

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily's revolt is over. She had run away from Edwin Barnes on their wedding night and had married a certain Mr. Bingham. But Edwin almost died of pneumonia, and Emily returned to him and resigned her bright dream of David Carroll at the same time. Now she is trying with all her might to be a "good wife" and not to dislike her husband's parents too much. It is a struggle.

Chapter 25 THE BARNES

TWO nights later they had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. It was their first meal there without the comforting presence of Frances and Jeffrey, and Emily approached it with misgivings. It was strange, she thought, how little real consideration you gave to your prospective parents-in-law before you were married. Actually they were frightfully important, not only in themselves, but for what they had contributed to your husband's character and background.

Like his wife, Mr. Barnes was plump and ruddy and reactionary. The list of things that Mrs. Barnes prided herself upon was exceeded only by the list of things that Mr. Barnes didn't believe in.

He didn't believe in bobbed hair, or dinner at night, or the theory of evolution.

As the Mr. Barnes had realized, but he was actuated less by Christian forgiveness than by a recognition of the impracticable position the Feltons occupied in Elston. Of course the position of the Barnes family was equally good, but still—

"I wish we could prevail upon your mother to accept the office," Mrs. Barnes was saying. Actually she was wondering why they hadn't thought of offering it to her.

"I doubt if she'll do it," Emily said. "She was president three years ago, and she believes in rotation in office. Besides, she has so many irons in the fire!"

Lucy Barnes knew that. She didn't exactly believe in dissipating your energies in so many fields, possibly because there were so few fields in which she could dissipate hers.

"I suppose you'll be stepping into her shoes in a few years," Mr. Barnes flung a sentence into the midst of their conversation like a benevolent parent tossing candy to his children.

Edwin looked appealingly at her. He was aware of the hostility of his parents and painfully anxious for Emily to overcome it.

Emily smiled. "I don't know. Civic and religious activities are things that you can only escape by dying, once you've gotten into them."



Edwin looked appealingly at Emily.

In fact his credo, Emily thought reverently, could probably be summed up in the words: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church (in the Protestant sense, of course); the communion of saints; and the Barnes Grocery Company."

The dining-room was typical of Mr. Barnes. The furniture was oak, heavy and incredibly ugly. It had outlived one generation and would, if she should lack money or courage, outlive several more.

The china was rose-spigged Haviland, and the heavy white damask smelled faintly of cedar. There was cold sliced lamb for supper, and mashed potatoes with rich gravy, and caramel cake and ice-cream.

After addressing a few perfunctory remarks to her Mr. Barnes talked to Edwin about business, while Mrs. Barnes discussed the presidential possibilities of the Woman's Auxiliary for the coming year.

Jeffrey Felton made it a rule never to discuss business at meals and Emily wondered why Mr. Barnes and Edwin, who had been together at the office all day, found it necessary to continue the topic at night.

She wanted Edwin to tell her about his business, but so far, steeped in his father's contempt for feminine intellect, he had been reticent. But meals, she had been taught to believe, were social affairs.

Mr. Barnes didn't think so. Meals were purely for the purpose of holding body and soul together, and you ate them and left the table. He didn't believe in dividing them into courses, or sitting over the crumbs when you'd finished.

Emily's defection had been a great blow to his pride, and only the most ardent entreaties from his wife had induced him to swallow the insult. They must do it, she insisted, for Edwin's sake: If he still loved her and wanted her (though Heaven only knew how he could), then they must make the best of it.

She laid great stress on Emily's breakdown, advancing the theory that illness had temporarily affected her mind. Such instances, she had learned to point out, had no connection with hereditary insanity; they were merely the result of illness.

Mill Shuts Down
HOOD RIVER, Ore., Sept. 27.—(AP)—The big lumber mill at Dee and nearby woods operations shut down this week following announcement that the Oregon Lumber Co. of Baker and Dee filed a petition for reorganization under the bankruptcy act.

Dern to Islands
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27.—(AP)—Carrying Secretary of War George H. Dern, Mrs. Dern and son, James, the cruiser, U. S. S. Chester today was en route to Hawaii, Guam and the Philippine Islands.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.



WELLS ENDANGERED IN BIG OIL FIELD AS TANK EXPLODES

HUNTINGTON BEACH, Calif., Sept. 27.—(AP)—Falling in flames, a derrick in the heart of the Huntington Beach oil field early today ignited

three 1800-barrel oil tanks, one of which exploded. Firemen concentrated streams of water between the blazing tanks and Huntington Beach oil well 75 feet away, which is blowing several million cubic feet of gas a day.

Harold H. Jordan, 35, of Huntington Beach, pumper in charge of operations at a dehydrating tank, suffered burns on his head, feet and hands, and was brought to the emergency hospital here.

Jordan said the huge tank boiled over, and as he rushed to turn off the heat there was a flash of flame, and shortly thereafter a deafening roar as

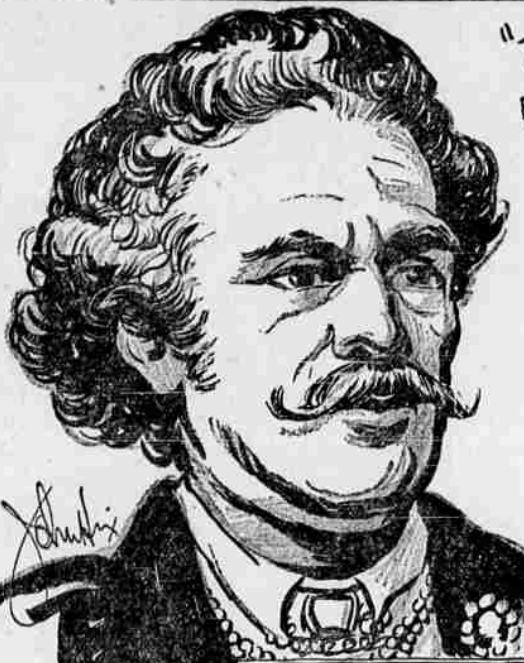
the tank exploded. Jordan ran from the scene, his hair and clothing afire. He beat out the fire in his hair with his hands, then rolled on the ground to extinguish the flames in his clothing.

Firemen believed they had the flames under control several hours after the explosion.

Multnomah to Skimp
PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 27.—(AP)—Heads of all Multnomah county departments were asked to go on a skimp program today to have all possible funds for relief the rest of the year.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"I AM THE MOST AGED KING IN EUROPE... EXCEPT BEING BURNED I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I HAVE NOT SUFFERED..."
—KING STANISLAUS of Poland, in 1765—
LESS THAN A YEAR LATER HE WAS FATALLY BURNED!

FINE SPAIN GLASS HAS TWICE THE STRENGTH OF COMMERCIAL STEEL WIRE



NORRIS KELLAM MADE A NON-STOP 225-MILE SWIM IN 96 HOURS... Cairo, Ill., to Memphis, Tenn.

THE QUACKING TOAD—A BUFO COMPACTILUS QUACKS LIKE A DUCK WHEN IT IS ANNOYED...

Strange as it seems, death by the only new misfortune that could befall him, claimed the life of King Stanislaus Lescinski of Poland in 1765. His own words of less than a year before were strangely prophetic of his fate.

Old, and sure that his end was near at hand, King Stanislaus said, in 1765, "I am the most aged king in Europe; what then is to be expected? I have endured, too, as many hardships, and encountered more accidents than most men. Except being burned, I do not know what I have not suffered. Of new misadventures, there is really only some catastrophe by fire that could befall me."

Early the next year he was destined to experience the catastrophe he had mentioned. On the morning of February 8, he finished his prayers and walked feebly to the open wood fire to light his pipe. As he bent he probably fainted, at least he fell forward into the fire. When a sentry outside smelled burning cloth he ran in to discover the king unconscious and fatally burned.

The tensile strength of glass fibres amounts to about half a million

pounds to the square inch. Commercial alloy steel wires have a tensile strength of 200,000 to 300,000 pounds to the square inch. Thus glass will support a load of about twice that which commercial alloy steel wire will support.

Steel wire, however, in special alloys, can be made to have a much greater strength. Steel wire that will support 750,000 pounds to the square inch has been made, and government experts say that if greater strength were desired, it probably could be obtained with steel.

Tomorrow: The Minus Nation.

CLOTHES ON THE FLOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Isn't Fooling!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Home Again



THE NEBBES—You're Absolutely Right

