

Spool Shelves for Interesting Trinkets

THESE graceful corner shelves are 10 inches wide and 7 inches deep at the bottom. Just the right size to hold the quaint match holder, the old-fashioned china doll head and other interesting trinkets that you have been treasuring.



The spools and shelves now may be practically welded together with new easy-to-use types of glue. The wire or cord is then run through, as shown here, so that the shelves may be hung in a corner ready to hold articles of considerable weight.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has designed an actual-size pattern for these three gracefully curved corner shelves which are graduated in size. This pattern also contains complete directions for cutting and joining these shelves as well as a pattern for another larger set of spool shelves. Ask for Pattern No. 255. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, N. Y. Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 255. Name: Address:

CERTIFIED Lincoln soybeans recleaned in new 2-bu. seed bags. \$3.50 per bu. R. Raikes, Ashland, Neb.—Adv.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, featuring the text 'America's Favorite Cereal' and 'FRESH—because it sells so fast!' along with an image of a cereal box.

P.S. You can also get this cereal in Kellogg's VARIETY—6 different cereals, 10 generous packages, in one handy carton!

Planning for the Future? Buy U. S. Savings Bonds!

Advertisement for a 300% tax-paid mounted Omaha Standard Council Bluffs, Iowa, featuring a building illustration and contact information.

Advertisement for a 'LOOK!! Sensational Value' watch band, featuring an image of a watch and promotional text.

and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN WNU-1 RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Pleasant Grove accepted without any surprise Meg's engagement to Larry Martin. People generally supposed Meg would sell the old farm and go to the county seat where she and Larry would live. Jim MacTavish continued to "take walks" each evening, and Meg suspected he was going to see Alicia, the widow. A top the ridge she sat and thought it over a long time. She loved the old farm, every rock and every tree. Finally she knew she could not marry Larry and leave the farm. She must tell him. As she walked back to the house she glanced toward the Fallon home. In the backyard was a figure in white, dancing weirdly.

CHAPTER VI She knew she could not sell the farm. She drew a long, hard breath. But Laurence could not drive to and from the farm to Meaderville, where his own destiny lay. Perhaps when the war was over and cars and tires and gasoline were once more everyday matters it could be done, but not now.

It all boiled down, she decided at last, to the fact that she could not, must not marry Laurence, not now. Suddenly she felt very tired, but she had reached her decision. She could not marry Laurence and sell the farm and go to live in a small bungalow with a backyard-garden and one cat and one dog. Her life was here. Somehow, she must make Laurence see that. It wasn't going to be easy, but her mind was made up. And as though the achieving of a decision had relieved her of some great burden, she threw back her shoulders, and stood up suddenly, spilling a startled and indignant Susie to the ground. Feeling suddenly light and free—

A movement in the backyard behind the Westbrook place caught her startled attention. At first she thought it was merely something white hanging on the clothesline, fluttering in the soft mild wind. And then she realized that it was a human figure, a woman in white, moving oddly, bending as though to pick something up, straightening to fling her arms wide, her head back. At this distance, she could tell nothing more than that. And then suddenly, with a little creeping feeling of discomfort, she realized what the woman was doing—she was dancing!

Megan stood stock still, her heart pounding, as she watched the dancing woman down below in the backyard of the Westbrook place. A queer, oddly rhythmic dance, grotesque in its lack of grace, clumsy and awkward. The sun glinted on the woman's golden hair, as she bent and postured and straightened and whirled, her arms outflung!

Suddenly a shorter, darker figure hurried out of the house to that weirdly dancing figure. The dark figure, a short, rather stout woman in a dark dress, put her arm about the dancing figure, and managed to draw it into the house.

Megan shuddered and put her hands over her face for a moment, as though to shut out the remembered figure swaying and posturing and turning. Tom Fallon's poor wife, of course. "Mentally ill," he had said.

Her own period of troubled indecision seemed absurd and childish, compared to the horror that must live with Tom Fallon all the days of his life. She went back down the Ridge and across the meadow to the house.

Annie was getting the midday dinner on the table as she came in, and by the time it was ready Jim came down, a little bloodshot and drawn about the mouth, but freshly shaven and neatly dressed.

"Well, my dear," said Jim happily, "I think we're going to be able to get an excellent price for the place. I was talking to Matthews yesterday, and he tells me that we should get seven thousand at the very least. I confess I would have been delighted at six thousand, but Matthews says the farm land is at a high peak—"

"We're not going to sell the farm, Dad," Megan told him quietly. "Aren't you being a little ridiculous, Megan?" He seemed to bite the words off. "After all, you've had a pretty hard time of it these last few years, and especially since Annie's two sons and the rest of the available farm labor in the section was drafted, or went into war plants. How do you propose to run the place without help?"

"I don't quite know, Dad," she admitted humbly. "I just know that I'm not going to sell."

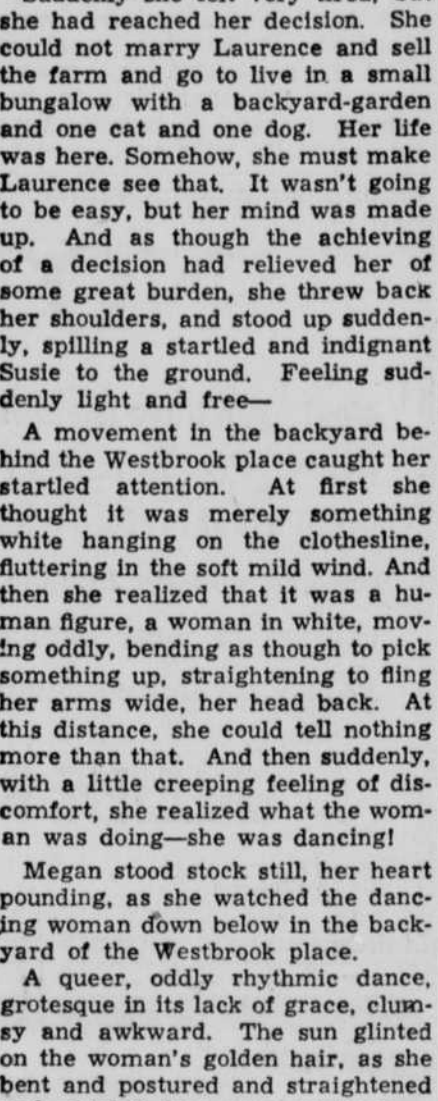
Jim said furiously, "Well, you've certainly put me in a tough spot! You might at least have given me some inkling of the way you felt before I gave Matthews the listing on the place."

In swift alarm, Megan said hurriedly, "Oh, Dad, you didn't—"

"I most certainly did," her father told her curtly. "I happened to run into him up at the service station and he was looking for a place for some people who want to move down in here—though Lord knows why! A more forlorn and ghostly place to live I can't imagine."

"But if you listed the place and he made you a bona fide offer and you accepted it," she protested.

"Which is exactly what I did," her father told her with obvious satisfaction in his voice. "And he's going to bring the people down here to see the place the first of the week.



"Larry, this is Megan—I'm in a jam."

any appetite for the dinner Annie had prepared while she sat on the Ridge and reached the decision not to sell the old farm. "Maybe Laurence can figure a way out."

"The only way out, if you are stubborn enough not to sell, is to pay Matthews seven hundred dollars," her father assured her grimly, looking at her with angry suspicion. "And if you've got seven hundred dollars available, to be thrown away like that, it will surprise me a lot—after I've been kept practically penniless for longer than I care to remember."

"I haven't exactly found it difficult to spend what little money I've had either," she answered him with spirit. "And as for having seven hundred dollars on hand to pay Matthews—that's a little bit funny."

"Is it? I hope it's a joke you'll enjoy," said her father as he thrust back his chair, and leaving his breakfast half eaten, went out. She heard the outer door close hard behind him.

Megan sat on for a little at the table, though her appetite for food had long since vanished; and then with sudden decision she got up and went to the telephone and called Laurence in Meaderville.

His voice sounded warm and cheerful and eager, as though he was delighted to hear her say, "Larry, this is Megan—I'm in a jam."

"Not you, darling," he countered gaily. "I don't believe it—you're covering for somebody else."

"Well, perhaps—in a way," she admitted reluctantly. Then as briefly as she could, she related her father's conversation with Matthews. When she had finished, she asked anxiously, "Do I have to pay Matthews' commission, even if the sale does not go through?"

"Not unless you and your father both signed the papers with him authorizing him to make the sale," Laurence assured her promptly.

"Thank goodness!" said Megan youthfully.

The night was superb. A full moon, silver-white in a pale blue sky, rode high, and beneath the thick dark of the shrubbery on the lawn and the ancient live oaks, the shadows were like soft black plush. Megan's room was flooded with the silver-white light when she awoke, puzzled to know why she had awakened. And then the sound came again, a knocking at the kitchen door downstairs, a knocking soft, urgent, repeated, insistent.

With her heart hammering with sudden uneasiness, she slid out of bed, thrust her feet into her slip-

pers, caught up her cotton crepe kimono hanging across the foot of the bed, and went swiftly to the window that overlooked the backyard.

"Who's down there?" she called quickly, and remembered to wonder why neither Bessie nor Dixie had barked a warning of the stranger's approach.

The man who had been knocking stepped back from the door, and full into the white moonlight, lifting his face to her, and she recognized Fallon.

"I'm terribly sorry to awaken you," he said swiftly, and his voice was taut with uneasiness. "But I have to use the telephone—there has been an accident—we want a doctor."

Megan said instantly, "I'll be down in a moment."

There wasn't time to do anything but tie her kimono about her, and to shake back the leaf-brown burnished curls from her face. She went swiftly down the stairs, and unlocked the kitchen door.

"Your wife?" asked Megan. Tom shook his head and set. His jaw looked rigid and his eyes were bleak.

"It's Martha, my wife's sister," he said curtly. "She—fell and hurt herself. What's the doctor's ring? I have to hurry—they're there alone—both of them completely helpless."

Megan said quickly, "You go back, and I'll call the doctor. If he's not at home, and out on a call somewhere it may take a little time to get him. So let me do it—"

Tom said huskily, "Thanks. You're—you're more than kind."

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO Released by Western Newspaper Union.

KERRY KELLY, 3 1/2-year-old daughter of the dancing Gene, recently saw her first movie, a special 20 minute reel of all her daddy's dances from "Anchors Aweigh"—and wanted to know why she couldn't have danced with her father instead of little Sharon McManus, who did the Mexican dance with him. Incidentally, since he got out of the navy in April Kelly has been dancing five hours a day, limbering up his feet for more dancing, and then working out for two or three hours in a gymnasium, to tighten up his muscles. He starts work immediately on "The Pirate," with Judy Garland, at MGM, which means that he'll be in training till it's finished.

Johnny Desmond, NBC singing star, is a little worried about his first movie, slated to begin production this summer. "In Hollywood they usually turn dancers into dra-



JOHNNY DESMOND

matic actors and singers into comedians," says he. "I'll probably wind up in a Western, co-starring with Trigger." Johnny has a new pastime; when the records of his radio show, the Tuesday night "Follies," are played back he sings tenor to his own baritone; it's his ambition to work up a quartet that way, singing all the parts himself.

Audrey Totter's sister June turned her back on Hollywood and went home to Joliet, Ill. "She saw me getting up at 5:30 every morning to go to work in 'Lady in the Lake,'" explained Audrey, "and decided she'd rather sleep than act in films."

Billy Riley, who fished about his age and saw two years of naval combat in the South Pacific, can't escape the school teacher on the "Lady in the Lake" set. Still under 18, he must obey the California law and do his lessons. He complained about it. "I sure had to look after myself on the beachheads," said Riley.

"The Adventures of the Thin Man" is being substituted for the "Fanny Brice Show" over CBS Sunday nights starting August 11, marking the beginning of the sixth year this show has been on the air. There have been three "Nick Charles," Les Damon, David Gordan and Les Tremayne; Les Damon and Claudia Morgan, the original "Nick" and "Nora," now on the program, will continue.

Frank Sinatra hopes to do some flying this summer with his friend, pianist Skitch Henderson. Sinatra's been trying to interest Alex Stordahl in flying, but the maestro says when he waves a stick he wants music, not an airplane, to start rolling.

Radio announcers never get over the fear that they may "bobble" a line. Bob Williams, the young blond announcer of "Meet Me at Parky's," is still haunted by his worst break. In the midst of a powerful drama, which boasted top Hollywood stars performing for a charitable cause, Bob set the scene for the tense climax thus—"And now the sheen slips to the home of Mr. Gregory." !!!

Emerging from a recent "Inner Sanctum" broadcast, "Host" Paul McGrath was accosted by an irate woman who said she'd long been a fan of the program—"and for weeks I've been writing to Hi Brown, the producer, and even to the sponsor, begging them to do something about that horrible door." To which McGrath replied with dignity, "Madame, our door squeaks for itself!"

ODDS AND ENDS—The perfect tort, at rehearsal for the George Burns-Gracie Allen broadcast; Gracie to heckler Bill Googuin—"Oh, go roll your Hooper!" . . . Chili Wills, the Texas Suede who has portrayed on the screen members of nearly every nationality but his own, finally plays a Swede in "High Barbaree," as a pal of Van Johnson . . . "My Sister Eileen," with Lucille Ball in the title role, is being prepared for radio . . . Toscha Seidel, one of the world's famous concert violinists, has been signed by Paramount as concert master and soloist of the studio recording orchestra.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS Slimming, Graceful Two Piecer Tot's Play Dress for Sunny Days



8003 36-52 Graceful Two-Piecer A SIMPLE, unpretentious two-piece frock for the slightly larger woman. Waistline darts insure a neat fit, shoulder shirring gives a soft feminine touch. The panelled skirt is graceful and slenderizing. Dress it up with a flower bouquet or frilly jabots or dickeres. Pattern No. 8991 comes in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 2 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch; 3 yards machine made ruling. 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 \_\_\_\_\_

8991 1-6 yrs. YOUR little angel will adore this easy-to-make play dress—all she needs to wear for sunny days. The ruffe-trimmed skirt and

Advertisement for Kool-Aid, 'Makes DELICIOUS FROZEN DESSERTS' and 'SERVES 8'.

Advertisement for Verbal Bankruptcy, 'Dora—My uncle went broke trying to sell dictionaries. Cora—You mean words failed him?'

Advertisement for One Thought, 'Molly—When is that young school teacher thinking of getting married? Dolly—Constantly.'

Advertisement for People who live in glass houses, 'Know how gold fish feel.'

Advertisement for Pass the Onions, 'Nelle—Say, do I look like a door to you? Belle—No, why? Nelle—I've been getting some awful slams lately.'

Advertisement for SCOTT'S EMULSION, 'YEAR-ROUND TONIC'.

Advertisement for CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder, 'The Baking Powder with the BALANCED Double Action'.

Advertisement for CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder, 'The Baking Powder with the BALANCED Double Action'.

Advertisement for SLOAN'S LINIMENT, 'FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM STIFF JOINTS and BRUISES'.

Advertisement for ELECTROCUTE FLIES!, 'BY THE MILLIONS Bait with milk, etc., and place where flies are concentrated. Plug into 110 volt A. C. only. Metal Construction. Size 24x14x5—\$22.50. INSECT ELECTROCUTOR CO. 11 Green Street Cincinnati 10, Ohio'.