

Yankee Senorita

BY LORENA CARLETON
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CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

"PRISM'S MUFFLED utterance, 'Am I drowned?' was so typical of her absent-mindedness that her mistress burst into hysterical sobbing. The Negress' forehead wrinkled unconsciously."

"Stop it!" Richard Blythe ordered. The girl, the slouch of his fingers on her shoulders matched the sharpness of his whisper. "You're upsetting her."

"I can't help it. 'm so happy." "Oh, for Lord's sake, be original. 'm happy. 'm cry," mimicked Blythe. "Such rot! Make your chin stop its pitter-buggering and help me. Let's get busy with the coffee and smothering salts. They'll help now."

"Staring her into the eyes, Mollory held the vaporous buff beneath Prism's broad nose, watching carefully the red black face to make sure the penetrating fumes did not get so far that Prism would think the top of her head was coming off. A few minutes later, the 200-pound colored woman regained enough control so that she was able, with the help of Richard Blythe and the girl, to get onto her feet."

"We'll start the coffee now," Blythe said. "Get some fresh from the stove," he dictated to Mollory. "She was gone a scant minute. He then dictated to the servant. "Thank this!"

"American coffee," the Negress praised in her weak voice, that still sounded as if it were buried in cotton. Her lips closed, then parted a bit for her to peer at the man beside her. "Who are you?" she croaked.

"He smiled. 'The Invisible Man.' And he was at the moment, for Prism's eyes were closed again. Her head drooped. Horror attacked Mollory. If Prism passed out again, she could not hear it, but Blythe seemed unworried, content even, as did Prism. A little fussy smile formed on her lips, even while she sipped coffee. Her eyes were open again, holding a bit of expression now."

In her feeble voice she assured the engineer, "Miss Mollory's right about you. She's been right all along. You're mighty smart." From beneath heavy lids her gaze lifted to her mistress. "You can tell him anything you want to any time," she granted.

"All right, Prism." "What a tale you'll hear when you really snap out of it," thought Mollory. She patted her servant's hand.

"When 'm clickin' right again," the Negress promised Richard Blythe. "I'll cook 'Merican fried chicken for you."

The man's voice was gentle. "I'll hold you to that promise—but now," he commanded, "I want you to take it easy. Don't talk too much." Softly he asked Mollory, "Did you locate Armando?" She nodded. Blythe turned back to his patient, Prism. Miss Baker and I are going to get some rest now. We'll send Armando in to watch over you."

The Negress gave a little contented half-chuckle, which Mollory interpreted as she and the engineer walked out of the bedroom and on down the small hallway.

"She'll be tickled silly to see Armando. They are 'amateurs' all right, but every day. I don't know why. Possibly a love of flashy speech forms the basis."

"They found the Mexican boy in the kitchenette, only now it was speckled with cleanliness. It looked as if her usual selfish had polished it in her haste. Dishes were washed and put away. The white enameled stove and the sink shone brightly. The floor had been swept."

"Armando," cried the girl, "did you do all this?" Her smile, noted Richard Blythe, was not her professional one that he had learned to recognize. It was tender, sincere.

"Assuredly!" The Mexican boy greeted Mollory's pleasure with nonchalance. "But of course. Did I not tell you, senorita, that you would be glad you hired me? And, that is not all. I know how hard you and Senor Blythe have been working with my friend Prism. So I take on her housekeeping money, enough to buy a little keg of tequila and make for you two of Dona Bertha's drinks."

"Say!" exclaimed Blythe, eyeing the tall glasses on the drainboard. "They really look like beer. Usually," he said to the singer, "I don't get one of these except in Texas, where Bertha is." He pointed upon one of the frosted glasses.

"Armando said, 'Bertha taught me how.' He shrugged. "I do it just as well. The proper amount of tequila—very fine."

Without waiting for his hostess to sample hers, Richard Blythe drank deeply. "Armando, you are a genius!"

"Thank you, senor," the boy said placidly, as if he already were quite aware of the fact. "You look exhausted, but Armando's Bertha's Special will make you like new. And if this one does not," he grimaced, showing his remarkable teeth, and shook the keg gently. "There is more tequila."

"Good," sighed Blythe rapturously. "Tun along, Armando. Take some fresh coffee and pour it for Prism as fast as she'll drink it. Again the engineer drank deeply, all but draining his glass. He indicated the one Mollory still held. "What's the matter?"

She shuddered. "I don't dare. Oh, I'd like to. I've had a sample of the walloping courage in this tequila stuff. But heavenly day, I can't let it burn out my voice at 25. My voice has to last me until I'm 40. At least 40."

Dimly she recalled having sworn to herself, in the Palace of Fine Arts that very day, that she would marry Carlos and give up her career. But so much had happened and it seemed so long ago and she really hadn't meant that part about giving up her career. On she rambled in her own mind. Give up her career? Stop singing? She'd as soon stop living."

Carlos would like being married to the host operative systems in the world! Of course he would. Every man she'd ever known closely had felt that way about her. Her story enticed them as a splendid jewel entices a woman.

Dimly aware that her guest had

spoken, Mollory said, "I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Boy, if ever I saw a person a million miles away, it was you. I said if you aren't going to drink this second Bertha's Special that I am just the lad to do it." He picked up the glass just as the door bell rang. "Who is that?" He was frowning.

Mollory moved toward the living room. "My cocktail guests, I imagine."

Richard Blythe followed. "Cocktail guests?" He sounded horrified. "Haven't you any decency? We've barely avoided a funeral and, by golly, you invite cocktail guests?"

She hung over her shoulder. "What if I did? Things turned out all right, didn't they? They always turn out all right for Mollory Baker. These guests are our staunch allies. Just before flinging open the door, she hesitated. "Get pretty. It's Manuella." And Carlos.

Mollory had a hard time tearing her eyes away from him to greet the Mexican girl. She wished she did not have to look at such beauty; Manuella looked like a portrait, in soft, tan silk, a lily complexion, and pink shoulders, pink camelias and pink gloves and a divine little hair capable of making every other woman jealous who saw it.

Somehow the pair got inside. Mollory scarcely saw them. The rapid beating of her heart put a haze over her eyes. She started in introductions, but got nowhere. Richard Blythe, according to pre-arranged plans, had no time in devoting himself to the Mexican girl. He no longer seemed exhausted and irritated.

"Hello, senorita," he breathed, and began helping the lovely Mexican girl with her lily cape. "Here, I have a drink for you—a Dona Bertha concoction."

"Oh," purred Manuella, smiling and showing those gorgeous teeth, blue-white against her deep-toned lips. She was hard put to respond, yet keep an eye on Carlos and their hostess.

Mollory sid her hand through Carlos' arm. "What would you like to drink? I'm afraid I don't know how to make the Bertha drink."

Manuella cried gaily. "Oh, Carlos can make a Dona Bertha Special." She made a move toward the kitchen, intercepted, however, by Richard Blythe.

"Then let him wait on himself. Sit here." He took hold of the Mexican girl's pink-gloved hand and all but dragged her to theavenport.

"Go on, Mollory. Take Carlos to the kitchenette and show him where the ingredients are." He sat down beside Manuella and successfully blocked her view, no matter how she craned her neck to stare after Mollory and her escort.

Inside the small room, the swinging door shut behind them. Mollory stopped dead still. "This is the first time Carlos and I have ever been away from other 'yes.' She suddenly thought. Speechless, she turned and looked at him. Obviously he was thinking the same thing. He said nothing, either. He simply gave a soft gasp and pulled Mollory into his arms.

(To Be Continued)

Doctor's Readers Express Themselves

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

I HAVE MANY pertinent remarks from my readers that I think should be given publicity. So from time to time I will run a column giving them free rein.

Milk—My remarks on milk drew considerable protest. I said, you remember, that I thought milk

column you say—"Evaporated milk is clean, but expensive."

"Evaporated milk, far from being expensive, is much cheaper in most places than plain pasteurized milk. There are few cities in the country today in which plain pasteurized milk can be bought for less than 14 to 17 cents a quart. Evaporated milk is widely sold at 9 cents per quart can containing a total of 1 1/2 ounces of double-rich evaporated milk. This is equivalent to about 1/2 of a quart of bottled milk."

Young People's Clothes Habits Mrs. C. D. Wheelock, of Washington, D. C., wants to know—"Now that cold weather is here and the bare-headed verge for young people still exists what can we do about it? It seems so foolish for the young boys, especially not having the quantity of hair they have, to suffer through wintry blasts to get through wearing a hat. Especially just after getting over a cold is it not dangerous? I am concerned about their ears chiefly."

Along the same lines a lady from Detroit is again bare legs. "Can't you draft a letter to go to the principals of all high schools, telling of the dangers of girls propping around with bare legs in winter weather? It must be bad for their health, anyway. It is ugly. Mary Martin is the only woman who has a right to exhibit bare legs in a snowdrift. I have heard there is no temperature sensation in the legs. Is that true? But, my goodness, think of the chapped skin."

Comment by Logan Clendingning — It is true that there are very few temperature-sensing nerve ends in the skin of the legs. You can tell that in the bath tub when your knees get too cold, but you don't realize it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Reader:—What causes color blindness? Is it due to lack of Vitamin A? I am blind. I want to know soon so I can enter the armed forces.

Answer: Color blindness is an hereditary defect of the retina of the eye. Vitamin A has no effect on it. It can not be cured. It does not prevent service in most branches of the armed forces.

Doctor Discusses Milk Mr. Karl H. Starkweather, of Plymouth, Michigan, writes: "It is beyond me how there can be some people who do not enjoy milk. On Christmas I arrived at the age of 54. I have drunk milk in quantity as far back as my recollection goes and am still doing it. In my opinion it is the very finest drink that man, I expect to have done it for another 40 years. My wife, however, is one of those people who doesn't drink it. In thirty years of married life I never saw her drink a glass of milk."

In this connection The Pet Milk Company, of St. Louis, ask me to make a correction which I am glad to do.

"In discussing milk in your

SCOTT'S CRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"On Their Toes!"



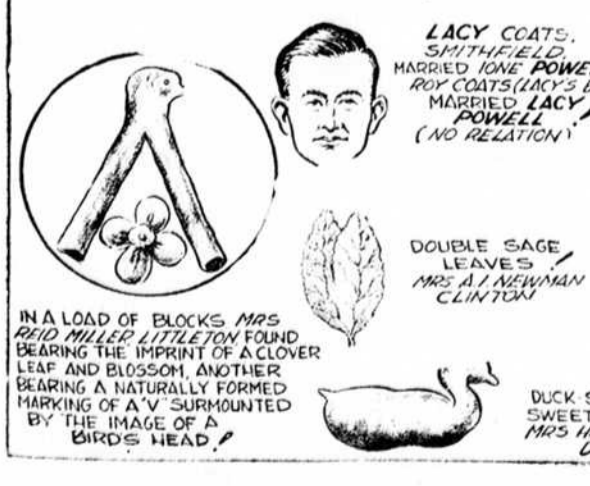
Odd Facts In Carolina . By Carl Spencer



M.L. SHORE CARY, CARRIED SOME KENTUCKY WONDER BEANS RAISED IN CARY, TO KENTUCKY. THEY WERE EATEN IN A HOME ON KENTUCKY AVE., PADUCAH, KY.



SOME TOPPERS ON OLD SHAVING BRUSHES! J.W. CAMERON FAYETTEVILLE HAS USED THE SAME BRUSH FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS! J.E. GREEN RALEIGH HAS USED HIS BRUSH FOR FORTY-FIVE YEARS! J.L. KURFEES MCKNSVILLE HAS SPREAD THE LATHER WITH THIS ONE FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS! (HE PAID 35¢ FOR THE BRUSH)



LACY COATS, SMITHFIELD, MARRIED IONE POWELL, ROY COATS (LACY'S BRO), MARRIED LACY POWELL (NO RELATION) IN A LOAD OF BLOCKS MRS. REID MILLER, LITTLETON FOUND BEARING THE IMPRINT OF A CLOVER LEAF AND BLOSSOM, ANOTHER BEARING A NATURALLY FORMED MARKING OF A 'V' SURMOUNTED BY THE IMAGE OF A BIRD'S HEAD! TURNIP WEIGHED EIGHT POUNDS AND TWO OUNCES! GROWN BY D.H. PARKS, CARTHAGE (DRAWN BY GLORIA PARKS) DUCK SHAPED SWEET POTATO! MRS. HATTIE DAWSON, DUNN

BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) What? After All These Years? By Chic Young

