

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS—The miserly old man manages to forget gay Denny when she learns he is to wed wealthy Mitzl. Resuming her aunt's baking business, she finds contentment in her beloved old house and orchard. "Uncle" Henry and serious little Judge, whose parents have left him with Eve, help her run the place. They adore Eve. So does George Cleveland, her steady, dependable neighbor. But he tires of waiting and the same evening that he becomes engaged to Ellen Walton, Eve's actress friend, Eve knows she loves George and has lost him.

Chapter 30

Fire At George's

"WHAT'S those words mean, Eve?" Judge asked as Eve hummed the old French tune that Uncle Henry invariably whistled at work. She turned to answer him, the brown serious little boy who was so sure now people were kind.

"It's French."

"The joy of love it lasts only an hour."

"The pain of love forever and a day!"

"I'm goin' to learn French," Judge informed her. "I'm goin' to be a highly educated supreme court judge like my grandfather. I was named for George says I can if I want to hard enough. George says..."

She wished he wouldn't talk about George. George, so near, engaged to Ellen, loving her: going to be happy with her. Good kind little Ellen, splendid stable George. . . . At least she could be decent. She could love George enough to be glad it was Ellen, not somebody who wouldn't make him happy. Glad that Ellen would be sure of kindness, ease, comfort, children. . . .

No. She couldn't be glad of that. The knife that went through her at that was too sharp.

Uncle Henry came in, whistling it still under his breath:

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

Well, perhaps it didn't. Perhaps it wouldn't. Aunt Lina'd had her love affair that didn't last happily; but she'd gone on, she'd liked living, been content with her life.

"These are for Mrs. Hickson to take to the Congregational church supper tomorrow night," she told Uncle Henry cheerfully. "Grand for me she was too lazy to bake. Nine dozen, and a nice little batch left over for us."

"You're a good girl, Eve," Uncle Henry said irrelevantly, washing his hands at the sink. . . .

But all the evening, chasing accounts at the old secretary, doing Judge up to bed, planning with Uncle Henry, the vague, dimly terror of what Lance Seymour might do to George persisted. She lay awake watching the moonlight out her window. Her bed was so placed that she could glimpse one upper pane of glass just above the next rise, down the road, and knew it was the window of George's. Suddenly she would glance over a girl who watched a man's window, in moonlight, because she loved him. And did not care.

Eve Sees Flames

AS she watched she saw something that was not moonlight. She thought it was imagination, and then knew it was real. The faint pinkness as of reflected flame. A leftover bonfire, maybe. George was careful, he would wake and see it, or Adriano or John, for the matter of that. . . . Suddenly she realized that the window she watched was not George's window, now, at all. On his mother's last brief descent she had made him move to the other side of the house to be nearer her. He had not troubled to move back. That side of the house was empty.

No use telephoning. Mattie did conscientiously what her mistress had always done, pressed a disconnection button when the family went to bed. It might be a bonfire halfway between, or Lance Seymour setting the house on fire. It was silly. But she couldn't take a chance. And she saw the color deepen.

She thrust her dress and shoes on, hurried down and called the village fire department—amateur, and slow as amateur fire companies always are. Then she ran across the lawn, and through the orchards in the moonlight. The quarter-mile seemed eternal. She remembered all sorts of terrible things. Lance had been

suspected of setting the Clark's barn afire because old Clark struck him. There was a fire in Weston linked up with a Weston boy who had teased Lance. . . .

She came out on the Cleveland lawn, and saw she was right. She could smell gasoline. She could see the thin ragged figure working earnestly, piling kindlings against the most vulnerable part of the old house, where the old shingles were. Already there was a big charred place, and the flames licked high.

She forgot to be afraid of Lance; she ran at him. "Lance, stop it! How dare you!" she called as if he were one of the small boys she used to chase and scold for cruelties and depredations. He straightened with a scream, and ran.

There was no time to do anything more than try to beat out the fire, first, and waken the household next. She snatched up a piece of canvas dinged over some bulbs; it beat out the actual flames. Then she raced to the front porch, dashing open the French windows with a porch chair when they proved to be locked, running upstairs, calling as she went. She hammered at the door she knew was George's. She heard his bare feet strike the floor. He swung open the door scarcely awake.

"Eve," he said sleepily, smiling at her, his hair tousled like a small boy's. Then, more alertly, "What's wrong?" She told him quickly. He was practical and steady as always in emergencies.

"Go on up and waken John and Mattie," he said. "I'll call Adriano."

Saving The Old Portrait

THEY were all out and down in a swift excited nightmare. Adriano shoveled earth on the foundation where the fire had taken most hold while George played the garden hose on the higher places, and the others beat desperately to keep the flames from spreading beyond. Presently—seemed forever—they stepped back from the conquered blaze.

"Go home now, Eve—" George was beginning, when she cried out and pointed. The flames were bursting from around the corner of the house. And the fire company had not come. Without stopping to see if she had obeyed him, George and the other two men ran to beat that down also. It had gained what looked like fatal headway.

Eve thought suddenly of the valuables within. It was still safe to enter the house. The silver, Mrs. Cleveland's exquisite lilacs, the Stuart portrait of old Lancelot Seymour, George's records. . . .

"I'm going after the valuables in case the house does burn down," Eve said to Mattie. Mattie trotted resolutely after her; she had lost her head, but not her sense of duty.

Together they unhooked the old portrait, with its alert scholarly eyes under the turban, so like Lance's in shape and size. They put it outside the front door and carried out the drawers of silver and linen and dragged out the priceless Sherman sofa.

"I guess that's all we can manage," Mattie said. But Eve remembered something more precious still. George's records, his trays of seeds and seedlings. The smoke was pouring through his workroom window now. She shut her eyes against the floor and tipped the lacquer cabinet on its back, dragging it across the room, finally to the front door. She eased it down the front steps, panting, and laid it triumphantly on the grass. The firemen were clanging in, thank heaven, at the wrought-iron gate below her. She could go home. . . .

Then looking up, she saw that the actual portrait lay on the back just inside the hall door. Mattie, in her excitement, had carried off the empty frame, from which the picture had jarred in dropping it.

Eve stood upright in the fresh air a minute. The smoke was swirling out of the back room, it was dangerous to stay on the porch longer. She started down the steps with the picture in her arms, only to be cannoned into by Lance Seymour, shaking and blazing-eyed.

"What you got?" he snarled, gripping her arm.

"The painting of your ancestor. You don't want it burnt up—" She was frightened. He was more nearly insane than she had ever seen him. He shook her arm with a strength she had not known him to possess.

"If I can't have it nobody shan't," he shouted at her and began dragging her, the picture in her arms, back to the door. As she struggled with him a corner of the picture struck her head. Her last recollection was of a yell from Lance, of being dragged into the smoke within and of screaming "George!"

In the excitement of the fire, Eve admits her love for George, Monday.

Other potential aspirants include Rex Putnam, superintendent at Albany; J. W. Leonhardt, La Grande elementary school principal and Democratic nominee for the state superintendency in 1934; and R. R. Turner, former state superintendent and now superintendent at Dallas.

Republicans mentioned for the post include Roben J. Maaske, former deputy superintendent, and A. C. Hampton, superintendent at Astoria.

PAUL JACKSON IS SCHOOL CANDIDATE

SALEM, April 30.—(AP)—The name of Paul T. Jackson, superintendent of the Salem Indian school, was added today to the list of prospective candidates for the office of state superintendent of public instruction, to be vacated by Charles A. Howard Jackson, a Democrat, was formerly state director of the national youth administration.

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LIGHTS IN WATER LOCATE SUICIDE

STOCKTON, Cal., April 30.—(UP)—A weird glow of light from a submerged car today led a warehouse watchman to the discovery of the death of Frank B. Sparks, 50, who plunged his car over an embankment into a ship turning basin port.

Police said Sparks was despondent and took his own life. They recovered the body from the submerged car. Sparks' clothes were found on the embankment.

Police revealed that Sparks appeared at the police station one hour before his plunge into the port and requested that his watch be mailed to a friend in Sacramento.

The desk sergeant refused the request and the man fled with the officer in pursuit. The sergeant lost sight of Sparks. The deceased man was a watchmaker here.

Ailing Arm Keeps Paul Dean Home

ST. LOUIS, April 30.—(AP)—Officials of the St. Louis Cardinals announced today Paul Dean, pitcher with an ailing right arm, would remain on the active list but would not make a road trip with the club starting Saturday.

There have been persistent reports, never officially confirmed, the club has asked waivers on Dean.

Guy Kibbee Fishing On McKenzie River

GRANTS PASS, April 30.—(AP)—Guy Kibbee, Hollywood movie actor, checked out of a local hotel this morning to go to the McKenzie river to fish. He will return here for salmon fishing in a few days. He was accompanied by Mrs. Kibbee.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Japanese Shipping

Meteorite has been the rise of Japanese shipping and trade within the past few decades. Today the Land of the Rising Sun stands among the foremost nations in world trade. Her navy and merchant marine both rate third in tonnage, next to that of Great Britain and the United States. Yet, strange as it seems, only 84 years ago Japan did not have a single ocean-going ship to her name and her ports were closed against importing and exporting alike!

Until the early 17th century, Japan engaged in a fair amount of shipping and trade but a growing association with the western world frightened her. By royal decree in 1639, her ports were closed to all foreign ships other than those flying the Dutch or Chinese flag. The same law forbade the construction of any vessel of more than 100 tons or capable of ocean navigation. It was not repealed until 1852.

Immediately after the repeal of the anti-shipping trade law, the Yedo government constructed a sailing ship on the order of European vessels of the time. In same year Holland made a gift of a man-of-war to Japan. Twenty years later Japan opened her ports to foreign trade and her navy fast becoming one of the most powerful in the world. In today's armament race Japan feverishly builds ships to hold her place as the world's third greatest maritime and naval nation.

"Land of the Sky-Blue Water"

Regarded as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, musical compositions with an American Indian theme, "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water" took just 15 minutes to compose—and its composer had never seen an Indian reservation.

Basing the piece on genuine Indian tunes collected by Alice C. Fletcher, noted ethnologist, Charles Wakefield Cadman sat down at the Sunday school church of an east end Pittsburgh church of which he was organist and in one-quarter of an hour had completed the music which was to make him famous.

GERMANY TO TRY ARMY OF PRIESTS

BERLIN, Friday, April 30.—(UP)—More than 1000 Catholic priests are now in German prisons awaiting trial on immorality charges, the newspaper *Essen National Zeitung*, Air Minister Hermann W. Goering's mouthpiece, revealed today.

The cases will be dealt with in hundreds of trials, the newspaper said.

"It may prove necessary to broadcast verbatim reports of some of those trials dealing with especially characteristic cases of violation of all the laws of moral nations," it stated.

"This would make it clear to the German nation that many clergies have become hotbeds of homosexuality and that Catholic educational institutions, which the pope's encyclical defended, in reality have become breeding places of the most horrible vice."

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400 IS THE NUMBER HE GIMME, BEN—ER, ER, THAT IS, I MEAN THE LADY GIMME—

SO A MAN GAVE IT TO YOU, EH? NO, NEVER MIND ANYTHING MORE—PUT MRS. HIGGINS ON THIS TELEPHONE.

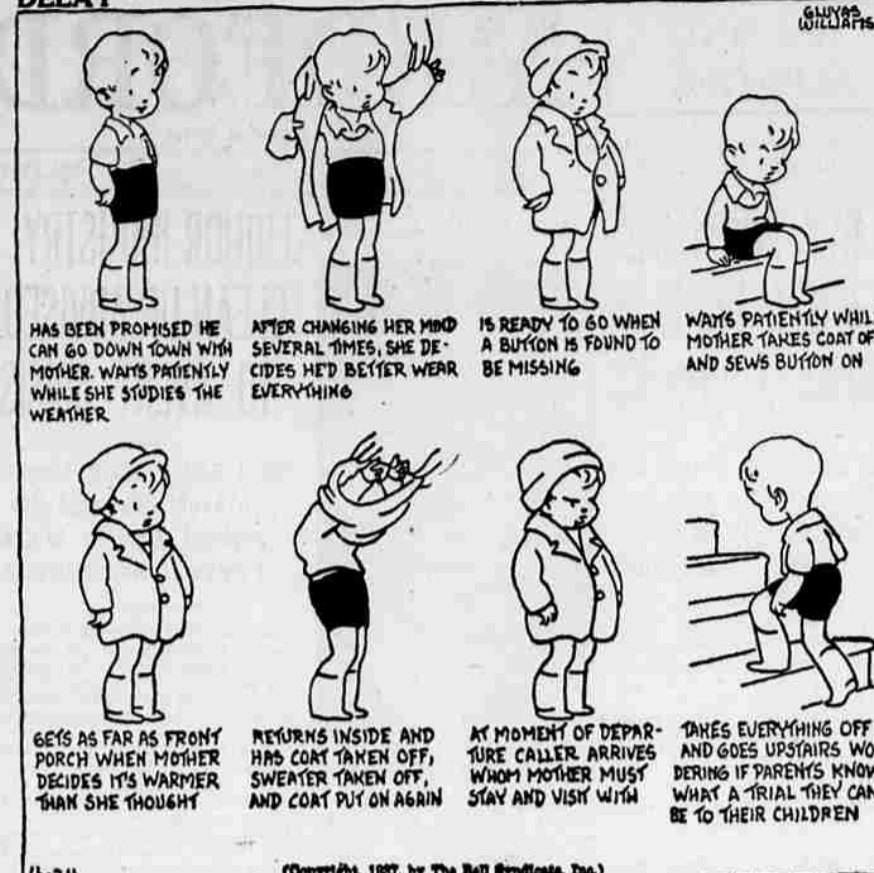
MEBBE OSWALD GOT A TRIFLE MIKED UP, BEN—BUT, LISTEN! BILL KROGER JEST CALLED AN' ASKED WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS ORDER? LEM TALK THAT ONE, YOU KNOW.

LISTEN, MRS. HIGGINS! DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO EITHER OSWALD OR EVEN LEM WHEN HE COMES BACK—I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN A JIFFY!



DELAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Marines Land!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Orders!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Oh—Mr. Flint

By SOL HESS

