

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 game of which the "big guy" is the leading spirit. They choose Eddie to pull off a particular "job," and Eddie Regan, game, girly, and matter that he is for the asking after the job is finished. Eddie becomes disgusted with the life and, taking his money, hops a freight train which takes him to Virginia. Walking down a road he sees a girl on horseback and realizes now that Bernice has gone out of his life forever.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V
Between them, Eddie Regan and Marian Thorndike performed the ministrations that brought old Penfield Paradine back to consciousness. The yellowish eyes of the old watching negro greater ronder and began to bulge; his lips hung open and he moved out of the room with a shambling step to fetch water in a basin.

"Fetch some liquor, Uncle Tobe," the girl commanded.
Eddie's muscular hands rubbed circulation back into the prostrated man; he poured a tablespoonful of clear corn whiskey down Penfield Paradine's throat. With a sopping wet cloth the girl bathed the stricken man's face till water ran in little rivulets down the furrows. Presently, he opened his eyes and his dim gaze fell upon Eddie first.

"I thank you, sir," he said in a thin, dry voice. Apparently, he sensed what had happened. "You are a stranger, sir—I regret exceedingly—Tobe—you black scoundrel—where are you?"
"Right here on yore tuther side, Marse Penfield!" The tone of the negro was ecstatic.

"Push out a chair for the gentleman and get something to drink," Penfield Paradine commanded feebly. "Sir," he resumed to Eddie Regan, "you certainly escaped witnessing an event of, perhaps, passing interest—the death of the last Paradine."

His eyes began to lose some of their glaze and surprise crept into them as he noted the girl in the room. The habit of gallantry instantly asserted itself and he attempted to rise, but his strength failed him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tobe, a chair for this young lady, at once!"
Marian Thorndike smiled at the least of the Paradine with slow, amiable gentleness.

"Don't bother about me, Mr. Paradine," she said soothingly. "You see—I just came in to see if I could do anything for you. I'm Marian Thorndike."

A silence filled the room. The old negro stood motionless, and even Eddie Regan, whose comprehension of family feuds was vague, sensed an acute embarrassment.

Old Penfield Paradine closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them. "I remember you, Miss Marian," he said almost in whispering reminiscence, "when you were only a baby. I've seen you catter on your horse past my place a thousand times, and I can't tell you how flattered I am that, at last, you have dropped in to see an old devil like myself."

Eddie was dimly aware that the background behind these people—even behind the old negro—was entirely different from anything he had ever known. Indistinctly he realized there were vistas of ancient family relationships and obscure traditions, all veiled with the mystery of the unknown. It was the form of life with duties and customs that were blurred in his understanding. He was an outsider and he felt like an intruder.

But the girl, Marian Thorndike, concentrated his interest and held him captive with the spell of sudden romance. She was like wine



"Don't bother about me Mr. Paradine," she said soothingly.

to him and his head swam slightly. The fact that a feud existed between old Penfield Paradine and her father was of no importance whatsoever to Eddie. What did cause desolation, however, was that she was leaving in a few minutes more and she would be out of his sight and maybe out of his life forever.

"You're sick and you shouldn't be left alone," she told the old man.

"It's kind of you to feel that way, child, but old Tobe can look after me good enough," Penfield Paradine told her.

"Nevertheless, I'm coming in to see you tomorrow," she insisted.

"Your daddy'll skin you alive, I'm afraid. He hasn't seen fit to speak to me for twenty years and he'd probably burn a blood vein if he knew you set foot across my door."

The girl laughed, but there was a note of emotion. "It's perfectly ridiculous for both of you to feel the way you do—at your ages," she said, briskly. "At any rate I'm not going to be bound by any silly old quarrel."

Eddie, when she left, moved with her towards the door; she did not encourage him to go with her down the road. The smile with which she bade him goodbye under the paradine roof was, he thought, distant and cold. But as much as he wanted to walk down to the road with her, Eddie hung back to avoid the appearance of forcing himself upon her. He returned to the room where Penfield Paradine was still prone and helpless in his chair.

"You better call in a doctor," he said with a touch of sympathy.

"A doctor won't do me any good, young man," Paradine's voice was a whisper. "I'm not sick, I'm just worn out from staying alive too long."

A silence fell between them. Eddie's eyes looked out from the window. It was a lonely view, the vacant, dusty road hedged with saplings and tangled honeysuckle. The old negro, Tobe, appeared with a glass of liquor for Eddie, but he waved it aside and addressed himself to Paradine.

"You don't have any visitors here, I suppose, Mr. Paradine?"
"I scarcely know the names of my neighbors," he said listlessly. "So many who belong to my generation have died. Only a few are left."

"You are pretty well cut off from the outside world here," Paradine nodded. "The kind of people I used to know don't exist anymore. I never cared to associate with the common run. No one ever comes here."

An odd kind of inspiration began to turn over inside Eddie Regan. When he had left New York it had been a wild gamble. He

was now thinking exclusively of the opportunity to see Marian Thorndike again. He might take another long chance!

(To be continued tomorrow)

TWO YANK FLYERS ON VISIT TO PARIS

PARIS, July 18.—(AP)—Captain Lewis A. Yancey, and Roger Q. Williams, American Trans-Atlantic fliers, reached Paris from Rome today, and had a reunion with their Old Orchard friends, Armando Lotti, Rene LeFevre, and Jean Assolant, who also spanned the Atlantic shortly before them.

The American airmen have decided to give up their intention of going to London and will start for the United States on Friday aboard the steamship Republic.

They made the trip from Rome in fair time and were met at the Le Bourget flying field by French and American officials. This evening they were guests of the three French fliers. Tomorrow they expect to fly to Cherbourg where the Trans-Atlantic plane Pathfinder will be dismantled and shipped aboard the Republic.

The fliers will be the guests of Norman Armour, American chare d'affaires, at a luncheon tomorrow.

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Cool Sports Frock

Pattern 1738
Statesman 15c Practical Pattern
Man's fresh, crisp, cool frocks are needed in the mid-summer wardrobe as they crush and soil so readily. The model shown today, Design 1738, is very simple, and so easy to make. The same style might be used for several frocks of different materials and colors.

que, linen, gingham, percale, shantung, pongee, shirting, etc., may be used with equally good results. All white, a pastel shade, or one of the delightful prints would be smart. The bow may be of contrasting fabric.

May be obtained only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

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 15 cents in coins, carefully wrapped, or stamps. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, style number and size wanted.

Our latest fashion book will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents in coin. Address all mail and orders to Statesman Pattern Department, 243 West 17th street, New York City.



WALTHER LEAGUE ENDS CONVENTION

WORTH WAYNE, Ind., July 18.—(AP)—Selection of Cleveland as the meeting place for the 1930 convention of the Walther league was formally ratified at the league's thirty-seventh annual convention this afternoon. Denver, Colo., delegates announced earlier in the day that they would drop their efforts to gain the next convention for that city.

After considerable debate the convention of young Lutherans this afternoon approved a resolution favoring adoption of the tithing plan by every senior member of the Walther league. The debate generally favored the plan, although there were a few mild dissenting remarks.

An attack on modernism was made tonight at an inspirational meeting by the Rev. John H. C. Fritz, dean of Concordia seminary, St. Louis. All fundamental truths of Christianity are denied by modernism, he said.

Theft of Food For Stolen Dog Charged to Man
HOOD RIVER, Ore., July 18.—(AP)—William Mickie, 21,

stole chickens to buy food for a stolen dog, he told officers who arrested him here today on a charge of stealing chickens from a Wasco county rancher.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Knarf, to His Dismay, Learns That There's More to the Desert Than Sand.

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the names that were spelled backwards—found themselves on the edge of the Sahara Desert. You may think this an odd place for them to find themselves. It was—but they were taking a trip around the world with their little masters and mistresses, you see.

"Let's go exploring," exclaimed Hanid.

"Yes—let's go at once," agreed Mij, Flor and Yam. Knarf shook his head. "What's the use of going exploring on the desert? All that you'll find is sand."

"Maybe not," said the others. "Hm-m, it's plain to see you don't know anything about deserts. Deserts are made of sand and that's all you'll find on them no matter how much you look."

Nevertheless they decided to go. Hanid went one way, Yam went another and Mij and Flor, being twins, went a third. As for Knarf he sat himself down on a sand-dune.

"I'll wait for you here," he said. "It's no use my going. I can see all the sand I want to from this spot."

Then the others went off. They were gone for a long, long time. Knarf didn't miss them. He fell fast asleep. At length, at sundown, they returned, one by one. Knarf opened his eyes.

"Well," he said mockingly, "did you find enough sand?"
"Oh, yes," they said, "we found plenty of sand. But we found other things besides."

Knarf raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You did?" he said. Hanid spoke first.

"I walked for a long time over the sand. Then all at once I came to an oasis—"

"A what?" the shadow-boy asked.

"An oasis. An oasis is a spot in the desert where there is a spring and palm trees and flowers and green grass. It is like a lovely garden. There are dates on the palm trees. The water in the spring is cool. It is delightful."

"And there's no sand in it?"
"Not a grain."

"Hm-m," said Knarf. They Yam spoke. "I walked for a long time, too. I saw nothing but sand and sand. Then suddenly I spied a pyramid—"

"Pyramid?" said Knarf. "A stone pyramid?" Yam went on. "It was higher than many buildings and wider than many streets. It was made of huge blocks of stone.

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

The Humble Onion a Valuable Addition to the Diet
Fletcher said somewhere that if you chewed onion sufficiently (he recommended sixty chews if I remember aright) that it would not leave the slightest odor.

Quite a job, of course, but worth it to the innumerable yearners after onion who hesitate to eat it because of the aftermath. Many persons regard it as a sign of elegance to despise onions, claiming indeed that they cannot endure them in any form, even when disguised and buried in other dishes.

Yet if that aversion were followed consistently it would limit our best menus enormously. Good cooks use onions in most meats, soups and sauces. Yes, and even garlic, that supposedly vulgar vegetable, is an indispensable standby to the best French cooks.

Onions have all sorts of good qualities—mineral salts that are valuable, also they are of the green, family supplying us with needed roughage. There are many varieties, and in addition to their service to flavor all sorts of dishes, they may be cooked separately.

Bermuda or Spanish onions are the very large onions. They are the least powerful in flavor and many people eat them raw, sliced thinly and served with French dressing and one or two salad vegetables. They are very good baked, with or without a bread stuffing. Merely peel them, sprinkle with salt, and put in a buttered baking dish with a cup of bouillon or hot water. Bake for half an hour, occasionally basting with a few spoonfuls of juice. Just before serving sprinkle with a little pepper.

For creamed onions the little white ones are best. Allow half a dozen per person. Peel and leave in cold water for an hour. Then cook over a slow flame in a quart of milk until tender—which may take anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour, depending on the size of the onions. Don't cook too fast or they will break. Simmer slowly to make sure the onions retain their shape. When tender, remove from fire, add three or four tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper and serve.

Scallions are familiar enough—a kind of onion with a little white bulb at one end and long thin green stalks. These are always eaten raw. A favorite dish in some foreign restaurants is the sliced scallion dressed with thick, cold cream instead of French dressing or mayonnaise.

For flavoring soups, sauces, dressings, a very little of the smaller types of onions are used. Either shallot, which is a very small kind of onion—dark brown and tough skinned, or chives, which is a miniature of scallion—tiny bulb and very thin green sprouts. You can see them growing frequently in grocers' windows.

When it comes to the really powerful members of the onion family, like chives, shallot or garlic, real skill must be used. It takes an expert to use garlic with skill, because only a very small quantity is necessary—but what a difference that little makes!

Ordinary French dressing is much improved if you will first rub the sides of the bowl with a broken bit of garlic—then throw the garlic away. Or, when making a soup or stew, cut the bit of garlic with a knife, throw the garlic away, but stir the soup with the garlicky knife. Just a mere touch—and it provides a fine, indetectable flavor improving any meat, fish, sauce or stew. But handle with care—if those who eat the dish can identify the garlic taste, then too much has been used.

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Famous Jockey is Set Down 3 Days

CHICAGO, July 18.—(AP)—Jockey Paul Neal, leading rider in America this year with more than fifty victories to his credit, was set down for three days by the stewards at Arlington park for rough riding in the sixth race yesterday. Neal, who rode the winner in three successive races had the mount on Machete in the sixth race, bringing his horse in ahead after a rough journey.

WOODBURN MAN IS DISCOVERED DEAD
OREGON CITY, Ore., July 18.—(AP)—Identification of the body found on East mountain recently as that of George Gullickson, 31, Woodburn, Ore., was made today by his parents after a minute examination of clothing and articles found nearby.

Gullickson disappeared from his home in Canby June 3, 1926 for no stated reason.

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POLLY AND HER PALS

IT'S TIME WE HIT THE HAY FOLKS THE RULE AT 'GRAYSTONE' IS GONNA BE EARLY TO BED, AN' EARLY TO RISE!

WE'RE READY, PA!

LEAD THE WAY!

LET'S GO!

WAL, G'NIGHT, EVERYBUDDY! THIS HERE IS MY ROOM, AN' Y' ALL KNOW WHERE YOURS IS!

SAY! WOT TH-? WE CAN'T ALL SLEEP IN ONE ROOM! DON'T BE SILLY!

WAL, WE AINT GONNA SLEEP IN SEPARATE ROOMS, AN' THAT'S THAT!

THANKS A LOT, MR. SIMPKINS

TILLIE, THE TOILER

HELLO, JACK - SURE I'M BUSY, BUT WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? A SWIM? HOLD THE LINE A SECOND

ARE YOU AWFULLY BUSY MISS PHILLIPS?

NO, I'M NOT, TILLIE

IT'S OKAY, JACK - I CAN GET SOMEONE HERE TO TAKE OVER MY WORK - ALL RIGHTIE

YOU MAY TAKE THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON OFF, MISS PHILLIPS

THANKS A LOT, MR. SIMPKINS

RUSS WESTOVER

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

REALIZING ANNIE'S DANGER, GOOD OLD GRINNEY DASHES FRANTICALLY INTO THE ARENA

CLIMBS HURRIEDLY UP THE MAIN TENT POLE

SNATCHES A SWINGING TRAPEZE, AND

ARE YOU ALL SET FOR THE LEAP, ANNIE?

READY

GOOD LUCK, GIRLIE

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-IT'S CAUGHT!

SEE TOMORROW!

NEGLECTING A SLIGHT WOUND IS DANGEROUS

No Matter How Small the Skin Break May Be, It Is an Open Door Through Which Vicious Germs May Enter the Body.

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

IN THIS world of ours are many living inhabitants. Some of them are tiny organisms known to everybody as "germs." Some of these are essential to our well-being, but these are dangerous and even deadly.

The harmful germs are watchful, crafty, sneaking, treacherous beasts. Like assassins in the night they pounce upon their victims. They seek to take his life.

One of the most vicious of the common germs is known to the scientific world as the "streptococcus." This agent is responsible for much suffering and, I am sorry to say, for many deaths.

I wish we could get everybody to understand that any wound where the skin is broken is an open door through which such dangerous germs may enter. Once they are inside the body no body knows what havoc will be wrought. Let me give you a word of warning against neglect of any injury or bruise, even the slightest.

It is characteristic of boys and girls and even some men and women to want to appear brave and foolhardy. When we are young we scoff at a small cut or abrasion, a blister or burn, or the tear caused by a rusty nail. Fear of being considered a "baby" or a "poor sport," or the desire to appear very brave, makes many persons appear to look lightly on such seemingly simple wounds.

No one should neglect an injury or a bruise, whether it is the price of a pin, or a more serious accident. Blisters, burns, abrasions, lacerations, punctures made by sticks or toys, scratches from nails, splinters, and torn metal, cause wounds which require careful attention. The attention is required to guard against blood poisoning with the possibility of a fatal effect. Every wound, no matter how slight, should have immediate attention. It should be washed with clean water and soap to remove all dirt and foreign material. Then iodine or a germicide, or another germicide, should be applied to the wound. If the skin is broken, a small dressing of clean gauze, held in place by adhesive plaster, should be applied after this emergency treatment is used.

Blister, cuts and bruises of the feet are very apt to become infected. The irritation from the shoes increases the inflammation and the eye and the germ-laden dust from

Answers to Health Queries
Geo. W. & Q.—What do you advise for hemorrhoids?
A.—While wearing a truss will greatly relieve the condition, an operation is the only real cure.
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