

Joseph
McCord's

HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"I'd have had a swell chance to be the Unknown Soldier," continued Pink. "If it hadn't been for the dominie. Know what he done?"

"Oh, what? I know it was splendid!"

"Was for me. He heaved me across his shoulder as he was coming back and dumped me at the dressin' station. It was while he was a-luggin' me that shell spoiled my map."

"How brave!" Abbie clasped her hands tightly.

"Just a part of the day's work for him." Pink forgot his usual caution in the warmth of his listener's undisguised admiration. "Yes, he kept me from bein' planted under one of them nice little white crosses and I ain't never forgot it. I was laid up in the hospital until after the Armistice. But the dominie never lost track of me. The fact my pan was busted never seemed to worry him."

"Of course not."

"But," Mulgrew conceded moodily, "it spoiled me for my own profession. Nothin' but."

"What was that, Mr. Pink?"

"You probably don't follow the sportin' pages so close or you'd remember reading my name. I'm Kid Pink . . . I was, I mean."

"You're not telling me . . ."

"Sure!" Mulgrew fairly beamed. "I knew it would come back to you after a minute. That's me. Light-weight division, you remember. I was goin' strong for first place when they kicked up that row on the other side."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I couldn't wait to be mustered. I'd been a short-order jockey-cook . . . That was before I took up the gloves serious. After I was on my pins and wonderin' what next, the dominie makes me a proposition. I was to come and throw in with him. Help around the house by slingin' hash and helpin' to take care of the kid."

"Dale?"

"Sure. He was gettin' to the age when he was gettin' into everything. The dominie wanted to have the kid with him. Guess it sort of made up for not havin' the wife. I'd brung up about six brothers and sisters and Dale didn't give me no trouble. I had gloves on him by the time he was five. Used to sit down on the floor and swap punches with him. Kep' his mind off his fairy tales."

"How nice that was."

"You tellin' me? I'd have dug ditches for the dominie with my fingernails, if he'd asked me to. Would yet, for that matter. You see, I always wanted to pay him back for what he done for me. Maybe I've had the chance in a way."

"Of course you have!" Abbie Brown exclaimed. "I've never heard of such devotion. I think it's wonderful!"

"I wish you hadn't have heard it now," Pink remarked a trifle ungraciously. "The dominie never talks war stuff. He'd be sore as a pup if he thought I'd been shooting the works like I done."

"He would be like that."

There was rare understanding in those few words, but they brought only dismay to Pinkney Mulgrew. What had possessed him to blab all that tripe? And to a skirt of all things! He eased himself from his perch and faced the cause of his downfall with belligerence in his own voice and eyes.

"That was pure dumb of me. Forget I said anything about the dominie and . . . the missus. He don't talk about her."

"I understand. And I'll always understand him better after this."

"No you won't. Nobody understands that guy. Women, least of all. As long as we've gone this far, we might as well put the cards down. I can tell you've got good sense. But if there's any dames in this burg that think the dominie's . . . You get me. On the block. Well, you can tell 'em for me they're all wet."

Miss Abbie bridled perceptibly. She rose hastily from her chair. "Thank you for telling me . . . everything. I had no idea it was so late. I only intended to stay a minute. No. Wait! I'll slip right out the back door if you don't mind."

Pink looked after her with gloomy eyes.

"Beatin' it to the neighbors to spill. Can you tie that?"

The last remark was caused by a glance at the kitchen table. The empty doughnut pan still reposed where he had placed it at its owner's disposal.

Circumstances entered into an unholy conspiracy to keep him from having that talk with Lee Brady, was Dale's grim conclusion. He had planned to see her the afternoon following the party. Then came a request to drive his father over to Newark. Doctor Farwell was scheduled to address a meeting in that city. If it were not too late when he finished, he wished to go into New York. He would appreciate it if Dale would bring the car back

to Locust Hill, since he disliked driving in Manhattan.

When Dale reached home it was late afternoon. He decided to defer his call until evening and to make it without telephoning in advance. If Lee were hurt, or angry even, it would be too easy for her to plead a previous engagement. He must see her.

CHAPTER VIII

Pink Mulgrew was engrossed with plans for an after-dinner excursion. The incident of the doughnut pan had left him a prey to vague forebodings. There was the chance that Brown dame might come back for her property. If she encountered the dominie or Dale, it was more than likely she would make some "crack" about that kitchen visit.

Accordingly, Pink chose four of the likeliest "Browns" in the telephone directory and copied the street numbers on a bit of paper. He planned to begin the quest as quickly as the dinner dishes could be washed and the kitchen put in its usual scrupulous order.

Even then he had a narrow escape, for Dale appeared just as Mr. Mulgrew and the pan were achieving a stealthy exit from the back door.

"Where are you going, Pink?"

"Milkin'." The door closed with a hasty bang.

The first "Brown" doorbell summoned an aged man who proved hard of hearing and eyed the pan

over unannounced. Were you going out?"

"Only to the corner to post a letter," Lee removed her coat and tossed it into a chair.

"If you'll trust me with it, I'll drop it in the post office," Dale took the letter and thrust it into his pocket. "I was just telling your mother how sorry I was about last night."

"Oh, well . . ." Lee's voice was disappointingly indifferent. "Maybe I'll have better luck next time. No I won't." She laughed. "I'm all through having birthdays. I forgot."

It was impossible to tell from Lee's manner whether or not she held any resentment against him. She chatted freely and frankly as Dale's spirits drooped. He was almost on the point of making his adieu, when Mrs. Brady excused herself and retired from the room.

When he was satisfied that she was out of hearing Dale drew a long breath.

"Lee," he blurted, "I wanted to tell you about last night. Who our guests were."

"I know," she answered quietly. "Evelyn was here today. She mentioned it."

"Oh—I see." The admission left him floundering. "I would rather have told you myself."

"I'm not sure I wouldn't have preferred it that way. But it's quite all right."

"Well, you see, I didn't like to mention it over the phone. I guess I was rather upset anyway. Father



He decided to defer his call until evening.

with deep distrust. Apparently he labored under the delusion that a contribution of some sort was desired. After a noisy attempt to clarify the situation, Pink turned away in disgust.

At his next stop, fortune favored him. The door was opened by none other than Miss Abbie herself.

"Here's your pan," the grateful messenger announced and thrust it at her.

"Why, thank you! Did you ever hear of anything so stupid? Calling at your house just to get that pan and then walking right off without it! You must come in and sit down a few minutes. You're tired, I know."

"No thanks. Not tonight."

"But my mother would so like to meet you. I've been telling her how you . . ."

"Not a chance. I mean I'm in a hurry," Pink explained. So that was it. Been telling her old lady. And who else? "Fine time I'd have givin' that one off," he told himself as he beat a hasty retreat into the darkness.

In the meantime Dale had made his way to the Bradys' where Hattie, the elderly domestic, assured him that Lee was at home. Mrs. Brady, however, was the only occupant of the living room when he entered.

"Oh! It's Dale. How are you? Lee is upstairs, but she will be here presently. Please sit down."

"Fine." Dale helped himself to a chair. "I suppose I should have asked Lee if it was convenient for me to call," he began abruptly.

"But I was away all afternoon and I did want to tell her how disappointed I was about last night. Father had invited guests for dinner and I didn't know it."

Mrs. Brady sensed the anxiety in his voice.

"That was quite all right," she suggested kindly. "Lee was disappointed that you were unable to come. All of us were."

Before he had time to pursue the subject further, Lee appeared from the hall. The caller's heart sank when he saw that she was wearing her coat.

"Hello," was her cheerful greeting. "How are you?"

"All right. I shouldn't have come

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"It's a joke. I'm trying my hand at—well, it won't be teaching. Just keeping a section of beginners busy. Ben Lingham is taking a leave the second semester and Payne thought I should hold down some of his work. There isn't much in it, but I jumped at the chance to be associated that much more with the chief."

"Doctor Payne is head of the department, isn't he?"

"I'll say he is! He's one of the foremost consultants in the country today. There are a lot of mining men, up north mostly, who swear by him. I'm going to cultivate him all I can in hopes he might land a berth for me with one of his clients this spring. A recommendation from him ought to go a long way."

"That sounds interesting. Then you won't be coming back here."

There was a little note in the last that Dale was quick to detect.

"Lee," he told her steadily. "I should have gone away sooner. I didn't. And there's just one reason. I'll always be coming back. If you're here. Or unless you tell me I can't."

"Do you remember, Dale, that I told you one day that we were funny? You are. And I think we'd better talk about something else."

"Yes, I do remember," he said slowly. "Everything that happened that day. I always will. And I'd better be going home. Dale rose to his feet, hesitated uncertainly.

"Lee, there's something I want to ask you first."

"Yes?" She met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Is—everything all right now?"

"Yes," Lee smiled up at him brightly. "Everything's just right."

The fast approaching holidays brought little of pleasurable anticipation to Dale Farwell. Each time he thought of Christmas, he was conscious of a feeling of dejection that he could not shake off. It meant leaving Locust Hill. Leaving home. Leaving Lee.

For the first time, his departure from his father's roof carried a realization of permanency. Dale's forthcoming work at the university must be a stepping stone only. High time he was making a niche for himself, putting his education to the test. In the meantime, he must devote as many hours as possible to his father and to Pink. He owed them that.

Hence, young Mr. Farwell became something of a recluse those last few weeks, pleading his preparations as a reason for declining invitations. There was one exception. He went to Lee's home as frequently as he could contrive an excuse.

Lee had been as good as her word, so far as their outward relations were concerned. But Dale was miserably conscious that something of the old comradeship was gone. He could not define it with any degree of satisfaction. There was a vague barrier there. Lee was holding him away from her, gently but none the less firmly.

Aside from the usual home remembrances, Dale's Christmas shopping concerned itself only with a gift for Lee. Furtive prowls through department stores, a search that took him as far as New York, left him rather dismayed at the vast miscellany contrived for feminine use.

"I hope you don't mind my acting as my own delivery boy," he explained evasively to Lee when he was fortunate enough to find her alone on the afternoon of the day before Christmas. "I had these flowers for your mother and I wanted to be sure they got here shipshape, you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Protection of Birds Necessary to Cope With Insects That Destroy Food, Timber

Has the economic value of insectivorous birds been over-estimated?

One eminent entomologist has stated that a single pair of Colorado beetles, or common potato bug, if allowed to breed unmolested for one season, would at the end of that period be responsible for a family running well over 60,000,000, writes Albert Stell, Jr., in the Detroit News.

The tussock and gypsy moth if unchecked would produce sufficient progeny within ten years to destroy the foliage of every tree in America.

Over 300,000 species of insects have been described and identified. The number remaining unidentified is perhaps as great.

The voracity of these insect pests is beyond imagination. Edward Howe Forbush, state entomologist of Massachusetts, has stated that certain of the insects will devour in the course of a day, 200 times their original weight in food. This would be equivalent to the normal human being consuming 30,000 pounds of beef or other meat in 24 hours.

Caterpillars and other leaf-eating insects have been known to consume

as much as 200 times their weight in food each day.

The only life beyond complete control of man is that of insects. How destructive their reign could be if it were not for the insect-eating birds, no one could hazard an answer.

Civilization through ignorance or viciousness has made tremendous inroads upon our bird life; so much so that certain destructive insect agents of nature have played havoc with our food and timber supply. If we had held bird life a bit more sacred in the past, the control of insects would not have been as great a problem as it is with us today.

The fecundity and voracity of insects, if uncontrolled by man and his feathered allies, would within a short period spell ruin, devastation and misery to the human race.

You cannot overestimate the economic value of our insectivorous birds.

Build Earliest Warships

From what is known of the ancient history of ships, the Phoenicians and Greeks were first to build ships of special type for war.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses the Diet of Expectant Mother. Some General Rules for Wise Eating at This Important Time

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

DISTINGUISHED writers and sociologists, both here and abroad, have concerned themselves in recent years with the writing of a Children's Charter and a Baby's Bill of Rights. These efforts are commendable because they demonstrate a forward-looking attitude . . . a genuine attempt to better the lot of the next generation. Indeed, they represent a concerted effort to do for children in general what mothers have always tried to do individually for their own children.

Before a Baby Is Born

But not every mother realizes what all nutritionists know—that to a not inconsiderable degree, the very foundations of good health for the child are laid down before he is born.



For it has been well said that good nutrition for the infant begins with good nutrition for the mother. Unfortunately, many people, even in this enlightened age, still cling to superstition and old wives' tales when it comes to choosing the proper foods for those important months before a baby is born.

Some Common Fallacies

As a result, some expectant mothers overeat, frequently of the wrong kinds of food; others do not take enough of the foods that are required to maintain top health for the mother and build the baby's body soundly; while still another group believes such antiquated notions as the idea that a woman may eat whatever she "craves" during this period.

In view of the fact that recent nutrition work has given us more knowledge than ever before of how and what the expectant mother should eat, dietetic errors during this period are particularly deplorable.

Building Better Babies

Every expectant mother should be under the care of a physician, and usually he gives specific advice concerning the foods that may be eaten and those that might better be avoided. But every woman will be a better mother if she understands something of the functions and fate of foods, with particular reference to this period.

Don't Overeat

Generally speaking, the same foods that are required for a well-balanced diet under ordinary circumstances are the ones that will best serve the needs of mother and child during the months before a baby is born. There are, however, certain modifications of the diet that may well be taken into consideration.

First, a word about the amount of food consumed: It is not necessary to eat more than is required to satisfy the normal appetite, in the belief that large quantities of additional food are needed. Nutritionists have demonstrated that the energy requirements of the expectant mother increase only during the last three months of gestation. Thus, it is not necessary to increase the caloric intake for the first few months, though toward the end of the period a gradual increase in caloric intake may be made under the direction of the physician. It is advisable, however, to emphasize that the character of the additional food consumed, as well as the amount, should always be taken into consideration.

Building Materials

It is important to pay special attention to the amount and kind of protein that is eaten, since over the entire period the baby grows tremendously, even though almost half of the weight of the newborn child is added during the final two months before birth.

Recent investigations also indicate that the prospective mother is best able to maintain her nutritional reserve if the amount of protein in her diet is carefully calculated. It is desirable likewise that the protein be of the highest quality.

Milk is even more important in the diet of the expectant mother than in that of other adults—not only for its protein, but because of its minerals and vitamins. As a rule, the expectant mother should take a quart of milk a day, whereas the usual diet for adults calls for a pint of milk daily.

Minerals and Vitamins

In addition to requiring protein to help build tissue for her baby, the expectant mother must have a generous amount of minerals. Calcium and phosphorus are required especially for the formation of the baby's bones and teeth. Construction begins on all the teeth before birth, and at birth, all

This requirement should be taken care of automatically if generous amounts of fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals are consumed. For in addition to their minerals and vitamins, all these foods likewise supply bulk which aids in promoting regularity.

The wide use of fruits and vegetables will also help to build up a liberal alkaline reserve, which helps to safeguard health during the period of gestation.

If all these factors are taken into consideration, the expectant mother will not only help to preserve her own health, but will take constructive measures to give her baby the blessings of a sound start in life. Then as the healthy, contented infant grows into the healthy, happy, active toddler, and later becomes the healthy, well-adjusted school boy, the mother can indeed be proud of her handiwork!

Questions Answered

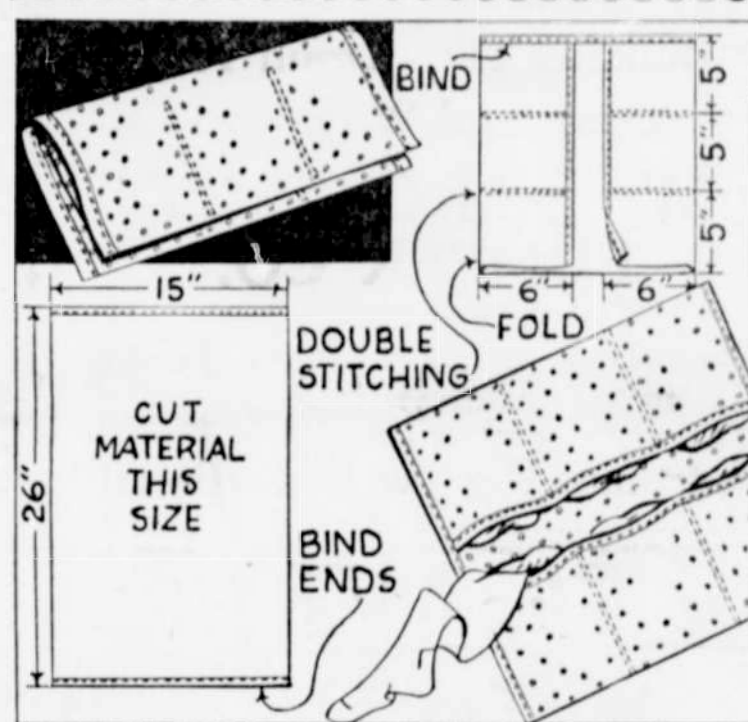
Miss E. D. M.—Yes, in most of the foods containing vitamin G, this vitamin is associated with vitamin B. White of egg is the only food in which it is definitely known to date that vitamin G occurs without vitamin B.

Mrs. S. D. L.—It is true that nuts furnish protein similar in quantity to that found in cream and top milk. Nutritionists do not agree, however, that the protein is the complete equal of milk protein in quality.

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HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



A stocking case keeps dresser drawers neat.

THINGS that will have a ready sale at a fair or church bazaar; things that may be made quickly from odds and ends of material on hand; colorful, useful things for gifts—these are the requests that come in the mail.

Here is another suggestion that has stood the test of practical use—a flat case that holds six pairs of stockings. What a relief not to have them all mixed up with underwear and other things in dresser drawers.

This case may be made quickly on the sewing machine. A piece of cretonne or bright ticking or other cotton material of the dimensions given here, and about two yards of contrasting bias binding are the materials needed. The diagrams given here in the sketch, explain each step in cutting and making the case.

If a more elaborate case is desired, silk may be used with ribbon for the bindings. A quilted silk case of this type would make an exquisite gift. Machine quilting may be used for this purpose.

Be sure to clip and save these lessons as they are not in either Book 1 or 2. These books are full of still other useful ideas, with complete cutting and sewing directions for each item clearly illustrated. They save the price of many patterns and you will use them constantly for references and inspiration.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery, has helped thousands of women to use odds and ends of materials and their spare time to make

things to sell and to use. Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator, is full of inspiration for every homemaker. These books make delightful gifts. Mrs. Spears will autograph them on request. Books are 25 cents each. Crazy-patch quilt leaflet is included free with every order for both books. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Wild Elephant Roundup

Siam's recent wild elephant roundup, the first in 35 years, was thoughtfully conducted, says Collier's. For the spectators, there was a large grandstand beside the stockade, and portable broadcasting equipment kept them informed of the progress of the hunt. For the captured animals, the stockade contained both drinking and bathing water and, on a safe perch, a group of women who sang lullabies to the beasts to calm them.

QUESTION

You never seem to have a cold, Ethel.

ANSWER

Perhaps I'm just lucky. But I always use LUDEN'S at the first sign. They contain an alkaline factor, you know.

LUDEN'S 5¢

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

RESTFUL BEDS

SPACIOUS ROOMS with bath from \$2 per day

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All rooms outside Centrally located Garage Service Quiet

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