

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Chapter 42

Judge Runs Away

FOR this little while the knowledge that George loved her, even though he was going to marry Ellen, was upholding her, making her happy. But she faced the fact: it would not keep her happy. When he actually married Ellen, Eve did not know how she was going to bear it. Ellen adored him. She would be his wise, devoted wife. He was easy-tempered and kind. This was real life.

The inevitable thing would happen: after a while Ellen and their children and their common interests would be everything to him. His love for Eve would inevitably fade to a pretty memory, a pressed appleblossom in a book opened once a year. The thought wrenched at her.

And Denny? She knew the worst of Denny and the best. They had been playmates and comrades and sweethearts in that bright hurried reckless city life which seemed now like a dimly recalled movie. They could be again. She had loved him; the love might return. If it didn't, she could play her hand all the better.

It had only taken a moment to think all this. She opened her lips to speak; and then Denny laughed and snatched her into his arms. . . . And she knew at the touch that it was no question of better or worse, wiser or more foolish. She could not marry Dennis Carter. She moved slowly definitely from him.

"No, Denny." "Come, Eve, it isn't like you to be so resentful. Any man would jib at marrying with a nine-year-old boy hanging round his neck! I've come back and I'm sorry and the water's over the milldam. That's all that matters. If you're the generous Eve I love. As for Judge, if he isn't well now he never will be, and after all, they're his parents. I'll finance his trip to Hollywood with my own fair hands. They're in Hawaii."

"Your gossip Marilyn seems to have omitted a confidence. The old lady who was their transportation ticket is still in the hospital; when she found out she had to stay there she didn't keep them on in her house. Mimi had a letter asking for a loan."

'Yes, It's The House'

"HUSH." Eve had heard Judge coming in. She turned. The child stood in the doorway, rather pale. She hoped he had not heard anything.

"Darling, speak to Denny and then do something for me, will you?" she said hurriedly. "Ellen is coming back for supper and I'm late. Set the table and put in some potatoes to bake like a good boy."

"How do you do, Denny. All right, Eve, I'll fix the potatoes," said Judge. He went, and she heard him open and shut the kitchen door.

"Thank goodness," Denny said, stretching his arms in the late sunlight. "Eve darling, we're through having it out, aren't we? Come over here and be sweet to Denny."

She stood quiet in the radiance of the tall window. From where she was she could see the gleam of the old crossed swords in the dining room over the painting of Colonel Mannerfield; the little wooden painting of Patricia Denton, the plainly framed photograph of her own Aunt Lina by the door, the beautiful curve of the old stair itself. They were behind her as she answered.

"It isn't that I won't marry you, Den, but that I can't make myself marry you any more than I can make myself want to be a surgeon or a policeman! Don't you understand? I've turned back into the person I really am. You never knew her. And she never knew you."

"It's the house? This damn country place has got you. Once back in New York you'd be sane again!" She nodded. "Yes. The place—and what it stands for. You don't want a house—you don't want roots. You live in a rootless world. I can't any more. I'm the sort of person you and the crowd used to think was funny, Den. I

want to do things to help the village. I want to do right, and carry my end and be responsible. I want to hold on to a lot of platitudes. I've reverted to type—to what my house always stood for. You've made the answer yourself. The place has got me, Denny. So we'd better say goodbye. That is about all we could say to each other that we would both understand."

Judge Leaves A Note
SHE watched, presently, his tall swaying figure going down the steps and wondered that she had no revulsion, no uncertainty. For she knew there was long lonely pain ahead of her. Even tonight would be hard. If Ellen made George come back here with her. But in spite of it all Eve knew she had done the only thing she could do.

The telephone caught her again. Was the house really burnt right down? Was the silver all lost? Had Lance Seymour really tried to drag her shrieking into the burning building? Was there insurance? And a dozen biscuits, and two squash pies, and a couple of raspberry jams—

It was fully an hour before the shrieking instrument let her go. She hurried into the kitchen. The dining-room table was set, the potatoes were done. She set them above the range and began on the supper as Ellen and Uncle Henry came in. Ellen was gay and flushed still.

"I found Uncle Henry rooting in the ruins with the rest of the village. So I cooled him out and dragged him home," she said. "George wouldn't come, he's gone back to the inn. Where's Judge? I have something for him."

But Judge was nowhere to be found, though Uncle Henry tried the piper and hallowed through the orchard and telephoned the inn.

"Not like him. Well," Uncle Henry said, "well, we'll just eat without him."

Had he overheard something, Eve wondered suddenly, and had he gone out to cry it out alone in his room? She ran upstairs, calling him through the halls, knocking at his door, finally entering.

It was empty and neat. On the bureau stood what she had half feared to see. An envelope addressed with pathetic neatness to her.

Dear Eve and Uncle Henry:

I am going to thumb to Hollywood. Do not worry as I have my \$500. My pig is for you and Uncle Henry. I am sorry I can't be here when she has little pigs. Please divide the pig money towards my board. I love you and am grateful that's why I'm going. I still am going to be a Supreme Court judge if possible. Love, Oliver Featherstone.

Uncle Henry, after one exclamation of pity and dismay, took command when he read it.

"Ellen, call up the police station and have them send out a radio alarm. Then tell George to send somebody from the inn to hunt. Eve, go tell Adriano to take the car and follow down to the state road. What's all this about?"

She told them what she supposed, as briefly as she could. They had not known before the reason for her break with Denny. They exclaimed a little, but in the face of Judge's running away none of it seemed very important.

"Well, no use trying to find him on foot, he's had a lift before this," Uncle Henry said. "Still, I'd be happier hunting. I—I kind of felt like he belonged to me."

He drank a cup of coffee hastily and plodded down to the road. Adriano presently returned on foot with the news that George had taken the car over and was gone down the state road. The police station had sent out a "calling all cars" alarm, and half the village was hunting as well. The two girls could do nothing but wait, wakeful and frightened, till all at two in the morning they gave up and went to bed.

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Judge reluctantly explains, tomorrow, why he ran away.

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 STAND-UP STRIKE!

ST. ALYPHUS, pillar saint of Adrianople, SPENT 53 YEARS STANDING UP ON THE TOP OF A COLUMN!

Stand-Up Strike.

A follower of the strange 5th to 12th century sect known as the pillar hermits who customarily sat on high columns in the open air for years at a stretch, St. Alyphus erected his pillar near Adrianople. Here, instead of sitting on the column, he stood up—and remained standing for 53 years. Finally, when his legs would no longer support him, he lay down on his side and remained in that position until his death 14 years later.

How such incredible feats as this were performed by the pillar saints seems unexplainable. That they were performed is well authenticated. Eye witnesses to them have left their verification and the most authoritative historians accept them as true.

Rising in importance, Gladstone became leader of the Liberal party in 1867 and the following year became prime minister, but his arch enemy, Disraeli, forced his administration to resign in 1874. Gladstone was past 70 when he again won the office of prime minister, was defeated in 1885, returned to the position a

year later, then in the same year was again defeated. It was not until he had passed the 82-year mark that Gladstone again resumed the reins of power. His age began to take its toll. On March 4, 1894, failing health wrote his final resignation. He died in 1898.

Ant Bear.

The name "ant bear" or "ant-eater" includes several quite widely varied mammals. Among them are the diminutive ant bear of Ecuador and the great ant bear of South America. The latter animal attains a height of two feet and a length of four feet, exclusive of its bushy tail which is often two and a half feet long.

Tomorrow: The Mystery of the Pyramid!

Delay Alturas Hearing

ALTURAS, Calif., May 4.—(AP)—Harry French, charged with killing Claude Leon McCracken as the climax of a feud of rival newspapers, today obtained postponement until next Monday of his arraignment for murder, pleading that his attorney, C. S. Baldwin, was ill at his home with the mumps.

Baker Pioneer Dies.

BAKER, May 4.—(AP)—Mrs. John W. Wisdom, pioneer Baker resident, died at her home Sunday morning. She had been in poor health for some time. Mrs. Wisdom, who crossed the plains to Baker county in 1865, had lived in Baker longer than any other woman, although older women now live here.

"Crime Does Not Pay."

ASTORIA, May 4.—(AP)—Burglars played in hard luck here Friday night. Police reports showed two residences, one apartment house and one boarding house prowled with a total loot of one dime. In one of the homes the prowlers found a dime and four cents in a purse but took only the ten-cent piece.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has Something "Up His Sleeve!"

YESTERDAY SKEETER'S CONDITION WAS TOO LOW. FOR TOMMY TO TELL HIS PAL WHAT HE HAS "UP HIS SLEEVE" . . . BUT TODAY, BETTY-LOU, WHO IS NURSING THE WOUNDED FLYER, ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS MUCH IMPROVED. . . AND THAT TOMMY CAN TELL HIM THE NEWS. . .

HOW COME, TAILSPIN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON PASSENGER RUN TODAY. SAY, WE DIDN'T GET FIRED BECAUSE. . .

NO! I'VE GOT A LEAVE . . . OF ABSENCE.

LISTEN, SKEETS. . . NEXT TO FLYING TRANSPORTS, YOU AND I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING BIGGER. . . TO SHOOT AT. . . FOR THREE POINT. . .

TH' . . . BENDITROPH. . . BUT. . . HOW. . .

RIGHT! . . . AND IT'S GOT TO BE . . . A PRETTY "HOT" SHIP THAT WINS IT! . . . WELL, I'VE GOT THAT SHIP ON BLUEPRINT. . .

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Alarm

OH, BEN, WHAT'VE YOU DONE, BOY? I'VE JUST FIRED A COUPLE OF DOUBLE-CROSSING CROOKS! THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE, MRS. HIGGINS!

THE TWO PILLINGS BROTHERS HAVE JUST TRIED TO UNDO ALL THE THINGS WE'VE WANTED TO DO TO PUT HIGGINS' STORE BACK ON THE MAP.

—AND WHEN I GOT HIP TO THEM, I DID WHAT ANY OTHER HONEST PERSON WOULD DO—I GOT RID OF THEM!

BUT BEN, THE PILLINGS BOYS IS NEPHEWS O' BANKER CRUNCHMAN! IF THEY GIT TO HIM, 'SPECIALLY WHEN HE GITTS UP WITH A BAD TASTE IN HIS MOUTH, HE'S GOT THE POWER TO RUIN US!

THE NEBBS—Egg-sactly

JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO GIVE ME—THE RUN-AROUND? WHY DON'T YOU SAY YES OR NO?

YOU AINT THE ONLY KEY ON THE PIANO—I CAN GET A HUNDRED GIRLS IN THIS COUNTY—'COARSE I DON'T LOVE 'EM LIKE I DO YOU—YOU GOTTA MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

PAPPY TOLD ME NOT TO BE IN SUCH A HURRY. HE SAYS "DON'T JUMP INTO SOMETHING THAT TAKES A LIFETIME TO FIGGER OUT."

WHEN DID YOUR OLD MAN GET TO BE SUCH A PHILOSOPHER? HE HAD NO PROBLEMS IN MARRIED LIFE—HE JUST GOT MARRIED AND YOUR MOMMY DID ALL THE WORK—JUST A MINUTE TILL I DELIVER THESE EGGS TO MISS SACKS—I AINT THROUGH WITH MY ARGUMENT YET

CHICAGO, May 4.—(AP)—Breaking out of a pen at the stockyards, a steer ran wild over a large portion of the south side, twice swimming across the Chicago river while police and yards' cowboys tried in vain to lasso it. When it finally caught up with the animal it was lying quietly on someone's front lawn, apparently tired of it all.

Span Falls With Truck and Shovel

McMINNVILLE, May 4.—(AP)—Traffic on the heavily traveled west side Pacific highway was being detoured south of McMinnville today following a collapse Sunday of the 200-foot steel Whiteoak bridge four miles south of here.

Robert A. Emmitt, K. F. Pioneer, Dies

KLAMATH FALLS, May 4.—(AP)—Robert Albert Emmitt, 84, one of the last of the Klamath country's early pioneers, died in his sleep at the family home Sunday.

Emmitt and his wife moved to this district from Roseburg in 1875, driving their livestock ahead of them across the mountains.

In the years that followed Emmitt became closely identified with the growth of the region. Always interested in politics as an old-guard Republican, he held federal, state and county offices over long periods. He acquired large land holdings west of Klamath Falls and planted the first wheat in Klamath county.

Pork packing and hog production are increasing in the northwest part of the United States, especially in the northwest corn belt.

Steer Stages Rampage

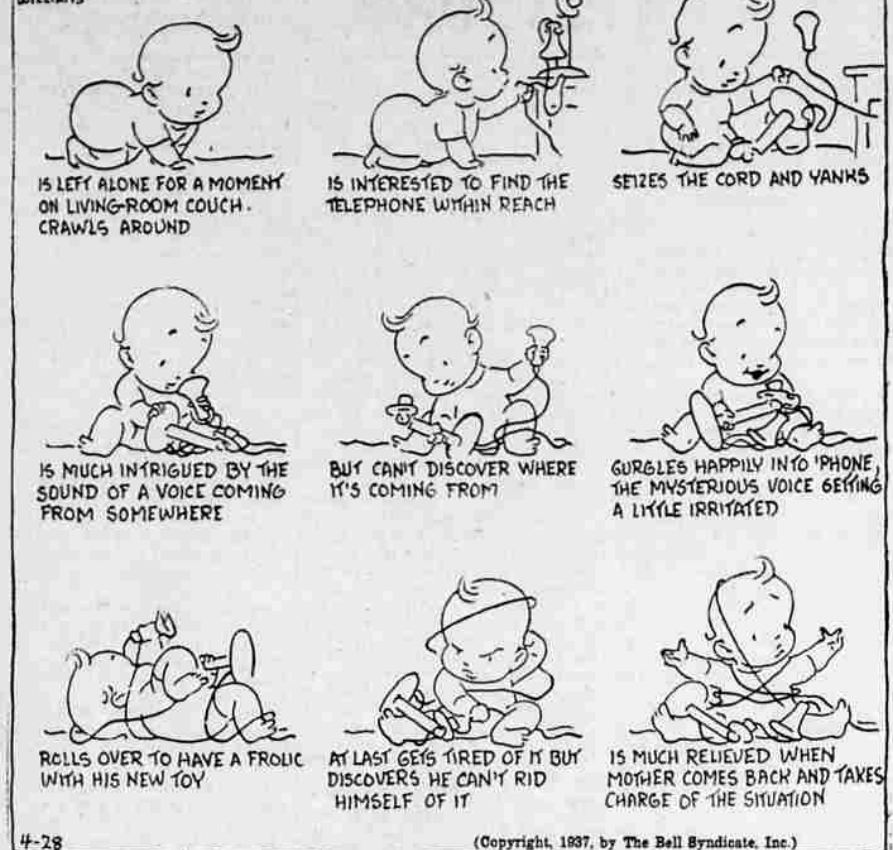
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Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

NEW TOY

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

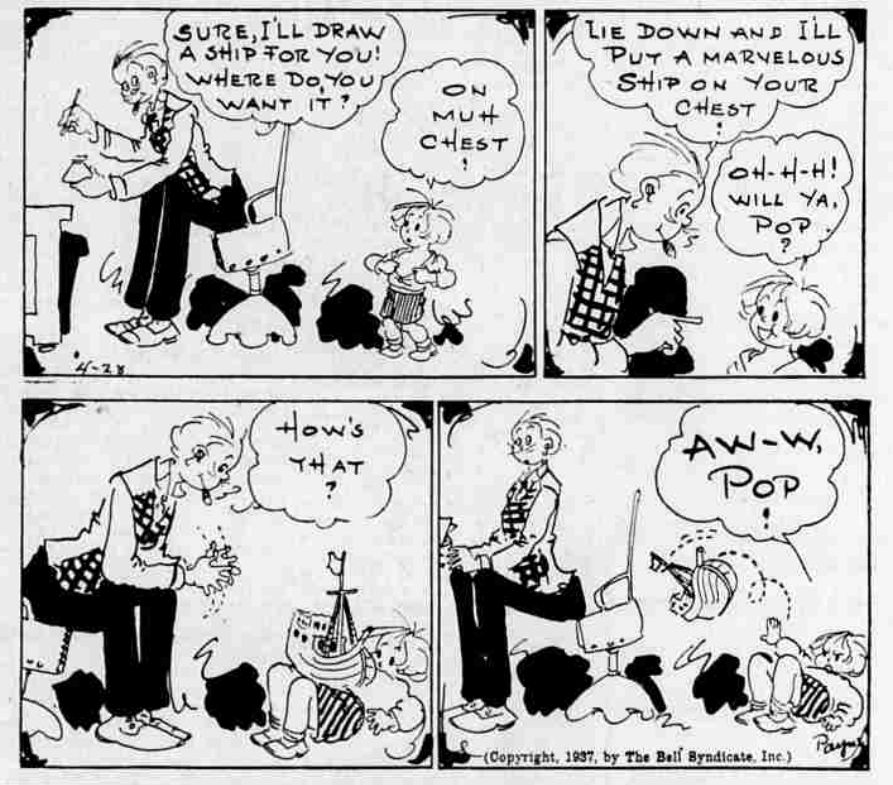


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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS