

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**SYNOPSIS:** Emily Barnes is about to divorce her husband, Edwin. Edwin is an estimable young man, but so opinionated and narrow that living with him is impossible for a normal person. Emily has gone to Morton Hall to visit Judith, her college roommate and sister of David Carroll, whom Emily has always remembered with scorn. But after the Carrolls lost their plantation, David disappeared into the wilds of Turkey. Emily does not know, but Judith has called David that the plantation is again on the market.

was descended from a very fine dog of David's. The three of them discussed the dog technically and at length.

"Who's handling him for you?" Dan asked.

"Ed Parrish. He can get more out of a dog than anybody in the game," Dan nodded. "Much competition this year?"

"If all the dogs that have been nominated are started there'll be plenty," Aubrey admitted. "But of course in a Derby it's hard to tell. Everett from Philadelphia is bringing his string, and so is Hudson. I haven't heard from the others."

Dan turned to Emily. "Ever seen a national field trial?"

"Neither a national nor any other kind," she confessed.

"You'll enjoy it. I'm putting in my bid now to take you."

She hesitated. "That's over a month away, isn't it? I won't be here that long, I'm afraid."

Judith frowned. "Don't be silly. Who says you won't?"

Emily smiled at her, and knowing Judith's determination decided not to argue it then.

"And in the meantime," Dan went on. "I think we'd better have a fox-hunt. Ladies don't fox-hunt down here, but Jude's not a lady, thank God. And we can corral one or two others like her. What about Saturday night?"

JUDITH laughed. "No grass under your feet, is there, Daniel?" Her glance flicked Emily for an instant, tenderly. "Emily's been ill, and I'm afraid she won't be equal to anything so strenuous for at least two weeks. But we'll have it later."

"Tell me about fox-hunts," Emily said. "I'm not sure I'd ever be equal to one."

"Oh, there's none of the fence and hedgerow stuff they have in merrie England," he reassured her. "We go out to my cabin for supper and get started about three in the morning. The big coon and the red fox walk just before day."

"And what do you do in the meantime?" she asked curiously.

"The low-lifes play poker, and the others sleep around the fire."

"And there's a quaint old southern custom," Aubrey put in, "that the first person awake gets to kick coals in everybody else's face."

"Then I can't go," Emily said firmly. "I sleep too soundly."

Dan chuckled. "Don't you worry, honey."

Emily looked so dubious that the three of them laughed heartily at her apprehension.

They played bridge after dinner: duplicate contract at a tenth of a cent. Emily was uneasy; she sensed that their bridge would be a very different game from that of the Elston younger set.

"I'll be your partner," she told Dan, "if you'll let me pay my own losses. Because I'm pretty sure I'll throw you."

He merely looked at her; the most reproving and reproachful look she had ever seen. Under his unwavering eyes she felt herself flushing, slowly and hotly. He turned appealingly to Judith.

"Make her stop! I'll kiss her here and now if you don't!"

Judith was sorting the duplicate boards. "I guess we can stand it if she can," she told him calmly.

Emily laughed helplessly. "All right. But you may lose your shirt." The argot of Morton Hall, she realized as she spoke, was insidious and contagious.

Dan was arranging pillows in her chair. "It wouldn't be the first time, sugar."

She had guessed right about the bridge. They played casually, with none of the bickering that characterized so many serious games, but it was evident that they respected the game as a beautiful and intricate thing.

"If you ever find you're broke," Dan told her warmly, "just let me know and we'll do this for a living."

"Not with us, you won't!" Judith assured him. "Dan, my darling, it's time for you to go home."

He rose reluctantly. "Every time I begin to enjoy myself somebody makes me go home." He looked at Emily. "How about a ride tomorrow?"

She hesitated. "I rode today for the first time in nearly two years, and I have a suspicion that I won't be equal to it."

"Then we'll wait a day or two." He turned to Judith. "This is Thursday: have a dinner with me Saturday night?"

"We'd love it."

"Fine." He took Emily's hands. "I'll try to bear it until then."

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Tomorrow, Judith makes plans for Emily.

## EAGLES CONVENTION FUNDS EMBEZZLED IS GRANTS PASS CHARGE

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 14.—(Sp.)—Earl Thompson Saturday was awaiting grand jury hearing on a charge of larceny by embezzlement. He was placed under \$1,000 bail by Justice of the Peace E. W. Madison Friday evening. He was released pending the

hearing under bond supplied by Claud Gotehall and Henry Plummer.

The charge was made by D. D. Hall, of Portland, state organizer for the Fraternal Order of Eagles, accusing Thompson with collecting money to the amount of \$549.80, property of the Grants Passerie of Eagles, and converting it to his own use. Thompson was an officer of the serie in charge of the money, the complaint stated.

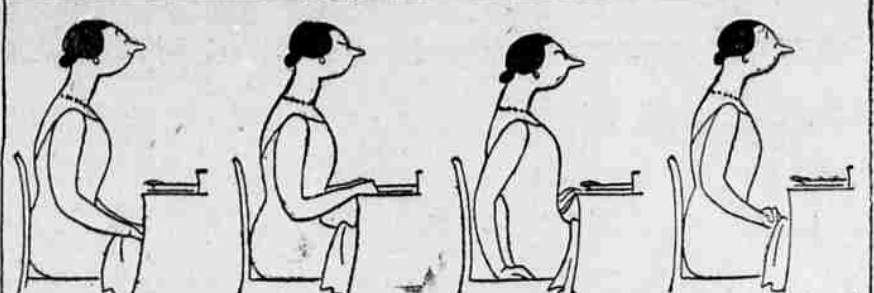
District Attorney Sherman S. Smith filed the complaint, sworn to by Hall, with Justice Madison Friday. Thompson appeared and waived preliminary hearing, so bail was set.

Hall has been here several times recently, conducting an investigation relative to the funds in the Eagles' state convention held here in July. He spent most of this week here completing the investigation.

## PHOENIX GRANGE CLUB MEETING WEDNESDAY

PHOENIX, Oct. 14.—(Sp.)—The Home Economics club of the Phoenix Grange will meet at the home of Mrs. Chub Anderson on Wednesday of this week, for an all-day meeting. A covered dish lunch will be served at noon. Every member is urged to be on hand for the meeting.

## BUZZER

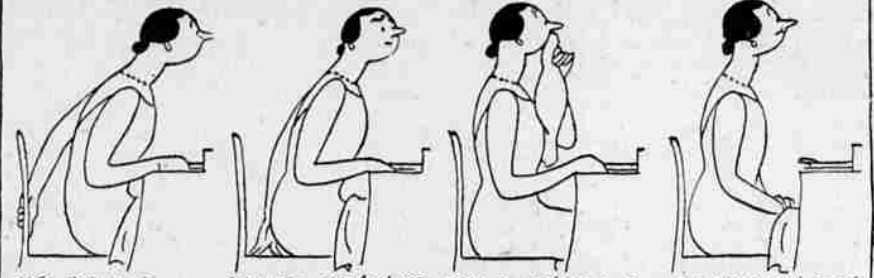


HOSTESS AT DINNER PARTY LOOKS TO SEE IF EVERY ONE IS THROUGH WITH SOUP, AND REACHES WITH FOOT FOR BUZZER

CAN'T FIND IT. REALIZES THAT BECAUSE OF EXTRA LEAVES IN TABLE BUZZER IS RELATIVELY IN DIFFERENT PLACE

GETS ANXIOUS AND POKES AROUND. WINCES AS SHE JABS FOOT AGAINST PEDESTAL OF TABLE

FINDS IT AT LAST. WAITS BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. REALIZES IT WAS JUST A WRINKLE IN RUG SHE WAS PRESSING



GOES EXPLORING AGAIN

REALIZES GUEST AT HER RIGHT IS ASKING HER A QUESTION. TRIES TO CONCENTRATE ON HIM WHILE POKING WITH FOOT

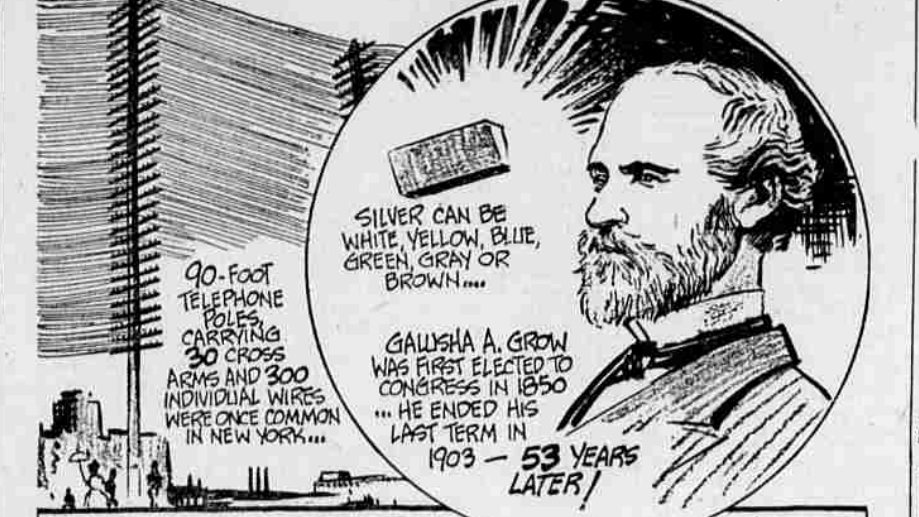
FEELS SOMETHING AND PRESSES. WOMAN TWO SEATS DOWN CRYING OUT AND GLARING AT MAN OPPOSITE HER

WHO NERVOUSLY SHIFTS FEET ACCIDENTALLY STEPPING ON BUZZER. HOSTESS RELAXES

By 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.



SILVER CAN BE WHITE, YELLOW, BLUE, GREEN, GRAY OR BROWN...

90-FOOT TELEPHONE POLES CARRYING 30 CROSS ARMS AND 300 INDIVIDUAL WIRES WERE ONCE COMMON IN NEW YORK...

GALUSHA A. GROW WAS FIRST ELECTED TO CONGRESS IN 1850 ... HE ENDED HIS LAST TERM IN 1903 — 53 YEARS LATER!

THE FOUR-EYED FISH — THE ANABLEPS' 2 EYES ARE DIVIDED — UPPER HALVES FOR ABOVE WATER — LOWER HALVES FOR UNDER WATER...

Strange as it seems, the anableps is a fish that has one pair of eyes for looking at things below the water and another pair for looking at things above the water. Yet, it has only two eyeballs.

Each eyeball is divided so that there is an upper and a lower pupil in each eye. The lower pupil is used to look downward for underwater enemies, while the upper is used to sight food morsels floating on the surface. Anableps is native to the American tropics.

Silver, pure and untarnished, has a lustrous white color. Light that is reflected back and forth between silver surfaces, however, takes on a yellow color. If silver is hammered into very thin pieces, the light shining through it assumes a bluish color. The vapor of silver is dull grey when reduced to a fine powder. If silver is permitted to tarnish it becomes brownish, although this color is really silver sulphide.

Galusha A. Grow, born in 1822, was first elected to the United States house of representatives in 1850, serving as its youngest member. He served for several years, being elected speaker in 1861. He lost the election of 1862 and subsequent elections. He re-entered the house, however, 43 years after his first election, when in 1893 he was appointed to finish the term of Representative Lilly, who died. He served four more terms and then retired.

Tomorrow: Tomb for a Tooth.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Garcia Unmasked!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sheriff's News



## By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—He Couldn't Take It



## By SOL HESS



## Judge's Wife Must Pay.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—(UP)—Mrs. Mildred Magleaky, wife of Magistrate Bernard Magleaky, will visit her husband's office tomorrow—to pay a \$2 fine for illegal parking. "You bet she's going to pay it," said the judge.

## Tibbett's Neighbors Suffer.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—(UP)—A soundproof floor has been installed in Lawrence Tibbett's apartment because neighbors complained the noted baritone shouted too loud in rehearsing his songs at home.

## THE NEBBS—He Couldn't Take It

EVER SINCE HE MADE THAT MONEY IN GOLD STOCK HIS GOOD FORTUNE SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... I WISH HE HAD NEVER GONE INTO IT

## ONCE IN HIS LIFE THE GUY USES HIS BRAINS AND IT'S TOO MUCH FOR HIM — THEY PUT BRAINS IN HIM TO SORT OF MAKE A FINISHED PRODUCT... HE WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO USE THEM

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