

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**SYNOPSIS:** Emily Felton has run away from Edwin Barnes on their wedding night. Emily never really wanted to marry Edwin, anyway. She had wanted David Corroll, and David had taken the loss of the family plantation so badly that he ran away to Istanbul and said he never would return. Emily's mother, Frances, and Edwin's doped persistence finally wore down Emily to the point that she could marry Edwin as the easiest way out of a very bad situation.

## CHAPTER 19 COLLAPSE

THE sleepy clerk at a down-town hotel looked mildly astonished when Emily asked for a room. He hesitated a moment, then succumbed to the quiet elegance of her clothes and luggage.

"If anyone asks for me," said the young woman who had registered as Miss Felton, "I am not registered here."

The clerk's eyes widened, then narrowed. "Very well," he said at last.

It might have been the significant look in the clerk's eyes, or it might have been the reaction from strain. But as Emily turned to follow the uniformed back of the bell-boy she crumpled silently, like a puppet when the string is released, into a pitiful little heap upon the tiled floor.



"If anyone asks for me, I'm not registered here."

THERE was a breeze that blew the immaculate curtains almost horizontal. There was a crack in the ceiling strongly suggestive of the Mississippi River and its tributaries. There was a pungent, clean smell of disinfectants.

And finally, there was a nurse whose uniform was as crisp and white as the blowing curtains. Emily addressed the nurse faintly.

"What is this place?"

The nurse's voice was as crisp and immaculate as her uniform. "The Lookout Sanatorium."

"How did I get here?"

"You fainted at a hotel last night and the house physician there decided that this was just the very place for you." She spoke cheerily, as if this were the Ultima Thule of all the nice places in the world.

Last night, Emily could remember now that a great many people had been fussing over her, and that someone had made her drink something. At the memory of all that preceded last night her mouth quivered.

The nurse saw the quiver. "It's about time for you to drink this, I think." She gave Emily a glass with a straw in it.

The next time she awoke it was dark. She felt much stronger; able to smile at the crisp nurse and to drink some broth that was hot and smelled very good.

"I think I'd better get up now," she said when she had finished.

The nurse smiled. "Wait until morning, Dr. Wardle would skin me if you got up before he said you might."

"Who is Dr. Wardle?"

The nurse's face softened, and Emily was reminded of ice breaking on a river in spring. "Dr. Christopher Wardle. He's one of the specialists here. He's the grandest doctor in the world," she added in a burst of confidence.

Emily began to be curious about Dr. Wardle. "When will I see him?"

"Tomorrow morning. Now try to go back to sleep."

When she woke again it was morning, and the sunlight was a slanting golden shaft from the window to the floor. She felt better than she had in weeks.

the nurse who came in answer to her summons.

"Not yet. Your breakfast will be here in a few minutes, then when you've had your bath it will be time for Dr. Wardle."

She was more than ever curious about Dr. Wardle; so curious that she ate all the breakfast and took the bath without a protest as a means of passing the time. She had just been settled once more in bed when he walked into the room.

He stood for a moment beside her bed looking soberly at her—an ugly, broad-shouldered little man with a big head. Then he grinned, a slow grin that began with his mouth and spread gradually to a lot of little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

Emily smiled back, secure in the knowledge that this doctor could probably do something about the horrible mess she was in. He looked like the sort of person who went through life getting people out of messes of different kinds.

THE nurse slipped out and Dr. Wardle sat down, quite sociably, in the most comfortable chair.

"You've been rather pushing Rip Van Winkle for his record," he said. He hadn't spoken before that, and she thought that she had never heard such a nice voice. Low-

pitched, like Charlotte's, with a drawl that made you feel that there was no hurry about anything in the world. She asked:

"What happened to me?"

He grinned again, and she felt that whatever it was, it couldn't be very bad. "You've been going on your battery for some time and it ran down on you."

She knew what he meant; there had been nothing to recharge it. "When may I get up?"

"That depends," he said deliberately, "on what you're going to do when you get up."

Her face went white. What would she do? Dr. Wardle's keen eyes never left her face.

"Suppose you tell me about it," he suggested. "Then we'll know just where we stand."

Emily hesitated, wondering where she could begin.

"I've gathered a little of it," he went on, very casually, as if he had fugitive brides for patients every day in the week. "From a young man who has been here most of the time."

Edwin would find her!

"I can't see him!" she cried. "You don't have to," Dr. Wardle assured her promptly. "But I didn't want to send him away until I knew more about it. Let's go back to the beginning."

It was amazingly easy to tell him about it; far easier than telling her mother would have been.

She began with the street carnival and went bravely through to the nightmare of two days ago. And when she had finished his mouth looked grim. He was consulting all the Frances Feltons to perdition.

"It's my fault," Emily said. "It's ridiculous for a person almost twenty-five years old to blame anyone but herself for a mess like this. But loving people—your family, I mean—is like being caught in a web. Even if you break the web it still clings to your fingers."

"Suppose we leave them out of it," Dr. Wardle suggested. "They'll manage to worry along. Let's talk about you and what you want to do next."

(Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Edwin Barnes gets a jolt, tomorrow.

## ETHIOPIAN RECRUITS WILL FIGHT FOR FUN; REGULARS GIVEN PAY

ADDIS ABABA, Sept. 20.—(UP)—Emperor Haile Selassie is asking his warriors to fight for fun and glory—there won't be any pay—recruits said today.

Officers told contingents preparing to move to the northern frontier that they would be provided with plenty of grain for their bread but their sole remuneration would be the pleasure and honor of "driving the Italians into the sea."

Apparently the payless fighting order applies only to recruits because the emperor's uniformed regular army of 8000 always has been paid.

Despite the fact they won't be paid, there is no shortage of volunteers. In fact, the emperor has been compelled to delay acceptance of enlistments because he feared he would

be unable to hold back too large an army.

A general mobilization order rests on the emperor's desk and probably will be signed shortly after word is received here that Premier Benito Mussolini has rejected the League of Nations' peace proposals. This order will bring 1,800,000 warriors into action. There are modern arms for possibly one-sixth of them. The remainder will fight with primitive spears and rhinoceros hide shields.

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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



AN ARCTIC TERN FLEW 9000 MILES FROM LABRADOR TO MADAGASCAR IN 60 DAYS... -1935-



MADAME SOLDIER—HANNAH SNELL—DISGUISED AS A MAN SERVED IN THE ENGLISH ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS! SHE WAS WOUNDED 11 TIMES AND RETIRED ON A GOVERNMENT PENSION...

9-20-35 Multigraph Syndicate, Inc.

An Arctic tern, banded by Dr. Oliver H. Austin, Jr., on a coastal island just off Labrador, was found dead within two months on the southern tip of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. It had flown 9,000 miles during that time—150 miles a day average.

An orphan, married young and a deserted wife at 17, Hannah Snell borrowed a suit of clothes from her brother-in-law and set out in search of her missing sailor husband. Unsuccessful, she joined the army. Pledged for inaction of army rules, she soon deserted but joined the service again not long afterward—this time in the marines.

She sailed with her regiment to the East Indies, went through the siege of Arsaopung in India, and suffered severe wounds in trench fighting at Pondicherry. She was nursed back to health by a native woman, after which she enlisted again—this time in the navy. She served aboard the Tartar and Eltham for a time, and finally retired to England where she continued to wear men's clothes, although she did disclose her identity. She was pensioned by the king for her service, and was given annuity for the wounds she received at Pondicherry.

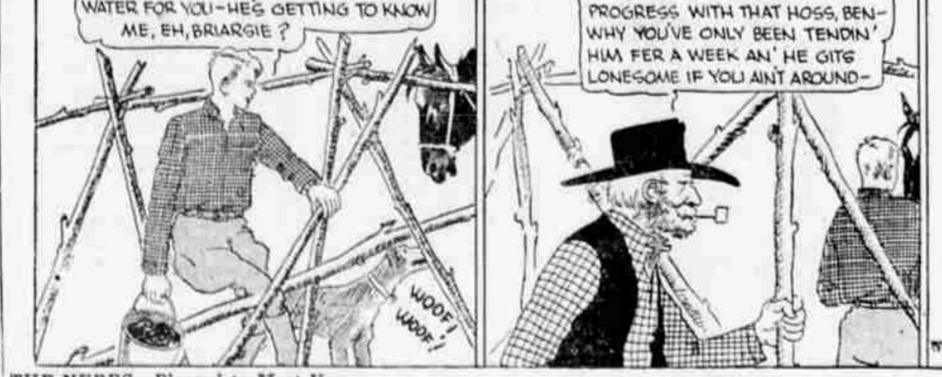
Native Hawaiians have a legend that Pele, goddess of love, lives deep inside the crater of Kilauaea, great Hawaiian volcano. A strange wool like substance, erupted by the volcano, they believed to be the goddess' hair. Scientists discovered that the "Pele's hair" had excellent insulation properties. The wool, they found, was made by action of steam striking molten lava—and today "Pele's hair" is manufactured commercially.

Tomorrow: 60-Day Earthquake.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Is Suspicious!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ready to Move?



THE NEBBES—Pleased to Meet You



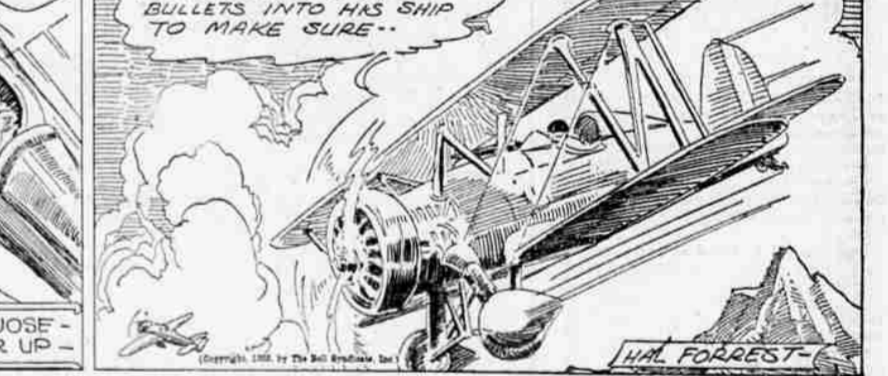
## THE FAMILY ALBUM—KITCHEN ENCUMBRANCE



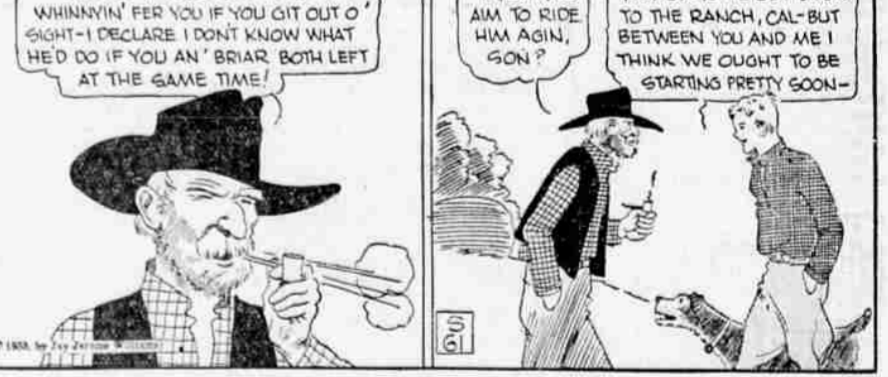
S-MATTER POP—By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 20.—(AP)—The largest freshmen class in the history of the institution was welcomed by University of Portland during freshman week which closed yesterday.

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CORVALLIS, Ore., Sept. 20.—(AP)—A special meeting of the Oregon cooperative council will be held at the Multnomah hotel in Portland September 27. Paul Carpenter of Corvallis, secretary-treasurer, announced today.

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