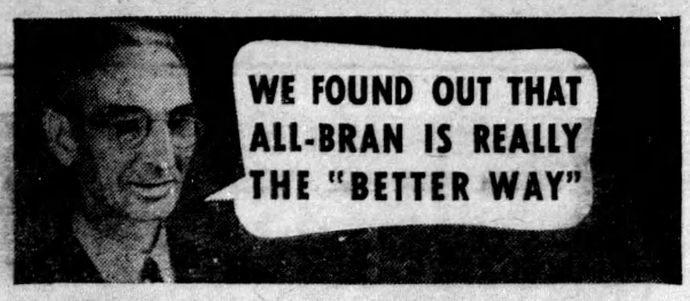


Says Mr. A. H. Ward, Montreal, Quebec: "The use of harsh, irritating cathartics is a thing of the past in our house. When we found out about KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, several years ago, we knew that at last this was our way to be 'regular'. I've made it a habit to recommend ALL-BRAN to my friends."

Why don't *you* try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to *correct* the cause of constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in your diet. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like cathartics. It takes time. Get ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, in two convenient size packages, or ask for the individual serving package at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"KATHLEEN"

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

SYNOPSIS

At the suggestion of Lorraine Bennett who is angling for John Davis, Dr. A. Martha Kent doctor of abnormal psychology, has moved into the Davis home to "cure" Kathleen, Mr. Davis' twelve-year-old motherless child who has gotten out of hand because of his neglect. Kathleen has developed a strong attachment for Dr. Kent — whom she calls "Angel", a contraction of the "A.", or Angela, part of her name which she does not use. Equally strong is the child's dislike for Miss Bennett whom she is sure wants to marry her father for his money.

CHAPTER THREE

Kathleen was right in believing that Dr. Kent — to him — "Angel" — to her — was effecting just as much change in her father as she was in her. She was, to some extent, wrong in her conclusions as to the reasons for the change.

It would be hard for a little girl, in whom a new love was budding, to understand that a purely professional attitude — purely professional logic — was the weapon a pretty girl might choose to effect any result where a handsome marriageable man was involved.

And yet A. Martha Kent, doctor of abnormal psychology, was just such a peculiar, pretty girl.

It hadn't taken her long to discover that if any member of the Davis family needed a mental doctor it wasn't the neglected daughter but rather the neglectful father.

She had been shocked at Mr. Davis' disclosure of abysmal ignorance of Kathleen's affairs at her first interview with him — and Mr. Davis had been made to know it.

On every occasion since, conversation between them had had to do with Kathleen and her needs.

John Davis' education as to what was expected of the father of a motherless child was not proving easy.

"Tomorrow," Dr. Kent told him one evening, "you and your daughter are going out for the whole day — alone."

"Well, that sounds fine — and I'd like it a lot," Mr. Davis replied blandly, "but, you see, I won't be here tomorrow. I'm driving up to Saybrook tonight."

"I don't think you ought to go," said Dr. Kent calmly.

"But these people are expecting me," argued Mr. Davis, ". . . and besides, I've already dined at home twice this week."

* * *

Usually Dr. Kent's argument for the "cooperation" she expected on behalf of her "patient" was nothing more than silent disapproval of Kathleen's father's viewpoint. This time she went considerably beyond that.

"Yes — you really deserve a gold star on your report card for a big sacrifice like that," she flared in sudden anger — and then, embarrassed: "I'm sorry, Mr. Davis; I guess I should not have said that —but, honestly, after twelve years of giving Kathleen only the . . . fringes of your mind and heart, I'm rather sure that two dinners at home just don't let you out."

Her employer looked — and smiled slowly. He rose from his chair and crossed over to where his opponent sat. In mock solemnity he raised her right hand high above her head.

"The winner — and still champion," he said with a laugh that dispelled the tension. "Tomorrow we take her on a picnic."

"No, you do," Dr. Kent replied. "I'll beg off at the last minute." Then she looked up at him anxiously and asked: "Do you really see some logic in this — or are you just playing along with a crack-brain?"

"Indeed, no! I agree with you entirely," Kathleen's father replied —and there was significant extra sincerity in his tone when he added: "In fact, I think you're wonderful!"

* * *

Any doctor of psychology would have been pleased at such a compliment — and few pretty girl doctors could have escaped the possible ambiguity of its meaning. Angela covered her embarrassment with a purely professional remark. "You understand, of course, Mr. Davis," she said, "that it is my feeling that, since Kathleen has no mother, you will have to give her more of yourself than most fathers."

"I suppose, in a way," Mr. Davis mused, "it was selfish of me not to marry again."

"It would have been better for Kathleen," Dr. Kent ventured timidly.

"I know that now — but I didn't realize it before," her employer continued. "Pretty soon, perhaps, I may be able to set that right."

Angela's mind flashed back to several of Kathleen's little tricks of strategy which had been too obvious for her to miss and a fear — not altogether unpleasant— which had already been planted in her heart, began to grow.

"You're — you're thinking of getting married?" she asked.

"Well, it seems to fit in, doesn't it," was Mr. Davis' answer.

Angela blundered on. "I don't want to pry," she said, "but are you planning to marry before Kathleen leaves for school?"

The butler interrupted their conversation. As Angela went back to her room she pondered every word of her employer's answer to her last question. "Oh, it's not as definite as that," he had said. "I haven't even asked her yet. I'm the kind of a guy that has to be pretty sure of his ground. I don't know whether she'll have me. I'll just have to wait and see how things develop as time goes on— watch and pray!"

* * *

Next morning Kathleen's father gave every indication that he had accepted, in full spirit, Dr. Kent's plan for his spending a whole day in the woods alone with his daughter.

He was positively gay when he rapped on her door.

"Get your things together — we're going on a picnic," he called out.

Kathleen's delight knew no bounds. "We are — just the two of us?" she fairly shouted.

"No, sir! The two of us — and a lady . . . a rather special lady!" her father answered. And Kathleen, with her own very special ideas, just whooped.

"I know the lady — don't I?" she laughed, as she grabbed a sweater and started downstairs ahead of him.

"You certainly do," her father answered gaily.

"I think she's super-special," the child called back.

Lorraine Bennett was waiting in the library.

"Isn't it fun about our picnic?" she gushed — and Kathleen's bubble burst. All she could say was "Hello, Miss Bennett" — and in the dreariest of tones.

"Oh, come now," the charmer replied, "picknickers can't call each other 'Miss'. Call me 'Lorraine', won't you?"

"All right, Lorraine," Kathleen said with due obedience — but her father, as he came in, couldn't help noticing her manner of deflation as she tried to respond to Lorraine's blurbs about the glories of hard boiled eggs in their shells, friend chicken, and other time honored picnic delicacies.

* * *

"Well, you're a funny one," he remarked. "Now that you're face to face with Lorraine you seem to have lost your tongue — and after all the wonderful things you said about her upstairs!"

Kathleen's "Where's Angela?" might have told him something if he had been reasonably observant.

"Oh—uh—Angela isn't feeling too well — bit of a headache," he answered. "She's not going with us."

"If you'll excuse me, please, I'd like to go and see how she is," said Kathleen as she hurried from the room.

"Who's Angela?" Lorraine asked.

"Oh, Dr. Kent," Mr. Davis replied.

"Dr. Kent? . . . but she had some grim sort of name — Abigail or Maria — didn't she?"

Mr. Davis grinned. "Martha, you're thinking of," he said. "Calls herself 'A. Martha Kent'—but the kid has apparently wormed out of her that her first name is 'Angela.' 'S matter of fact, it suits her better than Martha. She looks more like an Angela. She's a swell person — Kathleen took to her right away."

Lorraine gave him a probing look. "I'm so glad," she said.

* * *

Kathleen wasn't thinking of deception when she stormed into Angela's room to find her, in perfect health, seated at her desk at work on another treatise on abnormal psychology. She accepted Angela's truthful statement that since she didn't know such a person as Lorraine existed she couldn't have know that Mr. Davis had invited her to share their outing.

* * *

"Angela, are you going to let that woman interfere with our plans?" Kathleen demanded excitedly.

"We had no plans for today," was Angela's calm answer.

"I mean our plans for you to marry father," the youngster blurted out.

"Why, Kathleen! I never heard such nonsense!" a completely nonplussed psychologist exploded.

"Well — are you going to let her? Don't you want to marry him? You've said he was awfuly good looking . . . and very intelligent," Kathleen rattled on. "You're supposed to be here to make me happy — and I don't notice you doing much about it!"

"My dear Miss Davis," the floundering Angela countered, "the sooner you discover that the world doesn't revolve around you, the better off you'll be. Your father has his life and I have mine — and Miss What's-Her Name has hers!"

"I wouldn't give a nickel for hers," said Kathleen scornfully.

Angela was beside herself. "Will you stop talking and get ready for your picnic?" she demanded.

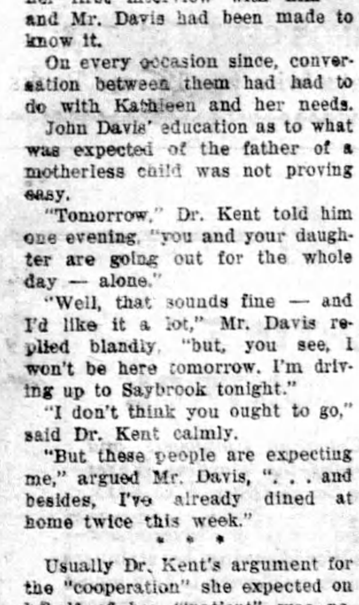
"Why?" Kathleen asked with quiet significance.

"Because I say so!" Angela fairly shouted.

When Kathleen had left the doctor in psychology turned to what she had been writing. "There is never any excuse for one's losing one's temper with a child," it read.

She picked it up, savagely tore it into shreds, and threw it into the waste basket!

(To Be Continued)



Admiral Thomas C. Hart

All naval operations in the Far East will be directed by Admiral Thomas C. Hart, Commander in Chief of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet.

Stake Is High

"Victory and security can only be won by a real consciousness of what is at stake and of what is required of each one of us. One isn't making sacrifices if one's life goes on as before with what we are giving not interrupting that life in any way."—Sir Patrick Duff, Deputy High Commissioner for the United Kingdom.

Same Old Trick

German authorities have ordered the Consumers' Co-operative of Oslo to prepare 90,000 Christmas packages. This has given rise to suspicion that the Germans are planning to repeat the game they played last year when a "Christmas Ship," well-laden with gifts for German soldiers, arrived with much fanfare at Oslo harbor. It was announced the ship had come from Germany, but later investigation revealed that it had taken on its cargo at another Norwegian port.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

The following Cranberry Dishes and the Candied Sweet Potatoe recipes are special requests.

Cranberry Ice

1 quart cranberries
2 cups water
1¼ cups sugar
Juice of ½ lemon
Juice of ½ orange

Cook cranberries in water until tender. Strain through a fine strainer, and add sugar and fruit juices. Cool. Freeze until solid for one inch from the edge of the freezing tray. Beat thoroughly and complete freezing.

This will give a smooth-textured sherbet which may be served instead of cranberry sauce with roast turkey. It may be also served as dessert with cake.

Spiced Cranberries

2½ cups sugar
½ cup water
2 two-inch sticks cinnamon
1 teaspoon whole cloves
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon
4 cups cranberries (1 pound)

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon juice and rind and boil together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly without stirring until all the skins pop open. Chill for immediate serving.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

8 medium-sized sweet potatoes
2-3 to 1 cup brown sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper
Thin lemon or orange slices

Scrub potatoes and parboil for 10 minutes. Drain, pare and cut in lengthwise halves or slices. Stir sugar, water and butter over low heat until sugar dissolves. Arrange a layer of the potatoes in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add a few pieces of very finely sliced lemon or orange. Repeat layers of potatoes, seasoning and lemon or orange until potatoes are all used. Pour in sugar syrup. Bake in moderate oven until potatoes are tender.

DEBONAIR YOUNG FROCK

By Anne Adams

If you have a date with your best beau, wear this . . . one of the prettiest styles designed for the young figure by Anne Adams! It's Pattern 4941, and easy-to-make in addition. See that long-line basque bodice and the twin panels in the front of the skirt! Both make you willow slim . . . the V-neck does too! Accent this frock with the hand-embroidered flower—it's easy-to-do from the transfer motif. The bodice may be further enhanced by a row of buttons or a slide fastener at the centre seam. There's a choice of short, three-quarter or long sleeves, and the bodice may be made of contrast fabric. Let the Sewing Instructor show you how to finish quickly—a black crepe frock with gold-thread embroidery would be a stunning choice.

Pattern 4941 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3⅛ yards 39 inch material.

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.

"Caffeine nerves made Mr. Brown the most irritable man in town. I even had children calling him "The Grouch." But *Mrs.* Brown knew too much for me—she knew that too much tea and coffee often cause frayed nerves and bad temper. She persuaded Brown to switch to Postum. Now he's the friend of everybody and I've lost another case of caffeine nerves."

Mr. T. N. Coffee Nerves.

If you feel out of sorts, have headaches and are generally irritable, why not switch to Postum? You'll like its flavor, and it's absolutely caffeine-free. Order Postum from your grocer today. Try it for 30 days and see how much better you feel.

POSTUM

P152

Takes Six Months To Complete Ship

Parts of Hull Are Made Inland and Assembled At Shipyard

Britain's shipbuilders are winning the race with the U-boats.

Large steamers and motorships of 10,000 tons are now being completed, from the laying of the keel to the final coat of paint, in just under six months. Indeed, by making parts of the hull and so on in distant workshops inland and assembling them at the shipyard, the six months have been reduced to five and a half.

Never before has Great Britain turned out ships at such a speed; and it is speed that has decided the peace-time controversy about whether the hulls of big merchant ships should be riveted or welded.

Welding is not only quicker but it saves steel, so welding has won. More steel is being saved by the use of concrete for small craft. Hundreds of ferro-concrete barges have been built, releasing hundreds of skilled shipbuilders from the barge building yards to work on ocean-going tonnage.

There they are concentrating upon the well-tried standard "economy" types of vessels which many famous British shipbuilders had already evolved.

The shipyards were prepared when war came for an expanding production. The Admiralty passed the word to them for so many tankers, refrigerated cargo liners, coasters, deep-sea tramps, and standardization has triumphed.

Nazi Air Power Cut 35 Percent

Many Planes Lost In Middle East In Addition to Losses in Russia

Aviation observers estimated recently that losses in the campaign against Russia have reduced the German Air Force to about 65 per cent of its peak strength.

They noted in this connection that there has not been a really big raid on Britain since the Russian war began last June 22.

"The German Air Force is literally worn out," said a reliable commentator with excellent sources of information. "The pilots are tired and there is a real shortage of planes in certain categories. To all appearances the German Air Force is just about 35 per cent under what it was, for instance, when it gave London its first heavy fire-bomb attack just a year ago."

In addition to the losses in the Russian campaign, this source said, the German's air strength has suffered severely in the Middle East.

"With the Luftwaffe in its present condition," he said, "Hitler can't just laugh off the 476 planes which the British shot down, destroyed or captured from Nov. 18 (the start of the British drive into Libya) to Dec. 23."

This view that the Nazi Air Force actually is suffering shortages was supported by a reliable foreign source who said that, according to information just received from agents on the continent, the German High Command two weeks ago banned the manufacture of any new types of planes which cannot be turned out in mass production.

But this source warned that the present German air lull, which British pilots on patrol over France have noticed, might only mean that "Hitler is getting his forces ready for some kind of winter campaign. On the basis of reports of activities in Sicily, the Peloponnesus and North Africa, it's a two to one bet it will be a blitz against the Western and Middle Mediterranean."

In this connection the Air Ministry news service reported recently that, until the British capture of the Derna airdromes a few days ago, Gen. Erwin Rommel, the Axis commander in Libya, had received gasoline brought from Greece by plane.

The news service said that the RAF in the last 38 days had occupied 39 Axis airdromes in Libya, and that the "twisted skeletons of wrecked aircraft litter every landing ground."

If an airplane is travelling 250 m.p.h. at a height of 20,000 feet, it must release its bomb when it is still 2½ miles from the target aimed at.

RECTAL SORENESS AND
PILE TORTURE
QUICKLY RELIEVED

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.

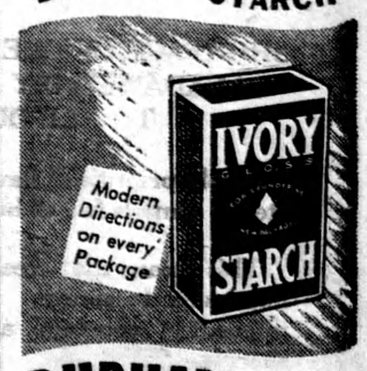
If you try Hem-Roid and are not entirely pleased with the results, your druggist will gladly return your money

ISSUE 3—'42

One RECOMMENDS THE Other

BEE HIVE Syrup

IVORY LAUNDRY STARCH



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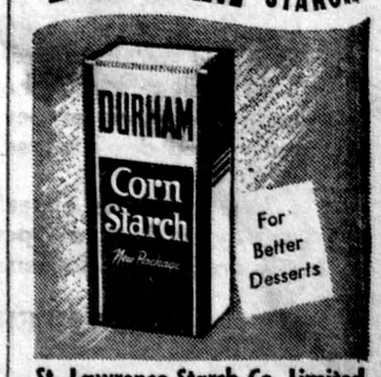

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