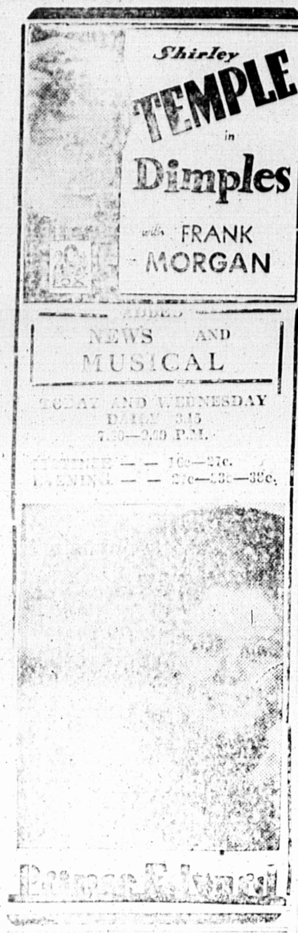

Shirley Temple In "Dimples" At Prince Edward

Singing, dancing, dimples flashing even when tears are clinging to her lashes, Shirley Temple opened at the Prince Edward Theatre yesterday in her new triumph, "Dimples," the grandest story Shirley has ever had and the outstanding hit in her parade of successes.

As a little minstrel, harmonizing with street singers, playing [illegible] role in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" single-handed, starring in a minstrel show and mothering and caring for her irrepressible [illegible] guardian, Frank Morgan, Shirley shares with you her love and laughter, tears and thrills, trials and triumphs.

In addition to Frank Morgan, Shirley's supporting cast includes Helen Westley, Robert Kent, Astrid Allwyn, Delma Byron, the Hall Johnson Choir and the inimitable Stepin Fetchit.

There is laughter, romance and drama in "Dimples" in addition to Shirley's songs and dances. With Morgan as her mentor, Shirley ekes out a precarious living for them both by leading a group of young minstrels in impromptu shows on the streets.

Morgan, however, has a penchant for other people's valuables and his nimble fingers are always attaching themselves—quite unconsciously, of course — to some object or other.

Before the conclusion however, Shirley, with her songs, smiles and dances, straightens matters out, scores a triumphant success on the stage, and brings happiness to two young lovers.

Shirley is better than ever before and her new musical numbers literally stop the show. Morgan and Stepin Fetchit furnish abundant and hilarious laughter, while Robert Kent, Astrid Allwyn and Delma Byron provide exciting romantic interest. Helen Westley is superb in her role, and the Hall Johnson Choir provides unparalleled music.

Narcotic Smugglers Get Stiff Sentences

(A.P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

NEW YORK, Dec. 20 — Judge Murray Hulbert today dealt prison sentences totalling 95 years and fines aggregating $56,000 to seven members of an international narcotic smuggling gang which assertedly indulged in murder and assault as incidental operations.

Trans-Atlantic luxury liners were used in ferrying hundreds of pounds of illicit narcotics, worth tens of thousands of dollars, into this country, it was stated in court by Assistant United States District Attorney Joseph Martin.

The leader of the gang, Morris Schatz was sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary and fined $25,000.

Schatz's wife and Margaret Georgeton, hatcheck girl in a New York night club, were also brought before the court. The Georgeton girl charged with helping to remove the smuggled narcotic from ships, received a suspended sentence, while Mrs. Schatz was held for a later trial on conspiracy charges.

Martin told the court that Cennario Caputo, now awaiting deportation to France where he faces death by the guillotine for murder, was Schatz's chief aide in the illicit traffic.

The gang, he said, had caused the murder of John Feligman, American seaman shot down in the streets of Hamburg, Germany, because he gave the United States government information on the ring's activities.

Pier de Stefano, illegally here from France, was sentenced to 40 years imprisonment and a fine of $40,000.

Fritz Meder, a steward on the Hamburg-American liner New York, was ordered held in jail until Dec. 24 when he will be deported to Germany.

Others sentenced were: Olaf Olsen and Stado Stadens, sailors employed by the United States liners, each ten years imprisonment; George Leimacher, a steward on the French liner Normandie, five years and $500. Henry Poncet, also a steward on the Normandie, one year and a day and $500.

"Flying Hostess" At The Capitol

A film story as fast moving and as typical of the modern age as the mighty air liners which served as its background is "Flying Hostess," which opened a three day engagement at the Capitol Theatre last night.

It is a picture with a wide appeal. Besides romance, it embodies the additional appeal of the epic of transportation and man's age-old conflict with the elements, in a modern setting.

"Flying Hostess" is reminiscent of the grand plays that have been written in the past around the covered wagon, the railroads and, more recently, the automobile.

It is the story, absorbingly told, of America's new, modern era of transportation—the airplane. In highly interesting style, it points up the courage, the bravery, the idealism and the glamor of the men and women who operate the nation's great airliners.

In the lead role and giving one of the best performances of his notable career, William Gargan portrays Hal Cunningham, the air line superintendent in whom is epitomized the fearlessness and idealism which stands as a guiding beacon to those who fly the airways.

Through the story runs the stormy romance of Judith Barrett, as Helen Brooks, and of William Hall, as Guy Edwards, the ace pilot. She wants so greatly to be an air hostess that she risks her life to get the job. He falls in love with her, but he thinks there is no place for women in the air.

Their love runs a turbulent course before she proves to him that woman's emancipation extends to the air as well as land.

Andy Devine and Ella Logan, the radio star making her first screen appearance, contribute many delightful comedy situations.

Radio Governors Discuss Plans

OTTAWA, Dec. 20—(CP) — The nine members of the Board of Governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation were in session here Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week and left a committee which will sit tomorrow and Tuesday to complete unfinished business. L. W. Brockington, chairman of the board, and several of his colleagues left Saturday night for their homes.

It is expected a statement will be given out Tuesday or Wednesday indicating that new policies and plans were adopted at these sessions and outlining some of the proposed developments which the new form of broadcasting control. There were also a number of staff changes and appointments under consideration, it was understoood.

"Love Laughs Last"

By

ADRIANNE ALLEN

(Continued from page 2)

He literally slunk out of the taxi at Waterloo—so much so that the taxidriver, whom he tipped over-liberally, gazed upon him with definite suspicion. It was with the same furtive, hang-dog, shame-faced air that he found his train, and a compartment to himself.

But when the train started, he cheered up.

He ceased to feel like a criminal and, instead, enjoyed all the sensation of a naughty boy playing truant. This, in turn, developed into a sense of adventure. He felt like a knight-errant going out to seek his fortune for the first time. He decided that a proper ending for this adventure would be to meet a beautiful gipsy girl in the Forest, love her, and wed her out of hand. He decided he would see what could be done about it!

With a shrieking siren, a rattle and a roar, the train dashed into a tunnel. Trevor laughed, stretched his muscular limbs, and muttered to himself:

"And they say you cannot escape your Fate! Pshaw!"

And he shook his clenched fist defiantly at Fate—always a silly thing to do!

Then he looked out of the window, and immediately he became tense. Reflected in the window of his own compartment he could see the image of himself, and part of the train he was in. It was almost as though another train were running alongside them.

And in the compartment immediately next to his own, in the corner seat corresponding to the one he himself occupied, sat a girl. She was wearing a handsomely furred coat, and a neat little hat, from which golden curls were flashing. But she was all huddled up, with her face hidden in her hands, and her shoulders shaking pathetically.

She was crying! Plainly she was in trouble, then!

With a sense of adventure that was permeating him, there came to Trevor a sudden feeling of chivalry. Here was a girl, and a pretty girl, apparently (not, of course, that that made any difference!) in distress. She was all alone in the compartment—perhaps, also, she was all alone in the world. She must be helped, if that were possible . . . !

Acting on impulse again, Trevor picked up his suit-case and left his compartment for the one next door. He sat down opposite the girl, and coughed loudly. Her shoulders instantly ceased to shake, but she did not remove her hands from her face. All the same Trevor fancied he caught the glint of a blue eye peeping at him between the tiny fingers of her neatly-gloved hand. It was rather charming!

"I say you'll excuse me, won't you?" said Trevor, gently. "But—well, you seem to be in trouble. Can I help?"

The huddled figure murmured something inarticulate—and the shoulders commenced to heave again.

"Oh, I say!" cried Trevor, in great distress. "Please don't go on like that! And do tell be what the trouble is—I'd just love to help!"

Leaning close to her, he managed to gather that she was running away . . .

"Why, fancy that!" cried Trevor, all heartiness. "What from—an orge, I suppose?"

The figure nodded emphatically.

"Well, now isn't that just wonderful? For I too, am running away—and from an ogress! So we're comrades in misfortune, aren't we "

But the huddled figure had suddenly straightened itself, and a voice like condensed icicles said:

"Oh! How horribly rude of you!

The sympathetically-leaning form of Trevor stiffened and straightened, and the expression of commiseration upon his face changed like magic to one of blank consternation, as he found himself gazing into the indignantly beautiful face of—the girl he was supposed to be marrying that morning!

"Wh-what on earth are you doing here?" he managed to gasp, at last.

"I imagine I might ask you the same question" was the cold reply.

"Oh I—Sent you a note!" he explained, feebly.

"I sent you one also!" Her mouth was twitching—he had a sudden fear she was going to cry again.

"You were—running away . . ?"

"Yes, of course!" Trevor felt a dull, angry resentment. For him to run away from her was one thing—but for her to seek escape from him was quite another! It was a distinct blow, to his armour propre—and then, remembering how he had found her, he took comfort.

'Is that why you were crying?" he asked, gently.

She stared at him.

"I wasn't crying, you ass!" she said, succinctly. "I was laughing! I had just seen you in the next compartment—reflected in the window, you know—and I had realised that we were both doing exactly the same thing! And we are both doing it on the same train! Isn't it a scream?"

He eyed her without appreciation.

"Oh, a yell!" he agreed bitterly. "Only some people would call it a ragedy!"

"Yes! Doubtless our joint mothers will look upon it in that light. But away with sentimentalising—this is really Providential opportunity for a little real frankness! Let's tell each other all about it! Tell me, why did you run away?"

He told her with absolute candour. She listened sympathetically, nodding from time to time. Then she confessed that just as he had felt, so had she. Why, after all, should they stand for the schemes of a couple of matchmaking old mothers—with all the indecent flummery of a fashionable wedding as a culmination to it? And he nodded: "Why, indeed?"

"Well," he said, at last. "It's all over now, anyway! We've shown them that our lives are our own, and we intend to live them our own way. That's as it should be! And what now—I mean, what are your plans ."

She flushed faintly, and seemed to hesitate for a second.

"Oh, I'm going to New York," she announced airily at last. "I—there's a boy there I'm awfully fond of. He's only a—a sort of working-man, but I love him. And I've got plenty of money!"

"I see!" said Trevor, a trifle glumly. Then, with greater heartiness: "It gets funnier and funnier Because, you see, I'm going to the New Forest to find a gipsy girl I met there last year. I loved her then, but I was too big a fool to realize it at the time."

"Yes," she sighed a little sigh. "It's wonderful what we fail to realize at the time, isn't it?"

"Meaning—that if you'd realized what you realize now when I first asked you to marry me, you'd have said 'No' eh?"

"Something like that," she agreed. Then with another little sigh, Never mind—all's well that ends well! I shall be happy with my Jimmy—in New York!"

"And it will be just paradise with my Loretta in the Forest."

"That will be fine for you, Orlando!" she commented, not without venom.

After they had both sulked for a while—and before that while was over she, tired out after a wakeful night, went to sleep. When he discovered that fact he was able to study her without hindrance, and with great attention to detail. She looked pathetically beautiful, with her long, dark lashes lying on her pale ivory cheeks, and her little red mouth dropping at the corners.

He decided that she looked like a sleeping Princess in a fairy-tale, and he thought, reluctantly, that she had cast him for the wrong part. It should have been Touchstone ("A fool—a fool! I met a fool i' the forest—a motley fool; a miserable world . . . !") Certainly no one but a fool would have run away from beauty such as this . . .

And on that thought he, too, went to sleep.

A jolt of the train woke her while he was still sleeping. She regarded him as disinterestedly as possible, striving to be entirely detached. She decided that he was very handsome—somehow he reminded her of a sleeping Sir Galahad. She sighed to herself: "If only those wretched mothers of ours had kept out of it . . . "

There came a sudden crash, and their compartment seemed to be whirling through a wreck of a world that had gone to splinters in a second. Another crash—a terrible shock—the shriek of escaping steam and the screams of shocked and stricken humanity . . .

Derek Trevor awoke to a pandemoniumtorn darkness, with something across his legs that prevented him from moving below the waist. His first thought was for her, and he called her name.

"Carol! Carol—are you hurt?"

"I—I don't know, quite. I feel numb—and there's something pinning my legs! There's been an accident, hasn't there?"

"My dear Holmes, how do you do it?" (Must keep her spirits up, somehow!) "But why the darkness?"

"We ran into a tunnel, just now. But look, there's a light!"

There was! A dull, red glow shining through the windows of the still upright carriage—and an ominous sound of crackling not far away. The wreck was on fire!

"Derek! Can—can you reach my hand I—I want some comfort I think."

He reached out and found it—a small, pathetically soft thing that yet gave him an unexpected thrill as it clung, rather tightly, to his own.

"Cheer up!" he admonished her, albeit a trifle shakily. "It won't be long before they get us out of this."

She answered, quite calmly:

"The train is on fire. I—I don't think there's much hope for us! Let's face facts, shall we?"

"Sure!" he agreed, with a cheerfulness not entirely forced. "And, while we're at it" he went on, "this is another unique opportunity for absolute frankness and confession. I'll start. I don't think it was you I was running away from. It that that infernal ceremony!'

"In my case I think it was our two mothers!"

"And,' he went on, bravely, "Loretta-in the-Forest is an entirely imaginary character."

"So is Jimmy-in-New York," she confessed.

"The fact is," he asserted, with sudden heat, "we're acouple of purblind idiots—although you're a very beautiful one! Why, it's plain as a pikestaff that we're both made for each other. Look—last night, at about the same time, we think almost identical thoughts; we come to the same decision; we adopt the same method of escape—we even get into the same train! It is perfectly plain that two people so obviously en rapport were made for each other! And now—we've been and messed it up!"

"We have rather, haven't we?" she agreed, dreamily. "Still, there's something left—we can die together, at any rate!"

"Do you mean that?"

"I am not saying things I don't mean—just now!"

"Oh, God!" he groaned. "I wish I could kiss you."

"So do I." Very softly, and hardly audible—but he heard.

"There's a little church I know, in the Forest," he murmured—his turn to be dreamy now—"with ivy clustering over the porch, and a quaint, stained-glass window of St. Francis. If we were only there, now, with a special licence . . ."

"Don't" she interrupted quickly, "or you'll make me cry. I say, it's getting awfully hot—hold my hand tightly please!"

With startling suddeness a face, blackned and blistered, appeared framed against the broken window. A hoarse voice said, to someone below:

"Two in here, and the door's jammed! Let's have that crowbar, Jim . . . ."

"It's funny how it get's 'em—shock, and so on,' said he of the blistered face to his wife, some time later. "A young couple we got out this morning, f'rinstance. Handsome pair, they was, and neither of 'em hurt—'cept for bruised legs, where the seat had pinned 'em. I should think they was on their honeymoon the way they looked at each other when we released 'em! And then the young fellow, he turns to me, gives me a clap on the back and says, 'I say, old top, isn't love a darned funny thing?' Queer thing to say, when you've just escaped burning to death, ain't it?"

"Well,' answered his wife, who, like all wives, could see a trifle further than her spouse. "It's quite true, anyway! Only sometimes it takes a railway accident and the near approach of death to make people see even just a simple little truth like that."

"Maybe!" said her husband, not understanding in the least. "But the girl seemed as bad, 'cos she said, Now we can go and find our little church in the forest. Light-headed, I reckon."

'Light-hearted, more like," said his wife, with faint contempt for her husband's obstuseness.

Born to Command Love and Respect Is Elizabeth, Britain's New Queen

Kindly, Tactful, Gracious and Fun-Loving

BY MILTON BRONNER

NEA Service Staff Correspondent

LONDON, Dec. 21—Britain's new queen might well be described by this prhase: "the woman every fond mother wishes her favorite son would marry."

From her birth as the untitled daughter of the 14th Earl of Strathmore, through a happy and simple girlhood unmarked by any great surfeit of money, Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon grew up with every mother-in-law's ideal.

She had the bluest of blue blood, was pleasantly pretty (but not too pretty), had good health, good temper, tact, intelligence, frugality, respectability beyond whisper of reproach, and fine sense of responsibility and duty.

These are important elements that make a queen. It is not surprising that, when the Duke of York's love for the earl's daughter was declared, Queen Mary took her immediately to her heart.

The tutleage and counsel and the quasi-parental love of the Queen Mother have had and always will sontinue to have an inspiring effect on the present queen.

Serious—and Fun-Loving

So much has been written about the virtues of the new queen that it is possible to build her into a stiff-and-starched unreality. This would be gratuitous.

The "duty first" side of Queen Elizabeth stands plain, open on the record, for all to see, and will, those who know her feel confident, be increasingly revealed as the new royal couple assume the burden of monarchy.

But the lighter side of the "braw Scotch lassie" who has become Britain's queen is no less revealing, because it shows that on the throne beside George VI there sits a human being as well as a queen.

For example, throughout her youth, Queen Elizabeth signed her name in letters to intimates as "Lizzie." That is not usually the act of one who is position-proud. She continued the practice until long after her marriage had made her Duchess of York.

Attending a musical comedy once while duchess, she heard a popular song called "Lizzie," which amused her so much that she insisted the Duke accompany her to a later performance to hear it.

But in the meantime, the Lord Chamberlain had heard about the "Lizzie" song, and had it cut out of the show.

Played Role of Maid

The saving sense of humor must be native, for, as a little girl it is

Queen Elizabeth

recorded that the new queen liked her little joke. Glamis Castle, where she was born, is one of the historic Scottish seats, probably the place Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote his tragedy of Macbeth, "Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor."

Many visitors come to see it, including many Americans. A servant is usually "told off" to show visitors the public portions of the castle. One day Elizabeth, then a teen-age girl, dressed herself in a maid's uniform, and received such guests.

Many, pleased with her apparent knowledge of the castle and its traditions, offered her gratuities. So there may be today, living, certain travelers who can remember having tried to tip the future queen of England.

During the empire tour "down under" to Australia shortly after her marriage to the Duke of York, the new queen again proved that she was no "feminine stuffed shirt."

Killed her Rhinoceros

She waded into rivers to fish for rainbow trout, and dropped a rhinoceros with a single shot, though she had learned to handle a rifle only in preparation for the trip.

Thus it may be seen that, despite her decorum on official occasions, the new queen is a distinct personality in her own right.

In fact, this is so true in contrast to the unspectacular man who is now king, that British newspapers a few years ago fell into the habit of printing little items like this: "The Duchess of York,

Marked Trait Is Fine Sense Of Duty

accompanied by her husband, will leave London on Tuesday next for Scotland. . . ."

It required some pointed official suggestions to remind the editors that, after all, it was the Duke who was a king's son, and directly in line to reign.

Bridesmaid, Then Bride

To observe how time and chance affect even royalty, it is only necessary to note that, 14 years ago, in 1922, a comparatively unknown Scottish lass was chosen as representative of her distinguished family to be a bridesmaid when the Princess Mary, sister of the present king, was married to Viscount Lascelles.

It was then on Princess Mary, daughter of a king and a queen, that attention centered, and few paid much heed to the slender pretty young girl who was only an attendant.

One of those, however, who paid very close attention was Albert, brother of the bride. He had long known Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, and seeing her in the bridesmaid's dress may well have started a train of thought in his mind.

Today, the bridesmaid is herself queen, and her daughter Elizabeth is next in line for the throne, while the bride of that day, the Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood, is fifth in the line of succession, her husband and children following.

Of Ancient Lineage

Because the present queen was born a "commoner", it must not be felt that her lineage is undistinguished. On the contrary, it means only that as youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore she was untitled.

Her blood traces back to William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great and Charlemagne. And Robert II, first Stuart king of Scotland, is an indirect common ancestor of both Queen Elizabeth and King George VI.

Glamis Castle, most impressive of the seats of the 14th Earl of Strathmore, is probably the oldest inhabited house in the British Isles But it is only one of the properties of the Earl, and in 1900 the family was staying at St. Paul's Waldenbury, Hertfordshire, a comparatively small red-brick Queen Anne house.

There, on Aug. 4, 1900, a daughter, one day to be queen of England, was born to the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.

But nobody knew it them. She was just a pink-and-white wisp of lovely Scotch babyhood.

Three Injured As Auto Turns Over

SYDNEY, N. S., Dec. 20—(CP)—Three persons were seriously injured and a fourth suffered a bad shaking up and a dislocated hand when the automobile in which they were passengers turned over several times on the North Sydney highway last night after a front tire blew out.

Mrs. Arthur MacDonald, 21, is in a critical condition in hospital with a fractured skull and a fracture of the pelvis; her husband, Arthur MacDonald' 24, (head clerk at the Isle Royale Hotel) suffered severe concussion of the brain and is also feared to have received a fractured skull and internal injuries, and Charles MacDonald, 23, had his leg broken in two places.

The fourth occupant, George MacDonald, 24, was suffering principally from shock. All were tossed through the roof of the car.

Use Minard's for Dandruff.

Dr. Wood's
NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Feel Chilly - Start to Sneeze Nose Starts to Run

Then comes the cold which, if not attended to immediately, shortly works down into the bronchial tubes, and the cough starts.

On the first sign of a cold or cough go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

You will find it to be a prompt, pleasant, reliable and effectual remedy for your trouble.

It has been on the market for the past 44 years. Don't experiment with a substitute and be disappointed. Get "Dr. Wood's".

MUSIC—A Gift as Beautiful as Christmas

CHARMING GIFT SUGGESTIONS:

THE WILLIS PIANO—"Canada's Best"
RADIOS—General Electric—Majestic—Northern Electric.
REFRIGERATORS—The Leonard. It's Sensational.

GUITARS VIOLINS ACCORDEONS HARMONICAS
SHEET MUSIC MUSIC BOOKS MUSIC SATCHELS
LAMPS—Beautiful Bridge and Parlor Lamps

GIFTS FOR EVERY PURSE AND PERSON AT

A. E. TOOMBS The Progressive Music Store 167 Queen Street