

The WISDOM OF EVE

Orr, Mary

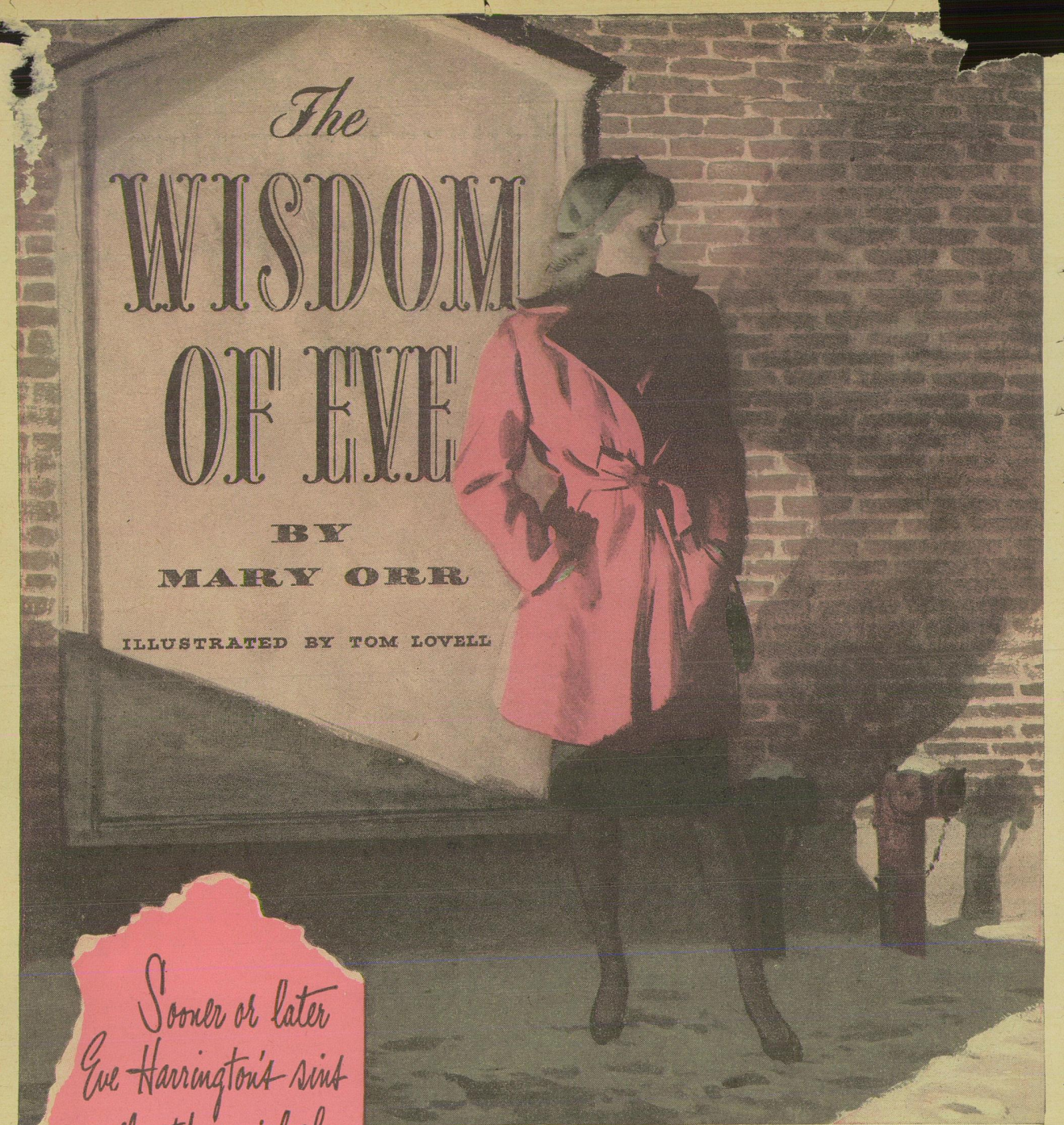
[ProQuest document link](#)

ABSTRACT

Sooner or later Eve Harrington's sins will catch up with her. Not today, perhaps, or tomorrow but eventually...

FULL TEXT

** Due to publisher restrictions, full text is restricted to a single page or page spread. **



The
**WISDOM
OF EVE**

**BY
MARY ORR**

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

*Sooner or later
Eve Harrington's sins
will catch up with her.
Not today, perhaps,
or tomorrow
but eventually...*

She just stood there, odd-looking

A YOUNG GIRL is on her way to Hollywood with a contract for one thousand dollars a week from a major film company in her pocketbook. I shall call her Eve Harrington because that is not her name, though the Eve part of the alias is not unapt, considering the original's snaky activities in a once peaceful garden. In a year or two I am sure Miss Harrington will be as much of a household word to you as Ingrid Bergman or Joan Fontaine. When she is a star, I am equally positive that the slick publicity agents of Hollywood who surround these celestial beings with glamour will give

you their version of her success. But no matter what they concoct, it will not be as interesting or ironic as her real story. It would never occur to them to tell you the truth. Stars must be presented to their public in a warm sympathetic light, and one could scratch a long time before kindling any such spark from the personality of Eve Harrington.

I first saw her on a cold, snowy night in January. I was sitting snugly under a fur rug in the back seat of Margola Cranston's town car. We were parked at the stage entrance of Margola's theater waiting for her to come out. By we, I



and aloof, staring at the stage door.

mean Henry, her chauffeur, and I. Henry sat patiently in front of me displaying the proper fortitude of one whose chief occupation in life was to wait. But marking time is not my long suit, and my gloved fingers played an irritated tattoo on Margola's polychrome upholstery. I am an actress myself and am able to get in and out of my make-up with the same speed that I duck in and out of a cold shower. Not so Margola. Rarely did she leave the theater before a quarter to twelve. What went on in her dressing room for three-quarters of an hour was a mystery known only to her maid, Alice,

and herself. Consequently, if one wanted to see Margola after the theater, one waited. However, it was not a lone vigil.

There was a crowd at the stage door. They were the usual autograph fans, all with little books open and fountain pens dripping ink. Some appeared to be intelligent theater-goers; they carried programs for Margola to sign and had obviously seen the play that evening. I could hear their enthusiastic comments through the tiny opening where I had lowered the car window to let my cigarette smoke escape. A few were boys in uniform with dreams of dating Margola—dreams that

would not come true. There was only one person standing there whom I could not catalogue. She stood nearest the car, and I could see her face clearly in the light of the street lamp.

It was a young, unusual face but not in the least pretty. Because she was rather plain, the amount of make-up she was wearing seemed to me very odd. What I mean is, false eyelashes can look very much at home on Lana Turner, but the same pair could be incongruous on a schoolteacher. This girl had a serious, prim expression. She was dressed in a warm practical red coat: on her head she

DETAILS

Image details:

Image 1:

Category: Illustrations

Image 2:

Category: Illustrations

Image 3:

Category: Illustrations

Image 4:

Category: Illustrations

Image 5:

Category: Illustrations

Image 6:

Category: Illustrations

Image 7:

Caption: She just stood there, odd-looking and aloof, staring at the stage door.

Credits: ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Category: Illustrations

Image 8:

Category: Illustrations

Image 9:

Caption: "The first thing I did when I got home was to read the letter."

Category: Illustrations

Publication title: Hearst's International Combined with Cosmopolitan; New York

Volume: 120

Issue: 5

Pages: 72-75, 191-195

Number of pages: 9

Publication year:	1946
Publication date:	May 1946
Publisher:	Hearst Magazine Media, Inc
Place of publication:	New York
Country of publication:	United States, New York
Publication subject:	Clothing Trade--Fashions, Women's Interests
Source type:	Magazine
Language of publication:	English
Document type:	Fiction/Narrative
Document feature:	Illustrations
ProQuest document ID:	1999128664
Document URL:	https://www.proquest.com/magazines/wisdom-eve/docview/1999128664/se-2?accountid=10422
Copyright:	Copyright © Hearst Magazines, a unit of Hearst Communications, Inc.
Last updated:	2018-02-08
Database:	Women's Magazine Archive,Periodicals Index Online

LINKS

[Linking Service](#)

Database copyright © 2023 ProQuest LLC. All rights reserved.

[Terms and Conditions](#) [Contact ProQuest](#)