

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Chapter 41

Denny Comes Back

EVE stood at the door in the blue-misted September weather, dreaming and quiet.

"I am all alone in my house," she thought. "Perhaps I shall be alone for a great part of my life now." She watched the white ribbon of the road, the low blue veiled hills. The thought was not painful. A sense of the house itself, its arms around her, calmed her. She walked slowly through the hall and stood at the portico at the other end. This way one faced the lawn and the garden, the mounting slope of the orchard.

The house was empty except for herself, yet the feeling was only of space and quiet, not of emptiness. She could almost sense, moving soundlessly about her, the kindly people who were her own, the generations of her people, happy and light behind her in the old beautiful rooms. She was theirs now. She had come back, and she was doing what they would have her do. She stood a while in the lovely friendly silence. Then she went upstairs to bathe and change for the afternoon, to be ready when Ellen came back.

She stood in her bedroom by the high maple bureau, putting on the thin white silk frock, stopping to fasten the white sandals, slowly as if she were dressing herself for some event. She stepped quietly down the broad shallow stairs through the bars of mottled sunshine and into the parlor she had made so beautiful again.

George and Ellen would go away; his work took him, she had learned, all over the world. The Seymour place would only be one of a dozen experiment stations for him now; the house was gone. But Eve would not go away, now. She would stay here. Nowhere, since she could not be married to the man she loved, could she be so much at peace, so right, so comforted, as in this house where the sense of generations of her own people upheld her. They understood, they cared, they were her kin. Sitting in the bay window at her table, alone in the late gold light, the aura of them still held her and loved her.

She had courage to face the life before her, and see that it might be full and pleasant some day. There were old links to pick up in the village, interests, friendships, here and beyond. Judge would grow up, responsible and devoted; she would have Uncle Henry's taciturn faithfulness and protection. The real love of two people, that she was sure of and writing by the same one about Killian this minute, and Killian is postscripting it at her arch request. The cards are out to the best of my knowledge. And what about you and George? ... But you and I belong to each other in spite of everything. Eve. Let's forget everything, shall we, and start fresh!

Eve did not answer him immediately. She saw what had happened. Mitzel had thrown Denny over for Killian who—detestable as he was—had many more of the things Mitzel liked. Perhaps she hadn't known that she could get Killian when she took Denny on. So Denny had come back. He probably did like her best, she thought coolly. Denny's ardent face was close to hers, his hands alive on her shoulders through the thin silk. Like a man, she put a crown on Killian in the kindness, real wisdom and real love and patience and tenderness which had always looked at her out of them.

"Eve, hurry, sweet!" It was the old phrase, demanding affectionate, hasty. She stood in the doorway, looking at him. She did not love him in the least, but her mind began to work with a cold clarity.

His long smiling eyes looked down into hers, his breath was on her mouth. And yet he was really a man, turning true jade when, as now, he was moved or excited. She had loved them as she had loved everything about Denny. But now they did not matter at all. Because of George Killian's eyes, blue as a hundred miles away, she put a crown on Killian in the kindness, real wisdom and real love and patience and tenderness which had always looked at her out of them.

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she would love him too much and be too wounded? This gay, egotistic witticism, this easily-made love, scattered to everyone? All a triviality. "I'm not angry with you, if you mean that. Is Mitzel with you?" She smiled at him courteously, dropping his hands.

"Mitzel" he queried, flinging himself down on the seat beside her. "Why on earth should she be?"

"Because unless she is very much changed she wouldn't like her husband coming alone to see another woman."

He stared at her. "You're crazy, darling, I'm not Mitzel's husband! It's you I'm in love with!"

"I heard you were marrying Mitzel in a month from the time you both wrote Marilyn."

He flushed; but he answered her. "Oh come, darling. Mitzel always said a lot more than her prayers. We had a hot flirtation, the usual Mitzel routine, six romantic scenes and a parting forever except for cocktails tomorrow afternoon! What did you expect me to do when you threw me?"

"Oh, Denny, why discuss it?" It all seemed very far away, miseries that she did not want to recall. "Marilyn mailed me Mitzel's letter. With your postscript."

She faced him now, safe and steady and able to go on with life in the high calm content; but her own speech brought back to her that dreadful time when everything had crashed. When she stood helpless, with that terrifying helplessness which the loss of money and work gives a woman alone even more than it does a man; hurt and abandoned at the discovery that the friends she had believed in could be as selfish and irresponsible toward her as if she was an abandoned cat. Denny, on top of all this, had failed her; taken love away, after her loss of everything else.

Mitzel Prefers Killian
IT swirled away. She was safe now. She had painfully achieved peace and safety. The memory made a long shiver go over her, there in the fresh sunniness of the late September afternoon.

His sensitive face contracted. "My poor darling," he cried, coming close and trying to take her in his arms. "You've had a dreadful time. I was so angry I didn't know what I was doing. You cared more for that kid and the household you'd set up than you did for me. And I behaved like a fool, carrying on with Mitzel. Just tried to forget my Eve—but I couldn't—I couldn't, sweetheart!"

"But you took that letter too hard. As a matter of fact, she's probably writing by the same one about Killian this minute, and Killian is postscripting it at her arch request. The cards are out to the best of my knowledge. And what about you and George? ... But you and I belong to each other in spite of everything. Eve. Let's forget everything, shall we, and start fresh!"

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ELEANOR—Wife of Henry III, HAD A MORE EXPENSIVE CORONATION THAN ANY ENGLISH QUEEN WHO PRECEDED HER—BUT HAD TO PAWN THE ROYAL JEWELS TWICE DURING HER REIGN!!

BUCK PRESSLEY, Roanoke, Va., first baseman, PLAYED A SEASON OF 119 GAMES WITHOUT A SINGLE ERROR—AND BATTED 1000 WITH GREENVILLE, S.C., IN 1922

FATHER OF THE SIT-DOWN STRIKE ST. SIMON STYLITES, originator of pillar sainthood, SPENT 36 YEARS ON THE TOP OF A COLUMN—WITHOUT ONCE DESCENDING!! ST. SIMON THE YOUNGER SAT ON PILLARS FOR 68 YEARS!

5-3-37

Illiteracy Ratio Figured
SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—Mildred J. Wise, supervisor of illiteracy and Americanization, has figured that if all the illiterates of California were bunched in one city, it would be the third largest city in the state. And California ranks only 15th among the states in illiteracy.

Teachers' Pay Listed.
SEWARD, Alaska (UP)—A survey of salaries paid Alaska teachers showed the average for high school teachers was \$1,669.88 and primary teachers, \$1,542.89. Rural teachers got less than \$300 under the latter figure.

Coach's Control Good.
KENT, O. (UP)—Ray Novotny, Kent State University basketball coach and former holder of the state scoring record in football, won a bet by throwing a football through a regulation gym ring from a distance of 15 yards.

Pass Hospital Sued
GRANTS PASS, Ore., May 1.—(AP)—Two more suits were placed on file today against Mrs. Elizabeth Rinsinger, who holds the lease on the county-owned hospital, bringing the total to six amounting to approximately \$1900. The suits, filed by merchants and nurses, seek collection of money.

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

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty-Lou Gives Tommy a "Gentle" Hint!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Both Fired!

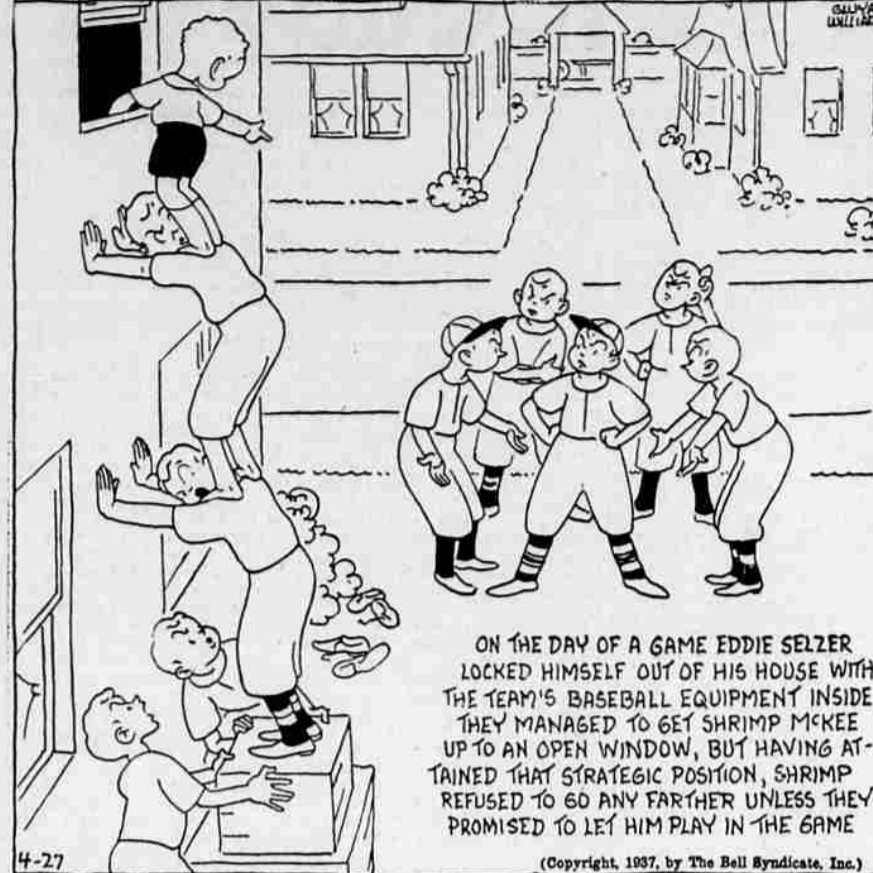


THE NEBBS—Make Up Your Mind



THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON THE DAY OF A GAME EDDIE SELZER LOCKED HIMSELF OUT OF HIS HOUSE WITH THE TEAM'S BASEBALL EQUIPMENT INSIDE. THEY MANAGED TO GET SHRIMP MCKEE UP TO AN OPEN WINDOW, BUT HAVING ATTAINED THAT STRATEGIC POSITION, SHRIMP REFUSED TO GO ANY FARTHER UNLESS THEY PROMISED TO LET HIM PLAY IN THE GAME

By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

FORMER SKIPPERS PROVIDE PROGRAM FOR LEGION POST

"Past Commanders' night" was observed by Medford Legion post at last week's meeting in the new quarters at the armory. An excellent program was provided by the committee in charge. Many past commanders of the local post were present as well as several who had served in an executive capacity in other Legion posts.

Following a brief business session, Commander J. F. Fliegel turned over the gavel to Horace Bromley, who conducted the meeting. Minutes of a post meeting in 1937 were read to the amusement of many of the old-timers present.

An enlightening address on the supreme court was given by Attorney Kenneth Demman, who handled his subject in a comprehensive manner, giving many angles of the situation seldom fully understood by the average citizen.

A clever program presented by the American Legion Boy Scout troop under the direction of Scoutmaster R. J. Bills, and Assistant Scoutmaster Ralph Hubert, told many phases of scouting and scored a hit with the Legion group. Members of Troop 7 taking part were Elmer Boehaw, Gerald Bishop, Wilson Church, Bob Deaver, senior patrol leader, Frank Dixon, Doug Eden, Jimmie Elliott, Bob Holmes, troop scribe, Bob Hubbard, Doug Janner, Cliff Jones, Ned Lyman, Arden Miller, Mickey Miller, Dick Morrow, Ben Ogden, Dick Smith, Bill Thorndike, Bill Wall, Alvin Wi-

Clock Ticks 141 Years
CANTON, O. (UP)—The old grandfather clock in D. M. Esak's home has been faithfully ticking the hours away for 141 years. Esak says it does not vary more than a minute a month. The timepiece is made of wild cherry wood and has linings of brass and steel, and brass mechanism.

Mer. Rodney Witham and Wallace Young.
At the close of the program a "Dutch Lunch" was served with all the trimmings, under the able direction of Capt. O. O. Overmyer.

Music for the evening was provided by Whipple's swing band. Visitors from distant posts included C. C. McBee of Kansas post; C. K. Brugger, Williston, N. D.; post; R. Buchanan, San Francisco; J. Scott, Los Angeles, and Claire Arnold of Yreka.

The committee of past commanders in charge of the program included Elmer Wilson, chairman; H. L. Bromley, E. C. Ferguson and O. O. Overmyer.

TRAIL BUILDER BOYS ON SATURDAY JAUNT

The "Trail Builder" boys of the recently organized L. D. S. primary went on a hike Saturday. They left at 7:30 a. m. and covered the city reservoir territory.

Elder Jack Minner took charge of the hike and attended the Trail Builders. The boys on the hike were Jerry Huffman, Jerry Warren, Donald Blunkall, Jimmy Miller, Bob Walker, Ray Walker, Chuck Waldron, Douglas Smith and Orv Alger.

Clothesline Row Costly.
DENVER—(UP)—A dispute over a clothesline cost two women \$50 in justice of the peace court. The women pleaded guilty to charges of assault, and a battery originating from an argument with a third woman as to whose turn it was to use the clothesline.

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1000 Percent
Strange as it seems, when Buck Pressley batted 1000 for the Greenville Spinners in 1922, he was suffering from a broken leg. Out of the lineup for the season because of his injury, Pressley was acting as manager. With the score tied in the first half of the ninth inning of the Labor Day game, he substituted himself as a pinch hitter and clouted the ball over the fence for a home run. It was the only time he went to bat in the entire season.

In 1910, Pressley played first base for Roanoke, Va., and established a perfect fielding average for the whole season of 119 games.