

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, has stepped and come to Virginia, where he befriends Penfield Partridge, who dies and leaves all his possessions to Eddie. Eddie has been in love with Bernice Verast, "gang girl," but thought of her as put out of his heart when she marries. Eddie falls in love with Marian Thorndike. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she disinterestedly tells him she expects to marry Tom Freeman, Freeman dislikes Eddie, and one afternoon when Eddie is coming to see him, Freeman comes in and insults Eddie. Marian tells Eddie it is hopeless for him to love her and Eddie decides to go to Richmond. While he is there he meets Mike Arns, a former member of the "Blue Bloods" who tells him that Bernice is still in love with him (Eddie) and Eddie decides to go back more swing to her. Arns tries to make Eddie return to the city, but Eddie refuses and goes back to the farm. Freeman listens in on a conversation over the telephone between Marian and Eddie and promptly flies Eddie back and tells him that things must be settled between them. Eddie and Marian fight, and in which Freeman is knocked out. Eddie put Freeman in the automobile and takes him to Marian's house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII

The great chest of the man on the bed began to rise and fall with a deeper breathing. He closed his eyes and then opened them again. "Hello, Marian," he said in a peculiarly feeble voice. "I'll be with you . . . in a minute."

But his eyes went shut again and Eddie was moved with the conviction that it was dangerous to let the consciousness lapse, once it had been aroused. He took Freeman's hand in his own and massaged the temple, drew strong fingers through the scalp and down over the back of the neck.

"Snap out of it, Freeman! Wake up! You've got to pull yourself together!"

He took Freeman by the shoulders and shook him. "Marian be so rough with him," Marian protested. "You might increase his injury."

"I've got to be rough!" Eddie said nervously. "I've got to get him out of this."

"Don't you think we had better call the doctor, Eddie?"

"Not yet," Eddie took a chunk of ice and rubbed it on Freeman's spine. No man partly conscious could resist the indignity of such treatment. An awakening vigor surged through the victim and he flung out a protesting arm.

"Hey—cut that out!" His voice was normal. Rapidly he batted his eyes.

"Say—"

His gaze fell upon Marian and suddenly he became aware that he was in bed and covered with a sheet except for the upper part of his body, which was scantily protected by his summer undergarments. That, possibly, he had been near death, that he had fought and been defeated by his hated rival—all this vanished into insignificance. What startled and flooded him with humility was the fact that he was ridiculously immodest and helpless in the presence of Marian Thorndike. With a wild clutch he pulled the sheet up around his neck. His eyes avoided the girl and turned belligerently toward Eddie.

"You—you!" His voice shook with rage. "You stole my clothes! Where's my shirt? Give it back to me!" Eddie motioned Marian to leave the room. He picked up the bundle of Freeman's clothes and shook the shirt out. They were alone.

"Here you are, old man," Freeman, confused and abashed, sat up in bed, submitting to the indignity of being helped into his garments. He reached for his collar and tie, staring balefully at his enemy.

"How do you feel?" Eddie asked him, apprehensively.

"I've got a headache," Freeman declared antagonistically. "What I want to know is—how did I get here? I remember having a fight

with you and then I woke up. You're making a fool out of me in front of a lady."

"I couldn't help it," Eddie protested. "I was trying to save your life."

But the iron had entered Tom Freeman's soul, and he had no patience with such trifling explanations.

"Any time you try to save my life I'll thank you to make the attempt without taking my shirt off. No wonder I wanted to fight with a guy like you. What happened—did you knock me out?"

"It was right to the chin. You left yourself wide open," explained Eddie.

Freeman knotted his tie. "All right—I can't kick about that. I remember that you put up one whole of a scrap for a fellow your size. Yes, sir, you put up a better fight than I thought was in you. You licked me fair and square, and so far as that part of it is concerned I hold no grudge. Where are we—whose house is this?"

"You stayed unconscious so long I thought you might die, so I brought you here to—Miss Marian," Eddie admitted, haltingly.

"Why did you bring me here?"

"Listen, Freeman—all I was thinking about was trying to save your life. This was the quickest and best place I could think of. Miss Marian acted like a good sport, and she worked like a trojan to bring you to."

"Hand me my coat," Freeman grumbled. He threw his legs over the side of the bed and stood up.

"So you were afraid I was going to die, eh?"

"You had me worried," Eddie admitted.

He helped Freeman into the coat. For a moment they stood looking at each other warily. Unexpectedly, Tom Freeman grinned.

"Any fellow that can lick me," he spoke slowly. "I've got to respect, maybe I had the wrong idea of you all the time, Regan. I thought you were just a fresh little squirt—but you're more of a man than I thought. How would you like to shake hands and call it square?"

Eddie was astonished at Tom Freeman's avowal. The fact was incredible, but there stood Tom Freeman before him, his face marked and discolored from blows with his hand outstretched. Behind his blustering manner Eddie began to realize with difficulty that there was an unsuspected fairness.

"We can't carry on this grudge without making fools of ourselves," Freeman said, frankly. "Besides, we're going to start people talking unpleasantly about Marian if we don't cut it out. You have fought me a fair fight and you treated me right, too, after I was knocked out. Let's shake hands."

Eddie was compelled swiftly to alter his whole opinion about Tom Freeman that he was confused. But he took the proffered hand.

"We'll just forget all about it," he murmured.

"It's still pretty hard for me to believe," Freeman went on, "that you licked me in a square stand-up fight. I thought I'd eat you up. Boy, you sure can hit hard—I must have been unconscious for half an hour."

"I think you hit your head on something when you fell," Freeman rubbed his jaw reflectively. "Well, I got no kick coming." He grinned ruefully. "If the indignity of being helped into his garments and her father want to stand for you—it's all right with me."

"That's the way I feel about you, too," Eddie told him.

Marian returned to the room, her eyes widening with surprise at the apparent amiability between the former enemies.

"Oh!" she said.

Freeman smiled at her sheepishly. "We've patched it up," he told her. "From now on we're both going to behave."

She looked from one to the other, Eddie's face, except for a red blotch on his temple, was unmarked, but Freeman's countenance was purple in spots and swollen. Both of them were as embarrassed as school boys. Neither of them could possibly know the relief she felt at this armistice.

"Well, in that case, suppose we all go downstairs?" This was her own home, and however bizarre the circumstances, she maintained her poised air of hospitality. "I think you two have behaved with perfect idiosyncrasy—but I'm simply delighted you have come to your senses at last. Do you feel all right now, Tom?"

"I don't feel like a million dollars but I'm pretty good," he responded.

There was no necessity of her inquiring about Eddie's condition. Obviously he was chipper and filled with a repressed cheerfulness. Downstairs, Freeman decided to drive on home and, temporarily at least, leave his rival in possession of the field.

"I didn't have a date here tonight and you did," he told Eddie. Marian looked at him with more suspicion than tenderness. He had suffered a severe physical jolt and there remained with her a fear that he had not quite recovered. No man who had been knocked unconscious could possibly be entirely recovered so soon.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Claims totaling \$1315.70 have been paid to Statesman readers by the North American Accident Insurance Co. in the past year. These claims were paid on the \$1.00 policy issued to Statesman subscribers.

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SALEM MAN LEAVES FOR EASTERN WORK

Erza Diefenbach will leave Monday for Schenectady, N. Y., where he will join the publicity and advertising staff of the General Electric company. Diefenbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Diefenbach of 725 North 15th street, graduated from Oregon State college this spring.

During the war he was stationed with the European fleet for 18 months, being part of the time with naval air forces. He is a member of Capital Post No. 9, and played two years with the drum corps.

Diefenbach was editor of the Oregon State Technical Record, student engineering publication at Corvallis, last year and had worked several years on the staff. He received his degree in mechanical engineering but also took courses in electrical and civil engineering, advertising and news-writing.

Stops will be made at Hutchinson, Kansas, and Des Moines, Iowa, where he will visit with friends made during the war. More than 20 recent graduates of Oregon State college have gone to the test laboratories at General Electric in the last three years, but Diefenbach is the first to go to the advertising staff.

Cottage Prayer Meetings Held In Labish Area

Cottage prayer meetings are being conducted in Labish Center as a spiritual preparation for the tent meeting to be conducted there beginning Thursday, August 29, and lasting until September 25, announces H. R. Scheurman, pastor of the community church, Rev. W. E. Cox, teaching evangelist, will have charge of the revival campaign there. He will be assisted by Mrs. Cox, who will direct the music.

Two Couples Take Wedding Licenses

Marriage licenses were granted on Saturday by County Clerk Boyer to Robert E. Pence of Rickreall and Rose E. Johnson of Portland and to Albert J. Belleque and Edith Sidebottom, both of Gervais.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf Tries to Toss Knight to Queen Ant—with Disastrous Results

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf, the five little shadow children with the turned-about names, were walking along the garden wall one afternoon when they saw what appeared to be a great procession coming towards them. From a distance some of the marchers seemed to be carrying large white packages.

Knarf, who was very curious, ran ahead to investigate. He returned in a few moments, greatly excited.

"It's the ants!" he exclaimed. "They're moving."

"Moving where?" Hanid wanted to know.

Knarf shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "They won't let me get near enough to see." Being eager to see the new quarters the ants were moving into, and particularly to find out what were the mysterious white packages they were carrying, the shadow children hurried to meet the on-coming procession. They came upon them just as the leaders were discussing whether to walk over or to go around a small twig that was lying across their path.

"Her Majesty the Queen won't be able to walk over it," one of the leaders contended. "She had better go around it."

"No, no!" said the second leader. "Her Majesty dislikes to go around anything. She had better walk over it." And so they argued.

"Why don't you draw the twig

out of the way and settle the problem?" Flor asked.

"It's too heavy to move," said the ants. So they compromised. Some of them walked over it and the rest went around. They all scurried along as fast as they were able, as though they hadn't a second to lose. By and by along came the ants carrying the small white packages.

"What are they carrying there?" Knarf called.

A spider, who had her web in the wall, stuck out her head. "Don't you know?" she cried to Knarf. "They're carrying the eggs. The most important articles in the ant home are the eggs."

"Where are they going to move to?" Hanid asked.



"Why don't you move it?"

"They're moving into a hollow between two stones just beyond where the sunflower touches the wall."

"And what was the matter with the old place?"

"The new queen didn't like it," said the spider. "She said it was too small, and the light was bad and she didn't like the neighbors. Miss Fly, who dropped in yesterday for dinner told me all about it. She used to know the family very well."

"Used to know the family—!" Knarf repeated. "What happened to Miss Fly?"

But instead of answering him the spider cried "Here comes the queen now!"

It was the queen ant sure enough. She was much larger and broader than the others—she didn't move actively at all and

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

A Few Delicious Substitutes for Mayonnaise Dressing

"Bring me a tomato salad with a mayonnaise dressing, but none of the oily stuff. I can't bear oil." I overheard a man order at luncheon. That's like ordering an ice cream soda without ice cream. Mayonnaise means a dressing with oil; in fact, it's mostly oil. A standard recipe for a good mayonnaise is one cup of olive oil, only two tablespoons of vinegar or lemon juice, the yolk of an egg and seasoning.

Mayonnaise is a delightful way of eating wholesome oils, and a spoonful of a salad makes it tasty and increases its nutritive value. Olive oil is preferred for flavor by many who have become accustomed to it. However, it is a somewhat cultivated taste in this country, and many people never like it, even though they know it is more expensive than other vegetable oils. As far as nutritive value is concerned, most of the other vegetable oils are quite as good, and they have the advantage, to those who don't like olives, of being entirely flavorless.

Here are a few recipes for dressings without oil, which have a texture quite like mayonnaise but not the oily flavor:

Cream Cooked Dressing
The following will make about one pint, and if kept in the refrigerator will be just as good after a few weeks as when freshly

made. If at any time it seems too thick, then just before serving dilute either with a little cream or some lemon juice.

- 1/2 cup cream.
- 1/4 cup vinegar.
- 1/4 cup lemon juice.
- 4 eggs, well beaten.
- 2 tablespoons sugar.
- 1 teaspoon salt.
- 1 teaspoon pepper.
- 1 Dash of cayenne.
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard.

Mix together all the ingredients except the cream and salt. Cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, set aside to cool. When cold add the cream and the salt and put in a jar on ice.

This recipe uses cream and no butter. Here is another which includes milk instead of cream, including butter:

- 1 cup milk.
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice.
- 2 eggs.
- 1 tablespoon butter.
- 1/2 teaspoon salt.
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper.
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard.

Put the beaten eggs and dry seasonings in a double boiler and stir while it cooks. Add the lemon juice very gradually—only a few drops at a time. Then add the milk, while stirring, and cook for ten minutes after it thickens. Remove from fire and beat in the butter.

Then he prodded along. She was surrounded by a large crowd of ants who appeared to be her bodyguard and whose special business it seemed to be to keep her from straying off the path.

When she found her way blocked by the twig, she hesitated a moment, then started to crawl under it. Her bodyguard followed suit. But as she was too big, she had to give up that plan. Then she wandered aimlessly from one side to the other.

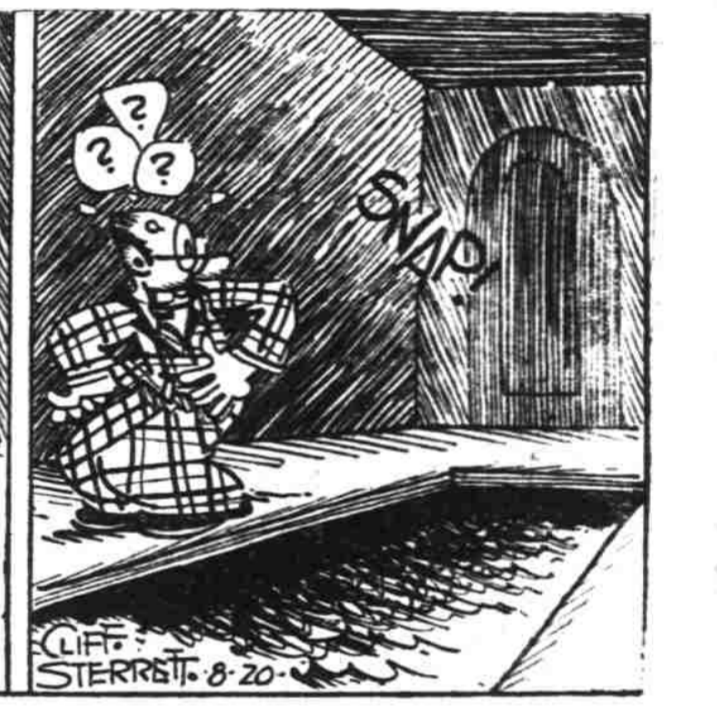
Now Knarf, who had heard how chivalrous it was to aid a queen in distress, announced handsomely, "I'm going to help her over."

Then he climbed onto the twig and walked to the middle. "All right, your Queenship!" he called, motioning her to ascend. Instead of the queen, up came the bodyguard, furiously angry, for they thought that the shadow-boy was trying to kidnap the queen. Knarf fled when he spied them. They were too quick for him. One of them caught his heel and he tripped. Pell-mell he tumbled off his feet, off the twig and finally off the wall into a buttercup.

"I won't help a queen soon again," he said indignantly, dusting the thick yellow pollen off his clothes.

By CLIFF STERRETT

POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



BUILD FOR HEALTH IN THE CHILD'S INFANCY

Mothers Should Learn the Value of Exact Information, Says Authority, Lauding the Recently Endowed Baby Stations.

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

Did you read about the generous gifts made several weeks ago by Senator Couzens of Michigan and by Mr. August Heckscher? Both these philanthropists are impressed with the idea that child life must be protected. They have backed their convictions by gifts aggregating fourteen millions of dollars.

I have known both these men for many years. I am proud of what they have done for humanity.

In announcing his gift, Mr. Heckscher recited what he regards as the crying needs of the great cities. Let me tell you what Mr. Heckscher said about these needs, using his own language:

"As I see them they are these, and probably in no order named:

"Day nurseries, to enable a mother to go to work freed from the obsession that her child may be harmed.

"Dental clinics; for the parent cannot always afford the cost of the work, and the child dreads the pain of adequate dental surgery, which is thus neglected.

"Playgrounds, be they ever so modest—but locally available for the smaller children.

"Summer camps, to afford both mothers and children an outing when the heat of the city becomes intolerable."

I have no doubt that these conclusions are logical. I am sure that what is being done by enabling a mother to work without the fear her child may suffer sudden sickness is well founded.

I wish I had it in my power to impress upon the mothers of young children how necessary it is to have exact information. It is unwise to trust chance. Many a baby suffers from undernourishment and many a child of pre-school age is weak and puny because something is wrong with its care. The feeding, or some matter relating to its hygiene, is not as it should be. The better informed the mother is the more likely it is the child will reach maturity in full vigor and physical perfection.

Answers to Health Queries
L. D. Q.—How can I gain weight?
A.—How can I get rid of pimples?
A.—Proper dieting and deep breathing is the secret. You should



DR. COPELAND

cat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest. A good tonic is often beneficial.

2.—Correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Avoid constipation.

M. S. Q.—What is the cause of acne?
A.—Incorporate dieting. Eat only simple foods. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

J. F. Q.—What do you advise for discharging ears?
A.—This condition should have the attention of an ear specialist.

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