

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Barnes has decided to divorce her unloving, selfish, conventional husband, Edwin. Unexpectantly, Edwin reverses his earlier course, admits Emily is right to do what she proposes and offers to help as best he can. But Emily wants to get away from her husband, and arranges that after she has "laced the music" for a week, she shall go to visit a college friend at Morton Hall, her plantation further south in Alabama.

Chapter 34 HOME TOWN TALK

EVEN Elston, after twenty-five years, had its capacity for surprises. Dorothy Shane relayed the verdict, the inevitable twinkle lurking in her black eyes.

"Believe it or not, you've become a heroine over night."

Emily, who was packing for the visit to Judith, shook her head soberly. "Heaven forbid."

"But you have," Dorothy insisted. "Now that it has happened I can come clean and tell you that everybody in town wondered how you stood it as long as you did."

She faced Dorothy almost defiantly. "I can't bear for people to feel that way about him! He's been decenter about it all than anybody on earth could have been. And he's got ten times as many good traits as I'll ever have. If that's the way they're going to feel I'll never get over it! I'd much rather they'd put the blame where it belongs — on me!"

Dorothy sobered quickly. "I think they probably understand that; everybody knows that Edwin's character is above reproach. But they know, too, that he needs a nice little doormat like Lucy Barnes for his wife."

"That's perfectly true," Emily confessed. "If it weren't, and I didn't know that I'd actually be hurting him, I'd be tempted to go back to him."

Dorothy almost snorted. "Rot! If you dissolve into sentimentality when you've gotten this far I'll never come near you again! Edwin is much surer of coming out unscathed than you: nobody can pierce that armor of complacency for long."

That was true. Perhaps he had already regretted his generosity of the past week; had already clothed himself in the mantle of martyrdom. She snapped the lock on her trunk and turned her attention to a dressing case.

"Anyhow, I hope you'll let it be known that I don't appreciate being a heroine. My head is covered with ashes and I don't care who knows it."

Dorothy looked keenly at her. "Are you regretting this thing?"

She shook her head decidedly. "Heavens, no! I feel as if I'd just finished a sentence in jail. But I hate buying freedom at such a price."

Dorothy lit a cigarette. "You have to pay a big price for anything you want very badly. Now that you've paid it, for God's sake remember Lot's wife and quit looking back. What's the little poem: 'Look up, and not down; look forward, and not back.'" She grinned impishly.

Emily threw a cushion at her, which went wild and knocked off a lampshade.

"Darn you!" She held up an evening dress of ice-green tulle. "I wasn't taking this, but — I don't know. What do you think?"

The grin persisted. "Of course I'd take it. You may not need it, but it's well to be prepared for any eventuality. 'Look forward and not —'"

Emily laughed helplessly and reached for another pillow. Dorothy hung up a shielding arm.

"I think I'd better go home."

"Please don't," she begged. "With all your faults, I love you."

THE train connection to Birmingham was very poor. Jeffrey pointed out, and he had planned a business trip there in the immediate future: there was no reason why he couldn't go Wednesday as well as any other day, and William could drive them both down.

Frances looked both resigned and skeptical, and Emily beamed upon him.

"I'd love it—for your company more than for the convenience." She turned quickly to Frances, lest Frances feel slighted. "Isn't there some shopping you ought to do, Mother?"

Frances shook her head. The drive, she felt, was a little too reminiscent of a funeral procession; she preferred not to witness this symbolic breaking with everything she had always held sacred and irrevocable.

"I think not, my dear. I have a Board meeting Wednesday and I'll have to be here for that."

And so Emily and Jeffrey went.

MICKEY MOUSE DOG'S FAVORITE

CINCINNATI—(UP)—A motoring Boston letter is owned by Mrs. F. J. Brinkman, Cincinnati, and the dog's screen favorite, strange as it may seem, is Mickey Mouse.

Mrs. Brinkman started to take the Boston, "Mimi," to the movies three years ago.

"Mimi" pays little attention to what's going on except when Mickey Mouse is showing. Then he sits up with her ears back and black nose twitching. When Mickey fades out, so does Mimi and goes to sleep.

"Mimi" differs in quite a few respects from other dogs. She is fond of boys. As a midnight lunch she must have beer, potato chips and pretzels before she will go to sleep.

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Ban Credits For Sales To Italy
WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Officials today confirmed a disclosure that the United States export-import bank has decided against granting credits to facilitate the sale of American goods to Italy.

They added that the same decision probably would be made with regard to Ethiopia in case the question should ever come up.

EARLY HEARING URGED TO CUT MOONEY COSTS
WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Counsel for Thomas J. Mooney filed in the supreme court today a brief

urging an early hearing in his attempt to obtain his release, stating his resources were rapidly being exhausted.

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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.



CROSSED-EYES WAS A MARK OF BEAUTY AMONG THE ANCIENT MAYANS

It was queer—the fascination of the Black Belt. Cities and towns were more or less alike the world over, but life in this country was static; you had a sense of having stepped back into the pages of history.

Negroes everywhere (seven negroes to the white, hadn't David said?). Squidly, dusty little towns (David had told her innumerable amusing incidents about these little towns).

Sandy by-roads, along which shuffling oxen dragged home-made carts. Acres and acres of cotton fields; occasional enormous plantations some well kept, others in the last stages of decay.

She wondered about the fate of Carrollton since the passing of the old régime: some Northern capitalist, Judith said, had bought it for a "lodge." Probably his wife considered it "quaint."

And then, just at sunset, the car turned into a long winding driveway, at the end of which stood Morton Hall.

Judith burst through the open doorway and charged down the steps. They clung together for a moment, without speaking, then Judith overtook.

"That I should live to see this day! (Gus, those bags belong in the south guest room.) I couldn't get to the station and I've been holding my breath for half an hour." She held Emily off and surveyed her critically. "You haven't broken much."

Emily laughed and wiped her eyes. "Neither have you. And I don't believe you've got a child! I thought people always got fat and matronly looking." Judith was as radiant as ever and as slim as a sword.

"Not always; thank heaven!" Judith laughed and led the way into the house.

Morton Hall, Emily realized, was as fine a house of its type as Carrollton. A wide stairway, with all the sweep and grace of a perfect sentence; richly carved mantels; a dining-room appropriately paneled in hunting scenes; that much she saw in a glance.

Then her eye fell upon Davey, grinning amiably at her from a coop on the living-room floor.

She went straight to him, laughing as she went. Davey had evidently just dined, because his face was almost entirely covered with a lurid coating of jam. In one hand he held a toy dog, and in the other an as yet unopened package of cigars.

"Don't get near him," Judith advised, "until he's been fumigated. Of course it's my cue to run and wipe his nose (why do mothers always wipe their children's noses when anybody notices them?) and say: 'I hate for you to see him looking like this!' Only I can't say it, because he always looks like this—by the time you get him dressed."

Davey smiled broadly and bit off a corner of the cigar package. Emily saw with a tightening of her throat that he had the impish, vivid blue eyes of the other David.

She picked him up eagerly and thrilled to the feeling of his heavy, vibrant little body.

"I don't care what he looks like, he's a lamb. Won't this cigar paper disagree with him?"

"Heavens, no; he's omnivorous. He's in that charming contraption now because I caught him yesterday eating all the cheese off the rat-traps and I didn't dare leave him on the loose again. When things get dull or his dinner's late he picks out pieces of his rubber pants and eats 'em."

Davey eyed Emily critically and then offered her the package of cigars. She took it gravely.

"Thank you."

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Judith makes big plans, tomorrow.

BUILDING SPURT PEPS PORTLAND

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 10.—(AP)—The cheering complaint of being swamped with work emanated today from the Portland bureau of building permits.

The upward trend has brought 30 per cent more work and so increased the demands for permits that the bureau has not been able to keep up with it. H. E. Plummer, chief, reported to City Commissioner O. R. Bean.

Plummer said electrical permits for the ten months of the fiscal year were 12,161 compared with 7767 for the corresponding period the previous year.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

35 DRIVERS PERMITS REVOKED LAST MONTH

BALEM, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Violations of the Oregon traffic laws resulted in the revocation of 35 motor vehicle operators' licenses, and the suspension of 18 others during September, Secretary of State Earl Bess reported today.

Thirty-one licenses were revoked because their owners were convicted of driving while under the influence of liquor. Of the suspensions, 13 were for reckless driving.

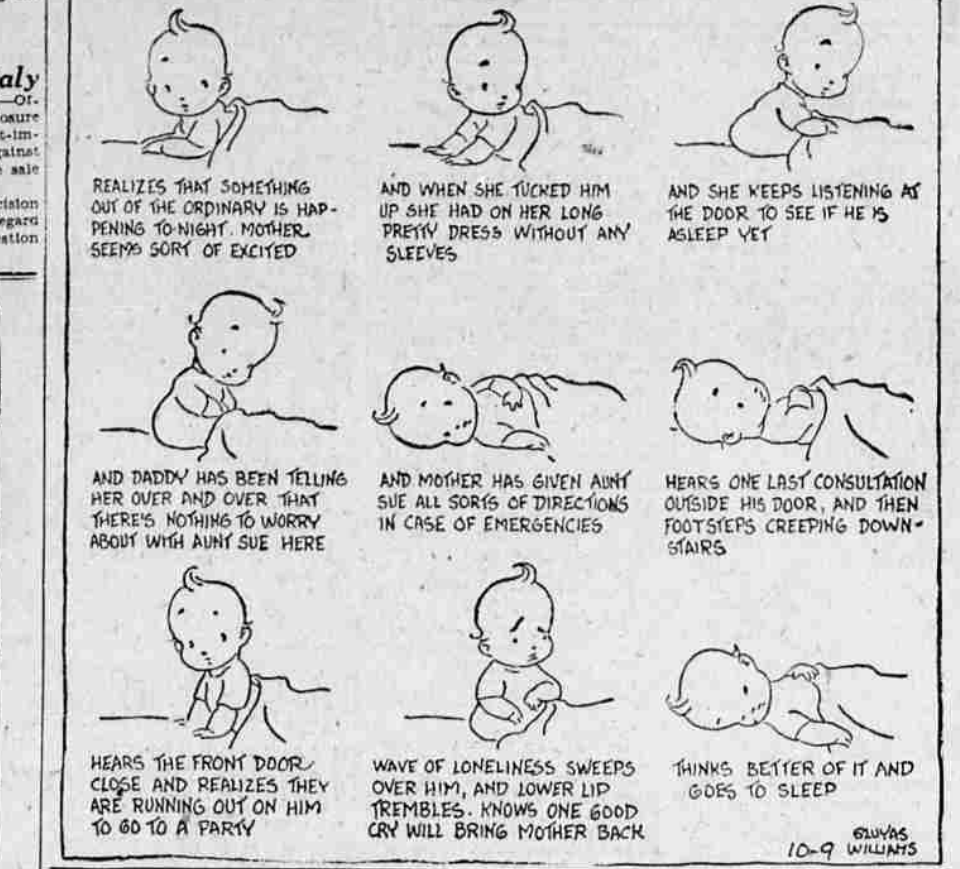
Convictions for traffic violations during the month totaled 397.

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not So Dumb!



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