

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER XXVI

Eddie went to the largest hotel and registered.

"You have no baggage with you, Mr. Regan?" the clerk asked, looking at the register.

"I am buying some things and I'll have them sent up to the room," he explained.

He went down the principal street and his reflection in the store windows looked thoroughly shabby. He was fitted in a clothing store with a new suit of blue serge and before he left he had bought twenty-five dollars worth of merchandise besides. While the alterations were being made on his new suit he went into the grill room of the hotel and ordered luncheon. Somehow the atmosphere of a restaurant restored to him something of his old carefree demeanor. He lit a cigarette while waiting for the meal and filled his lungs with smoke. Again that night he returned to the grill, dressed smartly in his new clothes. Later on he meant to go to a movie.

A hand clapped him on the shoulder from behind and turning he looked up at a dark, smiling face.

"Well I'll be darned—Mike Arno!"

Eddie was on his feet shaking hands with the tall, hefty groomed man. Mike Arno was older than Eddie—and wiser, too. If there was any significance in the brightness of his dark eyes and the fox-like smile around his thin lips. Never exactly a member of the Big Guy's gang, Arno had, nevertheless, been of his breed and association. Sometimes he had been referred to as the "Lone Wolf."

He sat down beside Eddie and a cloud of cigarette smoke rose around his head.

"I heard about the vanishing act you did through a bathroom window, Kid," he said with a sarcastic appreciation. "What in hell was it all about?"

Eddie shrugged. Arno looked at him with bright discerning eyes.

"If you took it on the run because you were having any trouble with the Big Guy—you needn't wait any longer to go back. I suppose you've heard the big news?"

Eddie shook his head.

"The Big Guy got knocked off. He went out with the mob one night—a thing he should never have done—and the cops was laying for 'em. They got the Big Guy with seven or eight bullets right through the chest. The whole mob has gone to smash—so you ain't got a thing on earth to worry about, Kid. You can go back to New York any time you want to."

A swirl of amazement—of relief—passed through Eddie. Subconsciously he had carried with

him a sense of menace ever since he fled from New York—and now it was ended. The Big Guy was dead. It scarcely seemed possible, so filled with brazen dominance had the mob's leader been on that last night back there. The hand that had held the point of life or death for his underlings was now futile and motionless. A load was lifted from Eddie's chest. No longer was he an exile and an outcast from his native city.

Mike Arno informed him furthly that the sub-leaders of the gang had been arrested and speedily convicted. But for his own last minute flight he too might now be dead—or in prison. A shiver of relief ran through him.

"You don't seem to feel very bad about it," Mike Arno suggested.

"I don't," Eddie said. "The Big Guy got what was coming to him. He made a lot of little guys do the dirty work and he got the big dough. Thank God, I broke away in time. What are you doing down here in the sticks, Mike?"

Arno closed one eye slowly.

"I'm a business man," he said, "and there's a rich bozo here in town that's going back with me to New York and learn how to tap a telephone wire and beat the race."

Eddie couldn't help grinning.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mike, they're still falling for that old game?"

Arno narrowed his shoulders.

"Why not? There's a million suckers never heard of it yet. But listen, Kid, you haven't told me yet what's your racket down here in Dixie."

Coffee was served to them and Eddie felt comfortably expansive. His principal companion for months past had been an ignorant old negro, and it was good again to be with someone who knew what was going on in the world.

"Why, Mike, I'm not any racket a-tall. You see this suit of clothes I've got on?"

"I was looking at it," Mike said. "It looks pretty good—a little hick but O. K. I guess."

"That suit was bought with honest money, Mike. You see this sunburn on my face? Look at my hands." He thrust his palms upward against the table, and they were hard and calloused. "I got this way from working outdoors—in the open air."

Mike's eyes were puzzled. "All right, I'll bite. What's the answer?"

"Maybe you won't believe it—but I inherited a farm, Mike. I got off a freight down here and one of the finest old gentlemen that ever lived took me into his house. He liked me and I liked him and he didn't have any relations. Before he kicked off he made a will and I got everything."

"You mean you inherited a

plantation?"

"You might call it that."

Mike whistled under his breath. "Well, we can't all be that lucky; some of us have to dig for a living. So you're running the place, are you? Going to stay with it?"

"I guess so."

Mike leaned back and lit another cigarette. "Guys like you that fall in soft in life always get my goat. Take me. When I'm on a racket I'm keyed up all the time, and you never know when you're going to get a bad break and have to give all your dough to a lawyer. You're lucky, Kid. To be out of it."

"I'll say I am."

"I saw Bernice last week back in the big town."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. She's looking good, too. Funny thing about her. We were talking about you, Eddie. You know that kid's crazy about you?"

On the level. Somebody gave her a couple of drinks and she started crying and raving about the way you treated her. A dame like her—I don't suppose she could stay true forever to a guy, but—you can laugh if you want too—I'm damned if I don't believe she ain't even so much as squeezed anybody's hand since you ran out on her."

Bernice Veressi . . . her svelte, wicked beauty came rushing back like a visitation in Eddie's eyes. . . . after all, she was his own kind. . . . Bernice, she understood what it was all about.

(To be continued tomorrow)

Claims totaling \$1149.45 have been paid to Statesman readers by the North American Accident Insurance Co., in less than one year. These claims were paid on the \$1.00 policy issued to Statesman readers.

SEVEN INJURED IN FIRE TRUCK BLAST

SEATTLE, Aug. 12.—(AP)—Seven persons were injured here tonight, one critically, when a speeding fire department ladder truck suddenly "blew up" on Second avenue. Hundreds of spectators lining the sidewalks were terror-stricken, the milling crowds adding to the difficulties of the police and ambulance squads.

As the fire truck sped down the avenue, scheduled as a thrill at the celebration of the Second avenue extension, the fly wheel burst and the whole transmission was hurled up through the floor of the truck.

Pieces of metal and transmission parts were sent; among the crowded streets like shrapnel, one piece of steel sailing through a window in a large department store.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trefl

Oh, Yes, Knarf is Clever, He Almost Guessed Miss Doll's Riddle

Try as they would, Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the little shadow-children with the turned-about names—couldn't get Miss Doll to open her eyes. Now this was inconvenient for one reason. She was the only one who knew the answer to the riddle she had just told. Neither the shadow children nor the other guests at her party in her doll-house could possibly guess it.

It was Knarf's fault, you remember, that she had so suddenly closed her eyes. The little shadow-boy seeking mischief, had pulled at one of her golden curls just as she was about to tell the answer to the riddle. Instead of speaking, she toppled off the chair and being a sleeping doll, instantly closed her eyes.

With the help of the tin-soldier, Jack-in-the-Box and the Roly-Poly family, the shadow-children tried their utmost to lift her back on the chair again. But as the tin-soldier was afraid to bend for fear of breaking in two, and Mr. Jack had no legs to stand on, and the Roly-Polys were rolling all over themselves, they could do nothing.



"We'll Have to Leave Her."

"Riddles have to be guessed!" said Hanid sternly. "If it hadn't been for you, we should have known it by now."

"Humph," said the impertinent shadow-boy, "I'll guess it without any trouble at all. Just tell me how it goes."

"I remember it," Yam said. And she recited it as follows: "My first is in bell. My second's there as well. My third is very much harder to spell. Taken together I'm as big as a house. And yet I'm afraid of the tiniest mouse."

I walk with princes and ride with kings, And would rather eat peanuts than most other things; I begin with an E

and end with a T; Guess what's between and you'll quickly guess me!" "Now you've heard it," Hanid said to Knarf. "What is the answer?"

"The answer," said the shadow-boy, trying to appear very wise. "Just let me think." Suddenly he exclaimed: "I have it. It's the word EAT."

"That begins with E and ends with T all right," Yam said, "but it doesn't agree with any of the other clues."

"It doesn't agree with them at all," chimed in the others.

"It's plain to me," put in the tin-soldier, "that the word should have three syllables and not three letters."

"Oh, why didn't you say so before?" Knarf said. "I'll think of another word." And he started to think again. By and by he uttered another exclamation. This time he knew he had the right word because not only did it begin with E and end with T but it had three syllables as well.

"The word," he said boastfully, "is ELEMMENT."

"My first is in bell," said Yam, repeating the first line. "Yes, the first syllable e-l-l is in bell. But it can't be right. Is element afraid of a mouse? Does an element eat peanuts? Is an element a house?"

"Wait!" cried Knarf. "It isn't element. It's something that sounds just like it!"

At that very moment a child's hand stuck in through the door of the doll-house and the next instant Miss Doll was set back on her chair again, her eyes wide open.

"The answer to the riddle is ELEPHANT," she said, imagining that she had been talking all the time.

"Yes, that's right!" cried Knarf. "That's just what I was about to say! Oh, how clever I am almost to guess a riddle! I think I must be one of the cleverest shadow-boys in the world!"

But no one paid the slightest attention to him, for all were thinking how an elephant was as big as a house, and was afraid of a mouse and did walk with kings and princes on its back and did prefer peanuts to anything else.

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

If You've a Taste for Shellfish Try These Tested Recipes

To get the maximum favor out of a crab dish, buy fresh crabmeat of a dependable market. Still, that isn't the way everybody prefers it. Many persons regard the soft-shell crab, completely but lightly fried, as a superior delicacy, even though one doesn't get nearly so much meat out of it as the crab-flesh separated from shell.

Crabs, like all shellfish, must be alive to be safely edible, and should be purchased only in the best of markets. To prepare soft-shell crabs, first wash in cold water. Scrape away every bit of spongy substance under the back of the crab, also the sandbag between the eyes, and the semi-circular piece of dark soft shell called the "apron" which is readily seen by turning the crab on its back. Then rinse again in cold water and dry on a clean towel. Place the crabs in beaten egg, seasoned with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with crumbs. Keep them very cold during the process. Then drop into hot deep fat—enough to let the crabs swim, fry for three minutes, and no more than two at a time. (If too many crabs are put in they will reduce the heat to such a point that the crumbs will absorb grease instead of resisting it.) When light brown, lift out of the pan, drain on paper and serve with quarters of lemon or melted butter and lemon.

A simpler, and possibly more wholesome method of preparation is to broil them. After washing and cleaning as above, place the crabs under a broiler and cook on both sides for about eight or ten minutes. Serve at once accompanied by melted butter.

Or the crabs can be cleaned, dried, brushed with melted butter and some sifted breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Place in a very hot oven and bake for ten or fifteen minutes.

It is less troublesome to buy

fresh crabmeat by the pound instead of the whole hard-shell crabs if one wishes to prepare devilled crabs, crabmeat cocktail, crab Newburg, etc. And there are now several varieties of crabmeat so well selected and packed that they are quite as satisfactory as fresh crabmeat bought by the pound. Of course, the flavor of the fresh crabmeat, like all fresh foods, is superior.

Devilled Crabs

1 pound crabmeat
1/2 cup butter
1 small onion—juice only
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup light cream or top milk
1/2 cup fine breadcrumbs.
Mix the crabmeat, butter and breadcrumbs, add cream or top milk, and seasoning. Mix well and fill the cleaned crab-shells with it. Pat down smoothly, sprinkle with a few buttered breadcrumbs and brown quickly in a hot oven.

Crabmeat Cocktail

1 pound crabmeat
1/2 cup tomato catsup
1/2 cup Chili sauce
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated horseradish
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
Mix together and chill. Keep the crabmeat thoroughly chilled likewise, and if possible, serve in small cocktail glasses in a bed of chopped ice. Half fill each glass with the cocktail sauce on top and serve with little oyster crackers.

Crabmeat Toast

1 pound of crabmeat
1/2 pound of tomatoes
1 onion
1 green pepper.
Fry the chopped onion and pepper in a little butter, add tomatoes and when tender season with salt and pepper. Add crabmeat last, heat through and pour on toast points.

For sale signs, for rent signs, legal blanks, etc., for sale at The Statesman.

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Waiting For The 'Tied' To Come In"

By CLIFF STERRETT

KNOW HOW TO REVIVE VICTIM OF DROWNING

Prompt Aid and Perseverance May Prevent Many of the Summer Swimming Tragedies, Says Dr. Copeland, Listing First Aid Methods.

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

ALTHOUGH the weather was cold and somewhat backward this year, there were many people brave enough to venture into the water even in the very early Spring. Most of these venturesome ones know how to swim, but even among good swimmers accidents often occur.

One may have a severe cramp in the leg, or other part of the body; a sudden sinking spell, or perhaps an acute heart attack as a result of going into the water too soon after eating. Any one of these accidents may result in tragedy, or near tragedy. Every Summer has its quota of accidents from drowning or some other water hazard.

As the first news of drowning, send for a doctor and a pulmonologist. You must not trust to your own efforts, but make use of them only until a more experienced person arrives on the scene.

As soon as a person who has been submerged for any period of time is brought from the water, immediate steps should be taken to restore him. Perhaps these suggestions will be helpful:

- 1. Do not waste time removing clothing.
- 2. Place the victim face downward on the ground, with a folded coat or any other garment under his chest.
- 3. Kneel on both knees and press down on the back of the patient's body, facing his head.
- 4. Place the hands on the lower ribs and bear the weight of your body forward to produce pressure on the ribs.
- 5. P. Q.—How can I gain in weight?
- 6. 2.—Is cod-liver oil fattening? How much should be taken?
- 7. 3.—What should a woman weigh who is 21 years old and 5 feet 3 inches tall?
- 8. A.—Proper dieting and deep breathing is the secret. You should eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
- 9. 2.—Yes. Try taking a tablespoonful after every meal.
- 10. 3.—For her age and height she should weigh about 124 pounds.
- 11. J. M. Q.—How much should a girl aged 14, 5 feet 8 inches tall weigh?
- 12. A.—She should weigh about 130 pounds.
- 13. R. T. Q.—Is it harmful for girls to smoke?
- 14. A.—Yes, certainly, if in excess.
- 15. C. R. Q.—What is the cause of my right shoulder being slightly lower than the left?
- 16. 2.—Do you think one dozen small oranges a day would be harmful?
- 17. 3.—What should a girl weigh who is 12 years old and 5 feet 6 inches tall?
- 18. A.—You probably have a loose ligament. Try wearing a shoulder brace for a short time.
- 19. 2.—No, not if you eat a well-balanced diet along with the oranges.
- 20. 3. For her age and height she should weigh about 130 pounds.
- 21. S. D. Q.—Do you advise treatment for perspiring feet?
- 22. A.—Yes. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Answers to Health Queries

A. C. Q.—What foods should be included in a growing girl's diet?
A.—Milk, cream, fresh eggs, plenty of green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruits. Eat once a day is essential. Drink two or three glasses of water between meals.

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"A Lucky 'Miss'"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"A Lady Has Her Way"

By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER

"Casper the Cook"

By JIMMY MURPHY