

CLAIM OF WIDOW
TO MORE DAMAGES
DENIED BY COURT

(Associated Press Local Wire)
MEDFORD, Ore., Oct. 3.—Federal Judge Robert S. Bean Wednesday ruled from the bench that Mrs. Ethel McDermid, Klamath Falls, Ore., had no grounds for the annulling of an agreement she made with the Kesterson Lumber company, Dorris, Calif., for the

settlement of damages for the death of her husband, Simon McDermid, in August, 1928.
Mrs. McDermid, testimony indicated, accepted \$4,250 in settlement and in the present action alleged "misrepresentation" and asked for \$45,750 more. The court rules there had been no misrepresentation.
American fence is line insulated and will resist rust longer. It is sold at Wharton Bros.—(Adv.)

FLIER ESCAPES INJURY

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 2.—Walter Eefsen, Salt Lake City, pilot of Varney air line mail plane, escaped injury last night when he was forced to land his plane on the mud flats north of a harbor terminal. The plane tipped over on its back. An ambulance was rushed to the scene, but Eefsen crawled from the plane unhurt.

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, has escaped to Virginia, where he meets and falls in love with Marian Thorne. He targets the "gang girl" Bernice Veressi, with whom he once fancied himself in love, in his dreams of Marian. Penfield Paradise, last member of an aristocratic Southern family, whom Eddie befriends, dies and leaves Eddie all his possessions. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she discourages him and tells him she expects to marry Tom Freeman. Eddie goes to call on Marian, and Freeman, who is already there, tells Eddie to get off the premises. Freeman tries to eject him bodily and a fight starts. Marian stops the fight and tells Freeman she will decide who her guests are to be.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

Anger mounted in Tom Freeman's face until it began to purple. "All right," he granted. "But if he stays—I go."

"You can suit yourself about that," Marian returned.

Her attention centered upon Eddie. "I'm sorry this happened," Mr. Regan, when you come to my home I don't think you need to expect an assault in the future."

"That's all right," Eddie said, unsteadily. "I had a hand in it myself."

Even as they spoke, Tom Freeman jerked the screen open and secured his hat from the table in the hall. He reappeared, his eyes burning. Without a word he marched across the veranda, down the stairs and climbed into his automobile. There was a whirr of the starting mechanism. His headlights threw long beams down the tree-bordered lane to the main road. He was gone.

"Well, that ends that," Marian said, unhappily.

But Eddie Regan knew that it was not ended. Sooner or later there would be a final decision between him and Tom Freeman—the decision arrived at without intervention of a woman.

"I'm awfully sorry a thing like that happened here at your house," he tried to apologize.

"I don't think either of you was concerned very deeply with any regard for my feeling at all," she told him pointedly. "If you think I relish seeing two men fighting, you're vastly mistaken. I hope none of the servants saw it—it they did it will be spread all over the country like wildfire."

"I'm sorry," said Eddie, meekly. "You ought to be. I can't imagine how on earth such a thing could have started."

She sat down and he noticed that his straw hat had fallen heedlessly to the floor. He picked it up and put it on the table.

"You might as well sit down," she told him.

"Are you sure you want me to stay—after all this?" He had no means of pumping the depths of her irritation and anger. Maybe she wanted him to follow Freeman's course. But his query, implying a willingness to leave, was all a bluff. More than anything

else on earth he wanted to stay. "I can't think of anything to say—except that I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to go," she told him, with unexpected suddenness.

He sat down beside her. They were on a porch bench, sitting so close beside her all of the old fascination came rushing back to him to set his mind and pulse thrilling. Every dream he had dreamed about her came back to him multiplied a hundredfold in intensity. He desired her as he had never before desired love in his life. She sat there a little child and silent while he marveled at the wonder of it—in the glorious truth that they were together. Just to be with her gave a meaning to all life and a reason for his existence.

Marian had nothing to say to him, and they sat idly and silently gazing out over the moonlit lawn with its spacious circled grass, its dark island of whispering trees. They were so close together that their shoulders almost touched, and she glanced at him sideways and then turned her head away. Perhaps it was an accident—perhaps a mutual design—but their shoulders touched with a strange feeling, gentleness. Neither of them drew apart and, subconsciously, the small contact increased in pressure.

The irresistible magnetism that was generated between them crept stealthily through the nerves and fibres of their bodies. Marian could feel his shoulder pressing hers and a tremor ran through her. To resist it, to fight against the spell and break it, was an effort against nature—an effort that she postponed from moment to moment.

Automatically, Eddie's arm began to steal behind her with a slow progress of caustic, dismantling pleasure. Time still remained for her to draw back. The encircling arm tightened slowly and tenderly, she was drawn to him with inevitable reluctance until, with a sudden, surrendering movement of her own, her head rested on his shoulder.

Just for a moment or two she remained thus, and then, with a swift, spasmodic repudiation of yielding, she tore herself away from him and sat up straight. But even in this aloofness there was an aching tenderness. Her voice was warm and tremulous.

"Why—why do you make me feel this way?"

They were alone—exquisitely alone—and the stark reality of the work-a-day world, its harshness and inhibitions, was transmuted into a strange palpitating sphere of existence where secret thoughts came forth trembling into expression.

"You don't feel the same way I do," he whispered. "You couldn't."

"I cannot understand it," she murmured. "I don't think I'm in love with you, yet when you are close to me something passes over me and I'm not the same person I am when I'm alone. It's like a spell, and my brain doesn't seem to work. No one ever affected me that way before."

This was no conversation of love.

but it flooded him with a deep, growing emotion. The conviction was in his mind that he could if he so desired recapture her in his arms, but he made no such movement.

"When did you first feel that way?"

"I was interested in you the first time I saw you—I wanted to see you again, and all the time I knew that I shouldn't. Do you remember that night at your house?"

"I'll never forget it as long as I live," he declared.

"I never dreamed until then, when you kissed me—when I kissed you—that I could be so taken out of my usual self. If it could be like that all the time I would know for certain that it was love."

"It must be love," he insisted, with as much bewilderment in his voice as there was in hers. "If it's not love—what is it?"

"She was silent for a long time. "I don't know. I've had likings for men—all girls have—but it was never anything like this. They never appealed to me. I liked them, but they never spread an overpowering weakness through me. If I allowed myself to drowse with you—I would be almost in a swoon in your arms."

"It's got to be love," he told her tremulously. "I know it can't be true—it's too wonderful for me to believe—but a girl like you couldn't feel that way unless—"

Her eyes avoided him.

"If it's not true love," she said, "it's a cheap imitation, and I don't want anything like that."

He laughed nervously. "A funny thing—it sort of makes me afraid. It's something gigantic."

"Yes, it is that way. It's all new to me—this feeling—and somehow I feel I ought to fight against it. Why do you make me so helpless?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "Maybe it's because I've loved you so much and wanted you so hard that it finally broke through and got to you—like radio waves pounding through rain and storms and snow. Maybe love is something like that."

"I think if it really was love I wouldn't be in any doubt about it," she objected. "Love isn't a thing of the body—a physical sensation—it's a background of all feeling. You affect me so potentially that I am not myself, yet I can't picture myself married to you and sharing all your life. I've had the vague ideal of a man in mind all my life—and you're nothing at all like I thought he would be. Tell me about yourself, Eddie."

"You might not like the story."

"I want to hear it," she urged him.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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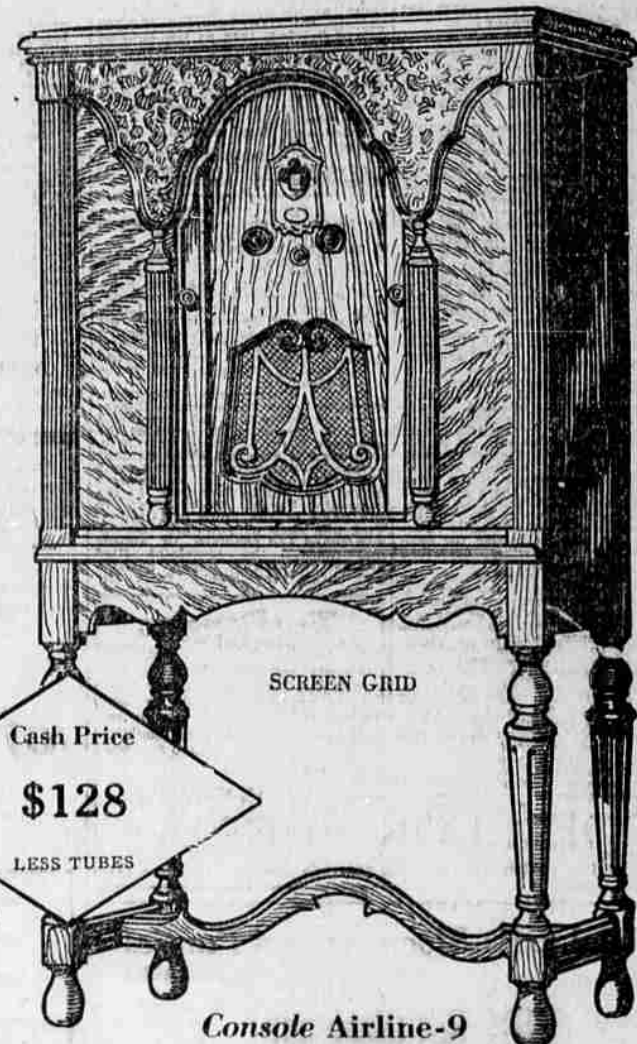
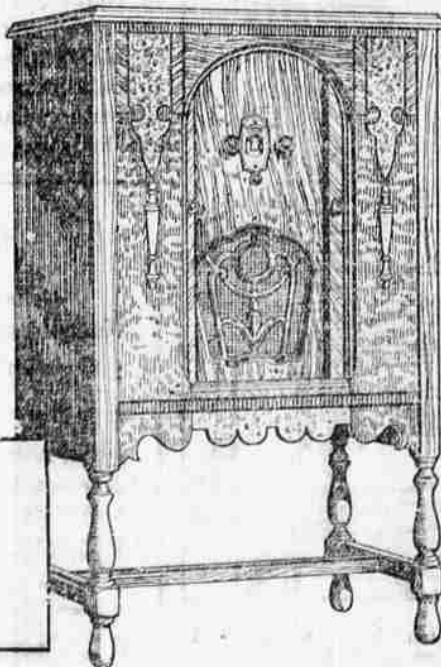
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