

For the LOVE of EVE

by Lucy Walling

CHAPTER XVII

That evening the whole family bundled into heavy wraps and rode to "Cousin Myrtle's" in Beachwood. There, in a modern suburb, Cousin Myrtle and her family lived in a house of Norman type. There was a tower with a winding wrought-iron staircase and casement windows, and diamond-shaped panes of glass in the lights of an outdoor Christmas tree twinkled. The beautifully furnished home had not been built with wealth but rather by years of work combined with thrift and careful planning.

ing him. As Eve opened her desk and lifted out sketches and notes she answered Arlene's questions and learned that the marriage announcement had caused pleasant excitement in the office.

Arlene and Marya said they hoped Eve would continue her work. Mona Allen permitted one corner of her mouth to lift in a scornful quiver.

The office boy entered then, almost buried under the stack of newspapers he was carrying. He tossed the papers on a large flat-topped desk and smiled brightly as he greeted Eve. Approaching her desk, he scowled darkly and whispered, "Don't let Miss Allen get your job. She's counting on it!"

Dick felt himself attracted to all of Eve's relatives who seemed so friendly and merry. The next morning he built a crate to hold their things. "It's such fun," the cousins declared, "to celebrate Christmas and a marriage at the same time." There were shell pink dishes, a new base lamp and a portable radio. There were exquisite silver pieces and an electric waffle iron.

Monday evening Esther invited a crowd of young people—all of them friends of Eve's—to her home. There was bridge with a buffet supper and music afterward.

That Christmas night the whole family escorted Eve and Dick to the station. "Eve," said her mother, "I should have hesitated to recommend you for Miss Marshall's place had I known at the time of your marriage. But since you have started the work you may continue for the present and we'll see how it goes. However, the situation comes down to this: Bixby's will permit no deviation from the standard of excellence which heretofore has marked your work."

Considering his natural brusqueness, Eve felt that Barnes had been fairly diplomatic. But he had made clear the fact that she was still on trial at Bixby's instead of being firmly established. The least indication of carelessness on her part would be sure to be attributed to her marriage. Barnes' statement, together with Charles' warning about Mona's designs, showed Eve clearly that there must be no let-down in her work.

She realized, too, that she had underestimated Mona. The girl had ability of a sort. And she had a way of flattering men that Eve knew sometimes advanced a woman in the business world more rapidly than did hard work, even with such clear-headed, fair-minded men as Earle Barnes and Mr. Bixby.

Eve's code forbade trying to take the place of an established worker.

Mona obviously had no such scruples. Well, Eve, decided, it was of no use to borrow trouble. So long as the girl played reasonably fair Eve would take no notice of her antagonism. To do otherwise would create an unpleasant situation in the office. The Monas of the world usually married early and marriage probably would eliminate this particular one from Bixby's. Eve was quite sure the other girl would seize upon the first excuse to quit work. Meanwhile she was likely to make complications in a situation which, Eve felt, had quite enough difficulties already.

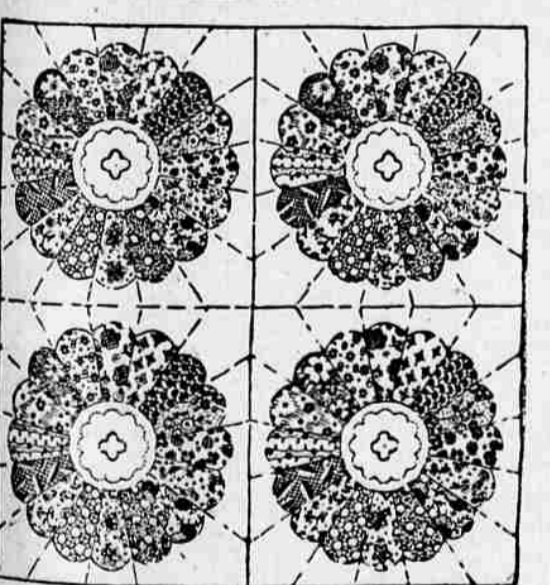
That evening Mrs. Brooks was watching for Eve when she arrived home. Mrs. Brooks brought forth two gift boxes which had been delivered that day.

"Candlesticks from Marya and a Venetian glass bowl from Arlene!" exclaimed Eve as she lifted the gifts from their tissue paper wrappings. "The darlings—I want to have a party for them!" she told Dick.

"We ought to celebrate New Year's Eve with a watch party," he suggested.

(To Be Continued)

FAVORITE OLD-TIME SCRAP QUILT EASY TO MAKE WITH LAURA WHEELER PATTERN



The Dresden Plate has long been a favorite scrap quilt. Every quiltmaker is fascinated by the quaint designs of the cotton prints that go into her quilts. She finds it especially interesting then to combine a variety of such scraps in one block and this pattern offers her an opportunity to do this most effectively. The scraps are all made of the same pattern piece and the block is further enhanced by a quilting motif which comes with the pattern but can be omitted without affecting the beauty of the block.

Pattern 495 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for quilting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, quilting motif, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 10c for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept., 12 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

LET'S PULL TOGETHER!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THERE GOES MR. CHITZLER SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S STAYING, WHILE WE'RE IN THIS TOWN—THE SWELLEST HOTEL!

9-13-33

How Does He Do It?

I KNOW WHAT GOOD HOTELS COST— HE MUST SPEND MORE THAN, IN A DAY, THAN WE DO IN A WEEK— AND HE'S BOUGHT SOME SWELL NEW CLOTHES LATELY, AND LOTS O' NEW THINGS—

AND TH' BEST WE CAN AFFORD IS A DIRTY LITTLE ROOM, UP THREE FLIGHTS, AND BATS FROM A DELICATESSEN— MOST ALL WE GET GOES FOR CAR FARE—

9-13-33

By HAROLD GRAY

OUR CONTRACT SAYS WE'RE TO GET TH' SAME AS HE GETS— HE CAN'T LIVE TH' WAY HE LIVES ON ANY \$21 A WEEK— NO SIR— WE'RE GETTING A PONEY DEAL— THAT'S SURE—

9-13-33

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ANY MORE, LIEUTENANT! YOU MIGHT HIT TIM OR MISS ALEETA—

I'LL GIVE THAT MACHINE-GUN NEST ONE MORE SPRAY— THEY NEARLY FINISHED US!

RAT-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT

9-13-33

By LYMAN YOUNG

A DEJECTED BULLET AND—!

SPUD

9-13-33

By LYMAN YOUNG

COLONEL STAGG RUMS FROM HIS PLACE OF SECURITY TO AID TIM—

TIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID THEY HIT YOU?

GOSH— YOU GOT ONE OF 'EM, LIEUTENANT! THEY'RE CARRYIN' HIM ACROSS TH' COURTYARD—

THEY HAD IT COMING TO THEM! SPUD!

9-13-33

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

IS EVERYTHING PACKED, STEPHEN?

YEP! IT'S TOO BAD WE MUST RETURN TO THE CITY, EH?

I RATHER HATE TO LEAVE THE OLD PLACE.

WE HAVE HAD A GRAND TIME HERE, HAVEN'T WE?

LOADING LODGE

9-13-33

In the Red!

YES INDEED! BUT COLLEGE STARTS IN A SHORT WHILE— AND I MUST GET DOWN TO WORK.

HOW 'BOUT TH' FINANCIAL SIDE OF TH' PICTURE, PROFESSOR?

OH YES! HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE WE MADE THIS SUMMER?

HOW MUCH INDEED!! WE LOST EXACTLY \$1.32— NOT COUNTING THE HEADACHE PILLS I'VE BOUGHT

9-13-33

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL AT LAST ALL IS QUIET— THAT'S BECAUSE ME FAMILY IS OUT— THANK GOODNESS— I'VE AT LAST STARTED ME LETTER TO DINTY—

GOOD MORNIN', MR. JIGGS—

GOOD MORNIN'— NOTHIN'— STOP THAT NOISE— HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO WRITE?

I'M SORRY— BUT MRS. JIGGS IS COMIN' BACK WITH SOME FRIENDS AN' SHE WANTS THIS ROOM CLEANED UP—

OH, WELL! I'M SO UPSET I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT I WUZ GONNA WRITE TO DINTY ABOUT!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

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9-13-33

By E. C. Segar

OH, POPEYE!!

I'LL BET THEY TOOK HIM UP TO BLOODS BAY, THAT'S WHERE MOST OF THE TRAGEDIES HAPPEN

LOOK! HE'S NO MORE DEAD THAN I AM!!

I'LL BE—

AHOY! AHOY!

I YAMA COWBOY!

AHOY

YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM, BUT YOU KNOCKED HIM GOOFY— HE'S OUT ON HIS FEET

YEAH, THIS'LL BE EASY— HE THINKS HE'S A COWBOY

I YAM WHAT I YAM— THAT'S WHAT I YAM

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THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

NOW SHOWING—"A SAILOR ON HORSEBACK"

TOMORROW—"BOWS AND ARROWS"

By E. C. Segar

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9-13-33

OUT OUR WAY

WHUT IF MISTER WALTZ, NEX' DOOR, AINT HOME? THEN, WHO'LL I GIT? WHUT'LL I TELL HIM?

GET ANY BODY! RUN OUT AND YELL HELP!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

9-13-33

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

NOW SHE'S GONE OUT TO GET A COP TO MAKE YOU GIVE BACK TH' \$12 SHE PAID FOR THAT SILENT PARROT!— I TOLD YOU THAT YOU SPREAD TH' JELLY TOO THICK, WHEN YOU TOLD HER WHAT A GREAT TALKER THIS CROW IS!

'T WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING GRR-RORK— AND A GOODY CROWD WAS THERE, THAT WELL NIGH FILLED JOE'S BAR ROOM IN A CORNER OF THE SQUARE— SQUORRK

WELL, DRAT YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU TALK WHILE THE LADY WAS HERE?

THE GREAT GONZALES SPEAKS!

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By AHERN

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