# Heart of Happiness

by PEGGY O'MORE

AP Newsfeatures

Chapter 20

Arleta looked at a blue flame licking a shittering hump of coal. The flame turned amber, scarlet and still she sat.

Her father had deliberately planned this? He'd had the option of the lake in the valley, obtained the necessary land by promising ten time is acreage then, protected by the provision in the agreement that cut out to a farm combine.

She ran her tongue over burning dry lips. How could he—?

"Remember he was a thousand acres of his own. He failed to tell his neighbors he intended taking his share out of the middle.

"I don't believe—" Scrambling to her feet, Arleta faced Kelly. "He wouldn't—He wasn't the Lane. How, Daddy never—and that was. He always saw the—at the edge.

How Kelly—

"And I thought—" Arleta's hands stand—she—. And then she stopped—. "Why—" she asked—. Kelly started.

"Which Ace—" Kelly's return.

"The Ace—the land deal."

Slowly Kelly shook his head. "I know the list of directors dummies for the most part, but no Ace. His name—off, then curiously—asked. "Where did you pick up—name?"

Definitely—drew out the pad she'd—from her jacket pocket—Tom had called her. "Tom—said.

"Ha!" chuckled Kelly. "Nicest bit of doodling I've seen. . . Hey, where did you get this?"

Her cheeks were scarlet with chagrin. "I went to the nursery when I came in from Lucy's. I wanted to sort out my thoughts. I found—at—desk."

Together they looked down on the pad, and the eyes of each came a look of consternation for the man who'd sketched it in a nursery chair to—of the little daughter across the continent.

"I," said Arleta breathlessly, "I should like to go home."

Almost nothing was said on the drive back.

"I do appreciate your kindness," she said—the dinner. Was the food—delicious or was I unusually hungry?"

"Both." Kelly answered absently. Then: "Chips, loan me that pad. And tomorrow go up there and scour that room. You'll know what to save if you find anything."

Arleta's gloved fingers gripped the pad. "Another time," she said. "Good night."

"I wish Cal would hurry," she thought fretfully as she settled before the fire.

She needed someone to whom she could talk freely. She could to Calvin.

But would he understand a man's forcing condemnation suits, then failing to see that the victims were given the equivalent of the land they'd lost, let alone the contract promise?

"If Dad did such a thing—"

That pad. The words: "Idiots, why don't they file?" Could that have referred to the farmers? Then why hadn't he seen to it that claims were in before those of the combine? How Kelly had said it was because he had sold his share after taking that share out of the middle."

Arleta shook her head. "Something wrong some place," she mused.

She rose now and went to the window to look out and to think of Allene Lane. Where and how had the Lanes entered into this and why were they more bitter than anyone even prior to the hunting accident?

Suddenly she realized she was very tired. The day had held too much.

"Tomorrow," she promised herself. Tomorrow she would do many things: search the nursery, go into the city, visit the courthouse and seek—what had How Kelly called it? — a transcript of the farmers' claim suits. And that last one, the one the old attorney had handled, the one she'd been warned about lest there be some reversal.

Morning brought radio reports of a breaking storm. Arleta went up to the nursery.

Methodically she went through drawers and closets. She saved the desk for the last, but she found nothing that seemed important, only packets of letters she'd written her parents.

At noon she went down to lunch with her aunt.

"Leta, child, something is worrying you. I don't want to intrude, but it might be that I could help you."

Arleta shook her head, then laughed ruefully. "Not unless you could identify someone called Ace."

"Ace?" Mrs. Worthington grew thoughtful. "Now I've heard that some place other than a bridge table. Ace—"

"Someone connected with my father."

"Oh, of course." The woman sat up. "That's that man who nearly broke up your parents' marriage, the gambler. Your mother had no use for him."

"When was this and where? And oh, Aunt Betsy Anne, do try to remember his last name."

"I doubt I ever heard it. It was when you were a baby, before your parents moved West. Your mother was staying with me. I heard her quarreling with your father and I was so amazed I stood there for all of a moment. Your mother said, 'Chips, you may take your choice, Ace or your wife and children' Of course I hurried away."

Chips. Ace. Arleta's mind had wheeled to another possibility. "Aunt Betsy," she asked in a strained voice, "was my father a gambler?"

"Of course he was, child." Mrs. Worthington answered easily. "Oh, not a professional gambler, though I don't doubt he sat in on many a game for the fun of it. That's how he met this man Ace and that's why your mother objected to the man."

"So that," said Arleta somberly, "is what Aunt Leta meant when she spoke of the inherited traits. She was speaking of me, not Calvin. Well, thanks, darling, and if you should remember the name—"

CHAPTER 21

The next day she went into town.

She had thought it would be a simple matter to obtain the transcripts she wanted. To the contrary, she learned these were records, and as such must be held at the courthouse. Only such persons as could be identified as participants, or a chosen few newspapermen and attorneys, had any access to the files.

As she pleaded and argued with the clerk, an attractive girl who had been listening came over.

"If it's no more than general information," she said, "I might be able to help you."

"Miss Carson of the Globe-Telegram, this is Miss Langtry, Big Chips Langtry's daughter."

Arleta waited for scorn to appear in the blue eyes of the reporter, but there was none there, nor was there pity nor anything more than interest. "We have fairly complete accounts of the principal trials on file. If you can give me an idea of which one, or the dates—"

"I don't know which one—all of them I guess. And I don't know the dates. I didn't know of the suits until yesterday."

Miss Carson reflected a moment. "My business is asking questions, so overlook it, please, but why are you suddenly interested? What is your motive? I didn't cover any but the last. I understand all of them were unpleasant."

Arleta nodded. "I want to know where I stand."

"How about the attorneys?"

"They won't talk. They advise me to leave matters alone. And I must know. I've been protected too long."

"Not much fun being taken by surprise, is there?" sympathized the reporter. "All right; come on and I'll see what I can find."

Arleta's long, cream-colored car was left in the courthouse parking lot and the two girls drove to the newspaper office in Miss Carson's black coupe.

Once there, they went directly to the morgue. "Thanks to my year in this hole," she told Arleta, "we've a chance of running things down without tipping our hand. We'll start here."

"But these are cuts."

"Right. However, they carry copies and those copies carry dates and it's dates we're after. Now let's see—Langtry. . . . Your father's initials?"

"J. Merton Langtry, J. for Jock—"

"Right, here we are. My word, what a fistful."

A few moments later Arleta was sitting before a cast book and Caro Carson was staring out of a nearby window. She'd said, "Look, Miss Langtry, this is your show. I'm not asking questions. If anything happens, give me the break; otherwise—"

"Nothing will happen," Arleta assured her.

Fighting back tears, she leafed through the pages of the Globe-Telegram. And on every front page black headlines jeered at her.

Langtry Scandal

Langtry Scandal Breaks

Big Chips Defies Farmers

Langtry Refuses to Divulge Source of Income

And those photographs of her father, straight, unsmiling, defiant.

Another headline: "Lane Langtry Suit Begins Today."

Avidly she read.

Contending Jock Langtry deliberately misrepresented property lines in a recent real estate settlement, A. C. Lane today appeared in Superior Court to contest Langtry's right to High Plateau.

Arleta's head snapped up. High Plateau. But that was their home ranch. What possible claim could Lane have had to that?

She read on, little of it being clear, then rustled through the sheets to come to—Lane Makes Surprise Withdrawl of Suit.

Arleta had started to read this when she heard voices, and even as she heard them she was aware of Miss Carson coming to her side.

"But my copies were stolen and I must check on certain facts."

Arleta looked up. Miss Carson standing, could see beyond to the reception desk.

"I have the dates here. Hold this while I delve into this bag of mine; that's a love."

Miss Carson's hand was on Arleta's shoulder holding her down; then suddenly she had caught Arleta by the arm and was pulling her down the aisle, trying to make progress with the bulky file under her other arm.

"Hold everything," she ordered, pushing Arleta into a rickety chair.

A moment later she had unscrewed the metal holders of the file, neatly removed the newspapers which covered the Langtry case, screwed the holders back and slipped down an aisle to place them on their shelf.

In another moment she was back, steering the still silent Arleta down another aisle and back through the door and thence down a spiral stairway. And from there into a cretonne-draped rest room.

"Whew," gasped Caro Carson, "sit down and have a cigarette. That was a close one."

"But what on earth happened?" Arleta asked.

"That was Allene Lane asking for these copies." Caro Carson brought the offending members from under her coat. "And if anyone knew I had them I'd be fired. Now tell me what's up. A suit years ago and suddenly, like that, today the daughters of both men show."

"I don't know why Allene wanted them," Arleta said, "but believe me, I told you the truth."

Miss Carson blew out a thin streamer of smoke. "And for some fool reason I believe you. Which brings on more thought. Why should the sultry Allene bring in the blond Adonis, what's his name? You know, that chap from Virginia who was here a couple of months ago? Oh yes, Cal Sheridan."

"Cal!" Arleta sprang up. "Oh, but he can't be here," she cried. "I mean, he'd have let me know. Why, he's my fiance."

Caro Carson arose in one motion. "Sit right," she ordered, and disappeared.

(To be continued)


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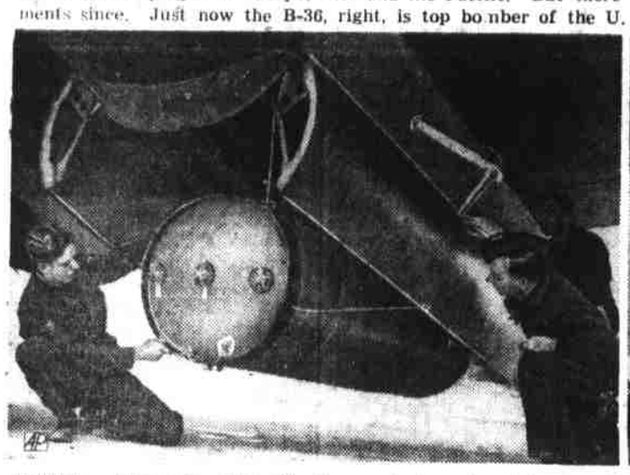
# SINCE PEARL HARBOR

AP Newsfeatures

IF THE WORLD ever sees another Pearl Harbor, the results may dwarf those of the "day that will live in infamy" eight years ago today. World War II stimulated development of methods and materials for war. That development is still going on. Here are two big examples:

PLANES — The B-17 Flying Fortress, left was tops in the bomber field in 1941. It proved itself in the tough campaigns in Europe, Asia and the Pacific. But there have been many bomber developments since. Just now the B-36, right, is top bomber of the U. S.



BOMBS — This type of blockbuster was just coming into general use in 1941. It has since been superceded by —

A-BOMB — This is what now jitters the world.

# 25 Million Copies Of 'Infant Care' Given Out

By JANE EADS

(AP Newsfeatures)

WASHINGTON—Mrs. Max West of Berkeley, Calif., who wrote the first edition of "Infant Care" for the Children's Bureau lack in 1941, was present the other day when the 25-millionth copy was given to a woman in San Francisco. The frail, white-haired little lady, now past 70, still remembers vividly her experiences in writing that first pamphlet, considered somewhat revolutionary in the way of government publications in that day.

The first year that "Infant Care" was published, 63,000 copies went out. In 1949, the Children's Bureau figures, at least 1,600,000 copies will reach the mother of the nation. That's one book for nearly every new mother.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota at the turn of the century, Mrs. West spent a year in free-lance writing before she got married and had five children. Widowed when the last child was still a baby, she began writing again. Miss Julia Lathrop, then head of the newly established Children's Bureau, asked her to write "Infant Care".

"I must have been a very cocksure person," Mrs. West told Miss Katharine Lenroot, chief of the Bureau. "I blithely set to work on my assignment. I had gone through the experience five times—therefor I must know all about it. But as I worked my cocksureness began to evaporate. Instead of knowing it all, I found I was about as ignorant of the scientific side of my subject as were the women who were appealing to us so hopefully. So one fine day, I took out my precious manuscript and tore it into bits, thankful that no eyes but my own had seen it."

Mrs. West then began reading up on the subject of the Library of Congress, took courses at a local medical school, sought the advice of leading obstetricians. How time has changed, or confirmed, the ideas on the care of babies during the first year shows up in a comparison of the earliest and latest editions of the book. When Mrs. West wrote the first edition, home pasteurization of milk was described in detail because commercially pasturized milk was not widely available. No reference at all was made of cod liver oil, or to immunization measures. In 1914 fruit juice was recommended for the baby seven or eight months of age. Nowadays mothers give it to two-week-olds.

"Infant Care" is one of the five booklets published by the Children's Bureau for parents on child care, from the prenatal period through adolescence. It sells for 15 cents a copy and may be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Want Ads bring quick results.

**Cold Weather Records**

The country's record low, minus 66 degrees, dates back to February, 1933, at Yellowstone Park. It compares with 81 below for the Canadian Yukon, and 94 below, claimed for eastern Siberia. Admiral Byrd, reporting 90 below on Antarctica, suggests that air above the south polar plateau probably cools to minus 100 degrees.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**Secretaries Have "Good Chance"**

It is reasoned that well trained and well groomed secretaries have excellent marriage prospects because they work so closely with men. Secretaries need not dress expensively, like show girls, to impress an employer but they should be crisp looking at all times. To be avoided are, glaring nail polish, short sleeves, chewing gum, skimpy skirts, seductive necklines, high heels and jewelry that jangles, says the director of a secretarial school.

**Pressure Canning**

When canning in a pressure canner, let the water come up two inches on the jar. This will help to maintain an even pressure.

**Proteins**

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