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"KATHLEEN"

Adapted
By RANDALL M. WHITE
From The M.G.M. Picture, Kathleen, Starring Shirley Temple

SYNOPSIS

Kathleen Davis (Shirley Temple), motherless child of twelve, neglected by her busy, wealthy father (Herbert Marshall), has come to hate her governess, Mrs. Farrell, (Nella Walker) a "snooper." Bright spots in her life are surreptitious Saturday afternoon visits with old Max Schoner, antique dealer in the nearby village, and "Rudi," his poodle. Mrs. Farrell has threatened to tell Mr. Davis of mysterious "M.S." and "Rudi" entries in Kathleen's diary—and Kathleen has set a trap for the "snooper." Given to day-dreaming, the little girl has a habit of curling up beside a little music box and re-creating things she'd like to have happen. She has just finished such a session when she's called down to visit with her father.

CHAPTER TWO

Kathleen did go down the grand staircase, just as in her vision. She did clutch to her breast the deathless message, her poem, despite Mrs. Farrell's efforts to take it from her. And she did find the father she loved and hoped to win back at the fireplace—but not quite as in her dream. The handsome Mr. Davis was bending over a pretty girl seated on a couch.

"There you are, sir," the smart young woman said brightly, looking soulfully into his eyes as the cigarette she had lighted started to glow. She saw Kathleen first as she entered the room; there was gush in her greeting: "Well, here's a young lady I've been wanting to meet for ages!"

"Oh, here you are—how are you, old-timer?" from her father, didn't express the longing and loneliness she had pictured.

Miss Lorraine Bennett, when she was introduced, talked too much—and said too little—to suit Kathleen, the lady of twelve. But she might have been forgiven for everything until she took the youngster's poem from reluctant hands.

"What have we here? Not a poem?" she rattled on. "Oh, Johnny, listen! It's called 'My Heart Cries Out!'"

Kathleen snatched the paper as she began to read it.

"Kathleen!" her father called out angrily. "What are you thinking of—that's very rude!"

"Well, she had no business reading it," the little girl sobbed, "It's private!"

"Nonsense!" replied her father. "Apologize to Miss Bennett at once—and go to your room!"

* * *

Kathleen didn't apologize—but she did bolt through the door. Her father could see her half way up the stairs—when he heard an explosion in the room above him.

Mr. Davis found Mrs. Farrell in Kathleen's bedroom sucking on her fingers while tears of rage and pain rolled down her cheeks. A little pasteboard box, the trap for "snoopers" which Kathleen had set, lay on a couch where Mrs. Farrell had flung it.

"What has happened, Mrs. Farrell?" Mr. Davis asked, "I heard an explosion."

Mrs. Farrell pointed melodramatically to the box, and Mr. Davis picked it up. "Be careful," the governess said, "that's a bomb your daughter planted—it burned my finger cruel."

In the explanation he forced from Kathleen, her father learned more of the relationhip between his child and the woman to whom he had entrusted her care than he could have dicovered in weeks of patient observation. Mrs. Farrell took refuge in tears when he seemed slow to understand why Kathleen's childish whims expressed in such scrawls as "Personal," "Private," etc., on the box could not have been respected.

Confronted with a problem which most parents solve with their hearts, John Davis, too engrossed in his business of making money to have time to be a parent, looked no further than his check book for aid.

* * *

Lorraine Bennett, his newest interest, was profuse with her advice, for which she was qualified by only a cold, hard aggressiveness.

"Why, I always thought they were devoted to each other," Kathleen's father told her. "Now I find Kathleen 'bombing' her governess and Mrs. Farrell—why, she fairly hates the child! What on earth am I going to do?"

"Set your mind at rest, darling," wos Miss Bennett's surprising answer. "I know just the man!"

"The man" proved to be Dr. Montague Foster. He'd written a book on "You and Your Mind"—which he was amazed to find Kathleen had thumbed through! His simple diagnosis of his "patient's" trouble was that she was subconsciously revolting at control of a mental inferior. So Mrs. Farrell moved out and "Dr. A. Martha Kent" moved in.

"Dr. Kent is a remarkable woman," Dr. Foster told Mr. Davis. "She took her doctorate in abnormal psychology. She's going to South America in the fall but since Kathleen is going to boarding school at about that time I think Dr. Kent might be influenced to take the case for a three-month period."

Dr. Kent came without any advance interviews. Mrs. Farrell had given Kathleen reason to expect an ogre. She had a chair jammed underneath the knob of her bedroom door the morning the change of "guards" was to be effected.

Through the panel she heard Mrs. Farrell say "I haven't let her out of my sight until just now when I went down to meet you."

Then her doorknob was rattled violently.

"She's locked the door again," the same harsh voice said. "Kathleen! Open this door at once!"

* * *

The child didn't answer—but she did tip-toe over and remove the chair from beneath the doorknob. Kathleen knew the stranger who addressed her pleasantly must be Dr. Kent—but the picture of her mind had painted was just one hundred per cent wrong!

This new guard—and possible "snooper"—was young and very pretty—a little girl like herself, Kathleen thought, who had grown up just a little and, somehow, acquired a fearful title—and a more fearful reputation.

Mrs. Frrell left without saying goodbye. The skies didn't clear when she had gone but Dr. Kent didn't seem to mind.

"I haven't had any breakfast, Kathleen," the newcomer remarked, "and I imagine you haven't either. Shall we have a tray sent up for both of us?"

The little girl tried to be haughty. "No, thank you. I'm not the least bit hungry," she said.

"Well, then you'd be very foolish to eat anything," wasn't exactly the kind of answer she expected. "Would you like your door left open, or closed?" Dr. Kent asked as she retired.

"Closed," Kathleen thought at first was sufficient—but something made her add "Please."

Alone, she tried to stay cross. She even left her bed to march out into the sitting room and stick a sign marked "Do Not Disturb" on her bedroom door—but nobody seemed to mind.

* * *

Her door stayed closed and not until that evening did the little girl again see her strange new "guard." She tried just one more "mad" gesture—then gave up. Dr. Kent paid not the slightest attention when she ostentatiously tightened the thumb tacks that held the "Do Not Disturb" sign to her bedroom door. All she did was go on into her own room and proceed to unpack and place her clothes and little personal belongings.

"I thought I'd better show you where your things go in the sitting room—one side's mine, you know," was her lame excuse

"Of course. That's fine. I'm glad you came in," said Dr. Kent. "When I saw the "Do Not Disturb" sign still on your door I thought I'd have to wait until morning. Do you know, Kathleen, it would save us the trouble of putting up signs if, when we wanted to be alone, we just closed our doors. Suppose I do that—and you do it, too."

Kathleen soon found herself helping her "guard" arrange her books on her share of the shelves. "What does the 'A' stand for?" she asked timidly as she turned the fly leaf on one of "Dr. A. Martha Kent's" books.

"Oh, it's a name I don't use," was the answer.

"What is it?"

"Angela," Dr. Kent confessed reluctantly.

"Why, that's a beautiful name," Kathleen exclaimed. "Why don't you use it? It's a billion times better than Martha!"

"Oh, I'd feel kind of silly calling myself Angela—I'm not much of an angel," objected the distinguished Dr. Kent.

"It's not silly! It's not the least bit silly! It just suits you! I'm going to call you Angela . . " the child burst out, swept on by a starved emotion which she was beginning to feed. ". . . that is, if you'll let me!"

* * *

Angela's magic spell that had won her, her sharp little mind observed was doing something to her daddy too—for her daddy soon was a much different sort of person. He dined at home lots and lots of times—and she was there—at that lovely table with its flowers and soft yellow candle light.

Kathleen still dreamed dreams—day and night. Now she had something for her mind to do that took more than dreaming.

One evening she told a little white lie—about being sleepy—to leave Angela and her daddy alone downstairs. Then she climbed into bed and opened the lid of the little music box on the table beside her. It was her ritual. As the sweet, faint, tinkly tune began, she made her half-closed eyes see a vision.

In fancy she heard her daddy say "Kathleen needs a mother's care—and I—Oh, Angela, with all my heart, I beg you to be my wife." Her daddy had dropped to one knee before this "guard" she had learned to love. "Oh, Angela will you marry me?" she heard him say as the tinkly tune ceased.

Can this new dream come true? Don't miss the next installment.

Scholarship

Value $750.00, and cash awards for original musical compositions. Canadians of either sex under 22 years on March 1, 1942, the closing date for entries.

Junior Division open to competitors under 16 who do not qualify for major prizes.

For entry forms and full information apply CANADIAN PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY LIMITED, Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Clever Students Win Scholarships

$50,000 Worth of Scholarships Awarded by University of Toronto This Year

Opportunity for gifted young people throughout the Province of Ontario to obtain a university education is provided by a widespread system of scholarships awarded annually by the University of Toronto and its affiliated colleges and faculties. These scholarships, together with bursaries and loan funds, make it possible for specially talented students to continue their education after matriculation, almost regardless of their home financial conditions.

Scholarship awards of over fifty thousand dollars were made to students who matriculated from the secondary schools of Ontario last June.

Among recent graduates of the University was a scholarship student, who came about four years ago, from a farm near Stayner, and who would have been in line for a Rhodes Scholarship if the war had not intervened. Another graduate of high standing came to the University, not many years ago, on an $800 scholarship from Kenora, at the extreme western end of the Province. In the 1941 scholarship list is a student from Red Lake, in the mining district of Northern Ontario.

A common difficulty is that students who would be eligible often do not know what scholarships are available nor how to make the necessary application.

Scholarships are founded by men and women who donate funds to the University for this purpose. These men and women of vision have given money to establish scholarships (often as memorials) and in so doing have assisted talented boys and girls to prepare themselves to serve their country as otherwise they could not have done.

Daytime Blackout?

A woman telephoned radio station WBEN and asked what time the December 26 practice blackout was scheduled. "Eleven o'clock", replied the switchboard operator "Is that morning or night?" queried the woman.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Accept This Generous Offer!

Any druggist will return your money, if one bottle of Ru-Ma does not give you relief from rheumatic aches and pains, sore, swollen and painful joints. No matter how long you have suffered, you must get relief or "no pay." Try Ru-Ma and be convinced. Accept this generous offer now.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use fast-acting, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

Britain "Drafts" Youths 16 to 18

Plans for giving youths from the ages of 16 to 18 their share in Britain's new maximum mobilization scheme were announced by the Board of Education.

Pre-service units will fit boys to step directly into the army, navy and air force when they reach the age minimum.

The age minimum for the home guard will be lowered in some areas to 16 and boys will be assigned to special non-combatant duties.

Others will be guided toward the air training corps which already has 160,000 and needs a steady stream of entrants to maintain its strength, still others to the sea cadets from which they may graduate directly into the Royal Navy.

Last Storage Eggs Shipped To Britain

Agriculture Department officials said recently they are "over the first bump" in the provision of 30,000,000 dozen eggs to the United Kingdom.

They said the last of the storage egg exports for the season have left shipping points. These exports represented 230,000 cases or 6,900,000 dozen eggs and were required for shipment in September, October and November.

To fulfill this part of the contract it was necessary to requisition supplies of storage eggs, but now the requirements had been met, officials said.

About 30,000 cases represented the peak of storage eggs exports in the past.

Next task of the deparment is to obtain 170,000 cases or 5,100,000 dozen fresh eggs for shipment between December 1 and next February 28. Supplies for this part of the contract are expected to start moving immediately. British Columbia eggs will come in first and then those of Ontario, with some from Alberta likely to appear in January.

SLIM FROCK TO WEAR AT HOME

By Anne Adams

There's a new joy awaiting you if you've never made an Anne Adams home frock before! They're especially designed for the larger figure, yet incorporate the latest fashion details. Pattern 4928 is an example. The centre panel, front and back, accents the vertical lines of your figure, and so do the dipping side sections of the bodice in front. They're cut on the bias which would be especially effective in a checked fabric. Don't you like the square neckline with its smart tab buttoning? The sleeve tabs are trimmed with buttons to match — do add the perky ric-rac trim! The sleeves can be either short, three-quarter or long. Let the Sewing Instructor show you how to finish easily and quickly.

Pattern 4928 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 35 inch fabric and 1⅝ yards ric-rac.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A Brush-up on Meat Dishes

Some appalling statistics have been given us by those who are following the great campaign on nutrition throughout Canada. We are told that forty per cent. of our boys have been turned down for the army and are listed as being with a class of those suffering from nutritional disorders. Many from our better homes are listed, so it is not a case of not sufficient to eat, but many times too much to eat, and food of the wrong type.

All food columnists are asked to co-operate by presenting to their readers the simplest and best nourishing food possible, that the campaign may be assisted, as much as possible, to raise the standard of nutrition and health of our Canadian people.

No meat offers more nourishment than liver and it can be most economical too. Calves liver may be more tender, but by no means more nourishing than beef or pork liver, which costs much less to buy.

Liver is a valuable builder, rich in iron and other minerals so important in the upkeep of health. Vitamins, too, it contains in abundance and protein which we need for growth and repair.

Beef Liver, Southern Style

1 lb. beef liver
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt and pepper
1 large onion sliced
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon bacon fat
2 cups tomatoes
¾ cup cooked rice
½ cup cooked peas
½ cup corn

Cut liver into slices, then into strips. Dredge with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown liver with onion and green pepper (optional) in fat. Add tomatoes and enough water to cover meat. Cover and simmer until liver is tender, about 40 minutes. Add rice, peas and corn. Continue cooking for 5 to 10 minutes, then serve.

Liver Souffle

2 cups cooked and ground beef liver
2 cups hot medium white sauce
3 eggs separated
Dash of salt and pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Pour hot white sauce over egg yolks, which have been beaten until lemon colored. Cook slightly. Add meat and seasoning. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased casserole. Place in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven 350 deg. F. for 40 minutes or until set.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Southward Fly The Snowy Owls

Wholesale Numbers of These Birds Have Left Their Natural Arctic Homes

Since mid-October an unusually large number of snowy owls, whose natural home is the Arctic, have been flying southward through the settled regions of Eastern Canada. A study of the extent, duration, and density of the southward flight of these birds is being made and persons who see snowy owls can assist by reporting their observations, giving date and place, to the National Parks Bureau of the Department of Mines and Resources

Information received so far indicates a large number of snowy owls have been seen or shot in Ontario and Quebec and that many more have flown on to the Maritime Provinces and the United States. More than two hundred of the birds have already been reported in the New England states.

The snowy owl is conspicuously white, has no tufts of feathers projecting from the rounded contour of its head, and is about two feet long. The white of the plumage is generally broken by a number of dark bars. This owl is generally silent and does much of its hunting by daylight. It prefers open country and may often be seen perched on a haystack, post, or other elevation.

Feed on Rats and Mice

The food of the snowy owl consists largely of small mammals, such as rats, mice, and lemmings. Such food becomes scarce in the Arctic about once in four years and it is believed that this scarcity is the cause of the occasional wholesale southward flights of snowy owls. Since Arctic foxes, which are the principal fur animals of the Arctic also depend largely for food on small mammals and are reduced in numbers when such food is scarce, it is probable that a big southward flight of snowy owls may be considered an indication that in the following year the output of fur in the Arctic will be light.

When snowy owls are, as at present, in southern settled areas, they naturally seek chiefly rats and mice. Because such animals are numerous around open garbage dumps, the snowy owls tend to congregate there. The effect of their presence, under these circumstances, is beneficial. There is no good reason for killing them unless, under stress of want, they are actually attacking poultry.

Hitler on Hitler

News as extraordinary as a man biting a dog was flashed from Berlin recently, says the New York Times. It was not the declaration of war against the United States, an event which might have been expected. It was the announcement that some one was thanking God for Adolf Hitler. It is easy to guess who it was. The only person in the world who could thank God for Hitler is Hitler. But what must God think, at the moment when he has at last plunged the whole world into the inferno of war and sown death in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, to be praised like this. "If Providence willed that this war should not be avoided, I must thank Providence for putting me at the head of the German nation."

To Use 1914 Relics To Help Beat Hitler

The rumble of German artillery through the streets of Canadian cities, never heard in the last war, may be heard in this.

They won't be the guns of a conquering army, but rather those that Canadian troops in the last war took from the Kaiser's legions and brought home after the Armistice to grace or disfigure public squares whichever way the reader happens to look at it.

Ven. Archdeacon F. G. Scott, beloved padre of the C.E.F., believes they "disfigure public parks and public squares," and proposed that they be trundled off to armament plants and melted down for their metal.

In a letter Archdeacon Scott suggested that Quebec take the lead in utilizing the guns of the Imperial German army to defeat its present day counterpart.

"Metal, especially gun metal, is sorely needed in our defence industries," Archdeacon Scott said.

But he would spare guns of historic significance which "give picturesqueness to our old city fortifications and have value in themselves. These need not be touched," he added.

CUTS and BRUISES

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MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

ISSUE 2—'42

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HOW TO RELIEVE PILE TORTURE QUICKLY AND EASILY

If you are troubled with itching piles or rectal soreness, do not delay treatment and run the risk of letting this condition become chronic. Any itching or soreness or painful passage of stool is nature's warning and proper treatment should be secured at once.

For this purpose get a package of Hem-Roid from any druggist and use as directed. This formula, which is used internally is a small, easy to take tablet, will quickly relieve the itching and soreness and aid in healing the sore tender spots. Hem-Roid is pleasant to use, is highly recommended and it seems the height of folly for any one to risk a painful and chronic pile condition when such a fine remedy may be had at such a small cost.

If you try Hem-Roid and are not entirely pleased with the results, your druggist will gladly return your money.