

Leave My Heart Alone

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

WHEN MARTIN reminded Karen, in explanation of the dithering machine in his trail, that he had come south partly because of his health, she took it as an opening to ask the question that had been bothering her in regard to him for some time.

"Yes, you did tell me that, Martin, and I was thinking, not long ago, how well you are looking. Your health is not so bad that it would keep you from being drafted, is it?" She knew that was rather an abrupt way of putting her question, but she simply had to know what Marty was going to do about the war, if he did not mean to do his part in it.

"That seemed to appear between his nice blue eyes once more. His answer was as abrupt as her question. 'How should I know? I haven't been asked to pass a physical—recently.'

"But if you did pass, you . . . you'd go, wouldn't you? Maybe he was sensitive on this matter of his health; certainly he was not acting naturally; never before had Martin been so abrupt and withdrawn from her.

"I'd have to go or go to jail, or a conscientious objector's camp, I believe."

"But you aren't an objector . . . you'd want to go, if you were physically able, wouldn't you, Marty?" There—she had put it straight enough this time; she waited almost breathlessly for his answer to this. It meant so much to her, more than she liked to admit.

He did not answer for a second, then his face relaxed again into his slow smile, although rather as if he forced that wide grin of his than that it came spontaneously. "What is this?" he asked. "A third-degree? It might not be a matter of what I wanted to do, your honor. And, before you put me through any more on the witness stand, I might remind you that long ago, when we first met, I warned you you would have to take me as you found me and believe me to be what I told you I am."

"I did not say that I didn't believe in you," Karen returned, the faint color making her lovely face more lovely still. "I didn't mean it to sound like a third-degree. It's just, well, if I were a man, I'd be anxious to do my part."

"Like your Prince Charming," Marty broke in. "Which reminds me to say that he seemed a fairly decent sort, in spite of being so perfect. I always suspect perfection, you see, my lily naid. And I am equally pleased that you do not happen to be a man."

Karen knew he was deliberately not trying to turn the conversation into different channels, but he was trying to make her angry. "Paul doesn't pretend perfection; he has his faults the same as everyone else. But at least he is honest about them."

"Meaning that I'm not," Martin

said. The smile left his face again. "I'm sorry, Kay, but you'll have to accept me as I am, too, or not at all. I think it's very fine of you to believe in me, if you are sure you do."

She should still have been angry, but there was such honesty in his eyes now, in the directness of that statement, in spite of its indirectness, that she found she did believe in him. She said, "I do, but maybe there are others who won't. What I mean is, Marty, people are so apt to believe the worst of other people. And I think you ought to know you and what you're really about here for. I'm not just saying this, I happen to know, although I cannot tell you how, that you are being watched."

She had not known that she would tell him that, and that it had been part of her reason for coming to see him, although now, as she told him, she knew it had been. She had not promised Paul that she would not warn Marty, although Paul had taken it for granted she would not. She had to warn him. If Martin was headed for trouble of any kind, she could not stand by and not do that much.

He did not have anything to say to that for a short while, either. His face still was thoughtful and serious. But he reached over and took Karen's two hands in his; his blue eyes looked into hers. "Thank you, my dear," he said quietly, "for telling me that. Not because I am in any danger, but because if I am, I prefer to be aware of it and because your telling me shows that you do believe in me."

At his touch Karen's heart had leaped into her throat; she wanted to withdraw her hands from his, yet could not. She could not explain the commotion within herself; it was such a mixture of joy and relief, apprehension and fear.

"I'm going to have to ask you to go on that way," he went on, "believing in me, accepting me and whatever I do on trust. It seems," he gave a little grimace at this, "I must keep on asking that of you in regard to everything."

She knew he referred now to that moment in the tower so he had not forgotten it; it had meant something to him, as it had to her. It must have been triumph that caused her heart to beat so wildly now. But this was not safe—this was dangerous—to be here alone with Martin, his hands holding hers. She did withdraw her own, if reluctantly. She could be with him this time that she could be the stronger of the two.

She said, "I'll go on that way as long as you ask it of me." Only yesterday she had told Paul that she would go on, as before, with him. It seemed she must have faith in two men, rather than in one or each separately.

Martin said again, "Thank you." He left off the "my dear" he had used before. But it held as much sincerity, as much tenderness. Then

Migraine Attacks a Puzzle

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

AMONG THE most mysterious sort of maladies are the attacks which come along every once in a while with no warning and no apparent cause. I mean, for instance, what is called sick headache or migraine. Here a person

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

is going along in the best of health and out of a clear sky, with no change in eating habits, no dissipation, no extra work or exertion, bing! he begins to have a headache that was meant for a hippopotamus.

These people resent this particular form of Nature's lullaby and I for one don't blame them. An earned headache is one thing; you know who is responsible and you take your medicine. Even a headache that you haven't exactly earned, one that comes from having caught a cold, you can take with a certain degree of philosophy because you know that is part of life and everyone has to bear such a burden once in a while.

These sick headaches, however, have just been wished on you, probably by some ancestor, and they are going to come every so often whether you sit up reading too late, or eat too much dinner, or have your wife's relatives in, and you just have to bear them. I don't have them myself, but I can understand the resentment of the person who does.

Other Periodical Attacks

There are other kinds of periodical attacks. One is a form of dizziness—Meniere's disease. Then there is intermittent rheumatism—hydroarthrosis. And, of course, intermittent attacks of muscular irritability—epilepsy.

Science is making some forward steps in the classification and treatment of this great group of paroxysmal maladies and naturally enough a certain relationship between them is found. Which is on the basis that they are allergic in character.

Taking the paroxysmal headache and the paroxysmal dizziness

alone for purposes of comparison, it has been found that certain individuals in each group respond in a definite way to a drug called histamine. They constitute a sub-group because others with apparently identical symptoms do not react to histamine.

Histamine is found in many tissues of the body, but under normal circumstances is bound up chemically so that it does not exert any physiological action. But if injected into the body in a fresh, unbound state it causes dilatation of the blood vessels and a fall of blood pressure. In animals in a state of allergy histamine is liberated in a free state from the liver.

Now it is possible and reasonable to conclude from these known facts that in some people with migraine or paroxysmal Meniere's syndrome their bodily mechanism is such that every once in a while the liver lets loose a flood of histamine into the blood stream, which might account for their symptoms.

These constitute one group—there is another group in whom the attack is accompanied by contraction of the blood vessels and rise in blood pressure. They correspond to the "red" and "white" migraines of the famous founder of electric treatment, Dr. Boissier-Reymond. They can be treated, but in exactly different manner—the dilator "red" group with a constrictor medicine, nioxime acid, the constrictive "white" group with histamine itself.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

R. C.: I am getting lumps all over me. One doctor told me they were fat tumors. Would diet help to keep them from coming?

Answer: Multiple lipomata, the name of your condition, is a common affection, but not dangerous, painful or anything to worry about. Diet does not touch them. A person may become extremely emaciated and still keep his fat tumors.

D. N.: Will a diseased gallbladder cause some enlargement of the heart? Can the gallbladder be removed when there is some enlargement of the heart?

Answer: Gallbladder trouble and heart trouble are frequently associated, probably as cause and effect. Removal of the diseased gallbladder has a good effect on the heart.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"A Live Wire!"



BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Why Fellers Grow Vandykes!

By Chic Young



EITA KEIT

By PAUL ROBINSON



THE GUMPS—THE DAWN OF HOPE



Quick Removal to Hospital Ship



U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo
U. S. Army doctors send the cream of their staff to front line evacuation hospitals. Quick treatment, prompt removal, saves hundreds of lives. Every modern surgical appliance known to the profession is at hand. Your War Bonds bought this equipment, but more will be needed urgently as the fighting tempo increases. Are you buying War Bonds to give our boys a chance for life? U. S. Treasury Department

MESSINA RAILROAD YARDS TOOK A BEATING



This is the ruin our fighters saw when they swept into the railroad yards at Messina, last stand of the enemy on Sicily. Rails he twisted, roadbeds are torn and rolling stock has vanished under the day-long storms of our bombings. (International Soundphoto.)