● I'm working harder than ever these days. Have no time to be troubled by constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in my diet. Thank goodness there is a sensible way to correct that condition . . . instead of taking cathartics, which only give *temporary relief*.

Why not try eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every morning and see if this delicious cereal doesn't help you become "regular"...*naturally!*

Get your KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN daily . . . drink plenty of water . . . and discover for yourself how easily your old "trouble" disappears. Get KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! Available in two convenient sizes at all grocers'. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

● SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

CASTRO AGAIN

CHAPTER VIII

For her visit to the Kirk mills, Penny borrowed a slack suit from Midge. With a dinner pail under her arm and a pass clutched tightly in her fingers, she joined the men who passed the gate watchman on their way to start the 8 o'clock turn.

Against the vast background of the mills, she felt tiny, lost. She didn't know which way to turn. The men studied her curiously. One or two who knew her tipped their soiled caps and smiled hello.

Wide-eyed, Penny surveyed the strange new world of furnaces and ladles and scurrying railroad cars loaded with precious molten steel. Occasionally, guards challenged her. When her credentials satisfied them, they were helpful in directing her, serving as guides and answering her questions.

The mills stretched in an endless maze along the river. Penny was fascinated as she watched the processes of steel making. When the noon whistle blew, she was already tired, her feet protesting against the extended hike.

* * *

Men poured out of the mills, seated themselves on piles of lumber, and opened their lunch kits. Penny was due for a pleasant surprise. As she scurried across a railroad siding, she literally bumped into Bud Walsh.

"What in heaven's name are you doing here?" Bud demanded, when the first shock of meeting her had ended.

"It's lonesome at the Courier office," she told him, "so I thought I'd come over here to have lunch with some of the boys."

"Glad to have you with us," Bud said, warmly. "Come on over and meet the gang." Delighted, she shook hands with his friends.

"Mind if I join you?" she asked.

"Not at all," they chimed in. One of the men dusted off a place on the lumber pile with the back of his glove.

"It feels good to sit down," she said. "I've been wandering around for hours." Happily, she opened the lunch box. The sandwiches Midge had made tasted good. She gave Bud one of the pears packed neatly into the kit.

"You're not going to go wrong on Midge," Penny assured Bud. "She sure can make good sandwiches." All the men laughed. That broke the ice. She was treated as one of the gang from that moment on, sharing in their chatter and in their joking.

The whistle signalling their return to work blew all too soon.

* * *

Penny returned to the Courier office to write her first story about the Kirk mills, a light, personalized feature story in which she stressed the good humor of the men. Jim was encouraging, helpful. He took time off from his proof-reading to suggest a good lead paragraph. Both of them were absorbed in their work when they heard heavy footsteps clomping down the stairs.

A heavy-set, short, swarthy man walked in. He held a rolled sheet of paper in his hand.

"Hello, Vickers," he scowled. "I want to see you, alone."

"Hello, Castro," Jim replied, coolly. "Penny's my partner. She's just as interested as I am in anything you have to say."

"Okay, Vickers," Castro answered, "I want to run a full-page ad in your paper this week."

Then he pulled a roll of currency from his pocket, peeled off 10 bills, and lined them up on the counter. Each had a value of $100.

"What's this, Castro?" Jim asked, quietly.

"That's payment for my ad," the gangster replied, impatiently. "A thousand dollars."

"Our rates are the same for everyone," said Jim. "Just $50 a page."

"I know that," Castro answered. "I just want you to know that I like you, that's all. It's yours. No strings tied."

"Castro," Jim told him, with ice in his voice, "You're a swell guy and I like you too. But I'll give you just 10 seconds to get out of here and stay out!"

* * *

Dynamite blazed in Castro's flushed face. Penny could see his fists clench. Then he calmed down. He picked up the money Jim had rejected.

"Vickers," Castro said, "There isn't room in this town for the two of us. I'm warning you. One of these days I'm going to blow you and your fly-by-night rag so high they'll never be able to put the pieces together again."

He turned on his heel and swung out through the door and up the stairs.

"Good for you, Jim," Penny said, finally. "I know you're not just making a noble gesture. You could use that money."

Jim smiled wrily. "I'd rather be broke," he said. "Keeps me out of mischief."

"Castro isn't the kind who throws money around promiscuously," Penny cautioned. "He means business. You're a real threat to him. I'd watch out if I were you."

"Don't worry, Penny," Jim answered, grimly. "I've met his type before. In Paris they were a lot smarter, a lot tougher, and a lot more dangerous. He's right when he said there isn't room enough in this town for both of us. I don't like rats."

In silence, Penny returned to her story. It was tough work, but when she had finished, she knew instinctively that she had done a good job.

* * *

Penny would never forget the Thursday afternoon when her first story was published. She would always remember the thrill of watching the press roll slowly into action. Then Joe, the pressman, lifted a page still wet with ink. She saw her feature emblazoned on the front page.

There, too, was Jim's editorial alongside his story of the fatal bridge accident. He hadn't pulled any punches. Involuntarily, Penny shivered as she thought of the reaction his words would provoke among Kirktown's politicians.

That first issue, together with her first pay cheque, Penny put aside as carefully as though they were her most treasured possessions. She would always cherish them.

Now Penny learned the joys that every creative artist must feel. Her mill story had caught the attention of many eyes in Kirktown. People went out of their way to meet her. She was as much at home now as though she had lived in Kirktown all her life.

* * *

The days ahead were busy ones. Penny was happy in her work. Her first mill story began a series of new adventures for her. Every department in the mills had a wealth of story material. She visited the teeming, busy little mills so often that she was soon a familiar figure to the hard-working steelmakers.

She wrote about their hobbies. Many of the men were inventors. Some had traveled extensively, and they reported interesting experiences.

Every week, she learned more, too, about the grievances that disturbed the men's morale. They were petty things, mostly. Ideas, she found, were sarcastically rejected. Men were discouraged from trying new methods and new techniques.

Despite the modern facilities installed in most departments in the mills, there were still a few places where safety devices had been neglected. There had been nasty accidents.

* * *

Many of the foremen and superintendents were hardbitten, arrogant. They aroused resentment rather than loyalty. Then, too, Kirktown offered little recreational outlet, and the workers had little incentive for self-improvement.

All these things and more Penny discovered in her conversations. She found out, too, that in the men who worked in the Kirk mills there was the foundation for progress and growth. Steel making coursed through their blood as much as printer's ink had begun to run through her veins.

The time was coming, soon, when Penny must make her decision. Should she take an active part in management of the mills? Should she shoulder the problems she knew existed? How would the Kirk executives react? And how would tough, independent, scrappy steelmen feel about working for a frail girl who was a tinymite by comparison with them?

She pictured herself disciplining a giant worker towering above her.

"Hm," she said to herself, laughing inwardly, "It might be fun at that."

(Continued Next Week)

At least a million irregulars and guerrilla fighters are an important part of the Chinese armed forces.

SLIMMING TWO-PIECER

By Anne Adams

This season, more than ever, the two-piecer is a "must"! Pattern 4332 by Anne Adams is a smart new version for matrons, designed for style and comfort. A fabric remnant will make the optional bodice top of the skirt. Wear the softly-yoked blouse either belted or plain.

Pattern 4332 is available in women's sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 3⅛ 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.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Macaroni Batting For Meat

Beef and pork are primarily protein foods, while macaroni, spaghetti and egg noodles are super-rich in carbohydrates and are usually regarded as the "energy trio." But you must remember that each member of this "energy trio" is also rich in proteins and that with the aid of comparatively small quantities of the cheaper meat cuts, or left-over meats, delicious and nourishing one-dish meals may be prepared. Thus macaroni, spaghetti and egg noodles are ideal pinch hitters in the game of war, shortages, and nerves.

Compare the cost per pound of your favorite meat, with the cost of a pound of macaroni, spaghetti or egg noodles. Then glance over the following recipes and see how far this "energy food" will stretch when used with fresh or left-over meats, or chicken and those necessary vegetables.

Thrifty Macaroni Treat

Patriotic housewives waste no meat. Here's a favorite way to combine left-over meats in a tasty, economical and generally popular dish:

½ lb. elbow macaroni
Buttered bread crumbs
1½ cups ground left-over meats
Pepper and salt

Grind meat and add seasoning. Cook macaroni in 1 quart of water or stock that is boiling when macaroni is added. Stir until all liquid is absorbed. Season macaroni and meat to taste.

Make a layer of half the macaroni in bottom of a shallow, greased baking dish; then add a layer of meat and finish with the rest of the macaroni for the top layer. Cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until crumbs are brown. Makes 4 good servings. Cost is almost insignificant.

Spaghetti-Chicken Chop Suey

Here's a United Nations' dish that warrants popular acceptance in war or in peace:

½ lb. spaghetti
1 cup mushrooms, chopped
1 cup cooked chicken, minced
1 Bermuda onion, minced
1 cup celery, finely shredded
1 cup chicken stock or liquid

Cook spaghetti in 1½ quarts of boiling salted water. Drain, but save surplus liquid. Keep spaghetti hot. Add to the surplus liquid, the chicken stock, shredded celery, minced onion, chopped mushrooms and minced cooked chicken. Cook slowly till mixture becomes "creamy." Place hot spaghetti on platter, making a nest in centre into which is poured the hot meat-vegetable mixture. Season all with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with Soy Sauce. Makes 4 generous servings. Cooked veal or other left-over meats may be substituted for the chicken if desired.

Noodle-Egg Pies

Here's a meat-saver that is long on flavor and nourishment, but short on cost:

2 heaping cups boiled egg noodles
6 eggs
Cream, butter, salt and pepper

Boil egg noodles in a small quantity of water so that when done all liquid will be absorbed. Grease large muffin pans and fill the cups with egg noodles; form into a nest with noodles extending above the rim. Into each nest break an egg. Place on egg a tablespoon of cream, a dab of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Bake in hot oven, (400 degrees) until eggs are set.

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.

Feelings of German People About War

The information in letters found on the German dead, intimate and personal as it is, leads to some striking deductions, writes Maurice Hindus in The American Magazine. The people inside Germany hate the war and want it to end. They are tired of hardships, sick of sacrifice. They lament the moral disintegration of their young women; they shudder at air raids; they weep over their dead. But nowhere do they betray the least suggestion of German guilt or regret for horrors which the German armies perpetrate.

Hard as is their life, they know neither starvation nor desperation. Nor do they expect Germany to lose the war. To expect them at this time to revolt against Hitler is as futile and puerile as to expect the Fuehrer to live up to his promises or treaties.

Diaries of the German dead, particularly Nazi officers, support these conclusions. The Russians have gathered thousands of these.

Lower Output Worries Nazis

Experts Must Find Means To Match Allied Production

The Nazi Minister of Munitions, Prof. Albert Speer, is reported to have called an urgent conference of 140 of Germany's leading economic experts to discuss means of matching the flood of war materials being turned out by United Nations arsenals.

Reliable reports from Germany declare that production has been dropping gradually since a peak was hit last May and that in the last two months the decline has been accelerated.

The inefficiency of foreign labor is said to have been especially disappointing to the Nazis. This combined with heavy German losses at the fighting fronts, has forced Hitler to declare "total mobilization" and to strike a careful balance between the urgent needs of the army and war industry.

Keeping the wheels moving with untrained personnel, especially women, is the Nazis' main problem. Forty thousand workers' training schools have been established and Speer has appealed for the good will of both workers and employers.

Hitler, however, is not handling the situation with kid gloves. He went out of his way in a recent address to warn of death to "saboteurs." Broadly, this means that every obstructionist is subject to execution.

Food is just as important as bullets in this war, and for that reason gardening may almost be classed as an essential industry this year. Seeds are not going to be plentiful because formerly Canada depended to a large extent on Europe for supplies and these, of course, are cut off. Principal sources now are from those limited sections of Canada where garden seeds are grown and from the United States. In both areas the weather was very unfavorable last season due to the fact that there was too much rain at harvest time.

Canadian seedsmen, however, have been able to secure supplies sufficient for normal needs if these are used carefully. There will not be the wide range of varieties usually obtainable, but in standard lines it is expected that there will be enough to go around. Gardeners, however, are advised to order seeds early and to avoid any waste.

* * *

In vegetables especially, beginners are urged to follow planting directions carefully, and to sow as thinly as possible. It is also important that the garden soil be well prepared, and at least a portion of the garden planted early. To get maximum results one should spread plantings over several weeks. This will assure more protection against early frost and will also give a large total yield of vegetables.

Those gardeners with very small areas of land at their disposal are also urged to concentrate on those vegetables like beans, carrots, beets, spinach, etc., which give the largest possible yields for the space occupied. Things like corn, potatoes, squash, etc., take up far more room, and where space is limited, it is advisable to purchase these from regular sources and to grow the smaller things in the home garden.

* * *

Scientists have been giving us many improvements in vegetables. Their work has been carried out in two directions; first, the introduction of vegetables unfamiliar to most Canadians and, second and probably more important, vast improvement in those varieties that have been grown in this country for years.

Corn is a good example. At one time it was possible to get only one variety of Bantam. Cobs were short and the season also. Now there are offered three or four different Bantam types, some extra early, some regular season, some late. Cobs have been lengthened, kernels made bigger. One can enjoy the finest table corn for over a month instead of but a week or two as in the old days.

Lawn grass must go in early as most growth is made when the weather is still cool and wet.

After digging, the ground should be allowed to settle for a few days at least, and then levelled again. It is advisable to repeat this process several times. The top soil should then be raked fine and on a day without wind the grass sown at a liberal rate, once across and once lengthwise. This double sowing insures an even distribution. For permanent lawns of deep green color and fine texture, high quality seed from a reputable Canadian seed house is vital.

Thrifty Scots

Thrifty Scots have contributed £350,000,000 ($1,475,000,000) to Britain's War Savings campaign during the last three years.

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ISSUE No. 12—43

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Hurry. Get Aspirin — in the special economy bottle — at your druggist's today. Hours of welcome relief may thus cost but a few pennies, so anyone can afford it.

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