

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: When Emily Felton returned to her parents' beautiful home in Elston, Ala., after graduation from college, she had hoped to marry David Carroll, brother of Judith Carroll. Her beloved college roommate, but the Carrolls lost their plantation, and David disappeared into the Orient. Non-Judith has written that David is in Istanbul, and intends to stay. Emily has only friend Edwin Jones to fall back upon; she endures him, but not much more. Edwin is in New York on business.

Chapter 17 EMILY DECIDES

IN Edwin's absence Emily found herself forgetting the narrowness of his mind and remembering the breadth of his love; forgetting the little habits of thought and action that irritated her, and remembering his honesty and stability; forgetting the angle of his nose and remembering the sheen of his hair.

Was it possible, she wondered for the first time, that love as well as charm might be blurred by familiarity?

He was away two weeks, and when he came back Elston had taken on the flaming glory of October, as if to welcome him. Even the tone of his voice as he called her on the telephone seemed different.

"Was it a good trip?" she asked.

"Yes. But the best of it was—coming back. May I see you tonight?" His voice thrilled with his eagerness.

"Of course, I was expecting you."

And that evening, before the fervor of his joy at seeing her, her defenses went down.

"Oh, Emily!" he cried. "Don't make me wait too long!"

She smiled gently at him, feeling tender and maternal and protective; feeling everything but the ecstasy that she had longed for; the ecstasy which, five years ago, had been too keen to endure. David had been transferred to Istanbul, and insisted that he was never coming back—

"Not any longer, my dear," she said.

The wedding, they decided, would be the following June. Emily would have preferred having burnt her bridges, to be married at once, but Frances had definite ideas on the subject of weddings.

You didn't get married hastily; you made the most of it, and allowed your friends to make the most of you. You had to have the required amount of linen and the proper amount of attention and excitement. A trousseau alone took several months. If you shopped severely.

And because this was, she hoped, the last episode of Frances' reign, Emily yielded to her wishes. It didn't matter a great deal, and perhaps it was wiser to accustom herself gradually to the idea of Edwin as a husband.

There was a certain satisfaction in having settled the issue. Nothing, she decided, was quite so trying as indecision, not even deciding a thing the wrong way.

And it did simplify things. They would build a little house, not too close to her family or Edwin's, and she would be rid of that gnawing uncertainty about what to do with her life. You could travel a very rocky road, once your feet were set upon it; it was those awful moments when you were deciding which fork to take that tried your soul so sorely.

Frances' pleasure was one of the brightest spots in these months. "I thought you would never come to your senses," she said. "You've kept Edwin waiting so long, and he's been so patient about it. I can't tell you how delighted I am."

AND the rest of Elston seemed to echo Frances' opinion. Like all small towns, Elston loved a big wedding; it derived a certain vicarious thrill from so intimate a glimpse into the lives of others.

And unquestionably Emily was doing the "sensible thing." She wasn't out out for a career; you had only to look at her flower-like face to know that.

Only Jeffrey, surprising fear in her eyes one day, had seemed to doubt.

"Of course he's a fine fellow honey," he said soberly, "but if you don't really love him and want to marry him, don't you do it!"

She smiled at him, but the smile held a trace of desperation. "How on earth are you to know, Dad? I was terribly in love once, and it didn't work out. Maybe this will be better."

"Yes," agreed Jeffrey, who had worshipped the fluffy girl that Frances Felton had been. "Love's not infallible either. After all, it's what you make of it yourself, and maybe this is your best chance for happiness."

And he had kissed her and changed the subject.

And winter gave way to spring again, and instead of lagging as it

had sometimes done, June rushed with appalling speed to meet her. Emily looked dazedly at herself in the lighted dressing room. The glass, she felt, was playing a ghastly joke on her. This wasn't herself, in white satin and a lace veil; it wasn't even her face. The face was white under its rouge, and the eyes were so big and dark that they looked inhuman.

Emily usually wore simple clothes; plain little crepes in summer, beautifully tailored woollens in winter; Emily had never worn white satin and lace. And although Emily's face was sometimes white and worn it had never looked like this.

Someone was fussing with the veil; arranging it and rearranging it; pulling it this way and that. She wanted to snatch the veil from her head and fling it at Mrs. Mims, who had made it and who was fussing over it now. She said distinctly:

"Would you mind going away and leaving me? You can come back in ten minutes."

Mrs. Mims, accustomed to the outbursts of brides, smiled understandingly and went out, closing the door softly behind her. She took an almost ghastly delight in these last tantrums of brides.

When Mrs. Mims had gone Emily turned and flung herself face down upon the lace-covered bed. What was she doing dressed in all this paraphernalia, almost married to Edwin? How on earth had it happened?

It wasn't difficult, really, to see how it happened; the constant dripping of water that had worn away a stone. It had begun with Charlotte's words in the woods, that day so long ago: "After all, my dear, there are worse things," and it had culminated on that night in October when she had mistaken habit for love.

She had missed Edwin, then, because there was nothing to take his place, but she wouldn't have missed him, she repeated desperately to herself, in Birmingham, for example, with Charlotte for companionship.

And in the intervening months she had been so dragged with excitement and with the approbation of those about her that she had managed, most of the time, to avoid the serpent of doubt.

But nothing had prepared her for the shattering finality of this; for the sudden inescapable conviction that she couldn't go through with it.

She shuddered at the scandal; at the thought of the wedding presents displayed in the drawing-room, and the caterer who was at the moment making creamed chicken for two hundred guests. But most of all, she shuddered at the thought of her mother's indignation and her father's disappointment.

The door opened quietly and Frances' voice filtered through the clouds of lace. "Emily, dear, what on earth!"

She sat up slowly. She wasn't crying; her face wouldn't have seemed half so stark if she had been. She said in a broken whisper:

"Mother, I can't do it."

Frances Felton rose magnificently to the occasion. She neither stormed nor commanded. She sat down beside Emily and took her in her arms.

"Emily," she said, "I don't suppose there was ever a girl in the world who didn't feel—panic-stricken—at the last minute. It's quite natural."

"It can't be," Emily scarcely recognized her own voice. "Not this."

"Yes," insisted her mother. "This is nerves, all of it. Haven't you ever felt this way before—"

she searched for a simile, "before a tennis tournament or an examination? When you wondered why on earth you'd ever gotten into it?"

"No," said Emily. She knew the feeling her mother meant, but it wasn't like this. "They were never this important."

"That's why the feeling is so intensified. When it's over and you're safely through it all you'll wonder how you could have been so frightened. Going away with Edwin will seem the most natural thing in the world."

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"If you broke it off now," her mother went on gently, "it would be the end of everything between you and Edwin. And when he was completely out of your life you'd miss him terribly, and wonder how you could have done such a thing."

Emily rose slowly and wearily from the lace-covered bed.

"Send Mrs. Mims in here, then, and let her fix this veil again."

Frances Felton's face didn't change.

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Emily plunges, tomorrow, into a disastrous situation.

WIVES PRONOUNCE BEATING PENALTY

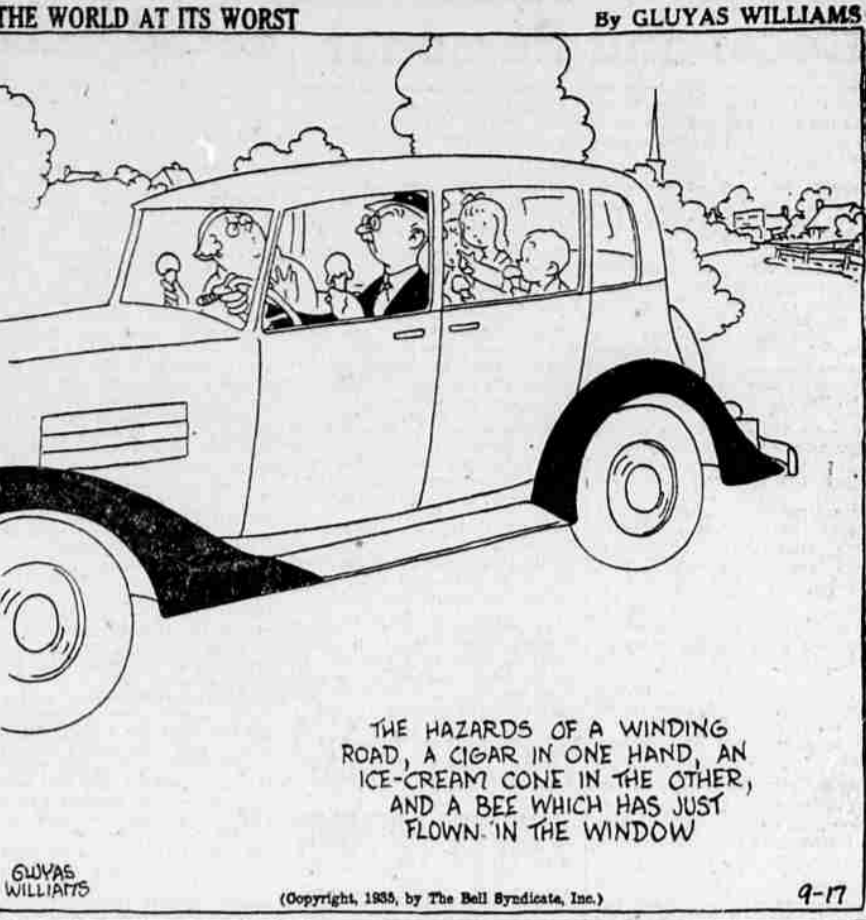
SWAINSBORO, Ga., Sept. 18.—(AP)—Judge Alfred Herrington, Jr., of the Swainsboro city court is letting women pronounce their own judgments in wife beating cases. The first woman to do so gave her husband the maximum sentence—12 months at hard labor.

59-YEAR OLD TWINS MEET DEATH TOGETHER

CLEVELAND, Sept. 18.—(AP) William and George Buellow, twins, went through 59 years of life together, dressing alike, eating alike, working at the same jobs. Last night they met death together. The brothers were walking along a road in Middleburg Heights when an automobile struck and killed them instantly.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE HAZARDS OF A WINDING ROAD, A CIGAR IN ONE HAND, AN ICE-CREAM CONE IN THE OTHER, AND A BEE WHICH HAS JUST FLOWN IN THE WINDOW

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 9-17

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE REV. FRANCIS HENRY EGERTON, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, PUT ON A NEW PAIR OF SHOES EVERY MORNING...

CAROLINE MUNKACSKI—Budapest—HAS MADE 100 UNSUCCESSFUL SUICIDE ATTEMPTS!

...HE NEVER WORE THE SAME PAIR TWICE!

THE DEATH BANQUET
HENRY MORGAN—EX-PIRATE AND LIEUT. GOV. OF JAMAICA, GAVE A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET FOR 17 SEAMEN, LISTENED TO THEIR STORIES OF PIRACY—THEN HANGED THEM ALL THE NEXT DAY!

Strange as it seems, you can actually see air in motion—just as you can see water in motion. The best way to prove this is to take a straight edge—the back of an ordinary carpenter's saw will do very well—and hold it up so that the wind blows against the side. Now, sight along the edge and you will see air flowing over the back of the saw like water over a dam. Air currents of different temperatures have different refracting properties, and their movement can therefore be seen.

The eccentric Rev. Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, who lived a little more than a century ago in England, kept track of the date by the number of shoes in his wardrobe. He wore one pair of new shoes every day, never wearing a pair, he always kept them—row after row of them—marked off like a calendar with days, weeks and months. Thus with 27 pairs of shoes on the July row, he knew that the month was about over.

Sir Henry Morgan, once the pirate terror of the seas, was fully as much feared by former associates after he became lieutenant governor of Jamaica, as he was by peaceful voyagers in his pirate days. Nobody knew pirates as well as the old ex-pirate himself so when a strange ship put into port Morgan's suspicions were aroused in spite of the fact that the crew was well behaved and orderly. Morgan invited officers and crew the entire company to his house for dinner. There they talked over many glasses of wine—so many in fact that the guests talked freely of their pirate activities and plans. Next day Morgan had them hanged.

Tomorrow: The Human Grain of Wheat.

S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Is Crippled!



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By Hal Forrest



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Congratulations!



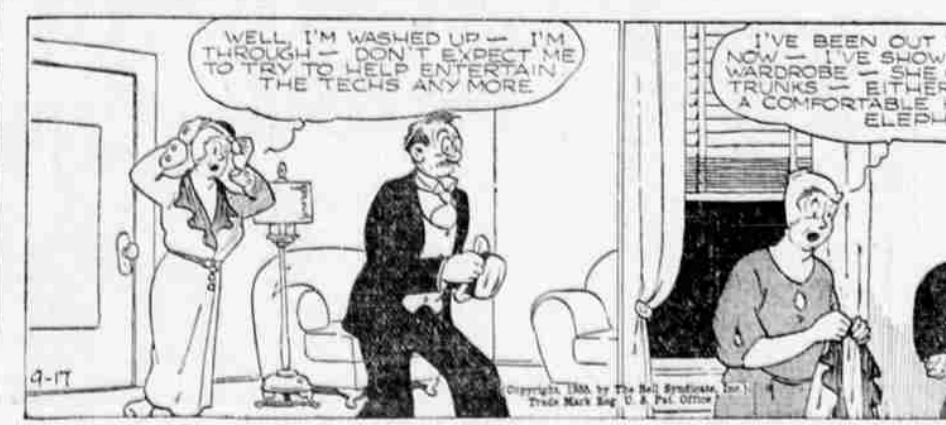
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By Edwin Alger



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THE NEBBS—Poor Fanny



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By SOL HESS



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FLAVOR+QUALITY
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

Seven Die in Storm
LONDON, Eng., Sept. 18.—(AP)—Seven persons were known to be dead today as the result of the most violent gale of recent years. The gale, which swept the English coast, moderated toward nightfall, but heavy seas still surged at channel ports.

Engineering complications show that 240,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity will be required during the building of the Colorado river aqueduct.

The Zambesi is the largest river of Africa entering the Indian ocean.