Yankee Senorita

BY LORENA CARLETON

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

DOES SHE did no want to see Ted Patrick, she opere singer scorned her accompanist. Then she hurried to hang up so that she could convince herself that she had not wanted to see him. She bounced from one chair to another, from one room to another, deciding finally that she would have liked to see him for one brief moment, merely to tell him that she didn't want to see him. She wound up back in the living room.

"Going down to Taxco, having a vacation," she seethed aloud. "Well, one day, anyway," she amended with mental unwillingness.

Prism shuffled in with a cup of thin soup. "Here," she said. "Aranda made it."

Suddenly aware that she was hungry, the girl took a sip. "It's good."

"Well, certainly." Ready to shuffle out again, the Negress spied the enormous box with her mistress' gowns spilling out of it. "Where'd dem come from?"

"Ted Patrick brought them."

"Then where is he?"

Mallory shrugged and drank more soup before answering. "No one knows. He hitted in and hitted out with no time to waste on me."

"But what about me?" The colored woman swelled with indignation. "He coulda come to see me."

"So he could. But he didn't."

"Your chops is on the hooker. I gotta get back in the kitchen."

"Do rather starve to death," declared the girl. "Then have you fire yourself cooking. Besides, I could get quicker in the dining room."

"Not the right kind." She pushed out of the room.

"She doesn't look tired because of her sickness so much as because Ted Patrick neglected her. But it serves her right," Mallory's thoughts went on. "She thinks he is so fine also." Everything made the girl weary.

As the minutes packed themselves into hours, everything made her still weaker. Only now she understood why. It was because Carlos had telephoned. When he finally did at a little after 10 o'clock, Prism took the call.

"Miss Mallory's done gone to bed. She has to have her sleep when she's settin' ready for a concert."

"But I'm not asleep, Prism," the girl sang out.

When she reached the telephone, her mind was savin, within an inch of the mouthpiece, "What's the difference? You told me to tell him was."

"Do not that phone," whispered Mallory. With one hand she waved Prism away while, only Prism not by "Hello, Carlos," purred the blond girl, fixing on a needle-like tone the servant ever whom had been weeping approximately hours before. Her gold and [illegible] instantly made her angry by saying, "But it is so late. I think I'd better see you tomorrow."

His voice came through the receiver resistantly. It had the colored woman's head jutted to one side in her efforts to hear. As for Mallory, she had not meant her remark in the first place. All the time it was pleasant to hear him

"Princesita, if you do not let me come to see you for at least one little minute I shall climb to your balcony as the men in my country are supposed to do." He chuckled lightly. "Even though I've never seen it done except in occasional movies, usually made in the States. But I'll do it, Mallory. Unless I get to come to see you and hold you in my arms and kiss you at least once, I swear I'll climb to your balcony."

The receiver seemed warm against the girl's ear, as if it were really his breath. She had an instant of thinking, "His English is good enough right now."

She whispered, "I'll be waiting for you," and gently placed the receiver on its support.

The whisper had done no good. "What's he comin' up here for?" Prism wanted to know.

"To say good night." Mallory still held the silent phone in tender hands.

"He coulda said good night over the telephone—either one of them." Grumbling, she followed the girl into the lower bedroom and watched disapprovingly while she dipped into the squirrel-lined homecoat. When no answer came she said, with the freedom of long association, "You're crazy, Miss Mallory."

The girl was putting on lipstick a too-pink color that went well with the gray wooden, fur-lined homecoat. She did not need rouge, for she, beneath dark-tinted powder, were even redder than she liked them to be.

In the looking glass she noticed her mother's plain face. "You'd better go on to bed yourself, Prism. You should take it easy for a while. I'll not let Carlos stay long."

Prism left the room, making clumping motions with her feet, regretting beyond a doubt that their crocheted coverings prevented the clumping motions from being noisy. Mallory could hear her in the smaller bedroom. In there she was managing to overcome that regret. She pulled up objects and put them down with a bang, rattled drawers, slammed her bathroom door repeatedly. And all the while she muttered constantly to herself to show her ill humor.

Mallory smiled at herself in the mirror. Prism, she knew, would like for her to come to the closed door and ask her to be more quiet. "But I'll not do it," the girl vowed. "I'll not let her know I've even heard her racket." A few minutes later there was a death-like silence in the servant's room. Her anger was played out, decided her mistress. She formed a mental picture of the fat Negress lying in bed defeated.

That picture was a mistake. Mallory realized that when the door bell rang and Prism, in some miraculous manner, beat her to the door. She wore her uniform and a fresh apron of the over-sized, wide-based sort she effected. Over a cap, abhorred ordinarily, she ate her kinky head.

"Buenas noches, senor," she said to the startled Carlos when she opened the door. She bowed slightly and stood back for him to enter. He was no more startled than Mallory, who was still rooted to the exact spot she had reached when Prism grasped the doorknob.

"Come in, Carlos," she invited. She put out her hand, or its mate led him to the davenport, eating, at the same time, a look of vexatious contrition toward her mistress. "We shan't need you, Prism."

"Yes'm." Prism gave a tiny grin of triumph and did not budge. She disdainfully brushed aside another exasperated stare from her mistress and continued to stand, not really watching the pair on the davenport, but not missing anything, either, begrudged the girl.

Carlos now seemed unhindered by the surveillance of the colored woman. He had spent all his years beneath the guarding eyes of older persons; it was not new to him.

He put a white rose into Mallory Baker's hands. "Flowers. Let me see if they are still as lovely as when I bought them. They reminded me of your lovely face, princesa." His voice was so low Prism could not make it out. Annoyance showed on her face, annoyance that changed to a smirk when she saw the white flowers in their green glazed wrappings.

"Corsillos," she said pettishly, and came forward to take them from the girl. "I'll put them in water."

"Wait a minute." Mallory took one and kept it out of the corner of her eye the watch of her mother until she disappeared down the hallway. Then she turned to Carlos.

He, too, had been waiting for this opportunity. He leaned toward the girl and their lips met, for as it had earlier in the day, Mallory's pounding heart made a reality in her ears. All the while she was able to hear Prism's work, erratic as they longed back to the living room. The kiss ended reluctantly but surely.

"I certainly like 'corsillos'," she said, giving the room her lighting, checked smile. She moved away, but not far enough, regretted Mallory.

"She's like a soldier on sentry duty," she thought. Aloud she said, "What made you do that, Carlos?"

He answered impetuously, "Mamacita. And Richard Blythe. Instead of leaving the residence of his house, he invited Mamacita to dinner and of course, I had to go along."

"Why, Carlos?" The girl had intended to ask that, but Prism intervened. "You best go now, Mr. Carlos—oh, it was delightfulness for you to bring the 'corsillos' and you come again soon but right now, go home because Miss Mallory must sleep to get ready to sing." Her black face was pleasant but determined.

"All right," agreed Carlos, looking astonished at her asking her a smile nevertheless. To Mallory he said, "I have something else for you, not really a gift." He pulled a sheet of music from his coat pocket and handed it to her.

"Veronica Tomasini," she read. "Oh, Carlos, come to rehearsal at 10 tomorrow and help me learn it?" she invited eagerly. "I'll sing it at my final concert."

After he had gone she studied the words, the voice line, even the picture on the front. She loved it. Suddenly she felt a little bitterly that she'd love it more if it did not have the name Mamacita Estrada scrawled across the front.

(To Be Continued)

Treatment For Hyperinsulism

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

"BY LABORATORY tests I have been found to be suffering from hyperinsulinism. Since it is a rare disease I have been unable to find a physician who knows much about it or how to treat it. Can you give me any information?" writes a lady from Hammond, Indiana.

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

Hyperinsulinism is not difficult to understand once you start from fundamentals. It is a disturbance of the utilization of sugars in the body. We depend on the burning of sugars for most of our energy and muscular movements. Sugars are absorbed from the digestive tract and enter the blood, which has a quite constant percentage of sugar. When a muscle contracts the sugar in the blood in the muscle unites with oxygen, just as gasoline in your motor car unites with oxygen to give energy. What sparks the sugar and oxygen in the muscle is insulin. Just as the spark in the cylinder head explodes the gasoline vapor and oxygen in your automobile.

Secretion of Insulin

Insulin is secreted by certain cells in the pancreas. These cells are distributed through the pancreas in little nests or islands, called the islets of Langerhans. They do not pour their secretion into the intestine as do the rest of the cells of the pancreas, but are part of the endocrine system of glands, which pour their secretions directly into the blood stream.

In diabetes many of these islets are atrophied and disappear so the amount of insulin in the blood stream is lowered and sugar accumulates in the blood and is excreted in the urine.

Hyperinsulinism is just the opposite of diabetes in that the islet cells secrete too much insulin and the sugar in the blood is reduced.

Symptoms of Hyperinsulinism

The symptoms are the same as an overdose of insulin, an experience which diabetics frequently have. There is extreme hunger, weakness, trembling of the muscles and sweating.

These symptoms can be controlled in the same way a diabetic controls an overdose of insulin by eating sugar or candy for emergency or a full meal, all of which bring the blood sugar up, and when the blood sugar is normal the muscles stop trembling and the sense of hunger and other symptoms cease.

Different cases of hyperinsulinism vary in severity. Most of them are mild, but they may be so severe that convulsions occur.

Symptoms Come In Spells

This, of course, would be very serious if the symptoms continued, but in nearly all cases of hyperinsulinism, the symptoms come on in spells. The patient may have an attack every day for a week and be free of attacks for a month or more.

The cause is not known in all cases. In some of the cases there is a tumour or overgrowth of the islet cells in the pancreas and surgical removal gives relief. In 1940 the literature reported 70 cases treated in this way, especially with partial removal of the pancreas with results of five cures, and two cases improved.

For mild cases during attacks frequent small meals, as often as every two hours keep the symptoms under control. The high sugar diet seems to stimulate the islet cells and leads to more severe symptoms and it has been found that a high fat, low carbohydrate diet works better.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

R. R.:—What causes blood to come from the rectum?

Answer: Piles in 95% of cases, Benign polyp tumours 4 and cancer one per cent.

J. D. R.:—What is a cervical rib?

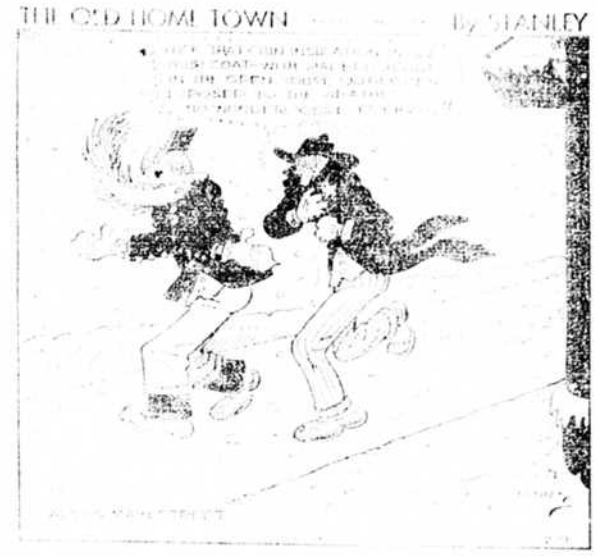
Answer: An extra rib in the neck above the first rib. It occurs in about one out of every 20,000 people, and usually causes no trouble.

T. Y.:—What causes the jaw to pop when the mouth opens?

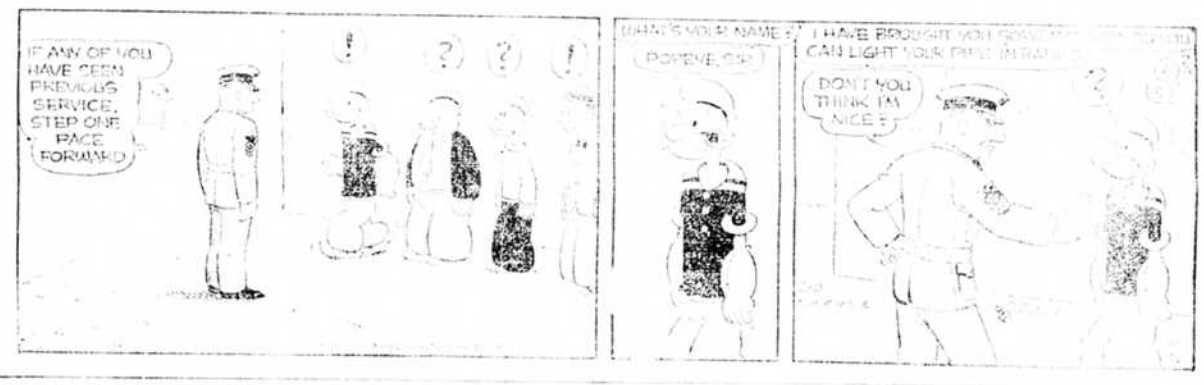
Answer:—The jaw [illegible] joint in the hole. It pops [illegible] Many people get [illegible] cracking it to [illegible] friends. A few [illegible] times they dislocate it.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

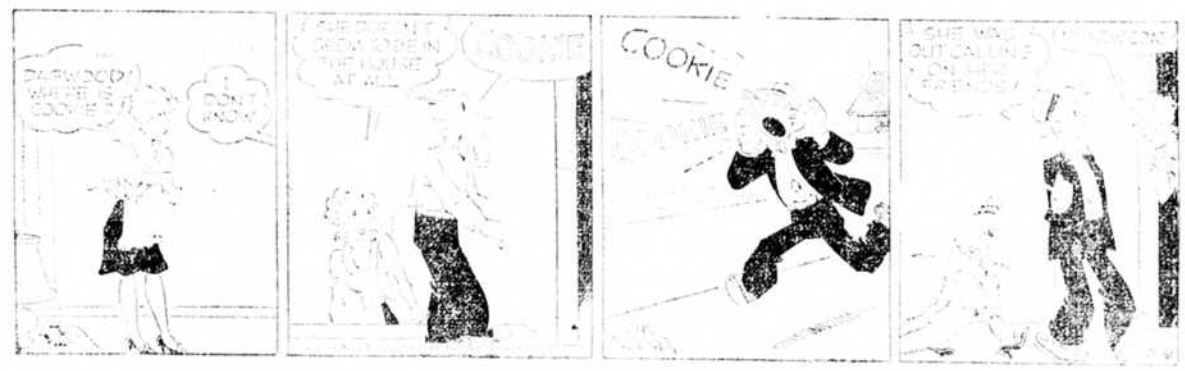
THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



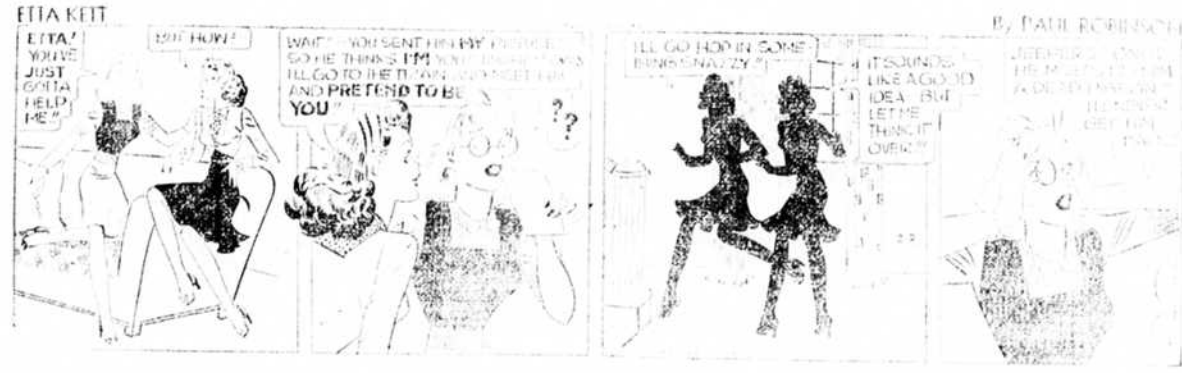
THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye "All The Comforts Of Home."



BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) The Veddy Social Miss Bumstead! By Chic Young

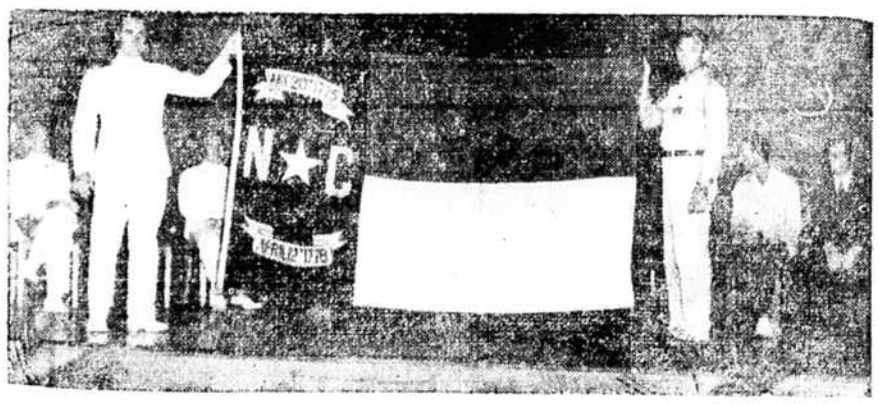


ETTA KETT By PAUL ROBINSON



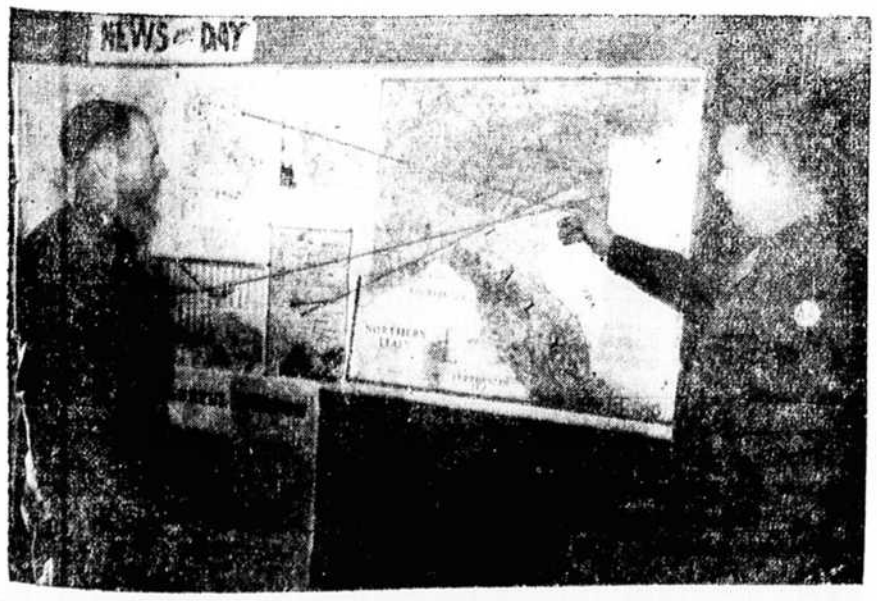
The Gumps - A Step In The Right Direction

NORTH CAROLINA EMBLEM AT PEARL HARBOR



The flag of the Tar Heel state was presented recently to the Hall of Flags in Civilian Housing Area No. 3 near the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard. The presentation was made by Todd S. Gubler, right, and was accepted by Lt. Comdr. Dorr L. Tuohy, USNR.

NEWS OF THE DAY—ARMY STYLE



To help soldiers better understand the news, this pictorial view of the happenings of war is presented daily at the 111th battalion, 20th group, anti-aircraft artillery school, Camp Davis, N. C. A short news digest, printed by the AAA school, is published daily and ribbons extend from the news digest to the points on the map which are in the news. Here, Col. Herbert T. Benz, (left) 20th group commanding officer, is shown the news picture by Lt. Donald L. Wiggins, orientation officer of the 111th.