

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

**Chapter 24
NEW HOME**

EMILY came to the hospital twice a day at first, and stayed an hour each time; then gradually her visits lengthened. Two weeks later she had Edwin moved to her own home, to the room that had been hers. His happiness was almost too great to bear.

She wrote to Charlotte as soon as the die was cast, very briefly and casually, because she didn't dare let herself go. But Charlotte understood, and answered the letter at once.

Emily, darling: The cards do seem to be stacked against you, and you're probably doing the only thing possible. The only thing for you, that is, I'm not so sure it would be for myself, or for anyone else. But then I can't imagine myself with any man eating out his heart for me! On one thing, though, I shall never let you rest. Don't let it get you matrimony, I mean—domesticity. Don't let your mind atrophy because you have got a mind, Emily, and a darn good one. Remember that the world isn't bordered by a white picket fence. I'm shipping your stuff and enclosing your pay-check. Frame the check and put it in a prominent place; let it be your ensign of battle. And carry on!

I love you a great deal, Infant. Charlotte

The letter filled her with an unbearable yearning for Charlotte, for the heartening influence of Charlotte, and the keenness of her mind that was as stimulating as an electric vibrator. But she questioned the advice it contained.

The little house was sweet: a New England cottage of white clapboard, with a white picket fence and a flagstone walk and big fat boxwoods at the door. There was to be a garden at the back; so far Edwin had gotten no farther than a pond with gold and silver fish.

He hadn't offered it for sale after all; it had been built for Emily, and it seemed incredible that Emily wouldn't one day live in it with him. Now his faith had been justified, and he moved in a rosette haze.

Emily worked frantically, because she had learned in Birmingham that if you worked very hard you were usually too tired to think after you went to bed.

She couldn't furnish the house and plant her garden at the same time, and while her heart was with the garden, there was very little that could be done with it until fall, so she concentrated upon immediate necessities, such as chairs and tables and rugs.

Frances dropped in often "to offer suggestions," secure in the conviction that her wider experience and maturer taste were indispensable to the furnishings of Emily's home. She dropped in this morning. "Notice in the paper that Kairallah is having a marvelous sale of Orientals," she announced.

EMILY was hanging curtains. She adjusted the folds of a drapery and stepped back to consider the effect. "Is he?"

"Yes," Frances cocked her bird-like head. "The gathens are a little thick under your right hand. I thought we might go down tomorrow and see them."

Emily continued to arrange the drapery. It was a sunny chintz, with little Valentine bouquets on an apple-green ground.

"But I'm not interested in Orientals, darling. In the first place I couldn't afford them, and in the second they don't go with a New England cottage."

"But you won't always live in a cottage, and Orientals last a lifetime. Besides, your father and I wanted to help you get them."

Emily smiled at her. "Bless you both!" She couldn't tell her mother that the frosty elegance of the Felton home was just what she wanted to avoid.

"I'll get the cheaper ones now, and by the time they're worn out perhaps I'll be ready for the other ones. Give me a rain-check on them."

"What are you planning to have?" Frances's tone implied that whatever it was, it was probably impractical.

"Plain taupe for the big ones, and a few small hooked ones where they'll do the most good. Aunt Mandy's making me some braided ones for the bedrooms."

"Aunt Mandy!"

"Yes, I was over there one day years ago for the laundry and she was working on the cunningest rug

I ever saw. I made up my mind then that if I ever had a house she'd do me some. She's tickled to death over doing 'em."

Frances came as near smiling as it is possible for a perfect lady to come. "I hoped you'd have Browns to your house instead of picking up things helterskelter as you're doing."

Emily twinkled wickedly at her. "Do you know why I didn't? Because whenever you go into one of his houses someone always trills, 'Oh, I know Browns did this; it looks exactly like him!' I don't want my house to look like Browns'; I want it to look like—like Emily Barnes." She stumbled over the last word.

Her mother shrugged delicately, thereby disclaiming all responsibility for the very probable gaucheries of her daughter's completed home. Emily came down from her perch to survey the finished drapery.

The door-knocker sounded and Emily sighed as she went to answer it. There ought to be a law, she thought rebelliously, against morning callers.

The caller was her mother-in-law, and Emily's heart sank. Mrs. Barnes would never approve of the new draperies; they didn't look "serviceable" enough. But she smiled gaily.

"Come in. You're just in time to pass judgment."

MRS. BARNES looked gratified. She was a plump, rather dowdy little woman who had "let herself go" considerably more than Frances Felton had, and prided herself upon it.

In fact, Lucy Barnes prided herself upon a great many things. Upon the fact, for example, that Mr. Barnes was her lord and master instead of her companion; that he told her what to believe, and paid all the household accounts because "women had no head for figures"; that she had completely forgiven Emily for having behaved so disgracefully towards Edwin; that she had her clothes made at home because the materials in ready-made dresses were so shoddy nowadays.

"In time to pass judgment on what?" she asked brightly.

"The living-room draperies," Emily led the way to the room.

Mrs. Barnes, having greeted Frances with excessive cordiality, stood back to observe the apple-green chintzes. "Won't they fade?"

"No," Emily assured her. "They're sunfast."

Mrs. Barnes looked disappointed. Her own draperies were dark red and had been in use, with the exception of the summer months, for twelve years. In June they were taken down and cleaned, and in September they were put back. They were very durable curtains.

"They're very bright and cheerful," she conceded.

"They're very well suited to this type of house, I think," Frances stated.

Emily wanted to laugh. Whatever misgivings Frances might have about her daughter's taste would never be communicated to an outsider. Frances also prided herself.

Mrs. Barnes sat down in the frailest Heppelwhite chair. "Don't let me stop you; I can only stay a minute."

"I was through anyhow. I'm glad of an excuse to stop."

Frances rose. "I must send William for your father, so I'd better go." She considered offering to drop Mrs. Barnes at home and decided that it would avenge too much of speeding the parting guest.

Mr. Barnes didn't believe in chauffeurs, and during business hours, Mrs. Barnes walked. "If you and Edwin haven't any plans," she added, "I hope you'll come to dinner tonight."

Emily sighed with relief. Her maid had been out for two days and she was rapidly coming to the conclusion that her domestic accomplishments weren't meant to include cooking.

"We'll be charmed. In addition to the company the idea of eating food I haven't prepared is entrancing."

When Frances had gone Lucy Barnes said resignedly: "I'd dropped by to ask you to supper with us tonight, but of course we can't offer the inducements that Frances can."

Emily wanted very badly to kick over a table, and was suddenly ashamed of herself. "I'm so sorry I didn't know! And if you think you haven't any inducements, just extend another invitation and see how quickly we accept it!"

She took her mother-in-law's plump arm. "Come and see the chest of drawers I had Turner do over for me."

But tomorrow, the inevitable dinner with the Barneses must be gone through with.

BARRYMORE'S WIFE NOT AT STATION

PASADENA, Cal., Sept. 26.—(AP)—John Barrymore came home to Hollywood yesterday after a romantic interlude in the east and was embraced in welcome by his brother, Lionel. Barrymore left the train here that brought him from Gallup, N. M., parried questions concerning Elaine Barrie, and hustled into Lionel's automobile.

This ended the fight across the nation during which Miss Barrie pursued him by airplane to Kansas City, and which was temporarily interrupted at Gallup when the Romeo of stage and screen sought peace and quiet among the Indians.

Dolores Costello Barrymore, estranged wife of the actor, was not among those who gathered at the station here.

FIGHT BET LOSER USES NOSE TO PUSH PEANUT

SEATTLE, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Abashed by a cheering crowd, Lester Teagle, restaurant proprietor, pushed a one-ounce peanut across Broadway at

East Pike street with his nose today because he bet on Max Baer last night. He completed his wager in 6 minutes 13 seconds.

K. F. MEN INDICTED ON RUM SALE TO INDIANS

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—The federal grand jury Tuesday returned 38 indictments, including charges of providing liquor to Indians against Jerry Hayes, John Leeper and John Newman, all of Klamath Falls, and John Wayak, Chiloquin. Not true bills dissolved charges of selling liquor to Indians against Charles Tibbets and Vernon Johnson, Klamath Falls.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**AMERICAN INDIANS—
USED TWO LANGUAGES—
SPOKEN AND
GESTURE...**

A FRESH HOT CROSS BUN HAS BEEN HUNG IN THE WINDOW OF "THE WIDOW'S SON" INN EVERY GOOD FRIDAY FOR 112 YEARS TO WELCOME HOME A SON WHO NEVER RETURNED

AN OYSTER CAUGHT A RAT BY SNAPPING SHUT ON ITS TAIL...
SURETH CREEK, N.C. 1935

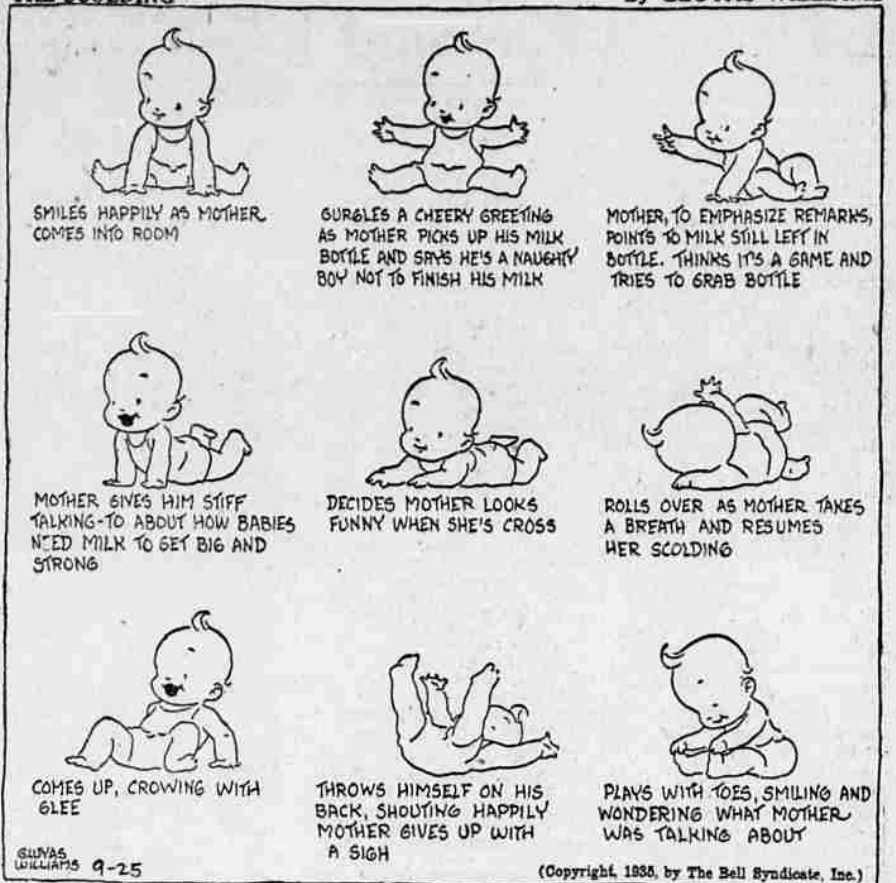
Strange as it seems, the American Indians had two languages by which they communicated—one spoken and one silent. The silent, or gesture language, of the Indians was highly developed and by it they could carry on a conversation as understandable to them as words. This language was a natural development of a people that at times had to maintain strict silence in the presence of enemies—even whispers that might excite the notice of a white man could be heard by other Indians.

More than 100 years ago in a small tavern in London, a widow bade her son goodbye as he left to see the world. He promised to return. Later the mother received a letter from her wandering son—he told her he would be home by Good Friday, and asked her to hang a hot-cross bun in the window for him. The mother did as she was asked, but the son did not come home. Next year on Good Friday she again hung a hot-cross bun in the window, but her son did not come home. The next year and the next she followed this custom, and for 80 years thereafter every Good Friday—but her son never came back. The inn came to be known as The Widow's Son Inn, and after her death another son operated the place. He and the proprietors who followed him maintained the custom of the hot-cross bun—and every year for more than 110 years, the welcome sign to the long lost son has hung in the window of the inn on Good Friday.

Tomorrow: The Duck Toad.

THE SCOLDING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMILES HAPPILY AS MOTHER COMES INTO ROOM

GURGLES A CHEERY GREETING AS MOTHER PICKS UP HIS MILK BOTTLE AND SAYS HE'S A NAUGHTY BOY NOT TO FINISH HIS MILK

MOTHER, TO EMPHASIZE REMARKS, POINTS TO MILK STILL LEFT IN BOTTLE. THINKS IT'S A GAME AND TRIES TO GRAB BOTTLE

MOTHER GIVES HIM STIFF TALKING-TO ABOUT HOW BABIES NEEDED MILK TO GET BIG AND STRONG

DECIDES MOTHER LOOKS FUNNY WHEN SHE'S CROSS

ROLLS OVER AS MOTHER TAKES A BREATH AND RESUMES HER SCOLDING

COMES UP, CROWING WITH GLEE

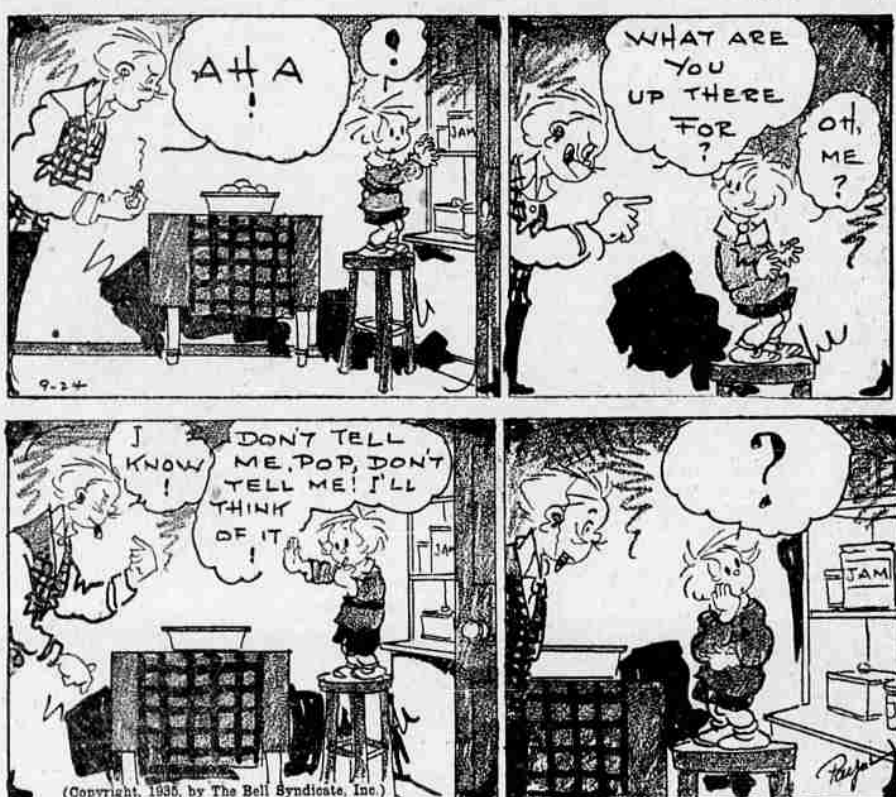
THROWS HIMSELF ON HIS BACK, SHOUTING HAPPILY MOTHER GIVES UP WITH A SIGH

PLAYS WITH TOES, SMILING AND WONDERING WHAT MOTHER WAS TALKING ABOUT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 9-25 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Old Friends Meet!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Farewell to the Valley!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Good-Bye!

By SOL HESS



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FIND WANTED MAN IN POLICE COURT

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Detectives seeking James Welton, 27, to stand trial on charges of window breaking in a beer union war, searched every haunt they knew without avail.

Then yesterday they unexpectedly "spotted" Welton in police court during the trial of Edward Blackwell, another truck driver who was arrested along with Welton on after-hours charges.

Blackwell was acquitted by the police court jury, but Welton was held on \$400 bail after police said they had new information to connect him with actual window breaking as well as after-hours charges. He had disappeared when released on bail after arraignment.

D. A. WOULD PROBE GAMBLING IN K. F.

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 25.—(AP)—District Attorney Hardin C. Blackmer issued a statement today declaring he was asking the circuit judge to call the grand jury for a "full and complete investigation of gambling conditions" in Klamath county.

The jury will meet next Wednesday.

The prosecutor also disclosed that he would ask Governor Martin to furnish him with a list of names of persons said to have written the governor about gambling in the county and that these persons would be subpoenaed to tell their stories to the grand jury.