

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: When Emily escapes from her husband, Edwin, on their wedding night she also runs into a nervous breakdown. But Dr. Christopher Warde pulled her through that, and a job in Birmingham, together with the society and help of Charlotte and her friends, has completed the cure. Now Dr. Warde has called to come to check up on the progress of his patient.

Chapter 23 CHECK-UP

"Beginning to believe that liberty agrees with you," said Dr. Warde.

"Oh, it does!"

"And hard work?" Amazing, he thought with reluctant admiration, how this generation of women enjoyed work for its own sake. But then, didn't he enjoy it himself?

"Even hard work. Do you know, Dr. Warde, I'm really beginning to get somewhere? I was errand girl and general dunkey at first, but now I've been promoted to a desk and regular assignments. Charlotte says that if I keep it up I'll be really good, and coming from her that's the epitome of praise."

"Charlotte must be pretty good herself."

"She is. And she's a great deal more than that to me. Since I can't have you to strengthen my will, I'd rather have her."

He smiled, pleased at the idea that he and Charlotte might fill the same need. Then he put the question that he had sought her out to ask.

"And what about Barnes? No regrets?"

The brightness faded swiftly. "Yes," she said slowly. "A great many regrets."

He had dreaded that. "Why?"

"Why not? Because I've failed them all so miserably."

"But, my dear," the tone was impatient, "you'd be falling yourself otherwise."

"Perhaps. But is my life—any one life—so important as all that? And besides, I haven't really tried; I've simply run away from it. What right have I to refuse to go on—to ask for a divorce—until I've done my best to make it a success?"

"Emily," he demanded, "what have you been writing you?"

She smiled at the menace in his voice. "Nothing like that. But my father has broken a great deal lately, mother says, and it tears my heart to think of him."

It was utterly impossible, he thought bitterly, to keep some woman—the Frances Feltons—from cheating. He dwelt momentarily upon the idea of murder.

"It isn't what they've said," she went on. "It's this beastly Puritan conscience of mine. Whenever I stop to think it begins to plague me."

"Does this mean," he asked harshly, "that you're thinking of going back?"

"I've thought of it all the time, but it doesn't mean that I'm going. I'm not crowded that close yet. I'm still holding on tight."

He patted her hand. "That's the spirit. You keep on holding on."

If he could prevent it, he didn't intend to have his best cure ruined by outside interference—not until the cure was complete. Then, if she went back, she would be equal to the situation. He drove her home feeling that he had done a good evening's work.

When he had gone Emily went first to Charlotte's room to report on his visit. Charlotte put down the book she was reading and Emily saw that her eyes were troubled.

"There's a special delivery for you on the desk. It came while you were away."

Emily knew that something was wrong; that her house of cards was about to be destroyed with a single blow. She read the letter quickly, and Charlotte's apprehensive eyes never left her face.

She stood very still when she had finished, holding the letter in an unsteady hand. Charlotte could stand it no longer.

"Emily! What is it?"

Emily dropped into a chair and looked unseeingly at the floor. "Edwin is terribly ill. Pneumonia. He needs to see me." She held the letter towards Charlotte.

Charlotte read it quickly, standing with one arm about Emily's waist and a steady shoulder. It was from Frances Felton, and it was, Charlotte thought fleetingly, the most Machiavellian document she had ever read.

My dear Emily: I have hesitated about writing this to you, and yet I am paying you the compliment of thinking that you will want to know it. Edwin is desperately ill with pneumonia.

Old Mrs. Latham died last week and was buried in the midst of a

rumor—Edwin was a pall-bearer, and the exposure, together with the rumormongering, has been in for several weeks, was disastrous.

He has looked dreadfully for some time, and whenever he has been here for meals has eaten nothing, so it wasn't at all surprising that his resistance was too low to cope with the disease.

Dr. Morgan thinks he has a chance to recover if he can be persuaded to make the effort, but he doesn't seem to care. I took some broth to him yesterday and tried to cheer him up by saying that he would soon be up and about and he simply looked at me and whispered, "What for?"

Of course this may not have any effect on your course of action; I am not suggesting that it should. But as I say, I have paid you the compliment of thinking that you would like to know.

Your affectionate,
Mother.

Emily laughed wildly. "How like Edwin to have gotten his pneumonia being pall-bearer at a funeral! If he'd been sailing a boat, or hunting—the voice trailed off."

Charlotte's arm tightened. She knew all about hysterics. "Stop it! What do you want to do, or haven't you decided yet?"

Emily steeled. "There's no deciding about it. There's only one thing to do." Her voice was a lifeless monotone.

Charlotte said in a matter-of-fact voice, "Then I'll find out about trains and help you pack. I'll wire your mother as soon as I find out when you'll get there. Go over and lie down on my bed."

Emily shook her head. "I'd rather do something."

"All right. Run along and pack, then. I'll be back in a minute."

There was a train at eight the next morning, Charlotte found, so they finished the packing and lay down to wait for morning.

"This had to come some time," Emily said wearily. "So perhaps it's just as well to get it over, if Edwin doesn't die."

"He won't," Charlotte assured her, trying not to think what an ideal solution it would be if he did. "And you're right about its having to come. But it doesn't mean that you're beaten and that you have to stay; you can leave him again as easily as you did the first time."

"I wish I could be sure of that!"

"You can. You can huck them all, now, because there's nothing to lose and everything to gain. You've got to promise me that you won't let your mother dictate to you in this; that you'll do what you think is right, no matter what happens. Will you?"

Emily said doubtfully, "I'll try."

"She'll really advise you for it," Charlotte insisted, "because she'll know then that you've grown up. And if you do decide to stay, the same thing, holds: women of her type have such a superstitious respect for matrimony that I don't believe she'll try very hard to run things. If she does, smile sweetly and say nothing and do what you intended to do all the time. You told me once that Judith Carroll managed her that way; try it yourself."

Judith! The name belonged to another age, another world. But Judith had known how to manage people, even Frances Felton.

"It sounds simple," she sighed, "and I'll do my best."

"I know you will," Charlotte assured her. "Now try to sleep a little."

Dr. Morgan opened the door softly and glanced into the darkened room. Then he turned to Emily and nodded. "You can go in, now."

Edwin was a very straight and motionless in the narrow white bed. His eyes were closed and his breathing was shallow and very jerky. His face, she realized with a spasm of pain, was the face of a stranger; gaunt and shadowed, with great dark hollows where his cheeks should have been.

"Emily!" The voice was only a breath.

She leaned over and brushed the unshaven cheek lightly with her lips. "Yes, darling."

"Darling," Edwin murmured. "Will you—call me that again, sometime?"

She fought back the stinging tears. "My darling, as often as you like."

"And you'll—stay a while, this time?"

"As long as you want me."

It was a pledge. Now, she knew, she would never break it.

"I'll always want you." The voice trailed off. "I—think I'll go to sleep now."

She turned blindly towards the door and once outside found herself in Jeffrey's arms. She was at Edwin's end of the room, and never as long as she lived could she look towards the other end, which led to freedom, or to a shadowy figure that persisted in looking like the ghost of David Carroll.

Emily realized, tomorrow, that her bridges are burned.

she spoke only Spanish. "Ask this charming senorita with the lovely black eyes whether she intends to marry the bum," a reporter said to an interpreter. "Who can tell the senorita replied sweetly in perfect English."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

FIREFIGHTERS USE CARE IN REMOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS

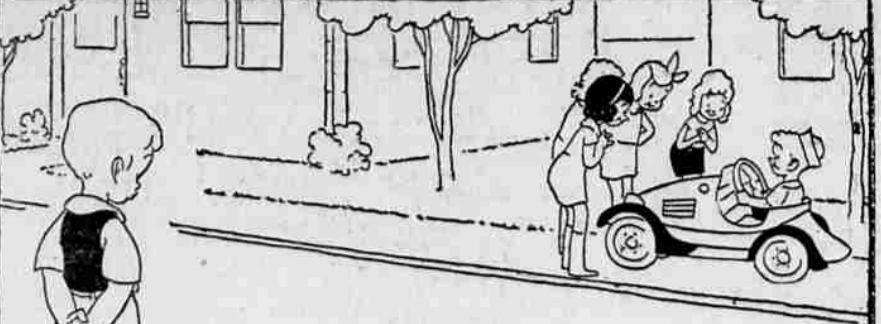
Perhaps you've heard the legend that firefighters are careless fellows who take great delight in flinging breakable heirlooms from upstairs windows while they carefully carry out the mattresses and sofa pillows.

who destroy by water everything that escapes the flames. Well, that legend has no basis in fact so far as the Medford fire department is concerned, according to a letter of commendation and appreciation received today by Fire Chief Roy Elliott from R. S. Daniels of 407 Park avenue.

The Daniels home recently was threatened by fire and in his letter to the chief Mr. Daniels expresses his appreciation of the efficient and careful manner in which the Medford fire department put out the blaze.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

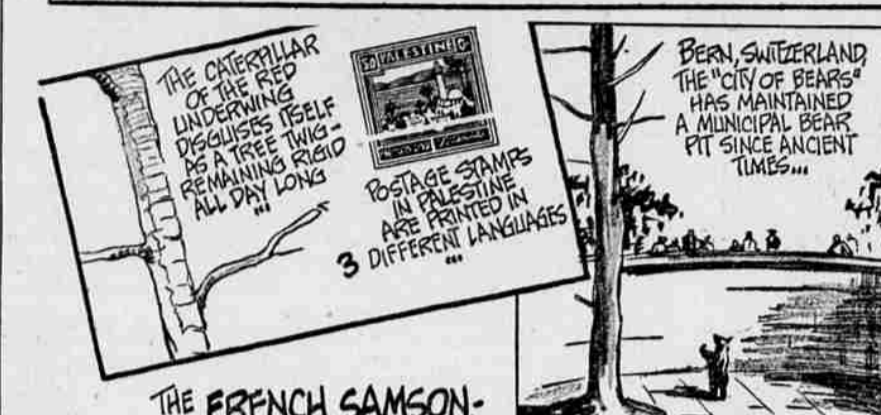


YOU LEARN OF THE FICKLENESS OF WOMEN WHEN THE BOY FROM THE NEXT BLOCK GETS A GUSTING STREAMLINED ROADSTER FOR HIS BIRTHDAY

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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.



THE FRENCH SAMSON—KING CHILDERIC OF FRANCE WAS DEPOSED BY ENEMIES WHO CUT OFF HIS LONG HAIR...



Legend has it that on the day Bern, on the city's heraldic emblem and is Switzerland, was founded, several bears were killed. Whatever truth there is to that story, the fact remains that today in Bern, as always, the city maintains a municipal bear pit where several bears are cared for at public expense. More than just inmates of a municipal zoo, the bear figures widely in the history and culture of Bern. It is found represented

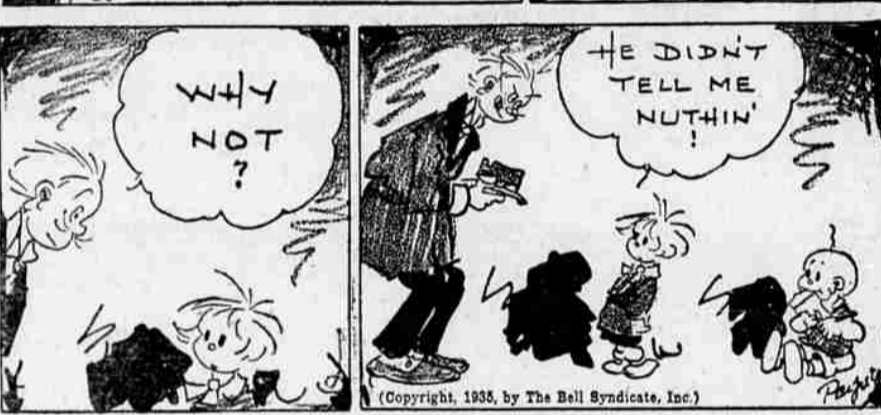
WILLAMETTE SHOWING REGISTRATION GROWTH

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 25.—(P)—Registrations at Willamette university to date show an increase of 101 students over last year. Ethel Schreiber, registrar, announced. Registrations late Monday totaled 601 as compared to 500 on the corresponding date in 1934. Many students, held out by work, were still to arrive.

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S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



By HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bull's-Eye for El Condor!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Homeward Bound!



THE NEBBS—Out of the Kitchen



CHARMING SENORITA CONFOUNDS REPORTER

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—(UP)—When Senorita Maria Elena V. De Riveco, for whose love Juan Ponce reportedly flew from Spain to Mexico, arrived today, reporters thought

FLAVOR+QUALITY
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

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