

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

Chapter 34

The Spitfire Surrenders

BRENDA caught her breath and went on as though the need for speech had become too great to be denied. "I know I was interfering, and a little idiot besides—to go to Mr. Hopkins I know it has put you in an embarrassing position. Eric—but I won't blame Eric, though certainly I was not told the facts. I blame only myself. I can't imagine what has made me do it. I never did in New York; or at least if I tried to help people there—in the Village especially—it always turned out right, and they were never set. Sometimes they were even pleased—though I know you must find that difficult to believe. Mac, I'm sorry. That's really all I can say, isn't it? If I knew anything else to say—"

"There is one thing you can say, as it happens," he told her solemnly. "It's why I persuaded Linda to send for you—so you could say it!"

She hung her head. "I know what you mean. You want me to acknowledge that from the first I've been a thorn in the side of The Street—both sides, I suppose. Well, I do. Acknowledge it, I mean."

"No, Brenda. That's not at all what I want you to say." He shoved his hands in his pockets and looked perturbed. "I'm not sure I ought to let you say it, even if it happened to be true. . . . Brenda, did you ever wonder why I left The Street—Adelaide's house?"

"I knew," she said drearly. "I didn't have to wonder. You were afraid you would be the next victim of my officiousness. And even moving away didn't save you, did it? I've said I'm sorry!"

"It was your money!" The words shot from him with force. "My money? What money?"

"The Burnham fortune. I heard about it the first day I went to live on The Street. Everybody took care to impress on me the extent of your grandfather's wealth. We all heard more times than I can count how your aunt had a personal maid; how your grandfather thought nothing of paying five thousand dollars for a saddle horse; how—"

Her eyes widened to their greatest extent. "That's all true, Mac, but—"

"And I on a salary," he interrupted bitterly. "Good enough as salaries go these days, but nothing to offer the young heiress to the Burnham millions!"

One tiny dimple made a fleeting appearance at the corner of her mouth. "Not millions, Mac. Not even one million. Lots of money, but not that much."

"Too much, at any rate. Why that fur coat you wore this winter would have cost three months of my salary! I'd have a nerve to think of asking a girl like you to marry me!"

If he had looked up he would have seen a second dimple come boldly out into the open; but he kept his gloomy gaze on the floor.

Words Of One Syllable

"AUNT ANNE gave me the coat for a Christmas gift. Poor dear, I'm afraid she denied herself a good many things to pay for it!"

"I suppose so; things like an English butler to replace the parlormaid."

"Parlormaid? You talk like an English maid, Mac. Aunt Anne has no parlormaid!"

"Of course she hasn't!" he said warmly and inconsistently. "She had her English butler from the beginning. Judge Harper said your grandfather had the only butler The Street ever boasted."

"Yes. Old black Selby. He belonged to the Selbys—that was my grandmother's family—in slave times."

He shrugged his shoulders. "There you are! Old family retainers then, English butlers now!"

She took a step toward him. "Is that all you have against me now, Mac—one lone English butler?"

"And all he stands for?"

"There is no butler," she told him softly. "I mean—Aunt Anne has only one servant, Mac. She cooks and does the general cleaning. Aunt Anne dusts, and gets dinner herself on Thursday night."

"An eccentric, eh? Saying it all up to hand on to you?"

"Of course if you're determined not to understand!" She took a lofty tone with him. "I'll try to tell you in words of one syllable: Aunt Anne has one maid because—I mean since it's all she can afford—I mean can spend; a badly arranged sentence. Mac, but one syllable words are hard to find even to convey very simple facts."

"She's turned it all over to you already!"

Brenda lost patience. "You're misunderstanding purposely!"

"Thank you!" he said heatedly. "I may be dumb but at least I know better than to ask a child of luxury to share an apartment with me—maybe even to cook my meals unless we could get a part time maid—"

"I being the child of luxury?"

He raised stern eyes to her then. "This talk amuses you, I have no doubt."

"You should say it does!" she said with a frank reply. "Considering that Grandfather's money evaporated long ago, and Aunt Anne lost most of hers in the stock market crash."

"Brenda!"

She stretched a forbidding hand toward him. "No, Mac! I'm not going to be done out of a real proposal. The dimples were a merry riot now, but she kept her voice authoritative. "I'm not going to have you throw it up to me in later years that my officiousness snared you into—"

The authoritative voice ceased. It is difficult if not impossible to articulate clearly when one's face is buried in a tweed shoulder.

Love Scene

TWENTY minutes later Linda poked a cautious head around the door. Then she gave a subdued whoop which brought Hugh running.

"And high time, too," he growled, his mouth stretched in a wide smile. "I need my studio to work in. If you're through staging this love scene I'll be obliged if you'll go somewhere else."

But she was destined to lose the use of his working room for the entire morning. The news flew up and down The Street in a fashion peculiar to that interested neighborhood.

Before the laughing couple could take themselves off, Judge Harper appeared, beaming and shaking hands with Mac, kissing Brenda affectionately.

"So we aren't to lose you from The Street after all," he said. "That's a great satisfaction to me."

"I—I fear we won't be living here, sir," Mac said. "You see, Brenda and I will want our own home—at least I suppose you do, Brenda? I really haven't time to ask her," he finished with a grin.

"Certainly our own home," she told him firmly.

The Judge looked surprised. "I forget I haven't told you the news! I must be getting old and forgetful even though Sarah says I'm not old at all, only mature."

"Sarah?"

"Mrs. Wick." The Judge actually blushed. "She—er—I—er—it's this way: we're to be married very soon, and she doesn't want to leave her own house. I can understand that. A woman grows more attached—and of course there's Frances, too. So when we knew that things were going to be all right with you and Brenda, my dear boy, I mentioned to Sarah that it would please me to give you my house for a wedding present, and she—"

"Just a minute," Mac interrupted dazedly. "How on earth could you know they were going to be all right? We didn't know ourselves until about twenty minutes ago."

Linda informed him. "I heard you two rowing, so I knew everything was going well. I telephoned—well, several of those most interested."

Which was why, Brenda supposed, the studio soon resembled a mob scene. Everybody was there except Dr. VanNess, who was out making calls, and Grenadine, who sulked for the rest of the day because Mrs. Rosstetter had forbidden her to leave the house.

"Aren't they dear?" Brenda commented when, just before lunch time she found herself alone with Mac. "Oh, I do think this is the nicest street in the world! Think of our having the Judge's house for our very own!"

But not for nothing was Dion MacKelvey an advertising man. He firmly ignored all side issues. "Kiss me!" he commanded.

THE END

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
 KEX, 1180, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 928 Seattle; KPO, 430, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Toronto Promenade, KGO, KEX, KJR; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

5:30—Army Band, KFI; Safety First, KPO.

6:00—Miller's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; 6:45—Mr. Keen, KGO, KEX, KJR; Wynn Sons, KSL; Sports Huddle, KXN, KOIN.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; In the Good Old Days, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ask-It-Basket, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

8:00—Strange As It Seems, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Judy Deane, KGO; Dress Rehearsal, KPO; News, KEX.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Herbeck's Orch., KSL; Answer Auction, KXN, KOIN; Sam Hayes, KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KXN, KOIN.

9:30—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Alexander's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Kyser's Orch., KXN.

10:30—Maltneck's Orch., KPO; Pearl's Orch., KEX; Kyser's Orch., KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX.

11:00—Owens' Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGW, KXN, KFI.

Friday

5:00—Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waits Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.

5:30—What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Name It and Take It, KGO.

6:00—Don Ameche, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.

6:30—Al Pearce, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Big Town, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KFI; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR; 7:15—Cummings' Orch., KPO, KGW; Lanny Ross, KXN, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI.

7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Dance Orch., KJR; Treasure Island Varieties, KPO, News, KGO; Kate Smith, KXN, KSL.

8:30—Golly's Orch., KJR; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00—Musical Mirror, KJR; Dorsey's Orch., KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KXN, News, KJR.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Reichman's Orch., KJR; Kyser's Orch., KXN.

10:30—Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Richards' Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.

11:00—Study's Orch., KPO; Noble's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO; News, KGW.

Restaurant Chain To Fire All Who Scorn Citizenship

Chicago, June 13.—(AP)—All aliens employed in a Chicago restaurant chain faced the choice today of getting their first citizenship papers within a fortnight or losing their jobs.

"If they don't take out papers, they'll have to look for work elsewhere," declared President Robert J. Eitel of the firm bearing his name.

"Those who are not satisfied with this country should be shipped back."

Eitel and two brothers, all restaurateurs, were born in Germany and have long been American citizens. Among 1,000 employees, 75 were found to be aliens, nine of them Germans, Eitel said.

GERMANS FIND PLAQUE ON SITE OF SURRENDER

Berlin, June 13.—(AP)—German reports from the front today said that the German armies which captured Compiègne, north of Paris, found there a French plaque saying "the criminal arrogance of the German reich died here."

The armistice of Nov. 11, 1918 was signed in Marshal Foch's headquarters in a sleeping car near Compiègne.

Evangelist Lowry Gain in Population

Dr. Oscar Lowry, evangelist of international scope, will speak at Medford Church of the Nazarene, Holly at First street, Sunday, June 16, at the 10:45 morning hour and 7:45 in the evening.

About 800 heard Dr. Lowry at the union mass meeting service Sunday, June 2, when there were 16 professions of faith.

Lane County Towns Will Open July 30

Eugene, June 13.—(AP)—Greatest population gains yet reported for cities in this district were revealed today by Mrs. Merle Stuart, director.

Springfield has a 1940 figure of 3,240, compared with 2,364 a decade ago, a gain of 37 per cent. Junction City shows a 21 per cent increase with a total of 1,117. The 1930 count was 922. Both cities are in Lane county near Eugene.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



BOTTLED GOODS COLLECTOR

Teetotaler Dr. Martin Haberfeld, optometrist of Port Richmond, N. Y., has more than 200 tiny bottles of liquor, representing 85 different brands and including rare types of imported liquors. Haberfeld is finding it increasingly difficult to pursue his hobby, for most states now ban "miniatures."

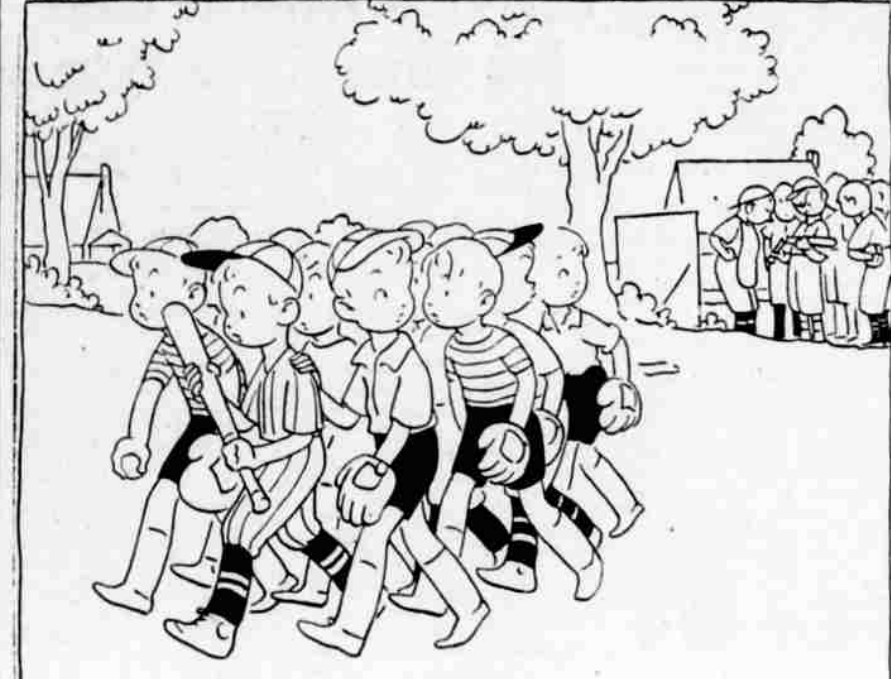
DOUBLE ORGAN

In the First Church of Boston two organs are played as one. The first is the Rogers memorial organ, built on two sides of the console. The second is the Evans memorial, located at either side of the chancel at the front of the church. William E. Zeuch is organist.

TOMORROW: Checkerboard Mystery.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death Over Diablo Pass



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Blame Me!



THE NEBBS—Dead-Locked



REFLECTIONS—CROWDED



The beautiful Court of Reflections was crowded—as was every other court and byway — on the opening day of the 1940 Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island. Here's a picture of part of the crowd which "took over" on May 25.

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