



HEART'S HERITAGE

© Joseph McCord

WNU Service.

CHAPTER I

One chattering brazen clasp. Old White always set about its Sabbath morning summons with a discord. Until the hempen bell rope, writhing through various floor openings, furnished impetus needed for the stately cadence of mellow boomings that followed.

Today there appeared to be an unusual outpouring of Locust Hill's faithful bent upon worshipping within the austere walls of Old White church. Before the bell finished its reminder, a growing stream of arrivals was converging on the front of the edifice. Singly and in groups they made their way up the foot-worn treads serving the two entrance doors.

The atmosphere held a noticeable air of expectancy. It was reflected in the vigilance of ushers prowling along the carpeted aisles and darting harried glances into the black walnut pews. Ushering at Old White was a function demanding nice perception. Particularly if there chanced to be a liberal sprinkling of strangers, as on this October afternoon.

Conspicuous among their number was a personable young man who arrived early and appropriated a choice seat on the center aisle, where he remained apparently insensible to the polite censure of the ushers' regard.

The youth's roving blue eyes, against the deep tan of his face, scanned the growing congregation with unflagging interest. The alertness of the eyes was in decided contrast to the well-knit figure relaxed comfortably in the pew corner. To the loose-fitting gray tweeds and carelessly knotted scarf of blue silk. And to the wavy hair, a warm chestnut brown.

Only once did the young man stir from his languid pose. That was when a trio of elderly women, all in black silk, hesitated reprovingly at the entrance to the pew. Then he scrambled to his feet in apologetic haste and stepped into the aisle.

"I hope I'm not intruding," was his low-voiced suggestion.

Two of the newcomers passed him without a word or glance. But the third lingered for a swift appraisal. Something she encountered in the frank smile brought a touch of color to her faded cheek.

"You are welcomed, I'm sure," she murmured politely, hurrying after her companions.

A last muffled stroke from the old bell overhead died with a lingering note. Quiet strains stealing from the bronzed pipes of the organ.

Sunlight filtering through the stained glass of narrow windows, dropping multi-colored mosaics here and there on the heads of waiting worshippers.

One vagrant shaft dallied with the crimson hat worn by a small woman who sat directly in front of the blue-eyed stranger. The small woman straightened her thin shoulders in an annoyed fashion. The gesture, however, was not directed at the prying sunshine. Another woman, exceedingly stout, was displaying an intention of sharing the pew with the red hat.

Its wearer looked up as she offered a subdued but audible: "Good morning, Hannah. You can sit in here with me."

The new arrival worked past the relentless knees of her hostess and sank heavily to the wine-colored cushions. There was an unobstructed view of the rostrum along the center aisle and the woman under the red hat had no intention of relinquishing her advantage.

An amused glint in the eyes of the young man indicated his appreciation of the little maneuver.

Swaying slightly in the direction of the stout Hannah, the smaller woman remarked in a whisper that carried clearly:

"So you thought you'd come out and see our new preacher."

Hannah admitted the charge with a nod that added interestingly to her assortment of chins.

"Don't worry," came her neighbor's assurance. "Plenty of your members tagged along."

"His name's Farwell, isn't it, Abbie?" Hannah parried the thrust.

"Yes, Doctor Jonathan Farwell."

This direct bid for information exercised its placating effect. "My brother Tom was on the committee, you know. He says we'll like him. He heard him preach twice. He comes from out West . . . Some place in I-o-w-a."

Abbie favored that state's second syllable with an impressive accent.

"Is his wife here, Abbie?"

"He hasn't any. Widower. Mrs. Farwell's been dead for quite some time, I heard. He's never married—so far."

"Any children?"

"One boy. He must be grown up. Dale's his first name. Sounds too fancy for a man. I don't know where he is. Not in the minister's pew, anyway."

Had Abbie Brown carried her investigations farther, a pair of twinkling blue eyes directly behind her would have furnished the desired

information. Instead, she gave Hannah a quick nudge with her elbow. "There he comes!"

Like the dropping of a stone in a placid pool, the opening of a door at the right of the altar sent an attentive flutter rippling over the congregation. A tall black figure made its appearance. Jonathan Farwell, the new minister of Old White church. In a single instant he was made the target for a host of inquisitive eyes.

These saw above the pulpit a white rugged face, its pallor heightened by coppery red hair brushed straight off the lofty forehead. Penetrating black eyes, seemingly oblivious to the sea of staring faces below and fixed steadily upon a clock hanging against the rear gallery panels. A generous mouth flanked by deeply etched lines running to the nostrils. There was a distinct cleft in the center of the square chin.

While observers were still engrossed with first estimates, they were caught and held by the sound of a voice announcing the opening hymn. A vibrant voice, very nearly harsh in its penetrating quality.

As the familiar strains of the hymn sounded from the organ loft, the minister turned abruptly and seated himself in the center one of three tall chairs that stood with their backs stiffly to the choir. His chin dropped against his breast, strands of the red hair falling forward and covering the long white fingers that shaded his eyes. He might have been engaged in prayer or meditation.

Nor did he stir when the congregation rose to its feet to join in the summons to praise.

The younger Farwell had reached Locust Hill late Saturday, making a hurried cross-country trip in order to be present when his father appeared for the first time in his new pulpit. Recently graduated from a mid-west university, Dale had spent the summer in camp assisting with the direction of a geological survey. The field work finished, he returned to school for several weeks of compiling reports and arranging specimens for the department museum.

Doctor Farwell's household goods were delivered by a moving van but a short time before Dale put in his own appearance and both men worked until a late hour settling the parsonage for a housekeeping program of sorts.

Soon after their first breakfast to-

gether, Dale appeared in his father's study ready for church service.

"I'm going early," he announced. "I want to size up the crowd before you give them their big moment."

Despite his pride and an impetuous faith in his father, Dale had approached the day with some misgivings. The preceding pastor had served Old White for something over forty years. That sort of thing sounded very much like the East, was Dale's rather patronizing decision. Doctor Bailey must have been pretty tolerant and easy-going to last so long. Young Farwell was

Dale's brief sight of their new home town convinced him that the place was reserved, set in its ways. It was more than possible that these people would resent a progressive minister even if the causes he championed were just.

Jonathan Farwell's coming to Locust Hill was the result of a coincidence. It began with an invitation to deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the university where his son was receiving a degree.

After the services, Doctor Farwell found himself accosted by a tall smooth-shaven man with keen eyes peering through silver-rimmed glasses set astride his thin nose and tethered to a black ribbon. The eyes, thinning hair and immaculate clothing combined to produce a cool grayness.

"I am Cassius Brady of Locust Hill, New Jersey," the newcomer announced crisply. "And this is my daughter Lenora." He indicated a slender dark-eyed girl standing at his side. "I was greatly impressed by your sermon, Doctor Farwell. Very much so. In short," he added bluntly, "it set me wondering if you would consider a call from our church."

"This is a trifle sudden, Mr. Brady," Farwell returned with a slight smile.

"I suppose it is. I dropped off here yesterday on my way from the coast to meet my daughter and take her home. I am glad I did. Now, I want very much to have a talk with you."

This brief encounter was followed by an invitation to dinner at Brady's hotel and a meeting between Dale Farwell and Lenora Brady.

If the lawyer was impressed by the minister, the latter's son was attracted to the lawyer's daughter to a degree that rendered him almost incoherent during their introduction. He scarcely removed his eyes from her face when he found himself sitting opposite her at dinner.

She was the prettiest girl he had seen in a long time. Not exactly pretty, either . . . Something better than that. He particularly liked the way those bronze curls framed her piquant face, that vivacious turn of the head when she was interested. Most of all, it was her eyes that held him. They were different from any Dale remembered seeing. The iris appeared to be a red-brown, flecked with dark spots.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



He might have been engaged in prayer.

lous to the sea of staring faces below and fixed steadily upon a clock hanging against the rear gallery panels. A generous mouth flanked by deeply etched lines running to the nostrils. There was a distinct cleft in the center of the square chin.

While observers were still engrossed with first estimates, they were caught and held by the sound of a voice announcing the opening hymn. A vibrant voice, very nearly harsh in its penetrating quality.

As the familiar strains of the hymn sounded from the organ loft, the minister turned abruptly and seated himself in the center one of three tall chairs that stood with their backs stiffly to the choir. His chin dropped against his breast, strands of the red hair falling forward and covering the long white fingers that shaded his eyes. He might have been engaged in prayer or meditation.

Nor did he stir when the congregation rose to its feet to join in the summons to praise.

The younger Farwell had reached Locust Hill late Saturday, making a hurried cross-country trip in order to be present when his father appeared for the first time in his new pulpit. Recently graduated from a mid-west university, Dale had spent the summer in camp assisting with the direction of a geological survey. The field work finished, he returned to school for several weeks of compiling reports and arranging specimens for the department museum.

Doctor Farwell's household goods were delivered by a moving van but a short time before Dale put in his own appearance and both men worked until a late hour settling the parsonage for a housekeeping program of sorts.

Soon after their first breakfast to-

gether, Dale appeared in his father's study ready for church service.

"I'm going early," he announced. "I want to size up the crowd before you give them their big moment."

Despite his pride and an impetuous faith in his father, Dale had approached the day with some misgivings. The preceding pastor had served Old White for something over forty years. That sort of thing sounded very much like the East, was Dale's rather patronizing decision. Doctor Bailey must have been pretty tolerant and easy-going to last so long. Young Farwell was

Dale's brief sight of their new home town convinced him that the place was reserved, set in its ways. It was more than possible that these people would resent a progressive minister even if the causes he championed were just.

Jonathan Farwell's coming to Locust Hill was the result of a coincidence. It began with an invitation to deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the university where his son was receiving a degree.

After the services, Doctor Farwell found himself accosted by a tall smooth-shaven man with keen eyes peering through silver-rimmed glasses set astride his thin nose and tethered to a black ribbon. The eyes, thinning hair and immaculate clothing combined to produce a cool grayness.

"I am Cassius Brady of Locust Hill, New Jersey," the newcomer announced crisply. "And this is my daughter Lenora." He indicated a slender dark-eyed girl standing at his side. "I was greatly impressed by your sermon, Doctor Farwell. Very much so. In short," he added bluntly, "it set me wondering if you would consider a call from our church."

"This is a trifle sudden, Mr. Brady," Farwell returned with a slight smile.

"I suppose it is. I dropped off here yesterday on my way from the coast to meet my daughter and take her home. I am glad I did. Now, I want very much to have a talk with you."

This brief encounter was followed by an invitation to dinner at Brady's hotel and a meeting between Dale Farwell and Lenora Brady.

If the lawyer was impressed by the minister, the latter's son was attracted to the lawyer's daughter to a degree that rendered him almost incoherent during their introduction. He scarcely removed his eyes from her face when he found himself sitting opposite her at dinner.

She was the prettiest girl he had seen in a long time. Not exactly pretty, either . . . Something better than that. He particularly liked the way those bronze curls framed her piquant face, that vivacious turn of the head when she was interested. Most of all, it was her eyes that held him. They were different from any Dale remembered seeing. The iris appeared to be a red-brown, flecked with dark spots.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

are illustrated by tropical specimens that the casual observer is inclined to regard the phenomenon as an occurrence peculiar only to tropics.

The most perfect instance of protective resemblance I know of in Saskatchewan is provided by the moth Lithothrips solidaginis. It is an insect of weathered or neutral colors that would harmonize with almost any natural object or surface upon which it might alight. In a collection it is uninteresting and hardly worth noticing.

During life, however, this moth is more interesting, for in its normal resting position it so closely resembles the stub of a broken branch that even an experienced entomologist might pass hundreds without suspecting their presence. In repose, the rather long narrow wings are closely wrapped around the body, and a little depression in a stick, such as that left when a branch is broken off, often is chosen as a resting place. In a spot the moth places its head and then, with its back to the ground, holds its body out from the support at an angle of approximately 30 degrees, with the normal angle at which many branches leave the main stem.

Some of the best examples of protective resemblance occur among insects and what may be called the classical illustration is afforded by the leaf-butterflies of northern India and the Malayan region.

So many of the most outstanding instances of protective resemblance

are illustrated by tropical specimens that the casual observer is inclined to regard the phenomenon as an occurrence peculiar only to tropics.

The most perfect instance of protective resemblance I know of in Saskatchewan is provided by the moth Lithothrips solidaginis. It is an insect of weathered or neutral colors that would harmonize with almost any natural object or surface upon which it might alight. In a collection it is uninteresting and hardly worth noticing.

During life, however, this moth is more interesting, for in its normal resting position it so closely resembles the stub of a broken branch that even an experienced entomologist might pass hundreds without suspecting their presence. In repose, the rather long narrow wings are closely wrapped around the body, and a little depression in a stick, such as that left when a branch is broken off, often is chosen as a resting place. In a spot the moth places its head and then, with its back to the ground, holds its body out from the support at an angle of approximately 30 degrees, with the normal angle at which many branches leave the main stem.

Some of the best examples of protective resemblance occur among insects and what may be called the classical illustration is afforded by the leaf-butterflies of northern India and the Malayan region.

So many of the most outstanding instances of protective resemblance



Begin reading it today . . .

HEART'S HERITAGE

A new serial by JOSEPH McCORD

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Describes the Body's Vital Need for Vitamin C; Names Most Significant Sources of This Substance

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

OF ALL the vitamins that should be included in the diet every day, none, perhaps, is more important, nor more frequently provided inadequately, than vitamin C.

There are, I believe, two reasons for this. First, unlike some of the other vitamins, vitamin C is not stored by the body, so that it is impossible to build up a reserve supply.

In order to maintain top health, it therefore must be furnished in the diet every day. Second, the C vitamin is more easily destroyed than some of the others, for it is oxidized upon exposure to the air, and is usually partially destroyed in cooking. That accounts for the well-known rule that it is usually desirable to include in the daily diet some raw foods, such as cabbage or citrus fruits. The rule may be waived, however, when tomato juice or cranberry sauce are included in the menu. For careful experiments have determined that, because of their high acid content, these two foods retain their vitamin C to a remarkable degree, when commercially canned or when cooked quickly in the home.



Functions of Vitamin C
The full importance of including an adequate supply of vitamin C-rich foods in the diet can only be fully appreciated when the amazing functions of this anti-scurbutic vitamin are fully understood.

Long years before the first vitamin had been discovered, and when the science of nutrition was still in its infancy, English physicians observed that the use of orange juice would help to cure children of a serious disease characterized by a sallow, pale complexion, flabby muscles, and a painful inflammation of the membrane surrounding the bones of the legs. And as early as 1795 it was also discovered that British sailors could be prevented from developing the painful and serious disease of scurvy if they were given a regular ration of lemon juice which had been evaporated to a syrup. It was because lemon, then called lime, juice was invariably prescribed for the navy that British sailors came to be known as "limies," a term which is still in use today.

Scurvy a Controllable Disease
Scurvy was thus prevented or cured in both children and adults, long before scientists learned that precious vitamin C is the controlling factor in this disease. And shortly after the turn of the century a systematic study was begun by scientists in both Europe and America to discover all the foods that possessed the almost magical power to prevent and cure this former scourge of mankind.

Pyorrhea and Vitamin C
Many investigators have discovered that a deficiency of vitamin C causes profound changes, not only in the gums, but also in the enamel and dentine of the teeth. It has been suggested that pyorrhea may be associated directly with a vitamin C deficiency.

Certainly, there is enough convincing evidence, as a result of work with both children and adults, to indicate the importance of an adequate supply of vitamin C in maintaining healthy teeth.

Sources of This Body Regulator
Vitamin C is produced by plants during their growth. It is found in juicy stems, bulbs, roots, tubers and fruits.

Outstanding among the fruits are the citrus family, including oranges, lemons and grapefruit; tomatoes and cranberries. Raw cabbage is a good source as is watercress.

So important is vitamin C that one or more generous portions of a vitamin C-rich food should be consumed daily, preferably at every meal.

Orange and tomato juice have been used interchangeably for quite some time as a convenient and easily available source of vitamin C. In recent years, some

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

experiments performed at a leading university have given a high ranking to cranberries on this score, so that they, too, may be ranked as a significant source of vitamin C.

These brilliant little red berries come into market in the fall—the very time when it is important to eat generously of fruits to fortify the body against fall and winter ills. Their tart flavor helps to stimulate appetite and their fruit acids promote intestinal tone.

Neither the maturity nor variety of the fruit appears to have any influence on the vitamin content, and even when cooked, as whole fruit sauce, they retain from 75 to 80 per cent of the original vitamin C content of the fruit. Cranberries are also a fair source of vitamin A which is not impaired by cooking, and they contain iodine, iron, copper and manganese.

Because they are such a versatile fruit, cranberries can be utilized throughout the menu and at any meal. Thus orange and tomato juice may be varied at breakfast by serving a cranberry conserve, jelly or sauce, or a cranberry juice cocktail. For lunch or dinner, this same fruit may be served as an appetizer; with the meat course; or used to make a variety of attractive desserts.

If vitamin C-containing foods are included generously in the daily diet, the homemaker may well feel that she has provided her family with an important form of health insurance.

©—WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—37.

AROUND the HOUSE

When Buying Curtains.—In buying curtains it is a good idea to select them longer than the window requires, and put a tuck at the top just above the rod pockets or headings, so that after they are washed they can be let out as much as necessary to bring them back to the correct length.