

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

STANDARD: Emily, when she has come home from her first year at Ardmore, Alabama's leading college for girls, she and wanted to go to Bryn Mawr but in compensation for that disappointment, she has met Judith Carrol, who visited the Carrolls' grand old plantation, and has the comfort of Judith's handsome brother David's love. Emily accepted his proposal of marriage. Emily cannot help but contrast the prim atmosphere of her own luxurious home with the tree and easy gaiety of Carrollton.

Chapter Nine EDWIN AGAIN

EMILY snatched off her hat and was about to drop it on a chair when the beautiful room caught her up. She held it instead in her hand. "It's good to be here, Mother. How pretty you look!"

Frances's face softened. She was not entirely in sympathy with personal beauty, but it helped one to accomplish worthy ends. Beauty, like money, was a Great Responsibility.

"Thank you, dear. I can say the same thing of you." Emily's face was flushed and her hair curled damply about it. But it didn't really matter how she looked, she thought regretfully, since David wasn't here to approve.

"You'd better go and get ready for lunch, now," Frances suggested. "It will be ready in half an hour."

Emily went slowly, wishing with all her heart that pictures of Carrollton would cease to rise and plague her.

Jeffrey welcomed her with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. Life with Frances was fine of course, but it was also (he apologized to himself for the hint of disloyalty) a little sober. Emily, he hoped, would bring life and gaiety and a great many young people to the house.

"Pleasant trip home, honey?" he asked. "Very." She smiled at him adoringly, critically. "I can see that you've been positively wasting away."

He chuckled guiltily. "I have put on weight. Needed you to worry about so I wouldn't have such an appetite. By the way," he looked bland, "there was a young man down town asking about you this morning. I imagine he'll be around before many days."

The inner light went dim. Edwin! She'd forgotten about him completely. There wasn't room for Edwin in a memory that held David. Mercifully, lunch was announced and her silence went unnoticed.

Edwin came that evening, as slight and immaculate as ever, wearing the little deprecating air that was his worst enemy. He held her hand for a long moment after he had shaken it, and then dropped it apologetically.

"I believe college agrees with you," he said haltingly. After all these years, she thought with a slightly contemptuous pity, he was still shy and a little formal. He would never get over it, she knew; would never treat her with the camaraderie that Judith—and David—had taught her.

"I'm glad you think so. Whether it agrees with you or not, it changes you. For better or worse," she said lightly. "Not for worse."

THEY were on the terrace now, chaperoned by the same flood of golden light. Could you ever, she wondered, turn the clock back three-quarters of a year, to another existence?

There would be tennis in a moment, and swimming, and details of the wholesale grocery business. With the insight that love had given her she suddenly saw that Edwin cared a great deal for her and that he was uncertain and unhappy. Unfortunately, the same love made it impossible for her to do anything about it.

When he had gone she went to her room and wrote to Judith—a long, intimate, homesick letter. "Judith, darling," she ended it, "I'm lost without you. Please, please kiss the family quickly, and come and see me!"

Then, with a long look at the picture of David, which Judith had given her just as they were leaving, she undressed and went to bed.

When Emily came home for the summer she brought with her a determination to widen her field of acquaintances. College had taught her that it was easy to have people like you if you liked them: a great many people had liked her at Ardmore.

With the girls it was easy; they had always felt that all Emily needed was to "get away from her mother's apron strings for a while," and when she sought them out they met her with outstretched hands.

But the boys were more difficult. They agreed among themselves that

PROVOLT FARM LAND TRANSFERS REPORTED NUMEROUS RECENTLY

PROVOLT, September 9.—(Sp.)—A number of farm properties have changed hands during the past few weeks. Fred Litcher purchased 60 acres adjoining 100 farm last week

from Mrs. Mary Leonard of Medford. This increases his acreage under irrigation to 200 acres. The R. G. Coulter ranch of 74½ acres has been sold to R. H. Bentley formerly of Los Angeles who is moving his family to the new home from Chaney creek this week. Mr. and Mrs. Bentley have three children, two boys 16 and 13 and a girl 9 years old. Mr. Bentley plans a number of improvements on the ranch and on the house which is located on the Provolt-Medford road between the Carle and Franzen homes. Sam Letteken has sold 30 acres to Roy Taylor, formerly from Los Angeles, who has recently been living near Murphy. Mr. Taylor is clearing the land, and plans to build two houses there, one for his mother and one for himself. Lewis Fields is logging on this and the Litcher property.

Oregon Weather
Increasing cloudiness tonight and Tuesday, probably with showers in northwest portion and on coast Tuesday; somewhat cooler interior of southeast portion Tuesday; gentle to moderate changeable wind, off the coast.

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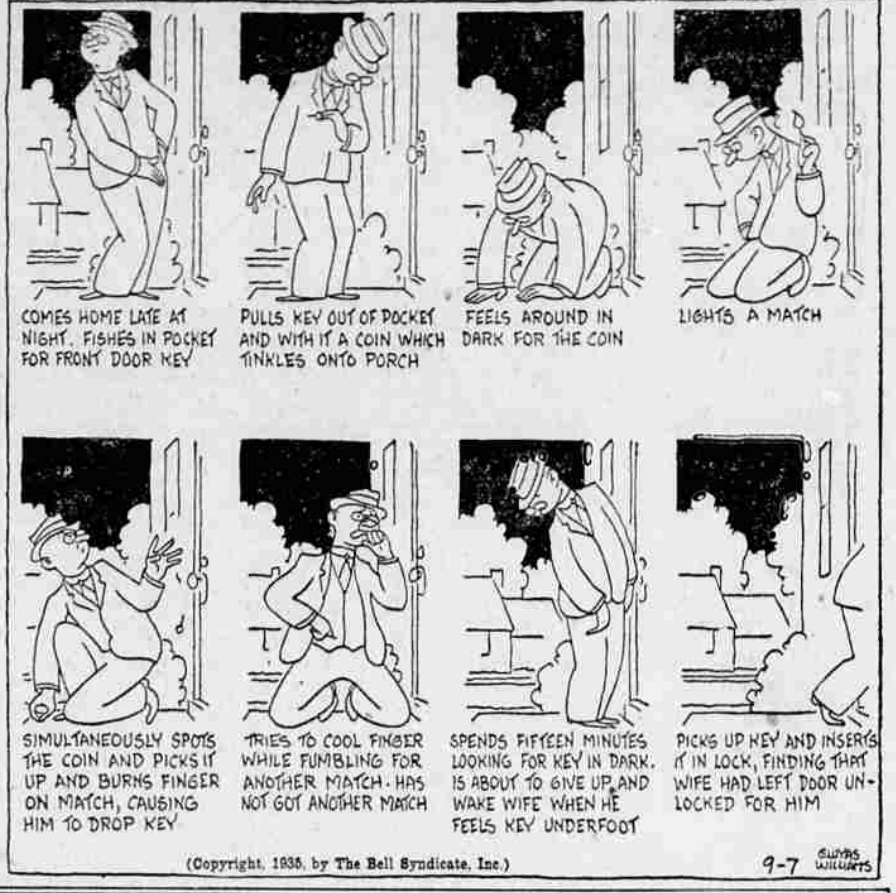


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UNUSUAL WHOLESALE
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