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Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

"KATHLEEN"

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

SYNOPSIS

Kathleen, twelve-year-old motherless daughter of handsome, wealthy John Davis, has learned to love Dr. A. Martha Kent, "Angela", psychologist, who is affecting an "adjustment" between Kathleen and her father who has neglected her. Her father is about to marry Lorraine Bennett whom Kathleen despises and Angela, to whom Mr. Davis has made no advances, has done nothing to prevent the marriage. Even Max Schoner, kindly old antique dealer who is about to move to Philadelphia from Kathleen's community in Connecticut, has been unable to help the child in her hour of trouble. She had overheard Angela and her father in an angry discussion of her affairs and has concluded that nobody loves her or wants her — and has run away.

CHAPTER SIX

"Kathleen has run away!"

Angela tried desperately to be calm — but John Davis felt the impact of her announcement as though he had been struck by a bomb. The complacency he had worn for years like a suit of armor was completely shattered — and his soul lay bare, marked by the hideous streaks of his selfishness.

"Run away?" he faltered.

"This was in her room," Angela continued, thrusting a scrap of paper into his hands. "Better phone the police. She had an hour's start. She took her bank."

Kathleen's father was helpless. "She can't have gone far — let's get the car. She — what does this say?" he mumbled almost incoherently.

It was Angela who phoned the police.

Mr. Davis tried to decipher the meaning of the blurred letters before him. "I—I'm going to my only friend," the note concluded.

Miss Bennett, in a filmy dinner gown, was most concerned about her "Johnny." He ignored her and her solicitude.

While Angela, Mr. Davis, and repeated phone messages from the police, puzzled where to go and what to do to help the unhappy little girl alone out in the night, Lorraine developed a sudden interest in the cause of Kathleen's flight.

* * *

"What in the world could have possessed the little dear," she asked in words that rang far from true. "Exactly what did she say in the note — perhaps you have overlooked some clue."

"The note is in the hands of the police," Angela answered, "but it made it very clear that Kathleen was desperately unhappy —she felt she wasn't wanted."

"But why could she have felt like that?" Lorraine pressed.

Mr. Davis was still bewildered; it was Angela who was forced to make the explanations.

"She overheard a conversation between her father and me this evening out near the cabana," she said. "Miss Bennett, Kathleen was very much distressed at the thought of her father's re-marriage."

"Oh, indeed, Dr. Kent—I think you must be wrong. Kathleen was very fond of me," Lorraine replied. "What gave you that idea?"

"Kathleen told me," Angela answered quietly, "—and the note in the book she left made it quite plain. That was her reason for running away — my leaving, and the marriage."

"What book — is that in the hands of the police too?" Lorraine snapped.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Davis asked anxiously as Angela turned to leave the room.

"I think Miss Bennett would like to see the book I mentioned," Angela said.

The volume she brought was one of birthday verses. In it Kathleen had marked one for the month of June.

"Mr. Davis' birthday is in June," Angela explained.

* * *

Lorraine read the first two lines of the poem aloud — but she finished in silence.

"Sonny, when you take a wife,
Just remember, it's for life.
Search for more than airy grace,
If your fortunes downward range—
LOYALTY will never change.
FAITH outlasts a silken ankle.
MODESTY will never rankle.
Sonny, when you take a wife,
Just remember — IT'S FOR LIFE!"

"But this is only ridiculous — I still don't know why you are so positive in your opinion," Lorraine persisted.

"Well, if you must know at this time when other things are so much more important, I'll tell you," Angela answered calmly. "I don't think I can ever forget a single word of the note Kathleen left me. You'll have the opportunity to read it some time—if you care to—and when you do I doubt if you'll find my recollection as much as a syllable wrong. It said: 'Dear Angel: When I heard you and father were out walking I thought that what I hoped and prayed for was coming true after all. But it isn't. Father is going right ahead and marry Lorraine, and you're going to South America, and you never did care anything about me. I am father not to worry or try to find me. He won't even miss me. It's better that way."

* * *

"It is apparent, Dr. Kent, that you have discussed with Kathleen her dislike for me," Lorraine observed, with catty insinuation. "It would be silly for me to ask whether you did what your paid position obligated you to, namely, overcome any such dislike if it really existed. Her dislike of me quite obviously suited your purposes—to reach John through his child!"

At the mention of his name, Mr. Davis, seated near the telephone anxiously awaiting possible word from the police, looked up.

"Please, Miss Bennett," said Angela quietly. "Kathleen is lost! Be as catty to me as you care to be later on — tomorrow —but at least have the decency to wait until we find her!"

"Don't you tell me what to do!" fairly shouted Mr. Davis' bride-to-be," "it wouldn't surprise me if you cooked up this whole running away business — you and Kathleen!"

Angela turned to leave the room. "That, Miss Bennett," she said with biting contempt, "is the vilest and most revealing thing I have ever heard! . . . I'm going to sit by the upstairs telephone."

"So that's vile, is it?" shouted Lorraine as Angela went out calmly. "That's vile and 'revealing'—and you're just too shocked for words! Well, let me tell you, dear, prissy, superior Dr. Kent, I've only started!"

* * *

All night long Angela and Kathleen's father kept vigil in the Davis home — and a hundred miles away, in Philadelphia, Max Schoner, too, kept vigil; he was awaiting the arrival of the last big moving van with some of his precious possessions.

"Hey! Open up, willya, Pop!" a tired driver called out in the early morning as he rapped on the door of the place "with the even bigger mortgage" which Kathleen's friend's cousin had willed to him.

"Pop" stood in the doorway while the driver and his helper flung open the big rear door of the van.

"Jeez!" they exclaimed in unison as a little girl, mussed and sleepy-eyed, crawled to the edge of the truck and said simply: "Could you help me down?"

"Kathleen!" Max shouted as he ran to her from the doorway.

"I swear I didn't know nuttin' about it," defended the bewildered driver.

Inside Kathleen sobbed out her story in her old friend's arms. "I had to, Mr. Schoner," she cried. "They don't want me, any of them —not Angel, or . . . Oh, Mr. Schoner, please let me stay with you!"

"There, there now, my little friend," comforted Max—"but all night long your father don't know where you are!"

"He doesn't care," sobbed the youngster. "Don't tell him — Oh, Mr. Schoner, if you like me at all, don't tell him!"

Soon, under kindly ministrations, the tired little girl was asleep — on an old iron bed in a tiny room piled high and with unopened boxes. On a table beside her, her old, understanding friend had made a place for the contents of the bundle she brought with her—her savings bank . . . and the little tinkly music box which was her open sesame to the "land-of-make-believe!"

* * *

It was a frantically distraught Angela who answered Max Schoner's long distance phone call. "She's safe!" she cried as if to some distant unseen power. Then she fell fainting to the floor.

Kathleen's father seized the dangling receiver. "Just a minute, Mr. Schoner — hold on," he said, and knelt to pillow Angela's head on his breast. "It's all right, dear," he said gently. Maybe she didn't hear him.

Max confessed his duplicity to a horrified Kathleen when she awakened from her sleep. "You called him — after I begged you not to," she cried.

"He was awfully worried—you didn't know he would worry or you wouldn't do this," her old friend contended. "He said they were leaving right away to see you."

"'They' — that means father and Lorraine — I won't go back," Kathleen said with determination —and Max wasn't sure his arguments had made her change her mind when he left her alone for a little while.

The little girl looked at the music box on the table beside her. "Suppose," she said to herself, "the door should open and it wouldn't be Lorraine at all? Just suppose it should be Angela and father?"

And that's just what happened — and Kathleen looked at the music box to make sure it wasn't playing.

"I guess this must be real, all right," the wise little lady said, "because if I were making it up you two would be kissing!"

And that's just what happened.

"Get your things, darling," her father said gently, "the family's going home!"

— THE END —

QUICK-TO-SEW HOME FROCK

By Anne Adams

If you're busier than a bee these days, yet want to make yourself a jolly new home frock, why not order Pattern 4981 by Anne Adams? It takes very little time to sew—there are only four main sections back and front. The bias insets at the waist give a slim look to this dress—the tie-belt in front is optional. And aren't the white collar and cuffs a refreshing note? Top-stitch them if you like, or make them of the same fabric as the dress. The Sewing Instructor has a step-by-step plan that aids in sewing this as quickly as possible. Other choices are long sleeves, revers and ric-rac trim, and the belt may be used in back instead of in front, or omitted altogether.

Pattern 4981 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

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

BRITAIN'S NEW ENVOY TO RUSSIA

Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, above, former British ambassador to China, has been named to succeed Sir Stafford Cripps, retiring ambassador to Russia.

"Babes On Broadway"

Adapted by
Frances Barbour
From the M.G.M. Picture of that name.
A Young Actor Finds The Magic of The Great White Way.

Beginning Next Week

"Blackout Light" Ingenious Device

An ingenious device known as a "blackout light," designed to give enough illumination to permit orderly movement during periods of emergency blackouts without being visible to enemy airmen, has been invented by W. S. Cottongim, an Atlanta, Georg., manufacturing executive.

Lighting engineers have been closely watching tests with three of the lights at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary — a place where blackouts would present an unusually difficult problem. They say the invention holds much promise for relieving conditions caused by enforced periods of darkness in industrial plants and homes, and as directional finders on city streets.

In reality the "blackout light" is not a light at all, but a soft glow achieved by treating a cloth background with a secret self-illuminating phosphorus paint and fitting it into a light reflector. This phosphorus mixture is activiated by small special electric bulbs. These bulbs will burn for more than 1,000 hours, according to Mr. Cottongim, while the background can be activated again and again and still retain its efficiency.

While these small bulbs go out like other lights when the current goes off, the secretly treated phosphorus background remains luminous for a period of from 10 to 12 hours. A six by 18-inch "blackout light" will give off enough glow to make objects in an ordinary room distinguishable, without being visible from the outside.

The light can be made in the shape of arrows and placed along the street to point the direction to air-raid shelters, or placed in industrial plants to point the way to exits or fire escapes. If used on the outside, without being seen from the air they will give enough light to guide those within 100 feet or so, declares Mr. Cottongim. The "blackout light" can also be made in the form of words.

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Every time you use Calumet Double-Acting Baking Powder you *save*. You *pay* less—you *use* less.

And you get *better results* because of Calumet's *double-action*. First in the mixing bowl, thousands of tiny bubbles, released by moisture, start to make your batter or dough light and fluffy. Then in the oven, released by heat, thousands more of these fine bubbles lift your cake or biscuits high and evenly. Remember—with *Calumet:*

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3—*You get better results*—because continuous leavening means finer, better texture in all your baking.

L32

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
DOUBLE-ACTING

TABLE TALKS

Some Tempting Cheese Dishes

After telling you something about cheese as a food and as a substitute for part of your daily milk portion, it seems appropriate to give a few tempting dishes containing cheese.

Welsh Rarebit

½ lb. cheese (grated)
½ teaspoon mustard
⅛ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
2 teaspoons butter
1 egg
Dry toast

Place cheese in double boiler or chafing dish and sprinkle over the mixed seasonings. Add butter in pieces; then add the milk. When cheese is melted, stir in a well-beaten egg; cook for a moment. Serve on toast or on salt wafers.

Cottage Cheese

Heat sour milk or buttermilk until the whey is quite clear; drain in a cheese cloth and let drip about five hours without squeezing. Place curd in a bowl; break with a wooden spoon. Season with salt and mix into a paste with a little cream. Mold and set in a cool place.

Cheese Souffle

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
½ cup milk
3 eggs

Cook first five ingredients as white sauce for two minutes. Remove from heat and add well-beaten yolks of eggs and cheese. Set away to cool. When cool, fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in slow oven 30 minutes.

Cheese Fondue

1 cup scalded milk
1 cup soft stale bread crumbs
¼ lb. mild cheese (cut in small pieces)
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
Yolks 3 eggs
Whites 3 eggs

Mix milk, breadcrumbs, cheese, butter and salt. Add yolks of eggs which have been beaten until creamy. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

The composition of cheese is one-third protein, one-third fat and one-third water. In melting cheese use a gentle heat as intense heat makes cheese tough and difficult to digest. A little soda added to milk and water used in cooking cheese, will render the cheese more soluble.

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.

Daylight Saving English Invention

Attributed to Bricklayer and Became Law in England in 1916

Few folks know that daylight saving time was invented by an English bricklayer called William Willet. He passed on the idea to his member of parliament, who later became Sir Robert Pearce.

The bill was first introduced into the house of commons before the last war, but a select committee shelved the notion until 1916, when the unrestricted German submarine campaign made extra daylight in factories essential.

The bill became law on May 21, 1916. The original scheme of the bricklayer had been to put the clock forward by four leaps of 20 minutes each, but Sir Robert Pearce amended it to the extra full hour which we enjoy in normal times.

Some amusing incidents occurred when the bill first became law. The palace officials hired a man by contract whose task was to see that all the royal clocks were duly moved in October and the spring.

Several other go ahead clockmakers followed suit, and offered to do the same at a lump sum down, with a contract to last for 30 years. As most of the clockmakers were well over 60 three of them were imprisoned—as a lesson — for obtaining money under false pretenses.