

For the LOVE of EVE by Lucy Walling

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

EVE BAYLESS, pretty assistant to EARLE HARRIS, advertising manager at Dixie's, buys stock on store, marries DICK HADLEY, a construction superintendent. Dick wants Eve to stop working and be his wife.

Unknown to Dick, Eve plays the stock market on borrowed money. ARLINE SMITH, stenographer at Dixie's, buys stock on Eve's advice but loses all her money. SAM HOLLERIDGE, an advertising man employed by another store, is infatuated with Arlene.

MONA ALLEN, copy writer, dislikes Eve and is responsible for several errors at the office. Small thefts occur in the office. Then Eve's diamond ring disappears. Eve suspects Mona and demands that she return the ring. Mona gives it to her.

The building on which Dick has been working is completed and his employers tell him they will have no more work for him for at least two months. He and Eve spend a brief vacation visiting Eve's parents. The day after their return Eve is married when a policeman enters the office and asks for "Miss Bayless."

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

EVE stared at the policeman. What could he possibly want of her? "I'm Miss Bayless," she said. "What is it?"

"Headquarters wants to talk to you about that accident last Thursday night. The man who was hit has internal injuries and there's some question about your bail."

Eve insisted that she had been out of the state for two weeks and had returned only the day before. She turned to Arlene and Mrs. Penney to substantiate her statement but this did not satisfy the officer.

"I'd call Mr. Barnes, the advertising manager, to tell you what I'm saying is the truth but he's out of town today," Eve explained.

"Well, you'd better come along and tell it to the sergeant," the officer told her.

Eve went with him, her eyes blazing. Why couldn't they have sent a plain clothes man instead of an officer in uniform? She insisted upon telephoning Dick who met her at the police station. Dick demanded to see the officer who had made the arrest. She was deeply humiliated by the stares of the other employees as they passed.

"Who do you suppose could have used my name?" Eve asked Dick. He called for a description of the girl and immediately they guessed it must have been Mona Allen.

Back to the store went Eve, accompanied by the officer who had made the arrest. She was deeply humiliated by the stares of the other employees as they passed.

MONA was at her desk when Eve and the policeman reached the advertising office. The girl's face blanched and a frightened look came into her eyes.

"There's the girl!" the officer said, pointing to Mona. "Thought you said your name was Eve Bayless! Well, you'd better come along with me. The sergeant wants to see you."

And Mona, without a word, obeyed.

"She'd rather see the sergeant than see me right now!" Eve told Arlene and Mrs. Penney. "She and some man were riding in a rented coupe last Thursday night and they crashed into another car on University Circle. Of course I was out of town and she thought she would get away with giving them my name!"

Next morning Eve followed Barnes to his private office as soon as he arrived. It was high time, she had decided, that he learned something of Mona Allen's indiscretions. Eve told him of the incident. He agreed with her that it was serious and then rang for Mona. He dismissed Eve, however, who had hoped to be present for the interview.

Mona did not reappear for at least half an hour. Then she came from Barnes' office, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, and passed through the room into the corridor.

"Tears!" sniffed Arlene. "She cried and I suppose he fell for it. Pretty soon she'll be back to tell you she's sorry. As though saying that will undo all the trouble she has caused. The little sneak!"

And that is exactly what Mona did. "I'm awfully sorry!" she told Eve in a contrite voice. "Will you forgive me? I felt obliged to say she would, though the humiliation of that trip to police court still rankled."

"I suppose Barnes would fire her if she didn't have so much imagination. Her value does lie in her original ideas," Eve admitted.

"Yeah," drawled Arlene. "Too bad so many of them are misdirected!"

EVE longed for, yet dreaded the arrival of the time when Dick would go to work on a new construction job. It made her uneasy to see his savings disappearing for his living expenses. At the same time she was afraid his new job would take him away from Lake City. In more prosperous times his employers might have given him some choice in the matter. Now, she realized, he would be fortunate to get work on any terms.

It was an ordeal to reach the office promptly on these late summer mornings and it was an ordeal to endure the long hours at the store. Often when, with frayed nerves and aching heart, Eve tried to finish her copy so that she could meet Dick promptly at closing time, she thought of other wives she knew—wives like Esther who could, if they choose, take a nap in a cool, shaded room or spend the afternoon on an airy porch or lawn. And she thought enviously of women like Mr. Dixie's wife and daughters at mountain or seaside resorts with nothing more arduous to do than to change from one charming costume to another.

She told herself that when her stock market investments materialized she, too, would have a pleasant, easy life.

Another thing that vexed Eve was her inability to take advantage of the "buy" bargains that Mrs. Dixie's counters as the summer waned.

It was especially hard to endure because Arlene and Mona whose wages were much smaller than hers, were buying liberally. Mona gleefully exhibited some new bit of finery after every pay day. "I doubt if she ever had \$50 saved away in her life," Eve told Arlene after Mona had left the office one evening, wearing a new hat. "Do you suppose she ever looks ahead at all—ever thinks of investing for the future?"

"She was looking to the future when she bought that come-ither hat. A good investment, too! It looks so sweet and innocent in it that I'm almost deceived about her myself. If she could hold that pose long enough I believe she could marry some one really worth while. But the mistake she makes is in going out with any man who invites her."

"Do you know," Arlene went on thoughtfully, "I've sometimes wondered why she doesn't try to vamp Barnes. The fact that she's married wouldn't make any difference to her. She's the kind of dumb Dora who'd believe any man—even Mr. Dixie himself—could be vamped if she went about it in the right way."

"I'll always be glad for my business experiences," Arlene continued. "If I marry I'll never be jealous of the girls in my husband's office. I'll know the average man has about all he can do when he supports a wife, a couple of kids, a silver and a radio set and that probably he hates the way his stenographer wears her hair, begrudges the time she spends powdering her nose and wishes she knew how to spell and punctuate correctly!"

This was a long speech for Arlene. Somehow it comforted Eve. In the present state of his business Dick was in no position to philander, even if he were so inclined.

Eve tried to put aside her resentment at the fact that her husband did not seem to worry over his unemployment. She did, however, resent his refusal several times to meet her downtown and lunch with her. Twice he packed a lunch, stowed his high boots and fishing tackle into the roadster and, after leaving her at Dixie's, was off for a day's fishing. When he returned in the evening, happy and triumphant, with a string of catfish and blue gills, she refused to eat any of the fish, and sulked through the meal like a spoiled child.

Dick said nothing. He gave up the excursions, Eve knew, because he no longer took his fishing tackle along. What he did with his days after that he did not tell her and she was too proud to ask.

Eve could not know that events were shaping swiftly to separate them and that she was to look back on her selfish, childish conduct in shame and remorse.

(To Be Continued)

**BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON**

OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



SALESMAN SAM



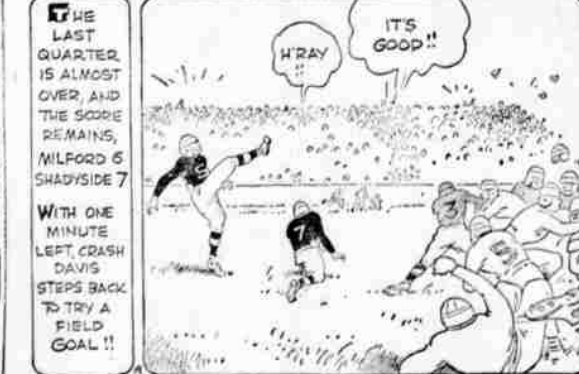
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



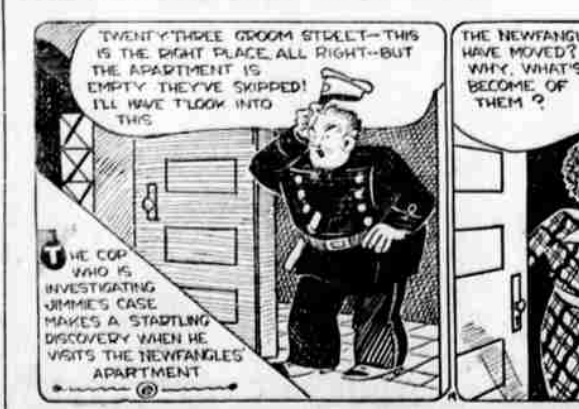
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



SWAN LAKE

SWAN LAKE—L. L. Arnett saved lumber for Rex Bord Saturday.

Paul Arnett finished the season's threshing at the Hoffer ranch near Dairy, Monday.

Mrs. Joe Carlisle spent the past week with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Stiles.

Bert Marshall of Olene has been driving cattle to the Applegate ranch the past week.

Mr. Arnett and daughters, La Vena, Ruby and Ray, attended the funeral of Sarah Orr on Wednesday.

Frank Gabriel has been delivering lambs to Klamath Falls the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Andrus spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. Keaton.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Stiles, Mrs. Joe Carlisle and Lavena Arnett attended the football game between Corvallis and the Pelicans Saturday.

Mrs. P. E. Stiles and Mrs. Carlisle were shoppers in Klamath Falls on Friday.

Ruby and Lav Arnett spent Sunday at Dairy with friends.

Paul Arnett, Frank Green and Pete and Bege Green were visitors at the Arnett home Sunday evening.

Hammonds Buy Hampshire Rams

MERRILL, Ore.—E. M. Hammond and son, W. E. Hammond, have returned from a trip to Idaho. They were gone six days and traveled over 1500 miles.

While there they purchased 15 registered Hampshire rams, highly bred. They noticed on this trip that large numbers of farmers are again using horses instead of tractors.

Flapper Fanny Says



Musical powder boxes tone up the complexion.