

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

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THE STORY: Lucky 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 Wallace, and her first day sees a fight between a mill worker and the Castro gang, gamblers who prey upon the workers. 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 unstreamlined model of early thirties vintage. It needed paint, fenders, new tires. The running board protested as Penny stepped in and she settled back comfortably on a squeaky seat. She was tired, but for a moment she 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.

"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 steel rail, absorbing the spectacle. Jim talked of blast furnaces, giant ladles, open hearths and Bessemer's, 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 we failed to mention France, and the fact that everyone knew of her activities because they were so often on the society pages."

"My home town is a little burg like that," Jim reminded. "It's just a little village, out on the prairies in Kansas. My dad has been a country lawyer out there for 30 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 flushed. 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 asked.

"She's like a lot of other female waitresses 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 underhand, 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 confidence. Her heart danced; she felt warmly happy. "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.

(To Be Continued)

If after the war we do not succeed in causing Germany to pass through an internal change and revolution of the profoundest nature which will purify the German people from all the filth and evil into which Germany has been dragged not only by nazism but also by its whole national political education of the last 60 or 70 years since 1870, and even since Frederick the Great, then we shall have a third world war in another 20 years or so.—Dr. Edward Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia.

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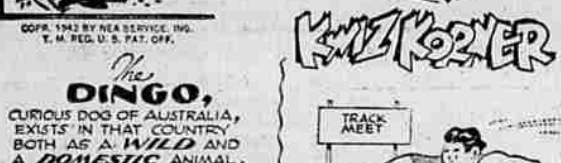
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ANSWER: Broadjump; Jingle Jangle; Idaho.

EARLY PRESIDENT

HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured early U. S. president.

13. Tidy.

14. Also.

15. Girl's name.

17. Ascend.

19. Paradise.

21. Right side (abbr.).

23. Largest river in France.

26. Senior (abbr.).

27. Greek letter.

29. Department.

31. Mineral spring.

32. Wise men.

34. Samuel (abbr.).

35. Hawaiian island.

37. Roman road.

38. Iron.

39. Cure by saffron.

40. Mourning hymn.

42. Nine and one.

43. Russian measure.

44. Dawn goddess.

45. Symbol for.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GEORGE MORRIS
NEAR AS SOON
AS ART ALIAS
EON ELDEST
SAID NO
BRAN NO
PAREA
UP EBB
NEW RET
SENATE ONE DAY
IT IS PARMAINE
POKE H GIVE
DONATE VOTERS

4. Metallic cerium.

5. Quarts (comb. form).

6. That thing.

7. He was.

8. Company (abbr.).

9. Also.

10. Actor.

11. Alder tree (Scott.).

12. Parent.

16. His father served as.

18. Note in Guido's scale.

19. Ever (poet.).

20. He was born in.

22. Depot.

24. Assault.

25. Reimburse with courage.

26. More thinly scattered.

28. Dyeing apparatus (pl.).

29. Manuscript (abbr.).

30. South latitude (abbr.).

31. Force air through the nose.

33. Unit of energy and succeeded.

36. Playing card.

41. Bear.

43. Eventide.

45. Woo.

46. Presently.

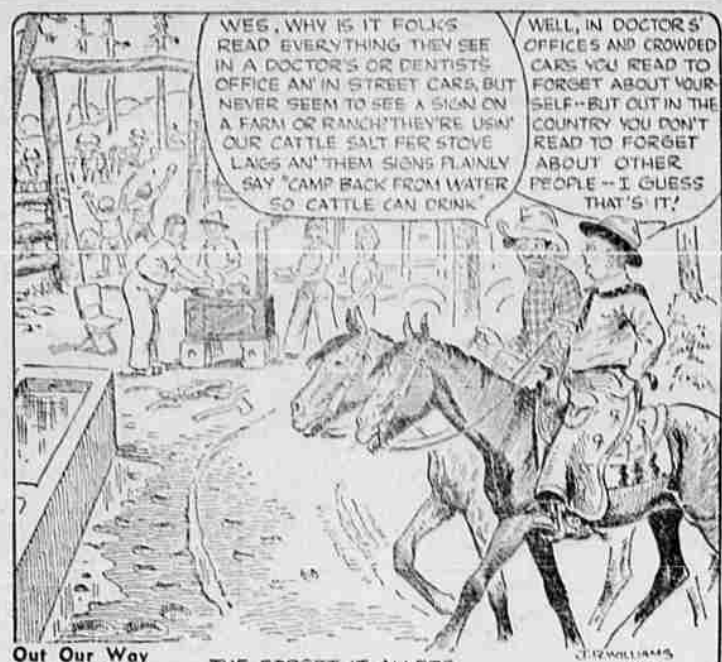
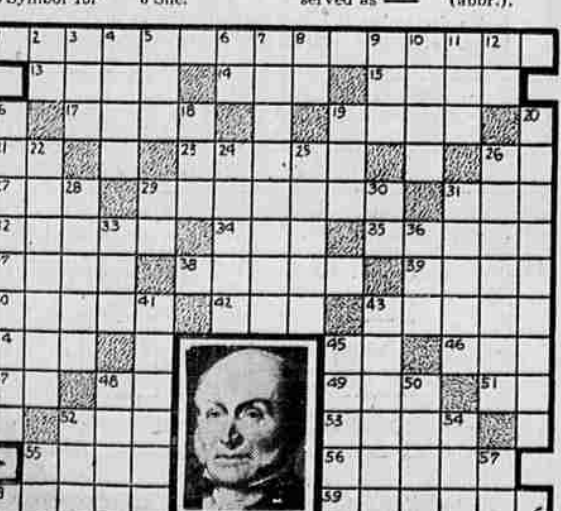
48. Narrow fillet of cotton.

52. Gazelle.

54. Body of water.

55. Plural (abbr.).

57. Lieutenant (abbr.).



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Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



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By Harold Gray



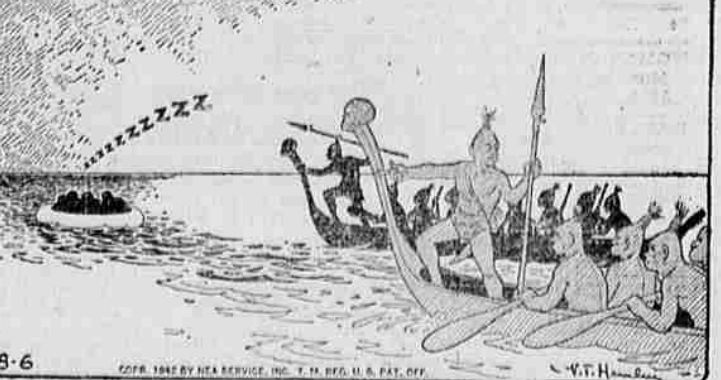
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