

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily has run away from Edwin Barnes, her husband, on their wedding night. She has only just escaped a nervous breakdown, and now is happily engaged to a new home and a new job, in Birmingham. Her best friend, Charlotte, has taken her to call on a group of her friends, and Emily is finding their conversation and manner a stimulus as well as a pleasure.

Chapter 22 EDWIN WRITES

ANNE waved a fork at Steve. "Go tell Vi that she's got to make the omelet, and that I'll be ready by the time it is. And don't come back."

He went reluctantly out, and she heard him bang on Viola's door and repeat the message. Then he ambled into the living-room and an instant later the sound of the piano reached them.

Emily lifted her head and stared at Anne. He was playing, with feeling and a beautiful precision the Chopin scherzo in C sharp minor. Anne answered the question in her eyes.

"It's his real calling, of course. But he says he hasn't the attributes of greatness, and that being a second-rate musician is worse than being second-rate in any profession in

other. Because Anne doesn't insist, I suppose."

Days in Birmingham passed for the most part pleasantly and quickly, but during the odd moments that she couldn't fill, or when she had gone to bed and had no resources but her own thoughts, all the unsolved problems from which she had fled came trooping down upon her.

Then she knew that this was only a reprieve. She was like Joshua, who had stopped the sun for a brief span; but afterwards the sun had gone inexorably on its way.

She had cried over Edwin's letter, so like Edwin himself in its resignation.

"If only he would threaten to beat me!" she thought wildly. "It would do us both good."

She wrote urging him to divorce her if he wished, and Edwin replied quite characteristically that he was willing for her to divorce him if it would mean her happiness, but that he would never take the step himself.

HE was finishing the little house, "because it had no market value as it stood," and was planning to put it on the market at once unless—

The "unless" had been scratched out and the sentence ended there.



It was a lively meal.

the world. So he works on a newspaper.

Viola came in, managing, in spite of her scented and shining cleanliness, to look a little untidy. She nodded cordially to Emily and went capably to work on the omelet.

When supper was ready they served themselves from the buffet, then gathered round the table. It was a lively meal, and again the conversation was reminiscent of Ardmore.

A voice from the living-room interrupted them. "Am I too late?"

Everyone shouted at once at the man who appeared in the doorway, and there was a general shuffling to make a place for him at the table.

He was very different from Jed and Steve. A man in early middle age, Emily guessed; beautifully tanned, assured and smiling. He laid a casual hand on Anne's shoulder in greeting and Anne's eyes flamed for an instant and then were quickly veiled. She said carelessly:

"Charles, you haven't met Mrs. Barnes over there, Mr. Kincaid."

He bowed, found a plate with an air of being much at home, and helped himself from the buffet. Steve Young said solemnly:

"I ate all your caviar."

Charles Kincaid sat down. "Thank heaven for that. I hate caviar, just as I hate all kinds of fish roe. It gives me the creeps to think of all the billions of fish that I'm depriving of life at every bite."

"All the more reason to like it," Steve insisted. "It isn't often you have a chance to do so many favors to one fell swoop."

CHARLES KINCAID drove Emily and Charlotte home a little later, saw them into the house and bade them a courtly goodnight. Emily stared thoughtfully after him.

"He's quite different from the rest of the masculine element there. Where does he come from?"

Charlotte waited until they were upstairs before she answered.

"He's really a prince, and I'm frightfully sorry for him. He has a neurotic invalid for a wife; a female devil that won't divorce him and won't live with him."

"Why doesn't he divorce her?" Charlotte shrugged. "Ask me an-

PEACH BLIGHT FUNGUS PROTECTIVE SPRAY IS ADVISED BY CO. AGENT

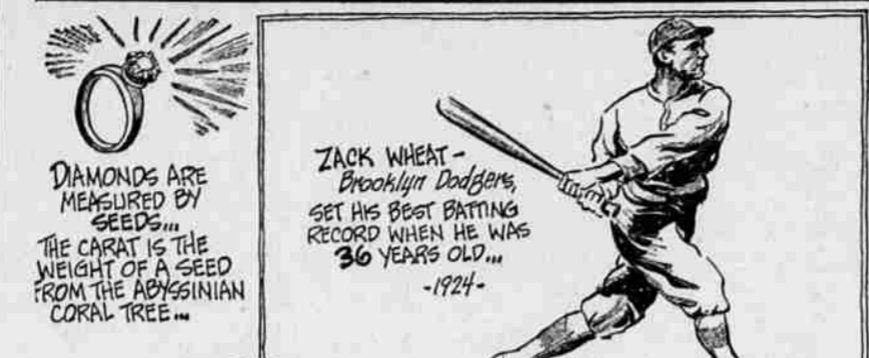
With the beginning of fall rains, the peach blight fungus will become active and destroy many buds and fruit spurs unless a protective spray is applied soon, states C. B. Cordy, assistant county agent.

This disease attacks peach and apricot trees in the fall and early winter and its effects are not noticed until early spring. When the tree starts growth many twigs and spurs are blighted and have lumps of gum exuding from them. Severely attacked buds fail to develop, others bloom weakly and fall off. In severe cases large limbs may be killed.

or the home mixing of bordeaux spray may be obtained at the county agent's office.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ZACK WHEAT—Brooklyn Dodgers, SET HIS BEST BATTING RECORD WHEN HE WAS 30 YEARS OLD... —1924—



THE McDONALD CLAN—
THE 4 CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. ALEX McDONALD, Long Beach, Cal., ALL MARRIED McDONALDS... NONE BEING RELATED BEFORE MARRIAGE!

Since ancient times gold and precious stones have been weighed in karats—and long before there was any arbitrary standard of units of weight the karat was almost perfectly standardized.

The original karat was the seed of the coral tree of Abyssinia. This tree (Erythrina Abyssinica) produces seed that, when dry, never vary in weight. The karat used today in weighing precious metals and stones is equal to 3.168 grains or 205.6 milligrams.

BITTERNESS is more quickly detected by taste than either of the two extremes of sweetness or sourness. Things just slightly sweet or sour are difficult to detect—but you can taste bitterness in very dilute solutions.

Zack Wheat, Brooklyn player of a decade ago, reached his peak year at an age when most big league players are thinking about retiring. In 1924, when he was 35 years old, Wheat batted .375, played in 141 games, came to bat 565 times for 212 base hits and scored 92 runs.

Tomorrow: Kingdom for a Hair-Cut.

Strange as it seems, the four children in the McDonald family all married McDonalds, and before the marriages none of the in-laws were related in any way. The children, son and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Alex McDonald of Long Beach, Cal., are Jennie McDonald of Long Beach, Calif.; Charlie McDonald of Port Huenon, Mich.; Katie McDonald of Loraine, Ohio; and Douglas McDonald, the latter now deceased, survived by his widow, Mrs. Little McDonald of Grindstone City, Mich.

NAPKIN TROUBLE

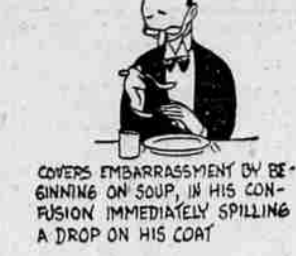
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 9-23



15 GUESTS AT DINNER PARTY. HOPES TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION



UNFOLDS NAPKIN, SMALL ROLL WHICH WAS TUCKED INTO IT, FLYING OUT ONTO FLOOR



COVERS EMBARRASSMENT BY BEGINNING ON SOUP, IN HIS CONFUSION IMMEDIATELY SPILLING A DROP ON HIS COAT



REACHES HASTILY FOR NAPKIN IN LAP AND DISCOVERS IT HAS SLID TO FLOOR AND GOT NICKED UNDER TABLE



RETRIEVES IT, VERY AWKWARDLY



BEGINS TO RECOVER HIS COMPOSURE A LITTLE, UNTIL HE FEELS NAPKIN SLIPPING OFF OTHER SIDE OF LAP



DIVES FOR IT, CRACKING HEADS WITH WOMAN ON HIS RIGHT, WHO IS REACHING FOR HER NAPKIN WHICH HAS VANISHED



APOLOGIZES, PRACTICALLY INCOHERENT IN HIS CONFUSION



REALIZES THAT WOMAN HAVING TAKEN HIS NAPKIN, HE NOW HAS NONE AND IS HELPLESS IF HE SPILLS A GRIN. IS VERY MISERABLE

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



WE'LL HAVE THE REST OF THE MEAL WITHOUT SOUND. NOT ANOTHER WORD!



DON'T SIT THERE STARING! EAT YOUR SOUP!



SMATTER? ARE YOU SULKING?



SMATTER? ARE YOU SULKING?



SMATTER? ARE YOU SULKING?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Is Desperate!

By HAL FORREST



EL CONDOR HAS JUST GAINED TOP POSITION OVER JOSE JOLLA, SCARLET ACE, COMMANDER OF THE REBEL AIR FORCE, AND IS NOW DIVING DOWN UPON HIS ENEMY.



AT LAST!—THE SITUATION IS REVERSED—



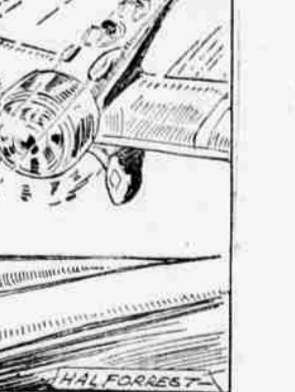
DESPERATELY, JOSE EXECUTES EVERY STUNT MANUEVER AT HIS COMMAND TO SHAKE OFF HIS ADVERSARY



THEN HE WHIRLS OUT HIS PISTOL AND FIRES IT DIRECTLY AT THE PROPELLER OF EL CONDOR'S PLANE



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cal's Discovery

By EDWIN ALGER



BEAR IN MIND THAT CALVIN PANHARD WAS THE DISCOVERER OF WILD HOGS VALLEY AND THAT GO FAR AS THE OLD PROSPECTOR KNEW—UNTIL THE COMING OF CUTHBERT BOON AND AMOS GQUIGOS—NO OTHER STRANGER HAD SET FOOT IN THE VALLEY—



THEY'VE STAKED A CLAIM TO MY MINE! THEY'RE GOIN' TO TRY TO TAKE OLD BETSY AWAY FROM ME!



AN' THEY KIN DO IT, TOO, 'CAUSE I NEVER FILED A CLAIM ON IT!



DIANNIE, WE'RE LICKED—PLUMBS LICKED! AN' WE'RE BOTH TOO OLD TO MAKE A FRESH START!



DIANNIE, WE'RE LICKED—PLUMBS LICKED! AN' WE'RE BOTH TOO OLD TO MAKE A FRESH START!



DIANNIE, WE'RE LICKED—PLUMBS LICKED! AN' WE'RE BOTH TOO OLD TO MAKE A FRESH START!

THE NEBBS—Opportunity

By SOL HESS



I'M SORT OF WORRIED ABOUT THIS GUY, TECH, AFTER WHAT FLINT SAYS ABOUT HIM—BUT THEN HE COULD GO STRAIGHT JUST THE SAME AS FLINT



SAY NEBB, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THAT 1000 SHARES AVAILABLE? I JUST GOT A WIRE—WE HAVE A CUSTOMER FOR IT—DON'T MAKE FINANCES AN EXCUSE—I'LL LOOK AFTER THAT FOR YOU



I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST IN ME TECH, BUT MY FATHER TAUGHT ME NEVER TO BITE OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW—I MAY NOT GET RICH IN THIS POLICY BUT I WON'T BE A TRAMP EITHER



THIS IS NO GAMBLE, IT'S THE PIPE OF THE AGES—YOU'RE NOT ONLY SLAMMING THE DOOR ON OPPORTUNITY BUT YOU'RE KICKING HIM IN THE FACE



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LANDIS IS CHAIRMAN SECURITIES CONTROL

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—(AP)—Selection of James M. Landis as chairman of the securities and exchange commission was announced today by Joseph P. Kennedy, retiring chairman, after a conference with President Roosevelt.

CAPITOL COMMISSION WILL BE SUGGESTED

SALEM, Sept. 24.—(AP)—A capitol commission of five members to be appointed by the governor and confirmed by the senate will be recommended by the state legislature by the state planning board, the fourth progress report of the committee on the new structure stated today.

SEATTLE, Sept. 23.—(AP)—Attendants at Providence hospital today reported the condition of Judge Francis A. Garrecht of the United States circuit court of appeals as "good."

He is convalescing after becoming ill here ten days ago.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—(AP)—The Hoffman Construction company of Portland, Ore., submitted a low bid of \$48,854 today on constructing a new postoffice at Baker, Ore.

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