

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY: Something is wrong with Adelaide when she returns home. The doctor is unable to tell what her sickness is, and Adelaide gets progressively worse.

Chapter 26

The Wick Women

MRS. ARNOLD'S Dorothy was an excellent nurse. Brenda rousing at two with a panicky feeling that she had deserted Adelaide too long, peeped into the door and saw the thickest woman lifting Mrs. Rostetter effortlessly in one arm while she shook and smoothed the pillows, straightened the wrinkled sheet with the other hand, Adelaide was murmuring contentedly.

It was during this time of trouble—for Adelaide was gravely ill, not so much from any specific disease but from sheer weakness—that Brenda came really to know and love The Shortest Street.

It was as though one roof sheltered all the families, one topic concerned them all. Judge Harper and Hugh came twice a day to inquire for Adelaide. They brought flowers, fruit—anything they could think of which might make her illness more bearable to the patient, the nursing easier for those who cared for her.

The Misses Ponsonby whom Brenda hardly knew slipped in and out like gentle wraiths, dusting the living room (grief for her employer had made Grenadine doubly careless), quietly taking charge of Adelaide's small personal mail, and generally making themselves useful. And out from their seclusion came two women previously known to Brenda only as "the Wicks."

Isobel had described them to Brenda the week after her arrival.

"Not that I've seen them," she hastened to say. "Nobody in this house has ever laid eyes on them but Adelaide. They're recluses. The only exercise they take is in their own back yard after dark and they've let the hedges grow so high that nobody can see them even then. They do all their ordering by telephone. Even the delivery men have orders to put their packages on the back porch and go away."

"But—but what made them like that?" Brenda's eyes were wide. "A tragedy. It seems that the man Miss Wick was engaged to was driving out to dinner with her father, and both were killed in an accident. It was a double bereavement to the girl, you see, and her mother gradually became affected by her daughter's melancholia, and refused to see people just as Miss Wick did."

"Real melancholia?" "Not in the pathological sense, I believe, though it will have become so by now. It started with Mrs. Wick having to keep callers away from the girl, and ended by her getting the same twist. I suppose."

"How long ago was this?" "Seventeen years." "Brenda was dumfounded. "You don't mean to tell me that for all that time a perfectly sound and healthy girl had shut herself away from her friends—from sunshine and fresh air—"

"She can't be a young girl now." Isobel argued. "And greatly doubt if she was sound and healthy or she wouldn't have behaved so. Why are you so surprised, Brenda? Aren't you forty years old? Aren't you surprised reading in the papers of some person who stayed in bed for forty years because he'd quarreled with his wife, or took a vow not to eat bread, or something, until some fancied wrong was rectified?"

"Yes. But those are just people in the newspapers. The Wicks live on The Shortest Street!"

Cross-Section Of Life

ISOBEL'S green eyes narrowed into laughter. "My dear child, The Shortest Street is just a little piece of the world—a cross section of life, maybe, though I do think our isolation brings out any queerness we may have."

And now the Wicks' mother and daughter, had sidled out of their own front door late one afternoon and walked boldly to the old Burnham house and entered without so much as ringing or knocking.

It chanced that Brenda was just coming downstairs after sitting a long time with Adelaide. She stared in amazement at the two women who stood quietly looking at her. She had an impression that they were dressed for a costume party of some sort. Both had long hair, done up in great bundles on top of their heads. They were stiffly corseted, their shoes were high and buttoned. Brenda's incredulous eyes lingered on those shoes, and she asked herself where on earth they got them! Their clothes were of a strangely unfamiliar cut.

She clung to the bannister for a moment, wondering what this invasion meant. Then she saw their faces; lovely sad faces, with a soft light of kindness on both as though one reflected the other.

"May I know who you are, please?" asked the older woman gently.

"I'm Brenda Burnham." She smiled and came down the rest of the steps. "And you?"

"Burnham," murmured the caller. "Frances, do you hear that? You have the Burnham name, my dear. Your mother, whose husband built this house, had just such dimples."

"My grandmother," Brenda corrected. "Mother had no dimples." "Was it indeed your grandmother? Yes, I suppose it was. Frances, this is Anne Burnham's niece. I am right, am I not? Anne Burnham, went on the sad, gentle voice, "used to be my closest friend before—before she left The Street. But I must explain our errand here. We have heard that Mrs. Rostetter is ill. She does not, of course, either by inheritance or right of primary occupation, belong to The Street. Still, she is a neighbor, and seriously ill. May we be of assistance?"

Brenda was bewildered. She had entirely forgotten the Wicks. Her native courtesy impelled her to treat these queer gentle women with the utmost graciousness. At the same time, she could not risk an invasion of the house by those of whose conduct she could not be sure.

The younger woman saw her perplexity and spoke for the first time, and in the same almost inaudible voice as her mother. "Mother is Mrs. Wick, and I'm Frances," she explained. "We live between Miss Ormond and Mrs. Arnold."

A Daring Idea

BRENDA rallied her forces. She realized dimly that this was quite as likely to be a crisis in the lives of the callers as in Adelaide's illness.

She said: "Shall we go into the living room where we can talk?" And when they were all seated, she told the whole story in the utmost detail. "It'll do 'em good," she thought, "to get their minds in something besides themselves."

So she spoke of diets and bags, doctors' calls, and the difficulty of managing a house in time of illness. She described Isobel, Eric and Mac; even Grenadine. She dwelt on the kindness the stricken family had received, even mentioning the flowers that had come that day, and the jelly Maud VanNess had sent in.

They drank it all in thirstily. It seemed to pitying Brenda that they had been parched for just such trivial news of their kind. When the girl had finished her recital, she looked at them with a smile.

"So you see we are in good hands!" Mrs. Wick's mouth drooped. "Yes, see. You don't need us, that is certain. We'd hoped to be of some help, Frances and I." She paused a moment, then leaned forward and spoke with urgency. "Can't you think of something—no matter how simple, or how difficult—we could do to be of service?"

A daring idea seized Brenda's imagination. Mac told her afterward that no one else on the Street would ever have had the courage to propose it.

"If one of us going to the living room, that is certain. We'd hoped to be of some help, Frances and I." She paused a moment, then leaned forward and spoke with urgency. "Can't you think of something—no matter how simple, or how difficult—we could do to be of service?"

A bleak light dawned in Mrs. Wick's eyes. "You can certainly send checks!" Brenda shook her head. "Adelaide—Mrs. Rostetter would have a relapse when she found it out! She never paid anything by check. And," continued Brenda shamelessly, "we have only cash in the house, anyway, since Mrs. Rostetter is too ill to sign checks."

She paused a moment and then went on. "Of course I shouldn't speak of this if it hasn't been so kind about offering to do anything—she put a significant accent on the word—"for us. We won't say any more about it. Do you think it is getting colder out?"

She could see mother and daughter look at each other. It seemed to her that some signal passed from Frances to the older woman. At any rate Mrs. Wick sighed, and said: "Give me the bills, my dear, and I'll see that they are attended to."

"You won't—won't send your own checks? It really would upset Mrs. Rostetter seriously—it would."

A faint smile curved the grave lips of her caller. "I will pay them in cash. Please make your mind easy about that!"

Continued tomorrow

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to find them on the Dial: KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 840, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KKN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 840, Portland; KOMO, 670, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

1 Tuesday

5:00—Catalade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW, Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX, "R; Vocalist and Organ, KOIN. 5:30—Aurandt's Orch., KOIN, KNX. Fun With the Revuers, KGO, KEX. KJR: Fibber McGee, KPO, KOW, KFI.

6:00—Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL. 6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX. Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL. KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW. Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:30—Breese's Orch., KGO, KEX. KJR: Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI. KGW: Big Town, KOIN, KNX, KSL. 8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Byrne's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI; Judy Deane, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Sesa, KPO. KOW, KFI; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN. KSL; Humber's Orch., KPO. 9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KFI. Nichols' Orch., KNX; Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Kyrer's Orch., KSL, KOIN. 10:30—Pearl's Orch., KGO, KEX.

Primi Jr. Orch., KPO, KFI; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN, News, KGO, KOW, KNX. Wednesday 5:00—Star Theater, KNX, KSL. KOIN; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX. KJR: Musical Soiree, KFI. 5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX. KJR. 6:00—Murburt, KGO; Symphony Orch., KEX; Kyrer's Prgm., KPO, KOW, KFI; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN. 6:30—Burns and Allen, KNX. KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX. KJR. 7:00—Gene and Glenn, KGO. Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW. 7:15—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 7:30—What Would You Have Done? KGO, KEX, KJR; Fantasy Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 8:00—Fred Allen, KPO, KOW, 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. 9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KFI; Dennis' Orch., KSL; Malneck's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW. 10:00—Giuliani's Orch., KSL, KNX; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW. 10:30—Pastor's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Reichman's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI; Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX.

531 OREGONIANS GET CHECKS EACH MONTH ON SOCIAL SECURITY

Washington, June 4.—(AP)—The social security board announced that 531 persons in Oregon are receiving monthly benefit checks under its insurance programs.

ISOLATION BY WAR FEARED IN HAWAII

Honolulu, T. H., June 4.—(AP)—The Honolulu Advertiser, in a front page editorial, Sunday called attention to the "urgent necessity" for increasing the production of Hawaiian foodstuffs to supply the island population in event the islands are isolated by possible spread of war to the Pacific ocean.

The editorial said: "If Hawaii should be cut off from outside sources today, here is what we would face—a shortage of 50 to 60 per cent of our vegetable supplies, and a shortage of 50 per cent of our beef and meat products. "Our dairy and poultry industry would have to turn to local sources, which do not presently exist, to supply 25,000 tons of concentrated stock feed and 25,000 tons of mixed poultry feed per year."

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



LARRY AND JOE DURKIN—BROTHERS, ARE PRESIDENTS OF THE SOPHOMORE AND SENIOR CLASSES, Brookfield (Mass.) High School... MARY JANE DALEY, THEIR COUSIN, IS FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT, SAME SCHOOL...

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



HIDDENITE—CRYSTALLINE GEM DISCOVERED IN NORTH CAROLINA, IS FOUND NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD!

AMERICA'S COMMERCIAL AIRLINES... ARE THE ONLY U.S. TRANSPORT SYSTEM EVER TO OPERATE A FULL YEAR WITHOUT FATALITY OR SERIOUS INJURY TO PASSENGER OR CREW! (March 27, 1939 - March 27, 1940)

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STEPS UP TO PLATE, TELLING PITCHER TO PUT ONE OVER, THAT'S ALL HE WANTS, JUST PUT IT OVER THE PLATE

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PITCHER PUTS ONE OVER THE MIDDLE, BATTER JUMPING BACK SHOUTING IS HE TRYING TO MURDER HIM? STRIKE ONE!

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PITCHER CUTS PLATE AGAIN, BATTER LOOKING UPWARDS, SARCASTICALLY TO INDICATE THE BALL WAS TOO HIGH

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



UMPIRE CALLS IT STRIKE TWO, AND BATTER GOES INTO ACTION CLAIMING THE BALL WAS A MILE OVER HIS HEAD.

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BATTER EVENTUALLY RETURNS TO PLATE AND WITH TWO STRIKES ON HIM SWINGS AT NEXT PITCH WHICH IS DOWN AROUND HIS ANKLES

BATTLING EYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RETIRES, DISGUSTED, AND CHews GRASS, MUTTERING THEY'RE AFRAID TO GIVE HIM ANYTHING TO HIT

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Spy!

By HAL FORREST



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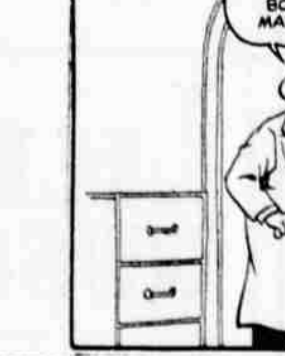
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Spy!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Plenty!

By EDWIN ALGER



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AIRMAIL INCREASE REPORTED IN MAY

Medford postoffice dispatched 2,546 pounds of airmail last month, it was announced today by Postmaster Frank DeSouza. This compares with 1,864 pounds in May last year an increase of 680 pounds or 36 per cent.

Expressed in unit terms, last month's poundage represented about 37,500 letters, Mr. DeSouza figured. This compares with 28,500 letters for May a year ago, an increase of 9,000.

Celery grows wild in England by the sides of ditches and near the sea.

CLERGYMAN HELD ON DELINQUENCY CHARGE

Albany Ore., June 4.—(AP)—Rev. George Davis, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church here, was arrested Monday on a warrant charging contributing to the delinquency of a minor, District Attorney Fred McHenry said.

State Trooper Curtis Chambers made the arrest. The clergyman came here four months ago.

Rev. Davis was taken to Corvallis.

THE NEBBS—Oh! Oh!

By SOL HESS



THE NEBBS—Oh! Oh!

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THE NEBBS—Oh! Oh!

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