

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Chapter 33
Mitzi's Letter

THE next fortnight passed in a drive of exciting work and planning. Uncle Henry's vegetable stand, decently hidden from the house by the cedar windbreak to the north, was yet near enough to let Uncle Henry, or Judge, if he was at home, dash at the sound of its large dinner bell. Sometimes Eve herself would run down across the lawn and breathlessly measure early peas or lettuce into bags for the motorists drawn up beside the road.

As for the baking, she worked most of the evenings, and through the morning till about two in the afternoon. At first it tired her; but it was a healthy weariness. Having helped her aunt till she went to college, of course, she knew the old routine well enough. She had brought up in the middle of it. She was young and very strong, she was in the country phase, "not afraid of hard work."

The sheets of little crisp yellow cookies, the big pans of warm-smelling brown pocketbook rolls, the jars of baked beans, she remembered them all from her childhood and young girlhood. It brought Aunt Lina back, that capable quick-stepping ghost, moving pleasantly about the big sunny kitchen.

The summer people came just about this time; it was not too late. Things always straightened out if you loved people and they loved you, and waited. The thing to do was to be sensible and go on ordering supplies, and get fun out of being here in the old house with its garden, and the people she loved and work she liked and could do well.

And one of these days Denny would telephone—tomorrow, perhaps—in a week if his suits were worse than usual—and things would lift from contentment to happiness.

Suddenly, one morning as she worked at her molding board, cutting out cookies, she realized that a part of her had so dreaded leaving this house and its life that in a way the postponement of her marriage was a relief. Denny had been so firm about its ending any chance of her living here. Marriage at the end of the summer would be better. By then surely she wouldn't want to stay here any longer. That was what made her wait for Denny to make the first move, not suddenly, but from day to day she expected him to, and to let things slide, always with the feeling that it gave her a little longer time here.

Meanwhile, Judge flourished; he was outdoors most of the day riding on his bicycle or, deeply thrilled, attending the vegetable stand. He put on weight. Uncle Henry whistled about his work; George was in and out; everybody seemed supremely contented at the way things were. They had their Eve all to themselves.

Eve Writes To Denny

IT WAS Judge who said at the end of a fortnight, "Where's Denny? Why don't you call up and ask him out?"

Simple as that—why didn't she? He'd be over his temper by now. She decided she would write him. But there descended on her an exceptionally busy week during which there were two public suppers plus hordes of summer people demanding rolls and cakes and bread. The rush stopped as suddenly as it had begun, but not the hot way which had accompanied it, and Eve was too tired to do anything but manage regular orders and go swimming in George's pool, which he had filled the first hot day.

It was just three hard-working, crowded weeks after Denny had flounced off that she did write him, sitting at her Governor Winthrop desk in the corner of her bedroom late on a scented June night. She meant to give Adriano the letter to take to the post office next noon, but he went off early; she had to keep it another day. Uncle Henry came back from a trip of his own after dinner and handed her and Judge each a fat letter, post-marked Hollywood and addressed in Marylin's wild pretty hand.

Judge took his off somewhere to read alone. Eve lying in her dress hammock in her thin white dress opened her letter lazily. Her own long letter to Denny had been almost like having him close to her. The sense of his presence still drenched her happily. She was mentally commencing one of those delicious foolish conversations with her lover.

"And Marylin actually wrote back

from Hollywood, darling, after only being there a week! I didn't expect anything at all—and a letter to Judge, besides!"

She held the letter up and shook it to see if there was a check inside, nearly certain that there wouldn't be, but hopeful enough to investigate. Something fell out, but it was not a check. It was a smaller size of newspaper, in handwriting instead of Marylin's typing. It looked familiar—yes—Mitzi's mannered small hand. Marylin, Eve thought idly, really shouldn't pass other people's letters around as she does; nevertheless, she began to read it.

"Marylin darling," it began conventionally; then: "This is to tell you that I've given in at last—as you always said I would, you old flatterer! If I was loved with enough passion," Eve stopped to laugh heartily; and then sobered, as she realized that evidently Dillard Betz's taunt that men didn't really care for her had stung Mitzi Power into getting engaged to somebody."

"Who on earth—" she said half aloud, looking around for Uncle Henry or George to tell it to. But George, she remembered now, had gone, with a reluctant look backward at his seedlings, to some New York convention. Uncle Henry was pottering in the garden. She went on with the letter.

"You know," Mitzi wrote with blacker and blacker excitement, "how long she's wanted me and longed for me under everything, . . . in spite of everything. Denny and I are going to be married—"

"All Set, Old Dear!"

EVE looked curiously at the word, with a queer icy feeling all over her. Unmistakable. Up-and-down, black half-printing, with its long straight thick tails and crossbars—Denny, Denny and Mitzi were going to be married. Eve did not feel anything at all. Every nerve center was deadened from shock.

She sat very still in the middle of a world of queer cold isolation, queer silence. Nothing had anything to do with her but those seven black words, unchanged in the little dull-blue piece of expensive paper she was staring at. She shivered there in the warm evening, and noticed dully how wet her palms were and how stiff the muscles of her throat. She was quite motionless in the hammock for the never knew how long; until the light began to fade.

Her brain began to work again, very quickly, terrified. She mustn't be here when anybody came back, before she had read the letter all through. . . . She caught it up and ran to her own room. As she ran she began to hop crazily that it wasn't true, it was just another of Mitzi's delusions about being adored. . . .

She finished it sitting on her own bed. It was not one of Mitzi's usual boasts or insinuations, self-flattering, self-comforting. It was plain, assertive exultation, sentimental, unmistakable. They were engaged. They were announcing it to a few close friends. They were to be married in a month. They would live on at Southampton till October, after a trip to Canada for the honeymoon. They would then settle down in New York in a penthouse they were already looking at. As definite as Mitzi's letters to her lawyers.

And a scrawled line at the bottom, Denny's own handwriting: "All set old dear! Good luck in Hollywood!"

Eve sat on the bed a long, long time. As long as she lived afterward she remembered how many knots of flowers there were on the wallpaper. Mrs. Jennings had left. She counted them over and over, aimlessly. Seventeen one way, five another. Red roses and orange nasturtiums and blue violets, and yellow tulips and pink forget-me-nots in one row. The same flowers in the row below, with the color changed so that the roses were pink and the nasturtiums yellow and the violets red and the tulips orange and the forget-me-nots blue. It must be supposed, an "analyzed" old-fashioned garden. Red roses and orange nasturtiums. . . . He must have gone straight to Mitzi.

He must have cared more for having money and good times than for the kind of person he loved. . . . He must have minded going painfully down every byway, fingered every reason why it had happened.

Between times she counted red violets and orange nasturtiums and wondered why they had wanted to make violet red. "If they had been every other one yellow," she heard herself say, "it would have been much better."

She thought, "It would be better if they had been in only two colors." She thought, "They will live together in Mitzi's penthouse, and Mitzi will laugh and put her finger in that cleft in his chin the way I used to. . . ." She shivered a little. She sat on, staring at the wallpaper till the dark came.

Judge hammered at her door. "A lady's telephone. She wants six dozen rolls and two layer cakes for over Sunday."

"Tell her she can have them tomorrow morning," Eve said in a clear voice.

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Eve collapses in the orchard, Monday, distracted at Denny's action.

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 BANK PRESIDENT WHO ROBBED A U.S. TREASURY!

FACED WITH A THREATENED RUN ON THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA BECAUSE OF A LACK OF COIN, WILLIAM C. RALSTON RAIDED THE U.S. SUB-TREASURY IN SAN FRANCISCO AND CARRIED AWAY \$14,000,000 IN CURRENCY WEIGHING 5 TONS! HIS BANK WAS SAVED AND HE WAS NEVER REPRIMANDED FOR THE ACT!

—September, 1869—



THE TOMB OF A MAN'S CLOTHES!

IN THE YELLOW TOMB OF PEKING, CHINA, REPOSE THE ROBES OF THE TIBETI LAMA OF TIBET! IT WAS ESPECIALLY BUILT AS A TOMB FOR HIS CLOTHING WHEN HIS BODY WAS SENT TO TIBET FOR BURIAL!

—1780—

HOW MANY EX-KINGS ARE ALIVE TODAY BESIDES EDWARD OF ENGLAND?

(Answer tomorrow)



HURLING FOR THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS, MILT GASTON PITCHED 3 WILD BALLS IN A SINGLE INNING!

A RUN WAS SCORED ON EACH PITCH!

—1927—

Robbery of the U. S. Treasury

How William C. Ralston gained admittance to the U. S. Sub-Treasury in San Francisco and actually carried off \$14,000,000 in coin without a hand being lifted to stop him remains a mystery. If he had confederates working in the treasury building, their part in the amazing exploit never came to light.

President and owner of the controlling interest in San Francisco's Bank of California, Ralston was faced with a threatened run on the institution as the result of U. S. legislation which forbade the exchange of gold coin in 1869. His depositors, panicky over the fact that the bank didn't have enough cash to pay them off, planned to withdraw all they

could get. Such a move would ruin the bank. The whole proposition looked ridiculous to Ralston. In the vaults of his bank lay millions of dollars worth of gold bullion. Yet ruin stared him in the face simply because he couldn't convert the gold into cash. He resolved on a bold move. Telling four of his employees to meet him outside the U. S. Treasury Building at one o'clock in the morning, he laid his plans. The four men met at the appointed place and hour. Ralston took leave of them and gained entrance to the building in a manner never explained. A few minutes later he appeared on the street hurling down with bags of U. S. coins. A conversation followed. The three employees disappeared into the

building. Dragging out more bags to the street where Ralston stood guard, they re-entered the Treasury to bring out others. A few hours of this and five tons of coins were stacked in the street, then carried to the Bank of California. Later \$24,000,000 worth of gold was carried over to the Treasury from the bank and left inside the building.

When the bank opened its doors the next morning, thousands of anxious depositors fought their way to the teller's windows. Amazed to find that hard cash was paid out to them in answer to their demands, they sheepishly re-deposited it. The run was averted. The bank was saved. Ralston never received a reprimand from the authorities for his startling raid on the Treasury.

While the committee suggested that the main unit of the college, now established at Albany, be continued, it indicated that in the years to come the Portland unit should become the major branch, with the Albany school eventually reduced to a two-year course.

PRESBYTERIANS PLAN FOR ALBANY COLLEGE

PORTLAND, April 23.—(P)—A special committee of the Presbyterian synod of Oregon recommended today that Albany college at Portland be established on a permanent basis with a full four-year course.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—(P)—The veterans administration awarded a \$39,995 contract today for construction of a new occupational therapy building at its Roseburg, Ore., hospital to George Jackson Co., Portland, Ore.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Weasel Stops a Mutiny!

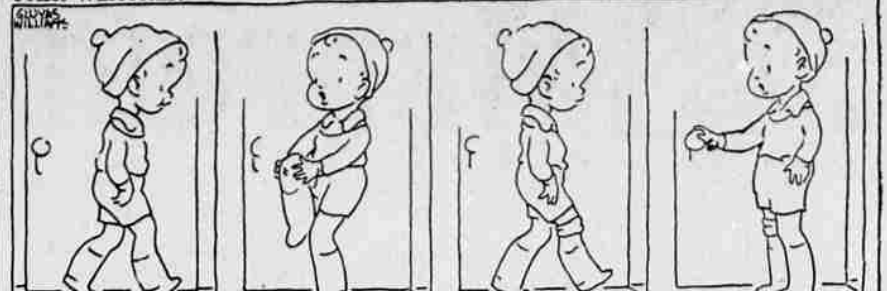
WITH BETTY MAKING HER ESCAPE IN THE PLANE... AND TOMMY AND SKETTS LOOSE IN THE HILLS, THE WEASEL'S COHORTS ARE FRIGHTENED... DESPITE THE FACT THEY HAD PUNCTURED THE FUEL TANKS OF THE PLANE WITH BULLETS.

I DON'T LIKE THIS WEASEL, THAT GAL GETTIN' AWAY.

YEAH... SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE THE MAINLAND..

FAIR WEATHER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

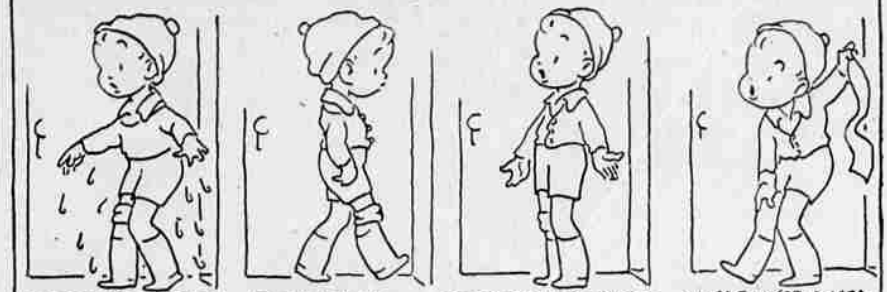


MOTHER, THANKFUL FOR FAIR WEATHER AGAIN, SENDS JUNIOR OUT TO PLAY. LOOKS FORWARD TO PEACE AND QUIET INDOORS

JUNIOR RETURNS IN A FEW MINUTES, REPORTING HE FELL DOWN AND HURT HIS KNEE

MOTHER BANDAGES KNEE, AND JUNIOR GOES OUT AGAIN

COMES IN PRESENTLY TO ASK CAN HE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



FIVE MINUTES LATER IS BACK TO SAY HE FELL DOWN IN THE PUDDLE BACK OF GARAGE AND GOT KIND OF WET

AFTER HAVING HIS CLOTHES CHANGED RETURNS OUT-OF-DOORS

COMES BACK IMMEDIATELY TO SAY THEY'RE GOING TO PLAY STORE, CAN HE HAVE A SPoon, SOME PAPER BAGS AND BOXES AND STRING

A LITTLE LATER COMES IN TO SAY HIS BANDAGE HAS COME OFF. MOTHER SIGHING YEARS FOR A RAINY SPELL AGAIN

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



JOH! HERE COMES OLD TIMER! HE WILL SMELL CHAWLET ON OUR BREATH!

WELL HAVE TO HOLD OUR BREATH!

S'MATTER?

SOME KIND OF ACT, LET'S PAUSE AN WATCH IT, OLD TIMER!



PUFF!

SNIFF!

WHAT THING, DING?

BAN-W!

GIMMICK!

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By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Telling 'Os'



WELL, MRS. HIGGINS, OUR NEW IDEA'S CLICKED TWICE IN A ROW NOW—ONCE WITH MR. ANAGTASI, AND JUST NOW WITH MRS. ANNA PEARSON—



OH, I FEEL SO HAPPY! YOU'RE MAKIN' THIS OLD STORE BOOM, BEN! AND IT'S ALL YOUR DOIN', TOO!



COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARIN' YOU AN' BEN, MRS. HIGGINS, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WHAT YOU SAID IS WHAT ME AN' OS THINKS, TOO!



—AN' WE GOT A BIKE, TOO, AN' MEBBE CAN HELP OUT BEN ON SOME O' THESE QUICK DELIVERIES—THEY AIN'T A THING WE WON'T DO TMAKE THIS STORE SUCCEED, MRS. HIGGINS!

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Offer



IN THE RACE FOR EMMA'S HAND AND DOUGH, WE CAN'T SEE A FAVORITE YET. WHO WOULD YOU ADVISE TO MARRY? YOU WANT TO SEE EMMA HAPPY—GIVE US YOUR OPINION.



WELL, YOUR COUSIN AMBROSE IS IN THE CONTEST FOR EMMA'S HAND IN MARRIAGE—WHEN IT COMES TO DOUGH, THAT BIRD CAN'T SEE ANYBODY ELSE GETTIN' IT

OH, I DON'T KNOW, SHE'D MAKE HIM A GOOD WIFE. HE ISN'T SO MUCH



I THINK IT WOULD MAKE A MIGHTY GOOD MATCH IF YOU ASK ME—IF ANYTHING, I THINK SHE'S GETTIN' THE WORST OF IT—WOMEN USUALLY DO



MAYBE THEY DO BUT NOT FROM ANY EXPERIENCE YOU'VE HAD—EVER SINCE YOUR OLD MAN DID THAT HAND-SPRING WHEN I TOOK YOU OFF HIS HANDS, IT'S BEEN A HOLIDAY FOR YOU

By SOL HESS

AIR TOUR ASSURED FINANCIAL BACKING SCHOOL AT TOLO WILL BE CLOSED

PORTLAND, April 23.—(P)—Financial support has been guaranteed to assure the ten-city air tour and show planned for July, members of the executive board of the Oregon Aviation Development said after a meeting here.

Allan D. Greenwood, state aeronautics inspector, will leave today for Los Angeles to line up fliers to take part in the exhibition, which will open a ten-day tour at Medford, July 1.

The itinerary includes Klamath Falls, Bend, Baker, Ontario, Pendleton, Salem, Marshfield, Astoria and Portland.

Members of the board are Mrs. F. H. Hiecock, president; Guy R. Hiecock, Astoria, treasurer, and Webster A. Jones, Portland, secretary.

In Iowa, from 1925 to 1934, flax gave higher acre returns than wheat, barley or oats.

If an increase in population war-