

# EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

**SYNOPSIS:** Eve Mannersfield starts housekeeping in her 200-year-old home (with orchard) in Connecticut after five years in New York. Finally getting along with Denny gets a good job and they can be married. Meantime, George Cleveland, Eve's steady, dependable neighbor, falls in love with her. Living with Eve are Uncle Henry, an old family friend, and serious little Judge Featherstone whose carefree parents have left for Hollywood without paying their board bill to Eve. Denny deserts Eve in anger when she won't turn out Judge.

## Chapter 32 George Stands By

UNCLE HENRY, coming in from his "barn-chamber" washup after the milking, asked no questions. He had managed somehow to reassure Judge. If he noticed anything different about Eve, walking to and fro between kitchen and dining room like an automaton, he did not speak of it. He only said, "Now, daughter, you're tired after a long day; you set down and let me look after that mess."

"I ain't 'm wound up," she said, trying to smile. She went on piling up dishes on the sinkboard, scraping plates, putting away food. Her face and hands felt stiff and frozen, in spite of the warmth. The work was something to put between herself and all she had a hunk of.

Uncle Henry put a strong garbled hand on her shoulder.

"Daughter, you stand still. Go on upstairs now and get a bath and take off that thick dress and put on something cooler. Take your time to it. This place will keep."

His voice was authoritative. She found herself doing as he said.

The cool water on her tense body, the mere routine of change and freshening, of powdering and brushing her hair and putting on a freshly ironed pouncee frock, of slipping into socks and canvas shoes, did give her a certain relaxation and sense of self-control.

She wondered how Uncle Henry came to be so wise.

When she came downstairs again he and Judge had set the card table on the portico facing the green, flower-set lawn and the vista of orchard and sky beyond. There was a cool breeze out here fresh and smelling of roses. It was after seven, still light. She could hear the lap-lap of her brook. Judge, too, had been sent to change and was fresh in his crash shorts and leather sandals.

She felt the coolness and beauty of the evening dimly through the numbness, and talked—she could hear herself talking—pleasantly to a young man, praising the lettuce and radishes that Uncle Henry said were "from Oliver's garden" and drinking milk thirstily though she did not seem to be hungry.

"Oliver's afraid his folks having to go visiting in such a hurry is going to put work on you," said Uncle Henry, "but I tell him with two such handy men as he and ar... and two less in do for, there'll be less work instead of more."

He told Judge to clear away. "Should he?" Eve remembered what the doctor said.

"Tonight, yes. It'll make him feel better to be useful," whispered Uncle Henry. "Seems as if he" got all the self-respect in the family."

He sent the little boy to bed as soon as he had come back from paying his devoted nightly visit to his pig. He settled back in his accustomed chair, lighting his pipe.

**Uncle Henry Has a Plan**  
"WELL, now daughter? Oliver says the... didn't leave the money you'd been counting on. I think we'd better do some planning."

His undecorated voice and the fact that she did not have to go all over it with him were a comfort, but his next words hurt her sharply.

"That is, unless young Carter is settling here with you right away. I sort of thought you'd be fixing that up today."

So had she—oh, so had she and Denny both. She managed to shake her head.

"No. We can't manage it now." She couldn't talk about it to him.

"So. That was all he said, going on to the next thing. 'Well, I don't guess—and you don't likely—that they'll be able to pay up very soon.' They said they would send the money from Hollywood as soon as Peter got his job."

"M'm. Sort of a crazy place, Hollywood, I've heard tell; not the sort that encourages good intentions. Don't count on it, daughter."

"M'm. Evelina, would you feel it was beneath you to have me set up a roadside vegetable stand? From now on we'll be raising more green-stuff than we can eat. We can put it by the road on the lot beyond the front lawn. This road's a by-pass, there's lots of traffic already. And if you wanted to take orders for rolls and bread like your Aunt Lina did, that would help too. I don't think you can count on getting this late."

Eve thought fast. If Den hadn't had this fit of temper just when she needed to discuss plans with him... Well, the main thing now was, she did have to have money. And these plans were as good as any. She could pick somebody up, surely, to carry on here with the house and all the rest of it. If Den insisted on her setting in the city this summer, though when they'd talked it over he wouldn't surely insist on her going times would be saved by a few more of M.L.'s guided weekends. He couldn't go on insisting she give Judge up.

"Very well," she said resolutely. "And—will you, ask George if his motor still wants to buy my lacquer cabinet? That should cover the taxes."

"You're a fine plucky girl, Eve," said Uncle Henry; and then: "You better as, him yourself. You could have your pick of those two young men. And I hoped you'd pick George. She didn't answer; she only pat the hard old hand he had laid on her knee.

**George's Gesture of Help**  
NEXT day was a whirl: telephoning half the morning to Aunt Lina's old list of customers, dashing down with Adriano to put up a notice in the post office when he went for George's mail, ordering supplies, listening to Judge's excited schemes plans for saving money, arranging with George about the cabinet.

He would write his mother immediately, he said. As to the Featherstones, he said, nothing at all except, "I have such a bad temper that I have practically no use of it. If I started to talk about your friends, I'd say too much."

He flushed as he spoke, and his lips took the set that Eve knew by now meant, as he said, high temper controlled. He added:

"Eve, if there's anything else on earth I can do, you will let me, won't you? Don't forget, got you into this, in a way—sending you off with the kid. And I'm glad I know you, Eve. You're—pretty fine a well as—as all the other things we aren't going to talk about."

He was leaning in at her open kitchen window where she was standing at the long table making out lists of supplies. His blue eyes looked straight into her. In spite of the hair that had been red when he was little—it gleamed now where the sun beat down on his uncovered head and on the strong sunburned neck and on the unbuttoned collar of his sportshirt—there was steadiness and dependability in everything he said.

Now she lay on a wigwag floor, quartered there with her nurse, 13 Indians and an English boy who had been held captive for more than a year. The three whites were waiting for a restless warrior to join the other Indians in sleep. Now she had reached over to where she had a

tomahawk hidden, arose, brought it down on the head of the Indian lying nearest her. He died without awakening. From Indian to Indian she went striking a lethal blow to each in the manner which she had learned from observing her victims' method of handling the tomahawk.

A brave awakened. It was too late. Hannah with her comrades got to him before he could defend himself. A little Indian boy was spared and a squaw managed to escape. The other ten savages were dead. Then came the most ghastly moment of the whole affair: Painstakingly, Hannah Dustin went to each corpse, scalped them with a knife and made off down the river in a canoe—with her two comrades and ten dripping trophies.

The trio, after going through tremendous hardships, arrived at Haverhill a few days later. They were awarded \$250.00 apiece for their heroism by the general court of Massachusetts.

**Bartending Poet.**  
Shipping before the mast as a youth, John Masefield made several voyages, then "jumped ship" in an American port in the early 90's. For a while he made his living in the United States as a farm laborer, winding up in New York as a saloon bartender.

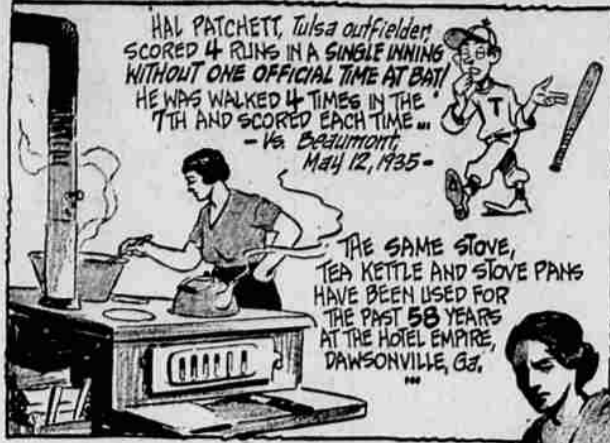
Shortly after his return to England, he won recognition as a poet and was awarded the Edmond de Polignac prize in 1912. In 1930 Masefield was made poet-laureate of England.

**Tomorrow: The Tomb of a Man's Clothes.**  
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**NEW YORK, April 22.—(AP)—**Gun Hill, 79, famous minstrel man and Broadway producer of other days, died last night.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A Mother on the War Path  
Vengeance! Hannah Dustin's tortured mind screamed for it. Her weary body received new life at the thought of it. Vengeance for the horrible sight she had witnessed two weeks before—that of her week-old baby lying on the ground, his head bashed in by one of the brutal Indians who had raided her home.

He forced her husband to flee with her other seven children and taken herself and her nurse, Mary Neff, prisoners.

Now she lay on a wigwag floor, quartered there with her nurse, 13 Indians and an English boy who had been held captive for more than a year. The three whites were waiting for a restless warrior to join the other Indians in sleep. Now she had reached over to where she had a

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**Princess Elizabeth Celebrates Birthday**  
WINDSOR, England, April 22.—(AP)—Princess Elizabeth, heir presumptive to the British throne, celebrated her 11th birthday Wednesday with play at a make-believe "coronation" which may some day be turned into reality for her.

There were presents from her mother and father, King George and Queen Elizabeth, and a surprise package from "Uncle David," whose abdication as Edward VIII last December brought her one step nearer the

throne, but her absorbing interest now is in a child's version of the coronation of her parents May 12.

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# THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Man Hunt



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Telling "Os"



## THE NEBBS—Come To See Me Sometime



## Eugene Grocer In Fight On New Law

Geo. C. Stanley, Eugene grocer, was in Medford Wednesday in the interest of the referendum he is fostering against the anti-price discrimination bill, passed by the last legislature.

Stanley declared he is working practically single-handed to secure sufficient signatures to bring the measure to a vote by the people. The Eugene man said many phases of the law are not known to either merchants or public and he believes that if they were, there would be general disapproval of the enactment.

## DAUGHTER OF CANTOR WILL MARRY IN MAY

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., April 22.—(AP)—Eddie Cantor, poppy father of five daughters, is due to acquire a son-in-law next month.

## Myrtle Creek Has Free-For-All Fight

ROSEBURG, Ore., April 22.—(AP)—Four Myrtle Creek residents were under arrest today following a free-for-all fistio battle in which nearly a score of persons participated. Deputy Sheriff G. M. Dyer reported.

An argument which started in a Myrtle creek beer tavern last night, moved into the street, the deputy said, as the owner of the establishment refused more beverage to Roy and Rex Shepherd and Willard and Wayne Woodsey. As the officer attempted to separate combatants, he too was set upon, he said, and bystanders coming to his aid joined in the battle.

## Patient Suicides

SALEM, April 22.—(AP)—The body of S. Dammon, 49, who escaped from the Oregon state hospital here April 19, was found in a slough a few miles west of Salem in Polk county today. Dammon was released at the hospital May 18, 1935 from Portland. Officers said Dammon committed suicide.