

# Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

## CHAPTER LL

Not consciously did they draw closer together until their shoulders touched—it came about as though by some inherent magnetic attraction that was a force more powerful than will power, as potent as youth itself.

An instant remained in which it would have been possible for Marian to draw back, but there was a tremor running through her—through both of them—that nullified all thought of intention. Under the sway of this delicious intoxication she felt her arm steal around her, circling with tender pressure until, with a weary sigh, and with a surrendering movement that was all her own, she leaned into his arms with her face uplifted. As his head bent over hers—as it had once before—their lips yielded together.

In one tempestuous moment she realized that this was no mere tormenting delight of sensation—only love could so scarify and confuse all her previous ideas of conduct. Only the man named by destiny for her mate could blot out all her concern with the rest of life and release these wild currents of surrender in her blood.

She allowed herself to be pressed more tightly in his arms, relaxing with a heedless acquiescence. Just for one great, free moment she remained this way and then, half freeing herself from his embrace, she looked up at him, smiling mysteriously.

Again he kissed her and there was utter freedom and willingness in her response. At last she leaned her head back on his shoulder with a nestling movement for comfort, now that the first exultation ebbed into peacefulness.

"You do love me, don't you?" she whispered.

"So much that my head and my heart are both swimming. Do you remember when I first saw you? Well, I loved you from that instant and it grows and grows with every passing second. Nobody ever loved a girl as much as I love you."

"I'm glad—I'm glad—" Again and again she was locked in his arms while kisses rained on her lips. Then again she spoke:

"Eddie, dear, how can we ever part after this?"

"I can't bear to think of it," he murmured.

"Nor I. It couldn't be—life isn't that cruel—that we will have to give each other up. I wouldn't want to live if anybody came between us."

"When did you first love me?" he asked, in awe.

"I think I knew it practically at the start. It was all there from the beginning but it was locked up like a flower in the bud. There could never have been anyone else except you, dear."

"And I was such a dumb-bell that I couldn't believe it!" he declared. "I thought that the odds were a thousand to one against me—I can't believe yet that you love me. It's too wonderful to be true."

Her lips pressed against his for answer.

"How impractical you are!" she said, with a smile of feminine wisdom. "Where were your eyes—couldn't you see?"

"I was blind and when I look into the future and realize what I'm up against—on the outside—I'm more in the dark than ever."

With a snuggling movement she drew even closer to him. "I don't want to worry now, dear—I don't even want to think."

"Love, as they found it, was in this first dawning of its true real-

ization as excitingly unreal as a fairyland dream. With the first flash of its delight they were happy as children are, and as innocent in the expression of their feelings as though Marian had never dreamed of the behavior of the new jazz generation. And this, too, despite the fact that Eddie had come up from the hectic world of wickedness and sophistication.

They lingered on, reveling in the luminous delight that pulsed around them, marveling at the miracle of love and the fate that had so strangely brought them together. Time after time they had to tell each other of their wonderment at the other's thrilling and lovely powers. No other people, they were sure, had ever loved so sincerely, so bewilderingly with heavenly delight.

The moon rose toward its zenith and the whole world around them glowed with the gentle light that flooded all around them.

Yet enchantment is so fragile that the hard facts of life have a way of penetrating its fragile fabric even as silvered minutes fly.

"I think I ought to tell you everything about the girl who came down here to see me from New York," he said suddenly.

In his arms, Marian shuddered slightly.

"I suppose it would be better—brought to hear about it."

"It isn't so bad, after all," he said, trying to speak with surety. "A long time ago I thought I had a heavy crush on her—but it was only kid stuff. I didn't dream that you even existed then, dear. There were a few kisses and some wild talk—but nothing else. She's not at all like the kind of girl you are—and after I left she got a crazy idea she was madly in love with me. She found out where I was and came down here."

"Did you tell her about me?" Marian asked.

"I told her all about you—and tried to convince her she ought to go back. But she's got the nut idea in her brain that she wants to marry me, and she's going to stick around in the county seat for a while to see what might happen."

"How awful!"

"It's just one of those things—a girl with a loose heart and the wrong plan. But at that, she's not bad-hearted. It's just delusion she has—but it almost wrecked my life."

"Are you sure you never really loved her?"

"Never."

"Well, it's too bad—but, after all, it's such a tiny obstacle in our path— isn't it, dear? I know you and I feel sorry for the poor girl. But what does it matter—what can it matter?"

Eddie felt now, slowly, the return of his old despondency.

"It matters terribly—when your father forbids me to see you and practically threatens to shoot me if I ever look at you."

But there was an elevation of spirit about Marian that refused to recognize any such menace.

"That doesn't matter really at all," she declared.

"Maybe—but I don't want him taking a shot at me all the same. I mean it doesn't matter what he thinks. Nobody—not even my own father or mother—has the right to spoil my life. I'd marry you, Eddie, if they never spoke to me again."

Suddenly, like a slow descending weight, as heavy as the universe itself, he realized the awesome responsibility that rested upon his shoulders. Love was

vastly more than a thing of kisses—it meant the taking charge of her whole heart, her whole life. To realize that Marian Thoradike was able, so courageously, to cut herself from everything she had always known and risk her very existence upon the strength of his heart gave Eddie Regan a soberness that filled him with a grave delight.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## HEBREWS BOYCOTT ARAB MERCHANDISE

JERUSALEM, Sept. 11—(AP)—The Jewish boycott on Arab merchandise is increasing in bitterness in Palestine. At Haifa, a Jewish youth poured gasoline on grapes that had been brought into the Jewish suburb of Haddar MaCarmel. The Jews of that city have decided not to buy any local fish nor to employ porters who were alleged to have participated in the riot.

Christians at Haifa today issued a proclamation denying rumors of a dissension between them and the Moslems and saying that both were resolved to work together.

The Zionist executive today estimated Jewish losses as 128 killed or dead from wounds, and 217 seriously wounded. Of this total the executive said that 65 were killed and 62 wounded at Hebron, 30 killed and 46 wounded in Jerusalem and 16 killed and 27 wounded at Safed.

Arab and Jewish merchants of Jerusalem in a joint meeting of the chamber of commerce today decided to request the government to post guards in commercial centers to enable merchants to reopen their shops.

## NORTH AND SOUTH VETS PLAN REUNION

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 11—(AP)—Endorsement of a proposed reunion of veterans who fought in the northern and southern armies in the Civil war, was received here tonight in the first official communication in history from a commander in chief of the united veterans of the confederacy to be addressed to an officer of the Grand Army of the Republic or any of its allied orders.

The telegraphed communication, from Richard A. Sneed, commander of the veterans of the confederacy to be addressed to an officer of the Grand Army of the Republic or any of its allied orders. The telegraphed communication, from Richard A. Sneed, commander of the veterans of the confederacy, was addressed to Edwin H. Pitcher of Baltimore, Md., commander of the Maryland department of the sons of Union veterans who is here in connection with the national encampment of the G. A. R.

It read: "I feel I am expressing the sentiments of every true son of the south when I endorse most heartily your plan to promote a reunion of the blue and the gray. As a united people, loyal to one flag, we could not hand down to our children a better example of true patriotism."

"Movements for reunion of the surviving members of the two armies already has the support of President Hoover, Secretary of War James J. Good and the governors of 31 states."

Commander Pitcher has been prominent in the efforts of national organization of the sons of Union veterans to unite with the southern soldiers.

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

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Tress

### The Shadow Children Step Into a Natural History Book and Learn About Crocodile Birds

It is really too bad that we all can't be like Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf, the five little shadow children with the odd, turned-about names. Think of being able, when you see a picture in a book, to go inside that picture, and walk around and talk to whomever you find there.

One afternoon, while the little real-children were taking a nap, the shadows came upon an open book on the library table. It was a Natural History book, which means a book about animals, and was open on a picture showing a large crocodile resting on the bank of a stream in far-off Africa.

The most curious thing about the crocodile was this. Its mouth was wide open and three little birds were perched on its jaw. What they were doing in that extraordinary position, the shadow-children couldn't imagine. It seemed utterly silly that little birds should perch on the jaws of a fierce crocodile when with one snap he could gobble them all up.

"It must be a mistake," Mij said.

"I have an idea," said Knarf. "Let's go inside the picture and see for ourselves."

All the children agreed, except Yam, who being the smallest, was naturally afraid of crocodiles. They managed to persuade her, however, that nothing would come amiss, and taking each other's hand, they sprang right inside the picture.

The next instant they found themselves sitting on the branch of a tree, right above the crocodile. It was exceedingly warm. They seemed to be in the middle of a deep forest.

On seeing them the three birds uttered shrill cries of alarm and flew off to a neighboring tree. As

for the crocodile, it clashed its jaws together furiously and with a sweep of its tail, disappeared below the water. But a moment later, the tip of its nose reappeared, then its eyes and finally observing that the shadows meant no harm, it crawled back on the bank and opening its mouth again, cried: "Toothpicks! toothpicks!"

The shadow-children thought this strange enough. Yet an even stranger thing happened. The three little birds flew to their perch on the crocodile's jaw again and to the astonishment of the shadows, began to pick its teeth!

Knarf immediately let himself



Even the Crocodile Grinned.

down and approached very close. The others followed him.

"Are they really picking your teeth?" the shadow-boy asked.

As the crocodile couldn't answer without closing its mouth, and as that would have interfered with the work of its odd toothpicks, the birds replied instead.

"Yes, indeed," they said. "Mr. Crocodile kindly lets us pick his teeth. We get our dinner, and he gets clean teeth. In that way we help each other. If we didn't get our dinner we would starve, and if Mr. Crocodile's teeth weren't kept clean they'd fall out and he'd starve, too."

"Can't he keep his teeth clean himself?" Flor wanted to know.

"The birds shook their heads. "It's hard to buy a toothbrush in the middle of the forest. And as he simply insists on having clean

## The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

### ALL IS NOT CREAM IN THOSE POPULAR, TASTY DESSERTS

"Cream" is probably the most elastic word in the whole culinary vocabulary. And most of the dishes which include "cream" as a description by no means contain the item as the cook knows it. All is not cream that's so named. In fact, very little of it.

In sauce, as we know, "cream" means basically a combination of milk, butter and flour cooked to a paste, and, true enough, looking like its namesake to the uncritical eye.

In desserts cream may also mean a combination of milk, butter and flour as a basis to which sweet flavorings are added. Or it may be an egg and cornstarch mixture with or without the addition of eggs. And when this combination is properly mixed and flavored there is a suggestion of cream. In fact, many can't tell the difference in the finished dish.

A great advantage inasmuch as fresh cream is somewhat more expensive than the blend which is named after it.

Here is a basic recipe for pie filling which may be varied in many ways:

**Cream Pie Filling**  
2 cups milk  
2 eggs  
4 tablespoons flour  
3 tablespoons sugar  
Dash of salt flavoring.

Seal the milk in a double boiler. Dilute the flour and salt in a half cup of cold water and add to

teeth, with no shreds of food between them, we do it for him. In payment we keep all the food we can find. Our family has always done this for the crocodiles. That is why we're called Crocodile birds."

"And doesn't he—" began Hanid hesitatingly, "doesn't he ever eat any of you up—?"

"Oh no! Does anyone ever eat up a toothpick!"

And even the crocodile grinned.

milk. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly; then add beaten egg yolks and flavoring to the taste. Cook for five minutes, then set aside to cool. Pour into the baked pie crust when cool, cover with whipped egg whites for meringue and bake in a moderate oven until the meringue is light brown.

The flavoring may be the juice of lemons or oranges. A combination of one large lemon and a medium-sized orange, with a little grated lemon rind is tasty. Or grated chocolate. Or, before pouring the mixture into the pie shell add one-half a teaspoon of almond flavor.

Meringue is prepared by beating egg whites stiff, then adding two tablespoons of sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Meringue is improved by being flavored, although frequently it is made merely by adding a little sugar to egg whites.

Another favorite creamy mixture is that popularly known as "ice-box cake," and it may be made in several ways. It is a dessert that is "cooked" in the ice-box" and therefore must be prepared several hours before serving.

Chocolate Ice-Box Cake  
8 eggs  
2 squares bitter chocolate  
1/2 cup powdered sugar  
2 cups top milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 sponge cake.

Place chocolate in the top of a double boiler and when melted add the milk gradually. Stir constantly. Add beaten egg yolks, continue cooking a few minutes, then remove from fire and set aside to cool. When cold fold in the stiffly beaten whites and vanilla.

Line a loaf cake pan with waxed paper. Place slices of sponge cake in the bottom and around the sides then pour in the chocolate mixture and place on ice. This will take about eight hours to harden.

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## Curiosity Killed a Cat?



## Showing His Authority



## By CLIFF STERRETT

## By CLIFF STERRETT

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## The Eye Witness



## By BEN BATSFORD

## By BEN BATSFORD

## TOOTS AND CASPER



## The Clamby's Idea of a Good Time



## By JIMMY MURPHY

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## IRREGULAR PULSE MAY BE "NORMAL" FOR YOU

Rapid or Slow Action of the Heart Doesn't Always Indicate Disease, Says Authority—If You Feel Well Forget About It.

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

PERHAPS we talk too much about what is "normal." That term gives the impression that any deviation from the "normal" is not only "abnormal" but also that it indicates disease and perhaps disaster.

What we call the "normal" in health is really the average of large numbers of individuals. We say the "normal temperature" of the body is 98.6 degrees. The "normal heart action" is 72 per minute. The "normal respirations" number 20 per minute, etc.

Let it be remembered for the sake of your comfort and happiness that the heart may beat 90 per minute and not be diseased in the slightest degree. It may go as low as 60 per minute and not be a bit diseased.

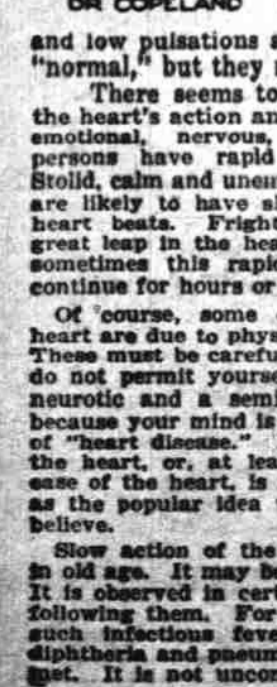
I have read somewhere that Napoleon's pulse beat was only 40. The heart action may be as slow as this and yet the owner may be perfectly healthy.

Likewise, you may have a heart beating habitually as high as 100 or 110 per minute and yet it is a perfectly healthy heart. These high and low pulsations are unusual, it is true. In that sense they are not "normal," but they may mean absolutely nothing except a broken rule.

The heart seems to be in a direct relationship to the activity of the heart's action and the temperament of the individual. For instance, emotional, nervous, highly-strung persons have rapid heart action. Stoic, calm and unemotional persons are likely to have slow and steady heart beats. Fear will cause a great leap in the heart's action and sometimes this rapid beating may continue for hours or days.

Of course, some cases of rapid heart are due to physical disabilities. These must be carefully studied. But do not permit yourself to become neurotic and a semi-invalid simply because your mind is filled with fear of "heart disease." Real disease of the heart, or, at least, serious disease of the heart, is not so common as the popular idea would make us believe.

Slow action of the heart is noted in old age. It may be a family trait. It is observed in certain diseases or following them. For instance, after such infectious fevers as diphtheria and pneumonia, it may be slow. It is not uncommon following



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