

MORNING STAR

BY MARIAN SIMS

CHAPTER 25
HORSEBACK

JUDITH said slowly, "David belongs at Carrollton."

Aubrey began to understand. He grinned affectionately at his wife. "Going to play your God, eh?"

"Not at all," Judith said severely. "God's not nearly so considerate of His children as that."

"But suppose David's gotten over Carrollton? It would be a miracle if he hadn't, after all these years." Privately, Aubrey couldn't imagine David's being quite that devoted to an ideal.

"He hasn't," Judith said confidently. "I'll never get over it, no matter how long he stays away; it's in his blood, as I've remarked before."

She turned on him. "Can you imagine being happy, or being at home, anywhere else in the world, no matter how long you'd been there?"

"No," he confessed, thinking nevertheless that he and David were different types.

"And so," Judith decided, "I'm going to cable him tomorrow. He'll tell me the truth."

"Suppose he can't swing it?"

"Then we'll have to buy it and let him pay us."

Aubrey grinned again. "Using what for money?"

"We'll have to do some mortgaging ourselves."

He said ruefully, "How many mortgages do you think this roof can support?"

"Anyway," Judith's confidence was boundless, "I'm going to cable."

"What about Emily," he demanded, "going to mention that?"

"No—ooo, I don't think I shall. All I can do about that is to watch and pray."

"Particularly pray," Aubrey twinkled. "Where are those old corduroy breeches of mine? I want 'em for morning."

Judith had said, "Don't worry about breakfast: Aubrey eats at the barbare hour of half-past seven and I have mine later, in bed. Just ring when you're ready and Dorinda will bring yours up."

But Emily couldn't sleep. She felt restless and excited, and at seven she gave up the pretense of sleep and arose.

Aubrey was at breakfast when she came down, wearing the corduroy breeches and a flannel shirt, and consuming quantities of ham and chicken hash. He welcomed her delightedly.

"This is fine! What sort of breakfast do you eat?"

She looked at his plate. "One like yours would do beautifully." She hadn't eaten that much breakfast in years, but it looked delicious.

"With orange juice before and waffles afterwards?"

She agreed. "Especially waffles. But please go on eating, or I'll never come down this early again."

She remembered her rides with David. "May I go with you some time?"

"I'd be tickled to death. Feel like going today?"

She hesitated. Dr. Proctor had said she might ride now, but that she must take it gradually. "I haven't been very fit, but I'd love it. Are you going far?"

"No. And if you do get tired you can come back any time. Jude will be dragging you to field trials and fox-hunts before long, and this will be a good way to begin."

She finished breakfast and went up to change clothes, singing softly as she went. This life did get into your blood, if only there were someone to live it with you.

Judith's horse was saddled and waiting when she came down; not startled this time, but a little bay with a white blaze and three white socks. Emily caressed the velvety nose and the little horse sniffed her companionably.

Aubrey smiled his approval and gave her a hand into the saddle. "She racks on the curb," he explained casually, "and canters on the muffle. Better stick to the rack this time; it's easier."

She laughed. "It certainly is. If she were three-gaited I doubt if I'd be equal to her."

Even winter dealt lightly with this southern Alabama country, she

realized as they rode. The rolling fields and fences and tenant houses were a monotone in shades of gray, broken occasionally by the dark green of pine thickets, and the air was crisp and clean without being bitter. As they rode she piled Aubrey with questions.

"How on earth have you people managed to survive these last two or three years? I understood that planters were even worse off than business men."

"They are," he admitted grimly. "I was pretty well fixed when it started, and I've been able to hold on so far without selling, but if the turn doesn't come before next year I'm sunk. I'm long about two thousand bales of cotton, and insurance and storage are eating me up."

She understood what he meant; understood that he was facing disaster as calmly as if it were less than nothing. Her admiration for him increased.

They rode in silence until they reached an outlying negro cabin. Aubrey reined in his horse.

"I won't be a minute," he said as he dismounted. "The old fellow who lives here has been sick and I'm afraid it may go into pneumonia. Nobody, himself least of all, knows how old he is."

He disappeared into the tiny cabin and Emily looked about her with interested eyes. The cabin must have contained two rooms, at most; it crouched on the edge of a thicket of second growth pines.

A negro child, barefoot and without a coat, came out on the porch and sat motionless on the top step, watching her with round, unwinking black eyes.

About the steps several mongrel hens and an officious, garrulous rooster scratched the hard ground with more energy than hope.

ADISHEARTENING picture, perhaps, to an outsider, but Emily guessed that there was more to the picture than its surface. The cabin was crude, but it was in good repair; a sound roof, and not a single pane missing from the windows—a really remarkable state for a negro cabin.

The old man must long ago have outlived his usefulness, but she guessed that his "order" still went regularly to the store, and that if the situation demanded it Aubrey would have a doctor there before the day was done. Their lot seemed hard, and yet, left to himself, the old man would have died like an outcast dog.

Of course there must be tenants who didn't fare so well; Aubrey, who knew, represented the highest type of planter; but as a rule there was a bond between blacks and whites.

Aubrey came out, smiled at the child on the steps and produced a piece of chewing gum from his pocket. The child snatched the gum, flashed white teeth at him and scurried into the house.

"How was he?" Emily asked as he mounted.

He sobered. "Not so good. I'll send Travis out when we get back. He looked at his watch. "Almost ten. This is enough for your first dose."

She protested quickly. "But I can go back alone. Please don't come on my account."

"I'm not," he assured her. "I want to get Travis out here as soon as possible." The gravity of his tone filled her with pride at her own divination.

At the house Judith greeted them gaily. "I never saw such an ambitious pair in my life. I muzzled Davey and tipped past your door for an hour before I found you'd come."

Davey, hearing their voices, waddled out to the porch and sitting on the top step began to descend by the time-honored method of hitching himself down on his rear. "Ride!" he demanded.

Aubrey lifted him into the saddle before him, where he beamed impartially upon them all for an instant and then began to rock back and forth. "Harn!" he ordered.

His father grinned at him. "Sorry, this car's not going there. You get one turn around the drive and that's all." They moved majestically around the circle, then Aubrey handed him down to Judith.

Davey stiffened and opened his mouth for the ear-splitting yell. Aubrey scowled at him. "Stop it!"

Davey considered for a moment and then closed his mouth. Judith grinned at Emily. "Did you ever see such a superb parent in your life? I couldn't possibly do without him."

She put an arm around Emily. "Come on in and rest; we're having company for dinner tonight and I want you to look beautiful."

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Emily makes another friend, tomorrow.

Three Industrial Deaths Reported

JALEM, Oct. 12.—(AP)—Three fatalities occurred during the past week from accidents in Oregon industries, the state industrial accident commission announced today. A total of 808 accidents were listed.

The fatalities were Carl Mortenson, Portland carpenter; John W. Green, Lakeview laborer, and Curtis J. Woods, Sandy brakeman.

Forest Fires Fought In Willamette Area

EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Forest crews were keeping close watch today over two fires believed started by lightning last week in the Willamette national forest.

One is on the headwaters of Blue river and the other on Fisher creek, near Oakridge. Neither has caused much damage, but 20 men were dispatched to combat the Fisher creek blaze.

Lane County CCC Camps Being Filled

EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Two hundred men are being sent this week to Lane county CCC camps to build up the quarterly camp enrollment to 200 each.

Every three months the enrollment is brought back to capacity. Some of the camps dropped down as low as 120 men during September.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Mrs. Mares Bulglin, 81, wife of Dr. E. J. Bulglin, nationally known evangelist, died at her home here today. She had been seriously ill six months.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

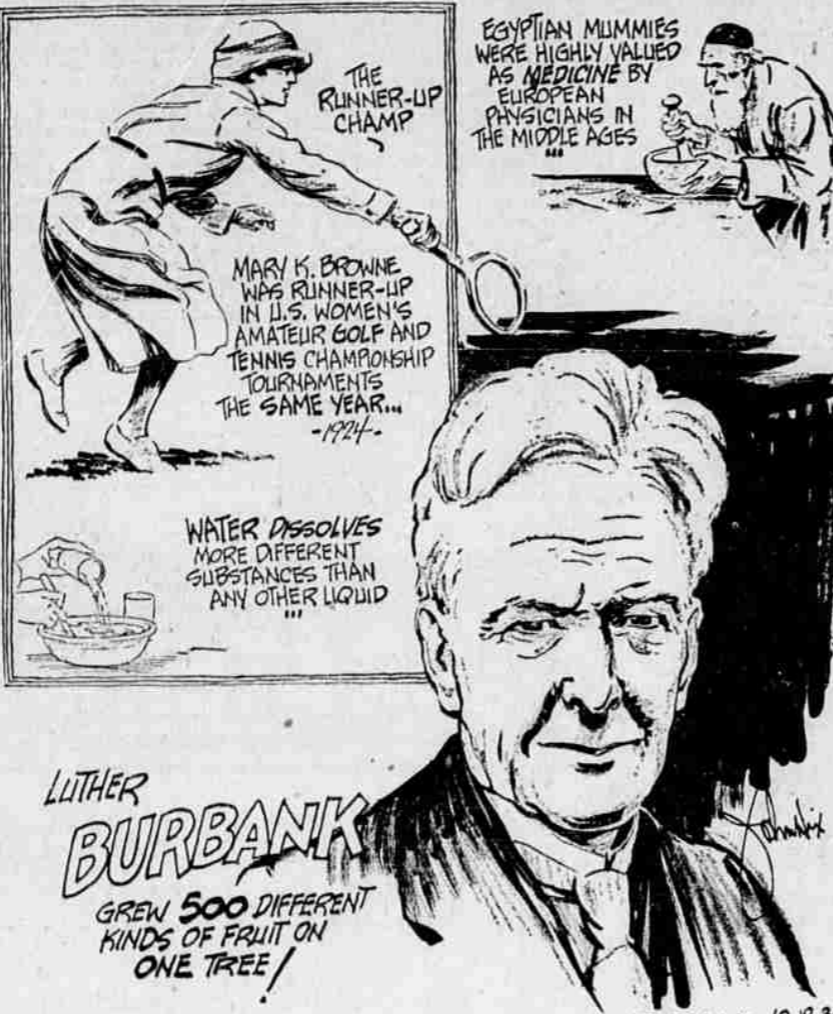


FRED PERLEY WAS LEFT HIGH AND DRY WHEN HE WENT UP THE TREE FOR THE BOYS' FOOTBALL, NOT KNOWING THAT THE LADDER HAD BEEN BORROWED WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM HIS GROUCHIEST NEIGHBOR WHO CAME FOR IT IN THE MIDDLE OF FRED'S OPERATIONS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Long ago, chemists sought to discover the "universal solvent"—a liquid that would dissolve anything and everything. But, strange as it seems, no matter how strong an acid or alkaline solution is made, it will not dissolve as many different substances as water.

The modern chemist shrugs his shoulders at the idea of a universal solvent. It would be of no value because, if it dissolved everything, no container would hold it.

Luther Burbank, wizard of horticulture, carried out more than 100,000 separate plant experiments. Strange fruits and flowers never before seen were developed by his careful grafting, budding and fertilization.

One of his most fantastic achievements was the development of a single tree that bore 300 fruits—no two of them alike.

Strange as it seems, physicians of the Middle Age in Europe, looked with great favor upon the use of ground human mummies as an ingredient in medicine. The demand was so great at one time that bogus mummies were supplied by medical racketeers.

Mary K. Browne, one time American women's singles champion, was next to tops in both tennis and golf in 1924—12 years after she won her tennis title and only two years after she took up golf. In the 1924 golf singles she lost to Dorothy Hurd, and at tennis she went down before Helen Wills. In the doubles she and Helen Wills won the doubles championship.

Monday: The Four-Eyed Fish

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Ends of the Dirigible!



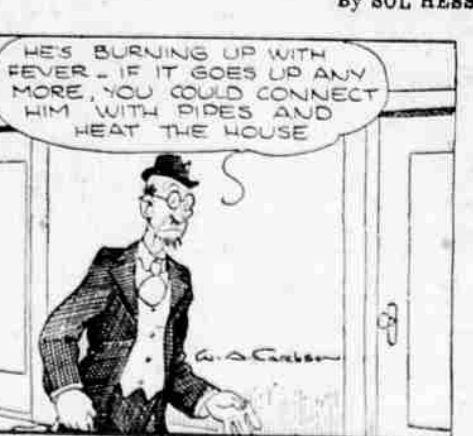
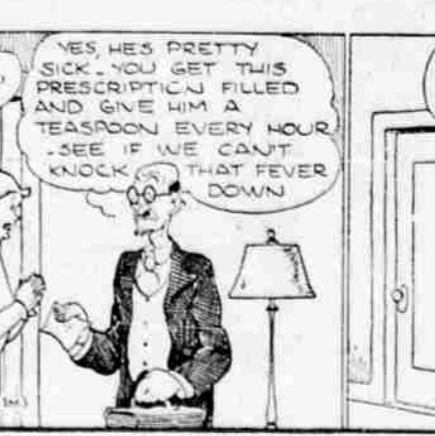
By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Poor Rudy



By SOL HESS

Pears Distributed To Portland Needy

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Five tons of Bartlett pears, donated by the Hood River Growers' association, were being distributed to the needy of Portland today by the Oregon division of the Salvation Army. Donated trucks carried the fruit to the homes. Relief workers went along prepared to advise women how to preserve the pears.

Old Chicago Cubs Pitching Ace Dies

JOLIET, Ill., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Geo. G. Pierce, 47, pitching star for the Chicago Cubs over the era of 1909 through part of the 1916 season, died today following an operation performed last Friday.

Pierce saw service with five major league clubs, but was with the Cubs in his heyday.

His home was at Plainfield, Ill.

Merchant Loses on Own Punch Board; Wants Aid Of Law

HILLSBORO, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—There's an old saying that you can't beat a man at his own game, but the district attorney's office pondered today what, if any, action to take in the case of a merchant who lost heavily on his own chance board.

Two strangers appeared and with ease yanked off numbers that paid tremendous odds. Before they could be stopped the keeper was out \$40.

The merchant withdrew the board and later turned it over to the district attorney's office, complaining there was criminal collusion between the agent for the board and the patrons.