

For the LOVE of EVE by Lucy Walling

CHAPTER XXIV

She looked at the other girl curiously. Surely Mona did not aspire to a job—did she? It was difficult to tell what went on behind that baby face. Just now Mona seemed the very essence of sweet, innocent girlhood. Her round, blue eyes had a wistful expression as she sat demurely. From under a black hat a few blond curls were visible. Her simple black dress with a white collar was studiously cut to give her neck a graceful, attractive figure.

Eve was surprised to see Dick enter the restaurant with three other men. They took a table on the main floor and Eve could watch them from her place on the balcony. She said nothing about it to Mona. Her order was given the men and their heads over a blueprint and they became engrossed in conversation.

Suddenly Mona smiled brightly. "Here you are!" came a masculine voice from behind Eve. She turned and saw Theron Reece. He smiled and bowed in a mocking manner. And still it took a while before she realized she had fallen into their trap. That telephone call for Mona that Eve had refused to go to lunch with Reece had been from him of course!

Their spaghetti arrived, steaming in platters with silver covers. Eve could not very well leave with the making a scene. She broke off a piece of French bread and ate it while she gave her order to the sleek waiter. Soon Mona and Reece were seated in a gay conversation. Eve sat very little. Now and then she looked down at Dick but never met his eyes.

Surely Mona would prefer to be alone with Reece. Why then had she plotted with him unless she intended causing Eve vexation? Eve pondered over the situation. Reece's bantering remarks seemed to touch upon all the activities of the times. Thus it was not long before he mentioned to the stock exchange this morning, he was saying, "Quite a little activity!"

"Was there?" Eve asked, hoping to explain in detail. "Yes," he answered, glad for an attentive audience. He named several stocks which had advanced and others which had shown a decline. Eve nodded, listening. She tried to imitate Dick's poker face, when he mentioned Pure Soap, Inc.

"Pure Soap took a slide," he said authoritatively. "That will hit a lot of fellows. Pure Soap is a popular number."

"When did all this happen?" Eve asked, hoping she gave no indication of the concern she felt. "Just before noon," he answered. "Eve noted that Dick and the men were with her leaving. She slipped the strong, hot coffee slowly and ate her dessert without further comment. When she had finished she glanced at her watch and arose.

"I think I'll leave you," she said, slipping into her fur jacket before Reece could assist her. "I have an errand to do before going back to the office—and there is no need for you to hurry." She managed to smile at Mona. At the desk she signaled the waiter and paid her check.

Then she boarded a trolley to ride to the blocks to the bank. The car seemed to be forever stopping for traffic lights. Finally it arrived at the square and impatiently Eve hurried out.

The usual calm atmosphere pervaded the stock and bond department of the bank. Eve asked for Mr. Brown but he was out. His assistant offered to help her.

"Pure Soap, Inc.—has it gone down?" she asked. "Well, it dropped two points this morning," he answered calmly. "But it's gone up again within the last hour. Just a minute and I'll get you the figures."

Eve's knees were weak and she sank gratefully into a chair. This was another angle of playing the market. Well, she was still safe. But ought she sell now in case the stock might drop again?

The young man advised her to wait. Eve returned to her office slowly and thoughtfully. Arlene was interested in Eve's account of the luncheon. "I thought Mona was playing up to Reece at Freda's party last night," Arlene commented. "I felt sorry for Mr. Bliss. He's so nice. And to think he fell for Mona, only to be hurt by her! I suppose he's so infatuated, though, that he can't see her tactics."

"We'll have to watch out for that girl," declared Eve. "She's the worst traffic jam this office has ever been mixed up with!" added Arlene.

But Eve sorely heard her. She wondered if Dick had seen her with Mona and Reece at the restaurant. What would he think after what had occurred the night before? Perhaps it would be better for her not to mention the luncheon. However, Eve was worried.

EVE ignored Mona Allen for the rest of the day. She was so annoyed by the other girl's trickery that she felt she could not trust herself to speak to Mona. Fortunately Eve had no work to discuss with her.

Mona entered Barnes' office the middle of the afternoon and did not reappear for almost an hour. Arlene, glancing up from her typewriter during Mona's absence, said, "I wonder what Loretta's game is. She certainly makes occasions to be alone with his highness!"

Eve said, "Don't be foolish, Arlene." Arlene answered slyly, "Don't be so glib, Eve! That girl is no saint."

Marya, from her corner by the window, merely looked up at them and smiled. What Marya thought, no one knew.

When Mona returned to her desk she did not glance at either of the other girls. Her features were without expression as she folded a few sheets of fresh copy paper, picked up a pencil and left the office.

"She's probably gone to see George Bliss on the pretense of seeing what's new in the rug department," commented Arlene. "Well, I've got plenty of work to do myself and I must say I can do it a lot better when Mona is far, far away." Arlene began to type rapidly.

Eve was tempted to tell Dick about the luncheon with Theron Reece and explain how it had come about but she decided that to do so would be to attach importance to the incident. It did not occur to her to discuss her venture on the stock market with Dick. In that matter she wished to play a lone hand until she had achieved results.

Hence she encouraged him to talk about his work. "I'll take you out to see the theater Sunday morning," he told her. "It's going to be ready for the public in two weeks. Just now the auditorium is being decorated and equipment installed. There will be quite a staff working Sunday because of the time limit for the opening."

On Sunday morning, as he had promised, Dick tucked Eve into the roadster and drove the short distance to the new building.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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



DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM WHERE I FIRST MET YOU...

Old Sticky Fingers



WELL, YOUR TEAM PUT ON A FINE ACT—HERE IS THE MONEY FOR THEM—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS—I BELIEVE THAT IS CORRECT—

By HAROLD GRAY



ONE HUNDRED BERRIES—WHAT A SOFT TOUCH—THE BRAT AND THE OLD FOSSIL—THINK FIVE DOLLARS IS THE PRICE AND THAT I'M HANDING IT ALL OVER TO THEM—HA! HA! WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM—

By HAROLD GRAY



THERE YOU ARE—THE WHOLE FIVE DOLLARS—NOW I GUESS YOU'LL ADMIT OLD CC ISN'T SUCH A BAD CHAP—PRETTY EASY MONEY, EH?

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



ONE OF EMPEROR KARLOS' SNIPERS FIRES DOWN ON THE APPROACHING LEGIONNAIRES—



—HITS AN OFFICER! MAJOR LE BRUM FIRES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOT—

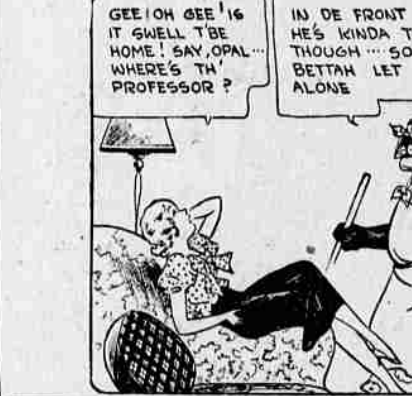


—AND THE SNIPER FALLS FROM THE TREE-TOP, MORTALLY WOUNDED!

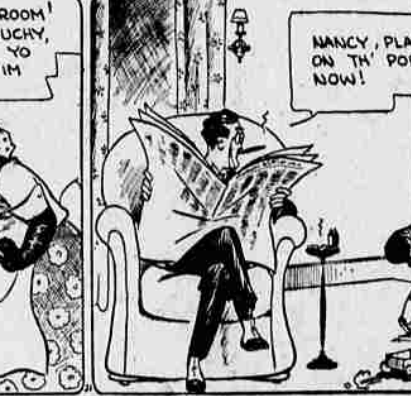


WE'LL CAMP HERE TO-NIGHT, LIEUTENANT COTE, AND OPEN OUR ATTACK ON THEIR ADVANCED POSITIONS AT DAYBREAK

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



GEE OH GEE 'IS IT SWELL T'BE HOME! SAY, OPAL—WHERE'S TH' PROFESSOR?



IN DE FRONT ROOM! HE'S KINDA TOUCHY, THOUGH—SO 'YO BETTAH LET 'IM ALONE



NANCY, PLAY ON TH' PORCH NOW!



I INSIST ON BEING OBEYED!

BRINGING UP FATHER



I WISH I WUZ AT THE NORTH POLE WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG—BY GOLLY—I'M TIRED—



GREAT HEAVENS! THAT'S THE NEW COOK KNOCKIN' TO ASK ME WHAT I WANT FER BREAKFAST—GEE I'D LIKE TO SLEEP ANOTHER TEN MINUTES—



WHAT WILL YOU HAVE THIS MORNIN' SIR?



EGGS AN' BOIL 'EM TWENTY MINUTES!

THIMBLE THEATRE



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU—POPEYE—I HEAR THOSE TERRIBLE DEMONIAHS GOT AFTER YOU—TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT—THE PUBLIC WANTS A STORY ABOUT YOU AND SOONER

Starring POPEYE



TELL ME EVERYTHING—I WANT TO GET THIS STORY IN THE NEXT EDITION

NOW SHOWING—"CUSTER'S LAST STAND"



THE SUN WAS SETTING BEHIND I WAS COMIN' UP THE GULCH

TOMORROW—"A BABE IN THE 'WOOD'"



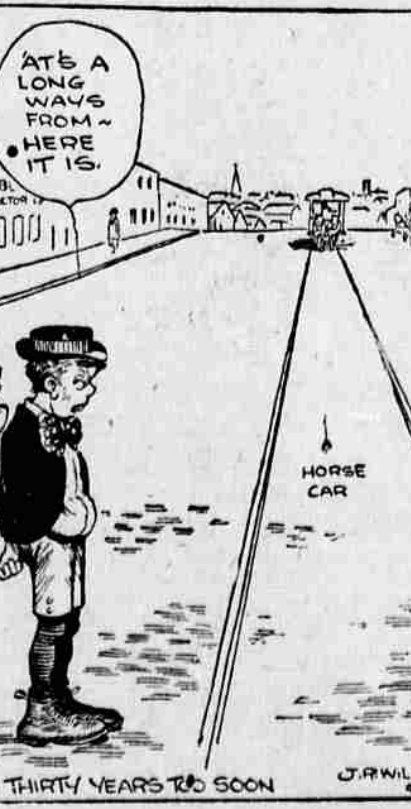
ME HORSH WAS PICKIN HIS WAY THROUGH THE LONESOME CACTUSSUSES—WHEN ALL A SUDDIN' HOPPED OUT, MILLINGS OF INJUNS

OUT OUR WAY



AH-HHH! AT LAST! HERE IT COMES!

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



AT'S A LONG WAYS FROM—HERE IT IS.

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



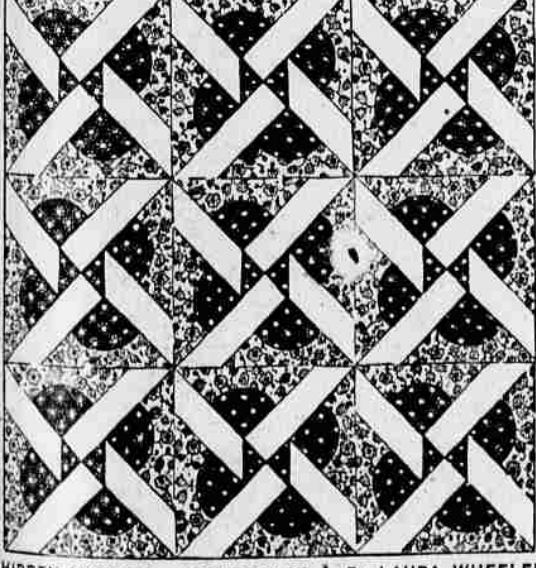
HARR-RUMF—OF COURSE YOU REALIZE I'M IN BUSINESS—UM-M—COME, COME—ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU? THIS ESTABLISHMENT IS NOT FOR TARRYING OR BROWSING!

By AHERN



I'M LOOKING FOR A BIG, FAT BABOON—TH' KIND WITH A RED NOSE!—UM-M—WE USED TO HAVE ONE IN OUR HOUSE—HE WORE A FEZ, AN' WAS NEARLY HUMAN!

EASY TO USE QUILT PATTERN



HIDDEN FLOWER PATTERN 540 By LAURA WHEELER

Though this flower may be hiding behind a lattice, there is nothing elusive about making it. The block is composed of but five simple pattern pieces, that are easily put together. The finished quilt is most effective made in three materials and has long been a favorite among quiltmakers, probably because it is so different in appearance than the usual quilt.

Pattern 540 comes to you with complete, simple, instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 10c for this pattern to the Eugene Register-Guard Needlecraft Dept., 42 Eighth Avenue, New York City.