. SERIAL STORY

BY GLORIA KAYE

A TRIP TO KANSAS

LUCKY PENNY

CHAPTER XII THE campaign for an honest city government was a triumph for the Courier. Never had there been such interest in an election. Jim worked endlessly, tirelessly.

Jim worked endiessiy, thetessiy, Absorbed in the campaign, Jim found little time to check activi-ties on the plateau above Kirk-town. Steam shovels were busy now, digging foundations, clearing the land for the ambitious project Charlle Jones had undertaken for Penny. Penny.

"Why don't you take a little wacation?" Penny suggested, "You certainly have carned one. Now that the election rush is over, I can handle the paper. You really should take it easy—for your own good."

good." "I wish I could get back to Kan-sas," Jim chuckled. "Mom would fill me so full of corn I'd cluck like a chicken. And speaking of chicken, Penny, you should taste the ones she fries. Nothing like it in the world."

"Go ahead, Jim," she urged. "Visit your folks. Forget the pa-per. You'll be better for it when you come back.

you come back. "Fenny," Jim said, "I will go back! I want to tell the folks about you. This time I'll go alone. Next time, you're coming with me." He babbled happily, ex-citedly, about his folks and the scenes of his childhood. Once he had made up his mind, he couldn't bear the delay of packing and waiting for a train. At the station he poured last-minute instructions to Penny.

minute instructions to Penny. wise.

minute instructions to Penny, "T'll miss you, Penny," Jim whispered. "A month is a long time to be away from you." Yes —a month was a long time, she reflected, as she waved goodby to the fast-receding train. Th the hurry water that followed

In the busy weeks that followed, she found time to visit the Kirk offices once more. "Mr. Stim-son," Penny told the executive, "Twe come to ask you to accom-pany me on a trip through the mills. I want to meet all the men. I want a speaker's platform, and a microphone. I have something to say to them. Can you have everything ready tomorrow?" Stammering, the surprised Stim-son agreed to make the prepara-tions she demanded. Daily, Penny drove to the plateau where construction of New Kirktown was progressing with amazing speed. IN the busy weeks that followed,

Kirktown was progressing with amazing speed. "There's one building that must be finished within a month," sne told Charhe Jones, "That's the Courier building." "We'll have it done," the archi-fect assured her, "we'll ahead of schedule."

Penny arrived at the mills to find the steel workers gathered curiously about the flag-draped platform erected for her.

pattorm erected for her. "Fellows," Penny said, "I have a confession to make. I'm not Penny Kellogg. I'm Penelope Kirk. I came into the mills the way I did to find out for myself what you're like and to learn what we can do to work together so that everyone will profit and everyone will be happy." Silence filled the room.

"Toom. "I know some of your griev-ances," she continued. "They're going to be corrected. I'm going to have an office right here in the mill. I want you to come in and see me any time you have any-thing on your mind. We're going to work together to make this the swellest steel outfit in the country What do you say?" What do you say?"

They said it, lustily and loudly Penny was happy now, happies than ever before in her life. Three weeks had passed since Jim left In another week Jim would return to share with her the pleasure she had planned so carefully.

she had planned so caretury. She parked her car in front of the Courier office, late in the afternoon. She was surprised to find the front door open. She walked in There stood Jim. The lo'ls in

his eyes hurt her-worse than physical pain. "Jim," was all that Penny could say, "Jim," She had never seen him like this. Tired. Bitter. His eyes harsh.

When she reached the Courier when she reached the Courter office the sun had already de-scended. She groped for a light switch, and the bright glare mo-mentarily blinded her. As her vision cleared, she stared in astonishment.

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tonishment. Grotesquely uncomfortable, Jim was silumped in the swivel chair he had rescued from the ruins of the old office. His head rolled crazily along the back edge of the chair. On the table in front of him stood an empty whisky bottle. Shocked, Penny stood still, de-bating what to do next. She re-membered his steadtast resolution to refrain from drinking. Once before, drink had ruined his ca-reer. Suddenly the answer she

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before, drink had ruined his ca-reer, Suddenly the answer she sought dawned on her. "Don't you see?" she asked her-self. "He needs you! He can't get along without you! You've won him! He's yours!" Jim had thrown his ancient va-lise in a corner. She carried it out to his dusty car, placing the heavy grip tenderly on the back seat. She removed her own lug-gage from the roadster and placed it beside his. She had some diff-culty in rousing him sufficiently so that he could walk with her, unsteadly, to the decrepit vehicle he loved so well.

in planes!

unsteadily, to the decrepit vehicle he loved so well. "Jim needs me," she repeated over and over again. "He needs me. He needs me." Now there was music in Penny's heart, Never had the night seemed so glorious. Never had a trip seemed so pleasant. Jim's car creaked and groaned protestingly, hut she wouldn't want it other-wise. ALSO "Okay, Jim," she said softly.

"Okay, Jim," she said softiy. "Just take it easy. You still have another week's vacation in Kan-sas coming to you. Remember your promise? You said you'd



ANSWER: It might be any one of the following: 4 a. m., 8 a. m., noon, 4 p. m., 8 p. m., midnight.

CANADIAN PROVINCE





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Bitter. His eyes harsh. FOR an endless moment he said nothing. He merely stood there, silent, ominous, tense. "Take a good look. Jim Vickers, sucker. That's me. Look at me and laugh. You've had a good time, haven't you?" His words burned. "But, Jim." she protested. "You wrote to me every day. You promised to write me about everything that happened in town. What changes your mind?" He didn't wait for an answer. "I know. It would be fun to surprise me. When I came back I'd find Penelope Kirk's name in the mast-head instead of Penny Kellogg's, and a new building for the Courier instead of my dumpy basement. "You neglected one thing. You forgot that my folks are on the mailing list. I saw the last issue of the Courier in spite of your failure to send one to me. I saw Kirktown." He laughed bitterly. "You certainly go a long way to carry out a joke. What fun it will be to tell your friends about the poor sap who wanted a new town and came back from his vacation and there it was. Like a kid getting a present from Santa Claus. kid getting a present from Santa Clau

"Tell them what a fool I was, Tell them what a fool I was, I thought you were poor and friendless and wanted love. Tell them I actually made love to you. Tell them the poor sap actually thought you loved him. Good joke, isn't it?" He turned on his heel and walked out.

and waited out. Wearly, Penny closed the office door. She slid into her roadster and drove slowly to the apartment she still shared with Midge. She packed her clothes and a few little related: Use ware and a few little trinkets. Her luggage she placed in the trunk of her car. To Midge she wrote a brief, friendly fare-

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