# THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU

by Faith Baldwin

SYNOPSIS

Mary Norman, attractive widow, lived chiefly for her son, Dr. Matthew Norman. The income from her smart decorating shop had seen him through college and would aid in establishing his practice. She was overjoyed when lovely Judith Lambert, daughter of an old friend now living in California, dropped in for a visit. Judith confessed Matthew used to be her secret love—"but he didn't know I existed." En route to Maine for the summer, Judith promised to stop off on her way home in the fall. As Mary awaited dinner with Lynn Mortimer, lawyer, she indulged in a little mental matchmaking anent Judith and her son . . . For years Lynn has been in love with Mary, but his wife, a mental patient, was still living. Mary was stunned when a telegram from Matthew announced his marriage to Irene Murray, a nurse. She had met Irene but never suspected a romance. Early next morning Matthew phoned to ask if Irene might stay with Mary while he is on duty at the hospital. Mary found her daughter-in-law charming as the latter shyly explained their hasty marriage—"Matthew simply would not wait." She tells Mary she will continue at the hospital until Matthew opens his own office in the fall. Mary offers to help them find an apartment, although she had hoped they would live with her.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mary's brows were drawn. "I don't see why you wish to go on working."

"I want to help," explained Irene. "That's as much part of my job as anything else, don't you think? After Matthew leaves the hospital I thought it would be a good idea if I went on the registry. I can earn money that way. But he doesn't want me to; he would rather I helped him in the office."

Mary said, "So it's all decided between you?" She added before the other girl could speak, "I know about what a charge nurse is paid, and (you will forgive me when I say) it isn't worth your working all day and going home tired and worn out, when I can so easily—"

Irene cut in hastily, "It isn't the money; I know how little that is . . . it wouldn't do more than pay the rent of a tiny place, perhaps not even that. But I—I'd like to be near him," she said, "I'd see him, every day. I'd be in touch . . ."

"I see," said Mary, "if you insist. I do understand." She rose and, as Irene came to her feet, she took her hands and pulled her close and kissed her. "You'll be a wonderful wife, Irene."

She followed her mother-in-law into Matthew's room. It was severe and masculine. It had twin beds, and a tall-boy and a dresser.

Mary explained. "We've lived here, you see, ever since Matthew was in medical school. He was always bringing some boy or other home with him, hence the amount of space." She added, "I'd planned to refurnish it for you."

Irene said, shyly, "Might you help me with the apartment? I have a little money saved; what was left of my inheritance after I finished training. I thought I'd use that. I wish it was more," she added, "but it wouldn't stretch to Matthew's office too."

"That's my problem," said Mary, smiling. "Don't worry about it. Have you any idea where you want to live?"

"Near the office, of course," answered Irene promptly. "Within walking distance, that is."

"Then," said Mary, "after luncheon we'll talk about it and tomorrow perhaps we can start looking."

She thought, I can become very fond of this girl. She did not think, I can look upon this girl as my daughter. She didn't know anything about having daughters or how one felt about them. She had a son.

At luncheon, with Kate fussing over them and Nellie turning herself inside out to meet the bride's approval, Irene said sturdily: "You mustn't think for a moment that I'd ever in any way come between you and Matthew. You see, I've known him for only two years and I didn't know he cared about me, not really I mean, until"—she stopped and thought—"three weeks ago. The night he brought me here to dinner and then took me home. You've had him for twenty-seven years and you get along so well."

Mary remarked quietly: "When women do not get along with the sons' wives, it is because I think one of them does not understand her particular position. I'm Matthew's mother, Irene, and you're his wife. We don't have to think of taking anything away from each other, or even sharing. We have each our own job, haven't we? And we have each of us what belongs to us."

"Yes," agreed Irene, and bent her fair head slightly, "that's the way I feel. I'll remember you said that."

* * *

Mary's shop was on Madison Avenue, and her window dressing was a masterpiece of restraint . . . displaying, as it did, a magnificent old French mirror over a charming, delicate poudreuse, its painted pastel flowers, rose and mauve, on a pale-green background, and one lovely modern chair with a length of glazed chintz flung over it, the deeper, sharper colors picking up the faded tints of the poudreuse.

Mary kissed Irene and murmured, "You'll be a wonderful wife."

Judith Lambert, walking briskly down the street in the bright October air, stopped to look at the windows a moment before going in. The salesroom, she noticed, was furnished as an apartment living room might have been, the best of Mary's antique pieces properly displayed, yet warmly as if the room were lived in. A handsome middle-aged woman rose from behind a desk in a far corner and approached her, smiling. She was fashionably thin, and very chic in a black frock with a scarlet sash. A younger woman, very pretty, came in for a moment, murmured something and vanished.

(To be continued)

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# The Capillaries And What They Do

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

TO THE TRUISM that a man is as old as his arteries might be added the suggestion that a man is as happy as his capillaries. The capillaries, these smallest of the blood vessels which carry the great sheet of blood around the surfaces of the body, are capable of contracting or dilating so that the sheet of blood is small and thin or large and thick.

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

These varying diameters respond to various factors—emotions and temperature to name two familiar ones. The emotion of embarrassment will result in dilation of the capillaries of the face which is blushing. Hot weather temperature will cause the capillaries of the skin all over the body to dilate, more blood is brought to the surface and exposed to cooling breezes and your bodily comfort in hot weather thus maintained.

Human beings vary a great deal in the amount of response on the part of these small blood vessels. One fellow in cold weather overly contracts and he has cold hands and feet. It is not too much to suppose that some have capillaries in the brain which do not expand under the influence of good company, a joke, or a good movie, they do not laugh so readily, so I am not exaggerating when I say that a man is as happy as his capillaries.

### Raynaud's Disease

Besides such purely functional changes due to the influences of weather and emotion and environment, there are conditions which go over this borderline and can be said to be diseases. Such as the people with what is known as Raynaud's disease, in which the fingers or toes turn white and bloodless and in some cases for so long a time that the skin becomes gangrenous and ulcerated. Such possibly are the people with migraine headaches. And such are the people who have persistently low blood pressure with no discernible cause that can be ascribed for it.

A test for vascular tone in a person susceptible to these conditions has been devised by Drs. Meyer and Naude, of the University of Pennsylvania. It consists in determining the rate of fall of temperature in the extremities during the application of cold to the abdomen and the rate of rise of temperature on the application of heat.

It was found that normal persons varied enormously in their response. So much so that it is possible to grade individuals into seven groups running from very low to very high vascular tone.

### Blood Pressure Changes

Of interest to most of us are the groups that have blood pressure changes. The doctors have nicknamed these patient groups. There are the "would-be top dogs" for the fellow who is inclined to have a little high blood pressure all the time. It is no accident that the doctor who specializes in the treatment of high blood pressure has a bunch of Federal judges and top flight executives and corporation lawyers as his clientele. Every once in a while one of these high vascular tone guys turns up with a couple of hundred thousand dollars in his pocket—so I don't see any real good reason for discovering a cure for the condition.

The low blood pressure group are nicknamed by the psychosomatists "teacher's pets", or "martyrs", or "muddlers". I didn't think up those names, so don't blame me. They would have a pretty good time if by some unlucky chance somebody didn't take their blood pressure and find it was low. They begin to worry about that which is the only thing they ever worried about in their lives. Otherwise you would find them on the wharf doing a little quiet fishing. They do not run for elective office much.

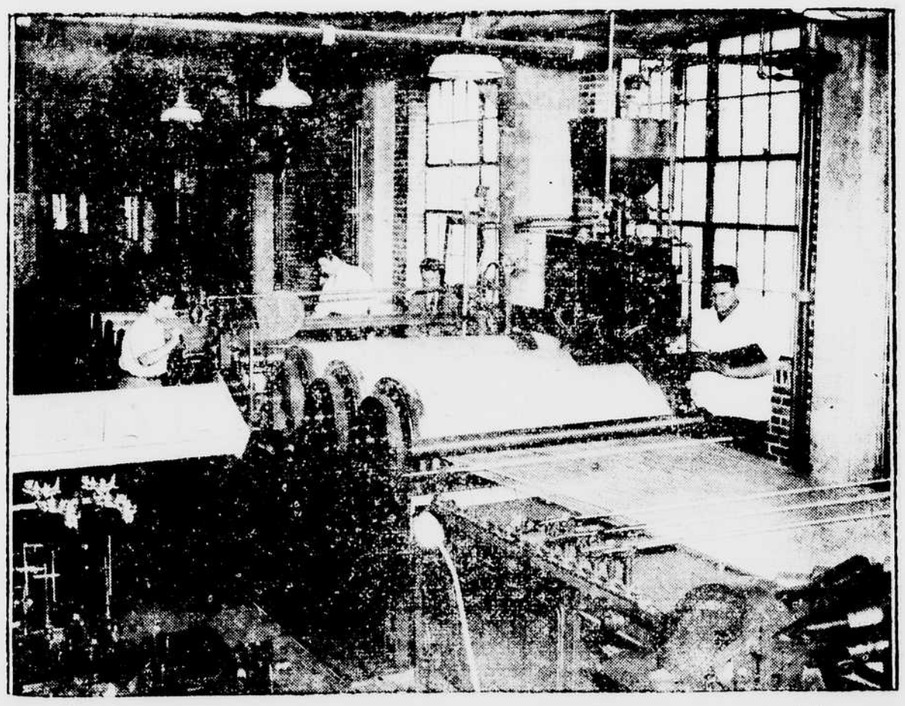
The grand philosophical speculation along these lines would be to try to arrange all marriages so a hypertensive would marry a hypotensive. But Nature has other aims apparently and all too often you find two go-getters or two muddlers hitched together.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

R. D. T.: I have high blood pressure. Will eating eggs and salt cause this blood pressure to rise?

Answer: Not in my opinion, although some doctors like to cut down salt and meats in the diet.

## Modern Equipment In State College Textile School



Raleigh, July 12—Shown in the above photograph is a large slasher which is part of the mammoth collection of textile machinery in State College's Textile School, which is regarded as one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the world. Purpose of the slasher is to apply size compounds such as starches and gums to yarn to give added strength and better weaving qualities to the fabric. The machine, used in training textile students at State College, was built primarily for slashing rayon, but it is adaptable and is being used to slash cotton yarns. Shown above operating the slasher and demonstrating the latest techniques in the procedure are, left to right: Armand Poitras of New Bedford, Mass.; Arthur L. Fried of New York City; George H. Dunlap, textile consultant and research expert at State College; and John M. Culp of Charlotte.

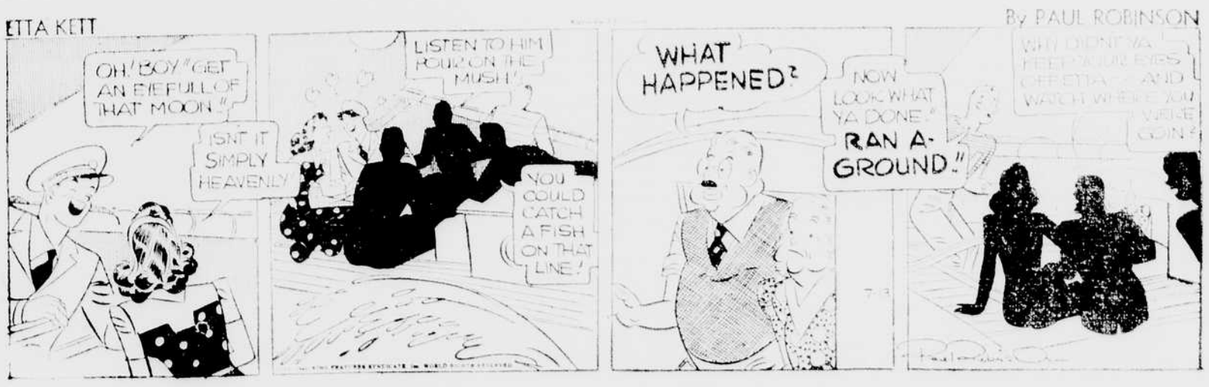
## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"A Hot Tip."

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

Open Season in the Bumstead Lodge!

By Chic Young




## THE GUMPS—NO SOONER SAID—