

CYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

McDONALD FEADER



CHAPTER 53

STEWART said Consuelo's "hunk of glass" ring was valuable. Could it be possible?

Consuelo looked up, eyes wide. "Now you are kidding me! This is no good. It is worth nothing—no more than \$12.60!" she said.

"If you paid that for it, you got it from someone who didn't know diamonds," Stewart said. "It's a fine stone."

"No, I didn't pay that for it," Stewart would say if he knew the price, she thought. So this is real. It is not the hunk of glass the man called it. Oh, Marcu, Marcu, how wrong I was! I wonder if you knew all the time it was real. It shouldn't have mattered—nothing should have mattered. What have you given your new bride? Does she love jewelry as I did? Is she pretty? Can she dance? Will you be happy with her, Marcu? Or maybe will you think of me and remember that night so long ago?

I am going to be a bride. Funny, isn't it, not to be your bride? Mrs. Stewart, Blackie, Gypsies don't have names like that. I will be a gypsy no longer when I am married to him.

She buried her face against the pillows.

I will be a gypsy no longer when I am married to him. I will be a gypsy.

She sat upright. She said to Stewart:

"I'm going to see the picture the Dummy painted after the show tonight."

"We are going to Bill's for supper and a couple of rubbers of bridge."

"We can go there any time, and besides I am going alone." Why, of course I am, she thought. I do not want him with me when I see this picture.

"You can't go to that man's studio alone."

"But I will."

"Yes? Damn that Willowby—but I dislike him! Look here, Consuelo, can't you see it's only a pretext to get you alone. It's—you can't go. That's all! I've let you have your own way in everything lately. I've tried to understand your moody moods. I've overlooked a dozen things. I've done everything you wanted, but this is a bit too much. There isn't anything I wouldn't give you or do for you, but you can't go to this man's studio alone at night. We're engaged to be married, doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"You will never know how much I desire to see," she said aloud. To herself she added, it means that I will be a slave—but tonight I will be free and do what I want!

"Then, of course, my dear, you'll not go."

She did not answer.

"And another thing, Consuelo, the way you came to the theater, I don't know what made you late, you haven't told me, but you came with your hair hanging and no shoes and stockings and that shawl wrapped around you. You looked simply awful. I can't imagine what people who saw you thought. I've bought you the best clothes in New York and I expect you to wear them." He cleared his throat. "Who was with you that made you so late?"

"I was alone."

"I hope so, but it's hard to believe it."

"No? Well, then, maybe I wasn't alone! Maybe I was making love to somebody! Oh, you fool, why don't you trust me?"

"How can I, after you say you're going to Willowby's without me?"

"And furthermore I am!" She was furious now. "So you would do anything for me, give me anything. Lie! You have put a sheet lead on me, but not yet have you made me into a trained dog! A white dog to sit at your feet and her when you snap your fingers is what you want. I beg of no man! I go where I please and when I please! There is only one man I will obey and that is the man I marry—and you are not my master, not yet! You understand, white man, you are not my master!" She shook her doubled fist in his face.

"Oh, cut it out! So you want to do what you please, when you please, and yet you would have me believe that your funny gypsy code makes you obey your husband. Bosh! It looks to me as if it'd be a mistake to marry you. But I'll keep my promise on one condition—that you don't go to Willowby's tonight. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, white man!" She laughed at him. "Oh, now you are the funny one! You would keep your promise, eh? You would make me a good woman, eh? You will not let me go out alone at night, eh?"

"Stop talking like that and get into your costume! You haven't any time."

"Time?" she sneered. "Time? I have all the time in the world. Now get out of here and leave me alone!" Nevertheless she was pulling on the costume.

He held up the black curls while she fastened the hooks. He tied her slippers while she twined roses in

her hair. He brought her the basket of artificial flowers.

"You are lovely made up as a street gamin." He cleared his throat. "Consuelo, let's not fight. I'm dog-gone tired of it."

"So am I, my friend! I will go tonight and we will not fight about it, see?" She was out the door before he could answer.

I'll teach her a lesson, he thought. He scribbled a note and laid it on the dressing table. It read: "I am going to the club. If you love me, you will not go to Willowby's. Call me when you want to see me again."

He left the room. Backstage he paused. There she was out in the spotlight. She's more beautiful when she's angry than any other time, he mused. He watched until she was ready to come off, then he left. As he walked down the alley he wondered if he was silly to go away and leave her like this. She'll call in the morning, he told himself. Doggone that temper of hers. I wonder if she will calm down as she says when we are married? Two weeks yet. I'll make it this Wednesday. I'll call her in the morning and ask her. I can't do that. Now pride will make me wait until she calls and asks to be forgiven. Maybe she won't call in the morning. Damn that gypsy! Gosh, but she's a sweet kid, gypsy part and all!

He was whistling as he got into his car.

Applause ringing in her ears. Up the stairs again, Stewart gone. His note on the table. She tore it up and stamped on the pieces. He would make me a dog without a will of my own, she thought. She stared at herself in the mirror. That is what you have already become. For months now you have done what he said. Now you marry him you will always do what he says. I have bought you the best clothes in New York and I expect you to wear them! You'll never be able to wear a gypsy skirt and blouse again! You'll be a gamin. Well, now, that's what you wanted, isn't it?

She was down on the stage again now. Her thoughts were still running, angry jumbled thoughts, but they only seemed to make her dancing the finer, the more assured. Never had the house applauded so, not even on her opening night. They were going wild. The sound of their clapping was good in her ears. It washed away her anger. She forgot about Stewart and all the things that were nagging at her consciousness. She sang to them, and beneath the words was buried fire.

TO BE CONTINUED

What Effect Tobacco Has Upon the Folk Who Smoke

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

TOBACCO STILL is popularly called a "weed," and this is typical of the many popular inaccuracies which cluster around it. It may have been a "weed" when Sir Walter Raleigh found it in the New World, but it certainly is a sedulously cultivated and expensive plant today.

The people who deny tobacco steadily are getting in the minority. A physician who called up 1,000 men in five towns, selected in sequence from the telephone directory, found that 82 per cent of them were smokers. He probably would have had almost the same figures if he had included women.

The objections which have been made to tobacco are several, which I will discuss under separate paragraphs below. In discussing them I will give the result of objective observation and experiment, the answers of science, and steer away from opinion as much as the facts permit.

Smoking Shortens Life?

One criticism of tobacco is that it shortens the life of smokers. This question was examined very carefully by Doctors Turley and Harrison of Nashville, Tenn., who reported in the American Journal of Medical Science in 1932 that "smoking, even to excess, of 20 or more cigarettes a day, produces no significant decrease in the respiratory efficiency in response to such exertion as is necessitated by the ordinary duties of life."

A group of medical students who had participated in college athletics a few years before, and had been

smoking regularly since, showed quite as good "wind" as most members of the football squad.

Is tobacco bad for the heart? There is no question that tobacco will cause palpitation, consciousness of the heart's action and irregularity of the pulse. These are functional troubles which indicate no organic change in the heart, and pass away when the tobacco is discontinued.

No Difference in Blood Pressure

Dr. Wingate Johnson, from his observations, failed to note any difference in the blood pressure of smokers and abstainers. The use of tobacco unquestionably induces attacks of angina pectoris, but it does not cause them. In other words, it is not responsible for the organic changes which cause angina. When those changes are present in the heart, the use of tobacco will bring on attacks more frequently. Smokers who begin to have angina usually give up tobacco. It also produces attacks of pain in the heart in young people which are probably due to spasm of the arteries of the heart. This is pseudo-angina.

Does tobacco cause any digestive disturbance? Is it an aid to digestion? There is some discussion about this. Dickson, in the Journal of the Canada Medical Association, says that smoking may cause increased acid in the stomach. Others believe that it may be a predisposing cause of ulcer of the stomach. There is much opposition to such a view, however. On the contrary, we cannot say that tobacco is any aid to digestion.

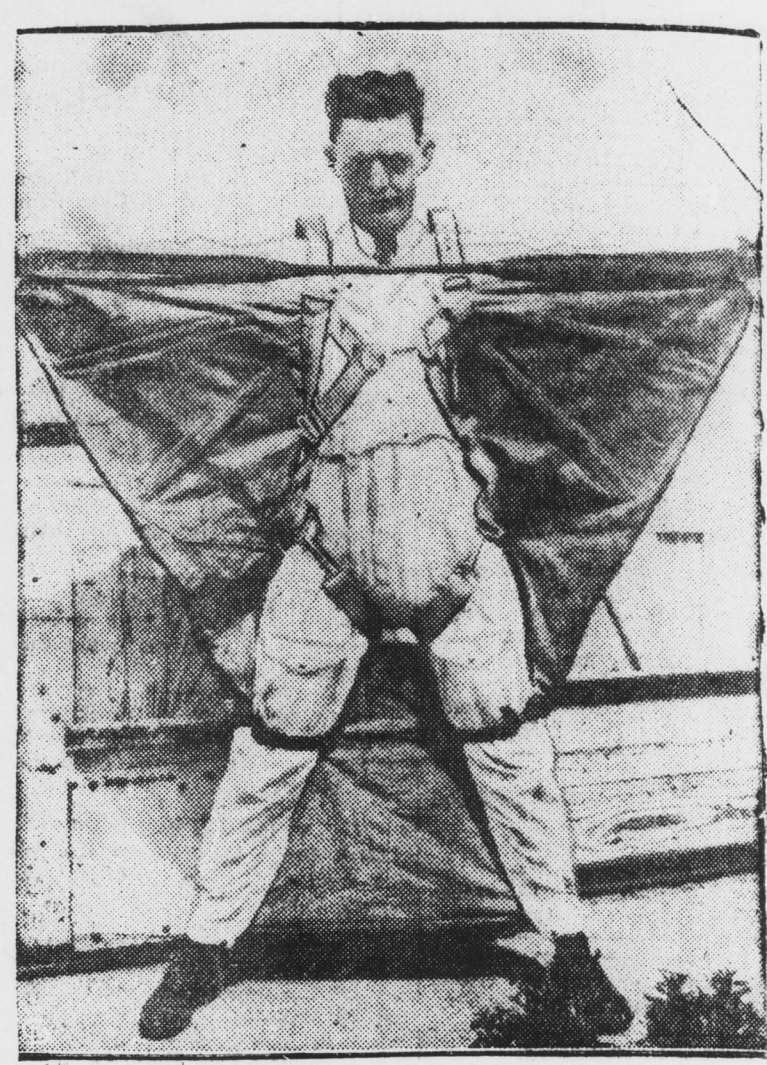
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Spring Is Love Time at Zoo, Too



In Spring a young animal's fancy also turns lightly to thoughts of love, as you see. The animal and bird photos were made by R. Biedenstrucker at Berlin Zoo; the fish snapshot at New York Aquarium.

READY TO TEST BIRD WINGS



Captain Floyd McKennon, Veteran of 355 parachute jumps, Capt. Floyd McKennon, of Dallas, Tex., planned to test the wings he is shown wearing above in a leap from a plane flying a mile high. Floyd Davis, of Flint, Mich., met death recently in a similar experiment when his parachute failed to open. McKennon said he would carry two 'chutes.

What Body Changes Occur From the Use of Tobacco

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

WHAT IS the physiologic action of tobacco? What changes occur in the body to make smokers get so much comfort out of it? In answering these questions, and even from the scientific point of view we meet a paradox at the very beginning.

Nicotine, which is the chief ingredient of tobacco, is an extremely vigorous poison. Two drops of nicotine placed on the tongue or rubbed into the gums of a dog or cat will produce death in one or two minutes. In man, death has followed the use of nicotine as a poison, and even from the plugging of a wound with a quid of tobacco to stop bleeding. The injection of nicotine into the intestine for the relief of worms has been followed by death.

A tobacco smoker, however, gets very little nicotine into his system. The best grades of tobacco are by no means those which have the highest amount of nicotine. It is probable that the nicotine is volatilized or destroyed largely by the heat, and that the smoke which is taken into the system contains only a very small percentage of the drug. This must be so or there would be many deaths, even when tolerance is established, from the amount of snaking that we do.

Not Settled Habit

Another fact about tobacco as a drug is that it is far from a settled habit. The most complete example of a drug habit is that of the morphine addict. A morphine addict cannot stop the use of the drug whether he is sick or well under any

circumstances, without help or without great suffering. No such events occur to tobacco users. Everyone is familiar with the fact that if he has a slight illness, such as a cold, he stops the use of tobacco without any discomfort whatever. I, myself, in London once began to get an irregularity of the pulse from those murderous English cigars and stopped smoking for six months. I cannot remember to have had a single minute's discomfort or the slightest desire to resume the habit. This is also borne out by the experience of many people for whom smoking aggravates attacks of angina, and who give it up abruptly without any desire to return to it.

All of this leads to the supposition that a great deal of the pleasure of smoking is sensuous and psychic. In other words, it comes from the stimulation of smell and taste, and the habit of having something to do with the hands and lips.

Some Reaction Noted

Tobacco, however, even as ordinarily used, does have certain physiologic reactions. Some of these were described in the article yesterday. There is no question that it has an elective effect on the small arteries of the heart and the limbs, causing them to go into spasm. Indeed, one of the few diseases that is ascribed to tobacco is that of spasm of the arterioles of the leg, resulting in poor circulation and even gangrene.

Another bad result of tobacco is in tobacco amblyopia, or blindness. These cases usually clear up after the tobacco has been stopped.

Summarizing, we feel that tobacco does little harm except in a few cases, but the habit is easy to stop, if necessary, and its effects are almost entirely functional. It is generally agreed that adolescents should not smoke, as it has more deleterious effects on the young man than on the old, and that the proper time to begin to smoke is the time when one casts the first vote.

How Coffee Affects Folk And Its Value in the Diet

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE ANCIENT Romans, dissipated and dissolute as they are popularly pictured to be, had, at any rate, no such variety of drug addicts as we have in our modern civilization. Their one habit along these lines was wine. And it wasn't very strong wine at that. They had no cocaine and very probably no opium, or only a very crude and imperfect form of it. They certainly had no such problem as our national problem of serious drug addiction with morphine and cocaine.

Nor did they have any of the mild, what I have chosen to call "the domestic addictions" of tobacco, coffee and tea.

Coffee was introduced into Europe by way of Turkey only in the seventeenth century. In England it made an instantaneous success. Possibly its popularity was because the beverage was non-intoxicating, and people were tired of the boisterous assemblies in taverns.

Macaulay's description of the coffee houses when they were first set up is worth re-reading. It is in the third chapter of his History of England: "There were political coffee houses, where crowds gathered to sip the popular drink and discuss the state of the nation. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who in the year 1655 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily to Garraway's and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table."

Coffee, however, has greatly lost

its vogue in England. The annual British consumption of coffee, is about 7/10 pound per capita. While the consumption in the United States is about 11 pounds per capita. For ten, the figures are almost reversed. Great Britain consumes 9 1/2 pounds per capita, while the United States uses 8/10 pound per capita.

I am inclined to believe that the principal pleasure of coffee is in the taste, the smell and the comfort derived from a hot drink. Its physiologic effects are, not very marked, or at least they are not such as can be noticed very markedly by the average person.

Coffee Easy to Give Up

Certainly it is an easy habit to give up. There is no strong "craving" for coffee with most people. Everyone must have had the experience of having left his cup of coffee on the table and gone off forgetting to drink it and yet feeling no urge.

There is no doubt that caffeine, the active ingredient, is a mental stimulant. Many experiments prove it. Testing typewriting, small doses increased speed. Doses over three grains (about the amount in a cup of coffee) decreased speed; but even with the larger doses the quality of the work done was better.

It is a valuable stimulant to the heart, particularly that of middle age. The decaffeinated varieties, as I know from personal experience, are hard to tell from the natural coffee, and certainly tend to overcome insomnia.

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JURY IN BREMER ABDUCTION CASE TAKES STROLL



The jury in the Edward G. Bremer case, passing judgment on men and women in the Karpis-Barker gang, charged with abducting the banker, goes out for lunch at St. Paul.

Hauptmann Graphologists at Schultz Trial



One of the Hauptmann prosecution witnesses, Albert S. Osborne, Sr., handwriting expert, now is aiding federal prosecutors in trial of Dutch Schultz, gang leader, for income tax evasion. In conference in court are (l. to r.), Osborne; John H. McEvers, Asst. U. S. Attorney General; S. M. Klein, Asst. District Attorney of New York; Dr. William Souder, handwriting expert who testified with Osborne at Flemington; and Donald P. Gorman, Asst. District Attorney of Syracuse.

Glass' Eye to Eye Duel

There's drama in this photo of Carter Glass (l.), Virginia, New Deal critic and father of Federal Reserve law, glaring at M. S. Ecles, whose eyes are lowered, as Senate committee questions latter on nomination as chairman of Federal Reserve Board. Sen. Buckley (c.) looks on.



Wife Preservers



When you cook corn next summer try this method: Let the water come to a boil, put in one tablespoon sugar, then add the corn. When it comes to a boil cook no more and no less than five minutes. In this way all the flavor remains in the corn.