

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Felton has at last taken steps to divorce the terribly upright Edwin Barnes, "what the honesty is overboarded by his mental instability." Emily has won her father and mother to her side, has found herself rather the heroine of her home town for her decision, and has gone to visit her school friend Judith, at Morton Hall, her husband's plantation. There is a little pain in the visit, however, because Judith's brilliant brother David is the man Emily first loved.

Chapter 37

CARROLLTON ONCE MORE

JUDITH grinned adoringly after young David. "His mother's sunny disposition," she chuckled. "Come on up and get the Alabama sand out of your ears."

While Emily bathed and changed Judith lay flat on her back on a chaise longue and chattered incessantly.

She was incredibly unchanged; to appearance she looked the same mature and self-sufficient eighteen that she had been almost eight years ago. Suddenly she raised herself on one arm and looked keenly at Emily.

"Of course it's none of my business and I know I shouldn't ask, but I can't stand the strain any longer. Emily darling, you were so very vague in your letter; is this break permanent?"

keen and twinkling. — shake was warm and firm. "I'd about decided you were ill. Santa Claus," he said; "somebody you hear about but never see."

His voice was a musical drawl, more reminiscent of the cotton fields than the Carroll voices, which had been tempered with Virginia meticulousness. Emily liked him at once.

"I know it," she apologized. "I don't deserve to be remembered."

He smiled. "If Jude ever gets on your trail you haven't got a chance of being forgotten. Not," he added thoughtfully, "that I blame her."

Judith interrupted gaily. "While we're exchanging bouquets let's have a cocktail!"

JUDITH lifted the glass that Aubrey had handed her. "To—the future!"

Aubrey glanced sharply at her, and watching them Emily saw that neither expression had changed, but that Judith had managed with a single slight inflection to convey the entire situation to her husband.

She sensed too that Aubrey had accepted it and, secure in his confidence in Judith's judgment, had approved it. That, she realized with a surge of longing, was what marriage should mean; that was what she and Edwin would never have achieved in a lifetime.



"The sooner I get used to it, the better."

Emily nodded slowly. "Very." Judith collapsed on the couch and slunk at the ceiling. "Thank God! I knew it couldn't work and I'd been terribly afraid you were the kind who would grin and bear it to the bitter end."

"I might have," she confessed, "if I hadn't found out accidentally that he was doing the same thing. Not grinning, because he isn't that sort, but hearing it."

"Tell me about it," Judith commanded.

Emily told her, taking scrupulous care to recount her own share in the future. Judith brushed that carelessly aside.

"I know; I know. You were just as much to blame as he was, but I'd have cast you off if you hadn't been." Her eyes sparkled. "This is better than I dared to hope. Now you can stay on indefinitely and we can have a gorgeous time!"

Emily protested laughingly. "We can't do everything your tone implies. I'm in a delicate position, remember."

"Not down here, you aren't. It's a position that this outfit will thoroughly understand and sympathize with."

"But do they have to know anything about it?" she asked in consternation. "I thought we wouldn't even mention it."

Judith scowled at her. "Have you, or have you not, left your husband? And if they know it in Elston it will leak down here sooner or later, so you may as well be brazen about it."

SHE sighed. "All right. I suppose the sooner I get used to it the better off I'll be."

Judith rose. "Dorinda will unpack the trunk and the rest of those things. Come on down and let me show you to Aubrey."

Emily had been prepared to like Aubrey Morton for Judith's sake, but she had reckoned without Judith's unerring instinct for people.

Aubrey was foppish, as Judith had said; with glasses and not much hair. He was barely as tall as Judith and was obviously ten or twelve years older, but you knew immediately that he was just the sort of man Judith should have married.

Behind the glasses his eyes were

She lifted her own glass, thinking as she drank of the vast spiritual difference that separated Elston from Morton Hall.

Dinner, even with the three of them, had a festive air; for Judith possessed the family gift for endowing the most casual act with ceremony. During the meal she talked incessantly.

"I didn't plan any sort of party for tonight; there's too much to talk about. After I've had a detailed account of the last few years I'll call in the neighbors and show you off, but not tonight."

"I'm glad you didn't," Emily confessed. "I'd rather get re-acquainted first. Not," she added to Aubrey, "that it's a bit difficult. I've simply taken up where I left off eight years ago."

Judith grinned. "That's my amazing personality. Except that you must have it too, because just seeing you makes me feel like a girl again."

Aubrey chuckled, and beamed impartially at them both. Emily thought with amusement that his attitude towards Judith suggested an old hen who had hatched a young swan. She liked Aubrey Morton more than ever.

In her room that night Judith ran a comb through her short, cloudy hair and stared thoughtfully at her reflection in the mirror.

"Carrollton is on the market again," she said.

Aubrey stopped undressing and looked suspiciously at her. He didn't bother to remind her that it was he who had given her that piece of information; he knew that Judith was merely thinking aloud.

"So what?"

"It can be bought for the price of the mortgage. And since Harrow didn't mortgage it until after the market crash the amount can't be much. Bankers weren't having any plantations by that time."

"It's probably not worth much," Aubrey reminded her. "Harrow hasn't spent a cent on it, and the land's been going down ever since he bought it. What are you up to now?"

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Emily has an early breakfast, tomorrow.

Hen Egg Torpedo-Shaped LINTON, Ind. (UP)—A hen's egg, resembling a miniature torpedo, has aroused misgivings of the populace, who, recalling tales of a similar egg laid in the West shortly before the World war, regard it as the harbinger of international strife.

Greedy Bass Choked DAMARIBSCOTTA, Me (UP)—A 15-inch bass that weighed 2½ pounds choked to death on a white perch. George Weston was fishing when he heard a disturbance. The perch, eight inches long, was stuck in the bass' throat.

CLOSE FISHWAYS TO OVERHAUL DAM

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 11.—(Sp.)—Pipes that operate hydraulic jacks used to close the gates at the Savage Rapids dam are being overhauled and a drainage pipe line laid to the bottom of Rogue river at the dam from the highway east of the dam is being repaired. E. Reed Carter, secretary-

manager of the Grants Pass Irrigation district said Thursday.

The work was begun following the opening of the gates and release of the water behind the dam early this week.

While the repairs are being made, no water has been going through the fish ladders, Carter said, but it would be impossible to do the work if the gates were closed enough to raise the water to the ladder level. In a few days the fish ladders will again be in use.

He said local sportsmen have agreed that this is the best time to do the work, since there is no run of fish on

now to make special use of the ladders.

ASHLAND ELKS LODGE TO MEET ON SATURDAY

ASHLAND, Oct. 11.—(Sp.)—About fifty members attended the regular business meeting of the Ashland Lodge No. 944, B. P. O. E. Wednesday night. It was voted, in the course of the meeting, that the regular meeting night be changed from Wednesday to Saturday, beginning November the first.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



LUCIANO CODE LUPPI—Italian peasant, who was shaved by a BOLT OF LIGHTNING—1935—



120 DESCENDANTS OF JOHANN BACH, famous German composer, HAVE BEEN CATHEDRAL ORGANISTS...

ENOUGH PHOSPHORUS OCCURS NORMALLY IN THE HUMAN BODY TO KILL MORE THAN 14,000 PEOPLE!

OUTLAW HERO

ETHAN ALLEN, REVOLUTIONARY LEADER OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, WAS DECLARED AN OUTLAW BY NEW YORK IN 1771... A \$750 REWARD WAS OFFERED FOR HIS CAPTURE...

Strange as it seems, deadly poison may be made from harmless elements—it takes only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen to compound lethal carbolic acid. Strangely, too, some deadly poisons are rendered perfectly harmless when they are in compound with other elements. Phosphorus is very poisonous. As little as one eighth of a grain of it has been known to cause death and there are 700 grains in a pound. At one grain each—eight times the minimum lethal dose—a pound of phosphorus would kill 7000 people.

In the normal human body there is about two pounds of phosphorus. Much of it is phosphorus carbonate which is found in the bones. Harmless compounds of phosphorus are found also in the blood, brain, and nerves. Enough poison to kill 14,000 people—and you can't live without it.

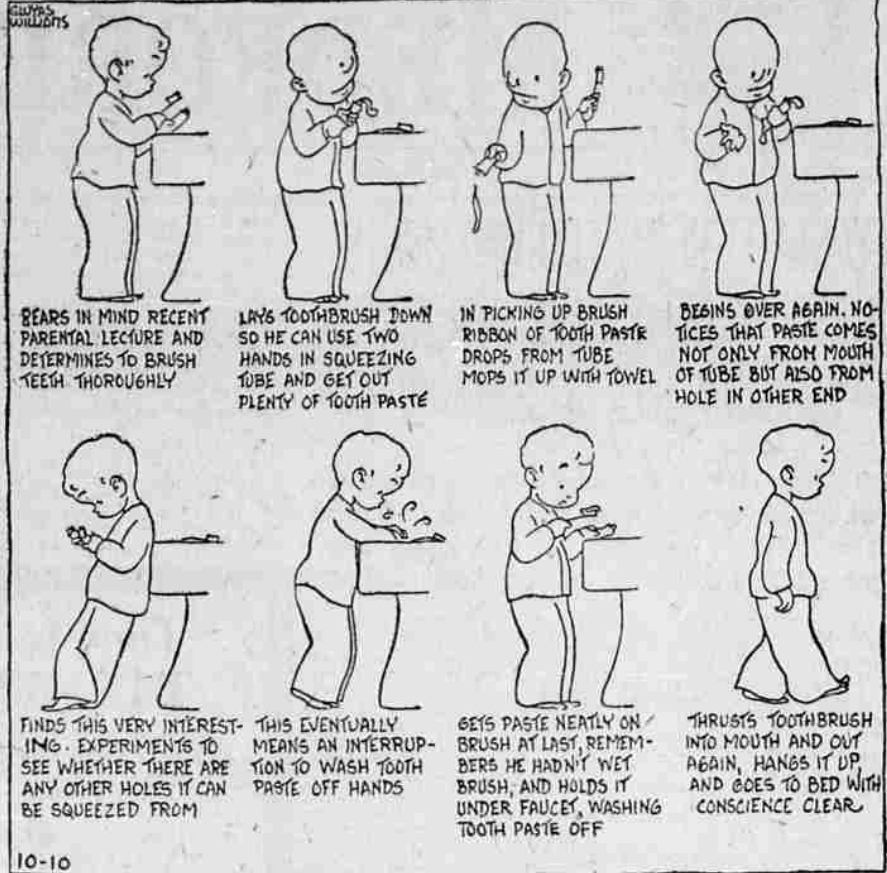
Probably the quickest shave on record was that given to Luciano Code Luppi, Parma, Italy, when he leaned out a window to watch the progress of a storm. One stroke of lightning and Code Luppi found himself sitting on the floor, unharmed but minus his beard and mustache.

Ethan Allen, hero of the American Revolution, began his fight for independence before there was a revolution. As early as 1771 he organized his famous Green Mountain Boys to evict settlers from New York who, he claimed, were hazarding the independence of Vermont. The governor of New York declared him an outlaw and offered \$750.00 for his arrest.

Tomorrow: Mummy Medicine.

TOOTH PASTE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BEARS IN MIND RECENT PARENTAL LECTURE AND DETERMINES TO BRUSH TEETH THOROUGHLY

LAYS TOOTHBRUSH DOWN SO HE CAN USE TWO HANDS IN SQUEEZING TUBE AND GET OUT PLENTY OF TOOTH PASTE

IN PICKING UP BRUSH RIBBON OF TOOTH PASTE DROPS FROM TUBE MOPS IT UP WITH TOWEL

BEGINS OVER AGAIN. NOTICES THAT PASTE COMES NOT ONLY FROM MOUTH OF TUBE BUT ALSO FROM HOLE IN OTHER END

FINDS THIS VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENT TO SEE WHETHER THERE ARE ANY OTHER HOLES IT CAN BE SQUEEZED FROM

THIS EVENTUALLY MEANS AN INTERRUPTION TO WASH TOOTH PASTE OFF HANDS

GETS PASTE NEATLY ON BRUSH AT LAST, REMEMBERS HE HADN'T WET BRUSH, AND HOLDS IT UNDER FAUCET, WASHING TOOTH PASTE OFF

THRUSTS TOOTHBRUSH INTO MOUTH AND OUT AGAIN, HANGS IT UP, AND GOES TO BED WITH CONSCIENCE CLEAR

10-10

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SOMETHING HEAVY ON YOUR MIND?

I CAN'T FIND WHERE THE END OF A PRETZEL IS AT

SAY! THAT IS A MYSTERY, ISN'T IT

U+U+U

WAIT! I THINK I'VE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING

THERE! YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ONE END AND OUT YOU'VE GOT TWO!

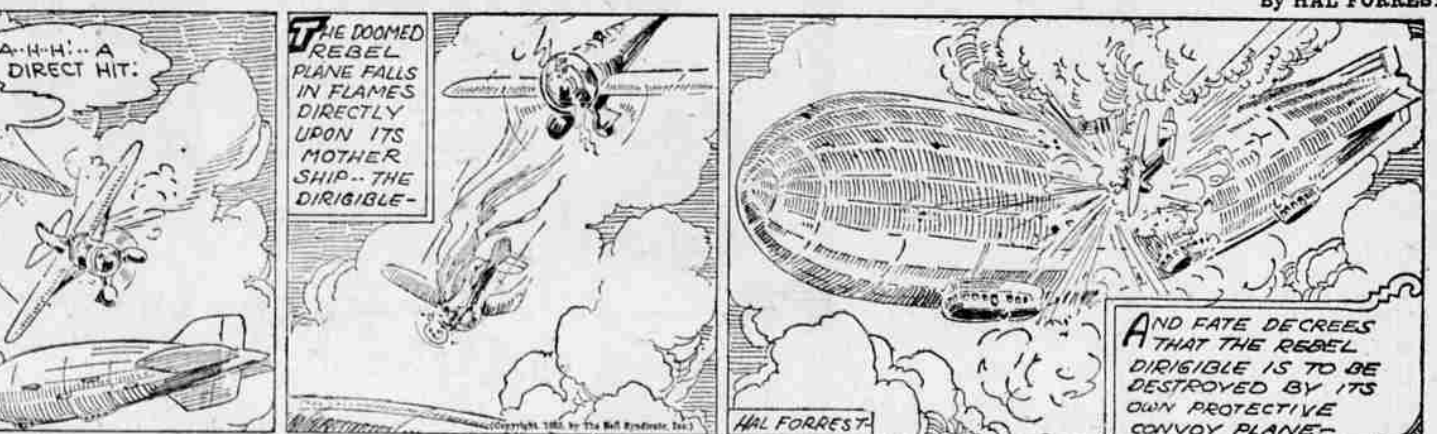
OH! THANK!

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10-10

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Down in Flames!

ANGERED AT THE UNSPORTSMAN TACTICS OF THE REBEL "DIRIGIBLE," EL CONDOR DECIDES TO FINISH IT OFF QUICKLY AND DIVES UPON IT WITH MACHINE GUNS SPITTING FIRE



A-H-H... A DIRECT HIT!

THE DOOMED REBEL PLANE FALLS IN FLAMES DIRECTLY UPON ITS MOTHER SHIP—THE DIRIGIBLE—

AND FATE DECREES THAT THE REBEL DIRIGIBLE IS TO BE DESTROYED BY ITS OWN PROTECTIVE CONVOY PLANE!

2309

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Slightly Worried

WELL, CUTHBERT, MAYBE THIS COW-TOWN GHERIFF WILL TRY TO GIVE US SOME TROUBLE—

NOT A CHANCE!

BUT THERE WAS A CHANCE AND CUTHBERT BOON AND AMOS SQUIGGS KNEW THAT THERE WAS!

OF COURSE IF THE FATHEAD GOT HOLD OF OUR RECORDS, THINGS WOULDN'T BE SO HOTSY-TOTSY—

THAT'S JUST THE POINT! I TELL YOU, CUTHBERT, THIS THING IS GOING TO SHAKE DOWN TO A QUICK CLEANUP AND A QUICKER GETAWAY—

NOT SO FAST, AMOS!

NO HALF-BAKED KID IS GOING TO SPOIL OUR RACKET—AND I'LL BET YOU THE GHERIFF'S SNOOPING BECAUSE THE KID OR THE OLD PROSPECTOR SQUAWKED!



(Copyright, 1935, by Jay Jerome Williams)

THE NEBBES—What Now, Folks?



HEY! STOP CHOPPING INTO THAT MOUNTAIN OF GOLD—THAT'S MY MOUNTAIN!

WAKE UP, RUDY, YOU'RE DREAMING

I'M NOT SLEEPING—DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET THAT GUY STEAL THAT WHEELBARROW FULL OF MY GOLD?

THAT'S ALL MY GOLD—EVERY TON OF IT AND I WANT ALL YOU GUYS TO KEEP AWAY FROM IT!! YOU CAN TAKE A LITTLE SAMPLE BUT DON'T COME WITH TRUCKS!

YES, DOCTOR, THIS IS MRS. NEBB—COME RIGHT AWAY—MY HUSBAND IS OUT OF HIS HEAD

10-10

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

By SOL HESS