EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS. When Eve Ainerfield learns that her beloved Denny Carter, who left her in anger on the verge of their marriage, is to wed wealthy Mitzi, she is shattered. Resuming her aunt's baking business, she finds contentment in her 200-year-old Connecticut house and orchard. She is kind to old Uncle Henry who helps her run the place, and to serious little Judge Featherstone whose parents have left him with Eve. They both adore her. George Cleveland, Eve's steady, dependable neighbor, has quietly waited for her love all summer.

Chapter 36

'I Miss Him Horribly'

"WE'RE talking as idiotically as if we were Seymours," said Eve.

"Are they really idiotic?" George asked then with mild curiosity. "The only one I ever see is Lance, the poor kid who's always skulking round here under the impression that he still somehow has rights to the place, the one who tried to steal his ancestor's portrait from mother last spring—remember? If they're all like him they're pretty far gone."

She interrupted him. "Is Lance around still? Do be careful of him, George, he has an ugly temper."

"As a matter of fact, he was having a run-in with Mattie this very day about some peonies he wanted to dig up. They were a special rare variety, one of the plants I bought the place for. He was making a clean sweep."

They were interrupted by a honk, heralding the young Gardiner brother and sister, driving in with rackets and bathing suits on the back seat; an attractive pair of slim young dark things, enough alike in their shirts and shorts to be twins. Anne's hair was curled tightly over her head and Wallace's slicked smooth, that was about the only difference.

"Hello, you lazy loafers!" Wallace yelled. "The Warrens are practically on top of us with a carful of guests. Get up and let's cop the best court before they do."

Anne pranced a little, thrusting a thin brown arm through George's. "I grab George for a partner," she said. "You and he play together so much it's a racket, Eve."

"Racket! Gosh, woman, people are shot for less than that," said her brother. Whereat Anne laughed and went on dancing restlessly, still holding on to George. Eve smiled at her. She felt a million years older than carefree, 19-year old Anne. George glanced at her over the tight-curled head as if they understood each other partner or no partner.

"We saw that poor Seymour boy down by the gate," Anne said. "He was muttering to himself the funny way nuts do. Wonder why there are so many crazy people out in the country?"

"Well, the Gardiners *would* come—" George began teasingly.

"Make him stop, Eve."

Eve laughed and shook her head as the four ran across the turf. It was all warm and pleasant. She liked life. She hoped she wouldn't see Denny, and have all the pain of him brought back. She had September weather and George's kindly brotherliness; she had a good game of tennis ahead of her and a swim after that. It was all easy and happy.

Perhaps she was a shallow sort of girl to be so easily contented. But, if she couldn't grieve over Denny all the time like somebody in a book, wasn't it better for her? And, after all, she had—she knew now—the life she loved, if not the man. She knew now that she had never really loved the life that was a part of Denny's happiness. And then the Warrens, Jim and his new wife May, and four stranger guests, caught up with her and there was an end to meditation.

A Natural Mistake

THEY played till everyone was hot and drenched; they swam on top of that, which should have killed them but didn't. When the twilight came, bringing the cool wind of a Connecticut September evening, George and Uncle Henry built the fire in the outdoor fireplace; Eve made salad and Anne Gardiner ran to and fro from the Cleveland house bringing things inevitably forgotten; Eve's chocolate cake, left in the hall; the salt, extra paper napkins. They sat on the grass in the sweaters that were welcome now, eating more than seemed possible.

George, moving round the circle with the immense gray coffeepot, said: "All gone. Wanted another cup, didn't you, Warren? Mattie has more in the house. I'm up, I might as well go—"

"Oh, George, bring my coat, will you?" Eve called after him. "In the hall." But George was out of hearing. "Judge dear, run after him."

One of the strangest quirks, mixed on the very shadowy wholesale introductions, said hazily, "Oh, ask your little boy to get mine too, Mrs. Cleveland, in the car."

"Judge—get all the coats—"

Then Eve took time to explain elaborately that she was not married to George and Judge was not their son; drowsy scarlet in the darkness, as she told herself petulantly, like a grammar-school girl.

...well, anybody would have thought ..." said the little girl with the Warrens, unperturbed.

"What Kay means is that if you and George aren't married, you ought to be," said young Wallace Gardiner. "All very proper. Kay Eve's keeping Judge while his parents do something thrilling in Hollywood. Nobody's any relation to anybody—"

"Here's the coffee. George's voice said placidly above them in the dusk. "Here's your coat, Eve." He dropped it over her shoulders as he passed, and threw Judge his sweater with. "Put your sweater on, son. Right away!"

"I leave it to anybody!" complained Kay, in the laughter and confusion of teasing and explanation Eve sat very still. George, so far as one could see by starlight, was quite unembarrassed. Well, it was a natural mistake; George and she serenely intimate, with the fatherly old man and devoted small boy belonging to them all.

Later still, when everyone, even Judge and Uncle Henry, had gone, leaving Eve and George to clear up the last things and wet the embers, George spoke slowly, out of the dimness.

"I thought it was—a nice mistake, Eve. How did you feel about it?"

She did not answer. She was scarcely paying attention to what he said. She was staring up at the stars, dreamily happy in the September night.

"Eve?"

She came out of her dream, and answered at random, "You're an angel, George; you pulled us out of the Kay girl's blunderings without the quiver of an eyelash!"

"All right," George said shortly. "But I'm damn tired of the role of angel. Good night, Eve."

He strode off to the house.

Eve laughed to herself as she went her own way. George was no angel, certainly—but there was something funny and endearing to her always about his flashes of up-and-over temper. She wondered why he had suddenly turned cross, and decided that he had been working too hard lately.

"Bless his heart," she said as she ran into her own house. "I'll scold him tomorrow."

George Leaves Abruptly

BUT the morrow brought a hurricane of sudden orders. And before she had a moment to use the telephone on her own account, Judge, teetering on the doorsill as he waited for the basket of morning deliveries, said:

"Oh, say, George drove off to a house party in Sharon last night after we all went home! Adriano says he's staying till Tuesday, he thinks."

She felt a little dashed. But after all, George was showing his usual good sense. He *had* been looking tired and strained lately.

"What do you think of that?" she said to Uncle Henry who was coming in with a basket of eggs. "Our Georgie off and away! I'm glad, aren't you?"

"He's so homey we forget he has a life besides the one he lives here," said Uncle Henry. "Yes, a break will do him good."

They smiled together, pleased that their George was having a rest and change. Eve went on with her work, cutting out ginger cookies deftly, row after row on the enameled table, and singing lightly the old song Uncle Henry whistled so much:

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment . .
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie!

She worked hard that day, feeling a queer lack. It was so strange to have no George, sunburnt and smiling, leaning on her sill, resting as he talked and waited for his glass of milk or square of gingerbread, telling her some scrap of village gossip he had heard, or passing on a piece of scientific information, or delightedly boasting how right he had guessed about which suckers to keep. Noon came. She fixed the usual snack for her menfolk. She thought she would go for a swim; they were in for a spell of hot weather apparently.

It proved to be a stupid swim. No George swimming alongside, teasing her with splashed water, racing her out for a game of tennis, or lying on the cement parapet, a little sad because his too-white skin never would tan evenly or stay tanned long, playing about with her as if they were a couple of children, there on the grass and in the water.

"It's awful dull without Mr. Georgie," Mattie said when Eve came into her pantry for last night's cake plate.

"Isn't it!" Eve said with fervor. "I miss him horribly already—"

Something stopped her. Perhaps it was Mattie's little watchful gray eyes, fixed on her with a meaning interest. She said another idle word or two and went off through the sunshine with her plate, the wind blowing her rose-colored linen that George liked and lifting her hair. Suddenly her heart stood still and started racing again. She stopped, there on the path through the orchards, gasping, staring ahead. The words she had said were true.

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As Eve realizes she loves George, tomorrow, Ellen becomes his fiancee.

NAVY IDLE AFTER HAWAII 'ATTACK'

HONOLULU, April 27.—(AP)—The United States fleet moved into anchorage at Pearl harbor, Hilo and Lahaina Roads today after 48 hours of the most extensive and intensive army and navy concurrent exercises ever held in the Hawaiian area.

Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn, landing the defense forces of the islands, said he was prepared to hear when final reports come in that the fleet's efforts to land troops on Oahu island had been repulsed.

Forty thousand men and officers participating in the maneuvers are taking four days of well earned rest before the resumption of fleet maneuvers, which will consist of six weeks of major sea action exercises.

Rear Admiral W. T. Cluverius, ranking officer at Pearl harbor, observed that the defense forces "gave us a whale of a time," and added "we watched with admiration the work of their airplanes."

G-M WILL BUILD DIESEL ENGINES

DETROIT, April 27.—(AP)—Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors corporation, announced today that the corporation soon will begin the manufacture of diesel engines.

He said that a 75-acre tract of land had been purchased near the city limits for the erection of a plant and that an engineering laboratory would be the first building to be constructed.

The first unit of the main plant, he said, would be started next month.

Sloan said a new division of the corporation, known as the diesel engine division, had been formed, and that the manufacture of diesel engines would be confined to single cylinder units of from 20 to 160 horsepower for stationary use.

He announced the appointment of W. T. Crowe as general manager of the division.

Old-age pensions were introduced into Great Britain in 1908.

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 Window Tax

Probably the weirdest tax ever foisted on American citizens was the one levied by the state of Pennsylvania in 1793. The tax was appraised on houses and land, the amount assessed against each house being determined by the number and size of its windows. Congress had passed an act levying a direct tax of $2,000,000. Of this sum, $237,000 was apportioned to Pennsylvania and it was with the "window tax" that the state sought to raise its share.

As can well be imagined, the strange tax brought a howl of protest. House owners went so far as to board up their windows and then dare the government to collect for them. Under the leadership of John Fries, the German residents of Lehigh, Bucks and Berks counties engaged in open rebellion, seizing the marshal of Bethlehem and forcing him to release 30 prisoners who had been thrown into jail for tax opposition. The militia was ordered out and captured Fries and some of his followers. Taken to Philadelphia, Fries was twice tried for treason, was convicted and sentenced to death. He was pardoned in 1800 by act of the president.

Quadruple Steal

Pitcher McGee, of the Keokuk team, was in a tight spot. It was the seventh inning and the bases were loaded. Taking his time, he wound up. The man on third, Frank Murphy, took a long lead from base—then sprinted for home before the pitcher delivered. The ball arrived in the catcher's mitt at the same time Murphy crossed the plate to score. Mizeur, on second, dashed for third and Esrey on first headed for second to succeed in beating out Catcher Becker's peg. Mizeur, meanwhile, continued on to home. Four bases had been stolen on the same pitch!

Caged Humans

Of the many features which attract thousands of tourists to Yellowstone national park each year, the bear feeding canyon has proven one of the most popular. In a complete reversal of the usual order of such things, spectators at the feasts of the bears are caged in by a 10-foot fence to protect them from any possible attacks by the free-roaming bears.

Tomorrow: Monkey Business.

PORTLAND AUTOIST IS KILLED NEAR YREKA

YREKA, Calif., April 27.—(AP)—George I. Letson of Portland met death instantly early yesterday when his automobile struck a tree six miles south of Yreka. He apparently fell asleep at the wheel.

Bishop Dies

WASHINGTON, April 27.—(AP)—Bishop William Fraser McDowell, 79, for many years a prominent figure in the Methodist Episcopal church, died here today. He was stricken by a heart attack soon after returning to his home from Morganton N. C., where he had been on a lecture tour.

Comedian Dies

NEW YORK, April 27. — (UP) — George Fields, 43, veteran black-face comedian and the "Honeyboy" of the radio team of "Honeyboy and Sassafras," died Sunday of a heart attack. He was a native of Grovespring, Mo., and had been in the show business since he was 16.

ROLLING STOCK — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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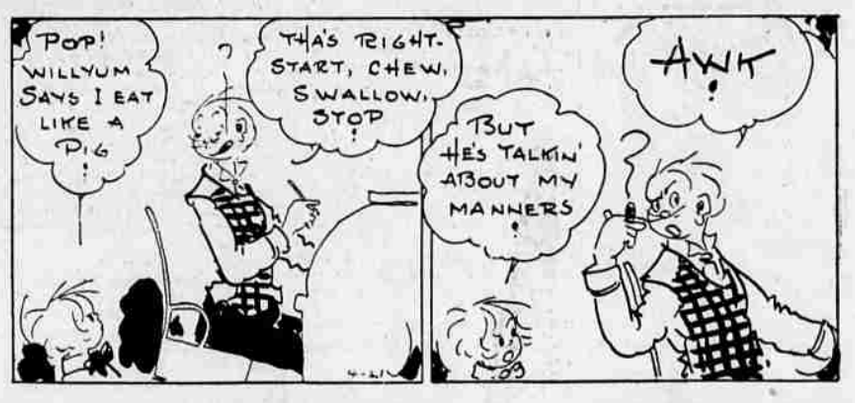
S'MATTER POP — By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Will the Navy Be in Time? — By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Trick! — By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Laugh and the World Laughs With You — By SOL HESS

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