MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has found little to interest her in Elston, after graduating from college. She has even lost touch with David and Judith Carroll, and losing David was a wrench. He is in China, trying to forget the loss of the beautiful Carroll plantation in hard work. Emily is rebelling against another year of time-killing as the socially very worthy librarian at the Elston public library. She tells her father and mother she wants to go away.

Chapter 16

WORD FROM DAVID

"WHERE on earth would you go?" Frances asked.

"To Birmingham, perhaps. Anywhere where I could really do something." Charlotte was still in Birmingham, eating it up.

"But what would you do?" Frances' voice had a staccato quality.

"Anything that came up. Newspaper work, perhaps. I can write pretty well." She felt childish and incompetent. "Or I could teach. An Ardmore diploma's quite a boost."

Frances began to recover. "I never heard of anything so absurd, Emily. To leave us—alone—and go off and live in some warren in a city. Without any experience at all."

"There's only one way to get experience," Emily pointed out. "And that's to experience things."

Still Jeffry was silent. He looked ol[illegible] her heart ached for him. If only she could make them see her side of it! She was almost twenty-four and she wanted first to be free for a while, and then to marry.

"But it isn't absurd, is it?" Emily pleaded.

And if she stayed in Elston there would be—Edwin. Not a chance of anything else; only Edwin. Somewhere in the world there must be a man with David's charm and Edwin's stability—a man she could not only love but marry.

But you couldn't say: "I want to marry some day, and there's no one here but Edwin. And since the Lord helps those who help themselves I must get out and find someone." You couldn't put it that baldly, even though you knew, and they knew, that you spoke the truth.

"I did hope," Frances's voice had a plaintive note, "that after four years of college we'd have you at home for a while."

"But you have," Emily insisted. "Over two years."

Frances appealed to her husband. "Jeffry, tell her how absurd it is."

Even in the candle-light his face was white and drawn. "We'd miss you, honey," he said simply.

HER eyes burned with sudden tears. She loved him unbearably, even more than independence, but she clung to the thought of independence like the drowning man to his straw. Knowing that she and the drowning man had about the same chance.

"But it isn't absurd, is it?" she pleaded.

"No," he said gravely, "it isn't absurd."

Frances gave up any pretense of eating. "You're being as ridiculous as Emily! You know how you've enjoyed having her here; how you've looked forward to it, and hoped that eventually—" she broke off. Emily knew the hope! It had to do with Edwin. "And now you're taking her side and suggesting that she go to some city and live like—like a tenement worker!"

"I'm not." Even Jeffry, Emily knew, wilted before the fire of his wife's convictions. "I'd be lost without her, but her wanting to go isn't absurd. And I'd see that she didn't live—like that."

They rose from the table. Frances went stiffly out to give the servants orders for morning. Emily and Jeffry, with their arms about each other, walked slowly towards the garden.

Emily stopped and faced him. "Would you really be lost without me?"

He didn't answer for a long time. "I'd manage—somehow," he said at last. "It had to come eventually." But his voice had broken as he spoke.

It was the break that did it. If there had only been six children, she thought, it would have been very different. But she was all he had, and she worshipped him. She flung herself into his arms, crying against the rough linen of his coat.

"I'll stay."

He didn't even trust himself to speak. He held her close and patted the back of her throbbing head.

THE following week brought a letter from Judith, occasioned by the momentous news it contained.

"I was going to make another attempt to get you down here," (Judith wrote), "but Mother Nature, if you want to call it that, tricked me. I'm finally going to have the baby—a boy, I hope, named David Carroll Morton, and I'm having a foul time. Goodness knows why they call it an Interesting Condition, because it's anything but that: one minute I'm afraid I'm going to die, and the next minute I'm afraid I'm not!

But I shan't give up trying to get you—you know what a persistent creature I am when I choose to be. So don't tie yourself up too tightly with matrimony or that library job until I get this out of the way.

I gathered from the tone of your last letter that Elston wasn't such a successful playground, and that the library was a last resort. I can't bear to think of your being miserable just because what you imagine to be your duty demands it.

David has been transferred to Istanbul, which, I learn from him, is another name for Constantinople. I only succeed in getting information from him by sending a list of questions, with blank places for answers, in every letter.

He teases me about the questions—says I've neglected to ask whether he's eating his spinach and saying his prayers every night—but I don't care. He's the apple of my eye and I'll get him back some day, if it takes the rest of my life.

He's never gotten over being homesick for Carrollton and never will; it's born in him. He insists that he'll never come back, but I have a hunch he's saving money and will descend on us some day—if it's twenty years from now. Carrolls always manage to be surprising, even to each other—"

Istanbul. And David insisted that he would never come back—She read the rest of the letter through a mist of tears, and answered it almost immediately. Judith's loyalty to their friendship touched her so deeply that she always wrote two or three letters to Judith's one, and felt that the proportion was not unreasonable.

Early in October Edwin was called to New York on business. It was the first time he had been away for more than a day or two since Emily had been at home, and she was astonished to find that she was lost without him. If she hadn't always enjoyed Edwin, she had at least been occupied with him. When Edwin was there she knew what she was going to do with her evenings.

He wrote daily; stiff little letters like himself, with an occasional note of yearning between the lines, like the expression she sometimes surprised in his eyes. The business was progressing satisfactorily; he was enjoying New York and seeing some excellent shows, but he would much prefer to see them with her—

(Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Monday, Emily makes a decision, albeit a sad one.

WIMER CCC CAMP MEN GIVEN REST

CAMP WIMER, (Spl.)—Rain which began to fall on this Medford district CCC camp, restored week-end leaves for members, cancelled as a precaution against the possibility of forest fires. Jupe Pluvius, best smoke chaser of them all, took over fire suppression at least for the week-end.

Fire fighting has recently become most popular work activity in this camp, due to an order issued by Captain Guy W. Saunders providing candy, drinks and cigarettes for all fire crews. In a statement to the company accompanying the order, the commanding officer pointed out that men engaged in the hot and exhausting work of building fire trails and mopping up fires should receive the best of comforts as well as special recognition of their services to the state.

The past week saw Wimer work projects greatly interrupted by forest fires. The Cow creek and Little river fires required 31 members for four days. The Butte Falls fire occupied 21 men Friday. If the rain continues, there are excellent prospects of greatly increased achievement on the work project.

Noted Jew Dies.

ZURICH, Switzerland, Sept. 17.—(Paicor Agency)—(AP)—Isaac Loeb Goldberg, 75, one of the world's foremost Jewish philanthropists and a founder of the modern Zionist movement, died here Monday after a long illness. He had come last month from Palestine where he lived, to take a cure.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

987654321	123456789
87654321	12345678
7654321	1234567
654321	123456
54321	12345
4321	1234
321	123
21	12
1	1
1083676269	1083676269

THE REVERSED NUMERICAL TRIANGLES — BOTH ADD UP THE SAME...

Strange as it seems, Corsica—the land that gave the world the dynasty of the Bonapartes—had but one king of its own, and he was a foreigner—a comic, showy character with a price on his head.

He was King Theodore I, a German adventurer named Baron Theodor von Neuhof. He brought a shipload of muskets and gunpowder to the Corsicans in 1736 during the midst of their struggle to gain freedom from Genoese rule. He agreed to aid their revolution and promised that more arms and powder would be furnished, if they would make him king.

The hard-pressed Corsicans agreed. They declared him king. The fact that he wore a ridiculous costume of Turkish trousers, Spanish hat, and a scarlet caftan at his coronation did not bother the Corsicans. His personal bravery is unquestioned, and for that they admired him. The Genoese offered a reward for his death—another item that strengthened him with his subjects.

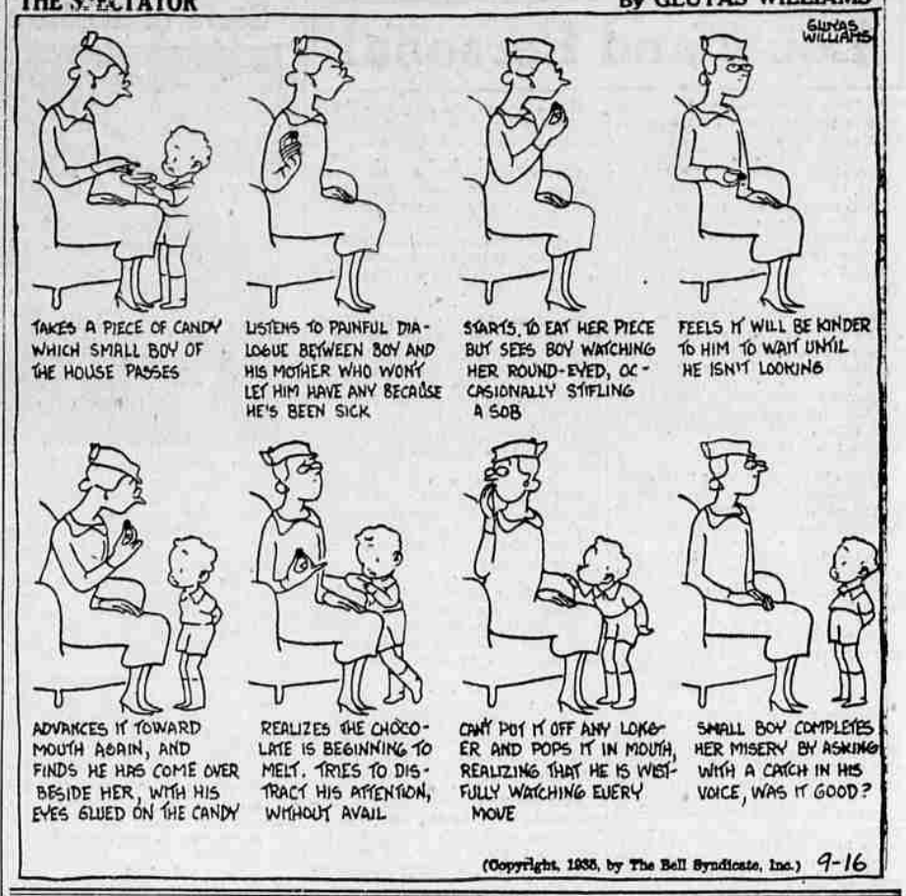
Soon, however, when the promised arms from Europe failed to arrive his rule collapsed. He left the island never to return—Corsica's only king.

It was 33 years later that a Corsican was born who was destined to make himself Emperor of the French, and ruler of the lands of three continents—Napoleon Bonaparte. In his family were four kings—Jerome of Westphalia, Joseph of Naples and Spain, Louis of Holland, and himself—in addition to dozens of princes, queens, and other titled personages.

Tomorrow: The Death Banquet

THE SPECTATOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 9-16

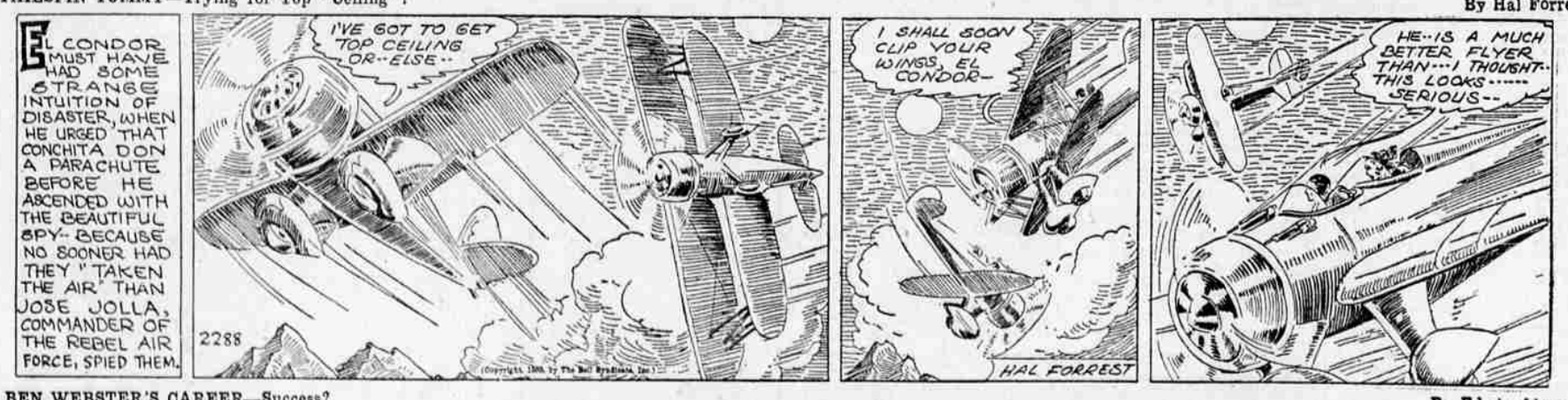
S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

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

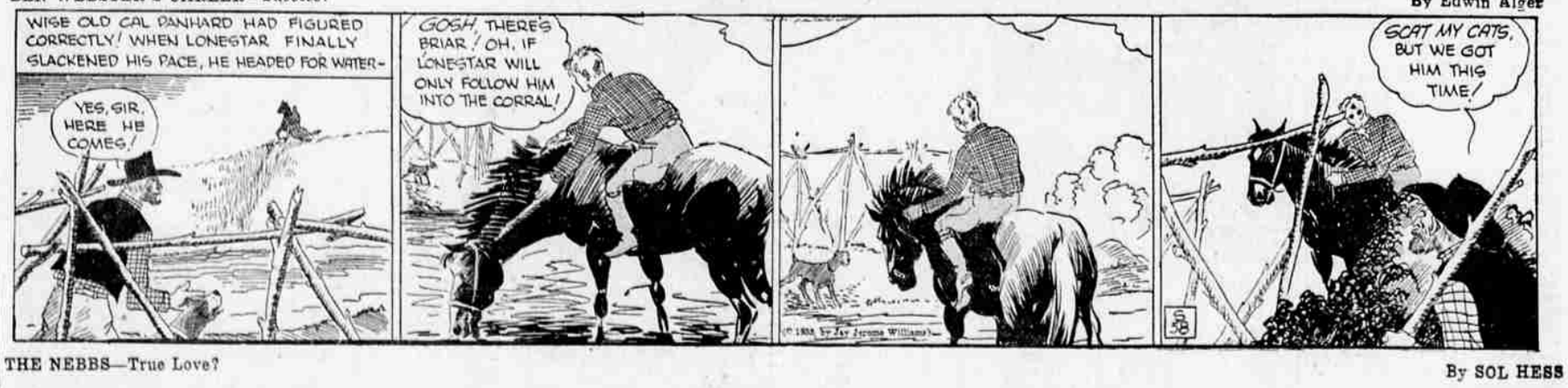
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Trying for Top "Ceiling"!

By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Success?

By Edwin Alger



THE NEBBS—True Love?

By SOL HESS

FIVE YEARS FOR THREATENING F. R.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 17—(AP)—For writing a letter to President Roosevelt, threatening to "blow up your White House," Jacob Bregman, 41, an unemployed telegraph operator, was sentenced to five years in federal prison today.

Pleading guilty before Federal Judge Albert L. Reeves, Bregman said:

"I am sorry, your honor. I would like another chance. I wanted relief and believed that was the easiest way to get it."

Bregman was arrested by secret service men here July 11 after writing the letter. His return address was on the envelope.

PROTEST INCREASE IN PORTLAND LEVY

PORTLAND, Sept. 17—(AP)—Vigorous opposition to an increase in the 1936 budget for the city of Portland, with its resultant higher levy of taxes, was voiced before the county tax supervision and conservation commission today by representatives of property owners.

The proposed budget calls for a total of $6,504,030 compared with $5,717,075 in 1935, an increase of $786,925.

Operators and owners of property ranging from the tallest building to the smallest dwelling, argued that real property cannot stand a further tax increase and actually is unable to bear the present load.