

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: The love of David Carroll and the deep friendship of David's sister Judith are the chief trophies of Emily Feltton's first year at Ardmore College. Now the Carroll have lost their fine old plantation, and David, rather than ask Emily to share something second rate, has written her he is going abroad. Emily has left only her duty-bound mother, her adoring father, and Edna Burtess, who is both shy and droll.

Chapter 10 CHARLOTTE

EMILY read David's letter daily, over and over, until she felt that it was probably engraved on her heart like Calais, wasn't it—on the heart of Bloody Mary? Then she put it carefully away, and her small face became once more composed and withdrawn.

Late in the summer there was another letter from Judith.

Emily, darling—
I'm going to be married next month to Aubrey Morton. He was at home when you were there, but you probably don't remember him—tall, with glasses and not much hair. But he has character and a big house and will in time, I hope, help produce the five children. And I'll make him an excellent wife!

I wish I could have you for the wedding, but it isn't going to be that kind. I have scruples against making the groom pay in advance. But you've got to come and see me, afterwards. I'm determined that this shall be the end of it.

I'm a rotten correspondent, as you've doubtless observed, and if

view, and belonged very definitely to the left wing.

She had sought Emily's room at the opening of the school, and seated herself in an uncomfortable straight chair. "Judith, Emily thought long and hard, would have been stretched full length on the most comfortable bed.

"I understand that Judith has deserted you for matrimony." Her voice was clipped, but pleasantly low-pitched.

Emily admitted it. "My room-mate isn't coming back, either; couldn't dance it. She's taken a newspaper job in the hope that she can make it next year. Is there any reason why we shouldn't room together?"

There were a number of reasons, Emily thought, none of which she could tell Charlotte. She caught at one that seemed safe.

"I couldn't begin to keep up with you, mentally. Your friends would want to come here, of course, and they'd be bored beyond words at having me around. And being what I am," she added honestly, "I'd probably be bored too."

CHARLOTTE disagreed. "I would not think of letting them over-run the place. And I don't believe you'd be bored with each other." She outdid Emily in frankness. "You



Emily read David's letter over and over.

you don't hear from me it won't be because I've forgotten. Just bear with me, and whenever you can get away just write and say, 'I'll be there tomorrow,' and I'll bless you for it.

Mother and Dad are moving to New Orleans, where Dad will be with a big firm of cotton buyers. I hate leaving them, but I think they'll both be happier there.

And David is in San Francisco, selling this week for China, but I think he'll both be happier there.

There was a modicum of truth in that, Emily realized unwillingly. "Furthermore, my dear," Frances went on, with one of her rare descents from the heights of abstract virtue, "I hope this will teach you something. Never, as long as you live, allow your happiness to depend entirely upon one person or one thing. It makes you too vulnerable. Try to arrange your life so that no matter what happens there will be something left to fill it."

And so he had given in, with the hopeless conviction that she had been beaten from the beginning. She roomed with Charlotte Boyd, not because she wanted to, but because there seemed to be no alternative that was preferable.

Charlotte was a junior; tall and thin, with dull black hair that never seemed quite clean. She majored in biology, edited the Quarterly Re-

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HANEY ABSOLVES PORT OFFICIALS

PORTLAND, Sept. 10.—(AP) Three port officials whom he sought to remove two years ago, were absolved of blame today by Bert E. Haney, president of the Port of Portland commission.

In making such recommendations," said Haney in resigning his post, "and that I did a great injustice to each of these men."
Haney resigned because of his recent appointment to the federal court of appeals.
The men he sought to remove in the course of an investigation two years ago were James Polhemus, port manager; J. P. Doyle, assistant secretary; and James Haney, drydock superintendent.

Ruth Luy Dance Studio. Enroll Thursday or Friday, Sept. 5 and 6, Sparta Bldg. Phone 1545.

CRAZED FILIPINO KILLS 3 MEXICANS IS SLAIN

DELANO, Cal., Sept. 10.—(AP)—A crazed Filipino shot and killed three Mexicans and was later slain by a city traffic policeman after a trivial argument in a West Delano restaurant today.

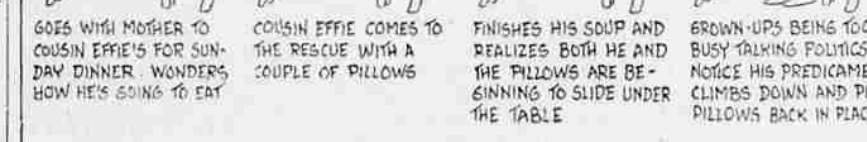
Two others were stabbed and slightly injured by the apparently maddened man.

UNDERSTRUCTURE

GOES WITH MOTHER TO COUSIN EFFIE'S FOR SUNDAY DINNER. WONDERS HOW HE'S GOING TO EAT

COUSIN EFFIE COMES TO THE RESCUE WITH A COUPLE OF PILLOWS

FINISHES HIS SOUP AND REALIZES BOTH HE AND THE PILLOWS ARE BE-SINNING TO SLIDE UNDER THE TABLE



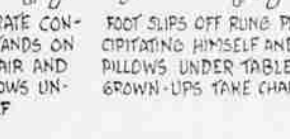
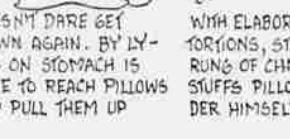
AFTER CONSIDERABLE EFFORT CLIMBS UP ON CHAIR AGAIN, UNFORTUNATELY IN SO DOING KNOCKING PILLOWS OFF

DOESN'T DARE GET DOWN AGAIN. BY LYING ON STOMACH IS ABLE TO REACH PILLOWS AND PULL THEM UP

WITH ELABORATE CON-TORTIONS, STANDS ON RING OF CHAIR AND STUFFS PILLOWS UNDER HIMSELF



FOOT SLIPS OFF RING PRE-OPTIMATING HIMSELF AND PILLOWS UNDER TABLE. GROWN-UPS TAKE CHARGE



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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.



PETER OF BLOIS COULD DICTATE 3 LETTERS AND WRITE A FOURTH ALL AT THE SAME TIME...

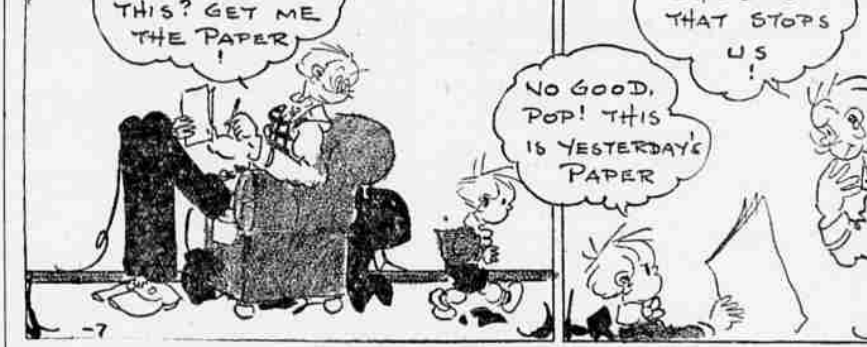


THE DOOMED BATTALION—600 VOLUNTEERS, EACH CARED FOR LIKE A KING LIVED WITH THE CELTIC KING OF THE SCOTIANS... THEY WERE OBLIGED TO DIE WHEN THEIR KING DIED, AND BE BURIED WITH HIM...

9-10-35 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

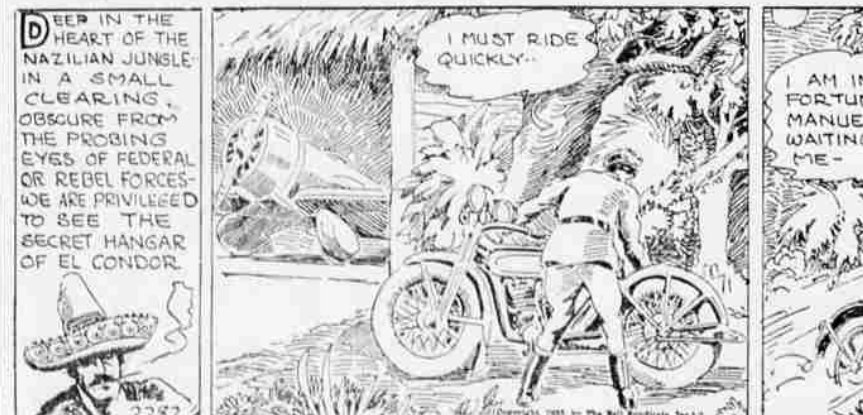
S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor's "Contact" Agent!

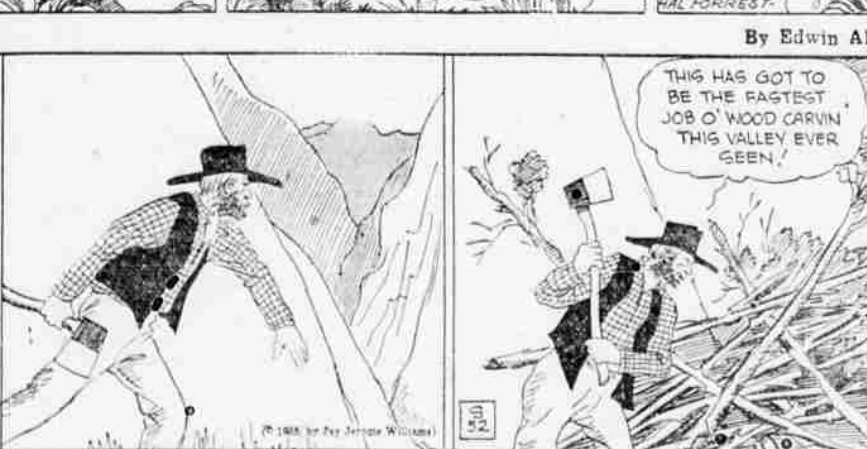


DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE NAZILIAN JUNGLE IN A SMALL CLEARING, OBSCURE FROM THE PROBING EYES OF FEDERAL OR REBEL FORCES—WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE SECRET HANGAR OF EL CONDOR.



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Blocking the Way



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THE NEBBS—Just a Mean Guy



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THE NEBBS—Just a Mean Guy



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HEADLESS WOMAN DESERT MYSTERY

BUCKEYE, Ariz., Sept. 10.—(AP)—Authorities sought today to solve the Arizona desert's latest mystery—the death of two women, whose bodies, one headless, were found side-by-side in a lonely homesteader's shack 16 miles northwest of here.

Boils Thompson. On the floor was the latter's head.

Officers found several pounds of bacon, a loaf of bread and other food in the kitchen, indicating neither had starved.

Physicians said the two had been dead about six weeks.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Open Heart Valve Ends Life Of Baby

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 10.—(AP) Despite the use of an inhalator and the emergency use of Mrs. Nell MacMillan of Butte, Mont., died today at Bellevue hospital as the result of being born with a heart valve open.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.