

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**SYNOPSIS:** Emily Felton's mother, Frances Felton, is one of those gentle females who manages everything and everybody. She has a duty complex, and Emily has a duty complex, and Emily has a duty complex. Emily has a duty complex, and Emily has a duty complex, and Emily has a duty complex.

## Chapter Two ARDMORE

ARDMORE is not far from Elston, Alabama. It is near Birmingham; about two hours' drive, Emily noted, from her own front door. Although she had seen the college before, she was conscious of a vague disappointment as the car bore her and her mother towards Main Building.



Judith flung herself full length on the unmade bed.

Modernism, except in such courses as were necessary to maintain the school's standing, had not been allowed to rear its head; and its Bible professors taught a doctrine of fire and brimstone while its professors of science conducted discreet experiments with the Mendelian laws of heredity and expounded the Darwinian theory of natural selection.

Smoking went hand in hand with cheating as a capital offense, and automobiles were instruments of the Devil for the furtherance of his private ends.

Before committing her child to the college's care Frances Felton had a long interview with the Dean which strengthened her own conviction of the rightness of her choice.

Dr. Markham was a fragile lady of the post-Victorian era who had grown up with the school, and who managed, through the sheer force of her convictions and her unimpeachable gentility, to control five hundred girls without raising her voice.

Frances and Emily liked and respected each other immediately. They saw eye to eye in the matter of training young girls for life. Over a cup of tea in the Dean's immaculate parlor they discussed and settled Emily's future.

"I can't tell you," Frances assured her warmly, "what a comfort it is to know that Emily is in your care."

Frances glanced at her watch, rose and extended a plump hand. "I mustn't monopolize your time. You have been more than kind."

It would be inaccurate to say that Dr. Markham shook hands. Rather, she allowed her hand to be taken. "I hope you will come and see us often. We like to feel that parents are interested in our efforts."

"Thank you, I shall," Frances assured her. She went then to the Freshman Dormitory, an outmoded red brick building with rooms large enough to house a modern efficiency apartment and climbed two flights of stairs to her daughter's room.

Emily was arranging books and pictures. Her face was flushed and dirty and her eyes were shining. This, she had begun to realize, was more nearly freedom than anything she had ever known.

"Are you staying for supper?" she asked gaily.

Frances shook her head. "No. I told William to come for me at five and I fancy he's waiting now. You know I never like to leave your father alone for meals."

JEFFREY FELTON was always "your father" when Frances spoke of him to Emily. It was as if she disclaimed any relationship with

him outside the paternity of her daughter.

"Well, kiss him for me and tell him I'm expecting a visit as soon as he can get away. Dad, I mean; not William."

Frances looked at her thoughtfully. In her day a girl was pale and tearful over the idea of leaving her home. "You will remember, I hope, dear, that we're expecting a good deal of you?"

The brightness faded. "Of course, Mother."

"I'm sure you will," Frances kissed her with real tenderness and went to her waiting car.

Emily's roommate, whose name was Judith Carroll, arrived later in the evening. It was quite typical of Judith, Emily learned afterwards, to arrive everywhere a little later than everyone else. Her tardiness wasn't intentional; it usually resulted from an unwillingness on the part of other people to let her leave the place she happened to be in.

She was tall and slender, with cloudy dark hair and ingenuous blue eyes that hid a knowledge of people and things that few individuals ever have. She had a few individuals ever have the curiosity or the energy to acquire. She hung her hat on one bed, her coat on the other, took in the room at a glance, and held out both hands.

"How doth the little busy bee?" she chuckled.

Emily succumbed at once. Her smile was a reflection of Judith's. "How do you do?"

Judith flung herself full length on the unmade bed. "Oh, beautifully. I always do. It's a family failing."

Later, Emily came to know that, too, Judith's family were all fashioned from the same bright metal. "Is there anything I can do to help you unpack?" she asked a little shyly.

Judith ran a hand through the short, cloudy hair and stretched. "Thanks, no; there's nothing to unpack. I intended to get here in time to rescue my trunk from the maelstrom below, but David made me late, as usual. I'll have to sleep on the mattress, but I've fared worse before this."

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Emily familiarizes herself with an entirely new type of person, tomorrow.

removal from his home for emergency treatment.

Dr. Vaughan said Pajala apparently thought his act not unusual. He quoted Pajala as saying he had suffered from pain in the lower abdomen and decided to operate upon himself because he was unable to pay for surgery. He sharpened his pocket knife, made the incision—nearly four inches long—and drew forth several inches of his intestine to examine them. He then cut off that part which he thought caused the pain, and tried to thrust the rest back into place.

Falling faint and growing weaker, he sought the aid of Dr. Norbert Leckband, who sent Pajala to the county hospital.

Dr. Vaughan asserted Pajala told him he performed another operation upon himself several months ago and showed the scar tissue.

Phone 312. We'll send away your refuse, City Sanitary Service.

## BROCKHAGEN SUES PAPER ON LEASE

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 31.—(AP)—Herbert Feilshacker and C. H. Brockhagen, owners of the old Portland Telegram, brought suit in circuit court here yesterday seeking \$46,342.71 from the Portland News. That amount was allegedly set in

a judgment for unpaid rental obtained against them in California courts by members of the Barde family, owners of the old Telegram building.

The complaint set out that when the plaintiffs sold the Telegram to the Portland News in 1931, the News agreed to assume all liabilities of the old company.

## BALD-FACED HORNET IS PET OF PERSIST MAN

PERSIST, Aug. 31.—(Special).—Lowell Ash has the unique habit of training bald-faced hornets. His latest subject in this pursuit has become such a pet that it follows Mr. Ash to and from his work, buzzing about, cooing for flies. The hornet alights on Mr. Ash but has never offered to sting him.

WINDOW GLASS.—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works

## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



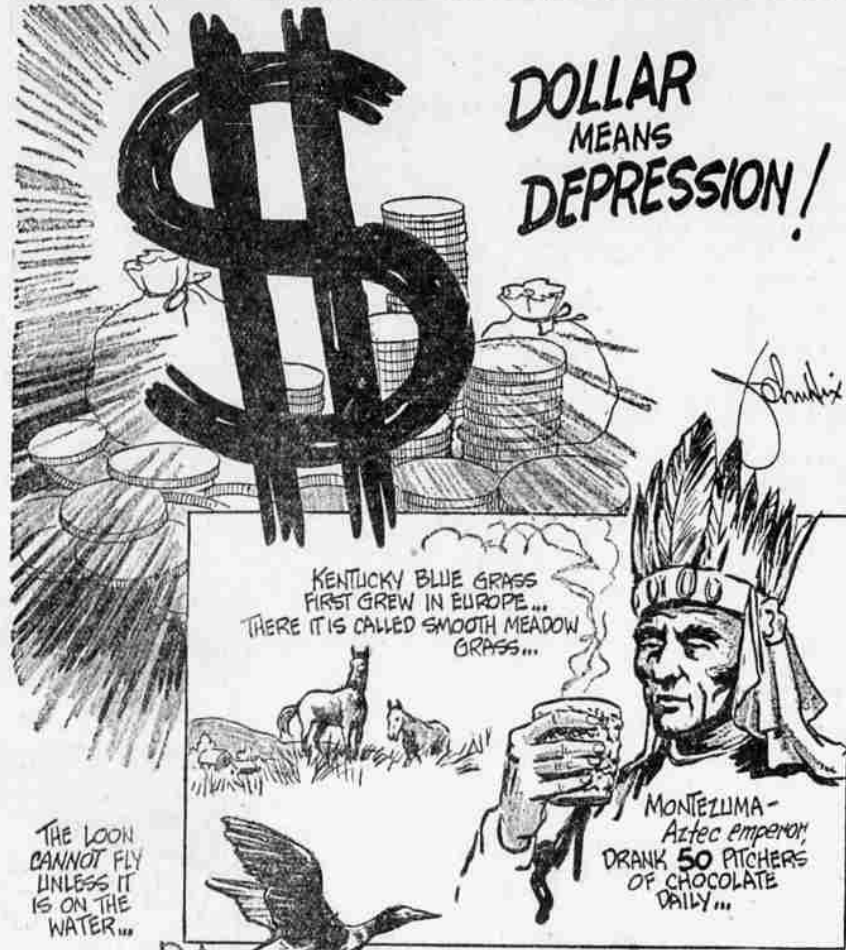
HAVING SNEAKED OUT ON THE VERANDA OF A HOT NIGHT TO GET A BOOK FROM THE HAMMOCK, THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT, CATCHING A FOLD OF YOUR PAJAMA TROUSERS AS IT LOCKS ITSELF, THE DOORBELL FAILS TO WAKEN YOUR WIFE, AND THE PARTY ACROSS THE STREET SHOWS SIGNS OF BREAKING UP

8-30

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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



# DOLLAR MEANS DEPRESSION!

KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS FIRST GREW IN EUROPE... THERE IT IS CALLED SMOOTH MEADOW GRASS...

THE LOON CANNOT FLY UNLESS IT IS ON THE WATER...

MONTEZUMA—AZTEC EMPEROR DRANK 50 PITCHERS OF CHOCOLATE DAILY...

Strange as it seems, trace the ancestry of our dollar and you find it means depression. It comes from the word "thalier," meaning valley of depression.

The first coin from which we get the word "dollar" was minted in Bohemia in 1516 by the Count of Schitz. These coins bore an effigy of St. Joachim, and were known as Joachimshalers or schillingthalers. They were equal to one gold gulden. Eventually they came to be known simply as thalers, and as the word migrated from one language to another, it took on different spellings. It was known variously as the talero, the dalar, the dalar, the daller, and eventually as the dollar.

The loon is strictly a seaplane type of flier. It must taxi over the water before it can get into the air. On land, its short, awkward legs will not carry it fast enough to start a flight—but in the water these same legs kick it along with ease until it has momentum enough to take off.

Kentucky blue grass is of European origin. It was called smooth meadow grass there many years before it was first planted in the United States. It became famous in Kentucky, where climate and soil conditions brought this grass to its highest development. Recently Kentucky blue grass moved another step west when it was introduced in the Hawaiian Islands. A wide belt of blue grass, planted from Kentucky seed, is now growing around Mauna Kea, highest island mountain in the world.

Monday: The Bed of Gold.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Inez Explains!

DON CASTANETO, BELIEVING THAT HIS DAUGHTER, INEZ, WAS IN LOVE WITH TOMMY, WHO IS LYING SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN THE DON'S HACIENDA, GREW WRATHFUL UNTIL—

MI PADRE, HAD I NOT PRETENDED TO BE BETTY, HIS WOUNDS WOULD HAVE BROKEN FROM HIS DELICIOUS STRUGGLES AND—

BUT YOU KNOW THAT IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY FONDEST DESIRE THAT YOU BECOME THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN ENRICO GARCIA—

MI PADRE, I HAVE ALWAYS OBEYED YOU—BUT—I—CANNOT MARRY CAPTAIN GARCIA—

I—I—MUST TELL YOU—I HAVE PLEDGED MY HEART TO CAPTAIN JUAN ORTEGA—

THAT—TRAITOR!!—YOU MY DAUGHTER—WOULD DARE TO LOVE—A—RENEGADO—!!—!!—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Another Victim?

HELLO, THERE, GAY, DID YOU BAG THE BIG BLACK FELLOW?

NO, YOU MISSED HIM, BUT I GEE YOU NABBED MY RUNAWAY—

GUESS JUST TELLING YOU THE GADDLED HORSE IS MINE IS IDENTIFICATION ENOUGH, EH?

WE AIN'T GO SURE O' THAT, STRANGER—

I'LL ARGUE THAT OUT LATER—MEANTIME, I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT MUSTANG YONDER!

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## THE NEBBS—Enemies

MI NEBS, I WAS SORRY I COULDN'T GET OVER TO YOUR TABLE THE OTHER NIGHT, BUT THERE WAS SO MANY IMPORTANT PEOPLE I HAD TO SEE, I COULDN'T GET AROUND—

I HAD TO TURN THEM AWAY—I SHOULD HAVE BUILT THE PLACE BIGGER—EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE AND MEET A BIG MOVIE ACTOR—

REMEMBER—ONE SWALLOW DOESN'T MAKE A SUMMER—AND ONE GERRY DOESN'T MAKE A BIE—AND ONE NIGHT DOESN'T ASSURE SUCCESS—AND I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE A GREAT MOVIE ACTOR—BUT YOU AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT THE SECOND TIME—

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By Sol Hess

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

## CHICAGO RELIEF CLIENT PERFORMS HIS OWN SURGERY

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—(AP)—Dr. Roger T. Vaughan, night warden of Cook county hospital, said today he had under his care George Pajala, 43-year-old Czechoslovakian relief client, who avowedly performed an abdominal operation upon himself with a pocket knife and removed a part of his intestine.