

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Although everyone in Adelaide's household goes to bed with a happy-go-lucky look on her face, she is the world's worst manager. On the other hand Isabel yearns for domesticity. Determined to show Mac how competent Isabel is, Brenda works out a scheme.

Chapter 21

Little Miss Fixit

ADELAIDE was so used to being the culprit that she didn't realize it was Brenda who was juggling the household machinery now. Living grew daily more complicated in the old Burnham house. It was never anything really important that went wrong; nothing that interfered with the girls' work or upset their social engagements; nothing, in short, that actually justified them in protesting too strongly or meditating upon changing their boarding place. It was simply that all sorts of trifles robbed their home life of its comfort.

Eric loathed onions; and for four straight evenings practically everything but the dessert was flavored by that vegetable. The first night he was courteous about it, never even mentioning it; the second he was dignified, and ate little dinner. The third he contrived to call Adelaide's attention to his untouched plate, and when she asked him worriedly if he was ill, he said: "Onions—in a married man's house, it's never mentioned." The fourth night he excused himself from the table, took his hat and left the house. (And Adelaide had forgotten both that he disliked onions and that they were actively present in at least three of the dishes she was serving.)

Mac presented no Achilles heel where his food was concerned. He ate practically everything. What drove him to helpless fury was having his working tools disturbed. Evening after evening he roamed about the house searching for his softest pencil, his eraser, once even for his portable typewriter. (It was discovered eventually in the broom closet!)

Mac argued, accused, exacted promises from both Adelaide and her handmaid; and the next evening he might return to find a favorite small ruler missing, and the sheets of copy which had been neatly stacked on his desk so hopefully mixed that Page One was followed by Page Nine and that by Page Three.

Observing that an inquiring expression was beginning to dawn in Isabel's eyes, Brenda saw it that one or two minor catastrophes overtook her also; her music was misplaced, her best handkerchief disappeared from its box on her bureau, once she was perilously close to being late while the whole household searched vainly for her ear keys.

At the end of eight days of this, Adelaide became aware that all was not well with her household. She tapped apologetically on Brenda's door as soon as the three who were bound cityward had disappeared.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she began forlornly. "I seem to have lost my grip lately. Everything's going wrong. Eric is so fretfully polite I know either Grenadine has cooked something the way he hates it, or she's lost his best studs. Mac told me this morning he'd make his own bed after this, for Grenadine to keep out of his room until he got his new layout finished." She put a limp handkerchief to her eyes. "I never was what you might call a terribly good housekeeper, but even I never used to be as bad as this. It's as though everything I touched went wrong."

Without Remorse
THE graceless child behind the typewriter eyed her speculatively—and not a breath of remorse blew across her callous young heart. Adelaide had the happy faculty of putting unpleasant things behind her with remarkable celerity. A month from now she would have forgotten this whole week. As for the men, it would do them good to be a little uncomfortable; make 'em appreciate real domesticity when they encountered it. And if Isabel achieved her heart's desire, then Brenda had every intention of mentioning to her recording angel that she deserved several figures placed on the credit side of the ledger.

She said glibly: "You need a rest, Adelaide, that's what's the matter. Everyone goes stale on a job that she's worked on too long. Is there any place you could go for a little visit—say a week or ten days?"

Adelaide brightened as she always did at the prospect of going somewhere.

"I could go to my cousin's in Springfield," she said. "Lucy's been after me for years to come and see her and her new house. Or I could go out about eighteen miles in the country to stay with a friend of mine that lives there."

"Springfield," Brenda decided. "You need to get farther away than eighteen miles. When can you start?"

Continued Monday

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 760, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 926 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Wednesday

8:00—Star Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Musical Series, KFI; Introducing, KPO.
8:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:00—Glen Hurlbut, KGO; Symphony Orch., KEX; Kysers Orch., KNS, KSL, KOIN.
8:30—Barnett's Orch., KGO, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Barnett's Orch., KGO, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNS, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Fred Allen, KPO, KGO, KFI; Ben Bernie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Marriage Club, KGO, News, KEX.
8:30—Herbeck's Orch., KOIN, KNS, KSL, KOIN.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—Molina's Orch., KFI; Dennis Orch., KSL, KOIN, KNX; Malneck's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:00—Gluskin's Orch., KSL, Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Pastor's Orch., KOIN; Retcheman's Orch., KPO, KGO, KFI; Dra-

RED CROSS URGES SWEATER KNITTING

An urgent appeal to Jackson county to provide 200 knit sweaters was received here today from National Red Cross officers in New York, said Mrs. Alfred S. V. Carpenter, chairman of the war relief committee in this county.

Mrs. Carpenter urged today that all Jackson county women who feel that they can contribute time and labor to knitting a sweater, call at Red Cross offices in the Jackson county courthouse for instructions and the necessary supplies such as wool and needles. The chairman said that the quota here for socks and scarfs had been filled but that 200 sweaters must be finished as soon as possible.

It is hoped that a number of valley persons who knitted before on garments will answer the urgent call and report at Red Cross offices promptly.

Ex-G.A.R. Chief Dies
Portland, May 29. — (P) Memorial Day lost another of its rapidly departing principals

KEEPING A PROMISE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Deadly Toy!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Second Look!

THE NEBBS—The Gamble

NAZIS WILL CHAIN CAPTURED FLIERS

in conformity with the French example will be chained immediately after their capture.

The announcement added that the German air force commander "saw himself forced to take these severe measures because reports are accumulating to the effect that inhuman treatment is meted out by the French to German fliers taken prisoner of war."

Farm Girl Winner In Spelling Bee

Washington, May 29.—(AP)—A 14-year-old farm girl from Cookeville, Tenn., today won the 16th annual national spelling bee.

Laurel Kuykendall spelled the word "plantain, p-l-a-n-t-a-i-n" correctly to win after eliminating 21 other boys and girls from 16 states.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

PRESBYTERIANS URGE MYRON TAYLOR RECALL

Rochester, N. Y., May 29.—(AP)—The general assembly of the Presbyterian church, meeting at Rochester Tuesday, asked that relations between this country and Vatican City be ended.

QUEZON SIGNS BILL TO REDUCE IMMIGRATION

Manila, May 29.—(P)—President Manuel Quezon today signed the new immigration bill, sharply restricting quotas from all nations against which official protests had been voiced in Japan. It must be approved by President Roosevelt because it deals with foreign relations.

AT LAST THE POWER PILL BUSINESS IS UNDER WAY AND THE DOUGH HAS STARTED TO ROLL IN AGAIN

WHAT'S GOOD ON HERE TODAY, GIRLIE?

AND REMEMBER, PORTIONS ARE MEASURED BY THE SIZE OF THE TIP—THINGS HASN'T CHANGED HERE

SOPHIE IS OUT THERE... GAVE ME THE RITZ—CALLED ME "GIRLIE"—I SOPHIED HER... GIVE HER A LOAD OF CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE... LET'S SEE HOW SHE RESPONDS TO IT FINANCIALLY

KINDA GIVING HER THE URGE... WELL, IF SHE LEAVES AS MUCH AS A DIME ON THE TABLE ILL DO CARTWHEELS THROUGH THE DINING ROOM!