Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" 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. She learns from Bud Walsh, a steel worker, that the men are dissatisfied with the mills' present management.

* * *

A NEW JOB

CHAPTER VI

Summer nights crowded with pleasant memories warmed Penny's friendship for Jim. She could hardly wait for the end of the day, when Jim would drive up in his nondescript car. They found rutted roads that lead nowhere except to hilltops crowned with the glories of the setting sun.

One night in particular, Penny would always remember. They had been driving along in silence, Jim absorbed in his own brow-wrinkling thoughts, Penny drinking in the beauties of the moonlit panorama spread about her.

"Penny," Jim said, thoughtfully. "How'd you like to be captain of my team?"

Penny smiled. "Captain?"

"Yes," Jim answered, "I need someone like you—"

Penny looked up quickly, her face beaming.

"I mean," Jim was struggling for the words, "I need someone like you on the Courier. We'd make a winning combination, you and I."

He had wanted to say something quite different—something about the way he really felt. How he missed her. How he longed to have her near him. He hesitated only when he thought of the struggles ahead for anyone who would share his threadbare existence. He hoped Penny would understand.

Her answer, spontaneous and swift, was a kiss that held them enraptured for a long moment.

"Working with you, Jim," she told him, "is like an answer to a dream."

* * *

They spent exciting hours, planning, exchanging ideas, excitedly awaiting the day when Penny would leave Pietro's and join Jim's small staff. Penny's future promised exciting, thrilling adventures. She was at the Courier office early on her first day of work, eager to begin her new career.

The Courier occupied crowded quarters in the basement beneath the branch office of the City Bank. Two big desks faced each other, littered with an astounding accumulation of publicity releases, unopened letters, old newspapers and clippings. A counter stretched across the length of the room.

Penny knew from the moment she walked in that she was destined to love the smell of printer's ink and the informality with which the Courier staff tackled each crowded day. She knew each morning would be brighter because of Jim's warm smile of welcome.

Penny learned to listen for Jim's step as he bounded downstairs, whistling a carefree little tune. He had cleared a space for her on the desk opposite his own, by sweeping everything off.

* * *

Penny swung easily into the routine of work. Before long, the office lost its dusty, disorderly appearance. Jim wondered how he had managed so long without her.

Perhaps because she herself was bursting with news and with a vitality that reflected her good will toward everyone, she found it easy to extract dozens of interesting news items.

"You're okay," Jim complimented, as he watched the way she sailed into her work. "You'll be a good newspaperman one of these days."

Late one afternoon, when Jim had finished deciphering the day's notes which always crammed his pockets, the quiet of the office was shattered by a sudden rush of footsteps on the steep stairway. Penny looked up, into the frightened eyes of a breathless boy.

"Mr. Vickers! Mr. Vickers!" he shouted. "A terrible accident. The bridge. Come quick."

Jim shot upstairs. Penny followed swiftly, helping the tired youngster to negotiate the last steps. Jim's car was already rattling impatiently.

* * *

"It's the centre bridge, Mr. Vickers," the boy directed. Jim allowed a siren-blowing ambulance to pass, and swung into busy Central avenue. News has a curious way of spreading swiftly in a small town. Already people were racing toward the scene of the tragedy.

Piecing together the story of what had happened was not hard. Never suspecting that death was so near, the driver of a huge truck and trailer, loaded with steel, had started across the span. Weakened by age, too tired to support the heavy load, the structure had given way. Its twisted steel was a tangled mess. Pinned beneath the wreckage were the driver and his helper.

Penny felt weak and sick at heart. She heard someone say it was lucky the accident had happened between turns. If the men had been leaving the mills, the death toll would have been terrible.

Once again Penny had an opportunity to admire Jim Vickers in an emergency. He lost no time in making the dangerous descent to the river. His was the guiding hand that sped rescue work. The men must have known they would be too late.

* * *

Penny helped Jim into his coat when finally he returned. His face was white and his lips were dry. He didn't say anything until they were back in the car.

"I have the toughest assignment in my life ahead," said Jim. "You remember Bill, don't you? The fellow who started the fight at Pietro's?"

"Yes," said Penny, "I remember."

"Bill's brother was helper on that truck. I'll have to tell his wife." The tragedy struck painfully home.

"It's all so unnecessary," Jim protested bitterly. "A new bridge should have been put up two years ago. The money was appropriated. Blueprints were drawn up. Castro's crooked politicians pocketed the funds."

* * *

Now it was Penny's turn to be furious.

"For weeks I've heard about corrupt politicians and gangsters and raw deals. For years Kirktown has been run by a bunch of rotten crooks. Isn't there anyone in this place with backbone enough to run them out and see that the town gets a decent break? Are you going to put up with this sort of thing forever?"

"No, Penny," Jim replied grimly. "This time we will do something. We've been cowards. We've already waited too long."

"There's something else that's troubling me, Jim." Penny chose her words carefully now. "That bridge ran over company property. Doesn't the Kirk management care at all? Don't they know what's happening in Kirktown?"

"The Kirk management! That's good!" barked Jim. "They sit back in their beautiful offices in the prettiest building at the county seat, and don't know or don't care about anything except black figures on the profit reports."

"Then it's high time they learned a few things," flashed Penny.

* * *

Silence shrouded their thoughts on the rest of the drive to the Courier office. Penny's flushed cheeks and brightened eyes expressed her determination to act now in the interests of Kirktown.

"I'd like to have the day off tomorrow," Penny told Jim, hoping he wouldn't ask her to reveal her plan.

"Sure, Penny," said Jim.

"I have another request, Jim. I want to do a series of stories that everyone in town will read. I need your help."

"Just name it, Penny," offered Jim, "and I'll do all I can."

"I'd like to spend a few days in the Kirk mills. I'll take my lunch box with me and chat with the boys. I'd like to get some human interest stories about the men who make steel," she explained.

"Sounds good," Jim admitted.

The more Penny thought of the injustices she had witnessed, the angrier she became. She was fighting mad by the time she left that night for her return to the Kirk estate.

She intended to stay mad until she had finished her visit to the Kirk offices

(Continued Next Week)

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BAYER

ISSUE No. 10—43

C

The Place Where Water Runs Uphill

Phenomenon In New Brunswick Called "The Magnetic Hill"

About six miles from Moncton, New Brunswick, there is a queer and intriguing phenomenon known as "The Magnetic Hill." For years, it was referred to as "the place where the water runs up hill" and otherwise thought of very little.

Then, the more inquisitive began casting about for a suitable explanation of this unusual occurrence and certain among them allowed that the deposits of iron ore, which they claim they always knew existed under this hill, exerted force on an automobile and drew it up hill by magnetism! Hence, the present name "Magnetic Hill."

But the procedure is this: Drive to a point now marked by a white post. Stop here; shift gears to neutral and turn off the engine of your car. In no time at all, you're off! Up the hill you go—gathering momentum as you climb! When your car finally comes to a stop on the crest of the hill, look down on the post from which you started. Then try to coast down toward the post. It can't be done. Plenty of gasoline is needed to get you there. Nor is it possible to go much faster than thirty-five miles an hour up the hill that lies just beyond the "Magnetic Hill." Many may be the local explanations of this phenomenon, but no official theory has yet been found.

To increase its ocean shipping, Japan is reported to be sending freight on huge rafts towed by tugs.

A statue in Offenburg, Germany, honors Sir Francis Drake for introducing the potato into Europe in 1580.

Large Pulpwood Shipment For U. S.

Canada has agreed to exert "every possible effort" to export 1,500,000 cords of pulpwood to the United tates this year from territory east of the Cascade Mountains in British Columbia, it was announced jointly by the Canadian timber controller and the pulp and paper division of the War Production Board.

The agreement also provides that Canadian mills will ship to the United States 1,170,000 tons of pulp in 1943.

The statement said there was no possibility at this time that fir logs could be exported from British Columbia. Bad weather conditions in British Columbia and the Pudget Sound areas have virtually exhausted log inventories.

Boners

A corps is a dead gentleman; a corpse is a dead lady.

Filet mignon is an opera by Purcini.

Inertia is the ability to rest.

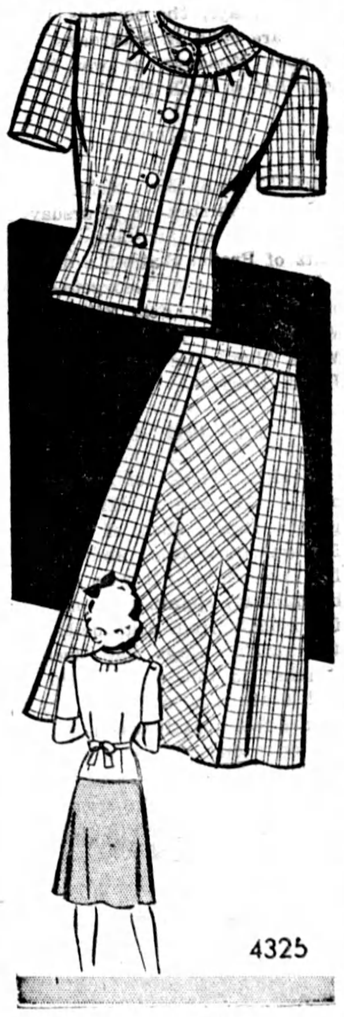
The Royal Mint is what the King grows in his garden.

Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't meant to.

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

A sinecure is a disease without a cure.

USEFUL TWO-PIECER



By Anne Adams

An Anne Adams two-piecer with a bright fashion future is Pattern 4325! It makes a perfect under-your-coat outfit right now. Later, it becomes a smart street ensemble. Isn't the fitted top young with its round yoked neckline? The skirt panel may be on the bias. Use plaid fabric or let the top contrast.

Pattern 4325 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 3¼ yards 35-inch.

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.

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Menus Based On Low-Cost Weekly Market Order

FIRST DAY

Rolled Oats—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Sauce
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Roast Veal, Onion Dressing
Roasted Potatoes, Carrots
Bread and Butter
Rice and Raisin Pudding

SECOND DAY

Stewed Raisins
Farina—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Cream Potato Soup
Cheese and Celery
Bread and Butter
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Veal Hash on Toast
Potatoes
Cabbage
Bread and Butter
Apple Pie

THIRD DAY

Rolled Oats—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Potato and Celery Salad
Bread and Butter
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Macaroni and Cheese
Bread and Butter
Prunes

FOURTH DAY

Prunes
Farina—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Sliced Tomatoes
Fried Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Scalloped Salmon
Baked Potatoes, Carrots
Bread and Butter
Orange Custard

FIFTH DAY

Rolled Oats—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Scalloped Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes
Cheese
Bread and Butter
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Baked Beans
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce

SIXTH DAY

Rolled Oats—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Left-over Baked Beans
Bread and Butter
Prunes
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Liver and Onions
Potatoes
Beets with Greens
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread

SEVENTH DAY

Stewed Raisins
Rolled Oats—Milk
Toast
Cocoa—Children
Tea—Adults

Dried Pea Soup
Sliced Beet and Lettuce Salad
Bread and Butter
Milk—Children
Tea—Adults

Creamed Potatoes with Cheese
Bread and Butter
Left-over Gingerbread

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 St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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