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● SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

THE STORY: Wealthy Penny Kirk has returned from Paris to Kirktown to learn something about the great steel mills she owns, and the people who work in them. She gets a job as waitress, under the name of Penny Kellogg, and on her first day sees a fight between a mill worker and the Castro gang, gamblers who prey upon the workmen. Jim Vickers, local newspaper editor, joins the fight. Penny has met him before in Paris, but he doesn't recognize her.

* * *

JIM'S STORY

CHAPTER IV

"It's a deal, Jim," Penny decided. "Will you come back at 4?"

"I'd like to see anyone try to stop me," he answered.

Penny hummed the rest of the day away. The hours slipped by. Promptly at 4, Jim Vickers walked in, hat in hand, grinning. They waved goodby to Midge and Pietro.

Jim's car was an un-streamlined model of early thirties vintage. It needed paint, fenders, new tires.

"My one weakness," Jim said, "is a speedy motor car. This one I obtained at great expense by swapping valuable space on my want ad page. We have a garage man in town who could build an automobile with two tomato cans and a monkey wrench. To him I attribute the great beauty, power, and velocity of this imposing custom-built vehicle."

The running board protested as Penny stepped in and she settled back comfortably on a squeaky seat. She was more tired than she would have admitted.

"What would you like to see first?" asked Jim. "Our imposing skyscrapers? Our beautiful parks? Our lovely residences?"

"You're the guide," said Penny. "Lead on."

"Well," Jim said seriously, "I suppose our best bet would be a drive around the steel mills. If you've never seen them in action before you have a real thrill ahead."

* * *

They found a bridge that crossed over the busy industrial valley. Below, steaming locomotives tugged huge, bucket-shaped cars laden with red-hot molten steel. Jim stopped the car when they were halfway across and for a moment they surveyed a magnificent panorama that stretched into the distance on all sides. Penny had never seen anything so breath-taking. It was as if an artist had painted this scene with sweeping strokes of a colorful brush.

They stepped out of the car and leaned against the bridge rail, absorbing the spectacle. Jim talked of blast furnaces, giant ladles, open hearths and Bessemers, explaining the processes of steel-making to Penny.

Absorbed in his description, he didn't notice Penny's admiring glances. She liked his looks. She found it pleasant to be here with him.

"It's fascinating," Penny said, softly, when he paused for a moment. "You sound as if you really like this place."

"I do," Jim answered. "It's hard to explain until you get to know the town and the people in it. They deserve a lot more out of life than they've been getting. Steel men are a rough lot, but there isn't a finer gang alive than the fellows who work in the Kirk mills."

He looked at Penny with renewed interest.

"You've never lived in a mill town, have you, Penny?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "No — I haven't."

"My guess is that you've spent all your life in a little bit of an out-of-the-way place, where everybody knew you and knew all about everything you did," he ventured.

"You're right," Penny said, honestly. But she failed to mention France, and the fact that everyone knew of her activities because htey were so often on the society pages.

"My home town is a little burg like that," Jim reminisced. "It's just a little village, out on the prairies in Kansas. My dad has been a country lawyer out there for 50 years. I haven't been back for a long, long time."

"I'd like to see your home town some day," said Penny. "I've never been that far west."

"You'd like it," Jim said simply. Then he turned toward her and caught the glow in her eyes, warm and inviting. He laughed.

"Just being with you is fun," he said. "I don't often have such a good listener to hear my tales of woe. Where are you staying, Penny? It's getting late. I'd better drive you home."

"I'm sharing a little place with Midge Carter," Penny said.

* * *

"You're in good hands," Jim encouraged, leading Penny back to the car. "Better step into my chariot before I do my quick-change act and become the old professor again. I'll bore you with more details about the Kirk mills if you don't watch out."

"Bore me?" Penny protested. "I couldn't be more interested in the Kirk mills if I owned them!"

She caught herself quickly, suddenly tense as the thought struck her that Jim must surely guess her identity now.

"I wish you did own the Kirk mills," said Jim, happily unaware of her identity. "Unfortunately, they're owned by a nincompoop named Penelope Kirk."

Penny blushed. Unwittingly, Jim had brought her back to the realities of her situation. They drove back to Kirktown in silence, both preoccupied with their own thoughts.

"Jim," Penny said finally, cautiously, "have you ever seen Penelope Kirk?"

"Yes," he answered. "Often, years ago."

"What's she like?" Penny answered.

"She's like a lot of other female wastrels who've never done an honest day's work in their lives. She's flighty, selfish, snobbish. Her life is just one grand party. I knew her in Paris."

* * *

Jim fastened his eyes on a point far up the road.

"You might not believe it," he said, "but once I did a bit of traveling myself. Newspaper work —France, and other places — before I came to my senses and settled down. I knew Penelope Kirk in the good old days."

"Would you know her now?" Penny asked, feigning innocence.

"Any time," said Jim confidently. "Her type never changes. Of course, she was just a kid when I saw her last. I would recognize her, though. She always looked as if she had just stepped down from a cloud. I don't think she could ever come down to earth."

Penny smiled. She recognized her old self in Jim's description. She had certainly changed. Strangely, she was proud that Jim didn't recognize her.

"How did you happen to come to Kirktown?" she asked, realizing it was time to change the subject.

"That's a long story, Penny," Jim's voice was thoughtful. "I had my own weakness. Drank my way out of one good job after another abroad. It's hard to explain to an American. There was so much underhanded, shady, crooked stuff going on—things I knew, but didn't dare write about. After a while that sort of thing does something to a man.

* * *

"I knew what was coming. I knew a lot more than was good for anyone to know. Guess I just couldn't take it. One day I put on my hat, closed the apartment, started back home. Halfway across the Atlantic I threw the key away."

He looked gravely into Penny's eyes, searched her face for understanding of the things he could not say. "I just didn't belong there, you see. No more than you would."

Penny glowed with the flattery of his confidences. Her heart danced; she felt warmly happy. "Did you come straight to Kirktown?" she asked, hoping her tone was casual, fearing it wasn't.

"I always wanted a little paper where I would be free to write what I wanted to, the way I wanted to. And there was only one paper I could buy for the little money I had—the Kirktown Courier."

"Glad you're here?" she asked. He turned toward her with a smile.

"Right now, for the first time —yes." She matched his grin with her own dimpled smile.

(Continued Next Week)

BACKACHE?
Look out for Trouble With Your KIDNEYS

If your back aches or if you have disturbed sleep, burning or smarting, look out for trouble. This condition is a sure sign that your kidneys are not fully ridding your blood of poisonous acids and wastes. When the kidneys slow up, wastes collect. Backache, dizzy spells, puffy eyes and rheumatic pains may follow.

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.

Be sure you get GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the genuine and original Dutch Drops—packed in Canada. Get a 40c package from your druggist. 3

ISSUE No. 8—43

C

A Pill War

This is a pill war, E. R. Noderer writes in The Chicago Tribune. A soldier in the Solomons takes eight pills daily if he is well; sick or wounded, he takes more.

The correspondent traveling with the troops starts off the day with a bracer of two poly-vitamin capsules designed to make the digestive system believe bully beef and hardtack are just what the doctor ordered.

At midday two salt tablets are in order, and with the evening meal two five-grain quinine tablets are taken. To purify the river water, he says, we put a chlorine pill into the canteen, followed half an hour later by a thio pellet (apparently some sort of sulphur compound) to take away the chlorine taste. I also have sulfanilamide tablets to take if wounded—two every five minutes until twelve are taken, and another type of sulfa pill for dysentery.

A VERSATILE STYLE

By Anne Adams

If you take pride in the way you dress your child, you'll want this Anne Adams Pattern, 4316. You can make it up in so many variations—for play, for school, for "best." The bodice buttons in back; the waistline points high in front.

Pattern 4316 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6, views A or B, takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch fabric; view C, 1⅝ yards 35-inch fabric and ⅝ 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.

Optical Glass Production In Canada Heavy

Precision Instruments Also Made In Dominion

Until a year and a half ago Canada had never manufactured optical glass; nor were precision instruments for war purposes made in the Dominion. Research Enterprises, a Government-owned company, melted its first optical glass in June, 1941, and is now producing many thousands of pounds of it a day.

Canada needed more optical glass than ever before just at the time, in 1939, when its importation from Germany stopped. Great Britain and the United States, the only two possible suppliers left, had their hands full meeting their own needs. Therefore, Canada set up a crown company which is making history today in an intricate production field never before entered upon in this country.

6,000 Workers Employed

Output of optical glass, however, is by no means the full span of Research Enterprises' activities. The amazing instruments this country turns out include gun sights, dial sights, periscopes, range finders, fire-control devices and other work on the secret list.

More than 6,000 workers are employed in this crown company's huge plant, 60 per cent. of whom are technicians or highly skilled workers—a higher percentage by far than in the usual munitions plants.

At the same time, in an old garage building in Montreal, a small concern is making test tubes, ampules and other lines of medical glassware no longer available from the regular foreign supply sources. The work there is carried on under the guidance of a small group of highly skilled glass-makers from Czecho-Slovakia, who were brought to Canada after Munich.

These Girls Hear Big Secrets First

Handle Messages To and From British Battlefronts

Four of them were on duty when Rommel's rout began, says a writer in The London Chronicle. They had to keep the secret before the Cabinet was told and the censors had decided on the release of the story.

These girls assist the Royal Corps of Signals, and have been doing the job only four months. They work in shifts throughout the 24 hours. Through their headquarters pass all communications to and from the War Office to British troops, whereever they may be.

By special permission I visited this secret H.Q. You go down a wide concrete stairway through gastight steel doors. It seems a long time since you left daylight.

It is warm, cosy and air conditioned, and the hum of a distant dynamo fills the air. The girls sit in one long room at chromium-edged control and switch panels.

Wires from any secret radio receiving posts are carried below the street in steel-clad conduits to the signal room.

Cypher messages from Cairo and the other battlefronts, received on aerials at lonely sites, are passed to this secret "station."

I found Jean, Margaret and Kathleen on duty at their robot-like apparatus. Jean, who has a brother in the North Africa fighting, told me they have to be very accurate.

"You see," she explained, "wavelengths are changed at various hours of the day to ensure secrecy, and good reception and switching have to be timed to a second."

Margaret is chiefly concerned with the reception of radioed battle pictures. Not all of these are for publication in the press.

Some are confidential pictures of Axis tanks and guns, aircraft and ammunition. There are direct transmissions from Cairo to London and New York.

Margaret has a sweetheart in Cairo who is on the radio "cannel" to her every day.

"But I dare not talk to him," she said, "for this channel' is only for the transmission of pictures."

Small Boys Help On English Farms

In some Ontario cities objection has been raised to the enlistment of school pupils in farm work. In this connection the editor of The Farmers Advocate has received an interesting letter from H. J. Purser who farms near Maidenhead in England. He says: "Would it interest you to know that since your visit about 50 small boys, aged 10 to 14 years, have helped me, with my small staff, to harvest 250 tons of potatoes and 500 tons of mangels, all put safely into clamps for the winter?"

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

The Grain Field

Products made from grains such as wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn and others are known as cereals.

Flour is one of the cereal products and bread made from flour is one of the main items in our meals. Cereals and bread are the cheapest foods in our diet. That is why a generous amount is included in the literature prepared and recommended by the Canadian Red Cross.

The amount of food value we get from bread and cereal in return for money depends on:

(a) the kind we buy

(b) the form in which we buy it.

Both points are important, but particularly the first one.

Refined cereals such as white flour have had the most valuable parts of the grain taken away. When we eat white bread we are not getting the most health-giving parts of the grain. Whole grain products have Vitamin B which is needed for good health and growth, and iron for the blood.

This is the reason doctors recommend that everyone have at least half whole wheat bread and whole grain cereals in the diet. The less money you have for food the more whole wheat bread you should buy. However, even if you have unlimited money you should still buy half whole grain products. You can start today buying better health for your family by following the above suggestions.

When the food budget is limited it is cheaper to buy the cereals in bulk.

Even in the summer the children need a dish of hot cereal at breakfast. A certain amount of care is required to produce a tasty dish of cereal. Cereal that is lumpy and has no salt does not appeal to the child and may be the cause of his dislike of this nourishing food.

Following are general directions for cooking some of the common cereals:

1. Lightly grease the pan (upper two inches) in which cereals are to be cooked. This prevents boiling over.

2. Have water boiling and add salt.

3. Sprinkle cereal gradually into the boiling water. Cook 5 minutes.

4. Place in double boiler or slightly larger saucepan filled two-thirds full of boiling water.

Cereals may be partly cooked the night before. To prevent skin forming cover with thin layer of cold water.

To save fuel cook cereal as directed for 5 minutes. Place over boiling water, remove from stove, wrap up well and put in warm place.

All cereals may be cooked in fireless cooker.

Cracked wheat, whole brown rice and other coarse cereals may be soaked over night to reduce cooking time and improve the flavor.

Next week — some cereal recipes and Easy Graham Bread.

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 ::pet 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 cavelope if you wish a reply.

Coventry, Eng., is to stock the library of the new cruiser H.M.S. Coventry.

"He That Killeth With the Sword"

"Barbaric crimes," said President Roosevelt, must "meet with fearful retribution." The Archbishop of York has just urged the British Government to make it clear that "when the hour of deliverance comes retribution will be dealt out not only on the cold-blooded and cowardly brutes who order these massacres, but also on the thousands of underlings who appear to be joyfully and gladly carrying out these cruelties." An occasion might well be taken to repeat and emphasize the warning Mr. Eden gave in the summer; by their support and toleration "the German people accept ever-increasing responsibility for the actions committed in their name." The savagery which they practice at the orders of the Fuehrer has roused against them invincible forces. Every state every nation has learnt that there can be no peace, no justice, no civilization while the German people worship their power cult. The free world will not lay down its arms till it has enforced the law: "He that leadeth in captivity shall go captive; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

Ski Troops to Wear Wolverine Parkas

Canadian ski troops will have parkas trimmed with white wolverine fur because wolverine is the only kind that does not become frosted, the Munitions Department said.

The white is to allow it to blend with the snow. More than 20,000 parkas have been ordered.

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Look for This Cross

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