MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has lost her heart to Judith Carroll, her Freshman roommate at Ardmore. But she has promised to marry Judith's brother David, only to find that the Carrolls have lost their beautiful plantation; David has disappeared into the interior of China, and Judith has married a man with a plantation "but not much hair on his head." Now Charlotte, Emily's new roommate, has taught her the value of thought and skepticism.

Chapter 12

DUTY

AT THE end of the first semester Emily found to her astonishment that she had been nominated for the executive council for the second half of the year.

"What on earth will I do?" she asked Charlotte in dismay. "I don't want to punish girls for doing things I'd probably do myself if I had the inclination and the opportunity."

They were in the "Soc." room at the library, studying for the mid-term examination. It was peaceful and quiet among the books, and green-shaded lamps made pools of light upon the tables.

"If you'd go on feeling that way after you were elected it would be the best thing that ever happened to the council: heaven knows they're a sanctimonious lot.

"But you'd probably change. Being the governing class is like being in an automobile: when you're in the car a pedestrian is a worm of the dust, created especially to get in your way and slow you up; and when you're walking you think there ought to be a law against the wild-eyed maniacs whose sole ambition is to get nowhere in a hurry.

"I think that's why government's so unpopular: you lose the common touch."

Emily laughed. "In that case I'd better refuse to run!"

"Go ahead and do it," Charlotte advised. "I'll guarantee to keep you in touch with the common herd and take you down if you get high-hat."

In the end she had taken Charlotte's advice, and been elected Junior representative by a flattering margin. It was an illuminating experience, and she came back from the first "exec" meeting with an amused smile lurking about her mouth.

Charlotte grinned enquiringly. "Well?"

Emily flung herself upon the couch and contemplated the ceiling. The paint was peeling badly, she noticed and she wondered idly why even the best of southern colleges had to fight so hard against poverty.

"If I had a cigaret I'd smoke it."

Charlotte understood. "So that's what the special session was about. Was there a definite victim, or was it the habit in general?"

"There was a victim, and she's campused for a month."

Charlotte lifted an eyebrow. "Only a month?"

"Yes. That was my influence. I almost made a scene, and I certainly disrupted the council's morale. I asked whose business it was if she did smoke and they were stunned. They said it reflected on the whole college, and I said, reflected what? They couldn't exactly say, because I happened to know that two of 'em smoke during week-ends off campus, where it isn't against rules, but where it reflects even more. In the end she got one month instead of two, and I got a black eye. I don't believe," she concluded thoughtfully, "that I'm going to be very popular."

Charlotte grinned engagingly. "As long as you're unpopular there's hope for you. And the culprits, who are the majority, after all, will adore you."

Emily looked affectionately at her. The most valuable education she had acquired at Ardmore, she thought for the hundredth time, had come from Judith and Charlotte.

COMMENCEMENT that year had seemed once more the end of the world. "What on earth will I do without you?" she demanded desperately of Charlotte.

Charlotte was carefully packing her books to be shipped home. In two years her library had changed its titles but not its character, and she bestowed far more attention upon its safe transportation than upon packing her clothes.

She had stopped to read a paragraph in "Marius the Epicurean." "Just what you've done with me," she said imperturbably. "Personally, I'm rather gratified with my handiwork."

Like Judith, Charlotte would say goodby casually, without flowers, but the goodby would be none the easier for that. Judith's reaction was instinctive; Charlotte could have put hers quite readily into words.

"The only way to show your respect for big moments," she would have said, "is not to sentimentalize over them."

She was right, of course. When the last box had gone and two-fourteen Graystone stood empty of everything but its memories and its associations, you knew that you had to treat the moment lightly in order to bear it at all.

Once more William was waiting with the car—another car this time, a trifle longer and more shining than the other—and once more Emily was driving her room-mate to the station.

They had talked about plans for the future, because you cannot look back in times like this without disaster; and made promises for letters and visits. Charlotte was trying for an advertising job in Birmingham, and had an excellent chance of getting it. Thinking of the freedom of such a life, Emily felt a faint stab of envy, and was suddenly ashamed of it.

"If you get the job," she said, "it means you'll go to work at once?"

Charlotte nodded. "Have to. Do you realize, infant, that I've invested three thousand dollars of somebody else's money in my education?"

Emily felt suddenly useless and ashamed. "But you're going to write often enough to show me that I haven't lost you?"

Charlotte looked steadily at her. "Don't you know you couldn't lose me if you tried?" She smiled. "Don't look so mournful. Before you can catch a breath you'll be graduating yourself! And by that time I'll have been out long enough to show you the ropes."

The car drew up before the station and Charlotte laid a hand on hers. "Don't get out: *partir, c'est un peu mourir*, and I hate death-bed scenes."

And then she was out of the car, and the broad back of William, who carried her suitcase, almost completely obscured her going.

AS usual, Charlotte had been right. The next year was incredibly brief, and she remembered its milestones with casual pleasure. Wearing a hair-ribbon and a short dress on the day before you were invested, as a farewell to childhood. Investiture, when you donned a cap and gown for the first time, and complained bitterly about your high collar. Senior privileges, when you came in late to breakfast, or took a bath after hours, when the rest of the school was asleep.

Intimacy with the faculty, who accepted you almost as an equal, now. Your dinner-date in town with a man, even though the man were only Edwin. Hearing your name read out for Mortar Board, as one of those who had "contributed materially and spiritually to the up-building of the college," a designation that made you blush with a consciousness of your own unworthiness.

Senior Opera, which you wrote, with three other girls, and which was euphoniously entitled "Madame Buttermilk." Winning the fifty-yard free-style swim, thereby acquiring enough points to give your class the cup.

And, for the last time, Commencement, when you held for so short a time the center of the Ardmore stage; when your parents were the ones who, as Judith had said so long ago, sat around and doted. An eminent divine preached a brief and altogether charming sermon about the Changing Position of Women in the World, and a gorgeous amethyst ring glittered against his snowy vestments and distracted your attention.

And almost before it was over you realized that the class below you had pushed you off the boards, and that now they were The Seniors, who would occupy the stage and carry on the traditions that you had somehow thought of as your own—

• • •

"I'm a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech and a heluvan engineer," sang the orchestra leader, and the stag line shouted lusty approval and stamped its feet.

In a few minutes the tune would be the Washington and Lee Swing, and after that the Alabama schools would have their turn. And at each rendition the stag line would shout and stamp impartially.

Tomorrow the Elston Enquirer would describe the dance as "a brilliant climax to the many farewell affairs in honor of the college set." But to Emily this dance was poignantly sad.

It wasn't that she was unpopular. Her following never attained the unwieldly proportions of some of her friends', but it was almost constant. She danced exquisitely, even though she had never acquired the gift of casual flirtation, and the boys drifted to her as a traveler seeks a clear stream. They told each other that she didn't hand you a line, but you always knew where you stood.

(Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Emily wonders, tomorrow, just what to do with herself—and with Edwin.

STEELHEAD GOING PAST GOLD BEACH

Reports from Gold Beach, at the mouth of the Rogue river, indicate that the steelhead run is now in full swing. The fish have been running for some time, and many are in the river in this district now, with catches being reported nearly every day.

The chinooks have been scarce at the mouth of the river for the past few weeks, with the fall run just starting. Cleve LeClair reports from there that last Sunday he took a chinook weighing 51 pounds and six ounces, one of the largest of the variety taken this year.

Most of the catches being taken in this vicinity now are jack-salmon, steelhead or trout. The fish are being taken on single eggs fresh or canned, or on gobs, at the spawning beds of the chinooks. One man reported the first of the week taking the limit in less than an hour at a spawning bed near the Dodge bridge.

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

McNary Urges F. R. Aid New Capitol

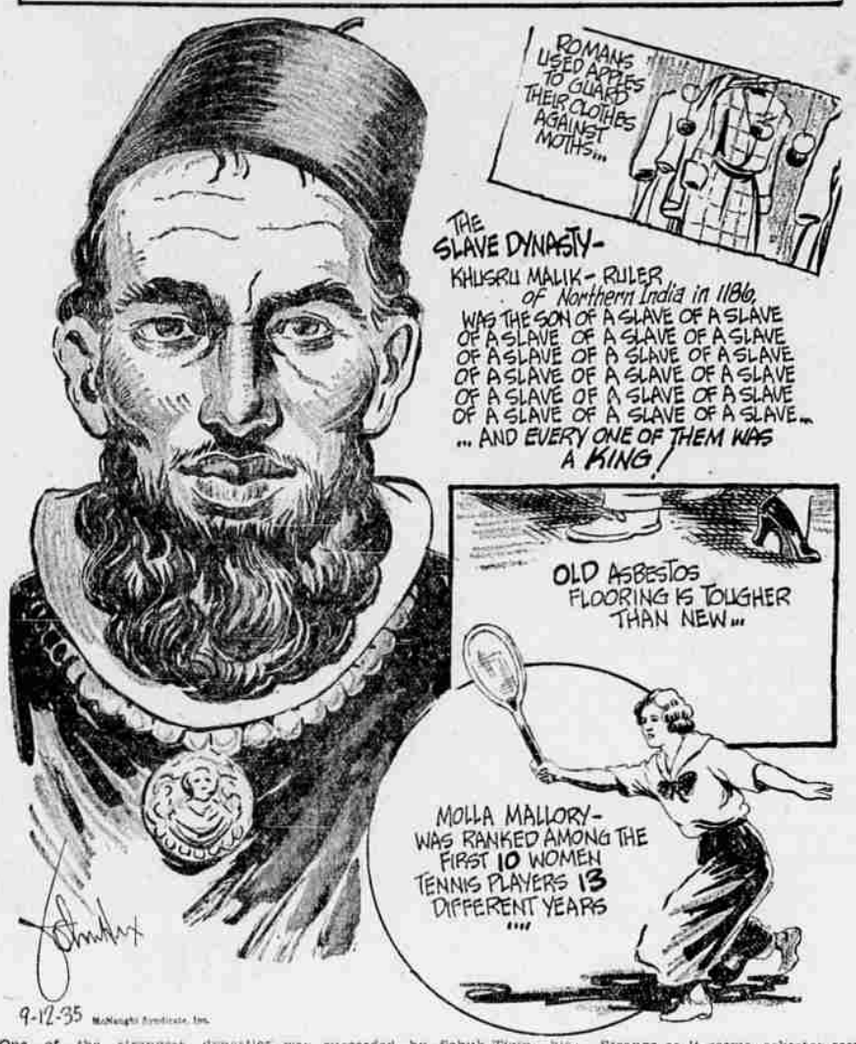
SALEM, Sept. 12.—(AP)—In a telegram to President Roosevelt today, Senator Charles L. McNary urged the President's cooperation in Oregon's plans for a new capitol building. He stated:

"I sincerely hope you will sustain Secretary Ickes in effort to cooperate with state of Oregon in construction of a new capitol. One-half of area of this state is owned by the federal government and we are entitled to fair and favorable consideration."

KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cyclery. 23 N Fir Ph 261

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



One of the strangest dynasties that ever ruled a land was the dynasty of the slaves that held the throne of Ghanzi in northern India for 210 years, from 976 to 1186. Eighteen kings ruled during that time, and each of them came to the throne as a slave to succeed his master.

It started in 976 with the death of King Alp-Tigin at the age of 96. This king, who founded the Mohammedan dynasty of the Ghaznisides, was succeeded by Sabuk-Tigin, his slave. This slave, not a mere menial of the king, was an intimate of the ruler—in fact a member of the royal family, having married a princess.

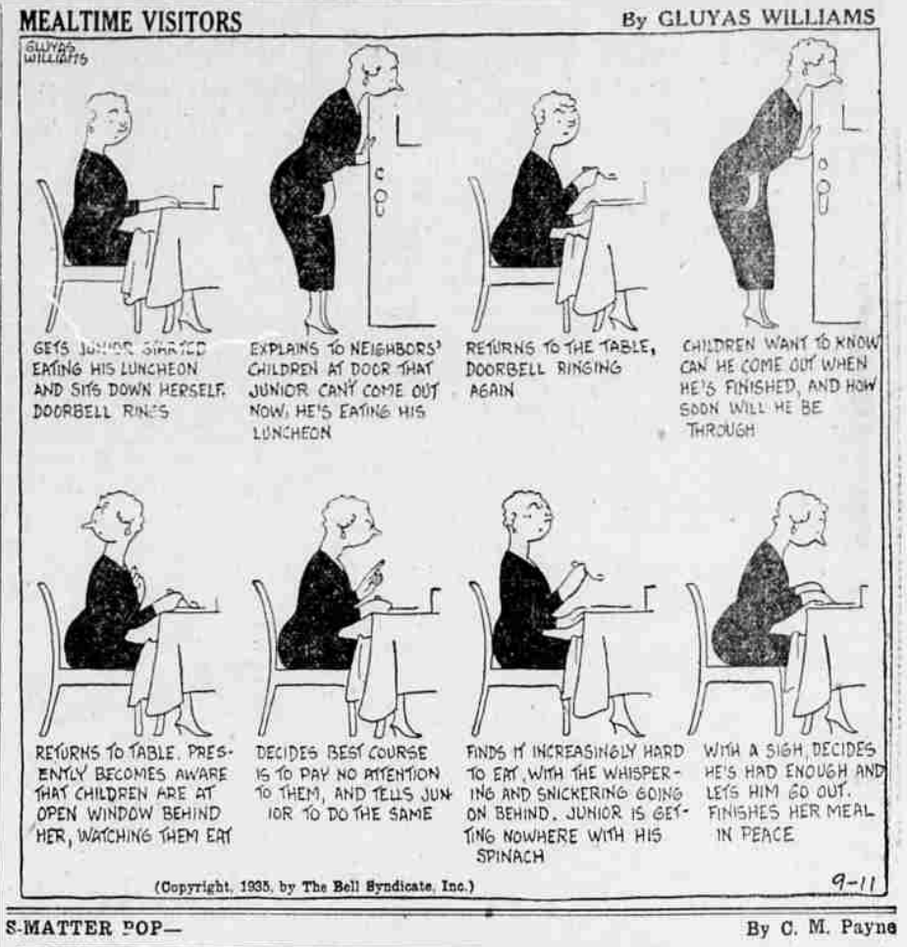
After his death his slave succeeded him, and so it went through 18 reigns. Each time the king was followed by his former slave. It has been suggested that the choice of slaves to rule was wise—that former slaves came to the throne with experience and tolerance.

Strange as it seems, asbestos seems to be one building material that improves with use. If it is used as flooring it actually becomes tougher and more wear resistant the older it gets. Asbestos is a rock in fibre form and when used as flooring its fibres become packed together better as time and wear go on. It is virtually impossible to wear it out.

Tomorrow: Refuge of Death.

MEALTIME VISITORS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Wanega Is Curious!

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Ride Begins

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—The Iceberg

By Sol Hess

SAN QUENTIN CONS ASK STERILIZATION

SAN QUENTIN, Cal., Sept. 12.—(AP)—More than 100 convicts have requested sterilization because they fear their criminal tendencies may be passed on to their children, Dr. L. L. Stanley, San Quentin prison physician, revealed today, after receiving a ruling from State Attorney-General U. S. Webb that doctors would not be held liable if the men volunteer for the operations.

"Fearing their criminal tendencies may be transferred to their children, the majority of the men have expressed a desire to forego fatherhood," Dr. Stanley said.

A notice was posted at the prison recently, Dr. Stanley added, showing many men have benefitted from sterilization as a health measure.

"The requests must be entirely voluntary," said Dr. Stanley, in disclosing he already had performed a few operations.

Webb refused to give a ruling on operations performed on private citizens, holding that private and not public rights were involved.

Lincoln Ellsworth Plane Cracked Up

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, Sept. 12.—(AP)—The Ellsworth-Wilkins airplane, "Polar Star," which cracked up yesterday at the airport, was undergoing repairs today by mechanics.

Pilot Lynburn escaped from the crash with only superficial scratches. Previously it was reported that Lincoln Ellsworth had been in the pilot's seat. He, however, is hunting jaguars in Brazil.