

# MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

Chapter 43  
BIG NEWS

JUDITH burst precipitately into Emily's room at seven o'clock on a February morning. Her hair was on end and her dressing gown waved behind her.

"I can't stand it any longer or I'll explode like a steam boiler!" Emily blinked and sat up in sudden alarm. She was accustomed to Judith's effervescence but this was different; this was Vesuvius in eruption. She thought wildly of Frances and Jeffrey, then of Aubrey and Davey.

"Judith, is it?"

Judith made a flying leap and landed in the middle of the great walnut bed.

"I was going to keep it for a surprise, but the pressure's gotten too dangerous. David's coming home!"

David. She sat very still for a moment, then she forced herself to whisper:

"When?"

"This afternoon. The wire just came. He's landing this morning and flying to Montgomery." She flung her arms wide. "Isn't it the sweetest thing you ever heard of?"

In spite of the turmoil of her thoughts Emily laughed. "It's the grandest thing I ever heard of, Jude, darling, I'm as thrilled for you as you are for yourself."

Judith sat up. "How about being a little thrilled on your own account?"

"Because I don't figure in it." She eyed Judith in sudden terror. "Did you tell him I was here?"

Judith shook her head. "That was another of my surprises."

She sighed with relief. "Thank heaven for that!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm going home."

Judith stared at her in consternation. "You're doing nothing of the sort! Why do you think all this was engineered?"

"But don't you see," she spread her hands in a hopeless little gesture, "that being here now would be nothing on earth but throwing myself at him."

"It wouldn't," Judith's voice was rough with conviction. "David knows you too well, even now, ever to think that. And if you think that David would marry anybody on earth from a sense of duty you're all wet. He's too much of a Carroll for that; they don't know the meaning of the word. Now will you stay here and take your chances, or will you run like a scared rabbit?"

Emily's eyes were on the coverlet. "I'll stay."

Judith flung both arms about her neck. "I knew you would! Now hurry and get dressed; we've got things to do."

"Quite." Her ears attuned to the floor above had heard Emily leave her room and begin to descend the stairs.

From his position near the archway David saw her first, and recognized her instantly. He whirled on Judith, his voice a shaken, angry whisper.

"If this is 'our idea of a joke, it's damned poor taste!"

Judith's heart was singing. She whispered back: "It's not a joke, you idiot! Do you think she'd be here if everything weren't all right?"

THERE was no time for more. Emily was coming in and David had crossed the room to meet her. David took her hands and smiled down at her. "If this isn't a perfect



David took her hands, and smiled.

## 'SEVEN KEYS' TONIGHT AND MONDAY EVENING AT ASHLAND NORMAL

Tickets for the Southern Oregon Normal School play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a mystery farce by Geo. M. Cohan, under the direction of Angus L. and Lois M. Bowmer, are now on sale at the Toggery. The show will be produced tonight at 8:30 o'clock and Monday, at 8:20 p. m. in the S. O. N. S. auditorium.

The cast is as follows:  
William Halowell McGee—Angus L. Bowmer.  
Mrs. Quimby—Rosella Cline.  
Elijah Quimby—John Barker.  
Mary Norton—Marjorie McNair.  
John Bland—Mark Seeley.  
Mrs. Rhodes—Marian Ady.  
Peter, the hermit—John Harr.  
Myra Thornhill—Margaret Knox.  
Lou Max—Jim Foster.  
Jim Carpan—Ed Butte.  
Thomas Hayden—Wayne Smith.  
Jiggs Kennedy—Bob Stedman.  
Owner of Baldpate—Claude Eselstrom.  
Technical crew:  
Direction—Angus L. and Lois M. Bowmer.  
Scenery—Play production class.

Costumes—Elinore Gertson, Helen Gould.  
Business and publicity manager—Maxine Gerhart.  
Assistants—Don Carson, Jeanne Fabrick.  
Stage Manager—John Harr.  
Bookholder—Rosella Cline.  
Properties—Jeanne Fabrick, Bernice Martin.  
Electrician—Gaylor Tice.  
Sound—Elva Martin.  
Assistant—Jean Gillings.

Card of Thanks  
We wish to thank our many friends for their kind expression of sympathy and many beautiful floral offerings during our recent bereavement.  
L. M. Fisher  
William Fisher.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Sulphur, a solid at ordinary temperatures, melts at from 112 to 119 degrees, Centigrade, into a clear yellow fluid. If, however, this molten sulphur is still further heated to about 250 degrees, it thickens again, becoming dark and almost solid. Application of more heat turns it clear and limpid again at 300 degrees. Sulphur, then, first melts, then solidifies, then melts again as more heat is applied. At 448 degrees it boils, forming a yellow vapor.

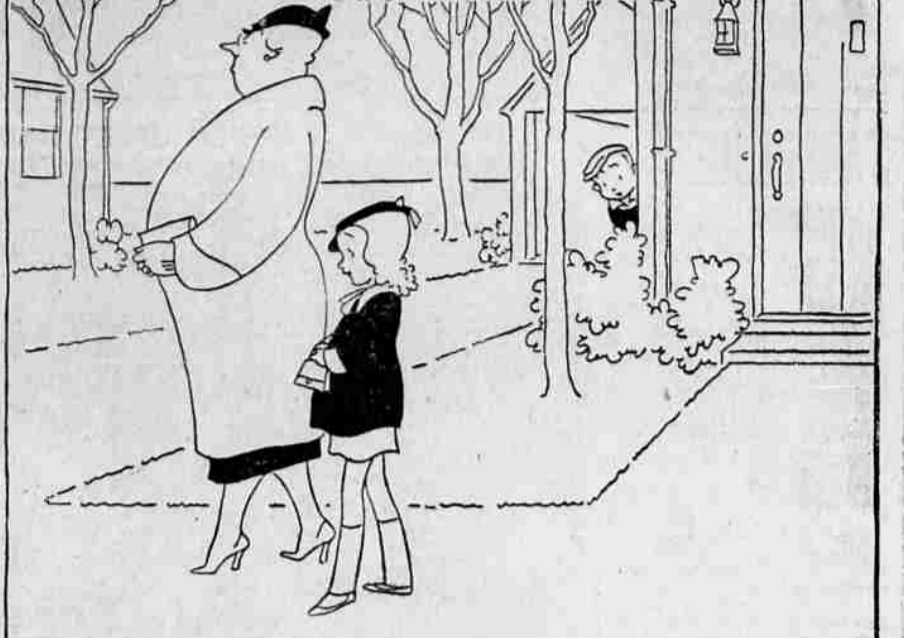
Robert Thomas, mystery man of the Windham county jail, Brooklyn, Conn., was sentenced to a short jail term ten years ago on a charge of vagrancy. Well liked, useful, and apparently quite contented, he made arrangements to stay on after his term was up, living in the jail and working there for his meals, clothes and a small monthly allowance.

Although he never talked of his past or his family, occasional slips in his conversation led officers to believe that he came from a good family, and was a man of fair education. The name he gave was probably fictitious. Just why a man would so willingly call a county jail his home for ten years, no one could say. The mystery now is a closed one, for not long ago Robert Thomas died.

Tomorrow: Survival of the Fittest.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

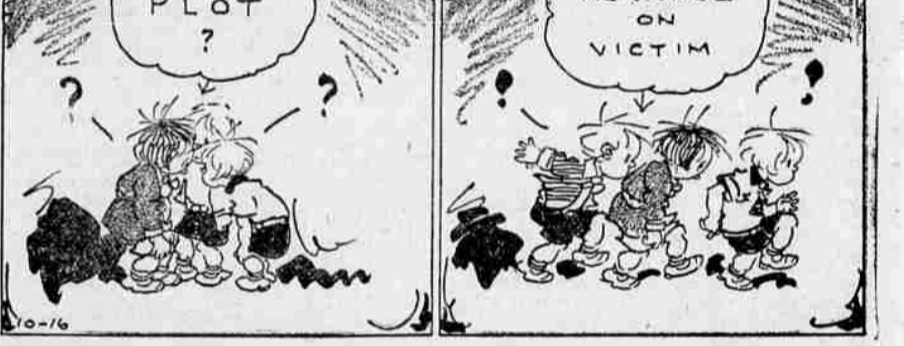
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BY HIDING OUT IN THE GARAGE YOU ELUDE YOUR MOTHER'S CALLS TO COME IN AND SEE VISITORS, REALIZING TOO LATE THAT THE VISITORS INCLUDED THE MOST RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO HAS RECENTLY MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

10-15

## SMATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



10-16

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Arrives in Time



2315

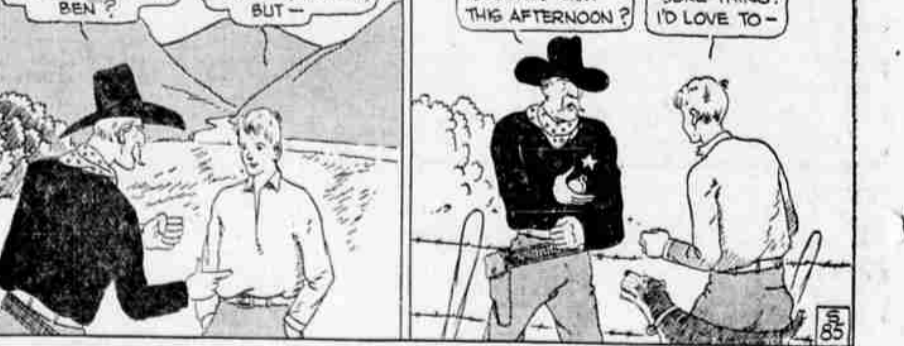
## By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sheriff's Proposal



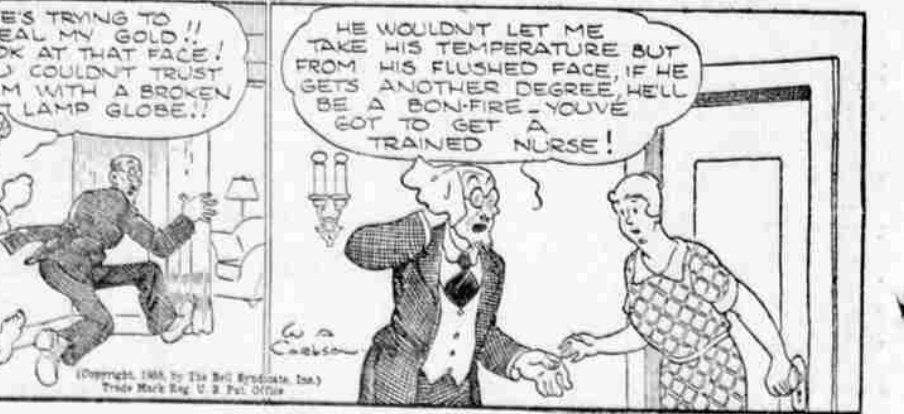
10-17

## By EDWIN ALGER



10-18

## THE NEBBS—Behave Yourself



10-19

MERCIFULLY, the plane was on time, or Judith would have demoralized the entire airport. She pushed past a uniformed official, was snatched by a greasy mechanic from a horrible death in the propeller and flung herself upon the first male passenger who descended, knowing instinctively that David would be the first man to alight.

In the car David found the tension light and switched it on. "I want a good look at you," he explained as the car moved away.

They were holding hands unashamedly now; still smiling a little tremulously at each other. Judith said tragically:

"You look like—Zeus or somebody, but I'm sure I've aged terribly!"

"Terribly," David agreed gravely, and they both burst out laughing.

She looked about the car for something to hurl and David said persuasively, "Not on my first day at home, please. Sit back and tell me about Aubrey and my nephew."

She leaned back and he put an arm about her shoulders. For half an hour she talked steadily.

Aubrey and Davey, who had watched for the headlights as they turned in the driveway, were waiting on the steps. Emily, Judith observed, was not visible. The two men gripped hands, smiling and almost wordlessly, and Judith caught up her son.

They went inside the house and David stopped for a moment in the hall, in his eyes the expression of a pilgrim returning to a well-reverenced shrine. He had known Medford Hall well in the past.

"Oh, Jude," he turned swiftly to her and his voice broke a little. "If you knew what it means to be back!"

His eyes swept the living-room with the same hungry glance, as if he had only this moment to imprint its appearance upon his memory forever. Then he smiled at her.

"Quite the chateleine, aren't you?"

Emily, tomorrow, blushes before breakfast.

L. Swarrs, chief government assessor, estimated today.

Approximately \$7,000,000 worth of gold has arrived from the territory since July 1. Production will be about 20 percent greater than last year.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

**\$18,000,000 Gold Taken In Alaska**

SEATTLE, Oct. 18—(UP)—Alaska gold production during the current fiscal year will total \$18,000,000, the largest amount in 20 years, Georgia

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
THE FLAVOR LASTS