MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton's roommate at Ardmore, Judith Carroll, has outwitted Emily's managing mother, and gotten Emily down to Carrollton for the Easter vacation. Emily's prim home is luxurious, but nothing like the prodigally run Carroll plantation. More important, one of the most charming of the irresponsible Carrolls, Judith's brother David, has fallen head over heels in love with Emily. David just has engineered a dance in honor of Emily.

Chapter Seven

DANCE

"I WANT to hear them sing—what is it—'The Wreck of Ninety-Seven?'"

David nodded. "We'll have that for a specialty. Right after Leonidas does his stunt." He indicated the tiny, wide-eyed black boy who was standing motionless beside Damon. "He's going to tap-dance."

Emily had seen tap-dancing on the stage, but she had never seen it as Leonidas danced it a few minutes later. His little black body was as lithe as a rag doll's and he danced with his head thrown back and his glance, moving coyly about, was continuously at variance with his twinkling feet.

The hard-faced men and unattractive women were quick, carrying a note to the host at Cicero's banjo and the music of Cicero's fiddle. And when Leonidas departed, amid laughter and applause, Cicero stood up on his bridging feet, and his feet refused at last to respond.

"I hate waiting," David protested.

When he stopped there was a roar of applause that tinkled the crystal pendants on the chandeliers. Someone flung a coin at his feet, and the coin precipitated a shower of others. Leonidas scrambled wildly to recover them, his teeth flashing in a wide grin. Then he backed precipitately from the room.

At a sign from David, Cicero raked the bow across his violin for silence, and suddenly the three negroes began to croon: "It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville—" The song gathered volume and momentum, the company took it up, and the gruesome climax burst from three dozen male throats:

"He rounded the curve making ninety miles an hour,
His whistle broke into a scream.
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And scalded to death by the steam."

Emily shivered. "What a pleasant ending!"

"Isn't it?" David agreed cheerfully. "But I thought everybody knew those old songs. They aren't negro songs; they're poor-white, and Cicero got that where he got these others—from a record. But he knows how to sing it. Those and the spirituals are America's only folk-songs, and in their way they're classics."

SHE could see that, but coming from David the statement surprised her. He was the most amazing combination of physical and spiritual she had ever known.

Suddenly his eyes were grave. "Let's clear for a few minutes, shall we?"

She nodded, and hand in hand they slipped out into the garden, where the rich smell of earth mingled with the distant fragrance of leapedeza that to Emily would mean Carrollton as long as she lived. David stopped suddenly, with his hands upon her shoulders, and turned her until she faced him in the darkness.

"You're going back tomorrow," he said.

She bent her head, too unhappy to speak.

His grip tightened. "Mind being a farmer's wife, Emily?" His voice was husky.

You were supposed not to be too eager at a time like this, she had heard somewhere. She wondered vaguely how you achieved indifference, if the man were David.

"I wouldn't mind being a ditch-digger's wife, David, if you were the ditch-digger."

He uttered a smothered cry of tenderness as he took her in his arms.

An eon later he said persuasively, "You don't need a diploma to be a farmer's wife, Emily."

To marry David, now— But of course things like that didn't happen. "But David, I'm just eighteen. Mother could never live in."

She could feel the shaven smoothness of his cheek against hers. "Need she?"

"Of course! And besides," this she confessed to herself, was even more pertinent to the issue, "it would break Dod's heart. We'll have to wait a while."

"I hate waiting!" David protested.

Of course, he would. And probably, she thought wishfully for, David was the sort who wouldn't wait very long.

"But you will?" she pleaded.

"Of course, if there's nothing else to do. But I'll want you every day," he threatened. "Every day."

SHE and Judith left next morning, followed by laughter and bear-hugs and farewell admonitions. The Irish setter, who felt now that Emily was her private property, wanted to climb in the car and sit in her lap, and Starlight whinnied excitedly and tried to pull up the post to which she was hitched.

Mrs. Carroll, who was wearing a dress as a concession to the occasion, kissed her warmly. "People always have to pay us a second visit to prove that the first hasn't incapacitated them."

To Judith she said, "We're going to miss you, honey, like a front tooth. Be sweet, like Emily here, and then you won't need to be so careful."

Mr. Carroll patted her cheek and muttered something facetious about influences for good, and David, in the worn boots and the torn shirt, came last. He smothered Judith in a long embrace, and turned to Emily.

"If they don't approve of this," he said lightly, "they'll have to look the other way." And before she could protest he had lifted her in his arms, kissed her astonished mouth, and set her in the car.

"I'll be there very soon," he whispered as he drew away.

* * *

School once more; the same school and yet a different one, enveloped in a pale lavender mist. There were occasional letters from David, tender and brief, because David was too much a person of action to be at home with written words.

"You can't imagine what a tribute this is," he wrote the first time. "Somehow the family caught me at it, and the discovery almost caused a panic. If I could hold you in my arms I could show you how I love you, but words on paper sit there and smirk at me.

"I keep thinking about your mouth, or the way your lashes turn backwards, or the way you blush. To think of finding a girl who can blush! God knows I don't deserve it."

And then, when she had been back less than three weeks, the wire from David came, followed two hours later by David himself.

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David breaks a few precedents, tomorrow

Astors and Guests Periled On Yacht

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 6.—(UP)—Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, III, one of America's wealthiest couples, three guests and eight members of the crew escaped injury and possible drowning yesterday afternoon when the boiler of their yacht exploded.

KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cyclery 23 N. Fir Ph. 761

FOOTBALL TACKLE CHEATS DEATH ON MOUNTAIN FLANK

PORTLAND, Sept. 6.—(AP)—A perfectly timed football tackle that would have warmed the heart of any big-time coach was credited today with having cheated death of a certain victim on the treacherous Sentinel peak in Chelan (Washington) national forest.

Denison H. Lawrence of Portland, the fortunate victim of the tackler, told the story as he was treated for painful injuries.

The hero of the episode was Dan O'Brien of Portland, who, with Lawrence and Dr. W. Ronald Fraser of Portland, scaled Sentinel peak last Saturday.

They were descending the peak when Lawrence, knocked unconscious by a fall after turning his ankle, slid 100 feet down the steep mountainside over rocks and ice. As he was about to tumble over a 50-foot ledge, O'Brien, at the risk of his own life, hurled himself through space to seize the victim of the fall.

Lawrence, son of Ellis F. Lawrence, dean of the school of fine arts at University of Oregon, suffered a broken heel, broken nose, six rib fractures and many facial lacerations. Dr. Frazer rendered first aid. Five days of agony followed for the injured man during the long trip to civilization from the isolated area.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Strange as it seems, the first submarine warfare dates back to the beginning of United States history, when a crude yet ingenious one-man submarine attacked a British frigate lying at anchor in New York harbor.

The submarine, designed and built by David Bushnell, was hand operated. For a quick dive, water could be admitted into the bottom of the boat, later to be pumped out by hand, when the craft was ready to rise.

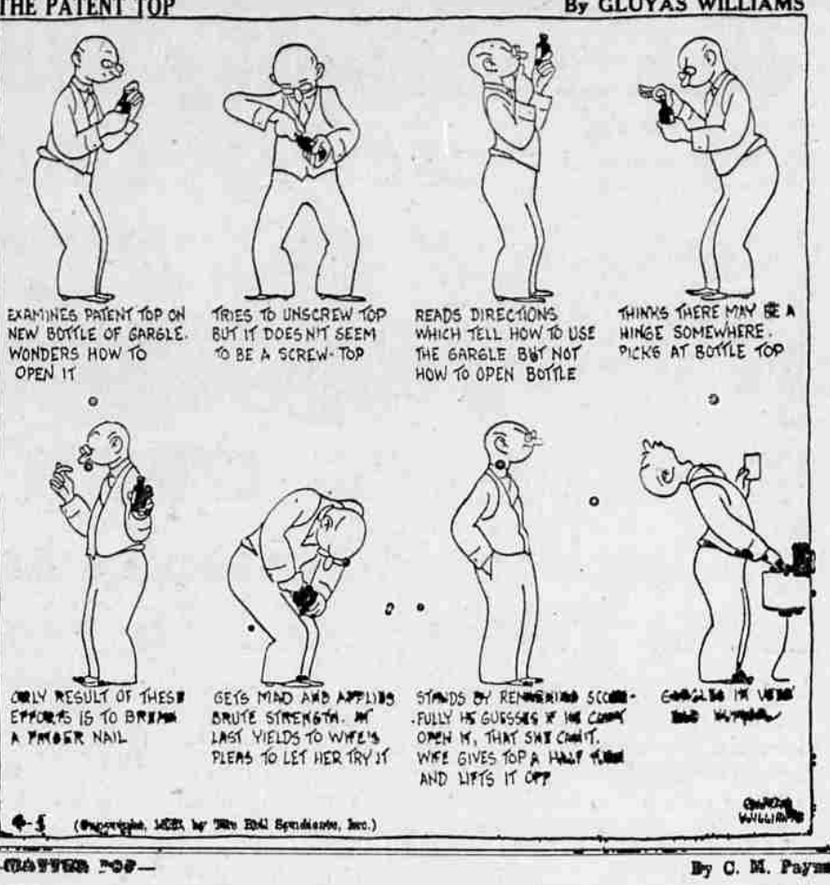
The torpedo was tied on the outside; with it was a screw arrangement so that the operator could attach it to an enemy ship. On its first attack, this submarine, called the "American Turtle," was actually brought up under the hull of the British warship "Eagle" in New York harbor—but the copper sheathing on the bottom of the ship was too heavy for the screw to penetrate. Unsuccessful thus far, the operator cut his torpedo free and propelled his submarine to safety. The torpedo floated to the surface where men aboard a captured British prize schooner saw it and hauled it aboard. The torpedo then exploded, killing three of the crew, blew up the ship and set it afire.

The word "lumber" is traced back to the name "Lombard" in Northern Italy. The Lombards were noted for their money lending, and in England the word came to mean money lender or pawnbroker. By extension, it was also applied to things pawned, later to furniture and other things held by a pawnbroker, and finally to anything that is stored or piled up—such as lumber in the sense we know. Corruption of the original spelling changed Lombard into lumber.

Tomorrow: Sailor of Fortune.

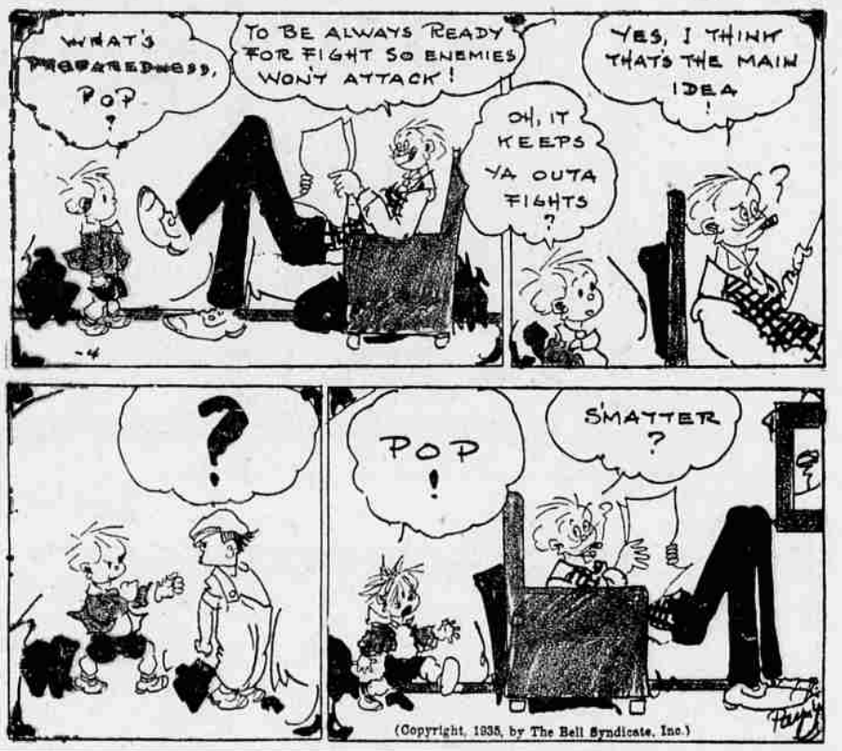
THE PATENT TOP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



POP—

By C. M. Payne

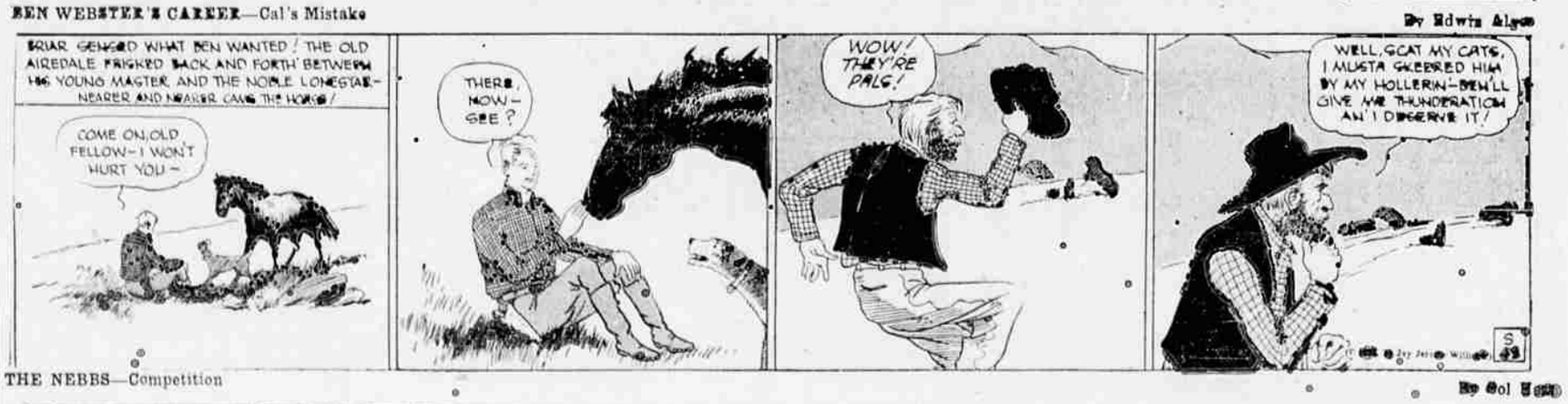


TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Startling Revelation!

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cal's Mistake

By Edwin Alger



THE NEBBS—Competition

By Sol Hess