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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, APRIL 23 & 24

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Ann Dvorak in

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Universal News

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28

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Short—"Transatlantic Love" Short—"Feminine Form"

—Fox News—

THE CIGARETTE GIRL

By DOROTHY PIPER

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ABOUT fifteen years ago there lived a poor Jew in a great desire to own an automobile. So he boarded all the money he could spare from his meager earnings, and when he had accumulated several hundred dollars, he bought a cheap little second-hand car.

It was vividly painted and rakish-looking, and it looked like a million dollars to Johnny, who had purchased it. He looked alone, never giving a thought to the mechanism which lay beneath the hood. Proudly, Johnny took the car out for his first spin. He was alone, "just to test 'er out," and the thrill of owning such a vehicle filled him with joy.

He drove slowly around the town several times so that the "Jew" might see him and become a little envious of his possession. After his friends had been properly impressed by his importance, Johnny turned the car towards the country to try out its speed and endurance. He was delighted with the ease with which he covered the next 30 miles, but while rolling along at a fair clip, something suddenly went wrong with the steering wheel, and after Johnny collided with a tree, he knew nothing more until he regained consciousness in a white room in a hospital.

A doctor was poking him with strong, dextrous fingers, and he conversed softly with his assistant. "There are no bones broken," he stated professionally. "He's badly shaken up, of course, but those cuts on his lip and cheek can be closed without ether."

When Johnny had been trundled off to bed, he had plenty of time to recall what had happened. What a mess he was in! His car was a wreck, without doubt. What would his parents say? Plenty, he knew! They had never approved of his squandering all his savings for a disreputable piece of metal, in the first place. How they would scold now!

A tall, angular head nurse pushed open the door and hovered stiffly over his cot. "Do you wish me to notify your parents that you are here?" she asked, without a trace of sympathy in her voice.

"No," said Johnny, just as coldly. "I often go away overnight, so they won't worry about me. The doctor says I can leave in the morning, and I prefer to tell them about the accident myself."

"Very well," replied the stiff one. "Is there anything you do want?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I want a cigarette."

"You can't have one," returned the nurse.

"Why can't I?" Johnny insisted sullenly.

"Because your mouth is too sore, and it's against the rules."

"By my mouth, and I can hurt it if I want to," the boy retorted impudently. He was very tired and nervous, and had taken an extreme dislike to this particular attendant.

"Nevertheless," laughed the object of Johnny's scorn, "you do get a cigarette tonight." Closing the door, she left him alone.

Desperately, Johnny fought to smother some slumber, but his mind was in distress and his eyes refused to shut. Just before dawn, someone entered his room and switched on the light. Johnny sat up in bed, prepared to continue the quarrel.

It was a different nurse this time, a young, pretty girl with fluffy blonde hair. "Oh," smiled Johnny, "I thought you were Mrs. Growler."

"I'm Miss Evans," said the girl cheerfully. "I came to see if you wanted anything."

"Please, may I have a cigarette?" Johnny begged wistfully.

"You want one very badly?" asked the nurse.

"So much!" pleaded the boy. "My nerves are all on edge. I could think if I had just one cigarette, I could go to sleep in a little while."

Miss Evans passed her cool fingers over Johnny's bandaged features. "I don't believe a cigarette would harm you a bit," she exclaimed brightly. "I'm going to chance it."

Johnny directed her to the matches and cigarettes in his coat pocket. Selecting one, she placed it to his lips and sat by his bed while he puffed contentedly. Finishing, he snuffed out the smouldering butt, tucked his hand childishly into the nurse's, and dropped into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Years of peace gave way to war, and Johnny was among the first to enlist. The townspeople, wishing to give a rousing farewell to their hero, planned a series of entertainments for their benefit. On banquet night, Johnny sat at one table and enjoyed himself with a sort of strained gaiety. A girl in fancy costume stood before him, offering him cigarettes from a be-ribboned, wicker tray. He smiled as he took a package, noticing her fluffy hair and pretty manners.

"Will you have this dance with me?" he asked hopefully.

Because it was wartime, and everyone had been instructed to make the boys happy, the cigarette-girl laid down her tray and allowed Johnny to escort her to the dancing-space.

"I know it sounds awfully presuming," he said as they waltzed, "but haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"Yes," replied his partner. "I'm Madeline Evans, the nurse who gave you a cigarette against restriction in the Marshall hospital about two years ago."

"I knew I had seen you," continued Johnny, "but what are you doing here, in this costume? You said you were going over with the Red Cross."

Madeline's face clouded momentarily; Johnny felt her drop slightly in his arms. "I was discharged that morning at the Marshall," she exclaimed bitterly. "The head-nurse came in and found your room filled with cigarette smoke. She was relentless!"

Johnny held Madeline closer than was necessary. "All on account of me!" he murmured ruefully. "But couldn't you start training again—in another hospital? You are a born nurse; if this war lasts long enough you will be needed in France. Promise me you will try again!"

Madeline promised. She couldn't tell why, but she was growing fond of this strange led in khaki.

France did dreadful things to Johnny. After the armistice, he emerged shell-shocked and a mere ghost of his former self. Too proud to go home and become a burden to his parents, he remained in France for several years, earning his living as best he could. Then homesickness overcame him, and he worked his tedious way home on a freighter. Upon his arrival, he found that his folks had moved—nobody knew just where.

Sick in mind and body, Johnny wandered. He had drunk him; suns blistered him. He begged for food, slept in haystacks. A policeman arrested him for vagrancy, discovered he was mistaken, and conveyed him to a relief hospital.

Again Johnny lay upon a white cot in a white room. Doctors were grouped about him, striving vainly to rouse him from his lethargy. Each gravely shook his head. Then a little white-capped nurse spoke up.

"Please let me try," she begged. "I know this man. Please let me talk to him!"

Gaining their consent, she borrowed a cigarette from someone. "Buddy, Johnny, dear." Her lips were close to his ear. "Won't you have a cigarette, please?"

Thrice, four times, she repeated the words which were partly an invitation, partly a command. Slowly, Johnny opened his weary eyes. He refused the cigarette, but upon seeing the sweet, eager face above his own, he dropped weakly for Madeline's hand and found strength, love and security within its clasp.

Tropics in Arctic Myth, Investigation Reveals

Another romantic Arctic tradition—the reported existence of a tropical valley in the Liard River area of the Northwest territories—has been shattered.

Returning from a 4000-mile flight in the Far North, Dr. Charles Cammell, deputy minister of mines in the Canadian Government, reported the valley was a myth.

Dr. Cammell made the trip, which started at Ft. Rupert, B. C., and ended at Edmonton, to inspect the work of several geological parties working in the mineral areas of Great Slave Lake and Beaver Lake, Athabasca Lake, in connection with Canada's far north gold hunt.

Among the important geographical discoveries made during the flight is the settlement of the question of what becomes of the Rocky Mountains north of the Liard River. The question has intrigued geographers for years.

Dr. Cammell said the mighty Rockies, which run northward from the United States through Canada, drop out of sight in the country north of Liard and that they do not blend with the Mackenzie mountains, which are a separate range springing up in the Arctic country north of the tree line. He said the Rocky Mountain range gradually sinks to rounded knolls north of the river.

The story of the tropical valley was originated by a trapper named Tom Smith, who said he had found a valley dotted with hot springs and palm trees. Smith was drowned while returning to civilization with his daughter, Jane, with a boatload of furs. Miss Smith escaped and came to Hay River, where she died last year, refusing to describe the mythical valley.

Dr. Cammell found Smith's cabin, with the roof fallen in and decaying. It was situated near a number of hot springs, with lush vegetation springing up from the subirrigated soil in the midst of a grove of spruce and poplar trees. The vegetation grew seven feet high, he said, but there were no palms.

Dr. Cammell attributes the rank growth to the subirrigation of the soil from the hot springs.

Bulky Pocketbook Saves Hide of Big Salesman

Napoleon, Ohio.—A big fat pocketbook saved William Heist, automobile salesman here.

When Heist entered the farm yard of William Panning, he was met by a large dog which started after the 230-pound salesman and soon caught him. The dog sank his teeth on Heist's hip, but bit the pocketbook instead and Heist escaped injury.

Investigation revealed the dog's teeth had gone through the leather pocketbook.

"Paths of Glory" To Be Given In Detroit

"Paths of Glory," current production of the Detroit Federal Theatre, at the Peoples Theatre, 8212 Twelfth Street, is unique in that it has a cast of 43 men and one woman. The feminine role, that of the proprietress of a small French Estaminet, is taken by Nelda Lamb, well-known member of the Detroit Federal Players, who appeared in several of the productions at the Lafayette last season.

The story concerns the execution of three innocent French soldiers condemned to death for the good of the Army. The three soldiers, "Didier," "Langlois" and "Ferol" are played by Edward Massou, Chester Adams and Jack Ujanoff. Mrs. Massou and Mr. Adams have become favorites with the Detroit Federal Theatre audiences for their interpretations of roles in "Around the Corner," "200 Were Chosen" and "The Spider," the three attractions presented this season at the Peoples Theatre.

"Colonel Lehoucheur" will be played by John Matthews and George Marquand will play the interesting role of "Meyer."

The play will run through Sunday, April 25, and is under the di-

rection of Vernon Haldene. The sets, originated by Stephen Nafziger, scenic designer for the Detroit Federal Theatre, add much to the reality of this powerful war drama.

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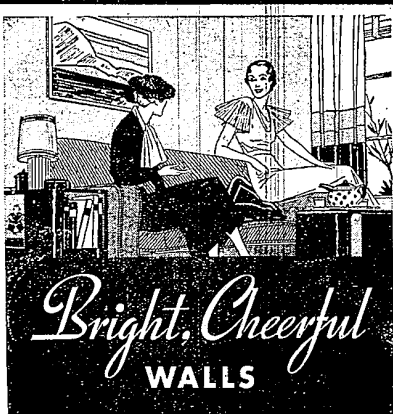
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