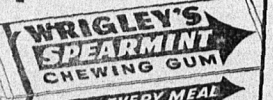


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Plane Jane

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

CHAPTER III

"I should think you'd be ashamed," said Aunt Emily, her voice trembling with outrage. "A shocking, disgraceful picture! And on the front page!"

"It's not nearly as bad as it looks," said Jane quickly. "You see, it's the custom when a man makes his first solo flight, for his pals to climb on the tail of his plane. But I didn't wear a shirt and trousers yesterday, so the boys had to tear off a piece of my slip."

"Read the story," Aunt Emily said tersely, slapping a platter of bacon and eggs onto the kitchen table as though she had a special grievance against the eggs and the table. "I don't know what I ever did to be afflicted with a niece completely lacking in a sense of propriety—a girl who runs around in breeches, and thinks of nothing but making a spectacle of herself!"

Jane, now reading the headlines of the story, had ceased to listen. Instead, she was engrossed in such items as:

LOCAL GIRL TAKES TO THE AIR

Says Father Could Have Beaten Lindbergh Flying to Paris

Years to Organize Unit Of Girl Flyers To Win War

Run, Boys, Don't Walk, To Nearest Recruiting Station!

Anger mounted in Jane. Greg Prescott had promised not to use what she had told him about her plans, and now he had done this to her—ridiculed her! Those headlines were maliciously true. They were based on All Oatton would quote them and chuckle over them for months to come.

Tears of fury clouded her eyes as she read through the story. Then, she crumpled the paper and flung it down.

Aunt Emily turned to ask, "Did you say that?"

"Well, yes, I did—but I told the man it was a secret and he won't use it. He won't use it in the story."

"All that about your father being better than Lindbergh—and about you getting up a bunch of girls to fight the war, so the men could stay home and carry on their business?"

"I didn't say that way! I just meant that I'd like to organize women flyers to take over what non-fighting jobs would be open, as the English women are doing now—ferrying planes from factories to air bases, and so on."

Jane burned with the realization of how silly all this sounded, coming from a mere novice who had made her first solo flight only yesterday and who must pile up many a weary mile of flying before she could obtain a license. She saw her bright dreams crumbling to dust beneath the storm of ridicule and laughter that would result from this news.

Paper article.

Suddenly, such rage swept through her that she had an acute desire to do violence to Greg Prescott. She wanted to get her hands on his throat. Turning, she started toward the door.

"Where are you going—with breakfast on the table?" Aunt Emily asked sharply.

Without answering, she went on out of the room, then out of the house.

As she went down the front steps, a man on the porch of the next house called to her jovially, "Hi, Jane—how does it feel to be famous?" She gave him a look that would have slaughtered him if looks could kill.

A fifteen-minute walk brought her to the offices of the little town's sole newspaper.

Inside, she approached the girl at the reception desk, and asked grimly, "Is Mr. Prescott in?"

The girl, who had been a classmate of hers in high school, smiled superciliously.

"Going to give him a follow-up on that story?" She picked up a phone, spoke into it for a few minutes, then said, "You can go right in, Jane. Mr. Prescott's office is over there."

Jane thrust her way through the cluttered outer office to a door with Greg's name on it.

As she entered he rose from his desk and smiled pleasantly. To her fury, he didn't look the least bit ashamed or regretful.

"Good morning, Miss Andrews. What can I do for you?"

"In sorry, Miss Andrews—I was after a story and you gave me one. I'm afraid that's all there is to it. Greg, with a shrug, sat down again at his desk.

Jane set her teeth hard. "Oh, no, that isn't all there is to it! There's a lot more—this, for instance!"

Without taking time to think, she



MESSENGER MAID

This pert miss is Helen Robert, son, telegraph messenger of Canadian National Telegraphs in Toronto. She started work because boys were becoming scarce. Two other girls, Mildred Hazard, and Molly Medwid, are already delivering telegrams in the downtown district. How the telegraph companies lost so many boys was by their delivering telegrams to munition plants and finding help was needed badly there.

draw back one clenched fist and drove it furiously against his jaw with all the strength he had. Greg, caught off guard, nearly toppled over at her as she stalked and stared, ne and carry on their business?"

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Scores of Children Placed in Safety

(Trey van Gogh in Toronto Saturday Night)

In one of his popular evening broadcasts recently, J. B. Priestley, the famous British novelist, admitted that he was breaking a rule he had set himself in connection with his radio talks.

"This is the very first time I have made an appeal on the air for contributions to a charity," he told his unseen audience, "and I would not do it now if I did not feel that the cause was most noble and the appeal most urgent."

Those on whose behalf he was appealing were the children of Britain under five years of age who have been the victims of German frightfulness—those little ones who so far have escaped with their lives but have been rendered homeless or deprived of parents by German bombers. The charities directly concerned were the Save the Children Fund and two of the three allied organizations which co-operate in caring for these little sufferers.

Through the agency of the Save the Children Fund, many scores of children from two to five years of age have now been placed in relative safety. In most cases they have had to be separated from their mothers, who are needed for munition work and other war-time duties, but they are cared for lovingly by women with special qualifications for the work, from thirty to forty-five children in each home, and with the advantage of nursery school training.

That Mr. Priestley's interest in these children is more than either sentimental or academic, is shown by the fact that his wife is now serving as the matron of one of these homes, most of which have been lent free of charge by wealthy owners and situated and beautifully furnished homes of some of Britain's leading families.

It is interesting to learn that one of these homes is supported by a Mennonite Committee in which Canadian Mennonites are active.

The British Government allow a grant toward the expenses of these homes but even then the Save the Children Fund has to find some \$3,000 for each home per year. Donors of \$3,000 have the pleasure of knowing that their gift will maintain a home for a year, and they are allowed the privilege of naming the home involved.

But apart from these permanent homes—permanent at least "for the duration"—Save the Children Fund is doing much to afford temporary relief for little air raid victims. Emergency relief is afforded after a bombing raid, and children are taken into the Fund's refuge to be cared for and comforted until more lasting arrangements can be made on their behalf. City evacuees, children who might find time hang heavy on their hands in their new and unfamiliar lodgings,



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VICHY, Sept. 24—(AP)—The slaying of a German captain—latest victim in a series of outbreaks in Paris—intensified fears tonight that the German army might step far beyond the retaliatory execution of hostages to avenge and stamp out the repeated attacks.

The Paris press revealed today that the officer, Capt. Scheben, was shot last Tuesday. Over his pier at services yesterday in Madeleine Church in the heart of the old French capital a vow was delivered in the name of the German army to "employ every means that these attacks... shall not go unavenged."

(Authoritative sources at Berne, Switzerland, reported that some elements in Vichy feared all France might be occupied by the Germans if shootings and sabotage continued in the present occupied zone.)

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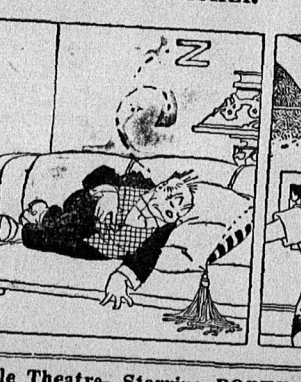
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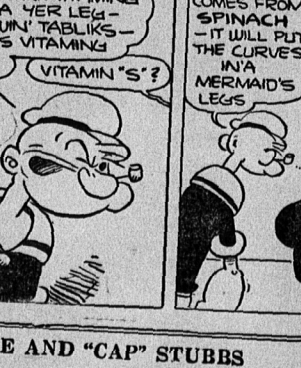
Principals in Spy Trial

Sensational disclosures concerning the transmission of vital military secrets to Germany are being made in the course of the spy trials now taking place in New York. Lucy Boehmer, 18 (LEFT), pleaded guilty to transmitting to Germany information deemed vital to the physical safety of the United States. Mrs. Helen Pauline Mayer, 25 (RIGHT), is charged with co-operating with Kurt Frederick Ludwig in collecting data on the U. S. army for the Nazi.

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