EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS: Eve Mannersfield goes back to her 200-year-old house and orchard in Connecticut after five years in New York. She plans to rest, marry gay, city-loving Denny and return to Manhattan apartment life. Uncle Henry, an old family friend, moves in to help Eve run the place. Peter the penniless artist, his languid wife Marylin and their serious young son Judge come to board, promising to pay later. George Cleveland, Eve's calm, practical neighbor, wants her for his wife, but she loves absent Denny who phones from town.

Chapter 23

'As For George—'

"THIS anybody I know—might it be Miss Mannersfield?"

The gay voice—the loving lightness that was the very Denny, the southern accent coming more clearly, as it always did, over the telephone.

"It might be. I suppose it is still you, even after hours on the train last night—"

"As much me as it can be with you in Connecticut. Oh, Eve, I've missed you so, every minute from the time I left you till now, that it's simply horrible. You mustn't be all those hideous miles off, I can't stand it. Love me? Say so quick!"

Eve shut the doors and said, "I love you. Right along. . . . Darling, any news?"

"Yes—the office is simply sick without you. They end every sentence with 'If Eve were only here!' They keep ragging me about your resigning. I'll be owning up why you did in a minute now, I hope!"

"Oh, Den, has anything broken?"

"Sweet, there hasn't been time. But I'm dining with Mitzi Wednesday and she's going to work on old Cleveland in between, and then produce him. And then do you and I go out and celebrate high, wide and handsome?"

"Forty cents for five more minutes," said the cold voice of Operator before Eve could answer. She told Denny hastily not to spend any more money, came back to Ellen in the kitchen to find Judge arranging a tray for his parents with a deftness that suggested practice.

"Yep, I always got their breakfast if they were awake before I went to school," he answered Ellen's question, and walked out soberly with his heavy tray. Eve and Ellen had heard the Featherstones, often enough, laughing over Judge's domestic behavior, but till now they hadn't realized it was anything but a joke.

"Well, I suppose it doesn't hurt him," Ellen said uneasily.

"He's so willing," Eve said. "Uncle Henry has rather taken him over, I think; I remember Aunt Lina saying once he was born with a talent for child-rearing."

'He's Brilliant'

"EVE, let's go out!" Ellen said suddenly. "I have to get an early afternoon train, and I simply will not waste this grand fresh air. You've been in the house moving furniture and getting meals ever since you came, you can't deny it."

"I feel like a million gold dollars," said Eve, "but I'll be with you."

They pulled on coats and dragged berets over their ears.

The day was bright and fresh, and warm for the time of year. The snow was melting in the orchard, but the muddy walking didn't matter with galoshes, and the smell of the freshening earth and the warmth of the sun. The girls went single file through the winding path between the thick old gnarled trunks. Presently they came to a stone wall. Beyond it lay more trees and there were rough steps.

"This is George's, after this, isn't it?" Ellen asked. "Think he'll mind if we trespass?"

"Considering that I found him trespassing all over my orchard and cutting little samples of it to do pomology things with, I should think not," Eve said. She felt a little shy of George. Living even for a few weeks next to a man you have just refused to marry, and on whose father depends your lover's next job, is a bit embarrassing. But naturally she couldn't say that to Ellen.

"He's pretty fine," Ellen said. "Dependable, and kind, and brilliant—"

"Brilliant?"

"Didn't you know he stood practically at the top of his profession, young as he is?"

"No how would I? How did you?"

"Asked," said Ellen, with a smile.

"So you think he has all the virtues?" Eve teased. Brilliant! To her brilliance was Denny's quick, gay talk, Denny's handling of any situation; Denny, like a Noel Coward hero, only handsomer. She laughed as she mounted the stones after Ellen.

"Believe me," Ellen said firmly, alighting between two pear trees and looking up at her with a hand on each, "when you've been on the stage since 16 you like 'em to have virtues!"

Eve leaped down in turn; her bright curls fluttered, her clear voice rang.

"Well, as for George—"

"As for George?" said George himself, advancing toward them with the usual armful of twigs and sheepskin gloves. His bright blue eyes were as steady, his wind-burned face as impassive as always.

"It was compliments," Eve said, laughing in spite of herself. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Grafting," said George. He dusted his gloves and added, "Come on over and see the house. Mother's done wonders with it, really."

Eve remembered it as the heartbreaking wreck of what had been in the eighteenth century a more beautiful house than her own; fine old furniture and portraits, all scattered or broken. The two girls went with him down through the Seymour orchard, and back through what had been a long, green pleasance, and was now going to be again. The place even this early showed that a clever hand had been landscaping it after its original eighteenth-century fashion. The only change was that George had used the brook which had watered orchard and lawn to make a swimming pool, among a clump of trees.

"Oh, you must let us use this," Ellen said, "when it gets warm enough."

"Surest thing you know," George said, standing with one leather-leggined foot on the cement parapet. He went on explaining to Ellen, hanging on his words, about gravity flow, and how much of the old land they'd managed to get back from the township for its back taxes. He seemed less like a man who had said last night he was deeply in love than anything she could imagine. Eve decided he had been swept by some crazy impulse.

He went on showing them the improvements he had made. The old fountain, dug out of an outhouse and put together from its marble wreck; the oak avenue, having its gaps filled up where the Seymours had let trees die or cut them for firewood. The traces of an old maze, even, on the far side of the pleasance, which he had nearly recreated.

Struggle For A Painting

"YOU'VE done wonders!" Eve said impulsively.

He flushed a little, as if her praise meant a good deal to him. "I suppose I was born out of due time," he said. "Mother is always saying so. It seems to me the most exciting thing on earth to recreate things that were meant to be fine and have nearly been lost or broken. These old trees, for instance. There are almost unique varieties of shrubs and fruit-bearing trees here. Somebody in the place's history must have been an amateur of orchards and gardens. It was a crime to let the place be wrecked as it has been."

"Oh, Uncle Henry De Remer can tell you about that," Eve said as they neared the house, stately among its lawns, sound with its freshly shored foundations of reddened bricks. "The first owner was a friend of John Evelyn's, and Evelyn kept sending him out rare specimens after he came here. Gardens and varieties of fruits and flowers were a fad of that day, weren't they?"

George nodded. "They got a lot of stuff from France and Italy. It says so in the *Diary*. Odd that some of these things should have lasted here in Connecticut when they'd died out in England—what's that?"

They were at the front door by now. It was closed, of course, but one of the long French windows that Eve remembered as smashed and boarded over, glazed now and painted white, was ajar, and a man's rough voice was shouting from within. George sprang inside, followed by the girls. In the middle of the parquet floor Mrs. Cleveland, with a strength nobody would have expected from her limp frame, was struggling with a tall thin man in ragged clothing.

George jerked him aside. "Here, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Cleveland bent over and dragged an oil painting up from the floor. Apparently they had been struggling over it. She had it fast, as she dropped into a chair. She panted: "This man's a thief, George. Tell him, Mrs. Power."

Mitzi, who had been crouched against the wall, straightened up now on her high heels and said, "It was perfectly *terrible*." She caught her breath. "I nearly fainted away."

George took a firmer grip of the limp frightened lad and said impatiently, "All right, what's this about?"

His mother got her breath, cast a scornful glance at the terrified Mitzi and said: "We just got back from a long drive. I'd been told about this painting that was supposed to be the portrait of the man who built this house. So I got up early and we drove to the antique shop that had it; away off in Torrington it was! And I bought it. Naturally, on the way back I stopped at the post office. And this tramp must have seen it in the car and followed us. He came in and began to shout that it was his and he had to have it."

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George's father comes to Eve's for a game of chess, tomorrow.

POLICE EDUCATOR TAKES UP WRITING TO TEACH PUBLIC

By SAM JACKSON
(A. P. Feature Writer.)

BERKELEY, Cal.—Having spent 20 years training "modern" police officers, August Vollmer, once celebrated as Berkeley's scientific police chief, soon will turn to training the public.

He will retire as professor of police administration at the end of the current term at the University of California to devote himself to writing. Perplexed and slightly discouraged at the public "contemptuous" attitude toward policemen, he wants to do what he can to correct the situation with his pen.

Along with this crusading, he has mapped out a prodigious amount of research to determine why crime is rife in the United States. "Most of the theories now advanced on the subject are unadulterated fallacies," he says.

Vollmer originated college training for policemen in 1916 at the University of Chicago. At least four universities besides California now offer such courses and 30 others give some minor instruction, and Vollmer is the guiding spirit of them all.

This spring, five of his graduates will go out to start at the bottom of the police ladder at patrolmen. A score more are in training, and a considerable body of students, including a number of co-eds, are taking courses as a sideline.

Vollmer believes every policeman should have four years of college training.

He asserts his present students are guided solely by a "social consciousness." "They're certainly not going into police work for the money," he says, "and I can't promise them any detective-story excitement."

But Vollmer himself, in his service at Berkeley, and later in his reorganization of police departments, fulfilled the story-book idea of the "scientific detective."

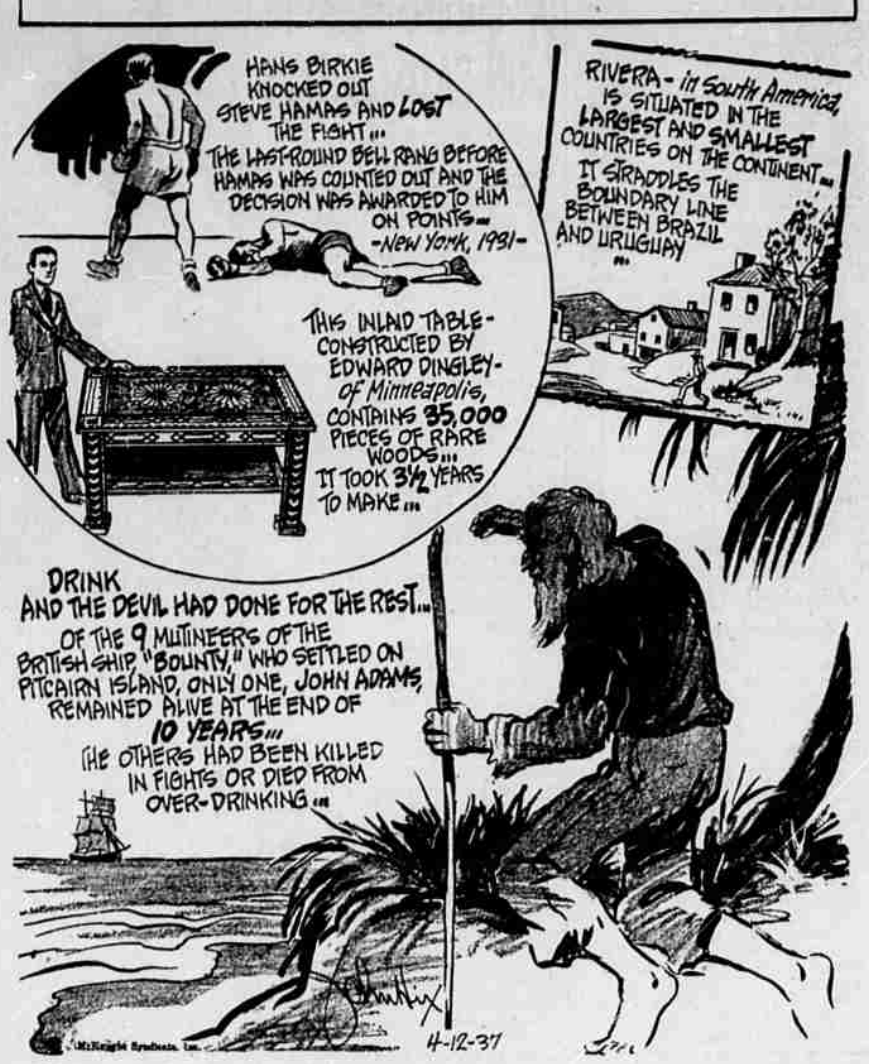
Veering toward a broad philosophical view of crime with his advancing years, Vollmer no longer accents such technical developments as the lie detector and microscopic examination of clues.

"No marked degree of improvement can be expected from the present police set-up," he says. "It is defective internally because its functions are discharged by amateurs."

Use Mail Tribune want ads

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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


HANS BIRKIE KNOCKED OUT STEVE HAMAS AND LOST THE FIGHT... THE LAST-ROUND BELL RANG BEFORE HAMAS WAS COUNTED OUT AND THE DECISION WAS AWARDED TO HIM ON POINTS... -New York, 1931-
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DRINK AND THE DEVIL HAD DONE FOR THE REST... OF THE 9 MUTINEERS OF THE BRITISH SHIP "BOUNTY," WHO SETTLED ON PITCAIRN ISLAND, ONLY ONE, JOHN ADAMS, REMAINED ALIVE AT THE END OF 10 YEARS... THE OTHERS HAD BEEN KILLED IN FIGHTS OR DIED FROM OVER-DRINKING...
John Hix
4-12-37
McKnight Syndicate, Inc.

Drink and the Devil.

When authors Nordhoff and Hall seized upon the history of the mutiny on the British ship "Bounty" as a theme for a series of semi-fictional novels, they swept a small island in the Polynesian group from obscurity into the international limelight. The island is Pitcairn, now famous as the place where nine of the "Bounty's" mutineers settled and as the home of their descendants.

With the mutineers went 18 natives from Tahiti, six of them men, 12 of them women. They landed on their island paradise in 1790—and speedily changed it to a hell. The Tahitians and the white men were at constant odds. Liquor, prepared from fruit, flared the embers of animosity into outright violence. Whites with native wives were the chief cause of dispute. A murder was committed—then another. Several white men drank themselves to death. Within ten years there was only one living white man on the island—John Adams.

Adams had saved a Bible from the ship and when he found himself the sole surviving mutineer at the turn of the century, he was shocked into reform. Instituting worship and a school, he became ruler of the community. The half-caste children and remaining natives accepted his reforms willingly and within a short time the island was peaceable, moral and industrious.

In 1808 an American sailing ship visited the island and the strange story of its settlement was unfolded for the first time. The H. M. S. "Britain" was the next ship to call. For a time its officers deliberated over the arrest of Adams as a mutineer, mutiny being a crime punishable by hanging. Adams' hardships and repentance were taken into account, however, and he was left unmolested. He died in 1829.

The island's population carried on his teachings. In 1839, Pitcairn was annexed as a British possession. Seventeen years later, its 194 inhabitants were moved to Norfolk Island, Pitcairn being considered too small. About 40 of them returned to their old home some time later and re-established the community. Today the population numbers about 200. They are Seventh Day Adventists.

Tomorrow: **Double Discovery!**

New Fish Issue

WASHINGTON, April 12.—(AP)—The senate ordered the commissioner of fisheries today to report to it to the effect, if any, of the Bonneville dam on the propagation of salmon and other commercial fish in the Columbia river.

◆

Nut Men Paid.

NEWBERG, Ore., April 12. (AP)—Ten thousand dollars was distributed this week to members of the Oregon Nut Growers' Cooperative as final payment on the 1936 walnut and filbert crops, John E. Trunk, manager, said today. It was one of the earliest pool closings in several years.

◆

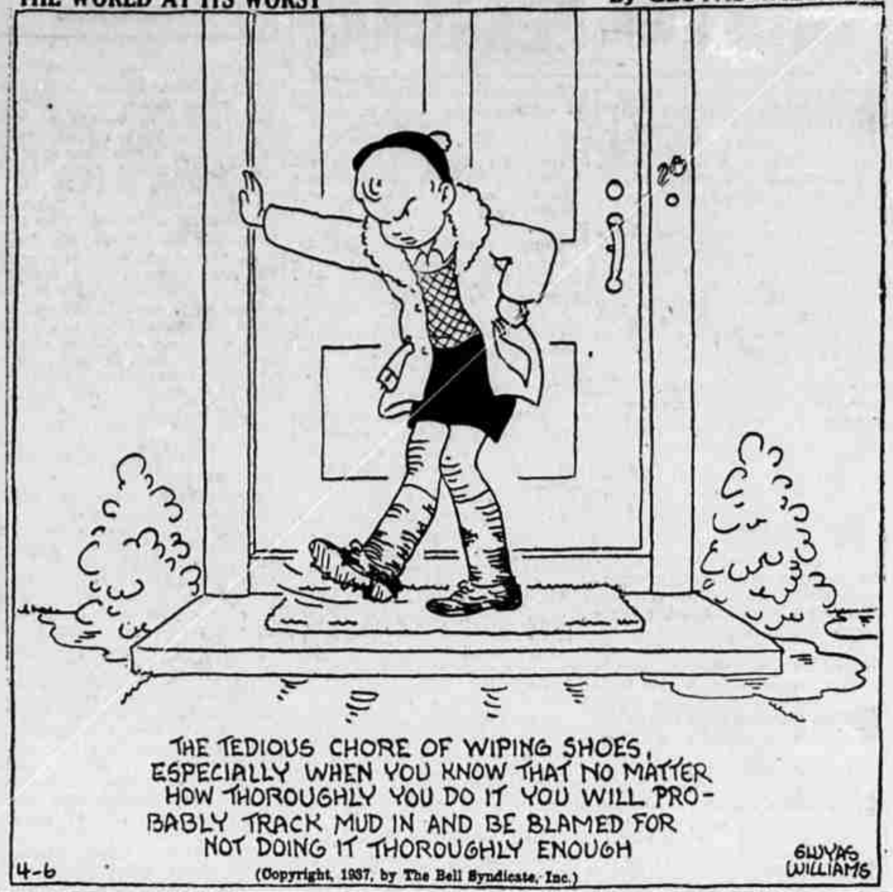
Ice Bars Fishing

REDMOND, April 12.—(AP)—Fishermen who try their luck at the season's opening April 15 in lakes of the Cascades may do well to bring along a pair of skates. Many lakes are still frozen and unless the weather relents, the prospects for open fishing on the 15th are slender.

◆

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS


THE TEDIOUS CHORE OF WIPING SHOES, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU KNOW THAT NO MATTER HOW THOROUGHLY YOU DO IT YOU WILL PROBABLY TRACK MUD IN AND BE BLAMED FOR NOT DOING IT THOROUGHLY ENOUGH
4-6
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
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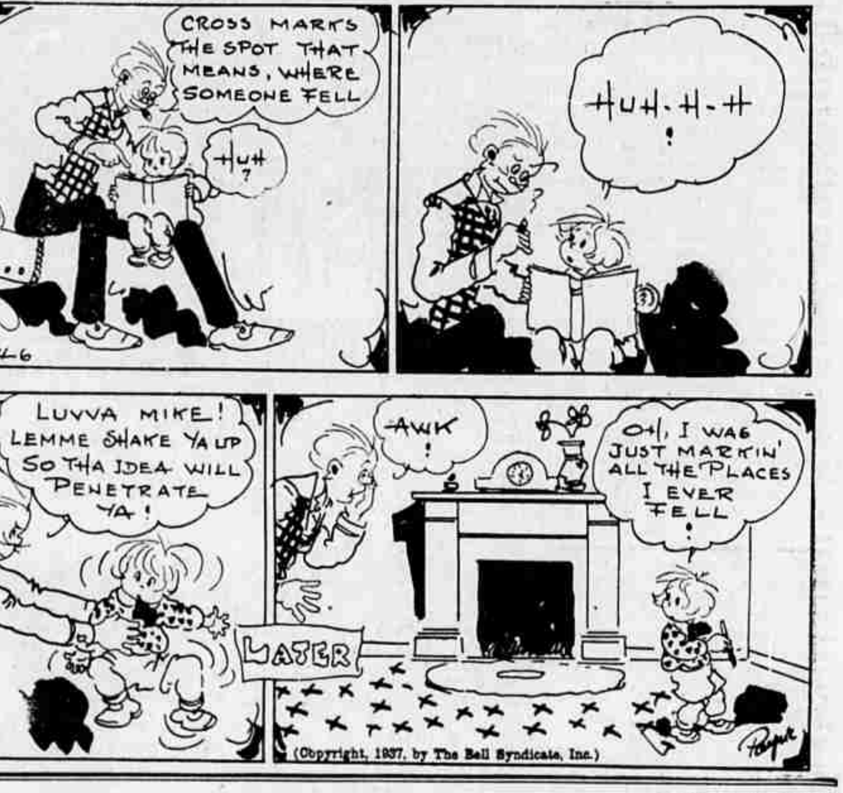
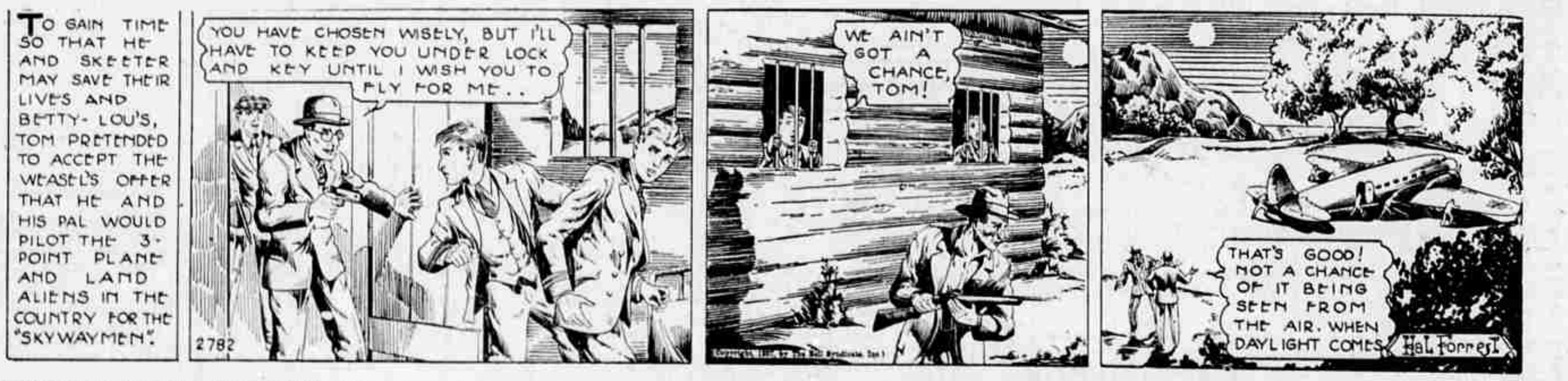
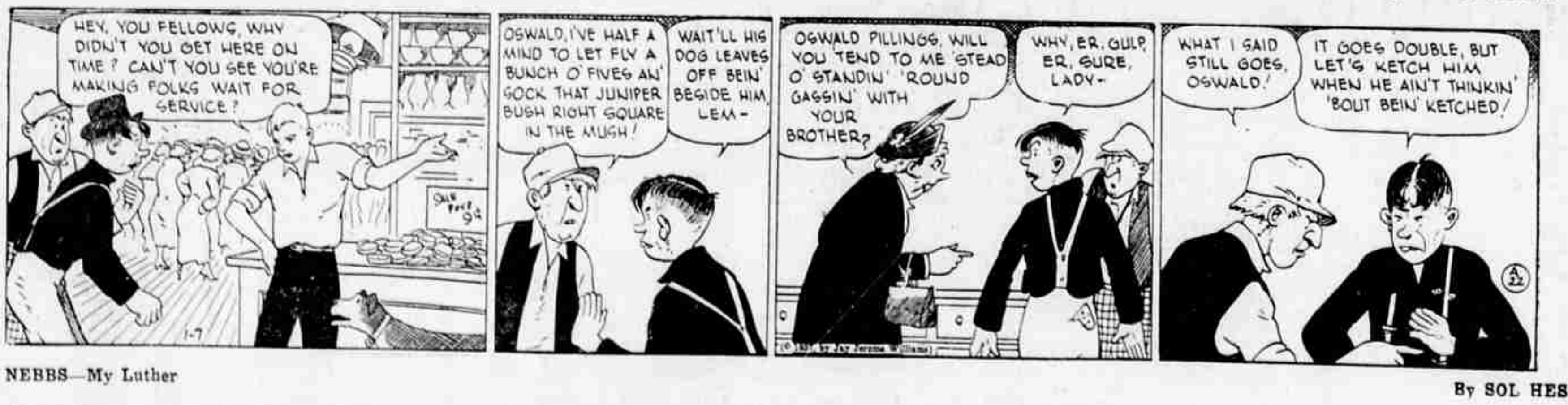
S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE


CROSS MARKS THE SPOT THAT MEANS, WHERE SOMEONE FELL
HUH ?
4-6
HUH-H-H !
LUVVA MIKE! LEMME SHAKE YA UP SO THA IDEA WILL PENETRATE YA!
LATER
AWK !
OH, I WAS JUST MARKIN' ALL THE PLACES I EVER FELL !
Payne
(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

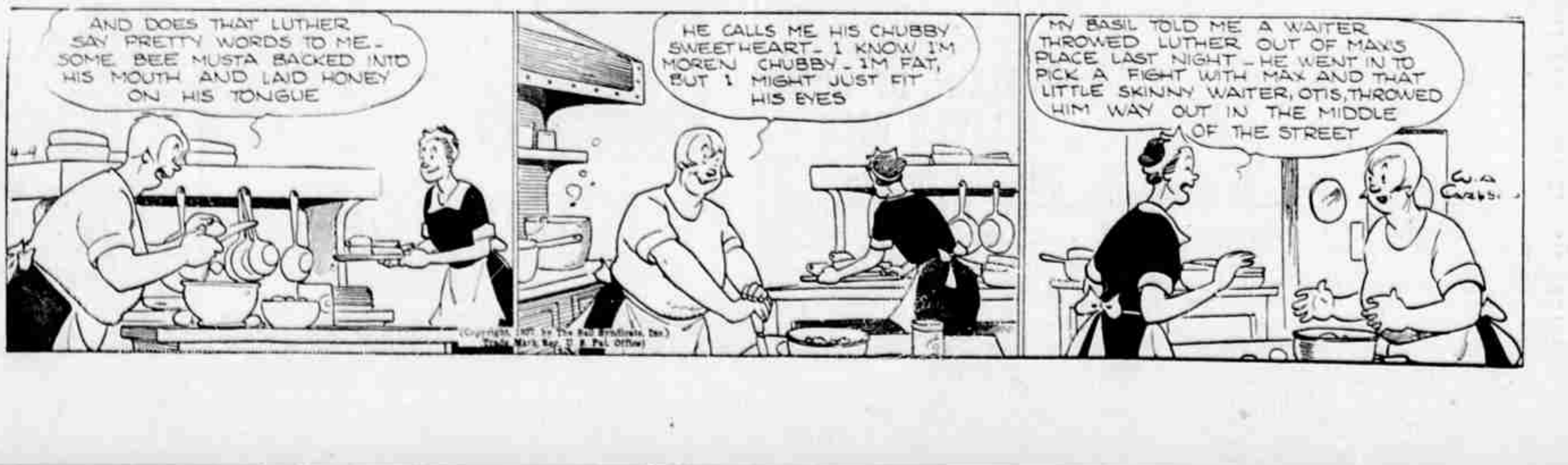
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Weasel Takes Precautions! By HAL FORREST


TO GAIN TIME SO THAT HE AND SKEETER MAY SAVE THEIR LIVES AND BETTY-LOU'S, TOM PRETENDED TO ACCEPT THE WEASEL'S OFFER THAT HE AND HIS PAL WOULD PILOT THE 3-POINT PLANE AND LAND ALIENS IN THE COUNTRY FOR THE "SKYWAYMEN".
YOU HAVE CHOSEN WISELY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOU UNDER LOCK AND KEY UNTIL I WISH YOU TO FLY FOR ME..
2782
WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, TOM!
THAT'S GOOD! NOT A CHANCE OF IT BEING SEEN FROM THE AIR. WHEN DAYLIGHT COMES
Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Muttered Threats By EDWIN ALGER


HEY, YOU FELLOWS, WHY DIDN'T YOU GET HERE ON TIME? CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE MAKING FOLKS WAIT FOR SERVICE?
1-7
OSWALD, I'VE HALF A MIND TO LET FLY A BUNCH O' FIVES AN' SOCK THAT JUNIPER BUSH RIGHT SQUARE IN THE MUSH!
WAIT'LL HIS DOG LEAVES OFF BEIN' BESIDE HIM, LEM-
OSWALD PILLINGS, WILL YOU TEND TO ME 'STEAD O' STANDIN' 'ROUND GASSIN' WITH YOUR BROTHER?
WHY, ER, GULP, ER, SURE, LADY-
WHAT I SAID STILL GOES, OSWALD!
IT GOES DOUBLE, BUT LET'S KETCH HIM WHEN HE AIN'T THINKIN' 'BOUT BEIN' KETCHED!
A 22

THE NEBBS—My Luther By SOL HESS


AND DOES THAT LUTHER SAY PRETTY WORDS TO ME - SOME BEE MUSTA BACKED INTO HIS MOUTH AND LAID HONEY ON HIS TONGUE
4-4
HE CALLS ME HIS CHUBBY SWEETHEART - I KNOW I'M MOREN CHUBBY - I'M FAT, BUT I MIGHT JUST FIT HIS EYES
MY BASIL TOLD ME A WAITER THROWED LUTHER OUT OF MAX'S PLACE LAST NIGHT - HE WENT IN TO PICK A FIGHT WITH MAX AND THAT LITTLE SKINNY WAITER, OTIS, THROWED HIM WAY OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET