

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Rem... once a member of a New York gang, had escaped to Virginia, where he meets Marian Thorn-dike, Bernice Vereast, "gang girl," who is in love with Eddie. Eddie is forgotten in Eddie's dreams of Marian. Penfield Partridge, last member of an aristocratic southern family, whom Eddie befriends, dies and leaves Eddie all his possessions. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but discourages him. She is thrown from her horse, and Tom Freeman, Marian's father, finds her in Eddie's house, where she has gone to 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 Mr. Freeman.

CHAPTER XX

When fall came he would have brought wood cut and corded to bring in a sizeable sum of money. The money, though, was not important. With an outreaching kind of effort, and effort only, counted. To Tobe, Eddie's efforts seemed superhuman. The old negro was used to the lackadaisical labors of southern farmers and he looked, almost with fright, upon the Herculean industry of Eddie.

"Mistah Eddie, you is certainly gwine tear yo'self apart wid dis yere goings on. All dis wuk ain't needed."

"Got to keep busy, Tobe," he said, calmly.

"Can't see no reason for it—lessa you got somethin' on yore mind." The old yellow-white eyes looked with a glimmer of shrewdness upon Eddie's sweating face. Eddie paused sharply.

"What do you mean by that wisecrack?"

A bland studied impassiveness came over the black face. "Nuffin at all, nuffin at all."

"What do you nuffin is on my mind?" Eddie persisted.

Tobe hesitated. "It ain't none of my business."

The desire, the immediate necessity, for some sort of human understanding—even old Tobe's—strained in Eddie's breast. There were times when it seemed as though he must speak of Marian Thorn-dike or fall into the foolish habit of talking to him.

Tobe, heretofore, had been no consolation to him at all; sometimes it seemed as though the old negro, too, considered himself an alien there, an outsider.

"Come on, Tobe," Eddie almost pleaded. "You know something, don't you?"

Slowly the old negro nodded. "Ah knows the big woman what wuks in Miss Marian's kitchen. Ah hears 'round 'bout what goes on amongst the white folks. Scure me, suh, but dey is saying dat Miss Marian an her pappy had done had a whooping big fuss 'bout you comin' on the place, suh."

Eddie was swept with painful open secrets locked up in his own breast, and he was startled to find them common property. But there was a thrill, too—almost happiness—in Tobe's news. If Marian and her father had quarreled about him it must mean

that she had ranged herself on his side of any controversy.

"What did you hear, Tobe? Listen, why don't you come out of your shell and tell me everything you know? Here we are both working on this farm and you ought to feel friendly toward your boss. I've treated you all right, haven't I?"

The old negro nodded solemnly. "Us is on one side of de fence, an' Mistah Thorn-dike an Mistah Freeman is on 't'her; dat's all I know."

"But you know something about Tom Freeman. Tell me what he is like? Is he considered to be a good fellow or not?"

"Mistah Freeman ain't a bad man and he ain't a good man. What he is is a mean-tempered gennummunt what's always bound to have his own way. Everytime some o'ath young gennummunt comes hanging 'round Miss Marian, Mistah Freeman he done drives 'im off. One time Miss Marian think what she'll marry Mistah Freeman an' den again she changes her mind. Her pappy wants her to marry him but she ain't gwine say no till she makes up her own mind for certain."

Eddie hesitated to ask the question that was burning in his mind. It was not easy for him to expose his feelings to one as simple and, apparently, as loyal as old Tobe. Still, he simply had to find out, if possible.

"Tobe, tell me this. Did that black woman friend of yours ever let on to you how Miss Marian felt about me?"

The black forehead wrinkled portentously in the effort at developing a balanced judgment.

"Miss Marian ain't said nuffin, to nobody 'bout you, suh. All I kin gather is what dat old black woman picks up out of de air. An' it seem to me like that Miss Marian is actin' 'bout you like she is gwine to marry you."

Eddie was amazed at the underground telegraph that seemed to exist among the colored folks. They knew, apparently, everything the white people did and were surprisingly alert to guess

at significant actions. Again it was Tobe who brought him more suggestive information. Marian's father and mother, the negro informed him, were absent now for a few days from the country, visiting in Richmond. Marian and the two negro women servants were keeping the house.

Eddie threw off the disagreeable knowledge that Mr. Thorn-dike did not want him on the place and determined to call on Marian. The need to see her was a hunger he had resisted too long.

ly standing up for him through a sense of justice. "You are still a dark horse to get off to a bad start—a hundred to one shot."

But the instinct in him made him cling with feverish desperation to his slim chance.

Two weeks of heavy manual labor had passed since his first and last call at the Thorn-dike home. He had thrown himself violently into physical toil with the spiritualized idea that he might attain some mystic purification and strength through redoubled toil. Work became a passion with him. He was a zealot, a fanatic castigating himself with slavish exhaustion of the body. But, after all, he was no medieval penitent to scourge himself uselessly.

He was a young man desperately in love and, after a time, reverted back to the inevitable human longings of his type.

"All these noble ideas are O. K.," he confessed to himself. "But I need something else. I need to look at her face."

His steady labors, though, had done one thing for him—his fibrils were more closely knit and his mind seemed to have a steadier poise. There was a feeling in his nerves that he had ascended to a higher pitch than ever.

No word from her had come to him directly. He wondered if she was seeing much of Tom Freeman, but there was satisfaction in the report that she had broken three A's, three T's, two S's, and two E's. The others watched her very curiously unable to imagine what she was up to. When she completed the letters, she captured eleven ants and forced them each to hold a letter. She had great difficulty making them stay in line, for they were eager to run back into the hill with the seeds. As they stood the letters read: ATSCA.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Handed Gives The Other Shadow-Children A Lesson In Grammar.

"Today we'll have a grammar lesson," said Hand to Mij, Flor, Yam and Knarf—the little shadow-children with the turned-about names—who were all sitting in the garden.

"How can we have a grammar lesson when we have no pencils?" asked Mij, who disliked grammar.

"—and no paper?" added Knarf, who liked grammar no better than Mij.

"Don't worry about those little things," Hand said. "We can find very good substitutes." With that she led them all to the other side of the garden and sat them all down on a little pebble in front of an ant-hill. The ants were busy running into the hill with their flat pine-seeds which they carried in an upright position like flags. Hand gathered eleven of these seeds and scratched letters on them. She made three A's, three T's, two S's, and two E's. The others watched her very curiously unable to imagine what she was up to. When she completed the letters, she captured eleven ants and forced them each to hold a letter. She had great difficulty making them stay in line, for they were eager to run back into the hill with the seeds. As they stood the letters read: ATSCA.

TATRE.

"It doesn't mean anything at all!" the shadow said. Hand merely smiled. Then she quickly changed the places of the ants about and they read:

CATS EAT RATS

"Oh, h," said all the others. "Now it does mean something!" "And now we'll have our grammar lesson," said Hand.

"What is the subject of this sentence?" she asked Yam. "The subject is ants," retorted Yam.

"No, the subject is cats. And what is the verb?" she asked Mij.

"The verb—I don't see the verb," said Mij, rubbing his eyes. Hand looked around. The EAT had changed into TEA, which is a noun, of course. She hastily put them back into place again. Then she turned to Flor. "What

this sentence?"

No one answered. "It's the last word in the sentence," said Hand, at last. "It's a wonder none of you were able to guess it."

"I know it now!" Knarf cried. "It's cats."

"Cats!" exclaimed Hand. "Is that the last word in the sentence?"

And turning around she was astonished to see that the sentence now read:

RATS EAT CATS

"I wish these ants wouldn't run about so," she said, running over to put them back in correct position again. But when they saw her coming they grew so frightened that they dashed off into their hill, taking the letters with them.

"Now the object of that sentence will be to feed ants," remarked Knarf, pretending to be very sorry that the lesson was so rudely interrupted.

"The object of this sentence?"

"The object of this sentence is to teach us grammar!" Knarf broke in.

"M-m-m," said Hand. "That's quite true. But it isn't what I mean. I mean which word in this sentence is the object. Cats eat—what?"

"Cats eat anything they like."

"Do they eat rats?"

"Yes, when they can catch them."

"Do they eat them in this sentence?" said Hand, beginning to lose patience.

"Yes."

"Then what is the object of



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Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Keeping up with Bathroom Styles

Stylish bathrooms this fall are to be enormously cheerful in color—enough to make anybody sing in the morning tub. Going, going, gone will be the pallid pastels of previous years—the pale lavender, faint rose, soft greens are vanishing. So too are the hard black-and-white effects.

Red, yes, a positive scarlet, is one of the chosen colors for the newest bathrooms. Yellows and greens and blues are used, but they are the vivid bright hues. Orange is another new shade scheduled for use, especially in combination with green tile. And of course colors are not confined to walls and floors but to all the fixtures and equipment. Fixtures, bath curtains, chairs, window curtains, clothes hampers, bottles—everything into the very tubing of the shower carries out the color scheme.

One new style that has very practical aspects to recommend it is the new floral wallpaper. It's a washable fabric, needing only a quick wiping with a damp cloth

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to restore it to a bright, fresh, new appearance. Naturally it isn't as expensive as tile although it is as easy to clean. These new wallpapers are made in a variety of patterns to match the color scheme of curtains and other bathroom equipment.

Of course all of these patterns in wallpaper or curtaining require careful matching with other fixtures. Paint must be the exact shade and although there may be several harmonious colors in the room, shades must be identical. However, this doesn't look difficult, what with the sedulous manufacturers of all bathroom items putting them out in every conceivable shade. If you've an orange bathroom, mat and towel and bottles and even soap can be obtained in this shade.

Bathroom mirrors are now more elegant in appearance—in fact, the same kind of mirror is sold for bathroom as for living-rooms. They are etched and ornamented, and like some of the modernistic living room mirrors, are to be hung without a frame. (And since the bathroom mirror is used more perhaps than any other in the house, why shouldn't it be the most attractive one available?)

Bath mats are now as varied in pattern as rugs. The rubber composition mats are very practical—soft, durable and will stand a lot of rough wear. Of course these too come in what shade will you have? Soft wool in solid colors, or in patterns of modernistic geometrical figures are comparatively easy to match despite their vivid shades, whereas some new home furnishings are succumbing to the temptation of a stunning bathroom rug, and then developing the color scheme of the rest of the room around the rug.

And even the tiniest bathroom can now have a chair as part of its equipment, for the last word is a narrow, deep-curling stool of classical pattern—good to look at and very comfortable.

DESCHUTES FOREST IS SWEEPED BY FIRES

BEND, Ore., Aug. 5.—(AP)—Two big forest fires, one of them flanking the 10,000 acre Fox Butte burn of 1926, were raging uncontrolled in the Deschutes timber late Saturday night with more than 250 men fighting on the far-reaching lines.

In the Fort Rock district, scene of many timber fires in past years, a fire that was listed by lookouts as a thin wisp of smoke earlier in the day, grew into a 600 acre fire in less than two hours.

Northwest of Bend in the Three Sisters foothills another fire was burning Saturday in the Brooks-Scanlon timber holdings. Fanned by a stiff breeze this blaze was racing through an area of yellow pine. A third fire was reported late tonight, six miles south of the Sisters.

Trench building equipment, including four tractors, were moved to the Fort Rock country and tonight the work of back firing had started. Unless the Fort Rock fire

Numerous Offers Of Cars Reported

Response of Salem automobile owners to the request of the American Legion convention commission for registration of courtesy cars has been exceptionally good, members of the transportation committee reported Saturday.

Notices of assignments were mailed out that day.

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POLLY AND HER PALS



"A Tactful Subtraction."

By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"The Bacteriologist."

TOOTS AND CASPER



"A Detective On The Job."

By JIMMY MURPHY

SUMMER DRINKS AND THEIR HEALTH VALUE

Your Body Needs a Lot of Fluid in Hot Weather. Says Dr. Copeland, and the Popular Flavored Beverage Is a Good Way of Getting It.

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

THIRST is one of the effects produced by hot weather. Even those persons who rarely take a drop of liquid between meals, find themselves yearning for a drink.

This perfectly natural longing raises the question what to take. Shall it be plain water or something else?

The manufacturers of carbonated beverages are rendering a great public service. Under the most sanitary conditions, using the purest of ingredients, they are producing wholesome, delicious and really nutritious summer drinks. Indeed, their products are good for us every day of the year.

When it comes to the discussion of any beverage sold in a bottle, we are on dangerous ground. So intense is the feeling of many good people that they hate the "bottle." That object has been used through so many years as the symbol of drunkenness, debauchery, and crime, that it is difficult for them to look otherwise than in doubt upon anything put up in a bottle.

A moment's thought will show that this conclusion is illogical and unjust. There is a vast difference these days between the bottle and what the bottle holds.

The making of carbonated beverages has been standardized. The recognized makers employ expert chemists and other scientists. Their products are nonalcoholic. They may be purchased with perfect propriety by the most pious of persons. Their use is endorsed by all moralists. A case of bottles containing one of these drinks, may be delivered at your door without raising a question of your attitude toward prohibition.

Mr. Bryan, chief apostle of temperance, was a devotee of grape-juice. You may buy this, or one of the many brands of ginger ale, sarsaparilla, lemon "pop," or other flavored drinks, in a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Q. L. Q.—I am 17 years old and would like to be taller. What can I do?

A.—You will continue to grow until you are 21 years old. You have no immediate cause for worry.

D. C. Q.—What causes one to perspire under the arms, and what will relieve it?

A.—This is usually due to a disorder of the sympathetic nervous system. Hot water compresses applied under the arm for half an hour are beneficial.

T. Q.—How can I reduce in weight?

A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control as regards the diet. Exercise is, of course, essential. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.



DR. COPELAND.

Answers to Health Queries

B. W. Q.—What do you advise for constipation?

A.—You should eat simple, well-cooked food. Avoid foods unduly rich in fats and starches. For other particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

S. R. Q.—How can I reduce? I—What should a girl of 15, 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall weigh?

A.—Eat very sparingly of starches, sugar and fats. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed

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