MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: By a happy, but not unlikely, chance Emily Barnes has run away from her husband on their wedding night and landed in Lookout Sanitarium under the care of Dr. Christopher Warde. Emily had been forced into the marriage by parental kindness, Edwin Barnes' perseverance, and lack of anything better to do. But she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and Dr. Warde plans to keep her at least a couple of weeks in the Sanitarium. He asks where she will go when she leaves.

Chapter 20

SHOCK FOR EDWIN

"I HAVEN'T gotten that far," Emily confessed.

"Of course not. There hasn't been time. We have to take one problem at a time."

It was heavenly, she thought suddenly, to have someone discuss your future without mentioning duty or responsibility. To have someone ask you, as if it were the simplest thing in the world, what you wanted to do next.

"I'd like to get a job somewhere. And be independent for a while."

His eyes twinkled sympathetically. "Then we'll get a job," he assured her stoutly. "Any special sort of job in any special place?"

"I have a friend in the advertising department of a big Birmingham store. I—wanted to go there, once."

"Do you still want to go there?"

"Yes." She was faint with relief. Dr. Warde must be the Rock of Gibraltar.

"There's one slight drawback." He was thinking of the quality of Emily's clothes and luggage. "Beginners get starvation wages in that line."

She remembered with a surge of gratitude the few stocks her father had given her from time to time. They had never seemed particularly important until now.

"I could manage until I was earning more. I have a little money."

"Then it looks to me," he said cheerfully, "as if we were all set. Suppose you write the friend today, and by the time you're ready to leave we can have it all arranged."

He was glad the job was in Birmingham because he knew several people of importance there. He knew people of importance in a great many places.

"You think I ought to stay here a while?" She hoped he would say yes. This place had come to be sanctuary, and she didn't want to relinquish the Rock of Gibraltar until she had Charlotte again.

"I do," he said promptly. "For about two weeks." He didn't tell her how close she had come to mental and physical disaster. He hoped she would never find out.

She smiled her relief and he grinned the comfortable, companionable grin. Then he rose.

"It would be a good idea for you to get outside for a couple of hours. We've got a gorgeous porch and a more gorgeous view, and in case that palls I'll see that you have something to read." And with another comforting grin he left her.

IN HIS office once more Dr. Warde sent for Edwin, who was waiting as he had waited for most of two days. Edwin sat down and listened, like a condemned man, to the verdict.

"She's very much better," Dr. Warde said kindly, "but it's been a pretty close shave."

"Could I see her?"

Dr. Warde's heart ached for him. He sometimes wished that he didn't take his cases so much to heart, and yet that was the reason, perhaps, why he had gotten so far at the age of thirty-six.

"I don't believe it's wise." And then, as gently as he could, he told Edwin how things stood.

"Your best chance," he said at last, "is not to crowd her. I think the reason she has rebelled now is because she feels that she has been over-persuaded. When she's perfectly well again she may feel differently about it. Let her go to Birmingham and don't beg her to come back to you. That is," he added experimentally, "if you still want her to."

"I do," Edwin confessed somberly. "I guess I'm a fool, but I can't help it. I've always wanted her, and I suppose I always will."

"Then write her how you feel and let it go at that. All you can do is to hope that this experiment won't be all she expects it to be."

"And what about her mother and father?" Edwin asked wretchedly.

"I'll attend to that." He was looking forward with an almost unholy joy to attending to Frances Felton.

As Edwin rose Dr. Warde eyed him keenly, arrested by a certain suspicion. "Is this your first experience with women?"

Edwin flushed hotly, outraged by the intrusion into so secret a recess of his being, but something in the man's personality checked him. He nodded, reluctantly. Dr. Warde sighed inaudibly.

"In that case," he said casually, "I'd suggest that you discuss the whole question with your physician."

In the street once more, Edwin fumbled blindly for the door of his car. He was trembling all over.

* * *

Dr. Warde made his leisurely way to Emily's private corner of the big porch. She gave him a smile of welcome and he thought with pardonable pride how different she was from the still, white ghost who had been brought to him two weeks ago.

He sat down beside her. "So you're leaving us today?"

She nodded, her eyes on the gorgeous panorama below them. The sanatorium was on the crest of Lookout Mountain, and far below it, with the Tennessee curled serpent-like about it, lay the city.

"It seems impossible, but I'll be sorry to leave. It's the most peaceful place I've ever known."

"Just what you needed," he agreed bruskly. He went on. "Your Birmingham train leaves at three, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd drive you down. We can have lunch at the Inn first, and then take our time."

THERE were several things he wanted to make sure of before he let her go, and he preferred discussing them outside the shadow of his institution.

Emily needed a friend more than she needed a doctor, and because he was a very good doctor he was determined to complete his cure in the role of a friend.

She accepted eagerly. "In that case I'll go pack now, and be ready whenever you want to leave."

"About one, then," he said as he rose.

They had lunch on the terrace of the Inn, and having disposed of the business of ordering lunch Dr. Warde went straight to the matter at hand.

"Well," his eyes twinkled, "do you feel equal to going out and engaging in battle?"

She laughed. "Quite. You've made a new woman of me."

"No," he said slowly, "you've done that yourself. And I want you to promise to keep it up. I want you to promise me that you'll forget other people for a while and think about yourself. They can't crowd you if you refuse to be crowded. Hold up your head and laugh at them. After all, it's your life."

She looked doubtful. "I wonder if it is—entirely. 'No man liveth to himself—'"

He smiled. "The devil, my child, quotes Scripture to his purpose. You can't give yourself, honestly, to some cause or some person that doesn't deserve, or at least doesn't possess, your devotion, can you?"

She didn't answer, and he went earnestly on. "Don't think I'm a home-wrecker; I'm not. If you find, in a month or a year, that you can love your husband, no one will bestow a blessing more quickly than I. It would be the happiest, simplest solution. But don't do it, Emily, unless you feel that way about it. Will you promise?"

She was silent for a long time. Then, "I'll try. Harder than I ever tried anything before."

"Good girl." He patted her hand, paternally.

"It's appalling, though," she went on thoughtfully, "what an over-developed conscience can do to you."

"A conscience," Dr. Warde said bitterly, "is a cross to its possessor and a very convenient thing to find in someone else. You can do anything on earth with a person like that merely by appealing to his conscience."

"I know it. I was raised that way. Mother has a conscience, too, and it's kept her from enjoying all the good things she's ever had."

"Hers," he said sharply, "is an ingrowing one."

They lingered over the luncheon until there was just time to catch the train comfortably. Then they drove in silence to the station.

Dr. Warde, having armed himself with an amusing book and a box of candy, came all the way to her compartment to see that she was comfortably settled. Then he stood looking down at her with the disarming grin.

"By the way, I'm going to be in Birmingham next month at a medical meeting. If you don't mind I'll stop in and see how you're making the grade." His job, he felt, wasn't quite finished.

(Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Emily takes a fling, tomorrow, at a completely new life.

TRANSIENT RELIEF DEPOTS ORDERED CLOSED TONIGHT

PORTLAND, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Effective at midnight Friday, intake federal transient relief centers in Oregon were closed, so far as granting service and relief to new applicants is concerned.

The closing order, announced by C. W. Reynolds, state transient relief director, affects both single men and the family units.

The closing, nation-wide in scope, is preparatory to full operation of the works progress administration program to provide employment.

Three intake centers in Oregon are affected by the order. They are in Portland, Eugene and Klamath Falls. Persons and families on the rolls of these centers will be continued until the cases are closed out or otherwise disposed of, Reynolds said.

The Oregon director said the order does not include the nine transient camps in Oregon, which provide accommodation for 1600 men.

"This order," he said, "affects the federal transient, who is defined as any person who has not resided 12 months continuously in any one state. It does not affect the resident transient who comes under the SERA category."

In August the federal transient relief work provided aid in Oregon for 10,120 men and boys, and 1374 families.

Ashland Couple To Wed In Idaho

WALLACE, Idaho, Sept. 21.—(AP)—A marriage license was issued to Robert R. Biddle and Ida M. Walter, both of Ashland, Ore.

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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.

Strange as it seems, the greatest earthquake in United States history—in fact the only first degree earthquake this nation ever had—was a terrific shake more than a century ago that centered around the frontier town of New Madrid, Missouri. This quake does not occupy much of a place in any list of disasters, because it affected a then sparsely populated area. However, experts agree that any city on the spot would have been utterly destroyed.

The quake occurred in late 1811 and early 1812, beginning in the middle of December and shaking continuously until the middle of February. Shocks were felt over an area of 12,000 square miles. It was one of the very few known cases where an area quaked continuously for months.

The water in the Mississippi river rose six to eight feet in places, then dropped below its former level. In many sections, the entire course of the river was changed. In spite of the fact that the earthquake took place in mid-winter, the weather was oppressively hot at the time.

California, well known for its minor temblors, has never had a quake that approached this one in severity. The quake of 1933 in Long Beach, though it wrought much damage, was not a major shock, according to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

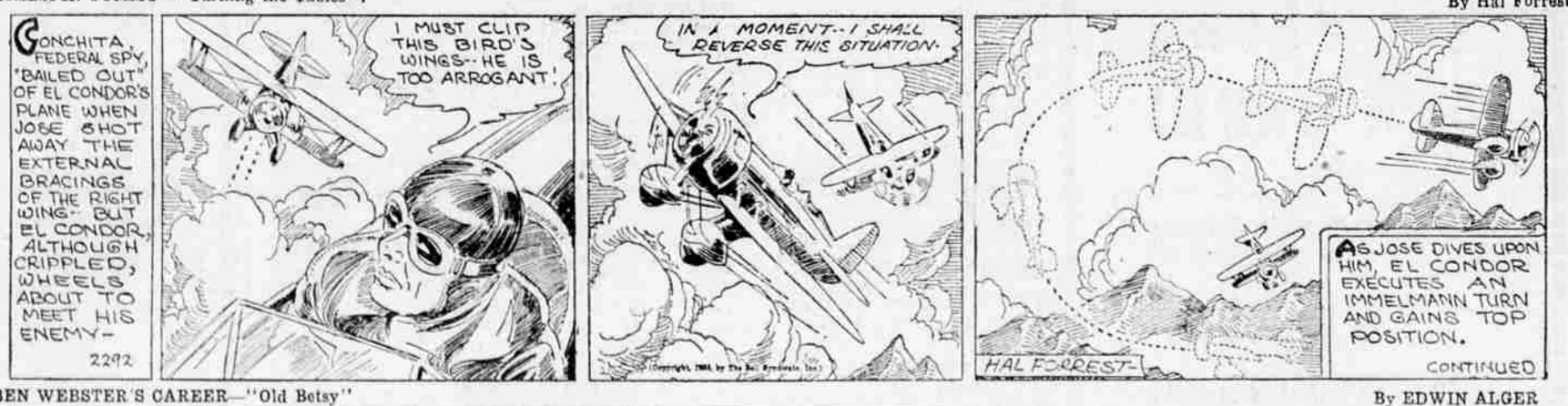
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Turning the Tables"!

By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Old Betsy"

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Good Advice?

By SOL HESS

LINCOLN'S ORDERLY DIES IN ASTORIA

ASTORIA, Ore., Sept. 21.—(AP)—Gardiner L. Baker, 94, Civil war veteran, and for one year an orderly for President Lincoln, died here Friday. The funeral service will be held Monday and the veteran will be buried with full military honors.

His most vivid recollection of the Civil war, he often said, was when, as Lincoln's orderly, he rode at breakneck speed from the White House to Fowder Hill bearing a presidential pardon for a soldier named Gamble who had been sentenced to be shot.

THE DALLES, Ore., Sept. 21.—(AP)—Preliminary survey work will start Monday on the $400,000 project which calls for deepening and widening the Columbia river channel between Celilo and Wallula.

PORTLAND ROSE SHOW WILL OPEN OCTOBER 4

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 21.—(AP)—Portland's annual fall rose show will open October 4 in the Multnomah Hotel.

Entries will be received until 7:30 a. m. the day of the show. Judging will start at 11 a. m. under the rules of the American Rose society.

VATICAN NEWSPAPER IN APPEAL AGAINST WAR

VATICAN CITY, Sept. 21.—(AP)—The Vatican newspaper Osservatore Romano made another appeal for peace today, declaring the Italo-Ethiopian situation "becomes ever more acute on the African as well as the European front."

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