

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

NOTES: Emily Barnes can decide whether it is better to submit to her husband's narrowness and stupidity, or whether she must try to reform him. Her only ally at home is her father, Jeffrey, who has been a martyr to his wife's sense of duty all his life, and suggests that Emily continue her efforts. If it fails, he will stand by her. Then Edwin comes home and tells Emily all about the meeting of the merchants' association.

Chapter 29 QUARREL

EMILY paused before the bookcase, seeking solace there. "I wonder what's become of 'In the Beginning'?" She was speaking as much to herself as to Edwin. There was no way, of course, for him to know what had become of a volume of Norman Douglas.

His paper rustled and was silent at last Edwin said: "I burned it."

"You—what?" "I burned it," he repeated doggedly.

Emily's eyes were almost black. "What precipitated that—triumph of righteousness?"

He explained, almost sullenly, "I bear you telling someone how much you enjoyed it, and when I went to Birmingham last week I took it along to read. It was the vilest book I ever tried to read."

Her eyes never left his face. "Honi soit," she murmured, and stopped abruptly.

"What did you say?" "Nothing. I was just quoting a proverb that attributes evil to him who evil thinks."

"There was no question about the evil there," he said hotly. "A book which dealt, too graphically, with scenes a man hardly discusses with his own wife. The fact that the scenes transpired between gods and goddesses didn't lessen their impropriety."

"No." Her voice was soft, thoughtful. "In the midst of all that beauty your medieval mind would notice the dirt."

He dropped the newspaper, stung into real bitterness. His motive in saying the book had been praiseworthy; he wanted, in his inarticulate way, to acquaint himself with the things that interested Emily, and this was his reward.

"You can't resist slurring me, can you? And yet you can enjoy a book so suggestive that I was ashamed—"

"To have it in your house!" She snatched the words from his lips and lunged them at him. "Shall we draw a line down the middle of it, Edwin, and let one-half of it be yours and the other half mine? Or would you prefer it all?"

"Emily!" Suddenly the room and Edwin and Norman Douglas grew unreal and far away. There was a glorious sense of lightness and release, and then—nothing.

When she opened her eyes she was on the couch and Edwin was kneeling beside her, his white, terrified face very close to hers.

"Emily, sweetheart, what is it? Are you all right?"

The world came back, suffocating, crushing her. She closed her eyes to shut it out.

"Yes, I'm all right. I haven't been to a doctor yet," she whispered wearily, "but I'm pretty sure I'm going to have that baby you wanted."

"Oh, my darling!" He laid his burning cheek against hers for an instant and then very gently lifted her in his arms and carried her to her room. He had forgotten the existence of a man named Norman Douglas; he was once more awed and adoring and very humble.

FRANCES FELTON had found a new outlet for her energies and she was transformed. Already she was making lists.

"Of course we won't try to get everything at once, but William can drive us to Birmingham in the morning and we can make a beginning."

Emily moved restlessly in her deck chair. The garden was bathed in sunlight and the tulips and irises were vying with each other for supremacy. The result was intoxicating.

"Not yet, Mother. There's so much time for all that later. This isn't the sort of thing that slips up on you."

Frances looked a trifle upset by her levity. "But you won't want to go later."

Emily's eyes had an unruly glint. "Why not? Everybody on earth got here by the same route."

ing your garden! Dr. Proctor should forbid it."

"Oh, not that actively, darling. But I can potter around and superintend Andrew. And then during the last few months I'll sit and hem napkins as much as you like."

Her mother stared. "Sometimes, Emily, it's hard to believe that you are my daughter."

"Isn't it!" Emily agreed cheerfully. "I don't understand why you haven't cast me off before this."

She thought with amusement of how easy it was to defy someone when you no longer had anything to lose. She derived a positive delight from shocking Frances now.

Frances decided upon an acceptance of the inevitable and changed the subject. "Your father is like a calf over it."

Emily smiled. "Bless him! If it's a boy I'm going to name it for him." To herself she thought, "He knows it's a good thing for me, too. That I won't throw my cap over the windmill now."

"I've always thought a child should be named for its father," Frances objected.

"It's so confusing, darling. You end up by calling him Junior, which isn't a name at all, or Buddy, or Sonny, or Toodles, and he never lives it down."

She chuckled suddenly. "Spose Edwin had been called Toodles! It might have altered his whole nature. Do you know, I think one of the most significant things about Edwin is that he's never had a nickname."

Frances rose.

"I MUST be going," she said coldly. "If you need my help at any time I shall be glad to do what I can."

Emily was smitten with contrition. "Of course I'll need your help. I haven't an idea how to begin. I only want a breathing space first, to adjust myself; after that you won't have a minute to call your own."

She kissed her mother, and felt from the relaxing of her body that she was mollified.

When Frances had gone she sank once more into the deck chair and closed her eyes.

At least there had been no scenes since the one about the book. In all the category of Edwin's fetishes, Motherhood held first place, and his attitude since that night had been compounded of reverence and awe.

She heard his step upon the flagstones; dear heaven, was it lunch time already! And then she felt his kiss upon her forehead. He nearly always kissed her upon the forehead now. She opened her eyes and managed a smile.

"Greetings. Aren't you a little early?"

Edwin sat in the other deck chair and looked at her. He spent a good deal of time just looking at her. "I may be a little, but I thought you might want something. Are you all right?"

"Quite. I can still move around, you know."

She smiled teasingly at him, wondering if she could maintain her balance for the remaining months on the rather dizzy pedestal upon which he had enthroned her.

"I know you can, but I'm afraid you may overtax your strength."

He was very patient with her levity and irreverence now; he made her think of an indulgent parent humoring a refractory child that had been very ill.

"I won't, darling," she assured him. "I'm really lazy, anyhow, and I snatch at any pretext for idleness."

"This isn't a pretext," he said firmly.

There was no use in arguing it, of course. She rose. "I expect lunch is ready."

GALLIOLI CAMPAIGN TOLD BY BANWELL IN TALK BEFORE ROTARY

A vivid account of the spectacular and costly Gallipoli campaign against the Turks during the world war was given by A. H. Banwell as the

feature of Tuesday's program at the Medford Rotary club. Mr. Banwell, who served with the Sixth Hauraki regiment of the New Zealand expeditionary force during the famous Egyptian campaign of 1915, and the disastrous Balkan campaign of 1916, told of the experiences of the British, Australian and New Zealand troops in the thrill and horror-packed struggle of the Dardanelles.

among the most colorful of the world war. The speaker interspersed his talk with bits of humor, which relieved the gruesome accounts of the many horrors of the bitterly fought battles of the Turkish campaign.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Criminal and detective who found it profitable in more ways than one to combine his activities of crime and crime detection. Francois-Jules Vidocq kept himself busy as a detective by committing crimes and solving them, taking care, of course, not to solve them so completely that he involved himself.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Big Push"!
LIBERATOR—A BIT TOO CONFIDENT--RIDES AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY TOWARD THE CAPITOL CITY OF NAZIL.
HE IS FORTIFIED WITH THE VERY LATEST WARTIME EQUIPMENT--HIS MEN HAVE WON TWO MAJOR BATTLES--2301

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's for Action
WELL, JIM DONANG GILL IN BUSINESS--GUESS I'LL STOP AND SEE HIM--
LAST CHANCE FILLING STATION
GAS & OIL
I'M A MANGY CONOTE IF IT AIN'T BEN WEBSTER! HOW'RE YOU, BOY?
SWELL, JIM--WHAT'S NEW?
PLENTY, AT HADDOCKVILLE--THEY'S A COUPLE O' HOT EASTERN SPORTS THAT'S MOVED IN, AND THEY'RE SPENDIN' MONEY LIKE IT WAS WATER--RUMOR IS THEY'VE STUMBLER ON GOLD BACK IN THE HILLS SOMEPLACE--
DO YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES, JIM?
YOU BET! ONE'S CUTHBERT BOON; THE OTHER, AMOS GOUGGS--WHY WOULDN'T I KNOW THEIR NAMES WHEN THEY'VE ENDED THE DEPRESSION FOR HADDOCKVILLE?

THE NEBBS—The Sick Mr. Nebb
RUDY'S STILL IN A DAZE--THE NEWS OF THE RICH GOLD STRIKE FLOORED HIM--AND JUST AFTER HE HAD SOLD HIS STOCK
OH, RUDY--YOU'RE SMART!! I'LL NEVER QUESTION YOUR JUDGMENT AGAIN--HAVE YOU ANY IDEA JUST HOW RICH WE ARE?
OH, JUST TO THINK--NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO SHOP AROUND FOR BARGAINS AND QUibble OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS OR SO--NOW I CAN HAVE THAT MINK COAT--I HATE MYSELF FOR EVER DOUBTING YOUR JUDGMENT
AND I SOLD OUT--IF I TELL HER, SHE'LL LOSE THIS GREAT RESPECT FOR MY JUDGMENT AND IF I DON'T SHE'LL BUY ME RAGGED!!

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

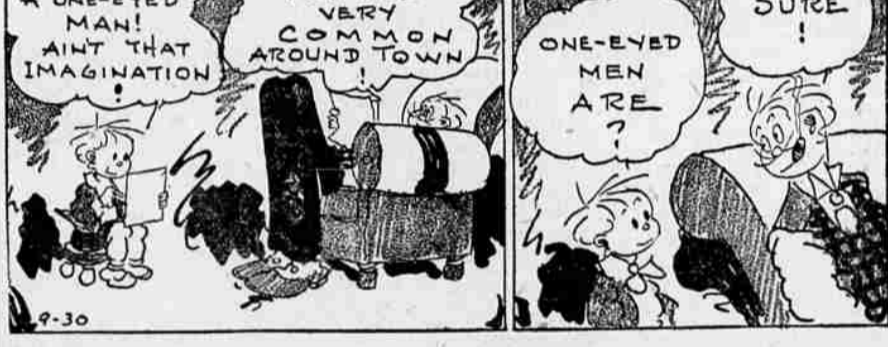


ORDERING FOR A FAMILY PARTY, SOME OF WHICH CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS, OTHERS PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE MENU AT ALL, AND THE REST ALL TELL YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY WHAT THEY WANT SO THAT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND NONE OF THEM

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SMATTER 'OP--

By C M Payne



POP! I DREW A ONE-EYED MAN! AINT THAT IMAGINATION!

HUH, ONE-EYED MEN ARE VERY COMMON AROUND TOWN!

SURE!

ONE-EYED MEN ARE?

OH-H!

WHAT THA DING, DING?

WELL, NOW--HM-M, I WOULDN'T SAY COMMON--EXACTLY--EITHER!

10-2-35

Strange as it seems, the people of India have no name for their country. Although the name India is now generally accepted, it comes from the Sanskrit for river and is not the true name of the country. Hinduism applies only to the northern part of the country, and the one name that might apply to the whole country, Bharatavarsa, is Sanskrit—the dead language of the East.

Tomorrow: The 35,000-Carat Gem.

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By HAL FOREST



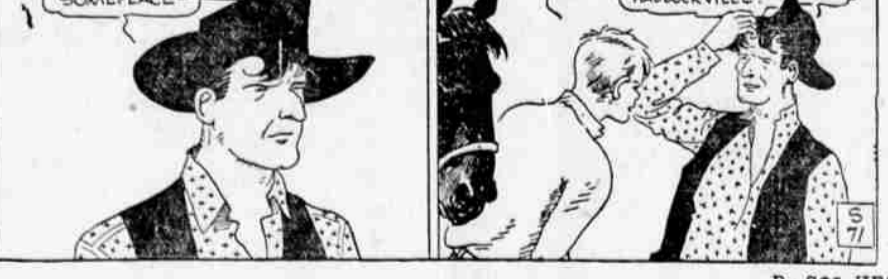
HO--MIS SOLDADOS! EET WEE! NOT DEE LONG NOW--SEE-OUR AERONAUTAS ARE PASSING OVERHEAD--

AS THE GREAT ARMADA OF REBEL PLANES SOAR OVERHEAD--

THE "FLOWER" OF THE LOYAL NAZILIAN ARMY MARCHES ONWARD TO CRUSH THE REBELLION--

HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



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Wrigley's Spearmint Gum
THE FLAVOR LASTS
GUM