MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: It is because Emily Felton's roommate at Ardmore, Judith Carroll, has out-maneuvered Frances Felton, Emily's managing mother, that Emily is at the great Carroll plantation to spend the Easter vacation. And it is because Judith's brother David is as fascinating and as gaily irresponsible as Judith herself that Emily has forgotten all about cautious Edwin Barnes at home, and fallen in love with David. They are riding over the plantation, early on a typical Alabama morning.

Chapter Six

DANCE

"HENRY, didn't I hear that you spent Saturday night in jail?" asked David of a field hand.

Henry wriggled and grinned. "I swear to' God, Mist' David, I don' know who put dat liquor in my buggy. I went in de post-office, and some black devil musta stuck it in while I was gone."

David shouted with mirth. "I don't doubt it in the least."

At the stables Emily met Starlight, the superb animal that was Judith's own mount, and saw the Irish setter, complacently presiding over seven beautiful puppies. David knew one of these late her arrival, since it mysteriously borrowed late hers most had become motionless.

"They're by Kingscote's Blue Duke," he told her proudly. "The first puppies [illegible] quished their hold upon one day until another had arrived. The sleep thus lost they made up at odd moments like healthy animals, sleeping deeply and briefly in unexpected places, the living-room couch, or a swing on the wide verandah.

She wondered with silent mirth what Frances Felton would have said to such habits.

"I've just had an idea," David announced.

Judith grinned impudently. "No wonder you waked us up to tell us."

He ignored her. "Why don't we have a dance tomorrow night as a farewell celebration? I want to dance with Emily."

"It's not a bad idea," Judith conceded, "but it was born too late. We can't get an orchestra on such short notice."

"We can use home talent. Caesar and Cicero and Damon."

Emily laughed. "Imagine dancing while Caesar and Cicero fiddled! Where did they get those names?"

David grinned. "The father of Caesar and Cicero is literary. They spell 'em 'Seasar' and 'Sisro.'"

"And Damon," Judith remarked drily, "is named—with good reason—for one of the neighborhood squires."

Emily mused. She had heard of things like that, but they didn't seem quite credible. David smiled at her.

"Don't mind Jude. She's an evil minded hussy."

"I'm not. I'm a realist." She went back to the original subject. "They don't know any music newer than 'Down by the Riverside' or 'The Wreck of Ninety-Seven.'"

"Oh, don't they! Cicero's got a graphophone — one of those things with a morning-glory horn—and every Saturday night they get a new record at the ten-cent store and play it until it wears through, which is usually Monday morning. I couldn't figure where they were getting the money, so I investigated and found that they were swapping the manager of the store a dozen eggs for a record.

"You don't pay the hands here," he explained parenthetically to Emily, "because they wouldn't even know how to count money, much less keep it. You give them an 'order' for what they need.

"Last Sunday I rode past their cabin and they were playing 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' Five hours later when I rode back they were playing—you guessed.

"'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'" Judith cried, and bowed to an imaginary audience. Then she nodded. "Your idea's vindicated, darling; we'll have the dance tomorrow night. Now get out; you seem to manage without sleep, but we can't."

He rose reluctantly and stooped to kiss them both. Emily held her breath as he bent over her, and wondered desperately how she was going to endure an existence that didn't include David.

There were sixty people, ranging in age from fifteen to seventy, at David's dance. Two of the vast rooms had been cleared, and the polished floors gleamed darkly in the light from crystal chandeliers.

It was Emily's first experience with real negro melodies, and the rhythmic minors with which the orchestra endowed trite music set her blood throbbing. You realized, listening to them, that the jungle was very near.

(Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Tomorrow, Emily is proposed to for the first time in her life.

"[illegible]" David said [illegible].

[illegible] Emily's resistance the matchless charm of reproduction, even in miniature, had never been a subject for mixed company. Puppies and colts, little children, were [illegible] of tried and true processes of nature. In the face of David's enthusiasm she felt [illegible] moment of that, too. She [illegible] over the puppy, her cheeks [illegible] with half-shamed pride.

"If you'd let me," David's eyes [illegible], "I'd like to give you one of them."

Presently Gilbert had moved [illegible] of dogs. They horsed and [illegible] Frances Felton in that [illegible] on Monday.

"Oh, David!" she whispered. But [illegible] content with that.

They rode slowly back to the stables, their knees rubbing [illegible] the narrow road. The sun [illegible] and the smell of damp earth and good leather was [illegible] to their senses.

"Your mare is exhausted," David said suddenly. "I think it's going to rain." He leaned over and kissed it lightly.

She should have protested, knowing the need you experienced. She said instead: "I've had the best time I ever had in all my life."

TWO nights later, after Emily and Judith had gone to bed, David stole [illegible] the door of their room.

"Are you asleep?" he whispered [illegible]

"Not now," Judith assured him, [illegible] on the bed-light. "Is this [illegible] a bed-time story?"

He came in and sat on the foot of the bed, regarding them eagerly. Emily smiled at him, and wondered at the ease with which she had grown accustomed to having a man [illegible] into her room at all hours. She had never known a family with so little regard for convention and conventional hours.

Last night, after having bid each other goodnight, they had congregated thirty minutes later, in various stages of undress, for an impromptu game of poker on the living-room floor.

Living so completely in the present as they did, they had no real interest or belief in the arrival of a tomorrow, and they never relin-

MOTOR FAILURE BROUGHT DEATH TO ROGERS, POST

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—(AP)—Air experts figured today that failure of its motor before it had gained sufficient flying speed to offset a nose-heaviness may have sent the plane of Will Rogers and Wiley Post on its death dive into an Alaskan lagoon.

The preliminary report of Eugene Vidal, air commerce director, disclosed the probable poor balance in the ship because of the substitution of Pontoons for the regular landing gear at Seattle.

Vidal said Post had discussed with Joe Crosson, Alaskan pilot who flew the bodies of the famed comedian and flier back to the United States, the seeming nose-heaviness and his suspicion that the pontoons were responsible.

Post said that because of this condition Rogers always sat far back in the plane on takeoffs and all luggage was kept aft to balance the ship.

Envisioning the accident from information gathered from Crosson, Eskimos who saw the crash and others, Vidal said:

"It is reasonable to believe that Post was banking the plane to the right while still in a slight climb. . . . The combination of the plane in a banking turn, with still low flying speed immediately following the takeoff and climb, the motor failure and the airplane's nose-heaviness could result in such a stall."

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Strange as it seems, two pendulum clocks which are running at almost, yet not quite, the same speed, can be made to keep the same time simply by placing them close to each other on the same support. Eventually the two pendulums will swing in unison. This is due to the fact that vibrations in the air set up by one pendulum tend to act upon the other until they are swinging a uniform rate.

This will not be true if there is any considerable difference in the rate of the clocks.

A hamlet, according to the dictionary definition, is a small cluster of houses in the country; specifically a small group of houses belonging to a parish or village. But the definition given by old Welsh law had more exacting requirements.

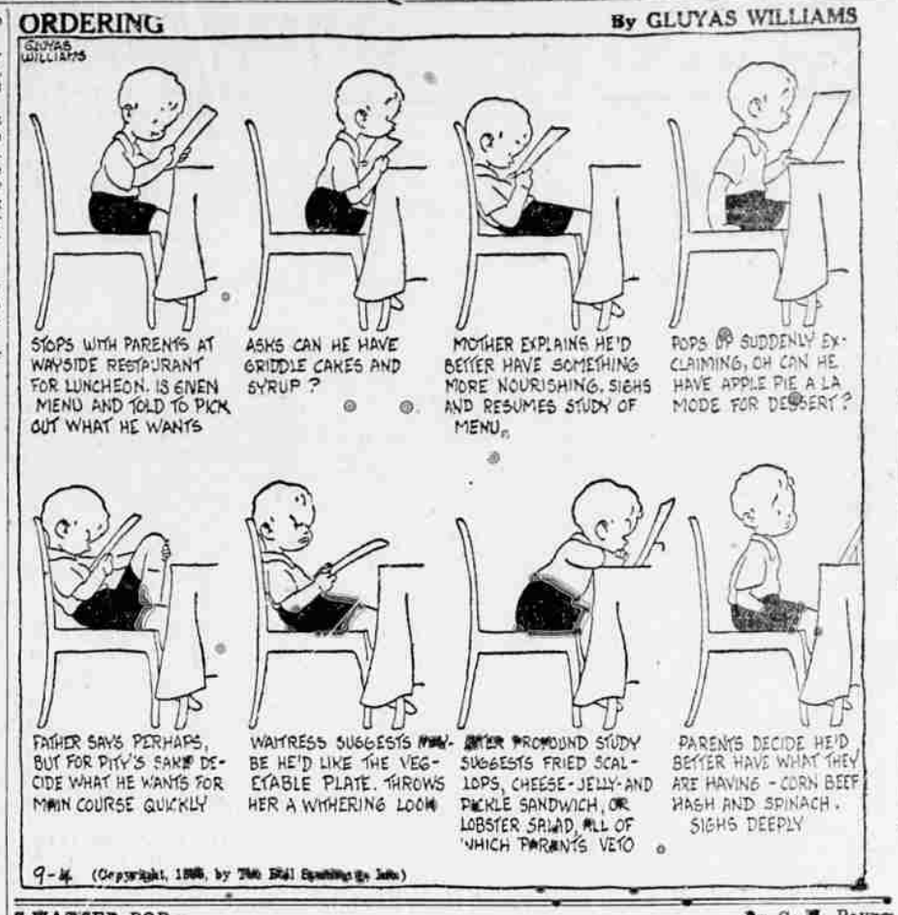
A hamlet was required to have at least nine buildings, a plow, a kiln, a churn, a bull, a cock and a herdsman.

Lost, strayed or stolen—one king. Reward offered. That, in effect, was the message of notices posted on the walls of Stockholm by Swedish officials when their king, Gustavus IV, left for parts unknown in 1803. Gustavus returned after three years, ruled for another three, and then was deposed by revolting nobles. It is not of record whether the reward for his return was ever paid.

Tomorrow: The First Submarine Attack.

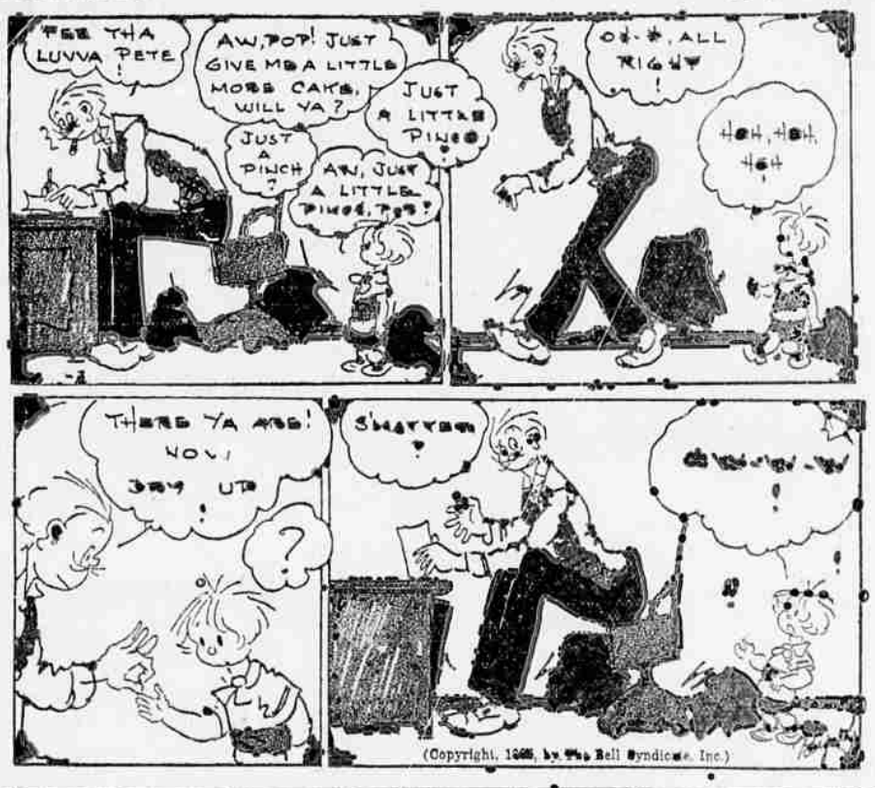
ORDERING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TARLETON TOWNY—The Battle Plans!

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Willing!

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—You Don't Tell Me

By Sol Hess

FIND MISSING LINK IN WYOMING SOIL

RAPID CITY, S. D., Sept. 5.—(AP)—Discovery of bones of the earliest primates near Powell, Wyo., which may prove a pertinent factor in the study of evolution was disclosed here today by Dr. Glen Jepsen, professor of geology at Princeton university.

Dr. Jepsen, son of a Rapid City business man, said the find was made by a group of Princeton university geologists in the Ft. Union formation near Powell. He estimates the bones were 90,000,000 years old.

"Some jaws and a part of a skull of the earliest primate of the order to which monkeys, apes and man belong and which may be ancestral to man himself were found," Dr. Jepsen said. "These types are closely related to living lemurs, small nocturnal mammals which live in Madagascar and parts of Asia and are also akin to the animal which fragmentary remains the American museum of natural history expedition unearthed near Melville, Mont."

Dr. Jepsen came here enroute to Bridgeport, Neb., to study geological deposits there.

GREYHOUND WINS RACE IN CONSECUTIVE HEATS

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 5.—(AP)—Greyhound, three-year-old, won the one mile horseman futurity trot in consecutive heats at the grand circuit meeting here Wednesday. His time for the first heat was 2:05 and for the second 2:06.

Silver King was second, Maxwell Worthy third and Pedro Tipton fourth.