

# EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDEMER.

**SYNOPSIS:** Eve Mannersfeld goes back to her 200-year-old house and orchard in Connecticut after five years in New York. She plans to rent, marry, go, city-visit, and return to Medford. "Uncle" Henry moves in to help her run the place. Then come Peter, the penniless artist, his languid wife Marilyn, and their serious young son Judge. Eve's neighbor, calm, practical George Cleveland, who loves her, comes over with his father evenings. One day George tells her the renting agent said Eve had given up the idea of renting. Eve denies this excitedly.

## Chapter 25

### Placid Evenings

MRS. MORTON, trim and tense in her small glass-fronted office between the post office and the grocery, said in dismay:

"Mrs. Featherstone said so. She was out walking and I met her. She said you were all too happy there to want to rent. I supposed you thought it would be as easy to go on with the old business your aunt was in—"

Eve turned to George. "There must be some mistake. She couldn't—" But as she said it she knew that Marilyn's fatal incoherence might have made just that mistake possible.

"I'm terribly sorry," Mrs. Morton said. "It's a shame, and with the renting season almost over, but I'll do everything I possibly can to rent it for you."

Marilyn, lying among her pillows and papers, with the breakfast tray still across her knees and the rose-satin wrap Molly De Peyster had given her huddled about her, was first uncomprehending and then in an agony of penitence.

"Oh, darling," she mourned, "what a horrible thing to do to you. I never dreamed it could make the least bit of difference. And when I said to you, didn't you love our being here, and wouldn't you rather we kept on like this all summer, you said you were so glad we liked it that we wished we could—"

and I thought that meant you didn't want to rent—"

Marilyn was too horrified and miserable for Eve to do anything but say, "Well, there's nothing to be done now. It may rent still."

Peter was more horrified than Eve. He even volunteered to go low-brow and do some book covers.

"That ought to help. And Uncle Henry says Judge ought to have more pressures. I'll buy him a bicycle and give you the extra rent," said Peter generously.

Uncle Henry and Peter and George held a council of war with Eve that night in Uncle Henry's end of the parlors. She felt one of her recurrent waves of guilt about concealing her intention of marrying Denny as soon as he came back. But she mustn't talk about it, it wasn't certain. And when they did marry, now that the country weather was getting more heavenly every day, Denny would probably just settle in here with her till fall; he liked the Featherstones well enough.

So she said nothing to their assurances that with the help of Peter's money and Uncle Henry's greenstuffs could carry on well.

"And with Denny's help," she said irreverently to herself, "we could afford a tennis club membership—"

Seeing her so bright-eyed and flushed and content, George Cleveland and Henry De Remer smiled at each other, relieved.

### Bridge Or Anagrams

MARYLIN called to Peter lovingly from the fire in the front room. "Darling, here's darling Daddy Cleveland simply champing for his chess!"

The older Cleveland, sitting near his usual air of having all the time in the world, smiled benignly at Marilyn, stretched in her chair with an arm around her little boy. Peter smiled and crossed to get the chessmen. Judge got up and went into the back room to Uncle Henry. The group had settled into its accustomed evening routine.

For routine it had come to be, a settled evening arrangement of understood placid comfort. Both Cleveland seemed domestically inclined men. Mrs. Cleveland had tired of the country after a week of rain and was still obstinately at the Park Avenue apartment. Her son was busy with his orchard and small fruits; her husband was a fanatic golfer, and his favorite club with driving distance of George's house. So he played chess with Peter the three weekend nights and George, drifting in with him, read the papers, or did mathematics about genetics on the round table where Uncle Henry and Judge carried on games of checkers or hunted for stations on Eve's little radio. Both father and son behaved in general as if this were where they most liked to be.

"At home my wife always retires after dinner unless we're doing something social," Mr. Cleveland said apologetically. "I don't know when George and I have had so much social comfort as sitting round here. Hope we aren't overdoing it."

Everybody assured them sincerely that they were not.

"And it is such a comfort to have enough for bridge or anagrams whenever you like," Eve and Marilyn agreed. The battered box of letters, the cards and chess and checkers were scarcely ever put away. The big old dictionary from the attic, in its iron stand, its call covers coming off, its vintage that of Eve's grandfather, stood permanently in the niche behind the parlor fireplace. Sometimes the whole group was coaxed into a game of anagrams, Judge and all. There had been jokes last night about a return match, after Peter had won over everyone by six three-syllable words. He and old Mr. Cleveland were the best players.

"It's like the homes in library books," Judge said. "I didn't ever know they were real before."

It was the middle of May before Denny got back from the road. Six long weeks. He called up on top of a letter that had given no hint of it to say he was actually here, actually coming out this Friday afternoon!

Eve went over his room lovingly; had she forgotten anything? Daffodils on the marble table between the windows, the funny 1890 pillow shams that belonged on the towering elaborate walnut bed with a package of cigarettes and an ash tray beside it and the new novel Mr. Cleveland had brought over night before last.

"You must let me sleep in that bed," he'd said. "And if you come in and wake me up, you'll probably find I've grown side-whiskers and a derby."

She laughed now as she thought of it, excitedly. Tonight he would sleep here, and they would laugh about her "period furniture" together.

"Eve—You're Beautiful!" TOO restless to stand still, she went out and gathered more daffodils in the back garden, went up and down the walks to see what had come up since yesterday, and finally came to anchor in the portico in the rear.

Standing there on its high eighteenth-century floor, she drew a long breath of delight, leaning down on the lawn and orchard. All this heavenly outdoors to show Denny! Time and Uncle Henry had done wonders with the tumbled wilderness the Jennings had left behind.

The long lawn stretched clipped and green to the angle of fruit canes against the southern slope where the orchard climbed. Below them was the mat of darker green leaves that was the old strawberry bed. The high roses, leading out now, bordered the walk to the orchard; thick outside them the two long ribbons of daffodils that had always been there.

Eve herself, standing in the May wind, was spring-like in the soft close-clinging green with a yellow head girly, the high gimped collar of creamy silk. She had brushed her hair to the top of her head in a new fashion, with a daring plume of rings across the top, to see how Denny would like her that way. Peter, straying by on his way to get a detective magazine in the village for Marilyn, said, "You look as if you were under-studying the daffodils. Eve—you're beautiful," in his pleasant impersonal artist fashion.

"There are simply thousands of daffodils," Eve said happily. "Isn't it incredible how persistent flowers are? They've just gone on and on blooming maybe a hundred years, for all I know. And oh, Peter, my apple trees are in bud. I was down through the orchard yesterday, and they'll be in full bloom in practically a minute now. I'd forgotten that daffodils could come from anywhere but a basket on the corner, or the florist's if you were extravagant."

"What I admire is the lawn," said Peter, proudly. "Mowed by my own hand."

"It was heavenly good of you. And better yet to do the parlor floor. In fact, what with Judge weeding the vegetable bed and you doing moving floor-waxing, the place looks like a gentleman's elegant countryseat, at least in spots."

"Well, as the neighboring nobility and gentry insisted on spending all their evenings here something had to be done about that floor. Marilyn told me," said Marilyn's obedient husband.

"They're a comfort!" Eve said. "Think of their giving Adriano orders to lend Uncle Henry anything he needs in the way of garden tools. And finding that wallpaper in their attic for Judge's bedroom."

"Personally I think he was all right with us; always up quick as a dash when Marilyn wanted anything in the night," said Peter placidly. "But the kid's so proud of it it's cute to see him."

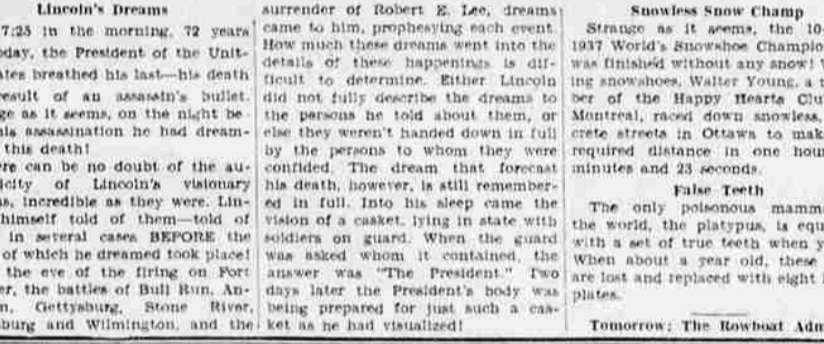
"He says he sleeps better," Eve said reluctantly.

"Oh, very likely," said Peter. He grinned, dismissing the subject as unimportant.

Denny, unchanged and joyous, arrives for the weekend, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**Lincoln's Dreams**  
At 7:25 in the morning, 72 years ago today, the President of the United States breathed his last—his death the result of an assassin's bullet. Strange as it seems, on the night before his assassination he had dreamed of this death!

There can be no doubt of the authenticity of Lincoln's visionary dreams, incredible as they were. Lincoln himself told of them—told of them in several cases BEFORE the event of which he dreamed took place!

On the eve of the firing on Fort Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg and Wilmington, and the surrender of Robert E. Lee, dreams came to him, prophesying each event. How much these dreams sent into the details of these happenings is difficult to determine. Either Lincoln did not fully describe the dreams to the persons he told about them, or else they weren't handed down in full by the persons to whom they were confided. The dream that forecast his death, however, is still remembered in full. Into his sleep came the vision of a casket, lying in state with soldiers on guard. When the guard was asked whom it contained, the answer was "The President." Two days later the President's body was being prepared for just such a casket as he had visualized!

**Blow Torch Lynching Due for Investigation**  
WINONA, Miss., April 15.—(AP)—The lynching of two negroes, their flesh seared with blow-torch flames to exact "confessions" to the killing of a white man, faced a two-fold investigation today even as congress considered legislation to curb violence of such character.

Governor Hugh White, apprised of the killing of Roosevelt Townes and "Boots" McDaniel, just had finished telling a Jackson farm conference that Mississippi had not had a lynching in 18 months, ordered a full inquiry.

**Hawks Eyes Wreckage of Speed Monoplane**  
LIQUOR, N. J., April 15.—(AP)—Lieut.-Commander Frank Hawks today considered salvaging the damaged \$100,000 monoplane in which he broke a New York-to-Miami speed record. Because its broken right wing supports through the fuselage and supports both wings, the plane's entire front end would have to be rebuilt if he decides to repair it. Both the spar and propeller were damaged in landing Tuesday night.

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# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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# BLOW TORCH LYNCHING DUE FOR INVESTIGATION



By EDWIN ALGER

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By HAL FORREST

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



By SOL H...

# AIMEE STILL LOVES DAUGHTER DESPITE DOMESTIC FRICTION

LOS ANGELES, April 15.—(AP)—Despite domestic and professional friction, Aimee Semple McPherson testified today when she told her estranged daughter, Roberta Semple, Sister Aimee made her protestation of maternal affection during cross-examination in the trial of Roberta's \$130,000 slander suit against Wilfred Anders, counsel for Mrs. McPherson.

The evangelist is a defense witness.

"You still loved your daughter after she left the temple last year?" asked Joseph Palmer, attorney for Roberta. "I did and still do," replied Mrs. McPherson.

The blonde leader of Angelus temple wore a black suit to court today. She had on a fox fur-piece and a corsage of orange.

Replying to questions about a conference she had with Roberta and

# 'DYNAMITE' SEEN IN JAP SALMON FISHING

PORTLAND, April 15.—(AP)—B. B. Brunson, Washington state director of fisheries, described the Japanese invasion of American fishing waters as a major national problem at a meeting of the Oregon fish commission today.

"Our three mile law is only as good as our army and navy," he said.

From Senator Homer T. Bone of Washington he quoted this message: "Are very alarmed here in Washington (D. C.) over the invasion of Japanese fishermen. The condition is most serious and could possibly precipitate a war."