

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.**  
Edith Regan has been persuaded to join a gang, of which the "Big Guy" is the leader. Bernice Veresol, gang girl, tells Eddie that he has been chosen to pull off a "big job" and intimates that she is his for the asking after the "job" is finished. Eddie becomes disgusted and escapes. He boards a freight train which takes him to Virginia. Seeing a girl on horseback he realizes that Bernice has passed out of his life forever. He is contacted by a man who has had a stroke, and Eddie follows him to the house, where he is contacted by the girl whom he saw shortly before. Marian Thorndike and Eddie reunite the old man, and he thanks them.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER VI**  
"I'm from New York myself," he stated slowly. "I thought I'd try my luck some place in the country and I've been rambling along looking for a place to light. Maybe I could get work on a farm. I've been wondering where I could get a place to stay a few days. If you could take me in, I'd like to stay a few days to look around."

Penfield Paradine twined his fingers here—don't like them, he said feebly. "A man's home is sacred. I don't wish to appear inhospitable, but that's the truth."

He cleared his throat and his eyes brightened as though some idea drifting across his mind had proved stimulating.  
"I'll tell you something, young man, a sort of secret about this house. I am the last living Paradine in the state of Virginia, as far as I know. For years I've been cherishing a hope that maybe another Paradine—a kid—would come some kind of other—would come this way some day. I've kept a little book furnished against the possibility. My oldest brother went away after the Civil War but he never wrote back. Most likely he died years ago but I have lived in the hopes he might have left a son somewhere to bear the name and carry on the family. It's been damn lonesome for me here, sir."

The old man had spoken slowly, had groped for his words, but when he found them, they had been uttered precisely.

All at once Eddie Regan knew that he would find snider under the roof-tree of old Penfield Paradine.  
Eddie Regan compressed his lips and sought to fathom Penfield Paradine. At one stroke he might provide for himself the best hiding place and, immeasurably more alluring, he might remain in the vicinity of Marian Thorndike.

The hands that lay in Penfield Paradine's lap began suddenly to twitch; his lips moved but no sound came from them.  
"I wonder if you could take me in for a boarder for a week or so?" Eddie said, and his youthful personality was infinitely ingratiating.

"You're not well, and I could help this colored man look after you," Penfield Paradine nodded, found a fragment in his voice.  
"You—you can't come here as a boarder. If you stay it will be as a guest. My eyes are not as clear as they once were—but you remind me, somehow, of some of my folks. I used to know a boy who looked somewhat like you—50 years ago. Maybe he was a cousin. I don't remember, but he was a fine fellow."

when I wake up from a doze in this chair I think I see the outlines in this doorway of some of my friends and now—"  
The old man extended a trembling hand. Eddie smiled. There was something he could not help admiring about the old fellow and he gave the hand before him a warm clasp.

"I take it, sir, that you are a gentleman," Paradine said.  
"I'll try to act like one, anyway, while I am in a place like this," Eddie grinned.  
The other's voice quavered.

"No, no, I don't mean that. When I say gentleman I mean something that's handed down from generation to generation. There's no better standard a man can judge other men by."  
For a moment Eddie was tempted to claim a fictitious gentility—to pretend a background of wealth and education. It might make things soft for him. Just for an instant he hesitated, and then he shook his head regretfully.

"I am afraid you got me wrong, Mr. Paradine. There's nothing high-hat about me. I might as well tell you the truth. My name is Eddie Regan and my old man used to work on the docks in New York. My people never amounted to much, I guess. They didn't have any money and they never were in politics. If I tried to tell you I was a gentleman I'd be kidding both of us. No, I'm just an ordinary young fellow—like a million others in New York."

He stopped abruptly with the realization that he had said enough.  
Penfield Paradine looked at him with a penetrating expression.  
"You're a man," he said carefully, "you didn't understand me right. When a man is a gentleman he has certain qualities in his blood and neither money nor education nor position has aught with it. So far as I am concerned you seem to have the right kind of stamp on your forehead and you're welcome to stay."  
Eddie was impressed; he saw a view of life, a finely-gauged distinction, that he'd never before encountered.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and his throat was a bit husky.  
Old Paradine called to Tobe. "Tobe, this is Mr. Regan and he's going to visit with us. I want you to look after him. Now get outside and carry his bags to that front room upstairs."  
Embarrassment filled Eddie. He hadn't any bags—he hadn't a thing of value on earth except a small roll of bills in his pocket. There was nothing to do but smile and face it out.  
"I happened to leave New York in a hurry and didn't bring anything with me. I've got some money, though, and I figured to buy what I need as soon as I got settled. I expect that grocery store up at the cross roads sells shirts and overalls—"  
But old Paradine waved the apology aside.  
"Tobe'll run any errands you want at the store."  
"That's good. I'll send him out and let him buy a few things for me," Eddie said, trying to speak easily, his hands in his trouser pockets. "Here—he produced a banknote—"take this. Tobe'll write you down a list of what I need later. Buy some groceries, too. Maybe you ain't prepared for an evening dinner, but get into the house."

The old negro stood looking at him with a queer expression in his yellowish eyes.  
"I raises some pork an' aigs an' chickens. We got a garden, sub. We make out a right."

But he made no move to take the bill Eddie proffered.  
"Tobe and I do very well with what we raise on the place," Paradine said, in a strained voice.

"Well, anyway, Tobe can take the money for the personal things I need," Eddie said, quietly.  
It was virtually necessary for him to force the \$20 bill in the negro's hands. He smiled and turned to Paradine.

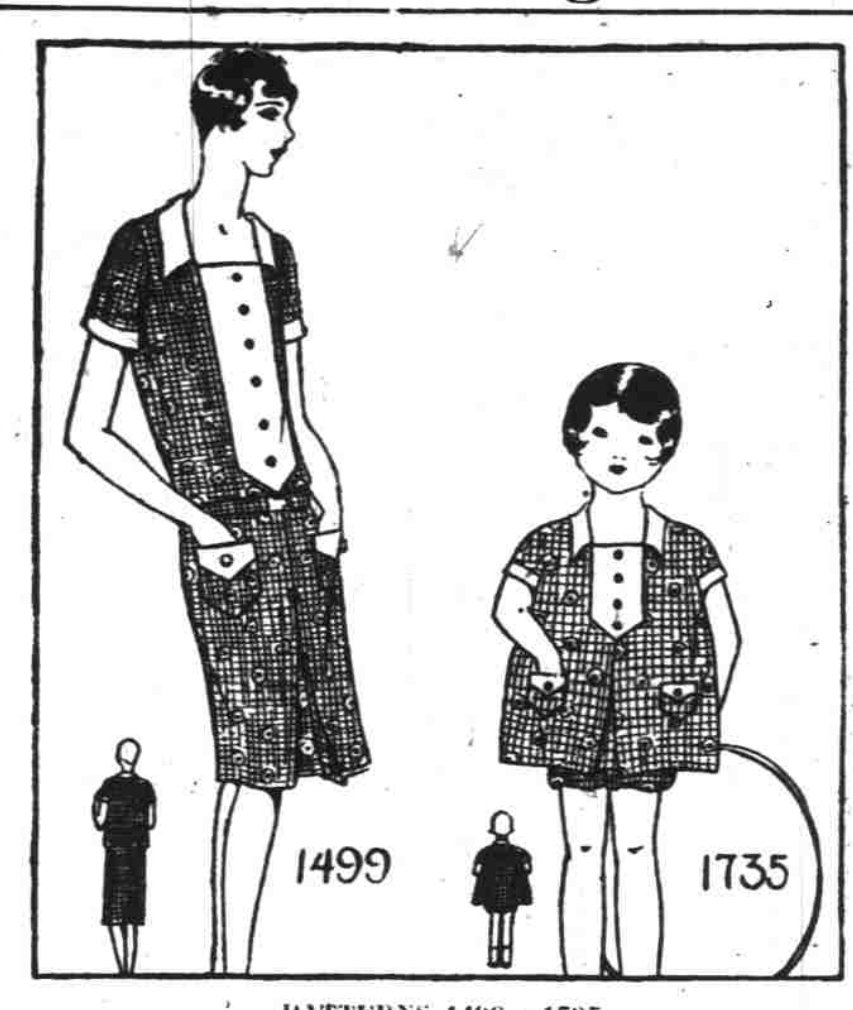
"You have a pretty big place here, sir. I don't know anything about farm work, but if anybody could tip me off I'd take a whirl at it. I've got two strong arms and I might turn out to be a regular farmer."  
"I suppose the place could be made to pay if one had the proper attention," Paradine said. "There used to be 3,000 acres in this plantation. I parted with it in sections after the war. There was no one left to work it. I have now 40 acres left—the rest belongs to colored folks and the poor whites. Of course, a living can be made on the place—an industrious man could do very well here."

"Suddenly Penfield Paradine stopped talking; he began struggling for his breath. One hand crawled upward toward his heart. The negro's eyes grew glassy with apprehension and he began tugging to lift the stricken man's shoulders. Together they carried Penfield Paradine upstairs to his great 40 poster bed, from which he never again arose.

The responsibility for the care of the sick man seemed to fall completely upon Eddie, but it was the old negro who did all the necessary tasks. Eddie sat in a dilapidated rocker, on a hooked rug by the bedside and worried. Unaccountably, he felt as though some near relative was fatally ill.

The thin form on the bed held his attention with fascinated interest. Some imaginative streak in the youth, hitherto dormant, recognized in the worn, parric countenance the essence of a nature highbred and delicate; a quality of personality that had been totally lacking in any of the gangsters—in his old pals back in New York. Every member of the mob had been vicious, but in Penfield Paradine there was a different kind of courage. Eddie couldn't explain the difference; merely that he could feel it.  
"We ought to get a doctor here," Eddie muttered.  
At his behest, old Tobe manipulated the country telephone down stairs with its unfamiliar system of turning a crank to get central and putting through a call on an

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old-fashioned party line.  
The doctor came and left medicine. There was little he could do, Penfield Paradine was semi-conscious. Eddie paid the physician out of his own pocket.  
(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trefl

The Shadow-Children Join in the Hunt for Sam Weller, of "Pickwick Papers."

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned about names—were sitting on the edge of the bookshelf one evening after the real-children had gone to bed, when they were startled to hear a voice coming from the row of books.  
"Sam, Sam!" called the voice. "Where are you?"  
There was a pause. Then, as no answer came back, the voice called again: "Sam, do you hear me? Answer me yes or no!"  
"How can he answer you if he doesn't hear you?" said Knarf, standing up and addressing a book entitled "Pickwick Papers," from which the voice seemed to be coming.

stances permit me to go to dinner in my vest. Yet I came to the end of the page without finding a trace either of him or my jacket."  
"That's too bad," said Hanid.  
"Indeed it is. Here all my friends on the next page are waiting for me to come to dinner and I can't possibly stir until I find my jacket."  
"Can't you go without it?" asked Flor.  
"No, no; that would be out of the question. Mr. Dickens distinctly describes me as being properly attired. I can't contradict Mr. Dickens, can I?"  
"Who is Mr. Dickens?" Knarf inquired.  
"He's the author," cried the other shadow. "Everybody knows him."  
Then they all started to look for Sam Weller. Mij looked under the bookshelf, Flor peered behind the books. Hanid poked in among the heap of magazines at the end of the shelf and Yam squeezed herself between the covers of all the books she could reach. As for Knarf, he did nothing, but sat at Mr. Pickwick's



"How do you do, Mr. Pickwick?"

At this there was a rustle of pages and the next instant a very dinkified old gentleman stepped out of the book. He was neatly dressed, except that he was in his vest.  
"I beg your pardon," he said politely, but I thought I heard my name. Sam Weller, just now."  
"It was only Knarf," replied the other little shadow-children. "Knarf" he repeated in a puzzled way. "I'm afraid I've never heard of him."  
"Humph!" said Knarf. "I've never heard of you either."  
"Dear me, I thought everyone knew me. I'm Mr. Pickwick."  
"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Pickwick?" exclaimed Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam, for they knew him; especially books as dry as he supposed "Pickwick Papers" to be, didn't know him at all.  
"I can't imagine what could have happened to Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, greatly worried. "I left him at the top of the page to brush my jacket. 'I'll have it ready for you in a moment, sir,' he said. 'Don't keep me waiting,' I told him. 'because the chapter ends at the bottom of the page and I have to go to dinner at the beginning of the next.' Of course, I never for a moment thought that anything would go wrong. For Sam is most faithful to me and would never under any circum-

stances permit me to go to dinner in my vest. Yet I came to the end of the page without finding a trace either of him or my jacket."  
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## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Among kitchen experiments you can find the best, and also the worst cooks. The worst ones are inaccurate. They don't try to understand directions half the time and others are too careless or indifferent about results. Cooking is a distasteful job, to be finished with as rapidly as possible and the chief aim is to get out of the kitchen.  
But some first-rate cooks are temperamentally unable to follow directions, either! The recipe specifies vanilla flavoring, and they decide to use lemon juice. Separate the white and yolks. The directions read, and they wonder what difference it would make to put the whole eggs in at once—and try it. "Dip chops in egg and breadcrumbs," the recipe orders, and the innate impulse to experiment rushes in—and compell them to try spreading with mayonnaise and dipping in flour instead.

Everyone has some moments like this—and some have it all the time. A little of it is, indeed, necessary. Very often one finds a lack of a specified ingredient and it's helpful to have the habit of experimenting. It makes for resourcefulness in cooking crises. But it is also necessary to temper experiment with caution. There are times when an impulsive change may vastly improve the dish you're preparing. But also it happens that an apparently small change violates a rule which is sure to make a dish a disaster. No one rule can cover all cases, of course. Still there are one or two dependable ones that are worth clinging to. It's always safe enough to experiment with flavor changes. For you can make a little preliminary test. Mix a spoonful and taste it and you can decide quickly whether your experiment is likely to be an improvement. Indeed, it's this sort of original work in the kitchen that gives real interest to cooking. There's always a chance that you may hit upon some new and delightful blend of flavors—and, incidentally, there is a rich line here for originality. It's a little known art in many kitchens where complicated and beautiful dishes are common enough.

## NORTHWEST FOREST FOUND ENDANGERED

**MISSOULA, Mont., July 19**—(AP)—A most dangerous condition exists in the forests of the northwest, federal officials said today.  
Three hundred acres have been scorched by the fire of Deer Creek, 18 miles west of here in the Lolo forest, where 50 men are battling. A seven acre fire is blazing on Siegel creek, 35 miles west of here. A fire set by campers on Honaker creek, southeast of here, is giving concern, and a six acre blaze on Souden creek is on a patrol basis. A crew was sent from here today to battle a three acre fire in Heligate canyon, three miles east.  
Officials say the woods are very dry and that the situation is acute.

## Zebras Attack Keeper Hurting Him Severely

**TOLEDO, O., July 19**—(AP)—Two enraged zebras attacked Charles Conner, 50, keeper of the Heblivora house at the zoo here today, and seriously injured him. A stallion zebra, biting and lashing his hoofs, knocked the keeper to the ground in a runaway. The animal's mate joined in the attack. Attendants hearing Conner's cries, drove the zebras into a corner while he was carried out. His left arm was broken in two places, one ear nearly chewed off, and his head and face badly cut, in addition to possible internal injuries.

## CONTENTED MIND A FACTOR IN HEALTH

Cranky Spells Are Inexcusable, Says Authority—Be Cheerful and Your Health and Work will Benefit and You'll Add Years to Your Life.

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

**CHEERFULNESS** is a cause and an effect. It promotes good digestion, ease of labor and contentment of mind. It is a habit which should be cultivated.  
Success in business, a gratified appetite and freedom from pain are effected by cheerfulness and joy. There can be no doubt that happiness and contentment of mind are real factors in life.  
Some folks are miserable and cranky on "Big Monday." They have formed the habit of "blowing off steam" on Monday. They clean house with their tempers on Monday.  
This is a bad habit. It is an unnecessary habit. It is an inexcusable habit.  
I look with pity upon a man who has everybody in a ferment of misery, because he chooses to vent his feelings on his associates. A business man who grows at his clerks all through the first half of the day, is equalled in manners only by the clerk who "snaps the head off" the customer.  
Why give way to such emotions? It shows as little character as to yield to the temptation to steal, or to commit some other crime of impulse.

I confess I feel more or less hypocritical in preaching a doctrine which I do not practice fully. At least, however, I can admit that I know better and that I am ashamed after I have yielded to the bad habit of depression, crustiness, or open ugliness of spirit and action.  
Such habits undermine the health. They produce indigestion, headache, eyache, temporary blind spots, and all sorts of nervous symptoms.  
If you have no regard for the feelings of your neighbors you should cultivate the habit of cheerfulness. That habit, studiously practiced, will add to your health, your efficiency and to your length of life.  
Fear of disaster, fear of the poor-house, fear of failure—every sort of fear, is fatal to cheerfulness. You must have faith in God, in your fellow men, and in yourself, or else you will have gloom of spirit, with all its evil effects upon your soul and mind and body.  
Every doctor will tell you that a contented mind is better than great riches. The Psalmist sang it: the doctors preach it: now so thou and practice it!  
When you have converted your crankiness of soul into cheerfulness of spirit, you will have better health and serve society as you have never served it before.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
Miss V. C. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 26 years old and 5 feet 4 inches tall?  
A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 129 pounds.  
Miss Dolores B. Q.—What will remove moles?  
A.—Consult a skin specialist about having them removed.  
A. M. D. Q.—What causes white spots to appear on the skin?  
A.—This is due to loss of pigment or coloring matter. There is no specific cure for this condition.  
C. M. Q.—Is buritis the correct name for a lump on the shin bone, front part, just below the knee? The lump seems movable. Is electrical treatment helpful in this case? What else would you suggest?  
A.—Yes. Electrical treatment may be helpful, but surgical measures are necessary in some instances. Have your doctor advise you.  
R. R. Q.—What is the cause of a fibroid tumor and can it be dissolved rather than removed by an operation?  
A.—The cause is not definitely known. An operation is the only real cure for removing a fibroid tumor.  
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## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## By CLIFF STERRETT



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## By RUSS WESTOVER



## By VERD



## GRINNEY, THE CLOWN, GRASPING THE TRAPEZE, SWINGS OUT, AND UNDER THE FALLING ANNIE



## AND THEN!



## AND THEN!

