



and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN

WNLJ. RELEASE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Meg entered the house quietly, when she returned from aiding Martha. Tim MacTavish awaited her, declaring she had been with Tom Fallon. "You are in love with him," Jim again attempted to get her to sell the farm, but she refused angrily. The next day Larry came for lunch and afterward they walked together to the ridge. Larry told her that he knew she loved the old farm, for he loved it too. He told her he did not want her to sell the place, and declared he wanted to marry her whether they lived in Pleasant Grove or in the county seat. He kissed her lightly and laughed, "I can't say I blame you for not wanting to give all this up."

CHAPTER VIII

They went hand in hand up the path and to the flat rock that crowned the very top of the hill. Megan sat down and Laurence followed her to the rock. They sat close together for a moment, looking out over the scene spread below them.

Megan knew the thought that was in his mind, and she tried hard to marshal all her arguments so that he could understand; but when he turned his head and looked at her, and smiled, he said quietly, "I can't say I blame you for not being willing to give all this up! We are going to be very happy here."

Megan felt as though she had taken a step in the dark and plunged headlong into space. She could only stare at him, wide-eyed, her mouth open a little. Laurence laughed and leaned forward and kissed her.

"Did you think, darling, that I've known you almost your whole life and been in love with you since I was fifteen, and didn't know what your own land meant to you?" he asked her quietly. "I admit that I was fool enough to hope, for just a little while, that you loved me enough to be happy in Meadersville. But when you telephoned me in alarm because you had been offered what we both know is a very generous price for the land, and you didn't want to take it—well, I faced facts then and got busy to see about just what could be done. Because make no mistake about it, my love—you're going to marry me, whether we live in Meadersville or Pleasant Grove!"

There were quick tears in her eyes, but she smiled tremulously.

"Thank you for understanding, Larry," she told him huskily. "It's—a tremendous relief."

Laurence frowned as though not quite sure that he liked that.

"You mean you didn't think I would understand?" he protested. "Well, for Pete's sake, why not? After all, we've grown up together. These last years since your mother died, I've watched you fighting drouth and flood and hail, boll weevil and corn borer and blue mold and chinch bug—when it would have been so much easier to give up and sell out. Don't you suppose during those years, I've come to understand what the place means to you? And to be frank with you—I'm kind of fond of the old place myself! Never having owned a square foot of real estate in my life, having grown up on a sharecropper's place—the thought of becoming a landowner—in partnership, anyway—seems pretty swell!"

He grinned at her and said hastily, "Not of course that I want you to get the idea that I'm merely marrying you for your farm—perish the thought! I'd marry you if you didn't have a foot of land!"

She laughed and let him kiss her. And at first, that seemed quite satisfactory to Laurence; but after a little he let her go, and sat looking down at the rich dark earth, where his heel was absently digging a hole.

"Then you're not in love with me, after all," he said quietly, and there was a note in his voice that caught at her heart.

She stared at him, blinking in amazement.

"What in the world—why do you—" she stammered.

"I'm not exactly a blind fool, Meggie," he said evenly. "I admit I don't know a heck of a lot about women; but I do know that when a girl is in love, she is not only kissed—but kisses, in return."

The color burned in Megan's face, but her eyes met his straightly.

"I—kissed you, Larry," she told him unsteadily.

He shook his head.

"You let me kiss you, Meggie," he returned. "There's a big difference."

There was a silence, and then she said unevenly, "I'm—sorry, dear."

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about, Meggie. If you don't love me, you don't, and it's plain that you don't." His voice sounded tired.

"I'm—very fond of you, Larry," Megan said quietly.

"Thanks, Meggie," he answered quietly. "But I'm afraid that's not quite enough."

And then, taking her breath away by the unexpectedness of it, he asked, "Is there someone else, Meggie?"

"I don't know anyone else," she pointed out.

"That's not quite flattering," he assured her, and now he seemed amused at her confusion and her bewilderment. "Never mind, darling. We'll let it go, for now. But I wouldn't want you to marry me, Meggie, unless you felt a little about me as I feel about you. I guess I don't quite expect you to be—well, as much in love with me as I am with you; the wise people who claim to know about such things claim that one person in every marriage cares more deeply than the other. I don't mind a bit if I love you more than you love me. Maybe that's the way it should be. I'm afraid I'm not wise enough to decide that. I only know that unless you're—more than just fond of me—it wouldn't work out."

Megan said faintly, "You mean you want to break off the engagement, Larry?"

"Do you, Meggie?" he asked quietly.

"Why—why—no, Larry—of course not," she stammered, and put out a hand in a helpless gesture. "I—I



She shot Megan an oblique look and then came out frankly with what was on her mind.

think I've always expected that we'd be married some day. It's—well, I've sort of grown up with that thought. Maybe—could it be that that's the reason you don't think I love you enough?"

"It isn't that I think you don't love me, Meggie—I know you don't," he told her. "I've tried to kid myself that you did, and tried to hope that once we were actually engaged, you'd—well, warm up to me a little. But when you thought of setting a date for our marriage and realized that you couldn't give up the farm or the dogs and cats and cows and chickens, to make a new life with me somewhere—or anywhere—that was all I needed to convince me that you're not ready to marry me yet. If you loved me as I love you, Meggie, nothing in the world would be as important to you as being with me—anywhere, anyhow."

He broke off as though searching for words with which to make his thoughts clear to her.

"It isn't that I'd want you to make even the smallest sacrifice to be with me, Meggie," he pointed out. "It's just that if you loved me the only way I could want you to—you'd be willing to sacrifice anything and everything just so that we could be together. Do you understand, Meggie?"

She was still for a moment, and then reluctantly she nodded and said faintly, "Yes, darling—I understand."

"Then we'll leave it at that, for the present," said Laurence as he stood up and drew her to her feet. "And now Annie will be sending out a searching party for us if we don't hurry," he added, smiling, deliberately breaking the growing tension, struggling for a lighter tone.

Suddenly, a mist of tears in her eyes, Megan turned to him impulsively, put her hands on either side of his lean, pleasant brown face and stood on tiptoe to set her mouth, cool and fresh and sweet, on his. Involuntarily his arms went about her, holding her close and hard against him. His mouth on hers was urgent, demanding, seeking a response that, after a moment, he knew with a sick certainty, was not there. And then he released her, smiled at her, his face pale and set, and half under his breath he said huskily, "Thank you, darling."

Annie was just finishing the last preparations for the midday dinner when they reached the house, and Jim came in, well-groomed and debonair, quite as usual, as they were ready to sit down.

He greeted Laurence with an urbanity that was almost patronizing,

but after a few moments he said briskly, "Well, Larry, my boy, I hope you've been able to persuade this girl of mine to be sensible."

Laurence answered lightly, "I'm not sure I feel that she needs any persuasion along such lines. I've always considered Meggie a very sensible young woman!"

Jim tried to laugh, patting his crisply barbered gray mustache lightly with his napkin. "Sensible young woman? That hardly sounds as loverlike as I would have expected under the circumstances!"

"Oh, I'm a very sensible young man," Laurence assured him pleasantly. "And sensible young men don't go in for a lot of romantic nonsense, nowadays."

"Don't they, now?" Jim was elaborately surprised. "Well, of course, things have changed a lot since my day! But seriously, I feel that we have a splendid offer for this place, and since you and Meggie won't be able to run it yourselves, and a tenant is very unsatisfactory—"

"Megan seems to feel that it would be best for us not to be married for another year," Laurence said gently. "And therefore, she will want to run the place herself this year, at least."

"Another year, eh?" he said at last. "Sorry—thought you two were in love with each other and had been waiting several years for you to get a start so that you could get married!"

"As I said before, we are sensible young people, Meggie and I. Slow and sure is our motto," Laurence told him.

Jim's jaw set and he made a pretense of eating, but after a little he looked at his watch, thrust his chair back, and asked to be excused under the plea of an engagement. They heard the outer door close behind him with a bang that threatened its old-fashioned glass panel.

"I'm afraid he's upset," Laurence's words were wry with understatement. "He won't try to make things difficult for you?"

"Goodness, no—and if he does, it won't matter. I'm not in the least afraid of him!" She laughed at the very idea.

Laurence nodded. "But if there should ever be anything to—well, to make you feel you need help—you'll remember my telephone number?"

He reminded her.

"Of course—didn't I yell for you the minute I thought Matthews was going to insist on that commission?" In the next few weeks, life in Pleasant Grove, on the surface at least, was entirely normal.

The draft called up more and more young men for the armed services; several girls registered for the Cadet Nurses' Training Corps; Bud Harrison's oldest girl, twenty-year-old Marianna, joined the WAC; Preacher Martin, beloved and feared for his "straight talking" to evildoers and the like, fell on his front steps and broke his leg; the Jordans, over behind Turkey Bend, had another baby.

But there were currents underneath that popped above the surface now and then, and to no one's very keen surprise, Alicia Stevenson seemed to have a large part in them. Her malicious tongue, her sly little smile that hinted at so much she did not say, the way she had of always being in the very middle of any untoward event, filled people with an anguished unease.

"It's got so a body ain't safe in their own home nights, with that woman snoopin' around," Mrs. Stuart complained to Megan one afternoon as they sat sewing before the fire that the chill rain made very welcome. She shot Megan an oblique look and then came out frankly with what was in her mind. "I can't imagine what your paw sees in her, anyhow."

Megan dropped the tablecloth she was mending and stared at Mrs. Stuart.

"My father?" she gasped incredulously.

Mrs. Stuart sniffed and set an unusually sharp stitch in the diaper she was hemming for the newest "Jordan youngun."

"Well, if you don't know that the way your paw's runnin' after that Stevenson woman is the talk of the town, it's high time you was findin' out, I say," she snapped belligerently. "They're always ridin' around in that car o' hers—and where she gets the gas, nobody seems to know, but folks say it's 'black market' and she gets all she can pay fer—or what your paw can pay fer."

Megan said curtly, "My father does not patronize 'black markets' for gasoline or anything else. And I doubt very much whether he has seen Mrs. Stevenson more than half a dozen times." "Half a dozen times would be a plenty, with some folks," Mrs. Stuart cut in as curtly.

Later, when Mrs. Stuart had gone, Megan got up and went out to the kitchen. She thought Annie looked at her covertly, but she couldn't be sure until suddenly, as though she could no longer keep her words to herself, Annie said, "Miz' Stuart's right, Miss Meggie—folks is talkin about Miz' Jim an' dat Miz' Stevenson—"

"That will do, Annie," said Megan sharply.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Guard Sugar Supply; Use It Carefully When Doing Canning



Cherries red, cherries ripe yield bright jewel-colored jams and jellies to brighten the table. Make a small quantity this year to save on sugar. Short cooking protects their fresh color.

One of our longest-lasting shortages is still with us this summer when we do our canning. Yes, it's sugar. Those of you who before and during the war learned of the great usefulness of the well-stocked canning cupboard will again make your plans for canning this summer. And, in spite of sugar difficulties, the canning cupboard can still be filled to the brim to help tide over those days when you have just to reach out and get fruit, jams, pickles or vegetables.

Tomatoes were mighty scarce this past year for folks who did not have their own supply. We don't know yet what the supply picture is for the coming year, but home-canned tomato juice is so delicious it would be well to put up your own. Here's how:

Tomato Juice.
Use firm, red-ripe, freshly picked tomatoes. Discard any that are bruised or specked with decay and fungus. Wash carefully and leave whole to steam; or, cut into small pieces and cook until soft. Press hot tomatoes through a sieve and re-heat to the simmering point. Pour into hot, sterile jars and process for 20 minutes in a hot-water bath at the simmering point, or 10 minutes at the boiling point.

If you like to use tomato puree for cooking during the fall and winter, you'll want a supply of that on hand, too. I'm giving you a recipe for the seasoned type which is perfectly delicious to use for casseroles and meat dishes. Don't forget that a supply of homemade tomato soup and vegetable soup comes in mighty handy on busy days, and there's no time like the present to can it:

Tomato Puree.
4 quarts chopped tomatoes
6 onions
3 carrots
2 cups chopped celery
3 sweet peppers
Salt and pepper

Wash, chop and measure firm, ripe tomatoes. Steam until soft. Press through fine sieve and cook until thick. Chop other vegetables, cover with boiling water and cook until soft. Press through a sieve and add to tomato pulp. Reheat and pour into sterilized jars. Process 60 minutes in a boiling water bath.

Tomato Soup.
1 teaspoon mixed spices
6 quarts chopped tomatoes
1 cup chopped parsley

Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim by turns for three minutes to cool fruit slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once.

Sour Cherry Jam: make as directed above, using 1 1/4 pounds of fully ripe sour cherries to get 2 1/2 cups of fruit. Use 3/4 cups of sugar.

Jams are made by cooking crushed fruits with the sugar until the mixture shows little or no free liquid. They require about 1/2 pound of sugar to each quart of fruit. One-half of the sugar may be replaced with honey or corn syrup in the following recipe, which may be used for blackberries, dewberries, loganberries, raspberries, boysenberries or youngberries.

Berry Jam.
Wash and crush the berries. Add 1/4 cup water to each quart of berries. Cook until soft. Press the cooked berries through a strainer to remove seeds, if necessary. Add 1/2 pound sugar (or half sugar and half corn syrup) to each pound of berries. Boil until thick. Pour, boiling hot, into sterile jars and seal at once.

Any of the current crops of fruit may also be used for jams. Use 1/4 as much sugar as fruit and make sure the jam is cooked until thick, with no free liquid. You'll have to stir frequently to keep the jam which is a very thick mixture, from burning.

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Lynn Chambers' Menu

- Broiled Beef Patties
- Lyonnais Potatoes
- Summer Squash
- Fruit-in-season Salad
- Corn Meal Muffins
- Jam
- Cantaloupe a la Mode
- Beverage

4 onions
2 sprigs parsley
1 1/2 cups water
1/2 cup butter or substitute
1/2 cup flour
1 tablespoon sugar
Salt and pepper

Add spices to vegetables and water and simmer until soft. Drain and save juice. Press vegetables through a fine sieve. Melt butter, add flour, stir until blended and add juice. Stir until smooth and thick. Add vegetables, sugar, salt and pepper. Cook until thick. Pour into sterile jars and process 35 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 hours in a hot water bath. Thin with water or soup stock before serving.

Vegetable Soup Mixture.
5 quarts chopped tomatoes
2 quarts sliced okra or small green lima beans
2 quarts corn
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons salt

Cook tomatoes until soft, then press through sieve, removing skin and seeds. Add other ingredients and cook until thickened. Pour into sterile jars and process at 10 pounds pressure for 60 minutes.

Our jelly recipes are smaller in quantity this season because we know that you'll want to save sugar for actual fruit canning. A few jars of jelly or jam, however, and some of the pickles are an excellent picker-upper, so do make up a few jars of each.

Peach Jam.
(Makes 6 6-ounce glasses)
2 1/2 cups fruit
2 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 bottle fruit pectin

Peel and pit about 2 1/2 pounds fully ripe peaches. Crush or chop very fine. Measure 2 1/2 cups into a large saucpan. Add sugar to fruit in saucpan and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute, stirring constantly.

Fully ripe peaches are best for making luscious jams. They will not turn dark if cooked quickly with pectin added to insure jelling quality.

Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim by turns for three minutes to cool fruit slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once.

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ASK ME ? A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. The sirens of the Queen Mary can be heard 10 miles, yet do not disturb the passengers aboard ship. Why?
2. Lead melts at 620 degrees, and tin at 446. These two are combined to produce solder, which melts at what degree?
3. Of the 55 highest peaks in the United States, 42 are in one state. What state is this?
4. What President of the United States was wounded in the Revolutionary war?
5. How many dials has Big Ben, the famous clock of London?
6. Upon what is the right of an accused person to be confronted by his accusers ultimately based?
7. What great newspaper publisher was once a candidate for the presidency of the United States on a major party ticket?
8. What is the number of degrees around the equator?
9. What fish provides genuine caviar?
10. What name is given to a Mexican herdsman?

4. James Monroe.
5. Four.
6. The Law of Imperial Rome.
7. Horace Greeley.
8. It is 360 degrees.
9. Sturgeon.
10. Ranchero.

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Coins Must Pass 8 Tests Through Vending Machines

In modern candy and cigarette vending machines, the mechanism subjects each nickel and dime to eight separate tests in one and a half seconds, says Collier's.

These tests determine whether the coin contains metals not used in genuine five- and ten-cent pieces, and whether it is of the proper diameter, thickness and weight, and has no holes.

Short Existence

Although some May flies require three years to develop in the larval stage, they experience the shortest adult existence of any living creature. Upon emerging fully matured from the film encasing them, they mate, lay their eggs and usually die within 12 hours.

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