

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

"DR. BROADWAY" opens with a scene on a narrow ledge, supposedly 40 feet above the real Broadway. A girl, played by Jean Phillips, is pretending to be crazy, and is about to commit suicide. A man, played by Macdonald Carey, pretends that he also is crazy, in order to get her off the ledge. In the middle of the scene each discovers that the other is sane. And when Miss Phillips and Mr. Carey met for the first time, on the ledge, with cameras pointed at them, they discovered that they both hail from Sioux City, Iowa.

The story of the men in the army air service who operate the secret bomb sights and actually drop the bombs on targets from giant planes will be filmed by RKO Radio, with the co-operation of the United States army, it will be called "Bombardier."

Like the elephant, Richard Arlen never forgets. About five years ago he and Mary Carlisle made pictures together, and took daily turns buy-



MARY CARLISLE

ing the entire cast and crew ice cream. The other day they began work with Jean Parker and Phil Terry in "Torpedo Boat," at Paramount. When the ice cream man came around Arlen tapped Mary on the shoulder. "It's your turn to buy," said he. "Remember, I bought the last time, five years ago." And Mary remembered, and treated.

Thanks to Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Krupa and his orchestra are featured in Samuel Goldwyn's "Ball of Fire." The Krupa band is her favorite one, so when she was asked to select one for her night club singing sequences, Krupa got the vote.

Ever wonder where film companies get their ideas for shorts? Hal Piers, who's radio's "The Great Gildersleeve," did a hiccough routine in a recent broadcast. A Columbia Pictures executive heard him, liked the stunt—and it will be a "Screen Snapshot."

Betty Hutton went to Hollywood, fresh from Broadway's "Panama Hattie," to make her screen debut in "The Fleet's In." Bob Hope booked her for a guest appearance on his radio program—probably you heard it—and first thing she knew, she was on it for keeps!

Rudy Vallee will have the second male lead in "The Palm Beach Story," the Preston Sturges picture starring Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea, with no singing for Vallee.

New Orleans is certainly having its day in the movies! "Flame of New Orleans," "Lady From Louisiana," "Birth of the Blues," "Blues in the Night," "Louisiana Purchase"—and before long Edna Ferber's new story, "Saratoga Trunk!"

One of the war-time campaigns that has spread like wildfire is the "Shaves for the Boys" drive to obtain free minor necessities for the boys in the defense training camps. Constance Bennett is head of the movie stars' committee, which includes Dorothy Lamour, Joan Fontaine, Maureen O'Hara, Joan Blondell, Claire Trevor, Joan Bennett, Linda Darnell and Brenda Joyce.

Don Gordon, "Tom Mix Straight Shooter" announcer, says that the greatest compliment ever paid him came from an old couple who sent him \$4,000 to invest for them because he sounded so honest over the air. Back went the money, but he treasures the compliment.

ODDS AND ENDS—Connie Boswell has asked for her release from that Thursday night radio program, but will stick through 1941. . . Babe Ruth will play himself in the film of Lou Gehrig's life. . . Mothers of 200 Americans in the RAF will be Warners' guests when "Captains of the Clouds" is released. . . Eddie Albert will be starred for the first time in RKO's "Cheyenne" . . . Mervyn Le Roy, directing "Johnny Eager," has in the cast four players whom he gave their start in pictures—Lana Turner, Edward Arnold, Glenda Farrell and Henry O'Neill. . . Eros Volusia will dance in Metro's "Rio Rita."

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

INSTALLMENT EIGHT

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

Red's blue eyes twinkled as he watched Finlay read. "Some skirt snatcher—this boy!" he chuckled. There were gleams of light in Finlay's gray eyes as he handed the letter to Malone. "Read that, Red, while I talk with Blaise." Drawing Blaise aside Garry gave him the gist of the message. "Is it a trick?" he asked.

"For sure!" came the guttural response. "Old trick! He bait you wid woman!"

Garry slowly shook his head. "Blaise, that girl's in trouble! She couldn't write that way otherwise. Let's see what Red thinks."

Malone's dubious eyes were still busy with the sheets of blue paper in his hand. At last he grunted: "Huh! That's a tough letter to dope out, Garry. I'd hate to trust a hair on that black head of hers and yet it sounds like the living truth. If it's only a scheme to get you, I take off my hat to her, she's a genius."

"Red, I tell you she's desperate! Isadore couldn't prompt her to write that letter. It's real. It's a cry from the depths. But what can be the trouble there? I knew the night of the dinner something worried her."

Malone thoughtfully scratched his head. His eyes wrinkled quizzically. "Garry, have you happened to think she's only a stepdaughter? I wonder if—mebbe—he's been bothering—"

"I thought of that. It's possible it's Isadore. Let me read it again."

Garry went over the blue sheets still faintly fragrant. Could that girl possibly act out a part like this? And yet his better judgment told him the letter was a decoy.

"Cool ruffian, this Isadore!" he speculated. "If he's behind this, he's had her warn-us of just what he intends to do, to make it sound right. And he's sized me up as a half-wit who'll fall for this maiden in distress stuff. Well, he's right!"

When he had been fed, Louis Mikis started back with Finlay's answer. It was "Yes!"

CHAPTER IX

Two days later a Peterboro hung offshore a few miles east of Isadore's fur-post. In the boat a man searched through binoculars for a canoe paddled by a woman.

"If it's an ambush, Blaise, she won't show up," insisted Finlay, "for they'll expect me to land early at the beach to wait for her. They'll be there and will hop on me at once. What would they gain by waiting and bringing her into it? She might get hit."

"I tell you, Red, they'll never let her come if it's an ambush. There'd be no object in it. If she does come, she'll see that I trust her—believe in her. Don't you realize how humiliating it would be to know that I think her capable of tricking me like that—that I suspect her and am bringing a guard?"

"Oh, I see what you mean, but I don't like it. I want to be handy in case of trouble."

"Thank you, Red."

Garry again raised the glasses. "There she is!" he announced, quietly. He was conscious of the sudden pick-up of his heart. "Whew!" he murmured, as a wave of elation beat through him, "have I got it as bad as that?"

The Peterboro reached the spruce point and Garry stepped out. "So long, Blaise! See you soon and I'll have something to tell! Bo-Jo, Red!"

With a wave of his hand Finlay started on his long walk. Lise Demarais was there waiting, when he reached the white beach. He suddenly realized how she had obsessed his thoughts since he last saw her grey face that night at Isadore's. And now, in her desperation she had turned to him.

Lise stood beside her canoe. "Somehow I knew you'd come!" She grasped his hand.

Warm with color from her long paddle, she was even lovelier than he had remembered her. "Could any man have refused to come after such a letter?"

"Yes, knowing what you do, most men would have been afraid. They wouldn't have trusted me."

"But I'm a mind reader, as I told you. And I'm worried about you, Lise Demarais."

"You're also a brave man." There was a look in her blue-black eyes that started his blood singing. "Let's sit down. It's a long story." She threw herself on the sand, offered him a cigarette from a silver case and lit one herself. For a time she smoked, clasping her knees while she gazed straight before her under brows like black brush strokes on her transparent skin.

His eager gaze moved from the dark cloud of her long bob and the brilliant eyes to her round throat.

"I don't know why I should have turned to you in my trouble," she began, "unless it's because you're

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three

men start out on the Nottaway for the Hudson's Bay post. They visit Isadore in his magnificent home where they meet Lise, his pretty stepdaughter, she sends Finlay a note saying she is in trouble and asking him to meet her.

in great danger yourself. Don't you realize they won't let you finish this survey—won't let you leave this country?"

"Forget the survey! I know Tete-Blanche is after us. I saw him at the head of the lake. We'll take care of him. I came here to learn why you've got to leave Isadore's place and when."

"I was frantic when I wrote you. It must have sounded delirious and strained but I was desperate. I'd just had a terrible scene with Jules. He insists on my marrying Felix Blondell, his partner. I've refused time and time again. But he won't listen. Blondell handles the business in Montreal. He's coming in the August plane. He drinks hard when he's here and I'm afraid of him."

Finlay's face was flint-hard as he listened. "Jules told me I'd had my chance and refused it," she went on, her breath quickening while her pulse beat in her throat. "He said when Blondell came in August I'd have neither his sympathy nor his protection. I could take care of myself. Think of one's stepfather saying a thing like that!"

Finlay's eyes were savage with dancing lights. "Isadore said that to you?"

"Yes and more. It was ghastly! You don't know Jules Isadore!" she cried. "He can purr like a cat and be so smooth—so charming. But he's as pitiless as a wolf. He killed my mother with his women and his heartlessness. Of course, he's given



Lise Demarais was there waiting.

me a home, education, clothes. But his word has always been law. Corinne and I live like children; are told nothing. He's so secretive. Why we're positive there's something queer going on here, now, at Waswanipi, but we don't know what it is."

"Finlay was alive with interest. "Queer? What do you mean?"

"Every summer, in August, a plane flies down from the north. Later, it goes south but it carries no fur. Why should a plane fly here every August and go south empty?"

Garry Finlay, also, wanted the answer to that question. At last he had struck something. "That's strange!" he said, "his face as impassive as wood. It always comes in August, you say?"

"Yes. That's why I warned you not to stay here until August. I overheard Jules boast to Batoche that no prospectors nosing around here in August would ever see home. He thinks you're prospectors, you know."

"Then he's struck gold and wants to keep it a secret?"

"Corinne and I think so. We've an idea he ships the gold dust and nuggets in bags on that plane and doesn't want anyone to know about it."

"But why should it come from the Bay?"

"We don't know but he seems to want to hide the direction from which it comes. That's sure. He's nervous as a cat, then, won't even have Indians around the place."

"What's that?" he muttered. Again there was a movement in the brush somewhere in front of him. Finlay slipped behind a spruce, his eyes stabbing the surrounding undergrowth. Then, from his rear, came a sound in the scrub and he flattened under the low branches.

"So it was acting after all!" A wave of remorse chilled him like a bitter wind as he lay beneath the overhanging boughs. Surrounded as he knew he must be—caught in Isadore's trap—his ears strained for movements of the men who hunted him while his thoughts hung to the girl who had so lightly led him to this.

"Nice fellow! Of course he knows he can't last long at this game. Already six men who have entered

the country have disappeared. The police will be here soon."

"Six men?" she gasped. "I've heard of only two!"

"Six prospectors have disappeared and two men have been wounded." Finlay smiled significantly.

"Your limp, that night!" she suddenly cried, her eyes wide with understanding. "You—you were wounded in the leg on the way here?"

"Yes."

"They ambushed you on the Nottaway! But you're all right! Oh, they'll stop at nothing! Do you understand now why I've got to get away?"

"Yes. What was Tete-Blanche doing there that night?"

"I don't know."

"Well, don't worry, we'll have you safe at Matagami by August."

She gave a deep sigh. For a space they smoked in silence while Finlay's thoughts were busy with the mysterious plane. Then he glanced at her. She was smiling at him through curious eyes.

"Charming gossip we're having on my bathing beach on this lovely July day!" she said ruefully.

Her mood had suddenly changed. The compelling charm of her drove from his head all thoughts of Isadore. A beautiful girl sat beside him, desirable, baffling. And in her slow smile was veiled challenge.

"You swim here often?"

Her eyes were busy with a trim moccasin toying with the sand. She raised them and her lip curled. "Fishing for an invitation to join the beautiful mermaids? If you are, you're distinctly not invited. We usually swim in our scales, you know."

She flung herself around, facing him, and impulsively took his hand. "What children we are!" she cried. "This is the second time I've ever talked with you, Garry Finlay, and I'm babbling like a sub-deb at her first big dance."

"I never met one but I'm sure I'd love sub-debs." He leaned toward her. "Do you know how lovely you are and—how dangerous?" he said.

A warm undertone of pink pushed up over her neck and cheeks. She seemed suddenly confused. "It's growing late! I've got to go!" She was on her feet. "You'll take me to Matagami when I write? How can I thank you for daring to come? Oh, it's like a reprieve from a death sentence! I want to dance and sing!" She stood beside her canoe grasping her paddle. Her voice quavered: "Au revoir! Very nice and reckless man!" Her eyes danced dangerously.

"When you send word, I'll come!" he said, thickly. He slid her canoe into the water, turned and with a quick movement had her in his arms.

With a swift catch of the breath she flung back her dark head and smiled up at him. He kissed her hair and eyes and responsive mouth. "You sorceress!" he choked. "You've bewitched me! Courage, midnight eyes! I'll take you to Matagami. Good-by, Beautiful!"

She gave a low laugh as her arm tightened on his neck, and for a moment returned his kisses, then breaking away, leaped into the canoe and paddled off. Reaching the point, she blew a kiss with her hand and passed from sight.

His pulses drumming, Finlay stood at the edge of the water, groping for his mental balance. With her charm and changing moods Lise Demarais had played on his senses as a musician on a harp, run the gamut from laughter to tears. The hard-boiled Garry Finlay had been pliant in her hands as a willow sprout, but in the end she had left him wondering whether she was sincere or a consummate actress.

At the thought he glanced up and down the beach. The shore was deserted. Still under the spell of the girl who had paddled away, he started for the spruce point to meet the Peterboro. Again he felt her arms on his neck, her warm lips, looked into the dancing depths of her eyes.

He had reached a stretch of shore piled with boulders and had cut back into the bush where the walking was easier when the brittle snap of a dry stick stopped him in his tracks. His body stiffened while his right hand moved under his shirt to the stock of his .45.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fir, Spruce, Pine Share Popularity At Christmas Time

Christmas trees aren't snobbish. They are willing to share their glory with trees of any "nationality," whether they be oak or spruce, elm or tamarak.

Although any kind of tree can be a "Christmas tree," most people feel that they must be evergreens. Even here there are many different kinds which can be obtained for this purpose.

Several different types of evergreens have been singled out as "favorites" for this important annual role. The "aristocrats" are the firs, mainly because of their fine pyramidal shape, beautiful deep green color and soft fragrant needles which do not shed easily after the trees begin to dry.

These trees can usually be recognized by their flattened leaves which are arranged in two rows on the horizontal branches. Each needle is a shiny dark green above, and except for the prominent midrib is silvery white underneath.

The species of fir available vary with the locality, but the most popular in the East is the balsam fir, the bark of which yields the well-known Canada balsam used in medicines and perfumes.

In the southern states the Fraser fir or the balsam, very similar to the northern balsam fir, is common on the market, while on the Pacific coast the concolor fir is the handsome white or concolor fir.

Competing with the firs for Christmas popularity in the East are the spruces with their scattered four-sided needles, that seem to point in all directions. Spruces are often confused with pines, but they are easily distinguished by the fact that pine leaves always occur in groups of from two to five, while spruce leaves grow singly.

Frequently used for Christmas trees, if for no other reason than that it is much more widely distributed and much less valuable as lumber, is the small, scrubby jack pine and its numerous related species.

Three other trees are also used as Christmas trees in a few homes throughout the country. These are arborvitae, a familiar ornamental species with flattened, scaly foliage, the common red cedar or juniper, and the Douglas fir or Douglas spruce.

Christmas is coming, and a vast army of North Carolina "gallackers" are happy. Demand for their harvest of leaves, evergreen "sprays," trees and other decorative material is now at the year's peak, and the prices are firm.

"Gallacking" is the business of collecting galax leaves and other decorative greens. Thousands of persons make all or part of their living harvesting the leaves, tips, roots and herbs of the Appalachian region, and this is their busiest season.

Gallacking is a year-around occupation, because the leathery, durable galax and laucothoe leaves and other greens are put to constant use by florists and other decorators. The demand widens at Christmas to open a market for balsam and spruce trees, and for laurel twigs.

Most of the evergreen collecting in the mountains is done sporadically and according to the press of other work. Whole families move into the forests on sunny days, taking their "crop" home for sorting, grading and tying into bundles. Hundreds of buying agents purchase this material direct, shipping them to dealers.

Dozens of little backwoods shops are now springing into activity because of the seasonal demand for immediate processing. Here the native evergreens are turned into various wreaths, trees are packed and trimmed, and thousands of yards of "rope" are made from spruce, pine, laurel and hemlock.

Druids Credited Mistletoe With Miraculous Virtues

Mistletoe, or "All-Heal" as it was called by the Druids, was thought to hold many miraculous virtues. The Scandinavians dedicated it to their goddess of love, Friga. This goddess of love is probably responsible for the custom of kissing under the mistletoe.

The superstitious believe that a maiden who is not kissed under the mistletoe will not marry during the coming year.

FARM TOPICS

PROPER FEEDING NETS MORE EGGS

Methods and Food Quality Are Important Items.

By V. E. SCOTT
(University of Nevada Extension Service.)

Successful farmer-poultrymen pay nearly as much attention to the way they feed their pullets and laying hens as they do to the kinds of feeds they provide.

For one thing, abrupt changes in the diet may cause the birds to go "off feed" and result in lower egg production and slower growth, as will the use of stale feed.

If a change in diet must be made, it is suggested that it be gradual and extended over a period of at least a week or ten days.

Important too, is sufficient hopper space, lest the more timid birds in the flock go hungry. At least 10 linear feet of hopper, with hens eating from both sides, should be provided per 100 laying hens, and a sufficient length of watering trough or number of containers to prevent crowding.

When there are enough separate pens a good idea is to separate the timid hens from their more aggressive companions, making a small pen of this group. They will soon forget their timidity.

One practice followed by many poultrymen is to provide only a little more feed each day than the birds clean up.

The left-overs, if clean and dry, can be mixed thoroughly with the fresh feed in the hoppers, and in this way, there will be no accumulation of stale feed at the bottom of the hoppers, reducing likelihood of mold.

Feed mixtures containing fish oil, as sources of vitamin A or D, should be bought or mixed in small quantities so that they can be used within 10 days or two weeks.

High Egg Production Is Government Goal

Three billion seven hundred dozen eggs are expected from American hens in 1942 to provide an adequate supply for home needs and for the British.

This increase of 11 per cent over the expected 1941 production has been called for by the government because of the vital part eggs play in the nation's diet, according to C. F. Parrish of North Carolina State college.

During the next six to eight months, there will be a special need for good feeding and care to get increased production from each hen. After that time, greatly increased numbers of pullets will come into production.

The number of layers on farms at the beginning of 1942 is expected to be 10 per cent greater than during the early part of this year.

This is one time when farmers should really use all their skill in getting more eggs from their hens. Careful feeding and management, essentials of any good poultry program at any time, should be brought into use by everyone during this emergency.

Favorable egg prices, together with the government pledge to put a floor under prices, provide a strong incentive to boost production.

Farm Work Clothes Under Price Control

The government's interest in the farm working man has extended as far as his working clothes.

Pointing out that the wholesale price of overalls has gone up 35 per cent and the wholesale price of work trousers 37 per cent in the past two years, the Office of Price Administration now is acting to keep the cost of this wearing apparel from getting further out of line.

Chambray, cotton coverts and denims, widely used materials for working clothes, have been added to the list of cotton goods now under a definite price schedule. Forestalling of advances in price on the fabric is expected to head off the inevitable increase which comes when the work clothing crosses the retail counter.

The OPA, of which Miss Harriett Elliott, consumer consultant, is assistant administrator, acted last spring to put standard print cloth and other higher grade cotton goods under a "ceiling." Since then fabrics for work clothes have increased in price until they are out of line with the established ceiling.

Profitable Pastures

Pasture land promises to be one of the most profitable sources of farm income in the next year or two in view of the steadily increasing defense demands for meat and dairy products. In order to obtain the most profitable results from pasture, a program of good soil management including the application of fertilizer is essential. Such a program not only will produce grasses richer in needed vitamins and minerals, but will promote more rapid growth.

How to Get Defense Job Shown by New Booklet



More Pay Envelopes This Year.

WHAT are your chances for a defense job? Excellent! All sorts of free agencies have been set up to train and place workers for defense jobs. The labor shortage is acute in skilled and semi-skilled occupations for machine-shop, aircraft, shipbuilding and general metal work. Many employers are taking women and older men.

As for jobs with a good future, you may be interested in the earn-while-you-learn courses for merchant marine officers.

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MENTHOLATUM
Young Hearts
Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us.—Victor Cherbuliez.

That Nagging Backache
May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

DOAN'S PILLS
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feet constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
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DOAN'S PILLS

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In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

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DOAN'S PILLS