Spool Shelves for Interesting Trinkets

THESE graceful corner shelves are 10 inches wide and 7 inches deep at the bottom. Just the right size to hold the quaint match holder, the old-fashioned china doll head and other interesting trinkets that you have been treasuring. In Victorian times such shelves were strung together with cord and the spools saved from the voluminous

amount of sewing done each season. Today, with spools piling up from our sewing, we make similar shelves that have all the old charm but are much more rigid and substantial.

The spools and shelves now may be practically welded together with new easy-to-use types of glue. The wire or cord is then run through, as shown here, so that the shelves may be hung in a corner ready to hold articles of considerable weight.

* * *

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has designed an actual-size pattern for these three gracefully curved corner shelves which are graduated in size. This pattern also contains complete directions for cutting and joining these shelves as well as a pattern for another larger set of spool shelves. Ask for Pattern No. 255. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 255.
Name_____
Address_____

Laws by Wholesale

The volume of legislative and judicial law existent in the United States today far exceeds that of any other country. Since 1900 alone, approximately 40,000 federal, 420,000 state and 2,700,000 municipal statutes have been enacted and about 1,200,000 judicial decisions have been published.

...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 cookstove. 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 scalded out the teapot, Martha 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

"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—" she began.

"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 dizzy 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 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 its 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'kfus?"

"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 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.

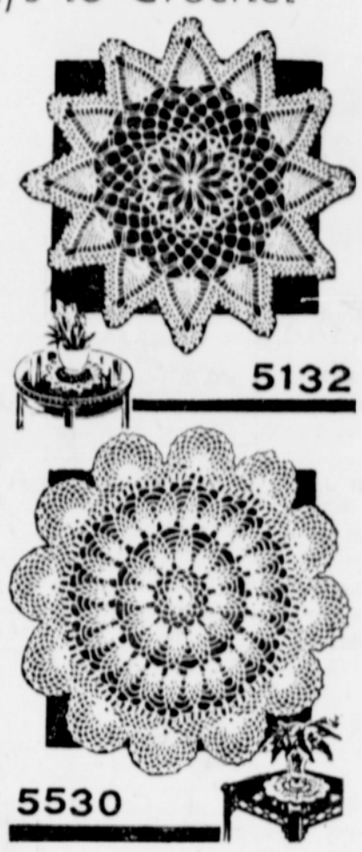
They walked hand in hand back down the road to the house, and then Laurence said, "I've been shut up in what passes for a city, in these parts, for quite a bit—couldn't we walk down through the meadow and over to the Ridge before lunch?"

"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)

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

Midriff Sports Set for Tots
Pineapple Motifs to Crochet



Tot's Midriff Set

LITTLE girls of three, four and five like to be cool when they're frisking around on hot summer days. Here's a gay bare midriff play set to do the trick. The buttoned topper has a pretty square neck and crisp wing sleeves. Make it in seersucker, flowered percales, plain chambrays, checked ginghams.

* * *

To obtain complete cutting pattern, finishing instructions for the Midriff Play Suit (Pattern No. 5131), sizes 3, 4, 5 years included. Send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number.

Pineapple Doilies

ONE of the most popular of designs is the crocheted "pineapple" motif—shown on the doilies illustrated above. At top, the flower petal center makes it an unusually effective lacy piece. The completed doily measures 10 inches in diameter. The doily at bottom was copied from an old 11-inch doily. A "must" for every collector of pineapple doilies.

* * *

To obtain complete crocheting directions for the Lacy Pineapple Doily (Pattern No. 5132) and the Illinois Doily (Pattern No. 5530). Send 20 cents in coin for each pattern, your name, address and pattern number.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 20 cents for pattern.
No._____
Name_____
Address_____

JUST RESTING

One Thought

Molly — When is that young school teacher thinking of getting married?

Dolly—Constantly.

Verbal Bankruptcy

Dora—My uncle went broke trying to sell dictionaries.

Cora—You mean words failed him?

Pass the Onions

Nelle—Say, do I look like a door to you?

Belle—No, why?

Nelle—I've been getting some awful slams lately.

Artistic Future

Mother (referring to school report card)—Does this mean my daughter will never learn to draw?

Drawing Teacher (wearily) — Not unless you harness her to a wagon.

Time Off

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" said the employer.

"For good behavior," said the applicant.

"What?" roared the employer. "What on earth do you mean by that?"

"They took three months off my sentence."