

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE? Eddie Regan has been mentioned in a gang of which the "Big Guy" is the leader. Bernice Veressi, "rang girl" in the "Big Guy" gang, becomes disgusted and breaks away. Boarding a freight train, Marjorie Thornlike and Penfield Paroline, Paroline, member of an aristocratic Southern family, and leaves Eddie all his possessions. Determined to make the farthest possible distance, a paying proposition, Eddie starts to work more to establish himself in Marjorie's good graces than for good. He realizes the gulf which yawns between them, but is fired with hope.

CHAPTER XII
She smiled vaguely. "I think I am suffering more from humiliation than anything else. It seems so silly to fall off a horse. I'm jolted and bruised a bit, but I am sure there's nothing wrong with me worse than a blinding headache."

An urge of sympathy moved through Eddie. He was so interested in the girl that he had, honestly, forgotten her suggestion that he telephone her father. "Maybe I can help you some," he said, his heart beating a little faster. "There's a trick I picked up from a guy that used to train prize fighters. Sometimes it does the work better than a headache powder. It's something like a massage."

"If my head would only stop hurting," she replied. "I think I'd be all right."
He went behind her chair and his own hands touched her forehead, moved with steady, soothing pressure over her temple and back of her ears. His first touch she seemed to relax.

"That is very restful," she said. "Don't talk," he cautioned her. After the passage of minutes she said, "I feel ever so much better."
Yet she did not ask him to stop. The touch of his hands was pleasant to her, and actually more penetrating than mere tranquility. She allowed herself to slip into an unthinking repose, while the warm, magnetic strength of his fingers flowed through the pain and began to drive it away. Gradually, she grew used to the almost sedative pressure; she threw off a feeling of strangeness and allowed the easement of her suffering to be replaced by a drowsy balm of comfort.

"You must be tired," she murmured sleepily.
But he did not answer her, nor had she expected an answer. Presently, when he stopped, her eyes were closed. She was peaceful and motionless. He moved away from her soft-footedly, and was careful lest he make disturbing sounds.
A new peculiar happiness ran through him warmly. He had been privileged to touch her and the contact had been vastly more potent than any spoken utterance that would have been possible; the sensation of her smooth skin under his firm fingers had brought them both to some new frontier of feeling.

When he had desired to give voice to his love, he had lacked the effrontery. By daring words, he would have shocked her and driven her away from him. Instinctively, he had chosen the only course that left his future with her still open.
Above all, he was afraid he might shock her and in his crudity tear down the fragile temple he had built in his dreams. If he had tried to tell her how he felt, his words would have appealed only to her mind, and her mind, inevitably would have rejected him. He was a stranger, and not

on her surface, her kind of a man. In her eyes he was still bizarre. Yes, despite everything she was coming under his sway. Subtly, he had begun to reach her in the old, primitive way—neither did she realize the significance of the aluring blind that was beginning to take form.

The twilight in the room deepened and Marian, reposing comfortably in the worn upholstery of the chair, did not stir. So far Eddie could tell, she had drifted into a light slumber and he restrained, with a cat-like carefulness, from making noise.

It was remarkable to him that she had, apparently, fallen asleep under the magnetic touch of his hands, and he suspected that she was only resting with her eyes closed. If this were true, he was immensely flattered that she could feel so secure and at ease alone with him in his darkened house. But he was disturbed lest the situation become so unconventional that she would carry away an indefinite feeling of guilt, and so he prepared a future feeling of restraint.

In his enamored state he attributed to her finer qualities of feeling that amounted—had he been correct—to snobbishness.
Girls like Bernice Veressi he understood without any mysterious chivalry discerning his common sense, but Marjorie Thornlike he considered to be of infinitely more delicate substance. She was touched by a divine mist, and if he made the slightest error she would be lost to him forever.

That Eddie Regan was fired with love for her and that he regarded her with a heavenly regard, was absolutely clear in Marjorie's mind; for the moment she did not bother to examine her reactions toward him, but she was piquantly interested to behold his love manifestations.
With scarcely opened eyes she watched him and knew precisely his thoughts. He tip-toed in the dining room and lit four candles, so that they would not be in utter darkness. He wanted to save her from embarrassment and she half smiled when his back was turned, with kindness at his unsophisticated respect for her.

He returned to the room and sat opposite her quietly; she knew he thought her asleep, and she could almost feel his eyes glowing with tenderness. The light was so poor that he could not observe the narrow opening of her eyes and she rested in perfect scrutiny while she measured him, and found his masculinity easy to gaze upon. There were appealing masculine contours in his well-proportioned body; his dark, virile hair was free from the glossy pomades of other young men; the bony structure of the face underlying the sunburn was solid and symmetrical. She rested easily and thought that it might be deliciously pleasant to pursue all this a bit further.

A half-conscious resolve formed in her mind to encourage him a little. Thrilled slightly with the consciousness of her power, the heritage of her womanhood, she recognized an elfin and Eve-like pleasure in seeing him so helpless and enchanted.
At the moment she opened her eyes, Eddie had been in the midst of a sweetly apologetic speculation as to the bliss that resided on her lips awaiting their first kiss.

Sometimes, unless the whole world was all wrong, that delirium

ous moment of inexpressible joy awaited him. She was probably kissed by other young men, he realized—he was not quite a fool—but it could have meant nothing to her. Probably, she had kissed lightly, foolishly, but when his lips should meet hers for the first time, the whole universe would be born anew for both of them. It was a realization so poignant that it became painful. He found her wide awake and looking at him.

"Did you enjoy your nap?" he asked, smiling with an ease which he certainly did not feel.

"I haven't been asleep at all," she said, honestly. "I've been sitting here and thinking how pleasant it is in this house."

Again his troubled conscious smote him. "I haven't phoned your father," he said. "I am glad you didn't," she informed him frankly. "He would only have been worried and I am quite sure, now, that I am perfectly recovered."

"How's the headache?"
"Much better," she told him. "But it's not gone entirely. I think if you give another of your wonderful treatments it would leave and then you could take me home." She smiled at him with an easy composure that was astonishing.
He got to his feet; hands trembling as he crossed the room and went around again behind her chair.

"It's not comfortable for you standing behind me and bending over," she said. "Sit on the arm of the chair."
She stretched back her head with her eyes closed. A tremor ran through him as he sat on the arm of the chair and touched her forehead with his hands. With her head toward him, he was very near her nose and there was some vague, sweet fragrance radiating

from her body. Once more her skin was under his palms; his fingers touched her soft hair; in a slow progress of tormenting delight: In the faint light of the room her face, so near his eyes, was like a magnet drawing closer and closer.

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES
By Max Trel
Knarf, the Shadow-Boy, Changes His Mind About Books

Knarf—the little shadow-boy, with the turned-back name—didn't like to read books. Why? He thought them more trouble than they were worth, that's why. One day, however, something happened which made him change his mind.

Knarf was traveling with Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow-children—who in turn were accompanying their masters and mistresses. They were on a boat which was steaming into the harbor of an exceedingly large city.

The houses of the city were spread out over three hills, which were connected by bridges. What attracted attention most, however, were a great number of high buildings with immense domed roofs and tall columns. The columns resembled the steeples of churches.

"What's the name of this city?" Yam wanted to know.
"It might be Venice," said Mij. "—or it might be Athens," put in Flor.
"It doesn't matter what it might be," Hanid interrupted. "It is Constantinople."
"That's just what I probably was about to say," Knarf declared, pretending to be very wise. "It's too bad you interrupted."
"O-h," said Yam. "So it's Constantinople. And what are those high buildings with the domes?" she asked Knarf.

"Why, don't you know what they are?" They're—well, you see, they're—
"They're Turkish mosques. It's where the Moslems pray," Hanid said.

"Exactly!" said Knarf. "Everyone knows that!"
"And what are those columns that look like church steeples?" Mij inquired, addressing Knarf.

"They're called minarets," said Hanid, smiling at Knarf. "There's a winding staircase inside each one of them. When it is time for prayers the Moslem priest climbs up to the top and calls out for all Moslems to say their prayers. As soon as they hear him, they lay down their little prayer rugs wherever they happen to be, and then they face towards the East and pray."

Knarf looked at Hanid with growing amazement. He didn't attempt to say anything at all. He just listened.

"And how many times a day does he call from the top of the minaret?" Yam asked.
"Five times. All good Moslems pray five times a day."

Knarf was even more amazed than before. At last he could contain himself no longer. "Where do you find out all these things?" he demanded. Hanid smiled quietly. "I read them in a book."

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The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Exotic Summer Salads—So Easy To Prepare
One of the best home cooks I know has this maxim about salads: "Make dressing of many ingredients, but the salad itself of few."

She uses a great many acids and spices for her innumerable dressings, but her salads never consist of more than three items at most, and usually only two—one or two kinds of lettuce and a single vegetable or a single fruit.

And there's much to recommend the rule. Complicated salads consisting of half a dozen foods are rather overwhelming. In hot weather, if salad is one course of a meal it is most refreshing when moderate in quantity and variety. Yes, one does see extravagant concoctions at some ladies' luncheons—salad courses that are positive confessions, containing everything from celery and pineapple to cheese balls, marshmallows, nuts and olives. Too much. Even if salad is the main dish, with a basis of chicken or sea food, it need not be banked by a ring of too many assorted accompaniments. The simpler the salad in hot weather the cooler it appears to the eye.

Of course, we all want variety without simplicity. The most ardent devotee of the best salad in the world—crisp lettuce and ripe tomato—might find it tedious after the eighteenth consecutive service. We enjoy it all the more for having something else in between. There are all sorts of exotic salads which consist of only one ingredient in addition to the lettuce, and they provide plenty of variety, but impose little effort on the cook.

Alligator pear is one food which makes an ordinary salad quite different. It's a pulp fruit with a very delicate flavor—in its prime when slightly soft to the touch and the green skin is turning brown. One large alligator pear will dress up a salad for four, and it can be combined with any of the lettuces. Cut in half, pare the thick skin, remove the large pit. Then dice and chill. It must always be served very cold. Any French dressing will do, a specially good one being made by adding to olive oil a teaspoon of lime juice instead of vinegar—or lemon juice if you haven't the limes.

If you live where alligator pears (or avocados, as they are sometimes called) are cheap, they can be served by themselves as a salad course. Cut in half and remove pit, but don't pare. Place on ice to chill. Just before serving pour in the center of each half a dressing made by mixing equal quantities of chili sauce and lemon juice, very cold. The pear is eaten with a spoon, like grapefruit.

Watercress, now more common in our markets than ever is a variation from lettuce. It is sold by the bunch and should be soaked in a large quantity of cold water for about ten or fifteen minutes. Then all the sand will drop to the bottom and the cress can be lifted out, crisp and clean. Serve with French dressing, plain or with a few slices of tomato.

All of the cooked vegetables can be made into delightful salads, but they are all the better for being served in limited numbers.

Chilled string beans and watercress—or beets and escarole—chilled cooked asparagus by itself—served with mayonnaise are more appetizing to the eye than a half dozen cooked vegetables mixed together. If you use home-made cooked vegetable, interest can be added to the salad by using a more elegant salad plant—endive or escarole or watercress. Or a richer dressing, adding chopped olives or gherkins or other relish to a plain mayonnaise.

"I'm-m" the shadow-boy remarked. Then he turned to go. "Where are you going?" they asked in surprise. "Going—?" he said. "Why, I'm going to read a book!"

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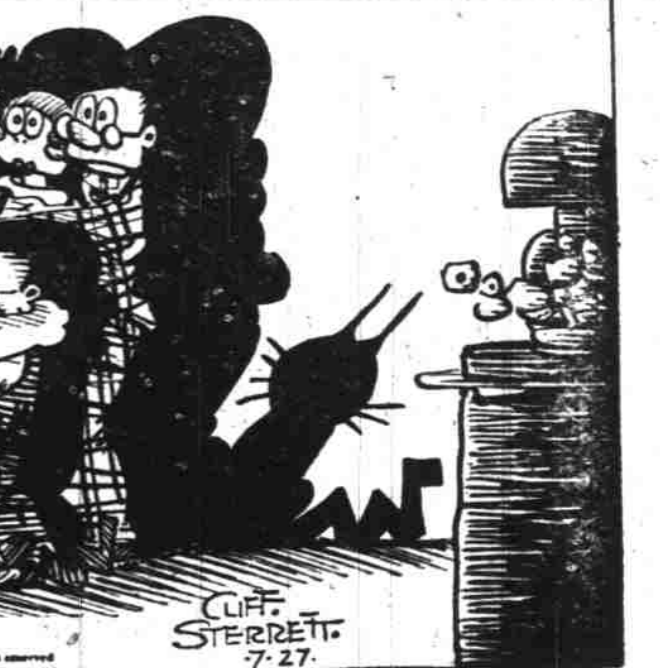
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POLLY AND HER PALS



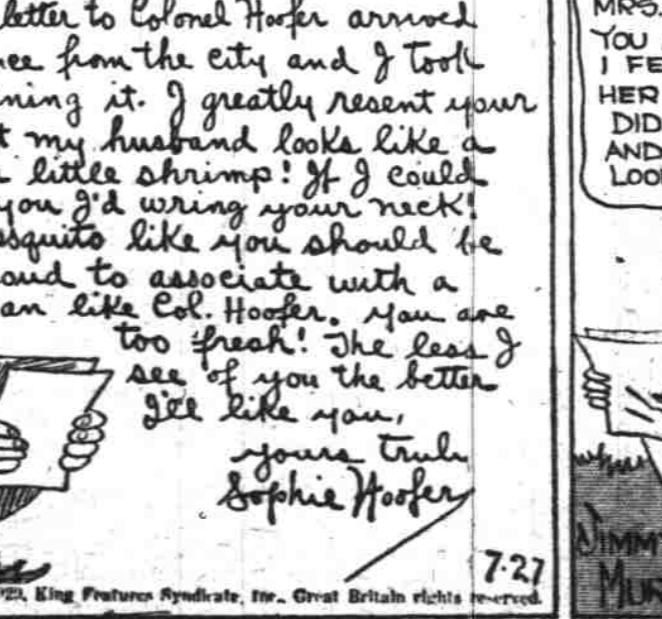
TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



PROTECT FOODSTUFFS FROM CONTAMINATION

Refuse to Eat Doubtful Food and You Will Be Reasonably Safe from Most of the Common Hot Weather Illnesses, Says Dr. Copeland

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

IT IS too bad for any one of us to feel that disease is inevitable. Death is inevitable and by one cause or another each of us will be swept into eternity. But there are some diseases, and common diseases at that, that we have, and really have no business to have.

For instance, there is "Summer diarrhoea." "Dysentery," "flux"—it makes no difference what you call it, this ailment is all too common. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, Summer diarrhoea is the direct result of eating improper or contaminated food. While all the life force may be lower in excessively hot weather, there could be no such disturbance of digestion with out taking the wrong things into the stomach. No matter how well food is produced and how carefully it is handled, there is sure to be some contact with germs or bacteria. Fortunately most of these organisms are friendly ones. Indeed, they may be forms of life that are quite essential to our welfare.

On the other hand, too many of them are anything but friendly. They are real enemies capable of making us very sick.

But even if they are dangerous when taken into our bodies in large numbers, we are strong enough to resist them if their numbers are not too great. It is when the food is submitted to wrong conditions after it is purchased, that the danger becomes a real menace to health.

Unless the perishable foods are kept all the time at a temperature of fifty degrees or less any germs that may be present will multiply. In twenty-four hours a few germs will become a billion.

Any perishable food, you see, may be changed from something valuable to health to something positively dangerous. It is not the food of course, but the germ life and poisons developed within it that make it capable of causing serious illness.

Among the other possible effects of heat upon the food is the development of germs that cause diarrhoea. Summer dysentery is what happens to one who has eaten food contaminated in this manner.

Milk and meat, vegetables and fruits, everything that is uncooked or unprotected by its own natural coverings, may speedily spoil. Even though the seasons of taste and smell may not reveal it, there may be such spoilage, such germ growth, as to make the food unfit for human use.

If you refuse to eat in unclean places and take pains properly to refrigerate the foods in your own home you are reasonably safe. The probability of good health is preserved

by buying nothing except sound fresh raw foods.

Answers to Health Queries
W. E. Q.—Can warts be removed?
2—What do you advise for removing superfluous hair?
A.—Yes. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
B.—Superfluous hair may be removed by the use of the electric needle. The work must be done by an expert skilled in this particular line. For further information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
G. O. Q.—What should a two and a half month old baby weigh?
2—My baby is breast-fed, but troubled with constipation. What do you advise?
A.—At this age a baby should weigh about 12 pounds.
2—Your diet is probably at fault. Add plenty of fresh green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruits, bean and whole wheat bread. See your diet.