

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

Edith Reman has been persuaded to join a gang, of which the "Big Guy," is the leader. Bernice Veressi, 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 asked by a negro to come help him as his master has had a stroke, and Eddie follows him to the house, where he is confronted by the girl whom he saw shortly before. Marian Thorndike and Eddie resemble the old man, and he thinks them.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAP. VII.**

**TWILIGHT** came and darkened into night. Eddie ate supper from a tray Tobe brought him and went to bed in a square, high-ceilinged room.

Tobe, throughout the night, dozed close to his master's bed. Strange sounds—noises that did not exist in New York—kept Eddie awake for hours, it seemed.

There was the distant baying of hounds in the woods, the chirping of an occasional night bird, the rustle of wind in the trees, the disconsolate lowing of a cow. Sometimes he imagined the house creaked. Through an open window the night air was a gentle breeze, laden with sweetness, but it was alien to his nostrils.

In the semi-darkness the furniture of the room bulked large and ghostly; the carved posts at the foot of his bed were motionless sentinels; there was a vague gleam on a mahogany highboy.

It was strange that his past life, so close to him in the point of actual time, had receded so distantly in importance. The schemes of the gang, his old thrills and expectations, began to lose all value. The girl, Bernice Veressi, came before him vividly and his mind reproduced her warm, compelling vitality but, oddly, there was no love, no desire, in the picture.

When morning came his abnormally youthful strength had been restored. He awoke, thinking about Marian Thorndike and she was in his mind like impalpable, powdered gold. With the beginning of day, Eddie found it was not difficult to accommodate himself to the new routine of life.

Tobe prepared breakfast; Eddie sat in Penfield Paradine's room and regretted that his host was unable to talk to him. After lunch, the old man fell into a light sleep and Eddie went downstairs. He found a book about the life of Robert E. Lee and read some of it with detached interest. It was hard for him not to watch the tall old clock in the hall.

With every tick of the mechanism the time narrowed until he should again see Marian Thorndike.



"What a nerve I've got," he exclaimed.

dike. At three o'clock he began to be dreadfully fearful; she would not come. At four o'clock she arrived.

She went upstairs immediately; her interest in Eddie, apparently, was negligible. While she was upstairs he waited impatiently for her return.

He met her coming down at the foot of the stairs and they went into the living-room.

"I don't know what more could be done for him than is being done," she said seriously. "Do you intend to stay here?"

"For a while—till he gets better, or worse."

"It's a shame that a man of his calibre should die alone without any relatives around—or any women folks to take care of his house," Marian declared. "Of course, it's no affair of mine, but in common decency someone should look after him. If it weren't that he and my father were such high-tempered enemies I could come over with my mother—but father would raise Old Nick."

"You slipped off to come here?" Eddie asked.

The girl nodded. "You, being from the North, can't realize what

"I don't know anything about the hard feelings between your father and Mr. Paradine," he told her, "but you can be certain that the old colored man upstairs is as good as any trained nurse on earth. I'll do all I can myself, and with you coming every day to look things over—" He hesitated and stopped speaking.

There was a fear that he had ventured in too far, had become too personal. Marian Thorndike looked at him with clear eyes.

"I don't know who you are, or where you came from," she said, steadily. "It's the funniest thing I ever heard of—the way you just sort of dropped into the house and started living here. I'd like to know how it all came about."

Eddie gave her a sketchy explanation of his presence, omitting the sinister background of his New York life. He told her he was tired of the city and wanted to try his luck somewhere, anywhere, in the country. He was afraid lest she think him an unfit person and he hoped, desperately, that she would not take any prejudice against him or regard him suspiciously. But she listened to his story intently and he felt a chilling sensation that she was really taking little notice of him.

"What this house needs is a woman to look after it," she said with a feminine irritation. "Everything is topsy-turvy from cellar to attic. I don't suppose the furniture has been really dusted in years."

She walked to the window and touched a pane with the tip of her finger. "Somebody certainly ought to wash these windows."

She was dressed in her riding clothes and just to be in the same room with her elevated spirits until he felt as though he were inflated with some ethereal gas.

At one moment he was floating with a kind of excited joy and the next instant all the pleasure would suddenly drain out of his heart. He realized how crude he was, how vile had been his background. The guilt between them yawned wide and impassable.

When Marian had gone the effect of her presence lingered in every nerve fibre of Eddie Regan; he felt as though he had absorbed some powerful tonic.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## ECZEMA EVIDENCE OF LOWERED RESISTANCE

"Run-Down" Condition is Usually Sufficient Cause for Skin Blemishes, Says Dr. Copeland, Urging a General Health-Building Program.

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

**NOTHING** can be much more comforting to its possessor than a clean, clear skin. Everybody wants it and seeks it. Unfortunately there are many diseases of the skin. Perhaps the most common is the condition called "eczema," or "salt rheum."

Like any other inflammation of the skin, the first symptom of eczema is redness. Not only is the affected part always red, but under excitement, irritation from rubbing or scratching, exposure to heat, or violent exercise, the redness is increased.

After a while little blisters form on the reddened skin. As these break, there is more or less moisture on the affected surface. But the disease does not stop here. It is not long before scales and crusts take the place of the blisters.

The affected part itches, especially when the redness is increased from any cause. At times the itching is almost unbearable.

It is difficult to tell the difference between simple inflammation of the skin, called "dermatitis," and true eczema. The former is due usually to some outside irritation of the skin, and eczema is due to some internal cause.

Any skin blemish is probably an evidence of lowered resistance. It may be the outward and visible sign of a poorly working stomach and intestines. These red blotches may be the danger signal of Nature. They may indicate her protest against excessive eating of rich and greasy organs. They may mean that the kidneys are failing in their work.

It matters not whether the patient is a grown person or an infant; the presence of eczema should direct attention to the condition of the digestive organs. If constipation is present it should be corrected.

Excesses in food, highly seasoned food, abuse of alcohol, midnight suppers, and all indications in diet are productive of eczema, and must not be permitted if cure is to be had. Some one food may act as a poison and be the real cause of the trouble.

The "run-down" person is often troubled with this disease. Overwork, loss of sleep, worry are causes for nervous exhaustion is a sufficient cause for eczema. Tired persons should be warned by the skin eruption.

The itching may be relieved by application of ordinary baking soda dissolved in water; a small amount of ointment may be had at the drug store and is frequently a means of relief. Sometimes oxide of zinc is mixed with coal tar and used to dry up the blisters of eczema.

One of the most efficacious remedies for itching of the skin is hypophosphite of soda. This may be made up by placing a handful in a pint of water. If the whole body itches, place a cupful or more in a bath tub half filled with water and get into the solution. It will add greatly to your comfort.

In every case the family doctor should be consulted. He will determine whether the kidneys or other organs require attention. He will help to find what particular food is responsible for the disturbance.

**Answers to Health Queries**

Q. M. B. Q.—Will the juice of three or four lemons taken daily

be despondently fearful she would not come. At four o'clock she arrived.

She went upstairs immediately; her interest in Eddie, apparently, was negligible. While she was upstairs he waited impatiently for her return.

He met her coming down at the foot of the stairs and they went into the living-room.

"I don't know what more could be done for him than is being done," she said seriously. "Do you intend to stay here?"

"For a while—till he gets better, or worse."

"It's a shame that a man of his calibre should die alone without any relatives around—or any women folks to take care of his house," Marian declared. "Of course, it's no affair of mine, but in common decency someone should look after him. If it weren't that he and my father were such high-tempered enemies I could come over with my mother—but father would raise Old Nick."

"You slipped off to come here?" Eddie asked.

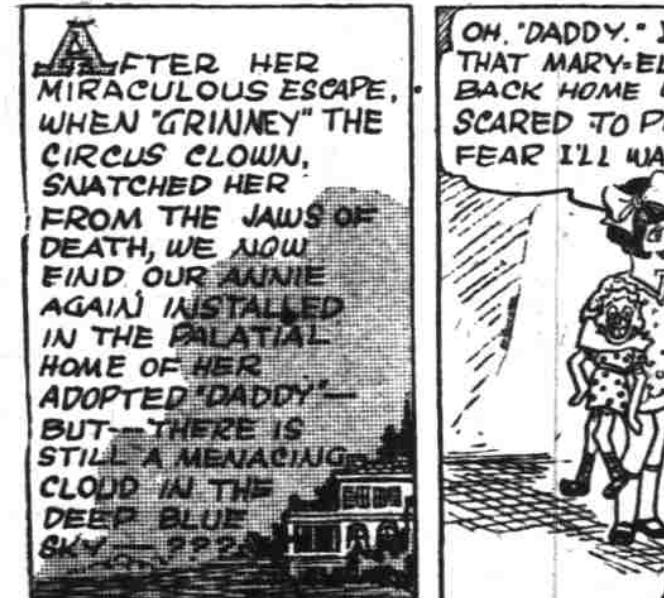
## POLLY AND HER PALS



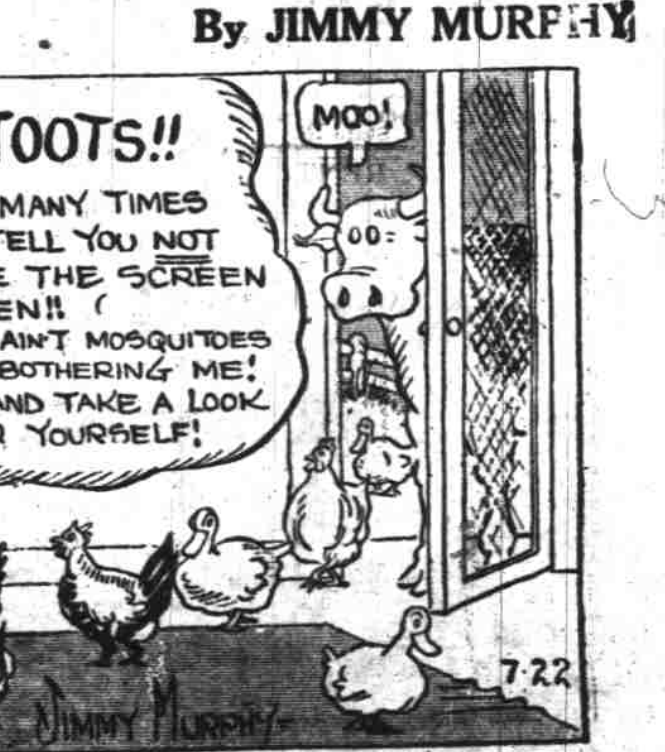
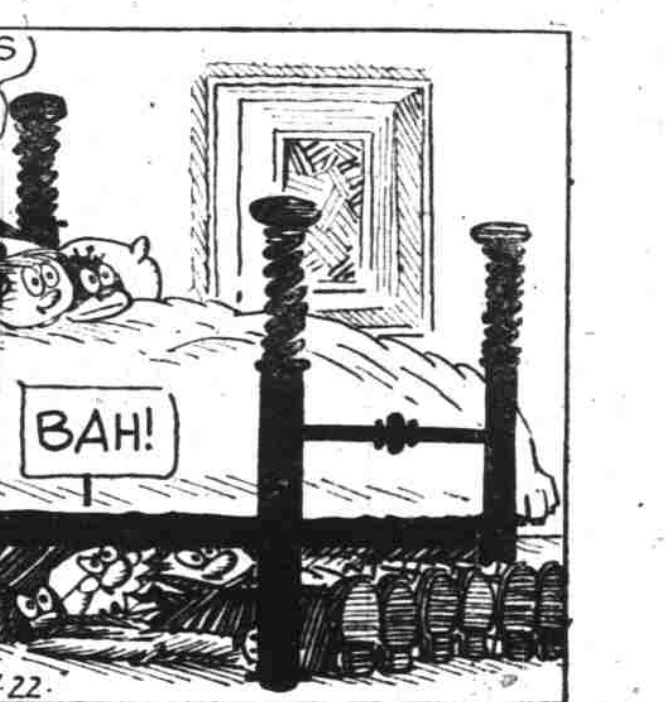
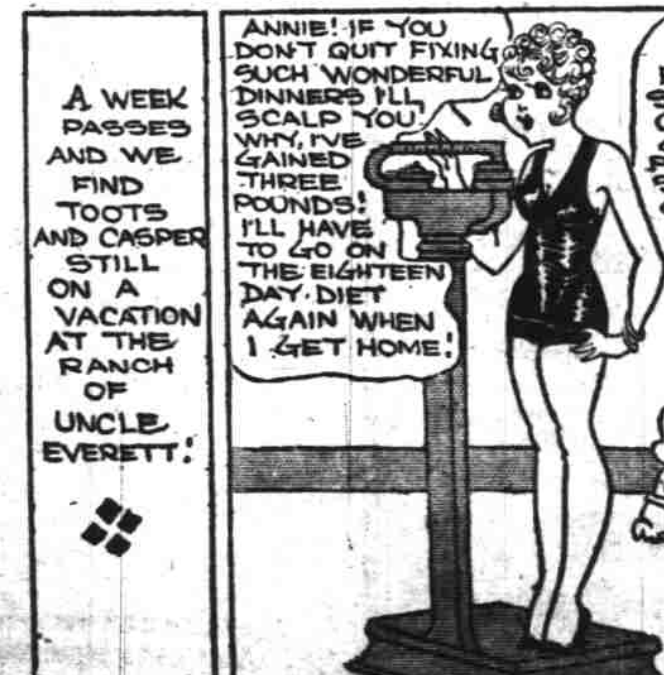
## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

**COMFORTABLE CLOTHES HELP TO MAKE HOUSEWORK EASIER**

From her art student days in Paris Lois has transplanted one habit into her present domesticity—work clothes that are comfortable, but good to look at. A unique costume—but much to be said for it.

"I don't like aprons, bungalows or any other kind," she explained. "They're too aggressively domestic. And hot. I'm used to these things that I used to wear in my studio, and what was comfortable enough for painting is comfortable enough for cooking and house-cleaning. I find it try."

What she designs and wears is a sort of glorified pajamas. Sleeveless blouse with a deep V-neck, slipping easily over the head and with no buttons or clasps. This item hangs outside loose-fitting trousers which are buttoned at the side, and have, therefore, no elastic to bind the waistline. When Lois feels affluent she gets a couple of yards of silk; otherwise she makes the outfit of cotton, cretonne, satin or other colorful bits she has a genius for picking up at small prices. "True, it does look more studio-like than kitcheny, but the idea has much to recommend it. For one thing, there are no billow waves around the knees or ankles, although the costume covers her adequately. It's very cool, especially since no other garment needs to be worn.

Incidentally, it's a good-looking outfit, because Lois uses all sorts of interesting new fabrics and color schemes. Black silk relieved by edgings of bright strips or futuristic angles applied at one or two places. Cool greens, edged with yellow and black. No two alike and every set good to look at. A good-looking and suitable costume has a great effect on our attitude toward a job. What could be more cheerless than the custom, still followed by many housekeepers, of wearing around the house the street clothes that have seen better days? Or even party clothes? No doubt it's more economical to wear last year's silk as a house dress than to throw it away. But is it comfortable? Maize, indeed, looked rather depressed, running the vacuum cleaner while arrayed in a passe georgette frock. And what modern housekeeper could be merry if she had to wear checked blue aprons, gathered in front, and tied in the middle, bag-fashion—the uniform of the sedate housewives of the nineties?

Colorful smocks are inexpensive, good-looking and as practical to the woman who works at home as they are to the office woman. And you can have a number in so many gay patterns and colors that there's plenty of variety with a small outfit. Smocks are an excellent protection, even for street clothes, for ordinary household duties—cooking and dusting. Or if water is to be splashed about good-looking rubberized costumes are available. Many are of rubberized silk, colorful and good looking, appearing more silky than rubbery to the eye. Easy to keep clean; for they may be washed in a little soap and water and dried with a soft towel immediately.

Even less expensive is the new paper composition apron which comes in a completely enveloping size. It's waterproof and stain-proof and light-weight and costs little. Doesn't need any laundering—just an occasional wiping with a damp cloth. And as it costs little you can afford to throw these aprons away when they look a bit shabby.

Fresh, crisp costumes are required in all modern food factories, and so they should be in the home, too.

By CLIFF STERRETT

## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## POLLY AND HER PALS



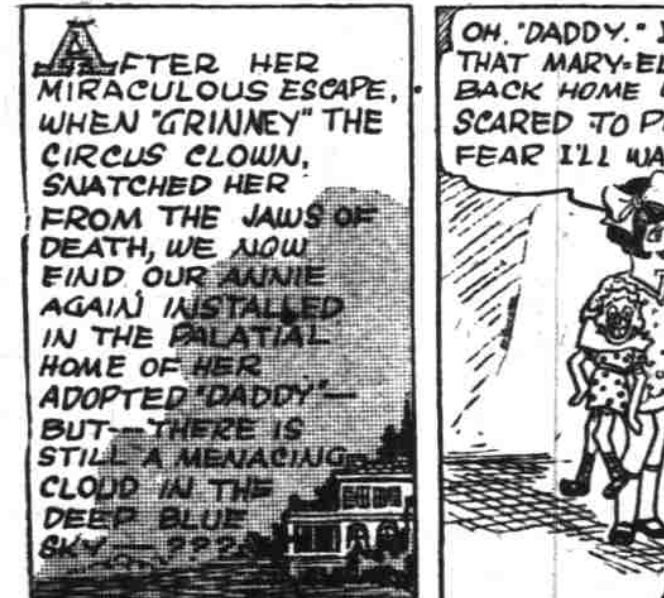
## POLLY AND HER PALS



## POLLY AND HER PALS



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



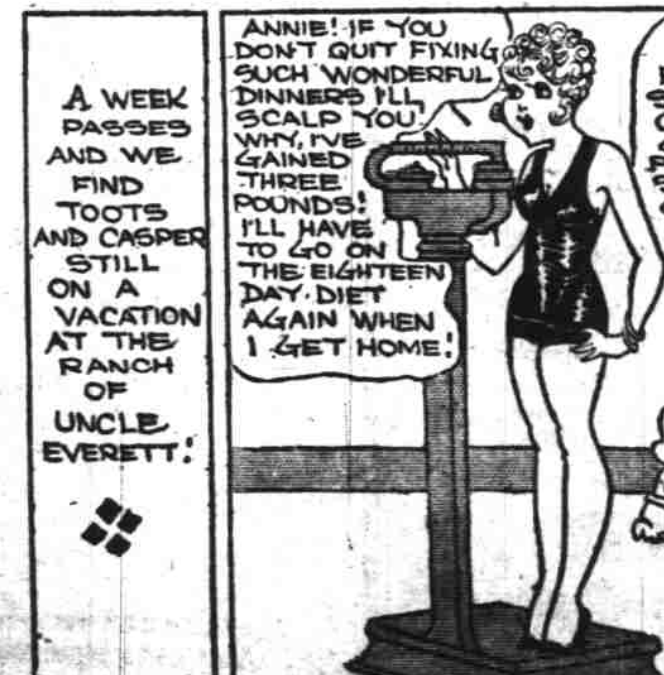
## POLLY AND HER PALS



## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TOOTS AND CASPER



## POLLY AND HER PALS



## POLLY AND HER PALS



## POLLY AND HER PALS

