Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

THE ST RY: 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. Under the name of Penny Kellogg she takes a job on the newspaper run by Jim Vickers, whom she had met in Paris but who doesn't recognize her. One day a bridge at the mills gives way, killing two men. Money had been appropriated to fix the bridge, but had been stolen by a crooked city government dominated by the Castros, a gang of gamblers.

* * *

PENNY KIRK AGAIN

CHAPTER VII

Sunlight had a way of softening Penny's resolutions. She had determined to be angry, and to raise the roof when she visited the Kirk offices. Now, with the sun's rays streaming across her bed, she couldn't find a frown in herself.

"What's the smart app oach?" she asked herself, sitting up to greet the day. "I know. They'll naturally think I'm dumb. I'll just play dumb."

She picked a well-tailored su.t from her wardrobe. To it, she added her furs. Standing before the mirror, she practised a few suitable facial expressions. She laughed at herself.

Somehow, she felt overdressed. She would never visit Kirktown dressed thus. At the Kirk offices, though, she would be expected to look the part she planned to play. What a vast world of difference separated Penelope Kirk and Penny ellogg, she reflected.

The elevator lifted her swiftly to the 14th floor. A pleasant receptionist smiled a cheery "Good morning. May I help you?"

From her repertoire, Penny selected a bored look. She managed to tilt her nose a couple of notches.

"Tell Mr. Stimson that Penelope Kirk is here to see him. And please hurry," she said.

The surprised receptionist jumped to her feet. "Yes, Miss Kirk. Won't you please be seated?" She flew to Mr. Stimson's office with the startling news.

* * *

Penny examined the elaborate and expensively decorated reception room. Its rich carpeting and maroon-leathered easy chairs were luxurious.

Mr. Stimson, perfectly groomed as befitted the supervisor of an industry so vast as the Kirk steel enterprises, hurried down the corridor to greet Penny.

"My, my, Miss Kirk," he ı ed, out of breath as a result of his unusual exertion. "This is a most pleasant surprise. I had no idea you were anywhere near here. I thought you were in New York."

"New York," Penny said, "is such a bore."

"Yes. Yes. It is, isn't it?" he said. "Won't you come into my office?" Deferentially, he led the way.

"Are you staying at the estate?" Stimson asked. He didn't wait for an answer. "Yes. Yes. You must be staying there. Are you quite comfortable? Is there anything at all I can do to make your stay more pleasant?"

"You might give me a cigaret, old dear." Stimson was obviously flattered by her intimate salutation. He felt more at ease. He smiled as he offered her his cigaret case.

"Well, now that I am here, I suppose I should make the best of it." Then, reflectively, she said, "There is something you can do for me, if you will."

"Just ask, Miss Kirk," he said, eagerly. "I'll be glad to do anything I can."

"My grandfather certainly had some unusual ideas about building a house. I want to make some changes. Could you recommend the best architect in town?"

"Why, yes, Miss Kirk," said Stimson. "I'd recommend Johnathan and Jones. They're the architects who designed my home. Shall I call them?"

"No, thanks. I'll drop in and see them. Just something to do, you know." She rose from the chair that enveloped her. "Thank you so much. I really must be going. By the way, Mr. Stimson, please don't mention my visit to the newspapers or to anyone else. I'm here for a rest. I'll call you again."

* * *

He bowed low, regretted her refusal to have dinner with him, and promised to care for her every whim. She knew he would breathe a sigh of relief the m ent the elevator door separated them.

Penny had learned what she wanted to know about the executives of the Kirk mills. Even this short visit revealed how little they knew or cared about Kirktown.

Penny smiled softly as she thought of the surprises which she was planning. She had spent many thughtful hours on an idea that was now beginning to take form.

She found the offices of Johnathan and Jones, architects. The reception room was small and practical. The girl at the switchboard doubled as a typist. Her greeting was business-like, brief.

"Mr. Jones is in. Would you like to see him? Mr. Johnathan is out of town," the busy telephone operator said. Penny nodded. "Walk right in. Last door to your right."

* * *

Penny liked Charlie Jones the minute she saw him. He was in his shirt-sleeves, studying two sets of drawings offered to him by two young men.

"Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute," he told Penny, without interrupting his study. He suggested a change, asked a question, and sent his assistants back to their desks.

"Now," he said, smiling pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

"I'd like to order a model village," Penny said.

Charlie Jones was struck dumb.

"What . . . what was that you said?"

Penny laughed. "I just said I'd like to order a model village." Then she continued, eagerly. She introduced herself, assured him he wasn't dreaming, and outlined briefly her plan. From her purse she extracted a clipping.

"Here's a story," she said, "about the model defense village of 300 homes built by an airplane plant to house its workers. The village was built so swiftly that it was finished before people in the vicinity knew what was happening. I want 500 houses, built the same way, on the plateau above the present site of Kirktown."

* * *

When he had suffiiently recovered his senses, he caught and enlarged upon. Penny enthusiasm. This, Charlie Jones assured her, had always been his greatest ambition in life. To plan, to build, to work out the details of just such a project, was the Jones idea of heaven.

They talked about comfortable, low-cost houses. They talked about pleasant, shady streets. They located stores in a convenient shopping center. They found room for a swimming l and playgrounds. They were playing an exciting game.

"Only one thing I must insist upan," said Penny. "I want absolute secrecy. Nobody is to know just what we're doing until it's all done. I want a good job. I want it fast. I want no publicity."

Charlie Jones assured her he'd respect her wishes. His eyes were dancing for joy as he shook her hand. She hadn't been out of his office a minute before all his young assistants poured from their cubbyholes to crowd into his tiny work-room. She knew she had come to the right place and to the right man.

* * *

Penny's drive back to her estate was relaxing. She visualized Jim's pride and pleasure when he should see the new village of Kirktown for the first time. She was pleased as punch, she told herself. She had done a good day's work.

A taxi took her to the bus stop. The slow-moving Kirktown "express" dropped her in front of the Courier office just as the whistle blew for the 4 o'clock turn. She skipped happily down the steps.

"Hello, Jim," she greeted cheerfully, sailing her straw hat accurately toward a nail on the wall. "How's tricks?"

"Hya, Penny," Jim smiled.

Jim watched her admiringly as Penny swung easily into the routine of her work. He wanted to tell her how much he had missed her, even for a few hours—how much he needed her. Instead—

"By the way, Penny. I almost forgot," he said. "You start on your story assignment at the Kirk mills tomorrow. Everything's arranged, provided you promise to be good."

"I'll be good," she answered. "Good and scared. Heaven help the poor working girl alone in a steel mill with 3,000 men."

(Continued Next Week)

HEADACHES KILLED BY THE THOUSANDS IN BRITAIN

In a survey recently made among British women, these home-front workers revealed they consider Aspirin one of the three drug items most needed for health and morale.

With more thousands, each month, in war plants . . . making the planes and the guns for fighting men . . . there's no time for pain. So at the first sign of headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain . . . British women naturally turn to Aspirin.

They know Aspirin won't "let them down." It's proven itself for generations . . . eased literally billions of headaches . . . effectively, dependably, *fast*. Aspirin is rated as one of the safest analgesics known . . . and costs less than 1¢ a tablet in the economy bottle. Make sure *you* have Aspirin on hand, for relief of pain.

Aspirin is made in Canada . . . and "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the Bayer cross on each tablet. If you don't see the cross, you're not getting Aspirin.

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Chiang Studies Western Thought

Friends of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek tell of her interesting the Generalissimo in Western thought, and of the university which then was organized for the education of this one man, writes Leonard Lyons in New York Post. The Chiangs selected the 10 most eminent professors in such subject as sociology, history, economics and political science. These men gave a thorough, 10-week course, consisting of two-hour lectures followed by questions put to them by the Generalissimo. And when the 10 weeks were over and the professors and Chiang Kai-Shek were satisfied, the "university" was disbanded and the professors went home.

SLIMMING SHIRTFROCK

By Anne Adams

For full-time service these busy days, you need a trim shirtwaister. The front buttoning of Pattern 4229 by Anne Adams is convenient as well as slenderizing, for it lets you in and out in a jiffy. The inset waistband and soft bodice flatter! The collar may match or contrast.

Pattern 4229 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

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.

BABY BUGGIES BLITZED

Silent symbols that modern war affects all ages are these perambulators among the rubble of an English town. Nazi bombers raided the area by daylight under cover of clouds.

Britain Receives Food Education

Lord Woolton Claims Knowledge Will Not Be Forgotten

Food education is one of the most important contributions Lord Woolton and the Ministry of Food have made to the nation and in the opinion of the Minister it will have a permanent effect.

Lord Woolton cited the case of children to whom proper foods are available to enable them to grow to manhood and womanhood, free from the ailments of under-nourishment.

Before the war, he says, well-to-do parents knew what foods to give their children, but this knowledge was not common among working class parents. Since the war, and its consequent food control, all families have been on more or less the same diet and the Ministry has made available to parents not only the food but the knowledge necessary to bring up healthy children.

"And this knowledge," he says, "is not something which will be forgotten."

In the future, he predicts, children will be more scientifically fed than in the past, and he expressed the hope that the limited pre-war program of feeding children at school only if they were under-nourished had been replaced for all time by the modern idea that all children at school need hot noon-day meals.

British restaurants and factory canteens are another war development Lord Woolton expects to remain. They have brought "luxury" meals within the working man's means and their benefits are such that they must continue after the war.

Black Market Chief Has A Conscience

Soft music came from a radio as New York police quizzed the suspected leader of a gasoline black market gang about theft of coupons for 111,000,000 gallons.

The strains were interrupted by the voice of a news commentator. It was a faked news report broadcast by a police officer in another room:

"Horrible news. A terrible slaughter of American troops in Africa."

Capt. Richard Fennelly said Louis Mongno sat as though dazed.

The report continued. Men were ambushed and slain because of insufficient gasoline to bring up relief troops and supplies. The prisoner and police listened intently.

Mongno suddenly jumped to his feet, Fennelly said, and shouted:

"I didn't realize this when I stole those stamps. I'm a traitor. I'll take you where the stamps are. Come yith me. Give me my coat. Shut that off. I can't stand it."

Fennelly said Mongno led police to an apartment and produced three potato sacks filled with thousands of ration coupons.

Future of British Accent In Danger

The influence of Canadian and American accents on the speech of British children is becoming worrisome to Geoffrey Whitworth, director of the British Drama League.

So many North American soldiers are stationed in the English country districts that the traditional British manner of speech is being affected, Whitworth said.

The league has begun the making of phonograph records of the traditional British accent in order to preserve it.

Axis Ship Losses In Mediterranean

Allied forces in the Mediterranean, including United States planes, sank or damaged 248 Axis ships totaling 626,000 tons between September 1, 1942, and January 31, 1943, A. V. Alexander, first lord o the admiralty, said in a recent address.

The loss to the Axis he said, included hundreds of thousands of guns, tanks and other supplies consigned to German and Italian troops in North Africa. He said 136 Axis ships had been destroyed, 44 seriously damaged and 68 damaged.

3 Rescued After 81 Days Adrift

One American and two Netherlands survivors of an Allied ship have reached Brazil, weak and thin, after 81 days in a a lifeboat from which two of their shipmates were washed to their death by waves. The boat contained a few rusted fish-hooks they had used with strips of their clothing as lines to catch enough fish to prevent starvation. Also the survivors said, a few flying fish jumped into the boat. When rescued by a warship they had gone five days without water. One of the Hollanders lost 70 pounds.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

For Cheese Lovers

Cheese has an important place in the diet, for it keeps well, it is a concentrated food, and ordinarily it is an economical one, at least when compared with other animal foods. One pound of cheese represents the fat and protein of a gallon of milk. It is one form in wh.ch a surplus of milk may be stored satisfactorily and cheaply.

Here are three cheese dishes that will surely appeal:

Cheese Dreams

1½ cups grated cheese
2 tablespoons melted butter
¼ cup milk
1 egg
½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt
Paprika
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Mix to a smooth paste. Spread between rounds of bread. Fry in butter, browning both sides. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve with bouillon.

Polenta With Cheese

1 cup corn-meal
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup grated cheese

Pour one cup of boiling water over the corn-meal and let it stand until it swells, then add the remainder of the water, with the salt, and cook over the direct flame for five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn it into a double boiler or fireless cooker and cook two hours; or into a greased baking dish and bake in a slow oven (250° - 350°F.) for two hours. Just before taking it from the fire, add the cheese and cook until it melts.

Cheese Fondue on Toast

1 cup grated cheese
3 tablespoons melted fat
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
6 eggs
6 slices toasted bread

Mix the grated cheese with the fat and add salt and paprika. Beat the eggs until light, add to the cheese mixture, pour into a saucepan, set the pan in another pan of boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until the cheese is smooth and creamy. Lay the toast on a hot plate, pour the fondue over it and serve at once.

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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