



HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

The congregation of the Old White Church in Locust Hill turns out in full force to look over the new preacher, Dr. Jonathan Farwell, and there is much speculation among the communicants as to what sort of man he will be. Cassius Brady, treasurer of the church, had recommended Dr. Farwell for the post after hearing his baccalaureate sermon at the graduation of Dale Farwell, his son, who is a geologist. Brady's daughter Lenora interests Dale, who lives alone with his father. Dr. Farwell meets the members of his congregation personally, accepts their tributes, but refuses to be impressed by the banker's family, the Marblestones, whose daughter Evelyn obviously sets her cap for Dale. Meanwhile the women of the town are curious about the mystery of the Farwell's womanly housekeeping. In the privacy of his room Dale has enshrined a picture of a beautiful woman, inscribed in childish lettering "Elaine." The Marblestones invite the Farwells to dinner with Cassius Brady. At the dinner Evelyn monopolizes Dale.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"That sounds dreadfully energetic. I'm sure that someone told me you were studying for the ministry, under your father," Evelyn said.

Dale chuckled with undisguised amusement.

"Hardly! If I ever had an idea of becoming a preacher, I would have been discouraged long ago. My father's too shining an example, to my way of thinking."

"Isn't he wonderful! There's something so—so fascinating about him. Everybody's quite mad over him. Only . . . you know, I'm rather in awe of him. He looks so dignified and stern. Is he really?"

"Oh, no. I used to feel that way about him when I was a kid," Dale remarked reflectively. "Of course we haven't seen such a lot of each other these past years. Perhaps I understand him better now. He's a mighty square shooter."

"I'm sure he is. Have you met many people here?"

"Almost no one. Oh, there have been quite a few dropping in at the house. But father does the honors."

"Then you have no friends here?"

"Only one, you might say. I haven't seen her since I came."

"Really?" Evelyn's eyes widened to sudden attention. The drawl in her tone vanished. "Whom are you talking about?"

"Miss Brady. I met her out West."

"Oh . . . I never thought . . . Do you mean she attended the same school you did? Why, how odd! You are a friend of Lee Brady. I knew she had been in college somewhere, but I never supposed . . . Then you've known her for a long time," Evelyn said.

"But I haven't. That's the funny part of it. I never met her until Mr. Brady came to town, commencement time. He heard father preach the baccalaureate sermon and introduced himself. Miss Brady was with him. That's when I found we had been together at the U for two years, and I never knew it."

"Oh," Evelyn's red mouth curved in a smile. "Lee is a dear. We were in high school together and went to the same kid parties here. I haven't seen so much of her lately."

"Are you children getting acquainted? I thought I'd look in."

Mrs. Marblestone rustling into the room to stand looking in vague perplexity at the two on the settee.

"Please sit down, Mr. Farwell," she resumed. "I can squeeze in between the two of you—like this. She suited action to the word. "Evelyn, you've been smoking. I don't know what Doctor Farwell would think. What do you think?"

She turned to Dale who was trying to accommodate himself to what was left of his former place.

"I quite approve," he assured her gravely.

"Dear, dear. Everything's so different these days. It's a trying thing to bring up an attractive young daughter. You know, when I was a girl . . ."

For the next hour, Mrs. Marblestone dominated the conversation, familiarizing herself wholeheartedly with her guest's past, present and future.

When Doctor Farwell came downstairs with Henry Marblestone, he found Dale still in his corner, his appearance suggesting that of a witness enduring a cross-fire of examination and hoping to remember the salient points of his story. The minister came to his aid by refusing a chair. He offered the preparation of his evening sermon as an excuse for taking an early leave. Brady, it appeared, had some business to discuss with his host and had remained in the library.

"We've been having such a nice visit with your son . . ." Mrs. Marblestone beamed. "So sorry you must go. Evelyn and I were so interested . . . Such a pity your dear wife was not spared to share your labors . . ."

Evelyn took up the theme as her mother's voice trailed away in its customary indecision.

"Is Dale a good cook, Doctor Farwell?" she wanted to know. "I've been wondering if I dared drop in on you at meal time. You'd almost

take to ask me to remain, you know."

"Of course." There was no suggestion of amusement in the minister's dark eyes.

"Then I think I will. I could help with the dishes, at least. I'm sure that Dale would like to have me help him. Wouldn't you?" Evelyn turned to him with a smile and a flash of her white teeth.

"Dale and I are old campaigners," Farwell interposed quietly.

"Just the same . . ." Mrs. Marblestone trying again.

For the first time since his arrival in Locust Hill, the minister volunteered information regarding his personal affairs.

"The present arrangement at the parsonage is temporary. Our housekeeper will be here shortly. And now I really must say good-night."

CHAPTER IV

Aside from more or less routine duties, Constable Kerney of Locust Hill permitted himself one diversion. It was meeting the half dozen north and south-bound trains whose schedules called for a stop within the province of his authority.

The office of the law was little more than a stone's throw from the railroad station and only pressing business prevented the officer from



Lee came to the door.

taking his unobtrusive stand near the telegraph operator's observation window a few moments before each train's arrival.

Public buses and automobiles would have furnished a more accurate index to the town's transients, but the station offered a convenient method of keeping one's finger on the traveling pulse.

Kerney's shrewd eyes were ever on the alert. Nearby cities furnished him with frequent "fliers" describing wanted criminals—rogues' gallery likenesses, aliases and, not infrequently, a mention of tempting rewards. The constable acquired the knack of keeping these unfavorable portraits in the back of his mind. Locust Hill with its quiet respectability might easily appeal to some fugitive as a peaceful haven.

This uncompromising vigilance appeared to have met with possible results one afternoon. Number 406, from the North, slowed to a grinding halt on time. The last passenger to clamber down the steps of the smoker was a small man who clutched a shabby suitcase in one hand and a paper parcel in the other.

An unpossessing figure this stranger, looking about uncertainly from under the cap drawn low over his thin face. A livid welt ran from the outer corner of his left eye across the cheek and under the jaw. The ear on the same side seemed to have suffered damage all its own.

The scarred face brought no response from Kerney's mental collection, but he felt amply justified in accosting the new arrival.

"Lookin' for somebody, buddy?"

"Maybe. Is this a pinch?"

"That depends," was the grim reply. "I like to know who folks are that get off here. I get paid for it."

The eyes under the cap scanned Kerney coolly. There was a slight flicker of amusement in their gray depths.

"Okay, flatfoot. I was just startin' to pay a call on my boss."

"Who's he?"

"Doc Farwell. Know him, do you?"

"I know him, all right. But . . ."

"Then you might show me where he hangs out. Trail along, if it suits you."

"His church is up the next street . . . Got a high steeple. Doctor Farwell's house is on the far side. By the graveyard."

"Sounds cheerful. Thanks."

"Wait just a minute. You mean you work for the reverend?"

"That's whatever." The little man grinned impudently. "I'm his hired girl. Well, so long . . . See you in church."

Kerney stood staring after the departing figure as if uncertain of the best course to pursue. When the latter vanished around the corner of the station, the constable followed. A moment later, he sighted his quarry walking briskly along Market Street in the direction of Old White. Kerney followed at a distance calculated to disarm suspicion. It wouldn't hurt to shadow this new arrival.

To his chagrin, he saw the man with the suitcase turn with a friendly wave of his paper parcel as he entered the parsonage yard. Kerney continued his stroll, watching the next scene from the corner of his eye. He saw the door opened by Doctor Farwell. The man in the cap dropped his parcels and extended both hands with a shrill: "Hey, Dominiel!"

There was no mistaking the smile of greeting on the minister's pale face, as his own hands went out to clasp the stranger's.

"Well, I vow!" Kerney ejaculated, as he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of his office. Jonathan Farwell smiled across the parlor at his guest who lolled

same. Say, Dominiel . . . Ain't it about time my sidekick was showin' up?"

"I expected him before this," Farwell drew a large open-face watch from his pocket and studied it thoughtfully.

"Has he made up his mind yet what he's goin' to do?"

"He is going back to school. I do not know just how soon."

"The sooner the better," Pink grumbled. "Here he is now. Drivin' up with a dame. Classy, all right. Get a load of her, will you?"

Farwell stepped near enough the window to look over the smaller man's shoulder.

"She is the daughter of one of my members." His dark eyes contracted a trifle.

"Then you picked a good church. Here comes the kid."

Quick steps sounded in the hall. The parlor door was flung open and Dale stood framed in the entrance. "Pink Mulgrew! Gee, but I'm glad to see you, Pink!" Dale had the little man by the shoulders, shaking him affectionately.

"Same here. But not in them trick pants. Bad enough to go in for a sissy game without dressin'. You look pretty fit, otherwise. And you've been playin' with dames, I see. I should have got here sooner and started you trainin'."

"Dale," Farwell interposed the word almost sharply. "I imagine that Pink would like to go to his room. Will you show him the way?"

The minister stood without moving after the pair left the parlor. His brows were drawn into a frown as he stared down at the rug. The expression on his face did not change until the silence was broken by a sound from the second floor. It was the staccato tattoo of a punching bag, vibrating under the attack of professional knuckles.

Within forty-eight hours, Locust Hill was mulling over a Farwell problem that dimmed its predecessors completely. This new and intriguing puzzle was the latest addition to the parsonage household. Who was this Pink Mulgrew?

The fact that he had been seen conversing with Constable Kerney gave rise to rumors that Mr. Mulgrew was a sometime gangster, employed by the pastor for purposes of reformation. Pink's sinister appearance made the suggestion entirely feasible. Mulgrew must be a servant.

"Pagin' Mister Fa-awell!" Pink Mulgrew thrust his head into the living room. Dale was there, stretched comfortably on the couch reading a magazine.

"Phone, Pink?"

"Yeah. The girl friend. Want me to dust off the clubs?"

"Never mind. I'll get it." He rose and made his way out to the telephone. "Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," returned a cheerful voice. "It's Lee Brady."

"Oh! I . . . When did you get to town? I say! Are you going to be home this afternoon? And may I call?"

"If you can spare the time," Dale thought he heard a suppressed laugh. "Please do." Lee went on hurriedly. "I want you to meet the nicest person in Locust Hill."

Dale was quickened by a thrill of anticipation as he strode on his way to that afternoon appointment. He hadn't quite realized how eager he was to see Lee again.

The Brady home somehow looked the way Dale had hoped. It stood in the center of a large lawn. A house of dark brick topped by a mansard roof, its colored slates laid in patterns. A house to live in.

Lee came to the door. The same Lee of the brown eyes and ready smile. Of the bronze curls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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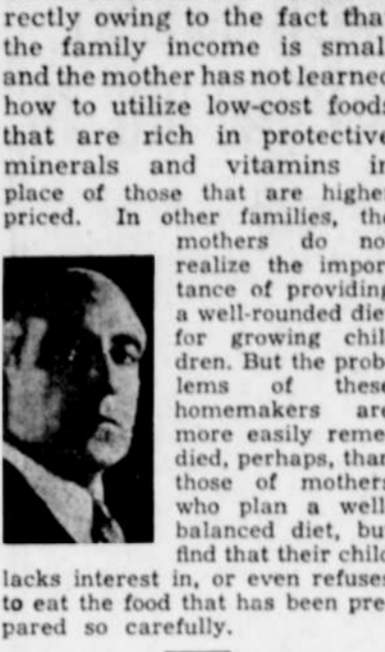
WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses the Child Who Has a Lagging Appetite; Tells What to Do for the Fussy Eater

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

IT HAS been well said that with the knowledge of nutrition now at the command of practically every mother, there should not be one ill-nourished child in our land. Unfortunately, statistics show that possibly one-half of the children in this country are either underweight, undernourished or malnourished.

Many factors may be responsible for this state of affairs.



Some children are fed incorrectly owing to the fact that the family income is small and the mother has not learned how to utilize low-cost foods that are rich in protective minerals and vitamins in place of those that are higher priced. In other families, the mothers do not realize the importance of providing a well-rounded diet for growing children. But the problems of these homemakers are more easily remedied, perhaps, than those of mothers who plan a well-balanced diet, but find that their child lacks interest in, or even refuses to eat the food that has been prepared so carefully.

Developing the Right Attitude

Strange as it may seem, such difficulties often arise because a mother fails to give the necessary consideration to developing in the young child a proper attitude toward food. Some children need to be taught that they must eat enough food for their body requirements. It is part of the training they should have in early childhood, so that they develop a willingness to eat what is put before them, to try new foods when offered, and to become increasingly independent in making a wise selection at mealtimes.

If a child has been properly conditioned in these respects from his earliest years, mothers will seldom find themselves faced with a "child who will not eat."

Problem of Anorexia

All normal children will, at times, exhibit a lack of appetite. We are not concerned here with occasions when a child who usually eats well feels no desire for food. Such lack of appetite may mean the beginning of a cold or some other illness and should be carefully investigated. Unfortunately, however, many mothers of young children are faced with a chronic lack of appetite in their children—a condition that physicians describe as anorexia. In order to correct this condition, it is necessary to understand its causes and to use wisdom in helping to remove them.

Find the Causes

When a child chronically lacks interest in food, the mother should set about systematically to learn the reasons why. Possibly the cooperation of your physician will be required, for sometimes obscure physical causes may be responsible, such as faulty elimination, diseased tonsils or teeth or some other focal infection. On the other hand, it frequently occurs that a changed attitude on the part of the mother in presenting food is all that is necessary to alter completely a child's attitude in regard to his meals.

Faulty Diet May Destroy Appetite

Frequently, a child's lack of interest in food may be traced directly to poor choice among the foods presented to him. It has been repeatedly demonstrated, for example, that when the diet lacks vitamin B, appetite decreases, so that there is less desire for food of any kind. Then, too, when a child's diet contains too much fat, digestion may be delayed and this in turn may interfere with the appetite for the next meal. While some children thrive better with a between-meal feeding, in others it seems to destroy appetite for the meal that is to follow. And

with some children, "fussiness" at mealtimes may be due to the fact that their diet contains too many concentrated foods, too few crisp raw ones that stimulate appetite.

Fatigue a Factor

Occasionally, a child does not eat well merely because he is too tired. Even though he obtains adequate sleep at night, too much or too prolonged exercise or excitement may result in fatigue during the day. If a child spends too much time with adults, overstimulation may be the result. And in the case of older children, their school work may be troubling them.

Another frequent cause of lagging appetite is the constant nervous tension to be observed in some households. If a child is allowed to become unhappy, angry, or worried over some uncompleted school assignment, it may interfere seriously with his appetite and consequently with his nutrition. With younger children, the fact that they are able to attract favorable attention from adults by refusing to eat often stimulates them to repeat their refusal as long as mother shows concern over their antics.

Parents' Attitude Important

This brings us to perhaps the most important factor in dealing with the young, finicky eater who

eats sparingly and whose dislikes usually far outnumber his likes. Such a child must be encouraged tactfully to eat a wide variety of foods, but mothers must not be over-solicitous, nor must they become obviously angry or irritated when the child refuses food. Scolding, punishment and threats of punishment should be avoided, as they defeat their purpose. Remember, too, that precept is a powerful teacher, and that a child's dislike for certain foods may have been instilled by a none-too-guardedly expressed dislike of a similar food on the part of an adult.

Some Helpful Hints

It may be necessary for the entire family to live more quietly, in order to give the finicky eater a chance to be quiet and relaxed. There must be regularity of meals and mealtimes must be peaceful. Keep the table conversation general and impersonal in character before older children. See to it that younger ones eat by themselves.

Often a short rest before meals will help a child to become relaxed completely. And frequently, a new method of presenting foods will result in a changed attitude on the part of the child.

Foods for young children should not be seasoned too highly. In general, condiments should be avoided. Strong-flavored vegetables, as a rule, are not well liked, and if introduced in the young child's diet should be combined with some familiar, and mild-tasting food. In cooking vegetables, keep the pieces large enough so that the child can identify what he is eating. Include a crisp food in each meal.

Finally, remember that a child's eating habits cannot be changed overnight. Changes should be introduced gradually, so that he is scarcely aware of what is going on.

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Sagging Chair Seats.—To tighten the cane on cane-bottomed chairs, brush to remove all dust, then wash with salt water and place in the open air to dry.

Moose Country Extends From Maine to Alaska; Like Deer, Sheds His Antlers

King of the deer family is the moose. A full grown moose weighs as much as a big horse, and is so homely that he's majestic. It is an everlasting mystery how a moose goes at high speed through thick brush carrying that enormous rack of horns. The gait of a moose is either a trot or a smooth lope that is much faster than it looks to be, writes Ding Darling in the Washington Star.

Like all the deer, the male moose sheds its antlers and renews them every year.

In many respects the moose is as queer as he looks. For one thing, its range has remained practically unchanged since the first white man landed, although its members have been greatly diminished in all regions and is no longer native to New York and Pennsylvania. The moose country runs from Maine westward and north to Alaska, into Montana, Idaho, parts of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and into Mexico.

It is impossible for moose to be happy away from water. They spend most of their time, in the summer, feeding on mosses and aquatic plants. In winter the moose feeds on browse, and spruce at that. A very interesting experiment with moose is going on in Michigan. About 20 years ago moose came from Canada and settled on Isle Royale in Lake Superior, where there never had been any before. No hunting was permitted and after a few years the moose got so plentiful that they ate up all the winter feed within reach and began to starve to death by the score.

So the state of Michigan, for three winters, has been trapping moose on the island and taking them across to the mainland and releasing them in what looks to be perfect moose country. About 60 moose have been liberated.

Likely and Liable

Likely means probable, liable means tending to, responsible or obliged. It is not likely that I would throw a stone through the window, for if I did I would be liable to be arrested and fined. Though most motorcycles are not likely to skid, Tom's is liable to do so at any moment.