

and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN
WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: "You are lying, Martha," Bob Reynolds told Martha. "You did not kill her; your sister did." Martha's story was beaten down, and she admitted that Letty, the mental patient, had done it. "It's like a terrible dream," Meg told Larry. Tenderly Larry reminded her that Tom Fallon was a free man and loved her. She was too upset to know. But good came out of it, for Jim MacTavish, now humbled, decided to do something for himself. He announced that he was to become the editor of a nearby newspaper while its publisher was in the armed forces. "Larry asked for you," her father stated. She had not seen him for several days, and there was a single sent through her.

CHAPTER XVII

Suddenly he broke off, and after a moment he said, "Oh, yes, I knew there was something I had forgotten. I saw Laurence while I was in town."

Megan was startled to discover that her needle had slipped and pricked her finger, startled at the sudden tingle that ran through her at the mention of Laurence's name. She looked up, feeling her father's eyes upon her, and knew, by the sudden warmth of her face, that she was blushing. Which, she told herself furiously, was pretty silly, anyway you looked at it.

"He asked about you," said Jim when she did not speak. "He sent you his love."

Once more the needle slipped and Megan winced, but her voice was quite steady as she asked, "Are you sure he said his love?"

Jim took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her as though surprised. "Well, of course I'm sure," he said. "How's Megan? Give her my love and tell her I'll see her soon."

And Megan, a little warm something stirring in her heart, bent her head above her sewing, and a tiny, secret smile touched her mouth for a moment.

The busy, crowded days of early spring melted into the even busier days of late spring. Early summer came and the crops stood lush and green in the fields, but Laurence had not come.

Jim was finding the newspaper business exciting, though he quarreled with Mrs. Morgan and came home occasionally smarting with fury at some fancied slight or some contradiction she had given to one of his orders. But his editorials had been well received.

On a late June evening, when the whole world seemed locked in a golden haze of loveliness, Megan came up from the fields, intent on nothing more exciting than a brisk shower and fresh clothes, when she saw a car standing at the gate.

She came on into the kitchen and said, "Have we got company, Annie?"

Annie's lower lip was thrust out, an indication that Annie was angry about something; but her tone was as usual with Annie under such moods, almost expressionless, when she answered: "Yessum—he waitin' in de settin' room."

Megan stripped the gaily figured scarf from her head, shook out her tumbled curls, and walked into the living room. The man who stood at the window turned to face her—and Megan was still, rigid with shock. Because the man who faced her was—Tom Fallon.

He had aged, and his face was set and grim, his eyes those of the tragically lost. But as he looked at her, some of the haggard look vanished from his face and he said in a tone just above a whisper, "You're lovelier than ever."

"Please sit down," she said. "I've been offered the job of principal at the school again this year," he said.

Megan caught her breath. "But—but surely—you wouldn't want to come back—here?" she gasped.

He studied her for a moment, and then he said quietly, "You can't possibly imagine my being willing ever to return here, to Pleasant Grove, can you, Megan?"

"Well—no, I'm afraid I can't," Megan answered him quite honestly.

"Because so much of tragedy happened to me here?" he asked, and before she could answer he added gently, "But I had a very small and very perfect glimpse of Heaven, too, Megan. Perhaps one could cancel the other—or could it?"

Megan said huskily, "I—don't quite know what you are talking about."

"Let's not beat about the bush and tell polite lies, Megan," he said with a forthrightness that was rather staggering. "I know that it will be a long time before I can—speak to you of love, Megan. It would be the worst possible taste for me to do so now. But there was an evening, Megan, when we spoke our hearts—for the briefest possible moment. I haven't forgotten. Have you?"

Megan felt the color rush to her face and she could not quite meet his eyes.

"So it's like that," he said very quietly, his tone tired and heavy and old. "I should have known that I was just seeing something that didn't really exist. You were emotionally upset and you were sorry for me—that it, Megan?"

Megan sat very still. Because that was it. She knew it now. She had

imagined herself in love with Tom because she had been caught by pity for his unhappy plight, and she had let herself be deceived into thinking that her pity for him was a stronger, more vital emotion. But now she saw clearly, in the light of the past few months' clarity of vision and peace of mind.

Tom stood up and said quietly, "Well, that's that. I didn't have a great deal of hope, of course. Maybe the reason why I even for a moment considered coming back to Pleasant Grove was because I did not want to face the facts. I wanted to go on believing that what we saw and felt that night was as real for you as for me. But, of course, I see now that I was a fool."

"I'm terribly sorry, truly—" she managed with tremulous lips, her eyes misted by tears.

He turned towards the door. Megan said swiftly, "Will you come back to Pleasant Grove?" He shook his head. "There is nothing to come back for—ever—now," he told her in that same quiet, almost toneless voice.

On Sunday morning, a glorious June morning with a brilliant sun lying like a benediction on green fields and gardens burgeoning with roses and zinnias and marigolds, Megan went again to the Ridge.

She had dreaded this return to the Ridge. She had avoided it all these weeks, pretending to herself that she was too busy, that there were tasks to be performed that made it impossible for her to make her favorite walk. But now she knew that she had lied; she had been afraid.

The sudden barking of Dixie warned her of the approach of some stranger. She turned sharply and looked across the meadow, and her heart stood up on tiptoe. She felt as though it, too, yelped with excitement. For even at this distance, she knew that figure. It was Laurence.

She sat very still and watched him, while a new, sweet warmth spread throughout her body. Her heart shook a little and her hands closed themselves tightly in her lap. The sunlight glinted on Laurence's bare head as he walked with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders drooping a little.

And watching him as he plodded up the meadow slope and across the fence, she knew a contentment so deep, so warm, so sweet, that she was one with the June scene all about her.

And then he was close enough to see Megan, and he said with a little quick, meaningful smile, "Hello! Mind if I intrude?"

"You're not intruding," she told him, and smiled and patted the rock beside her, inviting him to sit down. Looking down at Megan he said quietly, "Annie thought I'd find you up here. Why did you want to see me?"

Megan's eyes widened a little and she asked, "Why did I want to see you? That's a funny question—"

Laurence frowned. "Well, after all, when Annie telephoned me—"

Megan gasped, and the hot color flowed into her face as she stammered, "Annie telephoned you?"

Laurence nodded. "She said you wanted to see me and that it was important, so I hitched a ride over. Why? What's the matter?"

Megan was scarlet. She could not quite meet his eyes.

"Annie—Annie had no right to do anything of the sort. She's really getting beyond herself—" she stammered.

Laurence's tired face hardened a little and his eyes were cool. "I take it, then, that you had nothing to do

with the call? That Annie was mistaken in saying you wanted to see me—"

"I had nothing to do with the call," Megan cut in. "But of course, I always want to see you, Larry. Why wouldn't I? You are my oldest and best friend."

"Thanks a lot," said Laurence dryly. "But that's not good enough, Megan. You know where I stand, where I've always stood, so far as you are concerned. But I made up my mind a good while ago that you were not for me, and I'm not fond of torturing myself, so I've kept away. I thought this morning when Annie telephoned me, that you were in some kind of—well, of a jam, and that you needed me. And of course, that would always be the one thing that would bring me as fast as I could travel. But if Annie was wrong—"

"Look, Larry," said Megan huskily. "I've—well, there's something I have to tell you and it's not very pretty. I'm—ashamed—but you'll have to know it—"

"There's nothing I have to know about you, Meggie, that would be hard for you to tell me," he interrupted her swiftly, his eyes upon her, tired, somber, steady.

Megan caught her breath on a sob and burst out swiftly, "Oh, Larry, don't be humble! I don't deserve it. I've been an awful fool—but now that I can see clearly—now that I know what it's all about, you make me so ashamed!"

Laurence stared at her, puzzled, a little resentful. "Why should I make you ashamed, Megan? I think I resent that! You'd better explain," he said sharply.

Megan put out her hands in a little gesture of pleading.

"That's what I'm trying to do, Larry," she told him unsteadily. "I'm trying to explain that I was fool enough to believe that I—was in love with Tom Fallon. And now I know that I wasn't—that I never was really—"

Laurence stared at her, his brows drawn together. His hands made a little involuntary movement towards her, but he stopped himself just before he could touch her.

The deep, rich color poured into her face, but her eyes met his steadily. "Because I know now that—it's always been—you, Larry," she told him huskily.

He bent and swept her up into his arms and held her so close and hard against him that she could scarcely breathe.

His cheek was against hers, as he said, "I lost you once, Meggie, and it—well, it just about finished me. I thought everything was fine between us and that we were going to be married, and then you kicked me out of my fool's paradise, by saying it was Fallon. I couldn't quite take it if you changed your mind again. It's got to be—well, final, this time, one way or the other."

There were tears in her eyes, as she stood on tiptoe and framed his face between her hands, and set her mouth on his, her warm, soft mouth that was faintly tremulous and very sweet and that flowered beneath his kiss.

"Oh, Larry—darling Larry—I do love you! I'll always love you. Forgive me!" she whispered unsteadily.

For answer, his arms tightened and his lips found and claimed her own.

And Susie, the cat, was a wise cat and knew there were times when humans were interested only in each other. This, of course, was one of those times.

(THE END)



Lunch Box Meals Should Contain Adequate Calories



Keep a supply of cookies on hand because they're so easy to wrap and slip in the lunch box with fresh fruit. Drop cookies with fruit and nuts are excellent from a nutritional standpoint.

School Days

School days, school days... they should be golden rule days for mothers as well as children. It's a well proved fact by now that unless the youngster has a good lunch to nourish and satisfy him, the grades are apt to go downward.

Most mothers wouldn't hear of the youngster eating a slim sandwich and a coke if they were eating at home, but many of them ignore such eating habits away from home. Each child, who eats out near school, should be thoroughly coached in the selection of his food.

If lunch is brought from home, the mother has an accurate check on her child's food. She will be able to tell whether the child eats his food or not by his general behaviour and physical condition.

Now, what are the requirements of a good noonday meal? They are a third of the day's calories and a third, if possible, of the fruit, vegetables, meat or substitute, bread and milk required for good health.

A good idea for the mother who must prepare daily lunches is to have a shelf with all lunch-making equipment assembled, plus a corner in the refrigerator to take care of the perishables. This makes speed and efficiency possible.

A variety of breads is essential if lunches are to stimulate interest in eating from day to day. You can purchase white, whole wheat and rye bread, but it's smart to make specialty breads occasionally.

Graham Prune Bread.
1 cup bread flour
2 1/2 cups graham flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
1 beaten egg
1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 cup prunes, cooked, stoned and diced

Sift together dry ingredients. Add milk and egg, then fold in shortening. Fold in prunes last and bake in a greased loaf pan in a slow (325 degree) oven for about one hour. Prune juice may be substituted for part milk.

Orange Nut Bread.
3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup chopped walnut meats
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1/2 cup orange marmalade
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk

Sift together all dry ingredients, then add walnut meats, orange rind

LYNN SAYS:

Serve Mixed Grills: When you want something novel and appetite-appealing, put fruit, vegetables and meat together to broil. Here are some intriguing combinations:

Fillet of beef with mushroom caps; tomato slices dotted with butter, sprinkled with salt and pepper.

Thick lamb chops with kidneys, bacon and little pork sausage; slices of pineapple or whole, broiled peaches.

Asparagus rolled in thin slices of ham; sweet potatoes in apple or orange shells; mushroom caps and cauliflower flowers. Sweetbreads placed on ham or Canadian bacon slices; mushroom caps and bananas wrapped in bacon.

LYNN CHAMBER'S MENUS

Beef Short Ribs with Vegetables
Peach Salad
Browned Potatoes
Date Bread
Grape Chiffon Pie
Beverage

and marmalade. Lastly fold in egg and milk. Bake in a well greased bread tin (let mixture stand in tin 10 minutes before baking) then use a moderate (350 degree) oven for 3/4 to 1 hour.

If sandwiches are the mainstay of the box lunch, they should be just as interesting as it is possible to make them. Have the bread moistly fresh, use softened butter, or a flavored butter (like chili or mustard butter), have the filling well seasoned and not too dry. If using lettuce, have it washed well and very carefully dried. You'll like some of these ideas:

Chili butter: soften 1/4 cup butter and mix thoroughly with 1 tablespoon chili sauce.

Mustard butter: Mix 1/2 cup butter with 2 or 3 tablespoons of prepared mustard.

Cream Cheese-Olive Filling.
3 ounces cream cheese
1/2 cup sweet pickle relish
1 tablespoon chopped, stuffed olives
1 tablespoon mayonnaise or cooked dressing

Blend together thoroughly and spread on white or whole wheat bread.

Liver Spread.
1/2 cup liver sausage, mashed
1 tablespoon sweet pickle relish
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 teaspoon chili sauce

Mix thoroughly and use on rye bread.

Here are some thumbnail suggestions which you can use from day to day to add variety:

Peanut butter mixed with shredded carrots and mayonnaise.

Peanut butter mixed with sweet pickle relish.

Veal loaf sliced, placed on bread, topped with cabbage cole slaw.

Diced ham mixed with sliced hard-cooked egg, topped with sliced tomatoes.

Deviled ham mixed with one of the following: cucumber, chopped



Meat, vegetables, fruit and milk are essentials for the packed lunch. Don't forget to add surprises and wrap well so that this type of lunch will be as delectable as one eaten at home.

green pepper, chopped stuffed olives or chopped dill pickle.

Sliced meat loaf with sliced cheese.

Minced tuna or salmon mixed with mayonnaise, chopped celery and green pepper.

Chopped hard-cooked egg mixed with chopped sweet pickles and mustard butter.

Baked beans mixed with chili sauce.

For cooler days, make sure there's a nice hot drink to go with sandwiches; or, better still, make up some hot soup and put it up in a thermos. The youngsters will really enjoy it.

What shall you put in for dessert? Well, there's fruited gelatin, individual pies, turnovers, cup cakes, cookies, sweet rolls, fresh fruit, fruit or berry sauces and puddings. Fresh fruit and home-made cookies such as these spicy ones are always well received:

Spicy Pumpkin Cookies.
(Makes 2 dozen)

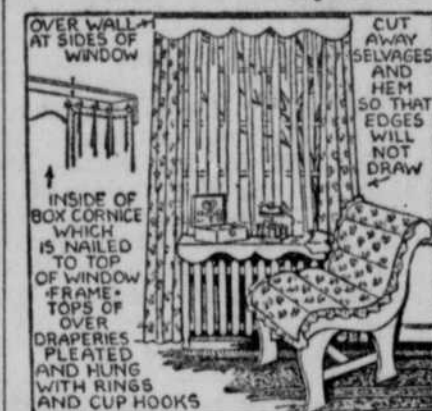
1/2 cup fat
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup pumpkin, cooked
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream fat and sugar; add egg. Blend in pumpkin, then add flour and baking powder, salt and spices. Fold in raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate (375 degree) oven for 15 minutes.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Chair, Shelf, Cornice That Harmonize

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



of a room that was furnished with next to nothing proves that.

The chair frame was made from odds and ends of lumber—no piece longer than 2 1/2 feet. The shelf and matching cornice also were made of scrap lumber. The curtains and chair cushion are of an inexpensive cotton print.

This chair is made with pattern 265; and the scallops with No. 207. The curtain idea is from the booklet Make Your Own Curtains. Booklet and patterns are 15 cents each postpaid. Please mail requests for booklet and patterns direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10
Patterns and Booklet are 15 cents each.

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Improvements were shown in the symptoms of Athlete's Foot—the itching, burning, redness, etc. The report says:

"In our opinion Soretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot'."

So if Athlete's Foot troubles you, don't temporize with this nasty, devilish, stubborn infection. Get Soretone! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Romance Adventure My Story

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