

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

MYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has graduated from college with honors, and with three previous marriages. One is Judith Carroll, the teaching roommate she had as a Freshman. One is Judith's brother, David, whom Emily promised to marry just before the Civil War lost their old plantation. One is Charlotte, who succeeded Judith as roommate. But Judith is married. David is lost to her and sensible Charlotte has a job. Emily wears a dress at the farewell dance, what she shall do.

Chapter 13 PUZZLED

MOST of the dancers, she thought enviously, were going back to school next week: most of them had one more year between them and what the lecturers ominously called Life.

It was only tonight that she had realized that school was over. Summer had been just another vacation, just as all the summers before this had been vacations; but this was September—the first September she could remember when there was nothing definite ahead of her.

Frances Felton had advocated a "year of play." "You've been away from us most of four years, and your father has counted on you having you at home," she had said subtly, realizing that Jeffrey's loneliness was her trump card.

"And besides, I think you really

He shrugged. "God knows. Especially with matrimony in the offing." Her eyes widened in surprise. Was it, she wondered, such a foregone conclusion among her friends that she wasn't careful, the mere force of public opinion would push her into it. She shook her head.

"I hate to disappoint you, but it isn't."

Jock grinned. "No-oo!" he drawled, and relinquished her to another partner.

As if to give the lie to her denial, the partner was Edwin.

Edwin danced, as he did most things, smoothly and precisely, with a complete lack of abandon or imagination.

When the orchestra had drifted into "Good Night Ladies," Edwin said softly, "Would you like to get out before the crush starts?"

Ordinarily she rather liked crushes, and calling goodbyes; but tonight there was too much of farewell in the goodbyes. She nodded, and slipped away to find her wrap.

They were silent during the drive home, but then she and Edwin were silent often now. When there was nothing but surface subjects to discuss, and Edwin had never yet lost his fear of abstract or intimate topics.



Jock Cushing cut in, grinning amiably.

need a vacation. Graduating from Ardmore is a very severe mental and physical strain."

To Frances it would probably have been a severe strain, but Frances was not twenty-one and eager. Frances was forty-six, and above all cautious.

She was determined that Emily should never become "strong-minded," as the girls who went into the newer vocations invariably were; never realizing how completely out-worn the term had become.

And, partly because Emily had no counter-proposition to make, Frances won her point. You couldn't put up a very stiff resistance to a thing when there was nothing you wanted very badly to do in its stead.

"A year of play." It sounded enticing, but how did you get about it? With Edwin? Or with the youths who were at this moment shouting the belligerent words of the Washington and Lee Swings?

She had grown up with these boys; had seen them recently emerge from the awkward stages of adolescence; and whatever charms they might possess were blurred by familiarity, just as her own charms were probably blurred for them.

That, she decided, was why so many marriages were made between people from different towns; the unobtrusive boy you'd played with was invested, away from home, with the glamor of strangeness and mystery.

Jock Cushing cut in, grinning amiably. "What's your program for the year, Bachelor of Arts?"

She stilled. "I wish I knew, Bridge. I suppose, and the Woman's Club or maybe a troop of girl scouts."

He frowned. "It sounds bad. But then, you might be teaching school, and nothing could be worse than that. Bridge and girl scouts may help you to live down that Ardmore diploma, but if you begin to teach you're lost."

SHE laughed ruefully, thinking how Charlotte, for different reasons, had said the same thing. "But what's the use in getting a diploma if you have to live it down?"

At the doorway he stopped the motor and laid his hand gently upon her arm. "It's too late to talk a few minutes?"

The tone betrayed him. It was husky with emotion and nervousness, and Emily guessed with a sinking heart what was coming. She longed to put him off, but the thing had hung suspended so long above her head that there would be a certain relief in having it fall. She said quietly:

"I don't think so." He cleared his throat and she wanted to laugh hysterically. It was like Edwin to make a formal proposal; if there had been room he might even have gone down on his knees to her!

"I wanted to ask you to marry me," he began haltingly. "You must have known I love you; that I've loved you ever since we were children. Before this I wasn't in any position to tell you, but—now I am."

"I'm making three hundred and fifty dollars a month and we could live comfortably on that. If you could love me enough to marry me I'd be the happiest man on earth." He stopped abruptly and waited.

Suddenly, to her infinite disgust, she began to cry. She didn't want Edwin to love her like that because it gave him such a hold on her. You couldn't help feeling a certain pity and tenderness for a man whose devotion had been so enduring and so whole-hearted, even while you knew that you didn't return it and probably never would.

His distress was intense. "Emily!" he begged, laying an arm gently about her shoulders. "Please don't. I won't hurry you; I just wanted you to know."

She managed a shaky smile and the arm tightened, very slightly, about her shoulders. In a moment, if she didn't speak, he would be kissing her reverently, and she didn't want to be kissed reverently.

She wanted, when the time came, to be smothered, as David had smothered her—but this was certainly not the right time.

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Emily gives Edwin his answer, tomorrow.

NO FOOD SHORTAGE FOR U. S. THIS YEAR

WASHINGTON (UP)—There'll be plenty of food in the United States this year, according to the bureau of agricultural economics.

The bureau said this year's food

supply would exceed average consumption during recent years. It will be somewhat less than the average supply of the last five years, but about five per cent more than domestic "disappearance" in 1934, and about nine per cent more than in 1933.

Figures include prospective production plus the carry-over at the beginning of the 1935 crop season.

There will be less meat and possibly less of other livestock products available for consumption this year, the bureau said, but there will be adequate supplies of other foods

"to which dietary shifts can be made."

Total milk production is expected to be about the same as in 1934, or about two per cent less than the recent five-year average. Cereals may be 25 per cent less than the average of recent years, but probably more than ample for domestic requirements plus a normal carry-over.

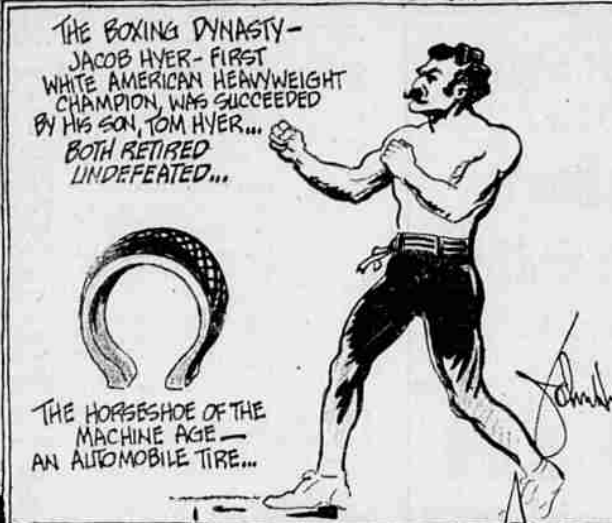
As for fruits and vegetables, indications are for a somewhat larger supply during the last two years and a supply larger than the recent five-year average.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

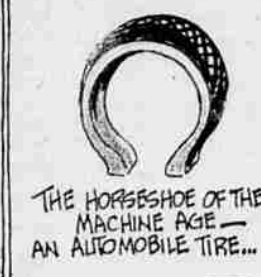
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



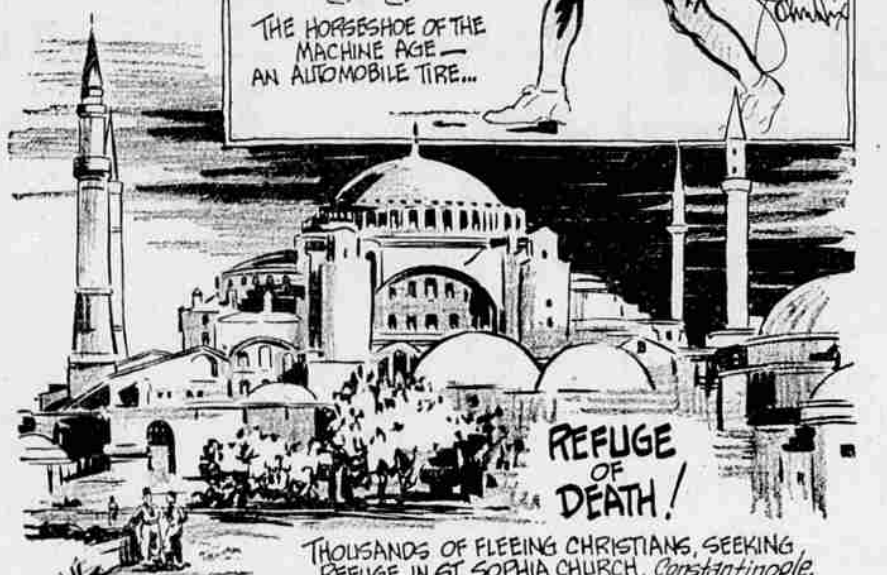
EGGS WERE SERVED 685 DIFFERENT WAYS BY THE PERSIANS...



THE BOXING DYNASTY—JACOB HYER—FIRST WHITE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, WAS SUCCEEDED BY HIS SON, TOM HYER... BOTH RETIRED UNDEFEATED...



THE HORSESHOE OF THE MACHINE AGE—AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE...



REFUGE OF DEATH!

THOUSANDS OF FLEEING CHRISTIANS, SEEKING REFUGE IN ST. SOPHIA CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE, PILED 7 FEET DEEP INSIDE WHILE TURKS RODE HORSEBACK OVER THEIR BODIES...

9-13-35 McClough Syndicate, Inc.

The panic-stricken people in the church crowded closer together; they crawled over one another trampling the weak underfoot. When the Turks stormed the doors they found the Christians piled seven feet deep in the church. Over this mass of humanity they rode their horses, killing as they went. Today at St. Sophia there are gashes in the columns 12 feet above the floor level, left there by mounted Turks who rode their horses over the Christians' bodies. None was spared save those chosen to be slaves.

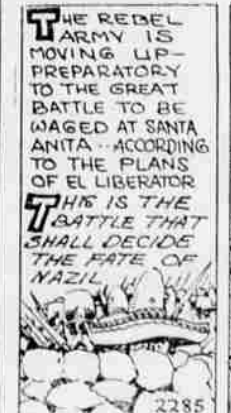
There was an old legend in sixteenth century Constantinople that one day the Turks would successfully storm the city—but that as they poured through the gates an angel from Heaven would appear with a sword in his hand to defeat the enemy.

So, in 1542, when the forces of Mohammed II did enter the city many people were not greatly surprised—safety lay, they thought, in going to the Church of St. Sophia. There they went by the thousands, packing every corner of the church—still the Turks advanced.

Tom Beasley. Thereafter he announced himself American champion—and no one attempted to take the title from him. After him his son, Tom, then 22, declared himself champion and offered to defend the title. First John McCluster challenged in 1841 and was beaten, then eight years later Yankee Sullivan from England, challenged the champ. Hyer knocked him out in 16 rounds and after that could find no one to fight. He, too, retired undefeated.

Tomorrow: The Fictitious Confession.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Preparing for the Great Battle!



THE REBEL ARMY IS MOVING UP—PREPARATORY TO THE GREAT BATTLE TO BE WAGED AT SANTA ANITA—ACCORDING TO THE PLANS OF EL LIBERATOR THIS IS THE BATTLE THAT SHALL DECIDE THE FATE OF BRAZIL.



ONWARD, MIS BRAVOS SOLDADOS—POR LIBERTAD Y PATRIA!



THE INSURRECTO ARTILLERY TAKES A POSITION IN PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT CONFLICT—

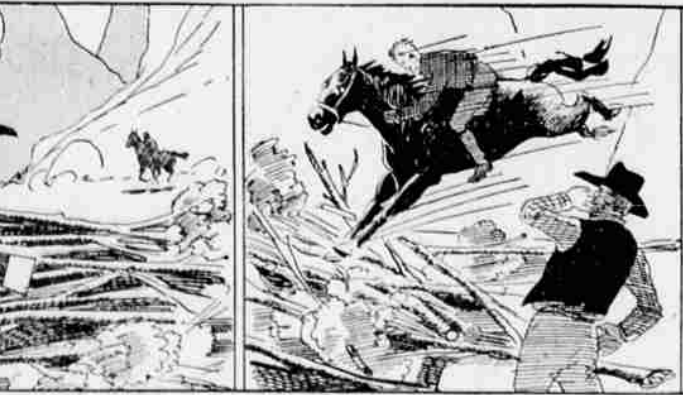


OVERHEAD—REBEL PLANE'S DRONE—HUGE TANKS RUMBLE ALONG THE EARTH—BUT—EL LIBERATOR DOES NOT KNOW THAT—

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—There He Goes!



JEHOSSAPHT! BEN'S ON LONESTAR!



BEN, NOW REALIZING LONESTAR'S FRIGHT, WAS GORRY FOR HIS IMPETUOUS ACT— BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT HANG ON!



CALM DOWN, OLD BOY— CALM DOWN—



BRIAR, YOUR BOSS IS A MESS O' STICKIN' PASTE ON LONESTAR'S BACK, BUT WHERE THEY'RE GOIN' OR FER HOW LONG IS SOMETHIN' I DON'T KNOW!

THE NEBBS—Blase



WE'RE TAKING DINNER WITH THE TECHS— THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE AND I KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY THEIR COMPANY.



YES, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT WITH AS MUCH PLEASURE AS I WOULD TO RAVING A TOOTH PULLED.



MY WIFE WILL TAKE YOU FOR A DRIVE TO-MORROW— WE HAVE SOME VERY PRETTY COUNTRY AROUND HERE.



I'VE MOTORED THROUGH NEW ENGLAND, COLORADO AND SWITZERLAND AND I DON'T THINK CABBAGE PATCHES AND BEAN FIELDS WOULD INTEREST ME MUCH— HOWEVER, I'LL LET MRS. NEBB KNOW IN THE MORNING.

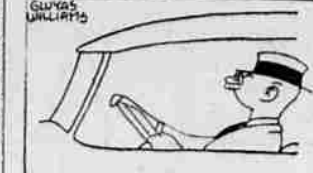


SAY, LISTEN— WHEN DID YOU START PICKING MY COMPANY? IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO TRY TO ENTERTAIN THAT HUNK OF ICE TAKE IT OFF YOUR MIND AND PUT SOMETHING THERE THAT WILL GET BETTER RESULTS.



9-12

STOP AND GO



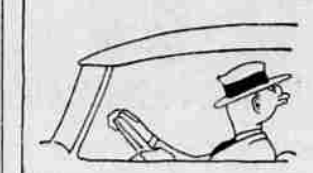
WITH A LONG TRIP AHEAD, SETTLES DOWN TO DRIVING AT A GOOD STEADY CLIP



WIFE TAPS HIM ON SHOULDER, AND SAYS TO PLEASE STOP IF HE SEES ANYONE SELLING APPLES, IN CASE THEY GET HUNGRY



STOPS GRUDGINGLY AT NEXT ROADSIDE STAND WHERE PURCHASE IS MADE



STARTS ON, AUNT EMMA REMARKING SHE'D LIKE TO SEND SOME PICTURE POSTCARDS IF HE WOULD NOT MIND STOPPING SOMEWHERE



STOPS FOR POSTCARDS AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER, FOR AUNT SUE TO BUY A PRESENT AT A WAY-SIDE GIFT SHOP



STARTS ON, WIFE REMINDING HIM TO STOP AT THE TOP OF THE HILL FOR THE VIEW



STOPS AT HILL-TOP, ALSO AT INTERVALS TO GET DRINKS OF WATER, BUY COUGH DROPS FOR AUNT SUE, AND TO INQUIRE ABOUT HOOKED RUGS



ANNOUNCES FINALLY AND FLATLY THAT IF THEY'RE TO GET HOME TONIGHT THEY'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING FROM NOW ON



IMMEDIATELY HAS TO STOP FOR GAS. WONDERS WAS THAT A SNICKER HE HEARD FROM BACK SEAT

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S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



NOW! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE SATISFIED!



LOOK WHERE MY DOUGHNUT IS AT!



YA CAN'T KEEP A SECRET! YA HAD TO TELL HIM!



WHADDA YA MEAN, YA KIN KEEP A SECRET? YA TOLD HIM I HAD IT!



OH-H-H, I DID NOT!



I JUST ASK'D HIM IF HE KNOW'D YA HAD IT?

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By Hal Forrest

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—(UP)—George R. Powell, 75, took a local anesthetic for an operation. During the ordeal he cracked jokes with the doctors and "rodeled" at the nurses. "They almost forgot what they were supposed to do when I started pontoling," he said.

Peak Climber Britches Pure. HOOD RIVER, Ore.—(UP)—It was worth several hundred dollars for S. P. Thomas, New York mountain climber, to climb Mount Hood twice in a few days. He lost his wallet on the first ascent. Two days later he climbed the peak again and found the purse.

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