

MORNING STAR - BY MARIAN SIMS

SYNOPSIS: Emily has captivated to duty. She and her sister...

CHANGING EDWIN

EDWIN was intensely interested in the house; in watching it take on character and charm in her hands.

There was one minor crisis when she chose twin beds for their room. She didn't discuss it with Edwin beforehand.

She bought the beds, had them reupholstered and set up. Then, with a feeling of impending combat, she showed them to him.

Edwin stopped short on the threshold of their bedroom and his mouth became a thin, straight line. She had never known before that his mouth could look so like his father's.

She talked rapidly to cover the silence. "The fortunate thing about it was that I found one of them and didn't dare buy it until I could be sure of finding its mate."

"What an involved sentence," she thought, and realized that Edwin had not heard a word of it.

At last he said coldly: "You might have told me beforehand that you felt that way."

Her heart sank. "My dear, it isn't that I feel any way. Twin beds mean comfort; half the people we know have them. In the end you'll admit I'm right."

He dropped the subject, but she realized that he was dreading the pained mouth and raised eyebrows with which his mother would express her opinion of his bedroom.

But he was trying, however awkwardly, to contribute his share towards making the house a home. Like Emily, he was particularly interested in the garden, and suggested having Jarrett up from Birmingham to plan and plant it.

Emily disagreed. "Let me tell you my ideas first, and then if you don't like them we'll call in Jarrett."

They were in the garden then, or rather, the place where the garden would one day be, and Emily outlined her plans with gestures and quick sentences.

"Don't look at this wilderness," she begged. "Close your eyes and see the flowers. Will it do?"

He smiled at her. "Of course it will. I'd rather it would be your garden than Jarrett's anyhow."

Meals, too, required managing. The rules governing meals at Edwin's house were as laws of the Medes and Persians; you ate enormously at noon and were confronted with the remnants, more or less thinly disguised, at supper.

She planned light lunches and well-balanced dinners, but while Edwin enjoyed the dinners he still felt cheated at lunch, not realizing that the sum total was the same.

"You really ought not to eat a heavy meal and go right back to the office," she told him. "It's bad for you."

first, with Edwin. "Suppose this turns out to be more than a temporary thing—what will become of all of us?"

He was casual. "We've managed to get through other times like it; we'll weather these. Our business has always been conservative anyhow; it can take more punishment than most of the others."

She could easily imagine that. Barnes, senior, would always trim his sails to the wind; the fact that he had continued to prosper in a day of chain stores proved that incontrovertibly.

"But will you promise to tell me," she persisted, "the minute you think we ought to cut down? I'll never forgive you if you don't."

He looked uncertain, and she pressed the point. "A partner in your business would know that; don't you owe it to—a partner in your life?"

His face softened, and the specter of his father receded into the shadows. "You're—wonderful. Yes, I promise."

Edwin said rebelliously, a few days later: "Do we have to go to the Herron's tonight?"

Emily kept her temper. "Unless there's some really good reason why we can't, I know you didn't have an engagement, so I told Ruth we'd come."

She had deliberately accepted the invitation without consulting him. Two evenings a week were devoted to their respective families; left to himself, Edwin would have spent the other five at home with her.

"I wish you had asked me first," he insisted. "And if I had, what could I have told her except that you didn't want to come?"

There was no answer to that and he knew it. He smiled ruefully. "I play such a terrible game of bridge."

"That's because you're played so little. You'll never improve your game without practice."

He wore a martyred look. "Do I have to improve it?"

"I hoped you'd want to. There's so little entertainment here that we can't ignore bridge."

THAT, she realized, was a mistake. He was hypersensitive about Elston, fiercely loyal to it; any aspersions were personal affronts.

"I'm sorry you're so bored with it here."

She protested quickly. "I'm not bored. But I like to go out occasionally and see people in order not to be."

He gave in. "Must I change clothes?"

As usual, he was immaculate. Edwin's neatness, she had learned from the conversation of the neighbors, was one of his best traits.

SAYS JOLSON FILM \$1,000,000 LIBEL

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—(AP) A libel suit for \$1,000,000 against Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., and Vitaphone, Inc., was disclosed today when the plaintiff, Edward Hutchison, filed a bill of particulars charging that the Al Jolson film, "Go Into Your Dance," depicted him "as a racketeer, thug, murderer and promoter of illegal, immoral and criminal enterprises."

Wiley Post's Body Finds Final Rest

OKLAHOMA CITY, Sept. 28.—(AP) The body of Wiley Post, who was killed with Will Rogers, August 15, in an airplane crash, had found a permanent resting place today—a grave in Memorial Park cemetery here.

Suburban Heights

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHILE WAITING FOR ERNIE PLUMET. TO COME OUT AND DRIVE HIM TO THE GOLF LINKS, FRERLEY PUT HIS CLUBS IN ERNIE'S CAR AND STROLLED AROUND, DISCOVERING TOO LATE THAT THE CAR BELONGED TO ERNIE'S COUSIN GEORGE, WHO DRIVES THE SAME MODEL

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX



ALBANIA IS A NATION WITHOUT A LITERATURE, WITHOUT AN ART, WITHOUT A HISTORY, AND WITHOUT A LANGUAGE OF ITS OWN...

Albania, nestled against the Adriatic sea on the west coast of the Balkan peninsula, is the forgotten nation of Europe. A republic today, it has had its independence only since 1920—and even five years after it had self-government the boundaries had not been fixed well enough to determine its area.

MATTER POP—



By HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Takes a Prisoner!



By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—You're Absolutely Right



By SOL HES3



THE NEBBS—Doubt



By SOL HES3



WARM WEATHER SLACKENS MOVE OF MERCHANDISE

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—(AP)—Higher temperature in many parts of the country slackened the rate of merchandise movements to some extent this week, but the general progressive trend was not altered to any substantial degree.

Russian Explorer Dies

LENINGRAD, U. S. S. R., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Peter Kosloff, 52, explorer and scientist, died today. Kosloff was noted for his explorations in central Asia. He was the discoverer of the remains of the ancient city of Khara-Khoto under the sands of the northern Mongolian desert.