# and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN

WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Frances Gore escaped without any marriage commitment to have Martha Wentworth engagement ring which will be the last time and go to the country and where she and Larry would live. The Matthews continued to "make Wilder" each evening, and Meg suspected he was going to ask Frances. At dinner, Meg the night she set out through a car's long time, she would the old home, wasn't sick and every time. Finally she knew she could not marry Larry and leave the home. She went out with. As she walked back to the house she glanced toward the Fulton home. In the bedroom was a light in Mike, smoking quietly.

## CHAPTER VI

She knew she could not sell the farm. She knew a long, hard fourth. Her happiness could not drive to and from the farm to Mendenville, where he was doing lazy. Perhaps when the war was over, the care and tires and gasoline were once more available—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. His life was here, therefore, she must make happiness out that. It wasn't going to be easy, but her mind was made up. And as though the surrounding of a decision had relieved her of some great burden, she threw back her shoulders, and stood up sudden- ly, spitting a startled and indignant Bunny to the ground. Feeling suddenly light and free—

A movement in the backyard behind the Wentworth place caught her startled attention. At first she thought it was merely something white hanging on the curtains, fluttering in the mid-mid wind, and then she realized that it was a human figure, a woman in white, moving calmly, 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 cringing feeling of discomfort, she realized what the woman was doing—she was dancing!

Meg stood stock still, her heart pounding, as she watched the dancing woman down below in the backyard of the Wentworth place.

A queer, jerky clubfoot dance, grotesque in its lack of grace, clumsy and awkward. The sun glinted on the woman's golden hair, as she bent and pounced and straightened and whirled, her arms outflung.

Suddenly a shorter, darker figure burned out of the house to find wildly dancing figure. The dark figure, a short, rather stout woman in a dark dress, ran her arm about the dancing figure, and managed to draw it into the house.

Megan shuddered until pat her hands over her face for a moment, as though to shut out the remembered figure swaying and pouncing and twisting. Poor Fulton's poor wife, of course. "Mentally ill," he had said.

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

Annie was getting the coffee dishes on the table at the same in, and by the time it was ready Jim came down, a little bleakness 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 Mathews 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 Mathews says the farm land is at a high peak."

"We're not going to sell the farm, Dad," Megan told him gently.

"Aren't you being a little rather hasty, Megan?" He paused to utter 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, instead of giving Mathews the inkling on the phone."

In such alarm, Megan said humbly, "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 come down to live—though Lord knows why! A more forlorn and ghostly place to live I can't imagine."

"But if you hated the place and he made you a loss like that and you accepted it—" she protested.

"Which is exactly what I did," her father told her with chilling 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 tell 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 Mathews 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. I think it was our business—yours, rather—and not his, that it did fail."

"But his commission is ten percent," said Megan quietly. "That's seven hundred dollars."

She stared at her father in dismay, but he merely extended his cup for more coffee and said pleasantly, "So I think it would be worthwhile 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 longed any appetite for the dinner Annie had prepared while she sat on the bridge 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 Mathews seven hundred dollars," her father mocked her primly, looking at her with angry suspicion. "And if you've got seven hundred dollars available to be thrown away like that, I will surprise you a lot—after I've been trying 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 Mathews—that's a little bit funny."

"Ha ha! I hope it's a joke you'll enjoy," said her father as he leaned back in 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 Mendenville.

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."

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

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

"Just seven five and your father lack signed the papers with the understanding that it make the sale," Laurence assured her promptly.

"Thank goodness!" said Megan fervently.

The night was superb. A full moon, silver-white in a pale blue sky, rode high, and beneath its flood dark of the shrubbery on the lawn and the ancient live oaks, the shadows were like soft black pools. Megan's room was flooded with the silver-white light which she awoke, and she lay with her a moment, poised to leap out of the bed overcoat. And then the sound came again, a knocking at the kitchen door downstairs, a knocking soft, urgent, repeated, insistent.

With her hair hanging in wild confusion, she slid out of bed, thrust her feet into her slippers, caught up her cotton crepe dressing hanging across the foot of the bed, and went quickly to the window that overlooked the backyard.

"Who's down there?" she called quickly, and commissioned to wonder why neither Bessie nor Susie 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 Fulton.

"I'm terribly sorry to awaken you," he said swiftly, and his voice was dull with weariness. "But I have to use the telephone—there has been an accident—my wife's dead."

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

There wasn't time to do anything but be her kimono about her, and to slight back the bed-linen, but she rubbed 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 jutted right and his eyes were bleak.

"It's Martha, my wife's sister," he said surely. "She—fell and hurt herself. What's the doctor's ring? I have to have—they've been about—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 humbly, "Thanks. You've—you're more than kind."

He turned and went swiftly out into the dew-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 Wentworth place.

Megan put down the telephone and hesitated for a moment. Then she ran upstairs, got swiftly into outdoor clothes and stockings, a sweater and a light, warm raincoat, because the night was chilly. She had a second thought and caught up the little First Aid kit that she had acquired as part of her civilian First Aid course, 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, had made all personal animosities vanish the moment that ill or 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 moonlit-silvered road, crossed the twin-wooden bridge, and went on up the hill, turning in at the weed-grown, gateless drive, and through the shrubbery that had run riot and that might save the house as air raids and incendiaries that was almost unpleasant.

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

She heard the murmur of voices before she knocked; then as instantly silence, and the movement of feet coming towards the door. The door swung open and Tom stood there, his eyes dilated, his shoulders stooped up, behind him she saw a kitchen that was endlessly tidy, though disproportionately dirty, 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. Allen will be here as soon as he can make it. I thought perhaps I might be of some help before he gets here. I'm a Third Aid graduate."

The woman said hoarsely, 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 smiled 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. Allen," she stated grimly. "So you'd better go on back home."

Tom turned to her and said, through clenched teeth, "Martha, be quiet—for one hour," and moved his left hand towards the closed door on 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 mouth set hard above what that face been a hideously savage anger.

Megan hesitated, looking down at the pale face of Martha Wentworth, unpleasant, unpleasant manner by saying quietly, "Martha—Tell and hurt yourself. I don't think it is broken, but it is swelling hot 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 sullenly, reluctantly, "Well, I guess you might as well—it would taste good—tea, not coffee."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Larry, this is Megan—I'm in a jam."

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By WILLIAM L. LAWRENCE, D. D.
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**Lesson for August 18**

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### JESUS AND THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:13. Matthew 5:21-26, 38-42, 43-48.

GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am the Lord. Leviticus 19:18.

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 possible 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 ordained 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 done another.

There is also the right of self-defense, be it individual or collective, to 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 1934 there was a murder every fifty minutes on 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 Prosecution in Murder** (Matt. 5:21, 22).

Murder finds its prompting cause in the heart of man. Our Lord was concerned about correcting the defective rather than in 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 pronounced God's anger kindled in the heart of the right of all prophets. If we hate, we have killed in our hearts. Circumstances may hinder the fulfilment, but the danger is always there until we remove the cause.

May God help those of us who have strong feelings that we may cast them to the devil to such anger against our brother!

**III. The Prevention of Murder** (Matt. 5:23, 24; Jer. 29:26; 18:10-14).

Prevention with God means more than putting up a barrier to try to keep men from killing one another. It 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 to pray and humility of heart to suffer at the hands of others, to seek 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 ought 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. 18:23-35). He who knows God's mercies fails to the ground in concern about the smallest detail of our lives. He was can say to a fellow of violence or another man without having to reckon with God about his misdeeds.

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

3. A Right View of Men (Matt. 18:10-14). Even the little ones, apparently insignificant, are of the society of a great world, have guardian angels who have access to the presence of God. He has a special interest in the lost and wandering in the midst 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 to agree with the concerned of God, "Thou shalt not kill."

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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 formed into a state?
4. What rank in the army had all other grades in the number of generals for leaders?
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, Khafre and Menkaure.
2. No.
3. In 1959.
4. Five class privates. The total number of awards—including the Purple Heart—was 1,139,346.
5. The Weser river.
6. Newspapers, $727,000,000; magazines, $211,750,000; books, $600,000,000.

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