

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has gone back to Ardmore College for her sophomore year. She is a charming girl, but her father, who is a doctor, has been so busy that she has been left to her own devices. She has been accepted by the college, but her father has been so busy that she has been left to her own devices. She has been accepted by the college, but her father has been so busy that she has been left to her own devices.

Chapter 11 EMILY LEARNS

THE arrangement turned out surprisingly well, after all. Emily had never known such uncompromising honesty as she encountered in Charlotte's friends. All her life she had accepted as true the precepts and dogmas of those in authority; these girls accepted nothing until they had proved it to their own satisfaction.

Nothing escaped their scrutiny; religion, government, human relations. They questioned, not scornfully, but thoughtfully, the validity of all the stock phrases on which she had been reared; duty, responsibility, patriotism, unselfishness.

"I can't think of anything," Charlotte would decide, "that does more to enlarge the ego of your fellow-man than to be absolutely unselfish with him. He soon gets to be unbearable."

Or again: "It's grossly unfair of parents to remind children of their obligation. The parents are utterly selfish in wanting you; they want something to fuss over, and show their friends, and carry on their name; and you're it. You in turn do the same thing for your children, and that discharges the obligation."

Emily felt vaguely that there was an answer to this. "But how can we know what's good for us as well as they do?"

"Perhaps we can't, but the only way is to blunder ahead and learn by trial and error. Otherwise we'll never amount to a damn."

Emily wondered with a twinkle what Frances would have said to this theory.

Under Charlotte's influence she did better in her studies than she had done the year before. College to Charlotte was not simply a place where you passed, creditably or course, the four awkward years until you were ready to marry; it was an intellectual adventure, dearly bought and consequently highly appreciated.

They had a few classes together and Charlotte's reaction was astonishing.

Very gradually David receded from Emily's thoughts. As the months went by the vivid outlines of his personality dimmed. She even succeeded, shortly after the Christmas holidays, in talking about him to Charlotte.

They had gone to walk in the woods behind the college, and had dropped down to rest on a fallen log. The woods did something to Charlotte, softened the incisiveness of her mind.

"I think," Charlotte said when she had finished, "that you're rather lucky. A man like that would have been difficult to hold."

She hadn't considered that viewpoint. "Why?"

"Because the competition is so keen. Women always spoil a man of that type, and his wife pays the penalty. He gets the habit of being charming, and her role is to sit out in front of the footlights and applaud. Besides, he was weak, or he wouldn't have run away."

SHE couldn't agree with all of that, because David had seemed, for so attractive a person, singularly unspelled. And she sensed, she thought, something other than cowardice in his flight. But in the face of existing facts, a defense of him would have seemed almost fatuous.

"Perhaps you're right," she said slowly.

Charlotte looked keenly at her. "After all, you're an intensely feminine type. Is there anyone to take his place?"

She flushed. "No one but Edwin."

"But Edwin? That's rather revealing. What's wrong with Edwin?"

"Nothing. That's just the trouble, he hasn't a single redeeming vice. He's the sort mother approves of, violently."

"That's too bad. And I suppose he's been faithful since childhood?"

"How did you know?"

Charlotte tucked the cocoon in her sweater pocket.

"Child, the Edwins always are. After all, she added as she rose, 'there are a great many worse things.'"

"Yes," Emily said slowly, "I suppose there are."

Commencement again. This time

Commencement meant getting up long before dawn to plunge knee-deep into cool, damp meadows of daisies. It meant sitting all morning on the hard porch of Sophomore Hall making the daisies into a chain to be carried that afternoon by your sister class. It meant realizing that the four years that had seemed an eternity were half over, when you felt that they had only begun. Commencement this year gave you pause.

Emily was feeling happy about school this year; just as she had felt vaguely afraid last year. There had always been something too gay and evanescent for permanence about Judith and David. You sensed from the beginning that keeping them was as impossible as imprisoning sunlight.

Charlotte was different. Charlotte was temperamentally incapable of letting you down. Emily hadn't hoped to have her next year; hadn't even suggested it. The suggestion, she thought happily, had come from Charlotte herself, more than a month ago.

"Any plans for next year?" Charlotte had asked.

She had thought about it for several weeks. "Not yet. Is Jane going to get back next year?"

Charlotte shook her head. "It's a rotten shame, too, with a flock of will-o'-the-wisps running around worrying about whether they'll be made to come back."

She had long since learned to understand Charlotte's radicalism. Being poor, or being very intimate with someone who was poor, was a valuable experience. Everyone with money should have the experience.

"I was wondering," Charlotte said, "if you wanted to try it again with me next year."

"I'd love it," Emily said eagerly. "But you don't have to ask me, you know."

Charlotte grinned. "I know it, child. If I didn't want to room with you I'd have made my plans and then told you."

And so it was settled. "After I've had another year with you," Emily had laughed, "maybe, I'll be able to stand alone."

Charlotte looked at her affectionately. "You can now. All you need is a little practice."

Emily wondered suddenly if she would ever learn to stand alone, if it involved withstanding her mother. It wasn't so hard to hold your own in new situations and new conflicts as they arose, but a lifelong habit of obedience was a millstone about your neck.

LOOKING back upon it afterwards, it seemed to Emily that the last year with Charlotte was the most satisfying of all her years at Ardmore.

Her senior year moved too swiftly; it flitted in her memory as a series of brief, vivid pictures—a cinema divided into its component parts; but that second year with Charlotte had a quality of depth and leisure that she had never found elsewhere.

She discovered that she had "let herself" definitely, that year, with the Left Wing; but being Frances Felton's daughter she managed to retain her sympathy and understanding for those who worship the God of Things as They Are.

She hoped fervently that Charlotte and her friends would bring about their millennium, but she knew better than that the Frances Feltons were entrenched in the seats of the mighty, and that possession was nine points of the law.

One of the favorite topics, she remembered, was Next Year. Being a junior, she was one year removed from the distressing finality of graduation, but she enjoyed their discussion of the subject. They were all going to work, partly from necessity, but more from inclination.

Emily realized guiltily that she hadn't given the matter a great deal of consideration; that she hadn't really thought beyond graduation.

"But what do you do?" Emily asked, "when you live in Elston, Alabama, which has ten thousand people? You'd be surprised at the scarcity of available jobs."

"You go somewhere else," Charlotte said promptly.

Emily was silent. It was in moments like this that she realized that she would never quite see eye to eye with them. There were a many intangible fibres that bound you to the place that you had always called home. And if the ties didn't exist for her there was no use in pointing them out.

Emily had learned one invaluable lesson: that there are times when discussion is futile, no matter how good an argument you can offer.

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Emily, tomorrow, takes a ring at duty—with a capital "D."

Grandchildren Total 30.

MARTINSBURG, Mo. — (UP) — Mr. and Mrs. Casper Haldreich, 13 grandsons and 15 granddaughters. A boy, home to their daughter, Mrs. Chris Hoer, evaded the number of boys and girls.

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Sept. 10. — (UP) — The city of Fairbanks was yesterday presented a new modern ambulance by the Norman H. Baker pool of the American Legion, as a memorial to Dr. F. Delavigne, deceased legionnaire.

MAGUIRE ELECTED OREGON BAR HEAD

SALEM, Sept. 11. — (AP) — Robert Maguire of Portland was elected president of the Oregon Bar association by the board of governors in their initial organization session here today. Oscar Hoyer of Dallas was elected vice-president.

The members of the board will reconvene in the afternoon to start formulation of by-laws for the association which was authorized by the 1935 legislature.

The nine governors from the three districts drew lots for the length of terms. Three governors will be elected each year and hereafter will be elected for three-year terms. The terms of the present members were as follows:

One year—Hoyer, A. A. Smith of Baker and Arthur M. Geary of Portland.
Two years—Allan Carson of Salem.

Harvey H. Dearmond of Bend, Nicholas Jauregui of Portland.
Three years—James T. Brand of Marshfield, Colon Eberhard of La Grand, president Maguire.

Murals Adorn Jewish Church
CHICAGO. — (UP) — Ten murals representing the Ten Commandments, the first ever to appear within a Jewish church, will adorn the walls of a newly completed synagogue here. Jewish laws forbid the use of images, and the injunction has been strictly enforced through the ages.

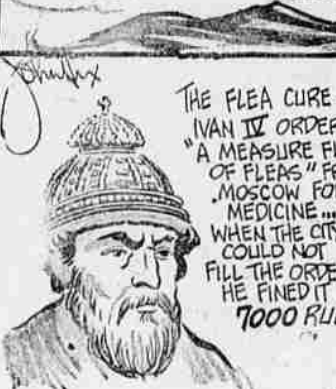
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE STATIONARY BATTLESHIP—H.M.S. ASCENSION—AN ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC, WAS OFFICIALLY A BRITISH WARSHIP FROM 1815 TO 1922...

SLIMMER GENIUS—MILTON ADMITTED THAT HE COULD NOT WRITE EXCEPT IN THE SUMMER TIME



THE FLEA CURE—IVAN IV ORDERED "A MEASURE FULL OF FLEAS" FROM MOSCOW FOR MEDICINE WHEN THE CITY COULD NOT FILL THE ORDER HE FINED IT 7000 RUBLES

A non-sinkable battleship, one that needed no navigation, engines, sails—a battleship that was as immovable as a mountain peak—a battleship that was, in fact, a mountain peak; but nevertheless a battleship, commanded by a naval captain and manned by a naval crew—this was H. M. S. Ascension, officially a ship in the British fleet but actually an island in the South Atlantic.

The island lies almost due south of Liberia on the western coast of Africa. It is about midway between the eastmost coast of Brazil and the west coast of the Belgian Congo.

The British fleet first occupied Ascension about 1815 because it was then feared that the island might be used as a base of operations for forces attempting to rescue the exiled emperor. The island was in charge of the Admiralty with officers and men drawn from naval forces. It was listed officially in records as a warship.

It remained a warship for more than 100 years, even through the World War. In 1922 the Admiralty turned the island over to the Colonial office—and it became just another British island possession.

Ivan IV, Czar of Russia, got the idea somewhere that fleas were good for one's health. He immediately ordered the city of Moscow to deliver a measure full of fleas for medicine. City officials replied that they did not have the fleas to send him, and added that even if they did have them, it would be impossible to get the fleas to stop jumping long enough to measure them. For the impertinence, Ivan fined the city 7,000 rubles.

Tomorrow: Every Slave a King.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



JUST WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE GOING PLACES, A GOSSIP BLOCKADE BRINGS THE MORNING RIDE TO A STANDSTILL

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S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Grapevine" Method!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Within the Canyon



THE NEBBS—Lucky Emma



FLAVOR+QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM