

# THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU

by Faith Baldwin

## CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

"It seems," said Matthew, a day or so later, "that I have married a rich woman."

"What should I? Throw it away, like at up, big diamonds and emeralds and forty-six mink coats and eight imported cars. Also there are taxes, my angel. But I can always support you, you know." He added, a little too carelessly, "What are your mother's plans? Or hasn't she decided?"

"I asked her to live with us," said Judith. "Matthew, I know you didn't like the idea. But I had to. . . I couldn't bear to think of her alone, any more what happened."

"How do you mean, what happened?"

"Between us."

"Why in the world would you break—" he began, half impatiently. "I wasn't worried," cut in Judith. "I know it would have to work out. Then your mother suggested that mother live with her and—"

"But that's a wonderful idea," cried Matthew. "They're old friends, they'd be congenial—"

Judith interrupted. "It's a crazy idea! Naturally they're old friends and fond of each other. But they have absolutely nothing in common except us. And besides, your mother's life has been disrupted too often."

"Disrupted?" he repeated, his dark brows drawn.

"Yes, for your sake," said Judith, "living just for you. After you married Irene she had time to rearrange things for herself, but not for long."

"He interrupted her again. "That's a curious way to speak of our relationship—I mean as something disrupting."

"Well," Judith demanded, "hasn't it been? So, even if Mother thought she might like to live with your mother, I wouldn't let her. It isn't fair to Mary, no matter what you think."

"Then, what is she to do?" he demanded.

"She's going back to California," answered Judith. "She wouldn't bear of living with us. We've a sort of record book in out there where she likes very much, a widow, about Mother's age. They like the same things. She's written, asking Cousin Marion to live with her. They'll travel a little. And there's a school for underprivileged children in which Aunt Ella was interested. Mother wants to take that over."

Matthew found himself sighing with relief. Lighting his pipe, he glanced at Judith's sober face and asked, "You're not happy about it?"

"No, I'm not. But that's the way Mother seems to want it. I'll miss her awfully."

"He said, "You have me, Judy."

Her face became luminous. She slipped from her chair and came to sit on a big hassock at his feet. Judith leaned her head against his knees, saying, "Yes, I have you, darling."

After Eva Lambert left for the Coast, after the first excitement of settling down in a new apartment, was over, the life of the young Dr. Norman and his bride ran on an almost even keel. There were some upsets, of course. For instance, Judith insisted that Nellie return to Mary. "We don't need her," she told Matthew, "and Mary's more comfortable with her and Kate. She expects to entertain more, she told me so. And this new couple I've found will be ideal, I hope."

Matthew was annoyed. He was used to Nellie. She knew just how he liked things, he said stubbornly, but Judith retorted that the strange servants could be instructed in his likes and dislikes—which were extremely definite.

Besides, the butler could Judith in brass as a valet. "I," said Judith with dignity, "have no intention of looking after your clothes. If I didn't know better, I would think you left in them, Matthew."

The couple were Scandinavian, and efficient. Olga cooked to perfection, Nils served with capability. Matthew, grumbling, soon became accustomed to them. Judith had her own car and chauffeur who was also available for Matthew when necessary.

They did no formal entertaining for Judith was in mourning. Matthew was restless about that. Mourning was absurd, he remarked, a relic of barbarism. But Judith said quietly that she owed as much to Aunt Ella. Moreover, it would offend and hurt Eva if she learned that her daughter, Ella's niece, was galloping all over the place, night-clubbing and going to parties.

"Besides," she added with the faint smile which had not so far failed to please him, "I like being alone with you."

Judith learned soon enough that Matthew did not like being alone as much as she did. It was enough for him to know that he could come home to her or that after guests had left the apartment and the door was shut they would be together again. On the evenings when no one was there or they were not going out to Mary's or to close friends, he soon became restless, twirled the dials of the radio, causing abortive blasts of sound. Now he loathed being read aloud to and Judith, who liked to read aloud, and had done so for years to Ella, relinquished her little dream of sitting by a fireside reading to him from some book which she had enjoyed so much she wanted to share it with him. Sometimes he was busy with the preparation of a paper or the reading of some professional book, and upon those occasions retired to the little study, off the living room, which she and Mary had furnished for him with loving care. A place in which he could be by himself, in which he could have all the comfortable untidiness he wanted, which he might fill with pipe smoke and sometimes, when he disagreed with

an article or a book, with his own writing did not go so well, heavy and tedious, and even, Judith liked these evenings. She could sit in the beautifully proportioned, and charming living room and read, or write letters at her old, expensively polished desk, or lie on the couch by the fire if the winter night was crisp and thick of how happy she was and how that at intervals Matthew would erupt from the study, his dark hair on end and obstinacy on his hands, to demand that she listen to something or this or be given a whisky and soda instantly or merely that she come and kiss him.

There were many nights when he was called out, and son-how she liked that the best of all, waiting for him in the quiet bedroom, sometimes sitting up and reading in one of her innumerable roomy, caned bed jackets, sometimes falling asleep and waking instantly to his step.

She had no need of other people, except perhaps Mary who, now that her own mother was three thousand miles away, was nearer to her than ever before. But she forced herself to go out, to keep in circulation to some extent, if only by going, seeing young women of her own age, paying duty calls on Aunt Ella's friends, hunting up a child adoption charity in which she became interested shortly after her marriage, and doing volunteer work at its office.

Judith also saw a good deal of Hilda Morley and Barbara Taylor. She did not especially like—or dislike—Hilda, who seemed to her rather shallow, but she did like Barbara, although she found her difficult to know, a little repressed. You admired Barbara, and you trusted her but you could not feel close to her. But because of Matthew's association with Sam and Bill, she felt that it was incumbent upon her to be friendly with their wives. And they often dined together.

She liked Elizabeth, Matthew's office nurse, better than either of the two doctors' young wives. One reason perhaps was that Elizabeth, like herself, was so radiantly happy. She asked her and her Peter to dine and the four of them played an amiable game of contract and had an amusing evening. She was sorry to see them go out into a winter snowstorm.

It was shortly after the beginning of the New Year, Christmas had been more fun than anything she could remember in a long time. Shopping for Matthew had been a delight. She said to Mary, "He's a big baby," watching him open his packages.

He had given her a compact which she cherished. And he hadn't been able to wait until Christmas to give it to her.

Now with the New Year coming in, Judith closing the door on Elizabeth and Peter said happily, "They're such nice people."

(To be continued)

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# The Body's Skill As An Engineer

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THE HUMAN body as a temperature engineer could give cards and spades to the practitioners of that new profession and still leave them far behind in efficiency. What the English call

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

central heating and what I call a furnace, nature has operating in the water, and its own brand of air conditioning apparatus, operating in the summer. Between them they keep the old frame at a level 98.6 degrees even though the outside temperature varies as much as between 20 degrees below zero and 110 in the shade.

The delicacy of the balance between heat formation and heat loss which the body maintains under these varying conditions is truly amazing. Even when the regulation seems to lose control and you have a fever it is really a protective mechanism, to combat infection, because the invading germs do not live well at a temperature of 104.

The body can stand low temperature much better than high. I have seen humans in a freezing treatment room when the thermometer showed a body heat of 80 who revived rapidly after returning to normal air. But a continued fever of 108 cannot be endured by our nervous systems for long.

**Throws Off Heat**

In hot weather the body prevents itself from overheating by throwing off heat—first by evaporation as the urine and feces, and by the evaporation of water breath, and third, by evaporation and radiation and conduction of the skin. This last is by far the most important, it being estimated that the body's heat loss is 14 per cent by evaporation and 74 per cent by radiation and conduction from the skin surface. It gets rid of over 2,000 calories a day in this manner.

Among other new methods of treatment the war has served to emphasize the practice of trees

venting heat disorders. Then in the temperatures of sailing where temps are obtained in tropical areas, the conditions from sunstroke and similar conditions is very low.

The symptoms which are associated with a hot body are usually not so serious as they are in the heat rather than as formerly emphasized, abnormal heat regulation. All the symptoms of sunstroke, cramps, dizziness, convulsions, can be seen in those who work in hot occupations indoors or in mines extremely away from the sun.

**Loss of Salt**

They are due in large part to the excessive loss of salt from the body in the perspiration. Water is also lost, but it is known that water replacement alone will not prevent them. So in good hot weather you need plenty of salt in your food. There is also some disturbance of sugar nutrition, not so well understood, but fatigues given to workers in heating industries to take dissolved in plenty of water, now contain sugar as well as salt.

Still another factor is age and artery hardening. Most of the fatal cases of sunstroke in our cities are in the elderly. They of all people should seek a cool spot for vacation.

The elderly skin also does not stand sunburn very well. Whenever I see one of these fellows over fifty years of age who arrive at a resort and start to get a good tan in a hurry and still retain sort of a dirty pallor underneath I suspect the state of his coronary arteries. In fact the cause for a quick sunburn is foolish in anybody, but the young brimble. Furthermore there is many a pup with one of those sandy complexions who sits out on a cool and foggy day, and is rewarded only by a lot of lacerating spots on his hands and face. Sunburn is not caused by heat but by ultraviolet rays and they go through clouds. The treatment of sunburn is to get out of that, if any mild burn—a soothing ointment, such as lanolin, is quite outdoors.

## SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE ROMANS BUILT A GREAT MOUNTAIN ACROSS ENGLAND TO KEEP OUT THE PIGS AND SHEEP - ANOTHER ONE WAS BUILT ACROSS SCOTLAND

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



MARSHAL OTEY WALKER HAS FINALLY PUT A STOP TO THAT NIGHTLY YOWLING AT THE BUS STATION

## Governor Hurls



North Carolina's Governor Nimitz, R., says Cherry of Gastonia, had the first ball of the Sicily-Alexandria series for the state base-ball championships of the American Legion junior, play at Sicily. A former state commander of the Legion, Cherry proclaimed the junior baseball program as an outstanding contribution to future national defense.

## A TRIPLE CELEBRATION



Senator E. D. "Cotton Ed" Smith stands before his huge three-tiered birthday cake, edged with cotton bolls, as he capped up three celebrations into one at Lynchburg, S. C., Aug. 7. It was his 80th birthday fête—postponed three days so he could establish a new U. S. Senate record of more than 35 years service. It also marked his approaching departure from the Washington scene.

## TOMMY TRIES OUT NAZI BAZOOKA



A MUSTACHOED BRITISH SERGEANT is shown working an unloaded German bazooka captured during an attack south of Caumont, France. The weapon is a copy of the more precise American bazooka. This is an official U. S. Signal Corps Radio-telephoto (International)

## THOSE WAVES



## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye "SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!"



## BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office) THE ALL-AMERICAN FLOP! By Chic Young



## ETTA KETI By PAUL ROBINSON



## THE GUMPS—DON'T BE A PARROT, POLLY

