

# HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued

"I didn't worry at first," said Lee. "I decided the Hudsons had made mother and daddy stay for dinner. I was reading and it was midnight before I realized they hadn't come home. Hattie was away for the night and I was alone. Then I guess I got rather frantic. I tried to call the Hudsons and nobody answered. I knew that daddy would telephone if he could. It was after one-thirty when the phone rang. It was Phil Kerney."

"Who's he?" asked Dale. "The constable. He wanted to know if daddy was home. Then he asked if I knew where he was. The police at Trenton were trying to locate him. You see . . ."

"They found your car somewhere and checked up on the tags," Dale suggested quietly. "Go on."

"It was near Penn's Neck. Empty."

"Stolen. That explains it. What's Kerney doing now?"

"I don't know. It takes him so long to tell anything. But, Dale, if the car was stolen, why didn't Daddy call me?"

"Don't get that myself. The best thing we can do is to talk with the Trenton cops and get the details. It may all be cleared up by this time."

"Dale, there's something else I must tell you. You'll know then what I'm afraid of. I can trust you. Of course you know about the White case?"

"More or less."

"The trial comes up next month. Daddy's been working night and day on it. That's why he went away. Something to do with some new evidence. He was very anxious that no one know about his trip. He told me that the reporters were trailing him all the time. He laughed about that. But I'm worried for fear there might have been some other reason. Can you understand?"

"I can guess," Dale returned grimly.

"The police know it now. But we can say that he went to Trenton on business. Now you'll understand there is only one reason why daddy didn't call me. He—he couldn't!"

"We don't know that," Dale said consolingly. "Suppose you tell me when we get near that 'Neck' place you mentioned. We'll keep an eye out for your car." Dale's foot pressed down on the accelerator.

After that, they rode the miles in silence.

"Dad's car has been taken away. I watched both sides of the road," Lee observed when a glow of light against the low-hanging clouds told the travelers they were nearing the city.

Twenty minutes later Dale observed: "Well, here we are. I don't suppose you know where the police station is. There's a cop over at that call box. Let me do the talking."

"Police headquarters?" the officer repeated suspiciously, as he scanned the newcomers in the light of a nearby street lamp. "Sure I know. I'll see that you don't get lost." The patrolman stepped on the running board. "To your right, buddy, and straight up the street. It's where you see the lights out front," he added a moment later.

Lee shrank close to Dale's side as their escort piloted them through a wide corridor and into a dingy room where an officer was enthroned behind a high desk.

"Well, young man," the sergeant stared curiously at Dale's informal attire.

"My name's Farwell," Dale informed him promptly. "Someone here telephoned Constable Kerney of Locust Hill that a car belonging to Mr. Cassius Brady had been found abandoned near Trenton. This lady is Miss Brady. She . . ."

"She wants to know what happened, eh? Well, if she'd stayed home a little longer, she would have found out."

Lee took a step forward, her hands clasped beseechingly.

"Where are my father and mother? What happened to them? Oh, please . . ."

"They're both okay," the officer assured. "Might have been serious. Your father had got out of his car and was hit by another going past. The driver brought him to a hospital here. Before the accident report came through, one of our motorcycle men found your car and called in. We got busy right away and checked up. Our patrolman reports that your father was knocked unconscious for a while. Bruised and cut a little. The doctors said it wasn't bad. I suppose his wife's with him. It's the General Hospital."

"Thank you, officer," Dale's voice expressed his relief. "We were afraid it was more serious."

After another short drive, they found Mrs. Brady in the hospital's reception room in company with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson.

"We were waiting to see if you came here," Mrs. Brady explained, after she had answered Lee's anxious inquiries. "Mr. Hudson tried

to call you after we had a report from the doctor and the operator could not get an answer. I was so worried for fear you might get a car and drive down alone. It was very kind of you to bring her, Dale."

"May I see daddy just for a minute?" Lee begged.

"Not tonight, dear. They have given him something to quiet him and he must rest. He said to tell you that he would be all right by morning."

"But how did it happen, Mother?" "Your father thought one of the rear tires was going down and got out to look at it. He must have stepped into the path of that other car. I don't know just what happened. I was too frightened," Mrs. Brady's voice faltered and tears filled her eyes.

Hudson promptly took the situation in hand.

"You've nothing to worry about, Lee," he said cheerfully. "Now here's the program. We're taking your mother home with us. If your father is well enough tomorrow, I'll arrange for someone to bring him home. I may drive him up myself. We can take care of you and Mr. Farwell, too, if you'll stay over."

"Thank you," Dale interposed, "but I must start for home. I ran

"You don't look as if you'd been on a wild party at all," was her guest's admiring appraisal. "The odor of that coffee is doing things to me," he added.

"It should be ready. Would you like to have it in the kitchen? How about a sliver of toast with it?" "I might be bullied into it. Two slivers, maybe."

"A bit of sugar and cinnamon?" "Boy! Do I like cinnamon toast!" "I told you you hadn't grown up. Come and hook up the toaster and make yourself useful." Lee led the way to the kitchen.

Dale applied himself assiduously to his breakfast, eating the toast Lee prepared and refusing a third cup of coffee regretfully.

"Now come in the other room and smoke a cigarette before you go."

Lee made the hasty suggestion when she found Dale regarding her silently across the table. Something in his blue eyes made her suddenly apprehensive. She rose to her feet.

"Wait," Dale was in front of her now, blocking her path. He still watched her intently. "I've got to know something, Lady Lee."

"What, Dale?" "Why did you call me last night?" "I needed you," Dale said the low-voiced reply. "Daddy made me promise not to tell where he had

"I couldn't call anyone else. There never has been anybody . . . Oh," she ended with a shamed little whisper, "you're making me tell you so."

"Lady Lee . . . My Lady Lee!" Dale's arms went about her, holding her close. Lee's face was buried against his shoulder.

"I've cared so—so much it hurts," he murmured, his cheek pressed to the fragrant curls. "You don't know."

"Oh, yes I do," said a muffled little voice. "I was so afraid, that you would go away without telling me. I . . ."

Dale raised his head that his unbelieving ears might hear the words. "I love you, Lady Lee. I think I always have loved you. I know I will—forever."

"I'm sorry, Father," Dale said breathlessly, a few moments after taking leave of Lee. He found Doctor Farwell standing in the front hall drawing on his gloves. "I didn't think it was quite so late."

"Pink said something about your receiving a telephone message from Miss Brady early this morning. I trust it was nothing serious."

Dale plunged into a hurried account of his night's ride to Trenton and back. A temptation to reveal



"We were waiting to see if you came here."

off with the family car and my father doesn't know where I am."

"And I'm going with Dale," Lee announced promptly. "I shan't let him drive home alone after he was good enough to get out of bed and bring me here. And you're sure you're all right, aren't you, Mother?"

"Of course, and so thankful. Good night, dear. Good night, Dale."

### CHAPTER X

"What a night," Lee sighed, looking about as Dale brought the car to a stop in front of the Brady house. The first streaks of dawn shed a gray light on the scene. "It was a good thing I woke up when I did. If you had carried me in unconscious, the neighbors would have had something to talk about. You must be dreadfully tired."

"I'm all right. You'd better trot in before you have to explain to the Watch and Ward Society where you've been all night."

"We'll think up a good story. You're coming in, too, and have a cup of coffee."

"Thanks. I'd better not. Father's almost sure to want the car, when he finds I haven't brought it back yet."

"That's easy. Call him from here and explain. Besides, I haven't taken time yet to thank you for all you've done tonight. Please, Dale."

"That is an inducement," he admitted. "I wouldn't mind stretching my legs a few minutes."

The strain of the driving over, Dale discovered that he was curiously weary. "Oh, I say . . ." he exclaimed in some dismay, when he found himself in the front hall.

"I can't take off my overcoat!" "Of course you can. You'll want to go up and wash. Rummage around in Daddy's closet and find something to wear. Or you can borrow a shirt, if you like. There's nobody up there, so help yourself."

"If you're sure it's all right." "Of course it is. I'll start the coffee before I change."

Much refreshed by an application of soap and water, and wearing a borrowed sweater coat, Dale was lounging comfortably in a living room chair when Lee put in an appearance. She had donned a fresh dress and her bronze curls still were damp from a hasty session with the comb.

gone. I felt that I could trust you . . . I mean that you would trust me. That you wouldn't ask any questions and—her voice faltered a little.

"I want the right answer. Tell me."

"Are you sure you want to know, Dale?" Lee's head lifted. Something very sweet and gallant in the brown eyes looking into the blue.

"I must know." "I needn't anybody else," Her head bent towards him.

"Oh, do you mean that?" The bronze curls nodded a hesitating assent.

"My dear . . ." Two hands were laid on her shoulders. "Look at me. Are you telling me . . . Do I count as much as all that, Lady Lee?"

"Yes, Dale. As much as that." "I didn't dare let myself believe it. I kept telling myself you might have called somebody else."

the final chapter all but overpowered him. But not just yet. He scarcely had convinced himself that those moments in the kitchen were not a part of some wonderful dream. His one desire was to live it over again. Alone. Lenora loved him . . . His Lady Lee. She had told him so. Her parting kiss still was warm on his mouth.

Jonathan Farwell listened to the story with an expressionless countenance. When it was finished, he commented:

"Mr. Brady had a very narrow escape from death. I am glad that you were able to be of service to his family. Did you notice if there is enough gas in the car for an hour's driving?"

"Yes, sir. I had the tank filled on the way home from Trenton."

"I would suggest then that you lie down and get some sleep. I am not sure that I will be here for lunch. Tell Pink not to wait if I am late."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Proper Design Helps Chimney Remove Smoke; Shape, Size of Flue Control

It is curious that so many fireplaces smoke when it is so simple to build one that don't. The recipe, according to an expert in the Washington Post, is about as follows: Determine the size of opening desired and then select a flue lining that has an area equal to at least 10 per cent of that opening. Use either a square or a round flue, preferably a round one, as that is the more efficient. Do not use rectangular flues unless absolutely necessary, and in that case increase the size so that the area will equal at least 12 per cent of the opening.

Build the fireplace with a depth of between 18 and 24 inches. More than that depth robs the fireplace of a good deal of its heating efficiency. Install a cast-iron damper for the full width of the opening. This should be set so that the curving back of the fireplace makes a continuous line with the back of the damper opening.

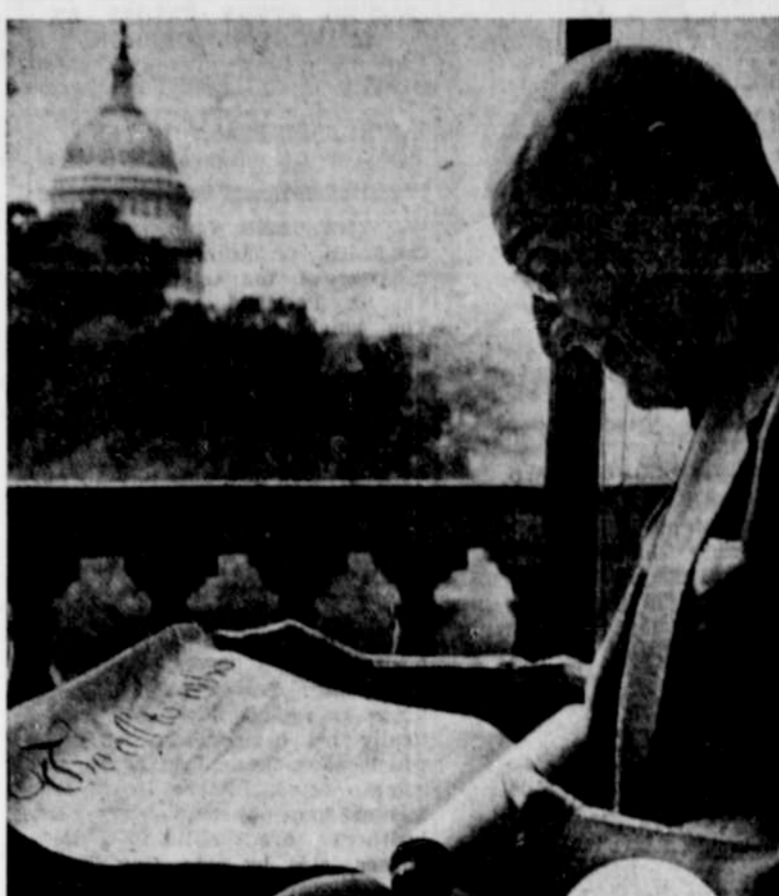
Above the damper at the back, flush with the top edge of the opening, build a horizontal smoke shelf about eight inches deep and for the full width of the opening. Also above the damper build a smoke cham-

ber, with the front rising as a continuation of the front piece of the damper opening and the back rising perpendicular to the smoke shelf. The sides should slope up at an angle of about 60 degrees with the horizontal. This smoke chamber must be perfectly symmetrical and the first tile of the flue lining must start at its apex, directly over the center of the fireplace.

This first tile must be perpendicular, but succeeding ones may be set at an angle to pull the flue over as the exigencies of the situation may demand. Turns should be made as gradual as possible and slopes in the flue should be at an angle of not less than 45 degrees. Each flue must be absolutely independent from fireplace to chimney top.

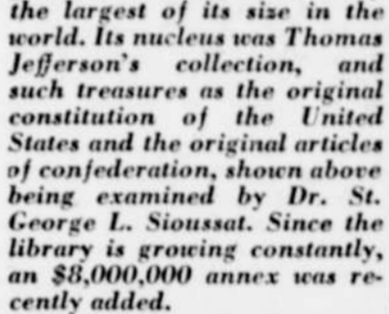
**Florence Nightingale Medal**  
The Florence Nightingale medal is the highest award of the nursing profession and is given by the International Red Cross committee. The medal was struck first by the committee in 1919 and has since been given every other year to outstanding nurses throughout the world.

### America's Shrine of History



Founded by act of congress in 1800, the library of congress is today the largest of its size in the world. Its nucleus was Thomas Jefferson's collection, and such treasures as the original constitution of the United States and the original articles of confederation, shown above being examined by Dr. St. George L. Siousat. Since the library is growing constantly, an \$8,000,000 annex was recently added.

### Picture Parade



Thousands of books will go over the above counter each year to serve the researches of scholars from all parts of the world, who find reading rooms of the new annex an excellent place for study.



Modernity strikes the staid library of congress. Above: "Speed capsules," a new gadget for shooting books through a 700-foot tunnel in 23 seconds. Their arrival at the destination is cushioned by a bank of air which prevents damage to the books.



Many of the library's books are rare items, like the above Eliot Indian Bible of 1663, the first Bible printed in America. It is in the Algonquin language and is bound in Morocco. At left, Mr. Valta Parma of the library examines a collection of rare books in the library's incunabula. Mr. Parma is holding a volume of canon law printed in Venice.



The new annex, which will care for the library's expansion requirements for some time, is architecturally as typical of its time as was the original or main building, which was built in 1897. It boasts murals by Erza A. Winter.



### Use Shell Stitch for This Bathroom Rug



Four strands of string or rags in three colors or in black, white, and a color worked in shell stitch, make this durable rug. It's crocheted in five parts—the center and four identical corners—and that makes it easy to handle. It's a lovely rug for bathroom or bedroom. Pattern 6243 contains instructions for making rug; illustrations of it and of stitches; materials needed; color schemes. To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Department, 259 West 14th St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'll always keep on trying things. I'm bigger than mistakes I've made. The greatest thing in life of course is simply not to be afraid.

**Just Rebellion**  
Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against—Carlyle.

### AT LAST! THE TRUTH ABOUT LOSING FAT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a test by a prominent N. Y. physician and nationally known newspaper woman—23 women lost a total of 235 lbs. in 40 days. YOU, too, can follow this SAME, SENSIBLE plan right at home and here is why:  
First of all go light on fatty meats and sweets. Eat plentifully of lean meats, fish, fruit, fresh fruits and vegetables. And for proper functioning by removal of accumulated wastes take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in hot water, every morning. DON'T MISS A MORNING.—Kruschen is made right here in U. S. A. from famous English formula.  
And this is important! Kruschen is NOT harmful. It is not just one salt as some people ignorantly believe. Rather it's a blend of 6 active minerals, which when dissolved in water make a healthful mineral drink similar to highly effective Spa waters where wealthy women have gone for years. A jar of Kruschen costs only a few cents and lasts 6 weeks.  
So, fat ladies—get some gumption! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! YOU'LL STICK to the above Plan for 28 days—and just see if you don't lose fat and feel healthier and younger. You can get Kruschen at drug-gists everywhere.

**Natural Friendship**  
"There are no rules for friendship. It must be left to itself. We cannot force it any more than love."—Hazlitt.

### OF COURSE!

"Many doctors advise building up alkaline reserve when you have a cold. Luden's help to do this."  
DORA STEINBERG, Teacher, Baltimore  
**LUDE N'S**  
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

### A Sure Index of Value

... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or Buy use of shoddy materials.  
**ADVERTISED GOODS**