

# 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.

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 to-night. 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 you get your 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 you wu'ks, Miss Meggie, I like to see you get your sleep out!" said Annie promptly. "How you like a waffle fo' yo' bre'kfast?"

"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 fryin' pan. Dat pot' young man don' git ha'f 'nough to eat at 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)



"It's not far and the dogs are waiting for me outside. You stay here."

with my own eyes! How long has this—this disgraceful business been going on?" he added, his voice thick with righteous anger.

Megan stared at him, wide-eyed and bewildered by the depth of his anger.

"I don't know what you're talking about—"

"Don't try to lie out of it," he snapped at her furiously. "I heard that—that Fallon man come to the back door and tap, for all the world like some—street bum beneath the window of his—light o' love! And I heard you go down to him—I couldn't believe that you would leave the house with him—"

"If you heard so much, Dad, without even sufficient interest in my affairs to ask a simple question, then you must have heard me telephone Dr. Alden—"

"I heard nothing of the sort," her father cut in furiously, playing the role of an outraged father and enjoying it, she was a little sickened to realize. "I only heard you creep down the stairs to let him in. Then a little later, I heard you come upstairs and get some clothes on. You then went out with him and you've been gone more than three hours! My daughter! A MacTavish—this, Megan, is the last straw. I do not propose to have you carrying on like some common—wanton—"

Megan's eyes flashed with anger. "That's quite enough, Dad!" she said. "You don't want to know the truth—"

"I don't propose to have my intelligence insulted by some weak-kneed silly lie!" he blazed at her.

"You're going to listen to me just the same," her voice cut across his.

"Mr. Fallon came here to use the telephone to call a doctor. His sister-in-law, who lives with them and takes care of his invalid wife, had fallen and hurt her ankle. She was in pain. I called the doctor for him and when I found he couldn't get there for more than an hour, I went over, as any good neighbor would, and made use of some of my First Aid training—"

Her father sneered at her.

"And that was exactly what I meant by some weak-kneed, silly lie," he told her shortly. "You sneaked out of this house and were gone with that man—a married man, whose wife is a bedridden invalid, and were gone three hours—"

"Dr. Alden was there. I'm sure he would be glad to back up my story," she interrupted him.

"It's likely that I'd go around admitting to people in this dinky little hick town that I don't even know where my daughter was for three solid hours after midnight? Oh, no, you are perfectly safe in offering me a lie like that—"

He was lashing

## 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,

## 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 25

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#### JESUS AND PURE LIVING

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:14; Proverbs 4:14-23; Matthew 5:2; Philippians 4:8. MEMORY SELECTION—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4:23.

Moral corruption has been the ruin of the great nations of the earth, and if history is not to be repeated by the fall of our own nation, we must do something—yes, something prompt and drastic. The breakdown of morals in our land is so evident and so widespread as to give grave concern to social and national leaders. What then, is the Church doing about it?

We do not like to talk about adultery and related sins. We must speak with care and tact, but perhaps the time has come for some straightforward dealing with an unpleasant situation.

#### I. Keep Your Home Pure (Exod. 20:14).

As the divinely appointed center of man's life, the home holds a place of such importance that it is the special target of Satan's offensive. That has always been true, but it seems that in recent years the onslaught against the home has been intensified.

Any violation of the divine plan for the marriage of one man and one woman in loving communion for the founding and maintenance of the home, is a direct violation of the law of God.

It is also a violation of the law of man. It brings serious results in the destruction of the home, and in the ruin of individual life—physical, moral and spiritual.

This awful sin (and do not let a wicked world convince you that it is anything else) is back of much of the discord and divorce in our American homes.

When we realize that in the City of Chicago there is now one divorce for every three marriages, and that the ratio is rapidly becoming lower, there can be no question that divorce is a major evil in our day. Statistics are positively shocking, but they are cold and quickly forgotten. But who can fail to see, and who can forget, the awful woe brought into American home life by divorce.

Bad as it is, the awful effect on parents is nothing compared to the nervous, moral and spiritual shock which comes to children in broken homes. Statistics reveal that now (1946) more than 70 per cent of the juvenile delinquents and young people committed to prison come from homes where divorce has entered to break down and destroy family life.

#### II. Keep Your Heart Pure (Prov. 4:14-23; Matt. 5:8).

Out of the heart are the issues of life (Prov. 4:23); hence it is of the utmost importance that it be kept in purity and devotion to God.

The heart in Scripture does not refer to the physical organ which circulates the blood, but even as that heart is the center of the physical life, so there is a spiritual heart which is the very center of man's inner being.

Evil thoughts, unholy desires and ambitions hidden in the heart will ultimately be revealed in overt acts of ungodliness, unless God is permitted to regenerate that heart and make it clean.

The solution for the problem of impurity is found in our lesson verses. First of all one must avoid the way of the wicked (Prov. 4:14-17). They are so evil that they cannot sleep until they have misled some poor souls and brought them down to their own level (v. 16). They make sin and immorality look mysterious and attractive. Don't be led into sin by the enticement of curiosity.

Shun the evil way, which goes down with increasing darkness, by seeking the good way which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. 4:18, 19). The way of life is a bright and shining way. Don't let Satan fool you, young people, into thinking the opposite. It's great to be a Christian!

#### III. Keep Your Head Pure (Phil. 4:8).

The mind of man is quick and active (that is, if he is really alive and awake), and it wants to be occupied with something of interest. The world, the flesh and the devil are keenly aware of that fact and come to fill his mind with allurement to sin and destruction.

Thank God that no one need lack for things that are good, honorable, true and noble to fill and satisfy every mental as well as spiritual interest. God's provision is not limited either in scope or variety. He provides the best, the most delightful, the loveliest and most noble.

Observe that it is for us who know Christ as our Saviour to give ourselves in diligent effort to "think on these things." As we do we shall find that they crowd out our thinking those things which are sensual, selfish or sinful. It is a sound principle of psychology as well as a spiritual admonition. It really works.

## How Japanese Solve Crimes

### Suspects Held Incommunicado Until They Confess; No Rights in Court.

TOKYO.—Japan has no unsolved crimes, but there's a reason: A suspect is held incommunicado—even from his lawyer—until he has confessed either voluntarily or under duress.

There is little conception outside these islands of the total absence of individual rights in Japanese court procedure, and of the accused man's complete degradation once he falls under suspicion.

A study of Japanese civil and criminal statutes has been completed by Capt. Anthony J. Maniscalco, former assistant attorney general of Texas.

Maniscalco made the survey in preparation of a "bill of rights" being drawn by the army for possible incorporation in the proposed Japanese constitution.

The Japanese code of criminal procedure and its administrative setup originally were based on the old Napoleonic code. The strict concept of the Japanese family tie was incorporated into this, and the German code of criminal procedure was added later.

### Police All-Powerful.

Under it the accused had little or no rights such as are deemed fundamental in Anglo-Saxon criminal jurisprudence.

Almost unlimited power is given the police and the public procurator, who roughly corresponds to the American prosecuting attorney.

When the police apprehend any person believed connected with a crime—and laws are so broad that "dangerous thoughts" are sufficient for an arrest—he is incarcerated without the right to see even his family or lawyer.

Eventually, the police obtain a "confession," even though it might (and did, at times) take months.

Then the public procurator prepares a formal charge and refers the case to the proper court of law.

An appointed judge presides over a preliminary hearing, conducts all interrogation of the prisoner and witnesses and has the prisoner reiterate his confession. He examines the physical evidence and prepares the record which goes to the trial court.

### Call No Witnesses.

At the public trial the accused is brought before another appointed judge and, even if he has retained a lawyer, he is not permitted to consult with him.

No witnesses are summoned, as the judge already has familiarized himself with the case, having read the record of the preliminary hearing and the man's "confession."

Defense counsel might request the judge to ask particular questions, which the judge might or might not do, but nobody except the judge and the public procurator may question the accused.

At the end of this so-called public trial the procurator asks for a heavy sentence and the defense counsel formally requests leniency.

That was the system in totalitarian Japan, and will remain so until the new constitution goes into effect. With one exception, however—General MacArthur has prohibited any torture of prisoners in the interim.

### Dies in Second Leap

NEW YORK.—It took Charles Vogel two jumps and his last penny to leap to his death from the tower of the Empire State building. But he made it.

Despondent over a heart condition, the 67-year-old hotel elevator operator spent his last \$1.20 for a ticket to the 85th-floor observation tower of the world's tallest building.

The platform was crowded with sightseers. Vogel made his way unnoticed to the 34th street side.

He took off his coat and draped it neatly over the five-foot ledge. Then he vaulted into space.

Horrified spectators saw Vogel land on the parapet only one floor below. The plunge had broken his legs. He dragged himself painfully over the 30-inch ledge.

Then he plunged 750 feet to the 20th floor setback and became the only man ever to leap twice from the famed skyscraper.

### Japanese Phrase Book

TOKYO.—Allied headquarters is issuing a Japanese phrase book to occupation troops which includes the following conversational help:

"You're very pretty."

"How about a date?"

"Where will I meet you?"

The booklet also includes 14 ways to say good-bye.

### Warns That Freight Car Shortage Will Be Worse

WASHINGTON.—Defense Transportation Director J. Monroe Johnson, warning that the freight car shortage will be worse this fall than at any time during the war, called upon freight receivers to arrange for unloading cars on Saturdays.

He said the practice of not unloading on Saturdays and leaving urgently needed cars idle over the week-end caused a bottleneck.

## Doctors Remedy War Ills in Russia

### Stunted Growth of Children Is Being Corrected.

MOSCOW.—The war stunted the growth of children in occupied regions and spread venereal disease and tuberculosis, but Soviet medical scientists have made considerable progress already in remedying the health situation.

Speaking before a medical meeting in Moscow, F. I. Zborovskaya, director of the pediatry institute of the academy of science, said babies born now in Kharkov, for example, weigh as much at birth as they did in 1940.

The German occupation caused babies in 1942 to average about one-half pound less than in 1940.

Children two and three years old still show effects of the war diet. Girls of that age were found to average 3½ pounds underweight, and boys almost as much. Older children also have suffered but not usually as much.

Prof. M. P. Multanovsky of the tuberculosis institute said tuberculosis began gaining as soon as the war started, but by 1943 anti-tuberculosis measures were limiting spread of the disease. These included special nursing arrangements for victims in all states, with particular attention to war plant workers, who were provided night nurseries and enriched diets.

Syphilis and other venereal diseases increased rapidly in the Ukraine and White Russia under the German occupation. Prophylactic methods brought an improvement in the situation in 1945. Director E. M. Goldzilber of the venereal and skin institute reported, and now the incidence of the diseases is rapidly nearing normal.

### 2 Billion War Stock In Europe Is Sold

PARIS.—Nearly two billion dollars worth of surplus United States war stocks in Europe have been sold or committed, the office of the foreign liquidation commissioner reports. Less than one-half of the original stockpile is left on the continent.

Of the \$3,111,507,000 worth of American supplies declared surplus thus far, sales, contracts, and bulk transfers to both France and Great Britain have accounted for the disposal of 1 billion 860 millions worth, the announcement said.

Buyer interest has shifted to surplus stockpiles in Belgium, Germany and Italy, "where equipment, machinery and supplies of all types totaling more than 1 billion 500 millions at original cost are expected to be declared surplus to meet the demands of European governments and other buyers."

### British Jail Germans In Protest Demonstration

HAMBURG.—British authorities held an unannounced number of German civilians under arrest following a mass demonstration staged by Hamburg residents.

They protested an order directing 30,000 persons to evacuate their homes to make room for the families of British military personnel.

The demonstration, in which approximately 4,000 persons participated, was the first large-scale manifestation of resentment against the Allied occupation.

The defiant crowd assembled in the city square chanting "First phosphorus bombs, now removal"—a reference to Allied air raids which destroyed a great part of the city—and booed Burgomeister Petersen when he appealed to the demonstrators to disperse.

The crowd milled about for almost two hours, during which it twice sang the old German national anthem "Deutschland Uber Alles." For the most part the demonstrators were orderly, although hats were knocked off the heads of a number of men who remained covered during the singing.

### Tries Easy Way to Get Stamps; It's Hard Way

CHEYENNE, WYO.—Next time a Cheyenne business man gives his secretary money with which to buy stamps, he's going to be more explicit in his directions. He handed his secretary a \$30 check and told her to buy some stamps.

She addressed an envelope to the local postmaster, put the check in it and sent the envelope on its way with nothing in it but the check. She explained later that she thought the postmaster "would know what to do with it and we'd get the stamps."

### U. S. Will Let Germans Run Internment Camps

BERLIN.—American military government announced that it was turning over to German civil authorities the administration of internment camps in the United States occupation zone containing persons awaiting trial under denazification laws. The military government will retain custody over camps containing internees held as war criminal suspects.

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### Strategy Worked Where Scolding Utterly Failed

A young matron we know was worried about her nine-year-old son. No matter how much she scolded, he kept running about with his shirt-tails flapping. On the other hand, her neighbor had four boys, and every one of them always wore his shirt neatly tucked in.

Finally our friend begged the neighbor to tell her the secret. "Oh, it's very simple," she replied. "I just take all their shirts and sew an edging of lace around the bottoms."

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