

you're assamed of!"

Passages of this kind were not

ncommon between the pathetical-

This last evidence of snooping

rankled in Kathleen's mind. Sur-reptiously and ingeniously she had fashioned a trap before another

hour had passed.
When she emerged from her bed-

Only Kathleen knew that inside

glued to the bottom and the string

tied to the ends that had to be

pulled to make the snappers

the same kind of persistence and determination which a marauding is in cat displays when he sits for hours in wait for a baby robin

to her threat, Mrs. Farrell exercised this trait that Saturday af-

ternoon. She "glued her eyes" to Kathleen's bedroom door. Not even

her curiosity over the planted box

The watcher saw her charge

leave her chamber and enter the bathroom. She found the door un-

locked when she tried it after what she considered a too-long lapse of

time. Kathleen wasn't there-the carelessly closed door of a small

laundry chute in the bathroom suggested the answer to the riddle.

From the basement, Kathleen left the house through a window

that led onto the lawn near a

heavy hedge. Her bicycle was

there—not by accident. A few minutes later she dismounted in

front of a little, grimy shop on a

home. Months before she had been

with antiques and junky articles

waiting to be "swapped." This af-

ternoon she entered hurriedly

was a customer."

girl's arms!

pleasant Saturday afternoon tea.

More important than the cookies

and hot chocolate he provided, was the sympathetic ear the kindly

Max lent to his little visitor's fantastic conversation. To him she

wanted to be - and wasn't. She

had both a mother and a father,

the latter a poor, hard-working fisherman — a "Pagan god," she

called him—who idolized both her and her mother and brought them

flwoers—as well as fish—each day.

For an unhappy little girl she knew

hill," Max joined her in sympath-

who lived in a big house "on the

"Sometimes I don't see how she

tands it," the brave little story-

teller went on. "That poor little

girl - her mother's dead - she

and her father's always so busy."

"But, your friend," ventured the

sly old man, "doesn't she ever try

o make friends with her father?" "Mr. Schoner," Kathleen declar-

ed quite positively, "what can you

do with a man who doesn't know

what you're like even! Why I-

loesn't even remember her

ttracted by its windows crowded

could divert her.

'explode!"
One of Mrs Farrell's traits was

ly neglected "poor little rich girl" and the only woman her father had given her to fill her life.

y RANDALL M. WHITE

CHAPTER ONE

"The house on the hill." Not sombre or haunted-just a home of wealth from which a young wife and mother had been grimly

room again Kathleen dropped quite carelessly on a bookshelf in the pstairs sitting room she shared Kathleen Davis was a natural with her governess a little cardproduct of such environment— but a little lady of twelve who board box. It was the kind of thing any twelve-year-old might had escaped many of the inherent have been interested in "building" pitfalls. She wasn't "spoiled". Her —just a childish "gadget." A string hung loosely through a slot in the top. The box was covered with poise and dignity were not hard 'sophistication." Her's was still a crayon scrawls. One said "Perchild mind, sharpened by training her father's wealth was able sonal Private Property of Kathto supply in a purely impersonal way. Its lack was the void which leen Davis." Another warned "Do Not Pull This String." Still others read: "Do Not Touch!", "Danger! only tenderness could fill-a void Hands Off!" ing, not sad-only vibrant with fantasies and day dreams. the box a couple of crepe paper snappers—party favors—had been

It was Mrs. Farrell, Kathleen's nursemaid-governess, who rattled the knob of her charge's bedroom ter having searched in less obvious places for the youngster. There was less irascibility in her tone than she had shown on her tour among the household servants-but more than befitted her position as to try its feeble wings on its first expert in child care.

The door was slow to open but when it did, Mrs. Farre most fell on her face from position she had taken to rough the keyhole!

"You nooping again!" K t have hart was little girl! I nfurlated governed bad!" was a agion ba erness' answer. the with calm of the adverbing flag of the superiority of the superior aing rage. "I demand she shouted, "what it to every Saturday afternoon

ere von go!" "Go ahead and demand-I won't tell you," the youngster replied "Well, this Saturday you're in for a big surprise, young lady," the governess raged on "I'm going

keep my eyes glaed to this "They'll look awful silly," Kath-

leen observed disinterestedly. Mrs. Farrell fairly spluttered. "Either you mend your ways, miss,

father," she cried. "I'm going to tell him that after I've devoted years of my life to caring for his "I wish you'd stop calling me a motherless child," Kathleen in-terrupted sharply, "It's true that

mother died when I was born-

but since I'm, oh, so terribly sorry,

it's scarcely polite for you to keep reminding me of it." "Well, never mind," went on the enraged woman, "I'm going to your father-and I'm going to tell him all I know about 'M.S.' and

Kathleen flared in sudden rage. "You mean, mean snoop!" she cried. "You've been reading my diary! I never told that to a single soul!" "If you were a nice girl-with

a nice clean mind—you wouldn't keep a diary," was the servant's viciously unkind retort. "You wouldn't HAVE secret thoughts



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to her room over the identical route she had used in leaving it. Her scolding was interrupted by a telephone call from her employer's secretary. Mr. Davis would dine at home that night. Would Mrs. Farrell find it convenient to Mrs. Farrell find it convenient to have his daughter visit with him, the secretary had been directed to inquire.

The governess relayed the news to Kathleen mainly to assure of that the time was close at hand when Mr. Davis would be informed of his daughter's shortcomings But, strangely, the little girl was delighted. It suited a secret plan she had been cherishing.
In her bedroom Kathleen worked

busily over a scratch pad. Then she poised her stubby pencil. "To Daddy from Kathleen" was affixed —and erased. "J.D.S. from K.D." met the same fate. Finally "My Heart Cried Out" was written to stay.

Then the little day-dreamer per-

formed one of her not infrequent rituals.

She propped herself up among the pillows on her luxurious bed, drew her knees close up in front of her-and opened the lid of a little music box on a table beside the bed. As its faint, sweet, tinkly tune began she made her half-closed eves see visions in fancy Kathleen descended the

grand staircase, a deathless message clutched to her breast. Her father she loved so dearly and was seeking to win back turned from the fireplace to greet her. "I've been lonely for you, darling," he said tenderly-and she told him she'd been lonely, too-and read him her poem to prove it.
She had lighted his pipe for him and he had sat down to listen, with her on a stool at his feet. "My Heart Cries Out," she had begun, and then: "I don't ask for the moon above.

I just ask for your love. You don't seem to know I'm Yet to win your love I always strive. You can hear the birds sing,

You can hear the bells ring, So please don't be deaf and keep Listen to the cry of my heart." The little music box stopped

playing. Came a sharp knock on Kathleen's bedroom door -- and the strident voice of Mrs. Farrell. "Your father's downstairs - don't keep him waiting," she said. "And, just for once, do try to be a nice, It was the time.

next installment.

The Shark Yields Valuable Vitamins

Has Now Become Source of. Revenue, Says the St. Thomas Times-Journal Until quite recently sharks have

to keep an appointment she had duly entered in her diary.

Max Schoner, tall, spare Vienbeen regarded as the most useless of denizens of the sea. They are anathema to fishermen because nese proprietor of the shop, came from a back room to greet her. their presence scares fish away from the fishing grounds, and "Kathleen! Hello, my friend!" he when the larger species get caught called out gaily. "I was afraid it in a net they thresh about so "Rudi, here's Kathleen," he conthe gear. Usually they have been tinued as he ushered his visitor through the shop and back into his living quarters. Out of the dark came a flash of white - and a grotesquely trammed circus poodle atapulted himself into the little After their custom, Kathleen, "M.S." — and "Rudi" — had a

however, the shark has now become a valuable fish. There are many species of the sharp tamily but the welcome types are the dog-shark; the soupfin, the blue, thrasher and mud shark. Their liver is discovered to be richer in vitamin A than any other substance. From the Canadian west coast down to San Francisco, fishermen are now going out for sharks only, and the aggregate value of catches is something like tried bravely to be everything she \$75,000,000 a year; money which was formerly discarded. Recently, a four-man boat out of San Francisco brought in a \$7,000 catch in five days, making over \$1,100 for each man. The average is \$700 to \$1,300 a week for three men. Oil for Planes

The boom is due to a San Francisco druggist who begun using shark's liver to fortify feed for poultry. He found that the liver of the souprin shark contained 20 three ways are the soupring the souprin the soupfin shark contained 20 times as much vitamin A as the liver of halibut and other fish. It yielded 100,000 units per gram compared with 5,000 in the others. During this current year the United States Government has bought four trillion units. Much of this has been sent to Britain and Russia under the Lease-Lend Act. The rest has been "fed" to the American army, navy and air force. Vitamin A is exceptionally valuable for night flyers, and it is also she might be a mere infant the way

being given to people who are accersighted. It has a remarkable effect on eyesight.

Experiments have also demonstrated that shark's liver produces a remarkable oil for use in strate-sphere planes, the lubricant being manifected by axtrama ar result. he treats her!"
"But, sometimes," Max defended, for grown-ups it's hard to under-stand a child. It's like they're shy. They got the loss all right, but the words for it—they aln't got!" Kathleen's host stood in the deorway as she rode away, a sat unaffected by extreme or rapid danges of temperature. This oil quizzical smile on his lips as he saw her head back toward "the The British Government is also Mrs. Ferrell was waiting in the bathroot! when Mathleen emerged

it to fortify margarine.



Canadian Merchant Navy seamen who brave enemy submarines, surface raiders and aircraft in order to transport troops and war supplies overseas, will now be entitled to wear the badge pictured above. The insignia draws attention to the fact that these men of the merchant fleet are virtually part of Canada's fighting force. The government Order in Council authorizing issue of the badge states that it is to be worn by the personnel of ships of Canadian registry "When on shore leave in civilian attire, in order that recognition may be accorded to the national importance of their contribution to the sea transport of troops, munitions and supplies, and the carriage of exports to overseas markets." Canadian Merchant Navy sea-

Child Cures Fear Of Hun Air Raids

Three-year-old Janet, who was in a Bristol hospital when it was bombed, cured herself of fear of air raids by talking to her dolls. For three weeks after the bombing Janet woke up terrified every time the sirens sounded. At the end of that time she was

heard telling her dolls how the bombs fell the night the hospital was hit and how the windows were shattered over them. She told the story night after night and gradually her fear of the raids lessen-ed. Now, Janet wakes only when the barrage is particularly heavy.

"BON-BON" APRON IS NICE GIFT



Sweet as candy-cane is this "Bon-Bon" apron, so named be-cause its lacy ruffles are like those on a candy box. Pattern 4931 by Anne Adams makes a lovely, inexpensive gift, and a clever addition to your own wardrobe too. The skirt is gathered into an up-pointed waistband and has no side seams. The bodice is has no side seams. The bodice is cut in one with the shoulder straps which button togethe in back. The apron ties in back, too, with a ruffle-trimmed sash. Outline the bodice and the big heart pocket with crisp white eyelet ruffles or organdie frills! A powder blue or lemon yellow dimity would be an attractive fabric choice. You'll find complete, illustrated directions in the Sawing Instructor. Order this now for holiday sewing!

Pattern 4931 is available in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-

sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38), and large (40-42). Small size takes 2½ yards 35 inch fabric and 3½ yards ruffling. 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

No Watch Runs In Perrect Time

Even Railroad Time-Pieces Vary From One-Half to One Second Every Day

No watch keeps perfect time, Clarence Woodbury writes in American Magazine. Fine American raiload watches will run from oneevery day, and one of the most expensive watches you can buy— a little number which retails for around \$5,000—will be off oneeighteenth of a second every day. If your watch happens to become magnetized by a dynamo or an X-ray machine, there's a simple way to take out the juice. Expose it to the same magnetic field again, and twirl it round and

The same watch will keep different time in winter and summer, indoors and out. In zero temper-ature, the average watch will lose ten seconds in twenty-four hours, and under a blazing sun it will gain ten. When you set your watch, turn-

ing the hands backward won't hart it a bit. Only in striking clocks must the hands be moved forward.

strongest man on earth couldn't muscleproof.

if you simply must open your watch and let Junior see how the wheels go round, perform the operation in an air-conditioned room. Otherwise, you may have to pay for a repair job. Infinitesimal par-ticles of dust can clog the works, and if damp air gets into your watch, the moisture will condense later and may cause rust. Rust ruins more watches than all other causes combined.

The life expectancy of any good

least two centuries.

Foot With Metal Wings

You can't become a member just nembers in the Western Desert chased by four Messerschmitts he had to fly his bullet-riddled Arrival.

a fast one on Hitler by devising a new insulator for frozen meats. The insulator is itself an export, the old reliable export that has

urvived most handsomely the de

materials and skilled labor need valuable cargo space.

So the packers stepped in to provide a substitute method of that search, they experimen insulate shipments of frozen food.

"Don't wind it too tight or you'll break the spring!" That old warning is meaningless today. The wind most modern watches hard enough to break the mainsprings. Manufacturers have made them

Tiny watches are just as accurate as big ones when they're prop-erly adjusted, but they can seldom take as much punishment.

modern watch is far greater than that of its owner. If it is cleaned and oiled regularly once every two years, the average 21-jewel time-piece will tick on through at

Late Arrival Club Has Few Wembers

An Honor to Belong to Club Whose Badge is a Little

by paying a subscription and being passed by a committee. Before you can wear its badge, a little boot with metal wings, you have not only to belong to one of the Allied air forces operating out there, but you have to have returned on foot from a machine which has either crashed or had to make a forced landing. There are about forty lian pilot officer. Having been machine so low to get away from them that he landed with a terrific smack, tearing off the under-carriage and the propeller. The shock of the bump catapulted the wrecked plane 500 feet up in the air before it finally came to rest. The pilot, considerably the worse for wear, scrambled out to find himself thirty miles on the wrong side of the Libyan-Egyptian fron-tier. With a little food and a bottle of water (most of which got spilt on the way) he set out on his long trek, walking only at night for there were German patrols about. After two and a half days one of our own patrols picked him up, exhausted. He's now back with his squadron. That's a typical "Late

To Shipping Space Frozen Lard Proves Best In

Fresh Foods

uerman submarine warfare cut seriously into the available supply of refrigerator ships and refrigerated space on general cargo boats. Refrigerator snips are costly to build, both in time, money and in ed for arms and munitions. Refrigerating machinery takes up

shipping fresh foods. As a part with all manner of substances to Frozen lard proved to be the best insulator. Fat-hungry Britain cries for lard, so thus we have not one bird, but a whole flock of traffic trouble birds, killed with one inventive stone, a packaging material that is itself a food.

War enters the picture of this latest triumph in preservation and transport of food. But the stimulation of war has played a great part in the development of the food industries. The art of canning is a Napoleonic war baby, as are beet sugar and cheap sods. Oleomargarine is another food born in barracks.

A Boy's Solicitude

An American mining engineer just back from southern Rhodesia, told about a thing he had seen in the little village of Guela. A native boy arrived there after a trek of 200 miles across the veldt carrying a 150-pound sack of "mealie," the native food. The boy deposited the sack on the porch of the British Commissioner. He



