

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Barnes has tried with all her ability to make a go of marriage with poor Edwin Barnes. But they are temperamentally antipathetic; Edwin considers Emily's efforts to live solely as an effort, and Emily cannot bear Edwin's uncompromising attitude. Emily just has told her mother and father that she is divorcing Edwin; her father sympathizes, but Frances is a little worried about a divorce in the family. There never has been a divorce in the Felt family.

Chapter 35

CALL TO JUDITH

FRANCES remembered only too well. She bent her head.

"Well," Emily said, "I never got over it. Even Edwin admits that it has—fallen down. Do you think it would be decent to go on after that with no bond except a common dread of what 'people' will say?"

Frances said at last, "No, I don't think it would."

Emily went quickly to her and kissed her, and Jeffrey looked blindly into the fire and marvelled that after thirty years of marriage a woman should still retain her capacity for the unexpected.

Nora knocked timidly upon the study door. "Mr. Edwin is here," she announced in a voice that quivered with excitement. Even Nora knew that husbands in good standing didn't ask to be announced. They came in without knocking.

Emily's head lifted. "I'll be right out, tell him."

But Edwin had followed Nora into the room; had waited until she had regretfully departed. Then he closed the door and stood with his back against it.

"You needn't," he said steadily. "I don't mind saying this before all of you."

Emily looked at him in astonishment. Edwin, too, had his capacity for the unexpected.

He crossed the room and stood facing them, but his eyes were on Emily.

"I want to apologize for the way I acted," he began. "You were right, and I was afraid to admit it. I want you to know that I'll do all I can to make the rest of it easier for you."

Emily fought back a sob. She had never, in all the years she had known Edwin, believed him capable of this.

"It was my fault in the first place," he went on, "for persisting so long and almost forcing you into it. I think," he looked from Frances to Jeffrey, "that all three of us were responsible for that, because I knew you both were on my side."

His eyes sought Emily's again. "And after you left I shouldn't have begged you to come back, especially when you thought I might die. You did everything on earth you could, but it was a mistake from the beginning. You won't believe it," he smiled faintly, "but I tried, too; and even with both of us trying it wouldn't work."

"I hope," he concluded the longest speech of his kind that Emily had ever heard him make, "that we can do it as friends, because I admire you now more than anybody I've ever known, even if I can't agree with you."

She was fighting for self-control. "Do you mind my saying the same thing, Edwin?"

He smiled again, the tight-lipped little smile that had repelled her so often in the past, and shook his head. "There's no reason to. It's just felt before it was too late."

When he had gone Emily covered her face with her hands, trembling between laughter and tears.

"If he had stayed much longer I'd have begged him to take me back, and that would have been the worst tragedy of all!"

Frances said hopefully, "Emily, are you quite sure that—"

"Quite, Mother," she interrupted quickly. "We all have our moments, and that was Edwin's. But unfortunately we can't keep on living up to them."

THAT night she went to bed in the room that had been hers ever since she could remember.

She lay and considered plans for the immediate future. Not Birmingham again, because a job there was out of the question in times like these.

Charlotte had taken two salary cuts already, and wrote that she expected each day to find herself in the ranks of the unemployed. And life in Birmingham would have no justification without work to fill the days.

She thought wistfully of Judith, and the long-deferred visit. There had been no word from Judith in months, but undoubtedly that was her own fault. She hadn't been able yet to write about the baby, and of course Judith was waiting to hear.

But the memory of Judith's glance

was like an oasis in a desert of monotony. She decided suddenly to call or write tomorrow and see if the invitation still held; then, with the worst of her ordeal in Elston behind her, she might seek solace at Morton Hall; might decide, away from the ties of home, what to do next.

The ordeal in Elston didn't bear a great deal of thinking about. There was the problem of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes: in the face of Edwin's courage she could do no less than go to them tomorrow and try, futilely, of course, to make them understand.

She believed that Edwin would help her; his word was a guarantee of that; but she knew that no amount of protestation on his part would convince them that he had been at all to blame.

He would simply in her opinion, be nobly and sacrificially shielding the graceless Emily, who had managed (heaven knew how) to hypnotize him!

And as for the divorce—in spite of herself she shivered a little: Jeffrey would help her with that. About six months, hadn't she heard, when it was by mutual consent?

She blessed Edwin for his unexpected generosity; otherwise it would have meant Reno, or an interminable period of waiting. In that case she would have waited; not even this exaltation of revolt would have carried her as far as Reno.

And finally, just before dawn, she fell asleep.

BECAUSE she felt that the prospect of Judith's company might help her through the impending ordeal, Emily called her the next morning on the telephone. She waited with a quickened heart for Judith's voice, wondering if it would have changed in these last interminable years.

The voice came finally; thin and distant, but with that unmistakable vibrant quality so characteristic of Judith.

"Emily? I don't believe it!" Emily laughed unsteadily. "It is how are you?"

"Vulgarily well, as usual. How are you?"

"I'm not so sure yet. Judith darling, you invited me to visit you once—"

The voice was scornful. "Once? Where do you get this 'once' stuff?"

"Several times, then. Does the invitation—still hold?"

Judith said stoutly, "You know darn well it does. When can you come—tomorrow?"

The precipitate Carroll! Emily thanked heaven for the quality. "Not tomorrow. Will next week do?"

"If you can't come sooner I suppose it will have to."

"This is Monday. Suppose I come a week from Wednesday?"

Judith said resignedly. "All right, if that's the best you can do. Let me know what train you're taking and the car will meet you in Montgomery."

"You're an angel. I'll write in the meantime."

"Sweet!" Judith hesitated. "Anything wrong, darling?"

"Yes," she said quietly. And repeated, "I'll write, today. Judith, she realized, didn't even know about the baby, but instinct must have warned her, since she had refrained from asking.

"I'll try to wait, then," Judith said. "But please hurry."

"I will. And a thousand thanks. She hung up the receiver with a lighter heart, and went to Jeffrey's study to say goodby to him. Jeffrey, she knew, had waited to hear the outcome of the conversation before he went to his office.

"It's all right, Dad. I'm going a week from Wednesday."

He brightened. "That's fine. The change will do you a world of good. He looked keenly at her. "You didn't want to go sooner?"

She shook her head. "That would look like running away. I wanted to stay and face the music here first and get that over. Then I can enjoy myself. That's what I'm going for, she concluded calmly, "to enjoy myself."

He smiled at her. "And I know you w 111. About this other business. Mick," his voice was carefully matter-of-fact, but he couldn't yet speak the word "divorce" casually; "I suppose you'll want it over as soon as possible!"

"Yes, I may never marry again, but I hate being widowed, maid, wife or widow. Is it very difficult?"

"Not very, under these circumstances. Two terms of court; one for the first, and one for the final decree. We can arrange it very quietly."

Jeffrey thanked heaven for Edwin's scrupulous sense of fairness. (Copyright, 1935, by Marian Sims)

Even Elston, Ala., where Emily has lived all her life, surprises her tomorrow.

SALEM WARS ON SLOT MACHINES

SALEM, Oct. 9.—(P)—By a vote of nine to three, the Salem city council last night passed an ordinance making it a city crime, punishable by a \$500 fine, six months in jail, or both, to possess, operate, play, sell, distribute or manufacture slot machines, marble board, punchboard or dart game equipment.

The measure provided not only for

Head-Hunting Band Caught By Police

BATAVIA, Java, Oct. 9.—(P)—Police reported today a round-up of 56 natives of the south coast of New Guinea, members of a head-hunting party said to have killed and eaten two native women. The arrests were said to include 17 children. The head-hunters, who have been scourging the New Guinea coast since August, are said to have killed 11 natives and kidnaped two children.

Nazis In Jewish Area Cause Riot

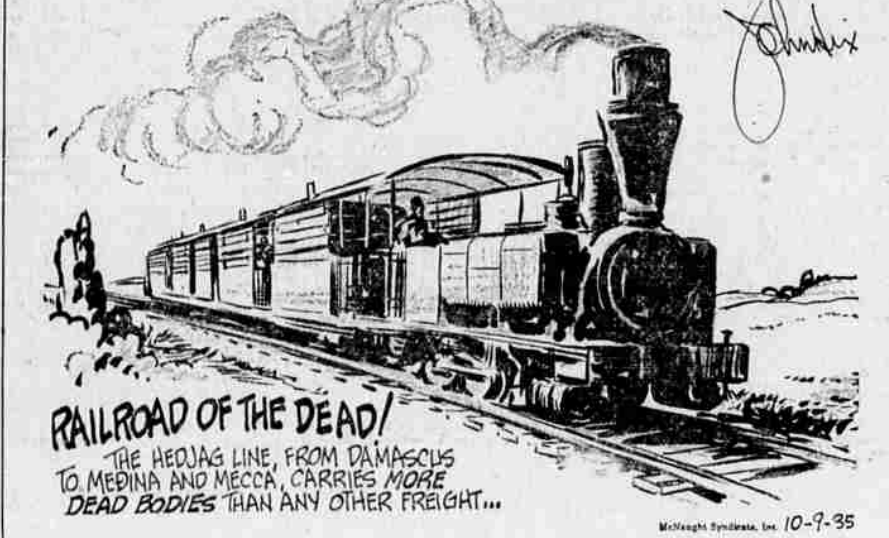
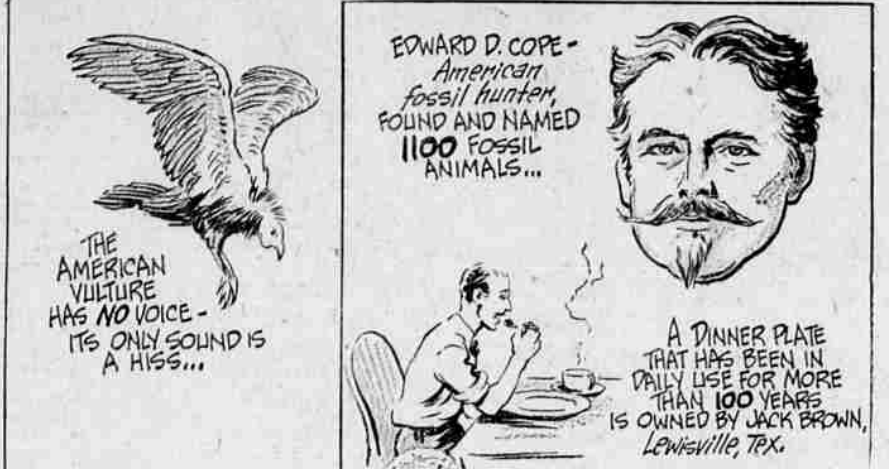
NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—(P)—The sight of five men wearing Nazi uniforms in the predominantly Jewish garment workers' district yesterday precipitated a short-lived riot.

Displaying swastikas, the five men drove into the section in a truck advertising a Nazi rally. About 3,000 persons, police estimated, stormed the truck, yanked out the occupants and beat them.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frowbridge Cast-Iron Works

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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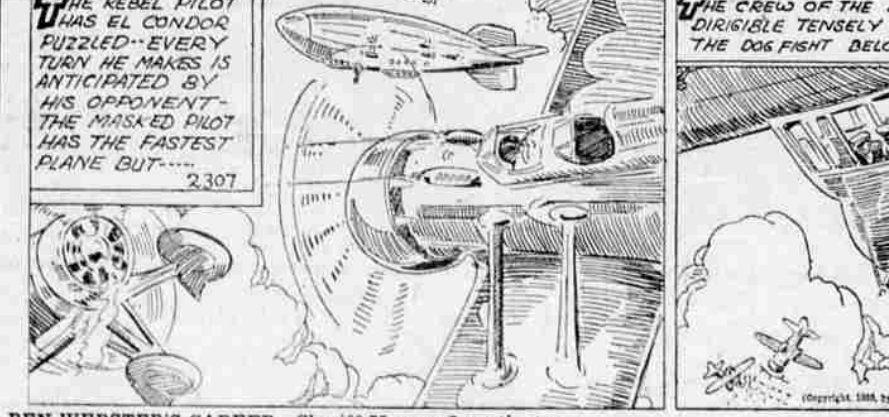
Back and forth, time after time, joy eternal salvation in the next year in and year out, between Damascus and Medina and Mecca, runs one of the strangest trains in the world. Enough to them, hence the believers prepare against the future by arranging to have their bodies taken to one of the sacred cities for burial.

Mecca, the great Holy City of Islam, is the chief town of Hejaz, in Arabia. It was here in this trading center centuries ago that Mohammed came with his vision of religion, and here that vision took shape. Mecca was the starting place for the crusade against non-believers that carried the word of Mohammed throughout the then known world.

Medina, likewise, sacred to Mohammedanism, lays its claim to religious fame to the fact that it was there Mohammed took refuge on his emigration from Mecca, and there, it is said, is his tomb. Medina, a city of agriculture before Mohammed's time, became a holy sanctuary at his command.

Tomorrow: Cross-Eyed Beauties.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Is Balked!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sheriff Morgan Investigates



THE NEBBS—There's a Reason for Everything



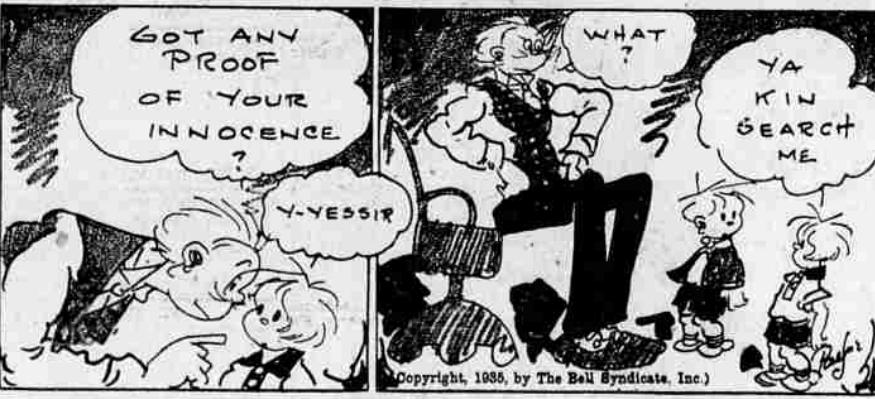
DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



Dollar Wheat Peps Canadian Growers

WINNIPEG, Oct. 9.—(P)—A new day has dawned for the Canadian prairie planter—at least those prairie planters who have grain to sell or had grain to sell after threshing was over.

Foreign importers have become conscious of Canadian wheat and stocks are being rushed rapidly eastward.

Dollar wheat has come back to the Winnipeg grain exchange after a year's absence, bringing with it a silver lining for the pockets of farmers who threshed a crop.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS