

For the LOVE of EVE by Lucy Walling

BEGIN HERE TODAY

EVE BAYLESS, pretty assistant to HARRY HARRIS, department manager of HARRY'S, a clothing store, married DICK BAYLESS, a construction superintendent temporarily working in Lake City. Dick wants Eve to give up work, but she refuses.

ARLENE SMITH, stenographer in the advertising office, fancies herself in love with GEORGE BLISS, but he is courted by MONA ALLEN, trouble-making copy writer.

Eve receives a letter from HELEN PRENTISS, former schoolmate who is playing the stock market. Eve decides to do the same thing. Without Dick's knowledge she borrows money from her mother and with it buys stock.

At a party given by FREDIA CARTER, sister of HARRY'S, SAM HULLERIDGE, an advertising man employed by another store, becomes infatuated with Arlene. Eve is annoyed by the attentions of THURON REECE, who she met in New York. Reece takes her home when Dick fails to come for her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XX

AT 10 o'clock the next morning Eve answered her desk phone to find Thuron Reece on the line. "How about luncheon at my hotel this noon?" he asked.

"That would be impossible," Eve answered curtly.

"Let's make it the Music Box then," he urged. "We can dance."

"No—a thousand times, no!" Eve answered and hung up the receiver.

Arlene looked over with a grin. "For whom were those cold, cruel words?" she teased.

"That man Reece," answered Eve with contempt in her voice. "As though I would go to lunch with him!"

In a few moments Mona received a telephone call which she answered in monosyllables. Later she surprised Eve by asking her to have lunch with her at a fashionable Italian restaurant. Inasmuch as this was the first overture of its kind Mona had made toward Eve, Eve felt that she should accept.

When they reached the street at noon they found the snow drizzling in the February sunshine. They were crunched under their heels as they crossed the snow-packed street. Within the entrance to the New Arcade stood a boy with a tray of violets. Eve stopped and bought a bunch which she pinned high on her fur collar so that they nestled close to her chin. As she breathed their fragrance a feeling of sweet contentment came over her.

The feeling persisted as she and Mona entered the revolving doors of the restaurant. Mona tripped before Eve, her extreme French heels sinking into the deep pile of the carpet as she led the way up the short flight of iron steps to a little balcony. She said something to the waiter which Eve did not catch and they were seated at a table near the rail where they could see the diners below. The waiter removed a card marked "Reserved" and took their order.

Eve glanced about her and nodded to three girl acquaintances. Then she happened to catch the eye of Earle Barnes who was seated at a small table with a strikingly pretty woman, fashionably dressed. Barnes nodded.

"Who's the lady friend Barnes has out to lunch?" asked Mona.

"That," responded Eve, "is Mrs. Barnes. She comes to the office only on rare occasions. She really is very sweet and always dresses beautifully."

"She ought to be able to do a lot for herself," Mona went on. "There would be no excuse for Barnes' wife looking like the year before last—with the minkie he makes!"

Eve said nothing.

"How much do you suppose he gets?" Mona persisted.

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea," Eve told her. "But everyone knows he's a highly valued employee of HARRY'S."

"Think of all you could do on a salary like his!" Mona said dreamily.

Eve looked at the other girl curiously. Surely Mona did not aspire to Barnes' job—or did she? It was difficult to tell what went on behind that baby face. Just now Mona seemed the very essence of sweet, innocent girlhood. Her round, blue eyes had a wistful expression as she raised them demurely. From under her chic black hat a few blond curls showed. Her simple black dress with its low neckline was studiously cut to do full justice to Mona's attractive figure.

Eve was surprised to see Dick enter the restaurant with three other men. They took a table on the main floor and Eve could watch them easily from her place on the balcony. She said nothing about it to Mona. After their order was given the men bent their heads over a blueprint which one of them spread on the table and they became engrossed in conversation.

Suddenly Mona smiled brightly. "Oh, there you are!" came a masculine voice from behind Eve. She turned and saw Thuron Reece. He smiled and bowed in a mocking manner.

And still it took a while before Eve realized she had fallen into their trap. That telephone call for Mona after Eve had refused to go to lunch with Reece had been from him of course!

Their spaghetti arrived, steaming hot, on platters with silver covers. Eve could not very well have without making a scene. She broke off a bit of French bread and ate it while Reece gave her order to the sleek waiter. Soon Mona and Reece were engaged in a gay conversation. Eve said very little now and then she glanced down at Dick but never met his eye.

SURELY Mona would prefer to be alone with Reece. Why then did she plot with him unless she enjoyed causing Eve vexation? Eve puzzled over the situation. Reece's bantering remarks seemed to touch upon all the activities of the times. Thus it was long before he mentioned the market. "I dropped around to the exchange this morning," he was saying. "Quite a little activity!"

"Was there?" Eve asked, hoping he would explain in detail.

"Yes," he answered, glad for an attentive audience. He named several stocks which had advanced and others which had shown a decline. Eve nodded, listening. She tried to imitate Dick's poker face when Reece mentioned Pure Soap, Inc.

"Pure Soap took a slide," he said authoritatively. "That will hit a lot of fellows. Pure Soap is a popular number."

"When did all this happen?" Eve asked, hoping she gave no indication of the concern she felt.

"Just before noon," he answered. Eve noted that Dick and the men he was with were leaving. She slipped the strong, hot coffee slowly and ate her dessert without further comment. When she had finished she glanced at her watch and arose. "I think I'll leave you," she said, slipping into her fur jacket before Reece could assist her. "I have an errand to do before going back to the office—and there is no need for you to hurry." She managed to smile at Mona. At the desk she signaled the waiter and paid her check.

Then she boarded a trolley to ride the 10 blocks to the bank. The car seemed to be forever stopping for traffic lights. Finally it arrived at the square and impatiently Eve hurried out.

The usual calm atmosphere pervaded the stock and bond department of the bank. Eve asked for Mr. Brown but he was out. His assistant offered to help her.

"Pure Soap, Inc.—has it gone down?" she asked.

"Well, it dropped two points this morning," he answered calmly. "But it's gone up again within the last hour. Just a minute and I'll get you the figures."

Eve's knees were weak and she sank gratefully into a chair. This was another angle of playing the market. Well, she was still safe. But ought she sell now in case the stock might drop again?

The young man advised her to wait. Eve returned to her office slowly and thoughtfully.

ARLENE was interested in Eve's account of the luncheon.

"I thought Mona was playing up to Reece at Freda's party last night," Arlene commented. "I felt sorry for Mr. Bliss. He's so nice. And to think he fell for Mona, only to be hurt by her! I suppose he's so infatuated, though, that he can't see her tactics."

"We'll have to watch out for that girl," declared Eve.

"She's the worst traffic jam this office has ever been mixed up with!" added Arlene.

But Eve scarcely heard her. She wondered if Dick had seen her with Mona and Reece at the restaurant. What would he think after what had occurred the night before? Perhaps it would be better for her not to mention the luncheon. However, Eve was worried.

(To Be Continued)

LAKEVIEW

HILDEBRAND, Ore.—Mrs. Carl Stiles of Bonanza visited Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pool of Hildebrand.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Egert and grandson, Roy Drew, accompanied by Henry Schmor Sr. of Klamath Falls, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ritter.

S. K. Hartler was a business visitor at the Chris Wandsted home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Welch and small son Edmon of Sprague River spent the week end with Mrs. Welch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Michael.

Those from Hildebrand who attended the 4-H club fair on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse N. Drew and two children, Jean and Billy, and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hartler and two children, John and Beadie.

Charles Flackus and daughter, Mrs. Warren Kilgore, of Clear Lake, Calif., left on Sunday for Ashland, where they will visit relatives.

Ernest Ritter was a business visitor at the Emile Egert ranch recently.

Edwin N. Nelson of San Francisco, Calif., arrived in Hildebrand on Tuesday to spend several weeks visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse N. Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Chris Wandsted.

Mrs. Karoline Ritter and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ritter and children, Walter, Clara and Erwin, visited on Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Michael.

Sportsmen are using kites that soar and dip like birds to train their dogs to retrieve fallen game.

The favorite type of private airplane in England is the small two-seater which does about 20 miles to the gallon of gas.

Flapper Fanny Says



OUT OUR WAY



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



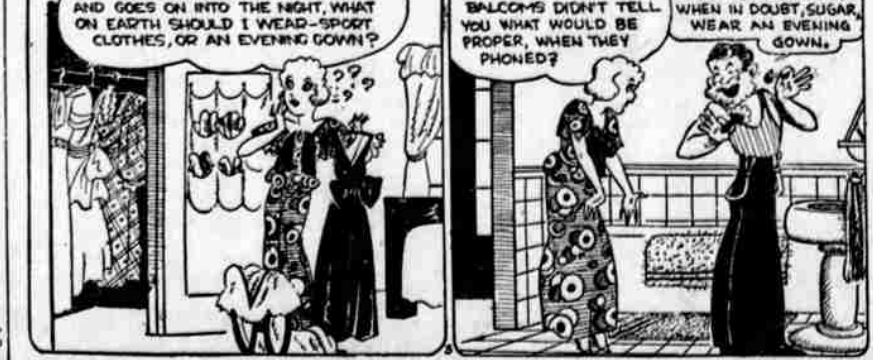
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE USUAL HOOPLE LUCK



By Small



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By Cowan

