

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**SYNOPSIS:** Emily Barnes is divorcing her incredibly straight-laced and stubborn husband, Edwin. She is visiting her college roommate Judith, who also is the sister of David Carroll, the man Emily would have married if she had not been married to Edwin. Judith has called David at Constantinople that she is old-fashioned again on the market, but Emily does not know. Meanwhile, Dan Raynor is growing an amazing companion. Judith's husband, Aubrey, just has upset Judith's chair.

## Chapter 41 FOX HUNT

"DARN you!" shouted Judith. "If I ever break my neck it will be your fault!"

Emily watched them for a moment in astonishment, but Dan merely grinned. Finally, seeing that Aubrey was being badly worried he caught Judith's mop of flying hair and pulled her to her feet.

"And you were the one," he reminded her sarcastically, "who was wise-cracking about my not having a good behavior."

Judith panted. "He knows how I hate for him to do me that way!"

"Well, lay off," Dan said severely, "or I won't take you to the movies."

She turned to him radiantly. "The movies!"

"Yes. There's a swell picture at the State, and I thought we'd drive in to Montgomery to see it. But I'm hanged if I'll go with any wild women."

She embraced him ecstatically. "I see now why I put up with you." To no one in particular she cried dramatically. "I wonder why it is that my soul still cries out for the white lights!"

was really fitted and could be really content.

The remark had hurt, as Dorothy had intended that it should—for Dorothy believed in surgical methods—but Emily had been forced to admit that it carried a great deal of truth.

Aubrey tapped at her door. "Ready?"

"Coming." She pulled on a felt hat, caught up her gloves and went with him down the stairs.

Judith was already in the car, reclining on the back seat with her feet elevated to the blanket rod. "We're too bundled up to sit three in front. You all sit up there and let me take my ease while I can."

Emily said reproachfully, "You're such liars I don't know what to believe. One minute you say this is a pink tea, and the next you talk about resting while you can."

Aubrey started the car and smiled down at her. "She's baiting you. Turn around and tell her to go to hell."

The night was crisp and clear and dark, but there would be a moon about eight, which would make riding easier and safer. They reached Dan's cabin soon after seven and found several people already there, some of whom Emily had met, one or two of whom were well on the way to being drunk. Dan, with his arm about her waist, shouted at the noisy gathering.

"Here's a new recruit, ladies and gentlemen: Emily Barnes. If you haven't met her before that's your hard luck. You can step up and tell her your own names; I can't remember 'em."

## NEW CCC UNITS DUE FROM EAST

The first of a series of special trains bringing CCC replacements to the Medford district will arrive here about Thursday, October 17, from Fort Knox, Kentucky.

The train is commanded by Capt. H. M. Rose, 1st cavalry, and will bring 190 men to the Medford district for assignment to Camp Agnes. Co. 1993, now at Agnes, will be redesignated as Co. 2923, a fifth corps company, and the new men will be assigned to it. A number of the ninth corps area men now at Agnes will be transferred to Co. 1982, Camp Gasquet.

Two special trains will leave from Fort Sheridan, Ill., late this month for the Medford district. The first will leave October 21, with 146 enrollees for Camp McKinley and 66 for Camp China Pass.

The second will leave Fort Sheridan October 23, with 151 men to be sent to camps near Grants Pass and 83 for camps near Medford.

## Husbands Would Swap Furniture for Hunting Guns

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Several Milwaukee housewives wondered what would remain in their homes after their husbands finished that annual swapping spree.

These ads appeared in a newspaper: "Stoves, furniture to swap for shotguns, rifles."

"Oil paintings for shotgun, rifle, what have you."

The hunting season is in the offing.

## LIFE WAS TOUGH FOR EARLY MAN

PEIPING, China, Oct. 15.—(AP)—A wealth of new fossil remains which shed additional lights on the habits of the prehistoric "Peking man" has been uncovered in excavations at Choukoutou cave near here. Dr. Franz Peidenreich, former visiting professor of the University of Chicago, announced today.

Dr. Peidenreich said the remains of 24 individuals of this primitive human type are skulls for the most part, leading to the belief the "Peking man" was a head hunter and cannibal who preyed on others of his kind.

The studies show, researchers declare, that the Sinanthropus, the earliest true man yet discovered, was related to the modern Mongolian, the Eskimo, and possibly the American Indian.

In the same cave scientists uncovered bones of extinct types of tigers, bears, hyenas, mastodons, and rhinoceri, indicating life was no bed of roses for China's earliest settlers.

## OREGON MILK LAW REMAINS IN FORCE

A statement released to the press by Paul C. Adams, administrator of the Oregon milk control board says:

"In the event that some misunderstanding may exist among consumers and dairymen regarding the status of the Oregon milk control law, I wish to inform that the re-

cent adverse decision regarding the state marketing act has no bearing whatever. In the opinion of numerous attorneys, on the legality of the Oregon milk control law. The price schedules as set down in various orders will continue in force and any violations of price or fair trade practice orders will be considered violations of the Oregon state statute.

While there has been no letup in enforcement nor any serious violations in any part of the state, this word is sent out to correct any impression which may have gained headway from those interested in destroying the law for personal or selfish reasons."

## CITY PLANS CURB ON HORN HONKING

In keeping with the feeling against excessive noises now being stressed in cities throughout the state and country, the state and city police of Medford today announced that a similar drive will be conducted here. Excessive honking of horns will be frowned upon, and warnings, and if necessary arrests will be made to curb the practice.

Those with noisy mufflers on their cars will be warned, and arrests will be made in cases where the muffler is missing entirely, or previous warnings have been ignored. With the rainy season just getting underway, a particularly careful scrutiny will be given to defective lights and brakes. It was announced.

## HOLINESS ASSOCIATION LEADER TO SPEAK HERE

Rev. C. W. Ruth, president of the National Holiness association, will speak in the Free Methodist church, South Ivy at Tenth street, today. He will be accompanied to Med-

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

20,000 DEATHS FROM SNAKEBITE OCCUR ANNUALLY IN INDIA

FRED C. GRUBER, Brockton, Mass., HAS HELD THE SAME OFFICE IN THE SAME LODGE FOR 42 YEARS... Chief of Records, Improved Order of Red Men

PADDY MACK SCORED A 2-MINUTE KNOCKOUT BOXING AND AN 11-MINUTE FALL WRESTLING THE SAME NIGHT IN DIFFERENT TOWNS... Massachusetts, 1934

BLOODLESS BATTLE

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMNER, FIRST AND ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR, WAS FIGHTED WITHOUT BLOODSHED!

The bombardment of Fort Sumner was, in its way, the most important battle of the Civil War. It came when there was still hope that actual fighting could be averted between the states. But when the first shell broke over Sumner, where Major Robert Anderson and a garrison of 138 valiantly defended their post. Fort Sumner was no sham battle. Twenty-five hundred shells hit inside the fort, almost demolishing the stronghold. Yet, strange as it seems, this battle which started the war which cost more American lives than any other, was fought without blood-

shed. No one was killed on either side, no one was even wounded.

Among the many legends of India is one that tells that a cobra spread its hood to shield the sleeping Buddha. Hindus, who called the snake "the black snake," look upon it as sacred. They refuse to kill it. The snake, protected by superstition, is free to wander and kill at will. About 23,000 people are killed every year in India, and an untold amount of property damage is suffered by its attacks on live stock.

Tomorrow: The Horsewhipped King.

## HARVEST HOME SUPPER AT PHOENIX ON FRIDAY

PHOENIX, Oct. 15.—(Sp.)—Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church are having their annual Harvest Home supper Friday, Oct. 18. Everyone is cordially invited to come and bring their friends to help make this yearly event the success it always has been. The excellency of the cooks who annually prepare the supper need not be mentioned, as it is fast becoming a tradition known to everyone.

## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

DANGER! HOLD EVERYTHING!

I JUST GOTTA WHIFF ELEPHANT'S BREATH!

AW, HEH, HEH! THAT WUZ ME YA GOTTA WHIFF UV!

WHIFF AT MUH BREATH. I WUZ JUST EATIN' PEANUTS!

WHIFF WHIFF OH-H-H!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Rejected Suitor!

BUT, MI AMOR! WHAT I HAVE DONE IS FOR LIBERTAD Y PATRIA!

STOP! DO NOT TOUCH ME, CAPTAIN GARCIA! I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU TO BE A TRAITOR—NOW YOU HAVE PROVED IT—YOU—

AND MY LOVE FOR YOU—

I HAVE NO LOVE FOR REBELS OR TRAITORS.

FOR LA CABEZA DE SAN JUAN! YOU FORGET—WE ARE BETROTHEN BY YOUR PADRE!

IT IS RESCINDED, CAPTAIN GARCIA! YOU ARE NO LONGER WORTHY OF MY DAUGHTER'S HAND!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Morgan Tells All

YOU MEAN YOU THINK I OUGHT TO ENTER LONGSTAR?

I DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' ELSE, BEN—THE RACE IS GOIN' TO BE A FREE-FOR-ALL!

BOON AN' SQUIGGLES HAS GOT THE TOWN RACIN' CRAZY! OUR BOYS IS MATCHIN' 'EM DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR IN A JACKPOT THAT'LL GO TO THE WINNER—NOW THEN—

THEM TWO SMOOTHIES HAS GOT A HOGG ENTERED THAT THEY CLAIM THEY BOUGHT UP IN THE PANHANDLE—THEY'RE KEEPIN' PRETTY QUIET ABOUT HIM, BUT—

IF I'M ANY JUDGE O' HOGG FLESH THAT THERE TEPPEER WILL GO BY ANY FOUR-LEGGED CRITTER IN THIS WORLD LIKE A BOLT O' LIGHTNIN'!

I'LL ENTER LONGSTAR AND I'LL RIDE HIM!

## THE NEBBS—Waiting

RUDY, WONT YOU TRY AND EAT A LITTLE SOMETHING? THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU MUST EAT TO GET STRENGTH!

GEE, THIS IS FINE—YOU KNOW HOW I LIKE STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE... NOW I WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND GET THAT MINK COAT AND DONT ASK THE PRICE—IT DOESNT SOUND LIKE YOU'RE RICH WHEN YOU ASK PRICES!

NOW I KNOW HES AWFUL SICK—I CANT BUY THE MINK COAT UNTIL I SEE HOW THINGS TURN OUT—IVE GOT A GOOD BLACK DRESS—IT'S LUCKY I BOUGHT THAT LAST SPRING

They laughed and followed her into the hall, where she was already pulling on her hat and running towards the door. Aubrey gazed resignedly after her.

"Is it any wonder I've lost all my hair?"

They drove the twenty miles to Montgomery in less than half an hour, arriving just as the last show started.

"I won't come to any but the last show with Jude," Dan explained as they entered, "because no matter what time you come she always wants to stay until they've closed the theatre."

"Well," she said plaintively, "I like to get my money's worth."

"You mean Dan's money's worth," Aubrey amended drily.

The drive home was leisurely and still. Judith slept as peacefully as a child, with her head in Aubrey's lap, and even Dan said very little. Emily realized that she too was sleepy, and wished she might follow Judith's example.

Dan Raynor's intentions might be strictly dishonorable, but like most men of his type he was a very comfortable person.

He evidently sensed her wish, because he suddenly put an arm around her and drew her head down to his shoulder.

"I'm not feeling very conversational," he said. "Go on to sleep so I won't have to talk to you."

She gave up the pretense of wakefulness and relaxed against him.

THEY greeted her warmly, and the drunkest of the men tried to kiss her. Dan put the palm of his hand into the man's face and pushed.

"You'd make me out a liar, would you, when I'd just introduced you as a gentleman?"

Judith and Aubrey had been absorbed into the crowd and Dan led Emily to a chair near them and brought her a cocktail.

"These are in your honor," he explained. "The rest of this outfit take it straight, from a tin dipper."

She accepted the drink, thinking, as she had thought so often during the past two weeks, of Edwin's horror at the mere mention of such a scene.

Judith saw the mirth in her eyes. "What's the joke?"

"I was thinking of Edwin," she confessed, "and what he would say to all this."

Judith grinned. "He'd probably have a severe stroke." She called across the room to Dan. "When do we eat?"

"Right now." He flung open a door into the other room of the cabin. "Women and children first, and keep your heads. There are no place cards, so you can sit wherever there's a vacant space."

The dining-room was furnished with a long, rough pine table and benches made of single wide pine boards. A kerosene lamp suspended by wires from the ceiling gave out black smoke, an acrid odor, and a dim, disheartened light.

At each end of the table stood a negro, holding a great bowl of steaming Brunswick stew.

Having seen that his guests were seated, Dan crowded in beside Emily, thereby displacing the intoxicated gentleman who had tried to kiss her.

"You'll starve to death unless I'm here to grab things as they go by," he explained. "At least that's my excuse."

She watched him pile up her plate from the steaming bowl. "Wait a minute! What do you think I am?"

He frowned paternally. "Eat every bit of it, or you don't get to go fox hunting."

She laughed and ate a mouthful of the Brunswick stew. "It's perfectly heavenly! What on earth is it?"

"Birds," he said briefly. "And God knows what else. It's Ambrose's recipe, and just try and get him to tell you how he makes it. I'm scared to death he'll get killed before I've wheedled it out of him."

Conversation moved about the table as swiftly and erratically as a rubber ball. Warm and stimulated by the cocktail Emily ate the entire plate of stew, as well as three biscuits as large as saucers, and drank two cups of coffee. Dan smiled down at her.

"Had enough?"

She groaned. "I'm all out of shape."

He patted her hand. "Take a nap after a while, and then you'll be ready to lick wildcats."

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Emily gets, tomorrow, a nasty left.

JUDITH paused at Emily's door to give advice.

"Better wear wool stockings under your boots, and a sweater or two under your coat. And if your breeches don't fit too close you could do with an extra pair of knickers."

Emily laughed. "I'll look like a teddy-bear."

"You should worry, with your figure. And when the cold gray dawn begins to seep into your bones you'll wish you were a teddy-bear!" Her head disappeared.

The horses had been sent to Dan's cabin at Pine Level that morning, and they were to drive over in time for supper. Dan had gone on ahead with his cook and the Master of the Hounds, as he gravely dubbed the hard-bitten individual who was to run the dogs.

Two weeks ago tonight, Emily thought as she dressed, she had come to Morton Hall. The two weeks had gone with incredible swiftness, and yet she had at the same time a feeling of having been here always, of having closed and locked a door upon that other existence.

She had written home frequently and in detail, taking care to censor the activities of the countryside for Frances's benefit, and had had several letters from Frances and Jeffrey; letters telling of things that seemed unreal and far-away.

There had been no news of Edwin in their letters: only Dorothy Shane had remarked in her one brief note that Edwin seemed to have sunk back into the state of innocuous desuetude from which Emily had momentarily lifted him—the one state, she added heartlessly, for which he

Expensive Pastime

WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 15.—(AP)—Bob Biery, the golf pro, figured it cost the duffers \$100 last year to play the water hazard at Ogletree Park's fifth tee. Biery helped wild life league members drain the pool to get some bass from it and recovered 265 golf balls.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—(AP)—The supreme court refused today to interfere with a lower court ruling that wire tapping may be used to obtain evidence in a liquor tax investigation.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS