Says Mrs. Joseph Pare, Montreal, Quebec: "I find KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN much more satisfactory than pills or powders. Nearly all our family suffered from constipation. Our friends suggested pills and powders, but relief was only temporary. Now we eat ALL-BRAN regularly and recommend it to our friends."

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BABES ON BROADWAY

Adapted by
FRANCES BARBOUR
from the MGM Picture Starring
Mickey Rooney

SYNOPSIS

Tommy Williams, aspiring young song and dance artist from Wisconsin, is a member of the trio, "The Three Balls of Fire," working in Nick's cellar spaghetti joint. But Nick's clientele only numbers four and the boys are let out. The last night though they meet the famous Jonesy, assistant to the great theatrical producer, Thornton Reed. In the Pitt-Astor drug store the next day, Tommy is talking to pretty Penny Morris, who has just lost a stage part. Just then, Jonesy sends for Tommy and his pals and offers them an audition for Thornton Reed's new musical. But the boys spread the news around and when they arrive at the theatre the place is a madhouse. Furious about it and loathing actors any way, Reed refuses to give the boys a hearing. For the first time Tommy is thoroughly discouraged. He has lost all hope in himself.

CHAPTER THREE

Angrily, Tommy paced the floor of their room that afternoon while the boys looked on miserably.

He yanked at his hair. "Maybe I don't belong in show business . . All right then, I'll do somethin' else. I'll drive a truck. I'll dig ditches. I'll sell shoes."

Hammy was worried. "Take it easy Tom. You know you're not serious."

"Sure," Ray put in, "we'll be makin' the rounds again tomorrow. Somethin'll turn . . ."

"Not me," Tommy said furiously. "How long do I have to keep singing 'Maybe?' How long does my life have to be in hock to a lot of producers?"

Ray shrugged. 'Until you become a producer yourself."

"Yeah. Become a producer myself," he returned satirically. But all at once he began playing with the idea. "Sure. Why not? There's nothing magic to it. All you need is courage and taste and money."

"Yeah," Hammy said "and we're loaded with courage and taste."

Tommy didn't hear this. He didn't want to. "We've got plenty of talent. Let's sign ourself up. A lot of months ago we came to this town and devoted our lives to the theatre. We got the brush from every producer in New York. We've got a satchel full of talent and no place to display it. So we build our own showcase."

Hammy sat up. "Have you forgotten about money?"

Ray nodded. "Or are you planning to win a raffle?"

Tommy heard that. Slowly, his shoulders sagged. He nodded and turned away. "Yeah, you're right. It's no good. I'm just blowing bubbles again. If I only hadn't written that big build-up to my mother."

He left the room and ambled out into the street. Without thinking, he headed for the Dornan Street Settlement House where Penny did some part time typing. It might help to tell her all about it.

He was just walking up the steps of the place when he noticed a little tyke sitting on the front steps bawling her eyes out. It was Barbara Jo who took piano lessons from Penny's father. Tommy had met her the other day.

He patted her shoulder. "Well what's your claim?" For answer, she bawled louder. "Aw come on, it can't be that bad."

Heartbrokenly Barbara Jo said, "You don't know . . . what happened."

"Well," Tommy pointed out reasonably, "Something awful just happened to me too but am I crying?"

"You're a bo-oy!" Then she sort of pulled herself together. "It's not me so much," she wailed, "I've seen it. But some of the other kids . . . they never even been there and those old trustees . . ."

"The who?"

"The Board of Trustees." She was highly indignant now. "They promised we were going to the country for two whole weeks . . ." She dissolved again, "and now they come around and say they can't give us the money."

Tommy sighed sadly for her. "Aw well, what do you care? You're still young. You have lots of time to get to the . . ." His face suddenly lighted up and he grabbed her by the arm. "Hey. What did you say?"

Again she was off. "And we were gonna see cows and brooks . . . and milk 'em . . and everything."

"You mean they backed out?" Tommy looked deliriously happy now. "Why I've never heard of such a thing." He jumped to his feet. "How dare they do that! Come on. We'll see about this."

They were just going inside when they bumped into Penny. She asked, "See about what?"

* * *

By this time, Tommy was saving all of humanity. "Why these poor little kids that never get any sunlight, or see a blade of grass, or a babbling brook or a bluebird flit from tree to tree." His arms were spread wide. "What's happened to the milk of human kindness? Where is he?"

Penny and Barbara Jo were both watching him in awe.

"Who?" Penny asked.

"The what-you-call it. The Number One guy."

Penny caught on. "The superintendent? That's Mr. Stone. He's in his office now."

"That's our man." Again, Tommy puffed up with righteous indignation. "Why the very idea," he spouted once more as he marched inside.

A few moments later he stood before Mr. Stone's desk with Penny and Barbara Jo and went to town. Those poor little kids, he orated. Something had to be done about them. And what could be better than a benefit show which he was just the man to put on. "And all you have to do Mr. Stone is give us the word and we're ready to go."

Stone drummed on his desk with his fingers. "I like your enthusiasm Tommy but I'm afraid it's a much bigger job than you imagine."

"Oh no it isn't," Penny put in. "You see Tommy's a professional and . . ."

"Yes, I know," Stone smiled, "but where are you going to get all the talent?"

"Talent!" Tommy scoffed at that. "Why the world is riddled with talent. You can shake it out of trees. Right in this room . . . that girl there . . ." He pointed at Penny, "one of the greatest singers of songs I ever heard. And Barbara Jo. She's got the greatest crying act in show business. I saw it myself a while ago. And as for myself . . . well . . ." He paused modestly and let the silence speak for itself. Then he turned to Stone again. "And if that's not enough I can walk into a drug store on Forty-fourth Street and throw a rock and hit as much talent as there is in any show on Broadway."

* * *

With quiet amusement, Stone cleared his throat. "Well that takes care of the talent. Where do you propose to put this show on?"

"The Settlement House gymnasium?" Penny asked eagerly.

Stone shook his head. "Couldn't seat over a hundred people down there."

Tommy was with him on that. "Of course not. This is no amateur night. It has to be tremendous. Big. Like the Aquacade! The World's Series! Rose Bowl stuff!"

Stone chuckled. "Looks as if you're going to need a whole city block."

Tommy jumped up and waved his arms wildly. "That did it. A city block. Right in the neighborhood. We rope it off and everybody comes to it. We give 'em a taste of what they're gonna see, pass the hat and with that money we hire a hall and put on a show for half a buck that'll really send those kids to the country."

Even Stone was impressed. "Well I must admit you have a wonderful platform."

Penny ran around to his chair. "Coulan't we do it Mr. Stone?"

"Please, please," Barbara Jo begged, clasping her hands.

Stone rose. "In the face of this enthusiasm, what can I say?" But as they all let out an exuberant yell he held up his hand. "I'm not guaranteeing though that Mr. Busch will be swept off his feet."

"Who's Mr. Busch?" Tommy asked.

"The district leader. He's the only one who can give you a permit for a block party. And he's a very tough customer."

"Tough customer, eh?" Tommy grabbed Barbara Jo. "Come on honey. Let's go over and cut him down to our size . . ."

* * *

Cut Simon J. Busch down, Tommy did, something that gentleman had never had happen before. An hour later, Tommy was in the Pitt-Astor drug store, telling Hammy and Ray about it.

"Yeah, there's this character Simon J. Busch, typical ward heeler sittin' there with a big heater stickin' outa the side of his mouth, wearing a black derby with a heart to match. An' I go to work on him. I tell him if he gives us the city block it'll send him to Congress. He keeps on smokin'. I appeal to his sense of chivalry. I tell him about Barbara Jo cryin' like the Johnstown Flood. I ask him whether he's gonna let young America grow up with rickets. Oh no Mr. Busch I say, not a man who reminds me so much of Thomas Jefferson. Then I tell him who Jefferson is. Finally, the guy folds like a wet tent. Tears come out of his eyes as big as ping pong balls."

Now Tommy smiled slowly and rubbed his hands. "Boys, he just couldn't resist the cause. I tell you it's the sucker shot of the century. And if we play our cards right and use those kids right, we'll land smack in the heart of Broadway with four-forty written all over us."

(Continued Next Week)

Output of Ships

Munitions Minister Howe told members of the Engineering Institute of Canada that Canada's output of merchant shipping this year is expected to total almost as much as that of the shipyards of Great Britain. Submarine sinkings in the Atlantic have forced Canada to switch her shipbuilding facilities from naval to merchant vessels.

Girls Don't Drink Nearly Enough Milk

Miss Laura Pepper, chief of the Consumers' Service, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, told a meeting of the Toronto Milk Foundation that surveys held in Halifax, Quebec City, Toronto and Edmonton showed that girls are not drinking nearly as much milk as boys and thousands are suffering from a deficiency of calcium.

She said the survey also disclosed serious diet deficiencies in iron and certain vitamins. The reduction in the use of sugar will be a good thing for the health of Canadians, she predicted.

Women Replace Men In R.C.A.F.

More than 1,000 women now are enrolled in the Royal Canadian Air Force (women's division), the majority of them replacing men who have been relieved for other duties.

Since the first class graduated from the initial training school at Havergal College, Toronto, six R.C.A.F. stations have been provided with detachments of women filling positions of accountants, stenographers, clerks, dental assistants, fabric workers, hospital assistants, telephone operators, cooks, motor transport drivers, general duties and mess.

MATRON'S SLIM SPRING ENSEMBLE

By Anne Adams

There's a definite feeling of spring in this new frock designed by Anne Adams, especially if you make the jacket to match! Plan Pattern 4994 in a soft sheer silk or rayon print and you can wear it now and all during the spring season. Every detail is fashion-right . . . the soft neckline with optional scallops, the row of darts above the waist to cinch-in the fullness of the bodice, the choice of short, three-quarter or long sleeves, and those two panels in the skirt will deceive the eye on the width of your hips! The well-cut jacket, with long or three-quarter sleeves, is a slimming feature, too, and may match or contrast with the dress. If you choose contrast, do accent the unusual collar by making it of the same fabric as the dress.

Pattern 4994 is available in women's sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36, dress, takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric.

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.

GOOD EATING NEWS

Is there anything better on top of a piping hot lamb stew than plump feather-light dumplings? Made with golden All-Bran in the batter, they're extra appealing. And they're better for you, since this crisp crunchy breakfast cereal retains its laxative properties even in cooking. The recipe goes like this:

All-Bran Dumplings

1½ cups flour	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 tablespoon baking powder	½ cup All-Bran

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Beat egg until light; add melted and cooled shortening, All-Bran and milk. Add liquid mixture to sifted dry ingredients and stir only until flour disappears. Drop batter by heaping teaspoonfuls on top of hot meat stew; cover tightly and let simmer for 20 minutes without removing cover. Serve hot.

Yield: 8 dumplings.

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Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

TABLE TALKS

BREAKFAST

Breakfast An All Important Meal

Upon observation, discussion and experience I have learned that breakfast with many is a much neglected meal.

Does your family go forth into the world these winter mornings fortified by a wholesome and health giving breakfast, one which is so heart-warming that they really wish to take time to enjoy it, r is it one of those hasty, sketchy things, of which energy and perception are gone long before mid-morning?

The most sensible breakfast, which is the very essence of simplicity, should be: fruit or fruit juice; cereal with milk, sugar, syrup or honey; toast, muffins or rolls; jam or marmalade; hot beverage.

At breakfast one should use freely citrus juices so high in mineral and vitamin content. They contain a great deal of vitamin C, and they have a start-the-day-right value. Tomato juice is also very popular for breakfast as well as for other meals of the day.

Cereals dry or cooked nowadays offer a wide variety. The cooked cereals have been so improved that they all will fit very nicely into the from five to fifteen minute cooking category. The dry cereals, too, offer such a choice that nearly everyone can find something appetizing for their different tastes.

In the interest of the so necessary food milk, a beverage made with milk should be emphasized.

If one wishes a more liberal breakfast, retain the fruit and cereal courses and add bacon or eggs or both.

Whatever favourite sweetener you use with toast, muffins or rolls, whether it be honey, molasses, jelly or marmalade, it is high in food value. Valuable minerals as well as energy are supplied by most of these sweets.

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.

Appalling Famine Sweeping Greece

A famine of appalling proportions has been caused in Greece by Germans who have stripped the country of food, according to Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles.

In response to questions, Welles said that reports of the Greek famine had been reaching the United States Government for a long time from Americans who had seen conditions at first-hand, from neighboring countries and from the Greek Legation in Washington.

He said the Germans had taken every bit of food and left the Greeks to starve. The infant mortality was a shocking commentary on Nazi treatment of the Greeks, he said.

Some food is being sent to Greece through Turkey under British auspices. Welles said he hoped that this would relieve famine conditions.

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's

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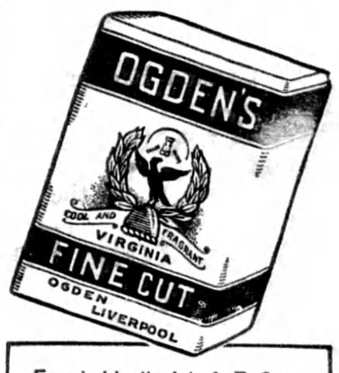

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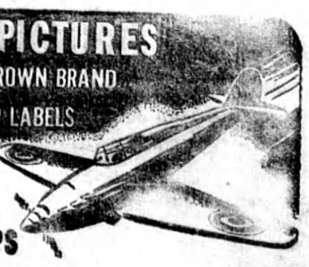

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