

For the LOVE of EVE by Lucy Walling

BEGIN HERE TODAY

EVE HAYLES, pretty assistant manager of the fashionable store, secretly marries DICK BAKER, a construction engineer. Dick wants Eve to give up working but she refuses.

The same day Eve leaves the store and goes to New York to see her mother. Dick takes her to the store but throughout the week in New York she has no word from him. The day there she meets THURON REECE who is much attracted by her and she visits DICK'S FRIENDS, only former schoolmate who is playing the stock market and advises Eve to do the same.

On her return to Lake City Dick takes her to the fashionable Hotel Miramar where he has arranged a suite. At the office Eve finds a new copy writer, MONA ALLEN, who appears to be a trouble-maker.

Dick and Eve are in the hotel dining room one evening when Eve sees Thuron Reece. He recognizes her and comes to their table. Later she tells Dick she thinks they should move from the hotel.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VIII

There were several columns of advertisements of furnished apartments for rent in the Sunday newspaper. Eve and Dick had decided to rent a furnished place because Dick was only temporarily located in Lake City. The main offices of the company he worked for were in Chicago but Dick had been in Lake City for more than a year superintending the construction of a theater combined with a huge office building. The theater was to open in March but it would be June before everything would be completed. Dick hoped his next job would be in Lake City. Eve refused even to consider the possibility that he might be sent elsewhere.

The first apartment they visited was impressive. Eve glanced about the reception room and approved its furnishings. Even when she had learned how high the rent was she still wanted to see there.

But Dick would not listen to her argument that she could pay for herself. Dick hoped his next job would be in Lake City. Eve refused even to consider the possibility that he might be sent elsewhere.

The next addresses on the list proved equally discouraging. At last they stopped before an old house on the opposite side of the city. It stood at the corner of a main thoroughfare and tree-lined side street.

The woman who owned the house was a widow. She and her two sons and daughter occupied one section of the rambling old mansion and the rest had been divided into apartments. Once inside, Eve had to admit the charm of the place. The walls were thick and the ceilings high. Doorways were arched and the heavy ivory woodwork was magnificent.

"Why these rooms are lovely! We must take them," gasped Eve, much to her own surprise. "And I think we can move in today."

They returned to the Miramar, checked out and stored their belongings into the rumble seat of the roadster. Then Dick stopped at a delicatessen for chicken sandwiches, coffee, a bottle of cream and a pint of sherbert.

Mrs. Brooks let him make the coffee in her big, old-fashioned kitchen. She loaned them some dishes and cups and Eve set out the food. It was fun eating by candlelight, she declared. Dick beamed at her. "Tomorrow," he said, "we'll have a real dinner in our first home, won't we, sweetheart?"

"Why, yes," said Eve soberly. She had not the slightest idea how it was to be managed since she had to be at the office until five o'clock.

As she waited for the trolley at the corner next morning she turned to look at the house. It was downright shabby from the outside. Eve was not so pleased with her new home as she had been the night before.

But she forgot all that in a tremendously busy morning. At noon she purchased an orchid luncheon set but there was no time for further shopping.

"Oh, bother!" she told herself. "I can't do everything. We'll just have to get our meals out for a while."

But when she reached home that night she was greeted by an aroma she loathed—cooking cabbage! In great consternation she hurried to the kitchen. There stood Dick wearing a blue flannel shirt with turned up collar and a pair of old trousers. He was grating horseradish. On the stove stood a steam pressure cooker.

"Dick!" gasped Eve. "What on earth—?"

"Take off your wraps, dear," he said. "We can have dinner in a few minutes. Everything is done but the horseradish."

Eve obeyed. She wanted to cry. But she laid the table for two and Dick triumphantly produced his offering.

On the table was a platter of ham surrounded by carrots, onions, cabbage and potatoes. Eve looked at it without speaking.

"What's the matter?" Dick asked.

"I'm not hungry."

"Well, that's too bad," Dick answered. "Don't you want to try a bit anyhow? This horseradish sets everything off just right."

Eve arose and left the room. Eve murmured under her breath. "Oh, this is impossible!" But Dick went on with his meal, apparently undisturbed.

Eve sat in the dark living room looking out at the street. Dick entered much later. "Oh, there you are!" he exclaimed, turning on the lamp. "Have some candy, Eve!" And with a smile he held out a box of chocolate centered butter creams.

Eve grudgingly allowed herself one of them.

Dick threw a log over the side of his arm chair, lighted his pipe and went on. "It's going to be nice to have a wife to cook for me. I used to get so tired of hotel and restaurant food that sometimes I've taken an apartment with a kitchen. Just so I could do my own cooking."

"Indeed! Where did you learn to cook?" she asked in a low voice.

"Oh, in the woods. Spent a summer up north peeling bark for a medicine company when I was a kid. Fine training."

"You like the woods, don't you?" Eve asked, in spite of herself.

"I'll take you up north some time; see if you don't like it too," Dick said in answer. "I used to go up in the fall with a group of friends. But that was different. Then we stopped at a lodge and there were cooks to prepare the food. That was wonderful, too. But you never really learn the woods until you have to fend for yourself."

"How much did you pay for that cooker?" Eve demanded sharply.

"When he told her she gasped. "It cooks so quickly it will pay for itself in gas saved," he defended. "But even if it didn't, think of the convenience! When you get home at night you won't have much bother getting a meal this way."

DICK thought he heard Eve mutter under her breath, "Boiled cabbage, turnips, carrots—!"

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"Well, my mother always cooked boiled vegetables when I wasn't at home. You might eat them at noon if you like them so well," she said angrily.

"But you can't buy a vegetable dinner the way I like it," he answered. "And besides I was hoping to get away from restaurant cooking after I married."

"What you wanted was a first class cook and not a wife!" Eve accused. "You should have considered my qualifications more thoroughly if you wanted a mere cook."

"Well," Dick answered slowly, "I did expect to get a home."

Eve had had no dinner and she felt hungry. Hence she answered sarcastically, "No doubt! A home filled with little cabbages. Well, I've heard of women who read nothing but cook books but I don't intend to spend my life trying to disguise groceries!"

Dick took a long puff on his pipe before answering. "I'm beginning to wonder," he said, "just what you expected to put into a home when you married. What were your ideas of the responsibilities of marriage, anyhow?"

Eve could not answer. She had thought herself beyond reproach. That there might be something to be said for Dick's side of the argument also, she had not realized.

He put on his hat and coat and went to the door.

"Where are you going?" Eve demanded.

"Out for a breath of air," he told her.

"I should think you'd need it when the house is filled with cabbage!"

He disappeared without answering. Eve burst into tears but nevertheless hurried to the kitchen and helped herself to some food. She was frightened because Dick had left her. Her marriage was taking on an entirely new aspect. Was it going to be the lark she had anticipated?

(To Be Continued)

BONANZA

BONANZA, Ore.—At the last meeting of the Bonanza grange plans were discussed for the rally to be held Sept. 30 to which the public is invited. There will be a program and refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Sparks and Mrs. George Hartley have returned from the Rogue River valley with a load of fruit.

Miss Lucille Hold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Hold, left last Saturday for Ashland where she will attend the normal school. Miss Hold graduated from Bonanza high school last spring.

"Yankees" really means English. When the first English settlers came to America, the nearest the Indians could come to pronouncing the name was "Yengkees." That was twisted to "Yankees" and applied later to Americans.

Flapper Fanny Says



It takes a level-headed girl to wear the new hats.

OUT OUR WAY



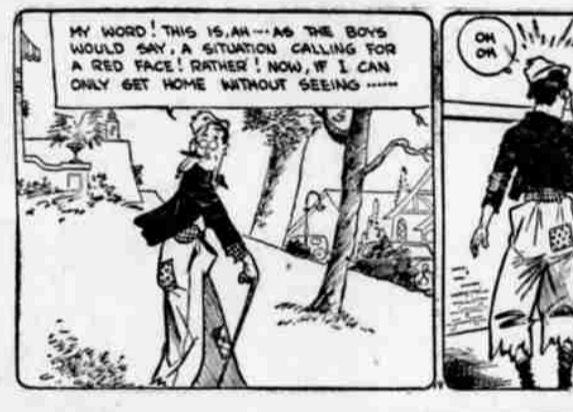
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



SALESMAN SAM



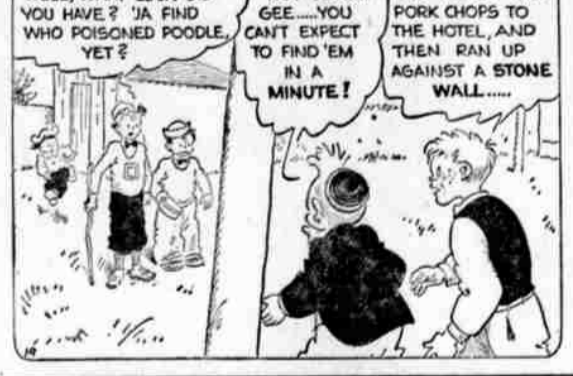
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM 'N POP



By Small

By Martin

By Crane

By Blosser

By Cowan