



HEART'S HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Did this Kelsey question you about your mother?" Farwell asked.

"Then it's something about my mother."

"About all of us, Dale. Our day of reckoning. Hearts of men are as nothing. . . The old familiar fervor touched his voice. Vanished. 'Souls are in the balance now. Souls, I say. Are you listening?'"

"Yes."

"When I left the seminary, I supplied the pulpit of our church in a small Oregon town. Middleton. It was your mother's home from childhood. Her father was dead. Some of this you know. Elaine and your grandmother were alone."

"You have told me that." A respectful impatience marked the words.

"And I have tried to have you know Elaine. As she was then—very young and very beautiful. Scarcely more than a child. Fragile. I am wondering if I can make you understand what I was. How bleak my early life had been. Those harsh experiences softened only by my faith in God. It drove me. I was zealous, intolerant. I fancied myself another Saint Paul called to persecute. Before these past few days, I doubt if you could have understood how I came to love Elaine. Or rather, how she could have loved such a man as myself."

Dale's thoughts had turned swiftly to Lee. "I know," he said simply.

"I think you do now. And I did love her. It was the same fierceness that characterized my every desire. I brushed aside her every doubt. I was convinced our union was desired by God. And I forced her to see it, although . . . She was promised to another, Dale. The man's name was Kelsey. Wade Kelsey."

"I told you I never had seen this man. I believe that is true. He meant nothing to me, save that he stood in the way of an ordained plan. I recall that he was an engineer then. Stationed in Middleton. Elaine consented to our marriage when I was given my first regular appointment. I took her out of the only home she ever had known. Hundreds of miles away. Among strangers."

"But she was happy," Dale interjected defensively. Again it was Lee.

"Some flowers do not bear transplanting. I may not spare myself, if you are to understand. I bruised her with my relentless efforts. Elaine tried—pitifully. God knows. So do I now. She wanted to conform to my pattern of life. The tragedy of all was my own blindness. I failed her. And she never knew . . ."

"What are you trying to say?" The boyish voice could not conceal its anguish.

"That I saw when it was too late. How lonely and frightened she must have been. I was obliged to leave home for a few days. I told Elaine that I would expect her to conduct the weekly prayer service. It seemed a trivial thing. She shrank from the idea in terror. I would not listen. It was the simple duty of a pastor's wife. I chided her for want of faith—for giving way to her nerves. It was the culmination for her. Everything must have toppled . . ."

"What did my mother do?" Dale's fingers slowly relaxed their hold. His hand fell to the bed.

"She was gone when I came home. There was a note. She had failed me, so she said. My life and work were all that mattered. She was doing it for me. Me."

"Go on."

"Even then, I did not believe the truth. I went to your grandmother's at once. I kept telling myself Elaine would be there. That a moment of panic had driven her home. Mrs. Cameron could tell me nothing. We searched. Oh, yes, we searched. Days dragged by. Months. I never saw her again."

"You mean she . . . Kelsey?" Dale forced the words from his stiff lips.

"Wait." Farwell lifted a hand in weary protest. "You must let me tell you I can. I paid for it with my soul. It is a dreadful thing for a man to lose his soul, Dale. My conscience drove me out of my church and away from my God. The conviction that I was to preach was inborn. There was my father—his father. I threw all that aside and lived because I was afraid to die. I worked with my brain and my hands, trying to forget. I failed in everything. A Cain now. Always in flight."

Dale sat motionless, listening. Someone passed the house, whistling carelessly. A hollow thump against the front door. The evening paper from the city. And here in this upper room the world had come to a standstill.

Jonathan Farwell's voice again, pitched in that unbearable monotone.

"It was in the fall of 1914 that a

solution came to me. Thousands were meeting death in the war. I crossed into Canada and enlisted with a contingent training for overseas. I had no intention of coming back.

"There is not much more. I was in battle many times. I wanted to be among those I saw falling on every hand, but God would not let me join their company. And somewhere in all that ruck of blood and filth I . . . I found my soul. I owe it to Pink."

"So he knows," Dale muttered. "Yes, he knows everything. When death walks with men by day and night, all human values shrink. Men know each other for what they are. I may not tell you of Pink. Save that his small body shelters a heart whose equal I never have found in another. You are to believe that. Some day, you will realize my debt there."

Farwell rose to his feet with seeming difficulty and moved to the table where he stood supporting his weight on his hands.

"When I returned from France I knew that my only salvation was in a life devoted once more to the church. I sought out . . ."

"No!" There was a ring of desperation in Dale's voice. He left

an instant against his cheek. Very gently he laid it on the shelf. He left the room, walking quietly. This time, he sought the rear stairway.

"Kid wait a minute."

There was Pink, barring the outer door of the kitchen with his small frame. Deep shadows filled the room.

"Get out of the way."

"Don't be like that, kid. I know. Where you goin'?"

"Anywhere."

Pink followed Dale as far as the back porch and watched him hurry swiftly through the dusk. He made his way back into the darkened house with a heavy heart. Then he stepped into the parlor and listened attentively. From overhead came the sound of footfalls pacing back and forth.

An hour later Pink was in the kitchen adjusting his tie before a small mirror. He had changed into his checked suit and the ceremonial derby was on the back of his head.

"I ain't a-goin' to get thanked none for this, either," he muttered to his reflection.

Lee Brady sat alone in the swing that hung in a shadowy corner of the front porch. When her vigil was rewarded by the sound of ap-

any way you want to look at it. Did you ever stop to figure that when a guy climbs through the ropes, he—well, he don't have such a hell of a lot to say about it. He goes to his corner and waits for the gong. Sometimes, just sometimes, I say, the match is fixed ahead of time. Wonder if you get that . . ."

"You mean," Lee hazarded in a low voice, "that something happened to Dale. Something that wasn't his fault at all?"

"Yeah. His bout was fixed. That's it."

"I . . . I think I know what you're trying to tell me, Pink," Lee said after a little. "I'm thinking of Dale. Nothing else matters."

"You mean it, Miss Lee? You mean you stick by what you said—about doing anything for the kid?"

"Yes, Pink. Anything."

"Gawd! Excuse me, Miss Lee. You're actin' awful white about it. I know what sent the kid down for the count today. He was thinkin' about you. What it was goin' to do to you. I know that, same as if he'd told me."

"What can we do, Pink? You and I?" Lee asked soberly.

"That's a tough one," Mulgrew admitted morosely. "I can't drag the dominie into this so much. You see, he told me the whole thing a long time ago. You gotta take my word for it he had his reasons for never tellin' the kid. Until today . . ."

"You see—well the kid is tellin' the dominie all about his new job. When he gets around to sayin' the name of the boss . . ."

"Never mind, Pink. I can guess."

"You're one ahead of me all the time. Can you beat that one? Twenty years and never a word of the guy. And then right out of a clear sky, like I said. Worse'n a story book."

"Where is Dale?"

"Can't say for sure. He walked out. I tried to stop him. It woulda meant a fight. I didn't have the heart to smear him. Maybe I should, at that."

"But suppose he doesn't come back! Pink, he told me all about his mother. I know as well as you do what this is doing to him. We must help him! We must find him! And you don't know where he is . . ."

"Maybe I don't. But it don't stop me from havin' a good guess. If you say you want him, I'll dig him up. That's a promise, Miss Lee."

"Oh, is it, Pink? I'll wait. Until tomorrow. You won't fail me?"

"Not a chance. Not a chance."



"That's a tough one," Mulgrew admitted morosely.

the bed in his turn, to stand at Farwell's back. "Let's get this done. Where—where did you find me?"

"Your grandmother was caring for you."

"My mother . . ."

"Had found rest, Dale. She left you to me. Kelsey brought her home." Jonathan Farwell faced about with an effort. His head came up as he met Dale's gaze unflinchingly. "Say what you will. We are men."

"I am trying to make myself think of you," Dale said slowly. "I want to remember all that you have done for me. Everything is gone now."

"Don't say that. I do not wish you to think of me. I killed the one great love of my life. Lived in the hell from which I have warned others. There was but one possible atonement. Can't you see that? You are all that I have left of Elaine. Your life is all ahead of you."

"Yes. A nobody." Dale choked on the word. "And you've let me go on and on."

"I thought perhaps God was giving me a chance. I always was fearful of this day. But years passed. Nothing came out of the void. I might have known. God never forgets."

"But you would have!" Dale exclaimed harshly. "Can't you see what you've let me do—to someonebody? I can take it. But Lee." He made an effort to control himself.

"I think there is only one thing I would ever like to know from you," Dale's voice was curiously calm.

"You have let me live a lie. Why did you try so hard to make me believe that my mother . . ." He could not finish it.

"Because your mother was good, Dale. The sin was mine. Never hers. Wait—where are you going?"

"I don't know."

Dale flung himself out of the study. The door closed behind him with a crash. A few strides took him into his own room where he paused, looking about with a vacant stare as if he had found himself in a strange place.

His eyes fell upon the picture of his mother hanging in the chimney niche. Very slowly he approached the one-time shrine, detached the photograph from the wall, held it clenched in his two hands. A sudden wrench and the frame was pulled apart. Its glass fell and shattered on the bare floor boards.

Dale took one lingering look at the portrait, lifted it and held it for

proaching steps from the street, she hurried forward with a low word of greeting—halted in confusion. A small man stood below her, hat in hand.

"Oh . . . Mr. Mulgrew. Won't you come up? I was expecting Dale. Is—did he send me a message?"

"No'm, he didn't." Pink ascended the steps and glanced about uncertainly. "I want to talk to you a minute. You see, Miss Lee, I don't know you so very good. But you always struck me as bein' pretty square. Of course, I'm wise to you and the kid. I'm the first one he spilled it to. You're pretty strong for him, too. I'm wondering just how much you'd do for him if he was in a jam."

"Is Dale in trouble? Oh, please tell me what it is, Pink."

"Fraid he is. The kid's goin' to try and kill me when he finds I come here. But somebody's got to do somethin' for him and you're the only one I know who can bring him around."

"You can tell me, Pink. There is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for Dale."

"Well then . . . Miss Lee, I'm a lot older'n you. It's a queer world

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Healing Value of Music Established by Tests Held Under Federal Auspices

The fact that music is a cultural force of great potency has been accepted for many centuries by every nation. Recently, however, music has been acknowledged by physicians as a therapeutic agent of considerable importance, accomplishing a curative effect where medicine and science have failed. Theories as to its healing value have been advanced from time to time, but recently a definite statement to that effect, based on experiments, was made by the Federal Music Project of New York, writes Alice Eversman in the Washington Star. For three years the Federal Music Project has been holding classes in two prisons for women and in seven hospitals, where over 6,500 people were subjected to a musical "treatment," and the results studied and classified.

As yet the experiments have not led to a positive formula for treatment, but the results have been sufficiently gratifying for further planning along this line. What has been definitely established is that participation in music activity by problem cases and underprivileged children has benefited them phys-

CHAPTER XIV

Dale pushed on.

His torturing reflections did not drive him as far afield as Pink suspected. He made his way out over a road that passed a woodland patch not far from the town limit. It was dark among the trees. Gratefully dark. There was nearness of rain in the unseasonable warmth.

Dale vaulted a fence and stumbled through the crackling underbrush, heedless of briars that caught and tore at his knees in passing. When he found himself in a small clearing, safe from the prying gleam of hurrying car lamps, he flung himself to the ground under a tree.

Alone at last with his seething thoughts.

So far, there had been only the wild urge to escape. From everything. Everybody. A vague realization that he must give battle to life, reach a decision of sort. But his brain refused to function. He crouched alone in a mad upside-down world. Hands clenched in anguish. Host to a stormy panorama of distorted images.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



picture of a fat little girl sitting on a small footstool in a very Victorian parlor while her Great Aunt rocked and visited. And there was something about that footstool—yes it had cans inside. The cans were filled with sand to make the footstool heavy. The cover was red carpet with handles of the carpet material at the ends. So we saved six cans. We substituted a piece of upholstery material for carpet, and here is a step-by-step sketch of the footstool we made. It is a great success.

THE other day a letter came with an unusual request. "I have made so many useful things by just following the pictures in your Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator; and Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery; I wonder if you could tell me some way to use empty cans?"

Fortunately we have a very long memory. There came to life the

Uncle Phil Says:

When Bad Luck Rules One whose bread is buttered only on one side lets it fall on the buttered side when he drops it.

Can you tell the difference between personality and disposition?

According to the hobo, the rolling stone gathers no boss.

The Making is Racking It is better to live in a period after great history has been made than to live through the making of it.

Some blessings in disguise never do take off the mask.

First time a young man puts on evening clothes, "with tails," he feels he must be someone else.

AROUND THE HOUSE

To Remove Rusty Screw.—Apply a red-hot iron to the head a short time, the screwdriver being applied immediately while the screw is hot.

Turn House Plants.—To prevent one-sided growth in house plants kept in windows, turn the pots around frequently so the sun will get to all sides.

Sour Milk to Order.—A little baking soda added to milk "on the turn" will sweeten it sufficiently to use in baking. Also, if your favorite cake recipe calls for sour milk and you have none, vinegar or lemon juice added to the milk will sour it.

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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 effective Spa waters where wealthy women have gone for years. A jar of Kruschen costs only a few cents and lasts 6 weeks.

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5.50-17. 13.95	6.50-16. 19.35	5.50-17. 12.55	6.50-16. 17.40	5.00-19. 9.00	6.00-16. 11.80
6.00-16. 15.70	7.00-15. 20.40	6.00-16. 14.15	7.00-15. 18.20	5.25-17. 9.25	6.25-16. 13.15
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Listen to The Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Sparks and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday Mitchell interviews a Champion Farmer each week during noon hour. See local paper for station and time.