

Tale of Two Women

Down near the Terminus of the Hurlburt Streetcar line is the Tornedde grocery. In the adjoining house on Johnson Street lives the Kitselman family and Tornedde is their landlord. Mr. Kitselman is of Teutonic descent, while his wife is a daughter of Erin's tear stained isle.

The families of landlord and tenant lived in neighborly peace and accord until one fateful day Tornedde nailed up the side gate, leaving only the front gate for his tenants to go in and out of. When Kitselman returned from the labor of the day he took an axe and with one blow reopened the side entrance and exit. This peremptory, summary and impromptu exhibition of nerve was witnessed by members of the Tornedde family with quiet reserve and silent forbearance, and nothing further occurred to disrupt the *cordiale intente*, as they call it in international politics, until Mrs. Kitselman happened to pass the Tornedde grocery.

It is probable that nothing would have occurred then had not Mrs. Tornedde been

standing in the grocery door. At the sight of her Mrs. Kitselman perceptibly elevated her nose, that charming piece of pantomime being intended to express her lofty contempt and disdain for the entire Tornedde family in general and Mrs. Tornedde in particular. It so happens that Mrs. Tornedde is also the possessor of a mobile nasal promontory and she not only tipped up the loose end of it, but humped it in the middle until it resembled that back of an indignant pussy cat on a convenient garden wall. Mrs. Kitselman endeavored to perform the same nasal feat, but finding that her nose was not flexible enough for so difficult a contortion she fell back upon her tongue and gracefully expressed the opinion that the Torneddes were nothing but a lot of sauerkraut and weiner wurst Dutch. This in turn induced Mrs. Tornedde to try a little tongue back and she retorted that sauerkraut and weiner wurst were pretty good eating, but that if it were not for potatoes the Irish would have to eat hay.

Now, there was lots of room for argument at that

point, but Mrs. Kitselman did not avail herself of it. She simply puckered up her lips, cleared her throat with great violence and spit a gob in the face of Mrs. Tornedde, catching her right between the eyes.

That ended the scene in the Tornedde grocery and the next act opened yesterday afternoon in the court of Squire Reuter, where all the Tornedde and Kitselman neighbors within a radius of six blocks were gathered as witnesses. Just as the case was about to be opened, in which Mrs. Kitselman was charged with assault, a messenger came to inform the court that he was wanted at once to attend a meeting of the board of town auditors and so he declared a continuance for one week, advising the parties interested to forget all about it during the intervening seven days and allow the white-winged dove of peace to perch on both gates at once. Then he escaped, while the army of witnesses gathered under the respective standards of Tornedde and Kitselman and wended their homeward way in double column formation.