

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**SYNOPSIS:** Emily Felton has just been sent to Ardmore College, although she wanted to go to Bryn Mawr. Frances Felton, her mother, settled that as she has settled everything else in Emily and her father's absence. Emily has left the adoring but shy Edwin Barnes at home; at Ardmore her roommate is Judith Carroll, who is a lovely and irresponsible girl. Judith confesses she has arrived too late to rescue her trunk, so must sleep on the mattress.

### Chapter Three NEW LIFE

IT ended by Emily's producing linen and making the bed, while Judith unpacked frothy underwear and talked incessantly.

"I'm a lucky brute to draw a roommate like you," she said, throwing garments carelessly into a drawer. "I can see that you're the mothering kind."

Emily laughed. "Just the opposite. I've been thoroughly mothered all my life."

Judith grinned impishly. "Then that's where you learned the trick so well. Perhaps you'll be an example for me: I might even become reconciled to Ardmore."

"You didn't want to come here?" "Not much. It's the penalty for having the family intelligence. But I didn't mind enough to make an issue of it," she added.



Judith unpacked, and talked incessantly.

As she fell asleep that night Emily wondered what would have happened if she had "made an issue of it." The possibility of such a course had never occurred to her.

She wore for one week a large placard on her back, bearing her full name. She participated in the Freshman-Sophomore Stunt, which culminated in a truce and the ceremony of burying the hatchet.

After that she settled down to the routine of college: swiftly passing days of study; nights of soft beauty on the campus, when the moon silvered the roofs and etched the tower of Main in dark grace against the sky.

SHE made friends; not with the easy catholicity of Judith, but quietly and surely. She made the class tennis team, and found herself appointed to various minor offices delegated to freshmen. There was apparently a great deal more to college than books, and because she had promised Frances to do her best she took it all as it came.

Under Judith's expert tutelage she even learned to laugh, heartily and often, and was amazed to discover how unimportant her troubles seemed so long as she dared to laugh at them.

She went home for week-ends twice a month, and on the last trip before Christmas took Judith with her. Jeffrey was entranced, but Frances thought her rather dangerously attractive and wondered if she wasn't a demoralizing influence for Emily.

Edwin eyed her with distrust, as one of the major planets entirely outside his orbit, and confided privately to Emily that he thought her frivolous.

Emily agreed promptly. "She is. But what a bore it would be if everyone did his duty and took life so seriously."

"Not half as boring as if everybody took life as she does."

Emily looked thoughtful. "I'm not so sure. Anyhow, I wish I were built that way."

"I don't," Edwin told her firmly and significantly. "I like you much better as you are."

When the Easter holidays arrived

Judith extended her own invitation. "Why can't you come home with me and see the Carroll managaria?"

Emily glowed. "I'd love it, but I'm not sure how Mother would feel about my not coming home."

Judith's assurance was boundless. "I don't believe she'll refuse if we handle her properly."

Frances would have liked very much to refuse, but in some way (she was never very clear how) Judith out-manuevered her and she found that she had consented. Judith even managed, since Emily was eighteen now, and since it was impossible for Mrs. Felton to come to Birmingham just then, to superintend the buying of Emily's wardrobe. The result was disconcerting.

"I think," Judith had decided while they waited for her favorite saleswoman to finish with a customer, "that we'd better capitalize your type. You know: the started-fawn-standing-with-reluctant-foot type."

Emily giggled. "Am I as bad as that?"

"Bad, my eye! You'll be damn' good. Particularly down home where all the women are large and raw-boned and either horsey or doggy. David will have a cerebral hemorrhage."

## END OF GANGSTER; NONE TO MOURN AND NO FLOWERS

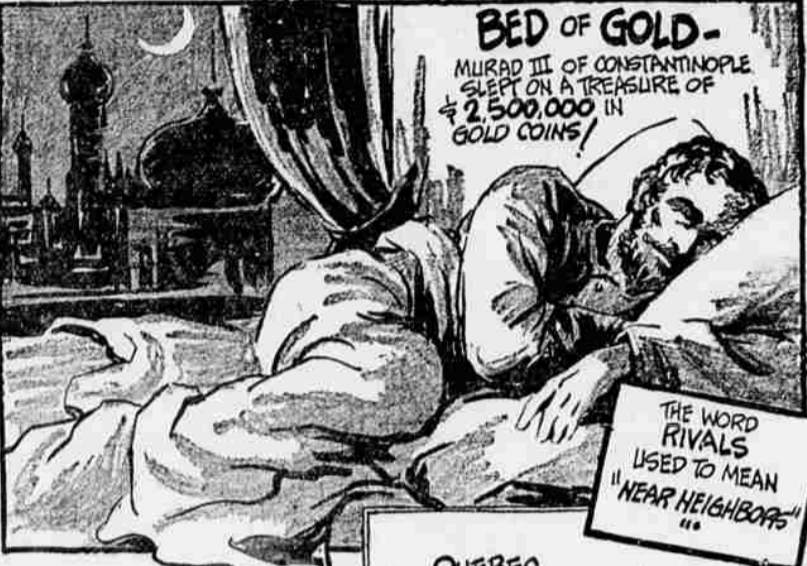
OSWEGO, Ill., Sept. 2. — (AP) — John ("Three Fingers Jack") Hamilton, last member of the murderous Dillinger gang to be accounted for,

was buried Saturday in Oswego's little cemetery at the expense of one of his sisters. J. S. Thorsen, the undertaker, disclosed Hamilton's sister, Mrs. Anna Steve of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., made the arrangements for his burial and paid for it. Cold mists swirled over the burying ground as the mutilated body of the man known as the cruellest of the Dillinger mob was lowered, with none to mourn, into its grave. There were no flowers or appointments. There were no mourners because all of Hamilton's pals are either dead—shot as he was by sheriffs or "O" men—or in penitentiaries. Three men took Hamilton's body to

the grave and none had a sentimental duty. Thorsen, and his assistant lowered the cheap, gray, cloth covered casket into the pit while the Rev. John Klein, pastor of the Oswego Presbyterian church, read a brief service. Hamilton's remains were dug up from a shallow grave in a gravel pit near here Wednesday, where it had lain since John Dillinger himself and Homer Van Meter first buried it. INDEPENDENCE, Ore., Sept. 2. — (AP)—The three-day hop fests, signifying the annual harvest, ended Saturday with a matinee, street carnival and dance, attended by the largest crowd yet assembled in this city.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



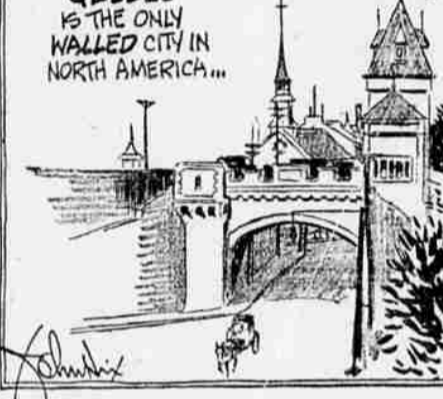
**BED OF GOLD—**  
MURAD III OF CONSTANTINOPLE SLEPT ON A TREASURE OF \$2,500,000 IN GOLD COINS!

THE WORD RIVALS USED TO MEAN "NEAR NEIGHBORS"

### THE HOLIDAY FAMILY—

- STEPHEN BORN ON CHRISTMAS
- JOSEPH BORN ON JULY FOURTH
- MARY BORN ON FRANKSINGVINE
- WALTER BORN ON APRIL FOOL
- BLANCHE BORN ON PATRIOTS DAY
- MICHAEL BORN ON HALLOWEEN
- ANTHONY BORN ON ARMISTICE DAY
- LOTTIE BORN ON COLUMBUS DAY
- FRANCIS BORN ON LABOR DAY
- SALLY BORN ON EASTER
- DOLORES BORN ON JULY 18 (A POLISH HOLIDAY)

11 CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. JOSOWSKA, Lynn, Mass.



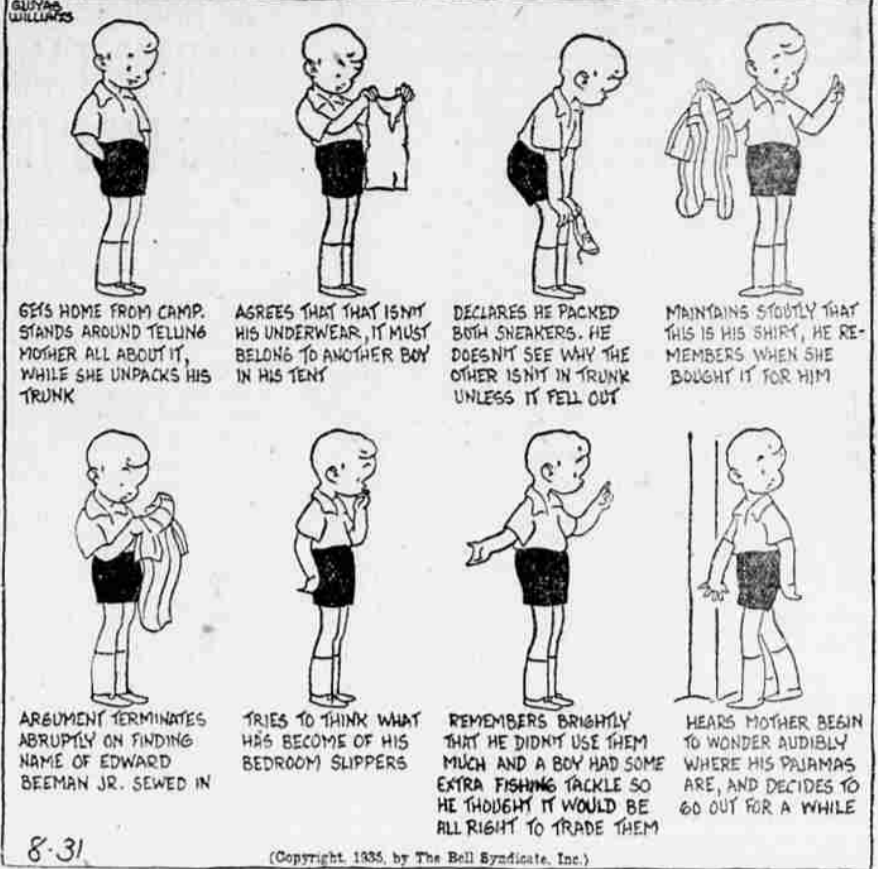
QUEBEC IS THE ONLY WALLED CITY IN NORTH AMERICA...

The rule of Murad III, the gold hoarder, marked the beginning of the decline of the Ottoman empire. Superstitious, feeble, and dominated by his harem, Murad's chief delight in life was the gathering of gold. He had a marble lined vault built under his sleeping chamber, and here he kept his treasure. He slept over the door of the vault every night. The gold he gathered was never used by him—only once in three months was the vault opened, and then only to add new treasure to the pile. Two and a half millions in gold were taken out of the vault after the sultan's death in 1595. Strange as it seems, during the rule of Murad III, the real power behind the throne was a Christian slave. Satis his favorite wife. She was the daughter of a noble Venetian family, captured as a child by Turkish pirates, and sold into the harem of Murad. Quebec, the only walled city in

North America, was once the strongest fortress of the British Empire with the lone exception of the Rock of Gibraltar. It was first fortified by the French, but none of these works remain. The present walls were built a century ago, and with the exception of some gates which have been rebuilt, they remain practically intact. Tomorrow: The Whistling Language.

## HOME FROM CAMP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GETS HOME FROM CAMP. STANDS AROUND TELLING MOTHER ALL ABOUT IT, WHILE SHE UNPACKS HIS TRUNK

AGREES THAT THAT ISN'T HIS UNDERWEAR, IT MUST BELONG TO ANOTHER BOY IN HIS TENT

DECLARES HE PACKED BOTH SNEAKERS, HE DOESN'T SEE WHY THE OTHER ISN'T IN TRUNK UNLESS IT FELL OUT

MAINTAINS STOUTLY THAT THIS IS HIS SHIRT, HE REMEMBERS WHEN SHE BOUGHT IT FOR HIM

ARGUMENT TERMINATES ABRUPTLY ON FINDING NAME OF EDWARD BEEMAN JR. SEWED IN

TRIES TO THINK WHAT HE BECAME OF HIS BEDROOM SLIPPERS

REMEMBERS BRIGHTLY THAT HE DIDN'T USE THEM MUCH AND A BOY HAD SOME EXTRA FISHING TACKLE SO HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT TO TRADE THEM

HEARS MOTHER BEGIN TO WONDER AUDIBLY WHERE HIS Pajamas ARE, AND DECIDES TO GO OUT FOR A WHILE

## S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



BACK FROM YOUR VISIT?

YES, THEY DID SUMTHIN' I DIDN'T LIKE

WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?

THEY THREW ME OUT!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Takes Another Traitor!



THREE TRAITORS HAVE BEEN ACCOUNTED FOR THREE MORE ARE TO BE RECKONED WITH—EL CONDOR HAS SWORN TO DISPOSE OF ALL LET US PEER INSIDE THE BED CHAMBER OF COLONEL QUERIDA PORFIDO, COMMANDER OF A REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY AT SANTA DEL CATTARAGUS— 2275

QUE-QUE-QUE-QUE? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM EL CONDOR! YOU WILL NOT BOTHER TO DRESS— BUT ACCOMPANY ME— RAPID!

MOVE QUICKLY TOWARD MY PLANE— SILENTLY— BUT PRONTO—

THEES— EES AN OUTRAGE! I—I— AM A COLONEL—

YOU WILL PUT THIS PARACHUTE ON, NO?— OR SHALL I BE FORCED TO—

I—I— SHAL— BUT EET ON— BUT—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Notice Served!



CUTHBERT BOON NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TAKE AIM AT LONESTAR— BEN WEBSTER GAVE THAT!

STOP! STOP! I TELL YOU!

BANG!

LET ME UP! LET ME UP!

STAY AWAY, BIRGIE!

I'VE LET YOU UP AND NOW YOU CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

ONE WORD YOU LOW-DOWN VIPER, AN' I'LL BE YOUR LAST ONE, GO HELP ME!

## THE NEBBS—Getting Even



I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT AND SHOW YOU HOW I WRAPPED UP THIS GUY MAX WITH MY ADVERTISING

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I GET AN APPETITE WHEN I LOOK AT THOSE SIGNS, MYSELF

THE NEBBS HOTEL OR GREAT RENOWN

THE ONLY GOOD PLACE IN THE TOWN

AND IF OF OUR FOOD YOU DON'T PARTAKE

YOU MAKE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

THE FOOD IS FINE THE PRICE IS LOW

WE DON'T HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR COUNTRY

MAX'S MICHIGAN

Markets Close Monday  
NEW YORK, Sept. 2. — (AP) — All security and commodity markets in the United States and Canada will be closed today, in observance of Labor day. European markets will be open as usual.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 2. — (AP) — Former Willamette university football player and a prominent alumnus, Bert E. Haney, will be honored at an all-Willamette stag banquet at the Portland chamber of commerce next Tuesday at 6:30 p.m.

