

# and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: "Mentally ill," Tom Fallon had described his wife, Meg shivered as she went on home. Jim MacTavish was happy as he announced that he had sold the farm. They quarreled, and Meg called Larry for advice. He told her no sale was valid without her signature. Late that night Meg was awakened by a knock at the door. It was Tom Fallon, who said that Martha, his wife's sister, had fallen and hurt herself. He wanted to call a doctor. Meg called the doctor, then rushed to the Fallon home. Martha did not want her to come in, but Tom allowed her to enter and bandage the injured ankle. A blood-curdling cry came from the next room.

## CHAPTER VII

Megan rose and lit the oil cook-stove. She was just putting water on to heat when suddenly a cry rang out that was like icy fingers tapping up and down her spine, a cry that chilled the blood and left the heart beating with mad, staggering haste.

"Tom—" Martha cried. Megan said quietly, her voice not quite steady, "Mrs. Fallon must have had a bad dream. They can frighten one to pieces."

Martha's eyes widened a little, and her expression relaxed ever so slightly. She was plainly startled, and a little suspicious, but as Megan nodded slowly and said uneasily, "Yes—it must have been that. She's—she's ill and doesn't sleep much, and my fall excited her and—yes, she must have had a nightmare."

Megan poured the boiling water into the teapot, and said, her tone deliberately quiet and natural, "Perhaps Mrs. Fallon would like a cup of hot milk? Would it soothe her, do you think?"

Martha hesitated. "It might, at that," she agreed. "Tom could get her to drink it."

Megan nodded and poured some milk into a saucepan. When it was hot, she filled a glass and went to the door with it. She knocked with the tips of her fingers, very lightly, and a moment later, Tom opened the door. She made herself speak casually and offered him the glass of milk. He took it from her with a flash of gratitude that was touching.

She came back to the stove, and tested the tea. Martha said it was "just right" and Megan poured her a cup of it. They were drinking the last of the tea when there was a sound of a car in the drive, and a moment later, Dr. Alden, stout, elderly, tired-looking, the typical country doctor, came briskly in.

"Hello—you here?" he greeted Megan cheerfully, looking at Martha curiously. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"There's no seeming about it," Martha told him tartly. "I fell and twisted my ankle somehow, and Tom would have it that we must call a doctor."

Dr. Alden made a swift examination of the ankle, congratulating Megan on the way she had bandaged it.

He straightened at last, saying briskly, "Painful, but not dangerous. Just keep up the treatment, Megan, and see that she stays off her feet for the next three or four days—or a week. I don't look for any complications."

As he turned towards the door, Tom came out of that room that was in such sharp contrast to the drab, cheerless house, and shook hands with the doctor, thanking him for his trip.

He walked with him out to the car. When he came back, he said to Megan, "I don't know how to thank you—"

"There's nothing to thank me for—"

"I know—it's just the neighborly spirit of Pleasant Grove," he told her, smiling.

"Well, it is, at that," she assured him sturdily. "Now if you'll help me get Miss—the patient to her bedroom, I'll get her comfortable for the night."

Martha stiffened. "No!" she said sharply. "I can put myself to bed—"

"But you are not to use your foot—"

"Tom can help me. I don't need you to help me," said Martha with such unexpected savagery that Megan felt the color pour into her face.

"Martha, for Heaven's sake—" pleaded Tom in an agony of embarrassment and helpless anger. "You are behaving like a shrew—"

"Why? Just because I said I could put myself to bed?" snapped the woman, her hostile eyes upon Megan. "I appreciate all she's done for me, but she didn't have to bother; the doctor would have got here in plenty of time to do what was necessary. There was no call for her to come pushing in here—"

Tom said, ignoring her, "I'll see you home, Megan, of course."

"No," said Megan firmly. "You are needed here. It's not far and the dogs are waiting for me outside. You stay here. Goodnight, Miss—Martha, and I hope you'll be much better in the morning."

Martha did not answer. Tom walked with Megan out of the warm, lamplit kitchen and to the drive. He walked beside her to the road, and there she turned and said, "This is far enough. You mustn't leave them alone."

"I don't know how to thank you,

or how to apologize for Martha," he said awkwardly.

"Please don't say any more," Megan begged him quickly. "I understand perfectly. Sick people, or people who are in pain, should not ever be held accountable for their actions—and she was in great pain tonight. Get her to bed and see that she takes one of those tablets Dr. Alden left. It will help her to sleep."

Megan let herself quietly into the house, grateful for its warmth and darkness. But as she moved across the kitchen towards the hall, there was a sudden sound and the light flashed up and she faced her father.

She gave a startled gasp, and tried to laugh. "Oh, did I wake you?" she said. "I'm sorry—I tried to be very cautious—"

"Sly would be the word I'd use," said her father with insolence and sharp accusation in his voice, his eyes taking her in from the top of her hair, tumbled where she had just removed the closely wrapped scarf, to the tips of her shoes, dusty from the quarter-mile walk along the unpaved road. "I would not have believed it if I hadn't seen it

himself into a fury, and Megan eyed him for a moment, with a look beneath which his self-righteous bluster faded a little.

"You'd like to make it impossible for me to stay on in Pleasant Grove, Dad?" she suggested quietly.

"You'd go even to that length to try to force me to sell—"

"You are being insolent and brazen," her father cut in loftily. "I admit frankly that if you're in love with this married man, the wisest thing for you to do is put as much distance between you and him as possible."

Megan's eyes were wide and incredulous.

"In love with Tom Fallon?" she repeated as though she could not believe the absurd charge.

Her father shrugged. His eyes were cold now and frankly hostile. "Well, I admit I'd rather think you were in love with him than that you were merely—chasing an indecent thrill," he told her savagely.

Megan was suddenly conscious that she was very tired.

"But—I'm willing to be broad-minded about tonight, Meggie," her father said at last. "You've always been a good daughter, and if you tell me there was nothing in your going out with Fallon—I'll take your word for it."

"That's—white of you!" Megan forced the words through her teeth, her voice trembling.

Her father shot her a swift, vindictive look.

"But of course, only on condition that you see no more of the man, and that you sell out and we both get as far from this place as possible," he went on sternly. "You've got a chance to marry a fine young fellow, and live a much easier life than you've known here. Farming is no job for a girl—"

Once more, she dared risk only a few words, lest the threatening tears overwhelm her.

"I'm not selling the farm, Dad—that's final," she told him, and managed to get up the stairs and to her own room before she gave way to tears.

She admitted now, forlornly, in the first moment of her emotional reaction, that she had never liked her father. But now she hated him! The thought shocked her. But she had to admit it truth.

She was bitterly ashamed of her weakness when she awoke in the crisp coolness of the dawn a few hours later. She was startled to see that it was almost eight o'clock, a good two hours later than she was accustomed to rise, but she remembered that it was Sunday, and Amos would have finished long ago the milking and the early morning chores.

She dressed and went downstairs, where Annie beamed at her warmly. "Did yo' git yo' sleep out, Miss Meggie?" she greeted her cheerfully.

"I feel like a lazy loafer, Annie," she admitted.

"Well, it ain't no matteh. An' ha'd as yo' wu'ks, Miss Meggie, I like to see you git yo' sleep out!" said Annie promptly. "How yo' like a waffle fo' yo' bre'kus?"

"Hm-m-m!" said Megan happily.

Annie chuckled and went briskly about the business of pouring waffle batter on the piping hot iron and closing the lid carefully.

"Mist' Larry comin' today?" asked Annie, as she made fresh coffee.

"For lunch," Megan nodded.

"I 'spected him," Annie assured her cheerfully. "I done got me two fine chickens all dressed and waitin' fo' de frying pan. Dat po' young man don' git ha'f 'nough to eat ad dem old resty-rants in Meadersville—us got to feed him up good and hearty!"

Megan laughed. "I'm sure he'll appreciate that when I tell him about it."

Later, when Megan had helped straighten the downstairs rooms and seen that there were chrysanthemums and a few late zinnias and asters and marigolds scattered about the shabby old place to lend their own indefinable charm, she went upstairs, bathed leisurely, and dressed. There was a thin jade-green shantung dress that was two years old, but Laurence liked her in it, and it was cheerful looking.

She walked up to the bus stop to meet him, and when he came swinging towards her, his face lit up with eager delight at the sight of her. The day was mild and warm, the sunlight golden on her russet-brown head, but all that Laurence said as he greeted her was an eager "Hello!"

"Hello," she answered, and laughed a little because it was such a glorious morning and she liked being with Laurence.

They walked hand in hand back down the road to the house, and then Laurence said, "I've been shut up in what passes for a city, in these parts, for quite a bit—couldn't we walk down through the meadow and over to the Ridge before lunch?"

"We'll probably just about have time," Megan answered him lightly. They crossed the backyard, and went down through the meadow with, of course, the inevitable accompaniment of dogs and cats and chickens and cows.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



### Dark Breads Save White Flour

(See Recipes Below)

#### Bread Substitutes

Our recently developed shortage of bread and wheat products is calling for greater ingenuity than any shortage we faced during the war. With planning and foresight, this shortage may be met satisfactorily.

If you have decided to make your own bread, for example, use only part white flour and make up the rest with plentiful oatmeal, potatoes, or some of the rye and wheat flours. Corn meal, too, is gaining great popularity in many parts of the country.

Should there be a shortage of left-over bread for stuffings and the like, use potatoes, for they, too, are plentiful. In fact, you might also like to use part potatoes for bread, rolls and muffins. These take little fat and sugar, and are perfectly delicious.

If you like hot rolls for dinner, here is a wonderfully easy recipe for you. You can make up the whole batch and then remove only what you need from the refrigerator as needed.

#### Oatmeal Refrigerator Rolls.

- ¼ cup shortening
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1¼ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup boiling water
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 cake yeast
- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2½ cups sifted flour

Add boiling water to sugar, salt, shortening and rolled oats. Stir well. Cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Add with beaten egg to oatmeal mixture. Stir in half the flour, beat well and add remaining flour. Place in greased bowl. Cover with waxed paper and store in refrigerator. When needed, remove from refrigerator, form into cloverleaf rolls in greased muffin pans. Cover and let rise until almost doubled. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a fairly hot (425-degree) oven.

If desired, the above rolls may also be made with bran. Use ½ cup bran in place of the oatmeal and 3½ cups of flour.

#### Partial Whole Wheat Bread.

(Makes 4 loaves)

- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 4 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup molasses
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- About 6 cups flour
- About 6 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 cakes quick-acting yeast

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water and add to it 1 teaspoon sugar. Allow to stand for 10 minutes. Scald milk and add to it the molasses and salt. When milk has cooled, add yeast mixture.

Mix the two flours together and add all but 1 cupful. Some flours

#### Lynn Says:

**Flavor Tips:** Next time you make your own white bread add some crushed cardamom seeds for an unusual flavor.

A special dressing for the salad? Coming right up. Make a simple oil dressing and add anchovy paste to the regular ingredients.

Special hamburgers? Mix blue cheese with a bit of dry mustard. Worcestershire sauce and creamed butter and spread over the burgers while they broil.

Pancakes for Sunday breakfast? Fry apple rings in sausage drippings, then pour maple flavored syrup over them, let simmer and spoon over pancakes while still hot.

#### Lynn Chambers' Menus

- Shrimp Salad in Tomato
- Potato Chips
- Fried Eggplant
- Rye Bread and Butter
- Blueberry Cobbler
- Top Milk or Cream
- Beverage

do not require as much liquid as others, so it is not advisable to add all of the flour until it is known that all of it is needed.

Then, add softened shortening, mix well and turn out on floured board. Knead until the dough becomes elastic and does not stick to the board. Place in a greased bowl, cover and allow to rise until double in bulk. Remove from bowl and make into loaves. Place in greased tins which should be large enough to be full when the bread is molded into them. Let loaves rise to the top of the pans or until about double in size. Bake in a pre-heated, moderate (350-degree) oven.

There's nothing better than homemade dark rye bread for those salsami and ham sandwiches on picnics and outings. Here is a recipe that makes two 1½-pound loaves that will be ideal for the week-end:

#### Dark Rye Bread.

(Makes 2 1½-pound loaves)

- 2 cups scalded milk
- ½ cup shortening
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 packages yeast
- 2 cups lukewarm water
- 12 cups rye flour

Combine scalded milk, shortening, sugar and salt. Stir to mix well, then cool to lukewarm. Add yeast, crumbled in lukewarm water. Blend in rye flour, mixing until dough is well blended. Knead on a well-floured board for 10 minutes. Let rise in a warm place, in a covered, greased bowl until double in bulk (about 1½ hours).

Divide dough and form into two loaves. Place in greased, round 9-inch pans and let rise again until doubled in bulk in a warm place, (about 20 minutes). Bake in a moderately hot oven (400-degree) for 1 hour. Do not store until cold.

#### Sausage Spoon Bread.

- 1 pound sausage meat
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 teaspoons minced onions
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup corn meal
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup milk

Cook tomatoes, onions and salt to boiling in saucepan. Slowly add corn meal, stirring constantly. Cook until thick. Brown the sausage, drain off fat and add ¼ cup of the fat to the corn meal. Beat eggs, add milk and combine with first mixture. Bake uncovered in a greased 8-inch square pan, in a moderate (375-degree) oven for about 45 minutes. Serve hot.

#### Irish Potato Pancakes.

(Makes 1 dozen)

- 1 cup mashed potato
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons baking powder
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons light corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix to a batter in order given. Beat thoroughly. Bake on a greased griddle until well browned on both sides.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

### Juniors Like a Fitted Midriff Slim, Easy-to-Wear Home Frock



8973  
11-18

#### Junior Date Dress

JUST THE THING for romantic summer evenings—a cleverly styled junior date dress with the popular figure-paring midriff, full dirndl skirt, pert wing sleeves. Picture it in a colorful printed fabric accented with narrow white ruffling at neck and sleeves, and for a change, unusual shaped buttons.

Pattern No. 8973 comes in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric; 2½ yards machine made ruffling.

**Slenderizing House Dress**

LOOK CRISP and cool at the breakfast table in this jiffy-on button front house frock that's so easy to care for. Bold ric rac trims the pretty sweetheart neck and ample pockets, the set in belt slims you nicely. You'll want several in different fabrics.

Pattern No. 8989 is for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, 3½ yards of 35 or 39-inch; 3½ yards trimming.

## Household Hints

To remove a fishy smell from dishes, soak them in salt water before washing them.

Men's shirt collars will fray less if turned up before being laundered.

A lump of glossy starch rubbed over the grease spot on the wallpaper will absorb the grease.

There is more carotene in carrots that are in their prime than in young or old carrots.

Sit at work whenever you can. Tired backs and feet slow up work and make you less efficient. Much ironing can be done sitting as well as standing. Sit while you pare vegetables. Keep everything you need within easy reach and use your best tools for each task.

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.  
330 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill.  
Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.  
Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Kool-Aid**  
Makes 10 COLD DELICIOUS Drinks  
5¢ SIX FLAVORS AT GROCERS

**Kellogg's**  
America's Favorite Cereal  
**CORN FLAKES**  
FRESH—because it sells so fast!  
P.S. You can also get this cereal in Kellogg's VARIETY—6 different cereals, 10 generous packages, in one handy carton!

## No baking failures BECAUSE YEAST GOT WEAK



### Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks on your pantry shelf

If you bake at home—you can always depend on Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast to give you perfect risings... delicious bread... every time you bake!

Ready for instant action—Fleischmann's Fast Rising keeps fresh and potent for weeks—lets you bake at a moment's notice! Don't risk baking failures with weak yeast—get Fleischmann's Fast Rising today. At your grocer's.

