

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan has been persuaded to join a gang of which the "Big Guy" is the leader. Eddie, who is a young man in love with Eddie, but he becomes disgusted and breaks away. Boarding a freight train, he goes to Virginia where he meets Marian Thordike. She and Eddie help Penfield Paradine, a Southern aristocrat, who has been stricken with paralysis and Eddie finds shelter under Paradine's roof. Penfield takes a turn for the worse and Marian comes to his aid. Eddie, who has been a servant to the Thordike family, tells Eddie that Marian has been stricken with paralysis and leaves Eddie all his possessions.

## CHAPTER X

Penfield Paradine was buried in the churchyard of an old brick church, where his ancestors had worshiped for three hundred years. A small group of the country gentry came to the funeral; there was a group of black faces in the gallery of the church. Whether or not the father still clung to the old animosity against the dead man, Eddie did not know.

Marian came with her mother, but someone said her father was laid up at home with an attack of rheumatism. When it was all over Eddie rode home in a ramshackle buggy that was part of his inheritance. He knew how to drive automobiles, but horses were a mystery to him, and Tobe took charge of the reins.

It was a grotesque trick life had played him—this juggling from New York gangland to land ownership in Virginia—and he was correspondingly dazed. None of it seemed real, but the facts were undeniable. Perhaps he might have comprehended that Fate had taken a hand in the switch of his fortunes had it not been that the golden glow of Marian Thordike's personality had spread through all of his senses.

A stirring stimulation bubbled like an unquenchable fountain in his breast and triumphed over the gloom of Penfield Paradine's death. The necessary duties incident to the funeral, Eddie performed with a kind of mechanical aloofness. Upon the advice of old Judge Jones he paid the needed expenses with notes dated a year ahead. He was a high property owner now, with no one to dispute the meager inheritance, he commanded an easy bit of limited credit.

"How much did Mr. Paradine pay you?" he asked the old negro. "He never paid me any wages," Eddie said. "I just sorta lived on the place and took care of the dog. I wasn't much cash money wid us nohow."

"It's funny," Eddie speculated, "that Mr. Paradine didn't leave you something, Tobe. You took care of him for many long years."

The old negro seemed to have little sense of money or property value.

"Ah reckon Marse Penfield allowed you'd take care of ol' Tobe same as everything else around the place. Atta way is customary, sub. Ah sorta goes wid the house and the land."

Eddie's viewpoint on life had been so readjusted that the arrangement seemed not unusual or

unnatural. Everything appeared to fit in accordance with some established design.

"That's all right with me, Tobe—if it is with you. If you want to stay on the job just let things ride as they always were before."

A sadness was on Tobe. "Ah reckon dar ain't nothing else to do," he said. "If I was to leave this old place Ah wouldn't know which way to turn."

"Yes, and I wouldn't know how to feed one of the chickens unless you stick around and show me," Eddie said with friendliness. "You stick around and I'll give you a good break."

But now he was hungry for a sight of the girl whose strange spell had illuminated his whole life and made him satisfied—nay, eager—to settle down amid the dusty relics of an extinct family. With the passing of Penfield Paradine he knew it was useless to wait and expect her daily calls that had been the central, radiant fact of his existence.

It was possible, of course, for him to see her—but he could not steel himself to call upon her at her home, surrounding her, he felt, was an iron bound custom—etiquette—and he was afraid that he might be guilty of some unforgivable breach of tradition. Maybe, because he had inherited the Paradine place her folks might hate him as they had the previous owner.

There was another factor—she herself had not shown anything more than casual interest in him during her visits. Her thoughts had all been for the sick man, and the scant attention paid Eddie was distant and purely courteous.

What he did not and could not know was that she had found him like a bizarre and interesting figure that had come on her horizon—she had told herself secretly that Eddie Regan, should she be privileged to know him better, would probably prove ten times as interesting as any man of her acquaintance. But his thoughts were locked securely in his own mind and no one suspected it.

There were a dozen, a hundred, things to be investigated and done around the farm. Eddie spent long hours with Tobe trying to get an idea of farming. There were rusty implements in a shed and a horse to drag them through the field. Fruit and eggs and surplus garden products could be loaded on the spring wagon and Tobe driving it could dispose of them in small amounts at the county seat. Chickens, too, were a source.

A slight profit in the fall, the negro explained, was a habit to cut and saw firewood which brought three dollars a load in town. The farm itself, however, supplied much more of a living—chickens, eggs, milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. A small patch of corn was enough grain to produce meal; it was ground by hand.

This, Eddie never knew before the fact that raw material was close at hand. Food, he imagined,

run of high school education came slowly back to life and he found that he was taking general interest in the books.

Now and then he thought of Bernice Tenesee and still only as an unfavorable contrast of Marian Thordike. Never again would he see her and never again would he be back associating with the old mob in gangland. He had come to rest in the quietest possible surroundings.

Yet hope was denied him. Nothing on earth mattered, for everything else was beyond him, above him—as a pale star that hung out in the night over the dark, whispering woodlands. To reach her he would have to achieve the impossible and the thought of that accomplishment drove the blood painfully from his heart with sheer human discouragement.

Still, simultaneously, in some other remote recesses of his being a light of hope burned and would not be extinguished.

Eddie turned to the work about the farm, but he soon realized that (Continued on Page 9)

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Shadow-Children Attend a Royal Birthday Party in the Chinese Plate

"Aren't you coming to the party?"

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—looked up sharply to see where the voice was coming from. It sounded strangely familiar. They were sitting on the edge of a fork, which was leaning against the Chinese Plate on the dining-room table.

"It's Ting-a-Ling," exclaimed Hanid. They looked into the Chinese Plate. Sure enough, it was their Chinese friend, Ting-a-Ling. There he was, standing on the bridge that crossed the brook in the painted picture in the plate. He was waving and calling to them at the top of his voice.

"Hurry, hurry—you'll be late for the party," Ting-a-Ling called. The shadow-children quickly let themselves down into the picture in the plate. Ting-a-Ling came running to meet them. "Here you are at last," he said smiling broadly. "I thought you would never come. His Magnificence King Sum-Tweet-Tee commanded me to fetch you at once. The party is waiting for you."

His Magnificence Sum-Tweet-Tee was the King of the Chinese Plate.

"Who is the party for?" Knarf asked.

"It is a birthday party for the three royal princes," he explained.

"O-o-h," cried Yam, "how old are they?"

"They're exactly a year older than they were on their last birthday," said Ting-a-Ling.

"But that doesn't—" began Yam.

"Sh-h," Hanid said, "you must not be so inquisitive. Besides we must hurry. The party is waiting for us."

They started to walk to the palace which was beyond the garden on the other side of the brook. King Sum-Tweet-Tee was very sweet to have thought of inviting us. Flor said to Ting-a-Ling as they neared the palace. They could hear the voices of the guests and the tinkle of cups and saucers. All at once someone in-



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## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

### Stuffings—Hot or Cold—Are Nourishing on Warm Days

"All I want is a little salad—the less food I see the better."

Most of us feel that way in hot weather. Yet it's not good to abandon all nourishing food, although it is wise to cut down on the quantity. The body needs sustenance no matter what the thermometer says, nor how deflected the appetite.

One of the ingenious ways of condensing nourishment in small dishes is to stuff the vegetables. A few leaves of lettuce with "tomato surprise" looks like very little—just enough for a hot day. But tucked within may be all sorts of wholesome and tasty foods that are really nutritious.

Tomatoes and cucumbers may be stuffed either hot or cold. Eggs, peppers, onions and potatoes must first be cooked. Then they may be served either hot or cold stuffed. Squash, eggplant, cauliflower are best served hot when stuffed. All of the fillings described below are interchangeable—they're just as good stuffed in one vegetable as another.

Vegetables for stuffing should be carefully selected. They should be perfectly shaped and, as near as possible, be all the same size, as this improves the serving appearance.

**Stuffed Peppers**  
4 peppers.  
1 cup diced (not chopped) chicken.  
1 cup bread crumbs.  
1/2 cup milk.  
1 egg.  
1 tablespoon melted butter.  
1 teaspoon salt.  
1 teaspoon onion juice.  
1 dash of pepper.

Cut off stem end of peppers and remove seeds and fibers. Beat the egg, mix with other ingredients and pack the peppers. Place in a saucepan, with three or four tablespoons of hot water and cook

for about half an hour over a moderate fire, adding a little more hot water when necessary to prevent scorching. This is easier than baking—and not so heating.

**Stuffed Tomatoes, Cold**  
4 large tomatoes.  
1 green pepper.  
1 new green onion.  
6 stuffed olives, minced.  
1 cup shredded cabbage.  
1 sprig parsley or dill.  
1/2 lemon.  
1 teaspoon salt.

Cut tops off tomato and scoop out the inside, but not too thoroughly. Cook the shredded cabbage in a little boiling water until tender—which should be only five or ten minutes. Drain and cool. Mix with other ingredients and seasonings and pack into tomato shells. Serve on bed of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

To stuff squash or cucumbers, remove the seeds but not the pulp. Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise after peeling and boil in salted water a few minutes until partly tender. Mix the mashed pulp with seasoning, breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, some melted butter, or whatever meat or other vegetables are at hand.

Squash is best with plain stuffing. Cut top off and remove the seeds. Mix 2 cups of breadcrumbs with 1 teaspoon of onion juice, 1 tablespoon of butter, enough hot water to make a smooth mixture, salt, pepper and pepper. Fill the squash and bake about 45 minutes or longer if needed to make tender.

Any meat, chopped or dried, flaked cod fish, or canned fish like sardine, salmon or tuna may be added to bread crumbs, seasoned and served as stuffing if fish is used, add a little anchovy paste to the mixture instead of salt—it improves the flavor. Grated cheese, cooked corn of cob, mushrooms, shrimps are a few other possibilities for nourishing stuffings.

By CLIFF STERRETT

## POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT



## TILLIE, THE TOILER

By RUSS WESTOVER



## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

By VERD



## TOOTS AND CASPER

By JIMMY MURPHY



## HOT WEATHER COUGHS HANG ON TENACIOUSLY

Worst Kind of Colds, Says Authority, for They Reduce Vitality Already Weakened by Heat and Leave Victim Without Resistance to Disease.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York.

Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

WINTER is the time we expect colds and catarrh. But it is not in cold weather alone that human beings suffer from these ailments. Even in Midsummer they are all too common.

Indeed, about the worst of colds is the "Summer cold." It drags on, taking what is left of exhausted energy. Really, you can be positively ill and incapable of your daily duties. From the effects of one of these colds, you may feel like staying in bed for several days.

Science has much to learn about the common cold. It is not known for a certainty what causes it. Is it due to the action of germs, bacteria, bacilli, or a virus, of some sort? Who knows? Some day the mystery will be solved. Then a remedy will be found, or at least a reasonably sure means of protection will be discovered. Until that glorious day we must do our best with present knowledge.

Anything that lowers the vitality, lessens the resistance to disease. When we are well and strong, full of energy, properly nourished and living right, we can fight off the agents of disease. We can resist infection.

Anything that weakens the system, prepares the way for disease. The effects of intense heat, causing loss of appetite and broken sleep, lower the resistance power to those agents that produce colds. That is why the Summer cold is almost as frequently met as the Winter cold.

Neglected teeth, with abscessed roots or pussy gums may promote the growth of germs that attack the tonsils or nasal tissues. Abscessed tonsils may be the breeding place for such poisons. These causes operate in hot weather as in cold, and may be more dangerous because of the weakened resistance due to days and nights of intense heat.

One goes to sleep without cover and wakes up chilled to the bone from a change in the weather. It is difficult to determine just what effect such exposure has, but undoubtedly it is a factor in exciting a cold.

Contacts with persons who have colds, swimming in contaminated waters, drinking from unclean glasses—all these have an important relationship to the taking of colds. We should not overlook them. Take care of yourself if you have a cold. Practice the Golden Rule by regarding the rights of others. Don't expose family, friends or the public to the effects of any carelessness on your part. It is easy to "spread" this disease.

### Answers to Health Queries

1.—"Reader." Q.—What causes the skin on the face and legs to become rough?

2.—What are the little protrusions that appear on the back of the neck? They look like warts.

A.—May be due to a form of eczema.

2.—This condition may be due to warts or moles. Consult a skin specialist about having them removed.

A. S. C. Q.—What will help cure constipation and indigestion?

A.—The diet must be corrected.

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