

# For the LOVE of EVE

by Lucy Walling

Aside from that he was even more considerate than usual, suggesting that they should meet down town after work that evening, have dinner and perhaps go somewhere to dance or see a movie. And on this occasion he was so devoted, so like the Dick he had been before and immediately after their marriage, that Eve was ashamed of her suspicions.

Next evening he called up shortly before the store closed to tell Eve he would not be home for dinner and that she should not wait up for him as he might be rather late. Immediately Eve's suspicions were aroused anew. His explanation for this absence was that all the executives in charge of the construction job on which he was engaged were having dinner together to be followed by a conference concerning their work.

She went home, locked the door, and after making herself a cup of tea and a sandwich, turned off the lights in the living room, shut herself up in the bedroom and tried to read herself to sleep.

It was nearly one o'clock before Dick came home. Eve, who was wide awake, closed her eyes and pretended that she was asleep, though she scorned herself for pretense and was furious at Dick for making the pretense seem necessary. What was their marriage coming to, she asked herself over and over again.

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"Yes, most kids are bright enough," Dick agreed as they rode through an empty factory district.

"When I was a boy down on the farm," he continued, "we didn't have much money for foolishness. After chores were done we always had time for play but there was never any money spent on that play. Money was too scarce! In spite of that there never was a year when my father didn't have the price to subscribe to two daily newspapers. And, hard as he worked, Dad was never too tired to talk over the main part of the day's news with the family. When I came into the city I got plenty of razzing for being a 'green country boy' but I wasn't really as green as they thought." And Dick grinned.

"Your father was awfully strict with you, wasn't he?" Eve asked.

"Well, Dad, was a smart man," laughed Dick, "and he never took orders from anyone under the age of 16."

Eve settled down and pulled the laprobe more firmly about her.

"Warm enough, sweetheart?" Dick asked.

She assured him that she was. They had left the city far behind now and were riding over the farm country—hard, brown and barren looking in the December cold. There was little life to be seen around the houses.

"I pity the people who have to live in this neighborhood," Eve said. "They miss so much!"

"Well, don't pity them," Dick told her. "Pity the children who grow up without swimming holes or owning a flock of pees ranging from a baby calf down to a litter of live Easter bunnies. There are actually kids who never have seen an axle next in a picture in a book. There are lots of them who never have the chance to roam over hills and along creeks exploring. They see the ones to be sorry for."

CHATTER BOX

It was Thursday, two weeks before Christmas. As he sat down at the breakfast table Dick asked, "Eve, do you think you could get away from the office Saturday morning? I'd like to make a little trip."

"Oh, I'd love to," she said. "But how could I get away so near to Christmas? Think of all the evenings lately I've had to bring work home from the store."

"All right, remind your chief of that! You aren't paid for overtime. What's fair one way is fair another. I've outlined a little trip."

He produced a road map and with a pencil indicated the route.

"I'll go down state through some places you've never seen. The scenery is especially attractive along the river. See, we'll cut off here into the hills."

"Oh, Dick, it would be such fun!" Eve responded. "I'll see what I can do about getting off."

"I'd like to leave at 10 o'clock Saturday morning," Dick reminded her as he left the house.

But Saturday Eve had to attend to several tasks at the office. Dick drove her down town and left her while he went to his own job to make sure everything was satisfactory before leaving town. At 10 o'clock he drove up to the side entrance at Bixby's. At a quarter of 11 a flushed and nervous Eve emerged from the revolving doors and took her place at his side.

"Dick, I was so upset at keeping you waiting," she began, breathlessly. "Bixby was decent about letting me go. I had it all arranged, you know. Then—of all things—Mr. Bixby called us all to his office. He bawled us out for that mistake in Friday night's ad. Of course it was Mona Allen's fault but a lot of good it would do to tell Mr. Bixby that! It's results that count. And the store will have to take a big loss. You should see the mob of customers in that department this morning. Business and I both feel sick over it. I'm trembling so inside I can scarcely breathe."

AND yet you're determined to go on!" Dick said. "I won't tell you when to quit. It's up to you. But I want to remind you that no job is worth as much as your health. I don't care about how sick Barnes is; I've worries on my own job. But I'm not going to stand by without protesting while my wife becomes a nervous wreck!"

"Well, anyway I shouldn't have left when I did this morning," Eve went on. "Suppose Mr. Bixby sends for me again during the day and Barnes has to tell him I've gone to spend the week-end in the country?"

"He'll probably ask for your resignation," Dick replied cheerfully.

They rode in silence out Broadway and then turned south. Eve shuddered as they passed the gray stone walls of the state hospital. Many an inmate there, she knew, might have been saved if he had stopped the nervous strain in time. Chan often told her she did not relax enough.

She glanced at Dick's handsome profile. He looked strong, purposeful, and yet so calm.

"Dick, you never worry about your work, do you?" she began.

"Wouldn't say that," he answered. "Every job has its disagreeable side."

"But I never hear you rave and rant when you get home nights. My father used to relieve the entire working day at the dinner table! If anyone upset a cog of the machinery that day we'd have to listen all through the meal until he finished telling his side of it and what he'd like to do to certain people! Sometimes he used rather violent language, too," Eve said.

"People do that and then wonder why they have nervous indigestion," Dick smiled. "You can't make things any better by harping on them 24 hours of a day. Makes them worse instead!"

"Well," Eve went on, "when I was still at home I decided that if I ever had a family of my own we'd talk about what's going on in the world at meal time. A child alone isn't apt to take much interest in world news but if there is a round table discussion with both mother and father giving their opinions and

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## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



## SALESMAN SAM

By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



## WASH TUBBS

By Crane



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



## THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP

By Cowan



## Morgan Awarded Draw for Fight In Antipodes

SYDNEY, Australia, Sept. 25. (P)—Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight champion boxer from the United States, and Nedo Tarleton, former British feather-weight title-holder, tonight fought 15 rounds to a draw.

Morgan had all the better of the early rounds, flooring Tarleton for short counts in the fourth and seventh, but the British boxer rallied toward the end to gain the split verdict.

Morgan weighed 128½ pounds and Tarleton 121.

A zoo at Bemidji, Minn., has a snow-white porcupine.

## Flapper Fanny Says

