

• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

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A TRIP TO KANSAS

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. Absorbed in the campaign, Jim found little time to check activities on the plateau above Kirktown. Steam shovels were busy now, digging foundations, clearing the land for the ambitious project. Charlie Jones had undertaken for Penny.

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

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

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

"Penny," 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 bubbled happily, excitedly, 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. "I'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 goodbye to the fast-receding train.

In the busy weeks that followed, she found time to visit the Kirk offices once more. "Mr. Stimson," Penny told the executive, "I've come to ask you to accompany 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 Stimson agreed to make the preparations she demanded.

Daily, Penny drove to the plateau where construction of New Kirktown was progressing with amazing speed. "There's one building that must be finished within a month," she told Charlie Jones. "That's the Courier building."

When she reached the Courier office the sun had already descended. She groped for a light switch, and the bright glare momentarily blinded her. As her vision cleared, she stared in astonishment.

Grotesquely uncomfortable, Jim was slumped 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, debating what to do next. She remembered his steadfast resolution to refrain from drinking. Once before, drink had ruined his career. Suddenly the answer she sought dawned on her.

"Don't you see?" she asked herself. "He needs you! He can't get along without you! You've won him! He's yours!" Jim had thrown his ancient valise in a corner. She carried it out to his dusty car, placing the heavy grip tenderly on the back seat. She removed her own luggage from the roadster and placed it beside his. She had some difficulty in rousing him sufficiently so that he could walk with her, 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, but she wouldn't want it otherwise.

"Okay, Jim," she said softly. "Just take it easy. You still have another week's vacation in Kansas coming to you. Remember your promise? You said you'd take me with you next time you went to Kansas. I want to meet

your mom and dad. Besides, I'll need your mother's recipe for fried chicken."

THE END

HOLD EVERYTHING!



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IN TEN YEARS, ENTRANTS IN THE ANNUAL HOLE-IN-ONE GOLF TOURNAMENT FIRED 30,380 SHOTS AND SCORED ONLY FOUR ACES!



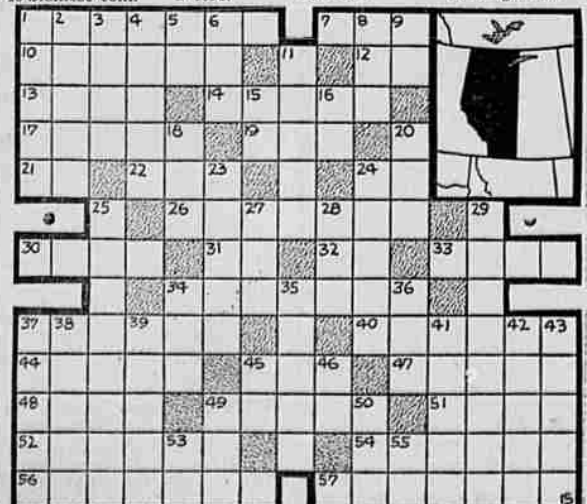
CHICAGO, THE "WINDY CITY," HAS AN AVERAGE WIND VELOCITY OF TWENTY MILES, NEW YORK, FIFTEEN!

WHEN IT'S EIGHT BELLS ABOARD SHIP, WHAT TIME IS IT?

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

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle
- 1 Depicted Canadian province.
 - 7 Baglike part.
 - 10 Earlier.
 - 12 Charm (slang).
 - 13 Good.
 - 14 Bury.
 - 17 Having ears.
 - 19 Sweet potato.
 - 21 New Latin (abbr.).
 - 22 Flatfish.
 - 23 Doctor (abbr.).
 - 26 Invaders.
 - 30 Manufactured.
 - 31 Negative.
 - 32 Railway (abbr.).
 - 33 Low haunt.
 - 34 Its forests contain many trees.
 - 37 Footless.
 - 40 Waltzer.
 - 44 Having a mane.
 - 45 Siamese coin.
 - 34 Wood nymph.
 - 25 Its capital is
 - 27 Isle of Man (abbr.).
 - 28 Mistake.
 - 29 — is an important industry here.
 - 34 Small child.
 - 35 Perfume.
 - 38 Is able.
 - 37 Accumulate.
 - 38 Litigant.
 - 39 Sponge spicule.
 - 41 American composer.
 - 42 Muse of poetry.
 - 43 Measuring stick.
 - 45 Mudar.
 - 46 Township (abbr.).
 - 49 Hops' kiln.
 - 50 Island (abbr.).
 - 53 Postpaid (abbr.).
 - 23 Bitter vetch.
 - 23 Tribe.
 - 55 Rough lava.



Out Our Way WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY By J. R. Williams 8-15



Red Ryder



Our Boarding House With Major Hoopie



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



But You Said Our Cabin Was the Only One Around Here



I Don't Know



There Are Other Campers Nearby



Well, Here's an Plan



I Ain't Askin' You



We're Americans