

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER XVI

The mistle filled him with ecstatic joy. He had the sheet of paper in his hand and adored the very formation of the letters—her hand had rested on the fibre of the paper and given it an infinite precious quality. He read the words over five or six times. A great admiration for her, devoid of passion, welled up in him.

"What a girl!" he murmured. "What a darn fine girl!"

She was generous, forgiving, magnificently hospitable. A great urge burned in him to rush to her immediately, but discretion restrained him. He would have to meet her parents and he had a feeling they would not like him. Her father had hated old Penfield Paroline and, no doubt, some rancor would attach to the Paroline heir.

It was barely possible, too, that the invitation to call had been merely perfunctory and a gesture of politeness. Maybe it had only been a mere matter of form—maybe these people down here had a sort of courtesy that caused them to acknowledge even the slightest favor by writing a letter about it.

Eddie frankly didn't know points of etiquette touching such matters. He would have to send off for a book and read up on the subject. But, balanced against all this, was the glorious possibility that Marian Thorndike had meant every word she had written.

Three days passed since he had received her letter and he had dared not call. Every time he tried to nerve himself up, he was assailed by uncertainty, by doubt that undermined his determination. He didn't know how soon she expected him—if she expected him at all—and he was afraid of making a grotesque blunder. A solution occurred to him and he called her up.

"Drop in any time you are passing," she responded to his inquiry as to when he could call. He had felt nervous talking to her over the telephone, and, without meaning to, he had seemed abrupt.

But her voice was cordial enough. Wearing his city suit, which Tohe had cleaned and pressed, Eddie turned his horse and buggy in the lane that led up to the Thorndike home. Everybody else in the county, it seemed, owned an automobile and he was acutely conscious of his poverty. Not for himself did he mind it so much, but he hoped so poor a suitor would not embarrass Marian before her friends.

He hitched his horse to a tree and presented himself at the door. It was opened, not by a colored servant, but by a tall man with white hair and a strong featured face.

"I am calling on Miss Marian," Eddie said.



"I'm calling on Miss Marian," Eddie said.

"Oh, yes—she's around some place. I am her father."

He was a pleasant spoken man and there radiated from him a graciousness that instantly put Eddie at ease. Few of the people he had known in New York possessed such a gift. Even as he liked Marian he approved of her father.

"My name is Regan."

So slight was the change in his attitude that Eddie could not be sure that a change occurred at all; yet there was a bare hint of aloofness or dislike that had sprung into existence.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Regan—I'll see if I can find my daughter. Won't you sit down?"

He left Eddie alone and suddenly the whole house seemed to fill with a frigid disapproval. Marian came into the room and Eddie again felt a swimming sensation of bliss at the contact of her hand in greeting. It was the first time he had seen her in her own home, and she blended with a homelike, yet dignified, well proportioned, high-ceilinged living room and the subdued, gracious furnishings.

In a light summer dress she revealed a cool loveliness that was somehow less sophisticated than the effect she produced when clad in riding clothes. The thing he admired so greatly about her was her self-possession. In contrast, he imagined his own face was flushed, and there was danger that he might stumble on a rug.

"So glad to see you," she said smoothly. "You are just in time for tea."

It was the first time in his life

was slightly ill at ease because she kept the conversation at once free from anything personal between them. There were a number of books in the room—late novels—and she asked him if he would care to read them.

(To be continued tomorrow)

GOVERNOR REFUSES TO HELP MURDERER

LOS ANGELES, July 31.—(AP)—After perusing a report made by District Attorney Buren Fitts on the case of Russell St. Clair Britzel, who is scheduled to hang at San Quentin prison on Friday, Governor C. C. Young announced late Monday that he was convinced of the condemned man's guilt. He stated that he had "no recommendations to make on his plea for delay in execution or for clemency."

Britzel was convicted of murder a year ago of Barbara Mauer, whom he had brought to Los Angeles from Philadelphia. Recently he made a claim that the slain woman was not Miss Mauer, alleging chiefly that no fillings ever had been put in the latter's teeth, whereas such were found in the teeth of the slain woman.

This and other claims were investigated by the district attorney, whose report Governor Young examined and described as having been "very thorough."

NICARAGUAN CONSUL KILLS BEST FRIEND

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—Francisco D. Perez, Nicaraguan consul-general, fired a bullet across the aisle of a crowded cable car today and severed the spinal cord of his friend of years, Celso De Leon, 45.

Police declared the motive had been found in the estrangement

of Perez and his wife, Mrs. Perez, who lived in the same apartment house as De Leon.

Perez was held tonight on charges of assault to commit murder. De Leon, manager of a large importing and exporting firm, was believed dying. He was paralyzed from the waist down.

The shooting caused a near panic on the cable car. One other passenger was cut by flying glass from one of the two bullets which went wild. The third ploughed through De Leon's lung and lodged in his spine.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel
Mr. Him and His Typewriter
Interest the Shadow-Children

One day as Mr. Flor. Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the odd, turned-about names—were passing the library they heard a curious noise. It sounded like clack-clack-clickity-click.

Knarf, being the most inquisitive, peered in. And so you know what he saw! He saw me sitting at my typewriter, typing a story about him!

Of course he came right in, beckoning the others to follow. Then he sprang upon my desk and sauntered up to the very edge of the typewriter, for he was curious to see what I was writing about him. I saw him and his companions very clearly, but I pretended not to notice them at all.

"I'll write down everything they do," I said to myself, watching them out of the corner of my eye. Knarf leaned down over the desk and called softly to the others: "Come up here! We'll have some sport!"

"Are you sure it's safe?" Yam asked cautiously.

"Sure—re it's safe!"

Then they sprang lightly upon the desk and regarded me stealthily from the farthest corner.

"Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you!" Knarf assured them.

"Indeed I won't hurt you, my little shadows!" I felt like saying,

But I didn't say a word.

Little by little they gained courage and crept closer to my typewriter. At length they reached the bottom of it and stood watching my fingers go dancing over the keys.

"Hasn't he got smart fingers?" Mij remarked.

"Why?" asked Hanid.

"Because they know how to spell,"

"Humph!" said Knarf. "They don't know how to spell at all!"

He glanced up at me. "Mr. Him is telling them how to spell," he said to Mij.

Then the little shadow-boy started to make his way up towards the paper, which was stretched out on the roller like a

at the top of the typewriter.

"You'd better not go!" Yam said. "Something unexpected may happen!"

Instead of heading her, he leaped nimbly onto the letter Z. From Z he leaped to A, a thing only a turned-about shadow-boy would think of doing. Then he skipped up to the letter Q and finally to the quotation mark, on the top-most line of keys. Then he moved towards the paper, which was now quite near.

Perhaps all might have gone well with the inquisitive Knarf had he not done a singularly foolish thing. He let himself down on the paper and started running along the words, reading as he ran.

The letters came click-clicking down just beneath him. All at once he tripped over a hyphen and

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Try Tasty Cheese Dishes for The Meatless Days

Believe it or not, there are over 200 kinds of imported and domestic cheeses sold in this country today. About a dozen can be bought in average city markets—the rest are delicacies obtainable only in the more expensive shops. But even if the easily obtainable kinds are experimented with, there's enough of variety to prepare cheese dishes frequently without ever making it monotonous. Even when cheese is expensive it is less costly than meat.

There's no waste, and a pound of cheese contains twice as much nourishment as a pound of beef.

When should cheese be eaten? It may be an appetizer—a canapé at the beginning of luncheon or dinner consisting of a strip of toast with a bit of melted cheese. Or it may be the main dish—a cheese soufflé or a combination of cheese with spaghetti, macaroni or vegetable which will add bulk to cheese substance. Or a course of crackers and cheese may be served instead of a sweet. But most epicures agree that cheese is not suitable as an accompaniment to another kind of dish. For example, we often see cheese served with salad or even with pie in some eating places. Two different and inharmonious flavors. Cheese should be eaten by itself to get the maximum enjoyment out of its own particular tang, and this should not be drowned by mixing

tumbled head-over-heels to the end of this sentence just as I made the period. It was a very sharp period and it pinned him fast to the paper.

"Help! Help!" he cried, squirming.

I own I shouldn't have known what to do had not Hanid, whom I always knew for an exceedingly clever little shadow-boy, suddenly leaped astride the index finger of my right hand and made it write three letters which instantly freed Master Knarf. These three letters spelled the—END.

with other acids or sweet flavors. Cream cheese is delightful as a separate course with crackers. It must be perfectly fresh, however, and used promptly. Unlike other cheese it cannot be kept for days, and is at its best only when fresh. The best cream cheese is pure white, has a sour milk flavor. If it is too flaky for spreading on sandwiches, rub with a little sweet or sour cream. It can be mixed with pimiento, chopped olives, chopped walnuts or watercress to make delicious sandwich fillings.

Camembert is also a good separate course cheese, but is not a warm weather cheese. It is best in winter, and then is eaten complete, brown mold and all.

Roguefort is another separate course cheese. It is white with green and bluish streaks, and has a salty rather than a sour flavor. The Italian Gorgonzola and the English Stilton are somewhat similar.

Swiss cheese, used for sandwiches and hardly anything else is varied in quality, and is made in many countries besides Switzerland. The best cheese, wherever it comes from is judged by its holes. They should be evenly distributed and moderate size. If the holes are too small and too few it is just as bad as when they are too large and so numerous that they run together and there are more holes than cheese.

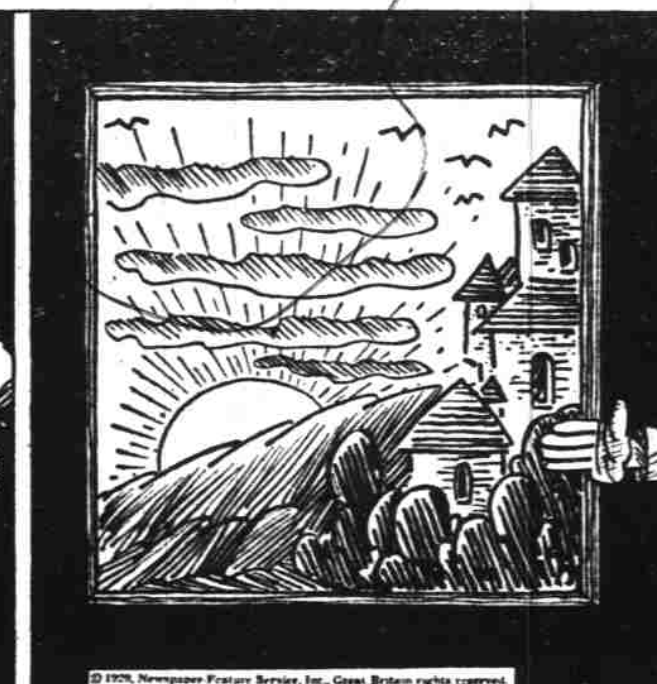
Cheese Soufflé
1 cup grated American cheese.
1/2 cup milk.
2 tablespoons butter.
1 tablespoon flour.
2 eggs.

1/4 teaspoon salt; dash of paprika.

1/4 teaspoon mustard.
Cook and stir smooth the butter, flour, milk and seasoning. Remove from fire, add grated cheese and beaten egg yolks and set aside to cool. Then fold in stiffly beaten whites, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve as soon as puffed and brown as it falls quickly.

By CLIFF STERRETT

POLLY AND HER PALS



Body Poisons Mean Danger

Dr. Copeland Explains the Evil Effects That Follow from a System of Blood and Intestinal Poisons.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

NOT long ago I told you about the dangers which result from the absorption of body poisons. Why is it we overlook the importance of this subject?

I have no doubt that constipation is a far greater factor in disease production than is generally believed. It stands to reason that the presence in the body of a fermenting mass, must give rise to unpleasant symptoms.

Fortunately, the lining membrane of the lower bowel, the colon, is so constructed that absorption through its tissues is not great. But, in spite of this protective measure, happily provided by far-seeing Nature, there is some invasion of the body by this route.

Not only is there direct absorption, but bacteria or germs find in the content of the colon just exactly the proper conditions for rapid growth. Ultimately these agents, possibly of disease, are taken up by the blood.

Once more we have occasion to be grateful to the Master Creator. Provision has been made to filter out of the blood these poisons, whether they be chemical or bacterial.

But if their quantity and number are too great, the poor, over-worked liver cannot handle them. Then they get into the general bloodstream and are carried to every part of the body.

Just what will happen then depends on chance and the resistance of the individual. We are confident, however, that rheumatism, heart disease and various of the so-called "degenerative diseases," may be traced to the evil effects of chronic constipation.

It is unwise to regard constipation as an unimportant condition. It is certainly as much a mistake to neglect the intestines as it is to neglect the teeth. Neither should be done.

Almost invariably constipation is the direct effect of wrong eating. A proper selection of foods will be likely to benefit any case.

Of course there are other factors. The walls of the intestines are largely muscular. These muscles are just as dependent on right living as are your other muscles.

Nobody need be told the importance of exercise, sunlight and the out-of-door life as being capable of benefiting the general muscular system. They are just as important to the welfare of the intestinal muscles.

Think over what I have said today. Perhaps you, too, are among those neglecting the intestinal tract.

Answers to Health Queries

R. B. Q.—What do you advise for shortness of breath?

A.—This may be due to a number of causes. Have a careful examination and then treatment can be prescribed.

Q.—What are the symptoms of writers' paralysis?

A.—Can cause injury the general health of the one afflicted?

3.—If any, what cure is there or what can be done for relief?

A.—Stiffness of the fingers and difficulty in holding a pen or pencil.

2.—No, not necessarily.

1.—Discontinue writing for a while, and build up the general health.

M. B. Q.—What is the cause of

an eruption on my arms and legs and sometimes on my body which looks like blisters? These blisters are very itchy at certain times.

A.—You are probably troubled with eczema. You should eat simple food, abstaining from starches, sugar and coffee. For other information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

HOT WEATHER ADVICE TO MOTHERS OF BABIES.

EVERY baby must be given the best of food. Until it is old enough to take solid food, mother's milk or cow's milk properly modified is all the child should have, except a little orange juice or tomato juice every day.

The fortunate baby is the one fed by the mother. If she is well enough and has a sufficient supply of milk, that is the ideal way.

Unfortunately breast feeding is not possible in every case. In that event the mother must find a source of supply for high-grade cow's milk. You must take no chance about this. It is absolutely necessary to be sure that the milk comes from a healthy cow and is properly handled before it comes into the mother's hands.

In the preparation of the cow's milk for the use of the baby, there are certain details which must be observed. Your doctor or the district nurse will explain these to you.

Let me point out now that cleanliness of milk, cleanliness of the hands that handle it, and cleanliness of the utensils used in its modification, are essential to the health and life of the baby.

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TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY