

RIVAL TO MY HEART

by Ann Pinchot

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Mary Berend was a war bride. Her husband was a seaman, whose life had been saved when his tanker exploded, but who had immediately gone out on another boat. It was five months since Mary had heard from him. She was poor and alone and hopeless. Gail had attended her at the Prenatal Clinic, and had taken an interest in her. She was like a starved kitten.

Now, as she opened her small black bag and laid out her instruments, Gail said, "We'll do our best to make it a boy, Mary."

The weary eyes looked at her, suddenly painfully hostile. "What for?" Mary demanded. "So he can be killed? What's he got to look forward to? He's better off not getting born. I'm—I'm better off dead!" Her words were drowned in a spasm of pain.

Gail examined her carefully; the blood pressure was a little high. But that didn't trouble her so much as Mary Berend's reluctance to fight.

She sat down beside the bed, preparing for a longish wait. She was accustomed to the discomforts and exigencies of Home Delivery babies. The year she had interned at the Thayer Hospital, she and Ralph Kramer had both got plenty of experience. Dr. McCormick sent them out on practically every Home Delivery in the slums. They had worked in squalor and filth. But they had learned obstetrics.

That knowledge and experience were to come in handy as the night waned. The child was coming, but the mother made no effort to help it. Mary Berend lay in the sagging bed, her body convulsed, her hands clenched.

The night spent itself. Gail lost track of time and of her surroundings. She was hardly aware of the janitor's wife, who had brought in a pot of coffee. Her blue silk dress, under the white linen gown was drenched. The muscles around her mouth ached with tension.

At five o'clock in the morning, the child was born. A six-pound boy. Gail wrapped him in a little sheet, and turned her attention to Mary again. Finally, when the janitor's wife had promised to stay there, Gail left.

She stood beside her parked car a moment, breathing deeply. The first rosy light painted the sky. The air was cool and sweet. How happy she was to get the job as Sprindale Health Officer! There was so much to be done here, in the slums. Housing, of course, was beyond her jurisdiction. But perhaps a milk fund could be established, free milk

for children. And a branch clinic; and a playground; and lessons in nutrition.

Her mind raced ahead excitedly. She couldn't wait to start. Suddenly she thought of Burke and his mother. It seemed funny now that, important, when actually she didn't matter at all. If Gail could fight so gallantly for her work, she could do even better for love!

Gail was rushed these pleasant, early autumn days. Plenty of work, Katie grumbled, but did the doctor get paid? No, everybody had excuses. Excuses or not, Gail felt she was making progress. Her self-confidence was greater and, even though Dr. Cassius McCormick had an icy, resentful gleam in his eyes when he met her in the clinics, she was extraordinarily happy. Furthermore, Burke had been so much nicer since that unfortunate dinner at his mother's home, that Gail was almost hopeful for their future.

It was Thursday morning. Gail climbed the dark, narrow stairs of the Markey Building to the top floor where the Sprindale Health Office was situated. She opened the windows to air the musty room. Standing there, she looked down at the squalid tenements and the encroaching factories which included the Thayer Jellie plant.

There was so much to do! She'd only begun to realize the enormity of the job, if well done.

There had for some time been talk of a milk fund for the slum children but nothing had come of it. Gail had revived the idea, and intended to push it to its culmination. She also wanted to organize a day nursery for the children of women who worked in the factories. Howard Thayer would have to help her with that. Gail didn't mind going to him with a request which was not too hopeful.

And right now she had the task of finding legitimate work for the Sailer Thompkins of the district.

She sat down at the desk, and checked her list of errands for the day. She meant to stop at Manning's Department Store, and buy some receiving blankets and knitted nightgowns for Mary Berend's baby. And a book for little Nina Serrallino, whom she hoped to see soon. As usual, she was concerned about Nina.

Her first patient arrived shortly, a young woman in a bright, fuchsia-colored suit. There was little to distinguish her from dozens of other girls. She was thin, her blonde hair was darkish at the roots, she used too much mascara

and lipstick, but there was nothing particularly hard about her. As a matter of fact, her eyes were quite scared and childish.

Gail said quietly, "I'm sorry to tell you the Wasserman was positive."

The girl looked down at her scarlet nails. "What does that mean?" "You'll have to take a series of injections. It's no fun, it takes quite a long time, but when it's finished, you should be all right."

"How much will it cost?" "Nothing," Gail said. "All you have to do is promise to show up regularly for the treatments. Where do you live?"

"John Street."

"Is there anybody who can help you out financially until you are well enough to work?" "Well," the girl said uncertainly, "I guess I can manage."

"Not the way you've managed before," Gail said firmly. "You go down to see Mrs. Schapiro at the Markey Street Settlement. I'll call her meanwhile. You'll have a place to sleep and your food. But it all stops, if you skip even one treatment."

There was no gratitude in the girl's glance. "Okay."

"I wish you'd tell me how you happened to come here."

"Well, I was feelin' sick," the girl said candidly. "An' Johnny Serrallino told me you was treatin' his kid, so I figured I'd kinda talk to you—"

"I'm glad you did. So you know Johnnie Serrallino, do you?" "The girl's eyes were suddenly hostile. "Sure I know him. What's it to you?" And left the office.

Gail left the package of baby clothes with Mary Berend. Mary was sitting up, when Gail came in, nursing the baby who was making soft little sounds. She greeted Gail with a faint smile. "He's hungry."

"I bet he is!" Gail said, going over to take a look at the baby. "He's growing, Mary. He certainly looks more than ten days old."

It was wonderful, really, what the child had done for Mary. Immediately after its birth, she had lost her vitality. Her vitality had increased together with her maternal love. There was grief for the still unknown fate of her seaman husband, but she had no time for melancholy and tears.

Gail went over to the sink, ostensibly to take a drink of water but actually to take a quick look at the small cupboard she had stocked with staples ten days ago. There were groceries to be replaced . . . and milk.

(To be continued)

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

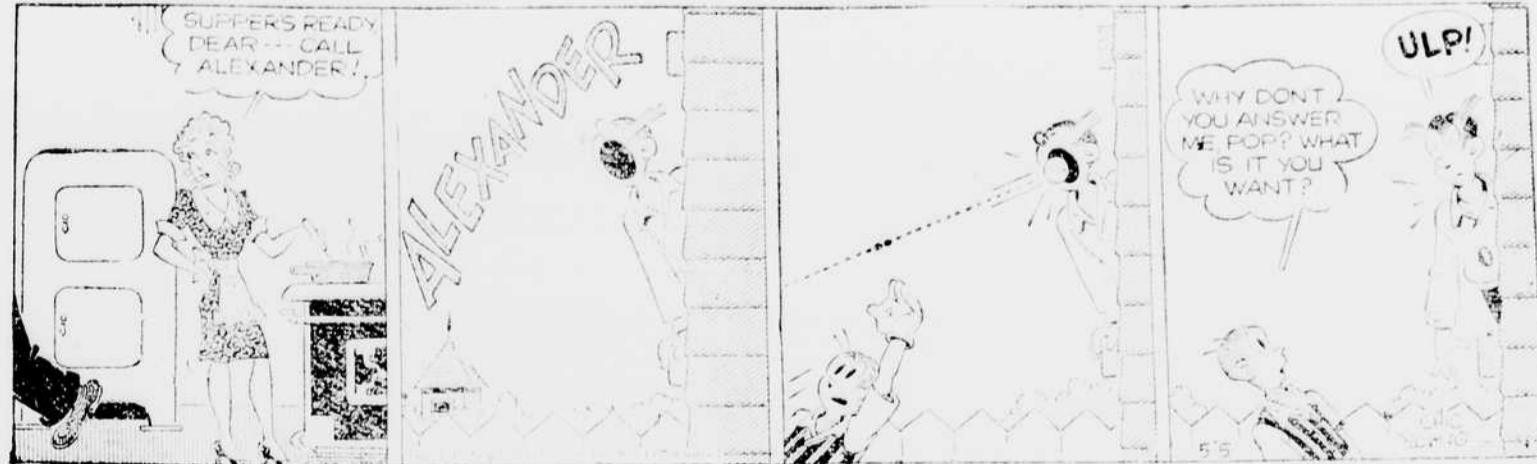
A "Safe" Sleep!



BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Short Stop!

By Chic Young



ETTA KETT

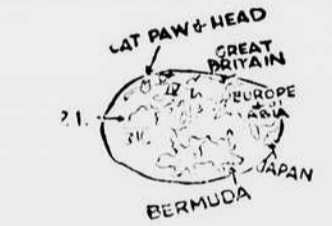
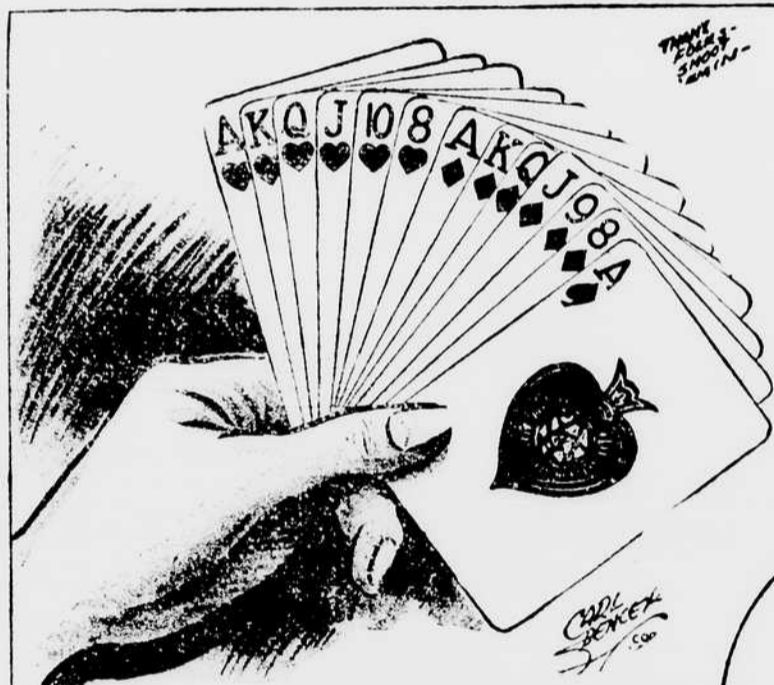
By PAUL ROBINSON



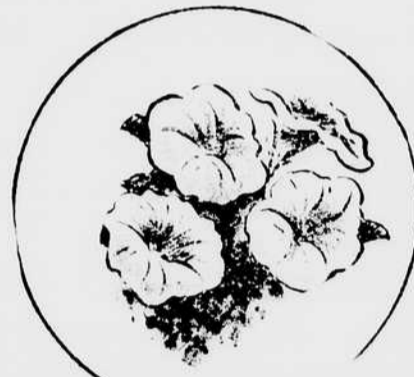
THE GUMPS—MISSING LINK 5



Odd Facts In Carolina . By Carl Spencer



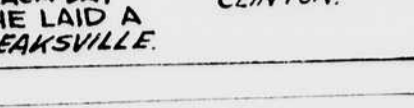
MARKINGS FOUND ON A HEN EGG?
PHILIPPINES, BERMUDA, GREAT BRITAIN, ASIA, EUROPE IV & A, CATS HEAD AND PAW!
—DRAWN AND SUBMITTED BY REV. R. L. VICKERY, WHITE OAK.



PETUNIAS GREW THROUGHOUT A TILE FLOOR AND LIVED THROUGHOUT THE WINTER IN SPITE OF A NORTHERN EXPOSURE!
MRS. N. F. LOVELACE, MACCLESFIELD.



SIX LEAF CLOVER!
MRS. E. W. CULLIPHER, BETHEL.



ROSE BUSH BORE ROSES OF THREE DISTINCT COLORS!
MRS. J. J. ADAMS, CLINTON.

WHILE PLAYING BRIDGE, MRS. C. W. EDGERTON KENZLY DREW A GRAND SLAM HAND!

KEEP 'EM GUESSIN'

HEN LAID A DOUBLE YOLK EGG EACH DAY FOR SIX CONSECUTIVE DAYS— THEN SHE LAID A TRIPLE YOLK EGG!— J. B. GENTRY JR., LEAKSVILLE.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



BARCLAY ON BRIDGE

By Shepard Barclay

"The Authority on Authorities"

ACCENTUATE POSITIVES

WHEN YOU find the odds against you, don't you wish you could find some way to alter them and give you an even chance or better? If that can be worked out, you are playing much sounder bridge than if you went ahead and staked your all on the minority chance which originally confronted you. Hunting around a bit, when the probabilities appear stacked against you, will sometimes disclose a way whereby you can accentuate the positive and whittle down the negative.

♠ Q 7 2
♥ K 6 5
♦ A 6 3 2
♣ A 8 4

♠ 10 9 2
♥ J 10 9 8
♦ 8 5 4
♣ Q J 6

♠ A K 8 5 4
♥ A Q 4 2
♦ K 7
♣ 9

(Dealer: East. Both sides vulnerable.)

East	South	West	North
Pass	1 ♠	Pass	2 NT
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠
Pass	4 NT	Pass	5 ♠
Pass	5 NT	Pass	6 ♠
Pass	7 ♠		

you can't blame him very well for Blackwooding and then going all the way in his spades.

After the diamond Q was led to his A, he had some vital calculating to do at once. His whole problem was how to avoid a loser in hearts. If hearts were divided 3-3 between the defenders, he was safe against anything except a 4-0 break in trumps. Taking three high hearts would determine whether or not he could make his contract the easiest way. But that necessitated an even split of hearts, a minority chance.

How could he increase his "about 60 to 40 against" chance? He found the answer. To the second trick he scored the spade Q, then the A, and followed with three high hearts, ending with his own Q. This way, if the suit split, he was, of course, okay. Even if it was divided as it was, 4-2, he still was all right if the man with four also had the remaining trump. He did, so the heart 4 was then ruffed and the contract completed with the diamond K and a run of trumps.

Your Week-End Question

What is the best way to lead for the first trick from the J-6-5-3 of a suit, with the A-K-10-7 opposite it, if you lack other entries to the hand with the J holding which might be useful in trying to finesse some other suit?

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Wife Preservers



Sheets may be ironed quickly and look smooth and fresh on the bed if you fold them carefully in fourths as you take them from the clothesline. Next run your iron over the top quarters where the hem will be turned back. This will smooth the rest of the sheet.

Wife Preservers



Before you wash the walls and ceiling of your kitchen, dust them with a wall brush or a broom wrapped around with a clean cloth. This removes much of the loose dirt and cuts down on the washing time.

Wife Preservers



Don't discard empty salt bags. Wash them well and use as individual shoe bags to store colored summer shoes or evening slippers, or to slip over shoes packed for a journey.

Wife Preservers



Measure your soap flakes or powder when you wash dishes, so that you do not waste them. Two tablespoons in a pan of hot water will usually give you plenty of suds for one lot of dishes.

Wife Preservers



Mattresses should be cleaned frequently with a vacuum cleaner or a soft brush. Covers of sturdy material help keep the mattress clean and can be moved easily for laundering.