

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Ned and Brenda put their heads together and decide it would be a wise move for Ned to build the botany-mad Abernathy into a greenhouse. The next time Brenda visits Hugh, Miss Ormond is a self-instigated chaperon.

Chapter 20

Dormant Domesticity
AS soon as Brenda got home, Hugh called her up. "Listen, Brenda," his voice became urgent. "I must see you. Where can we meet?" "You might come here," she suggested. "And have the Ormond popping over, or Mrs. Rostetter drifting in and out of the room. No, tell you. You know the oil house which closes The Street at the south end? Well, I'll slip around in back of it, and in about half an hour you come. I must know if there's anything in that letter about Linda!" Brenda, remorsefully aware of unwritten chapters awaiting her, was about to refuse; then an impish desire to foil Miss Ormond, combined with a genuinely friendly wish to comfort Hugh Saltus, dictated an assent. Half an hour later she edged her slim self through a break in the white railings which enclosed the old house, and trotted around in back where Hugh awaited her.

Adelaide Rostetter was the world's worst housekeeper; or perhaps the world's worst manager, Brenda reflected. The only meal which made any pretense to being served on time was breakfast; and Isobel had confided that only long and painful disciplines of both mistress and maid had achieved that.

Luncheon of course did not matter. Quite frequently Grenadine brought Brenda's up to her on a tray with the announcement that Miss Rostetter had gone out.

Dinner was supposed to be at six-thirty. It never was. Sometimes Grenadine beat Brenda on the sprog at ten minutes past six—if she happened to be going to a movie with "ma gen'lemun frien'." More often it was close to seven when the family assembled about the table.

Adelaide's excursions extended to the food, too. Several times she had forgotten to order meat, often a meal would be distinguished by a preponderance of starchy dishes, or two or three green vegetables and no potatoes, once by two kinds of dessert.

The house was untidy while not actually disorderly, it lacked the exquisite neatness to which Brenda had been accustomed.

"I wonder what keeps them here," she mused. "It's not that Adelaide charges such a low board; it's that Eric and Mac have been here five years, Isobel three. I wonder why they stay!" She put the question to Isobel at the first opportunity. The pianist looked shocked.

"But it's just that atmosphere which makes it so delightful! I never agreed with that woman lecturer who said she was tired of the fearful monotony of never doing the same thing twice. I don't call that monotony, I call it interesting living! When I drive in at the end of the day I'm simply wild to know what has happened while I've been gone; whether Adelaide has put a tramp to sleep in the attic bedroom, and we all may be murdered in their sleep; whether Grenadine (or Adelaide, I never know whether they worked in unison or alone) has decided to have roast beef and vegetable and no salad, or ice-cream and pudding and no meat at all; whether I'll find the dining room furniture in the living room and the living room furniture in the dining room—"

Brenda asked sturdily: "Well, why not? What do you find here that makes up for the unpunctuality, the queer meals, the general happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the house?"

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"A Dear And A Darling" "NOT really!" "Yes, once we all came home and were confronted by a nicely set table to the right of the hall. Adelaide said it came to her that it would make a nice change—and it did!"

"Adelaide is"—Brenda began, then mindful of the many kindnesses shown her by her landlady substituted for the word on her lips—"a dear!"

"A dear is just what she is!" Isobel confirmed warmly. "A dear and a darling. For all her vagueness and queer ways, she has something—a sort of intuition that is little short of miraculous. Just let one of us under this roof be in trouble, and Adelaide knows it. Usually she knows the way out for us, too; usually," she repeated colorfully.

"I take it that something is bothering you; something that even the efficient Adelaide can't help!" "Only the usual thing," was the moody reply.

Brenda waited. She had discovered that a sympathetic silence

drew more confidences than all the reassuring sentences in the world. It was true in this case. Presently Isobel burst out: "I'm sick and tired of being a second-rate musician! Brenda, did you know my children? I never see a linen sale that I don't go and price cunning little breakfast cloths and napkins, wonder if I've forgotten the convent hem my grandmother taught me to do! I know exactly how I want to put the couch and the biggest armchair. I want to plan bigger little meals that are properly balanced. I even"—she slid a shamefaced glance at her astonished listener—"I even want to wash dishes—provided they're my own dishes! A little white enamel dishpan—oval, you know—with lots of foamy suds; and a mop, because I'll have to keep my fingers from getting stiff. And vinegar in the rinse water for the glassware! It will make it sparkle like diamonds!"

Brenda said soberly that no, she hadn't known that important fact. "And over the sink I'd have a little shelf to keep toilet articles on; a good hand lotion, you know, some cold cream, a pair of rubber gloves. Housekeeping," she said, "is both a science and an art. It has been degraded from its high estate into a dreary drudgery. And just when women have everything to work with, too! Darling little glass baking dishes, gay enamel pans, electric refrigerators—!" She sighed more deeply than before. "I could make a home out of two sunny rooms!"

"I believe you could," Brenda assented. Then the spirit of altruism which never slumbered deeply within her awoke and reared its head. "There must be hundreds—there must be thousands of young men in this town who would adore a home like that, a wife like that."

"If there are they've failed to mention it to me," was the brief comment.

Monkey Wrenches
BUT, Isobel, you don't talk like this before—before other people! Here I've lived in the same house with you almost a month, and this is the first time I ever dreamed you'd like—you are so domestic! Do you," she ventured, "ever tell Eric and—Mac about your ideas?"

Isobel's eyes, which had been more gray than green, now became more green than gray. "Not likely! Eric has social aspirations. He'll never think of marrying until he can have a ten-room house and three servants, Mac—"

"Mac?" prompted the wily schemer gently. "Mac thinks I have real talent as a pianist. He thinks it's my duty to cultivate it," she said drearily.

Brenda gave her a comforting pat and let her seek her own room. The agile brain beneath the smoky curls was already busy with plans in Isobel's behalf. She was a devout believer in the saying: "The Lord helps him who helps himself." Seidom had she turned her efforts toward the achievement of some particular bit of activity that Fate had not stepped in to assist her.

So it was now, though even the optimistic Miss Burnham had never dreamed of the enormous shove Providence was to give her plans.

She began her campaign by throwing any number of small and inconspicuous monkey wrenches into the already creaking household machinery. Twice she offered to telephone the morning orders and omitted the most important items thereon. The resulting dinners were anemic. Adelaide was so used to being the culprit in these cases that she apologized vaguely for the mishaps, not realizing that the new boarder was the real culprit. And Brenda sat with the face of a pious cherub and let her do it.

Several times when the landlady was away for a day, Brenda carelessly instructed Grenadine about the cleaning.

"Where the dickens are my pencils—the stuff I was working on last night?" Mac shouted from his door the first evening after this occurred.

"And where," Eric demanded wrathfully, "are my neckties? Somebody's been tidying up my bureau and I can't find a confounded thing!" Grenadine—

Adelaide came hurrying up the stairs. "Don't blame Grenadine," she begged in a guttural whisper. "It's my fault; I went off and left her with the cleaning to do. And she's planning to go to the movies tonight—somebody gave her a dollar, she says—and she's in a terrible hurry to get dinner on. Overlook it this one time like the dear boys you are," she pleaded, "and tomorrow I'll find everything—straighten up everything! Please!"

When Adelaide said "please?" on a helpless, interrogative note there was nothing to do but assure her that it didn't matter in the least.

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; KJW, 130, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday
5:00—Cavalade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW, Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX, KJR, Vocalist, KOIN.
5:30—Aurand's Orch., KOIN.
6:00—Yesterday's Children, KGO, KEX, KJR, Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:00—Bob Hope, KPO, KFI, KFI, Miller's Orch., KOIN, KXN, KSL. 6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX. 7:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN. KSL, Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW. Information Pease, KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:15—Lanny Ross, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Cummins' Orch., KGW; Exposition speaks, KPO.

7:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KXN, KOIN, KSL. 8:00—We, the People, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Byrne's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Judy Deane, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Seize, KPO, KGW, KFI; Professor Quiz, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Himber's Orch., KPO.
9:30—Molina's Orch., KGW, KFI; Nichols' Orch., KXN; Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KSL.
10:30—Arnheim's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Primi's Orch., KPO, KFI, Pastor's Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.
11:00—Draper's Orch., KPO, This Moving World, KEX; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN, News, KGW, KXN.

Wednesday
5:00—Star Theater, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Musical Soiree, KFI; Introducing, KPO.
5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Glen Hurburt, KGO; Symphony Orch., KEX; Kysar's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Miller's Orch., KXN, KFI, KOIN.

6:30—Burns and Allen, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:00—Barrett's Orch., KGO, KEX; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KXN, KSL, KOIN. 8:00—Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ben Bernie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Maritime Club, KGO; News, KEX. 8:30—Herbeck's Orch., KOIN, KXN. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Molina's Orch., KFI; Dennis' Orch., KSL, KOIN, KXN; Matneck's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:00—Gluskin's Orch., KSL; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Pastor's Orch., KOIN; Reichman's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Draper's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
11:00—Arnheim's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This

Trigger Man Must Miss Dodger Tilt

New York, May 28.—(P)—A Brooklyn gang murderer sportily dressed in a suede jacket, sleeveless sweater and slacks, heard himself condemned to the electric chair today and commented: "What burns me up will be missing the first night Dodgers (baseball) game."

The trigger man was Frank (Dasher) Abbandando, who with Harry (Happy) Maione, was sentenced to die in Sing Sing prison on the week of July 7 for the

Willkie Boosters Working On Coast
San Francisco, May 28.—(U)—A campaign to boost Wendell Willkie as a "dark horse candidate" for the Republican presidential nomination is being launched on the Pacific coast. Sponsors have opened headquarters in San Francisco. The group is known as "Willkie volunteers." Spokesmen for the group say they will open headquarters in Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles.

Klondike Kate
Bend, May 28.—(P)—Mrs. John Matson of Bend, known around Dawson during gold rush days as "Klondike Kate," will leave next month for the north to visit her husband, a miner on the Yukon river.

Shotgun Suicide
Heppner, Ore., May 28.—(P)—George Beardley, 35, former barber, committed suicide with a shotgun at Boardman yesterday, Coroner Dr. A. D. McMurdo said. He had been in ill health and unable to work.

Cows that produce the most butterfat in New York dairy herd improvement associations are about nine years of age.

Britain Bans Import of Cotton From U.S.

London, May 28.—(P)—The British board of trade tonight prohibited the import of cotton from the United States and other non-allied countries except under a license in a new move to conserve dollars and shipping space for war requirements.

The order becomes effective

icepick slaying of loan shark

George Rudnick in connection with Brooklyn's reputed wholesale murder syndicate.

May 30 and applies to raw cotton, cotton lint and waste and yarns and thread wholly or mainly of cotton.

Weather

Northern California: Generally fair tonight and Wednesday but mostly overcast on coast and scattered afternoon thunderstorms over high Sierras; little change in temperature; moderate northwest wind off coast.

A limited number of new, modern apartments are rented to needy families by the federal government at \$8.30 a month.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



SHORTEST LINE
A backyard railroad that goes nowhere is the joy of the Ward Kimballs of San Gabriel, Cal. Rolling stock consists of a 50-year-old former Nevada Central locomotive and an ancient coach from the old Carson & Colorado. A replica station adds color to the 500-foot line. Often the Kimballs steam the engine for a spin up and down the track.
200,000 SHOES
Albertus Klinge was 12 when he began making wooden shoes in Holland. In 1892 he came to America and now, at 82, he figures he has turned out 200,000 shoes — enough to equip everybody in Nevada.
Tomorrow: First Transfusion.

UNDER FOOT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



5-29 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's "Hunch"



By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bearing Gifts



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Kid Embert

