

"SHEIK'S WIFE"

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER



Hands Were Rough on Her Shoulders—Snatching Her From the Empty Space Above the River.

must be young and graceful—certainly graceful. Aristocratic, too! Her ankle showed breeding. Last winter, when he had done posters for a hosiery house, they had searched New York for just such a model. And searched in vain.

Eventually the chair swung round almost as if moved by the force of his curiosity. Slowly it turned and abruptly he found himself looking into a pair of red-brown eyes; warm, friendly eyes, with laughter in them somewhere and earnestness and eagerness as well, just for a fleeting instant.

Then, as a light is dimmed, the friendliness was withdrawn, the warmth vanished. The girl looked through and beyond him and turned indifferently toward the window. But so vivid had been his sense of contact in that

brief instant, and so complete was his feeling of aloneness now it had passed, that he dropped back rather like a collapsed balloon and muttered aloud, "Well!"

The girl had not thought it worth while to turn her chair and now he could see what she was like. Not the frump he had imagined! The little knitted suit he spoke of Fifth avenue, it sat fifty-seventh street, and there was nowhere about her a hint of the rough and ready hiker. All slender youngness she was, like the silver birches which grew so straight and proud in the bits of woodland beside the tracks. And the pinky-white sweetness of her face made him think of the cherry blossoms which kept sending their fragrance through the open window at his elbow. Orchards all along the way—what a day. If a chap could cross the aisle, bend over her, say something to bring a smile to those half-pouting, small-girl lips.

Besides her hair was red. Not bricky, nor the Titian which challenges adventure. Some, indeed, might have called the mop, parted and done in a knot at her neck merely "blond," and let it go at that, but the artist instinct was more exact. He classed it "amber," and in thought painted it

in tints shading from gold to bronze, as the light played on its smoothness, though escaped ends curling at her temples were not like little threads of flame.

One did not speak to a girl with hair like that when she wished not to be spoken to.

And because he was a sincere workman, an artist from the tips of his long, thin fingers to the top of his sleek, dark head, he presently forgot the girl and might never have thought of her again had the train not slowed as it ran out on a little bridge and started up with a lurch.

Absorbed in thought of work, he was returning to his seat, crossing between coaches when it happened. The girl was at an open door, upon the shelf which covers Pullman steps when the door is closed as this one should have been, and she was gazing down on the river far below.

The wheels ground all at once; the train jerked all along its length and the jar flung her forward. With a frightened cry she clutched for something—a y—thing—but she had been leaning far out and her balance was gone.

But something was holding her—hands were rough on her shoulders snatching her from the

empty space above the river. She stood upon the platform again, and closed her eyes, sobbing.

The tall young man held to her shoulders, pressing her against the side of the door, for she seemed about to faint.

"Don't shake like that," he ordered her huskily. "You're all right now. They'd no business leaving that thing open. Good Lord, don't cry! Here—can you walk? Let's get inside."

She moved beside him, still trembling, and he took her to her seat, helping her gently, bringing a cushion for her feet. But when he got a little flask and offered her brandy she refused.

"But you need something. Water then—"

"I suppose I must thank you for saving my life. I'm afraid my uncles were right—they're my family, you see, four uncles. They said I'd never get as far as Haverford all by myself. I'm sort of silly, I expect, doing a thing like that."

"You're all right now," he repeated. And then because she looked so little and scared and because some of the interest he had felt in the beginning had come back, he sat down in the chair ahead, turning it so they faced each other, and began to

talk about the orchards and the frosty-thin spilled everywhere like pots of gold and the spring-time lakes which lay in the fields like broken mirrors. And finally pink came back to her cheeks and her hands no longer twisted in her lap.

Then he said, quite casually, "I'm Kenneth Wilmer," and flipped the cover of a magazine. A lovely girl face looked up from the cover but the red-brown eyes swept past this to the sprawled signature beneath which was his own.

He tried to keep pride out of his expression but he was a bit too young, a bit too heady with the thrill of success to manage very well. So when he saw her brows come down as she studied him in a puzzled way a flush went over his good looking face.

"Perhaps you don't care for my stuff," he began stiltedly.

"Oh, I do! Only—well, you see I've saved your pictures. Dozens and dozens of them. All the girls at school did. We had our walls lined—oh, not quite, I suppose, but nearly. We thought them the nicest girl pictures there are at all. It was a sort of fad with us, do you see?"

He had a white, flashing smile and he loved homage.

"Of course none of us ever expected actually to meet you!" And the way she said "you" was a glowing tribute. "We had a little drawing of you we cut from a newspaper but I see now it wasn't a likeness at all. You—why, you're just a kid!"

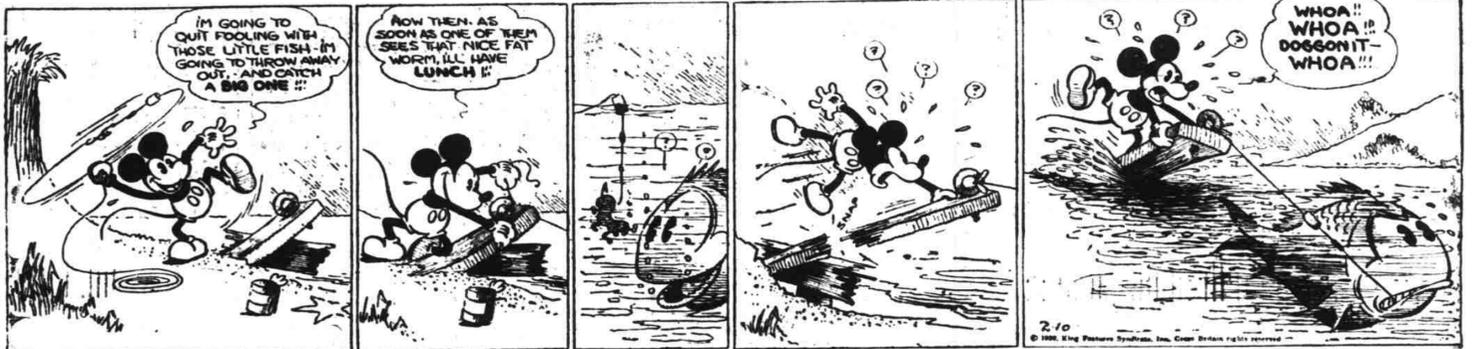
(To be continued.)

Federal Power Commission Not To Tackle Issue

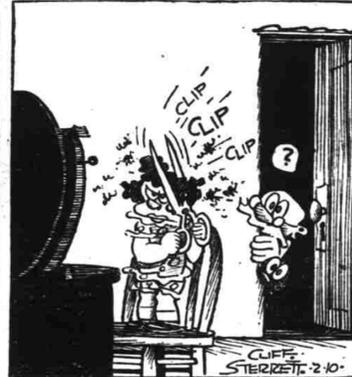
PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 8. — (AP)—The Oregonian, in a dispatch from its Washington correspondent tomorrow will say opponents of the application of the Northwest Power company for permission to appropriate waters of Marion lake, Marion river and the North Santiam river have been informed by the federal power commission that no immediate action on the proposal is contemplated.

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MICKEY MOUSE



"POLLY AND HER PALS"



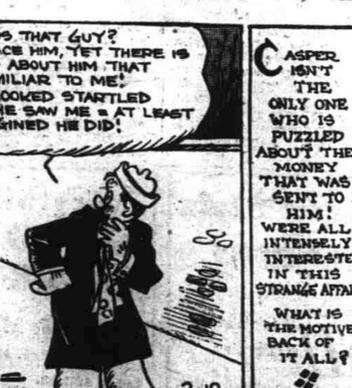
TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

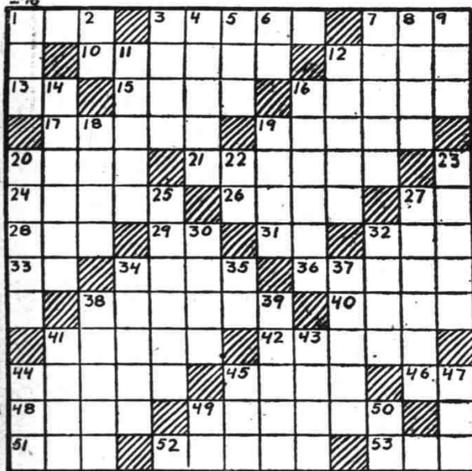


TOOTS AND CASPER



Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—Pronoun.
 - 3—The seventieth birthday of what American philosopher and professor at Columbia University was recently celebrated?
 - 7—Pouch.
 - 10—What character in "The Merchant of Venice" disguises himself as a doctor of law to defend Antonio?
 - 12—Molding with wavelike profile.
 - 13—South Carolina (abbr.).
 - 15—American philanthropist.
 - 16—Things highly prized.
 - 17—What Franciscan mission near San Antonio was the scene of a massacre in 1836?
 - 19—Who founded the "Sisters of Charity"?
 - 20—Seize suddenly with the teeth.
 - 21—Having the hair cut off close to the skin.
 - 24—Carp.
 - 26—Distant.
 - 27—Exist.
 - 28—Who wrote "Fables in Slap"?
 - 29—Belonging to.
 - 31—Half an em.
 - 32—Part of "to be."
 - 33—Note of the scale.
 - 34—Ice in the form of white crystals.
 - 36—Domesticated.
 - 38—What was the given name of the President who succeeded Lincoln?
 - 40—Obscure.
 - 41—Fender.
 - 42—Cut off the final syllable.
 - 44—What newspaper columnist is the author of the novel "The Boy Crew Older"?
 - 45—Aid.
 - 46—Does suffrage for women exist in France?
 - 48—Direction of the compass.
 - 49—Satisfy.
 - 51—Organ of sight.
 - 52—Plank.
 - 53—Bluish.
- VERTICAL**
- 1—Was Aristotle the most famous pupil of Plato?
 - 2—Above.
 - 3—What measure is equal to 1-16 of an ounce in avoirdupois?
 - 4—Character of people.
 - 5—No victor.
 - 6—Each (abbr.).
 - 7—What English poet wrote "Don Juan"?
 - 8—So be it.
 - 9—Aeriform fluid.
 - 11—African animal.
 - 12—Provide food.
 - 14—Ottawa is the capital of what English possession?
 - 16—What name is applied to the countries washed by the eastern part of the Mediterranean?
 - 18—Wash.
 - 19—In no danger.
 - 20—Burn with hot liquid.
 - 22—Exclamation.
 - 23—City in England.
 - 25—What is the capital of England?
 - 27—What German steamer recently established a trans-Atlantic record?
 - 30—What American automobile manufacturer chartered the "Titanic" during the "World War"?
 - 32—In the midst of.
 - 34—Long projecting nose of a beast.
 - 35—Pronoun.
 - 37—Entrance.
 - 38—Ascended.
 - 39—German composer.
 - 41—Cry of the donkey.
 - 43—Guide.
 - 44—Stinging insect.
 - 45—Winglike part.
 - 47—Implement for rowing.
 - 49—River in Italy.
 - 50—Printer's measure.

Herewith is the solution of Saturday's puzzle.

REPOSE ELIDED
ENJOYMENT
VAIN NEGRO
ERIBID BOODA
ELABEL RODSARE
ELABETE ALAR
AGOG POD BERE
BAINES S RESET
CELLSUN SPESBU
CELL PAGED MUD
UNIT POT FRAKE
SATIRE RELIATES