



and be my Love

By PEGGY DERN

WNU RELEASE



NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

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PEACE CONFERENCE 'VICTORY' MORE APPARENT THAN REAL

WASHINGTON. — 'Tis being advertised as a famous victory at Paris. The accounts from there were headed: "Molotov Finally Yields." A weighing of the event since then by expert—and even some official news accountants—has developed wonder if it was victory, and how much Molotov yielded.

In the first place, China was not made a sponsoring nation for the big peace conference of 21 nations. Molotov did not yield on this. The leading dispatches from the conference the day after neglected to mention this point. Nothing was said about China. Earlier both Messrs. Byrnes and Bevin contended the omission of our friend in the Orient as sponsor would be an insult to her. Molotov claimed China was not influential in the defeat of the nations for which treaties were being written in Paris—Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Finland and Italy—and therefore she was not entitled to be a sponsor.

Morally, China was entitled to be a sponsor as a big five member and a participant in the war. Technically, she may not have used any troops in the five countries mentioned, but the United States did not use many either in Finland (with whom we were never at war), and not many more in the Balkans, although the Russians used plenty of our equipment.

POTSDAM AGREEMENT CITED

Next day France worded the invitation more peacefully, and a movement to save China with the chairmanship, upon the second day of the meeting was attempted, but Molotov insisted upon China's omission as a sponsor, pleading this was provided in the Potsdam agreement, which has never been enforced, economically at any rate.

Then the big four conference decided to call the 21 nations, apparently to approve the treaties they are making. This was regarded as a victory for our Mr. Byrnes, who wanted such a conference. But Molotov wanted to restrict the rules of the conference, which naturally had no rules, never having been in assemblage. He succeeded in requiring that each treaty go to a committee made up of the leading participants in the war on that country (which is all right), but he said the committee must make decisions only by a two-thirds majority (which is not all right). The committees apparently had no power to make any decisions. At least the conference did not. It could not change a treaty, or no public suggestion was made that it could. It was merely called to approve. Certainly its committees could not do anything it could not do. Yet Russia imposed a two-thirds majority upon decisions of committees, with majority decisions among the whole.

What this will do, I have not yet found an authority to explain. A two-thirds majority without authority can only be a two-thirds majority without power—except to nullify any action.

TWO-THIRDS RULE A JOKER

Actually, the big council of nations was insisted upon by Byrnes to let the smaller nations participate in the decision of the peace. His victory in this respect was far from clear cut. Will the small nations be satisfied? The question cannot be answered until you find out what the two-thirds-majority-rule-in-committees-only will mean to their conference. Obviously Russia drew her peace in such a way as to believe she excluded the small nations from changing it. This is an old Russian position against small nations, which has taken many forms since the San Francisco conference. Actually, she does not care what small nations do, but we do care.

What it looks like to me is that Russia has considerably but yet indefinitely stultified the Byrnes-inspired conference, first by excluding China as a sponsor, and secondly by a fool-rule she can use as a veto on action. This would deny the existence of a victory for anyone except Russia in her purpose to get the world to accept peace treaties which (except for Italy) she is largely imposing.

The peace then depends actually upon the terms of the treaties themselves, and in Finland, Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary these are being enforced and imposed by Russia—in Italy by us.

IS RUSSIA NECESSARY?

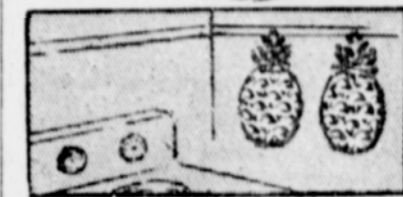
The illusion of a co-operative world peace is thereby becoming more elusive. The participation by the smaller nations becomes less and less important and more and more restricted. What was won at Paris was that we got Russia into another half-world conference for better or worse.

My personal opinion is Mr. Byrnes is proceeding on the wrong theory; namely that we must get Russia into an agreement on everything or he will lose his case.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

Pineapple Potholder to Crochet

5789



NOT a bit difficult to crochet though it looks like it might be. The "scales" on this attractive yellow pineapple potholder are just simple shell stitches raised out a bit. The "spines" at top are crocheted leaves of green thread made separately and then sewn on top. It measures 7 by 5 inches, and you'll need to make two similar "sides" and sew them together over a thin layer of lining.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Golden Pineapple Potholder (Pattern No. 5789) stitch illustrated, send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

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

A Mystery Solved

A youngster returned from summer camp. His fond parents were very interested in hearing how he had spent his vacation and asked him dozens of questions, one of which was: "How on earth did they manage to wake 350 boys every morning?"

"Well," he said, "they blew a bugle—at first."

"At first?"

"Yeah, but after a while they couldn't find the mouthpiece of the bugle."

After the boy had gone to sleep, the parents struggled to unpack his bags. Out of one bag rolled a small, curious object.

On close inspection it turned out to be the mouthpiece of a bugle.



No baking failures BECAUSE YEAST GOT WEAK



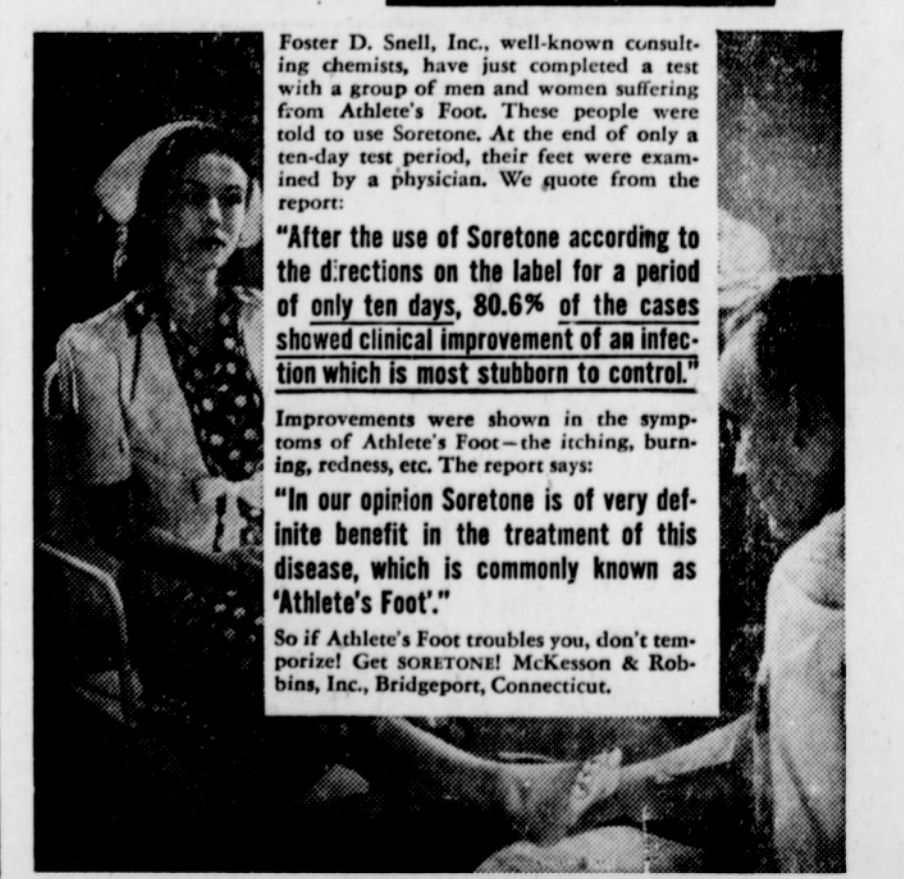
New Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks on your pantry shelf

If you bake at home—you can always depend on New Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast to give you perfect risings... delicious bread... every time you bake!

Ready for instant action—New Fleischmann's Fast Rising keeps fresh and potent for weeks—lets you bake at a moment's notice! Don't risk baking failures with weak yeast—get New Fleischmann's Fast Rising today. At your grocer's.

ATHLETE'S FOOT NEWS

"80.6% of sufferers showed CLINICAL IMPROVEMENT after only 10-day treatment with SORETONE"



Foster D. Snell, Inc., well-known consulting chemists, have just completed a test with a group of men and women suffering from Athlete's Foot. These people were told to use Soretone. At the end of only a ten-day test period, their feet were examined by a physician. We quote from the report:

"After the use of Soretone according to the directions on the label for a period of only ten days, 80.6% of the cases showed clinical improvement of an infection which is most stubborn to control."

Improvements were shown in the symptoms of Athlete's Foot—the itching, burning, redness, etc. The report says:

"In our opinion Soretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot.'"

So if Athlete's Foot troubles you, don't temporize! Get SORETONE! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

THE STORY THUS FAR: Amos, Annie's husband, revealed that when he was coming home late at night he saw a ghost bury something in a graveyard. Also, Amos revealed that he had seen Meg with Tom Fallon that night. Laurence enlisted the aid of Bob Reynolds, a detective, and they set to work to solve the mystery of Alicia's murder. After careful checking, they were inclined to believe Amos' story. Jim MacTavish came in as Larry, Reynolds and Megan were ready to eat. He was tired, his shoulders drooping. Reynolds announced abruptly that it was an open and shut case, and Jim almost dropped the carving knife. Later Meg tells Larry that she and Tom had met accidentally.

CHAPTER XIII

"Not as to the identity, no," admitted Bob. "But I'm convinced that it was some prowler—a would-be burglar who was frightened off before he had a chance to steal anything. Though, of course, it's not usual for a burglar to be supplied with a knife as a weapon—I don't believe he brought the weapon with him. I believe that he used one of the victim's own knives—a large kitchen knife—" He broke off, scarlet and embarrassed as he saw Megan's white, twisted face. He apologized hastily. "Good grief, Miss MacTavish—I ought to be kicked! Please forgive me—I'm thoroughly ashamed—Larry, you ought to have better sense than to allow me out with your friends. I'm sorry, Miss MacTavish—I do apologize—"

Megan managed a faint smile and said huskily, "Please don't—I am a bit squeamish, I suppose. You see—I knew her well—"

Bob nodded soberly. "I know—everybody says you are the only real friend she had. Everybody else seemed to dislike her and distrust her. I guess that's the reason I was speaking so frankly. Let's forget it. After all, a meal like this deserves more cheerful and appreciative table conversation!"

When the meal was over, and the men were settled in the living room, Megan stayed to help Annie clear the table. And while she was thus engaged, Laurence came back into the dining room, and stood at her shoulder and said very low, "I just wanted you to know, Meggie, that—everything is quite all right. There's nothing at all for you to worry about."

Megan looked up at him, tears thick in her eyes, her mouth tremulous. "I—met him by accident, Larry. I didn't plan it—truly—"

He looked down at her, frowning. "But—good heavens, Meggie, don't you suppose I know that?" he protested, almost as though he resented her feeling that she should offer such an explanation.

She caught her breath and a wave of relief swept over her. She smiled through her tears and said huskily, "Thanks, Larry—"

"For what?" The frown still drew his eyebrows together. "For knowing that you couldn't possibly do anything wrong? For knowing that you couldn't make, or keep a tryst with a man tied up as Fallon is?" For Heaven's sake, Meggie—I've known you since you were a baby—don't you suppose I know you well enough to know that if you met Tom Fallon on the Ridge at midnight, it was an accidental meeting?"

Laurence hesitated a moment and then he said quietly, "I'd like to ask you something, Meggie—mind?"

"No, of course not."

"Then—are you in love with Fallon?"

The words were quietly spoken, but they took her breath so that she could only look up at him, unable to speak. But the way the color flowed into her face, the look in her eyes gave him all the answer he needed.

"So that's why you—couldn't get excited about marrying me," he said after a moment, very quietly.

She set her teeth hard in her lower lip, not daring to trust her voice to answer him, and after a little he said in a tone of the greatest gentleness, "Poor little Meggie! Always doing things the hard way!"

By now she had steadied her voice, and she faced him straightly. "If—you'll j-j-just give me a little time, Larry—" she managed.

His brows were drawn deep now in a frown and his look was puzzled. "A little time, Meggie?" he repeated. "For what?"

"To pull myself together and get over this—this—craziness about Tom," she said. "Because I will, you know. I'll—I'll get over it and—maybe if you haven't got disgusted with me before that—"

"Oh, I'll be around, Meggie. Is that what you mean?" asked Larry, and now there was a grimace in his voice, a coldness in his eyes that chilled her a little. "You are the only girl for me. You've always been. I'm a slow and plodding cuss, but once I get my mind—and my heart—made up, I hold on. Like the good old snapping turtle that gets a grip and swings on until you have to kill him to make him let go. But what makes you so sure that you can get over what you feel for Fallon?"

"Because I'm going to!" she told him with determination.

He turned away from her then as Bob called to him from the hall, and a little later they were gone.

Megan and her father sat in the

living room for a little in silence after they had gone. It was Jim who finally broke the silence.

"Did you know that she—was married?" he asked heavily.

"Yes," Megan nodded. "Laurence told me."

Jim's face twisted. "What a laugh she must have got out of me—wanting to marry her. And she told me she would—she never for a moment even hinted that she was not a widow!"

Megan waited, knowing a little of the release that would come to him if he could rid his mind of these revelations.

"It began, at first, as a sort of—well, joke," he admitted. "It seemed to amuse her to give the Pleasant Grove folks something to talk about. I was lonely, and I suppose she got a kick out of making a fool of me—"

He broke off and passed a hand across his eyes and looked straight at Megan. "But I didn't kill her," he finished quietly, with a simple



"Then—are you in love with Fallon?"

dignity that was somehow oddly touching.

"I know you didn't, dear," Megan assured him swiftly.

He studied her for a moment and then he asked in a puzzled tone, "Meggie, how did you and I start disliking each other? I've been doing a good deal of thinking lately. I admire you very much. You're a fine girl and a brave girl, and—well, I can't quite understand why it is that we seem to rub each other the wrong way all the time. I'll probably be just as hard to get along with tomorrow, as I was yesterday—only tonight, I'm—well, I'm lonely, Meggie, and tired, and maybe—just a little afraid. Could we sort of—be friends, do you suppose?"

"Of course, Dad!" She bent swiftly and kissed his cheek.

Jim looked at her for a moment and then nodded as though he had reached some sort of decision.

Both Jim and Megan were silent for a bit, each with his own thoughts of their new-found relationship.

He cocked an eye at her humorously. "Of course, you understand that I'm just as lazy and shiftless and generally no' count as ever, for all that I'm suffering a change of heart tonight. But, you know, Meggie, the whole thing boils down to the fact that I've been jealous of you since the day you were born."

"Jealous, Dad?" the astonished Megan repeated.

He nodded. "I adored your mother, Meggie. I know now that it was a jealous, possessive love, the sort of thing that makes a spoiled little boy say, 'If we can't play my way, then I won't play at all.' We were happy at first. I was first with her; her every thought was for me, for my comfort, my happiness, my well-being. And then—you came along, and took up a lot of your mother's tenderness and thought, and I had to take second place. And like the no-good that I was, I resented it."

"Oh but, Dad—that's—why, that's wicked! Poor Mother!" she said just above her breath. "It wasn't that she loved me more than she loved you; it was that I needed her more."

"And I resented that, too!" said her father.

Megan could say nothing. She could only wait, her hands linked tightly together, her eyes clinging to his face.

"Odd, what a chastening effect it has on a man, when he realizes that he has made a complete and unmitigated fool of himself!" he said at last. "I feel as though I'd been kicked—almost as much as I deserve to be! And that is quite some, incidentally!"

"But it's all over and done with, Dad—we can have a lot of fun together—" Megan began eagerly.

"Over and done with, Meggie?"

"Don't kid yourself, my dear—we haven't seen the last of this! Nor heard it, either," he corrected her swiftly. "Had you realized that if Amos was on the Ridge that night, as he must have been to tell Larry the story he did, the chances are excellent that he saw you—as well as the eight-foot-tall ghost?"

Megan nodded, her face white but her outward composure commendable. "I know that he did, Dad," she said quietly. "He told Larry."

Her father's body jerked like a marionette on a string manipulated by an inept puppeteer.

"Told Larry—that you were on the Ridge with Fallon?" he repeated sharply.

Megan nodded.

For a moment Jim was very still, like a man suddenly paralyzed. And then very carefully he asked, "Did he tell that fellow Reynolds?"

Megan shook her head, her hands cold in her lap.

"He—didn't seem to think it was necessary," she managed the words with difficulty. "He seemed to think that the fact that I was there gave me an alibi. If I was there at that time, I couldn't possibly have been across the road—even if I had had a motive."

Her father nodded. "Which, of course, means that Larry doesn't know I intended to try to marry her and bring her here," he finished the thought for her. Then he smiled, a mirthless smile that made him look suddenly very old and very tired. "Now if only somebody had seen me going for my walk—"

"Perhaps somebody did," said Megan eagerly.

He shook his head. "I saw no one—after I left Alicia," he said quietly and distinctly.

She stiffened a little and her eyes were wide.

"You—saw her—that night?" she whispered, her lips pallid.

"At eleven-thirty," said Jim and heaved a sigh as he ran his fingers through his magnificent crop of silvery-gray hair. "The way I figure it, she couldn't have been alone, after I left her, more than ten or fifteen minutes."

His fingers trembled a little as he filled his handsome pipe and tamped the tobacco carefully into the melon bowl, but his eyes did not leave Megan's white, frightened face.

"We quarreled," said Jim quietly, distinctly, "when she admitted that she had not the slightest idea of marrying me. She called me a pompous old fool, and a no-count stuffed shirt and a lot of equally uncomplimentary things. But I did not kill her, Megan, I swear it."

Suddenly Megan was on her knees beside him, her arms close about him, her cheek hard against his, all the ugliness and the animosity that had colored their relations for years wiped out between them in this moment when she ached with pity for him, and when for the first time in her adult life she had begun to have some glimmering of understanding him.

"Of course you didn't, dear—no one could believe for a moment that you did," she told him, her voice shaken with emotion.

Jim put his arm about her and seemed to welcome her nearness, the sheer creature comfort of her warm presence and her sympathy.

"Thank you, my dear—but I'm afraid a great many people could be persuaded to believe that I did," he pointed out to her at last. "The circumstantial evidence against me is pretty strong. We did quarrel. Undoubtedly I am the last person—save one!—to see her alive. And when I left her, in a fury of injured pride and bruised self-esteem, I went for a long walk alone, and saw no one. I returned home here well after one o'clock—by which time she had been dead, according to the doctor, for at least an hour. So you see—"

"But you didn't—you couldn't—have done it, Dad! Nobody could ever make me believe you did!" she comforted him, as though he had been the child, she the parent.

It was long before she slept that night, but in spite of the unpleasant turmoil and excitement of the last forty-eight hours, she was more at peace than she had been in a long time. She could begin to understand her father a little; and to understand is to forgive.

She was conscious only of the fact that she and her father might hope to live together now with less friction, less animosity than before. And the thought had healing and comfort in it. She was able to fall asleep at last, emotionally and physically exhausted, and when she awoke in the morning, she felt stronger and more refreshed than in many months, in spite of the horror of the last twenty-four hours, and in spite of knowing that the next few days were going to be far from pleasant.

She had finished her morning chores, and was busy with a seed catalog and an order blank when Laurence arrived.

Annie, big-eyed with excitement, showed him into the small den where Megan worked, and hovered anxiously.

"It's all right, Annie—we found something that proves that Amos was telling us the truth—that is, that he did see something at the old burying ground that night," said Laurence quickly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)