

# EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

**SYNOPSIS:** Eve Mannerfeld goes back to her 200-year-old house and orchard in Connecticut after five years in New York. She plans to marry her neighbor, Denny, and return to Manhattan. Uncle Henry, an old family friend, and the penniless Featherstones, with their serious young son Judge, move in with Eve. Her calm, practical neighbor, George Cleveland, who loves her, comes over evenings with his steel magnate father. Denny arrives for a weekend and is thrilled to play bridge with Mr. Cleveland from whom he hopes to get a new job.

## Chapter 26

### Mitzi's Motives

"WELL," Denny said, drawing a long breath and stretching. "I feel as if I'd been playing contract with Santa Claus!"

"Oh, Denny, then—" Eve began eagerly. But Marilyn, still avid, interrupted.

"Denny, tell us more about Mitzi's taking a place at Southampton. Is she really going to? Maybe she'll ask us all for weekends!"

Denny glanced at Eve resignedly. The Featherstones, amiably oblivious in their interest in the outside world, had no intention of leaving the lovers alone.

"Oh, all right," he said.

"Tomorrow morning," Eve whispered to Denny as they said good-

night, lingering in the hall outside Denny's room.

They had breakfast alone, in their sweaters, out on the back porch in the May sunshine. The air was sharply sweet; the green lawn stretched beyond them, glittering with dew-starred cobwebs. Above at the end rose the budding orchard. They had scarcely taken time yet to talk of anything but love. Presently they heard Marilyn's window closed above their heads; on this day of all days she was getting up, hungry for more talk!

"Come on to the orchard!" Eve said, laughing.

They ran out hand-in-hand. She laughed and threw back her head, looking around her. "Don't you love it, Den?"

She had been telling him excitedly about the white French lilacs, and another nearly rose-colored kind, red-discovered among the purple ones on each side of the tall portico they had just passed; and that the lilacs-of-the-valley had spread so that they were having to root some up and throw them away.

She flushed and laughed, walking with him down the gravel path that was bordered with daffodils, past the married June rosebushes, beyond the strawberry bed, past the tangle of berry vines, three rough wooden steps took them presently to the narrow path between the thick-growing wide-budding trees.

"But Not For Our Sort!"

"THEY had climbed the steps and were in the midst of the orchard path before he answered, and then it was seriously. He stopped. His arms closed round her as they stood among the leafing trees in a little clearing, the warm sun on their shoulders.

"I'd like it well enough as a background to the Cleveland's sort of life; riding horses and country clubs and hunt breakfasts and games. But not for our sort of people. Nothing but God's country! Well, people like us have to have the pleasures we can afford, and we can only find them in titles."

He was speaking more seriously than usual, her gay Denny. He hadn't talked much, ever, of his early life, but what little he had said had given a pretty clear picture—a gay spoiled lad with an indifferent mother, Virginia country-house, some sort of financial crash, or it may merely have been that the money had come to an end; the mother remarrying a man some too fond of Denny; and Denny

placantly seeking his fortune in pre-depression New York, where a delightful young man could have a good deal more pleasure than without money in the country.

"Gosh, Eve, I don't see how you've stood it!" he cried.

"I like it," she said, and saw an opening for what she wanted to say. "But the Cleveland's aren't the hunt breakfast sort, Denny dear. You can't say that our parlor in the evenings is society-column stuff! You saw what a fine, simple sort of man he is. You've met him at last, and he likes you. They were walking on now through the narrow path. Eve spoke back over her shoulder. "Why don't you speak to Mitzi directly about the publicity job in Northern Steel? It's crazy to wait for Mitzi to pull wires when you're right here on the ground with him. I can't understand it."

Denny spoke doggedly: "Mitzi said it would be fatal if I horned in for myself in the middle of what she's doing about it. I'm to go down to Southampton with her over next weekend and help her pick out that place for the summer; she says she'll have it all set up by then. You mustn't forget she's a fine business-woman and a natural diplomat."

"Her Mother Taught Her"

EVE recalled Mitzi's own words in their interest in the outside world, had no intention of leaving the lovers alone.

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## CARSON SUCCEUMS TO PERSUASIVE MAIDEN

PORTLAND, Ore., April 17.—(AP)—Vivacious and persuasive, Miss Ruth Clement, personal representative of Mayor Ross of San Francisco, brought a temporary halt to Mayor Joseph K. Carson's campaign against California's border bug inspection.

The Portland mayor's refusal to risk the "humiliation" of having his baggage inspected at the state line in order to attend the Golden Gate fiesta had all San Francisco worried, "even the bugs," Miss Clement said here yesterday.

On her word that the inspectors would be "very nice" to Miss Clement, Mayor Carson said he "wouldn't possibly resist" Mayor Ross nor his representative.

Closing time for too late to classify ads is 1:30 p. m.

## SOUTHERN SENATORS TO FIGHT LYNCH BAN

WASHINGTON, April 17.—(AP)—Congressional leaders predicted today the first anti-lynching bill to pass the house in 18 years would encounter greater opposition in the senate.

Philosophers have allied every previous attempt to win senate approval of such legislation.

Even as the house adopted the Gayagan bill yesterday, 277 to 119, Senator Borah (R., Idaho) criticized what he called an effort to "force through congress an unjust, unconstitutional and, in my opinion, an immoral measure."

Southern senators were preparing to oppose the measure, forecasting warm sectional debate, similar to that which punctuated argument in the house.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**AMERIGO VESPUCCI—FOR WHOM AMERICA WAS NAMED—NEVER WENT TO SEA UNTIL HE WAS 50, MADE ONLY 4 VOYAGES AND NEVER COMMANDED A SHIP... YET WAS APPOINTED PILOT MAJOR OF SPAIN, HEAD OF SPANISH NAVIGATION**

**ALCOHOL WAS ORIGINALLY USED AS AN EYEBROW PAINT BY ARABIAN WOMEN... (From Arabian "AL-KOHL" meaning "ANTIMONY EYEBROW PAINT")**

**THE DAY AFTER SAN FRANCISCO'S 1906 EARTHQUAKE AN ARIESIAN WELL NEAR SAN LORENZO, CALIF., SUCCESSIVELY SPOILED SAW WATER, OIL—CONTAINING WATER, INK-COLORED WATER, MILK-WHITE WATER AND CLEAR DRINKING WATER...**

**THE REAL "DEAD EYE"...**

**AUGIE KIECKHEFER, 5-TIME WORLD'S 3-CUSHION BILLIARD CHAMPION AND A TOP-RANKING PLAYER FOR 20 YEARS, WAS BLIND IN HIS LEFT EYE!**

**THOUGH RIGHT-HANDED, HE PLAYED BILLIARDS WITH HIS LEFT HAND...**

"Dead eye" has been an expression in use for some time to indicate un-lucky accuracy in kicking a football between goal posts, sinking a basketball through the hoop, plugging the bull's eye with a rifle or scoring in other sports which require good aim. Whether or not the expression was born before Augie Kieckhefer is difficult to ascertain but it might well have originated with him. He really had a "dead eye," figuratively and physically.

Blind in his left eye throughout his entire career, Kieckhefer ranked with the greatest three-cushion billiard players of the world for nearly 20 years. He started playing the

game at 10, won his first world's title in 1918, repeated in 1919, 1921, 1927 and again in 1932, before his death at 47.

Though normally right handed the 3-cushion wizard used his left hand for shooting billiards in order to line his shots up with his only good eye, the right.

**Pilot Major of Spain**

Whether or not Amerigo Vespucci deserves to have his name perpetuated in that of the New World will never be known. In letters he left, he laid claim to the discovery of much of the New World. Modern authorities on the subject allege that he exaggerated many of his claims.

Vespucci was a merchant by profession and only after he passed the half-century mark did he go to sea. On March 22, 1498, he was appointed Pilot Major of Spain—in charge of instructing pilots, gathering geographical data and generally supervising Spanish navigation.

**Cosmetic Alcohol**

The Arabian word, "al-kohl," from which our modern "alcohol" is derived, originally referred to a powder of antimony or galena, used by Arabian women as an eyebrow paint. The usage of the word grew to include any fine powder obtained by distillation or sublimation, then for any essence or spirit, finally for the liquid to which it now applies.

**Baseballer Suicides.**

PHILADELPHIA, April 17.—(AP)—Emmett McCann, former baseball player who started his career as an infielder with the Philadelphia Athletics, was found dead yesterday in bushes on a golf course near here. Police said McCann's right hand clutched a pistol.

Shipments rose 4,000,000 feet to 122,697,500 feet.

The association said production was handicapped by lack of shipping space in water markets.

New business last week amounted to 134,325,592 board feet, and the unfinished order file at the mills totaled 794,955,042 feet.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

## Lumber Production Tops Week Before

SEATTLE, April 17.—(AP)—Production of 171 down and operating mills in Washington and Oregon last week totaled 119,451,517 board feet, about 5,000,000 feet more than the previous week. The West Coast Lumbermen's association reported today.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Makes a Break!



**IN ORDER TO AID BETTY-LOU ESCAPE AND TRY TO REACH THE PLANE, TOMMY AND SKETTS STAGED A ROW WITH THE WEASEL, HOPING THE NOISE MIGHT BRING GUARDS IN SO THAT BETTY COULD SLIP THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE EXCITEMENT...**

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Success So Far!



**GOOD! HE JUST HUNG UP THE TELEPHONE!**

**HERE'S THE SOAP YOU ORDERED, MR. ANASTAGI—**

**FOR THE LOVE O' MIKE, I ONLY THIS SECOND GOT THROUGH PUTTING IN THE ORDER TO MRS HIGGINS!**

**WHENEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN QUICK SERVICE LIKE THIS!**

**Glad you like it—GURE HOPE YOU'LL REMEMBER US THE NEXT TIME YOU NEED SOMETHING—**

**BRIARGIE, IT WORKED! NOW LET'S TRY IT GOME MORE!**

## THE NEBBS—The Banker



**FOLKS, JUST WHOM WOULD YOU MARRY IF YOU WERE EMMA GRUNTLEY—THE RICH—MR POTTS, THE ROMANTIC LUTHER OR MAX, THE PROPRIETOR OF AWCOMQUINN, EMMA WANTS YOUR ADVICE AND NEEDS IT!**

**HELLO, MISS GRUNTLEY, HOW'S YOUR PAPPY?**

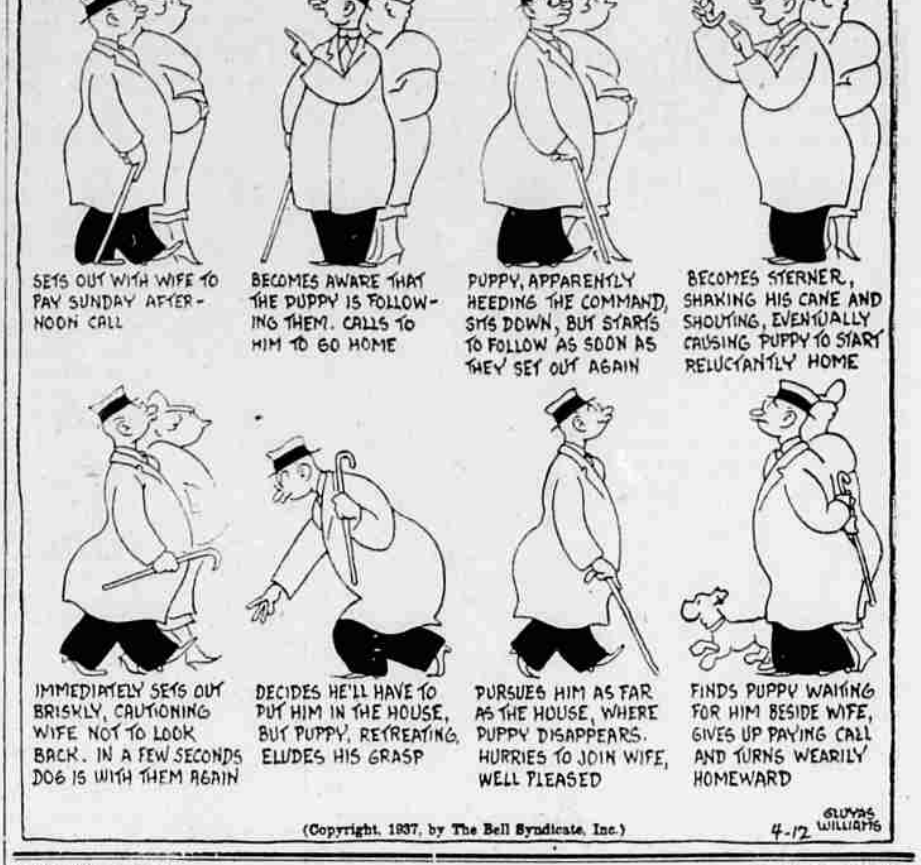
**HE'S TOLERABLE**

**SAY, WHY DO YOU PAINT YOURSELF UP? THIS CRISPY WEATHER WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY COLOR**

**OH, IT ADDS TO MY APPEARANCE WONDERFUL-LIKE**

**NOTHING OF THE SORT—YOU'RE PURTY ENOUGH WITHOUT IT—AND DON'T YOU THINK FOLKS KNOW WHEN YOU COLOR UP?**

# PUPPY PURSUIT By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



**SETS OUT WITH WIFE TO PAY SUNDAY AFTER-NOON CALL**

**BECOMES AWARE THAT THE PUPPY IS FOLLOWING THEM. CALLS TO HIM TO GO HOME**

**PUPPY, APPARENTLY HEEDING THE COMMAND, SHES DOWN, BUT STARTS TO FOLLOW AS SOON AS THEY SET OUT AGAIN**

**BECOMES STERNER, SHAKING HIS CANE AND SHOUTING, EVENTUALLY CAUSING PUPPY TO START RELUCTANTLY HOME**

**IMMEDIATELY SETS OUT BRISKLY, CAUTIONING WIFE NOT TO LOOK BACK. IN A FEW SECONDS DOG IS WITH THEM AGAIN**

**DECIDES HE'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM IN THE HOUSE, BUT PUPPY, RETREATING, ELUDES HIS GRASP**

**PURSUES HIM AS FAR AS THE HOUSE, WHERE PUPPY DISAPPEARS. HURRIES TO JOIN WIFE, WELL PLEASED**

**FINDS PUPPY WAITING FOR HIM BESIDE WIFE, AND TURNS WEARILY HOMEWARD**

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# S MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



**I CAN'T DO A THING WITH HIM!**

**THREATEN HIM!**

**SMINE! SMINE!**

**GIMMICK!**

**YOUNG MAN! LET GO OR I'LL MAKE YOU STOP TALKING FOR ONE HOUR!**

**TESSIR!**

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# By HAL FORREST



**POOR TOMMY... AND SKETTS... BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE...**

# By EDWIN ALGER



**BY SOL HESS**



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