

LITTLE SPITEFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Still another resident of The Street asks Brenda's advice. Middle-aged Maud VanNess thinks Judge Harper is in love with her but too shy to propose.

Chapter 15 Temporary Comradeship

BRENDA'S eyes narrowed, all the laughter gone. Was this one of the queer cases one read about? Maud VanNess talked and looked like a character out of an O'Neill play. All very well to discuss them in the abstract, these characters, read about them; an entirely different thing to be sitting in the same room with one, listening to her raving. Brenda rose decisively.

"I'm afraid I can't give you any advice, Miss VanNess. I've never encountered the difficulty which appears to be bothering you. And I really must go now!"

Back in her own room she reviewed the conversation incredulously. It simply could not be! Old maids like Maud VanNess didn't exist out of plays and books.

"Aunt Anne told me I'd find The Street an interesting place," she mused, "but she didn't warn me that it was entirely inhabited by freaks."

Her conscience smote her at that last word. Isabel wasn't a freak, nor Eric, nor Mac; certainly not Hugh Saltus, nor kindly Adelaide nor even the foolish twins.

In her preoccupation she had forgotten to close her door and now she was interrupted by a tap on it. Mac stood in the hall, smiling at her.

"You? This early in the afternoon?"

"I've just bought a car," he informed her. "Not a lordly new one like Saltus', but a damned good car, for all that. Will you come for a little ride with me and try it out?"

She hesitated. Here was a beautiful chance to snub the man whom she had told Hugh she cordially disliked; but her luncheon with Maud VanNess had spoiled her day, she was tired of thinking the prospect of driving through the late afternoon allured her. She caught up her hat and followed him.

"I didn't know you were considering buying a car," she said.

"I'm a creature of impulse," he informed her gravely. "I was busy with the layout for our Complete College Outfit when suddenly the notion struck me and out I darted and picked up this little model."

"I thought there was a lot of red tape about buying cars—licenses and titles and things like that."

"That can all be attended to tomorrow. The fellow that sold me the car wanted me to try it out anyway."

She glanced at him sharply. Something—some extra note of cheerfulness in his manner, some feeling air of nonchalance in his manner—aroused her suspicion.

"Mac!"

"Golly, Brenda, don't yell at me like that! I darn near ran into that truck."

"Mac, did Adelaide tell you I was having lunch with Maud VanNess?"

"One Swell Sport"

HIS eyes were too innocent, his tone too surprised.

"Why on earth should she tell me that, Brenda? Did you have a nice heart-to-heart with the fair Maud?"

"I believe Adelaide did," the girl said slowly, more to herself than to her companion. "I believe you made up your mind that I've been getting into a dose of The Street—of its anxieties and peculiarities. I believe you brought me out to distract me."

He looked like a small boy caught with streaks of jam on his face.

"I—but I've been needing a car," he protested. "You can ask Isabel—you can ask Eric if I haven't talked about getting one! I suppose Maud told you about the Judge?"

Brenda nodded. "Yes, the poor foolish woman! I wish there was something I could do to help her!"

To her astonishment he drove the car close to the curb, stopped it and turning, took both her hands in his.

was, at last, appreciating her literary talent. To be sure she had not yet progressed from the second square on her cardboard to the third, but she felt that Mac's encouragement would dissolve all her difficulties. She had heard a good deal of talk in the Village about the necessity of a sympathetic atmosphere for the artist. She had secretly believed this to be a pose. Now she wondered if there might not be some truth in it; if Mac's unconcealed amusement over her work, Eric's indifference to it, The Street's disapproval, might not have exerted a stimulating effect upon her creative ability.

For a few moments she toyed with the idea of confiding the plot of her book to Mac, but wisdom prevailed, and she made no mention of the masterpiece-in-the-making awaiting her in her own room.

However, she did tell Mac about Ab Abernathy, and her belief that an injustice had been done Adelaide's persistent suitor.

"The least we can do, it seems to me," she said earnestly, "is to give him a chance to explain. It isn't fair to judge him by circumstantial evidence, Mac!"

"No, I suppose not. He was frowning, not so much over Ned Barrow's supposed cast as over Brenda's knowledge of it. 'I hate having you pitchforked into all this!' he burst forth."

Two Letters

SHE laughed. "My dear Mac, do you think I'm a child! And let me tell you something—Alaine isn't either—a child, I mean. You and Ab have behaved very foolishly about this whole business with Ned. Ask him about it when he comes back from California. If it's true—that he's the father of that little boy, I mean, she went on despite the growing darkness of Mac's frown, "then tell Alaine the whole story. I am sure you can rely on her good judgment in the matter."

"Alaine has no judgment," he retorted coldly.

"There's exactly where you're wrong! You and Ab have treated her as if she were a baby and naturally she resents it. Any girl would! What business is it of Ab's to say how her gowns shall be cut, or what sort of swimming suits she shall wear? I don't wonder she threatens to elope! I would too in her place!"

Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes glowing with anger. Mac leaned forward and turned on the ignition, touched the starter.

"I don't think you're the proper person to advise Alaine. She's headstrong enough as it is. I shall tell Ab—"

Gone was their new-formed sense of comradeship; gone Mac's admiration of her attitude toward The Street, her gratitude for his sympathy. They quarreled sharply half the way home, drove the rest in icy silence.

At the end of a fortnight Brenda was back on the first square of her book. To be sure she had written next to every day but the rest she had frankly discarded. It did not add to her peace of mind to realize that each evening she read over the day's work through Mac's eyes, and found it sorely lacking in excellence.

"I'm being frustrated," she told herself in surprise. "Mac is bringing out inhibitions I did not know were possible to me!"

She wondered if, such being the case, she should not leave The Shortest Street; leave the city, for that matter. Then her small chin quivered and she decided definitely that Mac or no Mac she would write her book right here; and that it would be a good book, too.

On the morning she crowded the wastepaper basket with typewritten yellow sheets and returned to Square One she received two important letters.

Now according to her own carefully formulated rules, she had no business reading those letters before noon. Grenadine had standing instructions to slip the mail quietly under the door and leave it. Several times Brenda had proudly ignored it for an hour or two; but usually healthy curiosity and interest got the better of her, and she snatched up the mail and tipped open the envelopes before she quietly unlocked the door and heavy footsteps had died away.

This morning she devoured with avidity one especial letter, bearing a New York postmark. After she had read it twice, she rose up and, bareheaded and coatless, hurried out of the old Burnham house.

Across the street Dorothy was sweeping Mrs. Arnold's porch. At sight of Brenda she dropped her broom and made urgent detaining gestures while she moved toward the girl as rapidly as her somewhat ponderous figure permitted.

"Miss Brenda! Oh, Miss Brenda!"

Continued Monday

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial
KEX, 1160, Portland, KFI, 540, Los Angeles, KGA, 1470, Spokane, KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 330, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 520, Denver; KOIN, 540, Portland; KOMO 526 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake

Wednesday
8:00—Star Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Musical Sotire, KPO, KFI.
9:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—Glen Hurlburt, KGO; Kyster's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Symphony Orch., KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KEX; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Messer's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Steeple'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.
9:30—Mollie's Orch., KFI, Dennis'

Thursday
5:00—Drama, KGO, KEX; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
6:30—Rudy Vallee, KFI; Safety First, KPO.
6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinney's Orch., KEX, KJR.
7:30—Musical Americans, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ask-it-Basket, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Modern Strings, KGW; Judy Deane, KGO; Dress Rehearsal, KPO; News, KEX.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN, KOIN.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX.
9:30—Love & Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Duffy's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI.
10:30—Fields' Orch., KPO, KFI; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX.
11:00—Malneck's Orch., KPO, This

NEW HELICOPTER UNDERGOES TRIAL

Bridgeport, Conn., May 22.—(AP)—A new helicopter which can fly backwards or sideways and land safely on top of a building is being demonstrated at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The inventor is the noted airplane designer, Igor K. Sikorsky. He says the new flying machine may become a significant military weapon—and in

DEATH COMES DURING DELAY IN MARRIAGE

Gardiner, Mont., May 22.—(AP)—A tooth ulcer forced Mrs. Anamae Scott to postpone her wedding day for a week—until next Saturday—but that was too long.

John Jones, her 24-year-old fiance, was crushed to death Sunday in a mine at Silver City, Nev., a few hours before he was to have left for Gardiner.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

A 600-POUND CAKE OF SOAP -- CARVED TO REPRESENT "THE SPIRIT OF '76" BY MISS HELEN BELING (Franklin Institute, Phila., Pa.)

SIX HOLES IN ONE! JIMMIE CROSTON-- Issaquah, Wash., DROVE FROM THE FIRST TEE INTO THE SIXTH CUP...

HERO WORSHIP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FOLLOWS HIS CURRENT HERO, BUTCH TWILER, TO FIELD WHERE BIG BOYS ARE PLAYING BALL

PULLS HIS CAP TO ANGLE AT WHICH BUTCH WEARS HIS AND WATCHES HIS EVERY MOVE

KEEPS PUNCHING HIS GLOVE THE WAY BUTCH DOES AND TRIES TO STAND IN BUTCH'S MANNER WHEN FIELDING

GHEWS A BLADE OF GRASS BECAUSE BUTCH DOES WHEN NOTHING MUCH IS GOING ON

HEARS A SHOUT, SEES A STRAY FLY COMING HIS WAY, AND GETS SET FOR THE CATCH, BALL HITTING HIM IN THE STOMACH

THIS STRIKES BIG BOYS AS UP-ROARIOUSLY FUNNY, ESPECIALLY BUTCH. WANDERS OFF HOME TO SEE IF ANY KIDS HIS OWN AGE ARE AROUND

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hank Asks A Question

JERRY, RUNNING OUT ON THE AIRDROME, TO RETRIEVE HIS MODEL PLANE, DID NOT SEE TOMMY'S SHIP UNTIL IT WAS ALMOST UPON HIM, AND THEN TOMMY, "GROUND-LOOPED"

JERRY?... ARE YOU HURT?!

NOPE! THANKS TO YOU, TAILSPIN! BUT MY RADIO ROBOT PLANES COMPLETELY WASH OUT!

BUT I CAN SOON BUILD ANOTHER ONE WITH THE MONEY SOME MAN GAVE ME FOR MY PLANS OF IT...

TOMMY! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME!

MR. GIRVISH YOU USED TO BE CHIEF ENGINEER FOR THREE YEARS. WOULD YOU WANT TO BUILD A HUNDRED SUCH MODEL PLANES, EH?

SURE! BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT EM FOR, HEY??

IN A HOTEL ROOM NOT FAR AWAY...

YOU'D BE PLENTY SURPRISED, HANK, IF YOU KNEW JUST WHAT BERRANDO WANTS THOSE MODEL PLANES FOR... SO WILL WE !!!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Birthmark

COME ON, RUSTY—SNAP OUT OF IT! AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING TO SAY YOUR ICE CREAM?!

NOT ME!

WE MIGHT AS WELL NOT BE HERE FOR ALL THE ATTENTION THAT OLD COOTE'S GIVIN' US—

SEE! HE'S ALL THE TIME WANTIN' TO HOLD THE BABY—

WELL SHE DOESN'T OBJECT—

JEST AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN, MARY! WHAT'S THIS, A BIRTHMARK?!

YES, A LITTLE STRAWBERRY RIGHT THERE ON HER NECK—ISN'T IT CUTE?

THE NEBBES—Romance

DO YOU KNOW, EMBERT, YOU'RE THE LAST GUY ON EARTH I THOUGHT WOULD MARRY... I NEVER THOUGHT YOU HAD ANY ROMANCE

WE BEEN COURTING FOR SOME TIME, YOU NEVER NOTICED SHE ALWAYS HANDED ME MY NAPKIN AND ID SQUEEZE HER HAND

SO YOU WERE DOING SOME SLY COURTSHIP! WHO SUGGESTED THE ELOPEMENT?

IT WASN'T ALL SLY... I TOOK A WALK WITH HER A COUPLE NIGHTS. IT WAS ME, I SUGGESTED ELOPEMENT... I THOUGHT BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCE IN OUR AGES I OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING IMPULSIVE

YOU KNOW, EMBERT AT YOUR AGE ONE IS PRONE TO BE SET IN HIS WAYS... YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN THAT MATRIMONY IS A GIVE AND TAKE PROPOSITION

WE'LL GET ALONG... I'M SO IN LOVE WITH SOPHIE IT WILL BE EASY FOR ME TO SAY 'YES' WHEN I SHOULD SAY 'NO'!

MONSTER MUST DIE

Tallahassee, Fla., May 22.—(AP)—The Florida supreme court today affirmed the death sentence of Charles Jefferson, self-styled talent scout who killed a Miami school girl last fall after luring her from home on promise of a movie career.

POLIO SCARE

Tacoma, May 22.—(AP)—Health officers borrowed an "iron lung" from Seattle today and took steps to prevent the possible spread of infantile paralysis in Tacoma following the death of a 16-year-old school girl and reports four other persons were ill with the disease at Pierce county hospital.

FM RADIO GIVEN GO AHEAD SIGNAL

New York, May 22.—(AP)—Frequency modulation, given the go-ahead for commercial broadcasting by the federal communications commission in allotment to it of 40 ultra short wave channels each 200 kilocycles wide, obtained about everything it had requested.

This included that part of the wave spectrum below 7 meters known as "television channel No. 1," which will have to be vacated by picture stations now using it.

Frequency modulation is now expected to make a drive for attention through the sale of receivers, manufacturers of

MALHEUR CANDIDATES REGISTER DEAD HEAT

Ontario, Ore., May 22.—(AP)—Malheur county apparently recorded its first dead-heat race at the voting polls last Friday.

With all precincts tabulated John Molenaar of Ontario and Harry Wells of Vale each had 646 votes for democratic nomination as county commissioner.

Got His Number
Indianapolis (AP)—Frank S. Pittman lives at 5671 Washington boulevard. His telephone number is Brightwood 5671. His automobile license number is 5671.

Can't Play

Seattle, Wash. (AP)—Retail piano dealers of Washington, Oregon and British Columbia learned during their recent convention here that only one out of five piano salesmen can play the instrument—and that their sales were in reverse proportion to musical talent.

Leap Year Work

Basin, Wyo. (AP)—The Clyde Morris family has recorded its fourth leap year marriage. Three daughters of the family have been married this year; their mother and father also were married in a leap year.

Many to Testify

Columbia, S. C., May 22.—(AP)—Twenty-five witnesses will be called to testify at the trial of Mrs. Mary Walker Burleson, 51-year-old artist of Galveston, Tex., who is charged with murder in connection with the shooting of the wife of U. S. army Colonel Richard C. Burleson, her former husband, recently of Fort Lewis, Wash.

Robber's Grave

Convicted of a highway robbery he swore he did not commit, John Newton, a laborer, hanged in 1821 at Montgomery, Wales, asserted that grass "for one generation at least will not cover my grave."

Quartz Drinking Cups

QUARTZ DRINKING CUPS WERE USED BY ANCIENT ROMANS, BECAUSE THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD NOT CONTAIN POISON...

Mystery of the Barren Grave!

"THE GRASS, FOR ONE GENERATION AT LEAST, WILL NOT COVER MY GRAVE..." PROPHECY OF JOHN NEWTON, HANGED IN 1821 FOR A HIGHWAY ROBBERY HE SWORE HE DID NOT COMMIT... IN 119 YEARS GRASS HAS NEVER COVERED HIS GRAVE! — Montgomery, Wales —

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS