

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 comin' 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'm, 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. Lightweight 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 Pinckney 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 belligerency 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.



He decided to defer his call until evening.

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 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 we . . ."

"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 gigin' 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 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

tonight to tell me good-by. I heard you were going away sooner than you had planned."

"Who says so? I'm leaving after the holidays. Mr. Marblestone sort of got to quizzing me last night. I might have given him the impression I was ready to put on my hat and start. I know I felt like it."

"Just what are you going to do at the U, Dale?"

"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 could 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 sweat 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 you 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—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)

Officials Carefully Watched

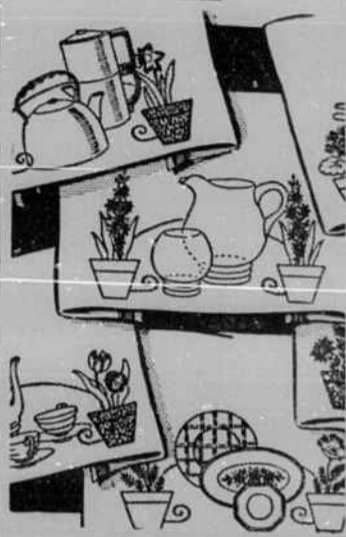
In few countries are the highest public officials so carefully watched as in England and so bitterly railed against for a mistake. A trivial fault by a London policeman and the walls of parliament thunder against the police heads for permitting such a thing.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Toasted Coconut Ice Cream (Freezer Method)

3 cups milk
1 package unflavored ice cream powder
1 cup heavy cream
8 drops almond extract
1 cup shredded coconut, toasted
Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved; then add cream and flavoring. Pour into freezer can; place in freezer and pack mixture of crushed ice and salt around can (use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt). Turn slowly for 3 minutes, then rapidly. When thick, but not hard add toasted coconut and continue freezing. Makes 1 3/4 quarts.

Gay Kitchen Means a Gay Housewife!



Pattern 1783

Brighten your kitchen and lighten your tasks with decorative towels. Use up scraps for the applique flower pots—or do the entire motifs in plain embroidery. Pattern 1783 contains a transfer pattern of 6 motifs averaging 5 1/4 by 9 3/4 inches and pattern piece for applique; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 32 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Two Voices

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passions are the voice of the body. Is it astonishing that these two languages are often contradictory?—Rousseau.

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