

MORNING STAR

— BY MARIAN SIMS —

SYNOPSIS: Emily Barnes has resigned herself to life with her husband Edwin, although temperamentally they are entirely different. Edwin's prior manner and narrow mind are a constant annoyance to Emily. Now there is to be an heir, and Edwin is in an almost equally annoying state of reverence and misplaced helpfulness. Emily has tried to help him both by suggesting that Edwin go away alone for a vacation.

Chapter 31 BAD EVENT

EDWIN looked hurt. "Have I been as trying as that?"

He had a positive genius for making boomerangs of her most kindly meant words. "Of course not but I've been trying, I know. And besides, it's good for husbands and wives to get away from each other occasionally; there ought to be a law compelling it."

That was the sort of statement that upset Edwin. Husbands and wives were meant to be together, else why were they married?

"I don't want to leave you," he insisted gently.

"My dear," she said, "I'm glad you don't. But one of the reasons for getting away is so you'll keep on not wanting to leave me! I can't very well go with you, but then I'm not working nine hours a day. You are, and you need a change."

"And so do I!" she longed to add.



"I don't want to leave you," Edwin insisted.

"I'm all right," he insisted. "And I'd prefer not to leave you alone just now."

Business was not too good, even if he had wanted to go (which he certainly did not!). Even the Barnes Grocery Company was beginning to feel the pinch, but that was something that Emily mustn't suspect now.

"If it would make you feel better about me," she was insisting, "I'd go over home and stay while you were away."

He looked at her very hard. "It isn't very flattering to find that you're so determined to get rid of me when you know I don't want to go."

It was no use, of course. She was, perhaps, she would learn that it was no use. She rang for the frozen salad. August dragged its sluggish way into September, and instead of moving forward the days stood still, completely arrested by the heat.

October, and Elston was breathing again. In a few weeks the trees would be a symphony of color, from the pale yellow of the wood-winds to the deep reds and royal purples of the bass viol. And in a few weeks, Emily thought with a prayer of thankfulness, this breathless waiting would be over. The first thing she was going to do—afterwards—was to buy a brown velvet dress that fitted like a glove!

THERE were leaden weights on her eyelids, and there was a cloying odor of ether in her nostrils. For a breathless instant she was back at Lookout, and Dr. Warde was coming to sit beside her bed and arrange her life so that it would be beautifully simple.

There was a nurse in the room, she knew without trying to remove the leaden weights, and someone else; a doctor, perhaps? She whispered, scarcely moving her lips:

"Is—the baby—a boy or a girl?"

"A boy, Emily." That was Dr. Proctor's voice, huskier than she had remembered it. "Don't talk now, child; go back to sleep."

A boy. Jeffrey Felton Barnes. It was a nice name, and she hoped he

would be a nice boy. Surely, with such a grandfather, he couldn't help being. It would be different, now, in the little white house—The mista closed in once more.

When she awoke again the weights had been removed, and she was able to open her eyes. Only the nurse was there. Emily said, looking eagerly at her:

"Could I see the baby now?"

And then in a devastating instant she knew. It might have been the shadow that crossed the nurse's face; it might have been a voice deep within herself; a voice that whispered that nothing enduring should ever spring from this marriage of hers. She closed her eyes again.

"Don't—don't tell me," she breathed, "I know."

Jeffrey Felton Barnes, after having achieved his entrance into the world at so dear a price, had turned six hours later and very softly left it.

THE living-room looked very gay in the pale gold of the November sunlight. Very gay and very empty.

How strange it was, Emily thought as she hesitated upon the threshold and looked at her room again after three weeks, that a place could be made so empty by the absence of a personality that had never really been there.

For so long she had lived with the belief that the personality would be there, and now she must adjust herself gradually to the idea that it would never be. The adjustment would take time.

She smiled eagerly at Edwin, standing beside her. "What heavenly chrysanthemums! Surely they're not from my garden?"

"Yes," he said. "They're the last. I think. Narcissus has been covering them up every night so they wouldn't freeze before you came home."

She crossed the room and touched the flowers gently, then sank down upon the couch before the fire. "Such a nice room, Edwin—"

He removed her hat and coat as if she had been a child; put them carefully away. "Yes, it's a nice room. I'm going and tell Narcissus to bring you some cocoa."

Narcissus had been twice to the hospital, and on one visit had brought Rosebud, a round-faced, wide-eyed child who sat motionless on the edge of a chair and answered, "Yas'm," and "Naw'm," to everything that was said to her.

But Narcissus greeted Emily now as if she had just returned from years in another world, as perhaps she had.

"Lawd Gawd, I sho' 's glad to see you, honey!" And then irrepressibly to Edwin: "Don't she look sweet and pretty? You set still, Miss Emily, and let me look at 'uh you."

She disappeared to bring the cocoa. Emily smiled at Edwin. "Do you still think I was wrong in keeping her?"

He returned the smile tenderly. "No, she's been perfect."

For several days she was unable to do anything but lie on the couch in the living-room. The calls began again: three times, she thought desperately, in a year and a half; would the round go on forever?

She was determinedly cheerful with the callers, although many of them had come prepared to weep with her and were a little disappointed.

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Life presents new complications to Emily, tomorrow.

DANIELS TO PRESIDE AT GAME DISCUSSION WONDERLAND MEETING

RED BLUFF, Oct. 4.—(Sp.)—The largest gathering of conservationists ever held on the Pacific coast will feature the fifth annual convention of the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland association to be held here on October 21-22. Cooperation of the National Park service, the National Forest service and the State Department of Natural Resources has been assured. Many of the coast's leading authorities on matters of conservation in other lines will also be on hand.

The main divisions of discussion will be fish and game, forest and park, and soil and scenery. T. E. Daniels of Medford, chairman of the natural resources unit, who will preside at these discussion groups and Earl E. Bachman of Mount Shasta, secretary of the unit, both report considerable interest is being aroused among those throughout the Wonder-

land who are allied with this part of the program.

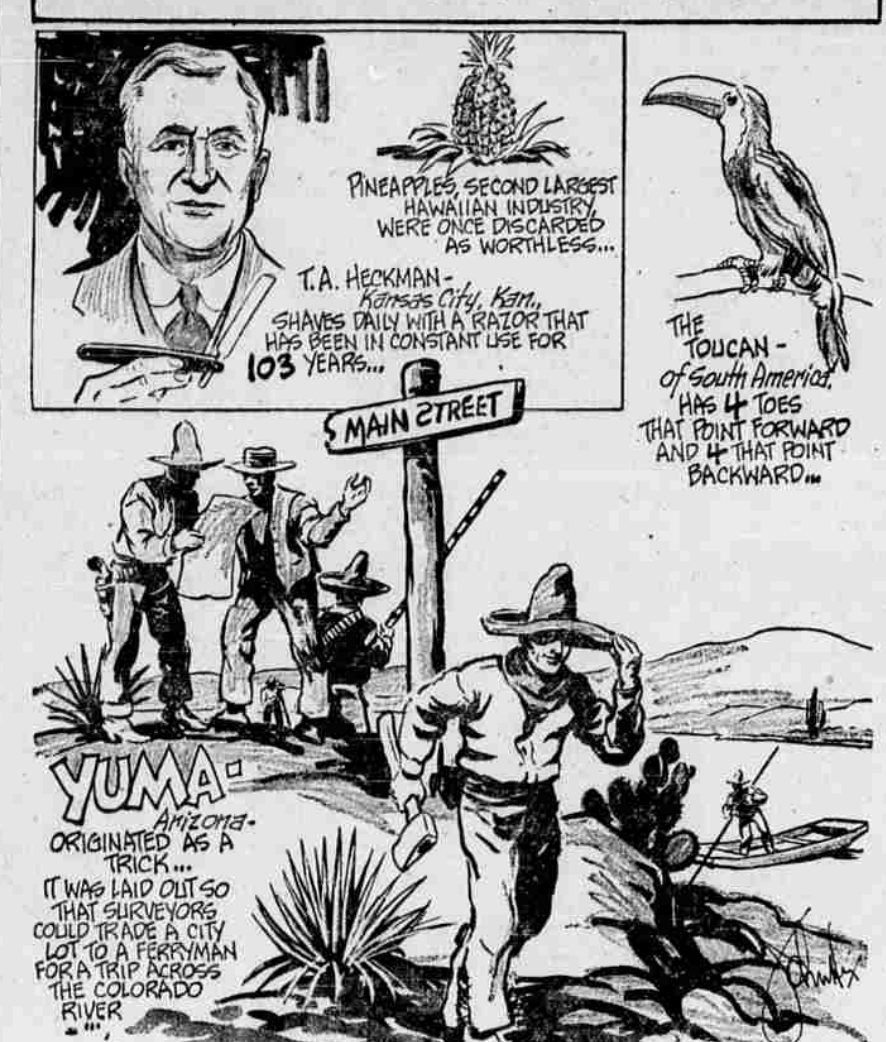
Meanwhile, Lawrence B. Gibbs of Red Bluff, chairman of the Tehama county council, who is in charge of arrangements for the coming conclave, reports that considerable special entertainment during all phases of the two-day gathering is being planned.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Strange as it seems Yuma, Ariz., owes its location, if not its existence—to the fact that a ferryman on the Colorado river agreed to take a city lot in the new town in lieu of a \$25 fee for ferrying a surveying party across the river.

The surveyors, led by Charles D. Poston, were looking over the new country for mineral wealth in 1833 when they came to what is now Yuma. They wanted to cross the river at this point but could not furnish the \$25 fee demanded by L. J. Jaeger, the ferryman.

Poston and his party made camp and decided to lay out a townsite on the spot. They made up a map, laying out streets and public squares. Soon the activity had the ferryman interested. He approached the party and bargained for a lot. Finally they agreed to give him a choice lot if he would ferry them across the river. The plan worked.

Poston and his party went to San Francisco. The city they laid out became a reality, first called Colorado City, then Arizona City and finally Yuma. It was the first American city planted on Arizona soil.

Pineapples were brought to Hawaii from the East Indies and their early history was that of a successful failure. The plants produced so well that they glutted the market, and as there was no means of taking care of the surplus prices fell so low that growers took a loss. From then on, for a time, the pineapple was regarded more as a nuisance than anything else—but today, with canneries to handle the surplus, pineapples form Hawaii's second largest industry.

Tomorrow: Regiment of Giants.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Rebel Menace!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sheriff Morgan Speaking!

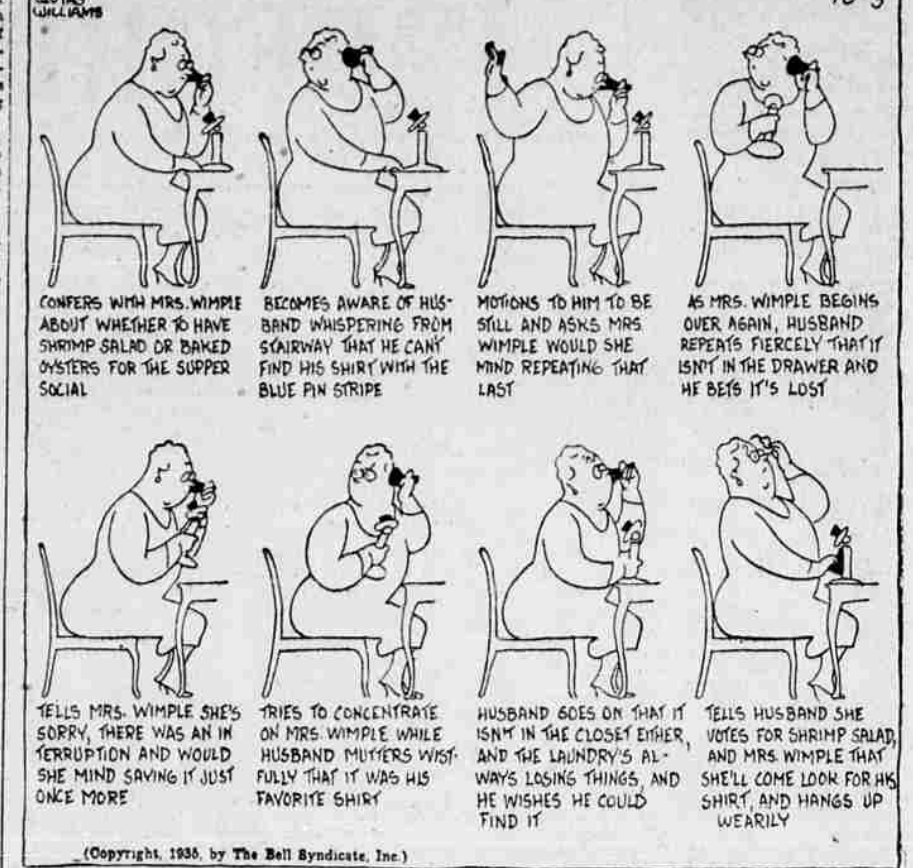


THE NEBBES—No Sympathy



DOUBLE-HEADER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-3



S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEBB



Gehlhar's Drier Burns In Salem

SALEM, Oct. 4.—(AP)—Fire early this morning destroyed the \$9,000 drier of Max Gehlhar, former state director of agriculture, in West

