

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, is now a member of a Virginia, where he meets Marian Thordike, Bernice Verest, "gang girls" who in love with Eddie. Eddie's dream of Marian, Penfield Paradise, last member of an aristocratic southern family, whom Eddie befriends, dies and leaves Eddie all his possessions. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she discourages him. She is thrown from her horse, and Tom Freeman, searching for her, finds her in Eddie's house, where she has gone for help. He takes her home, and the next day Marian sends a note of thanks to Eddie for taking care of her. He goes to call on her, and the door is opened by her father, Marian and Eddie are having tea when the servant announces that Tom Freeman is now on with the story.

CHAPTER XIX.

"It might be a little too rich for your blood," Freeman suggested.

"Yes—that's the idea. You'll be a lot healthier if you stick to your own brand of weather and keep yourself in the shade. Happier—and healthier."

"You're a bum weather prophet," Eddie told him.

Tom Freeman scowled. "It's too bad you are not a gentleman or all this wouldn't be necessary."

"Listen," Eddie faced him with a steady eye that was growing colder every second. "You don't have to worry about me or my health, Buddie. Not a tall. And if you've got anything to settle with me, you don't have to stall around with hints. If you've got anything on your mind let's hear it."

"If I had anything to say to you on my own account I wouldn't have wasted this much time," Tom Freeman informed him.

"The truth is, Regan, that I'm not exactly speaking for myself. I'm doing it on behalf of a friend. You came this afternoon to Mr. Thordike's home and out of common politeness he couldn't say anything to you while you were on his place."

"Couldn't he? Well, there was nothing to stop him if he had wanted to—and I don't believe he sent you to tell me anything either."

"You're right about one thing—he didn't send me," Eddie admitted. "As you remember he called me out of the room a little while ago and we had a talk. I suppose you know about the hard feelings between him and Mr. Paradine?"

"I know all about it." "If you know all about it, you ought to have better sense than to go hanging around Mr. Thordike's place. He didn't have any use for you, either. Maybe it ain't your fault—you're a stranger. That's the way things stand. Mr. Thordike don't change his mind every time the wind blows. He told me straight out that he didn't like your looks and he didn't want you coming around here, or associating with Miss Marian. Of course, if you come right up to his front door he's got a temper like a bolt of lightning and it will make it easier on everybody concerned if you just take your name out of the pot. That's about as plain as I can make it, I reckon."

Eddie fumbled with the hitching strap, purposely delaying his departure.

"So that's the way he feels about it, is it?" "Yes, that's the way he feels."

"Maybe you feel the same way?" "You're a good guesser."

"You don't like me, do you, Freeman?" "I don't like your style of beauty."

"You mean you don't like my face?" "I don't like your face."

Eddie very leisurely climbed into his buggy, but he did not start it until he was alone.

"I hate to leave you in that unsatisfied condition about the looks of my face," he said quietly. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you—I'll give you a chance to change the looks of my face any time you feel like it. There won't be a bit of trouble finding me any time you feel like taking a sock or two at my man. You know where I live and the gate's always open. Any time you come up with your coat over your arm I'll be tickled to death to accommodate you."

Tom Freeman's face was lazy with contempt. "When I get around to it I may take you up on that proposition," he said.

"Meanwhile, you've had your warning about keeping off this place and keeping away from Miss Marian. A fellow like you doesn't belong hanging around a girl like her and I'm not speaking in her father's behalf now. I'm talking for myself."

Eddie slipped the reins on his horse's back. "Come up and see me some time," he invited, "and we'll figure it all out back of the barn—or any place you say."

As he drove home Eddie carried a hurt feeling in his breast. It grieved him to know that he had been an unwelcome guest in Marian Thordike's home. That her father's prejudice against him was senseless made the sting of no more or less severe.

His first impression of the old gentleman had been one of amiable gentility and it was bitter to realize that so far as Eddie Regan was concerned Mr. Thordike's prejudice was justified.

him did she but know the sordid background of underworld life he had lived through.

In his bedroom he walked to the mirror and faced himself in the looking glass.

"You got away from the muck of the game in New York, Eddie Regan," he told himself seriously. "The trouble is that some of the muck is still clinging to you. You're trying to climb up among the stars before you've cleaned yourself of all the dirt you've brought down here with you. If you cared as much about her as you pretend to yourself you'd pitch in and do something that would make a real man out of you. You're a great guy for dreaming but when it comes to work you're not so hot."

He went to bed and awoke in the morning with a new eagerness to get to the fields. If human labor could cleanse the soul and strengthen the fibre of man he would work as no man had ever worked before. He would do the work of two men, three men. With his axe he attacked the trees in the woods furiously and felled gigantic crashing lengths of timber. Later, with Tombe on the other end of a cross-cut saw, he furnished three-fourths of the energy that sent the sharp blade eating through the wood. With the heavy logs on his arms he built stack after stack of drying piles.

"I've got to work like hell!" he muttered.

The petty tasks of the farm he delegated to Tombe, saving for himself the heavy muscular efforts. In the burning up of energy he found that he was harassed less by vain yearnings and caustic jealousy.

Sooner or later he was going to meet Tom Freeman. There was savage exultation in the thought; a deep, satisfying task awaited his fists.

Eddie found that he was beginning to worry so much about the apparent hopelessness of his love for Marian Thordike that he was losing his perspective on other matters and making himself completely miserable. And that, he told himself, was a sign of weakness. With difficulty he tried to convince himself that Marian Thordike was only one element in his life—that other things were quite as vital.

Bitter self-approach gorged him for moaning and moping around. So far, he had done little or nothing to make himself worthy of his love for the golden spirited girl, gently bred and sensitive and gloriously perfect, who would be violently repelled from him.

When they heard a voice say: "Good afternoon!"

They quickly looked around. For the voice seemed to come from within the shrub. They saw nothing.

"Good afternoon!" said the voice again, this time with a little chuckle in it. They peered as closely as they could. Yam, who was the smallest, crept into the shrub and poked around. There was no doubt that the voice was there. But where was the body that the voice came from? That was the question.

All at once a tiny twig dropped to the ground. The shadow-children paid no attention to it, of course. A twig wouldn't be likely to say "Good afternoon."

But this twig did say "Good afternoon." It said it so loudly and so plainly that they were too startled to return its greeting.

"I hope I haven't frightened you," it said. "I just wanted to let you know I was here." With that it started to walk off.

The shadow-children saw now that it wasn't a twig at all. But it bore the most striking resemblance to one. Its long straight body was brown like bark with just a hint of green. It had six legs of the same color. The two front legs, however, were shorter than the other four and instead of touching the ground, were curled up like a trunk. They were brown and green at the bottom, like tiny leaves. Its head was set high up and its tail, leaf-green, was also curled. It looked like something made out of little bits of twigs and leaves.

"Oh, so you aren't a twig!" exclaimed Flor. "I'm supposed to be one!"

Noting that the children seemed more puzzled than ever, it said: "I'm a Walking-Strick. At least that's what I'm called, although it would be more proper to call me a Walking-Twig. I'm shaped and colored like a twig in order to go about my business without being bothered. I mean, that by being mistaken for a twig, I won't be eaten like other insects by birds."

"And you're an insect!" said Hanid in surprise.

"Yes—just an insect. But no one takes me for one. My disguise is perfect. Why don't you children disguise yourselves as something else, then you won't be taken for what you are?"

"Oh, we don't mind being taken for what we are," said Mij. "Because we're not eaten by birds," added Knarf.

"Well, suit yourselves," said the Walking-Twig. "I'm going for a walk."

"You oughtn't to go in that direction," Hanid said. "The swallows are all about."

"Pooh-pooh! Who cares for swallows! They won't recognize me." Then it strode off on four legs, its head bobbing up and down in time with its stride.

The shadow-children followed along after it, for they were captivated by its odd shape. They still couldn't believe that it was an insect and not a twig.

Upon reaching the meadow, it climbed upon a small flat stone and sunned itself, disregarding the swallows that were whirring and skimming over the ground near by.

"Better watch out," Hanid warned.

"They'll never get me in this disguise—" it started to say, when all of a sudden, a swallow did swoop down upon it. In the twinkling of an eye it was gone. The shadow-children clacked their tongues in pity.

When they heard a voice say: "Good afternoon!"

They quickly looked around. For the voice seemed to come from within the shrub. They saw nothing.

"Good afternoon!" said the voice again, this time with a little chuckle in it. They peered as closely as they could. Yam, who was the smallest, crept into the shrub and poked around. There was no doubt that the voice was there. But where was the body that the voice came from? That was the question.

All at once a tiny twig dropped to the ground. The shadow-children paid no attention to it, of course. A twig wouldn't be likely to say "Good afternoon."

But this twig did say "Good afternoon." It said it so loudly and so plainly that they were too startled to return its greeting.

"I hope I haven't frightened you," it said. "I just wanted to let you know I was here." With that it started to walk off.

The shadow-children saw now that it wasn't a twig at all. But it bore the most striking resemblance to one. Its long straight body was brown like bark with just a hint of green. It had six legs of the same color. The two front legs, however, were shorter than the other four and instead of touching the ground, were curled up like a trunk. They were brown and green at the bottom, like tiny leaves. Its head was set high up and its tail, leaf-green, was also curled. It looked like something made out of little bits of twigs and leaves.

"Oh, so you aren't a twig!" exclaimed Flor. "I'm supposed to be one!"

Noting that the children seemed more puzzled than ever, it said: "I'm a Walking-Strick. At least that's what I'm called, although it would be more proper to call me a Walking-Twig. I'm shaped and colored like a twig in order to go about my business without being bothered. I mean, that by being mistaken for a twig, I won't be eaten like other insects by birds."

"And you're an insect!" said Hanid in surprise.

"Yes—just an insect. But no one takes me for one. My disguise is perfect. Why don't you children disguise yourselves as something else, then you won't be taken for what you are?"

"Oh, we don't mind being taken for what we are," said Mij. "Because we're not eaten by birds," added Knarf.

"Well, suit yourselves," said the Walking-Twig. "I'm going for a walk."

"You oughtn't to go in that direction," Hanid said. "The swallows are all about."

"Pooh-pooh! Who cares for swallows! They won't recognize me." Then it strode off on four legs, its head bobbing up and down in time with its stride.

The shadow-children followed along after it, for they were captivated by its odd shape. They still couldn't believe that it was an insect and not a twig.

Upon reaching the meadow, it climbed upon a small flat stone and sunned itself, disregarding the swallows that were whirring and skimming over the ground near by.

"Better watch out," Hanid warned.

"They'll never get me in this disguise—" it started to say, when all of a sudden, a swallow did swoop down upon it. In the twinkling of an eye it was gone. The shadow-children clacked their tongues in pity.

"The swallow did recognize it!"

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Mr. Walking-Strick Placed Too Much Confidence in His Disguise.

One afternoon Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with their turned-about names—were sitting under a shrub in the garden

when they heard a voice say: "Good afternoon!"

They quickly looked around. For the voice seemed to come from within the shrub. They saw nothing.

"Good afternoon!" said the voice again, this time with a little chuckle in it. They peered as closely as they could. Yam, who was the smallest, crept into the shrub and poked around. There was no doubt that the voice was there. But where was the body that the voice came from? That was the question.

All at once a tiny twig dropped to the ground. The shadow-children paid no attention to it, of course. A twig wouldn't be likely to say "Good afternoon."

But this twig did say "Good afternoon." It said it so loudly and so plainly that they were too startled to return its greeting.

"I hope I haven't frightened you," it said. "I just wanted to let you know I was here." With that it started to walk off.

The shadow-children saw now that it wasn't a twig at all. But it bore the most striking resemblance to one. Its long straight body was brown like bark with just a hint of green. It had six legs of the same color. The two front legs, however, were shorter than the other four and instead of touching the ground, were curled up like a trunk. They were brown and green at the bottom, like tiny leaves. Its head was set high up and its tail, leaf-green, was also curled. It looked like something made out of little bits of twigs and leaves.

"Oh, so you aren't a twig!" exclaimed Flor. "I'm supposed to be one!"

Noting that the children seemed more puzzled than ever, it said: "I'm a Walking-Strick. At least that's what I'm called, although it would be more proper to call me a Walking-Twig. I'm shaped and colored like a twig in order to go about my business without being bothered. I mean, that by being mistaken for a twig, I won't be eaten like other insects by birds."

"And you're an insect!" said Hanid in surprise.

"Yes—just an insect. But no one takes me for one. My disguise is perfect. Why don't you children disguise yourselves as something else, then you won't be taken for what you are?"

"Oh, we don't mind being taken for what we are," said Mij. "Because we're not eaten by birds," added Knarf.

"Well, suit yourselves," said the Walking-Twig. "I'm going for a walk."

"You oughtn't to go in that direction," Hanid said. "The swallows are all about."

"Pooh-pooh! Who cares for swallows! They won't recognize me." Then it strode off on four legs, its head bobbing up and down in time with its stride.

The shadow-children followed along after it, for they were captivated by its odd shape. They still couldn't believe that it was an insect and not a twig.

Upon reaching the meadow, it climbed upon a small flat stone and sunned itself, disregarding the swallows that were whirring and skimming over the ground near by.

"Better watch out," Hanid warned.

"They'll never get me in this disguise—" it started to say, when all of a sudden, a swallow did swoop down upon it. In the twinkling of an eye it was gone. The shadow-children clacked their tongues in pity.

"The swallow did recognize it!"

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Foul play! Nonsense! In a twenty room palace like 'Graystone' neewah could easy have lost himself!"

"He ain't lost, maw. He's stole!"

"The poor boy was just about to dish me some dirt when he vanished!"

"Click!"

"He knew too much!"

CLIFF STERRETT 85

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE THOUGHTFUL OF YOU WHILE MISS PHILLIPS WAS HERE, TILLIE, BUT I'LL MAKE UP FOR IT NOW!"

"YOU WOULD BE OFF FOR LIFE, MAC!"

"I KIND OF HAD A HUNCH TILLIE WOULD BE SORE AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF MISS PHILLIPS."

"IT'S JUST TOO BAD—THAT'S ALL!"

"SAY, BOSS—DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE MY VACATION RIGHT AWAY—I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD."

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MAC—GO AHEAD!"

"I'M GONNA MAKE MAC SORRY HE EVER FELL FOR THAT DIZZY BLONDE, MISS PHILLIPS—I WON'T TALK TO HIM FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS."

RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"YESSIREE, MARY-ELLEN—I'M GONNA FIND SOME WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THIS HERE ORPHANAGE—I DON'T KNOW WHEN OR HOW."

"--BUT I'LL FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT--SHA--I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMIN'!"

"IT MUSTA BEEN JUST 'MAGINATION, MARY-ELLEN--"

"H--M--M--! SO THAT'S HER GAME, EH! HEH-HEY-HEH!"

"POOR LITTLE ANNIE HAS MADE THE COMMON MISTAKE OF TALKING TOO MUCH AND IT MAY BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED MRS. MEANY WILL EXACT FROM HER THE FULL PRICE OF ERROR--"

JIMMY MURPHY

TOOTS AND CASPER

"WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, CASPER!"

"MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE REMAINED LONGER AT UNCLE EVERETT'S RANCH, TOOTS! WE CERTAINLY HAD A WONDERFUL VACATION!"

"HOW COME THAT BUFFET DRAWER OPEN? I LEFT IT LOCKED!"

"WHY, OUR SILVERWARE IS GONE, TOOTS!"

"HEAVENS! SOME OF MY CLOTHING HAS BEEN STOLEN, TOO! OUR HOUSE WAS ROBBED WHILE WE WERE OUT OF THE CITY!"

"YES, AND THE THIEF SNITCHED ALL OF OUR LINENS, TOO!"

"QUICK, CENTRAL! GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS!"

JIMMY MURPHY

POINT OUT DANGER IN FOOD, DRINK EXCESSES

Dr. Copeland, Commenting on the Report That Diabetes Is on Increase, Agrees That General Dietary Knowledge Will Help Prevent This Disease.

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

In a recent report of a great life insurance company appears this significant statement: "It is our best judgment that diabetes is on the increase, in spite of the use of insulin."

"But why?" you will ask. "Because of the dietary excesses practiced by the American people."

This report shows that for the first three months of 1929, the death rate from diabetes was in excess of 23 for each 100,000 of the population. It is feared that this year will show the highest percentage of deaths ever recorded from this cause.

Overindulgence in food and drink is regarded as the chief factor in producing the disease. But here is a comforting statement: "This is one of the diseases which, among older people, may be prevented by popular education."

Nature is more than generous. She is even prodigal in bestowing her gifts. She has equipped the body with organs and parts that are capable of supplying all the digestive substances that are needed by reasonably sensible human beings. She even prepares for moderate excesses.

All of us are interested in the experiments made to refuel the airships. Without fuel there must come an end to any flight. The refueling experiments have proven that the machine itself is capable of sustained flying far beyond the time necessary to go half round the world, or even more. The present problem is to find a way for one airship to carry the necessary fuel for such a prolonged flight.

In a sense the body is like the airship. With its present equipment for the supply of digestive materials, it cannot go beyond the normal field of its flights. Insulin helps to refuel, but unfortunately, its use is not suitable for every case. Consequently, it is not safe to overdo the things that may result in this form of physical disaster. The consumption of food must be limited to such quantities as can be handled by the digestive organs.

Many chemical wonders are performed within the body. One of them is the manufacture in the "pancreas"—the "sweet bread"—of an important substance. This is added to the food content of the intestinal tract, for the purpose of making the sugar we eat acceptable to the blood and body. Without an abundance of this pancreatic substance, there arise a series of symptoms resulting in impaired health. This is diabetes.

This disease may result from one of two causes—a decrease in the quantity of the pancreatic chemical, or the habitual eating of foods in excess of the quantity that can be acted upon by this chemical. Possibly both causes may exist, with increased probability of serious trouble.

Diabetes is only one of the bad results that follow overindulgence in food and drink. Temperance is the only rule of safety.

Answers to Health Queries
R. H. Q.—How much should a girl aged 17, 5 feet 6 inches tall weigh?
A.—She should weigh about 126 pounds.

M. B. Q.—What causes one to wake up in the morning with a severe headache?
A.—The common causes of headache are: Eye strain, infected teeth, tonsils and sinuses, constipation.

E. G. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 16 years old and 5 feet 2 inches tall?
A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 114 pounds.

J. S. Q.—What should a boy weigh who is 15 years old and 5 feet 4 inches tall?
A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 130 pounds.

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By JIMMY MURPHY