

and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN

WNU 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. After 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 glistened 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—"

"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."

I'm afraid well have to sell whether you want to or not."

Megan drew a long breath and said quietly, "I don't think so, Dad. The place was left to us jointly; neither can sell without the consent of the other. I am certain that I can't be forced to accept a deal that you and Matthews have cooked up without even consulting me."

"Well, perhaps not," he admitted reluctantly. "But of course, we will have to pay him his commission, even though the sale doesn't go through, since it was our fault—yours, rather—and not his, that it did fail!"

"And his commission is ten per cent," said Megan quietly. "That's—seven hundred dollars."

She stared at her father in despair, but he merely extended his cup for more coffee and said pleasantly, "So I think it would be much better if we just let the sale go through—don't you? I'm afraid seven hundred dollars is rather a lot of money in the present state of our finances—isn't it?"

"Quite a lot," she agreed, pushing back her plate. She had no longer



"Larry, this is Megan—I'm in a jam."

an 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, and she lay still for a moment, 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 fell 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 she saw that his face was white 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."

He turned and went swiftly out into the moon-washed darkness and Megan went to the telephone. The doctor was out, and it took some little time for her to locate him, and then it was with the assurance that it would be an hour at least before he could make the call at the Westbrook place.

Megan put down the telephone and hesitated for a moment. Then she ran upstairs, got swiftly into outdoor shoes and stockings, a skirt and a light, warm sweater, because the night was chilly. She tied a scarf about her head, caught up the little First Aid kit that she had acquired as part of her civilian First Aid work, and let herself out of the house.

She was answering the call of a neighbor's need as instinctively, as thoughtlessly, as had always been Pleasant Grove's custom. People who had been enemies for years, who never spoke when they met, laid aside all personal animosities when the enemy was ill or in trouble, and "pitched in" to help. It was unthinkable, in Pleasant Grove's creed, that one should do anything else.

She went quickly down the moon-silvered road, crossed the little wooden bridge, and went on up the low hill, turning in at the weed-grown, gateless drive, and through the shrubbery that had run riot and that tonight gave the house an air of mystery and furtiveness that was almost unpleasant.

There was a light in the kitchen and another in a corner room at the front. But the kitchen door was closed and it was there that Megan knocked.

She heard the murmur of voices before she knocked, then an instant silence, and the movement of feet coming towards the door. The door swung open and Tom stood there, his coat discarded, his sleeves rolled up; behind him she saw a kitchen that was spotlessly tidy, though depressingly drab, and a short, stout woman huddled in a chair, her face turned over her shoulder to look at the door.

Megan said to Tom, "Dr. Alden will be here as soon as he can make it. I thought perhaps I might be of some help, before he gets here. I've had First Aid training—"

The woman said harshly, sharply. "Don't let her in, Tom—don't you let her in!"

Tom flushed darkly.

"I am always glad to do anything I possibly can for a neighbor," Megan assured him. She crossed the threshold to face the woman, whose dark, angry face and blazing eyes watched her angrily.

"There's nothing you can do, and we can wait perfectly well for Dr. Alden," she stated grimly. "So you'd better go on back home."

Tom turned on her and said, through clenched teeth, "Martha, be quiet—she knows," and moved his head towards the closed door at the left that would, Megan knew, open into that corner bedroom.

Martha looked startled, incredulous; and then anger lit up her face and she turned away, her teeth set hard above what must have been a furiously savage anger.

Megan hesitated, looking down at the woman, and Tom bridged the tense, unpleasant moment by saying quietly, "Martha—fell and hurt her ankle. I don't think it is broken, but it is swelling fast and very painful—"

"Would you like me to make you a cup of coffee?" suggested Megan gently. "Or perhaps a cup of tea?"

Martha wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and said huskily, reluctantly, "Well, I guess you might as well—it would taste good—tea, not coffee."

(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 August 18

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JESUS AND THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:13; Matthew 5:21-24; 10:29-31; 18:10-14. MEMORY SELECTION—But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment.—Matthew 5:22.

Human life is sacred, and that is not primarily because of any law of man, but because God created man in his own likeness and image.

Since that is true, no man has any right to take the life of another for any cause except at the direct command of God. Only by the orderly process of law for the protection of society and in accordance with the Word of God may there be any such action by man toward man.

Both of these truths are declared in Scripture in God's covenant with Noah (Gen. 9:5, 6), which was made possibly a thousand years before the Ten Commandments were given to Moses.

I. The Prohibition of Murder (Exod. 20:13).

The word "kill" in this commandment is one which means a violent and unauthorized taking of life, and is therefore more properly translated "murder."

Not all killing is murder. A man may kill another entirely accidentally, or he may be the duly constituted legal officer carrying out the law of the land in taking the life of one who has forfeited his right to live because he has slain another.

There is also the right of self-defense, be it individual or collective as in war. But these are the only exceptions; let us not attempt to justify any other.

Murder is more prevalent than most of us suppose. In 1944 there was a murder every fifty minutes in our land.

Do not forget the deaths, the destruction of life, by avoidable automobile accidents. Some of these were really murder because the one responsible drove with defective brakes, dangerous tires, or while he was intoxicated. Add to these the deaths in industry caused by failure to provide proper safeguards or healthy working conditions, and by the exploitation of child labor, and we say that we should cry aloud, "Thou shalt do no murder."

II. The Provocation to Murder (Matt. 5:21, 22).

Murder finds its provoking cause in the heart of man. Our Lord was concerned about correcting the desires rather than to apprehend the offender after the act had been committed. It is the better way, and the more effective one.

In this matter of murder, Jesus cut right through the outward aspects of the matter and pointed out that an angry hatred in the heart is the root of all murder. If we hate, we have murder in our hearts. Circumstances may hinder its fulfillment, but the danger is always there until we remove the cause.

May God help those of us who have strong feelings that we may not yield them to the devil in such anger against our brother!

III. The Prevention of Murder (Matt. 5:23, 24; 10:29-31; 18:10-14).

Prevention with God means more than putting up a barrier to try to keep men from killing one another. He deals with the heart of man, and when that is right the whole life will be right. There must be

1. A Right View of Self (Matt. 5:23, 24). We must learn by prayer and humility of heart to suffer at the hands of others, to keep peace, to seek our brother's welfare.

Note that it is not even a question of how we may feel against our brother. If he has sinned against us we are to do all we can to win him.

We who believe in Christ are to be in deed as well as word the children of our heavenly Father (Matt. 5:45), loving not only those who are kind to us but also our enemies.

2. A Right View of God (Matt. 10:29-31). He who knows when a sparrow falls to the ground is concerned about the smallest detail of our lives. No man can lay hands of violence on another man without having to reckon with God about his misdeeds.

Our God is not afar off and too concerned with eternal affairs to be interested in the sufferings of the individual. He is here now, and we should count him into every relationship of life.

3. A Right View of Man (Matt. 18:10-14). Even the little ones, apparently defenseless and at the mercy of a cruel world, have guardian angels who have access to the throne of God. He has a special interest in the lost and rejoices in the rescue of the one who has strayed, so we see that even those whom the world regards as weak and unimportant are in the mind of God for good. He watches over them.

The man who sees himself for what he is, and who realizes what God thinks of man, will find that he agrees with the command of God, "Thou shalt not kill."

The Home Town Reporter

in WASHINGTON

By Walter Sheard

WNU Correspondent

WNU Washington Bureau, 1614 Eye St., N. W.

Hawaii Expects to Become The 49th State in 1947

HONOLULU.—Citizens here almost without exception expect statehood for Hawaii as the 49th state in 1947. They believe they deserve it, have earned it, in peace and war, and all factions have composed their differences and are presenting a united front in favor of statehood.

Your Hometown Reporter made a trip over the Island of Oahu en route to the atomic bomb tests at Bikini and, in talking to many representative citizens, gained at least an over-all picture of how and why all opposition to statehood in the islands has melted away during the war years.

Lorrin Thurston, publisher of the Honolulu Advertiser and an anti-statehood advocate until a few years ago, expressed the main fear in the minds of many citizens over statehood, a fear which has been dissipated. That fear was Jap domination of the islands due to high birth rate among the Japs and their likely un-Americanism. The past few years, however, have shown that the Jap population and birth rate rapidly are declining and the war years proved the Japs on the island loyal to the American cause.

Not one act of sabotage or any other un-American act was found during the years of war. As a matter of fact, the Jap regiments from Honolulu in the American army were the most decorated regiments to come out of the war.

Another fear was the effect of statehood upon the sugar industry, mainstay of Hawaiian economic life. With sugar quotas set for three years, however, heads of the industry have come to feel that they will have a better chance for success in favorable laws pertaining to the industry if they can align themselves with the other sugar-growing states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida, than by remaining as a territory. Sugar in Hawaii is a 60-million-dollar industry. Next comes the pineapple industry at approximately 50 million dollars, with tourists rated as the third industry and shipping the fourth.

A Serious Drawback

One factor may have to be changed if statehood comes to the islands. That is the present land laws. These land laws have been at once a blessing and a curse to the progress and growth of the islands. They are a result of the land grants made by King Kamehameha when he started out to democratize his kingdom and divide the land among the people. Five per cent of the land was retained as belonging to the king and the royal family. This land today is in the hands of the Bishop estate, and the rentals and proceeds go to support the schools of the territory. One-third of the lands was given to the various tribal chieftains and these lands today make up the large landed estates and can be leased only for a period of 30 years. Another third was set aside as public domain and these lands now are owned by the government of the United States, taken over when Hawaii became a territorial possession. The remaining third was given over to the people and it is only this third of the land which can be bought and owned in fee simple. Hence no race or group ever can obtain control of the lands, a fact which has up to this time been fortunate, with so large a percentage of the population being Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Portuguese and other nationalities. But at the same time this situation has prevented any large influx of white population, since land is at a premium and there can be no large real estate development such as has taken place in this country.

Little Farm Land Left

Also surprising to this writer is the fact that there is little acreage left for further agricultural enterprise. Our informant declared that all the land in the islands available for sugar, that is, land from sea level to about 1,500 feet in elevation, is planted to sugar; all available land suitable for pineapples, or about 90 per cent of the world supply, from 1,500 to 2,800 feet in elevation, is already in pineapples; and the balance of the land above 2,800 feet is inviolate government land in woodland for water supply. The timber acts as a "blotter."

Water is most important for the growing of both sugar cane and pineapples, for almost every foot is irrigated from artesian wells. This leaves only small valleys and coastal areas for farming, dairying and ranching and for the cultivation of fruit, bananas, coffee and other products, including various vegetables and small grains.

Population of the islands now exceeds 500,000 and the value of the real estate and resources exceeds that of any other state at the time of admission to the Union with the possible exception of Oklahoma.

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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.

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