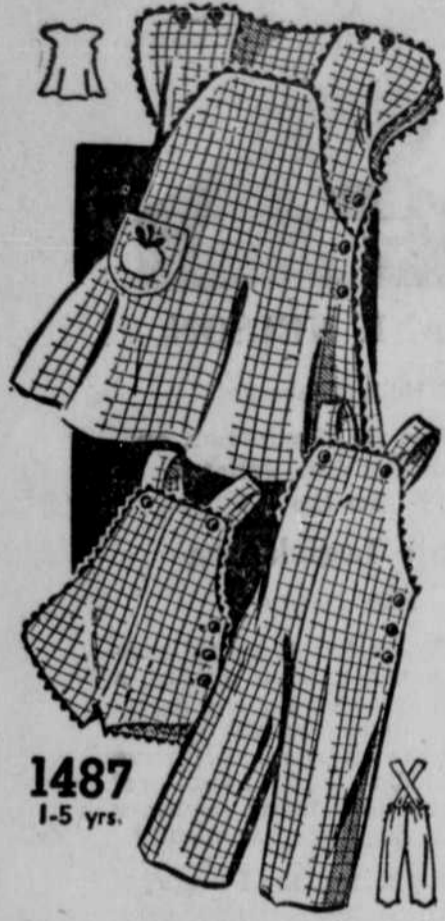


SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Brother and Sister Play Clothes



Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 530 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill. Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. _____ Size _____ Name _____ Address _____

Complete Miniature Circus Has 10,000-Seat Big Top

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This model, constructed on a scale of one-half inch to the foot, occupies 450 square feet and contains, for example, a 10,000-seat big top and eight smaller tents, some 400 horses and menagerie animals, 60 exhibition cages, 50 trucks, two band wagons, a steam calliope and 18 ticket booths.

1487 1-5 yrs.

GAY, practical play togs for the sand box set. A wing sleeved dress that buttons on the shoulders and side with pert apple applique. And overalls and sun-suit that are suitable for either brother or sister. Mother will find them easy to sew and very sturdy.

Pattern No. 1487 is for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2, dress, 1 3/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch; overalls, 1 1/2 yards; sun-suit, 1 yard.

Household Hints

Hanging a suit on a hanger while it still retains body heat causes the wrinkles to fall out much more easily.

To loosen a glass stopper, let a few drops of glycerin soak between the stopper and neck of the bottle.

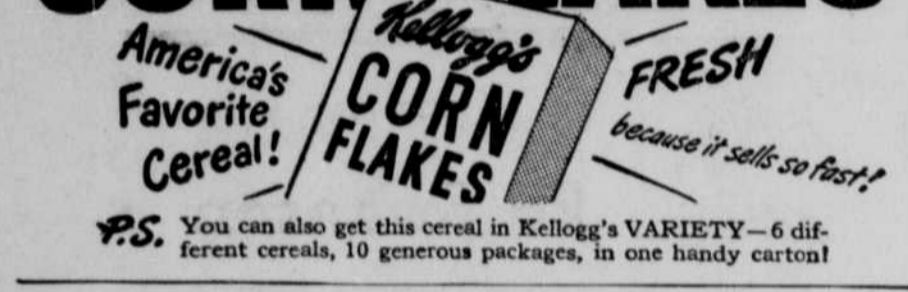
Attach a small pincushion to baby's crib. Then when you're diapering baby, place the pins in the pincushion. This way they can't find their way to the bed where baby can reach them.

To straighten out curled rug corners, wring a bath towel out of cold water and place it on the curled spot overnight.

To waterproof the kerchief you wear on rainy days, place it between two layers of waxed paper and press it with a hot iron.

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and be my Love



By PEGGY DERN

W.N.U. RELEASE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Meg learns from Susie, a high school girl, that Alicia has spread gossip all over town about her and Tom Fallon meeting several days, but on Saturday he came into the chicken yard where she was working. She told him of the gossip. "Who started this talk?" he demanded. Meg told him it was Alicia Stevenson, the widow. "I'll have a talk with her," Tom declared. She begged him to do nothing about it, but he left with a grim face. When he came back by to pick up the milk and eggs he told Meg that he thought Mrs. Stevenson was "going to mend her ways." Megan had her doubts, for she had known Alicia longer.

it's a terrible imposition—but—" She fluttered her hands and the light glimmered on two very good diamond rings that she wore.

Jim expressed himself as delighted to be of service, as he rose from the table and went to get his tools.

A moment later she and Jim were going down the steps and along the walk.

Annie, coming in to clear the table, frowning blackly, said unexpectedly, "What's dat 'oman up to now, Miss Meggie?"

Megan tried to laugh. "What do you mean?"

"Comin' ove' heh, an' takin' Marse Jim away—you s'pose she makin' up to him? Rollin' heh eyes like dat—" Annie's anger was mounting and Megan rose swiftly.

"That will do, Annie," she said firmly. "Mrs. Stevenson wanted Dad to help her hang some window shades—"

"An' she too burnin' stingy to pay somebody, so she get Marse Jim to do it fo' nuthin'," Annie finished



He was at the table having his final cup of coffee, when she came into the dining room.

angrily, departing with a tray loaded with dishes before Megan could answer her.

Megan went on into the shabby, comfortable living room and sat down with a mending basket. But though she sewed until after ten, which was disgracefully late according to Pleasant Grove's early-to-rise habits, her father had not come home when she finally went to bed. Indeed, she had been in bed for some time and was almost asleep before she heard his cautious entrance and the door of his room closing behind him.

In the morning, she had already had her breakfast and done her morning chores before her father came down. He was at the table, having his final cup of coffee, when she came into the dining room. He looked up at her a little defensively.

"That Mrs. Stevenson is a delightful little woman," he stated firmly. "I can't think what this filthy-minded little town means by low-rating her as they have. I've heard all sorts of gossip about her. I have never had a chance to get acquainted with her—but now that I have, I intend to defend her whenever I get a chance."

Megan looked at him, startled, and then she smiled.

"Look, Pops," she said firmly, "Alicia is getting exactly the treatment she seems to want. She has an absolutely scandalous tongue and she goes around making people miserable by ferreting out their pitiful little secrets and broadcasting them—"

"People have no right to be upset about the truth—" her father began sternly.

Megan said quietly, "Yesterday at Mrs. Stuart's quilting she dropped the information that I have been seen meeting Professor Fallon secretly on the Ridge."

Jim stared at her for a moment, and then his handsome, rugged face began to darken with anger. "Is that true, Megan?" he demanded sternly.

"I met him on the Ridge once, purely by accident, and talked to him a few minutes," Megan answered quietly. "After all, he is a customer of ours—he is a fine, intelligent, interesting man. I could not very well turn around and walk away, refusing to speak to him, could I?"

"Certainly not—but you didn't have to keep going back to meet him again," snapped Jim furiously.

Megan held on to her temper with an effort.

"I've told you that I saw him there just once, purely by accident," she told him levelly.

"Well, then, what's all the fuss about?" snapped Jim.

"The fuss is because Alicia gave the impression at Mrs. Stuart's that I was meeting Tom there almost daily—and in secret," Megan returned.

"Then you should have explained—"

"I did," Megan cut in. "But the harm had already been done."

"Harm? What possible harm could come from such a thing?"

"None at all, except that Alicia dropped her little information in the exact way to make it sound ugliest—and of course the women around the quilting frame were most of them mothers with children in the school, and they promptly began to wonder—you could almost see them wondering—just how much truth there was in the suggestion, and whether Tom was the right man to hold the job he's got—"

"You keep calling him 'Tom'!" her father cut in suddenly, and there was a curious, almost a suspicious look in his eyes.

Megan set her teeth for a moment, and then answered quietly, "I have never called him anything but 'Mr. Fallon' or 'Professor Fallon' to his face."

She laughed and made a gesture of helplessness.

"You see how well Alicia does her work?" she said dryly. "You wonder why the women at the quilting party yesterday afternoon could think for a moment there was any truth in what she was hinting—and yet you yourself, my own father, are wondering uneasily if maybe I haven't been just a little—well, indiscreet?"

Jim rose from the table and flung his crumpled napkin down and snorted.

"That's idiotic! I'm not wondering anything of the kind! I'm just puzzled to understand why sane, normal people like these in Pleasant Grove should so cruelly misjudge a woman like Alicia Stevenson. I confess I was amazed last night, to discover how childishly friendly and simple she is. Why, I'm positive there isn't a malicious bone in her body! Maybe she chatters too much—but I'm convinced it's merely a guilty conscience that makes people think she's talking about them! You know the old saying—"if the shoe pinches"—and he strode out of the house."

For the past two years, Megan had had two dates a week with Laurence Martin, from the county seat. Laurence was a Pleasant Grove product who had, by grim determination and an almost superhuman amount of labor, managed an education and a law course. Two years ago, he had gone to the county seat and into the office of old Judge Graham, where he was getting much valuable experience and very little money. He and Megan had grown up together in Pleasant Grove, although Laurence was older than she by several years.

He had been quite honestly disappointed when he had been rejected for military service, partly because of his eyes, partly because of a stomach disorder resulting, as Megan knew very well, from an impoverished childhood, and malnutrition during the years he had been fighting his way through law school.

On this Tuesday night, Megan dressed for his arrival, with a feeling of relief that she was not facing any complication in Laurence's arrival. She liked him sincerely. She had, she admitted to herself, thought of marrying him. He wanted her, to when, as, and if he ever achieved a position that would make it possible for him to support a wife. That was an understanding between them that had no need to be put into words.

Tonight, standing before the mirror in her neat, cheerful bedroom, she studied her reflection in the mirror, with a soberness and an intensity that she seldom bothered to give the girl in the glass. She seldom had time to do more than glance at herself as she brushed her hair; but tonight, dressed and ready for Laurence, she looked at herself thoughtfully, trying to see herself with the eyes of someone else, or a stranger—perhaps of Tom Fallon.

She saw a girl a little over medium height, neat, trim, well-rounded figure born of the hard work and outdoor exercise of her daily life; she saw leaf-brown hair that had no need of the curling iron and that she wore shoulder length because it was less trouble to have to go to the barber shop once in two months, than every week; her eyes were her best feature, her chief claim to beauty. They were gray-blue, long lashed, set well apart beneath airy brows. She was not beautiful, she told herself with an almost impersonal frankness. She looked healthy and wholesome, and that was all!

As she reached the foot of the stairs, her father turned, almost guiltily, from the front door, and said stiffly, "I knew Laurence would be along soon so I thought I'd step out for a little fresh air."

He was dressed, she saw, in his "best" suit, ordinarily reserved for trips to the county seat and rare trips to the city more than a hundred miles away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



IT MIGHT seem strange to say that a manager whose ball club has been doing very well indeed could be even close to the border line of a predicament, much less the brink of an abyss. But for ten years Boston, always a great baseball town with a great baseball tradition, has been dreaming vain dreams of recovering some of its lost glory. There were the winning days of Jimmie Collins, Bill Carrigan and others, who carried the Red Sox banner high. But in spite of the millions Tom Yawkey has fed into his purchases and pay roll, the Red Sox thus far have been on the outside peering in.

Now Cronin has his team winging away at a record clip. He has come through with the hitting and the pitching for which only the most rabid fan ever could hope. Outside of Ted Williams, Johnny Pesky and Bobby Doerr, no one could figure that so many Red Sox would hit so well. No one could figure Mickey Harris winning six straight, with able support from Tex Hughson, Joe Dobson and Dave Ferriss.

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