

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDEMER

SYNOPSIS: When Eve Mansfield learns that her beloved Denny Carter is to wed wealthy Mitzie, she is shattered. Resuming her aunt's baking business, she finds contentment in her old house and orchard in Connecticut. Old Uncle Henry, who helps her run the place, and serious little Judge Featherstone, whose parents have left him with Eve, adore her. She forgets Denny. But not until George Cleveland, her steady, dependable neighbor, comes abruptly, does she realize she keeps missing George who has been her friend and helper to her through the summer.

Chapter 37
It's Love!

EVE did miss George—intensely. Sighing, she might not be in love with him as she had been with Denny. No, not as she had been with Denny—that was what had betrayed her. She missed George as if some part of herself was gone. A lack as enormous and unbearable as starvation, as deprivation of breath and light.

She laughed aloud, with the incredible delight of it. She loved George! More than that, she was a part of him, of everything he was and said and did, as he was of her. That was why the Kay girl had thought they were married, in a thousand ways, they were married, as



Eve was lying in the sun with George's guests—they were hers now, too.

much as they ever could be. In this summer they had spent together, waited by their pleasures and duties, by their mutual interest and care for the child and the old man, they had grown as close as most people do in five married years. And the would go on all their lives as close as this, wonderfully closer than this, their children, their work and play, building a oneness more and more effortless and complete.

She leaned there, dazed and breathless again, the laden boughs, understanding this was why she had so swiftly forgotten Denny! Why—she did not really love Denny, she saw now. The hurt and the wounded pride, had been a great part of her grief. If love was needing a man as you needed sun and air and food and water and sleep, she had never loved Denny. It had been thrill, excitement, kisses and laughter. There would be all these with George—but how much more!

"How much more!" she said aloud, sobered and reverent, pacing down the orchard trail. And then smiled a little, planning how she would tell him when he came back. And what a stupid idiot she had been! Why, no wonder he had been angry with her! He had asked her to marry him in those few besting words last night by the hissing fireplace. And she must have seemed to ignore, to evade. Well, she'd make it up to him!

She had never once said to him, or to anyone, anything about Denny. But she thought they must know. Two months had gone by now without her seeing Denny or hearing from him. Uncle Henry had a countryman's watchfulness about small happenings, and she knew talked most things over with George. They discussed her welfare affectionately. She knew that from Judge Besides, with George's mother at a Southampton hotel, and Mitzie Powe, in a house there, it wasn't likely he didn't know. She planned the words in which she would tell George—a dozen ways, as lovers will, as she walked singing down the path.

With Dreaming Eyes
SHE went on with her work blithely. She swam and played tennis with the Gardiners and their friends, using George's place, as they always did, whether he was there or not. She walked with burning cheeks and dreaming eyes and quick laughter, waiting till George came home. She

was so often thinking of George, as she had so often been before, but now more proudly. The Gardiners wanted to know if some of the current group of week-end guests could dress in George's house instead of coming and going in shiny suits as most of them did. Eve went in to tell Mattie, asking the nominal permission she was accustomed to give.

"Mr. George is coming back Monday instead of Tuesday," Mattie informed her as she stood in the doorway of the parlor. "He's bringing some people with him, but the connection was bad and I couldn't make out what it was a party or just one person. What would you do about ordering if you were me?"

Eve was used to solving Mattie's problems for her. "Get two chickens," she said promptly. "If you trust them, you can save one for lunches and picnics and so on if there isn't a party, and it will be enough if there is. Adriano can pick enough beans and greenstuff for them, come one way or the other."

Mattie said, relieved, "Yes, and wouldn't you make an apricot mousse? It would mellow the apricot day even if it wasn't used."

"Fine!" said Eve. She lingered a moment, looking down the room where she stood in the back room George used for a study and laboratory. There was her own lacquer cabinet. George still used it for his records, and for seeds

She went over and pulled open a drawer. It was full of sheets covered with notes in George's small upright hand. She looked down at it, dreaming. The papers would eventually go into a filing cabinet, she knew, but the cabinet would never go to Mrs. Cleveland now. Some day children would use it again for storehouse and playhouse.

Anne Jardiner rapped on a pane and she ran out to her. Presently she was lying with the group in the late afternoon sun. They were her guests now as much as George's.

"Eve, I've Done It!"
THEY went on talking and playing. She lived on in her mist of excitement and anticipation. George would be back tomorrow night. Maybe tomorrow afternoon. It was earlier even than that. Eve heard the car while she was working at the kitchen table late Monday morning. She stood still, rolling out crust, the crisp organdy apron George liked over the rose-colored linen. Presently he would come down across the orchard, he would lean in sunburn and smiling, at her window. But the steps—on the porch, not under the window—were quicker and lighter than any man's. She heard Ellen's clicking heels. She turned to the kitchen door, and saw Ellen running in, all flushed and gay, a bright silk cape streaming out behind her and her usually smooth hair loosened and wind-blown. She ran around the table and caught Eve in her arms, kissing her in a wild way as unlike Ellen as all the rest of it.

Adriano had brought in a great basket of pale yellow and bright pink-cheeked apples. The scent of them standing on the table rose as Ellen talked. Eve always remembered that scent of apples.

"Eve, Eve, I've done it—I've done it! I saw George in an audience Saturday night. I couldn't stand it any longer. I sent him a note to wait, and I told him, out in the car, after the show. I told him I couldn't stand him that I didn't care whether he loved me or not. I loved him so. And we're going to be married. Oh, Eve, aren't you glad? Eve, isn't it wonderful?"

Eve made herself kiss Ellen with stiff lips and heard herself saying brightly, affectionately, "Yes, it is wonderful, Ellen dear. I'm glad."

Uncle Henry tells Eve of his tragic romance with her aunt, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



QUEEN ANNE, of England, WAS SO STOUT AND GOULY SHE HAD TO BE CARRIED TO THE CORONATION CHAIR TO BE CROWNED... -1702-

MONKEY BUSINESS— IN THE MALAY PENINSULA, MONKEYS ARE TRAINED TO CLIMB COCONUT TREES AND THROW DOWN THE RIPE FRUIT... -1702-

TWO CENTURIES WITH THE SAME FIRM! OLIVER WEED, ROBERT BEATTY, FRANK WEED AND LUCIUS ALLEN HAVE WORKED FOR THE PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Philadelphia, FOR A TOTAL OF 212 YEARS...

MAGNETIC DESTINATION! HEADING INTO TRACKLESS SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES FROM WIDELY SEPARATED THOUSANDS OF MILES, EACH UNWARE OF THE OTHERS, YET WERE MYSTERIOUSLY DRAWN TO THE SAME PLACE, HIGH UP IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS AT BOGOTA, NOW CAPITAL OF COLOMBIA! -1538-

"Try Glutz ointment for that tired feeling." If Peary had found a sign post with those words at his discovery of the North Pole, he couldn't have been much more amazed than were the three expeditions at meeting high in the Andes mountains in 1538.

The three expeditions had as heads Jimenez de Quesada, Nicholas Federmann and Belalcazar. All three had fought their way through thousands of miles of South American wilderness, never before explored by white man—all three had tolled up the mighty Andes and all three had come out at the same place to meet! Quesada arrived there first. He had set out for purposes of exploration and conquest in 1536 and arrived at the present site of Bogota,

capital of Colombia, two years later. He had decided to stay awhile, subdued surrounding native villages and started to clear a space for a town. Hardly had he settled down when the clearing stumbled the German explorer, Federmann, and the surviving members of his worn-out band who had started into the jungles of the Amazon from Venezuela some years before. Federmann had never heard of Quesada, nor Quesada of Federmann. Then, to top the whole thing off, Belalcazar arrived with his expedition from Peru. Sheer coincidence had brought them. He had known of neither of the other two parties and had started out with no specific objective in mind. Yet, of all the millions of square miles of South America, he

had been drawn to the same spot as Quesada and Federmann!

Two-Century Employees. Manager of the mortgage loan department, Frank H. Weed has been working for the Provident Mutual Life Insurance company of Philadelphia for almost 65 years. He was first employed by the concern in July, 1882. Robert L. Beatty, assistant secretary, became an employee of the company a year later and Lucius M. Allen, assistant treasurer, entered in 1885. Oliver Weed, brother of Frank Weed, started with the company in 1896. Today all four men are still with the same concern—representative of approximately 212 years of service.

Tomorrow: The Dead Man Who Won a Horse Race!

FEDERAL SCHOOL AID KILLED BY COMMITTEE

WASHINGTON, April 28.—(AP)—The house education committee refused today to recommend legislation

to authorize a \$300,000,000 yearly maximum of federal grants to state school systems.

By a vote of 12 to 5, the group defeated a motion to make a favorable report on the Harrison-Black-Fletcher bill. Chairman Paine (D., Md.) interpreted the action as meaning the measure was killed for the session. The committee's action followed

closely a statement by speaker Bankhead that the house appropriations committee had agreed tentatively to reduce a \$100,000,000 budget estimate for the second deficiency bill by \$20,000,000.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Is Wounded!

WHILE A SQUADRON OF NAVAL PLANES, ACTING ON BITTY LOU'S URGENT PLEA, ROAR TOWARD THE ISLAND RETREAT OF THE WEAZEL, LET'S GO TO THE ISLAND... WHERE WE SEE TOMMY AND SKEETS BESIEGED BY THE MURDEROUS 'SKYWAYMEN'...



SKEETS!
THEY... GOT... ME...
GO ON, TOM... LEAVE ME... THEY'LL GET YOU...
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! WHAT KIND OF A PAL DO YOU THINK I AM?

NOW WE'VE GOT 'EM! GANG UP QUICK! ... AND BLAST 'EM!

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!... IT'S THE NAVY!... WE'RE SUNK!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Big "Order"

JEST A MINUTE, LADY! LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT— WOULD YOU MIND REPEATIN' ALL THAT—

GOSH, BEN, THIS IS THE BIGGEST ORDER WE EVER DID GIT! BOY, WILL YOU GIT GOIN' WHEN YOU HEAR IT!

FOUR HUNDRED MAIN STREET? O.KAY, LADY— TWO UMBRELLAS, ROLL O' LINOLEUM, 50-POUND SACK O' FLOUR, SIDE O' BACON, POUND O' SHORTENIN', 10 POUNDS O' SUGAR...

WOW, LOOK OUT, MRS. HIGGING! THIS IS A REAL ORDER! KEEP OSWALD TALKIN' TO HER!

LAND SAKES, HOW'LL YOU TOTE IT ALL, GON?



THE NEBBS—Off the Record

SAY! IF I ASK YOU TO MARRY ME, IS IT ANYBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS? WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO TELL, SYLLY FOR?

AND SHE STOPPED ME ON THE STREET AND GAVE ME THE HA-HA... WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT BESIDES OURS?

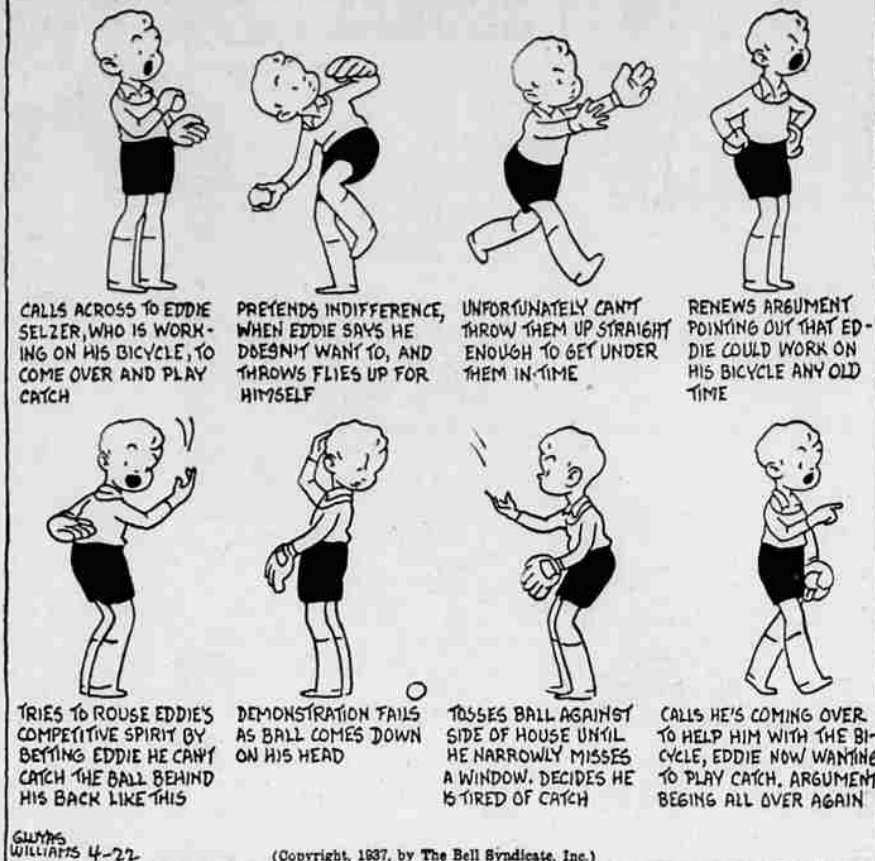
IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF ASKIN' ME TO MARRY YOU, YOU MIGHT BE ASHAMED OF ME AFTER WE'RE MARRIED! I FELT SO PROUD BECAUSE YOU ASKED ME THAT I COULDN'T TELL IT!

SO YOU HAD TO TELL SYLLY- REMEMBER WHEN ONE PERSON ASKS ANOTHER TO MARRY, IT SHOULD BE CONFIDENTIAL UNTIL IT'S AGREED IF YOU WANTA MAKE A MONKEY OUTTA ME YOU GOT NO PATENT ON THAT IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE!



SOLO CATCH

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CALLS ACROSS TO EDDIE SELZER, WHO IS WORKING ON HIS BICYCLE, TO COME OVER AND PLAY CATCH

PRETENDS INDIFFERENCE, WHEN EDDIE SAYS HE DOESN'T WANT TO, AND THROWS FLIES UP FOR HIMSELF

UNFORTUNATELY CAN'T THROW THEM UP STRAIGHT ENOUGH TO GET UNDER THEM IN-TIME

RENEWS ARGUMENT POINTING OUT THAT EDDIE COULD WORK ON HIS BICYCLE ANY OLD TIME

TRIES TO ROUSE EDDIE'S COMPETITIVE SPIRIT BY BETTING EDDIE HE CAN'T CATCH THE BALL BEHIND HIS BACK LIKE THIS

DEMONSTRATION FAILS AS BALL COMES DOWN ON HIS HEAD

TOSSES BALL AGAINST SIDE OF HOUSE UNTIL HE NARROWLY MISSES A WINDOW, DECIDES HE IS TIRED OF CATCH

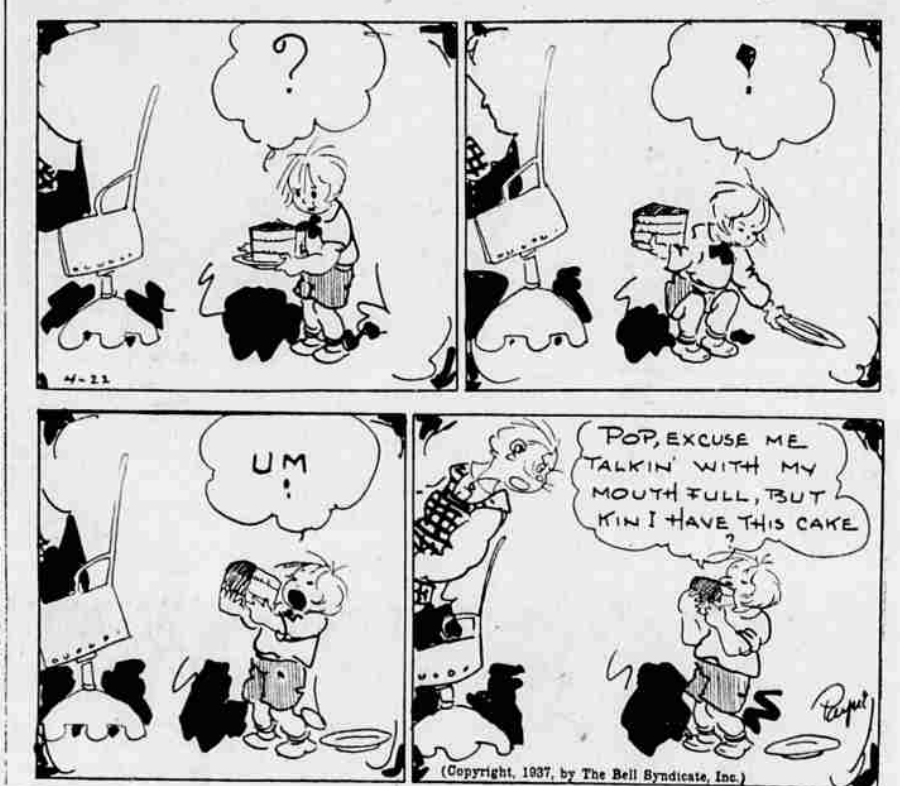
CALLS HE'S COMING OVER TO HELP HIM WITH THE BICYCLE, EDDIE NOW WANTING TO PLAY CATCH, ARGUMENT BEGINS ALL OVER AGAIN

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-22

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

8 MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



UM

POP, EXCUSE ME TALKIN' WITH MY MOUTH FULL, BUT KIN I HAVE THIS CAKE



(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

WORKERS PAST 65 TO GET NUMBERS

WASHINGTON, April 28.—(AP)—Workers in business and industry who have passed 65, although ineligible for old age pensions under the social security act, will receive account numbers beginning today.

PIERCE BUYS NEW HELP IN HEARING

WASHINGTON, April 28.—(AP)—Congressman Walter M. Pierce's verbal tussle with Governor Charles Martin over Columbia river development had one definite result at least.

"I hear all right at home or on the floor of the house," he said, "but committee hearings confuse me. I hate to come to it, but the affair last week forced me to get the contraption."

The set includes a microphone with a dial arrangement permitting him to increase or soften the volume of the voice.

He said he had started reading 230 typed pages of Bonneville testimony to learn exactly what Governor Martin, Mayor Joseph Carson of Portland and other witnesses said

and that he had started reading 230 typed pages of Bonneville testimony to learn exactly what Governor Martin, Mayor Joseph Carson of Portland and other witnesses said

and that he had started reading 230 typed pages of Bonneville testimony to learn exactly what Governor Martin, Mayor Joseph Carson of Portland and other witnesses said

and that he had started reading 230 typed pages of Bonneville testimony to learn exactly what Governor Martin, Mayor Joseph Carson of Portland and other witnesses said

By SOL HESP