

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: As compensation for having been sent to Ardmore instead of Blue River, Emily Pellon has found her roommate, Judith Carroll, one of the most charmingly irresponsible girls in Astoria. Emily needed Judith, for Emily's mother is one of those women who think a great deal about duty. Now Judith has persuaded Mrs. Felton to permit Emily to visit the Carroll plantation in the Easter vacation. The Carrolls are all like Judith. Emily finds.

CHAPTER FOUR DAVID

THE Carroll house hadn't the ordered, clipped beauty of her own home, but it had beauty of setting; of rich red fields in the distance; of magnificent trees that led to the entrance like an aisle to an altar.

The car stopped before a doorway that wore its saying faintly like a coronet, and it seemed to Emily that Bedlam broke loose. Dogs barked, someone shouted from an upper window, and Judith shouted loudest of all.

Mrs. Carroll met them in the lofty hall; a tall, thin woman in impeccable riding clothes, with the broad "a's and superfluous 'y's of tide-water Virginia in her voice. She kissed her daughter briefly but affectionately.

"Judith, my darling! We are about to send out possum. Where did you get that awful hat?"

and ruddier than any of them, said testily.

"From all I can gather, you're the influence for good that Jude's been needing."

Emily laughed. Already she felt herself catching the spirit of this place. "Oh, I hope not! Influences for good usually wear flat heels and glasses."

He chuckled. "Then you must be an envoy of the Devil. Anyhow, we're glad to have you."

They came finally to the end of the room, to an individual that Judith embraced for a full half minute. Then she turned back to Emily.

"This is David," she said.

As she looked into David's waiting eyes Emily realized that life need not necessarily be the safe and dismal affair that she had always expected; it might be thrilling and reckless and glorious. And if David would let you see it with him, it would be.

He had taken her hands, and although he was talking to Judith, he was looking at her. "And you've been keeping this from me ever since September? Is that sisterly affection, I ask you?"

"If you'd taken the trouble to come and see me," Judith retorted, "I'd have let you meet her sooner. But you're so married to your horses and your alfalfa that you can't tear



They welcomed Emily with gay cordiality.

"At a fire sale, love," retorted her daughter, who had paid thirty dollars for the hat two days before.

"Mother, this is Emily."

Mrs. Carroll's tanned face softened into a charming smile. "We're delighted to have you, my dear. I hope you don't mind Bedlam."

Emily smiled back. "If this is a sample, I think I'll love it."

Mrs. Carroll patted her hand. "Dinner's almost ready, Jude, so you'd better have Jackson take your bags up right away. There's quite a mob tonight," she added as an afterthought, "so you'd better dress."

And with another brief, affectionate smile she left them.

Emily stared wide-eyed at the room to which they were shown. The ceiling was at least twelve feet in height, and the mahogany had a luster that touched it.

"I feel like Queen Victoria or Martha Washington."

Judith had already begun throwing things. "They say she slept here once; Martha, I mean; but I doubt it. Neither she nor George lived long enough to occupy all the beds they're supposed to have honored."

"I think," she decided abruptly, "that you'd better wear that daffodil chiffon and knock them flat all at once. It won't matter then whether you talk or not, and you can get your bearings."

She obediently wore the chiffon, pale yellow, with a golden-brown girdele toning to the deeper brown of her hair. Judith, who always dressed like a whirlwind and looked like a mannequin, surveyed her critically and reached for the rouge.

When she had finished she stepped back and regarded her handiwork.

"God help the poor seamen on a night like this!" she chuckled, and led the way downstairs.

THE Carroll living-room was vast, softly lighted, and alive with people who were all drinking highballs and talking at the tops of their voices.

They kissed Judith, men and women indiscriminately, and welcomed Emily with a gay cordiality that she would have given a great deal to acquire. Mr. Carroll, who was bigger

yourself away. Is that brotherly affection, I ask you?"

"Well, we won't quarrel over it now," David decided, and as a servant announced dinner he slipped Emily's hand through his arm.

The other arm he flung about Judith's shoulders, and the three of them moved towards the dining-room.

IN retrospect the dinner had for Emily the dream-like quality that so many vivid experiences acquire. The table was candle-lit, and exquisite crystal caught the glow and splintered it into a thousand colored fragments. David's head, with its fair unruly hair, was close to hers, and his conversation was as incessant and amusing as it was inconsequential.

There were quantities of delicious food that she couldn't eat, and a great deal of wine that she didn't dare drink. David's admiration was intoxicating enough for one evening.

And afterwards, when dinner was over and the party was breaking up into tables of bridge and tables of poker, David led her outdoors and settled her carefully in a deep, cushioned swing, set in the enchanted circle of the garden.

For a long time they didn't talk. David rested an arm gently about her shoulders and smoked. Then he threw away the cigaret and his arm tightened.

"I babble about myself all during dinner and you were too sweet to shut me up. Talk about you, now."

She didn't want to talk. She wanted to sit still and feel David's arm holding her close. She was faintly ashamed, too, of the monotonous propriety of her existence.

"There's no story, I've done the proper things all my life." A recollection of the carnival man returned. "I've never stolen a green apple or gone wading before the concert time to go wading. You couldn't be interested in anything I've ever done."

His cheek was caressing her hair and his nearness left her shaken. "I could be interested in anything you've ever done."

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Monday, Emily learns a good deal about what to do after dinner.

McLeod

McLEOD, Sept. 3.—(Sp.)—George Earhart of Medford has leased Casey's dining room and store for the coming year. Mr. Earhart has been chef for the past 25 years and has worked in many states from coast to coast. He expects to carry a complete stock in the store and will make a specialty of fried chicken and steak dinners and home-made pies. Mrs. Earhart runs the Corner Inn on South Central in Medford. Mr. Earhart is remotely related to the famous Amelia of flying fame.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ditzworth and family have returned from a week's vacation at Diamond Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Train and Mr. and Mrs. Mullins spent Friday evening at the Clifford Collier home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Taylor spent Saturday evening with Mrs. W. D. Coburn and children.

Mrs. Harry Harding is working for Mr. Earhart at Casey's.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Tate, who recently purchased the McLeod property, arrived Saturday from their home in Los Angeles to make their home here. They will live in one of the McLeod cabins while their new home and store are being constructed. The foundation and frame are already up. Ray Briggs and Roy Vaughn have been helping with the work, with Mr. Gingsburg, father of Mrs. Tate, in charge.

Mrs. Bob Neely and Mrs. P. J. Ditzworth, Sr., called on McLeod friends Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clements and daughters Zoe and Gloria, who have spent the summer at Casey's camp, returned to their home in Pasadena Monday.

See Mail Tribune want ads.

STEWART WEEKS PEARS NOW BEING HARVESTED

McLEOD, Sept. 3.—(Sp.)—Harvesting of Stewart Weeks' fine mountain-grown pears is now in full swing. The crop this year is heavier and of better quality than any other year, there being but a small percentage of culls. An increased number of workers are employed this year and trucking continues night and day.

AUSTRALIA CATTLE KING SUCCEUMBS IN 87TH YEAR

MELBOURNE, Australia, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Sir Sidney Kidman, known as

LAURELHURST DISTRICT VOTES CONSOLIDATION

McLEOD, Sept. 3.—(Sp.)—At a meeting at Laurelhurst schoolhouse, August 30, taxpayers of district No. 66 voted 4 to 3 in favor of consolidation with Elk Creek and Hatchery school districts. Many interested patrons were unable to attend for various reasons.

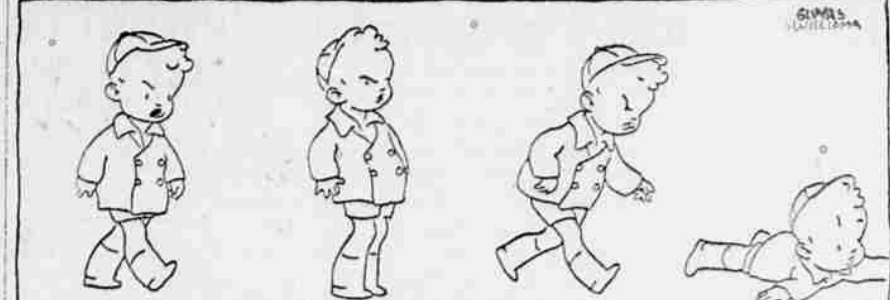
JEWISH AUTHOR DEAD

SHEFFIELD, Mass., Sept. 3.—(P)—Herian Bernstein, 59, author, editor and former United States minister to Albania, died of heart disease in his summer home here today.

KEEP COOL and ENJOY meals and fountain service at the What Not New air conditioner.

KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cyclery, 23 N. Fir Ph 261

LAGGING BEHIND

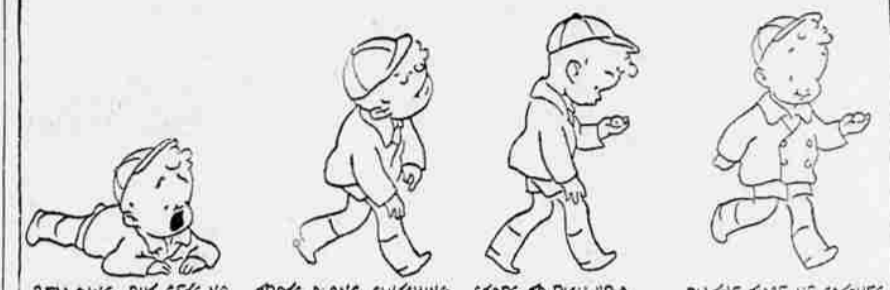


FOLLOWS ALONG A BLOCK AND A HALF BEHIND PARENTS, CALLING TO THEM TO WAIT FOR HIM

PARENTS CALL HE'S BEEN LAGGING BEHIND ALL AFTERNOON, HE'LL HAVE TO CATCH UP AS BEST HE CAN

PARENTS START ALONG SLOWLY, FOLLOWS BEHIND, PRETTY MAD AT THEM

STUBS TOE AND GOES FLAT, EXPECTS PARENTS TO COME AND GIVE FIRST AID, BUT THEY PAY NO ATTENTION



BELLOWS, BUT GETS NO RESULTS EXCEPT THAT FATHER CALLS TO PICK HIMSELF UP AND HURRY

TROTS ALONG CLUTCHING LEG AND TRYING TO IMPRESS ON THEM HE HAS WOUNDED HIS KNEE

STOPS TO PICK UP A SNAIL, STILL CLINGS TO KNEE, BUT NOT VERY WHOLE-HEARTEDLY. FORGETS TO LIMP

BY THE TIME HE CATCHES UP WITH HIS PARENTS, HAS FORGOTTEN ALL HIS TROUBLES

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE WHISTLING LANGUAGE

IN THE CANARY ISLANDS, NATIVES OF GOMERA CARRY ON CONVERSATION WHILE MILES APART SIMPLY BY WHISTLING!



Not a code, but an actual language, he whistled back and forth among the hills of Gomera, island in the Canaries by natives who are able to carry on whistling conversations over distances up to three or four miles. The basis of this whistling language is Spanish. Words and phrases are whistled rather than spoken and may be born great distances. The sounds are perfectly intelligible to one not acquainted with the language. No instrument of any kind is used.

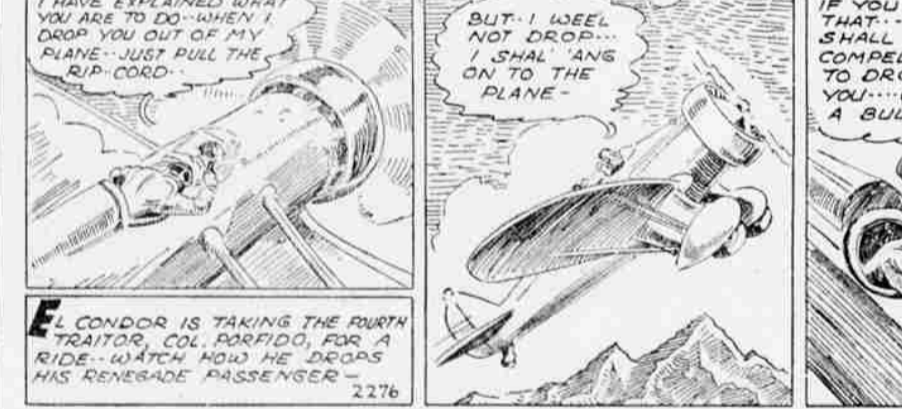
The language owes its origin probably to the mountainous nature of the island. Distances comparatively close together by air cannot be reached by foot without traversing canyons and valleys. Hence the need for a simple means of long distance communication.

Strange as it seems, the whistling language is not entirely peculiar to this island. Characters of the Paris underworld sometimes use a poorly developed whistling language to communicate with each other when secrecy is needed.

The little church at the foot of James Bay in northern Ontario has holes in the floor so that flood waters may enter the building freely. There is good reason for this strange fact. Before they put holes in the floor, flood waters used to float the church away like a boat. Members of the congregation decided that it was easier to clean up the dirt left by seeping water than to bring the building back from somewhere downstream—therefore, the precaution.

Tomorrow: Life for a Life.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Col. Porfido "Balls Out!"



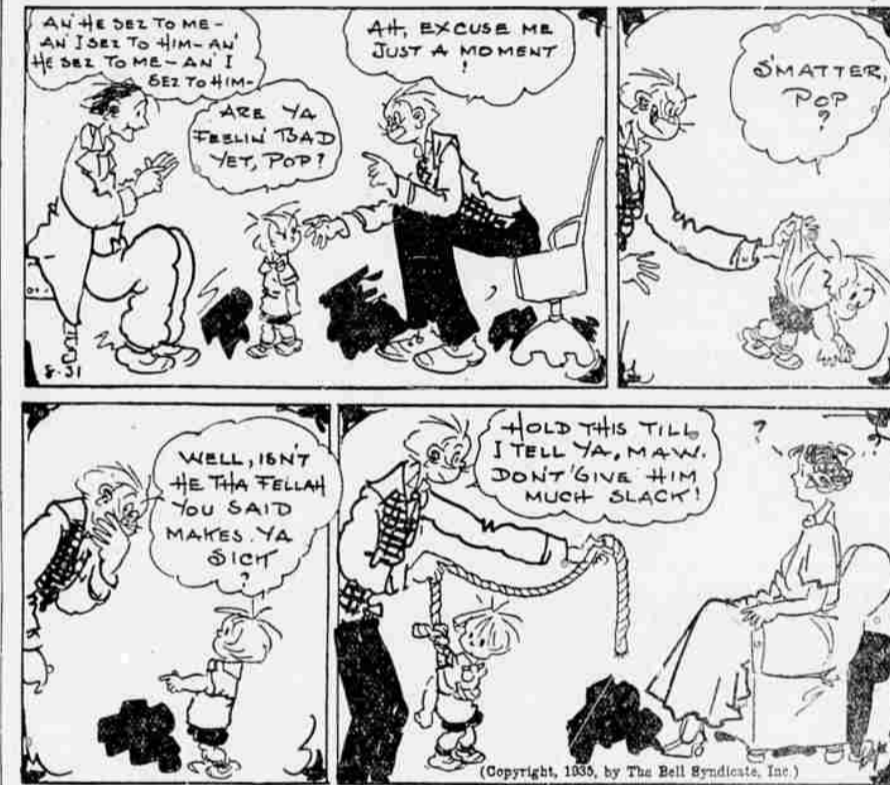
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bon Acts!



THE NEBBS—And the Fight Is On



S-MATTER POP—



By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger



By Sol Hess

