

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

He found himself sitting on the edge of his bed and rubbing his head as though he had just awakened from the wanderings of a somnambulist. He noticed his new suit of clothes hanging over a chair. When he left he would have very few things to take with him. Slowly, scarcely comprehending the significance of his movements, he went through the activity of brushing and dressing himself afresh.

The cards had fallen against him and he was at the end of his rope. Somehow, despite his best efforts, he had come into the final stretch of a race, and he was the loser. The future, where he would go and what he would do, seemed of no concern to him at all. Soon enough he would find out all about that. Whatever it was to be, wouldn't matter. Nothing mattered.

He heard the telephone ringing downstairs and he could conceive of no reason why he should answer it. What could anyone say that was of the slightest importance? The thing could ring till the bells fell off it if it wanted to. Slowly, with infinite care, he selected a necktie without having any real choice in the matter. Trivial things like neckties, after all, were the only things that could concern him.

He heard Tob's voice below calling him to the telephone.

"Tell 'em I'm not home," he called down listlessly.

The old negro came half way up the stairs. "It's Miss Marian on de wire, sub."

business."

He hoped desperately that she would understand what he really meant.

"It seems the only thing to do."

"Do you mind if I write you from wherever I'm going?"

He could feel the strain of her silence before she answered him. Her words seemed to tremble.

"Yes, write."

"I won't be able to see you before I go?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I suppose this is goodbye?"

"Her voice was faint."

"Yes."

"Goodbye, then."

"Goodbye . . ."

He held the receiver to his ear, still waiting for the click that would tell when the connection was broken. With each possible fragment of a second he wanted to prolong this most fragile of all bonds between them.

The seconds stretched out and repeated themselves, but there was no sound of a receiver going up at the other end.

"Are you still there?" he asked, hungrily.

"Yes . . ."

The silence hung between them with painful intensity. What more could they say—what more could they do? Yet, neither had the power to break the connection. After a time, Eddie spoke softly, almost a whisper.

"It's brutal to part this way."

After a protracted spell Marian whispered:

"Yes."

A daring hope, scarcely acknowledged, stirred within him.

"Would a—could we see each other—"

He waited, tensed with uncertainty, for her to answer while the great old clock in the hall ticked in silence.

When she spoke her voice was muffled but hasty with quick decision.

"Down where our lane runs into the main road . . . in an hour . . ."

No hesitancy now in hanging up the receiver—a swirl at his heart spread through his whole being with an agonizing rush.

Nothing mattered now . . . he was going to see her . . . everything else in life was uncertain, but this glorious fact revolved around him and through him with the sensation of music and color alike.

In the face of defeat he had been able to snatch one beautiful banner from the grasp of misfortune . . . was able to wave it defiantly aloft.

He stepped out on the veranda and filled his lungs with the warm perfume of the night.

In the east, a little to the north, a great orange disc that was the moon lifted its face above the dark line of pines. There fluttered through him all of the strange, bewildering glamour of youth, and love, of sorrow and hope, till the blood in his veins ran golden and his brain trembled with excitement.

In his buggy he drove as far as Locust Grove and hitched his horse behind a screen of trees; then on he went afoot. His idea of time was highly inaccurate and he was, at least, 20 minutes too soon. Even so, it was after 9 o'clock.

Now, or presently, Marian's

parents would be preparing to retire for the night.

Her house stood an eighth of a mile back from the road and he could see one dim light that signified, perhaps, her room.

Maybe she had told them she was going to bed early and the light was burning as a beacon to his hopes. In any case, he knew she would slip away to meet him.

So secure was he in this thought that he suffered not at all from impatience.

Nothing on earth—nothing could prevent Marian from meeting him . . .

As Eddie waited in the moonlight for Marian, a buoyancy grew upon him and everything in his world seemed to be floating and swimming in a delicious, gold feeling of life.

The truth was, his state was no more abnormal than the universal delicious madness that afflicts all young men in love.

Yet, as he sat down upon a log opposite her gate, it seemed to him he was reclining upon some incredibly luxurious royal couch; the whole world swept out before him like a gorgeous roll of tawdry for his approval—the conviction was borne upon him that he occupied a sweet and exalted dominion over all his fellow men.

So deliciously prevailing was this sense of power that he forgot his black despair and truly considered himself the luckiest young man on earth.

He alone was waiting for Marian.

She had chosen him for this secret tryst out of the unnumbered multitudes that swarmed the face of the earth.

His eyes were bright, his mouth was dry, but he was omnipotent in his powers.

Had he chosen, his voice could have duplicated the golden tones of Caruso; no expression of art

was beyond him. If called upon he could have disposed of a Dempsey or a Tunney with nonchalant ease.

For once in his life—perhaps the last time—Eddie Regan surged with the madness of the gods and his head reeled with their ambrosia.

Even when he saw Marian's form, a fitting bit of white, stealing toward him down the moonlight lane, he was not, at once, brought back to reality.

He rose and waited for her and the dusty road beneath his feet was sheer velvet.

Not until she was close upon him and he saw her face, pale and strained, did the spell break.

Then, in a blinding flash, reality smote him, and he shuddered with the unhappiness over the tragedy—that was, actually, his portion.

This was their last time together.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

stood stock still. So did Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, who were with them.

They were on a queer adventure. The shadow-children had met Tom and Huck leaving the inside of a tall, red-covered book entitled "Huckleberry Finn." The two boys were seeking the pirate captain Long John Silver, who lived in a book called "Treasure Island." This they found at the end of the row of books on the shelves in the library. Hoping that John Silver would make pirates of them, Tom and Huck quickly crawled into the book. Knarf, Mij and Flor wanted to be pirates, too, so they followed them, while Hand and Yam, the girl-children, not caring to remain alone, went in last of all.

"Are there any pirates here?" Knarf repeated loudly, peering along the margin of the page. There was no answer.

"They must all be out pirating," Tom Sawyer said.

"You can't find any pirates on this page," Hand said.

"Why not?"

"Because this is the Title Page. Pirates never bother staying there. They're always in the middle of the story."

As there was no doubt that she was right, the others reluctantly left the Title Page. No sooner did they do so than they heard a clattering of knives and forks and dishes and a hubbub of voices. It sounded as though dinner was being eaten somewhere nearby.

"Have another plate of turtle soup, Captain Silver," a voice said. "No—pan me half-a-dozen herings instead," replied a booming voice.

Tom and Huck and the shadow-boys gazed at each other in delight. "It's John Silver and his pirate crew!" they whispered. "Let's find out where they are!"

"They're right in here," Hand said, pointing to the next page.

"They're having their dinner," Yam added.

The boys were more and more excited. "Let's go in right away!" they cried. Now the question arose as to which was the best way to go in—from the top or the bottom.

Hand smiled slyly.

"Generally," she said, "people drop in for dinner. But it isn't

very polite. I would do it, if I were you."

However, they had no desire to be polite. I wouldn't do it, if I were you."

"You'd better not go," she warned them again. They didn't heed her. Up they went. From the top of the page they glanced down and saw Capt. John Silver and a crew of fierce-looking pirates seated around the Table of Contents, devouring their dinner.



The Pirates Drew Their Cutlasses.

"When I shout three," Tom Sawyer said, "let's all drop in at once. One, two, three—!"

Down they went. The next instant they landed in the middle of the table. Uttering a shout of amazement, John Silver and his pirates sprang back, overturning chairs and scattering plates, knives, forks and the fish they were about to eat.

"We want to be pirates!" Knarf announced calmly. Instead of being delighted, the hungry pirates drew their cutlasses, which are long, sharp swords, and rushed at them. "We'll make pirates out of you all right, all right!" they roared. The would-be pirates did not wait. They leaped off the table and darting from sentence to sentence, finally escaped with whole skins from the page.

"Are you pirates, yet?" Hand and Yam asked slyly as they passed. But they received only a growl for answer.

And that was impolite enough really to have come from pirates!

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Shrimp—As Cocktail or Main Dish—Tempt Dull Appetites

Shrimp can be served as almost any point in a dinner. Chilled, it's an appetizing cocktail to begin with. Or, it may be a hot canape or entree; or combined with rice and vegetables as a main dish, or served cold as a salad.

Shrimps are obtainable in most city markets fresh for a good part of the year, but at all times they can be purchased in tins or jars. Canned shrimps should be washed in cold water and allowed to stand for a few moments after removal from the can. To prepare fresh shrimps, throw them in a kettle containing several quarts of water to which 3 tablespoons of salt have been added. Let them simmer over a slow fire for 20 minutes. (The shrimp, greyish white when fresh, turn pink almost immediately after hitting the boiling water.) After 20 minutes dump into a colander and let cold water run through them. Then the shells slip off easily, and the shrimp should be put in a cold place until ready to serve.

Shrimp Cocktail

2 tablespoons ketchup
2 tables chopped pickles or relish
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 tea spoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix these ingredients and keep well chilled. Cocktail glasses should also be kept chilled. Just before serving, place a few shrimps in the glass, add a spoonful of this sauce and mix well.

Shrimp Canape or Entree

1 pound shrimps
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 canned pimiento
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon curry

The shrimps should first be cooked and chilled. Melt the butter, add flour and milk, stirring constantly until smooth. Then add the diced pimiento and sea-

soning and last the shrimps. About five minutes before serving time put a tablespoon of the mixture on rounds of bread that have first been toasted on one side. Put under the broiler to brown.

Baked Shrimps

1 pound cooked shrimps
1 cup strained tomato juice
1 cup dried breadcrumbs
2 cups cooked rice
1 small onion, chopped fine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon salt

Butter a baking dish and put in the shrimps and dry cooked rice mixed together, then breadcrumbs, onion, tomato juice and seasoning and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

Although pepper is frequently used with shrimps, it is too sharp a seasoning for this delicately flavored food. Curry supplies the little pep needed and seems to blend better.

Shrimp Salad

1 pound cooked shrimp
1 cup diced raw celery
1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Mix shrimp and celery together, add lemon juice, and last the mayonnaise. Place in icebox to chill. Endive, if available, is especially good served with shrimp instead of ordinary lettuce.

Be sure to cook the fresh shrimp adequately. Twenty minutes is usually sufficient, but if they are the very large variety they may take a little longer. Test for tenderness at the end of 15 minutes and you can then judge how much more cooking is required. One of the reasons why people sometimes find shrimps "undigestible" is that they are undercooked and tough.

MAN FOUND DEAD

LA GRANDE, Ore., Sept. 10.—(AP)—Ed Speak was found dead near Mount Glen lat yesterday after neighbors, their fears aroused by his continued absence, had organized a search.

Salem Chamber Of Commerce is After Members

New members are needed by the chamber of commerce here according to the weekly bulletin issued by the secretary. Suggestion is made in the bulletin that each member bring in a recruit.

E. W. Acklin, manager of the Foot-Health Shoe company, 415 State street, and Leif Bergvik, district agent for the Portland Gas and Coke company, are both new members this week. The latter took six memberships for his firm.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Tom Sawyer, Hark and the Shadow-Boys Don't Care For Pirates—NOW!

"Hello!" Knarf shouted, "Are there any pirates here?"

Mij, Flor, Hand and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the odd, turned-about noses—

CHAPTER XLIX

It was a new lease on life—the welcome, thrilling sound of Marian's voice on the wire. However hopeless the future, nothing could take away from Eddie these isolated moments of joy. Out of a universe dull with unhappiness he drank in the vital elixir of her personality, diluted in distance, but potent enough to send his heart beating faster.

Even though the dear voice came to him nervous and disturbed, he imagined it carried some hidden tenderness.

"Father just came home—about his conversation with you."

He knew that she was aware of her father's ban upon him.

Doubtless, Mr. Thorndike had warned her, too, to have nothing further to do with him. It gave him a throbbing satisfaction to know that Marian, even so, cared enough to call him up in defiance of the edict that separated them.

"Did he tell you everything?"

"Yes. I'm so sorry—it's terrible."

Their conversation, he realized, must necessarily be guarded, because of the party line telephone system. There was no telling how many listening ears might be on the wire—but perhaps he might express himself so as to render anything overheard quite harmless. There was the chance that no one was over hearing them, but the possibility stifled expression.

The things that Eddie and Marian had to say were too poignant, too intimate to be spoken for other people, perchance, to hear. Yet, there was so much that had to be said.

"I'm leaving—" he told her, reluctantly. "I'm called away—on

CHAPTER XLIX

It was a new lease on life—the welcome, thrilling sound of Marian's voice on the wire. However hopeless the future, nothing could take away from Eddie these isolated moments of joy. Out of a universe dull with unhappiness he drank in the vital elixir of her personality, diluted in distance, but potent enough to send his heart beating faster.

Even though the dear voice came to him nervous and disturbed, he imagined it carried some hidden tenderness.

"Father just came home—about his conversation with you."

He knew that she was aware of her father's ban upon him.

Doubtless, Mr. Thorndike had warned her, too, to have nothing further to do with him. It gave him a throbbing satisfaction to know that Marian, even so, cared enough to call him up in defiance of the edict that separated them.

"Did he tell you everything?"

"Yes. I'm so sorry—it's terrible."

Their conversation, he realized, must necessarily be guarded, because of the party line telephone system. There was no telling how many listening ears might be on the wire—but perhaps he might express himself so as to render anything overheard quite harmless. There was the chance that no one was over hearing them, but the possibility stifled expression.

The things that Eddie and Marian had to say were too poignant, too intimate to be spoken for other people, perchance, to hear. Yet, there was so much that had to be said.

"I'm leaving—" he told her, reluctantly. "I'm called away—on

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Timely 'Re-Covery'"

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ASH, TELL US ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES IN THE HOLLOW WALLS OF GRAYSTONE!

OH! IT WAS AWFUL!

ONE THING AT A TIME, LADIES. FIRST I GOTTA HAWG-TIE THESE TWO THUGS!

ILL GO FETCH SOME STRING, SIR!

YAS, ASH, SPILL IT!

WOT TH-?

STICK 'EM UP, KID!

AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY!

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Every Man for Himself"

WAS THE BOSS APPRECIATIVE OF THE WAY WE HANDLED THE BUSINESS WHILE HE WAS GONE MR. WHIPPLE?

WHERE D'YA GET THAT WE STUFF TILLIE?

IF YOU THOUGHT I FELL FOR YOUR LINE ABOUT YOU PUTTING IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME WITH THE BOSS YOU'RE CRACKED THAT ISN'T BEING DONE

ALL RIGHT, BEAT IT

AND BESIDES EVERYBODY'S TOOTIN' THEIR OWN HORN AROUND HERE AND I'M NO EXCEPTION. MIX THAT WITH YOUR HAIR GREASE AND RUB IT IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS

HEY, TILLIE. PUT A GOOD WORD IN FOR ME WITH THE BOSS

SURE I WILL, NIFTY

PRIVATE

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Postponed Information"

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT BEING "FARMED OUT" DOESN'T MEAN GOING TO A FARM?

I SHOULD SAY IT DOES NOT! IT MEANS GOING FROM A BAD PLACE TO A WORSE ONE!!

LISTEN, ANNIE, I'M OLDER THAN YOU ARE AND I HAVE BEEN AN ORPHAN LONGER THAN YOU HAVE AN YOU'VE GOTTA LISTEN TO ME!

ALL RIGHT—MY EARS' PINNED BACK!

WELL, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET OUT OF THIS HERE ORPHANAGE AN TRUST TO LUCK ON EARNIN' OUR OWN LIVING—

YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUTA HERE OVER A SIX-FOOT FENCE PLUS THREE STRANDS OF BARBED WIRE?

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU HOW, BUT NOT JUST NOW, 'CAUSE HERE COMES TILLY TATTLETALE. DO—MEET ME HERE TOMORROW—

ALL RIGHT, SUSIE!!

GEE—HOW I HATE THAT GIRL!!

TOOTS AND CASPER

"Making His Reservations Early"

THROUGH HIS AGENTS, "MORTIMER CLAMBY" DUMPED ANOTHER BLOCK OF 5000 SHARES OF ZIPPO MOTORS ON THE MARKET TODAY FORCING THE STOCK DOWN EIGHT MORE POINTS!

HEY, SHRIMP! I'VE GOT AN AXE TO GRIND WITH YOU! YOU BLOWED SO MUCH ABOUT THAT ZIPPO MOTORS TO ME THAT I WENT AND BOUGHT MYSELF 100 SHARES AT 90 AND NOW IT'S DROPPED TO 42—A FINE TIP YOU GAVE ME!

DON'T TELL ME YOU BOUGHT ZIPPO MOTORS, TOO, COLONEL HOOPER? NO WONDER IT DROPPED! YOU'RE A JINK! IT WAS GOING UP UNTIL YOU GOT IN ON IT!

SAY! I'VE LOST \$4800.00 ALREADY, AND THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY TO ME! IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE TIPS ON THE STOCK MARKET TELL 'EM TO SWEENEY!

YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY! THINK OF ME! I BOUGHT A THOUSAND SHARES AND TO DATE I'M OUT EXACTLY \$28,000.00

I INVESTED THE DOUGH I WON ON SPARERIBS! IF THE STOCK GOES MUCH LOWER, I'M SUNK!

YOU NEVER HAD A DIMB UNTIL YOUR DOG MADE \$50,000.00 FOR YOU, AND THEN YOU HAVEN'T GAINED ENOUGH TO KEEP IT! WHY DON'T YOU LET SPARERIBS ATTEND TO YOUR FINANCIAL AFFAIRS FOR YOU! WE COULDN'T DO WORSE!

CUT OUT THE COMEDY! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR! IF YOU WANT TO DO ME A FAVOR PICK ME OUT A NICE ROOM AT THE POOR-HOUSE!

NEGLECT OFTEN THE CAUSE OF DEFORMITY

Many Persons Have Been Crippled from Causes Which Are Preventable, Says Dr. Copeland, Citing the Danger of Neglecting Arthritis.

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

THERE is no more disheartening sight than a young person badly crippled from a preventable cause. Many a person must go through life on crutches or using a cane, who might have enjoyed the full use of his limbs.

Such cases are often the result of arthritis. This affects young and old alike. It is often referred to as "chronic rheumatism."

Arthritis may be chronic or acute. In the acute form there may be a high temperature, swelling of several of the joints, soreness to touch and often marked redness of the affected areas. The symptoms of acute arthritis are the same as those of rheumatic fever.

The symptoms of chronic arthritis may be gradual in their appearance. The real nature of the disease may not be recognized until there is marked deformity. The hands, knuckles and other joints, particularly of the fingers, become involved first. They are very tender, red, swollen and painful to move. There may be gradual dislocation of the involved joints.

When the diagnosis of arthritis has been made, every attention should be given to improving the condition. The source of the infection must be found and removed. This may be in the teeth, tonsils, nasal sinuses or it may be in the intestinal tract.

Plenty of fresh air is essential. Care of the diet is the next essential step. The carbohydrates should be reduced, but not the proteins. In every case the diet must be nourishing. Water to drink is necessary as an aid in increasing elimination. Where activities must be used, the laxative waters are very beneficial.

Hydrotherapy, massage and balfers all have their value. Just which kind of treatment to employ should be determined by the doctor treating the case. This is true, too, as regards the use of the affected limbs.

It is a great mistake to settle down to the practice of making no effort at movement. Even a joint healthy to begin with will grow stiff if not used regularly.

It is very important to keep up regular movements of the joints. Of course, this is not good practice during the acute, painful stage, but when the inflammation has disappeared, free movement is important.

Answers to Health Queries

H. R. M. Q.—What causes warts?
—How can I make freckles less noticeable?

A.—It is probable that there is a germ of some sort responsible for their appearance. It may be planted by the site of a trifling injury and thus get a start. If the wart is very small it may be clipped off by your

physician and the iodine applied to the base.

2.—You might try applying equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide.

A. D. R. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is seventeen years old and five feet four inches tall?
—What can be done for an oily skin?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 125 pounds.

2.—Try applying hot and cold compresses alternately to the face for ten minutes night and morning.

N. E. H. Q.—What do you advise for headache?
—Why do certain foods cause a burning in the stomach, also gas.

A.—An examination will determine the exact cause.

2.—This may be due to faulty diet and poor elimination. For further particulars send self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

J. M. Q.—What causes the feet to swell and ache?
—Why are due to a number of causes. It would be wise to have a urinalysis made.



DR. COPELAND

By CLIFF STERRETT

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By RUSS WESTOVER

By BEN BATSFORD

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY