

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

NOTES: Emily has returned to Edna's home, from whom she was taken on their wedding night. She has made him a charming home, and plans a charming garden. Edna is in hand, and has made some progress toward re-creating Edna. Although she has not forgotten David Carroll, her friendship and work with Charlotte in Birmingham, Emily is bent upon to believe there is hope for married life with Edna.

Chapter 27 NEW CRISIS

EMILY was struggling with the Servant Problem. She surveyed the unkempt negro girl who sat before her on the edge of a kitchen chair.

"You say Aunt Mandy sent you?"

"Yes'm. She said yo' girl had done gone to De-troit an' fo' me to come talk to you."

Emily had infinite confidence in Aunt Mandy. "Can she recommend you?"

There was a slight hesitation. "Yes'm."

Aunt Mandy's recommendation carried some reservation. Emily felt sure. "All but what?" she prompted with a smile.

"She say fo' me to tell you I wuz a good cook, an' I wuz faithful, but I wuzn't very clean. It ain't my fault, Miss Emily, 't' I jus' ain't got no clo'es much. It takes all I kin make to pay fo' my victrola an' feed me an' Rosebud. She's my baby," she explained.

"But doesn't your husband help take care of you and Rosebud?"

There was another hesitation, longer this time. "Aunt Mandy say to tell you I ain't ma'ed," Narcissus confessed. "Me an' him wuz almin' to git ma'ed, but his wife came back from Chattanooga an' commenced raisin' Cain an' he had to go live with huh to keep huh quiet. An' hones', Miss Emily, this heah's the only outside baby I evn had in my life."

Emily bent her head suddenly. When she looked up her face was grave. "I can overlook that. And I have uniforms I'd want you to wear, anyhow, but you must keep them very clean. We'll try it for a week and see how we get along."

When Narcissus had departed Emily thought how much she would have enjoyed, in spite of her resolution, telling Charlotte about this servant. She told Edwin instead, that evening after dinner.

Edwin looked startled. "And you've hired her?"

That was what he had gotten out of the story. She realized regretfully that he didn't consider it either funny or tragic.

"Why not? I think I can make an excellent servant of her."

He put down his newspaper. It was quite an occasion when Edwin put down his newspaper; reading it was becoming his evening ritual.

"I'd rather you wouldn't have a servant of that sort, dear."

She smiled at him. Already she was learning shamelessly how to "handle" Edwin, and smiling that way was one of the most successful methods. He hadn't yet gotten used to it.

"But they're nearly all 'that sort.' And I'd much rather help her to make a living than have her acquire a second Rosebud in the process of keeping up the first one."

He looked at her very hard. He said gravely:

"You say astonishing things, sometimes."

SHE waited until bedtime, and then returned to the topic. "Edwin, why do you shy away from the subject of babies?"

He was meticulously hanging up his business suit. "I don't, except when you joke about it. It's just that the whole subject is rather—sacred to me."

"What an amazing lot of sanctity there was in the world, then, she thought, and wisely refrained from saying so."

Edwin hung up the suit and came back to sit beside her on the bed. He was glad Emily had brought up the subject, since it gave him the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He had been restrained by this same reticence from forcing the topic upon Emily, but now he felt that he could speak frankly.

"To tell you the truth, sweetheart," he had taken one of her hands and was looking at it thoughtfully, as if he'd never seen it before, "I'd like a child more than anything in the world, wouldn't you? I think it would be a good thing for us both."

For herself, she knew he meant; to curb the spirit of levity and bind her irrevocably to her home and

him. And for himself, to supply the confidence in his own masculinity that he had always lacked; to make him also a member of the Lodge. She said slowly:

"Let me think about it awhile."

She shelved the problem the next morning for the more immediate one of entertaining her bridge club; of seeing that the creamed sauce creamed properly, and that the rolls rose to feather lightness.

Being hostess left Emily free to wander about during the game, which was really preferable to playing. She enjoyed bridge, but not with the passion that led some of her friends to place it next to their children and before their husbands in importance. Bridge, she felt, should be a game and not a religion.

Bits of disembodied conversation floated about.

"He's getting his stomach teeth now, and it's making him dreadfully fretful. Dr. Gaines had changed his diet three times and nothing seems to agree with him. But it's one of those things you have to endure, I suppose."

The voice was complacent, and Emily wondered idly if she herself would ever unconsciously adopt it. She must remind Charlotte not to let her!

Dorothy Shane broke in casually. "I wish to goodness they'd standardize contract rules before I put any more heavy study on them. Bill says there's just like health and accident policies; about the time you think you know what they mean you find a clause that nullifies everything that's gone before."

Someone else laughed. "Joe says he plays by ear and gets along just as well. He does win a lot of money, but the strain on his partner is terrific."

A NOTHER snatch, that carried to a brief lull. "I'd never been to a funeral like that before, and it was the weirdest thing you ever saw. In addition to pall-bearers and honorary pall-bearers and escorts of honor, there were thirty good-looking women, all dressed in white and carrying wreaths of flowers!"

Dorothy paused in the middle of a deal. "What were they—his concubines?"

"Oh, no," Evelyn's sense of humor was non-existent. "They were flower-bearers."

"No!" Dorothy widened her eyes. "Where did I stop dealing?"

Still another voice, nearer at hand. "George asked me what I wanted for my birthday, and I told him if he wanted to make me really happy he could give me a load of well-rotted manure—"

Emily laughed aloud, a burst of rippling, spontaneous mirth. They looked at her in surprise, and someone asked: "What on earth—"

"Nothing," she said. "It's just that the conversation sounds from here like 'cross questions and crooked answers.'"

Dorothy's mascaraed eyes narrowed in quick comprehension. "It is killing, isn't it? Especially when you sit off and listen."

That, Emily realized, was what she had been doing throughout her married life: sitting off and listening. Was Charlotte right, after all? And then she realized that she couldn't change now, whether Charlotte was right or wrong.

Edwin waited for the guests to depart before he came home, and then to make doubly sure came in by the back way. He had the timid man's horror of women en masse.

He glanced at the card tables and his mouth grew suddenly stubborn Emily sighed.

"Did they smoke here?" he demanded abruptly.

It was obvious that they had. "Certainly. Why not?"

"You know how I feel about smoking."

"Yes, I know. But if they smoke anyhow, I don't see why they shouldn't smoke here."

His mouth was still stubborn. "Well, I wouldn't think of having a lot of men here, for instance, and doing something you disapproved of."

Emily looked demure.

"I'm sure you wouldn't."

He realized angrily that she was laughing at him. "I suppose I'm old-fashioned and all that, but I can't help it." His tone was an even blend of apology and complacency.

"And wouldn't want to help it if you could, would you?"

Suddenly she was ashamed of her laughter.

"Dearest, I'm incorrigible. Please forgive me." She kissed him, and his arms closed hungrily about her.

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Jeffrey and confession come tomorrow.

POWER ACT HELD 'FANTASTIC' MOST DRASTIC, BIZARRE

BALTIMORE, Sept. 30.—(AP)—A sharp attack on the constitutionality of the Wheeler-Rayburn public utility act was sounded Saturday in

United States district court by John W. Davis, former Democratic presidential nominee.

He termed the act "the most drastic and extreme legislation ever passed in American law," and asserted its intentions were "bizarre and fantastic."

Representing the Edison Electric Institute, which brought a test suit against the holding company act jointly with the American States Public Service company, Davis said provisions of the act presented a dilemma to the latter.

If trustees of the company failed to register with the securities and

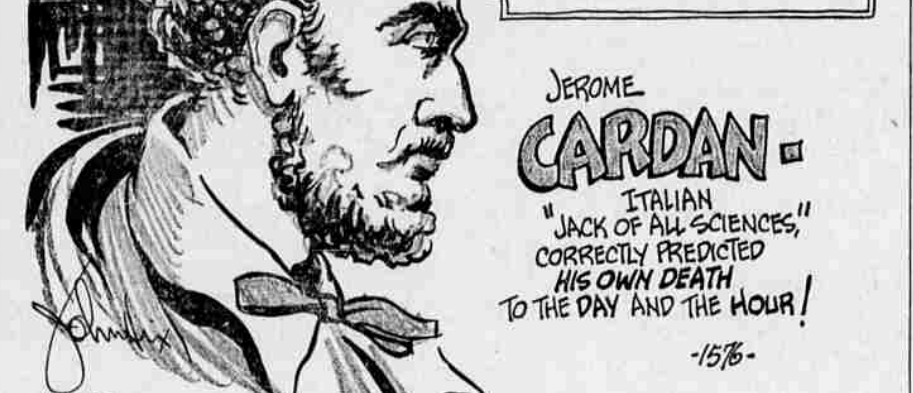
exchange commission, he said, they would be subject to fine or imprisonment. If they registered, he asserted, jurisdiction of the case would be removed from the local court.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO HOLD RUMMAGE SALE

The Women's association of the First Christian church will hold a rummage sale in the Sparta building, Friday and Saturday, October 4 and 5. Articles for the sale may be left at the home of Mrs. Cora Wilson, 129 South Ivy street.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



9-30-35 McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc.

Noticable is the fact that the tail and external ears of tropical animals are much larger than those of the Arctic. The Arctic fox, for example, has very small ears; the common fox has medium size ears, while the desert fox has very large ears. Much heat may be radiated by the desert fox through his large ears, while the tiny ears of the Arctic fox tend to conserve body heat.

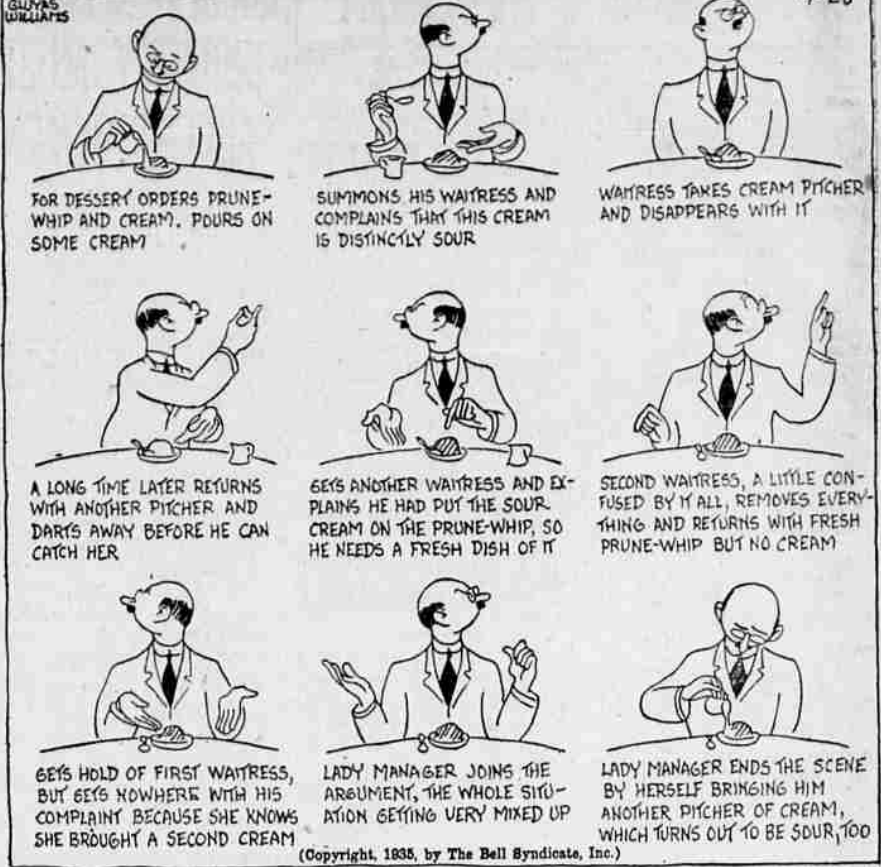
The bear, fox and moose, notably, grow larger in Alaska's severe region. Strange as it seems, warm-blooded animals grow bigger in cold climates than they do anywhere else. This is due to the fact that the larger the animal, the smaller amount of skin surface it has per pound of body weight. A mouse has many times as much skin surface as an elephant for its size. Greater skin surface gives rise to greater heat radiation, so that a small animal in cold climates must generate more body heat to maintain its body temperature than a large animal.

Jerome Cardan, Italian student of science, correctly foretold the day and hour of his own death which occurred in 1576. The story persists that he killed himself at the predicted time so that his prophecy would be true—but this has never been proven. Although he had a little knowledge in many sciences, Cardan was an outstanding mathematician and to him is credited the solution of many questions pertaining to probability.

Tomorrow: River of Salt.

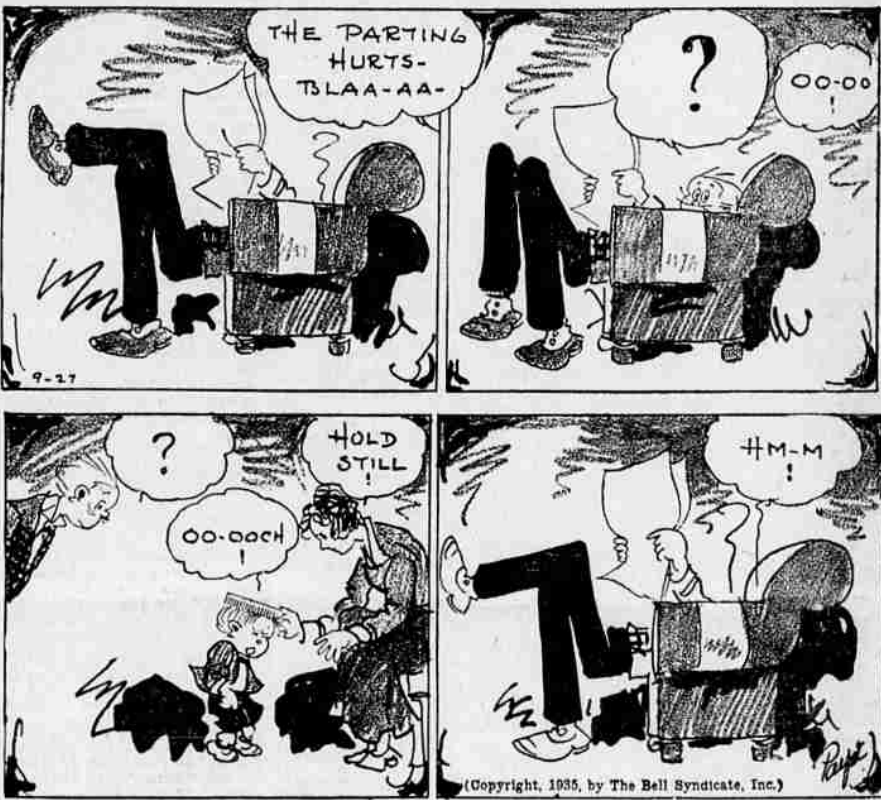
COMPLAINT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 9-28



SMATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lucky Landing



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Orders



THE NEBBS—Hot or Cold



CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—(UP)—Mrs. Grace Wiley, former curator of reptiles at Brookfield zoo, today advised snake lovers that rattlesnakes enjoy being bathed. "Get them in a good humor first," she cautioned, "and then bathe them in lukewarm water. They like to be dried with a soft towel. Be very gentle."

Fishing Uses Pram.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—(UP)—Police last night watched for a fire with a baby carriage complex, seeking to solve a dozen recent apartment house fires. In several cases the fires were started in baby carriages pushed under ground floor stairways.

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