

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS: Eve Maitz and gay, city-loving Denny Carter are on the verge of marriage when they quarrel and he walks out. Eve is left in her 200-year-old Connecticut house with kind old "Uncle" Henry and serious little Judge Featherstone, whose parents have deserted him and gone to Hollywood. Her steady, dependable neighbor George Cleveland who loves Eve intensely, offers his help, for Eve is stranded financially. She resumes her aunt's baking business. Then comes a shattering letter saying Denny is to marry wealthy Mitzel.

Chapter 34 Eve Collapses

AS soon as Eve had carefully torn her letter to Denny into very small pieces and burned them she went downstairs to the kitchen. Her hands were still numb, but her mind was very clear and she worked until three the next morning. Then she went to bed. She lay awake and thought of it all over and over and over. In between she thought about the wallpaper and tried to plan her work ahead.

She could not eat anything at breakfast, but she talked in a metallic voice to the others as she drank black coffee.

"Mother's letter says they have the grandest pink house, and a police dog," Judge said timidly across the table.

She drank it and said again weakly, "She didn't send the money and she's going to Honolulu."

"Don't, Eve, you break my heart!" George said harshly.

"Uncle Henry said, 'Nonsense, child, we're more than making our living. She's all naker up. You lie right there!'" he added sternly.

Judge, in the background, clasped a pitcher of water in the hope she might have use for it. They surrounded her with their loving anxiety and anger. Through all her misery a little comfort sifted because of George's kind arm lifting her shoulders, and Uncle Henry's affectionate scolding and Judge's devoted eyes.

bread-and-butter Of Life

THEY made her rest all that day and the next. One of the three stood guard over her most of the time. Adriano waited on her hand and foot. George's housekeeper Mattie, hovered about with all possible comforts. George came in the next day with his mother's check for \$150 for the laquer cabinet, and she heard Adriano and George taking it away.

"I'm using it for the present for my own papers," he said matter-of-factly. "Mother's Southampton for some time to come."

She'd know how Denny and Mitzel. Of course, everyone would. She hoped George would not talk about it to her just now.

He never did, whatever he heard or knew. Ellen came out over the weekend, full of the failures and successes of her stock company near Sharon, gay and friendly with George. She hoped about Mitzel's same stable decisive line. She said nothing more to Eve about George. And Eve could not bring herself, even to Ellen, to tell about Jenny. Ellen would know, soon enough.

Somehow as the summer passed, Eve was well and put herself to work once more. The apple blossoms fell and the little apples began to come, and the flowers along the lawn changed with the seasons, larger and brighter for July.

There would never be any Denny again. She must get used to that. She must go on with a life that had nothing in it. Get on with the plain bread-and-butter of life—earning her living being kind to the old man and little boy, making friends and doing her work.

(Copyright, 1937, Margaret Widdeemer)

George asks Eve to a tennis and swimming party, tomorrow.

She carried it down to her arms when she found it. She caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror at the head of the stairs. Streaked crimson-flush, drenched with perspiration, she looked like a caricature of herself. She walked on out of the house without knowing she carried the heavy wheel still straight through the lawn and to the orchard path. She did not know where she was going. Something in her subconscious, she supposed afterward, had some idea of selling the wheel to Mrs. Cleveland.

It was George who faced her, as she staggered mounting the stairs between the orchards.

"Eve, Eve... what's the matter?" His arms were strong, and she let go the wheel. She mustn't tell him that her Denny was the kind of man "Marilyn is going to Honolulu," one said wildly and sank against him strengthless.

"Enough to make anybody sick," Uncle Henry was saying angrily when she opened her eyes on the front-parlor sofa. "Worked most of the night and then started cleaning the attic this mornin'!"

George held a glass to her mouth and said quietly, "Drink this, Eve."

His arms were strong and she let go the wheel. She mustn't tell him that her Denny was the kind of man "Marilyn is going to Honolulu," one said wildly and sank against him strengthless.

"Enough to make anybody sick," Uncle Henry was saying angrily when she opened her eyes on the front-parlor sofa. "Worked most of the night and then started cleaning the attic this mornin'!"

George held a glass to her mouth and said quietly, "Drink this, Eve."

His arms were strong and she let go the wheel.

able. "Did she send you the money?" "I don't know, Judge. I didn't read her letter."

She regarded him, sitting there over his oatmeal. The weeks since his parents went away had given him added health and serenity.

She had paid over all her happiness for the welfare of this child who was nothing to her. Things were odd in this world. She wondered if she would go on liking him when she got so she could feel anything again. Oh, yes, she must read Marilyn's letter.

There was little more as regards herself and Denny than "You naughty girl to throw poor Denny over, when we all thought it would be a match!" and then a long delightful description of the circumstance, under which they had fallen on their feet this time.

"The darlingest old lady—and a cousin of Scraps James in Buffalo, so she felt she knew all about us—an old lady. It seemed, who didn't like children so it was a mercy Eve was such a darling about Judge—and who wanted Peter to be her portrait, and simply loved having them, and was going to take 'em on a trip to Honolulu when she was out of the hospital; where she'd had to go to after three days. Meanwhile, it seemed the Featherstones were living with all expenses paid, waited on by a corps of servants in her pink stucco mansion. The old lady collected post, let it was excited because Peter was a painter. There was not a word about paying Eve."

"Well, after all, why should they?" she thought with a new cynicism. "They've been supported by experts! Probably they feel they did wonders in signing a paper saying they'd pay board!"

To Keep From Thinking

BUT it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing but finding enough hard physical work to do to halfway keep from thinking Denny and Mitzel—Mitzel and Denny Denny had leached at Mitzel for being so old. He had made fun of her affections and pretenses. And he was marrying Mitzel. Oh, it couldn't be Denny, that passionate loving Denny! "God, let it not be true," she whispered. But it went on being true.

When the day's routine of baking was done, she labeled for delivery. Eve went feverishly to the attic. The afternoon sun pouring down made it an oven, but she was glad. It had seemed to her she would never be warm again. She piled and unplied

Riviera

RIVIERA, April 24—(Sp.)—The social held at Rogue River by the Live Oak Grange Saturday evening was well attended by local people. Among those attending were the George Hutchins family, Pierra Douga, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bodley, Mrs. Ollson and daughter Bethel, Mrs. Sittion and William Bricker. From the colony were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pith and son Harold, Mrs. Winlock, Otto Fuhrman and Miss Marie Brock.

Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond of Grants Pass visited friends here Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Rose of Vallejo, Mrs. Anna Myer and Ellis Gail of Ashland visited their niece, Mrs. B. L. Miller and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Donahue returned home April 16 from a trip to Redding, Cal.

Two local people had the misfortune to have their cars damaged the past week. Mrs. Louise Bricker of near Rogue River, ran into a truck

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ROYALTY IN EXILE

THERE ARE EIGHT FORMER SOVEREIGNS ALIVE TODAY—SEVEN OF THEM IN EXILE

EDWARD OF ENGLAND, PRAJADHIPOK OF SIAM, MICHAEL OF RUMANIA, FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, AMANULLAH KHAN OF AFGHANISTAN, HAILE SELASSIE OF ETHIOPIA, WILHELM OF GERMANY, ALFONSO OF SPAIN

4-24-37 Michigan Syndicate, Inc.

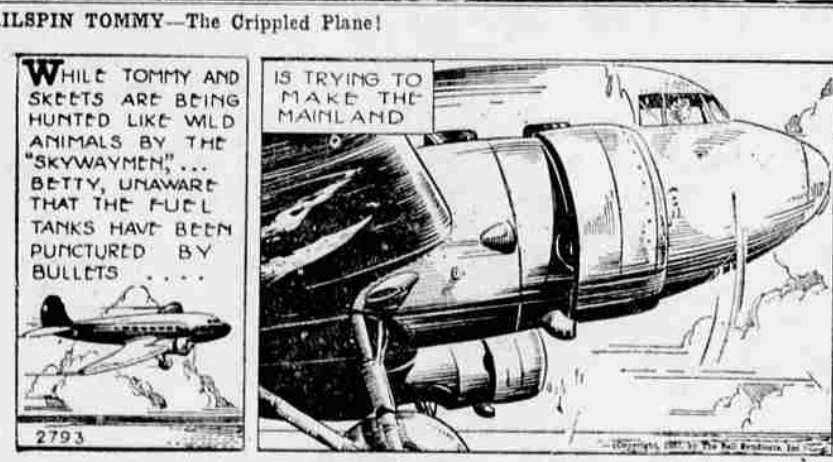
EXPECTANT MOTHER AIDS IN ROBBERIES

SEATTLE, April 24—(AP)—Detective Chief Ernest Yorik announced today that Miss Gartha Headley, 18, and Harold Marches, 28, who was accused of abducting her from Port Angeles last January, confessed today to nine recent robberies, in six of which the girl played a part.

The blond expectant mother said, "I needed the money for my unborn baby. But I'm done with crime now and I guess I'll have to pay for what I've done."

Yorik said Marches' wife lives in Portland. Marches and the girl were arrested while asleep in a First Avenue hotel here last night.

Liquid lime sulphur, mixed in a ratio of 12½ ounces to a gallon of water, may be used as a dormant spray to prevent mildew and black spots on rose plants.



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Crippled Plane!



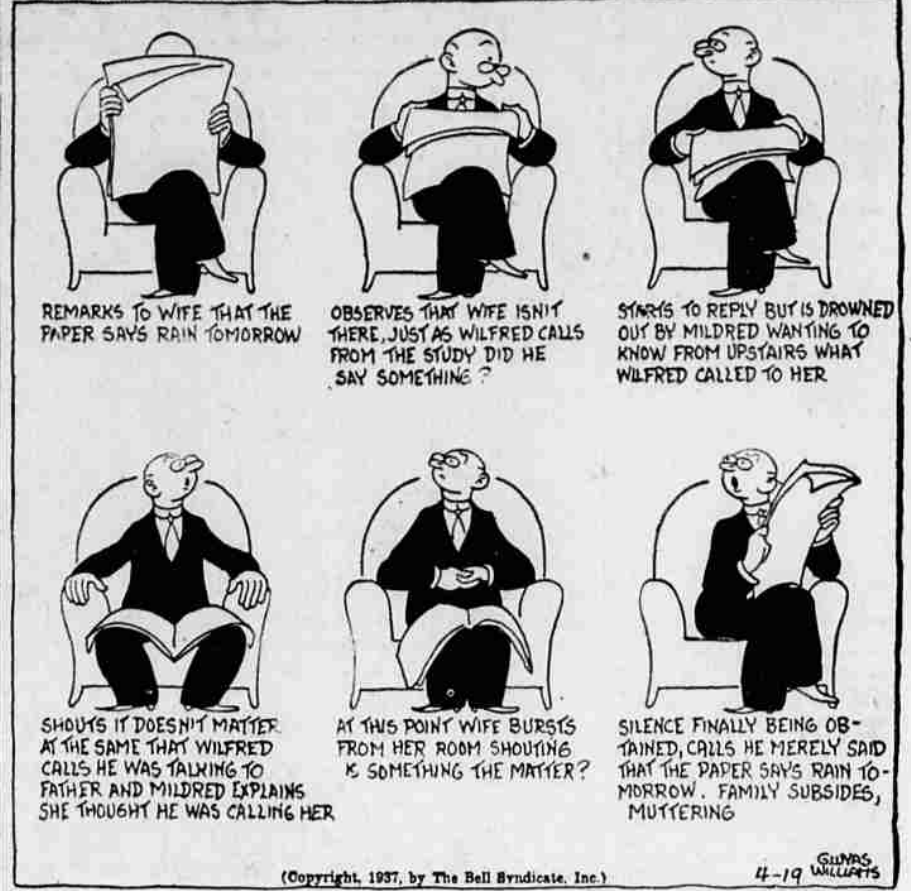
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Time for Action?



THE NEBBS—Be Careful

THE FAMILY ALBUM—RAIN TOMORROW

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE FAMILY ALBUM—RAIN TOMORROW

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



By SOL HESS