

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

YESTERDAY, The doctor says that Adelaide is not trying to get well. Something is worrying her. No one on The Street has any idea what might be on Adelaide's mind.

Chapter 28

Adelaide's Confession

MRS. ARNOLD scoffed at the idea that the easy-going Adelaide could worry Dr. VanNess. Said nothing but his face was eloquent when he was told of the diagnosis of his fellow physician. "Young idiot!" was proclaimed in every twitch of his thick eyebrows.

Brenda grew more and more anxious. There was a protective maternal streak in her that had been strongly developed by Adelaide's dependence. She realized with some surprise that she had grown very fond of the sick woman, that she would go to almost any lengths to restore her to health.

One morning Brenda woke and started out the window. "I can't do any harm if I'm careful," she reasoned. "We've tried everything else, everybody. And certainly if something isn't done soon..." She left the sentence uncompleted.

She waited until Adelaide had had her breakfast and had been freshened for the day. The girl had taken anxious note of how meager a meal it had been, how thin was the body she bathed so tenderly. She swallowed several times, almost afraid to risk what she had determined on.

"But something must be done!" she urged upon her falling spirit. "Adelaide, dear," she began coaxingly. "You like me, don't you? You might even be a little—little fond of me? For Aunt Anne's sake?"

The amber eyes did not lighten. "Of course I'm fond of you, dear; for your own sake, too. You've been heavenly good to me."

"Then will—you will do something for me?" The moist hint of a smile touched the inward of her pale lips. "I do something for you?"

"You're the only one who can," Brenda assured her. She caught her breath and plunged in. "You see, it's like this, Adelaide. Dr. Stern says the reason you're not getting well faster is because you're worrying about something. Won't you—won't you tell me what it is?"

The sick woman turned her face away. "No, I'm not worrying about anything," she murmured. "I stopped that some time ago."

Her small nurse pricked up her ears. Dr. Stern was right, then! Adelaide had discarded worry for hopeless resignation. Resignation to what? Brenda intended to find out.

She questioned Mrs. Rostietor gently, tactfully. She suggested all possible reasons for the patient's despair. Adelaide murmured "no," or shook her head. She was growing dangerously exhausted, and Brenda dared not push her further.

At last her own tired nerves and lack of sleep betrayed her. The calm self-control which had made her such a good nurse snapped without warning. She bowed her head on the edge of the bed and burst into tears.

"I—I've tried so hard to get you well," she sobbed. "I've shocked and astonished and you won't help me at all! It isn't fair!" And then she swallowed her tears, held herself rigidly quiet; for Adelaide's weak hand had been laid on her own dark curls.

Nothing but Blunder
"I'll tell you, honey, if you really wish to know. But there's nothing anyone can do about it—nothing at all," she said. There was the deadly calm of utter despair in her voice. "Please don't try to reassure me or even to comfort me. I'm telling you just so you won't blame yourself—afterward."

Brenda nodded, gulping back a last sob. "I'm losing my mind," said the soft voice from the pillow. "I've known it for quite a long time now. You see—my mother was a mental case. Brenda. All the doctors told me that it wasn't the kind of trouble that could be inherited, and for years I believed that. I've always been a forgetful sort of person. Inefficient, too. But I never dreamed—"

She closed her eyes a moment, then opened them to look steadily at the girl. "It was just before I went to Springfield that I realized I had inherited my mother's trouble."

Brenda's eyes darkened with a hint of terror. "What—what made you realize it?" she whispered.

"I began to behave just as Mother did before—before the last dreadful year when she was—was violent. The meat for dinner—twice I forgot to order it, and never realized it until dinner was on the table. And Mac's typewriter... in the broom closet!"

A shudder ran over her. "Brenda, I haven't the slightest recollection of touching that typewriter. In all the time Mac's been here I've never even dusted it; he asked me not to. And then... it was just the sort of thing my mother did before..." A sound of anguish from the girl made her stop abruptly.

"Adelaide! Adelaide, darling! Oh, I'm no better than a murderer! Dear, let me tell you—"

Her hand was still on the door handle. Adelaide was peacefully asleep, her mind and body eased of the long strain. But there was no peace for the girl who had unwittingly brought about this situation.

In her own room, she restrained an impulse to fling herself on her bed and cry herself sick. She had need of a clear brain now. Not for Adelaide. Some instinct told her that with the removal of the fear which had haunted her, the invalid would make rapid progress toward health.

"I'll pack my trunk and leave it to be sent on later," she thought rapidly. "I'll leave money for another maid so Grenadine can give more time to Adelaide. If I hurry, I can catch the one-ten train. I hope—"

"I'll never do it! I'll never do it! The Shortest Street again! I've done nothing but blunder here—upset people's lives—almost kill poor Adelaide. Sending her away didn't bring Mac and Isabel together a bit more. Instead they've seen less than ever of each other because of this illness. I stirred up poor Hugh about his wife, and nothing's come of it. Either she didn't go to see her brother, or he couldn't persuade her that Hugh had done right."

"My book isn't even started. Every word I've written will have to be done over again. Perhaps—perhaps I've broken up a romance for Ned Barrow and Alaine. They'd certainly have eloped by this time if I hadn't interfered. I've been a thorn in Miss Ormond's side. I suspect Judge Harper doesn't approve of me. Eric hardly knows I'm on earth; and Mac—"

Her hands stopped their rapid work as she thought of Mac. "I'll have to tell him—tell them all, even the doctor—what's been worrying Adelaide. It wouldn't be fair to leave without doing it. Adelaide might get to worrying about it again, and they could always remind her of this time; and that I was to blame."

"What a Meddler I Am"
SHE bowed her head on the edge of her open suitcase. "I could... leave a letter. I needn't see his—their faces when they know what a meddler I've been—the harm I've done—"

The little clock on her writing table ticked away a full five minutes while she sat, entirely motionless, and thought. Grenadine tiptoed up, heard no sound beyond either of the closed doors, and went downstairs again.

A long sigh shook the girl's slender figure at last. She lifted her head with something finely purposeful in the pose of it. "Adelaide needs me. I'll not run away like a coward!"

At dinner that night she was very quiet; almost silent, in spite of the news which had made the others jubilant.

"—says she's turned the corner and will be well in no time," she heard Eric say. "Good of Stern to call Mac and tell him so, wasn't it? He says it's just that something seems to have determined her to leave without doing it. He cocked an eye at the drooping little figure at the foot of the table. "He says Adelaide told him you're responsible for it, Brenda!"

A small tired voice assented. "Yes, I'm responsible, Eric. For everything."

"You don't act very happy about it," was Isabel's comment. "I should think you'd be doing hand-springs."

Mac came swiftly to her rescue. "She's worn out, can't you see? She's been under a heavy strain, and now that Adelaide's going to get well, she's all let down."

Brenda's long lashes swept her cheeks. She was determined not to let him see the tears his sympathetic tone had brought to her eyes.

"When you've finished dinner, may I speak to you all for a few minutes?" she requested.

They stared at her; but again Mac laid hold of the reins of conversation.

"Not till after I've had a few words with you, Brenda, please. There's something I must say to you before you—do what you're planning to."

"What's all the mystery?" Eric demanded.

Mac said lightly. "Can't Brenda and I have a little secret?" Brenda had never liked him so well. She realized that his honest joy in Adelaide's improvement took this form. She wondered dully why Mac wanted to speak to her alone. Perhaps—perhaps Dr. Stern had changed his mind about Adelaide; had told Mac so when he telephoned. Fear clutched her heart.

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; KGW, 330, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNA, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 890, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

THURSDAY
8:00—Woodman of the World Program, KGO, KEX, KJR; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Army Band, KFI, KGO; Safety First, KPO.
9:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.

9:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; 7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; In the Good Old Days, KGO, KEX, KJR; Musical Americana, KGO, KJR, KEX, Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Gaiety on Parade, KGW; News, KEX; Dress Rehearsal, KPO.
9:30—Standard Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Sam Hayes, KGO.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

9:30—Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Duffy's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Kyrer's Orch., KNX.
10:30—Malneck's Orch., KPO; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX.

11:00—Field's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KOW, KGO, KEX, KFI.
Friday
8:00—Between Afternoon and Evening, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:30—What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW; Grand Central Station, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KPO; Story Behind the Headlines, KFI; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Gene and Glenn, KGO, KJR.
7:10—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Laury Boss, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI.

7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Showboat, KPO, KSL, KOW.
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; News Conference, KGO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN.
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI.

9:00—Eben's Orch., KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KSL, KNX.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Kyrer's Orch., KNX.
10:30—Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX; Fields' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Pastor's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Duffy's Orch., KPO; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KOW, KFI.
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

GABRIELSON GETS WILD LIFE POST

Washington, June 6.—(AP)—Interior Secretary Ickes announced today appointment of Ira N. Gabrielson, 51, of Sioux Rapids, Ia., as director of the new fish and wild life service created in President Roosevelt's reorganization of governmental services.

The service combines the old bureau of biological survey of the agriculture department and the bureau of fisheries of the commerce department, in the interior department.

Gabrielson has been in government service since 1915. Until his new appointment, he was director of the biological survey.

Crickets Blitzkrieged
Vale, Ore., June 6.—(AP)—Three power dusters shot poisoned bait along the southern Malheur county countryside today to stop the havoc of Mormon crickets. The insects caused considerable damage in the McDermitt district last season. The dusters have already covered about 2100 acres.

EGG WITH A CROSS—naturally marked... Found by Mrs. A. Weinberg, Glendale, Calif.

SPRINGFIELD—PRESENT CAPITAL OF ILLINOIS, DID NOT EVEN EXIST WHEN ILLINOIS BEGAN STATEHOOD IN 1818...

HOW TO WIN A HOME
"My mother says I won prizes at all the kid parties I ever attended," says Hazel M. Friend, Decatur, Ill. Strange as it seems, she has paid for a home, furniture, car, vacations and an adopted baby with her winnings from six to nine contest prizes a month. When people wrote to find out her secret of success, she opened a school for contestants. She has since graduated 5,000 students who have done right by alma mater by winning more than \$250,000 in prizes!

TOMORROW: North's Rebel Monument

AMATEUR RADIO LIMITATION SET

Washington, June 6.—(AP)—The federal communications commission today prohibited amateur radio communications by stations in this country with foreign stations.

A formal announcement of the action did not say why it was taken but a spokesman declared that "undoubtedly" it was due to the European war.

There are approximately 55,000 amateurs licensed by the commission. The prohibition, which became effective immediately, does not apply to amateur communications between licensed amateur stations in the continental United States and its territories and possessions.

Carlisle, Pa., June 6.—(AP)—Dr. Gaylord Hawkins Patterson, 73, professor emeritus of sociology at Dickinson college, died today in Carlisle hospital. Before coming to Dickinson he taught at Willamette university, Salem, Ore.

BOY SCOUTS AID URGED FOR ALLIES

London, June 6.—(AP)—Lord Baden-Powell, head of the Boy Scouts, sent a message to all scouts today calling for "still further effort" to help the allies win the war.

"You have done grand work behind the scenes already," he cabled from his home in Kenya colony to imperial headquarters here.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

There was no need whatever for the elaborate games that had been devised to keep the children occupied at the birthday party, because word got around that the ice cream hadn't come yet.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Geratoo's Fatal Mistake!

WHILE TOMMY IS SEARCHING FOR THE GROUND RADIO BASE OF THE DEADLY ROBOT PLANES, WE TAKE YOU TO BETTY-LOU, WINGING TOWARD DALLAS.

I'LL GIVE HER A WARNING BURST, BERRANDO!

DON'T SHOOT!! IT IS IMPORTANT WE TAKE HER ALIVE, GERATOO!

O-O-O-OH!

FOOL!!! YOU'VE KILLED HER! YOU'VE SPOILED OUR ONLY CHANCE OF SILENCING TAILSPIN TOMMY!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—In Charge!

WELL, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT? LET THAT OLD COOT KEEP OUR HAPPY AT THE HOSPITAL?

CERTAINLY WERE NOT, RUSTY!

WHERE YA GOIN'?

FIRST TO HASSETT'S HOUSE AND THEN TO THE HOSPITAL—

SWELL! ME, TOO! I'LL HELP!

NO, I'LL ATTEND TO THIS MYSELF—YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE OFFICE—

AND YOU GET DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL, MARY, AND TAKE CHARGE OF HAPPY—

YES... ER... ALL RIGHT, BEN!

THE NEBBS—The Battle

PRACTICALLY UNSOLICITED ORDERS ARE COMING IN IN SUCH QUANTITIES THAT WITH THE PRESENT SET-UP THE POWER PILL CO. CAN HARDLY TAKE CARE OF THEM.

I DIDN'T MARRY MY HUSBAND FOR FINANCIAL REASONS—I ADMIRED HIM AND RESPECTED HIM FOR HIS BRAINS AND ABILITY.

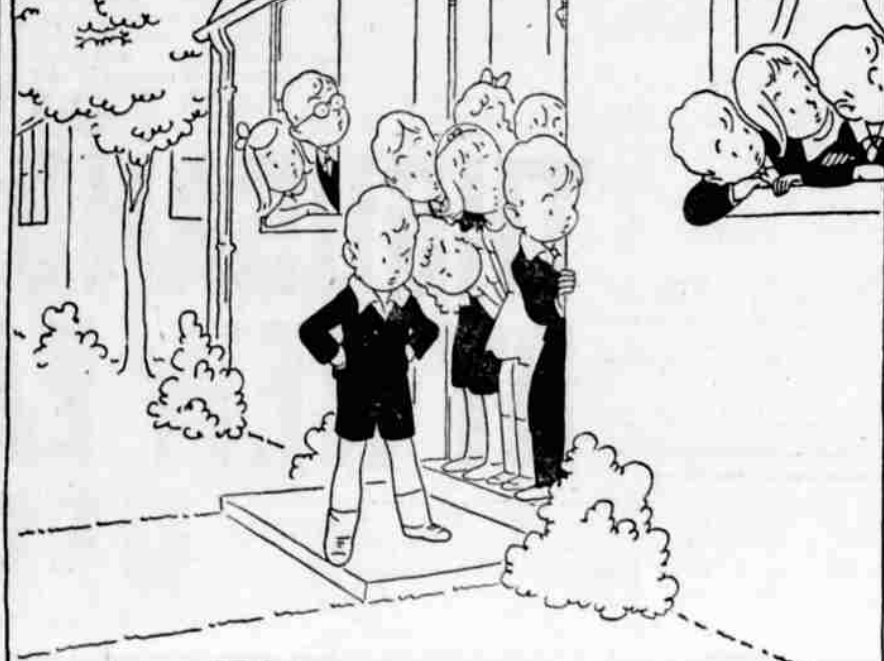
FROM THE WAY YOU GRABBED THOSE DIMES AND NICKELS OFF THE TABLE AND PUT 'EM OUT OF CIRCULATION, I COULD THINK DIFFERENT.

NO ONE IS GOING TO BLAME YOU FOR WHAT YOU THINK WITH WHAT YOU GOT TO THINK WITH.

THAT'S A CRACK AGAINST MY INTELLIGENCE—I GET IT... BUT I GOT PLENTY OF MONEY AND DIDN'T HAVE TO MARRY AN OCTOGONARIAN TO GET IT—GET YOUR DICTIONARY OUT AND LOOK UP THAT WORD AND SEE IF IT'S A KNOCK OR A BOOST!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THERE WAS NO NEED WHATEVER FOR THE ELABORATE GAMES THAT HAD BEEN DEVISED TO KEEP THE CHILDREN OCCUPIED AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, BECAUSE WORD GOT AROUND THAT THE ICE CREAM HADN'T COME YET.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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PETTICOATS-- WERE ONCE MEN'S GARMENTS... (16th century)

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THE WINNER!

HAZEL M. FRIEND, Decatur, Ill., HAS PAID FOR HOUSE, CAR, VACATIONS, FURNITURE AND AN ADOPTED SON-- ALL FROM RECEIPTS OF WINNING ADVERTISING CONTESTS!

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FRENCH CAPTAIN FACES EXECUTION

Paris, June 6.—(AP)—Charles Julien Masson, former captain of the French air corps, and three other men were sentenced today to death on charges of operating a spy ring that dealt with French aviation secrets. The military court said it was due to Masson's activities before the war that the Germans were able to bomb French airports with comparative ease. The others sentenced are Otto Hans Weill, German traveling man; Rene Spieth, and Raymond Verdaguer, mechanic.

CANADA OUTLAW SUBVERSIVE UNITS

Ottawa, June 6.—(AP)—The outlawing of more than a dozen organizations, including the communist party and the national unity party, under defense of Canada regulations, was announced today by Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe in the house of commons. The list includes the Canada labor defense league, the league for peace and democracy, the young communist league and several foreign language organizations.