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TEA

● 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. A fight breaks out in the restaurant between a workman and the Castros, a gang of gamblers who prey on the mill-workers. Later she meets Jim Vickers, local newspaper editor, whom she had met in Paris but who doesn't recognize her. On a ride he tells her the story of his life.

* * *

TROUBLE'S BREWING

CHAPTER V

Jim studied her upturned, eager face.

"Are you very tired, Penny?"

"Not a bit," said Penny, stretching the truth a little. "Why?"

"I'd like to show you something."

By now they were back in the centre of Kirktown, bumping along decrepit Central avenue. Jim steered into one of the side streets, shifted gears and climbed slowly up the hillside.

"All this is terrible," said Jim, waving his hand in the direction of the tumbledown shacks. "No one should have to live like that. It's criminal to herd people into such unhealthy holes."

At the top of the hill he stopped, inviting Penny to join him as he jumped out of the car.

"This street'" he said, "is the only decent street in Kirktown. It's high enough so that the air is pure and fresh. In summer, cool breezes make life pleasant up here.

"There's a plateau stretching back beyond the Kirk Memorial Building that's big enough to build at least 500 homes, enough to house everyone who lives in Kirktown now. There's a lot more room for expansion, too. I would tear down every one of the shacks along the lower hill. Make all that land a beautiful park, with a boulevard winding down through it to the edge of the mill."

* * *

Jim studied Penyn's reaction. He was flushed with the excitement of his idea.

"A model town would pay for itself," he said. "I know it sounds revolutionary. The councilmen and the mayor and the few businessmen with sense in this town think it's impossible. They laugh at me."

"Wonderful!" enthused Penny. "Make Kirktown a model town! Why not?"

"Some day, Penny, I'll show them. I have an idea." He paused, searching for words.

"Do you see that house hidden up there in the trees?" Penny followed the direction of his finger, pointing at her home, the Kirk estate.

"That's where John Kirk lived," she heard him say. "I have a hunch Penelope Kirk will come back there, eventually. Then I'll get my chance to tell her a few things. I'm going to tell her, Penny. Even if I have to go back to Europe and kidnap her."

She started to say, "I'll help you, Jim." Then she clamped her hand over her mouth as if to hold the words in. He studied her, curiously.

* * *

He was so full of his crusade for a better Kirktown that he didn't notice Penny's embarrassment.

"You're the first one who hasn't laughed at the idea," he said. "But it's just a dream that sounds good. What could you or I, or anyone else do to make it come true?"

"You'd be surprised," Penny said, finding new courage. Jim Vickers, though he didn't know it, had won a powerful ally for his reconstruction program.

If Jim could have understood the determination in her chin, and the resolution in her eyes, he might have wondered just what was running through Penny's mind. In the gathering darkness, he noticed only that she had a lovely profile.

"Hop in," said Jim, "I'll take you home."

"Thanks," Penny said. "You've made my first day in Kirktown a real pleasure."

"It's only the beginning," he told her. "I'm going to make it my business to see that every day is pleasant."

* * *

The week that followed was an illuminating one for Penny. She was glad, now, that no publicity had attended her return from distant shores. For a little while, at least, she preferred to remain unnoticed.

With increasing frequency, Penny observed, the men who came to Pietro's huddled together in serious conversation. She studied their set faces.

"Midge," she asked one day, "is something wrong? Have you noticed the strained way the men are acting?"

"Yes, Penny," was the quiet reply. "I've noticed a lot of things in the last few weeks. There's trouble brewing at the mill."

"Trouble?" Penny asked, bewilderedly.

Before Penny could make further inquiries, Midge had lost interest in the conversation. Over Penny's shoulder she grinned the big smile she reserved only for Bud Walsh.

"Bud," Midge called, "what brings you here so soon?" In her eagerness to reach him, she dropped her towel, and saved herself from tripping only by a miracle of acrobatic balancing.

"Howdy, Midge. Hello, Penny," Bud answered, with a shy wave of his hand. He was tall, husky, handsome. His hands were the tough hands of a steel man accustomed to hard work. He had the quiet power that characterized so many of the workers Penny had met.

* * *

Penny waited until Midge was called away. Then she asked, nonchalantly, "What's new at the mill?"

"Nothing much," Bud asnwered. "It's always the same."

"Have you been there long?" Penny asked.

"Ever since I got through high school," Bud answered. "Dad has been with the Kirk mills for 30 years. My brother works there, too."

"Do you like working at the mills?" Penny questioned.

"Do I! The Kirk mills are tops for my money," he said proudly. "Did you know that we made some of the steel for the Grand Coulee Dam? And some of Dad's steel was used in the Panama Canal."

Bud hesitated a moment, debating his next words. "Dad says things aren't the same at the mills now. Not like they were when John Kirk was running things. Old John was a wonderful fellow. He knew every man by his first name. He often brought his dinner pail along, and had lunch with the men.

* * *

"By today's standards," Bud reflected, "John Kirk would be considered a slave driver. He wasn't, though. He worked as hard as the rest of the men. They liked him and they respected him. And John Kirk always took care of his men, too. He had a reputation for paying better wages than any of the big mills, and for taking an interest in the fellows that worked for him."

"You certainly make the good old days sound swell," said Penny. "Old John Kirk doesn't seem so much like an ogre from your description."

"He was a great guy," said Bud. "Ask any of the old-timers. They'll tell you. The mills could use someone like John Kirk now. He understood men as well as steel. The gang that's there now understands steel only. Morale isn't the same. John Kirk knew how to get his men to work for him until they couldn't lift their hands. That was the secret of his success."

Midge was back now, glowingly happy as she always was when Bud Walsh was near. "Break it up," she pleaded. "Give me a chance, Penny."

But Penny wasn't listening to Midge. In her mind a bold plan was forming. She would need help—Jim Vickers' help—to execute it. Trouble at the Kirk mills meant trouble for Penny. She wanted to strike at its source.

(Continued Next Week)

SURE! BRITISH WOMEN KNOW HOW TO "TAKE" IT

A side-light on British women comes from a survey recently made by the British government. Women throughout war-torn Britain . . . especially the hundreds of thousands of women working in war plants . . . count on Aspirin as one of the three leading aids to maintaining good health and morale.

As soon as colds, muscular pains or aches threaten, as soon as heads begin to feel stuffy, thousands take Aspirin out of their pocketbooks. For they know it is effective . . . dependable . . . fast. Generations of satisfied users have proved it.

An Aspirin gargle eases pain of sore throats almost at once. Aspirin taken with water eases headache, and muscular distress. Next time you feel a cold threatening, be glad you have Aspirin. It costs less than 1¢ a tablet in the economy bottle.

Aspirin is made in Canada, and "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the Bayer cross on every tablet. If you don't see the cross, it isn't Aspirin.

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NOT EVEN ENOUGH FOR HALF SOLES

Consider work of English girl repairing shoes. She has only leather enough for patches.

Duke of Windsor Knows His Stamps

"The Duke of Windsor may not be numbered among the world's greatest philatelists, but he knows his stamps," points out The Philadelphia Record.

With collapse of the tourist trade, the Bahamas were expecting a deficit for 1942. So the Duke ordered a Columbus anniversary stamp, overprinting even $4 stamps. The collectors bought 'em. The stamps have yielded nearly $160,000; the Bahamas have a surplus of $72,000.

Hun Field Marshal Is Taken Prisoner

Capture Crowned Complete Defeat of Germans at Stalingrad

Our troops, says a Soviet Information Bulletin, displayed great skill in the operation, which led to the capture of Field Marshal Paulus at Stalingrad. Scouts ascertained precisely where Paulus' command was located, in the centre of Stalingrad. They learned how many officers were at the post, where the command cars were parked, and the strength of the force guarding the headquarters. Paulus had a strong bodyguard, but not strong enough to prevent his capture.

The operation began on the night of January 30-31, while fighting was in progress. In an area where the fighting was most violent our tanks and automatic riflemen broke through to Paulus' headquarters. By dawn the house was blockaded and the guards wiped out.

All Wires Cut

Paulus, who had just received a radiogram from Hitler announcing his promotion to the rank of Field Marshal of the Third Reich, did not suspect until dawn that the house in which he was quartered was surrounded and that all wires linking it with his troops were in our hands. When he learned of this unpleasant fact he sent his aide-de-camp to arrange for capitulation.

At 10 a.m. our delegates went to the Field Marshal's command post, accompanied by automatic riflemen who kept all entrances of the house covered. The building was in complete darkness. When lights were put on, a scene of great disorder was revealed. The basement was crowded with unshaven generals and colonels. A telephone operator was frantically appealing to the German troops, but without success, all wires having been prudently cut by our tankists and automatic riflemen.

The gloomy Field Marshal emerged in full dress, crowning the most disgraceful defeat of Hitlerite Germany.

One-tenth of Britain's total production of bread is home-baked.

JUNIOR MISS STYLE

By Anne Adams

There's a military-trim air to this fitted junior miss style, Pattern 4221. Anne Adams has given it "front line" novelty in a smart side-front buttoning that squares off into the skirt panel. Match the buttons with a bright pocket "hankie." The back-draped calot completes this smart date-time ensemble.

Pattern 4221 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 39-inch.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

When Marmalade Was First Made

Orange "Preserve" First Made in Scotland in Eighteenth Century

Newly-wed Mrs. Keiller, of Dundee, Scotland, and her husband (they were married in 1700) lived in a modest house. One November morning, a ship from Spain, long buffeted by westerly gales, reached Tayside, and half the male population of Dundee was soon at the ship's side for news and bargains. Cane sugar and bitter Seville oranges had tempted James Keiller above all else. But why so much of both? had asked his wife, and he had explained that one could not buy goods at the quayside in the same way as from a shop, adding, by way of excuse for his apparent lavishness, that both sugar and oranges would keep.

But would they? Mrs. Keiller was not so sure. The oranges were, many of them, bruised and certainly not likely to keep. Nor were they likely to be thrown away, now that Mrs. Keiller had taken charge of them. Her mind was soon made up. She would peel them and boil them in sugar to make a preserve just as her mother had shown her how to boil quince and sugar together, making a sweet jelly that she used to call marmelett. Young Mrs. Keiller was as good a cook as her mother had been before her, and when the orange pulp that she boiled with sugar had had time to cool and set, it was much to James Keiller's liking and they both decided to call it orange marmalade.

The first Dundee orange marmalade was good, but there was too much of it for the young peole, so their neighbors were given some; they all loved it and they all begged Mrs. Keiller to make some more.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Keiller made more marmalade every year and James gave up his job and was fully occupied selling his wife's marmalade far and wide for many leagues around Dundee. And when the children born to them grew up, some were trained to make more marmalade, whilst others began to sell it in England and overseas in the little white pots which are still being sold today in every part of the world.

New General Staff For Africa Named

General Eisenhower Will Be Commander-In-Chief

Prime Minister Churchill told the House of Commons that as the British Eighth Army passes into the American sphere in Tunisia it would "come under the orders of General Eisenhower," the American commander, with General Sir Harold Alexander as his deputy.

Besides Alexander, hitherto British Middle East commander, as deputy commander-in-chief, these officers also will be under Eisenhower:

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, air commander in chief for the Mediterranean area and responsible to Eisenhower for air operations in this theatre.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, commander of the U.S. and British fleets in Eisenhower's theatre.

It is assumed that Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, British Eighth Army commander under Alexander, will remain in charge of that army.

British reaction to the appointments was favorable immediately.

Keep Those Stamps Working Overtime

Canadians are holding about 5,000,000 partly filled War Savings Stamps folders, containing about 18,000,000 stamps and worth about $4,500,000, says Maclean's Magazine. The sooner these folders are filled and converted into War Savings Certificates the better, both for those who hold them and for Canada. Stamps do not earn interest until they have become Certificates, and 5,000,000 converted folders mean $20,000,000 for Canada now and $25,000,000 for their holders in 7½ years.

Dangers of Gas Attack on Cities

Professor J. B. S. Haldane states in the scientific weekly Nature that the danger of a gas attack on some large British cities is great enough to warrant more urgent preparations than have yet been made. He admits that if gas bombs were dropped as widely and fitfully as were high-explosive bombs in the Autumn of 1940 the danger would not be great.

"But," he warns, "if some hundreds of tons were dropped within an hour in a restricted area they might generate a gas-cloud of a dangerous density."

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Cereal Recipes

Indian Pudding

⅓ cup cornmeal
4 cups milk
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses

Heat milk in double boiler. Whisk in cornmeal with a fork and cook for 20 minutes, stirring until mixture thickens. Add molasses and spices. Pour into buttered baking dish. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until set.

Easy Graham Bread

½ cake yeast soaked in
½ cup lukewarm water,
milk or mixture of these
2 teaspoons salt
4 tbsp. sugar or molasses
2 teaspoons shortening
3 cups whole wheat or graham flour
3 cups white flour

At night break and soak yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Mix the two flours well in bread bowl, keeping back a little in case dough should become too stiff. When yeast is soft add it to the remaining liquid in which has been dissolved the salt and sugar (or molasses). Blend mixture with the flour and add melted shortening. Knead into a smooth, somewhat soft dough. Cover closely. Let rise over night. In the morning when dough has doubled in bulk shape at once into two loaves. Let rise in greased tins until doubled. Bake in a medium oven about 1 hour.

Hot Water Gingerbread

1 teaspoon baking soda
1½ teaspoons ginger
½ teaspoon salt
2¼ cups flour
½ cup boiling water
1 cup molasses
3 tablespoons fat

Sift together baking soda, ginger, salt and flour. Add boiling water to molasses and cool. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add melted fat and mix well. Bake in a shallow greased pan for 35 minutes in moderate oven.

One Egg Cake

¼ cup butter
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
1⅓ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup milk (scant)
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten egg and continue creaming until light and smooth. Sift flour before measuring. Measure flour; add baking powder and salt. Sift and add dry ingredients alternately with the milk to first mixture. Do not beat; just fold in the dry ingredients and milk making sure they are thoroughly blended after each addition. Add flavoring. Put in well greased tin and bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always 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 envelope if you wish a reply.