



HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Dale, how lovely!" Lee exclaimed, as she carefully opened the box and brought to view a mass of pink roses. "How did you know that my mother loves flowers better than anything else in the world?"

"I didn't," he smiled happily. "I just couldn't think of anything else good enough for her."

"You've no idea how she will appreciate it. I wish she were here now to thank you. You must excuse me a minute while I take care of them."

"I had the very dickens of a time finding a little something for you," Dale remarked when Lee returned to the living room. He held out a small flat parcel as he spoke. "Save it for tomorrow."

"Indeed I won't!" Lee's brown eyes were shining. "I never could wait until Christmas morning to look at my presents. Please..." Her eager fingers were already working with the ribbon that bound the tissue-wrapped package. Then Lee was gazing in breathless delight at a small painting held in her two hands.

"Like it?"

"It's adorable. I'm afraid I don't know how to tell you. It's so beautiful," she added softly.

Dale gave a relieved sigh.

"Then I'm glad. I had just about given it up. Then I was browsing around over in the city and happened in a funny little restaurant down in the Village. Some artist had a number of pictures on display there and I saw that one. As soon as I looked at it, I knew it was you. Do you know what it made me think of?"

"Of course," Lee answered quickly. "Our trip to Staten Island. It's that same soft haze over the water. The same coloring—and that old house. I wish I knew how to thank you."

"Can't you think of a nice way?" was Dale's bold retort.

By way of answer, Lee laid the picture carefully on the table, crossed swiftly to Dale's chair, leaned down and touched his cheek lightly with her lips.

"There. You're thanked."

"Lee!"

Dale was still under the spell of that first little kiss when he reached the parsonage and found Pink in the kitchen staring moodily at a dressed turkey that reposed on the table.

"That's the fourth one of them things sent here today by the dominie's flock," the cook explained disgustedly. "The ice box is lousy with turks. Come on out on the porch a minute. I want to show you something."

The something proved to be a small Christmas tree concealed at the end of the refrigerator.

"It sort of had me bothered," Pink offered in some perplexity. "You know the dominie always insisted on your havin' a tree, same as he always draws the line against goin' out anywhere on Christmas. Of course you're pretty old for such doinings now, but I figured you mightn't be here another time and maybe he'd sort of expect it. What do you think?"

"Mighty thoughtful of you, Pink. I'll help you fix it, if you like."

"The dominie looks pretty good these days, don't you think?"

"Fine. Why?"

"I dunno. Look here, kid. I don't think it would hurt none to tell you he's been glad to have you stickin' so close to the house lately. Goin' places with him and everything. He thinks you're makin' a swell job of yourself. Pretty tough if you ever was to let him down."

When the tree was decorated it made a brave showing, its base heaped about with sundry parcels and packages. Jonathan Farwell gave a brief tribute to its beauty when he entered the parlor later, but Dale caught a sudden light in his father's dark eyes that made him understand that Pink had been right.

Dale's remembrance from Lee was a small wallet bearing his initials in gold letters. The memory of their ride to the island prompted the selection. Lee had not forgotten, either.

Rather to his surprise there was a second and bulkier parcel bearing the greeting card of Cassius Brady. The contents proved to be a dog-eared book, but a note within the leaves in the lawyer's crabbed handwriting furnished an explanation.

My Dear Dale:

When I was about your age, this old companion was one of my favorites. It seems to be out of print now, so I'm asking you to accept this disreputable copy with my best wishes. I hope you'll like O'Malley. You remind me of him after a fashion.

Faithfully,

C. B.

Before he extinguished his light in the small hours of Christmas morning, Dale had taken the Irish Dragon into his heart. It was good of Mr. Brady. And Lee . . . Lee.

CHAPTER IX

A few days after Christmas, as Dale stood at one of the windows in the Locust Hill Trust Company depositing a modest check that had been a gift from his father, he was conscious of a touch on the arm. A man in the bank's uniform was at his elbow.

"Excuse me, Mr. Farwell. Will you please step into Mr. Marblestone's office? This way."

In some surprise, Dale followed the messenger to a private office at the far end of the ornate lobby. His surprise deepened when he saw Evelyn smiling from a chair near her father's desk. Marblestone greeted his caller with a genial salute.

"Hello, Dale. Draw up a chair. I've been intending to ask you in for a chat. Evelyn happened to see you when you came in." The banker cleared his throat impressively. "We'll get down to business. When are you leaving?"

"I think about as soon as I can get ready about New Year's."

"You're taking over some sort of a school job for the spring months, I believe you told me."

"Yes, sir."

"Um-m. You know, Dale, I've been thinking about you since we

wish that he had not met Lee's father under the particular circumstances.

"Dale!" Evelyn exclaimed, when the big roadster was in motion. "You don't know how thrilled I am over the idea of your coming back here to stay. I think it's wonderful for you. I'll like it, too."

"It does sound wonderful. So wonderful that I hate to turn it down."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"It's decent of your father to give me time to think it over. But I know what the answer has to be. I can't do it."

"Surely you're joking, Dale."

Evelyn swung the roadster to a skillful halt at the curb in front of the parsonage. She shut off the motor and sat eyeing her passenger reproachfully.

"No," Dale observed thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm joking. I've put in four hard years preparing for my own job. I like my work. I feel sure that I can make good in it and I don't know the first thing about banking. There's another thing, Evelyn. I want to make my own start in life, first. That's why I know I'm going to decline your father's offer. I don't want to be carried. If you know what I mean."

"I don't know." There was a

Mrs. Brady stole a troubled glance at Lee. "Had you heard about it, dear?" she inquired gently.

"No, Mother." The brown eyes were watching the needle.

"Maybe it's a big secret," Brady observed. "Henry didn't say so, though. He had just been talking to Dale. As I went into the office, Dale was coming out. Evelyn was with him."

"Does that mean Dale will not go back to school?" Mrs. Brady asked.

"Not as I understand it. According to Henry, he's going to finish his work and come back here in the spring."

"I think I am rather sorry to hear that," Mrs. Brady said to the words slowly.

"So am I." Brady admitted with a frown. "I wanted to see the boy go on with his own work. Always had an idea he might make some sort of reputation for himself."

"Kid! Snap out of that!"

Dale's head stirred restlessly on his pillow. A troublesome dream held him. Pink coming to his side, shaking him roughly and telling him he was late for school. His eyes blinked protestingly. Why was the light burning?

"Kid! Kid!"

It was Pink. A heavy bathrobe thrown over his green pajamas, hair standing grotesquely on end. Calling in a shrill insistent whisper.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"Pipe down. You'll wake the dominie. Get down to the phone. That Brady girl wants you."

Dale groped his way through the lower hall to the telephone, located it and jerked the receiver to his ear. "Yes?" he called guardedly.

"This is Lee."

"What's wrong?"

"Dale, I need you. Can you come over right away?"

"Sure. Want me to get word to anybody first?"

"No, no. Hurry! And bring your car."

Within five minutes Dale was backing the car from the garage. He had waited but long enough to don his shoes and trousers, supplementing his costume with his father's heavy ulster as he hurried from the house.

As he leaped up the steps of the Brady porch, the front door swung open. Lee, her face white and drawn with anxiety, stared at him pitifully. She seemed unable to speak.

"What's the trouble?" Dale demanded in a low voice. "Is it your mother?"

"Yes . . . I don't know. She and daddy went away this morning—"

Lee broke off with a nervous sob. "Take it easy."

Dale's hand caught her slim shoulder in a comforting clasp. "Try to tell me about it. Where did they go?"

"To Trenton. Oh, Dale! Take me there as quick as you can!" Lee freed herself to drag her coat from the hall tree with shaking hands.

"Something has happened," she managed. "The police—they found our car. It was empty! Oh, you will take me!"

"Why, of course," Dale sensed the urgency of the situation without waiting for further explanation. Nor did Lee trust herself to speak until the Farwell sedan was slipping swiftly through the empty streets.

"It's so good of you, Dale. I'm all right now. I can think with you here. You see, daddy left on a business trip and he thought the ride would be good for mother. She was to spend the day with some friends and they were going to drive home before dinner."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"It sort of had me bothered," Pink offered.

had that visit at your house. That profession of yours may be very interesting and all that. But you never ever make much money at it. And I've got a good opening here for you . . . No, wait! He gestured with his cigar as Dale started to speak.

"Let me tell you about it. I've often wished Evelyn were a boy, or that I had a son. But it's too late to do anything about that. What I mean is, I'd like to have somebody I could depend on around here. I'm beginning to need someone like that more and more. Mixed up in more things every year. You can understand. Whoever I take on will have a chance to get somewhere and to make some real money. See?"

"That's awfully good of you, sir. But . . ."

"I know. I know. You're thinking that you've invested a lot of time and money in a profession and that you can't throw it away. You won't be. Scientific training never hurt a business man. Not these days. It's a good foundation. I'll bet you've learned to look into things closely, study them. You'd do the same thing to business propositions. After you had a little training here in the bank, I'll wager you'd be a hard fellow to put anything over on."

"It never has occurred to me to change my line of work," Dale admitted uncomfortably, conscious that Evelyn was watching him intently.

"Of course it hasn't. I wouldn't be interested in you if I thought you were shilly-shallying around at your age. And I'm not asking for any decision now. You go to your job and give it all you've got. Then come back in the spring and see me. And while you're making up your mind to say yes, don't forget this. In two years you'll be making more than you will after ten of fussing with rocks. You'll be somebody."

"That sounds very alluring," Dale managed. "I appreciate it, I'm sure." He rose to his feet.

"That's all right, my boy. Just you keep it under your hat and I'll be looking for you to report on the job about June. If I don't see you again before you leave—good luck!"

As Evelyn and Dale left the private office, they almost collided with Cash Brady. The lawyer lifted his hat to Evelyn and bestowed a good-natured smile on her companion in passing. Dale was conscious of a

pleading note in Evelyn's voice. "I've been so happy thinking what it would mean to you. I never dreamed you would turn down such a chance."

"I'm sorry."

"Couldn't you try it, if—if I asked you to?"

"That wouldn't be fair to your father. He asked me to think it over and I will. But I know now what the answer will have to be."

"By the way," Cassius Brady informed his family casually, as the three of them formed an after-dinner circle about the living room fire. "I heard a bit of news today. Our friend Dale is going to settle down in Locust Hill and become one of the leading citizens."

"Put down your paper and tell us what you are talking about."

Brady obliged cheerfully and commenced rattling his pipe.

"Henry Marblestone was telling me this morning when I was in his office. Said he was taking Dale into the bank to learn the ropes."

Lack of Vitamin B Causes Malnutrition in the Human Body, Animals and Poultry

Vitamin B is one of the vitamins which cannot be stored up in the body to be used later—it must be taken in daily quantities, and while many of our foods contain this vitamin, one of the most abundant sources is fresh vegetables from the garden, especially greens. Lima beans, it was recently discovered, contain large quantities of Vitamin B. The University of Illinois summarizes the story of Vitamin B thus:

"Vitamin B is necessary for the maintenance of life and vigor at all ages. Lack of it promptly prevents growth, impairs the appetite, affects the organs of digestion and reproduction, and causes malnutrition, particularly of the nervous system. In the latter stages of this type of undernutrition, nerve inflammation and degeneration often develop, causing a partial or complete paralysis of the hind quarters of animals, and in poultry even more characteristic symptoms. In human nutrition a lack of Vitamin B will ultimately cause a disease known as beri beri, a disease common to Oriental people whose chief diet consists of polished rice. In animals a similar disease, known

as neuritis or polyneuritis, results from lack of Vitamin B. The word polyneuritis is defined as "a disease of many nerves."

Vitamin B is known to be present in seeds but to be absent from refined cereals, like polished rice. Milk, eggs, and most vegetables supply it. In natural food the Vitamin B is said to be remarkably stable in the dry state. The loss to be expected during canning is less than for Vitamin C, but the Vitamin B content of a cooked product may be decreased by the use of soda or by discarding cooking water. Some concern has been expressed lest the Vitamin B content of the American diet be inadequate. The supposed deficiency is due to the increasing use of refined foods, sweets, and fats, all low in Vitamin B, for diets largely composed of such items may bring the total Vitamin B intake perilously low.

Hope for Desert Mirages

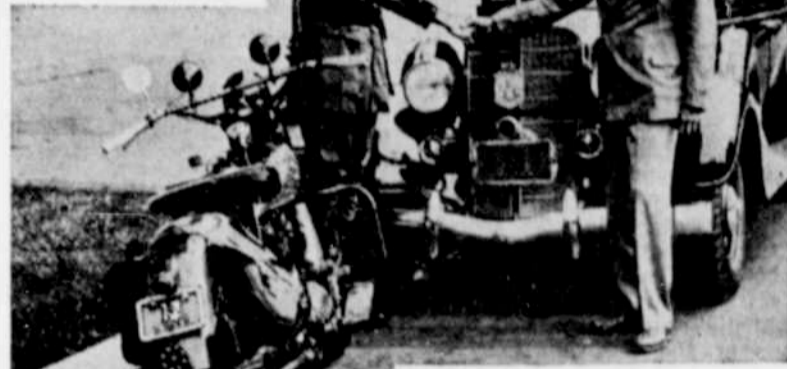
Desert travelers actually hope for mirages, which enable them to see beyond the horizon. Mirages have led many to death, but they have saved the lives of countless others.

Bad Luck in Double Doses



Picture Parade

Friday, January 13, is a hoodoo for some people. But Bob Ryerson, Chicago lad, was 13 on Friday the 13th so he defied the jinx by inviting 13 friends to his party.



Above: New York State Trooper J. F. Keating uses 13 on his motorbike plates and Conservation Commissioner Lithgow Osborne not only has 13 on his auto plates but 13 for his sailboat number and 13 on his office door. Below: Barbara Kent of the films, not at all superstitious, nevertheless decorates her hand-bag with a rabbit's foot.



Breaking mirrors is supposed to be bad luck, but these two Toledo belles wouldn't be worried about that, as they teeter-totter on, of all things, a pane of mirror glass! This is a new kind of heat-tempered glass scientists call tufflex, which can withstand a much greater strain.



Above left: Combining sophistication and non-superstition, this wedding trio of bridegroom, rector and bride put finishing touches on a Friday the 13th wedding by lighting up, three on a match. Right: In the heart of New York's Times Square big city folks carefully avoid walking under ladders.



Over in London they defy superstition, too. These members of the Thirteenth club haven't raised their umbrellas indoors as part of any air-raid precautions, but merely to show they don't give a fig for Old Man Bad Luck. Just the same, watch your step on Friday the 13th!



A cat back stage during rehearsal spells doom for a play.

It's Time to Sew For Now and Spring

IT'S fun to sew during the long winter evenings, when you use these simple patterns, each including a detailed sew chart, so that you can follow them with no trouble, and listen to the radio at the same time. Right now, the stores have grand bargains in fabrics, too, so it's certainly the time to get some sewing done. You can make such pretty things, and save so much money, by doing it.

Two-Piece for Girls.

Here's a charming dress that girls in the 10-to-16 size range will love for school, and it's so easy



to do that those who like sewing can make it themselves. The basque blouse hugs in (by means of darts), to make the waist look small. The skirt has such a pretty flare. Both can be worn with other things. Choose wool crepe, flat crepe, silk print or moire.

Three Pretty Aprons.

Make this dainty, useful set of aprons now, and have it ready when spring weather arrives and people begin to drive up unexpectedly for meals. You'll enjoy having the aprons right now, too, when you serve refreshments to your club. This set is a nice party prize, and a gift idea for your friends who are brides-to-be. It includes two practical pinafore styles, both made so that they cannot slip off your shoulders when you have your hands in the dish water. Also, a sweet little frilly tie-around. Choose dimity, linen, percale or dotted Swiss.

No. 1657 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 12 requires 1 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for long-sleeved blouse; 1 3/4 yards for short-sleeved blouse; 1/2 yard for contrasting collar and 1 1/2 yards for skirt.

No. 1639 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires, for apron No. 1, 2 yards of 35 inch material and 12 yards of braid. For apron No. 2, 2 1/4 yards of 35 inch material and 9 yards of braid. For apron No. 3, 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material and 3 yards of pleating.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

WNU-13 2-39

Words as Shadows
As shadows attend substances,
so words follow upon things.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS