

Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER LII

As long as I have strength to lift a hand," he said solemnly, "I'll give my life to make you happy."

"I'm happy now, dear." The thought returned to him that once she had reasoned that no relationship between them was possible, because he was not making of himself the kind of man who could command her admiration. Then, it had seemed, she expected him to be an outstanding figure in the world of men.

"Do you remember when you worried about my lack of ambition?" he asked. "When you told me that I was doing nothing but manual labor and that you expected great things of me?"

"I remember," she said, and he thought he detected a first trace of unhappiness in her voice.

"Well, I've not changed much since then," he said. "I wish I could make something big and wonderful out of myself, but I don't know whether I've got the stuff in me for any kind of Big League success. The way I look at it, Marian, is that I'm just an ordinary guy—but I love you about a million times more than any Henry Ford could. Loving you like I do is, maybe, going to be my biggest accomplishment. Do you think you could be happy with me—if I never amount to much?"

"I'll be happy," she said, with determination.

"I don't think Nature intended every man to build himself up into a leader," Eddie explained, with halting philosophy. "Somebody has got to do the work of the world—the little things. But I've got another idea too—it just came to me right now. Look—maybe my job is to help somebody else do the big things. Maybe I'm intended to be the father of children that will get out in the world and do wonderful things. How do we know what any child is going to accomplish? Suppose a boy does some really big thing and makes a lot of people head-bits and happier or richer, don't you think that the parents that and steered him right deserve brought that kid into the world some credit? Maybe, after all, they had the most important part to play."

"That's true," Marian said, hesitatingly.

"It's got to be true—or what consolation is there for the millions of people that never, themselves, get to the top of the heap? Maybe that's our job, Marian—to help put somebody up toward the top. I'm just trying to be myself—and when I look at it that way I feel like it's an honor to get out and work with what muscle and what brain I've got to keep our civilization marching on."

She looked at him and there was a light of emotion in his eyes, a new ease of expression on his lips.

After he had told Marian the history of his affair with Bernice Veressi, Eddie, for some reason, felt a surge of new freedom. Too, he had figured out a justification for his apparently humble position in life. Before him, married to Marian, he could visualize the far-reaching years of responsibility, and the ever-present hope that they might give to the world a child or children who might shoulder their way up among the stars.

And Marian had talked with him about possible children—there had been a queer thrill, different from any he had ever known, in that conversation.

Hand in hand, they were like



"Do you think you could be happy with me?" He Asked.

children exploring into some inevitable but mysterious realm where pain and joy were perceived, as in a murky crystal.

Neither of them had been conscious of any embarrassment—any prudery. Together they were trying to get a grip on life and all of the petty social inhibitions had melted away.

"Are you worried, dear?" she asked him maternally, as she held one of his hands in both of hers.

"Nobody on earth could be as happy as I am—when I think about you," he replied. "I think our life could be the most wonderful life any couple ever lived—but I don't yet see exactly how we're going to get around the things that stand between us."

Marian was calm, with an inner security that Eddie could not yet feel.

"It's all so plain to me," she said, nestling closer to him, and pressing his hand. "The outside things—other people—don't matter. It would be too cruel if it did! The whole world is right in our hearts and that is the answer to everything."

He shook his head. Her viewpoint was entirely feminine, but, being the male, he lacked her fine intuition, and felt the harsh necessities of their adjustment to external life.

There were responsibilities ahead of him that she could not admit into her domain.

"You're right to a certain extent," he said, "but somehow we will have to settle everything before we can get married."

"You mustn't worry, dear." "I can't help worrying because I'm so anxious for everything to be set right," he replied. "And the worst of it is that I'm so dumb it looks pretty nearly hopeless."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

POLITICIAN SLAIN

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—(AP)—A man believed to have been Charles Brown, precinct captain for Alderman Joseph Crowe, was "taken for a ride" and slain tonight. His body, shot several times through the head, was dumped from a curtained automobile in the center of the south side's "foaming fifties," scene of many recent beer war shootings.

Read the Classified Ads.

PORTLAND MATMAN THROWN BY IOWAN

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP)—Howard Cantowine, heavyweight wrestler of Iowa, took two straight falls from Ted Thye, Portland matman, to win the main event of the opening wrestling show of the season last night.

The Iowan carried a weight advantage of 29 pounds as Thye, who decided to enter the heavyweight ranks this year, scaled 186 pounds.

POLLY AND HER PALS

NO FOOLIN', OFFICERS! WE'VE LIVED IN THIS HORRID GRAYSTONE LODGE, ALL SUMMER, IN FEAR OF OUR VERY LIVES!



TILLIE, THE TOILER



STRIKERS DYNAMITE NEW ORLEANS TRAM

NEW-ORLEANS, La., Sept. 12.—(AP)—A street car was dynamited tonight less than four hours after the local carmen's union announced it had rejected the street car agreement. None of a large crowd that gathered and was dispersed by tear gas bombs, was injured.

The explosion occurring at Washington and South Dupre streets only slightly damaged the car which carried three passengers, two of them negroes, but a crowd that gathered stormed the car, smashing the windows. Police used gas bombs to scatter the crowd which had just left a small political meeting in the section, attended by acting Mayor T. Semmes Walmesley. Mayor Walmesley prevailed upon police to cease throwing the bombs after himself suffering from the gas attack.

ORGANIZATIONS PAY HONOR TO VETERANS

PORTLAND, Maine, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Representatives of organizations allied with the Grand Army of the Republic and others paid tribute to the Civil war veterans today at sessions of the 63rd national encampment.

Flo Jamison Miller, a past national president of the Women's Relief Corps, pledged her organization to oppose "communism and other efforts to break up the United States."

Miss Hazel L. Riley, Chicago, national president of the Daugh-

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trefl
The Shadow-Children Learn Why the Ostrich and Zebra Are Friends

After their first visit inside the Natural History book, Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—were eager to go again. To go inside the book meant just that and nothing else. They gave a spring and—whish—were inside. Shadow-children, you see, are not at all like real-children, who must be satisfied with merely looking inside a book.

Well, one evening they found the Natural History book lying open on the library table. On one side was a page full of printed words and on the opposite side was a large picture. They stood on the bottom margin and peered closely at the picture, which showed a zebra and an ostrich standing together in a sunny meadow near a forest. The zebra seemed to be sniffing, while his ostrich friend held its head up as though it suspected someone were coming and was trying to see just who it was.

Now, the more the shadow-children looked at this picture, the more odd did it seem to be. Why should a zebra, which is a sort of striped donkey, be on the same picture with an ostrich, which is a bird?

"We'd better go right inside the picture and ask them ourselves," Flor said. All agreed that was sensible, except Knarf.

"I'm going to stay right here until I read it all!" he said. So they left him to pore over the long words while they all held hands and sprang into the picture. At first the zebra and the ostrich were greatly frightened. When they saw, however, that the shadow-children did not mean to harm them, they let them approach.

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

The Assertive Mantel
Not even a grand piano dominates a room more than that narrow horizontal slab known as a mantel.

It's usually in the middle of the room, also it projects conspicuously half way up a wall, so as to keep lighter candlesticks within easy reach. For all of which reasons the mantel catches the eye as soon as one enters the room, and it can be beautiful or ugly the place.

Why is a mantel, anyway? Like many objects now regarded as decorative, it probably had purely utilitarian origins. It began as a shelf, conveniently stuck over the fireplace, so as to keep lighter candlesticks within easy reach. Also it was a comfortable place for suspending saucers, ladies and other cooking equipment.

When you see such mantels now spread across the generous expanse of a farmhouse fireplace it is charming even though its homey quality is now gilded with the label "antique."

Today mantels are fashionable for decorative reasons and they come in all sorts of materials—wood, tile, brick, marble, chastely simple or elaborately carved. But the old-fashioned mantel which is in the room because it serves a definite purpose is still the most charming of the lot.

Occasionally a young housekeeper moving into a new apartment is puzzled about the conspicuous mantel in the living room. What shall be done with it? How is it to be treated?

To begin with, has it any use? Curiously enough, one often finds a mantel in a living-room which does not boast a fireplace. It may ostrich, it pranced around equally excited, finally snapping up the unfortunate shadow-boy in its beak and with a furious toss of its head, flinging him clear out of the page.

The other shadow-children found him lying half in an ink well. "I fooled them anyway," he kept saying.

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just have happened there because of a builder's fancy, or it may be a left-over from a fireplace period. There was a time not so very long ago when people got the idea that a fireplace was fussy and old-fashioned and so they bricked it up or covered it with a metal shield. (Many farmhouses actually put in parlor stoves which were regarded as more elegant at the time than open fires). In any case, the cheery fireplace was suppressed, but the mantel remains. That left it without any purpose, and so gradually it took on the functions of a whatnot—a vase with flowers, a clock, a candlestick or just some fine bits of china reposed on the mantel.

And that's all that can very well be done with a mantel that doesn't tower over a fireplace. For which reason the best thing to do with a mantel occasionally is to remove it. When it serves no real purpose it actually is a waste of space. For it cuts into a wall breaking up space as much as a doorway—if not more. And the fine decorative pieces can usually be displayed just as effectively in other parts of the room—on a low table, atop a bookcase and so on.

One decorator who found an unremovable mantel in a small living room camouflaged it because he couldn't do anything else with it. The owner was a bookish person and bookshelves were the largest part of the furnishings. The decorator finding that the mantel cut into the wall space so largely that it interfered with the placing of bookcases, shifted his plans. He made the mantel the nucleus, had skyscraper modernistic bookshelves built under, over and on both sides of the mantel—with the usual varying heights, of course, to prevent monotony of design. Shelves and mantel were finally stained the same color, so that the mantel vanished from the eye—though it still remained on the premises.

Incidentally, a mantel is as integral a part of a room, as a rule, as the walls, and it must be made to blend.

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POLLY AND HER PALS

IT'S A WONDER YER ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE, FOLKS!



POLLY AND HER PALS

'GORILLA' AND 'THE RAT' IS TWO OF THE BLOOD-THIRSTIEST DOPE-SMUGGLERS, THAT EVER SLIT A THROAT!



POLLY AND HER PALS

WHERE IS YER HUSBAND, LADY?



POLLY AND HER PALS

AIN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT HIM?



POLLY AND HER PALS

IM FER BUMPIN' HIM OFF, WHILE DE BUMPIN'S GOOD, GORILLA!



TILLIE, THE TOILER



TILLIE, THE TOILER



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LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



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TOOTS AND CASPER



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BALANCE THE DIET—ADD A DASH OF WIT

Make Certain the Necessary Elements Are Included in Your Daily Menus, Says Authority, but Be Sure Your Meals Are Cheerful, Gay Occasions.

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

TO KEEP the average person well and "fit" takes considerable intelligence. Happy is the housewife who realizes the great importance of serving well-balanced meals to her family flock. All the time and thought that she spends in endeavoring to prepare the right food will more than compensate in the good health of her family. The good effects will be more far-reaching than she will ever know.

A balanced diet is one that supplies all the food elements in the right proportion necessary for building up a healthy body.

There are a few general facts that will help in choosing a proper combination of foods. A good rule is the following: One part protein—such as meats, eggs or other dairy products. Three parts fats—such as butter, cream, oils, cooking fats, oily nuts and fat meats. Six parts carbohydrates—as sugar and starches in potatoes, cereals, bread, sugar and all sweets.

It is to be remembered that milk is the most important of all foods, and one of the cheapest as well. Children would be better off by having a quart of milk a day, and for adults at least a pint should be taken.

Meals should be made attractive by having "things look nice." Pleasing color and form, together with suitable food combinations, will go far toward making an appetizing meal to the eye as well as the palate. Avoid much more inviting table looks in spotless white, with its bright silver and dainty dishes of lovely hues and the food attractively served, than a carelessly laid table with just anything for a makeshift.

Garnishes for various dishes will add to the attractiveness of the food—a sprig of parsley, red or green peppers cut into strips, or sliced carrots cut into shapes, candied flowers, olives and pickles, some flowers, such as nasturtium or lime leaves, sections of red apple—all these are tempting in color and form. And remember that meal time should be a happy occasion. Fun and laughter should mingle with interesting bits of conversation, and business worries and household cares should be saved for another time. There is a tremendous saving for the sake of good digestion. It was not a bad time in the olden time to patina halls to send for the court leaver to help entertain and make merry at meal time. If "laugh and grow fat" is a saying of old, then we might employ such tactics in up-to-date breakfasting, lunching and dining.

Answers to Health Queries
F. F. F. Q.—Should a person with Bright's disease eat fish and smoke tobacco?
A.—Fresh fish, I judge, would not hurt. If the patient has been in the habit of smoking, I assume it will be all right to continue. But as regards both of these matters the attending doctor should be consulted.

A SUN READER. Q.—Do you advise treatment for pimples and blackheads?
A.—Yes. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

E. A. E. Q.—What can I do to break my five-year-old daughter from sucking her tongue?
A.—This is, I rely, a habit and must be overcome.
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DR. COPELAND.