

and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN

WNJU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Megan MacTavish and her father, with Annie, the servant, live on a small farm at the edge of Pleasant Grove. Their living is made from chickens and a few cows, for MacTavish has been a few cows-well for years. Into Pleasant Grove came a woman who called herself Alicia Stevenson, and having inherited the old Briggam place she is now a neighbor of Megan's. Alicia is a woman of about thirty years old, well dressed, and something of a mystery. A stranger comes to the MacTavish place to buy milk and butter and eggs, and announces himself as Tom Fallon, the new high school principal, now living in the Westbrook place. He states that his wife is an invalid.

they would—well, feel that she should be locked away! Put in an institution—” The pain of the thought silenced his words for a moment, and after he had got himself somewhat under control he managed a smile at her that was little more than a grimace and said, “So now you know. What are you going to do?”

Megan flinched from the look and from the words. She looked at him with wide, distressed eyes. “What’s it got to do with me? I mean, why should I do anything?” she protested swiftly. “I’m terribly sorry—I didn’t mean to pry into your affairs—”

“I know,” Tom brushed the words away with a gesture of the hand that held his pipe. “But I think, somehow, I wanted you to know. After all, you are my nearest neighbor. We see each other often—it’s inevitable you should wonder. I—hope you won’t feel it necessary to—”

Megan’s face flamed with hurt.



He looked down at her gravely, his hand still on her arm, restraining her as she would have walked away.

“You may be quite sure that I shall reveal your secret to no one—why should I? What right—or necessity—would I have?” she told him sharply.

Tom smiled at her, a white, faint smile that was somehow very tragic.

“I know you wouldn’t. Forgive me. I’m clumsy and stupid, but not intentionally or wilfully so. Forgive me—for everything?”

Megan melted beneath the look in his eyes, and put her hand in his and let him draw her back to the flat stone, where she sat down once more. And as though the revelation of his tragic secret had cleared the air between them, as though they were friends now, they spoke of other things.

His mind was keen and alert; Megan read a great deal and used her mind to think with, and it was for both of them a pleasant experience to be able to talk of things that had nothing to do with Pleasant Grove. Megan liked her friends and her neighbors, but there were many times when she hungered for impersonal talk of matters far afield from Pleasant Grove, and she enjoyed this contact with a stimulating mind.

He walked with her to the barbed wire fence, when she saw that she must go because the evening was ending; he laughed a little, and obligingly held up the lower strand of barbed wire so she could crawl under it without snagging her skirt.

“There really should be a gate here,” she told him, getting to her feet on the other side of the fence, laughing across the four strands of barbed wire at him. “But I’m like the man who was going to fix the leak in his roof, only he couldn’t work while it was raining; and when it wasn’t raining the roof didn’t need mending. I somehow never get around to it!”

She whistled. The two dogs came bounding to her, and the four cats stepped daintily out of a great thicket of honeysuckle vines that sprawled at the corner of the fence. And as she walked back down the meadow path to the brook, she looked over her shoulder, and lifted her hand to him in a gay little gesture, as she saw him still standing there. He lifted his hat to her and bowed in a gay burlesque of a sweeping old-world gesture, and she went on, her heart a little lighter for him. She was terribly sorry for him, but she admired the gallantry with which he carried his burdens. And, looking across the fields toward the drab little five-room frame house that was the Westbrook place and that now held this pathetic woman, his wife, she

felt the tears in her eyes. Poor man! and—poor woman! She shivered a little and hurried as she went, as though to run away from thoughts that bit too deeply.

One of Pleasant Grove’s favorite autumn diversions, when the harvest was in and the winter greens had been planted, and it was still too warm for “hawg-killin’,” was quilting parties.

Through the scant leisure time of winter, most of Pleasant Grove’s women pieced quilts, out of “scrap bags” and carefully hoarded bits of material; and then when the quilt top had been pieced and finished, the owner notified her friends that she was “putting up” a quilt and they were invited to come and help her quilt it.

A few days after her talk with Tom on the Ridge, Megan went over to Mrs. Stuart’s, where there was a quilting. There were greetings, a breezy exchange of pleasantries, while Megan settled herself, brought her thimble out of her pocket, threaded her needle, and set to work.

There were perhaps a dozen women about the big frame, which was opened to its fullest width, the width and length of a double bed. Megan talked lightly and carelessly to her neighbor, the pretty little Whitaker girl whose sweetheart had just been reported injured in action in Italy and who was grateful for the chance to talk about him.

Suddenly Megan heard the name, “fessor Fallon” and looked up. Alicia Stevenson was watching her shrewdly, a little knowing look in her small, dark eyes that made Megan oddly and absurdly uneasy.

Mrs. Burns, who was president of the Parent-Teachers’ association of the local school, was saying, “I think we’re lucky to get a man like Professor Fallon here. The school board says his qualifications are excellent and his references are extremely good!”

Mrs. Stuart bit off a thread and patted her last stitches into place before threading the needle afresh.

“Sort of makes me wonder how come we could get a man like ‘fessor Tom, in a little bitty place like this,” she said, as she moistened the tip of the thread and squinted at the eye of the needle, trying to insert one through the other. “I don’t reckon it’s anything ag’n the man, though, if he wants to live in a little country town—”

“Maybe Megan could tell us more about that,” said Alicia slyly.

“About what?” asked Megan, cravenly pretending not to understand.

“Why a man like Tom Fallon would be satisfied in a little hick town like Pleasant Grove,” said Alicia, smiling. “After all, you know him so much better than any of the rest of us—”

“I sell him milk and butter and eggs, yes,” Megan told her curtly.

“I’d hardly say that made us old friends, though.”

“But I thought during some of those long hours you’ve spent together on the Ridge, he might have told you something of himself,” suggested Alicia, limpid-eyed, her voice soft as satin.

There was a startled gasp about the quilting frame, perhaps not so much a gasp, as a sense of movement that made Megan know they were all staring at her, startled, wondering—waiting.

Megan drew a long breath. “Just what do you mean by that?” she asked Alicia sharply.

Alicia’s eyes were wide with surprise, but there was a trace of malice in their depths also.

“But, darling,” she protested, her voice artificially gay and sweet, “what could I possibly mean except that I’ve seen you and the gallant professor on the Ridge—”

“Once, quite by accident, when I was out for a walk—” Megan began, but Alicia interrupted her with pretty concern and an apology that was worse than the most open accusation.

“Of course, I’m terribly sorry,” Alicia interrupted. “Please don’t say any more. I never dreamed—I mean I wouldn’t have mentioned it for the world—” She was prettily confused, and Megan could feel the hint of tension, of curiosity, that crept about the room.

The women who had been her friends and neighbors all her life looked at her and then quickly away, very carefully not meeting her eyes, trying not to meet each other’s eyes, elaborately pretending to be very casual.

“This is ridiculous!” said Megan hotly. “You’re trying to make people believe that I’ve been—sneaking off to meet Mr. Fallon—”

“Why, darling!” protested Alicia, wide-eyed, hurt, though secretly enjoying, as she always did, this by no means unusual result of her malicious dropping of bits of information here and there. “I didn’t say anything of the kind. All I said was that it was obvious that you knew the man better than any of the rest of us, and that you should therefore know better than we why he was willing to hide—I mean to bury himself in a little hick town like Pleasant Grove.”

Mrs. Stuart eyed Alicia belligerently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 21

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JESUS AND TRUE WORSHIP

LESSON TEXT—Deuteronomy 8:11-14, 18-20; Isaiah 43:30, 31; Mark 12:28-34. MEMORY SELECTION—God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.—John 4:24.

The one true God is worthy of the wholehearted worship of all men. The second commandment, which we studied last week, forbids all and every idolatry and thus requires exclusive worship of God.

It really means something in the life of a man to worship God in sincerity and truth. It makes life worthwhile both here and hereafter.

I. Worship Balances Life (Deut. 8:11-14).

Prosperity is usually thought to be a blessing. We fear depression and poverty. The Lord through Moses warned his people that prosperity was dangerous. It still is, because material things have the power to so satisfy the natural desires of man as to make him forget his spiritual needs.

Is it not true that material prosperity usually brings with it a corresponding decrease in spirituality. Life values are weighed in gold, silver, wheat and iron instead of being viewed in the light of God’s Word.

Worship of God will balance life for it will keep man from forgetting God and his laws. In the wilderness Israel had to call on God for daily bread. Now that they were to come into the promised land they would be apt to think they produced their own food.

II. Worship Protects Life (Deut. 8:18-20).

One of the most mischievous mistakes of life is the idea that man is the maker of his own money. Only God can give man the power of hand and heart, of muscle and mind, which brings forth wealth, and then he can only draw it out of God’s resources in mine or field or sea.

This fallacy of man leads him astray, and he begins to worship the very powers he uses and finds pleasure in the gods of this world. That way leads only to eternal destruction, to spiritual death.

How is man to be delivered from this awful destructive force? By a right relationship to God, by worship of and devotion to the Lord.

Israel had a covenant with God, and in the keeping of it they would find deliverance from all which would pull down and destroy—yes, and from the judgment of God (v. 20).

We who are believers in Christ are under the new covenant of grace. If we have been born again we have the promise of God that we have eternal life. But let us be clear that it is possible for a Christian to so forget God and his covenant with the Lord as to lose his fellowship and joy, and to be useless and fruitless.

III. Worship Strengthens Life (Isa. 40:31).

The Christian life is not an easy one to live. After all, who wants it easy? There is, however, full provision by God for the power needed to live a life as victorious and exultant as that of the soaring eagle. That power is for those who “wait upon the Lord” (v. 31).

It is taken for granted that those who are old may become weary and faint, but the fact is that even the youth have this disappointing experience.

We, leaders in the church and parents, are apt to forget that youth is often a time of great struggle. The young man or woman must make the choices of purposes and ideals which will determine their future. Too often youth, left unguided and without the balance of a real faith in God, makes the wrong choices and winds up in bitter disappointment.

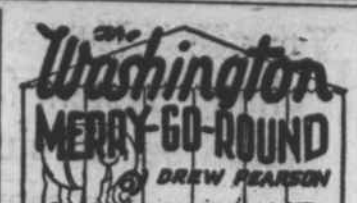
Only God is sufficient for the need of our young people but he is sufficient. Let us teach our boys and girls to wait on the Lord.

IV. Worship Completes Life (Mark 12:28-34).

Here was a man, who, by the testimony of Jesus was “not far from the kingdom of God.” He was very near to a full devotion to God in Christ. He knew “all the answers,” but he did not follow the teaching which he knew to its proper and blessed conclusion.

It is terrifying to think how close a man can come to entering into eternal life, and yet miss it altogether. It prompts the writer of these notes to ask you, the reader, very earnestly, Have you entered into eternal life through Jesus Christ? “Almost” will not avail; you can be almost saved—and eternally lost.

The true nature of worship is revealed in this lesson as a loving dependence on God at all times and in all circumstances. We recognize him as the one who can supply our every need, spiritual and temporal. We accord to him quick and full obedience. We find in him such complete satisfaction that we cannot withhold our love and his love from our fellow men. We worship him!



BIG BUSINESS AND TAXES

WASHINGTON.—Juiciest gravy in the current tax legislation is the continuance of the carry-back of unused excess profits credit. The Senate finance committee, always friendly to big business, not only knocked out the excess profits tax last year, but retained carry-back refunds. This permits corporations whose current earnings do not proportionately match their 1936-1939 earnings, to claim adjustments in their 1946 tax payments.

This is one reason some firms didn’t worry too much about prolonged strikes. General Motors alone will probably hit the treasury for a refund of \$9 million dollars. To head off this drain on the treasury, Rep. Cleveland Bailey of Clarkburg, W. Va., Democrat, introduced a bill last January to repeal the carry-back provisions. On January 23, the house ways and means committee asked the treasury for a report.

Recently impatient Rep. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, Democrat, proposed that congress act independently, without waiting for the treasury report. He pointed out that large credits can be claimed by corporations which actually make more money this year than they did in any of the years from 1936 to 1939, simply because their capital investment is now larger.

Mills charged that many large corporations are taking advantage of this loophole, and as a result the taxpayer foots the bill for the expansion of private industries. He also listed a long series of “abuses and transactions which will no doubt be resorted to in order to create carry-back refunds or tax credits.”

KANSAS ATOMIC STRAW

The Eastman Kodak company has been having trouble as a result of the first atomic bomb test in New Mexico—one year ago. Eastman found that, for some mysterious reason, some of its film was turning black before exposure. Finally experts discovered that the film had been packed in straw which came from western Kansas.

After the Los Alamos bomb test, radioactive dust from New Mexico settled on Kansas wheat fields, and is still so powerful that the Kodak company has had to stop using Kansas straw for packing film.

TRUMAN WRITES A VETO

President Truman was convinced that the half-breed price-control bill would not work. The Taft amendment, he especially argued, was absolutely impossible, and he cited accountancy experts of various big manufacturing firms, all of them against OPA, who branded the Taft cost-plus formula as likely to bring chaos to industry.

“I just have to put what I consider the country’s welfare first,” the President told his congressional leaders. “Let’s not fool the country and give them something that won’t work.”

When they told him that they would not be able to persuade their reluctant colleagues to pass any sort of price-control bill, the President replied:

“If it’s this or nothing, then we’ll just have to take nothing.”

Among other things, the President figured that during the chaotic period sure to follow if the polyglot price-control bill were passed, congress would claim it was his fault for not making the bill work, when, in actual fact, the bill was unworkable. He felt also that if congress did dare to go home without a price-control bill, things would be hotter for them in their districts than in Washington. He also warned that in this case he would call a special session of congress.

WHO WON THE WAR?

It is now getting close to a year since the end of the war with Japan, and yet the strategic bombing survey for Japan has not been made public. Inside reason is a vigorous backstage tug-of-war between the army and navy which boils down to the basic question: “Which of them won the war in the Pacific?”

Civilian members of the survey staff, however, summarize the situation:

1. Heaviest damage to Japan was inflicted by U. S. submarines. They had just about shut off all Jap supplies toward the end of the war and Japan was paralyzed.

2. Next greatest damage was done by long-range army land-based planes.

3. The navy’s carrier-based planes were important, but ranked second to the B-29s.

DIPLOMATIC POUCH

It’s only been a short time since the war, but two former enemies, Italy and Austria, now earnestly seeking to become democracies, will be proposed by the United States for admission to the United Nations next September. Truman o.k.d. this move last week. . . . Prime Minister De Valera has decided not to apply for Irish membership in the United Nations. . . . The pro-Soviet Mongolian peoples’ republic, however, thinks otherwise about the United Nations.

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“THREE O’CLOCK . . . AND I HAVEN’T SLEPT A WINK”

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