

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, has escaped and gone to Virginia where he befriends Gene Field Partridge, who died and leaves his possessions to Eddie. Eddie had been in love with Bernice, a "gang girl," but thought of her as put out of his heart when he meets and falls in love with Marian. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she discourages him and tells him she expects to marry Tom. Eddie tries to make man dislike Eddie, and one afternoon when Eddie is calling on Marian, Freeman comes in and tells Eddie to leave her. Eddie is hopeless for him to love her, and when Eddie decides to go to Richmond, he decides to go to Richmond. Eddie tries to make man dislike Eddie, and one afternoon when Eddie is calling on Marian, Freeman comes in and tells Eddie to leave her. Eddie is hopeless for him to love her, and when Eddie decides to go to Richmond, he decides to go to Richmond.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

#### CHAPTER XXIII

"I don't feel right about letting you go home alone, she said. "Even if you do feel all right now, you might get worse before you get home. Maybe you ought to have some kind of stimulant."

"I think maybe you're right," Freeman said. "I'll try a shot of your father's cognac."

"A small shot," he agreed, and brought it to him. They all went out on the front veranda and sat in wicker furniture while Freeman finished his drink.

"Yes, sir, it was one doggone hot fight while it lasted," Freeman said reminiscently, as he sat down his glass. "I reckon I'm not the man I used to be—or I wouldn't have passed out so sudden. But I don't want to take any credit away from you Regan. You are a hard-fisted scrapper and you got plenty of nerve. Even if I hated you—which I don't—I'd have to give you that much credit."

"You had me licked up to the very last second," Eddie said, generously.

"You are both idiots," Marian declared, but somehow there was no sting in her words. She could call them idiots and make it sound like a compliment.

They were surprised when the headlights of an automobile turned into the driveway. Marian's father, unexpectedly, had come home. A friend had driven him over from the station. Marian's mother had not returned, but would be back the next day.

Marian ran down to the car to meet him; Freeman followed her and picked up Mr. Thorndike's baggage. Together they came up the veranda, Eddie not to his feet.

"How do you do, Mr. Thorndike?" he said, slightly uncertain.

Older eyes looked at him with a faint surprise. "Good evening, Mr. Regan," he said, a trifle stiffly.

Suddenly his eyes in the better light lit upon Freeman's bruised and discolored face.

"Goodness, Tom! What on earth has happened to you?" he asked, looking like you've been fighting."

Freeman lied. "I slipped on the stairs at home this afternoon and fell down. I just dropped over for a few minutes—going home now."

Somehow the atmosphere became noticeably awkward. Freeman was going. The fight and the return of Marian's father had spoiled Eddie's evening and he, too, was ready to go.

Surely Marian would realize that he deserved another evening's stay in compensation.

"I think I'll go along too," Eddie said.

Marian made no hollow protest. "Well, I'm glad you dropped in, anyway."

Mr. Thorndike excused himself and passed into the house. Eddie lingered a few steps behind Tom

### Freeman

"When can I see you again?" Very softly she said, "I'll call you up."

Eddie got into Freeman's car and Freeman drove him back to Locust Grove church, where his buggy was waiting. Almost immediately, Eddie realized that he had established a firmer footing than ever at the Thorndike home.

If Marian thought her father was deceived by Tom Freeman's clumsily told story about falling downstairs, Mr. Thorndike speedily corrected that impression as soon as they were alone. The flush on Marian's face betrayed an inward excitement.

"What was the matter with those two young fellows?" Mr. Thorndike asked, returning to the veranda from the house.

"Oh, just some of their foolishness," Marian said.

"You might as well tell me the truth," he said. As he passed behind her going to a chair, a hand softly caressed her hair.

"They had a fight," she confessed in a burst of frankness. "I don't know if it was worth it or not—there was nothing I could do to stop them. But it didn't happen here, thank Heaven!"

"Who won?"

"Mr. Regan."

"Oh, just surprising. I shouldn't have thought he would give Tom any trouble at all. What did they fight about?"

Marian's color deepened.

"They didn't tell me," she said. "From what I got out of it they met at Locust Grove and got into an argument. Tom was knocked unconscious and Eddie—Mr. Regan—brought him here to the house. We carried Tom upstairs and put ice on him and held ammonia under his nose until he came to. We were all frightened."

"Let me get this straight," Mr. Thorndike said, incredulously. "You say Mr. Regan knocked Tom out—why, they didn't seem to be at all angry with each other. They even went away together like friends?"

"I think they both realized what idiots they were," Marian explained. "Anyway, they shook hands and made up. I don't think there will be any more trouble between them."

She waited for her father to express satisfaction, but he was coldly silent.

"It was a dreadful thing to happen, I know," Marian went on with a lowered voice. "You'll never know what I went through while Tom was unconscious on the bed upstairs. I was afraid he might never wake up."

"What were they fighting about, Marian?"

"They didn't say, father."

"It's no use trying to deceive me, child. They fought over you, didn't they?"

Marian's voice sank. "I suppose so."

Mr. Thorndike compressed his lips and shook his head.

"I knew you were breeding trouble when you let that Regan fellow come to this house. Tom Freeman is all right—there's good blood there and he is a suitable friend for you. If you ever love Tom and want to marry him I wouldn't have a single objection in the world. We've known him all of his life, and whatever his failings, he's a gentleman. But that other fellow—this Regan—he is all wrong."

"The fact that Partridge took up with him proves it for me. Who is he? He's a foreigner and the commonest kind of a man. Doubtless he is a rogue, too. Marian, we can't have him coming here any more."

"I don't think you're quite fair, father," said her plaintive voice. "You don't know him at all."

"That's just it—we don't know who he is or where he came from. Chances are he sprang from the lowest level of society. There's something of the street urchin

### about him that I don't like. No, Marian, dear, you are too fine and sweet to receive attentions from such a man."

"You're prejudiced—"

"Of course I am prejudiced—I am prejudiced in your favor. I want to shield you from roughness and coarseness and vulgarity. You are a girl and you are not able to judge a man as I am. You don't know the world, Marian. Believe me, I don't want to interfere with any of your friendships with men in your own station of life—you are free to receive any honorable gentleman of your class. But I must forbid any penniless adventurer coming here and taking advantage of all that is refined and delicate in you."

"But I am not a penniless," she protested. "We are really poor people ourselves. We wouldn't attract a fortune hunter."

"That's not the point," her father objected. "He is beneath you—and unsuitable in every way. I must put my foot down and forbid you receiving him under any circumstances."

Suddenly, Marian's eyes grew larger and brighter—reflected an unmistakable inner vigor of opinion.

"If that's the way you feel," she said, her voice suddenly trembling and passionate, "I'll put my foot down, too. I invited him to call and I'm not going to be bullied about it. I like him better than any man I know—and I'm going to see him as often, and as freely as I like."

(To be continued tomorrow)

### STRIBLING WINS FIGHT

#### KANSAS CITY, Aug. 20

(AP)—W. L. "Young" Stribling, Macon, Ga., heavyweight won the newspaper decision over Joe Sekyra, Dayton, Ohio, Bohemian, in a 10-round bout here tonight.

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# TWO FLYERS BADLY HURT IN ACCIDENT

SEATTLE, Aug. 20—(AP)—Chester Minear, 30, was near death here tonight, and John Minear and Warren Hall, 18, were severely injured as a result of a 500 foot fall in an airplane near the city limits.

Witnesses said the biplane began to wobble and then spun to the ground, smashing heavily into the muck and water of the lowlands. A freight train crew on a switch rushed to the scene and took the victims from the wreckage, while other witnesses summoned ambulances.

The Minears are cousins and Hall is a close friend. John Minear, pilot, had received his pilot's license only last week and has 25 hours in the air, his parents said. Chester was suffering from a skull fracture and possible broken back, John received a broken leg and body injuries and Hall a broken leg and badly mutilated face.

# WILLIAMS MAY NOT REPRESENT NATION

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20—(AP)—Whether Lieutenant Al Williams, naval flier, will represent America in the Schneider cup race in England next month with his Mercury racing plane was in doubt tonight, with the final decision depending upon David S. Ingalls, assistant secretary of the navy for aeronautics, and Williams' financial backers.

Failure of the flyer to get his craft from the water during the tests on the Severn river near Annapolis, Md., has brought objections from naval officials to his taking it abroad without proving its ability, and the \$20,000 necessary for the trip will not be supplied by the navy.

In the tests Williams succeeded

# DAN CUPID BUSY AS MARRIAGES MANY

Sprightly Dan Cupid started his week's efforts with visitations Monday of four couples to the counter of the county clerk. Those who were licensed to wed were: Alton Nottingham, 557 North Liberty, and Bernice Haugen, 633 North High. He gave his age as 28, and she hers as 21 years. This is his second trip to the altar.

Donald W. Lawson, 26, Jefferson, and Helen Zevely, also of Jefferson. He is a salesman and she a waitress. It will be the second marriage for him.

Elizabeth Gillman, 618 North Commercial street, and Lida B. Fare, 619 North Commercial. She is 20 years old and he gave his age as 35 years.

Wendell B. Laughon, Davenport, Wash., and Marcia Brewer, Waldo hall, Corvallis. Both are teachers and both secured their first marriage licenses.

# GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

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Knarf, Mischvious Shadow-Boy, Tries to Get Hold of a Flute Note

It was a perfectly well-mannered little flute and for the most part it lay quietly in its case. There was really no reason why

# Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Beautifully framed maps of New York, London, Paris, round their way to the walls of small living rooms these last few years. Somebody discovered that maps were as interesting to look at as pictures—and sometimes more so. A few humorists went to the trouble of designing amusing maps on which were printed all kinds of directions and more fiction than fact. Any way, the maps were delightful decoration, and more than made up in entertainment what they lacked in facts.

The map vogue, far from declining is branching out and in the fall we shall see all sorts of interesting new applications of the idea. Little maps of certain pleasant trails, or stamps of countries are made into lampshades—any size. They are printed on paper then colored and varnished.

neighbor's fingers, pressing down on little silver knobs. When the knobs were lifted off the tiny openings in the flute's sides, the notes rushed forth. Each note had its own special opening and emerged loudly or faintly according to how hard their neighbor blew.

Not being accustomed to noting shadows, their neighbor went right on playing. Meanwhile Knarf, followed by Mij, Flor, and Yam, sprang upon the flute. They took care not to trip over the fingers as they peered into the little openings, looking for the notes. They could see none, for the notes sped past so swiftly that they could only be heard.

"I'll go down and get one," Knarf said, letting himself into one of the openings.

"Don't!" Hand called up. "Something is sure to happen."

Knarf didn't heed her. He let himself down a bit farther. Unfortunately Master Knarf was not quite small enough to slip through. He remained stuck midway. In consequence a note, coming along at this moment, was un-



"I'll Go Get a Note."

gested that they all go upstairs and watch it.

"What good would that be?" Hand wanted to know. "You're not supposed to watch a flute but to listen to it."

"If we watch it," Knarf replied, "we may be able to catch one of the notes. Then, if we catch one, we can send it to somebody. It's very nice to be able to send a note."

Mij, Flor and Yam nodded in agreement.

"It's very nice indeed," they said. Hand wasn't convinced.

"It's a different kind of note altogether," she said. But as they had already started upstairs they didn't hear her. They found the flute singing at the top of its voice when they arrived upstairs. Up and down its sides flitted their

# POLLY AND HER PALS

GREAT GUNS! LOCKED IN A ABANDONED BOAT-HOUSE, IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS!

ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE TO LET A BOOB LIKE ASHUR ROOM THE GROUND OF GRAYSTONE?

ASH, AINT SECH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, POLLY! DONT FERGIT HE'S A DETECTUFF SCHOOL GRADUATE!

MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE FOLKS UP AT THE HOUSE, WILL HEAR THIS TAPPIN'! I'VE HOLLERED MYSELF HOARSE!

LISTEN, PA. DO I HEAR A PECULIAR TAPPING OR DONT I?

YOU PROBABLY DOES DAUGHTER! THE WOODS HEREABOUTS IS FILTHY WITH WOOD PECKERS!

# TILLIE, THE TOILER

TILLIE SURE ACTS HAPPY TODAY-SHE ACTS LIKE THE SILVER LINING OF A CLOUD OF JOY!

OH, MAC- MR. GOOBER IS GETTING BETTER- ARCHIE CALLED UP- HE SAYS HE'S SOON BE ALLRIGHT AGAIN

I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD MAKE THE OLD MAN HAPPY!

TELL HIM HIS SON DROPPED DEAD!

DONT BE DULL! JEALOUSY IS NO EXCUSE FOR ACTING STUPID!

# "That's No Excuse for Mac"

"That's No Excuse for Mac"

# "Pa Explains It"

"Pa Explains It"

# By CLIFF STERRETT

# By RUSS WESTOVER

By Russ Westover

# LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

GEE OPAL DO YOU HAVE TO WASH ALL THOSE CLOTHES ALL ALONE?

YES, HONEY, BUT THEM AINT MUCH-- DID YOU FETCH ALL THE STUFF FROM YOUR ROOM?

YES, OPAL, BUT I COULDN'T FIND THAT NICE SATIN DRESS I HAD ON WHEN I WAS TAKEN IN HERE--

LAW SAKES, HONEY-- YOU BEST GO AN' TELL MRS. MEANY 'BOUT THAT DRESS!!

EXCUSE ME, MRS. MEANY, BUT SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT NICE SATIN DRESS OUTA MY ROOM 'CAUSE I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR IT--

WELL, DONT YOU BOTHER LOOKING ANY MORE-- I'VE TAKEN CHARGE OF THAT ROOM 'CAUSE I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT DRESS--

B-BUT-- COULDN'T I JUST KEEP IT IN MY ROOM SO'S I COULD LOOK AT IT ONCE IN A WHILE?

NO!!! ORPHANS HAVE NO BUSINESS EVEN LOOKING AT SATIN DRESSES!

# "Out Of Her Hands Now"

"Out Of Her Hands Now"

# "Well, Where Is Sophie?"

"Well, Where Is Sophie?"

# By BEN BATSFORD

By Ben Batsford

# By JIMMY MURPHY

By Jimmy Murphy

# EXTEND THE AIDS OF YOUR SUMMER LIFE

Keep Your Healthy Complexion by Getting into the Open Every Day—Sunlight Lamps, Temperately Used, Supply the Needed Ultra-Violet Rays.

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

PRETTY soon vacation time will be but a memory. I trust it will be a happy memory. But what permanent value has it given you?

Of course, everybody has his own idea of what a vacation should be. I am assuming that during yours you had a lot of exercise. You come back with tanned skin and sparkling eyes. If you have been exercising a lot in the open air be sure to keep up this practice. Try to keep the tan by getting into the open every day.

There is quite a fad now for having a tanned skin. There are so many fads that don't appeal to me. I am actually happy when one which I can endorse comes along. In my opinion, the stimulation the skin has received from the increased circulation of the blood, is a good thing. That is what the sun does for you.

When you see a person with a milk and water appearance, a puffy complexion and white lips, you know that the circulation is poor. Expose that skin to regular doses of sunlight and it won't be long before there is better tone in the whole body.

The manufacturers are making wonderful lights to supply ultra-violet rays to the body. These rays give in a few moments what the sun requires hours to accomplish. If properly and temperately used, I regard them as an excellent thing.

Of course the advice I am giving today is not needed by out-of-door workers. They have enough sunshine during the whole year. That is one reason why they do not feel the cold as white and bloodless persons do. You must have good circulation to enjoy crisp weather, such as Nature will send us in a couple of months. I suppose some of my farmer friends smile a bit over the suggestions made about out-of-door exercise. But they must bear in mind that thousands upon thousands of the persons who read these articles live in hall bedrooms, in crowded tenements, some in their rooms where the sun never enters.

I wish it were possible to give a decent place to live to everyone of God's creatures. Since it isn't possible to have such a home, is no reason to give in to circumstances. Health is an important to neglect and, if you do your part, no matter where you are forced to live, you can get enough outside exercise to keep in pretty good trim.

Smile at misfortune and by building up a strong body, keep fit for whatever form of improved conditions may be secured. After a while, things may be a whole lot better. A strong body will help where the sun never enters.

# TOOTS AND CASPER

I'VE INVITED THREE COUPLES TO HAVE DINNER WITH US FRIDAY, TOOTS! MRS. HOOPER SAID SHE, AND THE COLONEL WOULD COME PROVIDED THEY COULD LEAVE EARLY!

NATURALLY THEY'LL RUSH AWAY TO MAKE US THINK THEY'VE SOMEPLACE ELSE TO GO TO!

THE SOONER THEY LEAVE THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT, CASPER!

MRS. HOOPER IS GETTING TO BE TERRIBLY STUCK-UP! IF YOU HAD ANYTHING TO SAY YOU COULDN'T TALK TO HER! THE COLONEL IS ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S TOO DUMB TO EVEN GET A SWELLED HEAD! IT'S A LUCKY THING HE WASN'T ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE "GOOD FELLOWS CLUB!"

OH WELL! IF SHE GETS ANY FUN OUT OF BEING RITZY LET HER GO TO IT!

MAKE IT A SWELL DINNER FRIDAY! PUT ON A LOT OF DOGS AND FORKS AND SPOONS ON THE TABLE. THAT THE HOOPERS WILL HAVE TO WATCH ME TO KNOW WHICH ONES TO USE!

I WISH MY OLD CHUM "SOPHIE" WAS HERE TO DO THE SERVING, SIR-- SHE WAS THE BEST WAITRESS I EVER LAID EYES ON!

ANNIE HAS TALKED SO MUCH ABOUT HER OLD FRIEND "SOPHIE" THAT WE'RE ALL CURIOUS NOW!

# By JIMMY MURPHY

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