

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS: Eve Mannersfield manages to forget gay Denny when she learns he is to wed wealthy Mimi. Resuming her own's baking business, she finds contentment in her old house and orchard in Connecticut. "Uncle" Henry and serious little Judge Featherstone, whose parents have left him with Eve, help her run the place. They adore Eve. So does George Cleveland, her steady, dependable neighbor. Too late, Eve realizes she has come to love George, for he returns from a house party engaged to actress Ellen Walton, Eve's close friend.

Chapter 38 An Old Love Story

Eve sat on the bottom step of the old portico, staring off to the low hills across the meadow beyond the orchard. She was thinner and paler than she had been a week ago when Ellen had first told her the news. Ellen had just gone back to her stock company in Sharon. Judge had gone on a long-promised camping trip the day before George and Ellen returned engaged. Eve rather wished he could stay away longer; she did not feel as if she could stand another set of inevitable exclamations and questions. He would be back shortly; in time for supper, certainly. . . . Well, there was this short moment of peace here in the sunset. Not too long.

If she stayed where she was, inevitably she would see, tiny and clear against the color of sky, George's familiar figure crossing his lawn as he came down from his work. She shivered a little and wanted wildly to run to the ends of the earth. And she couldn't. She mustn't.

"Well, daughter, what you thinking about?" Uncle Henry asked gently, coming up to her in his shapely sweater and faded overalls. He was carrying a basket of pumpkins, golden and big as Cinderella's coach.

She looked up at him, not troubling to hide anything.

"I was wondering," she told him wearily, "why I don't bolt, like the Featherstones."

He said matter-of-factly, "Because it isn't in you. Some horses bolt and some don't; same with humans." He set down his basket, and sat himself beside her, staring, too, at the bright turning hills.

"You weren't more than seventeen when Evelina died, and at that age, I don't do no long time after—old folks don't seem human beings to young folks. I don't suppose you ever knew there was a time when she and I were going to marry."

"No!" Eve was startled. "I never did."

"She had more education than I did, and your folks were always considered higher, but I was a handsome young fellow those days, with a lot of the Old Nick in me. She was full of spirit and pride too—no much, both of us. Well, we had one quarrel too many; how could we know it would be the last one? You don't," said the old man meditatively, staring at the scarlet-streaked hills. "No, you don't."

"Well, Evelina flowed off somewhere—your cousins in Detroit, the Dentons. And Essie came to visit some folks of hers, here. Little and lay and delicate and sort of clinging she was, sort of a change from Evelina's always being so proud and capable. And she in town, with all the other fellows wild about her. So I beamed her around. . . . And first I knew I'd said something or other, and poor little thing, she took it we were engaged, and the town took it so too. . . . She hadn't any people but the cousins she was visiting, that were tired of her, she said. . . . And the upshot of it was we were married before Evelina got back. And Evelina and I only needed to look at each other to know I'd made a mistake nothing could put right."

"You'll Say That, Daughter?"

"Oh, Uncle Henry! Eve thought of fretful, dragged, selfish Aunt Essie, wrapped in her slovenly quilts at the window of the old farmhouse sitting-room; and of her own Aunt Evelina, proud and fastidious to the end of her days as Uncle Henry himself.

"It's a long time gone, daughter. But your Aunt Evelina didn't run off. Not even when the old folks died, nor when your father and mother died. She reared you and took pride in the upkeep of this place, and helped run town doings and earned her living. . . . And when she came to die she said to me, 'Henry, it's been a good life. I've liked living, nearly straight through.' He paused a moment and added huskily: "And you're a Mannersfield too. You'll say that, daughter."

Eve found herself, suddenly, crying for that old love story as she had not cried for her own. The old man had told it to her to help, to show her that she, too, could find life good, could face living on near the man she loved, because of courage for work, and responsibility and little always. She reached blindly for Uncle Henry's hand long old hand.

"I—I will, Uncle Henry—"

She stood up to go inside. Judge would be getting back soon now, with a hungry boy's appetite. A man's

step sounded at the corner of the house, and she listened. . . . No, not George. She would not have to greet George with pleasant indifference again today.

"Well, son, what you doing so far from home this near supper?" Uncle Henry was saying, as shuffling Lance Seymour came up to them, gnawing a big yellow apple. It was windy, but Lance had no sweater over his ragged blue shirt, and a bare knobby knee showed through his overalls.

"Not far from home," Lance mumbled sullenly.

"Hungry, boy? Guess we could find a sandwich and a glass of milk, eh, Eve?"

"Don't want any. Had a lot of apples, good Seymour apples. And I roasted some 'aters.'"

"Look here, Lance, you mustn't do like that. That's stealing. Your dad sold the house to George Cleveland, and that makes the potatoes his. You don't want to be put in the lockup again, do you?"

Lancelot's half-open foolish mouth snapped shut, over his blazed teeth. His lantern-jawed face changed from its usual blank expression to one of vicious fury.

"That's the Seymour house," he opened his mouth again to say. "It was built by Lancelot Seymour, and I'm Lancelot Seymour, and them Cleveland's ain't no right there. They done a lot of things to it they ain't no right to do. Swellin' round there, and that Mattie Webb warn't me off for diggin' up pinies to put on Granther Seymour's grave. Pinies a man's eyes an' something sent him from England hundreds of years back. They got to get out! I'm goin' to make 'em get out!"

His whole gaunt body shook with weak hysterical anger.

"Well, son, now, I wouldn't do that. You go home now and talk it over with your dad. He'll tell you how he sold it to the Cleveland, lock, stock and barrel, and it isn't yours any more."

"Dad isn't home. Down to the saloon in Westport."

But Lance, suddenly terrified at his own anger, shambled quickly away.

Eve lingered on the steps. "You don't think he'll really do anything, do you?"

"Gosh, no, child! What could he do? He's just talking the way half-wits always do talk. Run in now, the wind's rising."

Judge Brings Home Trout

SHE went slowly in. Judge, clattering in from the front door, where he had been dropped by his friends, laden with bags and tin cans and a string of fish, wild with excitement at finding someone to whom he could relate the story of his exciting week.

He met her in the kitchen. "And I learned how to fix apples to bake, lemme show you!"

He was peaceful and quiet there in the old bright kitchen. Judge, brown and strong and bright-eyed, still smelling rather fishy, chattered on and on about the real trout, all cleaned, they would fry for breakfast, his prowess in jumping, his longing to go to a real boy's camp. Uncle Henry, raking outside, whistled at his invariable work-time.

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

Some French émigré must have brought it to Connecticut long ago; Uncle Henry whistled it because his father had done so before him. Eve had heard it sung at concerts in New York. A stiff little bright tinkling tune; he whistled it over and over, and Eve hummed the words.

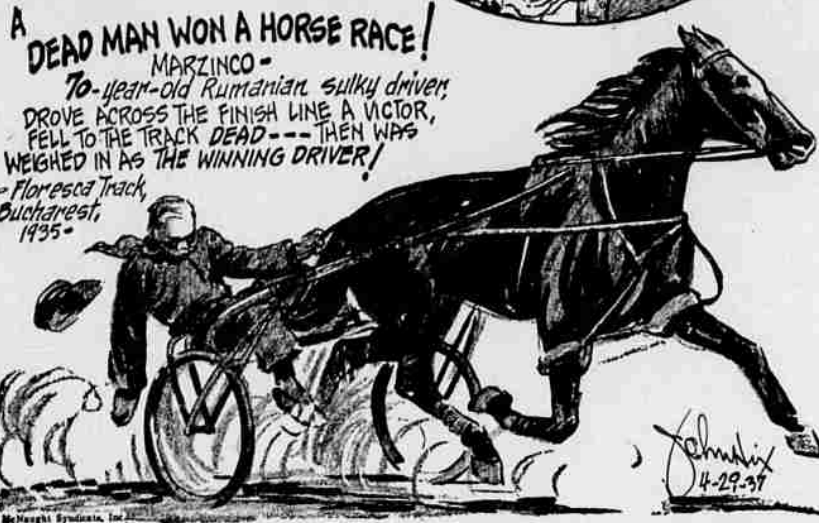
And all in a moment, in the warm kind old kitchen, while the contented child chattered, and the old man whistled cheerfully outside, Eve was suddenly, horribly frightened; frightened because George Cleveland had been threatened by a helpless half-starved halfwit. She knew it was crazy. George, strong, wise, capable—it was nonsense. . . . Except that when you love anybody the way she did George, it seems that your heart stands always on guard, anguished, watchful, afraid. . . . They had been so long together; he had been Ellen's first love, a while, that as she stood at the table, her clever hands pouring hot milk on fluffy flour, stirring, adding with mechanical perfection, her heart forgot; she slipped into a day-dream about him.

If she were doing this for George. . . . George with his normal fondnesses for good food, long evenings by firelight, long walks; all the home things that were so dear shared! She was deep in a daydream of the sort girls in love have; a silly, loving picture of George, coming in fresh with the autumn wind, kissing her and laughing and telling her to hurry up, he was hungry; George telling her about his day, his success in the new set of grafts; George leaning across the dinner table, grating the little, doubled brown rolls, her singing at the Grange the night before, proud of a wife who did so many things so well.

Lance Seymour sells George's house afore, 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.



The dead winner was a bitter argument, a gruesome compromise was effected. The dead driver's body was carried to the scales and weighed in. Everything being in order, bets were paid off.

Indian Exterminator
Made commander of the English forces in America in 1753, Jeffery Amherst proved himself to be an able soldier in the war against the French and Indians. After capturing Crown Point and Ticonderoga, he entered Montreal and drove out the French, ending France's dominion in Canada.

During the campaign Amherst became so incensed at the savagery of his Indian enemies who were in alliance with the French, that he conceived and actually attempted to put into effect a plan whereby smallpox

was to be spread among the Indians by means of blankets contaminated with the disease. Brought to light in W. E. Woodward's "A New American History," is a letter written by Sir Jeffery to Colonel Bouquet, one of his officers at Fort Pitt.

"You will do well to try to inoculate the Indians by means of blankets as well as to try every other method that can serve to extirpate this execrable race." Colonel Bouquet replied: "I will try to inoculate the — with some blankets that may fall into their hands; would like to use the Spanish method to hunt them down with dogs." Whether or not the vile scheme was actually put into effect seems to be unknown.

ZIONCHECK'S WIDOW GIVEN CINEMA ROLE
SEATTLE, April 29.—(AP)—Smartly dressed, Mrs. Ruby Nix Zioncheck said on her arrival here by plane from Hollywood today she had been given a part in a new motion picture starring Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

"I'm returning south soon after completing some business here," she said. "I don't know what my part in the picture will be." Friends met her at the airport. She said she was given the part by Busby Berkeley, a director.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—(AP)—John Gairdard Pollard, 66, governor of Virginia from 1930 to 1934, died today of bronchial pneumonia.

Eagles' Hall Burns
ONTARIO, April 29.—(AP) Fire destroyed the crystal banquet and lodge hall of the Fraternal Order of Eagles here early today and for a time menaced a large section of the city's business district.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Well-Placed Bomb!

JUST AS THE "SKYWAYMEN" WERE ABOUT TO FINISH OFF TOMMY AND SKETER, THE NAVY APPEARED. . . .

TO THE SPEED BOAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND. QUICK!

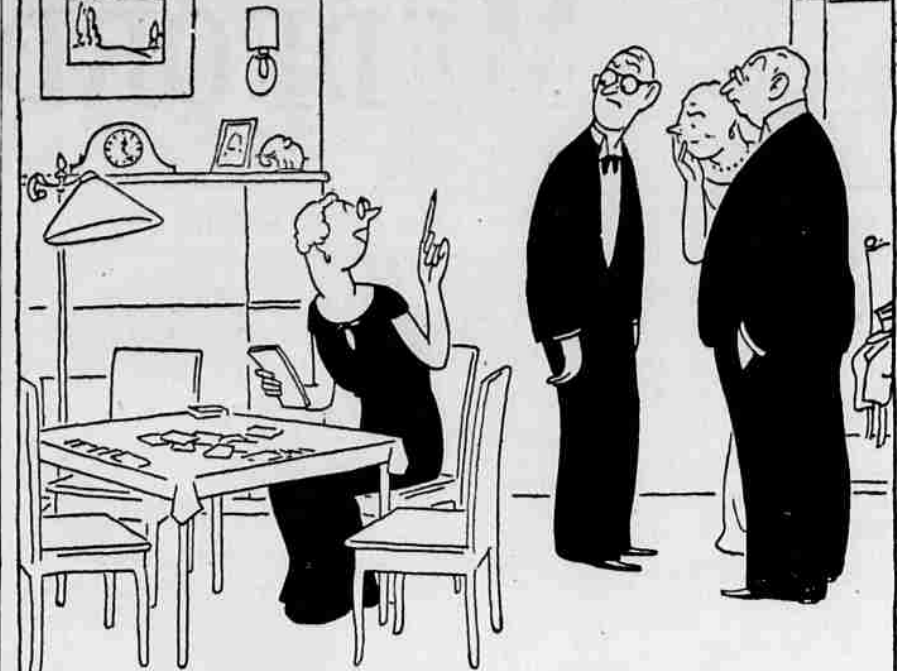
THE GOOD OL' NAVY, SKETS! BETTY-LOU MADE GOOD!

LOOK OUT!

HOLY SMOKE!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HE

FIGHTINEST MAN DIES A PAUPER

NEW YORK, April 29.—(UP)—Devil Dan Daly, 64, the "fightingest man" who ever served with the fighting United States marines, died today—a poor in purse that he left little but the hat full of medals that he won on battlefields from the hills of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli.

HEARING SLATED HERE ON FRUIT, VEGETABLES

SALEM, Ore., April 29.—(UP) Public hearings to re-establish grades and standards will be heard in eight cities during May, Frank McKennon, chief of the division of plant industry of the state department of agriculture announced today.

THE NEBBS—Eny, Meeny, Miny, Mo

WASHINGTON, April 29.—(AP)—President Roosevelt signed a bill, before leaving on his vacation trip early today, to make \$1,000,000 available for control of outbreaks of insect pests, including grasshoppers, Mormon crickets and chinch bugs.

War on Hugs Financed

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