



For the LOVE of EVE

by Lucy Walling
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

she should have telephoned to learn when it would be convenient for her to call. Evidently New York business offices were not so informal as those in Lake City.

They had lunch together but it was a hasty meal at a nearby restaurant. Irene wore a dark fur jacket Eve admired.

"It's really dyed bunny," the other admitted. "The difference between this and the sable I coveted went into stocks. I'm playing the market, darling, and it's the most exciting thing I ever did. I didn't need much to start; I pyramid. You must let me give you some tips!"

Later she invited Eve to ride home with her for dinner and at five o'clock they met. Eve was immediately thrown into a seething mass of humanity homeward bound via the subway.

Ellsworth Prentiss, Irene's husband, was an instructor in a private school and each afternoon arrived home an hour or so before his wife returned from the office. He usually started preparations for their dinner.

The Prentiss apartment consisted of a luxuriously furnished living room with all its furnishings in pairs—twin beds, two chests of drawers, a slipper chair and sturdy arm chair, two night stands, two reading lamps. There was a cozy yellow and blue kitchen and here Prentiss had set the table for three. Irene explained that for "special guests" they used the gate-leg table in the living room. Eve, however, was accepted as a bosom friend. She enjoyed the simple meal of boiled potatoes, broiled chops, creamed carrots and lettuce and an icebox dessert.

The two girls cleared the table and stacked the dishes. Then they left Irene's husband before the fire, pouring over a magazine, and went out to a concert.

"I'll never be famous," Irene said as they walked down the quiet street. "Probably I'll never be free from worry, either, but there's one thing I'm thankful for—good old Eli. Get yourself a good man, Eve, if there's

one to be found these days!" Eve resisted the temptation to tell even Irene that she had let her work take her away from her husband on their wedding night.

The remainder of the week passed swiftly and Eve was glad of it. She wanted to be home and could hardly wait to be on her way. At last she was at the station, homeward bound. She felt the tremble of excitement she always experienced at railway stations. It was silly, she knew, but she worried when she learned her berth was on the last coach. Suppose it should be detached somehow from the long train! She must not fall Dick now.

But there he stood, waiting for her as she alighted in Lake City Sunday morning. He kissed her, regardless of onlookers. There was that familiar sense of strength about him. Oh, how good it was to be back!

Dick tucked her into the roadster and whisked her away from the crowded thoroughfare to the boulevard along the lake shore. He had reserved a suite at the Miramar, one of the most attractive of Lake City's apartment hotels. Eve was enchanted with the rooms. Through narrow French windows she looked out over the idle, wintry lake.

"Dick!" she cried. He caught her in his arms and held her close. Then she tried to tell him how much she had worried all week, fearing he would not forgive her having run away.

"Do you mind awfully that your wife is going to continue working?" she asked hesitantly.

"I mind—yes," Dick answered, "but I told you last week how I feel about it. From now on it's up to you."

Eve felt uncomfortable. She was not quite sure what attitude she wished him to take in this matter.

"You didn't write," she accused him.

"I didn't run away from you," he reminded her. "And—it was silly, I suppose—but I couldn't bring myself to address a letter to my wife as Miss Eve Bayless. Besides, I was having too much grief on the job last week to find time to write in

the daytime. Evenings I spent looking at apartments."

"Well, the last I saw of you you seemed to have pretty lively consolation!" Eve said poutingly.

"What do you mean?" "I thought perhaps your time was taken up with your friends," Eve had not meant to refer to the young man and girl Dick had met at the station the night of their marriage. She waited now, expecting an apology or at least an explanation, but none came.

"Who was he?" Eve's voice was pitched a note too high but she managed to keep it steady. Dick did not answer her question. He was simply being exasperating; making her be explicit. Very well!

"Who was the man you met at the station?" she repeated.

"Joe Casper."

"I've never heard you mention him. Is he a friend of yours?"

"He's the timekeeper on the job."

"And the girls—who were they?"

"They answered to the names of Peggy and Babe."

"I didn't know you liked that sort of girls."

"What sort?"

"Oh, the kind who picks up a strange man and lets him call her by her first name right from the start."

"So that's it! Well, you're wrong, Casper's engaged to Peggy if that reassures you."

"Where did you go after you put me on the train?"

"To the merry-go-round," Dick answered frankly. The Merry-go-round was Lake City's best known night club.

Eve considered this. "And suppose the girls went too?" she asked.

"Yes—of course," Dick was obviously irritated.

"A perfect frame-up!" Eve accused.

"Now, see here, Eve!" Dick exploded. "It was entirely an accident that Joe happened to see me there. I didn't know I was going to the station at that time and you know it!"

"But the fact remains that on our wedding night you went out to have a good time with someone else!"

"Well, what did you expect me to do—go home and cry?"

"But you had all those evenings!" Eve sputtered. "I suppose you were too busy with Joe Casper's friends—"

"And that will be that!" Dick said with emphasis.

Silence. Then, with head high, Eve went to the bathroom to bathe her eyes with witch hazel and repair her complexion.

When she reappeared she smiled at Dick wistfully. He held out his arms and she slipped into them. Eve whispered coaxingly, "Just how did my darling spend his evenings last week?"

With a snort of impatience Dick withdrew his arms, turned and walked to the window. Then he said, "Looking for an apartment, of course."

"This one is perfect," Eve assured him. "I'm sure we'll never tire of it."

Dick was silent. Obviously something was wrong. Eve made another attempt.

"It was a terrible thing for me to do, I know," she conceded. "I don't believe any girl ever had such a situation to face on her wedding day. I'm sure no one ever had so unsatisfactory a honeymoon."

Dick turned and her penitent expression quite melted him.

"That wasn't our honeymoon," he answered huskily. "We're beginning our honeymoon now."

But the little quarrel marred the happiness of Eve's homecoming. It erected a barrier of resentment and distrust between them that did not disappear.

CHAPTER V

DICK had stopped at the Y. W. C. A. for Eve's mail on his way to the station to meet her. There was a large envelope from her mother, containing letters for her and for Dick. Eve's parents had been asked not to announce the marriage.

"Why bless her heart!" said Dick. "It must have taken her a whole evening to write this. It's a great many years since anyone called me 'Dear Son!'"

And indeed it had taken Mrs. Bayless a whole evening to compose that first painstaking letter to her new

son-in-law. Kate Bayless, plump, patient and domestic, was suffering the tortures of rheumatic fingers incurred from years of hard toil in the interest of her family.

Henry Bayless—or "Hank" as he generally was known—was secretly proud of his wife and daughters and praised their achievements to outsiders. But it was his firm belief that encouragement would cause them to overdo and therefore they seldom heard these words of praise.

Soon after his marriage to Kate, Hank had established a small butter and egg route. His earnings had to be stretched with the utmost care to cover the cost of educating his two daughters, keep up the home and put by something for old age. It had been the dream of his life to have a business of his own. However, a large stock company gradually absorbed all the butter and egg routes of the neighborhood. Hank's with the rest. After that he secured work with a company manufacturing passenger elevators. His work was to assist in assembling the parts and check for possible errors.

Thrift was the watchword of the Bayless home. Hank had taught his family always to have the cash on hand before any purchase was made. For years he had set aside regularly a small sum to invest in the stock of the local manufacturing concern which had been built up from a small beginning by two of his friends in whom he had the greatest confidence. In the course of years the dividends from this investment became irregular and uncertain and it was whispered about that the company was not as stable as it had been. Hank stopped investing in the stock and increased his weekly deposits at the bank.

Despite all this careful saving and economizing, Kate Bayless had managed to lay by over the years a small but steadily growing accumulation of dollars. Unknown to Hank, she had deposited this money in a building and loan association.

Kate saved for this fund by unfiring industry. Blessed with abundant health, she poured her energy into her home-making. From her Euro-

pean-born mother she had learned the knack of preparing delicious and sustaining food at comparatively little cost. No task was too arduous to be overcome by her willing labor; no obstacle but succumbed to plans born of her hopes.

Kate was overjoyed when teachers reported that her daughters had definite artistic tendencies. Esther, slim, dark, and rosy-cheeked, had a real gift for music. After several years of study at a local conservatory she became a successful music teacher. Then she pleased her mother by marrying a young bank clerk and having a baby called Katherine Ann for Mrs. Bayless.

Eve, a year younger, had a flair for composition and elocution. Hank grumbled every time he paid out money for music and elocution lessons but Kate stood firm. Crabbed old Grandmother Bayless insisted Kate was spoiling her girls.

"Why should my girls do housework when they ought to be practicing their music?" the mother argued. "They'll have plenty of time for that later. If they were lazy—yes. But they are busy all the time. I do not boss them. I do not always understand what it is all about; the modern ways of teaching are different from when I went to school. My girls are always doing something interesting and I think they will come through all right."

"But you wear yourself out for them, Kate."

Kate would smile complacently and answer, "Yes! Well, a doctor once told me that if a healthy woman did all her own housework it would give her just the right amount of exercise."

Eve caused most of her father's perturbation. After she had had far more schooling than he had originally planned she rented a downtown studio and taught dramatic expression. The venture lasted only one year but in that time she was able to save enough to take her to Lake City 500 miles distant where she enrolled in the school conducted by the Lake City Advertising club.

Eve had taken the only job she could get, clerking in the basement

of a department store. Her father, figuring up the cost of Eve's education, grumbled when he learned how much she was earning.

"Probably do her a lot of good, though," he grunted. "She can use some of those six-cylinder words to sell bargains."

In just what way this experience was to benefit Eve her father would have been surprised could he have heard her that same week delivering a protest against blatant advertising before her class. It happened that there were several advertising executives in the audience and among them was Earle Barnes of Bixby's store.

"That girl is made of good stuff," Barnes commented to the man beside him. Months later he recognized Eve when she applied to him for a job.

Eve's work in the advertising office at Bixby's was a source of gratification to her parents. This latest surprise—her marriage to Dick Rader whom her father and mother had never seen—was received with mixed feelings.

Kate prayed that her daughter had found a good husband. "The money—that comes with time and age if you work hard enough," she had written Eve in her simple, kindly way. "If he is a good man—that is everything."

Eve had written Dick that she would wait to have breakfast with him the morning she returned from New York, so he had ordered the belated meal sent to their suite. He suggested having dinner served there too, but Eve preferred to dine in the hotel restaurant.

She was donning a new brown velvet frock for the occasion when the telephone rang. She thought it must be Dick calling from the main floor where he had gone for tobacco. Or perhaps some one connected with the hotel management.

"Hello?" she answered. "Is Mr. Rader there?" A woman's voice—low, urgent, distressed—came over the wire.

A dozen distorted thoughts flashed through Eve's head. What woman could be wanting Dick? What woman knew he was here? And why

that anxious tone of voice? "Mr. Rader is not here at the moment," she answered, trying to leave a message. "Do you want to leave a message?" "If you think he'll be back in a few minutes I'll hold the line."

Dick returned just then. "Is for you?" Eve said. She went to the bedroom, closing the door behind her. She sat down before the dressing table and busied herself with der puff and lipstick. She could hear Dick's words but thought of the moment later he tapped on the door.

"Eve," he said, crossing the hall in two strides and reaching for her overcoat. "I've got to go down now. Something's happened on the job. Can't wait to explain—don't be exactly what it's all about yet, sorry!" The words were clipped by a hastily closed door.

Eve returned to the living room and sat down to await his return. She was going to be reasonable. This she assured herself. It was strange, though, to say the least, should that woman have called anything really had happened. Connected with his work, surely? Watchman or one of the other connected with the construction project would have telephoned.

Two hours passed, three hours and still Dick did not return. She did telephone, Eve slipped off velvet frock and hung it away. Mechanically she applied cream to her face and removed make-up. She was furious. By showing her what she had done—she had had nothing to eat and a moon second. Eve was hungry. She had had nothing to eat and a moon second. Eve was hungry. She had had nothing to eat and a moon second. Eve was hungry.

That woman! Eve could still hear the low, distressed voice. Was perhaps, some one who had been important in Dick's life: some to whom he was still of first importance? (To be continued)

THE WILLETS

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



Here's Papa Willet himself—head of a famous family. Things often get pretty lively in his home, but Dad doesn't seem to care—usually.



So this is Lill! You know her kind: complaining, scrapping with her kid brother and hating to do dishes.



This is a rare picture of Mrs. Willet—she's smiling! Her two youngsters may have hearts of gold, but how they worry the lady above!



"JIM" WILLIAMS

Here they are . . . just an average family—but unfailingly entertaining. You've met them in real life . . . and you'll be amazed at the wonderful understanding of "just folks" that J. R. Williams shows in this delightful full page comic. Follow the Willets every day and Sunday in The Register-Guard . . . and get acquainted with a very human and very funny family. They're grand people to know!

Ex-cowboy, ex-machinist, ex-jack-of-many trades, Williams knows people as few artists do. That's why "Out Our Way" is outstanding.



All right, Willis, all right! We could tell a lot of things about you, but we know you are a good guy at heart.

Every Day and Sunday In The Register-Guard