

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: A bender tells Brenda she really likes the attractive blonde who is marrying Ned. He believes that Ned is supporting another woman. Brenda offers to find out the truth.

Chapter 14 Maud

"WHAT shall I do about it all?" Brenda asked Hugh Saltus. "Must you do anything? Better not, little Brenda. Trying to help other people gets you into the devil of a mess sometimes. I knew a man once... he went on deliberately, 'who tried to do something to help another person—something that cost him quite a bit of time and trouble, to say nothing of money—and the reward he got for it was to lose the affection and respect of the—the only person he cared a single whoop for in this rotten old world!'"

Brenda's hands gripped each other tightly in her lap. Was Hugh telling his own story? Surely he wouldn't put so much emphasis, so much bitterness, in a tale which had to do with another! She hoped with all her heart he would go on, but he merely laid aside his pencil and flung himself down in a chair, both hands clasped wearily behind his head.

"But I'm already in it," she ventured presently. "That is, I've told Alaine I'd talk to her about Ned, and Ned that I'd do my best for him with Alaine. I can't just shrug the whole thing off my shoulders like this, Hugh!"

"Then talk to Mac about it," he advised. "You say Mac saw the— the incriminating deed. Also Mac's got sense. Lois of it, little Brenda. Sometimes you don't realize that, do you?"

Here she was on firm ground. "Now let me tell you something, Hugh! I know that in our best fiction—our worst, too, if it comes to that!—the hero and heroine of a romance always start out by being bitter enemies. Mac and I made a swell beginning along those lines. But this story's not going to be like that," she informed him sternly. "In the first place, Isobel Burke's simply mad about him—and don't think he doesn't know it! We didn't believe going to ring on The Street Street within the year, but the name of the bride isn't going to be Brenda Burnham!"

"And in the second place—"

"In the second place, Mac's antagonism to me—or mine to him—is the real thing. There's no underlying feeling of romance, or attraction—nothing like that. I just plain don't like him and I more than suspect that he'd enjoy his happy home—or Adelaide's happy home—a lot more if I suddenly packed my trunk and departed for parts unknown."

"Methinks the dame!" "I shall throw something if you say 'doth protest too much!'" "The second pillow to your right—the green one—is the best for throwing purposes!" the artist said.

'A Real Chat'

MAUD VAN NESS telephoned to ask Brenda for luncheon. "But you simply mustn't refuse," she protested. "Doctor—she invariably gave her father his professional title—"is so eager to talk over old times with you. We won't keep you long. It's only a step, you know, across the lawn. At one, then. Now don't disappoint us!" "I suppose I must go?" Brenda demanded gloomily of her landlady.

"Oh, I think so, my dear! Maud's very sensitive. No one knows just what does hurt her feelings sometimes. You won't have to stay long—I hope," she added.

"I shall be home by two-thirty," was Brenda's affirmed determination. But as it turned out it was almost four when she wearily crossed the lawn and ascended the stairs to her own room. It had been a trying social experience, if one could call anything so dismal by that festive name.

To begin with Dr. VanNess was absent. His daughter made excuse and apology for him, but Brenda suspected that from the beginning she had known he could not be there. The meal itself was so hearty as almost to constitute a dinner: soup, roast, salad, dessert, coffee. Brenda felt positively torpid as they left the table, but Miss VanNess seemed stimulated by the enormous quantities of food she had consumed.

"What keeps her from getting fat?" Brenda wondered. "She's bony as a bed-slat and yet if she eats like this every day— She gave it up with a sigh. There were

mysteries on The Street far beyond her understanding.

"Now," said Maud coyly, "we can talk! I've been longing for a real chat with you."

Brenda eyed her severely. Miss VanNess would never see fifty again. She had small eyes of an indeterminate color, hair that slithered and slithered about a head too small for it, a chin which receded until it was almost no chin at all.

"I want so much to ask you advice," went on the hostess. "We lead such a secluded life here on The Street that I... My dear, I suppose you've had scads of Proposals!" She pronounced the word with such a mixture of solemnity and relief that Brenda had hard work to bite back a smile.

"Not—scads exactly."

"But some? A few? Even one?" She leaned forward anxiously. "Yes," the girl admitted. "A... few."

"Then, dearie, you're the one to advise me," Miss VanNess clasped her hands together tightly. "You see living on this street is almost like being on an island. We—at least the womenfolks—see very few other people than our neighbors. And until you came I've been the only young woman—"

"There's Alaine Abernathy," Brenda reminded her. "And Isobel!"

"Alaine is a child. She knows nothing of romance. Isobel—poor Isobel, I fear, will never stir men's hearts. She's too homely."

Brenda said with spirit: "I don't think she's homely at all! Her skin is lovely, and her mouth—"

Maud VanNess waved Isobel away impatiently.

"I asked her once if she'd ever had a proposal and she said no. So that rules her out. Please, Brenda, let's don't waste time. The doctor may return earlier than—earlier than usual, I want to consult you. I must consult you!"

"A Little Shy"

"YES!" Brenda was beginning to feel a little bored. She considered she had done her full duty by remaining here for lunch. She wanted to get home and to work on her book. But plainly this unattractive woman had something which weighed heavily on her mind; something about which she erroneously believed her caller could advise her.

Maud began to plead her handkerchief. It was an affair of pink chiffon, about as unsuitable to a September afternoon as could be imagined.

"It's about Judge Harper," she began in a low voice. "He—he's been in love with me for years, Brenda."

The girl could not restrain a start of surprise. Dignified Judge Harper, with his silvery hair and somewhat stiff gait, was the last man on The Street she would have connected with the grand passion. And to have fallen in love with Maud VanNess! Horrified, she heard her own voice asking:

"Are you sure?" Maud bridled. "Most certainly I'm sure! He's—he's done everything but tell me about it, I assure you. There have been times—she sighed—"you will understand me, my dear, when I tell you that there have been times when his devotion has been positively embarrassing."

"What did you wish to ask me, Miss VanNess?"

"Say Maud, dear! My friends already don't feel it? Oh, I was going to consult you, wasn't I?" The big handkerchief began to move swiftly in her hands; swiftly and nervously. "It's—it's how do you bring a man to the point of proposing, Brenda! she shot at her gaudily.

Brenda's dimples came into view, she dropped her lashes to hide the laughter in her eyes.

"But I thought you said his devotion was—"

"It is! Oh, it is! Others besides myself have noticed it! But the dear judge is a little shy. He can't quite bring himself to the point of asking me to marry him."

Brenda swallowed. Judge Harper shy! This was farce of an unbelievable quality.

"And will you accept him if he does—bring himself to the point?" The handkerchief was now being wrung like a dishcloth. ("It will never be fit to use again, thank goodness!" Brenda mused.)

"Oh, yes, dear, I think so. He's so alone, the poor dear man; and he's cared for me so long and faithfully. Even before his wife died—"

she began, then stopped, significant eyes on the girl's face.

"Some—some years. Twenty-eight or nine, I believe. I was, of course, a mere child then; unconscious of what... but others have told me since."

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, 190, San Francisco; KGW, 150, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNL, 1090, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday

8:00—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW, Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX, KJR, Ross and Yeo, KOIN.

8:30—Aurand's Orch., KOIN, KNX, Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR, Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI, Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR, Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.

9:30—Easy Aces, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:15—Lanny Ross, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Cummins' Orch., KGW; Exposition Speaks, KPO, News, KFI.

7:30—Johnny Presaria, KPO, KFI, KGW; Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Big Brown, KOIN, KNX, KSL.

8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Byrnes' Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Judy Deane, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Humber's Orch., KPO.

9:30—Mollina's Orch., KGW, KFI; Nichols' Orch., KNX.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW, 10:30—Arnhelm's Orch., KGO, KEX; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Draper's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGW, KNX.

Wednesday

8:00—Star Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Musical Soiree, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Olen Hurlburst, KGO; Eysler's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Symphony Orch., KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Messer's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Stoeber's Orch., KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Ricardo, KPO.

7:15—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Public Affairs, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ben Bernie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Marriage Club, KGO.

8:30—Herbeck's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Stanford University, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:30—Mollina's Orch., KFI; Dennis' Orch., KSL, KOIN; Malneck's Orch., KPO, KGW.

10:00—Gluskin's Orch., KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI.

10:30—Pastor's Orchestra, KOIN; Reichman's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Draper's Orch., KGO, KEX.

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

LOUVAIN LIBRARY DESTROYED AGAIN

With the German Western Armies, May 21—(AP)—American newspaper correspondents, guests of Adolf Hitler, today saw the ruins of Louvain library, which was erected on Herbert Hoover square by co-operation of numerous American universities.

The building had been gutted by fire. Its 700,000 volumes must be considered lost.

All floors had been swept by the blaze. No one seemed to be able to say by whom or how the blaze had been set.

From the basement wisps of smoke still rose.

10 Cases, 10 Minutes
Mobile, Ala. (UP)—Judge Norvella R. Leigh III of Mobile police court has set some kind of a record: 10 cases in 10 minutes.

PHOENIX HIGH SCHOOL TO GRADUATE THIRTEEN NEXT FRIDAY EVENING

Phoenix, May 21.—(Sp)—Graduation exercises for the members of the class of 1940 of the Phoenix high school will be held Friday evening at 8:00 o'clock in the gymnasium of Phoenix school. Dr. O. R. Cham-

bers, professor of psychology at Oregon State college, will deliver the commencement address.

The school band, under direction of Harry Meyers will present several selections.

Baccalaureate services were held at the Presbyterian church Sunday, May 19, with the Rev. Ficus addressing the congregation, assisted by Rev. John Frees.

The class roll includes Doris Bell, Helen Briscoe, Gladys Brisbane, Lynn Claflin, Gene Davis, Bernetta Dubs, Marjorie Ferns, Irma Hill, Doris Meyers.

Wilma Nipper, Weldon Sloan, Joan Vroman, and Albertus Wier.

INSURGENTS AT DRILL ARRESTED IN IRELAND

Dublin, May 21.—(AP)—Forty men engaged in military scouting and drilling practice in County Limerick were arrested today by detectives and civil guards. A number of the men had firearms.

Two airplanes of apparently identical build, capacity and equipment may vary as much as 200 pounds in weight.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



by JOHN HIX

GIANT DRAGON FLIES--
ATTAINED A WING SPREAD OF TWO FEET IN PRE-HISTORIC TIMES!
(Devonian epoch)

"STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!"
EVERETT TALBOT,
Kewanee, Ill.,
HAS EATEN ONIONS EVERY MEAL SINCE HE WAS 6 YEARS OLD--
OPEN 15 POUNDS AT A TIME!

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:
ADDING 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,0
TO EQUAL 1--
 $\frac{35}{70} + \frac{148}{296} = 1$

WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT?
U.S. PATENT NUMBER 536,360--
ISSUED IN 1895 FOR A RAILROAD TRAIN DESIGN TO PREVENT HEAD-ON COLLISIONS!

ANTI-CRASH TRAIN
United States Letters Patent Number 536,360 issued in 1895 to Henry Latimer Simmons of Wickes, Ont., provided that "one train may pass over another train which it meets or overtakes upon the same track." Each train was to carry a track on its roof, thereby eliminating double tracks or sidings.

ENTERTAINER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



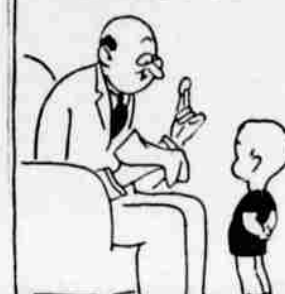
FEELS CALLED UPON TO ENTERTAIN NEPHEW WHILE HIS MOTHER IS BUSY. ASKS HOW WOULD HE LIKE TO SIT IN HIS LAP AND HEAR A STORY



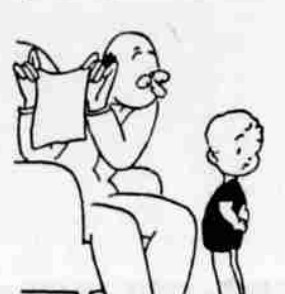
TAKING SILENCE FOR ASSENT, SWINGS HIM UP ON HIS LAP, NEPHEW AT ONCE STARTING TO KICK AND SQUIRM TO GET DOWN AGAIN



NOTHING DAUNTED, BEGINS A STORY, NEPHEW REMARKING HE KNOWS THAT ONE



SAYS WELL, HOW WOULD HE LIKE TO SEE HIM MAKE A HALF-DOLLAR DISAPPEAR IN A HANDKERCHIEF?



AFTER SEVERAL FALSE STARTS, MAKES IT DISAPPEAR, TRICK FALLING FLAT BECAUSE NEPHEW WAS LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW



AS A LAST RESORT SUGGESTS A BRONCO RIDE AND GETS DOWN ON FLOOR, FEELING A LITTLE FOOLISH WHEN HE FINDS THAT NEPHEW HAS MEANWHILE GONE TO PLAY ELSEWHERE

5-22

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—In the Path of Sudden Death!



YESTERDAY, JERRY SWIFT SOLD THE PLANS OF HIS RADIO-CONTROLLED-GASOLINE-ROBOT MODEL PLANE TO A MAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE PRESIDENT OF THE SKI-HI MODEL PLANE COMPANY! WE NOW TAKE YOU UP IN THE AIR--TO TAILSPIN TOMMY



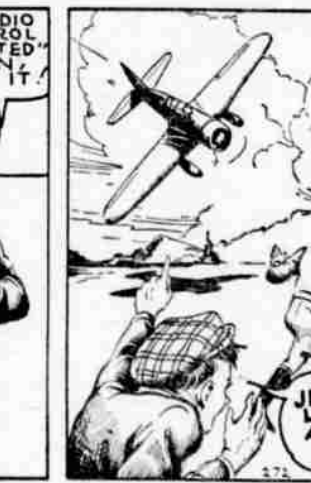
THERE SHE IS! GOOD OL' THREE POINT BOT! AM I GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN!



LOOK, JERRY! YOUR PLANE'S LANDIN'!



TH' RADIO CONTROL SHORTED AGAIN, DERN IT!

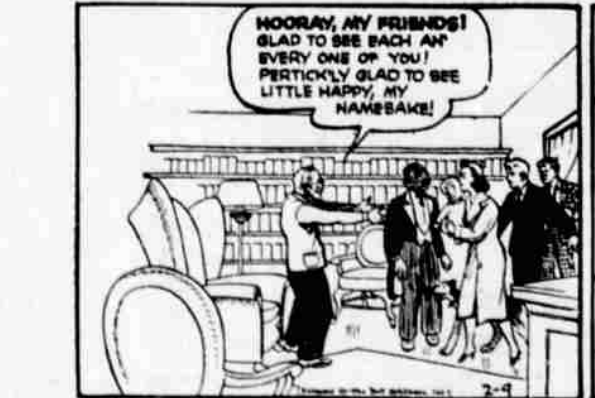


JERRY! JERRY! LOOK OUT! A PLANE'S LANDIN'!!!



GREAT CATS!!!! THAT KID DIDN'T SEE HIM!!!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Happy Time!



MOORAY, MY FRIENDS! GLAD TO SEE EACH AN' BYE ONE OF YOU! PARTICULARLY GLAD TO SEE LITTLE HAPPY, MY NAMEBAKE!



AMOS, BRING ON THE ICE CREAM 'N' CAKE, THE BAMBARRILLIE 'N' ROOTBEER!



YES SUN, MR. HABBETT!



MARY, LEMME HOLD THAT LITTLE ANGEL FER A MINUTE OR TWO, WILL YOU?

THE NEBBS—Surprise!



I'VE GOT A REAL SURPRISE FOR YOU, MR. NEBBS. HOLD YOUR BREATH.



MR. NEBBS, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY WIFE... MRS. SOPHIE EMBERT.



MRS. SOPHIE EMBERT, MR. NEBBS--SURPRISED?



SURPRISED? I'LL SAY! I THOUGHT I'D LOST MY BEST WAITRESS... BUT I'M HAPPY THAT MY PARTNER TOOK HER IN MATRIMONY.

LANDLADY KEEPS ZOO IN APARTMENT

Kansas City, Mo., May 21.—(UP)—Police who investigated a complaint from one of the tenants of Mary R. Pratty's apartment house in Kansas City thought for a moment they had the wrong address and had walked into a zoo.

IRON LUNG INMATE TO BECOME PAPA

Chicago, May 21.—(UP)—A man who has been a prisoner in an iron lung since 1936 expects to become a father in September.

Mrs. Pratt said no tenant had to stay if he didn't want to. She added forcefully that the animals want to stay and they are going to.

Announcement that a child is expected was made today in Chicago by Snite's father.

Hunters Safer
Montgomery, Ala. (UP)—The Alabama conservation department reports a 47 per cent decrease in fatal hunting accidents in the state during the 1939-40 season.

By SOL HESS