

# For the LOVE of EVE

by Lucy Walling

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

EVE HADN'T BEEN ASSISTANT TO EARLE BARNES, advertising manager at Dixie's department store, married DICK RADER, a construction superintendent temporarily working in Lake City. Dick wants Eve to give up work but she refuses.

**SAM HOLLEBRIDGE**, an advertising man employed at Dixie's, becomes acquainted with ABLENE SMITH, stenographer at Dixie's, but she favors Barnas. Eve has a love affair with GEORGE BLISS, handsome THIRTON RIFKIN, has been forcing suspenseful situations on Eve.

Unknown to Dick, Eve has been playing the stock market on money borrowed from her mother MARY ALLEN, even her mother. Eve has had to make trouble for her. When an error involving the store's name appears in an advertisement, Mena is really responsible but the blame falls on Eve.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXVII**

**SATURDAY** evening Dick took Eve to dinner at a popular restaurant known as the Old Plantation. The atmosphere was that of the hospitable old south. Pretty mulatto girls, wearing bandannas and checked gingham dresses, served Maryland fried chickens and corn fritters. A string quartet played lively tunes and Eve soon found herself dancing with spirit.

Later they were joined by a group of Dick's business friends and she enjoyed the evening so much she was almost able to forget that Dixie's had lost \$2000 through a mistake in her department.

The next day she and Dick went for a long ride in the country. Office cars seemed far away and Eve arrived home tired and sleepy from being so long in the fresh air. But Monday morning as she neared the office she began to feel nervous. Barnes would be back today and the dreaded interview must take place.

The advertising manager summoned her to his office at 9:30. Eve managed a tremulous smile as she entered but Barnes' face was grim, his voice crisp.

"I scarcely need tell you, Mrs. Rader," he began, "that the price error in Saturday's coat advertisement was the worst of the kind the store has ever had. I am amazed that you should have permitted such a blunder."

Eve started to speak but he silenced her with a curt gesture. "It is one of the things that simply cannot be explained away or smoothed over," he continued. "But you don't understand!" she began.

"I understand the result of the mistake and results are what count in this department," he went on. "I feared your marriage would interfere with your interest in your work here. All I have to say now is—don't let anything of the sort happen again!" There was a grim threat in the words.

Furious that he had not permitted her to defend herself, Eve returned to her desk. Mena had scored against her at every point. Eve was tempted to go to Mr. Bixby about the affair; tempted, too, to resign. But she knew that was exactly what Mena had hoped might happen and therefore it was the one thing Eve determined not to do.

**AT 10:30** a rosy-cheeked little woman with a youthful face and graying hair appeared and asked for Mr. Barnes. Arlene escorted her to his office.

A few moments later the buzzer sounded for Eve and she was introduced to the newcomer. "This is Mrs. Penney," said Barnes. "She will take Miss Vlad's place."

Eve took the new artist into the outer office and introduced her to the rest of the advertising staff and to her new duties.

"At first I felt sorry for her," Eve told Dick that night, "but after she began to work I knew why Barnes had hired her. That woman has genius!"

Mrs. Penney adjusted herself easily to the office routine and Eve blessed her for that. With things running smoothly again, Barnes resumed a more pleasant attitude toward his co-workers and the tension was lifted.

Apparently mild and yielding, Mrs. Penney proved to be firm and self-reliant to a surprising degree. Even Mena, who usually found some means of gaining her own ends in such matters, could neither outwit nor wheedle Mrs. Penney into taking care of minor details of office routine which were Mena's responsibility or exchanging lunch periods to suit Mena's whims.

Mrs. Penney was a widow with a young daughter who was in college. Every stroke of the artist's pencil was for the sole object of assuring her daughter's education. Mrs. Penney worked swiftly and untiringly eight hours a day longer when necessary. But she managed to turn out smart, finished drawings at a speed which usually enabled her to leave the office promptly at closing time.

Eve, looking ahead, felt that Mrs. Penney would be very helpful in putting the office routine on a prompt and efficient basis whenever the time came that Barnes should leave and Eve herself be in charge of the advertising office.

**AND** then Eve's mother came to visit her. Kate Bayless made an inspection tour of the apartment, then shook her head and decided to spend the morning doing the things Eve found little time for. Patiently she "did up" all the ruffled curtains and washed the delicate crocheted rugs. To Dick's delight, she discarded the "bachelor buttons" which Eve had been snapping on his clothes and replaced them with buttons sewed on firmly with heavy thread. She spent three mornings darning heels and toes and catching runners in history. And she made orange marmalade and a supply of noodles calculated to last into the summer.

Every noon Kate met her daughter in the ladies' lounge at Dixie's. Here, while she waited, Kate sat at one of the desks and addressed postal cards to relatives, neighbors and friends at home. During luncheon Eve planned the afternoon's entertainment for her mother—usually after a shopping tour or a matinee.

"Why I could almost forget there is such a place as home," Kate said one day. "If it wasn't for worrying whether it is getting enough to eat and if he remembers to feed the canary! I'll bet my plants will be all dried up, too, for want of a little attention."

At the end of a week no amount of persuasion could keep her in Lake City any longer. "I've fixed you up a bit and that will give you a good start again," she told Eve. "I'd much rather you'd stay at home and not try to do too much. No good can come of it—and I'm worried about your nerves."

When the train pulled out of the station Eve and Dick, standing below, watched Kate smiling at them through the closed window. Eve's own eyes were blurred as she waved a last goodbye.

The week had passed so swiftly that her mother's departure had been unexpected. Eve regretted that she had not found time to take her mother to the stock exchange and the brokerage office. "Mother gets such a kick out of seeing what makes the wheels go 'round and she's such a good sport that I like to show her new things," Eve told herself.

She was watching the activities of the market anxiously these days. Pure Soap, Inc., had taken four points and then, following brisk selling, had resumed its former high and plunged ahead. This fluctuation caused a similar one in Eve's spirits.

And then Pure Soap, Inc., reached the point Eve had been hoping for. Last it take another slump she hurried to the bank that noon and arranged to sell.

She felt rich as she figured her gain. After all, one had to pay some price for success and this had cost her only anxiety. She was eager for a new venture in finance. Eve left the office that evening promptly as the closing gong sounded. Sam was waiting at the side entrance for Arlene and they offered to take Eve home. Thus it happened that she reached her apartment before Dick, who had been detained by some extra work.

Eve, still exulting over her financial gains, set light-heartedly to work to cook the dinner. It would be nice to surprise Dick by having the meal ready when he came. But scarcely had she started her preparations when the telephone rang.

There was a perceptible pause after Eve answered. She was almost certain she heard a sharp intake of breath at the other end of the line and then a girl's voice said, "Oh, I'm sorry! They have given me the wrong number."

The voice was Mena Allen's. That she had been given the number of Eve's telephone by mistake was possible, of course, but a coincidence almost beyond Eve's credulity. What could it mean? Had Mena been telephoning to Dick? (To Be Continued)

**HILDEBRAND**

HILDEBRAND, Ore.—A large crowd attended the booster program given by the grange September 26.

The largest threshing machine from Swan Lake has been in the valley the past week, threshing for a number of the farmers.

William Chrman of Alcoma visited Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woelk and family.

William Hartley of Bonanza has finished drilling a well for Joseph Smith on the Jacob Roveck ranch.

Mrs. W. H. Bliss spent several days the past week with her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Brewer of Dalry.

C. A. Carlson was transacting business in Klamath Falls Tuesday.

E. P. Pool has been hauling wheat to the mill in Klamath Falls the past week.

Roy Drew and John Hartzler brought their cattle from Sprague River to their home ranch at Hildebrand Thursday.

Mrs. T. P. Michael and son Marvin visited on Friday with her daughter, Mrs. James Good of Klamath Falls.

Ennie Esort, Leonard Ritter and Jesse Drew delivered beef cattle to the Charles Drew ranch at Henley Friday.

David Bliss and Art Brewer enjoyed a hunting trip of several days the past week and were successful in getting a deer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Colahan visited Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Hartzler.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hoelzer and son Floyd of Lemons visited Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Michael.

The Yonka Valley threshing machine finished a week's threshing Thursday.

**Flapper Fanny Says**

Inferiority complexes don't worry some girls as much as inferior complexions.

## PUT OUR WAY

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



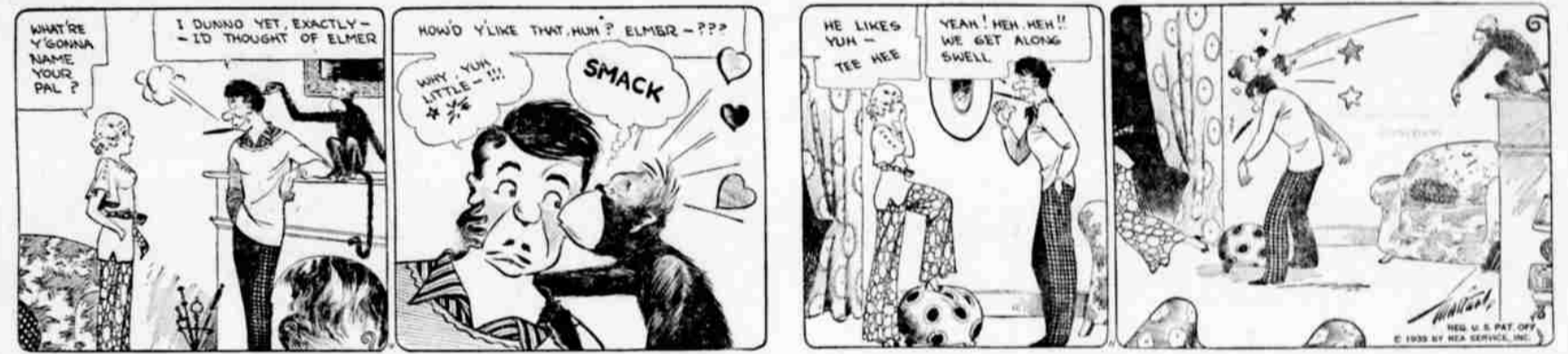
## SALESMAN SAM

By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



## WASH TUBS

By Crane



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



## THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP

By Cowan

