

LITTLE SPITEFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Brenda's letter from New York says that Linda, Hugh's wife, is clerking in a bargain basement. Hugh can't understand it because he sends Linda \$500 a month.

Chapter 17

Interference

"DO YOU think a woman proud enough to refuse you a penny all the time—to make no effort to patch up the quarrel—do you think she'll tolerate your finding her in her present circumstances?" asked Brenda.

"Linda is proud," he said again. "Proud as the devil!"

"You're not exactly a lamb for meekness yourself, my Hugh! Now listen to Auntie. First, write the bank and find out whether she's using the money you pay in for her—"

He gestured impatiently. "No need to! Of course she's not. I see it all now. Why was I fool enough to think she'd accept money from me when—when—"

"Be careful! You're not to tell me about it, you know." She paused, her thoughts busy with this intriguing problem. "Let me alone, Hugh," she said at last. "I mean—give me a day or so to think what should be done. It will have to be the right thing. One false move and your Linda will have flown."

"My Linda," he muttered, passing one big clever hand over his forehead. "My Linda! How I wish she were—"

His caller's grave face brightened. "Grand! Fifty per cent of the situation is okay, at any rate. If I'd had both of you to struggle with—"

He snorted. "If you thought for one minute, Brenda Burnham, that Linda's leaving me was by my wish—with my consent—anything but a bitter blow to me—then you're not the smart girl I considered you."

"Practically everybody on The Street thinks you ordered her out!"

"Then practically everybody on The Street is a fool!"

"Perhaps, Hugh, do you feel perfectly well? It's getting flimsy, you know—and lots of people have flu, and flu can so easily go into pneumonia. Do you feel a little feverish and achy?" she inquired hopefully.

"What the dickens?—Brenda, are you losing your mind? I am in excellent health, thank you. Not that it matters," he tacked on with bitterness.

She sighed. "I thought a telegram to Linda, saying that you were at death's door—"

He lit another cigarette; took his time about it. Then he mentioned: "It's plain to be seen you're a fiction writer!"

"And a student of psychology!" she flashed.

"We'll; there might be two opinions about that. Oh, calm down, little Brenda! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Great Scott! Haven't I put my fate in your hands?"

"Oh, Hugh, have you?" She was pleased and proud. "I'll do my very best for you, I promise you. She rose for the second time. "I'll run on back now and think. There must be some simple, natural way out of this thing, and we'll find it; you'll see!"

On the sidewalk outside Miss Ormond was waiting for her.

"Hereafter," she pronounced grimly, "you'll telephone me when you get these mad urges to visit Hugh Saltus! At least I can see that you're chaperoned!"

"Too Large A Dose"

THE other letter which interested Brenda that morning was from Ned Barrow. It announced that its writer would return by the end of the week, and demanded to know what she had done for his cause with Elaine Abernathy.

"Thank Goodness this presents no complications," the girl mused. "I shall have a straightforward talk with him and either prove or disprove that story against him. There's to be no silly, misunderstanding in this case!"

Despite herself, her mind dwelt on Mac. Since their latest quarrel they had preserved a sort of armed friendliness; politeness, at all events. He inquired each evening as to the progress of her book; she in turn made courteous comment on his newest advertising display. She knew all about those displays by this time; envied Mac his crisp, succinct use of words, his economy of expression. Secretly she believed him possessed of a somewhat rare ability—and would have died before admitting it to him!

Twice he had invited her to drive with him but as he had also included either Adelaide or Isobel Burke in his invitation, she had had no talk with him alone. Tonight, however, Isobel had a broadcast on; Adelaide went across the street to pay a little call on Miss Ormond.

Mac said nothing of taking out

the car. Instead he lighted his pipe and settled himself in a shabby old leather chair with every apparent intention of spending the evening without moving from the spot. Brenda seized her opportunity.

"Mac, I wish you'd tell me something!"

"Tell you anything," he agreed. "I infer it's about 'The Street'! Look here, Brenda, you don't have to shoulder all our burdens, you know!"

"I know I don't," she answered soberly. "And sometimes I wonder if I'm not—"

"Butting in?" was his affable suggestion.

She laughed. "It's a horrid expression, but that's what I mean. Here I am, a perfect stranger to all of you, yet trusted with some most intimate affairs. It makes me feel—well, sort of uneasy; humble, you know; as if I had no right to know—all I do know."

He took his pipe from his mouth and regarded her. "You're a nice little thing, Brenda, when you don't get on your high horse. You do have a right to know what is being thrust upon you, certainly. I admit that perhaps nowhere else in the country—certainly nowhere else in this town—is there such a closed corporation as 'The Street.' It started with its physical limitations, of course. It's almost as if we were on a little island, isn't it? And then most of the families have been here so long they know one another's secrets."

"Personally," he continued, "I think you're getting too large a dose of 'Street' affairs. I understand that dear little Dorothy is the latest applicant for advice and sympathy."

"Did she tell you?" she demanded, startled.

"Curis Or No"

HE GRINNED. "Did I tell you we have no secrets here on 'The Street' No, Dorothy didn't tell me but Mrs. Arnold did. She called me up at the office this morning and poured out her woes."

"Called you up at the office? About Dorothy's hair?" Brenda was aghast. She leaned forward urgently. "Mac, tell me! That was what I was going to ask you. Is there anything the matter with Dorothy's hair?"

"Nothing that I know of—save its small size, Dorothy's mind," he elaborated. "Is so small 'you're always falling off the edge of it and bruising yourself. Now you're warned, Brenda! Keep off! Let Dorothy and Mrs. Arnold settle the vexed question of curis or no curis."

Reluctantly she acknowledged wisdom of this advice; but her perverse femininity protested.

"Why shouldn't Dorothy have a permanent if she wants one? It's her own money and her own hair; she's old enough to decide on a trifle like that!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's up to you, my dear! Don't say afterward that I didn't warn you. What," he went on calmly, "are you going to do about Hugh Saltus' returning this week? Are you going to the studio, or take Miss Ormond along with you?"

"I suppose she telephoned you, too?"

"No, she stopped me as I drove in this evening. Said she'd issued an ultimatum."

"She and her ultimatum! I shall pay no attention to her, of course!"

He leaned back lazily and regarded the ceiling. "I'll remind you of that a week from now. What about Ned Barrow? I hear he's returning this week?"

"There's precious little you don't hear, it seems to me! But yes, he will be back and I shall ask him about that mother-and-child story."

"And if you find he's married—or ought to be?"

It was her turn to shrug. "I shall discourage Elaine's feeling about him."

He was silent for a moment; when he spoke it was with a note of earnestness in his voice she had not heard before.

"Look here, Brenda! I do think you're swell. I think you've been kindness and friendliness itself to put up with some of us. But—forgive me for saying it, won't you? Interfering with the lives of others is dangerous work, no matter how noble one's motives are. These people are mostly older than you. Let 'em work out their own problems. You came here to write a book. Do it. Let the twins muddle along with their rows and threatened elopements, forget Dorothy's permanent or lack of it, ignore Naud VanNess's vaporing; above all, don't try to play Providence to Saltus. You'll be sorry if you do, mark my words!"

A fleeting mood of sweet reasonableness descended upon her, surprising herself almost as greatly as it did Mac. She wanted to lead him to talk of his work of the city, of 'The Street,' agreed amiably with everything he said; was in fact so amiable that Mac grew drunk with power and pushed his advantage too far.

Continued tomorrow

Saturday
 8:00—Talk by Rep. J. W. Ditter, KPO, KFI, KGW; National Barn Dance, KGO, KEX, KJH; Noble's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
 8:30—Organist, KPO, KGW, KFI, Sonar, KNX, KOIN.
 8:00—Concert Orch., KEX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Message of Israel, KGO.
 8:30—Cummins' Orch., KGW, KFI; Gay Nineties, KSL; Sports Searchlight, KPO; Melody in the Night, KGO, KJH.
 7:00—Sky Blasers, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; McGee's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJH.
 7:30—Kramer's Orch., KNX, KSL; Hall's Orch., KJR, KEX; S. S. Fleeta, KGO.
 8:00—Dorsey's Orch., KGW, KFI.

World's Fair, KGW, KFI; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGW; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
 8:30—Sports Forum, KGO; Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
 9:00—Martin's Party, KPO; Marriage Club, KGO; Malneck's Orch., KFI, KGW; Earl's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
 9:30—Molina's Orch., KGO; Noble's Orch., KNX, KSL; Freeman's Orch., KPO, KGW.
 10:00—Jones' Orch., KFI, KGW; Gilt Vocalist, KNX; Radio Reporter, KPO; Kent's Orch., KGO; News, KPO.
 10:30—Pastora's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO; Beishman's Orch., KFI; Draper's Orch., KGO, KJH.
 11:00—Arnhelm's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Organist, KEX; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGO.

Two Million Listed For Tongue Point
 Washington, May 24.—(P)—Senator Charles L. McNary (R., Ore.) said today the \$1,473,756-728 naval appropriation bill passed by the senate yesterday, contained \$2,000,000 for the Tongue Point naval air station at the mouth of the Columbia river.

San Francisco (U.P.)—California has only three "dry" towns, a survey reveals. They are Pacific Grove, Claremont and Woodlake, a new town just being built.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

"GOD ALMIGHTY, ET AL... WERE DEEDED AN ESTATE BY S.D. AND I.A. ANDERSON, Cherokee Co., N.C. -1910-"

READING ALOUD
 By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
 5-25

IN RESPONSE TO CHILDREN'S PLEAS, LAYS DOWN HIS PAPER AND STARTS READING ALOUD TO THEM

BECOMES AWARE THAT THEY ARE WHISPERING, STOPS READING, WHISPERING AT ONCE SUBSIDING

RESUMES, LOUD ALTERCATION BREAKING OUT BECAUSE EACH WANTS TO SIT IN ROCKING CHAIR

QUIETS THEM AND GOES ON READING UNTIL STOPPED BY CRASH AS SISTER PUSHES BROTHER OUT OF ROCKER

RESUMES ORDER AND RESUMES READING UNTIL A LITTLE LATER HE FINDS HE IS ALONE IN THE ROOM

PICKS UP PAPER, CHILDREN PRESENTLY RETURNING TO SAY THEY WENT TO SEE IF IT HAD STOPPED RAINING AND IT HADN'T AND WOULD HE PLEASE READ TO THEM

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

OLD FUNGUS FACE!
 A NATURALLY FORMED GROWTH RESEMBLING A MAN'S HEAD...

Found by George B. Gordon, Wellsville, N.Y.

VALDINA JOY, VALDINA BOB AND VALDINA BOY ALL RIDDEN BY THE SAME JOCKEY, WON THE FIRST THREE RACES AT TANFORAN MAR. 26, 1940...

THE OCARINA-- WAS SO NAMED BECAUSE OF ITS RESEMBLANCE TO A GOOSE EGG! (From Hal. OCA, dim. of GOOSE)

DEED TO GOD
 An eccentric couple of Cherokee county, N. C., assigned their property to "God Almighty" and Cherokee county. The sheriff reported: "After due and diligent search, God cannot be found in Cherokee county."
 FUNGUS FACE
 A most remarkable natural growth is a fungus found on a hemlock log by George B. Gordon of Wellsville, N. Y. The profile resembles that of the Duke of Wellington, heightened after the fungus became dried and wrinkled—still resembling the Duke as an old man!
 SUNDAY: Bar Hound!

By HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mysterious Explosion!

YESTERDAY A 3-POINT BOMBER, ENROUTE TO NEW YORK, FOR SHIPMENT OVERSEAS, MYSTERIOUSLY CRASHED. TODAY WE TAKE YOU INTO THE COCKPIT OF ANOTHER 3-POINT WARRIOR PLANE, WINGING OVER THE SAME ROUTE!

STRANGE ABOUT "HAPPY" TERRIFIC CRASHING YESTERDAY... HE HAD OVER TWELVE THOUSAND HOURS AND...

YEAH? SO WHAT?

IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE "HAPPY'S" TIME. JOE! THINGS BREAK LIKE THAT FOR EVERYONE... YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN IT COMES...

TUNE IN ON THREE POINT, JOE, AND TELL 'EM WE'RE OVER DIABLO PASS AND OKAY...

BEFORE JOE CAN COMPLETE HIS RADIO MESSAGE, THE BIG PLANE IS SHATTERED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Information, Please!

BEN, WHAT MAKES RUSTY SO SUSPICIOUS OF MR. HASSETT?

SEARCH ME, MARY, BUT HE IS—

WELL, I THINK MR. HASSETT'S AN OLD DEAR, AND LITTLE HAPPY TOOK TO HIM RIGHT OFF!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE A WAY WITH THE GIRLS—YOU DON'T EXACTLY DISLIKE HIM YOURSELF!

OH, BEN, YOU GO ON! I DID FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, THOUGH, WHEN HE GOT SO EXCITED OVER BABY'S BIRTHMARK—

HE GOT SO PALE AND TREMBLY WHEN HE SAW OUR HAPPY'S LITTLE STRAWBERRY MARK—

HE DID? WHEN? AT THE PARTY?

5-24-40

THE NEBBS—Sophie

SOPIE -- EMBERT'S BRIDE, SEEMS TO BE TAKING A REAL INTEREST IN THE POWER PILL BUSINESS

NEBBS DOWN FOR PRESIDENT OF THIS CORPORATION AND I DON'T SEE YOUR NAME MENTIONED. YOU'RE THE BRAINS OF THIS INSTITUTION. DON'T PERMIT HIM TO SIGN THIS AGREEMENT--TELL HIM YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY ELSE IN THIS BUSINESS

ALL RIGHT, MY LOVE

NEBBS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE YOU OUGHT TO SIGN THIS CONTRACT... LET'S RUN ALONG THE WAY WE ARE AWHALE AT LEAST

YOU MEAN YOUR WIFE DOESN'T WANT IT SIGNED-- YOU STOPPED BEING ABLE TO THINK FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU GOT MARRIED

WELL, SOPHIE IS PRETTY SMART... SHE SAYS WHY SHOULD ANYONE ELSE GET IN ON THIS IF IT'S SO GOOD? I HAVE NO ARGUMENT THAT WILL FIT AGAINST THAT HAVE YOU?

NO... SOPHIE'S RIGHT... SHE'S HAD A LOT OF BUSINESS EXPERIENCE... SHE'S GOT YOU SOFT ENOUGH SO SHE CAN MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF YOU THAT FITS HER MIND

5-24

IT SURE RINGS THE BELL!

BELL! WHAT BELL?

YOUR TEA, M'AM, IT'S THE BERRIES! WHO WOULD WANT GETTING CALLED OUT ON A COLD NIGHT FOR A CHAMMIE FIRE IF THERE'S TEA LIKE THIS FOR HIM?

IT'S LIPTON'S, MY GOOD MAN

THE BEST! AND I'LL BET IT COSTS PLENTY M'AM

THERE'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! LIPTON'S IS SO RICH AND FULL OF FLAVOR, IT GOES FURTHER.

ONLY A LEVEL TEASPOON FOR EACH CUP AND NONE FOR THE POT.

FLAVOR MAKES LIPTON'S THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TEA

SEVERAL DAYS LATER... HAVING THE SAME TEA THE RITZY FOLKS HAVE, EW, WIFE?

YES, AND WE'LL HAVE IT FROM NOW ON! I'M GLAD THAT NICE OLD LADY TOLD YOU ABOUT LIPTON'S!

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
 Where in Fine Cities on the Coast:
 KEX, 1150, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1420, Spokane; KGO, 290, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KXA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake

Friday
 5:00—Drama, KGO, KJH, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Peace Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
 5:30—What's My Name? KPO, KFI, KGW; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Name It and Take It, KGO.
 6:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Don't Mess With Me, KPO, KFI, KGW; Madison Square Garden Boxing, KGO, KJH, KEX.
 6:30—Story Behind the Headlines, KFI; Billie II of Now, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Big Town, KPO.
 7:00—Free Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Barn Dance, KGO, KEX, KJH; News, KSL, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI.
 7:15—Thompson's Orch., KPO, KGW; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI.
 7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJH, KEX; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.
 8:00—Dance Orch., KEX; Treasure Island, KPO; News Conference, KGO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
 8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball Game, KEX.
 9:00—Ebbett's Orch., KFI, Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
 9:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGW; Hutson's Orch., KSL, KOIN, KNX; Malneck's Orch., KOMO.
 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
 10:30—Arnhelm's Orch., KGO, KEX; Field's Orch., KPO, KFI; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.
 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Dance Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, News, KGO.