

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS: Eve manages to forget her Denny when she learns he is to wed Cecilia. After resuming her aunt's baking business, she finds contentment in her beloved old house and orchard. "Uncle" Henry and serious little Judge help her run the place. They adore Eve. So does George Cleveland, her steady dependable neighbor. But he tires of waiting and becomes engaged to Ellen Walton the same weekend that Eve realizes she really loves him. Watching his house one night, she sees fire, runs to Uncle George. In the smoke, struggling with crazy Lance Seymour, she loses consciousness.

Chapter 40

Eve Admits Her Love

Eve was lying in the shelter of the trees near the pool when she became conscious again, her head on a rolled up coat. George's coat, under her cheek. She opened painful eyes to see him in his drenched shirt sleeves, anxiously bending close, wetting her forehead. Nobody else was near. She could see a red gleam through the clump of trees and hear the shouting of the firemen.

"Your work..." she said vaguely. "I got all the records for you!"

"Eve, Eve, you might have been killed!"

each other, they could not bear to live side by side.

Even if she had wanted to sleep, there was no chance of it for the rest of the night. Mattie, John and Adriano had to be put up; there was coffee to make for hysterical Mattie and exhausted Adriano, there were the beds to make, the salvaged valuables and furniture to be piled on their porch by tramping firemen. Eve, feeling suddenly more awake than anyone on earth, forgot her aching head and worked with Uncle Henry. After everything was settled down, Mattie, too frightened and shaken to stop talking, sat on by the parlor fire with Eve.

"Lance Seymour's dead!" she told Eve, coming back after a word with a last burden-bearing fireman. "Millard Buck says he was dyin' when Mr. Cleveland pulled him off you, inside the house there, a beam fell or something. I guess he didn't suffer. Lance and you and the picture was in a heap inside the hall door. Well, poor Lance, I guess 'twas for the best. But that house, 'twas a fine old antique. I can't get over that house burned up. Seems like it was my own workin' there all summer."

They Loved Each Other

At another time Eve would have been shaken by pity and grief and excitement, as Mattie was. But nothing mattered now, what with the blow on her head and her ensuing weariness... Except the ribbon of fire that crept through her at George's



He caught her close to him. "Eve, you love me."

"Might I?" she said dreamily. "But you're safe, and the records, that's all I care about." She would not have said it if she had been entirely herself. She realized what she had admitted when he caught her close to him.

"Eve, you love me. You love me." She could not pretend any longer, she was too tired. She said weakly, "Yes, I do love you. You shouldn't have made me tell you."

She could smell the wood smoke in his hair, his cold roughened cheek against her face, his arms holding her strongly. She lay still, then suddenly she kissed him back, clung fast. This moment, this one, surely she could have—

Presently she tried to push him away.

"We mustn't. There's Ellen." "I'll break with Ellen. I love you and by a miracle you love me, that's all that matters. You said you did."

"I do. I never knew I could love anybody like this. But you belong to somebody else. That's between us. It must always be. I can't hurt anyone who has been what she has to me—"

Lance Seymour's Dead!

THE pool's full. Git some water off the pool!" A man shouted, close behind the trees. She stood up. A group of firemen were forcing a length of hose through the thick windbreak of pines.

"Not much chance, I'm afraid, George," the village fire chief said as they tugged.

And then Judge, half dressed and excited and smugged, was upon her, begging her to come home. Mattie said she had been knocked down. Uncle Henry said she had to go home and he was to take her.

She followed the wild-eyed child, faint and shaken. She said to the fire chief as she passed, "No hope?"

"No hope—" George answered her and added savagely, "I'm glad." She knew what he meant. And she was glad too. Knowing that they loved

name, and the wild delight of what had happened. George loved her as she loved him. Even though they couldn't have each other ever. They had told each other, they had held each other fast. They loved each other. She had it to keep lifting her above everything, forever.

The illogical happiness held her still next day. There was no time to think. Everyone in the village poured into her house or called her on the telephone; nominally to give orders, actually to hear about the fire and poor Lance's death.

"Son of magnum, himself well-known scientist, nearly burned to death," said the New York papers falsely and played up romantically, after giving Eve a line or two, the dispossessed son of the old line, who had been killed while burning down his own ancestral home.

The older Cleveland, hurrying from Southampton, were at the inn where George was staying. And in the afternoon, excited and shaken and flushed, Ellen drove in.

"Eve darling! You'll have to tuck me in somewhere, can you? Eve, I'm so grateful to you!"

Ellen talked on in the new happy way while Eve established her in her usual room. Of how bad it would have been if George had lost all the charts and seedlings and calculations. Of what he would do—nobody could make him plan yet, she said. He seemed badly shocked, but Ellen was so happy because he hadn't been hurt that she could think of nothing else... of how lovely Eve looked, how well Judge was... None of it broke through the shelter of happiness that had surrounded her since she knew George cared for her still.

Presently Ellen, too restless to stay far from George for long, was in the little car again, driving to the village inn, back to him.

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Denny, still single, returns and asks Eve to marry him, 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.



"FROM THE FUNERAL OF A NEAR MALE RELATIVE, THOU WILT GO TO THINE OWN WEDDING. THOU ART IN DANGER, BUT THOU WILT ESCAPE, AND IF THOU COMPLETEST THE 50TH YEAR OF THY LIFE, THOU WILT DIE QUIETLY IN BED..."

THIS WAS PROPHECIED THE FATE OF NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA, BY A HOLY MAN OF TIBET, 1891...

3 YEARS LATER NICHOLAS ATTENDED HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL, WAS MARRIED IN THE SAME MONTH, HAD HIS LIFE REPEATEDLY THREATENED, AND WAS EXECUTED AT 50...

ON MAY DAY IN RURAL ENGLAND GIRLS BATHE THEIR FACES IN EARLY MORNING DEW--- TO "WIPE AWAY THE FRECKLES" AND IMPROVE THE COMPLEXION...



ONLY ONLY-- THE TOWN OF ONLY, TENNESSEE, IS THE ONLY ONE OF THAT NAME IN THE U.S.

CHARLES "BUMPUS" JONES PITCHED A NO-HIT GAME THE FIRST TIME HE EVER PLAYED ON A MAJOR LEAGUE TEAM! - Cincinnati vs. Pittsburgh, Oct. 15, 1892 -

The Fatal Prophecy

Involving in a scandal with a ballet girl, 22-year old Nicholas, heir to the throne of Russia, was sent off on a journey to the Far East by his father in 1890. The tour was brought to an abrupt end in Yototo when a Japanese fanatic almost killed the Czarevitch with a sabre cut.

Headed back for Russia via Tibet, Nicholas was approached by a holy man who requested permission to read his palm. Always superstitious, he agreed. The holy man studied the lines on the royal hand and spoke. "From the funeral of a near male relative, thou wilt go to thine own wedding. Thou art in danger, but thou wilt escape, and if thou completest the fiftieth year of thy life, thou wilt die quietly in bed. I see much blood in the lines of thy palm; therefore, be thou aware that only a good man can be happy."

Nicholas was much impressed. He had good reason to be. On Nov. 1, 1894, the czar of Russia died. Twenty-five days later Nicholas married Princess Alice of Hesse and in May he was crowned czar. Here again, omens pointed to disaster. At the height of the ceremony, the imperial chain on his breast fell to the ground. At the coronation festival, 3,000 people were crushed to death in a fight for gifts, which were being given out in celebration of the event.

As czar, Nicholas' life was in constant danger. Hardly a trip he made failed to result in the death of an attendant by assassination. Among the assassinations he witnessed were those of his minister of the interior, a prime minister, a grand duke and two presidents of the police.

The 16th of July, 1913, brought his death to the czar at the age of 50 years, two months, in the form of a hall of lead from a revolutionary firing squad. With him died his wife, four daughters, his only son, and several servants.

FELLER'S ARM INJURY IS SLOW IN HEALING

CLEVELAND, May 1.—(AP)—Bob Feller's "million dollar pitching arm" was little better today after four days of treatment, and his physician said such injuries ordinarily require two or three weeks and "sometimes longer" to heal.

Dr. E. B. Castle, the physician, said he did not expect the injury—tearing of a few fibers just below the elbow—would keep Feller out for the season. In Feller's case, he said a "week or so" of care may be enough.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Critically Wounded



THE NAVAL FLYERS CAPTURED THE "SKYWAYMEN", AND SKEETER, BADLY WOUNDED, HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE MAINLAND. MEANWHILE... A FEW MILES OFF SHORE, THE TRAMP STEAMER THAT HAD SOUGHT TO LAND ITS CARGO OF UNDESIRABLE ALIENS... COMES TO A HALT...

PROCEED INTO PORT... OR WE'LL BLOW YOU OUT OF THE WATER!

AND ON NORTH ISLAND NAVAL BASE...

TOMMY! SKEETER! WHAT HAPPENED?

SKEETER'S BADLY WOUNDED. BETTY, WE MUST GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL...

I'LL GO WITH YOU, SKEETS... I'M A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NURSE... YOU KNOW.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Few Questions



HOWDY, OSWALD—YOU MUST'VE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER ON THIS ORDER—400 MAIN STREET IS A VACANT LOT—

HONEST, BEN?

HELLO, LEM—WHAT DID MRS. KROGER SAY WHEN YOU BROUGHT HER STUFF?

WHY, NOTHIN', BEN—I JEST LEFT IT ON THE BACK PORCH—

MR. KROGER? HAVE YOU AND MRS. KROGER LEFT YOUR HOME SINCE YOU PHONED YOUR ORDER TO US?

GOSH, NO! WE JUST MOVED IN! AND AFTER ALL THE FINE THINGS I HEAR ABOUT HIGGINS' DELIVERY SERVICE WHERE IN HECK IS OUR STUFF? ANSWER ME THAT, WILL YOU?

THE NEBBS—Let's Incorporate



WELL, AS I WAS SAYIN', IF WE'D GET MARRIED AND THROW OUR MONEY TOGETHER WE'D BE VERY RICH FOLKS

BUT WHEN IT'S ALL THROWN TOGETHER, WHO'S GONNA BE ABLE TO PULL IT APART—YOU OR ME?

WELL, THERE'S NO NEED OF FOLKS GETTIN' MARRIED UNLESS THEY GOT CONFIDENCE IN EACH OTHER—I LOOK ON MARRIAGE AS A PARTNERSHIP. I STILL GOT ONE FROM THE LAST MARRIAGE!

MR. AMBROSE, YOU GOTTA GIVE ME TIME ABOUT THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS—I WAITED A LONG TIME CAUSE WHEN MY MOMMY PASSED ON IT LEFT PAPPY IN MY CARE. HE LIKES TO ARGUE AND TRY TO BE SOMEBODY AND I GOTTA MARRY SOMEBODY AN ARGUMENT AN LET HIM WIN SO HE'LL THINK HE'S BOSS!

BOOK RETURN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SEES OFF ON TEDIOUS ERRAND OF RETURNING BOOK HIS MOTHER BORROWED

OPENS BOOK TO SEE IF IT'S AT ALL INTERESTING. CLOSES IT PROMPTLY. VERY DULL

TRIES TO AMUSE HIMSELF TOSSEING BOOK UP AS HE WALKS ALONG, CRATCHING IT MOST OF THE TIME

TOSSES BOOK ASIDE AS HE SEES STAN CLARK WITH A BASEBALL AND PLAYS CATCH WITH HIM FOR A WHILE

CONTINUES ON HIS WAY TRYING TO SPIN BOOK ON HIS FINGER, NOT VERY SUCCESSFULLY

TRIES CARRYING BOOK ON HIS HEAD, THE WAY AFRICAN PORTERS IN PICTURES CARRY THINGS. ISN'T VERY GOOD AT IT

REACHES DESTINATION. IS SURPRISED HOW DIRTY BOOK SEEMS TO BE, AND SCRUBS IT AS BEST HE CAN WITH HIS SLEEVE

RETURNS HOME CHEERILY, WITH FLEETING WONDERINGS WHY THE LADY LOOKED AT THE BOOK SO QUEERLY

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-26 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



I WISH I WUZ A TIGER! I'D UP AN EAT YA!

SWAN, THAT'S AN OLD USED UP WISH! THINK OF A WISH THAT'S NEVER BEEN WISHED BEFORE?



I WISH I WUZ A CRAB!

AN' WHEN YOU'D GO IN SWIMMIN', I'D SLIP UP ON YA AND PINCH YA SIXTY FIVE TIMES!

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FILIPINO WOMEN FAVOR SUFFRAGE

MANILA, P. I., May 1.—(AP)—Women of the Philippines voted overwhelmingly in favor of feminine suffrage in early returns from scattered precincts in Manila and the provinces.

The first tabulation of the suffrage plebiscite by the department of the interior gave 14,281 ballots in favor of women's suffrage and 2489 against.

Slow returns from outlying provinces indicated the outcome of the election might not be determined for several days. More than 500,000 women registered for the plebiscite to determine whether suffrage for women is to continue.

Mohammedan women were reported voting against the measure because of religious beliefs.

SALEM, May 1.—(AP)—Because none of the Salem churches has sufficient room to handle the high school graduating class, the baccalaureate services May 30 will be held elsewhere. This will be the first time the services will not be held in a church. About 450 seniors expected to graduate.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

387 Lb. Prisoner Adds To Crowding

COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 1.—(UP)—Warden James C. Woodward today found overcrowded conditions at the Ohio penitentiary had become much worse. Franklin Murch, 38, a new prisoner, arrived from Cincinnati. He weighs 387 pounds, has a 64-inch waistline. He doesn't fit between mess hall tables and can't get into a cell cot.

Drink And Smoke Aid Her Training

KANSAS CITY, May 1.—(AP)—Champagne and the cigar were defended staunchly here today by Elizabeth Jarrett, the pretty swimmer whose social activities aboard the liner taking the Olympic team to Berlin last year caused her suspension.

"I never had a drink or smoked a cigar until 1932," she said as she sipped a rum cocktail, "and I'm a darned sight better now than I was five years ago. I don't believe in overtraining. That's a sure way to go stale."

Here for an exhibition, Mrs. Jarrett insisted the best American swimmers today are professionals—then pointed out that "in Chicago last week at the amateur swimming championships not a record was broken."