For the LOVE of EVE

by Lucy Walling

BEGIN HERE TODAY

EVE HAYLESS, pretty assistant to EARLE BARNES, advertising manager of Bixby's department store, marries DICK RADER, construction superintendent. He wants her to give up her job but she refuses. Eve does not want her employers to know she is married so they keep the marriage secret several months. At Christmas they announce it. They spend a brief vacation at the home of Eve's parents.

Back at the office MARYA VLAD, fashion artist, and ARLENE SMITH, stenographer, greet Eve excitedly. Eve knows that NORA ALLEN, the new copy writer, dislikes her and is trying to cause trouble for her.

Eve and Dick invite several friends to a New Year's Eve party at their apartment. Arlene hopes to make an impression on GEORGE BLISS but Nora ramps him.

Eve buys several expensive antiques, spending money Dick has given her to pay the rent. They quarrel.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

ABOUT the middle of January Eve received a letter from Irene Prentiss in New York. One paragraph of that letter was destined to change the trend of events for Eve and Dick Rader.

"Since you have decided to become a business woman," Irene wrote, "don't you think you should get more for your money than the purchase of a few household gadgets you would ultimately buy, anyhow? Why don't you invest your earnings in some of the stocks that are so good now? You can build up a nice little fortune for yourself and be independent of your husband. There is such a thing as letting your money work for you, you know. And think of all the things you could do with some extra cash. How about a trip to Europe, for instance? I want to go but I certainly don't intend to spend my hard earned salary checks on the trip. I've done pretty well during the last two years, buying low and selling high. I expect to do even better this year. Really I wish you would get in on some of the following which have been making excellent showings—"

Here Irene listed several stocks, the more names of which were exciting to Eve.

She put the letter in her purse and turned her attention back to the lay-out on her desk. Bixby's had secured the stock of an oriental rug dealer who was retiring from business and leaving the city. The advertising office was draped with gorgeous Persian rugs and Marya was aglow with eagerness as she worked at her drawing board.

Eve smiled as she fastened the sheets of copy together with a clip. She always felt a sense of pride when Barnes entrusted the preparation of a full page advertisement to her. Today she was more than usually pleased. Oriental rugs heretofore had been something to write about. Now, after reading Irene's letter, they had become a definite reality. Some day she, too, might own such lovely rugs.

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THAT evening she scanned the financial pages of the newspapers and compared Irene's list with the day's ratings. Each stock showed a gain. Yes, Irene was right! It was a simple matter to make money.

But how, Eve wondered, did one go about it? She had not the slightest notion how to buy stocks and decided to ask Dick. He would not suspect that she intended to speculate.

"Dick, dear," she began, "I've heard people talking so much about buying and selling stocks. Where do they do it? I mean here in Lake City?"

"Some of them buy through their bankers," he told her, "and some buy through stock brokers like Sloan & Sanford."

That was enough for Eve. The next day she hurried through her luncheon and crossed the square to the gray limestone building which housed the Sloan & Sanford company. She scorned the elevator and walked up the marble stairs to the second floor. Easy access was one of the features of the brokers' office. The outer door opened and closed with rapidity and a stream of people seemed to be passing through. Feeling a little nervous, Eve entered, hoping no one would notice her. She was at a loss what to do next.

She had a vivid impression of stock exchange scenes during the exciting moments and expected to hear men shouting while others scurried about, all more or less wild-eyed in their feverish anxiety as the ticker clicked off the figures sending their fortunes soaring.

Instead Eve saw a line of men, mostly middle-aged or elderly, seated in class room chairs with right arm desks. They were quietly and intently watching the board before which a young lad dashed back and forth, chalking figures. The chief sound was the staccato of the ticker as it spit forth a constant stream of paper tape.

Eve stood, confused, until a boy approached her. "Anything I can do for you?" he questioned.

"Why—uh—is Mr. Sanford in?" Eve stammered, to her own surprise. She had known some Sanfords at school and the name had a pleasant association.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Sanford is out at lunch," the boy replied. "Will some one else do?"

"No, thanks. I'll be back later," Eve answered, relieved, and hurried out. She had not planned what to say to Mr. Sanford.

Dick had told her that some people bought stocks through their banks. Perhaps that would be simpler. Her lunch period was over and Eve could not escape from the office until evening. Then it would be too late to go to the bank. She would have to wait until tomorrow.

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BUT the next noon there was a pouring rain and Eve had so much unfinished work on her desk that she took time only to slip down stairs for a sandwich and a chocolate malted milk. Thus it was several days later before she felt she could spare time during her lunch hour for a conference with a banker. In the meantime she had received another pay envelope and a large percentage of its contents had been deducted according to an arrangement with Bixby's, for apparel charged to her account.

Eve's personal finances were in a low state, yet she optimistically looked forward to making a fortune.

All bankers are not white haired, old gentlemen. When Eve found herself ushered into the office of Mr. Brown, the manager of the stock and bond department of the City Bank, her assurance left her immediately as a pair of piercing dark eyes seemed to bore through her mask of nonchalance.

He motioned her to a chair and then asked how he might help her.

Eve decided it would be best to be frank and let this banker know she was a beginner who knew relatively nothing about playing the stock market.

Mr. Brown patiently explained the methods of buying and selling, both through buying outright or on margin. Margining appealed to Eve, inasmuch as there would be a quick turnover for a relatively small investment. Mr. Brown explained the hazards of the latter method but Eve characteristically refused to consider that side of the picture.

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SHE produced the list of stocks which Irene had recommended. Some of them Mr. Brown approved.

"But why go into this?" he said scornfully, pointing to one. "Can't you see that its returns would be seasonal? In the winter you would get good dividends, but the summer slump would more than offset that profit."

"And this!" he objected. "It is buyers like yourself who know nothing about trading who have boosted such stocks to inflated prices. Insistent buying forces the stock far beyond actual value, prompted by earnings."

Eve's face flushed. Still she was convinced that Mr. Brown was giving her good advice.

"How large a sum were you thinking of investing, Mrs. Rader?" he asked. "Perhaps I could suggest a method of distribution."

"Why—why—" Eve fumbled for words. "I haven't quite decided. But thank you so much for your advice!" she plunged on. "I'll stop in some time next week."

Once more Eve was glad to be out in the winter sunshine. Three persons she knew passed but Eve did not see them. She was late getting back to the office and knew Barnes would be sarcastic about it. It made no difference to him that she had cut short her lunch period on other days. She would get that money somehow without letting Dick know and then she would margin.

Already her vision of a future in the field of advertising had dimmed before the excitement of this newer venture into the world of finance.

(To Be Continued)

ALTAMONT P.T.A. HOLDS MEETING

ALTAMONT. — The Altamont P.-T. A. held a special meeting Friday afternoon for the purpose of organizing the child welfare study groups for the current year. Mrs. Kelsay, study group organizer, gave a short talk on "The Value of Study Groups to Mothers." The discussions of the groups are not confined to the school child, Mrs. Kelsay said, but include problems relative to the pre-school child as well. She outlined briefly the work done by the various groups last year .

A paper on "Parent Education" was prepared and read by Mrs. Dennison.

Group No. 1, under the leadership of Mrs. Dennison, will meet Monday, October 2, at the home of Mrs. Tepper in St. Francis park at 2 o'clock p. m.

Group No. 2 will meet with Mrs. McClelland on October 6 at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Mrs. McClelland is the leader of this group.

The third group, under the direction of Mrs. Warner, will meet at the home of Mrs. Taylor Friday evening, October 13, at 7:30 o'clock.

A fourth group will be organized in the Shaw-Bertram territory in the near future. A leader for the group has not yet been chosen.

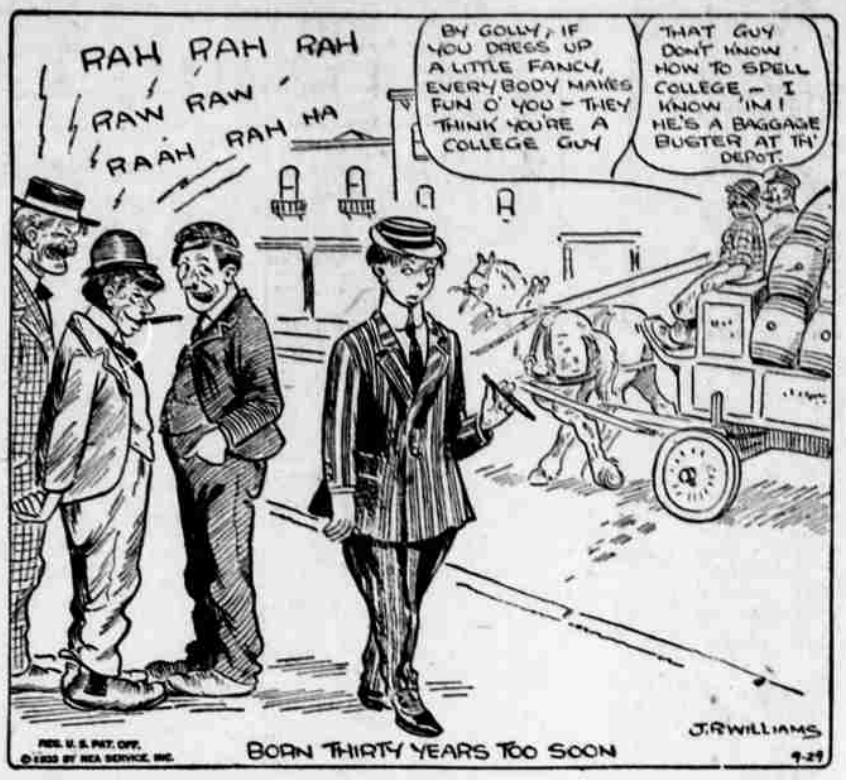
A new invention permits the patient to stop the dentist's drill by merely pressing the button of a "control" which he holds in his hand; this cuts off the electrical current.

Flapper Fanny Says

Service must be on the level before it deserves to be tipped.

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