

# Leave My Heart Alone

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

**SYNOPSIS**  
KAREN BELL, wealthy and lovely, has won the sweetheart of another member of her rich Florida set. PAUL WYATT, new childhood friend, she suddenly encounters a young stranger, obviously not of her social standing, and learns that he is MARTIN HALLIDAY.

**YESTERDAY**, after agreeing that Paul and she should marry, Karen and her father continue their discussion. Jim Bell reveals that he has received a cablegram from Denise, Karen's sister.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

A CABLEGRAM from Denise—Karen's "her"—leaped, then contracted with something akin to fear as she took the yellow sheet her father handed to her. It might be bad news, instead of good, for they knew that that small Balkan country, where Denise had gone to make her home, stood in the path of Hitler's relentless war machine, although as yet it had not been attacked. It was so seldom that they had any news, good or bad.

Once before a cable had been received at the birth of Denise's son; again, a few years later, when this same little boy, named after his grandfather, James Bell Durfee, had him at death's door, stricken with a mysterious fever; another, months later, saying that the child was on the road to recovery.

With such scant information regarding the life that Denise led so many miles across the sea, it was no wonder that Karen was apprehensive, although she knew what ever news this message contained must bear some gladness if it must, at the same time, bring a wave of sadness, too, for how could she or her father be reminded of Denise without the old sorrow sweeping over them?

Again the message was about Denise's son, no word concerning herself. It simply stated that she was sending the boy home, passage having been secured on a refugee ship bringing other children to America. It gave the approximate time of the ship's expected arrival.

So much and yet so little; there was nothing to say what had led to this sudden decision. Yet one thing was significant; there was no question as to what the boy's welcome would be or if his grandfather would take care of him. And Denise had said she was sending him "home."

"I thought at first I'd keep it as a surprise for you when the little fellow got here," Jim said, his voice still husky. He saw that for a moment she could not speak, for Karen's eyes were brimming with tears as she handed the message back to him. He knew they were the same mixture as his own emotions, joy and sorrow. "But when you told me your big news I decided to spring name on you. Think of it, children, my grandson, Denise's boy. Now you know what I meant by an addition to our household!"

"I'm glad you told me," Karen said. She did not know why she should feel so choked up, unless it was because the surprise was at-

most too much for her. "It's wonderful news, dad. Almost too wonderful to take in all at once. How do you suppose he is? What do you suppose they call him? Will it be Little Jim and Big Jim from now on? Do you suppose he looks like Denise?"

She asked these questions to try to smooth over the intensity of the moment, not because she expected him to know the answers. But they would know soon. That was the wonderful part. That silent wall separating Denise from her family would be removed. Perhaps a new atmosphere of forgiveness and understanding would slowly grow to take its place.

"We'll know all those things when we see the lad," Jim Bell had to give his nose a hard blow or he would have tears stinging his eyes also. It had been almost too much, as Karen had said, for him. "I'm flying to New York next weekend," he added. "The day after the Festival. I ought to return with the boy within a few days, if the ship docks on schedule."

Karen wondered if he was thinking of her—of the boat docks—for of course it would be a dangerous voyage. He must be a brave little boy, this unknown nephew of hers, to undertake such a long, perilous journey, although there were hundreds of other little children facing that same ordeal. It must have taken courage for Denise to send him, courage and heart break.

"Can't I go with you?" she asked. Someone ought to be with her father at such a time. But he refused her offer. "I'll have other things to attend to while I'm there, business matters, and I thought I might ask Paul to accompany me. In fact, my dear, I'd rather you were here, waiting for us. I want you, personally, to oversee the nursery quarters, the rooms you and Denise used when you were young 'uns. Cousin Ellen would toss out most of the old toys and furnishings as 'junk,' while you will know what to discard and what to hold onto. We must make this home to the lad."

It will be, Karen said. They would do everything in their power to make the little boy happy. If Paul went with her father she would be satisfied. How nice it was that her father knew he could call upon Paul; it proved that he thought of him already as a son. Karen would probably have to rely on Paul's help, too, for she did not know much about little boys. Goodness, so much was happening all at once, changes, when she had thought she did not want any. "Well, I'll run along," Karen said, giving her father one more tight squeeze before she left him. "I know you want to pretend to get busy. In fact, there's Jane now, armed with pad and pencil and that determined glint in her eye." Jane Peters was another distant cousin who lived in the big house and who served as Jim's secretary. "And I have a million things to do myself."

"Don't try to do them all today," her father advised, the old twink-

ling in his eyes. "Pretend, indeed—you are a saucy miss! I'll have to use my gray matter these days, with the market on a high sea and the government threatening to tax us for ever, cent of profit."

"You have to have something to grumble about," Karen returned in her old teasing tone. "Good morning, Jane. . . don't let Jim tax his gray matter too much, for I'm going to beat him at golf this afternoon at three. If I can spare the time, that is. If not, I'll send Paul to take you on for me, darling."

She blew him a kiss and closed the door of the study behind her. He was as strict about his hours, from nine until two at his desk, as if he were paid for them. But maybe he did have a lot on his mind, and the government in such a turmoil.

Certainly Karen now had a lot on hers. There was the Festival next week, the nursery rooms to oversee, the arrival of Denise's son, shopping that must be begun for the trousseau she supposed she would have to start getting ready, all the parties that would be given as soon as her engagement was known. Heaven! She would be kept in a whirl for the next few months. Then if her wedding took place after the holidays that would be another merry-go-round. But as Jim had said, she could not do them all in one day, or even think about them at all at once.

She was glad she had made a resolution to get up for an early dip and swim, and to breakfast afterwards, with her dad. It might be a good idea to resolve further to devote her mornings to the things that had to be done, to work out a set schedule. She supposed there should be a schedule with a little boy in a house. That would make a big difference in lots of ways.

For the first time in her life Karen realized that so far her existence had been a pretty aimless one. She had gotten up whenever it suited her, going to bed according to her mood as well; she had drifted from one pastime to another, partying, looking in the sun, swimming, going, dancing, a continuous round of play and pleasure. Oh, she had had certain interests and duties connected with various socially-guided charitable organizations, as had all the girls in her set. But they had been part of the fun, too, never in any sense a serious obligation or burden.

From now on, life should be more in earnest. She would try to chart a more worthwhile course. She would have to put her girlhood behind her with the formal acknowledgment of her betrothal. Soon she would not be a girl, but a wife!

There was another job, but she supposed it was one every girl got at contemplating such a big change ahead. No doubt every girl got jittery, but she was luckier than most in that she was going to marry Paul, who was so near and so dear.

Just the same she would not think that far ahead just yet. (To Be Continued)

## War Is Ally of TB

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

WAR, I AM afraid, teaches few useful lessons. But I think it is undoubtedly true that World War I taught us a great deal about tuberculosis.

In the first place few even of the most careful and pessimistic students of the subject had any idea of the amount of latent, semi-

Dr. Clendenning will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

active tuberculosis in the general population. We had it in 1914, few reliable methods of detecting tuberculosis in the early stages during the examination of recruits at that time. But the strenuous and arduous physical exercises which soldiers have to go through rapidly broke down draft-ees who had been passed by the examining boards and we found, and still have evidence, in our military hospitals of the tremendous extent of unsuspected tuberculosis in the community.

The second thing we learned was that the methods of examination ordinarily employed were inadequate to detect the early or latent case. These methods were primarily the use of the stethoscope, percussion, and the examination of the sputum for tubercle bacilli.

Not Revealed by Stethoscope  
Many soldiers were passed by the examining boards simply because the involvement of the lungs lay too deep to be revealed by the stethoscope and since then we have learned the astonishing fact that it is easier to recover tubercle bacilli from the stomach contents than from the sputum.

In the years that have passed the great advance in diagnosis has been the use of the X-ray, and all the draftees in the present army have been examined by this method. Roughly, 20 per cent of those who have any trace of tuberculosis are detected and returned home for treatment. I have seen one or two cases in army hospitals of draftees who have broken down under the discipline of drill, but this is nothing compared to the number we had in World War I. Since early detection and early

treatment are the key to cure, and "cure" under these circumstances is possible, the situation is greatly improved from a practical standpoint.

Another aspect of tuberculosis in war is the possibility of an increase in tuberculosis all over the world. For the 50 years up to 1917 there had been a steady decline in the incidence of tuberculosis. In Great Britain tuberculosis increased 6 per cent in the first year of World War I, and 10 per cent in the second. From 1920 to 1937 the incidence of tuberculosis and the death rate in all civilized countries continued its downward trend. But a number of factors are operating to put it on the upward again. One is the universal breakdown in food supplies.

Tuberculosis May Increase  
Tuberculosis is a disease of lack of nutrition. In the Americas and in Great Britain this source will probably not operate, but because only knows what will happen to the peoples on the continent of Europe. Another factor is the crowding and close personal contact in air raid shelters and also in periods of population movement and distress.

External violence is the price of freedom from tuberculosis. The decline of the disease in the last century has tended in some quarters to a false sense of security. But as a Canadian writer says, "A disease that kills nearly 6,000 of the population, leaves at least 20,000 incapacitated, and costs the country directly at least \$2,000,000 annually, is still a formidable enemy and a major health problem."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
A. K. B.: Please write about tachycardia, the cause, and cure, etc. If the pulse goes up to 120 and it can be returned to normal by pressure on the neck, what does this mean?  
Answer: Tachycardia is simply a symptom. It means rapid pulse. There is the tachycardia of fear, of anger, of heart disease, etc. Pressure on the carotid sinus in the neck can stop it. When this occurs we assume the tachycardia was caused by functional disturbance of the carotid sinus.

The war production board has approved the production of 100,000 home food dehydrators before September 1.

The peanut marketing quota allotment has been revoked and the Commodity Credit Corporation will buy and sell the 1943 crop.

## SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

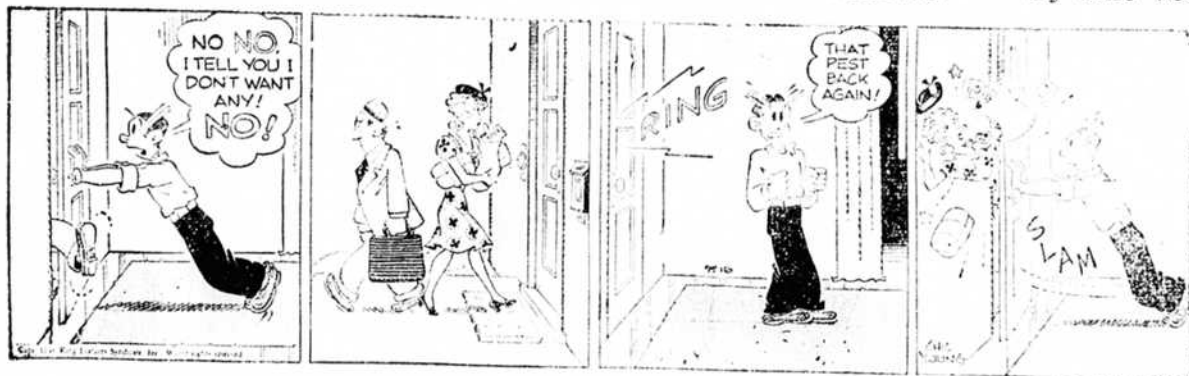
"See My Muscle!"



## BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

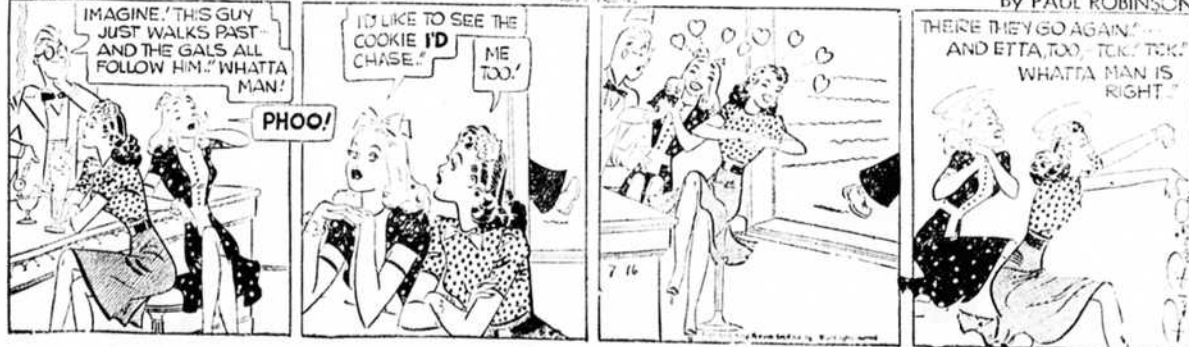
Fort Bumstead on the Defensive!

By Chic Young



## ETTA KETT

By PAUL ROBINSON



## THE GUMPS—STOLEN FINERY



## Munda Isolated



U. S. FORCES have surrounded Munda, Jap base on New Georgia Island in the Solomons. They established a road block cutting off the base from the Kula Gulf, and also occupied Enogai Inlet. These moves prevented any supplies from reaching Munda. (International)

## New Guinea Visitor

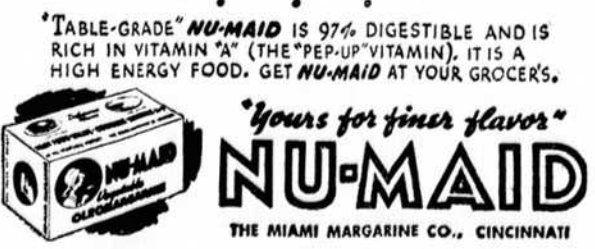


FIRST AMERICAN of cabinet rank to visit the South Pacific front is Under Secretary of the Navy Artemus I. Gates, seen somewhere in New Guinea. (International)

## KNOW YOUR FOODS . . . by Mary Bell



GREAT CHANGES ARE COMING OVER FOOD BUYING AS WOMEN DISCOVER THAT YOU CAN'T JUDGE FOODS MERELY BY PRICE—FOR EXAMPLE, NU-MAID, A FINE "TABLE-GRADE" MARGARINE, IS AS DELICIOUS AS THE MOST EXPENSIVE SPREAD.



Yours for finer flavor  
**NU-MAID**  
THE MIAMI MARGARINE CO., CINCINNATI

**\$1.65 TAX RATE IS SET FOR OXFORD PROPERTY**  
Oxford, July 16—A tax rate of \$1.65 per \$100 for the town of Oxford was set by the Board of Commissioners at a meeting here Tuesday night. The Board of Commissioners listed assessed property at \$3,917,787, and total revenue at \$76,139. The assessed property will yield \$64,643 at the set rate. Poll tax is expected to total \$196, and miscellaneous funds will total \$11,000, completing the budget.