

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 rent, marry and return to Manhattan. "Uncle" Henry moves in to help run the place. Then comes 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 near evening with his steel magnate father. As weeks pass, Eve grows to love her old home. Suddenly Denny is due after weeks on the road selling.

Chapter 27

Denny Comes Back

"ARE you telling all to Denny, young woman?" Peter demanded. They still teased Connie a little about Denny. "Personally, I think there's a boom in this wilderness. But to have not only the little boy next door but his papa, settin' up with you four days out of seven—"

"They're probably thinking of eloping together with Marilyn," Eve retorted. "As a matter of fact, I had a letter from Denny not long ago, and he said 'I suppose you're flirting with old Peter.'"

They both laughed. Peter was so innocently his wife's adorer. "All is discovered!" he said. "Well, if I ever did fall for anybody but Marilyn, I promise it would be you, Eve."

"Very handsome of you," said Eve absently. She thought she heard the front bell jangling. You could hear it from the rear parlor.

She ran in, through the center hall, threw the door open and found—

There he stood, casual as if he had gone only yesterday. Denny, unchanged. The suitcase, the gray-suited long slim body, the smiling green eyes, the boyish thrilling clutch of his arms as he cried out with joy at seeing her after so long!

"It can't be real—it doesn't seem real!" he murmured, kissing her thrusly. "Oh, Eve, I got to feeling maybe you were just something I dreamed—"

They stood holding each other close in the sunshiny long hall. Denny presently glanced about and said, "Where's the army? Any hope of our being left alone?"

"Oh, darling, they're all as ceremonially in hiding as if you were the princess in Aladdin. Marilyn and Peter even volunteered to get dinner."

"That's the way to treat your boarders. Gosh, precious, I simply couldn't bear the idea of your drudging away in this big house. But you look as fresh and smart and lovely as if you hadn't turned a finger. How did you manage?"

"It hasn't been bad," Eve said. "Peter insists on a cleaning woman twice a week for the sweeping and scrubbing. The Blessed Dividends turn up in a minute or so now, you know, and he's going to pay me for all the cleaners himself, they say. For the rest of it, Uncle Henry does twice too much of the cooking and cleaning. Breakfast and lunch are a thing of course, except for him and Judge, and they do their own. We take turns about dinner. Isn't your girl friend the little organizer?"

"She's the brains thing on earth—!" Denny said fervently as they went up to the room she had prepared for him. Eve was puzzled by his attitude of extravagant pity; she had liked it in the country except for his being away! She sat in the old-fashioned rocker while he admired everything.

"You went and dug it all out for me, you blessed child!"

"Well, I had to dig something, and you said you liked it—"

"She won't admit her devotion. Well, I'm not like that. I'd dig subway if you said you liked 'em—"

"There's some draining Uncle Henry was talking about in the meadow-plot," said Eve mischievously. "The minute supper's over—"

Together And In Love

THEY were together. They were in love. It didn't matter what nonsense they talked excitedly. After six weeks of separation, they were in the same house.

"You know, it's worse for me than for you, Eve, because you aren't at the office. When I went for your suitcase today, I thought you were going to be there, and then it was Miss Hare, with her plump piteous and her neat gray bob, like an ad in the subway. I wanted to strangle her—"

"That's no excuse for strangling me instead!"

She disentangled herself, flushed, and retreated to the doorway. "Come on, I want to show you the lawn and the fruit garden. There will be simply millions of strawberries!"

Denny, decanting a suitcase on the bed, said, "My own, don't say you're going rural on me!"

She was dashed for a minute. Then she realized that she wasn't getting ridiculously wrapped up in her house and garden.

She laughed, returning and perching on a chair arm. "I had to do something to occupy my mind, with you off in the wilds hunting for fame and fortune! Denny, did you get it?"

His face darkened in the old quick boyish way.

"No, darn 'em, I didn't. Bill had to get well and strong and I'm back on the old measly job." Eve stared at him.

aghast. "But all isn't lost, lamb. I cried on old Mitti the minute I landed and she's been working the old rabbit's foot, it seems, right along, about the Cleveland publicity job. You should have seen the dinner party she pulled last night! Fourteen people and an extra butler in to wait. She put me next George Cleveland's mamma again and I think I made a hit." He began to laugh.

"And what grandeur! Different wine with every course like a novel; and after dinner she sent me out to unlock the wine closet for more whisky; and what did I see sitting up but one of those printed trays that give you good advice—brand new! It said 'Hock with Soup, Sauterne with Fish, Champagne with Welsh Rabbit, Whisky with Baked Beans and so on. And there were all the glittering guests sitting round impressed as anything, and Mitti May had just mugged it up that P. M.'"

Before Eve could say, "But Mr. Cleveland comes here nights and over most weekends—" Marilyn and Peter, avid for news of the city, were on them.

"We're started for gossip," Marilyn said, kissing Denny and settling down on the bed by him. "Don't hold out on us, Den, here in the wilds. Has Herndon's secretary still a hopeless path for him and is Dick Midgett's little Russian still a princess, or did she turn out to be a Red?..."

"And that was Eve and Denny's last moment alone.

Dinner was hilarious, if you could call it dinner. Peter was an expert on stew; they had that, baked potatoes, and baked apples with whipped cream.

"Too bad we didn't ask George and George," said Marilyn.

"Gosh, I wish you had asked the old man over," said Denny. "Eve says he's quite settling in."

"Weekends, George is the original settler," "Grand!" said Denny. "Maybe they'll be here tonight and I can vamp old Cleveland."

"The first night with Eve, when we were going to clear out of the parlor so tactfully? Oh, for shame!" said Marilyn mischievously.

"Well, we need him," said Eve laughing across at Denny.

George Interrupts A Song

THE CLEVELANDS did drift over in their innocent and accustomed way. Mr. Cleveland had been playing off a tournament; he detailed it at length to Peter, that most beguiling of listeners. George went into the back parlor usually where the piano and the radio and the little center table and Judge and Uncle Henry were. He was hard at work presently on mysterious sheets of calculations, while the old man and child played checkers.

The Featherstones and Mr. Cleveland and Denny in the front room by the fire went at contract. Denny was a good player. Eve deliberately left them alone and returned to the checker-players. Denny would have his chance with Mr. Cleveland—and a better chance, he must see, than Mitti's elaborate maneuvers could arrange for him.

"Will it disturb you if I sing a bit, George?" Uncle Henry asked mildly, as he asked two nights out of three, when Judge had triumphantly won a game and was obviously too bright-eyed for chances of sleep. "She won't sing loud."

"No, it won't disturb me," George said. He laid aside his papers and leaned his head back in the old-fashioned chair. Eve knew what Uncle Henry wanted—the old Scotch songs and the Stephen Foster songs he sang used to sing when she was small. She sat down at the tiny green piano, installment-bought, that had been the pride of her city apartment. Uncle Henry behind her turned out the lamp. The half-light from the other end of the room was enough to show her to them, her head drooping a little, murmuring songs she knew by heart, her green dress flowing round her. Judge came over and nestled against her on the floor.

In spite of the disappointment about Denny's job, she sat there among people whom she loved and who loved her; she was in the house she had always loved, she realized now. She went on singing softly, there in the half-light. Denny was here, Denny would see tomorrow, that he must go straight to old Mr. Cleveland in spite of Mitti's specious bullying arguments. Spring, young—in love—Eve's voice swelled a little, sweet and clear and happy, in one of the old songs Uncle Henry liked...

I love you truly—truly, dear, I love you—no sorrow—life has no fear...

George's chair made a noise on the floor as he rose abruptly.

"Look here, Dad, you have to be starting your tournament match at nine tomorrow," he said, crossing the front room, while Eve's hand dropped to the keys in surprise. George wasn't apt to do this sort of thing, he loved her singing.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Cleveland said a little ruefully; he never liked to be hurried. But gold was sacred; and presently the two were gone.

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Denny and Eve discuss Mitti's day.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE ROWBOAT ADMIRAL—

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE LED THE FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL ATTACK ON A BRITISH SHIP... HIS FLEET CONSISTED OF ROWBOATS... AND HIS CREW OF PAVING STONES... YET HE CAPTURED AND DESTROYED A BRITISH MAN O' WAR, THE "GASPEE!"

—1772—

4-16-37

The Rowboat Admiral.

Sixty-four men filed silently through the streets of Providence, R. I., on the night of June 19, 1772. Arrived at the waterfront, they split into groups of eight, clambered aboard eight rowboats in the harbor, manned the oars and pulled out. An American naval force had taken to the sea.

In the bow of one boat sat Captain Abraham Whipple, leader of the expedition. In the stern of each boat was a pile of paving stones, the tiny flotilla's "armament." At the oars were simple fishermen, volunteers in a blow for liberty.

Offshore a short distance loomed a dark bulk, that of the British ship "Gaspee." It had run aground there that afternoon while chasing a Providence packet. The "Gaspee" was the objective of Whipple's expedition.

Nearing the ship, the boats were hailed by a British sentry. The Americans' reply was a hail of paving stones. A general alarm was sounded, the "Gaspee's" men rushed to their guns—but it was too late. Veritable showers of stones met their arrival on the deck. Within a few minutes Whipple's men had boarded the ship, knocked down its crew and captured it. The British were put into boats, a fire was set and the ship was destroyed. Though the war for American independence had not yet started, the colonists had struck a sea blow—and won!

Whipple was made captain of the "Columbus" shortly after the outbreak of the revolution and a few days later captured the British sloop to provide for a son in Hollywood, lost today her appeal for a pardon.

The Idaho pardon board denied by a 2-1 vote the gray-haired woman's plea for release from state's prison where she has been confined since 1933.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.



EUREKA! GOLD WAS DISCOVERED AT DOWNIEVILLE, CAL., BY AN INDIAN CLEANING A POT IN WHICH A SALMON HAD BEEN BOILED... THE REGION IN WHICH THE FISH HAD BEEN CAUGHT WAS EXAMINED AND A RICH GOLD MINE WAS FOUND... -84-



JUNGLE FOOTBALL—ELEPHANTS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA MAKE EARTHEN BALLS FROM ANT HILLS... THEN ROLL THEM BACK AND FORTH IN A "PUSHBALL" GAME... -11-

HAZLETT TAKES OFFICE AS CORPORATION CZAR

SALEM, April 15.—(AP)—James H. Hazlett, former state senator from Hood River, took office here today as corporation commissioner, succeeding Charles H. Carey, who recently resigned.

Hazlett said he would make no changes in the office personnel, declaring Governor Martin was pleased with the record of the office up to the present time. The new commissioner said he would strive to continue the friendly relationship between the office and the public it serves.

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HAZLETT SAID HE WOULD STRIVE TO CONTINUE THE FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE OFFICE AND THE PUBLIC IT SERVES.

TIMING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



COMES HOME, WIFE REMINDING HIM BACK DOOR BELL IS STILL OUT OF ORDER AND COULD HE FIX IT BEFORE SUPPER

SAYS SURE, WE'LL GET RIGHT AT IT, AS SOON AS HE GLANCES THROUGH PAPER

FINISHES PAPER AND SEES THAT NEW ISSUE OF WEEKLY MAGAZINE HAS COME. LOOKS AT THE ILLUSTRATIONS

GOES UPSTAIRS TO PUT ON COMFORTABLE SHOES, WASHES HANDS, WHILE WONDERING IF HE OUGHT TO TRY A HAIR TONIC

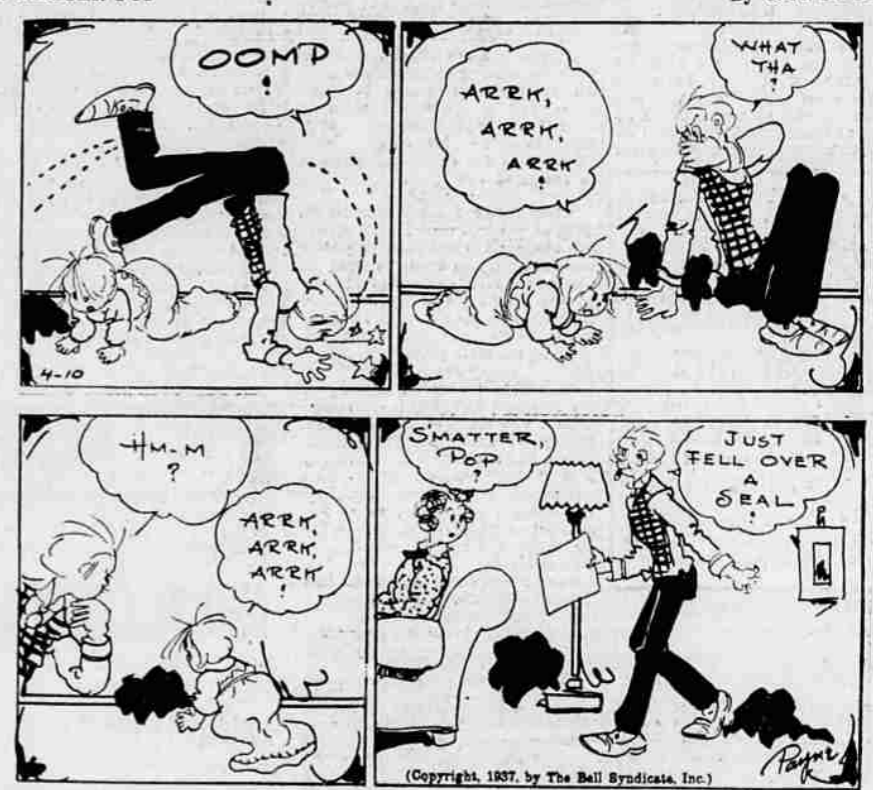
GOES DOWN CELLAR TO GET TOOLS, STOPPING TO PUT AN EDGE ON HIS PEN KNIFE

GETS BELL APART JUST AS SUPPER IS READY, SO THAT HE EITHER DELAYS MEAL HALF AN HOUR, OR ELSE INTERRUPTS HIS TASK, TAKING CHANCE OF LOSING SEVERAL VITAL PARTS OF BELL

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SMATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



OOMP!

ARRK, ARRK, ARRK!

WHAT THA?

HUM?

ARRK, ARRK, ARRK!

JUST FELL OVER A SEAL!

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GIRL SUBPOENAED IN CULT INVESTIGATION

NEW YORK, April 15.—(AP)—Dorothy Jewett, Denver high school girl, has been served with a subpoena to appear April 21 before a Los Angeles federal grand jury investigating the case of John W. Hunt, a leader in the Father Divine cult, it was revealed today.

Charges of violation of the Mann act are pending against Hunt on the west coast, based on allegations he transported the girl from Denver to California.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—(AP)—Mrs. Julia Cantacuzene said today the oldest picture in existence of her grandfather, Gen. U. S. Grant, was stolen from her apartment last Monday night. The picture was in a locker given by General Grant to his bride on their wedding day.

BANKRUPTCY PETITIONS FILED BY FOUR HERE

PORTLAND, Ore., April 15.—(UP)—Four Medford persons, two of them business men, have filed petitions in bankruptcy before federal court here. Bankruptcies in each petition exceed \$20,000.

The four were: Ellsworth DeLoe Baker, consultant for the Texas company at Medford, liabilities \$24,941, assets \$1,965; Charles Isaac Baker, truck driver for Ellsworth Baker, liabilities \$21,848, assets \$310; Ruth Allyn Baker, liabilities \$21,240, assets \$806; Ellen Baker, liabilities \$21,240, assets \$120.

EMBEZZLING MOTHER REFUSED CLEMENCY

BOISE, Idaho, April 15.—(AP)—Mrs. Angela Hopper, motherly former city clerk, who embezzled thousands

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Put Their Plan Into Action



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Will It Work?



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THE NEBBES—Hercules



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GO IT, BRIARGIE!



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THE NEBBES—Hercules



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