

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily worries as at last found peace at the plantation home of her college roommate, Judith, Judith's brother, David, is in Turkey, and Emily is divorcing him. Judith's husband, Mr. Hillis, has called David, but the old Carroll plantation, lost to the family some years before, is again in the market.

## Chapter 40 DARK FUTURE

HALF an hour later Judith, clad in vivid pajamas and a pair of scarlet mules, was sitting Turkish fashion at the foot of Emily's bed. One of the most refreshing of Judith's traits, Emily remembered, was this disregard for conventional hours; this unwillingness to relinquish one day until another had arrived.

It was a family trait, Emily knew, thinking of the days at Carrollton and the poker game on the living-room floor. She settled herself luxuriously under the down comforter and waited.

"Well," Judith demanded, "what did you think of him?"  
"He's attractive," Emily admitted. "And what is much more dangerous, he makes you feel attractive too. But he's not for the likes of me!"



"Well," Judith demanded, "what did you think of him?"  
"I've had my share of problems for a while," Judith nodded, relieved. The cable had gone to David this morning and she was counting minutes until the answer came.

"I know that. He's a gracious devil; but I thought he'd do to play around with. Of course there are a few others, and I want you to meet the countryside, but it's convenient to have someone to fall back on when there's nothing else doing."

Emily twinkled at her. "You sound as if I were spending the winter here."

"You are."

She shook her head regretfully. "You're an angel. But I can't."

"Why not?" Judith went straight to the heart of the matter. "What would you do back in Elston?"

That was a question that had followed her like a shadow since the moment she arrived. What would she do?

"I DON'T know," she confessed. "I've been trying to decide. I won't stay there and dry up," she said with quiet bitterness. "Elston—all the Elstons in the world—are full of good women, even attractive women, who ought to have married and have never had a chance."

"They spoil their nieces and nephews, and read sappy love stories, and belong to church circles. And occasionally one of them goes quietly mad from repression, or turns the town over by marrying a soda-jerk fifteen years younger than she is."

Judith's eyes were dark with horror. "My God! It is as bad as that?"

"It's worse." She went on thoughtfully. "There's not a chance of finding a job anywhere now; but I've considered using what money I have to take a business course so that I'll be fitted to do something when things do improve."

Judith shook her head. "You oughtn't to be in business. You ought to be married."

"Most women ought," she admitted with a rueful laugh, "but you can't achieve it successfully in a place like Elston. And you can't very well go to a city and put an ad in the paper, or hang out a sign. You've got to do something in the meantime."

## FORGERY SUSPECT TAKEN AT WILBUR

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 15.—(AP)—Fred H. Russell, 35, wanted at Klamath Falls on forgery charges, was taken into custody today when he arrived at Wilbur to visit relatives. According to information on file at the state police office here, Russell, with a companion giving the name of Art Russell, alias Art Wilson, is charged at Klamath Falls with passing bogus checks, one in payment for an automobile, during August of this year. In August, 1932, Russell was arrested here charged with non-support and was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary but execution of sentence was suspended.

"There's no hurry, I'm afraid there'll be plenty of time for a business course before the slack in employment is taken up. And in the meantime, darling, that you've never played in your life?"

"Only too well."

"And do you realize that having you here is the nicest thing that has happened to me since Davey was born? It sounds improbable, but I do get lonesome, and the biggest favor you could do me would be to stay at least three months."

Emily felt her eyes misting. She leaned forward impulsively and kissed Judith's beautiful, impudent mouth. "I hope some day I can do as much for you."

Judith uncurled herself and rose. "You'll do it just by staying." She patted Emily's cheek. "Now go to sleep and let tomorrow take care of itself. And reconcile yourself gracefully to three months of this life: after that you can think about what to do next."

She opened the bedroom windows, tucked Emily warmly in, and went out, the scarlet mules clicking as she walked.

DAN RAYNOR'S house, Emily discovered two nights later, was



not another classic example of Early Colonial; it was merely a house, big and rambling and badly in need of paint.

Except for an occasional fine piece of furniture and the Sully portrait in the hall the interior gave no indication of past glories in the Raynor history.

The living-room suggested the lounge of a men's club rather than a private home. It was almost crudely furnished: deep, cushioned chairs, a stone fireplace holding enormous logs, a fine pair of antlers above the mantel, a collection of old guns on the mantel-shelf.

After the inevitable drinks dinner was served on a small table before the living-room fire.

"That dining-room gets under my skin," Dan explained. "It's so big and gloomy that it takes at least a dozen people to subdue the damn thing. And with the present price of cotton, Lord knows when I'll be able to have it done over."

Emily glanced at the dinner, which was a typical man's meal: beef steaks with mushrooms, soufflé potatoes, Roquefort and coffee.

"I could eat food like this from the kitchen floor."

"Dan always feeds you well," Judith explained with her mouth full. "It's his best trait."

Dan looked injured. "You're an unflattering beast. As if I didn't have a lot of good traits."

Judith considered. "Yes—I suppose you have. You're kind to animals, and loyal to your friends—"

"And I've never welched a bet—"

Emily laughed. "You sound as if you were writing an epitaph!"

"If they don't stop chattering and finish this steak before it gets cold," Aubrey growled, "they will be."

Everyone laughed, and the dinner went gaily on. Over the liqueurs which concluded the meal Judith sighed heavily.

"You'll have to remove the table from around me. I couldn't get up if I had to."

Aubrey grasped the back of her chair and tilted it almost to the floor. With a single bound, she was on him, both arms flying.

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Emily has her first fox hunt, Monday.

## TRIBUTE TO HANLEY PUT INTO VERSE BY NORTHWEST WRITER

Something of the homely philosophy and the simplicity of character that belonged to Bill Hanley, distinguished native son of southern Oregon, who was laid to rest recently in his own Harney county, has been put into verse by Ruth Coffee Hillis, northwest writer:

**BILL HANLEY**  
A statesman, yes; but the things he loved  
Were a horse—a horse and the plain;  
The creak of leather, the clank of spurs  
And the smell of the sage after rain.  
The folks he loved were the folks who live  
Where the mountains kiss the sky;  
Where the land rolls away like an endless sea  
And waxes to the coyote's cry.

When the Time Meas gave him a mount called Death,  
He thought it nothing strange,  
But turned his face toward the setting sun  
To ride on a bigger range.  
—Ruth Coffee Hillis

Mrs. Hillis, who once lived in eastern Oregon, and admired the pioneer cattleman, has furnished much material for the radio, and her hobby is writing editorials on news of the day.

## FRENCH QUOTAS CUT FOR FRUIT

PARIS, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Importers said today that the French import quota for United States apples and pears for the fourth quarter of 1935 has been set at 8,500 tons, which is 250 tons less than the quota for the last three months of 1934.

They said the share allotted the United States would be increased if other countries failed to fill their quotas—a circumstance regarded as likely because of bad crops in Belgium, Switzerland, and Turkey, and the fact that Italy needs her fruit for her army.

## PORTLAND DRIVER DIES IN AUTO, TRUCK CRASH

ALBANY, Ore., Oct. 15.—(AP)—One man was killed and another was seriously injured Sunday when their automobile collided head-on with an oil truck between Tangent and Sheehy.

Matt Waddell, 55, of Portland, the driver, was killed, and his companion, Richard Goering, 51, also of Portland, was seriously hurt. Witnesses said Waddell was attempting to pass a bus and drove into the path of the oncoming truck.

## LEGION WOULD FORCE UNIFORM OBSERVANCE FOR ARMISTICE DAY

PORTLAND, Oct. 15.—(AP)—A request that Armistice day be observed uniformly in Oregon as a legal holiday was made in a resolution adopted here yesterday by the department executive committee of the American Legion. It was the first meeting since the state convention at The Dalles.

The Legion will send a delegation to the special session of the state legislature this month to seek compulsory closing on Armistice day of all business not necessary to public health.

The day already is a legal holiday in Oregon, but it was pointed out that lack of uniformity in its observance has led to many controversies between veteran groups and merchants.

The executive committee decided the 1936 department convention at Roseburg will be held some time in August.

District Legion conferences will begin next month. Cities tentatively selected as hosts include: Salem, Klamath Falls, Grants Pass, Union, Ontario, Marshfield, The Dalles, Redmond, St. Helens, Seaside, Forest Grove, McMinnville and Corvallis.

**Railroad Must Pay**  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—(AP)—The Oregon Short Line railroad must pay \$25,000 to Sydney G. Roy for the loss of his left hand at Pocatello, Idaho, while engaged in switching cars. The supreme court

## TARDY AUTUMN IS AID TO POTATOES

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 15.—(AP)—The tardy autumn season is responsible for those baked potatoes being so much better than usual, in case

hubble thinks to ask at dinner tonight.

The United States department of agriculture, division of crop and livestock estimates, issued a bulletin today explaining also that the late autumn in Oregon and Washington is responsible for an increase in the earlier potato crop estimates. The late season was favorable to maturing the late crop which escaped the drought and frost damage experienced by the early varieties.

The potato forecast for Washington now is set at 7,000,000 bushels, a five-year average of 7,468,000. The indicated Oregon crop is 4,825,000 bushels and Idaho's is estimated at

10,790,000 bushels. Oregon's five-year average has been 4,805,000 and Idaho's 20,810,000 bushels.

**HIACHOW, Kiangsu Province, China, Oct. 15.—(AP)—**Armed peasants today drove the authorities from the Yellow river dike at Kuan-yun and released the waters into unaffected villages to ease the pressure and save their threatened farm lands.

**WINDOW GLASS—**We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Irowbridge Cabinet Works.  
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**MOHAMMED TOGHLAK—**  
14th century Indian sultan,  
HAD A MAGNIFICENT TOMB  
ERECTED TO AN EXTRACTED  
TOOTH!

**NERO**  
GAVE HIS MOTHER A  
SPECIALLY BUILT LUXURIOUS  
BOAT—DESIGNED SO  
THAT IT WOULD FALL TO  
PIECES WHILE AT SEA

**LIGNUM-VITAE,  
A WOOD,  
WEIGHS MORE THAN  
TWICE AS MUCH AS  
LITHIUM, A METAL...**

IN THE FINAL SET OF THE  
1917 FRENCH TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP,  
BILL TILDEN WON A GAME  
FROM RENE LACOSTE BY  
SERVING 4 STRAIGHT ACES  
WITHOUT MOVING  
EITHER FOOT...

When Nero, Emperor of Rome, decided to murder his mother, his cruel fancy reached a new high—he had a boat built especially for her, one designed so that it would fall to pieces at a given signal. With all the attention of an affectionate son, he received her on a visit and then induced her to board the death ship. The plot went off according to plans, except for one mistake—Nero had not counted on his mother's ability to swim. She escaped by swimming out of the wreckage and safely reached her own home, but soon her home was surrounded by soldiers of the Emperor, who then and there killed her in cold blood.

After the murder, Nero was panicked by his own act. It was not until six months later that he re-entered Rome, for by that time his fears were allayed by officially spreading reports that his mother had fallen victim to her own plot against him.

At Bhir, in India, there still remains a memory of the fourteenth century sultan, Mohammed Toghlaq—a tomb built and dedicated to his

extracted tooth. The sultan, suffering from a toothache, had erected a magnificent tomb where the dead tooth was buried in the midst of a barbaric ceremony.

Annoyed by the umpire calling several faults against him, Bill Tilden made sure of legal scores by standing almost flat-footed to serve the final game of the 1917 French championship. Even though he faced the formidable Rene Lacoste, he won with four straight aces.

Tomorrow: Bloodless Battle.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

POP!

AWK!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Liberator Is Not Worried!

THE GREAT PATRIOT HAS ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AND HIS REGEL ARMY IN THE HONCIENDA OF DON CASTAMETO, LOYAL TO THE FEDERAL CAUSE.

GO AHEAD AN' FIGHT THOSE BATTLE, THEN WAKE ME UP WHEN WE 'AVE WON.

BUT, GENERAL, YO' MUST LEAD OUR TROOPS—OR THE MORALE WILL BE SHATTERED!

MEANWHILE CAPTAIN GARCIA TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SEE INEZ

INEZ!— I HAVE LONG AWAITED THIS MOMENT, MY BELOVED!

CAPTAIN GARCIA!

IN AN UPPER ROOM— TOMMY LIES IN A BED— RECOVERING FROM HIS WOUNDS

HAL FORREST—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—News to Ben

HELLO, GHERIFF MORGAN—

THUNDERATION, BOY! WHEN'D YOU TAME THAT BOLT O' LIGHTNIN'?

LONESTAR'S PRETTY GREEDY, DON'T YOU THINK? I HAD HIM SHOED TWO WEEKS AGO, AND BROKE HIM TO SADDLE THE VERY NEXT DAY—

HE'S THE FASTEST THING EVER I BEEN ON FOUR LEGS! MY AUNT HE A BEAUTY!

RECKON YOU'RE TRAININ' HIM FOR THE BIG RACE AT HADDOCKVILLE, EH?

THE RACE AT HADDOCKVILLE? WHAT RACE, GHERIFF?

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## THE NEBBS—Get Out and Stay Out

POOR RUDY STILL HAS A VERY HIGH TEMPERATURE AND IS IRRATIONAL—ALL THIS CAUSED BY HIS SELLING HIS MINING STOCK WHICH WOULD HAVE MADE HIM RICH...HAD HE HELD IT.

COME ON NOW, MR. NEBBS, LET ME ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE—LET THE DOCTOR GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO QUIET YOU A BIT

QUIET ME? WHO'S COMPLAINING ABOUT THE NOISE I'M MAKING? PUT IT IN YOUR OWN ARM—YOU'RE DOING ALL THE TALKING

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU GOLD THIEF, YOU'RE TRYING TO STEAL MY GOLD—WHAT DID YOU BRING THAT SATCHEL IN HERE FOR?

RUDY! RUDY! CALM DOWN— THAT'S THE DOCTOR— HE'S TRYING TO HELP YOU, DARLING.

I DIDNT SEND FOR A DOCTOR! HE'S NO DOCTOR... I SAW HIM COME IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND HE HAD ABOUT 100 GUYS WITH HIM AND THEY HAD SHOVELS AND PICK AXES

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## By HAL FORREST

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## By EDWIN ALGER

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## By SOL HESS

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## TRUCK, BUS LAW TO BE PAINLESS

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Joseph B. Eastman, federal coordinator of transportation, today promised the nation's truckers that federal regulation of the motor carrier industry, which goes into effect today will not be "stiff-necked and rigid."

Eastman explained the regulatory functions of the motor carrier act recently passed by congress, to approximately 1,500 members of the American Trucking association.

Control of interstate bus and truck operations will be adapted to the needs of little operators, he said. "Truckers have estimated that at least 250,000 individual operators will be affected by the new law,