

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

The home life of Ed and Emily was about to develop into a state of armed neutrality, when the prospect of an exciting day in the life of Ed and Emily's staidness, and Edwin to a delighted snatching game—most anything else in her life considerably changed. For the first time she even can defy her managing mother successfully.

## Chapter 30 EDWIN THE CENSOR

SURPRISINGLY, it was Dorothy Shans who proved to be Emily's bulwark. Dorothy had married at twenty and had one child, a boy of seven, so that, as she put it, "the novelty had about worn off."

But she had in addition a catholic and irrepressible sense of humor, and a remarkably sane outlook on life. She looked like a French doll, with her short black hair, her brilliant dark eyes, and wide, heavily rouged mouth. Edwin disapproved of her on principle and Dorothy was quite aware of his disapproval and quite unimpressed by it.

"I wonder why it is that husbands and wives never like the same people?" she laughed to Emily. "After you're married you don't go with the people you each like; you go with the people you can both stand!"

She formed a habit of dropping in almost daily, and Emily came to enjoy her more than anyone in Elston. Dorothy, like Charlotte, usually understood what you meant.

"You'll have to help me keep my sense of proportion and my sense of humor," Emily said one day. To herself she thought, "What a frail reed I am; I don't seem to be able to do anything without support from some outside source."

Dorothy smiled affectionately. "I will, I will run you ragged."

Edwin came in just then, and greeted Dorothy with unbending politeness. She crushed out her elated and rose.

"Heaven, is it time for husbands to be coming home? Mine is probably on the verge of apoplexy on a downtown corner, wondering why I haven't come for him."

Edwin saw her to her car, then came back and kissed his wife.

"I wish you wouldn't see so much of her," he said.

"Why not?"

"She's too—fast."

"How do you know?" Emily demanded sternly. "Has she been fast with you?"

He was so horrified that she almost laughed aloud. "Of course not! But I happen to know that she smokes incessantly and drinks too much and loses a lot at cards."

Emily's eyes were wistful. "How interesting that would be for a change!"

He stared at her in consternation. At times the strain upon his reverence for Motherhood was terrific.

"Have you lost your mind?"

"Not yet, darling. Dorothy is one of the best safeguards against insanity that I know of."

"I don't care," he insisted. "I don't think she's a fit companion for—you."

She had been good for a long time, and she couldn't resist releasing one day.

"Are you afraid she'll corrupt your child?"

Edwin flushed hotly. "I believe you'd be sarcastic at the Bar of Heaven!" he cried.

Suddenly she was ashamed of her outburst, because teasing Edwin was such an unimportant thing to do; like shooting a partridge on the ground. Edwin was quite as bewildered and defenseless as the partridge. She held out her hands to him.

"My dear, I'm ashamed of myself! This must be corroding my disposition. Why don't you lock me up?"

Once more he was the forgiving, protecting male. "Of course I wouldn't. I was thinking of your own good; that's all."

AUGUST lay like a vast woolen blanket over Elston. Emily gave up her walks and her visits, and sat in the spray-cooled shade of her own garden, where Narcissus brought her glasses of iced milk or orange juice, and waited on her with log-like devotion.

Narcissus, like the living-room, had vindicated her judgment. In fact, she confessed to Dorothy, Narcissus's company was far more stimulating than most of Elston's.

The victrola was paid for now, and Rosebud's wardrobe had grown from one anomalous garment to several every-day dresses and one Sunday one, besides various undergarments with which Rosebud had hitherto seen unfamiliar.

As the trusted retainer of one of Elston's first families Narcissus had gained caste; had even, among her associates, begun to give herself

airs. Sensing a steady income Rosebud's father had renewed his attentions, and been severely snubbed.

"He does not see me to my'ntim," she announced proudly to Emily.

"But I ain't got no notion o' doin' it. I'm t'ied o' pants."

"As long as you're getting along so well I wouldn't think of it," Emily advised her.

Narcissus sniffed. "I ain't studyin' it. I knows when I's well off."

As her position improved she had also developed social ambitions, and her account of her first party was a high spot in Emily's day.

"I had them papuh plates you'll find on yo' picnic las' week," she confessed proudly.

Emily looked startled. "You did?"

"Yas'm. I washed 'em up so they looked lak new." Her shoe-button eyes twinkled. "I to' everybody Mis' Felton brought 'em to me from Birmin'ham."

Emily laughed. "What kind of party did you have?"

"A Silvuh Slippuh party. I called it that," she explained, "aftuh the swell dance hall in Birmin'ham. The gues' come at ten an' left at two."

"But why such late hours?" she understood now why Narcissus had fallen asleep the next day with her head on the kitchen table.

"'Cause tha's whut time the Silvuh Slippuh entertains."

Emily maintained her composure. "I see. And what did you do for amusement?"

"At 'em," Narcissus said complacently. "they pinned the tail on the donkey. I give two prizes fo' that—a high prize an' a low one."

Emily thought of the bridge prizes and Christmas presents in her trunk. "Why didn't you tell me? I could have found some prizes for you."

"I had two you done gimme," she confessed. "I used them."

EMILY was consumed with curiosity. "What were they?"

"A han'chief in a box fo' the high prize, an' a cake o' soap an' a washin' fo' the low one."

So that was what had become of the soap! She pursued the subject. "And after you'd pinned the tail on the donkey, what did you do then?"

"They jes projected aroun' awhile an' then they et. I had the back yard all wired off lak a square, lak this heah dance hall does, an' had fo' tables in it. The punch bowl was all draped in pink papuh, an' I aimed to use pink papuh on the wire, too, but it co's so much I used toilet papuh instead. They nevuh knowed no different."

Emily had to laugh then, but Narcissus was unoffended. "I know it looked lovely."

"Yas'm. They had a awful good time. They sure done break things, though," she added regretfully.

"Aftuh they'd done broke one chair an' a bench I took my bes' chair in the house an' to' 'em it was condemned. They'd-a runt it sure."

Emily wanted to hear more, but Narcissus remembered her duties. "Good Lo'd, Miss Emily, it's neah 'bout time fo' Mr. Edwin an' I ain't even got my beans on." She turned towards the house and then paused.

"I thought I might stuff them squash today 'stid o' fryin' 'em. It'd be kinda indiff'ent fo' a change."

She couldn't dampen Narcissus's enthusiasm by telling her how averse Edwin was to "indifferent" things.

"That would be fine," she said.

Edwin looked white and worn from the heat, she noticed as she kissed her, and looking at his tired face she felt a rush of pity for the whole race of men.

What a load they carried, year in and year out! Even having children didn't quite balance the score, because if a woman was fortunate she had a good nurse and a daily respite from them. But a husband wasn't so fortunate; he had to pay the nurse.

And he had, besides, the driving realization that the whole structure rested on him; that must be worse than anything else.

And how indignant Edwin would have been if she had voiced her thoughts; he was quite able to provide for his wife!

She decided over the luncheon to broach the subject of a trip. "Edwin, darling, I wish you'd take a vacation."

He looked surprised. "I thought you'd decided you'd be more comfortable at home."

"I did. I'm talking about you."

"You mean—go alone?" He couldn't imagine going off on a pleasure trip and leaving Emily alone and helpless (he liked to think of her as helpless).

"Yes. You need a vacation so badly. From work and from me."

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And tomorrow there is the great event.

## SHIPPERS TO GET NON-UNION MEN

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Waterfront employers will shortly begin to employ stevedores other than those on the regular International Longshoremen's association register if the union men continue to handle British Columbia "hot" cargo, Thomas G. Plant, president of the San Francisco Waterfront Employers' association, announced today.

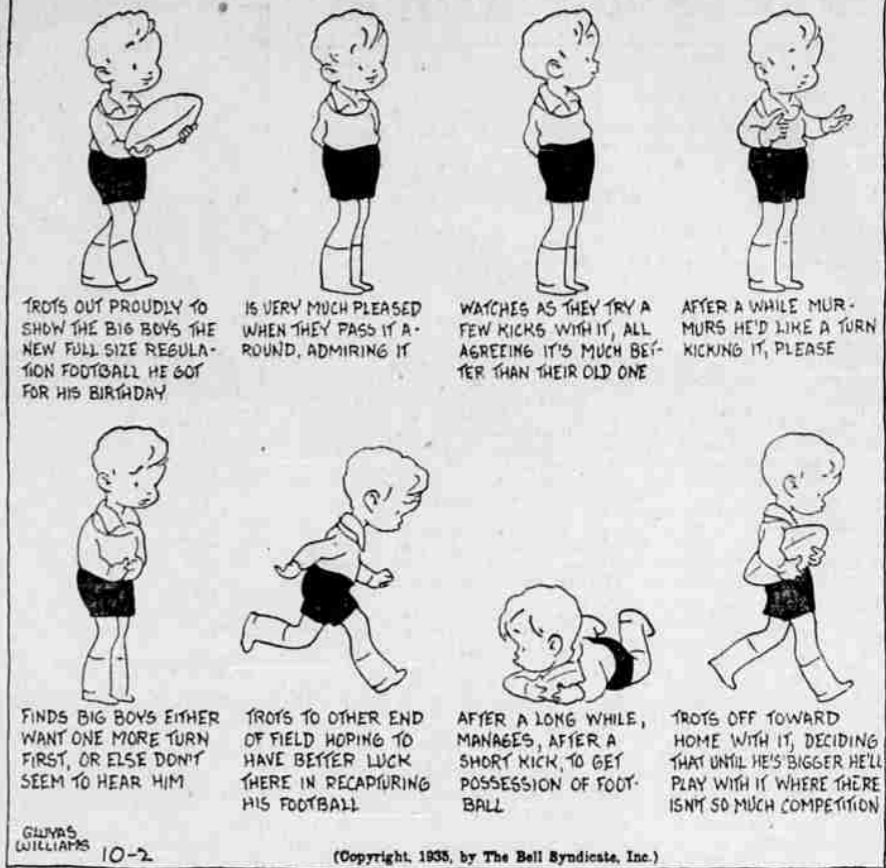
Francisco Waterfront Employers' association, announced today. Harry Bridges, stevedore leader, countered with a charge that "employers are deliberately allowing work to pile up, so that they can claim there is a shortage of men and call for registration of additional longshoremen."

Win 4-H Scholarships. BAKER, Ore., Oct. 3.—(AP) Dorothy Brown of Baker and Donald Schmidt of Halfway won 4-H scholarships to the Oregon State college summer school during livestock showmanship contests held here Tuesday in preparation for the contests to be held at the Pacific International Livestock exposition in Portland this week.

SALEM, Oct. 3.—(AP)—The extradition of William Dudley Connell and Charles C. Carter, wanted at Seattle for grand larceny, was authorized by Governor Martin here today. The two were under arrest in Portland. Linz, the third largest town in Austria, is famous for its examples of Baroque architecture. Alois Senefelder (1771-1834), who invented lithography, was a Bavarian actor and dramatist. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## THE NEW FOOTBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TROTS OUT PROUDLY TO SHOW THE BIG BOYS THE NEW FULL SIZE REGULATION FOOTBALL HE GOT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY. IS VERY MUCH PLEASED WHEN THEY PASS IT AROUND, ADMIRING IT. WATCHES AS THEY TRY A FEW KICKS WITH IT, ALL AGREEING IT'S MUCH BETTER THAN THEIR OLD ONE. AFTER A WHILE MURMURS HE'D LIKE A TURN KICKING IT, PLEASE.

FINDS BIG BOYS EITHER WANT ONE MORE TURN FIRST, OR ELSE DON'T SEEM TO HEAR HIM. TROTS TO OTHER END OF FIELD HOPING TO HAVE BETTER LUCK THERE IN RECAPTURING HIS FOOTBALL. AFTER A LONG WHILE, MANAGES, AFTER A SHORT NICK, TO GET POSSESSION OF FOOTBALL. TROTS OFF TOWARD HOME WITH IT, DECIDING THAT UNTIL HE'S BIGGER HE'LL PLAY WITH IT WHERE THERE ISN'T SO MUCH COMPETITION.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-2 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## 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, if your physician or dentist makes a new discovery that is beneficial in the treatment of human life he is bound by the ethics of his profession to announce it to the world without capitalizing upon it. A new technique in dental surgery must be given free to the profession and the world. The discoverer's only reward is fame and whatever monetary reward results from that. To do otherwise would brand him as a black sheep in the profession. An engineer is perfectly free to patent and collect royalties on whatever new machinery he designs, but the surgeon who invents a new instrument is honor-bound to publish details of it to the profession. If his instrument is manufactured and sold at a profit to other members of the profession he collects no royalties. There is no legal basis for this practice—and a dentist or physician who chooses to ignore it has a perfect right to do so. But those who follow the ideals of their profession accept this custom and adhere to it.

## S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



Tomorrow: Trick Own. (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Enemy at the Gates!



## OPEN UP!...EL LIBERATOR, THE GREAT PATRIOT OF NAZIL, COMMANDS FEET!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jim Donan Reports



## THE NEBBS—It Can't Be Done



## BOSTON RED SOX WANT JIMMY FOXX ON ROLL

DETROIT, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Reports were circulated here today that Thomas A. Yawkey, wealthy owner of the Boston Red Sox, had offered \$300,000 to the owners of the Philadelphia Athletics for Jimmy Foxx, hard-hitting first baseman, Eric McNeil, and Roger Crisler. The reports, which lacked confirmation, were that the Philadelphia interests asked \$400,000 for the three players, and that a compromise figure of \$50,000 might be reached. Baron Joseph Lister, founder of plastic surgery, was born at Upton, Essex, in 1827. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## GETS DEER WITHOUT FIRING RIFLE SHOT

BEND, ORE., Oct. 3.—(AP)—L. A. Hughey of Crescent Lake who bought a hunting license the opening day of the season didn't fire a shot, yet he had his deer in cold storage here today. Too busy to go hunting, Hughey was driving into Bend shortly after sunset last night when a seven-point buck bounded onto the highway. Hughey's car struck the animal and turned over three times, but Hughey escaped injury. The deer was one of the largest brought into Bend this season. During the Pilgrimage wars, the Lipari islands, north of Sicily, were a Carthaginian naval station.

## THE NEBBS—It Can't Be Done



## THE NEBBS—It Can't Be Done

