Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER XIV

There was no eloquence in his speech; the words came with nervous jerks as he was aware that he was lacking in the power of any spoken romance that would warm her heart. Merely, in his stumbling fashion he was trying to set before her the one fact that obsessed him.

Nor was he disappointed that she did not love him. An easy victory had been no part of his expectations. Her lips, warm and quivering upon his, had not seemed like the lips of other girls and he was not disappointed into thinking that a kiss, however ecstatic, bridged the gulf between them; but his mind held resolutely to the conviction that behind her ethereal beauty and poised culture she was fundamentally human and that, in time, he might become worthy in her eyes. This, he realized, was sheer stuborness of purpose on his part, but without it, all life would be a barren vacuum.

"You seem so terribly sincere that you make me ashamed of myself," she told him. "Of course the whole thing is an impossibility and always will be—that's why I feel so badly."

"It might be impossible if what I feel wasn't permanent," he responded, "but it is—the way I feel about you is indestructible and I don't believe I would have a feeling like that if it meant nothing."

His thoughts were carrying them into a region so purely speculative that Marian felt a necessity of returning to the purely practical.

"You've got to get this out of your head or it will do you harm," she said. "You'll be better off if you forget all about it."

"It won't do any harm and I can't forget about it," he told her, firmly. "If you don't want to hear any more about it I'll keep still."

"I think that might be better," she said, slowly. "Still we could be friends perhaps—"

"And how!" he declared, with a flashing return of his New York vernacular.

"But not," she added, "if it is going to put both of us under a strain. I'll always feel guilty when I look at you and I'll know that you are carrying around a sort of love-delusion in your mind. I'm afraid, Eddie Regan, that we've got ourselves into hot water."

"I like it," he said. "And look—tell me honestly—it doesn't make you exactly miserable, does it, to know that there's a guy like me worshipping you?"

For the first time she spoke to him sharply.

"I'm through talking about it," she declared. "I want you to get the idea out of your head that because I became ridiculous anything exists between us or can exist between us. I'm not going to worry my head with it all, and for your own good, I advise you to quit thinking about me at all."

Her tone was almost vindicative and the sudden sharpness of it, stabbed through Eddie's breast like an icicle. What he had feared had come true—he had pressed forward too far and too rapidly.

"Of course the whole thing is an impossibility and always will be," she told him.

"That's O. K. with me," he said, forcing a crispness into his voice.

"I'm not crazy about forcing myself on anybody where I am not wanted. You're right—I've been a fool to go on like this while you were sitting there knocked out from your fall. You ought to be home and in bed right now. I am going to hitch up the horse to the buggy if you will let me—unless you want me to telephone your father now."

"No," she said, quietly, "I'll ride home with you."

There was the sound of an automobile in the yard. They looked at each other and both were slightly and uncomfortably startled.

So completely had Eddie and Marian been engrossed with the love-issue that the sound of an automobile with its engine roaring outside the door parred them both with surprise. Eddie was on his feet instantly and the girl sat upright in her chair.

"Don't you move," he said to her, with swift concern for her bruised condition. A voice from outside called out a halloa. Eddie sat a lighted candle in the living room and stepped on the porch. A head was thrust out of the car and a full, noisy voice demanded:

"Say? I'm out looking for Miss Thorndike. Her horse went home with an empty saddle this evening and everybody's out looking for her. Did you see her pass your place this afternoon?"

"She is here," Eddie said.

The voice boomed with surprise "The Hell!" A bulky body climbed out of the automobile. "Is she hurt?"

"Not much. Come on inside."

The man came up to the porch, a tall robust figure, a young man with a full face and eyes that protruded slightly in a manner to remind Eddie of a bullfrog. Instantly, and for no explainable reason the atmosphere between them became charged with a vague antagonism.

"She's in the front room," Eddie said.

The feet that tramped across the hall and into the room made harsh sounds on the floor. Eddie's eyes looked at the man's back and noted that his legs were thick in the calves.

"Hello, Tom," Marian said, casually.

"Say, what under the sun are you doing here?" the visitor inquired, with an autharitative ring in his voice. "Don't you know your folks have been half scared to death, thinking you might've fallen off your horse and got killed? Me and half dozen others have been looking all over for you for a couple of hours."

Marian smiled at him. "I am sorry," she said, meekly. "I should have phoned home right away. The fall I got shook me up a bit and it happened right outside Mr. Regan's place so I came up here—but I don't believe you gentlemen know each other. This is Tom Freemen, Mr. Regan."

(To be continued)

Bibulous Bovine Causes Success Of Raid on Still

CLEVELAND, July 29.—(AP)—A Bibulous cow, stumbling in uncertain surprise from the brink of a brook in Broadview Heights, brought Mayor Lloyd Harris and a raiding party to a nearby barn Friday night, causing discovery of two stills and 50 gallons of alleged whiskey. The owner had fled, but his fires were still burning.

Harris said a dariyman told him he saw his cow staggering after taking a drink and investigated. To his amazement the cow's breath smelled of alcohol. He traced the odor to water and thence up stream to the barn. His report to Harris caused the raid.

Brooks Woman is Called Saturday

Mrs. H. R. Scheuerman died at her home in Brooks, Friday morning at 8 o'clock, after a prolonged illness. She is survived by her husband, Rev. H. R. Scheuerman and two daughters and three sons, all of whom are at home. The funeral services will be conducted in Portland.

The Statesman and The Portland Telegram two great dailies for 60 cents per month. To order phone 500.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Oh, My!—It's a Good Thing Yam, The Shadow-Girl, Replaced The Shadow-Blanket!

Be sure, when you go to sleep at night, to leave at least one window open. Then you will be certain of two important things. You will have enough fresh air and your shadow will be able to return its shadow-blanket at daybreak.

I suppose you have never heard of a shadow-blanket. Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned about names—used them every night. When bedtime came around, they would scatter in all directions to look for a shadow. They would pick the shadow of a door, or a wall, or a bush, or a tree, or anything else they liked. Then they would roll the shadow up into a flat bundle and carry it off into their masters' or mistresses' bedroom, and after covering themselves up with it, promptly fall asleep.

They took the shadow at night you see, when everyone was asleep and they always made sure to return it at daybreak before it should be missed.

Now on this particular night it happened that Mij chose for his blanket, the shadow of a doorstep. Flor chose the shadow of a shrub, Hanid, the shadow of a bench and Knarf the shadow of a shutter. Yam, the little shadow-girl, chose the shadow of the awning on the outside of the dining-room window. As all the children's windows were open they had no trouble getting the shadows into the house.

Then they all went to sleep.

Everything would undoubtedly have gone well had not a very commonplace thing happened in the middle of the night. A thunderstorm broke out.

"Br-bang-banb-bo-ooo-m!" went the thunder, following right on the heels of a flash of lightning. None of the children stirred but little Yam's mistress, May. She jumped out of bed in fright and slammed the window shut. Finally, for greater safety, she pulled the blankets over her head and held her ears. In that state she fell asleep again.

At daybreak, Yam, who had heard nothing of all this, awoke. The very first thing she did was to roll up her blanket and go to the window. But when she got there she found it tightly shut.

"May, May!" she cried, shaking her mistress. "Wake up! Open the window!"

The Window Was Shut.

The little girl didn't stir. Then Yam tried to leave by the door. That was shut too, and the key was in the keyhole, so she couldn't slip out that way either.

Meanwhile it was getting later and later. Father was sitting down to his breakfast.

"My dear," he remarked to Mother, "won't you let down the awning. The sun is shining so strongly that I can't see to open my eggs."

With that Mother let down the awning. But strange as it may appear, the sun came through as strongly as ever, for the awning cast no shade.

What might have happened if Mij, Flor, Hanid and Knarf hadn't the presence of mind to stand in front of father's eyes and thus shade him from the light, no one can tell. Luckily, May woke up just then, opened the door and let Yam replace the shadow. But it was a close call—a very close call.

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

The Kitchen—Like the Home Library—Should Just Grow

Every so often some young bride eager to be thorough, says she wants to buy a "complete kitchen outfit," and what to get, please. This is almost in the class of the cross-examining lawyer, who asks a complicated question and demands a yes or no answer.

Why insist on a complete kitchen equipment at the beginning? The experience of most housekeepers who have tried it is that they are over-equipped. Some items never get used at all—and they may be the more expensive ones too. The asparagus steamer, or the duck press, or the eighteen fancy moulds that were absolutely irresistible in the shop may lie neglected for years. They aren't used enough, perhaps, to make them worth their keep. But these things are disclosed only in the down-to-earth daily routine.

My own feeling is that a kitchen, like a library, should just grow. Buy at the beginning a few of the indispensable essentials. Add from time to time what is needed, and what you know by experience is the right size, shape and material that is most suited to the purpose.

The safe procedure followed by a few housekeepers is to start the kitchen with utensils that will be real helps. Fool-proof ones, mechanical aids that will guard against mishaps when the young cook forgets; or that cook things correctly no matter what she does. There are a few such, and they should be bought in good quality because they are items that will be used every single day, will have to put up with much rough wear, but will remain in the family for many years.

Double boiler, to begin with. They guard against the terror of all young housekeepers—scorching. Cereals, egg dishes, some kinds of desserts emerge successfully from the double boiler and some vegetables are best cooked that way.

A generous-sized aluminum frying pan is another staple to begin with. Also one or two small saucepans to hold a quart or two, and a tea kettle while will be used for nothing but to boil water.

To make sure that your coffee is good, whether you know how to make it or not, get one of the French drip-coffee pots of earthenware, not metal.

One doesn't go wrong in buying a number of baking dishes, either of earthenware or glass. There should be a covered casserole to hold about two quarts, a long shallow one, uncovered (for baking fish) and some small ones for eggs and vegetables, etc.

It's necessary to know the family tastes before acquiring some of the more specialized utensils—like waffle iron, cake and pie plates, and so on. If these aren't popular dishes, why encumber the kitchen with their machinery? But, if cake-making is part of the plan, the new shell pans help baking a lot. The pan, so to speak, is taken off the cake instead of the cake being dropped out of the pan as with other dishes—always a slightly risky process. If a waffle iron is to be bought, a good electric one is the safest, insuring even heat, top and botton. If a gas waffle iron is purchased, be sure it is the type that rests high above the flame—the shallow ones, only two or three inches high, are more apt to burn.

When buying muffin rings, buy also the little paper cups that fit into them. They cost little but will save a lot inasmuch as the tins do not have to be greased if paper lined. Also the muffins are sure to come out easily and intact in their attractive paper containers. A meat-chopper is one of those things that last forever and come in handy frequently—sometimes rescuing meats done not wisely, but too well. Buying as one needs may delay furnishing, but in the end there's no waste, and every piece is really useful.

Read the Classified Ads.

FEW PEOPLE FREE OF CATARRHAL SYMPTOMS

Sinus Troubles and Clogged Nasal Passages Are, to a Great Extent, Due to Our Climate, Says Dr. Copeland, Suggesting Treatment.

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

NASAL catarrh is almost as common as existence itself. Hardly an individual in our American climate escapes attack. In one form or another it attacks practically every citizen.

A perfectly normal nose should have exactly the amount of secretion necessary for its lubrication. To require the use of a handkerchief, or at least the frequent use of the handkerchief, is an evidence of abnormality. The amount of the nasal secretion should be like the salivary secretion—there should be just enough to exercise its function.

DR COPELAND

The urge to expectorate frequently is proof of disease. No absolutely healthy person has any excess of secretion.

The nose should be free and clear at all times. Nasal breathing ought to be possible under all circumstances.

As a matter of fact, one side or the other of the average nose is clogged a good deal of the time. It is a common experience for one to have, first of one side and then the other, more or less closure of the nasal passage.

This is due to thickening of the mucous membrane of the nose. There is enlargement of the blood vessels, with ready congestion of these elastic tissues.

There are other cases where one or both sides of the nose may be completely blocked. On examination it will be found, perhaps, that the nasal passage is filled with a translucent, pearly, round and smooth mass. This is a nasal polypus.

Sometimes, when the trouble comes on in early life the contour of the face may be changed by the growth of the polypus. This gives a peculiar flat or "frog-faced" appearance. Fortunately, nasal polypus rarely appears in children. It is more common in adults and particularly in men who are exposed to dirt and dust.

In many cases there are many growths. Instead of one single polypus, there may be a mass, varying in size from a kernel of corn to an English walnut. I have seen many a polypus the size of a small oyster.

It is not sufficient to snare off this surplus tissue. After removal it is essential to treat the underlying difficulty. Otherwise, the polypus quickly reforms, and in a few weeks after its removal there is found a mass as big as before.

The presence of nasal polypus indicates, in most instances, disease of one or more of the cavities opening into the nose and known as the nasal sinuses. There must be treatment of the fundamental cause.

The condition is not serious, but it is disagreeable and demands attention from a specialist in nose diseases.

Answers to Health Queries

A. L. Q.—What do you advise for varicose veins?

A.—If the trouble is slight, bandaging or wearing an elastic stocking is often effective, but in many cases surgical procedure is necessary. Applications of warm witch hazel are beneficial in some instances.

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HOT WEATHER ADVICE FOR MOTHERS OF BABIES

HOT weather is usually bad for the baby. By this I mean excessively hot weather and its effect upon babies who do not receive the best of care.

It is necessary to take care of babies by the clock. Regular habits must be formed and applied.

The first important habit is to have regularity in the feeding time. No food must be taken between the regular feedings.

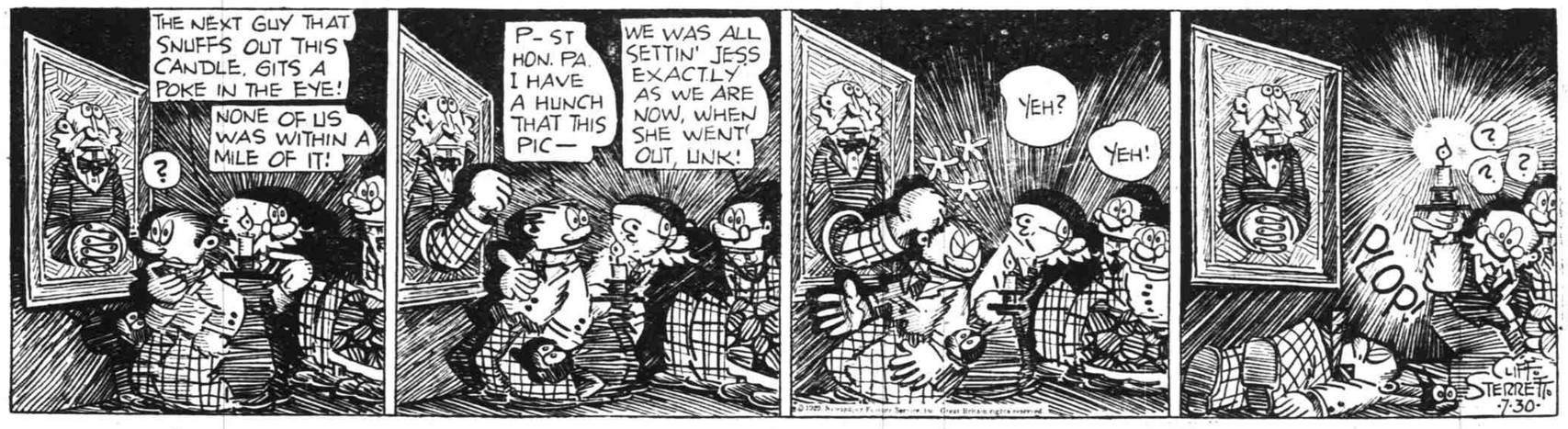
The baby must be taken into the open air at a regular time every day. Unless the weather is extremely bad, this rule must not be overlooked.

The baby must have a regular time for sleep and rest. The young baby will sleep twenty or even twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. The infant should be encouraged to have this amount of sleep.

The mother must give attention to the bowel movements of her child. The feedings must be so regulated that there is regularity in the call of Nature.

POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT

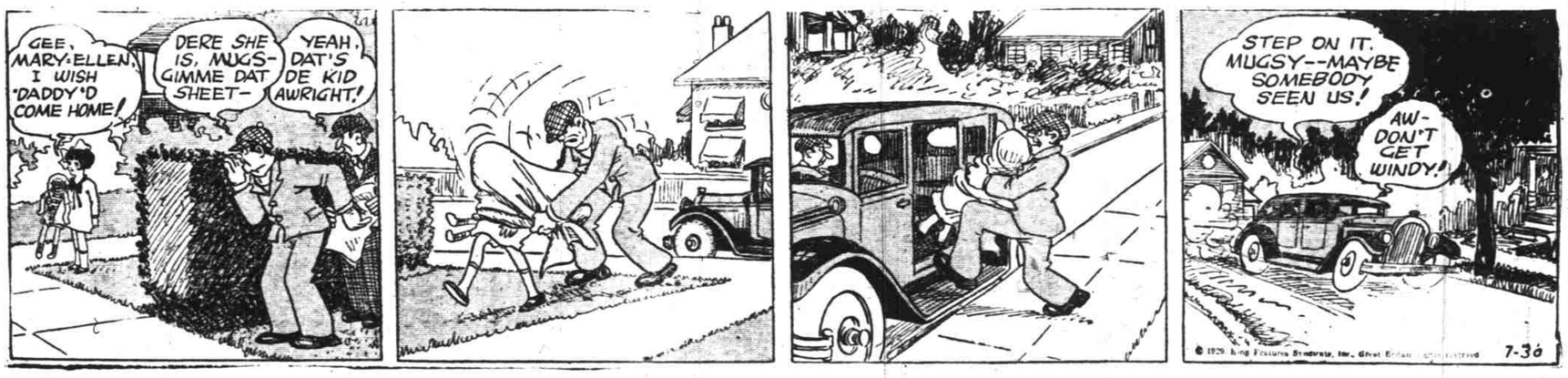


TILLIE, THE TOILER

By RUSS WESTOVER

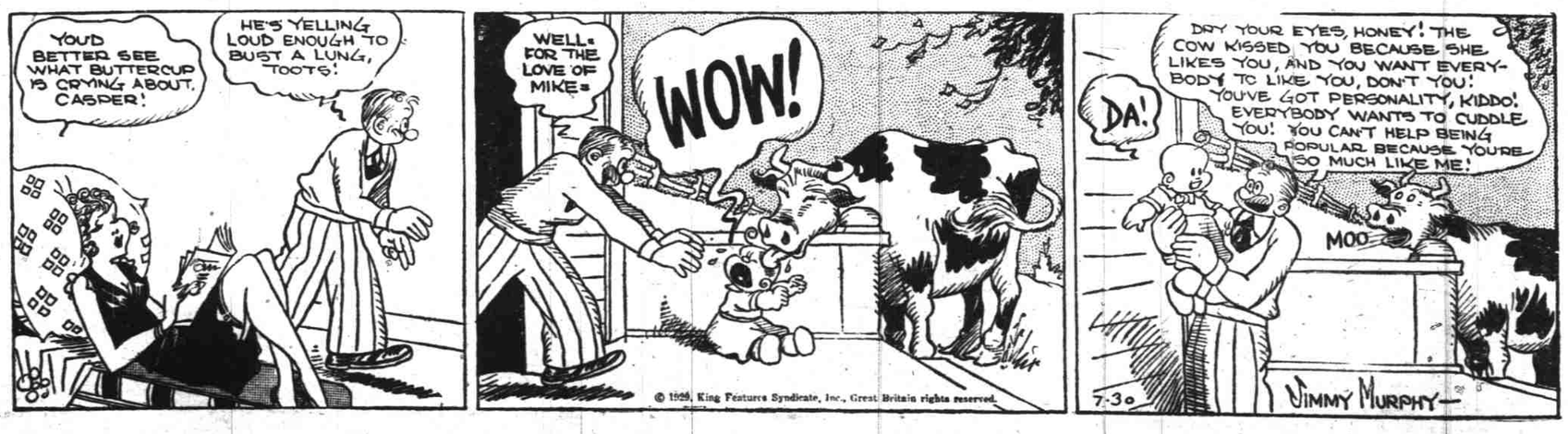
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

By VERD



TOOTS AND CASPER

By JIMMY MURPHY



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