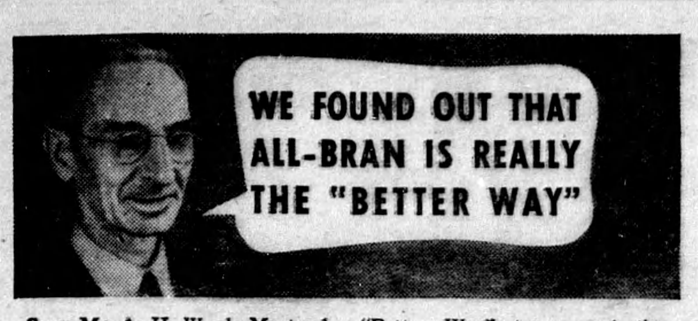


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# BABES ON BROADWAY

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." They lose their job in Nick's spaghetti joint but not before they meet the famous Jonesy, assistant to theatrical producer Thornton Reed. She offers them an audition for a musical revue but it falls through. Tommy loses hope. Then he has a great idea. Little Barbara Jo, a friend of Penny Morris, whom Tommy loves, is in despair because she and all her pals have been promised a trip to the country by the Dornan Street Settlement House. But now there is no money in the treasury. Tommy arranges a gigantic block party which will in turn finance a benefit show. Actually though, it is all for the purpose of getting his own act a publicity break. When Penny hears this, she walks out on him. The Block Show is a success but now Tommy is down on his luck again for Jonesy, who had promised him Thornton Reed's dilapidated Duchess Theatre for the benefit, is too busy to bother with it.**

### CHAPTER FIVE

Tommy was just stepping through the door when Jonesy spoke again.

"Tommy, I wonder . . ." He turned around. "Look, you don't happen to know an act, a good bright group that could be spotted a couple of times in Mr. Reed's show?"

"Sure," he returned.

"Who? Where?"

"Right here. 'The Three Balls of Fire.'"

She shook her head impatiently. "No no Tommy. I need a big act, at least twelve or fifteen and a singer."

Tommy began to shake with excitement. "Well how about my group from the Pitt-Astor drug store? And Penny? How about the number we did yesterday? It stopped traffic. You said so yourself."

She looked at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. "I wonder . . . no. Thornton wouldn't. . ." She stopped. "I don't know why not though. Tommy could you get that wonderful girl, what's her name?"

"Penny Morris?"

"Yes, Penny, and that gang of yours from the drug store? Could you get them all together and rehearse to do that number tomorrow afternoon at a matinee, exactly as you did it yesterday?"

Tommy swallowed his Adam's apple. "You mean . . . that is . . . you mean . . ."

"Yes, for Reed's show tomorrow in Philadelphia." As Tommy got hysterical and incoherent at once, she went on. "All right, get 'em all together. Be here in my office at five o'clock. We're taking the six o'clock train for Philadelphia." She looked up. "And may heaven have mercy on my soul."

Tommy let out one yell. "Six o'clock — five o'clock — right here." He rushed at her, kissed her glasses and headed for the door. "All-aboard for Philadelphia!"

At the Settlement House, he didn't bother with formalities. What was the difference if Penny wasn't speaking to him? Snatching her arm he pulled her into the office and gave it to her all in one big jumble. Then he grinned like a Neon light. "Success in three easy lessons. And now, what do you think of Williams?"

Penny stood there and looked at him. Then she rubbed her eyes as if it were all too much for her. "I think," she said bitterly, "Williams is still Williams."

It was like tumbling down out of the clouds. "Why Penny what . . ."

Her cheeks were flaming. "You're going to Philadelphia. Well that's fine. But without me."

"Without you?" he exclaimed in horor. "Penny you're crazy. This is it! What are you talking about?"

"The same thing," she said tonelessly. "Those little kids that we promised. Tommy don't you see?" She leaned across the desk pleadingly. "Those two weeks in the country aren't going to cure their ailments, true. But it's the idea of giving some kid the happiness he's always been dreaming about. Thornton Reed has a million dollars. And you and I can get another chance. But those kids . . ."

Tommy spoke defensively. "Yeah, but you don't get the point. I'm talking about the lives and careers of fifteen people, artists. I'm talking about Tommy Williams and Penny Morris, the performers. That hasn't got anything to do with kids going to the country." He reached for her hand. "Penny, let's get up there on top. Let's be stars first and then we can . . ."

She turned away. "Never mind, don't bother. You haven't heard a word I said." And then she flared just once. "Go on, go to Philadelphia. And I hope you stop the show." She walked out.

* * *

Now Tommy was furious. This was too much. Sure he and the gang would go to Philadelphia. They'd get along without Penny. Let her have her crazy ideals and see if that got her any place. And maybe sometime when his name was up in lights, she'd be sorry to have been so uppity to the great Tommy Williams.

He was just passing by the gym door when it opened and Barbara Jo appeared. She tugged at his sleeve. "Oh Tommy, I been looking for you all morning. It's awful important. Everybody's waitin' in the gym."

Tommy tried to get away. "I'm sorry, but you see I'm busy . . ."

"Please. It'll only take a minute."

Reluctantly, he followed her in. Then he stopped short. All the Settlement kids were standing there, lined up, their faces shining. "What's the matter?" he demanded nervously. "What's up? What do you want?"

At this Barbara Jo started to speak. "Well you see, Mr. Williams all the kids and myself, we had a meeting and we were talkin' about how much you been doing for us. You see, no one ever did anything about getting us to the country before, except you and—well, we just wanted to say 'thank you' so everybody chipped in and we bought you a present and here it is."

* * *

Tommy stared at the package in his hand. Then, as all the kids applauded and whistled, he opened it. There was a round Ingersoll watch in the box, shining and new and proud. The price tag was still there: "Three fifty."

Moisture came into his eyes. "Gosh." His voice was stuck. Now it came out rough with tears. "Kids, you shouldn't have." He looked at them helplessly. Then gradually other words came to him. Now his face was serious. "Listen everybody, it's the nicest present I ever saw 'cause every time I look at this watch I'll see your faces and remember every one of you and what a great gang you are. And when you go to the country — and you are goin' — you'll be glad you gave it to me. So then we'll all be happy."

He turned around and hurried down the corridor. Penny was back in her office.

She looked up. "You better hurry or you'll miss that train."

"Look," Tommy said tightly, "I just got one more speech and I have to make it." Penny turned her face away and he said, "You don't have to listen any more if you don't want to."

She swallowed hard. "All right, I'm listening."

Tommy put his hands in his pockets and began to pace the floor. "Penny, all my life I've been rehearsing to be a big man and it took five minutes for me to find out that I'm only a heel." She turned to look at him startled. "A bunch of little kids chipped in nickels and dimes and bought me a watch." He took it out. "Penny, I'm pretty ashamed that it took a bunch of six year olds to make me realize there's more to life than a song and a dance and an encore . . . and that there's more to people than just setting out front and being an audience." He stared at the watch. "It's half past one and that's the end of my speech."

* * *

Penny was looking at him now with her heart in her eyes. "Tommy," she said tremulously, "that's a wonderful speech." Then she smiled. "And life begins at half past one."

He smiled back nervously. "And now I've got a couple of words to say . . . really only three . . ."

"Well why don't you say 'em and get it over with?"

"Aw." He was blushing. "I could say 'I love you' but everybody says it that way. Look." He sat her down beside him and took her hands. "Penny, weren't you ever out in a rain storm and you felt like you were the only person in the world who wasn't getting wet? Were you ever looking at a full moon and it was only half a moon because you were looking at it alone?"

"Well . . ." Penny murmured.

He went on, "Did you ever meet anybody, then suddenly you felt like you were taking off the ground, right into space as if you were the propeller going round and round, thirty thousand revolutions to the minute and there were no landing fields left in the world?"

Penny looked at him rapturously. "Yes," she whispered, "I've had that feeling . . . and it started in a drug store."

Solemnly, he leaned over and kissed her. Then he said, "Isn't it wonderful what you can get these days in a drug store?"

It was some minutes later, that stern reality confronted them again. Tommy glanced at the watch and jumped up. "Come on." His eyes were a little sad. "We've got to go and tell Jonesy that the show in Philadelphia is all off."

(Concluded Next Week)


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## GLAMOR GIRL

Glamorization of Shirley Temple begins with this photograph by Hurrell, ace Hollywood lensman, and will continue in her forthcoming film.

# TABLE TALKS

## *More About Health Of The Family*

In army life mass buying keeps the army's food budget low. Many a homemaker, who spends more per person for her family, serves meals that are far below the nutritional standards of army fare. Every homemaker's job is to see that her family is kept healthy for whatever emergency may come. Menus must contain vitamins, minerals, proteins and all other important things in the right proportions.

Here is a simple menu:

Liver Loaf with Brown Gravy
Broccoli Baked Potatoes
Vitamin Salad French Dressing
Bran Muffins
Corn Flake Indian Pudding
Cookies

Please study this menu from a nutritional point of view. Liver—rich in iron and Vitamin B; Broccoli — a green vegetable with plenty of Vitamin A; vitamin salad—all tender young greens, containing Vitamins A, C, and G; bran muffins—more iron, more Vitamin B; corn pudding, supplying Vitamin A and G, and iron.

**Liver Loaf with Brown Gravy**

1½ pounds beef liver
1½ cups boiling water
2 slices salt pork, ¼ inch thick
1 medium-sized onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups cold water

Wipe liver with damp cloth or wash if necessary, cover with boiling water and let stand 10 minutes; drain. Grind with salt pork and onion; add parsley, crumbs, eggs, salt and pepper, and mix thoroughly. Press into baking pan and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour, or until browned; remove loaf to hot platter. Stir flour into drippings and brown; add water gradually and cook 5 minutes, stirring until thickened; season to taste and pour over loaf.

Yield: 1 loaf (8 x 4 x 3 inches), or 6 portions.

**Vitamin Salad**

Lettuce Leaves
Spinach Leaves
Diced Celery
Red Radishes
Green Onions, sliced
Grapefruit Sections
Green Pepper, diced

Mix lightly with French Dressing and place grapefruit sections on top.

**Bran Muffins**

2 cups All-Bran
½ cup molasses
1½ cups milk
1 egg
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda

Add bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt and soda together and combine with All-Bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes.

Yield: 1 dozen muffins (2½ inches in diameter).

**Corn Flake Indian Pudding**

2 eggs
2 cups milk
½ cup molasses
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups corn flakes
1 tablespoon melted butter

Beat eggs slightly; add milk, molasses and salt. Pour into baking dish and add corn flakes. Sprinkle with melted butter. Set baking dish in pan of hot water and bake in slow oven (300°F.) about 1½ hours. Serve hot, with cream if desired.

Yield: 8 servings.

**Ranger Cookies**

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
½ cup brown sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup quick cooking oatmeal
1 cup oven popped rice cereal
½ cup cocoanut

Blend shortening and sugars thoroughly; add egg and flavoring; beat well. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together. Combine with oatmeal, oven popped rice cereal and cocoanut; add to creamed mixture and stir until well blended. Drop by spoonfuls onto well greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 15 minutes or until brown.

Yield: 4 dozen cookies (2 inches in diameter).

**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.**

An automatic lock mechanism in a bird's foot keeps it on the perch while asleep.

## MAKE A NEW APRON WARDROBE

By Anne Adams

Like every busy, efficient housewife, you need a complete apron wardrobe! Why not treat yourself to one with Pattern 4803 by Anne Adams—with it you can make an apron for every purpose. For everyday wear, Apron A is appropriate, with its "upped" waistband and ladder back that stays securely in place while you work. Make version B, with the scalloped neckline in a dark sturdy cotton for your heaviest tasks . . . Make version C as a dainty tea apron your guests will adore. The scalloped bodice and hemline, the bow-trimmed pockets, look attractive trimmed with narrow lace.

Pattern 4803 is available in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38), and large (40-42). Small size, view A takes 2⅜ yards 35-inch fabric and 1 yard ric-rac; view B, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; view C, 1⅞ yards 35-inch fabric and 8 yards lace edging.

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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