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• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

THE STORY: The war has worked a change in Penelope Kirk, wealthy, spoiled and 23. She had fled war-torn Europe and returned to the family estate at Kirktown, the mill town where her grandfather built his fortune. As she gazes at the memorial auditorium bequeathed by her grandfather she overhears a man making disparaging remarks about her family and herself. She recognizes the speaker as Jim Vickers, a former Paris newspaperman.

* * *

PENNY LANDS A JOB
CHAPTER II

Penny sang "good morning" to a bright and cloudless day. From her window she could see white plumes of smoke floating lazily up from the valley-hugging mills.

She had realized last night that Kirktown would be no paradise. She had known that a community nestled so close to the smoke of the steel mills and the soot of the railroad yards must absorb some blackness.

But Penny was not prepared for the nightmare of ramshackle, broken-down buildings that made up Kirktown. They looked for all the world as though they were held together with clotheslines and built on foundations of toothpicks.

The river was not a stream at all, but a rusty, smelly, steaming sewer. It cut the town in half. On one side the Kirk mills rose in black majesty. They were huge, powerful, impressive . . . and dirty.

Central avenue lined the other side, its dirty-faced buildings fronting the river. Two foot bridges crossed street and river, providing access to the fenced-in mills. To the right, as far as her eye could see, stretched buildings and furnaces and railroad yards—the Kirk industrial empire. To her left, devoid of all attractiveness, lay the shattered, bruised, smoky residences and commercial structures that marked the remnants of her dream of Kirktown.

Though the day had just begun, Penny was already tired. She parked her car wearily, stifling another urge to leave Kirktown behind her forever. Surely somewhere in this broken-down hodgepodge of derelicts there must be some saving note of charm.

In silent depression she walked down Central avenue. She had never seen so poor a business street. Merchants showed no pride in their establishments. Most of the windows had no displays.

She wandered up one street and down the other. Only the avenue at the top of the hill, where the John Kirk Memorial Auditorium had been erected, defied the universal ugliness.

Here, on a plateau overlooking the teeming mills, a few daring souls had built middle-class homes that blossomed like oases in the sooty desert. Here were Kirktown's only patches of garden.

* * *

Back on Central avenue again she paused to rest in front of a restaurant whose interior was the most inviting she had seen since starting her tour of the town. The girl behind the counter was neatly uniformed. Steel workers, in long-sleeved black shirts despite the heat of the day, sat at the long counter.

Penny realized she had been walking for hours. She was thirsty. She walked in and sat down. The girl behind the counter smiled a cheerful greeting as she placed a glass of water in front of Penny.

"A glass of milk, please," said Penny.

"Sure, honey," replied the waitress. "And don't worry. You'll get the job. I'll put in a word for you with the boss. Chin up, kid. You're in."

Penny watched in startled wonder as the "Girl Wanted" sign was lifted out of the restaurant window. Then she looked at herself in the mirror. Her dress no longer wore the crisp look that had endeared it to her. It was wrinkled now. Her face showed unmistakable signs of the smudges she had accumulated during her long walk.

This, Penny thought as she studied the troubled, weary expression on her face, must be the way jobless girls look after a hard day of fruitless search for employment.

* * *

Should she take the job?

Here, Penny realized, was a golden opportunity to pierce below the surface of Kirktown, to find out for herself what had caused such deterioration. She adjusted her hair and brushed a fleck of soot from her nose. She wanted to make a good impression on "the boss."

In a moment he bustled out of his kitchen, a rotund, excited little man. He appraised her swiftly, nodded, "All right," he said, "you start tomorrow."

So Penny Kirk, who used to sleep until noon, started her first day's work at Pietro's Restaurant at 6 o'clock the next morning.

"Good morning, honey," her friend of yesterday greeted. "My name's Midge Carter. What's yours?"

"Penny Kellogg," the heiress to the Kirk millions responded, glancing swiftly at the row of breakfast foods on the back counter. "Thanks for the boost, Midge."

"Think nothing of it, kid. You didn't need any help. Old Pietro can spot a good waitress the minute he sees one." Midge studied Penny's trim figure. "I'll bet you've worked in a lot better beaneries than this one," she complimented.

Penny wondered what Midge would say if she knew that her hands had never before lifted a dish. She wondered, too, what her friends would say if they could see her in the white-trimmed green uniform, a triangular cap perched saucily on her soft curls. She smiled as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

"Come on, Penny. There's work to be done," called Midge. "The next turn starts soon."

* * *

A turn, Penny learned, was the shift worked by the men in the mill. From the restaurant window, she could see steel workers crossing over the foot bridge on their way to work.

Penny swung easily into the routine of the restaurant. From Midge she learned to take her work in the spirit of a lark, as though she were picnicking instead of laboring. At the expense of a few nervous dishes, she soon learned to carry the amazing number of things waitresses can manage with skillful hands and wrists.

Men sauntered into Pietro's in groups of three or four. Most of them were young. She liked their cheery greetings and their natural courtesy toward her. Later on, storekeepers drifted in to discuss business conditions and the day's headlines over their cups of coffee.

When the noon rush had ended, Penny felt she had earned the rest and the luncheon Pietro offered. From the kitchen came tantalizing odors and Pietro's excited voice.

"Sit down, Miss Penny," Pietro said. "I have something special for you." He pushed through the swinging door, a steaming dish of spaghetti held aloft for Penny's inspection.

"You have to eat every bit of it," Pietro insisted. "I made the meat sauce especially for you." He hovered over the table, arranging the basket of white bread and the dish of cheese. "Eat. It's good for you."

* * *

Penny hadn't realized she was so hungry. She hadn't believed anything could be so appetizing. Intent on her dinner, she didn't notice the newcomers who swaggered in. Had she been watching Midge, usually so friendly, she would have been surprised at the cold stare that was her only greeting for them.

There were five men in the group. Definitely not steel workers, Penny decided. They didn't bother to remove spotless white felt hats as they seated themselves. They wore expensive silk sport shirts, vividly colored; trousers that were too carefully creased, shoes shined to mirror perfection. Suspenders of tooled leather completed their garish splendor.

Midge took their "black coffee" orders in silence. She served them and walked to the other side of the counter, where she busied herself arranging napkins and filling sugar bowls.

Then, in a flash, like a cloudburst descending suddenly from a clear sky, black fury hit Pietro's restaurant. That was the only way Penny could describe the scene that caught her startled eyes when she turned at the sound of crashing dishes.

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE No. 6—43

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BAYER

One French Pilot Nabs 140 Italians

A single plane of the "Groupe Bretagne," fliers with General Jacues Leclerc's Central African Army now moving to the aid of the Allies in North Africa, captured 140 Italian troops.

Its pilot who saw the garrison of Italian-held Fort Murzuch, 2,500 air miles southeast of Tripoli, evacuating their stronghold machine-gunned them until his ammunition was exhausted.

Then he dropped a note threatening to open fire with his cannon unless they surrendered.

They did.

He had no cannon.

New-Born Baby Needs Dental Care

A new-born baby seems to be comletely toothless. Actually the crowns of his first set of teeth are practically formed, hidden beneath the gums. And beneath those baby teeth are the beginning of the permanent teeth. It is evident, therefore, that dental are is a necessity from the time of birth.

Baby's food should include elements essential to the building of strong teeth, such as lime and phosphorous. Milk contains these elements in large quantities and is therefore virtually indispensable in the baby's diet.

After infancy, children should be given a glass of milk at each meal, which, together with the milk used in cooking should provide the child with a quart of milk a day. Vegetables, fruits, eggs and meat should be added to the child's diet as directed by the family physician. Coarse foods that require chewing should be given as the child grows older, for chewing is a substantial aid to development of the teeth and jaws.

"FOR VALOR"

"For valor and selfless service" in freedom's cause is the medal worn by Assistant Military Surgeon Vera Rakhova.

Honey Bees Used To Carry Messages

It is reported that the Chinese have made ingenious use of honey bees as couriers for carrying military information back and forth across the fighting front lines.

In their work as nectar gatherers, bees demonstrate an ability to return to the hive from a fairly distant field "in a bee line."

Taking advantage of this ability, the Chinese, when forced to retreat, sometimes take with them a few bees from a farmer's hive. By microphotography and the use of extremely thin paper, messages are made so light and small that they can be fastened to the bee without interfering with the insect's powers of flight. Released with the message, the bee flies swiftly back to its home hive, where the message is picked up.

PANELED HOUSEDRESS

By Anne Adams

Practical, yet with plenty of fashion news—Anne Adams Pattern 4313 is the perfect choice for the matron-at-home! The slimming front panel is cut in-one with the trim shoulder yokes. Accent the shapely collar in white contrast. And don't forget to add the jaunty pockets.

Pattern 4313 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch; ⅜ yard contrast.

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 number.

Have you, too, learned what ALL-BRAN can do to relieve *the cause* of constipation due to the lack of the right amount of "bulk" in the diet? It's a "better way" than forcing yourself to take harsh purgatives that offer only temporary relief. Just try eating delicious KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every morning. That's the simple means that thousands use to keep regular . . . NATURALLY! Enjoy it as a cereal or in tasty muffins . . . drink plenty of water . . . and see what it does for *you!* Buy ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, sold in two convenient sizes; in individual serving packages at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Rules For Vegetable Cooking

So much depends upon the way that vegetables are cooked as to whether they will give the very best food value and then be relished by the family and not be wasted.

Save water from vegetables and use in gravies, stews, soups or combine with tomato juice and serve cold.

Carrots—

Scrape, cut lengthwise, add small amount of boiling water, cover and boil 15 to 20 minutes in covered pan. When nearly cooked add 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water.

Drain, season and serve hot.

Cabbage—

Shred cabbage and cut it in eighths; add **boiling water** and salt. Boil 7 to 10 minutes in an open pan.

Drain thoroughly, season and serve hot.

Spinach—

Wash spinach thoroughly in warm water first, then in cold water. Chop up fine with scissors. Add ¼ cup water and salt.

Boil 5 to 7 minutes in open pan and serve hot.

Potatoes (mashed)—

Pare potatoes thinly; add small quantity of boiling water and salt; boil about 15 minutes, or until potato can be pierced by fork. Drain thoroughly; cover and stand over very low heat until dry. Mash with fork or masher until no lumps remain. Add seasoning, butter and hot milk, allowing 1 teaspoon of milk for each medium-sized potato. Beat until light and fluffy. Serve immediately while hot. Mashed potatoes should not stand long before they are ready for serving.

Vegetable Plates

1.
Spinach with poached or scrambled egg
Potato Puffs
Buttered Carrots
Creamed Cabbage

2.
Scalloped potato
Stuffed tomato
Corn
Green beans

3.
Stuffed green pepper with bacon
Baked potato
Scalloped cabbage
Buttered carrots

4.
Creamed celery
Buttered beets
Green beans
Cheese roulettes

5.
Steamed pepper squash
Fried tomatoes
Creamed cucumbers
Parsley potatoes

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your ripet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

New War Weapon Used By Belgians

Practical Jokes Put Fear Into Hearts of "Quislings"

Belgian patriots have converted a practical joke not uncommon in the United States into a tool of war in the struggle against pro-German civil administrators, the Belgian Government-in-Exile in London reported.

Because of it, 13 burgomasters have quit at Liege, one after the other, and now the Nazis can't find another Belgian to take the job. Jean Williem, Liege's last burgomaster, went insane.

On his first day in office, Williem's wife received a telephone call: "Is this the Williem residence? Has your husband made his will? I hope so because a fatal accident is going to happen to him soon."

Three days later an undertaker called at Williem's house, asking, "Where is the body? I want to measure it for a coffin."

Williem gathered a special bodyguard around him and slept in a different hotel every night, but the patriots followed him with mysterious telephone calls until finally he was sent to an asylum at Brussels.

This weapon has other uses: Liege waterworks employees received a call to fix broken pipes in the northern part of the city. They rushed out to find everything in order, but meanwhile, the patriots had blown up pipes in the south side of the town.

Firemen hustled out early one morning to answer a call to the chief alderman's home There was no fire.

The Germans have as yet been unable to trace the telephone calls.

Aged Ship Captain Goes To Sea Again

An 80-year-old British-born San Francisco captain, George E. Bridget, commanded a new Liberty ship in a convoy which recently brought relief to Malta.

Capt. Bridget, believed to be the oldest ship captain in the world, came out of 15 years' retirement to make the run on a ship that was built in 24 hours in the Kaiser shipyards. Bridget began his career on an old windjammer.

With him on the trip was his grandson, now serving his apprenticeship as an engineer. Bridget was born in Nottingham, England, and became an American citizen in 1893.

Women Undertake Unusual Work

Sixteen Auxiliary Territorial Service privates and one lance-corporal are doing a job never before undertaken by women, the repairing of faulty ammunition returned from army units all over the world. The 17 women already have saved the country hundreds of thousands of pounds.

'BLUE COAL' RAISES STANDARD OF HEATING COMFORT

Thousands of families will tell you that 'blue coal' is the best coal you can use in these days of careful spending. That is because this dependable, even-burning anthracite gives you more heating value for every fuel dollar you spend. It burns slowly, steadily and economically. It fills your home with uniform heat and saves you worry, trouble and dollars over the heating season. Let your nearest 'blue coal' dealer tell you how easy it is to heat your home the 'blue coal' way and save money, too. Phone him today.

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BACKACHE?
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Your kidneys need help—and there is a time-tried, proven way to help them known as GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. These Capsules contain carefully measured quantities of that widely known diuretic called Dutch Drops. You will find their action fast and effective.

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