

# EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

**SYNOPSIS:** Eve Mannersfield no sooner returns to rural Connecticut after five exciting years in New York, than she is joined in her 200-year-old house and orchard by the penniless Featherstones and their serious young son Judge Henry, an old family friend, moves in too, to help run the place. George Cleveland, Eve's calm, practical neighbor, declares his love, but she is engaged to gay city-loving Denny and crazy about him. A job with George's steel magnate father is what Denny wants. Walking in the orchard, Denny and Eve encounter George.

## Chapter 20

### Ellen Bares Her Heart

GEORGE backed down a ladder behind a tree a little way ahead of Denny and Eve, and stood squarely in their path in his leather working clothes, a handful of twigs in his hands. "You can't help hearing your own name, you know." His face was a little rigid, but he spoke with his ordinary slow steadiness. "Would you feel it was going over Mrs. Power's head, Carter, if I gave you a hand up with my father?"

"Good lord, Cleveland, no!" Denny's face was radiant. "Grateful as a pup, Al! I'd ask would be a chance to show him my credentials, experience, have a chance to talk to him or his employment manager."

"All right, I'll see that you talk to him when he gets back from his match this afternoon."

"Cleveland, you're a prince! I'll dash off to my room and dig over my folder of stuff a bit. I say, you don't know—well, if you were listening I guess you do—what this means to Eve and me?"

"Yes, I do," said George. He stood quite still, facing Eve, while Denny ran fleetly like a joyous small boy back to the house.

She threw her hands out, crying "Oh, George, you're wonderful!" But he moved a little away from her, and she saw that his face was pale under the sunburn.

"I'm not wonderful," he said. "But I can't stand it any more. If I can't have you myself, I don't want you where I can see you all the time. I thought I could. Last night I found out I couldn't. I was going to ask you again this morning, make sure one way or the other. . . . It was our sitting there together, with the old man and the kid, you singing to me, a sort of dreadful heavenly imitation of our being married and happy. That was why I got out so early. . . ."

"I can't move a three-year-long experiment. But I can hurry up your marriage. You'll be back in your city life. In time I'll get over you, I hope, and even marry somebody else. . . ."

"Eve, do you mind going now?" In spite of her happiness, Eve found that there were tears streaming down her face as she turned and went back along the orchard path.

**Denny Gets The Job**  
DENNY came back radiant from his interview. He said, holding her in his arms in the hall that night, with the station taxi chugging impatiently at the foot of the drive, "It's almost cinched, darling. Thank you for rowing me. If we hadn't stopped under that tree to fight over Mitzel—"

"Telephone me the minute you know!" "Practically calling you up now!" He turned at the door for one last kiss and a hurried, laughing, "Darling, don't get too far gone on the gambrel roots and strawberry beds! If all goes well, you're marrying a night-club life!"

With a final violent embrace he was off, leaving Eve laughing at him a little, but puzzled a little too. Didn't he want her to be happy out here? Or had she shown too little interest in New York things, and too much in what she had been doing? New York did seem far away.

But then any place did where you weren't. And then Judge ran around from the side of the house shouting to her that the most wonderful thing was going to happen. Uncle Henry said that he knew where there was a lady pig with a lot of little pigs, and there was one called a runt he could get for Judge.

"And there's a pig pen way off by the barn back of the orchard, and it can eat what we leave; only Uncle Henry says you're the mistress here, and I have to ask you—"

Well, you had to be interested in that! Though she knew that if it had gone so far as Uncle Henry's suggestions, the pig was practically a Mannersfield pig this minute. She went about the rest of that day and all the next in a daze of hopeful excitement. Ellen Walton came out Monday morning. She was through in New York, she said quietly. She had other plans. Eve could scarcely pay attention; every nerve was strained toward the telephone bell. Finally at 7:30 it rang.

"Darling, I've got it!" After they had talked themselves out to the tune of a dollar's worth of raptures, Eve hung up. She looked around in wild excitement for someone to tell it to. Everybody was out but Ellen, whom she ran to earth in her bedroom, walking up and down with her brown head bowed, muttering a part she was learning from a blue-covered book in her hand. Eve threw her arms around her.

"Ellen, Ellen, Denny has his job with Northern Steel! We'll be marrying and living happy ever after by the middle of June! Isn't it heavenly?"

Ellen laid her "side" carefully on the tall maple chest by the window. She said in a queerly cold voice, "Yes, it's wonderful."

Eve stared at her. Could it be that she cared for Denny? But that was crazy. As she watched, Ellen suddenly threw herself across the bed sobbing, her hands clutching the counterpane.

"I can't stand it," she panted. "I'll die. My heart's breaking. You and Marilyn happy with your men, and I have nothing! Eve, Eve, I want George so I could die! I can't go on living if I don't have him!"

Eve threw her arms around her friend, leaning over her on the bed. She did not know what to do or say to this Ellen, this passionate, agonized girl she had never known.

"Oh, darling, don't cry so!" was all she could say. But Ellen went on sobbing and talking against Eve's shoulder.

"I'd move heaven and earth to marry him. He's the best, dearest, finest man I ever knew. Not that I've known many." She sat up suddenly and dried her eyes, speaking fiercely. "I've taken a job with a little summer stock company at Sharon, near his golf club, to get a chance to be close to him. If I drive over here and stay with you as much as I can, I'll be close to him weekends too. If a girl loves a man enough—if she tries hard enough—she gets him. I've seen. I'll be the best wife on earth to him. I worship him. . . . he must love me. . . . Oh, George, George—"

She began to sob again. Eve held her tight. After a while she quieted. "I didn't mean to break over," she said, "but I had to tell you. Help me, Eve."

Eve held her tight. . . . George! And yet George had said he wanted to get over caring. Men often married on the rebound, she knew. And she would have her two best friends together. She wouldn't lose George this way.

"I'll do everything I can," she said eagerly. "I'm sure it will end right." "Do you think so?" Ellen said breathlessly. "Oh, my God, I've never had anything I wanted before! I must have this!"

Eve shivered in the face of this naked passion. Shivered again when Ellen, next to her, suddenly said, "I'll be quiet goodbys next day to George among the rest. She knew now what was under the cool control."

**Mitzel's House Hunt**  
EVE and Denny agreed that, all things considered, it wouldn't be fair to Mitzel to let her down about the Southampton real estate hunt.

"I feel so happy now that I'd help the lowest mouse to steal crumbs," Eve said down the telephone that they both used extravagantly now.

"Me too," Denny said fervently. "But the weekend after the Southampton business I'll be out. My Lord, I feel so wonderful, remember, what each other looks like. I come out then—and we plan—and we execute!"

"The barbarian lover!" "All of that," said Denny's voice, passionate as ever. "Oh, my God, damn, sweet, wouldn't it be grand if I was hunting for a Southampton summer place for us? Why on earth does Mitzel have to have everything we want?"

"She probably thinks we have everything she wants," Eve's voice was gay and contented. Bright sunshine and Denny's job landed—what more could anybody desire? She went singing away from the telephone.

Denny managed to dash out the Friday morning following, just to have a few hours with her before he drove with Mitzel on her quest for a summer place.

"Let's tell the Featherstones—and Mitzel—and the world!" he said impetuously. "Tell 'em I worship you, and I've got a grand job, and I'm coming out next week with a ring in my pocket."

But Eve remembered that other time. She was superstitious, she said. "Let's tell after it happens. Ellen knows, and George, of course. But they're both oysters." "All right, sweet. Not even Mitzel. She's a grand person. Mitzel! She was swell over the job being landed by George. Of course, I do think I owe it to her primarily," said Denny thoughtfully. "She told me she'd been wearing herself out selling me to the Cleveland, bless her. She said, 'I feel as if you and I had been awfully close, somehow, in another life. Den, and as if I owed it to you to do things for you.' You know, her eyes were full of tears."

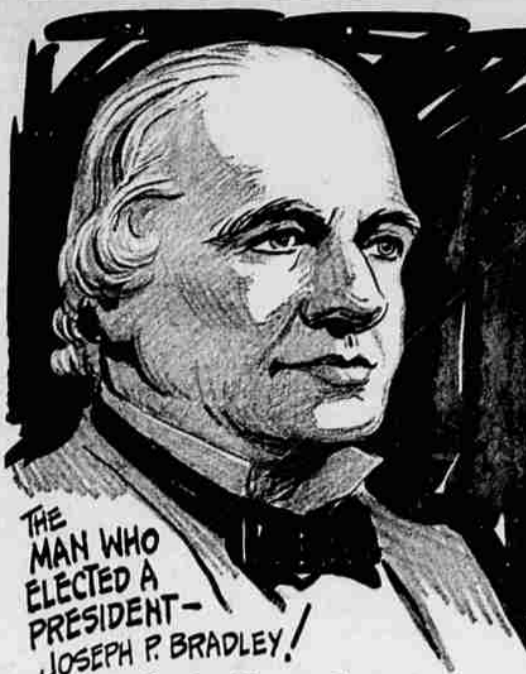
They were kneeling by the strawberry bed, hunting for early strawberries. "Let's even hunt strawberries for you, that's how I love you!" Denny said lightly.

Eve sat back on her heels, was about to give against Mitzel, and then didn't. With everything so perfect nothing was worth arguing over; spring and the strawberries, and the pink apple trees above them, and their love. . . . "Den, you precious, you'll never grow up!" "Thank heaven!" (Copyright, 1937, Margaret Widdeemer)

While Judge goes to see the doctor, his parents decamp, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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THE MAN WHO ELECTED A PRESIDENT—JOSEPH P. BRADLEY!

APPOINTED TO SETTLE THE OUTCOME OF THE PRESIDENTIAL BATTLE BETWEEN HAYES AND TILDEN IN 1877 BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP IN THE ELECTORAL VOTE, A SPECIAL COMMISSION FAVORED TILDEN UNTIL ONE OF ITS MEMBERS WITHDREW. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE BRADLEY WAS SUBSTITUTED, VOTED FOR HAYES AND ELECTED HIM PRESIDENT BY AN 8 TO 7 BALLOT!

"BABE RUTH—'KING OF SWAT'— WAS BATTING CHAMPION ONLY ONCE— WITH HIS SECOND BEST BATTING AVERAGE! —1924—"



CRYSTALS WERE NAMED TO MEAN CLEAR ICE— BECAUSE IT WAS BELIEVED TRANSPARENT QUARTZ HAD FORMED FROM WATER BY INTENSE COLD. (From the Green)



WHEN A BUILDING BURNS IN CHILE, ITS OWNER IS ARRESTED— AND HAS TO PROVE HE DID NOT START THE FIRE...

**The Man Who Elected a President**  
The scales of democracy were more than somewhat out of kilter in the United States presidential election of 1876-1877. The vote of one man actually elected Hayes to the office over the weight of a 264,292 majority vote won by his opponent, Samuel J. Tilden.

No other American election ever resulted in such a mess. When returns on the popular election came in, Tilden, the Democratic candidate, was found to have received 4,300,590 votes over Hayes' 4,036,298. The electoral college's vote was cast and a political storm broke loose. Fraud charges were hurled against the returns of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina. Investigation brought forth documents from the governors of the

disputed states in favor of Hayes. Certificates from other state officials favored Tilden. For a while it seemed an impasse had been reached. Some solution had to be found. A nation clamored for notification of who its next president was to be. It was decided to determine the election on the opinion of a special electoral committee.

Five senators, five representatives and five justices of the supreme court were appointed to the commission. Eight of the fifteen appointees were in favor of Tilden but the election of one of them, Justice Davis, as senator caused a withdrawal and left the committee evenly divided. Supreme Court Justice Joseph P. Bradley was appointed to fill the vacancy. He cast his vote in favor of Hayes and

brought him into office with an eight to seven ballot.  
**King of Swat**  
Babe Ruth. Of all the names in baseball history, that name stands foremost in association with batting. Yet, strange as it seems, it headed the list of batting champions in only one season, 1924—a season in which the mighty Babe didn't even make his best batting average!  
Ruth cracked out a percentage of .363 in 1923 but was beaten out for the league championship by Harry Heilmann who averaged .403. The next year the Babe hit .378 to lead the American league for his first and last time. Ty Cobb holds the all-time record for batting championships with 12 to his credit but Ruth holds the lifetime homerun record with 729.

<b>Tokens Collected</b> HONOLULU (UP)—Euclid W. Cox, trainman on the Honolulu Rapid Transit company, has a watch chain which he believes some people in the United States would prefer not to see. It is composed exclusively of street car tokens which visitors from the United States have dropped into his fare box instead of the regulation coin.	<b>Lose \$30,000,000 Fight</b> LONDON (UP)—British railway companies have lost a five years' fight to keep goods transport services from trunk roads. The appeals tribunal traffic act, 1933, has dismissed an appeal by four railway groups to withdraw licenses granted to Boultis Tiltson Transport, Ltd., for 128 motor-vehicles and 42 trailers.	<b>Boy Asks \$10,000</b> ALEDO, Ill. (UP)—Two paddlings are priced at \$10,000 by Elmwood Workman, a seventh grade pupil in the junior high school here. The paddlings were administered by Principal P. E. Gleize. Besides the suit for damages, Gleize was charged with assault by the boy's father, Robert Workman.
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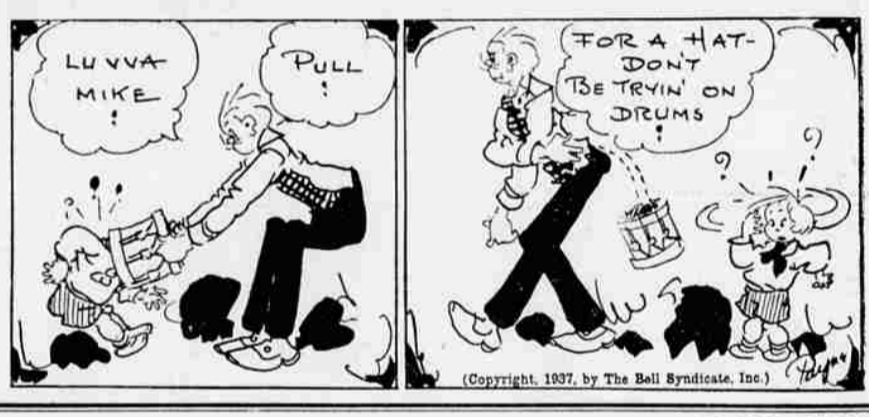
# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN, AFTER BEING CALLED FROM HIS EASY CHAIR TWICE WITHIN TWO MINUTES BY THE SAME WRONG NUMBER, THE BELL IMMEDIATELY RANG AGAIN, FRED PERLEY WASTED NO TIME IN SPEAKING HIS MIND; ONLY THIS CALL HAPPENED TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN IN CLUB CIRCLES WANTING TO SPEAK TO HIS WIFE

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# 'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Dash for Freedom! By HAL FORRE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Second Call! By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—What Will the Harvest Be? By SOL HESS



# NO WATER ABOARD HEAVY DAMAGE DONE TO MINING PROPERTY GROUNDED LINER

CRISTOBAL Canal Zone, April 10. (AP)—The 63 passengers and the crew of the French liner Bretagne had to drink wine or beer or else go thirsty while the San Francisco-bound ship was aground 60 hours on the Colombian coast, officers related when the vessel reached here today.

Ocean water leaked into the fresh water tanks through a hole made when the 8500-ton ship struck bottom near Puerto Colombia. The drinking water was unfit for use, even for coffee or tea.

The craft was freed early yesterday after 200 tons of crystal sand, part of the cargo, had been dumped overboard. She was scheduled to make the canal transit tomorrow and enter drydock at Balboa.

ILLINOIS VALLEY, Apr. 10. (Sp.) Recent rains which raised creeks and rivers to the season's highest levels did considerable damage to the Alto-bona mining property operated by William Von der Hellen above Holland.

A newly-constructed canal was washed away, crumbling onto the creek channel and leaving the steam shovel out off from a communicating road. Pipe lines recently put into operation were broken up.

Prompt removal saved a heavy truck from burial in the landslide into the creek bottom. It will be some time before mining operations can be resumed.

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