

# EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

**SYNOPSIS.** Eve Moody goes back to her 200-year-old house and orchard in Connecticut after five years in New York. She plans to rent, marry, buy, city-losing Denny and return to Manhattan apartment life. Ellen Walton, Eve's close friend who is out for the weekend, joins her in a walk into the orchard. They meet George Cleveland, Eve's calm, practical neighbor who wants her love. He has restored the old Seymour house and takes them over to see it. They find his mother wrestling with an intruder over an oil painting.

## Chapter 24

**The Crumbling Seymours**  
NOW that her attacker was safely in George's grip—he did not seem a strong man—Mrs. Cleveland went on talking with less terror.

"It's a valuable buy, it's signed. I told you, George, we ought to have police protection."

"It's mine," said the limp prisoner faintly. "Eve you tell 'em it's mine."

Eve looked at him more closely, and in spite of the five years that had changed him from a dirty ragged boy to a dirty ragged man, she recognized him.

"It's Lancelot Seymour, Mrs. Cleveland—"

"That's what I was telling you, it's an authentic portrait of old Lancelot Seymour!"

George's face changed to an expression of pity, and he released the shaking youth.

"You don't understand mother, this boy is the descendant and namesake of the man in the picture. I suppose, seeing it, he followed up here to find out about it."

"It's mine," the living Lancelot Seymour said stubbornly, glaring at them. "Let me loose, I won't grab it."

Mrs. Cleveland sat holding the portrait, face out, against her knees.

"Oh, poor Lance," Eve said under her breath, looking from the picture back to the boy in the dirty brown sweater and torn, shapless trousers.

The gentleman in the portrait had a doctor's gown hung back from his erect, satin-clad shoulders; under the turbaned flowing wig gleamed keen, deep-set eyes that had the same shape and setting as his descendant's. A scroll was on his lace ruffled knees behind him was a parterre of stiff shrubs. The thin, long, arrogant face was wise and capable.

"Granddad gambled it away one night when he was drunk," Lance said, reaching a dirty hand to it. "We never know where it goes to, it's mine. You ain't no right to it."

"Oh, Lance," Eve said pitifully, going up to the boy and putting her hand on his arm, "it isn't yours now. It's been sold a half-dozen times since then. And if you had it you haven't anywhere to put it. She remembered the tumble-down shack the Seymours lived in now; Uncle Henry had told her where it was. She knew, too, that the drunken, half-witted father of the ragged crew would only sell it and throw away the money as he must have the money for the house he had received from the Cleveland.

Lance's vacant, lantern-jawed face darkened. "I'm his namesake. I'm the eldest son. Nobody hasn't no right to it except me."

George put an end to the scene by speaking with a sharp authority the poor boy seemed to recognize.

"Come, Seymour, your ancestor wouldn't have frightened a lady this way. You mustn't either. Go on now. The picture won't run away, it's going to be hung where it always belonged. I'll come down and talk things over with you about it."

He shepherded the boy out. Eve, standing at the window, saw the stooped, shambling figure going miserably away, and turned to George impulsively with, "Can't you do anything?"

He was as moved as she.

"I'll try, I promise you, Eve," he said.

"These dreadful natives," Mrs. Cleveland said.

Eve was on the verge of answering sharply. "We are dreadful, I admit," when she saw George's distressed face, and said instead, "I'm afraid it's time we went back, Ellen."

**The Married Fools**  
MRS. CLEVELAND and Miti had collected themselves by now, began to be cordial and hospitable and asked the girls to stay for luncheon. But Eve, without even a look at the restored spacious loveliness of the house, gathered her guest to depart. Mrs. Cleveland managed to get in a word about the lacquer cabinet as they went, but Eve was in no mood to sell anybody lacquer cabinets.

George went with them. He followed them again through the orchard path.

"How on earth did the Seymours manage to run to seed so completely?" he asked of Eve's shoulders. She was interested enough to turn and say, "Uncle Henry knows, if anybody does."

Uncle Henry was plowing up the vegetable bed. Interrogated, he stopped and leaned on the plow George had lent him.

He said, "Well some might say 'twas the hand of God. My grandfather said it was being too high-headed. The Seymour men lived too hard, for one thing, drink and cards as well as

—a learning. And they had a queer streak that couldn't bear to marry anything but fools they could look down on, or cousins, as being the only kind good enough for Seymours. And when you marry fools for eight generations, and nail of them your own kin, my grandfather said, you breed fools. Guess he was right."

"But, oh, can't anything be done for poor Lance?" Eve said.

"The price I paid for the place, tumble-down as it was, ought to have bought them a decent watertight farm," George said with a worried frown. "I wonder if it would help to pay the boy something for the picture."

"Not with a drunken numskull like Looche Seymour for a father, I remember when he got your money it was scattered in six weeks and nobody the better but the barkeepers. Son, you can't improve the world, no more than Eve can. Getting the Seymours into institutions is about all anybody can do, and they wouldn't be happy there."

And from there the talk branched to the village history. Uncle Henry said he had up in the "barn chamber," which he promised to show George that evening.

Ellen finally drove into town that afternoon with Miti—and Eve earned later, Mrs. Cleveland for George came over that night after supper, accompanied by his father.

The important father, the chairman of Northern Steel, on whose say-so hung the new publicity department that Denny might get if Miti coaxed that, like the House that Jack Built, meant that Eve and Denny could get married.

**A Game Of Chess**  
THE two men slipped into the old parlor as quietly as if they were country neighbors, after the introductions.

"Mother's nerves slipped under her after the fracas," George explained. "So she bolted with Mrs. Power for New York. Dad and I sort of rattled around alone over there. I said I thought you wouldn't mind if he came along. He wants to scratch up a game of chess if possible."

"George says you play chess, Featherstone," Mr. Cleveland said, sitting down across from the Featherstones, who were together on the love seat before the fire. There wasn't anything to be afraid of about him, because he was simply, as Eve had noticed the first time she saw him, George grown 30 years older, the same keen blue eyes, the same slow effortless ways, the same genuine simplicity. But the last man on earth you would expect to be lured by Miti!

Eve watched him as Peter, who played a good game of chess, hailed joyously this chance and the two settled down to it. A fatherly type; what George would be if he married the wrong girl, certainly, but not about his wife in the manner of kindly American men, having shared his emotions to his business.

She continued to watch him, with increasing liking, through the evening while George dug up village history and the town's townships, transplanting from Uncle Henry in the back parlor and Judge read avidly at his history of the Civil war. It was a friendly, notably sort of evening there in the long lamp-lit parlor, with the hearth fire and the center table, the absorbed chess players, and child sprawled over his book.

There was already a delightful feel to the long old rooms of friendliness and home. Peter had hung the curtains as if she was there, and that morning, as a delightful surprise, and, spurred by the hope of possessing the north end of the attic when it was empty, worked like a beaver at getting it cleaned up. Eve recognized with pleasure the two graceful backless Sheraton window seats in their faded silky rep, inlaid, curved; and she hadn't changed her blue sweater and skirt, or done anything, indeed, except brush down her bright rings of hair and set them hastily with her fingers, use powder and lipstick quickly after a nasty wash.

It was a comfortable sort of evening; homely and easy and laughing. At its end Eve felt as if she had known the other three forever. She felt at peace. All it needed was Denny's laughing presence to make it perfect. She wanted him suddenly and acutely; and it came to her that all this Miti business was silly. Why shouldn't she, herself, speak of Denny to this kindly slow-voiced man, sitting over by the fire, so boyishly intent on his chessmen? Not tonight, perhaps, but next time he came.

Denny phones Eve excitedly, tomorrow—he's to get a better job.

will only become more intensified.

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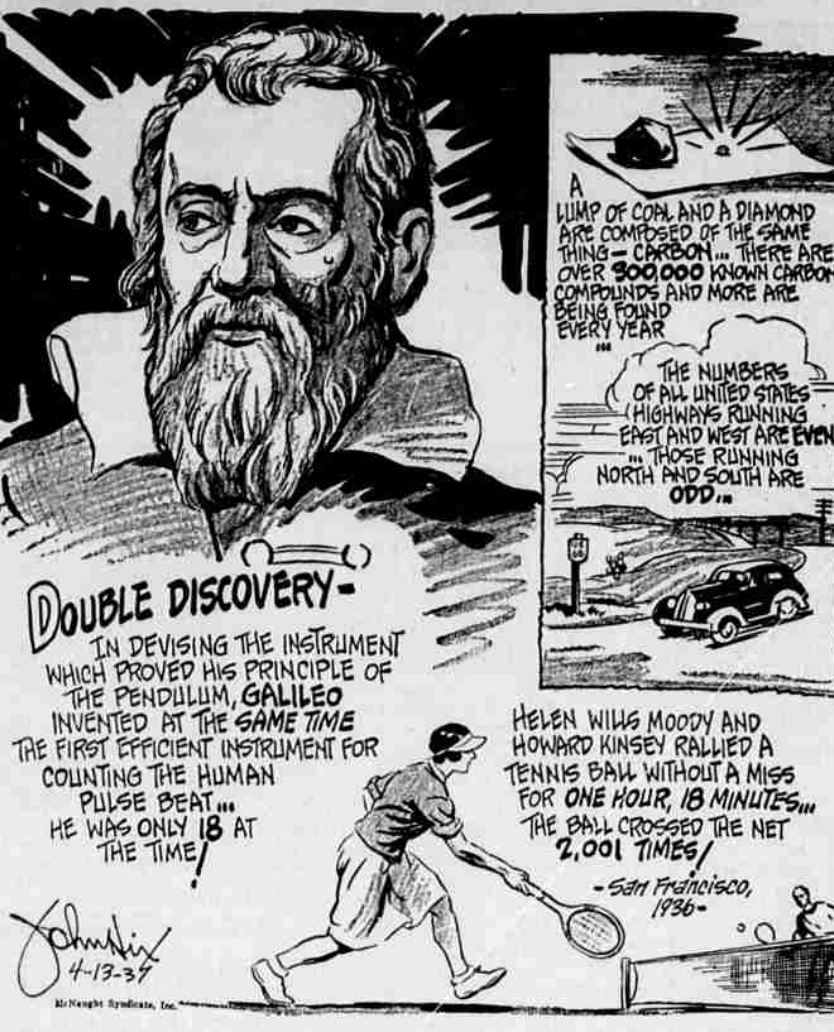
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Foreign missions are attempting to ease the farmer's plight by helping the churches teach him modern agricultural methods. Under a plan formulated by Dr. Ralph A. Felton, Drew university professor on Furlough in China, the churches plan to lend the farmer small sums of money at easy interest rates to purchase livestock and land. In return, the churches

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**DOUBLE DISCOVERY—**  
IN DEVISING THE INSTRUMENT WHICH PROVED HIS PRINCIPLE OF THE PENDULUM, GALILEO INVENTED AT THE SAME TIME THE FIRST EFFICIENT INSTRUMENT FOR COUNTING THE HUMAN PULSE BEAT... HE WAS ONLY 18 AT THE TIME!

A LUMP OF COAL AND A DIAMOND ARE COMPOSED OF THE SAME THING—CARBON... THERE ARE OVER 300,000 KNOWN CARBON COMPOUNDS, AND MORE ARE BEING FOUND EVERY YEAR.

THE NUMBERS OF ALL UNITED STATES HIGHWAYS RUNNING EAST AND WEST ARE EVEN... THOSE RUNNING NORTH AND SOUTH ARE ODD.

HELEN WILLS MOODY AND HOWARD KINSEY RALLIED A TENNIS BALL WITHOUT A MISS FOR ONE HOUR, 13 MINUTES... THE BALL CROSSED THE NET 2,001 TIMES!

—SAN FRANCISCO, 1936—

**Double Discovery**  
With restless eyes wandering around the interior of Pisa's cathedral, an 18-year old boy sat in attendance at divine service one day in 1581. The boy was Galileo Galilei—sent to Pisa by his father to study medicine.

He leaned his head back, studied the beams of the great structure's ceiling—then fastened his gaze on a lamp swinging back and forth. Idly he watched it for a while—became fascinated. It seemed to him that though the length of each swing of the lamp was gradually lessening, the time it took for each swing was not. But how could this be? Certainly it would take longer

for a long swing to be completed than a short one. Was it a trick of his eyes that caused short swings to appear to take as much time as the longer ones? He tried timing them with his pulse. The results strengthened his growing convictions.

After services he went to his living quarter and rigged up a pendulum to a dial which he swung. He set the pendulum swinging. The result was the discovery of the principle of the pendulum—the fact that regardless of the length of the arc which the pendulum made, it was invariably executed in equal time. Only a change in the length of the pendulum itself would produce variation. This was a pretty good afternoon's work for a boy not

yet out of his teens. He had made one of the most important discoveries in the history of physics. Yet, strange as it seems, his day's discovering didn't end then. He was also destined to make an important contribution to the world of medicine.

Until this time, no efficient method for counting the rate of a pulse beat had been devised. Galileo found that his instrument for proving the principle of the pendulum served as an excellent method for clocking the pulse. He had, in fact, invented the first efficient pulsilogium on record.

As was the case with most of Galileo's discoveries, the world failed to take advantage of his pulse-counting device. Centuries passed before the medical world again stumbled on an efficient pulsilogium.

will get not only cash but farm products and labor services.

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**TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Signal Through the Wall!**



IN THEIR PRISON ROOM OF THE CABIN HIDEOUT OF THE WEASEL, SKETER SLEEPS, and TOMMY WAS JUST DOZING OFF WHEN HE HEARD A FAINT TAPPING ON THE WALL.

I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD TAPPING

HUH?

SKETS! WAKE UP! I HEAR SOMETHING

OH, IF I CAN ONLY MAKE THEM HEAR ME.

IT'S MORSE CODE! GOT A PENCIL?

G-GOLLY! YES..

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What's Really Important**

OH, BEN, YOUR SALE'S BROUGHT IN MORE MONEY THAN I'VE SEEN SINCE TEKE PAID HIS FUNERAL EXPENSES IN ADVANCE!

BUT THE STORE'S JUST ABOUT EMPTY, GON—WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO NOW?

BUY SOME NEW STUFF, THAT'S ALL—

YES, GIR, BUY SOME NEW STUFF AND PUT SOME NEW IDEAS INTO EFFECT—WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THIS BUSINESS PAY!

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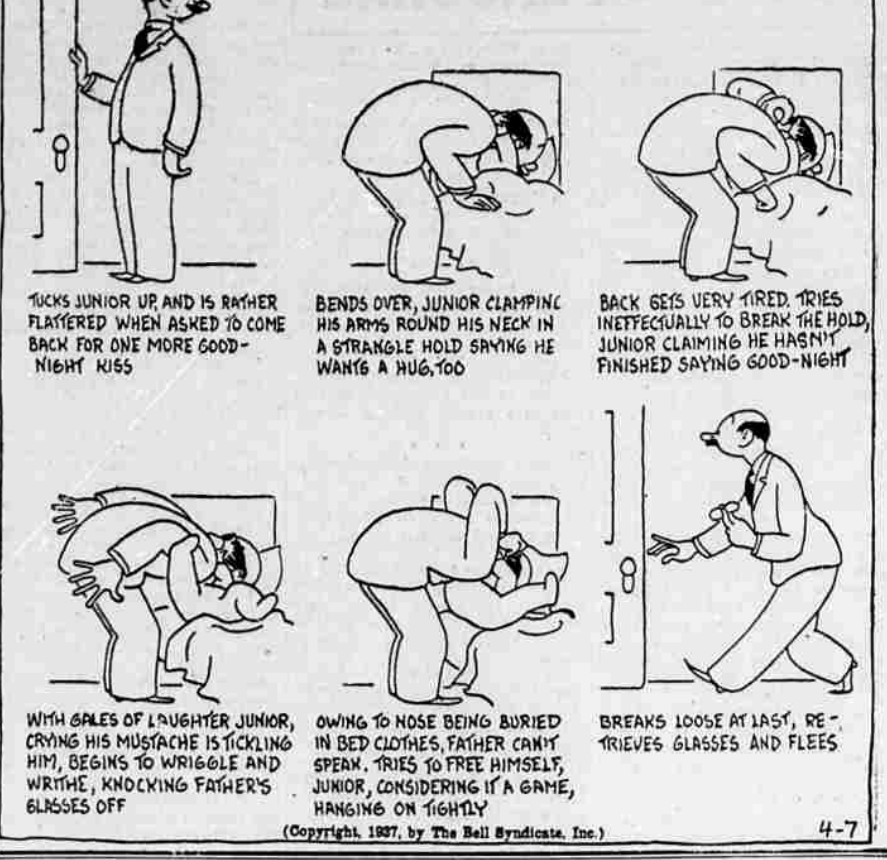
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WELL, GET MORE GLEEFUL YOU GOT ANOTHER CUSTOMER AND IF I SAY IT MYSELF I'M THE BEST CATCH IN THIS TOWN. I GOT MONEY!

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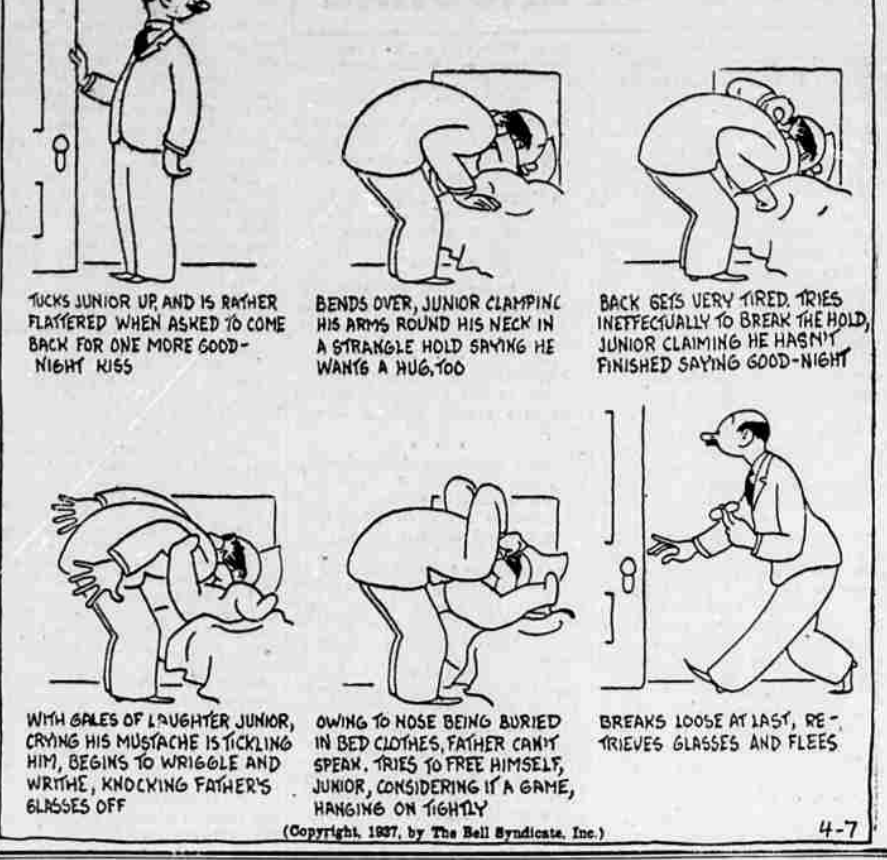
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