

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Fortunately, when Emily ran away from her husband, Edna Barnes, on her wedding night, she found in the right place and landed under Dr. Christopher Ward's intelligent care. He restores her strength and self-respect, and encourages her to take a job in Birmingham and allow time and her own inclination to settle the matter of returning to Edna, who is going to have the help of her friend Charlotte, in Birmingham.

Chapter 21 BIRMINGHAM

I view of what you've been through," Charlotte said when they were settled at last in the hermit-like room she called home, "you look better than I dared to hope."

Emily was reclining on the bed. She had tried Charlotte's chairs and given them up as hopeless. "That's Dr. Ward. The man could graft backbone into an oyster."

Charlotte's eyes were anxious. "You aren't falling in love with him, are you?"

Emily twinkled. "It's plain you haven't seen him. He looks like a gnome. And he doesn't know people are really people at all; he thinks they're cases. But he's a grand doctor."

Charlotte relaxed. "Thank God for that. Another complication would make me old before my time. Have you had any dinner?"

Emily's eyes widened, then narrowed into laughter. "I was so excited over coming that I forgot all about eating!"

Charlotte grinned. "What a business woman you're going to be! I haven't eaten either; I was late getting away from the office and I decided to wait on the chance that you didn't care for railroad food. Put on your hat then, infant, and let's go."

The restaurant was small, and even at so late an hour crowded. When Emily had tasted the food she understood the reason.

She looked about her with interest, and wondered what her mother's reaction would be to the idea of two unattended women in a public restaurant at this hour. In her social code Frances Felton was still in the mauve decade of her girlhood.

"Now tell me," she said when their order had been taken, "something about what I'm going to do."

Charlotte lit a cigaret, another thing that would have sent Mrs. Felton into hysterics. Smoking was bad enough at any time, but smoking in a public restaurant—

"You don't start until Monday, but I think it would be a good idea if you'd come down tomorrow and Saturday and pick up what you can. Are you feeling fit again?"

"Perfectly." She was tired now, but she didn't want to admit it. She hated to begin that way.

"That's fine. And then I've got half a dozen books on advertising that will have to be your night school at first."

"It sounds rather alarming."

"It isn't. It's easy enough after four years at Ardmore. You can't get through there without sufficient mental equipment to make a go of this. You start off knowing so much more than the average apprentice."

Emily was fleetingly grateful for the rigors of Ardmore, but they seemed too far away now to be of much help. "You may have. I've let my mind go to seed terribly."

Charlotte was unperturbed. "Probably. Your letters have sounded a little weedy of late. But a few weeks of intensive cultivation will help a lot."

A cultivator Charlotte proved invaluable. There was no such thing in her vocabulary, as idleness. When the books on advertising were finished she delved into the public library and unearthed others, which they read together, and which Charlotte expounded as they read.

"You're got to believe in it to get anywhere," she said. "This thing of building an excellent mousetrap and having the world beat a path to your door belonged to a much less complex age."

"Today you have to knock a man down with your mousetrap before he even realizes you've built it. Advertising is so essential that if the maker didn't advertise his wares the buyer would have to advertise for what he wanted."

"I see," said Emily. "And when you're learned to believe in it, what then?"

"The thing for you to do is to take these files of our ads for the past three months and study them carefully; then you'll have a working idea of the sort of thing Salter's uses."

Emily laughed. "You'd think that, having read as many Salter ads as I have in my life, I'd be able to do 'em with my eyes shut."

"Not at all. You probably never

even noticed the wording." She passed Emily the files. "Look over these, then try your hand at one for each department."

"Yes'm," Emily said meekly, and set to work.

When school was out they played and even Charlotte's play was constructive. She belonged to the Open Forum, and to the play-writing group of the Little Theatre.

She read voraciously, and Emily began to know once more the joy of matching wits in verbal combat. That, she decided, was why she had let her mind go to seed; half the pleasure of reading and thinking lay in clarifying your ideas in argument. It was hard to know what you believed until you had had to defend your position from assault.

SHE took a room in the house with Charlotte, and spent luncheon hours hunting French prints, and a lamp whose shade was an old map of Ireland, and a good wing chair. She bought a few books—old friends and new ones, in the dollar editions that were such a boon to embryo advertisers. It was infinitely better than Ardmore, where you signed your name in a register when you went out and when you came back; here no one knew or cared where you went.

She met Charlotte's friends, and found them as refreshing and as intensely individual as the Left Wing at Ardmore.

There was Anne Campbell, who did illustrating and layout work at Salter's; a slim, blond girl who looked, Charlotte said, like an illustration by herself. She wore beautifully tailored clothes that carried smartness almost to the point of ugliness, and smoked innumerable cigars in an ebony and amber holder.

And there was Viola Burwell, who was Salter's consulting decorator, and who shared an apartment with Anne. Viola, Charlotte confided with a twinkle, was a perfect antonym for Anne.

She had a Junoesque figure, a skin like a magnolia, and a mass of blue-black hair that she wore in an unsteady knot low on her neck. Her summer wardrobe was composed entirely of dresses made by herself from cretonnes and chintzes in her own drapery department.

She chose the material solely for their color or design, and looked, Anne told her caustically, exactly like "one of those trick laundry bags that people pass on and on to each other at Christmas." Viola smiled vaguely and good-naturedly at the criticism and went her serene way.

They accepted Emily immediately and without apparent curiosity as Charlotte's friend, and asked her and Charlotte to supper on her second Sunday evening in Birmingham.

The supper was Emily's first experience in Bohemia; not the untidy, unwashed Bohemia of Greenwich village or the Left Bank, but a gathering in which everybody spoke his mind and manifested a beautiful unconcern for his neighbor's private life.

"They keep open house on Sunday," Charlotte explained as they entered the apartment building in which Anne and Viola lived "and some of the habits belong to the zoo, so don't be alarmed at them."

The door to the apartment was hospitably ajar, and they entered without knocking, stopping first to leave their hats in the tiny hallway. The living-room was surprising; a beautiful room, simply and exquisitely furnished. The rugs were dark green and the draperies a subdued pattern in blocked linen. A grand piano in an alcove supplied the last touch of luxury.

The room was empty save for a long blond youth who was sitting on his shoulder-blades in an armchair, reading. He said, "Hi!" and then dragged his eyes from the page and rose.

Charlotte presented him. "This is Jed Latimer. He's the boy sopper of the Evening Post." She addressed Jed. "You holding the fort alone?"

He nodded, motioning with his head. "They're in the kitchen, fixing food. I'm feeding my soul in stead."

Anne was in the kitchen, enveloped in a voluminous smock, busy with French dressing. A round, dark young man with melancholy eyes sat like Humpty Dumpty on a high kitchen stool, watching her flying hands.

She greeted them gaily and introduced the young man, whose name was Steve Young. He bowed to Emily without moving from the stool, and she thought fleetingly of a character from "Alice in Wonderland."

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Life takes on new charm for Emily, tomorrow.

LITHUANIAN PLOT TO SEIZE MEMEL SEEN BY BERLIN

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—(AP)—Germany bluntly warned the world tonight it "cannot be held responsible for the acts of East Prussians" if the guar-

anteeing powers do not assure a free and fair Landtag election in Memel September 29.

This statement was made by a foreign office spokesman who also disclosed that the Reich has made urgent requests to the powers, including Britain, France and Italy, to force Lithuania to cease her alleged persecution of Memel Germans.

Adolf Hitler in his Reichstag speech last Sunday said residents of Memel, which Germany lost because of the World war, are being afflicted by Lithuania.

"We are preserving strict neutrality in the Italo-Lithuanian affair, but our disinterestedness does not go so far as to see Lithuania take advantage

of the absorption of Britain, France and Italy in this conflict to walk off with Memel," the spokesman asserted.

Germany ceded Memel to the guaranteeing powers, but not to Lithuania, and while trying to avoid disturbances, yet the government cannot be held responsible for the acts of East Prussians if the scandal across the border continues."

Arizona Builds Archives

PRESCOTT, Ariz.—(UP)—A new building, to house early Arizona records, has been completed on the grounds surrounding the old governor's mansion here. The building will be used as an historical library.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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George Breakston—12 YEARS OLD, of Hollywood, HAS STARRED ON THE SCREEN, STAGE AND RADIO...

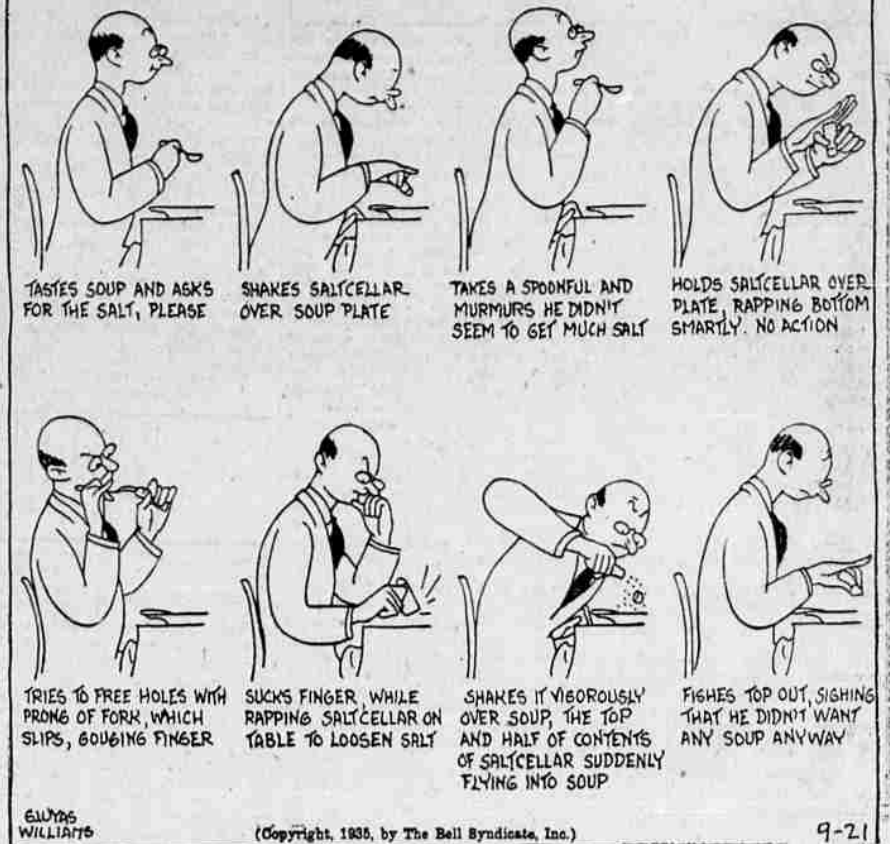
and was carried through by a woman who pretended to be his mother.

Only 12 years old and already a veteran star of stage, screen and radio, George Breakston played Fuck for Max Reinhardt in "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Chicago; he played the lead in "No Greater Glory" on the screen, and starred in several radio productions.

Tomorrow: The McDonald Clan.

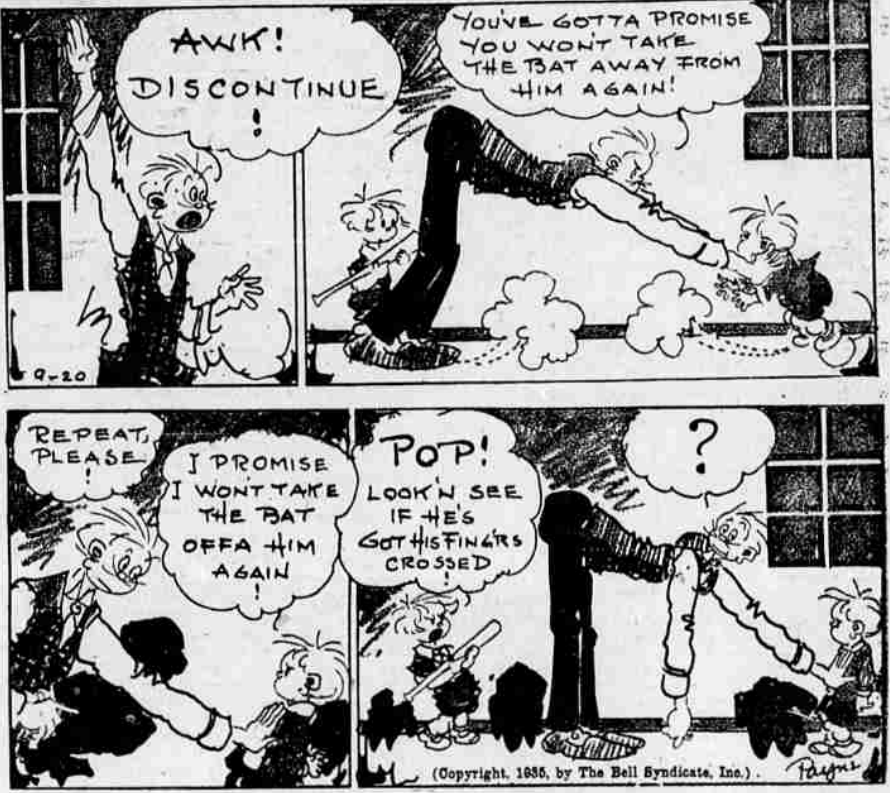
STUBBORN SALT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



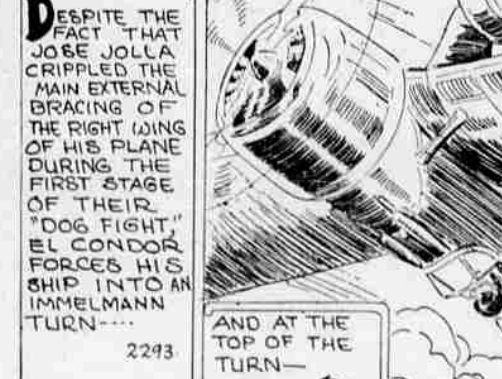
S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



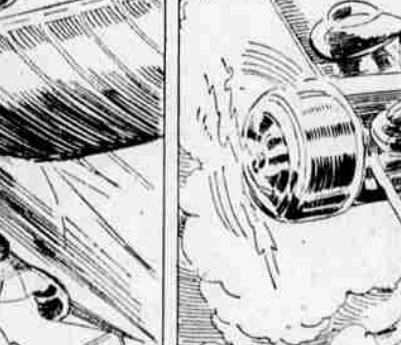
TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Gains Top Position!

2293



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cal's Secret!

2294



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