EVE'S TWO LOVERS

By EDGAR POE NORRIS

THIRTY-NINE

What Miss Johnstone had to say to John Ingate was very brief: "I shall be unable to meet you for lunch at 1:30. Please make it 2. . . . Yes. . . Goodbye."

Eve quickly put down the telephone instrument, ashamed of her offense. When she could do so without appearing suspicious, she stole furtive glances around the office to make sure no one had watched her.

She was very uncomfortable when she was back at her desk. Such a thing as she had done! The very thing she had made Mary Sullivan suffer for only the day before. Never before had Eve spied on John Ingate's telephone conversations. Her conscience hurt her.

When John Ingate went out a little after 1 o'clock, she noted that he was unshaven and not as neat as she would have expected him to have been under the circumstances. Surely he wasn't going to meet Miss Johnstone looking like that. . . She wondered where they would have lunch. The Grand Central hotel or the club? Her eyes were all for him as he paused at Mary Sullivan's desk to say something to the secretary.

After he was gone there came to her the realization that she was allowing her thoughts to dwell too much upon John. He meant nothing to her now. . . . Only . . . No, he meant nothing to hr. She bent resolutely over her work.

The home problem was solved that afternoon. Near quitting time a girl whom she knew but slightly, Gwen Lachenslaughter, came over to Eve's desk. "Are you looking for a place to live?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, my father has a vacant apartment—furnished. It's on English street. If you have time you could look at it on the way home. I'll go with you." Every member of his family helped Emil Lachenslaughter make a living renting apartments, houses and stores.

The apartment appealed to Eve immediately. It had one large room, with in-a-door bed, a kitchenette, a breakfast nook and bath. It was located second floor back, with a most unattractive view of dirty back porches, but that was why the rent was only 50 a month. English street was a responsible looking thoroughfare, and it was near Main street, making it unnecessary to depend on street cars for transportation. The furnishings left much to be desired, but you couldn't have everything for $50 a month.

"I'll have to talk to my husband about it," Eve announced. "I like it."

"There may be some one else in to see it before evening. Father always lets the first one to pay a month's rent have a place. You see——."

"Yes, I understand." She considered a moment. She mustn't take chances on losing this. Only fifty dollars! "Very well, I'll take it." Eve gave the girl a check on the bank account which represented her "hope chest" savings, and went proudly away with the key, bursting to tell the news to Clay.

". . . and let's go over this evening and clean it up," she said, in completing the lengthy account she gave him.

"Why, I was going over to Charlie Ray's this evening. He's having a little party. I knew you wouldn't mind."

Eve's face suddenly sobered. She did mind. . . . He might have said something about this before, or at least asked her what her plans were before making the engagement. . . .

"Gee, dear, don't you want me to go?"

"Of course I do," she managed a smile. "Yes, go and enjoy yourself. I'll go over to the place alone."

"No, wait until tomorrow evening. Then I'll help you."

Eve did not reply. Her lips were pressed very tightly as she saw him out at the door at 7:30. Three weeks married and already he was going away and leaving her in the evening. She thought of the many evenings her mother had been left alone. . . . "If he goes out alone all the time, I will, too," she resolved, watching his shadowy figure disappear down the street.

She did go over to the apartmen in the evening, carrying one of Mrs. Wales' brooms and a bottle of disinfectant. Mrs. Wales had insisted on this. "You don't know what the other people have left you," she laughed.

But Eve stayed at the place less than an hour. She got scared after a while, alone in the vacant rooms, although the lights were all on. Every noise suggested a danger. Because of this she missed Clay terribly, and went home brooding over his absence.

Clay came in from the "party" at 2 o'clock. Eve was awakened when he crawled in the bed beside her, and her eyes fell upon the clock, illuminated by a beam of light entering from the hall.

"Why, honey, you're awfully late," she said sleepily.

"Oh, not so late."

As he spoke to her, his mouth was very close to hers. Eve sat up abruptly her senses suddenly aroused: "Clay! You've been drinking."

"No, I haven't."

"Why, Clay, you're lying to me!"

(To be continued.)

In the next instalment: Clay fans the fires of jealousy.

LIVING and LOVING

The Man Who Understands Men

"Gentlemen, you have welcomed many English authors who have made far better speeches and many who have done far better work, but you have never welcomed one who has come to you with more love for your native land!"

It was Leonard Merrick speaking, and in phrases as fraught with sincerity as we might be led to expect from a novelist who, knowing quite well that his fame had preceded him to assure him rousing greeting, yet chose to enter America quietly, unostentatiously avoiding the spotlight's glare.

Mr. Merrick, on the last lap of his "Sentimental Journey," as he dubbed this visit to the States, slipped down the gangplank under the very noses of inquiring reporters, and but for bits of news that have occasionally leaked into the papers we might not even have suspected his presence among us.

But by his works is a man known. And Leonard Merrick is a friend made near and familiar by close association with the children of his heart and brain! The characters he has created are beloved members of many a family circle.

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By his "Man Who Understood Woman" alone would Mr. Merrick have established his claim to distinction—the story is such definite proof that Man didn't—and never will—plumb the depths of feminine nature. "Does Man Understand Man?" we asked Mr. Merrick.

"Well, perhaps Man runs truer to form, and that enables his own sex to better gauge his emotions and reactions," said Mr. Merrick and smiled. "For instance, a man is as old as he feels, and he feels young as often as he falls in love."

"Mercy, does this happen often?" we gasped. Mr. Merrick solemnly looked down his nose.

"A man is never immune from the love fever, nor does he want to be! Some men fall in love because they can't help it. Others do it on purpose every time they crave inspiration."

Perhaps we looked shocked. Anyhow, Mr. Merrick rather hastily amended:

"Of course, there's a vast difference between loving and falling in love. Real love is founded on knowledge and is therefore stable in quality. Falling in love is the result of an illusion, and love disappears when the illusion fades. An old man makes himself ridiculous by climbing stiles and gathering garlands for the pert young person of his affections, but he'll do it, glad of the opportunity to act as the idiot, as long as the fair one holds his fancy. When she again, shivering in the cold blast, keeping in out of the rain. Illussion has vanished. So, too, has the revival of youth."

Pendleton—Umatilla woolgrowers have sold 19,000 lambs, at $10.50 to $10.75.

FASHION PAGEANT IS AT OREGON THEATRE

"Mlle. Modiste," Beautiful Picture Play, Is Declared Glorious Revue

An unusually picturesque fashion show furnishes one of the most colorful episodes in the film version of "Mlle. Modiste," Corinne Griffith's latest First National starring picture, at the Oregon today and Monday.

The revue is called "The Storm." By means of gowns and frocks especially designed for the picture the various elements in an April shower are symbolized. Thus the sun is represented by a mannequin attired in a gown of bright pattern while the clouds are represented by models in gowns of sober coloration. Others in the little fashion play represent the lightning, the sunbeams and the rainbow.

Adrian, noted Parisian designer, created the pageant. Corinne Griffith appears on the scene "after the storm," displaying a number of gorgeous frocks. One in particular, with a black velvet bodice trimmed with whte buttons and white monkey fur, is said to be exceptionally attractive.

The most beautiful girls in Hollywood were selected as mannequins for this episode. Lillian Knight, who was crowned Miss Los Angeles, is one of the models.

The picture is an adaptation of the famous Victor Herbert operetta. Robert Z. Leonard directed.

The Dalles—Work begun on pond, to hold 3,000,000 feet of logs for Heimrich mill.