

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has been graduated from Ardmore College with nothing much to do, and with her three best friends out of reach. Judith Carroll has married her brother, David, whom Emily loves, is in China, and the efficient Charlotte has a job. Emily's mother suggests a year of play—and Emily is sure that her mother's plan includes timid Edwin Barnes. Edwin just has proposed to Emily humbly and respectfully. Emily wants neither of these qualities at the moment.

Chapter 14 ABOUT JUDITH

"I'M SORRY," Emily said finally, laying a hand on his. "I wish I could say I'd marry you, but I can't. I don't want to marry anyone, yet, and I don't love you that way."

"But you do like me! And there's no one else!"

"No," she said. "There's no one else." Nothing, she thought, but the memory of an ecstasy that was very different from this—an ecstasy that hadn't endured.

"I'm perfectly willing to wait," he said eagerly, as if she hadn't known that. "I've always loved you and I always will, but I don't want to hurry you. I just wanted you to know it, and I hoped that—you might love me."

"I'm sorry," she said again. "I wish I could say I did."

"Will you try?" he pleaded. After all, loving Edwin would make existence a much simpler thing. Loving Edwin would probably solve all the problems that were tormenting her. If you loved him perhaps you wouldn't notice his little peculiarities, or, noticing them, wouldn't mind.

"Yes," she said at last. "I'll try. But I'd rather not talk about it any more for a long time. If I ever find that I can care about you, I promise to tell you."

"And you aren't mad with me for telling you? Nothing will be changed?"

"No," she said slowly, "nothing will be changed."

She wondered in sudden despair if anything would ever be changed. He got out of the car then, and went with her to the doorway. "It's been wonderful to be with you," he said haltingly. "May I see you tomorrow night?"

Tomorrow and tomorrow. But if you didn't see Edwin, what else was there? "Yes," she said.

He held her hand for several seconds, but to her little relief he made no move to take her in his arms. He would keep his word scrupulously, she knew.

Then he went back to his car and drove away.

HER predictions to Joek Cushing were justified. They organized a bridge club of two tables that was to meet once a week for luncheon. It was decided that everyone should put up twenty-five cents a meeting, which was to be given to the winner instead of a prize.

"But for heaven's sake don't say anything about it," Eleanor Mobley had laughed, "for our fond parents would have a stroke. They'd have no objection to our winning a box of powder that didn't match our complexions, or a pair of stockings that didn't fit, but this is gambling!"

Everyone laughed, and no one mentioned it at home.

Even the girl scout troop materialized. Emily, "having nothing else to do," they said, was the ideal person to take charge.

She accepted the charge, and spent hours learning to tie the six kinds of knots and to make a fire with no paper and only one match. The girls adored her, and wanted to spend all the time that wasn't taken up with school and scouting at her house, but the tasks filled endless hours that would have dragged, and their devotion was soothing to her pride.

She rebelled at the Woman's Club. They needed "new blood and new enthusiasm," they said, but she decided that there were plenty of years ahead for that.

And so she laughingly resisted Frances's attempts to enlist her interest.

"This was to be my year of play, darling! Before long I'll have to go back to Ardmore to get some rest. Give me a year or two of grace and then I'll give up frivolity and turn my attention to civic problems."

And Frances, who had the gift of yielding in relatively unimportant things the better to win in important ones, had dropped the subject.

Occasionally she "helped out" at the Elston Public Library. The library was small and struggling, but she loved the contact with books and with people who came to read them.

A mutual love of books was as strong a tie as children or golf, and she managed, very tactfully, to introduce a few discriminating readers to her own favorite authors, thereby earning their lasting gratitude. If boredom ever overwhelmed her she had decided that the library might be the best escape that Elston had to offer.

She had given up for the present the idea of leaving home, not because of Frances's arguments, but because of Jeffrey's obvious delight at having her there.

They had always loved each other deeply and almost wordlessly, but now they had discovered companionship, and Jeffrey's pleasure was accomplishing what Frances's insistence might never have achieved alone.

The two of them took long walks, talking eagerly of the things that she was discovering and that Jeffrey had known for a long time, and it seemed to him that he was happier than he had ever been before.

And because there were no crises to divide the time into periods, days slipped evenly and swiftly past, and the year of play was half over before she realized that it had begun.

EARLY in March Judith wrote one of her characteristic scrawls. Judith's letters arrived about once a year, a really remarkable record, she herself admitted.

There had been the letter acknowledging Emily's wedding present, and containing a vivid and telegraphic description of her home and her husband, Aubrey was a lamb, and probably the only person alive who would put up with a crazy Carroll.

The place was heavenly, and much more scientifically run than Carrollton. Aubrey even managed, with farm prices what they were, to make the place pay.

"You'd like him," Judith added carelessly. "He reads things: can you imagine it? Not just market reports, but books by people I never even heard of."

In this letter, her fourth in more than three years, Judith had been ill.

"I'm still pale and interesting-looking, but the state won't last long. I'm sure. Why won't you come and see me? Of course being in school was a wonderful alibi, but I should think they could spare you for a little while now. Can't you come next month?"

Emily wanted to go, but Frances, remembering Judith's demoralizing influence, managed to circumvent her. It necessitated a counter-offer of a trip to New York with Jeffrey, and Jeffrey, an unconscious party to the conspiracy, was so eager for her company and so boyishly elated over the prospect that she accompanied him from a sense of duty.

She enjoyed the trip, even while she thought regretfully of the pleasure of seeing Judith again. But before too long, she hoped, she might escape from Elston, and while she stayed she wanted to do everything in her power to please Frances and Jeffrey.

It was Friday afternoon in early September, and the Board of Control of the Elston Public Library was holding its monthly meeting.

Emily looked absently out the window: it was bad enough to be a librarian on a breathlessly hot day like this, without having to attend Board meetings. She wondered for the twentieth time why they insisted upon her presence. Invariably she took issue with them and invariably they voted her down. Perhaps they insisted merely for the sadistic pleasure of voting her down.

The chairman was deploring the fact that the library's circulation had decreased. He was, to be quite frank, at a loss to explain it.

"It seems quite obvious to me," Emily had to speak, in spite of the heat. She had restrained herself on this point for months. "As long as you regulate the entire fiction list on the basis of whether a book is proper reading for a child of fifteen, you can't expect anybody over fifteen to read it."

The Board looked pained. They had settled this question of Immoral Books for good, and Emily was bringing it up again.

"That isn't altogether the measure of our fiction," the chairman said coldly. "It's rather the moral tone of the books that we consider."

"But so many of the most powerful novels, new as well as old," Emily said, "have a—doubtful moral tone. After all, grown people should be allowed to choose their own reading."

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Tomorrow, Emily makes one more attempt to break the charmed circle.

She enjoys the gentle life of a small town rather than the hazards and excitement of a large city. Although she has lived within 40 or 50 miles of Detroit most of her life, she has never been there.

"And," she declared, "I never want to go."

Sen. McNary Acts to Oregon Naval Base

SALEM, Sept. 14.—(AP)—Senator Charles L. McNary today put his influence further behind the effort to get a naval base for Oregon.

The senator sent a telegram to his office at Washington requesting that Admiral Standley, head of naval operations and shore defense, be urged to consider the lower Columbia river and Tongue point as the location of a naval base or yards on the Pacific coast.

P. W. Bartlett, Medford's taxidermist and furrier, will open shop 40 So. Central, Sept. 16th.

DRISCOLL APPEAL ARGUMENT HEARD

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 14.—(AP)—Arguments on the appeal of the contempt charges against James H. Driscoll of Klamath Falls were heard by the Oregon supreme court here today.

The appeal hearing was for one hour, each side granted 30 minutes for presentation.

The case, listed as State vs. Driscoll, has created considerable interest among attorneys. Driscoll last March was fined \$100 and sentenced to 60 days in jail on charges of contempt of court. Judge Edward B. Ashurst made the charge, alleging Driscoll had attempted to influence the court in the case of the Lamu Lumber company vs. Eastern Lumber company, a lawsuit involving \$375,000. Driscoll, an insurance man, would be financially interested in the outcome. Ashurst charged in the complaint. Attorney T. R. Gillenwater appeared for the defendant, while District Attorney H. C. Blackmer and Attorney Arthur Schupp appeared for the state.

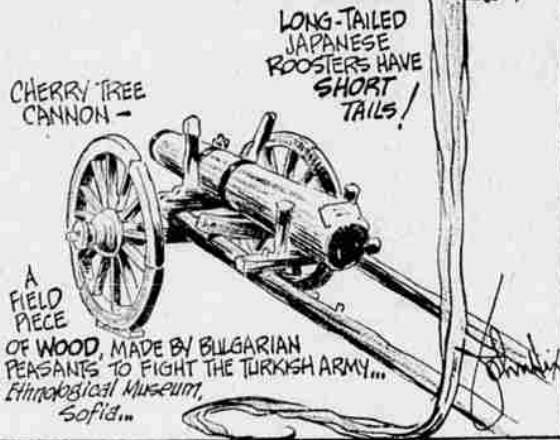
Sunday School Head 33 Years. FORREST, O.—(UP)—For the 33rd consecutive year, W. W. Burk, local businessman, has been elected superintendent of the Methodist church Sunday school. For the same period, he has served also as church trustee.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



JONATHAN SWIFT
CLEANED OUT DUBLIN'S
UNDERWORLD BY WRITING A
FICTITIOUS CONFESSION OF A
DOOMED CRIMINAL...
...LAWBREAKERS FLED BY THE
SCORE, THINKING THEY
HAD BEEN IMPLICATED...



LONG-TAILED
JAPANESE
ROOSTERS HAVE
SHORT
TAILS!
CHERRY TREE
CANNON—
A FIELD
PIECE
OF WOOD, MADE BY BULGARIAN
PEASANTS TO FIGHT THE TURKISH ARMY...
Ethnological Museum,
Sofia...

Proving again that the pen is mightier than the sword, a single fictitious account of a criminal's confession did more in Dublin to rid the city of gangsters than all the police efforts had been able to do.

The incident had its beginning in the arrest and conviction of a well-known criminal named Ebenezer Elston. His fate did not, in itself, act as any deterrent on other criminal activities—but after his death Jonathan Swift wrote a paper, entirely fictitious, which purported to be the last words of the condemned criminal.

The "last confession" was taken by other criminals to be a true report.

Many left town immediately; others surrendered to police, thinking they were implicated anyway, and surrender might bring them a lighter sentence.

Swift was a very religious man, and for years he was a pastor—nevertheless, his knowledge of the underworld was so exact that when he chose to write of gangsters, he fooled even the gangsters themselves.

Long tailed Japanese roosters are known around the world for their trailing feathers—sometimes 20 feet long. But, strange as it seems, the tail feathers are really quite short. The feathers that make up the long

tail are the tail coverts.

Without field guns, or means of obtaining them, Bulgarian peasants, preparing to revolt against the Turks, hollowed out the trunks of cherry trees and mounted them as cannon. They seemed not to understand the terrific strain put on a cannon barrel—and their day of disillusionment came when they tested one of their wooden guns. It split from one end to the other and its charge was carried only a few feet. One of these strange guns is still preserved in Sofia.

Monday: Land of Many Waters.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY IS IN TROUBLE WITH HIS FAMILY BECAUSE, AFTER SENDING HIS WIFE AND HER MOTHER ON AHEAD TO THE LAKE—HE TO FOLLOW IN THE ROADSTER WITH THE FOOD FOR THE PICNIC—HE LOCKED THE HOUSE UP TIGHT, LEAVING THE KEYS OF THE CAR ON THE HALL TABLE AND THE KEYS OF THE HOUSE IN THE POCKET OF HIS OTHER SUIT

S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Precautionary Measures!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Hope!



THE NEBBS—The Easy Mark



NO PIE OR CAKE, LONGEVITY RECIPE

MEMPHIS, Mich.—(UP)—Forget pie, cake, the movies and live to be a hundred.

Such is the advice of Mrs. Annie McKnight, who recently observed her 103rd birthday. She is Michigan's oldest woman.

"It's easy," she said, "to live long." "Just pick out a father and mother who are long-lived, and it's simple to live more than 100 years."

Her father passed the century mark and her mother lived past 80. Mrs. McKnight has no other iron-clad rules for a long life, but she does admit that she "never ate pie or cake when I was young, never went to the movies in my life, and worked hard."