

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has resigned into the dull routine of small town life after graduation from Andover College. Her bright, vivacious friends are of Judith and David Carroll — she still loves David, although when the Carrolls last left their beautiful plantation, David disappeared into China and has not been heard from since. At least by Emily. Emily has the timid and prosaic Edwin Barnes, and a job at the Elston library for compensation. She is now quarreling with her board over "wicked books."

Chapter 15 ESCAPE!

The chairman looked uncomfortable. He had a reluctant admiration for Emily, but she was far too small and too pretty to be so strong-minded. She ran the library beautifully, though, and she was a decided social asset, so there was no question of dismissing her.

"I think it quite as important," he said blandly, "that they be kept from old as well as young. We cannot pander to the low tastes of the majority."

"Then why expect the majority to read your books?" Emily demanded. "You have to choose, you know." She rose, smiling charmingly into their astonished faces. "If there's no further business I shall ask you to excuse me."

She found the reading-room full to the window-sills with school children, whom the assistant was vainly trying to quell. Her head ached with their demands and with the September heat.

The clock seemed to be moving backwards. Emily decided wearily. Almost an hour until she could usher the shuffling children out and go home for a quick swim before dinner.

She began to catalogue a shipment of new books, and wondered if it wouldn't be simpler to phone for William and the car instead of trudging home in the dusty heat. It seemed ridiculous to be driven home from work by a chauffeur, but there was no sense in wearing a hair shirt just because you could afford a silk one.

In the end she decided against phoning, and found Edwin, who had expected to be busy, waiting for her outside. He helped her into his car solicitously, grateful for the welcome smile she bestowed.

"You look tired," he said gently, with a glance at the heavy shadows beneath her eyes.

Emily's lids drooped. The light was brilliant and grateful after the still, heated darkness of the library. "I am. September in Alabama ought to be deleted from the calendar."

He was shifting gears, staring hard at the gray-blue pavement ahead of him. The pavement was mottled with shadows from the great elms that almost met overhead.

"Are you going to work on there another year?" he brought out at last.

"I haven't decided yet. After my outbreak this afternoon they may regret having urged me to."

He looked perturbed. If Emily insisted on working, he considered the library the most genteel calling she could have chosen. He read very little himself, but he had the non-reader's almost superstitious respect for books.

"I hope you didn't offend them," he said.

She smiled ruefully. "I did worse. I offended their prejudices. It was the heat, I think; spontaneous combustion." She told him what had happened.

His perturbation deepened. "But, Emily, I think they're right. There's enough unhappiness and immorality in real life—"

"Without reading about it in books," she broke in and finished for him. "I don't understand why they haven't put you on the board."

HE LOOKED so hurt that she was ashamed of herself. Edwin had a positive genius for provoking candid comments that you immediately regretted. She hastened to change the subject, but her mind went on turning over the problem with which it was involved.

Could she resign herself to another year of it? She had lain awake a good many nights recently, wrestling with the problem. She had to decide it soon, she knew, because the longer she put it off the more incapable she would be of any decision.

One year of idleness, one year of the library; surely that was enough. But after the library: Edwin?

She glanced at him beside her, driving deliberately and carefully; his hat perched primly upon his head. Why couldn't he, just once, slump down in his seat and, with the wind playing havoc with his

hair, drive his car as fast as it would go?

He couldn't, she knew, because he was incapable of anything so juvenile and unconsidered.

"Why should I risk your life and mine," he would have asked in surprise, "when it isn't at all important that we hurry?"

His car, too, was typical of him; an immaculate small sedan, practical and comfortable. With a quizzical smile she remembered David's roadster of four—no, dear heaven, it was five years ago!

The roadster had had a top, just as David had had a hat, but neither of them was ever used. But like David, she admitted honestly, the roadster had been enjoyable only in fair weather.

Edwin swung the car into her own driveway, and the air was immediately cooler with the mist of innumerable sprays. The lawn was green-gold in the fading sunlight, purple in the shadows; not even September, she thought disrespectfully, dared to lay its searing hand upon Frances Felton's gardens.

"Won't you stay for a swim?" she asked him lazily. "The prospect of one has kept me going all afternoon."

He hesitated, because he wanted so badly to stay, and because he had never outrun his youthful lack of self-confidence in her presence. "I'd like to—very much."

"Then I'll see you in ten minutes. There's a suit for you in the bath-house."

The jade-green water, amazingly cool, was like a tonic. She dove and swam like a porpoise, trying valiantly to shed the day's lethargy, while Edwin watched her with a dog-like devotion. He swam as he drove: precisely and efficiently, without exerting any more speed or effort than the occasion demanded.

If it were a case of rescuing someone he would put forth the last vestige of his strength, and if that was insufficient, would quietly and matter-of-factly drown, without ever realizing that he had been heroic.

It was a pity, she thought for the hundredth time, that all the major virtues were so uninspiring to live with.

The swim over, Edwin hesitated at the door of his car, the stiff straw hat in his hand. "Are you doing anything tonight?"

The same question, hopefully and hesitantly put, Edwin still went through the formality of asking for evenings that had been his for two years. This time she surprised him. "Nothing but going to bed."

She smiled to soften the answer. "But you must be sure to come tomorrow night."

His face glowed, thanking her for the twenty-four hours of anticipation with which she had presented him. He drove almost gaily away.

DINNER was on the terrace, beautifully cool in the September dusk. Frances looked very young in the muted light, but her husband's face looked shadowed and old. Emily felt the old surge of pity for Jeffrey, who had been sentenced to spend his life in the rarefied atmosphere of his wife's ideals.

She hated to shatter the evening's peace by introducing a controversial subject, but there was no choice. She could postpone the discussion but she couldn't avoid it. She drank deeply of her iced coffee.

"Mr. Small asked me at the meeting today about this winter."

Her mother glanced sharply at her. "About taking the library, you mean?"

"Yes. My year is up this month."

"What did you tell him?"

She could see that Frances had guessed at her indecision; had dreaded it. Her father was silent.

"I told him I hadn't decided yet."

Frances ate her salad dutifully. "If you are still undecided—it seems to me an excellent position to have."

She had been very democratic and consistent about Emily's working. Emily had seen her, fairly glorying in her own consistency.

"I'd hardly call it a position. Sixty dollars a month and no authority whatever. I could make the thing a success if they'd only give me a chance."

"But the money," Frances pointed out, "is secondary."

"No. It isn't," Emily said quietly. "It's humiliating to think that what you do is only worth sixty dollars a month. That's why I want to go away!"

Her mother's head came up. Her father's fork clattered against the plate. A momentary breeze fluttered the shaded candles.

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Emily experiences defeat, tomorrow, but not in the usual way.

DRUG ADDICTS SEEK STATE AID IN CURE

OLYMPIA, Wash.—(UP)—Although in operation only eight weeks, Washington state's new farm colony for curing drug addicts has "enlisted" 25 patients, eight of them women.

The colony was created by the 1935 legislature and is housed in wards of the Northern State hospital for the insane at Sedro-Woolley. Addicts are committed to the in-

stitution by courts, or may go there voluntarily to take the cure, provided they can pay \$4.50 a week expense.

When Superintendent J. D. Doughty finds the inmates have been "off the dope" long enough to be considered "safe," they may be released.

PARMA, Italy.—(UP)—It is certain that Luciano Codeluppi had a beard and mustache and it is just as cer-

tain that after a thunderstorm he was clean shaven. He says the lightning shaved him. Here is his story: Codeluppi who lives in the village of Fraore di San Pancrazio, was leaning out of the window watching the lightning flicker across the fields when a sudden flash seemed to hit the house, and threw him back into the room. When he put his hand to his face he found that his mustache and beard had disappeared. Otherwise he was uninjured.

A state highway patrol officer recently was arrested by a city motorcycle officer for speeding in Raleigh, N. C.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



JOE HUMPHRIES DID NOT MISS A HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE BOUT FOR 140 YEARS...

THE OUTRIGGER TROLLEY CAR—A RAIL-RIDING GO-CART—IS USED BY QUARRY WORKERS at Blisnau-Pesthinos, North Wales

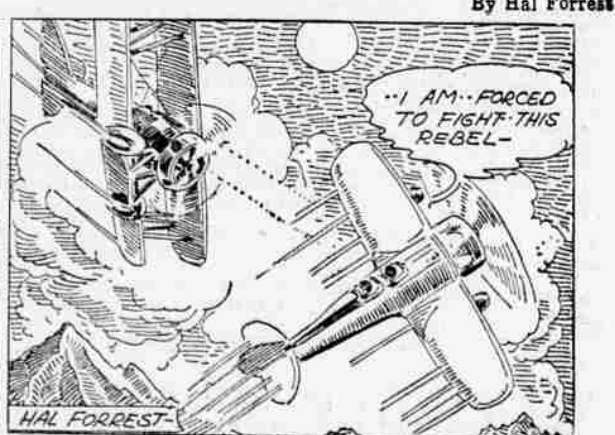
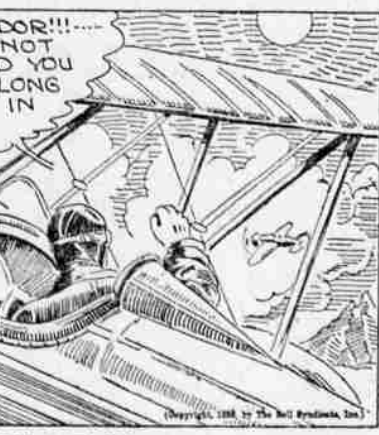
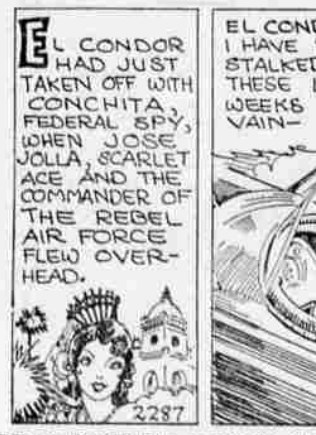
ABRAHAM NEWLAND SLEPT IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND EVERY NIGHT FOR 25 YEARS...



NEBRASKA—CENTER OF THE GREAT MIDWEST PLAINS—HAS A GREATER RIVER MILEAGE THAN ANY OTHER STATE... IT HAS 2,000 NAMED LAKES

Strange as it seems, Nebraska, a flat midwestern farm state, has more miles of rivers than any other state in the Union. A network of important waterways and their tributaries spreads throughout its 77,000 square miles, running generally toward the east. In addition, the state has more than 2,000 named lakes. All drainage of the state reaches the Missouri river which runs along the eastern boundary 450 miles. Chief rivers through the state are the Platte, which is the dominant river of the state; the Niobrara; the Republican; the Big and Little Blue, and the Big and Little Nemaha. The Loup and Elkhorn rivers are the chief tributaries of the Platte. The typical Nebraska river is slow, rather wide, and has a gradual fall. The Niobrara, however, a stream about 400 miles long, is swift and this river, as well as the Loup, with their tributaries have several waterfalls, some of them 70 feet high. Abraham Newland was employed by the Bank of England for nearly 60 years, entering service as a clerk at the age of 18. During 25 years of that time, he slept every night in the bank. Newland's association with the bank was so lasting that a "Newland" became slang for a "bank-note" throughout the island. Tomorrow: Island of Kings.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Attacks!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cal Hops To It!



THE NEBBS—It's All Your Fault



SPECIAL COMBINATION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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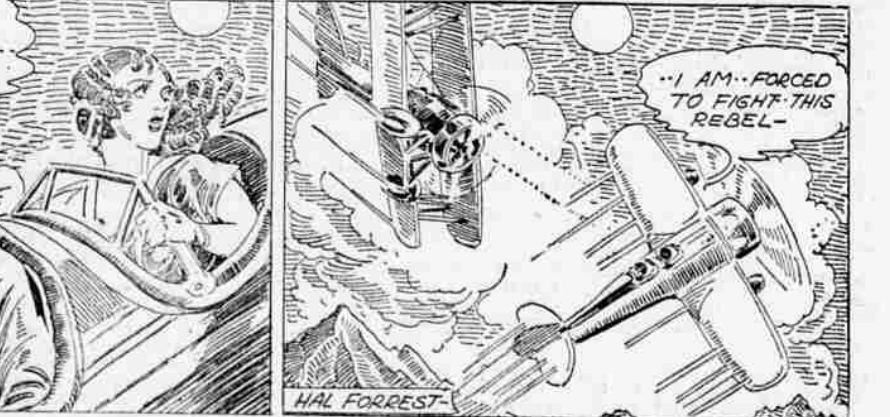
SMATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger



By Sol Hess



Rain in Klamath KIAMATH FALLS, Sept. 14.—(P)—Klamath Falls' long dry spell was broken this morning when a light rain began falling. There was a strong wind blowing and considerable dust was coming up from the dry bed of lower Klamath lake to the south.

Communist Squirrel FOLEAI DBZC, Wis.—Solution of a baffling mystery of the disappearance of small American flags from the graves of veterans was reported by Otto Jens, sexton of the cemetery. He found 14 of the flags lying a squirrel nest in the hollow of an oak tree.



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