dashing up the steps just as she went down.

"I beg your pardon!" His tone was distinctly sulky. "I hope I haven't hurt—Oh, it's you, Miss Burnham!"

"Brenda," she corrected with a smile. "Call me Brenda, Ab!"

"You recognize me then?" "Of course! You and Alaine make a rather impressive pair, you know. Did you want to see Adelaide? I'm afraid she's out just now."

He glowered at her. "It's you I want to see!"

"I!" She glanced again at his wrathful young face and took a sudden decision. "That's your car at the curb, isn't it? Well, then suppose you take me for a little drive to see the river. I was just wishing I could get out to those hills."

He hesitated. Plainly the idea of driving about a girl with whom he had come to quarrel was a trifle disconcerting to him.

"You might as well," she assured him. "All right!" He closed the door upon her, careful even in his annoyance to see that her skirts were protected, and went around to his own seat. "Look here, Miss Burnham, I—"

"Brenda—"

"Well, Brenda, then. But don't think that I intend being friends with you, because I don't! I know what you've been up to with Alaine. I know you're encouraging her to marry Ned Barrow and I want to tell you—"

"Encourage her? My dear boy, wasn't she packing to elope with him when I arrived on the scene? Didn't I talk her into postponing it, merely to give her time to make up her quarrel with you? I think," Brenda concluded plaintively, "you're very unjust!"

"A lot I care what you think," he told her with boyish rudeness. "If that was all that happened, it would be O. K. But it wasn't all. You sent Barrow off to California and got Alaine all stirred up over his going. I tell you, she never took him seriously before, no matter how often she threatened to elope with him. But now—now! You knew the one and identical thing to keep her thoughts on him, make her wonder why he hasn't called or written."

"You understand a lot for a child of your age," she said coldly. "Child! I'm nearly twenty-one! And it doesn't take either age or wisdom to see through this little maneuver of yours."

Continued tomorrow

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJLW, 120, Portland; KJL, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 970, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1120, Salt Lake.

Sunday 5:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOW, KFI, Summer Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; S. S. Fiesta, KOMO.

5:30—Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOW, KFI, Drama, KEX.

6:00—Song Styles, KOIN, KSL, Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR, Hour of Charm, KPO, KFI, KGW, Workshop, KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Notepad, KGO, Royal Amalgams, KPO, Johnny Present's, KXN, KOIN; Powell's Orch., KGO.

7:30—Malneck's Orch., KGO, KJR; Jack Benny, KPO, KOW, KFI; Kyser's Orch., KXN, KSL.

8:00—Noble's Orch., KOIN; Fields Orch., KGO, KJR; Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KEX.

8:30—Drama, KXN, KOIN; I Want a Divorce, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports Newsweek, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KOW, KFI; Rhythm, KGO; I Was There, KXN, KOIN.

9:30—McDune's Orch., KXN; McDonald's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI; Sanctuary, KGO; News, KJR.

10:00—Chansonette, KGO, KJR; KEX; Arnhem's Orch., KXN; Repor-

ter, KPO, KFI, KGW. 10:30—Dancing with Clancy, KGO, Pastor's Orch., KXN, KOIN.

11:00—News, KGO, Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

Monday 8:00—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Radio Theater, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Quiz Prgm., KPO, KOW, KEX.

8:30—Talk by Paul V. McNutt, KGO, KJR, KEX; Templeton Time, KPO, KOW, KFI.

9:00—Gallant American Women, KGO, KJR, KEX; Lombardo's Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN; Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI.

9:30—Sensations and Swing, KPO, KFI, KOW; Blondie, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

10:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KOW, KFI, Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Black Velvet, KGO, KFI.

11:15—Stoefler's Orch., KGO, KFI; Lanny Ross, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Tune Terms, KPO; News, KFI.

11:30—True or False, KGO, KEX, KJR; Smoking Time, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Opera Series, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Dorsey's Orch., KGW; Passing Parade, KGO; Tune Up Time, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOW, KFI; Kent's Orch., KEX, KJR; Himber's Orch., KSL.

9:00—Little Of Hollywood, KEX, KJR; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Ebers's Orch., KPO, KFI.

9:30—University Explorer, KGO; Duffey's Orch., KXN, KSL, Molina's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Chansonette, KGO, KJR, KEX; Arnhem's Orch., KXN; Repor-

ter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KOW, KFI; Goodman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Inaper's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, Noble's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KFI, KGW, KXN.

WAR CASUALTIES TAX AMBULANCES

New York, May 18.—(P)—James Wood Johnson, president of the American Volunteer Ambulance corps, announced that a cable received today from the corps' French office disclosed that members of the corps were working day and night near the front lines but were unable to care for the great number of casualties.

The message also disclosed the loss of a sixth ambulance in a week.

Paris, May 18.—(P)—Twenty ambulances and crews of the first section of the unknown soldier, drove through Paris to-night enroute to the battle zone in northern France.

Crews of the American volunteers ambulance unit, which al-

KAISER GUARDED BY BLACKSHIRTS

Doorn, the Netherlands, May 18.—(P)—Two black uniformed guards of Adolf Hitler's personal bodyguard (Leibstandarte) have taken up posts before the manor of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II.

THE GRANGE

Central Point Grange. Central Point Home Economics club meeting which was to have been held May 22 at Paul Anderson's home has been postponed to May 29.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

28,000 MILES FOR ONE YEAR'S SCHOOLING!
JAMES CROSBY, JR., U. of Wisconsin student, TRAVELS 160 MILES DAILY TO GO TO CLASSES!
BY JUNE HE WILL HAVE COVERED 28,000 MILES...



A LEFT-HANDED MONKEY WRENCH!
BILL TINKER, Conneaut, Ohio, foundry apprentice, ACTUALLY FOUND ONE!
IT HAD A LEFT-HANDED THREAD...
-1905-



KING HI-- BROKEN DOWN TROTTER CONSIGNED TO A SERUM FARM, 8 YEARS LATER WON THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY STAKE EVENT!
-1938-

LEFT-HANDED WRENCH Favorite gag of mechanics is to send a new apprentice looking for a "left-handed monkey wrench." Strangely as it seems, perpetrators of such a gag at Tinker's Hollow, near Conneaut, Ohio, in 1905 were victims of their own gag. They sent young Bill Tinker for such a wrench. But when he returned with a monkey wrench which had left-handed threads, the gag backfired.

180 MILES A DAY After residing on the campus of the University of Wisconsin at Madison for three years, James Crosby, Jr., decided to commute. For the past year, Crosby, who lives in Elroy, has travelled 160 miles daily going to and from the university. He figures that by graduation he will have covered 28,000 miles during his senior year—a distance farther than around the equator.

Monday: Hobby Hobbyist.

King Visits Airmen

London, May 18.—(P)—King George VI visited a Royal Air Force bomber command today, wearing the uniform of the Royal Air Force chief.

Hitherto the Dutch gendarmerie has been responsible for the safety of the 81-year-old ex-ruler, who fled to Holland at the end of the World war. Now Hitler's crack personal troops have been assigned to this duty at Doorn by the fuhrer himself.

King Visits Airmen London, May 18.—(P)—King George VI visited a Royal Air Force bomber command today, wearing the uniform of the Royal Air Force chief.

By JOHN HIX

CHAIR SITTER

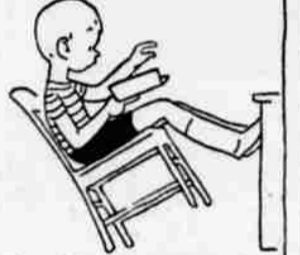
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



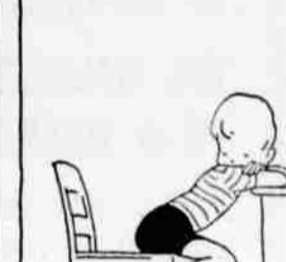
SITS AT HIS DESK TO DO HIS HISTORY LESSON, GRADUALLY SLIPPING DOWN UNTIL HE IS RESTING ON BACK OF NECK



SHIFTS POSITION, ROCKING GENTLY BACK AND FORTH ON TWO REAR LEGS OF CHAIR



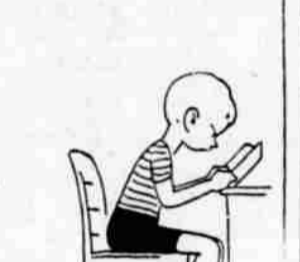
TRIES TO BALANCE BY HOOKING FEET UNDER DESK TOP



SHIFTS POSITION, PROPPING BODY UP ON DESK AND SEEING HOW INTRICATELY HE CAN WEAVE HIS FEET IN AND OUT AMONG RUNGS OF CHAIR



SHIFTS POSITION, WORKING LEGS THROUGH BACK OF CHAIR AND SWAYING CHAIR BACK AND FORTH



FATHER PASSING DOOR, TELLS HIM TO SIT UP PROPERLY AT DESK, SHIFTS, SIGHING, AND WONDERS WHY GROWN-UPS WANT YOU TO DO EVERYTHING THE DULL WAY

5-20

Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Deadly Toys"

By HAL FORREST

FIRST YOU TELL ME WE GOTTA SABOTAGE THE THREE POINT FACTORY TO STOP THOSE WAR-PLANES BEIN' SHIPPED OVERSEAS. AN' NOW YOU GO SOFT. AN' WATCH KIDS PLAYIN' WITH—"

"SH-HH! DO NOT DISTURB ME, SLADDS! I AM INSPIRED BY THOSE MINIATURE PLANES!"

"OKAY, MISTER JERRY SWIFT, IF YOUR PLANE WANTS 'DOG-FIGHT,' MY 'PURSUIT' WILL GIVE IT ONE!"

"OKAY, BUTCH YOU ASKED FOR IT!"

AS THE TWO "GAS-TURBINE" PLANES MEET IN THE SKY, A PELLET WHINES OUT FROM THE NOSE OF JERRY'S RADIO CONTROLLED MINIATURE CRAFT, AND RIPS THROUGH THE WINGS OF THE OTHER!"

THE ANSWER TO MY ORDERS FROM THE HIGH COMMAND, MY DEAR SLADDS, IS UP THERE IN THE SKY... THAT MINIATURE PLANE! WE MUST OBTAIN IT AT ONCE!

HUH? ???

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Enthusiastic Acceptance

By EDWIN ALGER

I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL THAT MR. HASSETT IS GIVING A PARTY FOR THE BABY! JUST THINK: HAPPY HASSETT ENTERTAINS FOR HAPPY MCGURK WEBSTER!

OH, I'M SO EXCITED! OUR LITTLE LADY'S FIRST PARTY! NOW, WHAT'LL WE WEAR?

OOO! WE'RE HOOKED BEN!

YES, AND LANDED, TOO, KUSTY!

By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—Oh, Look!

By SOL HESS

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS POWER PILL BUSINESS FOREVER AND EVER

SO AM I, BUT I HAVE A HARD TIME KIDDING MYSELF INTO BELIEVING I DON'T CARE

WELL, I GUESS AFTER THIS WORLD'S FLIGHT I'LL BE THE BEST ADVERTISED DERN FOOL ON EARTH, BUT WOE UNTO THE NEXT GUY WHO COMES ALONG TO MAKE ME RICH

YOU'LL TAKE THE HOOK UNDER JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO... I WISH YOU HAD DOUGH AND I HAD NO SCRUPLES AND WAS A STRANGER AND GOT ACQUAINTED WITH YOU

LOOK!! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

CONTINUED

ROSEBURG CHAMBER GAINS RESULTS FOR TURKEY PRODUCERS

Roseburg, Ore., May 18.—(P)—The campaign recently inaugurated by the Roseburg chamber of commerce to increase turkey consumption has already shown marked results, according to a letter received by W. C. Harding, secretary, today from Herbert Beyers, general manager of the Northwestern Turkey Growers association at Salt Lake. Beyers reported movement of turkeys out of

freezer totalled 10,141,000 pounds during April, usually a slack month. The April movement, instead of being far under the March totals, as in other years, was only 30,000 pounds below the March figure.

The Roseburg chamber of commerce recently sent letters to all governors, and heads of the army, navy and civilian conservation corps, urging frequent turkey dinners in state institutions and for service groups during the spring and summer months. Hundreds of replies pledged cooperation. The U. S. veterans bureau announced a change in regulations permitting purchase of larger sized birds to aid in disposing of the slower-moving heavy toms.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.