

Joseph
McCord'sHEART'S
HERITAGE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XV—Continued

"I thought possibly you had gone over later," continued Kelsey. "I took it up with Washington, but never got anywhere. Every time I had a chance to get to Middleton I did, for Mrs. Cameron's sake. On my last trip I found I had missed you. You found her dying and you took the boy away with you."

Farwell nodded helplessly. He did not trust himself to speak. "I see it all now. Mrs. Cameron was not able to tell you what had happened. The neighbors did. They explained how I had come there with Elaine and Dale. That was enough for them—and you. I never dreamed . . ."

Kelsey's voice trailed away. There was silence in the room, a silence broken by the slam of a distant door. Farwell seized the arms of his chair in his two hands. He pulled himself erect. There was a stern quality in his deep voice.

"Is that the truth, Wade Kelsey?" "You know that it is," was the quiet answer. "I always wanted to find you, I think. I told myself that I would some day. That, after all, you had the right to know that Elaine's last thought had been of you. I didn't know where you were. I lead a busy life and a lonely one. Then Dale walked into the room where I sat talking to John Payne. It was like looking into Elaine's eyes again. Everything came back. I had no rest until I came here. I only wish I had been in time to spare Dale. We must think of him now."

Farwell lurched forward suddenly. He covered his face with his hands.

"Elaine . . . Elaine . . ."

Kelsey relaxed in his chair. He found his own eyes suddenly wet. After a moment he crossed over and laid a hand on the other man's bowed shoulders.

"We've both been hurt, Jonathan. It's over now. It's up to us to help that boy. He'll come back when he gets over the shock. And now you'll be able to tell him it's all right. I'm going down to the hotel. I'll stay for a little. If you need me I'll be waiting."

There was another ringing of the parsonage bell in the early afternoon. A second and hesitating push of the button brought Jonathan Farwell to the door. He walked with a steady step, displaying his usual composure. His voice betrayed no surprise as he greeted the caller. "Good afternoon, Miss Brady. Will you walk in?"

"Good afternoon, Doctor Farwell," Lee colored faintly under the steady scrutiny of the minister's dark eyes. She gathered herself together quickly, speaking in a voice that matched the man's for evenness. "I would like to speak to Mr. Mulgrew if he is here."

"I am afraid Pinkney is out at present," was the grave reply. "Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps you will come in."

"Just for a moment then." And, when the door had closed behind her, "I wanted to know if—if Pink had found Dale. He said he would. I didn't hear anything . . . Lee's voice trembled a little in spite of her effort to control it. "I couldn't bear it any longer." Her brown eyes looked up appealingly into Farwell's.

"I see. Please sit down." Lee shook her head, waited. "When was this, Miss Brady?" "Last night after dinner." "Last night . . ." The minister repeated the words with a . . . "Then he must have told you." "He did. Where is Dale? hasn't he come back at all?"

"Not yet. Pinkney must be searching. Something tells me he will bring Dale with him. I am waiting."

"Oh, if we only knew where he was! If he was all right!" Lee's small hands clenched helplessly. "It wasn't his fault. I'm so afraid he thinks he mustn't love me any more. He may even think that I don't love him now. And I do! I do!"

Farwell took a step nearer. One of his hands came out to rest on her shoulder.

"As much as that, my child?" "Of course," she told him, looking bravely into his eyes. "I will always love him."

"I believe you, Lee." His voice quivered a little as he said, "I never have known of a greater love. Save one. My dear, you will not be put to the test. Either of you."

"Oh, what . . .?"

"I have learned the truth today. It might have been too late. But now I know that God will bring my son back to us. Will you wait for a little here? Wait with me? It will not be long."

"Oh, yes. Please let me stay."

Along the wooded slope of a high hill some five miles from Locust Hill a small figure was clawing its way doggedly through the heavy undergrowth, engaged in a zig-zag ascent. It was Pinkney Mulgrew.

"Queer how the kid ever found that trail," he muttered. "It must

be around here somewhere." He squinted thoughtfully at the summit, revealed through an opening among the trees. "Must be," he repeated.

After a brief progress, his searching eyes were rewarded by a faint path leading in the desired direction. With an exclamation of relief, he followed it. Within a quarter of an hour he found himself nearing the final sheer ascent, a bald face of rock that rose almost perpendicularly. The explorer moved warily now, making as little noise as possible. From a thicket, he peeped cautiously across a small clearing.

There, propped against a boulder in the sunshine, was Dale.

"Hi," Mr. Mulgrew said casually, and stepped into the open.

Dale looked at him without speaking or stirring.

"I was out taking a stroll," Pink anticipated. "Thought I'd drop around this way. Nice little place you got here." His survey included a shallow cavern in the face of the rock and a small spring outside the

"Guess you'll have to. I didn't pass no cabs comin' up. I'll cut you a stick and help you. There's somethin' else I'd better tell you, maybe." Pink stood with his feet apart, slashing the branches from a substantial length of scrub oak. "Before I give you this stick."

"What?"

"It's about the girl friend. I seen her last night. She's waitin'. Made me promise I'd fetch you back."

"You mean . . ."

"Sure I told her. And, kid, I want to take back any knockin' I ever done about dames. That's all."

The journey back to Locust Hill was slow. Dale, his face set grimly, limped over the uneven ground with the aid of his cane and Pink's willing shoulder. Frequent halts for rest were made.

To add to Pink's uneasiness, the sun had disappeared. Clouds were gathering thickly, a threat of more rain in the air. It wouldn't do the kid any good to get wet. When they got nearer town, he'd figure out a short cut that would bring them in

"I wasn't sure . . . I am now." They clung to each other in silence after that, until Lee released herself gently and lifted her tear-wet eyes to Dale's. She tried to flash him her old-time smile.

"We're forgetting, dear. Your father. I talked to him this afternoon. You . . . Dale, please be kind."

Pink was descending the front stairs when Dale started his slow ascent. "Say, Kid . . . He's in your room."

Dale paused outside the closed door of his room for a moment. He drew a long breath, turned the latch softly. Entered.

He paused with a slight gasp, leaning heavily on his stick. The barren little apartment was lighted by an unfamiliar glow. Both candles of the shrine were burning. For the first time.

Jonathan Farwell, his rugged face gleaming strangely in the soft illumination, sat in a chair he had drawn directly before the shelf. A book lay on his knee, one finger marking the page where he might have been reading. Dale's glance shifted involuntarily. His mother's photograph lay between the candles.

Farwell's head turned slowly. His black eyes seemed to be staring from a great distance. A man in a dream. With apparent difficulty he rose to his feet, still holding to his book.

"Dale." His lips moved stiffly to shape another word. "Son . . ."

"I've come back, father."

Neither man moved from his place. Farwell's tall form weaved slightly. The flickering lights laid his shadow on the wall. Huge, grotesque.

"Do you know, my son?"

Dale's oak stick clattered to the floor. His hands reached out.

"I know everything now . . . Dad."

(THE END.)

Sam Houston Spent Years

Among Cherokee Indians

Sam Houston, famed for his role in early Texas history, was frequently a champion of the Red Man. As a boy in Tennessee, Houston, upon his father's death, became friendly with the Cherokee Indians and spent several years with them as an adopted son of Chief Oolooteka.

Later, when he was governor of Tennessee, Houston resigned his office and returned to live with his Indian friends, writes Leslie Hartley in the Washington Star.

In 1830, and again in 1832, when he visited the capital to expose frauds practiced upon the Cherokees by government agents, Houston's six-foot-two figure in Indian clothes attracted a great deal of attention.

It was shortly after the latter visit to Washington that President Jackson commissioned him to negotiate treaties with the Indian tribes in Texas. Having decided to remain there, Houston was chosen commander in chief of the Texas army after the outbreak of the war for Texan Independence.

After the raw troops he led had routed Santa Anna's force, Houston was elected President of the liberated state and later, when Texas was annexed to the United States, served first as senator and then as governor.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

Advice to Homemakers on How to Feed Families During Coldest Days of Winter; Essential Nutritive Values Described in Terms of Everyday Foods

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

TOWARD the end of winter we sometimes experience some of the coldest weather of the entire season. Temperatures remain below freezing for days at a time. The air is often raw and penetrating, and blustery winds make it seem as if man is being persecuted by nature.

Moreover, this trying weather comes after months of short and often sunless days . . . days which many people have spent in overheated houses, and without sufficient exercise. So it is no wonder that the body is on trial . . . fighting to maintain health . . . to avoid the colds and other respiratory diseases that are so prevalent. This is, perhaps, one season when food has a mightier power than at any other time to influence physical well-being.

Food Your First Defense

In general, women seem to be more aware of the power of food than men. This is fortunate, because they are charged with the solemn responsibility of determining what foods their families shall eat. Since the right food sometimes makes the difference between sickness and health, their husbands and children are the unhappy losers if they fail to recognize the need for even one essential food substance.



Occasionally the homemaker's task is made more difficult by men-folks who pooh-pooh the idea that meals should be planned scientifically, and who point out that generation after generation survived without a specific knowledge of nutrition.

People who hold this view fail to take into consideration that many of our ancestors consumed a satisfactory diet without knowing it.

Safeguarding Health

They should realize also that one can suffer from dietary deficiencies and live . . . though he may not live well! A man can exist upon much less than the amount of iron required for normal health . . . but he probably cannot escape secondary anemia. He may be able to get along on a meager supply of vitamins . . . but the chances are that his vitality will be greatly diminished. And he will face the constant threat of disease that follows in the wake of lowered resistance.

Nothing is more foolish than to suppose that what a man eats is entirely his own business! It is a matter of grave concern to his wife and children. For it has been suggested that fully one-half of the illnesses of the American people may be traceable directly, or indirectly, to dietary deficiencies.

Let no man, therefore, twit his wife for trying to feed him correctly!

Time for Good Eating

But don't imagine for a moment that correct eating and good eating cannot be synonymous. It is true that there is no time of year when correct eating is more important. But it is also a fact that there is no time of year when good eating is more distinctly indicated!

These are the days when breakfasts must be especially hearty . . . to satisfy keen appetites, to provide generous amounts of fuel or energy values. That means ce-

TIPS to Gardeners

Rock Garden Advice

SELECTION of flowers and their location in the garden can make or break your rock garden. Therefore, descriptions on seed packets must be read carefully when seeds are bought, and the plan of the rock garden must be carefully worked out.

Creeping plants, for instance, should be allowed to make carpets of color in the larger soil pockets. Erect plants may be used in flat spaces. Trailing plants should be allowed to droop over the face of rocks, or they may be placed at the top of the bank or wall.

In smaller crevices, tufted plants with rosettes of foliage and short flower stalks are suitable. Ordinary garden or bedding plants should be eliminated from consideration for the rock garden, it is advised by Gilbert Bentley, flower expert.

True rock garden plants grow less than 10 inches tall. Use only low-growing annuals and perennials that grow among rocks in their native haunts—those that belong by nature among stones.

should be served several times a week . . . for their iron and vitamins A, B, G, and sometimes C. These may be alternated with the yellow vegetables which are particularly notable for their vitamin A. Don't overlook onions—they are inexpensive, and a fine source of bulk. Served raw, they provide a substantial amount of vitamin C, the vitamin for which we especially prize oranges, grapefruit and tomatoes.

Include a salad at dinner, lunch or supper; it is well for most normal individuals to eat some raw food daily. In cold weather, dress it generously with salad dressing for extra fuel value.

Dessert may be pie, pudding or gelatin. The choice depends partly upon the other foods served at dinner, partly upon the dessert to be served at the third meal of the day. But here is a good general rule to follow. Serve a fruit dessert at one meal—and a pudding containing milk at the other. Of course, the fruit need not be served plain unless you wish. Fruit pies are splendid for cold weather meals, fruit and gelatin combine nicely, and fruit may be incorporated in cakes, as in apple sauce cake.

Rounding Out Day's Nutrition

Whether the third meal of the day is lunch or supper in your household, it should round out the day's nutrition. If you diet, let your lunch or supper include a cream soup. If you haven't served eggs previously during the day, choose a soufflé or a dish containing creamed eggs. A starchy food, a salad, a dessert and a beverage will complete a meal that both satisfies the appetite and meets nutritional requirements.

It is not difficult to obtain the day's quota of minerals, vitamins, cellulose, protein, carbohydrates and fats. These substances are to be found in delicious, wholesome foods. All you need to remember is not to serve too much of one food and too little of another.

Let the balanced diet be your ideal—and cold weather will prove a tonic instead of a possible menace to health!

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Vegetables—Raw and Cooked

There should be vegetables—none or two of them. Green leafy vegetables, either fresh or canned,

Patterns SEWING CIRCLE



NO. 1672—A very flattering dress is this with braid used to emphasize the bust fullness, with the effect of a bolero, and with a graceful, rippling skirt. Make this tiny-waisted charmer of thin wool, flat crepe or silk prints. You'll enjoy having some cottons like this, too, in the summer-time; it's a pattern you'll frequently repeat.

NO. 1505—The little dress with the sleeveless bolero is a perfect style for girls from four up to twelve. The full skirt, the round balloons of sleeves, the high neckline, in challis, in gingham, in dimity—this dress will be charming, and a dress-up version in taffeta will go smartly to parties.

Material Requirements.

No. 1672 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material and 5 yards of braid.

No. 1505 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch mate-

rial without nap; ¼ yard of contrasting for collar; 2½ yards of braid to trim.

Spring Pattern Book Ready.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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

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In a Motor Car

When you buy an automobile you buy a ton and a third of steel, 33 pounds of copper and brass, 2 pounds of tin, 27 pounds of lead, 144 pounds of cast pig iron, 110 pounds of rubber, a tenth of a bale of cotton, 13 square yards of upholstery fabric, 2½ gallons of spraying lacquer, 37 pounds of paper and fiber board and 18 square feet of glass. — Commentator Magazine.

Common Sense About Constipation

A doctor would tell you that the best thing to do with constipation is get at its cause. That way you don't have to endure it first and try to cure it afterward—you can avoid having it.

Chances are you won't have to look far for the cause if you eat the super-refined foods most people do. Most likely you don't get enough "bulk"! And "bulk" doesn't mean a lot of food. It means a kind of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines.

If this is what you lack, try crisp crunchy Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. It contains just the "bulk" you need.

Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars." Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

ELINOR MAXWELL

• Writes a romantic serial of love in busy Manhattan!!

'THERE COMES a MOMENT'

Begin reading it next issue!



There ought to be a law against people who cough in public. Don't do it. Carry Smith Brothers Cough Drops with you. Just 5¢ a box. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.