

Leave My Heart Alone

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

SYNOPSIS
KAREN BELL, wealthy and lovely, decides to announce the date of her marriage to PAUL WYATT, her sweetheart since childhood.

CHAPTER FIVE
AFTERWARDS—for days, in fact—Karen was to remember what Martin Haldy had said in parting when they had met, for the second time, on her beach. He had told her that he knew who she was, who her father was, where she lived, "all there is to know about you." It was amusing and at the same time annoying.

It was conceivable that anyone, no matter who he was or where he came from, might know who Jim Bell was, since her dad was not only so well known in the south, but was practically a national figure. The big house, with its tower, was not just a landmark, but almost a tradition. As for Karen, her name and photograph frequently appeared in society columns, smart magazines, and the rotogravures. But no other person could possibly know all there was to know about another. A person did not know that much about himself!

Certainly Martin Haldy was an odd specimen. Karen knew that much about him. Maybe it was because he was so different from the young men she had known, young men who had been born to all the advantages, to assume established places in the business and social world, to inherit large estates and fortunes. Martin Haldy, she assumed, was "of the people." Not that that was anything against him, but it made him different, in her eyes, at least, although that was not all that aroused her curiosity.

There was some sort of mystery about him, she felt sure. He could not have come down here to live in a trailer just to look at the ocean. She did not believe he had come for his health, either. Rather, she was inclined to credit her supposition that he had something in his past he wanted to forget or escape. It might be nothing more than a love affair that had turned out badly. But he did not look or act like a young man with a broken heart.

Oh, well, it did not really matter, nor in any way concern Karen Bell. Their paths had crossed, might cross a time or two again, but otherwise she and a man who lived in a trailer could have nothing whatever in common. It was just that he managed to annoy and amuse her, and therefore pique not only a natural curiosity, but a lively interest. But if she never saw him again it would not matter, either.

Her father was pleased when she joined him for breakfast. It was the one meal served in the big house that was diversified and in-

formal. Karen usually had hers on a tray by her bed; Cousin Ellen, who made her home with them and was housekeeper, had hers—several cups of strong coffee—as she planned menus and outlined duties in the servants' wing; house guests drifted down at all hours as they chose.

"You look as perky as a daisy," her father beamed over the edge of that phrase paper. "Though why I've seen many a field of daisies that looked anything but fresh. But what I'm saying is, you look good to me and no one would ever guess you'd been dancing all night, as I assume you were, since you young folk nowadays start out at about the time we oldsters were put to bed."

Karen thanked him for the compliment, stooping to brush his cheek lightly with a kiss as she slid into a chair. It struck her that he was inordinately pleased that she had come down. She said, "You still worry about me when I'm out late, don't you, darling, even when I'm with Paul? I've been up for ages, even had a dip. And since it has made me feel much perkier than any daisy possibly could I'm going to do it every morning from now on. I'll keep you from reading your paper and pester you with questions and refill your cup, if you'll pass it to me, Jim."

She sometimes called him that because she knew it tickled him even when he claimed he thought it disrespectful. In many ways her dad remained exceedingly old-fashioned, such as in fussing because she stayed out until the wee small hours. She knew he never went to sleep until he knew she was safely in. He reminded her of a mother hen, when she was the one who ought to be mothering him.

"That's quite a resolution." His eyes twinkled behind their thick reading spectacles, which he moved now, folding his paper at the same time. "The news will keep if I have my daughter to rest my eyes. But Jan will never allow you the privilege of pouring my coffee, my dear. That sixth sense of his tells him the second I'm ready for a refill."

Even as he spoke, the heavy swinging door opened to admit the old servant on his silent feet. For Jan was an established part of the household, too. He had been with them as long as Karen could remember, and apparently meant to stay on as long as he lived.

"Just half a cup now, Jan?" Jim admonished, with a sly wink at Karen over the old man's bent head. It was a standing joke that, although this was the order given, the big cup of ancient monastic design that held double the portion of any other, should be completely refilled, just as it was Jan's custom to scold because it was, claiming Jan deliberately disobeyed him every time.

"I swear," her father continued,

with the servant out of hearing, "that Jan has ears and eyes in the back of his head, 'less too old for any labor, but he has a faithful heart, which is what counts."

Karen agreed that it was. But she was glad that Jan no longer served the other meals. He was so slow and unsteady that the many courses dragged interminably. She thought it was her father's faithful heart rather, to keep anyone on when his uselessness was passed. She found the old man's snooping, as she labeled it privately, somewhat trying at times. But of course Jan was connected with them, his charge.

She would almost have been willing to bet that Jan knew already that she had become formally engaged to Paul last night. No doubt the old servant had overheard during Paul's conversation with her about making the moonlight festival. Maybe Jan even had watched her with the binoculars she knew he kept on a pantry shelf, talking with a strange young man on the beach this morning.

Sixth sense, indeed—snooping, that was what it was. But there was no use in Karen's letting that bother her. She knew that nothing her father could say would convince her that Jan ought to be retired from all service in the big house.

But it was because of the old servant, hovering behind the swinging door, that Karen postponed what she wanted to say to her father until after breakfast. She told him she would like a few minutes with him in his study before he got busy with his secretary behind his locked door. Jim Bell had retired, but he still maintained morning business hours at home in order to preserve a certain "morale," as he termed it. His large holdings and varied interests took this much time, too.

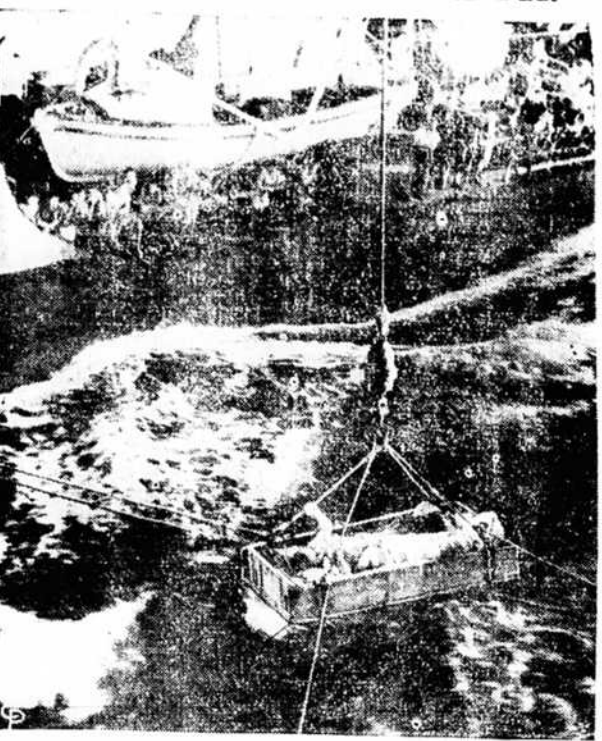
"Of course I'll grant you an interview," Jim said now to his daughter, rather than to the crook of his elbow as they left the enormous, and somewhat gloomy, dining room. "Besides, it so happens that I have something of major importance that I wish to present to you. First, though, we'll have whatever it is that's weighing on your mind, my chickadee."

He smiled tolerantly at this, as though he knew it could not be of "major importance," as he had said of his recent. He had meant to keep it a secret, but now had decided to share it immediately with Karen.

He thought he knew what Karen's news was. Paul had talked with him. A fine young man, that had. None better. Already like a son. But Karen would never guess what her father would have to tell her in exchange. Something that gladdened his heart, as well as saddened it. A message contained in a cable he had received late last night.

(To Be Continued)

EMERGENCY CRADLE OF THE DEEP



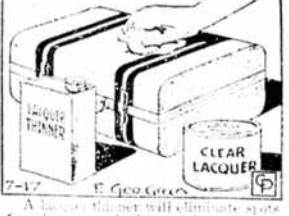
IT LOOKS PERILOUS, but Seaman Bruce Gillmore of the Royal Australian Navy is made safe as he goes by cradle stretcher from the destroyer *Noraman* to the British cruiser *H.M.S. Kenya* in mid-ocean. He was transferred for an appendectomy. (International)

Wife Preservers



For preventing hair loss by three cord nevezized thread for stitching. This thread is stronger than that commonly used for home sewing, according to the Bureau of Hygiene, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Wife Preservers



A new thread that will eliminate hair loss from hair and other cloth. It has a special 'anti-hair' thread. Apply the thread liberally with a clean cloth. A new thread that will eliminate hair loss from hair and other cloth. It has a special 'anti-hair' thread. Apply the thread liberally with a clean cloth. A new thread that will eliminate hair loss from hair and other cloth. It has a special 'anti-hair' thread. Apply the thread liberally with a clean cloth.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



ED WURGLER'S DOG WHO FLUNKED IN HIS LESSONS WITH THE U. S. ARMY AND WAS SENT HOME, FAILED AGAIN TODAY IN A TEST UNDER HIS MASTER'S EYE.

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



"Alone at Last!"



AMERICAN TROOPS ON THE SHORES OF SICILY



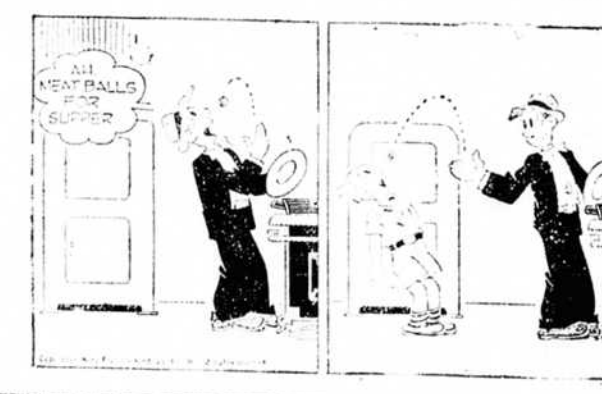
One of the first pictures to reach this country showing the actual invasion of Sicily by Allied forces, shows armed and ready American troops splash on the shores of Sicily after descending landing craft ramp. The American forces in Sicily are being led by Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr., and the British force by General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery. The Allied and American invading troops have already captured important towns and ports including Syracuse, as well as thousands of prisoners, mostly Italian. This is a U. S. Army Signal Corps radiophoto. (International Soundphoto.)

AS TANK LEAVES BARGE FOR INVASION OF SICILY



This is one of the first pictures to reach this country of the actual invasion of Sicily. It shows a tank leaving a barge ready to invade the shores of Sicily. Note the helmeted soldier atop the tank. Also note the ship on the right, with its deck guns pointing in the sky. The Allied forces have captured important towns and ports, including Syracuse, as well as thousands of prisoners, mostly Italian. This is a U. S. Army Signal Corps radiophoto. (International Soundphoto.)

BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



Dagwood in the Red!



ETTA KETT



By PAUL ROBINSON



THE GUMPS—(SELF) LOVE IS BLIND

