

**and be my Love**  
By PEGGY DERN  
WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Jim MacTavish admits to Meg that Alicia had led him on and made a fool of him. It had seemed to amuse her. In their misery Jim and Megan are reconciled. It was a relief when neither one was called to the inquest, and they waited anxiously for Larry to return to tell them what had been found. "She was killed with a knife—which we found where old Amos saw a ghost burying it," he explained. Bob Reynolds, the detective, could find no fingerprints due to a heavy rain later. Old Amos was interviewed again to get more information on the size of the ghost, how it acted, and the exact time he saw it. Both Meg and her father were breathing easier.

**CHAPTER XIV**

Annie chuckled richly. "Effen y'all had seed him w'en he come bustin' into de house dat night, Mist' Larry, y'all would 'a' knowed right den he'd seed plenty!" she assured him.

"We still are not quite sure about that eight-foot-high ghost with the glaring yellow eyes," Laurence told Annie, "but Reynolds is talking to Amos now, trying to see if he can't get him to scale the ghost down somewhat, so we can feel that it was human!"

He turned to Megan as Annie padded away. "It was a knife," he answered the look of questioning in her eyes, and Megan caught her breath and went white as the collar of her trim morning frock. "Bob feels sure it is—the knife."

She did not speak, but her eyes pleaded with him and Laurence went on quietly. "There's not much possibility of fingerprints. The knife was buried halfway up the hill, and it rained later on that night, and of course, the dew was very heavy this time of the year. It was just an ordinary kitchen knife, such as any hardware store sells by the gross every year—probably every kitchen in Pleasant Grove has one or two exactly like it."

Megan was conscious that she was breathing a little more easily. She said hurriedly, lest Laurence should notice that, "Then—you aren't much better off than you were before so far as identification. Have you any suspects?"

Laurence grinned. "You should have heard Ma Stuart at the inquest," he said dryly. "According to her, there wasn't a man, woman or child in Pleasant Grove who didn't have a motive for wanting the Stevenson woman out of the way. She mentioned a few of the reasons. Some of the people mentioned resented it quite a bit, and fistfuffs were barely avoided. The search for alibis became quite intense, but except for two or three, all were eliminated as suspects. And the evidence against the two or three is slim."

Megan touched dry lips with her tongue and steadied her voice to ask faintly, "Who—are the ones who couldn't manage an alibi?"

"Well, the Teasley boy and his wife and baby seemed to have excellent reason for disliking Mrs. Stevenson," said Laurence reluctantly. "It seems, according to Ma Stuart, that Mrs. Stevenson made a remark that tended to discredit the legitimacy of the Teasley baby, and that Will Teasley publicly slapped her face in front of the Mercantile a week ago."

"I remember that," said Megan. "Do you?" asked Laurence quickly. "Do you remember how Mrs. Stevenson took it?"

"Well, it was pretty unpleasant, of course—but Will Teasley's a Pleasant Grove boy, and his wife has lived here all her life, except for the year she worked in town, so everybody sided with Will," Megan remembered aloud. "Alicia sort of staggered, and her face got very white, and then she laughed and said, 'What is the old-fashioned crack about a hit dog always howls loudest?' And walked away."

Laurence nodded. "That checks with Ma Stuart's testimony," he admitted.

"And finding the knife doesn't help a bit?" asked Megan. "Afraid not," admitted Laurence frankly. "Though if we can get any sort of description out of Amos, about the so-called 'ghost' it might help."

He grinned at her and said, "Notice I said 'we'? I'm sort of unofficial assistant to Bob—because I know the town and the people," he explained.

A little later Bob came in, greeted Megan pleasantly, and lifted his shoulders and spread his hands palm upward in a gesture of discouragement and futility.

"I can't get anything out of that old man to save my life," he admitted. "He goes on saying 'hit wuz 'bout eight feet tall, boss—an' hit wuz all white and jes' floated 'long—and had big glaring yellor eyes like a cat—dat's all I know.'"

"I wonder what Amos had been drinking," Laurence said lightly. "Some of that 'white mule' they brew up over at Frogtown would make a fellow see pink cows and green elephants."

"That's the darndest thing of all—he swears he hadn't had a drink, and Annie backs him up," exploded Bob furiously. "I could understand his telling such a tall tale if he'd had a few shots—"

right where he said the 'ghost' stood. Doesn't that prove that it isn't entirely a tall tale?" protested Megan, resenting their casual assumption that Amos was a complete stranger to the truth.

"Oh, now, see here, Bob—be reasonable," Larry snapped. "If Amos had hidden the knife there, would he have told about it? Look, fella, I know Amos. He would never voluntarily go near a place like that, at night—especially with a murder on his mind. And if he had—if he had been so frightened by what he had done that that fear overrode any other—wild horses could never have made him tell a living soul about it. Look at it from a sane standpoint. If he had hidden it there, the object would have been to keep anybody from ever finding it. Why, then, would he turn right around and insist on telling me about it, and being perfectly willing to tell you? He even went with us this morning and pointed out the spot where the 'ghost' bent down. Use your head, man."

Bob grinned. "Sure—sure—lay off, pal! I only said that I don't believe



"Now, see here, Miss MacTavish, you're not going to tell me you believe in ghosts?" he protested.

in ghosts, yet I can't picture a human being eight feet tall, wrapped in a white sheet and with glaring yellow eyes doing a murder and then picking that spot to hide the weapon. In fact, I can't picture a human being eight feet tall—period! Maybe you can suggest something?"

Laurence shook his head. "It's got me licked," he admitted.

"Miss MacTavish?" suggested Bob and she had to steady herself and tell herself that she was a fool to be frightened of that question in his eyes.

"I don't believe in ghosts—but I do believe Amos' story," was all she could manage.

Bob sighed, ran his fingers through his hair, leaving it standing on end, and said helplessly. "Well, I think we're licked, too. Though we'll keep slugging away at the case, of course, hoping that something will turn up—"

"You couldn't be persuaded, of course, to accept Ma Stuart's suggestion that you just drop the whole matter, with the thought that whoever did it, did Pleasant Grove a great service?" suggested Laurence wryly.

Megan gasped. "Oh, no, Larry—did she really say that?"

"She did!" said Bob laughing. "Boy, what a character! She gave the department a going over that it hasn't had since they drafted our captain for a job in the Marine Training Camp! I would like to know that lady better—under, of course, pleasant circumstances."

"She's really a grand person," Megan said eagerly. "Everybody loves her."

Megan hesitated and colored. "Well—Alicia liked to—to stir things up," she admitted reluctantly. "I think she was very bored here, and she admitted frankly that she only came here to live because her income had shrunk, and because her money went farther here. And to keep things stirred up gave her—well, something to relieve her boredom, I suppose. She did not lie, that is, not to any great extent. She simply had a way of digging out truths that people wanted hidden and dropped them publicly where they would be most certain to stir up trouble."

"She sounds like a lady who was a self-elected candidate for a murder, at that," Bob commented.

Annie appeared at the door behind him, unobtrusive, yet obviously excited. Her eyes were rolling and her voice was high as she answered Megan's questioning look. "Dey's a lady hyah, Miss Meggie—hit's Mist' Fallon's sisteh."

Megan caught her breath and felt as though every drop of blood in her body had congealed about her heart. Her eyes were wide and frightened, and she was suddenly conscious that Bob Reynolds was watching her narrowly, an odd light in his eyes.

"Of course, Annie, I'll see her," she made herself say swiftly, then staiding her voice with an effort. "If you'll excuse me—?"

But Bob Reynolds said casually, with a look in his eyes that was not at all casual, "Why not see her in here, Miss MacTavish?"

Megan looked sharply at him and said instantly, "But why? It's no doubt a personal matter—I mean it can't possibly have any connection—"

But beneath the look in his eyes her voice broke.

"Of course not," Bob agreed amiably, but still with that wary look in his eyes. "But just the same—"

And behind Annie, Megan saw, with a feeling of shock, Martha Fallon, short, stocky, commonplace looking. Her neat dark percale dress and the smoothness of her hair that was streaked with gray only emphasized the look of barely restrained terror in her eyes; just as the inept daubs of rouge and the powder that was not quite smooth only emphasized the pallor of her drawn face.

She came into the room and Annie faded out of the doorway. But Megan knew subconsciously that Annie had only slipped back a little into the shadows and that she was listening with almost visibly distended ears.

Miss Martha nodded to Megan and addressed herself to Bob, after giving Laurence a steady, straight look.

"You're the detective-fellow?" she asked Bob curtly.

"Yes, Miss Fallon—my name's Reynolds," answered Bob.

Martha nodded and said, "Well, my name's not Fallon. I'm Tom Fallon's sister-in-law, not his sister. My name's Evans—Martha Evans."

Laurence unobtrusively turned a chair towards her and she nodded her thanks and sank into it with a movement that was almost of collapse, as though her knees were shaking violently, and she was very glad of the support the chair gave her.

"So you found it," she said when she had drawn a deep hard breath and Megan, sick with pity and bewilderment, saw the work-roughened hands gripped so tightly together that the knuckles were small white mounds.

Bob said gently, "Found what, Miss Evans?"

She looked up at him so sharply that the sunlight fell harshly on the round lenses of her old-fashioned spectacles and she made a sound that was half a snort, half a sniff of contempt.

"The knife, of course," she answered curtly.

Bob made a short, swiftly controlled movement, but his face was guarded, so that only if you had been watching him closely could you have noticed that involuntary start of surprise.

"Suppose you tell us about the knife, Miss Evans," Bob said gently.

Miss Martha nodded. "What else do you think I came here for?" she sniffed, and abruptly she added, "Only the Stevenson woman wasn't killed with that knife, young man."

"No?" asked Bob very swiftly, very politely, almost as though his interest had been too casual to make the statement of any importance.

"No!" the word came explosively. "Then why was it necessary to hide it so—er—melodramatically?" wondered Bob aloud.

Miss Martha breathed deeply and with difficulty.

"Because," she told him—and Megan's eyes were thick with tears for the stark agony that shone so clearly in the tired, faded eyes behind those old-fashioned spectacles—"because—my sister is a—a mental case," she managed at last.

Bob waited.

Laurence was very still, watching Miss Martha, his arms folded across his chest, leaning against the big old-fashioned rolltop desk where Megan kept her accounts and books.

Megan was on the very edge of her chair, her body tense and still, almost rigid, as she watched Miss Martha; and so deep, so intense was her pity and her sympathy that her own body felt some of the suffering that stood forth so starkly in Miss Martha's tired eyes.

"You mean," said Bob, after a moment designed to give Miss Martha a respite so that she could breathe again, "that your sister was not accountable for her actions—?"

"I mean, young man, that my sister—had periods of lucidity," she said harshly. "But Tom, her husband, didn't know that those periods were coming less frequently and lasting for shorter periods of time. I couldn't bear to tell him; he thought, poor soul, that she was getting better—that there was hope for her. But I didn't deceive myself. Even if I had wanted to—her attack on me one night—" Her voice broke and her face worked convulsively, but she did not lower her head, nor make any effort to hide her face from them.

Megan said quietly, "That night you fell and hurt your ankle?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**WOMAN'S WORLD**  
**Pretty Table Doilies Easily Made from Odd Scraps of Goods**

By *Erta Haley*

ONE woman whom I know has a charming home with lots of room for entertaining. It seems that no matter how often she has visitors, there are always bridge cloths or freshly laundered doilies for the table. When I asked her how she managed, she showed me a drawer full of placemats and table cloths of assorted sizes.

"My secret is that I never throw away a piece of material if there's any possible use for it," she confided. A partially worn sheet or damaged tablecloth is cut into doilies and matching napkins, embroidered or crocheted on the edge, laundered, starched and well pressed. Then they're ready for the table.

You know it's surprising how many sheets, pillow cases, tablecloths and odd pieces of material can be made into attractive luncheon or breakfast doilies. Or, they can be cut to fit smaller sized tables and used as such. It takes but a little cutting and sewing to convert these pieces of material into something really attractive and useful.

Only suitable fabrics should be used for table linens. This means that the fabric must not be too soft, as we like a semi-starched appearance in table linen. It adds neatness and crispness to the setting.

Select, if at all possible, a material that has a rough weave or linen-like finish. Something that is too closely woven is not desirable, as table linens most certainly will

**Slim Print**



An afternoon dress in Bianchini's melon print designed by Joseph Halpert has a black crepe blouse with a low boat neckline, long, slimming sleeves. The softly draped skirt is accented with a black patent belt.

fast and luncheon cloths. Contrasting colored hems are very popular and are conservative enough even to please the most discriminating hostess. This may be done with a fabric of a different color added to the mat itself, or, it may be in the form of a bias tape used for finishing the edges.

**Use Your Ingenuity In Decorations**

Feather-stitching is very popular on the very simple doilies, and gay-colored ric rac is always welcome.

A simple crochet stitch often adds newness to doilies, and this may be worked out in white or in other colors that combine well with your dishes and accessories.

For formal doilies—such as you might want to use when entertaining—stay with the simple designs like bands, panels or classic designs. A band might be run through the middle, but choose its width carefully so that it does not look like patchwork. Always miter the corners carefully so that the placemat will lie flat on the table.

If your machine has an edge stitcher, it will be easy to insert lace bands to run around the doily. This gives particularly fine effects on the sheer materials like dimity and organdy.

For decorative stitching on the machine, use the durable buttonhole twist or yarn. This washes and irons beautifully and is just the right weight to give an excellent line when stitching. Mark and measure where you want to stitch before starting out on the machine.

If you make good flat-fell seams on your doilies, they can often be used on both sides. They will also launder and wear much better than if you are haphazard in doing the seams.

**Table Linen Tips**

Unbleached or semi-bleached muslin bleaches quickly in washing and is an economical buy for table linen. Usually this fabric has a rough weave and more stiffness which is desirable in making good table lin

Single and double damask are often confusing to the new buyer of household linen. This simply means that single damask has fewer threads to the inch than double damask, and thus the former has a more loose weave. It is cheaper and less good quality. When making or buying a tablecloth, make sure it hangs evenly on all sides; otherwise it will give the table a lop-sided appearance.

Crocheting should be used with care and discrimination. If too coarse, gaudy or over-crocheted, the piece will have a messy appearance in spite of the work put into it. Simple edgings are always in good taste.

If a cigarette hole has burned into a luncheon cloth—particularly if it is near the edge, use an applique flower or fruit design over it, and no one will know the difference.



Old tablecloths make nice doilies.

spot, and a close, tight weave makes it difficult to remove stains.

For informal table linens, these cottons are good to use: gingham, chambray, percale, unbleached or bleached muslin, organdy and dimity. Some of the rayons are fine too, but steer away from those that you know will not hold their shape.

**Directions for Sewing, Cutting**

The secret of having table mats or cloths look neat and attractive is to cut them perfectly straight. Pull a thread from the fabric to make sure the edges are straight, then fold and hem carefully. The same applies for napkins.

The edges and corners should lie flat and smooth. It doesn't take much time to baste and press to make sure you are getting everything straight and even, and the time is well worth the extra effort.

Th napery hem is used on our very finest linens. For sheer placemats, you may use a small and very even seam that gives the appearance almost of a rolled hem. A whipping stitch or running hem can be used on the sheer fabrics.

On informal cotton sets, you might like to use a hem of contrasting colored thread, made in even stitches. Remember that hems show up easily once the linen is set on a table and it's important to have good, careful sewing to make it look its very best.

One of the best guides as to what should be used in decoration is to look at the new linens being shown



Conceal a patch with an applique.

to find what motifs are currently popular. You might like to use appliques in the corners of bright flower designs or South-of-the-Border prints. These add sparkle to break-

**Fashion Forecast**

Color will be the highlighted note of the new fashions. You can expect gay colors, muted colors with bright accents and colors designed to flatter every coloring.

Bags are in many styles to fit the most fastidious taste. Draped bags are nice for dress-up occasions, and tailored bags with interesting trimmings are good for day-time wear.

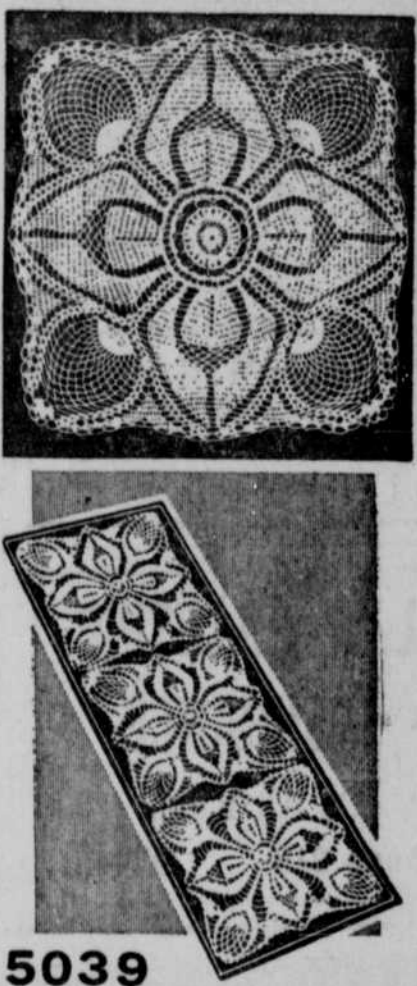
Look for natural shantung and nylon fabrics for those smart town wear dresses. They both drape nicely to give good lines in this type of dress.

If you lean towards the practical, select at least one good suit for the coming months. You'll find short-waisted models for the shortie, and longer length jackets for the slender and willowy.

**NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS**  
**'White Swan' Design Embroidery**  
**Crochet This Pineapple Runner**



5148



5039

**Doily or Runner**

HERE is an unusual and very handsome design to embroider on pillowcases, dresser scarves and guest towels—a white swan in a pool of pink and white water-lilies. Use a satin stitch in white for the swan, outline the edges of the waterlilies in white buttonhole stitch, and do the center in shaded pinks. Lily pads are buttonhole outlined in green and filled in with running stitch.

THIS attractive, showy 'pineapple' is ideal to use as a separate doily or combined in a runner made up of three or four of the 11½-inch squares. It's so easy to do—and will make a lovely buffet or table runner.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Square Pineapple Doily (Pattern No. 5039) send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number. 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.

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**ASK ME ANOTHER?**  
**A General Quiz**

**The Questions**

1. Can you name the three great pyramids?
2. The President of the United States is commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Can he wear a uniform of the armed forces?
3. When were the Hawaiian Islands found by James Cook?
4. What rank in the army lead all other grades in the number of decorations for heroism?
5. The Pied Piper of Hamelin lured the rats into what river?
6. How much do Americans spend on newspapers, magazines and books a year?

**The Answers**

1. Khufu, Khafra and Menkaura.
2. No.
3. In 1778.
4. First class privates. The total number of awards—excluding the Purple Heart—was 1,725,344.
5. The Weser river.
6. Newspapers, \$727,880,000; magazines, \$311,733,000; books, \$306,379,000.

**High Altitude Flying**

Although for several years much has been published about high-altitude flying, less than 100 airplane flights above 40,000 feet have so far been made throughout the world, and 30 of them were made by the test pilots of Boeing.



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