

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan has been persuaded to give up his position as shipping clerk and join a firm of which the "Big Guy" is the leading spirit. They choose Eddie to pull off a particular "job," and Bernice Verost, young girl, intimates that she is in his for the asking and she is not a girl on horseback and realizes now that Bernice has gone out of his life forever.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV

The sun of early June poured with gentle heat on his back. This road narrowed and led through woodland with the thick green of pine and bracken on either side. Wild laurel touched the roadside with great bushes of pink clustered blooms. Eddie's ears, accustomed to the clamor of city, strained for familiar sounds. There was a balmy sweetness in the air and the trilling of birds was all he heard.

"A million miles from nowhere" he muttered.

For almost an hour he walked and then an automobile stopped beside him. A dull looking man opened the door to the front seat.

"Hop in," he said. "I'll give you a lift."

This was a strange car and Eddie was unused to the customs of these people.

"All right," he said with sudden decision. "It's pretty hot for a fellow like me tramping through the country."

The driver made no attempt to draw him into conversation. For a few miles they rode along in silence.

Once more Eddie's heart gave a start. They passed the golden girl on horseback but his glimpse of her was fleeting and confused.

When the driver announced he must turn off the main road, Eddie got out of the car and resumed walking. After a while it was borne upon him that it was senseless to continue the aimless wandering. The few houses along the way were bleak, ramshackle and tumbled down. Most of them, he observed, were occupied by negroes.

Before one saunt and sagging store standing in front of an uncultivated field Eddie stopped. With a speculative eye he estimated the probability of finding a place to stay—for the present at least. In his pocket was a thin roll of bills; later on he could look for work.

For the first time he noticed an automobile standing beside the road and partly hidden by trees and bushes. Simultaneously he saw a man come out of the front door of a house and stride down the path toward the car. Something in the walk of the man denoted danger—the swifty stride of plump legs, the copping of arms, the flush on his face.

Coming up to Eddie, he paused a moment before he got into the car; he was breathing rapidly and there was a little twitching of the eye.

"Can you beat it—I almost got shot in there! That's your South-

ern aristocracy for you!" His face was sweaty and his hot eyes looked Eddie up and down. What he saw was a trim youth with a natty suit, sadly rumpled and dust-stained. The city was stamped all over Eddie. Toward him the angry man seemed to feel a sort of kinship.

"So you almost got shot, did you?" Eddie asked, nonchalantly.

The other snorted. "I ought to have that fellow in that house arrested," he declared. "Mister, I'm a dealer in antique furniture from Richmond and I was just trying to argue him into selling me some of the stuff he owns. But no! He'd rather live in poverty than sell one stick of that old furniture. I wild laurel touched the roadside with great bushes of pink clustered blooms. Eddie's ears, accustomed to the clamor of city, strained for familiar sounds. There was a balmy sweetness in the air and the trilling of birds was all he heard.

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"Smart Tailored Rig"



PATTERN 1632
Statesman 15c Practical Pattern
Cleverly styled raglan shoulders and oddly pointed front closing are interesting details of this cunning little frock. A few gathers under the yoke and an inverted front pleat, afford ample fullness in the dress.

The frock and bloomers of Pattern 1632 are made of printed pique, while the collar and cuffs use white or other plain color. Two pearl buttons finish the closing.

May be obtained only in sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material and 1/4 yard trimming.

This model is easy to make. No dressmaking experience is necessary. Each pattern comes to you with simple and exact instructions, including yardage for every size. A perfect fit is guaranteed.

Patterns will be delivered upon receipt of fifteen cents (15c) in coins carefully wrapped or stamps. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, style number and size.

Our latest fashion book will be sent upon receipt of ten cents in coin. Address all mail and orders to Statesman Pattern Department, 243 West 17th street, New York City.

my head!" she said. "What made you think I was afraid?"

Eddie felt his neck grow red. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. They went into the house and passed through a bare hall into a living room that was dusty and disorderly as rooms get when men live without women. Against the wall was a dull-finished table of mahogany with drop leaves. Musty books were in shelves; cheap paper peeled from plaster and there were scattered chairs of design unfamiliar to Eddie. Double doors revealed a dining room, scantily furnished, yet somewhat jumbled with walnut and mahogany pieces.

Collapsed in a great chair in the living room was an old man, a lanky man with a lean face and a high, arched nose. The form in the chair was inert, a rack of bones in shiny black broadcloth, an unresponsive husk. A bony hand that had been pressed to the breast had dropped like a dead thing.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

HOPE WANES FOR SETTLING DISPUTE

NEW ORLEANS, July 17.—(AP)—Threats of a general labor strike were revived today upon circulation of reports, from the private conference chambers, of waning hopes for an early settlement of the dispute between the public service and the striking carmen.

The citizens committee, appointed by the mayor to break the

deadlock between the company and the union, expects to report tomorrow. If this report is unfavorable to the strikers, leaders of the car men's union plan to hold a mass meeting to obtain expressions of public sentiment toward their cause.

If they are convinced the public is behind them, the labor leaders will call a meeting of representatives of all of the unions on Thursday night to vote on the proposal for a general sympathetic walkout of organized labor in New Orleans.

Strike leaders were determined to carry their case to President Hoover if necessary before yielding to the terms of the public service.

Street car service is proceeding with non-union men running the cars under protection of federal injunctions.

CHAIN OF HARDWARE STORES PROJECTED

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The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

If you think a bowl of milk and crackers is a good lunch on a hot day, try some of the cold soups for variety's sake. They are even more refreshing, and some of them are quite nourishing if they contain milk or cream and eggs.

Tomato, beet and sorrel are delightful as cold soups. Sorrel, dock and sorgrass are the same kind of herb, except that sorrel has a slightly more sour flavor. Indeed, it is one of the two vegetables naturally sour in flavor. It is a

very thin leaf which grows in clumps, wild but comes to market in bunches or sold by the peck or pound. You can cook sorrel by itself or use equal parts of sorrel, beet tops or radish tops, cooking all together and serving complete. The leaves should be eaten with the soup and not strained off. The stems of sorrel are not quite tender enough to eat. However, as they contain much of the delightful sour flavor they should be cooked with the leaves and then thrown away, as per directions.

Cold Sorrel Soup
One pound of sorrel, four cups of water, two cups of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper.

Cut the stems of sorrel and tie them in a bunch. Throw stems and leaves in cold water for a few minutes and remove wilted or brown leaves. After washing thoroughly lift sorrel from the water. Heat the four cups of water, and when boiling add sorrel leaves and the bunch of sorrel stems. Cook over a slower flame for 30 minutes. Then lift out the bunch of stems and throw them away. Add the salt and pepper and cook five minutes, then remove from fire. Beat an egg in a bowl, gradually add the soup and let cool. Then place on ice. Serve in individual bowls with a few heaping tablespoons of thick sour cream piled in each one.

The tops of the beets may be cooked the same way, but the stems and leaves can be soaked together, as they are all tender.

Cold Tomato Soup
One pound of ripe tomatoes, four cups of water, two cups of sour cream, one onion, one teaspoon of lemon juice, one teaspoon of flour, one-eighth teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of salt.

Cook onion, tomatoes and water for 25 minutes, then strain. Dissolve the flour in a little cold water, add the strained tomato juice and cook for 25 minutes with the salt and ginger, and remove from the fire and add the lemon juice. Set aside to cool, and serve, when chilled, with sour cream in each plate.

Many of the thoroughly ripened fruits make delicious fruit soups. They must always be thoroughly chilled, and this is done not by adding cracked ice to the bowl (which will spoil the flavor), but by preparing the soup early in the day, letting it cool off, then placing in the refrigerator to get really cold.



The Butterfly Alighted on the Butter.
The more it struggled to get away, the faster it stuck.

"Help! Help!" it cried.

Just then in walked Inda, the housemaid, and seeing the butterfly in the butter, she uttered an exclamation of dismay. The poor butterfly stood stiff with fright. Then Inda dashed over and taking its wings between her thumb and forefinger, plucked it out of the butter and dropped it out of the window. Without a word it flew off.

Mij, Flor, Hanid, and Knarf were very silent. But Yam, finding a chance to speak at last, said: "It must be called butterfly because it flies away from butter."

Fruit Soup
One pound of blackberries (or other fruit), one cup of water, sugar or lemon juice to taste, one cup of sweet or sour cream.

Cook the fruit and water slowly for about ten minutes, then pour through a fine sieve. Place with a little lemon juice if the soup is preferred sour or a few gratings of nutmeg or a little preserved ginger. Cool and chill. Serve either with sweet whipped cream or feed, thick sour cream.

VENTILATING PLANTS IN HOMES OF FUTURE

Dr. Copeland Agrees With Correspondent That Air Systems Will Soon Be in Popular Use to Further the Health of Humans.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

YOU must have a "crack in the eye" now and then as a warning to keep on the right track. It is more than easy to jog along in the same old way, fondly imagining everything is as it should be.

What caused this outbreak of mine is a letter just received from a man who is devoting himself to ventilation. He started out with some complimentary remarks about these articles, but they proved to be nothing more than the sugar-coating of a criticism. Let me quote:

"I note you quite frequently use a term that I believe scientific men should delete from their vocabulary. I refer to the expression 'fresh air.' There is no such thing. Air is a more or less definite mixture of certain gases that do not change with time. Air may be warm or cool, dirty or clean, humid or dry, etc., but scientifically speaking, it is never fresh."

This is rather interesting, I think. Suppose I quote a little more from this thought-provoking letter:

"Fresh milk direct from the cow; vegetables from the garden, or fruit ripened on the tree are, of course, ideal. But our modern civilization requires pasteurized milk, filtered and chlorinated water, and many other refrigerated and artificially ripened products. No one questioned the improved health conditions of city inhabitants from these artificial aids in bringing these necessary food products to the table in proper condition."

"That is good sense, isn't it? I am sure we care for every word of it." But let us have another paragraph from the letter:

"Air in the country on a June morning is ideal. But city air is never ideal at any time. City air must always be cleaned, warmed, cooled, humidified or de-humidified, or otherwise treated in the specific case demands, to make it best suited to our health and well being."

"I have no question that the city home of the future will have air conditioning systems, just the same as they now have central heat. There is just as much reason for making the air proper for human breathing as there is for making the temperature a comfortable one."

I shall say more about this in the future. In the meantime, thank our correspondent, as I am sure you do, for this thought-provoking letter.

- Answers to Health Queries**
- M. I. G. H. Q.—Do you advise treatment for intestinal or pin worms?
- L.—Yes. For further information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
- C. E. M. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is nineteen years old and five feet three inches tall?
- A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 121 pounds.
- A. T. H. Q.—What are the symptoms, cause and cure for low blood pressure?
- B.—What is responsible for numbness in the hands and feet at night?



DR. COPELAND.

TILLIE, THE TOILER

WHO CAN GET OUT THESE STATEMENTS RIGHT AWAY?

I'M NOT BUSY I COULD DO IT

THE TOES BECOME RIGID AND PAIN, WHICH CONDITIONS LASTS A CONSIDERABLE LENGTH OF TIME.

2.—Is a benign tumor dangerous? Can operation be avoided?

A.—Low vitality, dizziness, depressed spirits and headache are among the outstanding symptoms. Some infection is at the source, as a general rule. The treatment depends upon the cause.

3.—Poor circulation is the usual cause. Improve the general health and the circulation will improve. Massage and application of heat should give increased comfort meanwhile.

4.—Not as a general rule, although the location has much to do with the nature and seriousness of the trouble. This would also have much to do with the treatment. Follow your doctor's advice.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

STEADY

YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY 'BOUT ME—SEEMS AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN UP HERE PRACTICALLY ALL MY LIFE!

WONDER WHY THE AUDIENCE PEOPLE DON'T CLAP, OR YELL, OR SOMETHING—

OUR ACT IS KNOCKING 'EM SPEECHLESS, ANNIE

IT'S ALMOST TIME TO MAKE THE LEAP—ARE YOU READY, GIRLIE?

YES, AND I MUSTN'T FORGET TO PULL THE LITTLE SAFETY RING AFTER I COUNT—ONE—TWO—THREE

SOMETHING TELLS ME, ANNIE'S PARACHUTE ISN'T IN WORKING ORDER! SHE'S READY TO TAKE THE 100-FOOT JUMP, AND IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP HER, UNLESS I CAN MAKE THE—

BUY YOUR PAPER EARLY TOMORROW, DEAR READER



POLLY AND HER PALS



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GOOD-NIGHT STORES

By Max Trell

The shadow-children offer the Butterfly Some Butter, and—

"How did butterfly get its name?" Knarf asked one day.

Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—shrugged their shoulders. Then they shook their heads. Finally they looked inquiringly at each other. The fact of the matter was that they didn't know.

"It must have something to do with flying, too," said Mij.

"It must have something—" began Yam.

"Let's look for a butterfly and ask it," broke in Hanid. It seemed like a sensible suggestion, so they all went just into the garden and waited in the sweetest patch. By and by, a little yellow butterfly alighted on a stem.

"Good morning," said the shadow-children, hurrying over.

"Good morning," replied the butterfly timidly.

"May we ask you a question?" said Hanid.

"Oh," said the butterfly. "I don't know that I can answer it. No one has ever asked me a question before."

"It's only about your name. Why are you called butterfly?"

"I'm afraid," the butterfly said, "that I can't answer. I don't know why I'm called butterfly."

"Didn't your mother ever tell you?" Knarf inquired.

The butterfly sighed. "I never saw my mother. I was only a little egg when she left me. Then I became a caterpillar and ate green leaves. When it began to get cold, I spun a cocoon on a twig and went to sleep. When I woke up it was quite warm again. I came out of the cocoon to get something to eat. The moment I stepped out, my jacket burst and I found that I was a butterfly!"

"And then what happened?" Flor asked.

"Then I flew here to look for something to eat."

"Would you like some butter?" said Knarf.

"Butter—?" It said. "What is butter?"

"It's very good," said Knarf. "Especially on bread," added Mij. "—and with cheese," said Hanid.

"—and with—" began Yam. "I never saw butter," put in the

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