

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

## CHAPTER XXV.

He knew all too well. She was recognizing impulses that the three and girls of his past knew all about. They had names and terms for such things that her ears had never heard. After all, despite her fineness and intelligence, she was childlike in her lack of experience.

"I get you," he said. "When you are all steamed up, I'm the right fellow—but outside of that I'm a frost." He even managed a wry smile. "Just a great fever and that's all," he added, with rude humor.

"I'm not trying to hurt you," she explained. "But I couldn't love a man unless he made me look up to him; he would have to stand for something definite. He would at least have to be ambitious."

"Well, I've got ambition," Eddie declared. "Maybe I am not capable of doing big things—but I'd like to."

To answer him meant to wither him, but Marian, now, did not spare the lash. "What ambition have you? What big things do you hope to do? You needn't answer me—I know the only ambition you have is to possess yourself of a girl you happen to want. The only thing you bring to love is just the mating instinct and even the animals have that. Before I could love a man he would have to have all that and give evidence of something more, something fine. Don't you see, Eddie—it's all so terribly important for us to go on!"

Marian's analysis of the impossibility of love—they were both thinking of marriage—between them deprived Eddie of all his triumphant feelings. He was beaten, brushed by words against the unanswerable logic of her position it seemed mere empty bragging to offer the dry husks of his ambition. Hers was a nature that required something substantial and solid to build upon. And his future was as vague as the shadows cast by the moonlight trees on the lawn before them. It was no use telling her that he hoped to marry her, not her family. For him it was impossible to measure love against material achievement—to measure it up against worldly success. He had no right to leap to his almost vagabond conception. She was a woman and her ideals about men were vastly higher than his.



"The Big Guy got knocked off" Arno told him

own. "I don't know what I can say to convince you of anything," Eddie told her. "I am ambitious—I work harder than any man in this county."

"What kind of work?" He had to confess that his labors were chiefly concerned with cutting cordwood.

"You're doing the same thing any uneducated colored man could do and probably do better," she told him. "You could chop trees the rest of your life and still never raise yourself above the level of a common laborer. Don't you see that, Eddie?"

"What do you think I ought to do?" "Nobody has the right to tell you what you should do. The world is filled up with a thousand tasks waiting to be done—calling for a man's best effort. How can I advise you? You work with your body, your muscle, and totally neglect to develop or use your mind. No, I could never look up to you, Eddie, with honest respect if you didn't rank yourself higher than that. I'd always be comparing you with other men and apologizing for you to myself. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

What she said seemed to be true; yet in his heart he knew that she was somewhere in error. He knew, also, that he was unable to answer her. All things on earth might be subject to logic and opinions—but not love. Love must be the supreme force in life—single handed, it was stronger than all possible arguments that beat upon it. But he could not command the words to give the ring of truth to his voice. "Do you understand what I mean?" she asked him, with unmeninging kindness.

## CAREFUL FEEDING WILL HELP BABY TO HEALTH

From Babyhood to Old Age Indigestion Is a Common Ailment, Says Dr. Copeland, Stressing the Importance of Watching Infant's Food.

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

Men and women are only grown-up children. The ailments they have are much the same as those experienced by an infant. The only practical difference is that older persons have gained strength and, with it, the ability to resist disease.

In the long list of human ailments, troubling as from the cradle to the grave, is that old enemy of mankind, indigestion. You have it, your father and grandfather suffered from it and your grandchildren will have it. From babyhood to old age, it is the most common of complaints.

Why should indigestion be so frequent an ailment? You will ask this question, but you know the answer as well as I do.

Too much food, unwholesome food, contaminated food—in one of these is found the answer to your question.

You can "choke" the machine of your automobile by giving it too much gas. It rebels at once. Likewise, your stomach and digestive organs rebel against an excess of food.

A tiny baby must be fed in exactly the proper way or there will be trouble, trouble which starts more quickly than it does in an adult.

The symptoms produced by the wrong feeding are likely to be much more violent than in the grown-up.

Vomiting is a common sign in infants. If fed too fast, too often, or too much, the baby is almost sure to vomit within a few minutes after the bottle is finished.

It is a very important thing to have the hole in the rubber nipple exactly the right size. If the opening is too large, the milk is received so rapidly that the stomach resists. Five minutes is too short a time to empty a bottle. A quarter of an hour or even twenty minutes is about right.

Let me warn the mother, however, that it is almost as bad to permit the child to nurse too slowly. If it lingers at the bottle for a half hour or more, it is likely that a lot of air will be swallowed with the milk. Then there will be colic and vomiting.

This is one of the things that happens when the hole in the nipple is too small. By taking note of the time required to empty the bottle, it will not be difficult to select the right sort of nipple. The feeding should be complete in a period of time not to exceed twenty minutes and not less than fifteen.

To have the milk too concentrated, is another cause for baby's indigestion. It must be borne in mind that cow's milk is different from mother's milk. It must be properly diluted or its richness will upset the digestion.

There are a few of the many things that the young mother must consider. I trust they are suggestions that will be helpful.

### Answers to Health Queries

N. T. Q.—What do you advise for ringworm?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

C. D. Q.—What do you advise for colitis?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

M. D. Q.—How much should a girl aged 14, 5 feet 2 inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 111 pounds.

L. W. Q.—Is diet important in cases of a gottre?

A.—Yes. The general health requires first consideration. Eat your meals at regular intervals. Add to

your diet milk, fresh eggs, plenty of green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruit. Internal medication should be prescribed by a family doctor.

J. F. Q.—Would diseased and enlarged tonsils cause choking spells?

A.—Yes. It would be wise to have them removed.

A. G. Q.—What causes the feet to be cold all the time?

A.—What causes pains across the heart?

A.—This is usually due to poor circulation. Build up your general health and your circulation will improve.

2.—It would be wise to have your head examined to make sure that it is normal.

**HOT WEATHER ADVICE TO MOTHERS OF BABIES.**

**I**Babies get thirsty. Many a child wails for want of water. You know how you can suffer on a hot day without an ample supply of water. A little baby can suffer terribly from the same cause.

Many a young mother believes that the fluid milk a baby is given is all the liquid it requires. This is not the case. A teaspoonful of cool water will bring a sense of happiness to the face of the baby.

It is not safe to give a tiny infant water out of the tap or out of the well. It is rare indeed for any ordinary drinking water to be entirely free from germ life of some sort. This water is not tainted sufficiently to be harmful to adults, but it might be very disturbing to a little baby.

All the water given an infant should be prepared just as carefully as the milk is. It should be vigorously boiled for a few minutes and then poured into a bottle previously boiled. After this the bottle is stoppered and put away to cool. This is the only sort of water which should be given to a baby.

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bed and staring at the wall like a man in a daze. He had come to the end, definitely, of one phase in his relationship with Marian Thorne. A line of conduct they had both followed was now blocked. A new start would have to be made. He was consumed with curiosity about the future.

Then, one day, he awoke to find his very soul in utter revolt against the protracted toil. The last ounce of random, nervous energy had burned out of him and when he went to the woods, trees pressed in around him in a circle like the bars of a cell. He threw down his axe and returned to the house.

When he returned downstairs from his bedroom, Tobie was astonished to find him dressed in his one good suit of clothes and wearing a white shirt and collar. "Hitch up the horse and drive me to the railroad station," he told the old negro. "I'm going away for a few days. But, first, how much money can we rake together?"

Eddie was surprised to find that, counting the money he had brought from the city, they had

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## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf Teaches the Three Chinese Plate Princes How to Subtract Lemon Drops

Mij, Flod, Handi, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow children with the turned about

names—were strolling about inside the Chinese Plate one afternoon when they met King Sum-Tweet-Te. His Majesty greeted them sadly.

"I don't feel happy at all," he confided to the shadow-children, sitting down wearily by the side of the road. He removed his crown and tapped his head with one finger.

"What's the matter?" Handi inquired. "Are your subjects giving you too much trouble?" Yam wanted to know.

"No, it's not my subjects. It's my three princes. No one can get them to learn anything. I'm afraid they'll never get through school. Just think of not being able to get through school!"

The shadow-children shook their heads gravely as they thought about it. It was a dreadful thing indeed not to be able to get through school, and the worse since they were princes and supposed to set a good example throughout the kingdom. The princes' names, you recall, were Breat, Butter and Jam. They were called so because of their habit of always being found together.

"I should be more than satisfied," His Majesty continued, "if they could do even the simplest problem in subtraction as, for instance, ten minus ten."

"O-o-o!" Knarf broke in. "There's nothing to that. I can teach them in no time!"

The King looked up hopefully. "Can you really?" he asked. "You mustn't imagine that it's easy. I haven't told you their greatest fault. You can't get them to listen to you because they're too busy eating lemon drops."

"Lemon drops!" the shadows exclaimed. "They love lemon drops," said His Majesty. "They take after their mother."

However they all started for the palace, which was nearby. As they entered the garden they spied little Breat, Butter and Jam sitting under a tree eating lemon drops, while walking up and down in front of them was Ting-a-Ling, their tutor holding up a large blackboard on which were written a great many numbers.

"Please, Your Royal Highness, listen to me a moment. How much is ten minus ten?" Ting-a-Ling pleaded with them. But they went right on munching the lemon drops and paid no attention to him whatever.

"You see what it's like?" King Sum-Tweet-Te sighed. "But Knarf stepped forth bravely. 'I'll teach them,' he said. 'Just watch me!' And with that he went up to the three princes and said 'How many lemon drops have you?'"

"I have three," said Breat. "I have five," said Butter. "And I have two," said Jam. "That makes how many altogether?" asked the shadow-boy.

"I'll teach them," said Knarf.

"It makes less than we had when we started early this morning," said Breat, while his two brothers nodded in agreement.

"Humph," said Knarf, "that's not the way to figure. Please open your hands and let me see the lemon drops. There are three in Breat's hand plus five in Butter's—that makes eight—and two more in Jam's and that makes a total of ten. Now, just watch this very closely I take ten away from ten," he said suddenly snatching all the drops out of the open hands, "and that leave how many?"

"Why," cried the three princes, in one voice, "that leaves nothing!"

"There, you see," Knarf said boastfully, turning to His Majesty.

## Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Metal Furnitures—Decorative and Practical—Winning Popularity

"Is it serious?" That was a common question put about the early metal furniture offered for the home. You saw them at the various modernistic exhibitions—chilly, steely squat shapes and strange angles that looked anything but convenient.

Most of the first frenzies have vanished. And a lot of beautiful and useful metal decorative furnishings are now with us, and gaining in popularity. With good reason.

As far as practicality is concerned metal furniture has a good deal to commend it. It can be used without kid gloves. Scratches, cigarette burns, and all the other varieties of rough home treatment which furniture gets in a lively household doesn't deface metal. No heartbreak when you see a masculine heel comfortably resting atop a decorative table when it's of metal. And dribble, fern metal furniture, when it is of good quality, is made to resist all sorts of abuse.

Of course, the grain and color of wood make furniture a joy to the eye, and so the makers of metal furniture for home use are imitating wood finish. And imitating grain and color so cunningly that it not only deceives eye but even the touch. Feel this apparently maple or mahogany table, and it's difficult to believe that it is not wood. Beds, chests of drawers, desks, dressers, vanity table and living-room "occasional" pieces are now being made in metal.

Not all of it simulates wood of course. The coffee tables, console sets, end tables, cellophanes,

ty "now they know the answer perfectly."

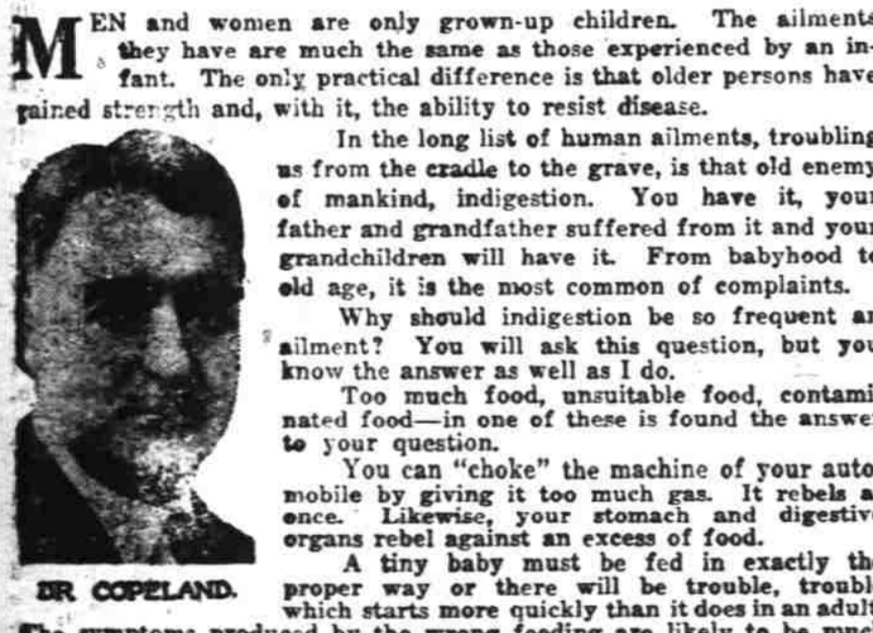
And without waiting for any thanks from the delighted King, he hurried off, munching the lemon drops as he went.

telephone cabinets, are made of brass, wrought iron, and finished in antique style, or burnished. Combinations of metal with marble or onyx are popular for tables and cabinets; metal with velvet for the occasional chair in foyer or at desk or telephone table.

Metal floor lamps—especially the so-called "bridge lamp" have had a great vogue in recent years and far from declining, new variations are scheduled for fall decorative schemes. One of the newest models is a boudoir lamp of metal combined with Dresden china shepherdess. Or metal bases are combined with delicate silk shades. A striking floor lamp is one made of metal, fashioned with a background of blue glass behind the metal candlestick top.

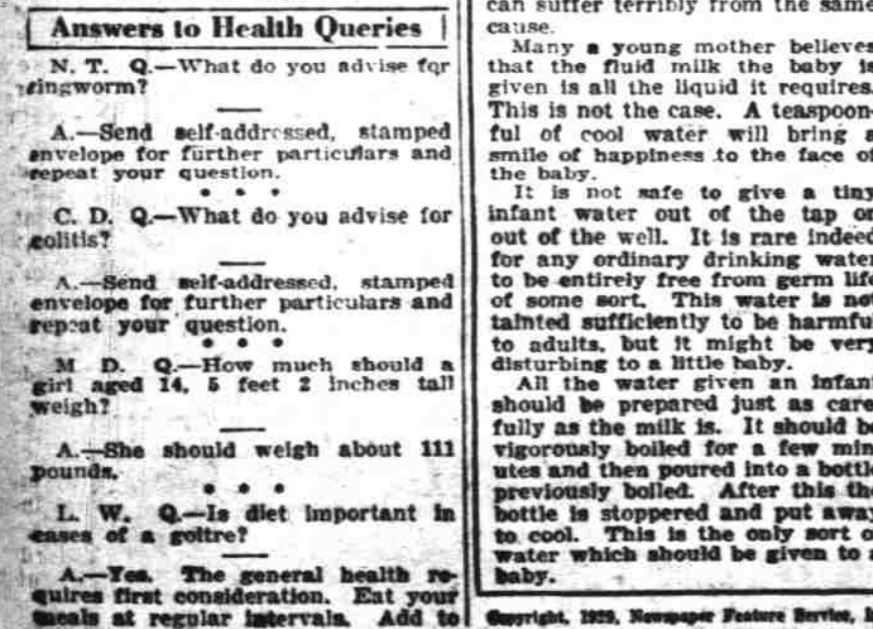
And if you're a bit weary of the four-foot taper which though graceful, gets monotonous when seen everywhere—there are many pleasing possibilities among the modernistic metal lamps. They come in every size and height—from two inches up. In all sorts of metals—brass, copper, silver—and their pleasant, squat shapes demand short fat candles.

A particularly attractive example was shown recently in one of the modern galleries. It was an utterly new kind of three-branched candlestick. Instead of three spaces in a row, there jutted out from either side of the metal stand three sizes of metal pots—like diminutive oil lamps of an earlier era. The first one—which was the largest of the three—extended a few inches from the bottom of the straight stand. About a foot above it, on the other side was the second, somewhat smaller container, and the third on the opposite side. The stand should have looked unbalanced with two candleholders on one side and only one on the other. But by some skill in design, the whole was symmetrical and pleasing.



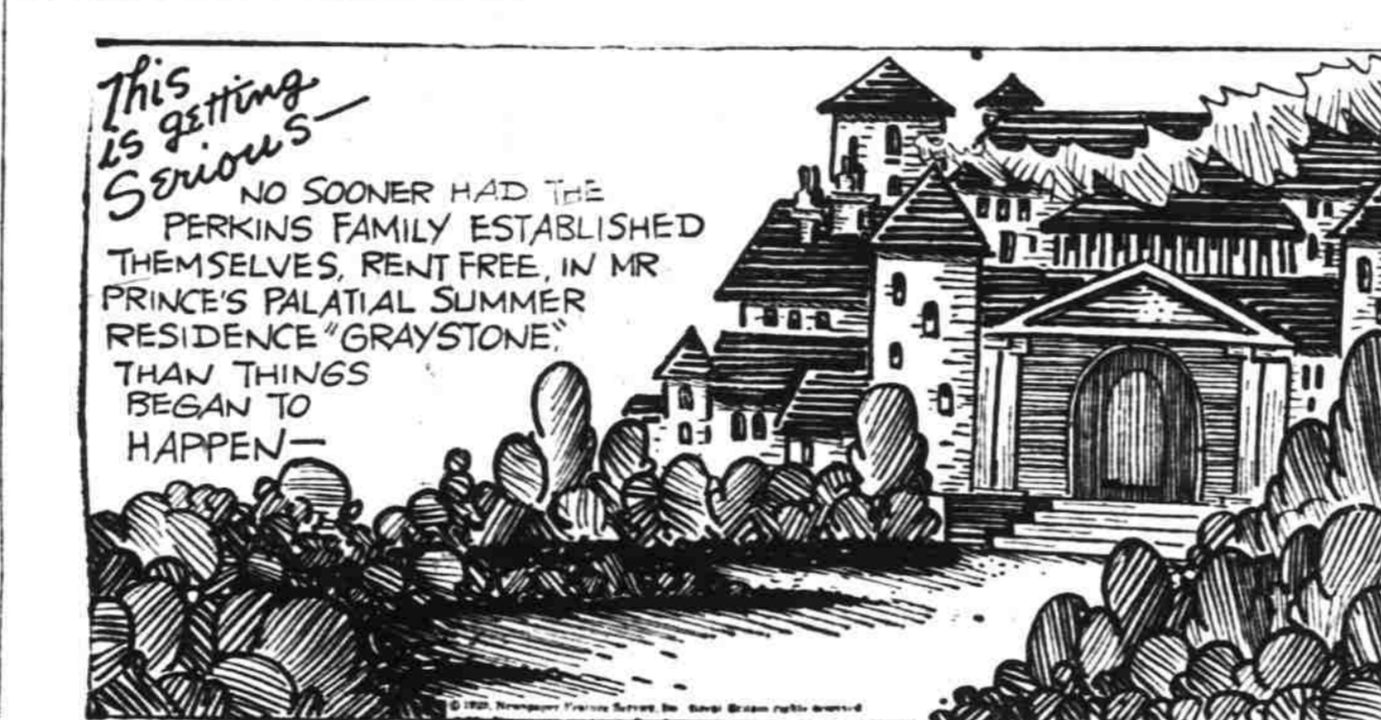
DR. COPELAND.

What do you think, bubbles? I thought I wouldn't like that old Mr. Goober—and now I find he has the most wonderful son!



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## POLLY AND HER PALS



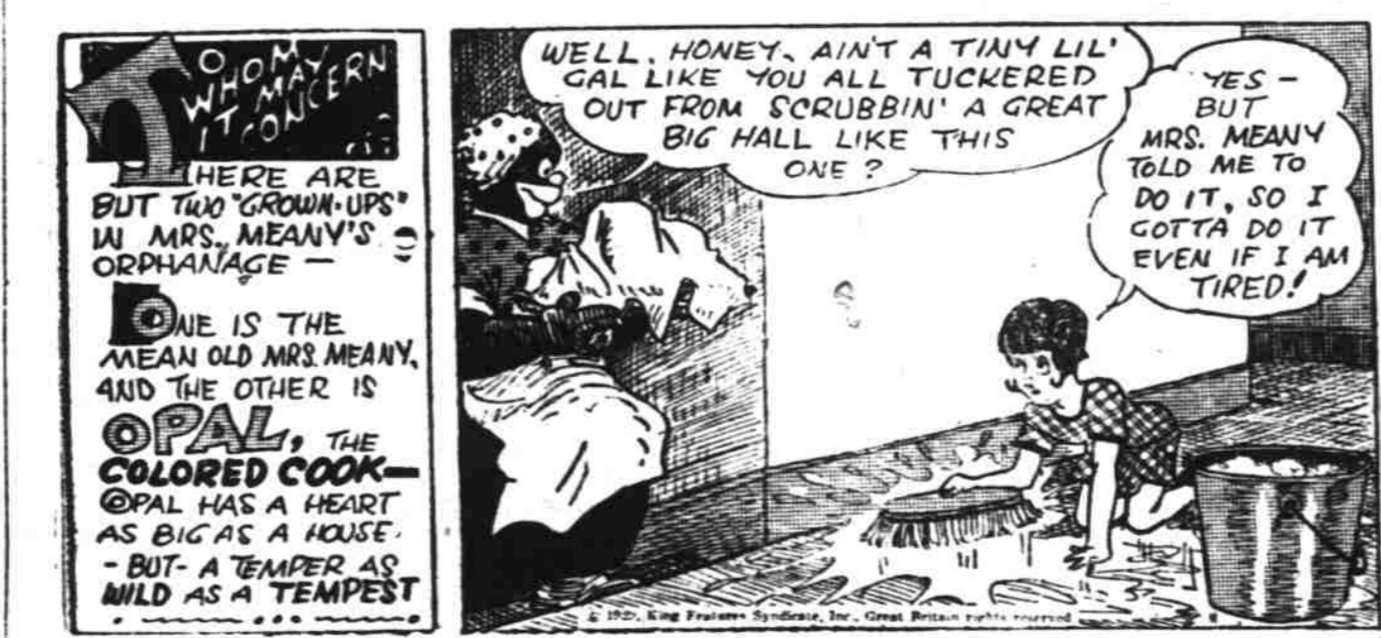
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## TILLIE AND TOMMY



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## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



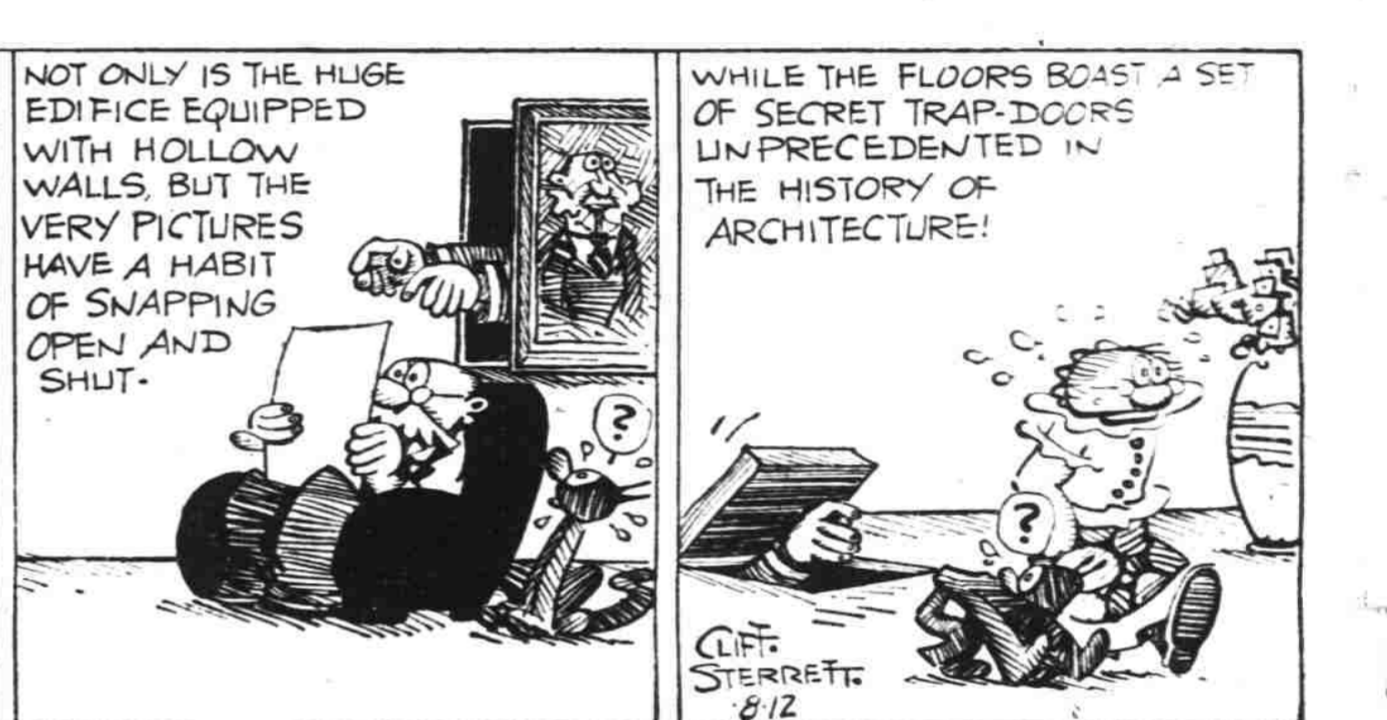
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## TOOTS AND CASPER



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## "A Hand-some Vacation"



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## "A Real Help"



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## "The Silver Lining"



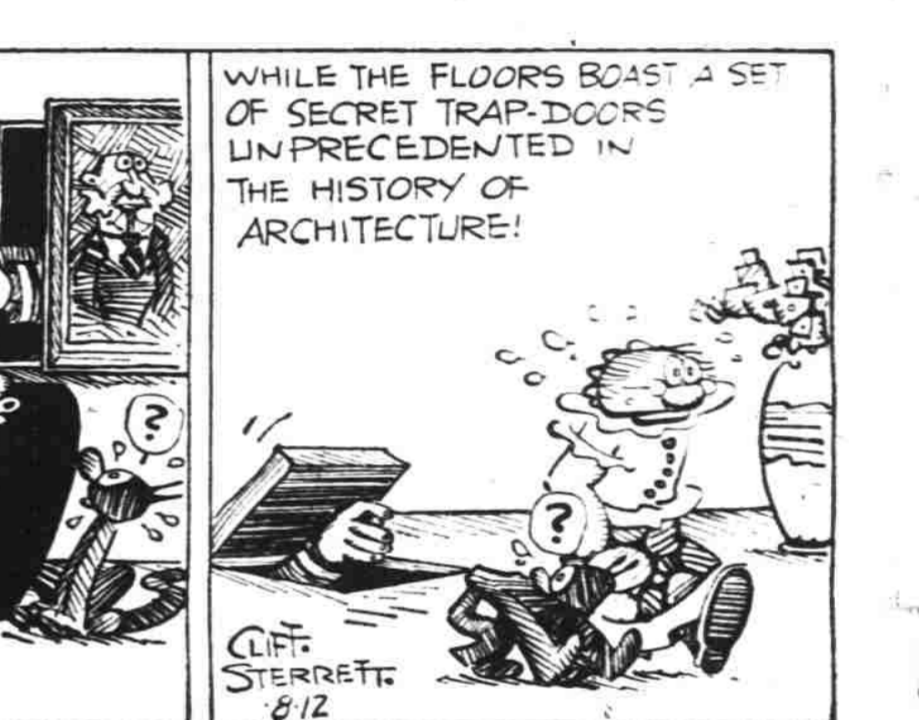
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## "Liza's Romance"



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## By CLIFF STERRETT



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## By RUSS WESTOVER



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## By BEN BATSFORD



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## By JIMMY MURPHY



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