## SHEIK'S WIFE P

Kenneth pulled the silk hand-kerchief from his breast pocket, drew it across his face, flushed again before her steady regard. What a little darling she was. Pretty as Spring itself and clever. Sitting there smiling at her, he could not remember when, if ever he had met a girl he considered as clever as this one.

"I'm Evelyn Reade," she teld him shyly, "I live up in Connecticut and I'm going to visit a girl who's just not past her honey.

who's just got past her honey-moon." She was about to speak of this visit when the conductor hawled "Haverford" and they had to scramble to get out before the train started.

They stood on the station plat-

form and watched the train roar away toward the north, growing smaller and smaller and finally shrinking to a mere dot in the distance. Then Kenneth threw back his head, looked a long time at the single blue-white star burning in the April sky, snifted the sweet fresh mountain wind, glanced with distaste at the ramshackle station taxi.

"What do you say," he suggested, "that we walk, as far as the lane? I'M send some one to drive you from there. But then it's five miles and perhaps you don't like walking?"

"Indeed I'd love it!" And she gave him a look he was never to forget. Admiration was commonplace to Kenneth Wilmer; even adoration had come his way plenty. But what fleeted across this girl's face was beyond thosehero-worship, perhaps. But whatever it was it set his pulses racing, brought an odd warmth into his thought.

They crossed the railroad tracks, started away up the hill to Stony Mountain Pass. And because the road was steep and sometimes rough he put his arm around her. And because they felt very well acquainted by the time the walls of the Pass had echoed to their laughter and rang to their "Halloo!", and because the world was sweet with Spring and they were young and carefree and thrilled by life and because she was very beautiful in the soft twilight and he was an artist and loved beauty, he hesitated and I don't understand." Her voice came toi a stop beneath a feathery Tellow-green willow.

His arm tightened on her shoulder; he drew her about so they stood face to face, flushed and smiling, eager to pledge friendship, glad they had met.

Then he kissed her. He never was kisisng her and calling her

Her lips were warm and sweet and they trembled against his ewn. And there flashed into his mind the fancy which had come to him on the train, that her cheeks were like plum-blossom vanished.

petals, and so he kissed her eyes course I like you. Don't you know they were so bright and soft. And must know how I feel." he kissed her lips again.

whilling through his head, Of wholy reasonable excuse for him.

This little Evelyn Reads was one course, the friendship he had been whom his proper married sister would call a "nice girl"; she would know nothing of the debonnaire code of The Lane's colony which made a kiss merely a kiss, to be taken and given wherever and whenever the impulse moved—and forgotten as lightly.

Kenneth raised his head, drawing her so close that he could feel her heart best before he dropped his arms, took a step backward, regarded her in an anxious way.

She did not seem angry. She stood like a small girt, digging the blunt toe of one brogue into the turf, fingers laced. Her head was down so be could not see her face at all, only the curve of a check and the tip of an ear and

those were very red. Uncertain and embarrassed he waited for her to say something even if it only were that she did not care to be his friend after all. What a kid she was, disging

her toe into the earth, hauging her head. Or was she only acting? Trying to make him think she'd never been kissed before? He al-ways was rushing at things—good lord, supposing he'd walked into something! Maybe she had staged it all, even pretended she was about to fall from the train . . . He had met that sort; girls with angel faces and hell brooding in

their hearts . . He fumbled for a cigarette, all the warmth that had been in him swirling into chill. And then she looked up, smiling a little with the hint of laughter deep in her eyes, a misty sweetness in her

"Do you like me, Kenneth?" she asked softly. "Do you like me a little?" He stared, and in the light he had struck she saw the tense line

of his lips, the searching appraisal which robbed his face of boyishness and made it wary, almost hard. "Why-" She put forth an un-

certain hand touched his sleeve, and her lips went down at the corners as the flame burned up the little cardboard match to his fingers and he dashed it out. "Iwas like the broken notes of a song in the gathering dark, "You see-well, I've known you so long -your pictures. And - well, you're sort of like them. Wonder-Her voice steadled grew firm

and cold. "I shouldn't have asked knew quite how it happened and that—what I did. Of course you wouldn't like me, really. I under stand about you-about your wanting to kiss me. A night like this in the country-well. Shall We go now?"

She turned, began to walk briskly up the road. And he overtook her in a stride all his doubt

because they were closed and the that? The minute I saw you. Ilittle curls at her temples because but you know how I feel. You

It sounded senseless in his own And suddenly he remembered ears but he had to say it. And that barely two hours ago he his words were no more confused sever had seen her and that not than the thoughts which went

Cross - Word Puzzle

about to toss away would end before it was fairly started. And she was different from other girls he had met; easy enough to see that. Hutrying away from him out of his life . . .

along, hands crushed into the packets of the tweed coat she were ever the knitted suit, looking straight ahead as if she had forgotten him, even humming under breath, It wasn't just her attention she had withdrawn; there was something else taken back, something which seemed exquisitely desirable to him now. Liking, interest, that something he had seen in her face . . .

Miserably he considered it, her, his head dropping as if to tell thing I've ever heard of."

convinced himself there was a her gay things in an intimate way.

thing he must do before she got but really so his lips might hough meet them. They'll have dinner grate. He sat down beside her and sion of builtish attention to this Scie. A limb grashet his skull.

"Eve? Do you mind if I call you that?"
"Since it's my name, I don't

"Eve, may I tell you what I was thinking back there? When the light flared and I couldn't speak? May I, Eve? I was thinking how much I'd like to paint you. I've never seen a face like yours. The expression . . . Would you let me paint you, Eve?"
"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

is life. "Just as you looked with your hat back and curls all tumbled. You are very lovely, Eve."

long, hands crushed into the makets of the treed and the life knew she was thrilled to

They were more than friends, they were hoy and girl strolling at the edge of romance under blossoming trees, his arm about

away. Catch that radiant look of hees, put it on canves so he might hees it near him foreyer, an inspiration and a memory.

Very humbly he drew close, slipped his hand beneath her arm.

could it have happened is August when the year's promises all have been fulfilled or broken, nor in October when they are only memories. But this was April when all things are new and even the winds sing a magic song.

Kenneth began to talk of The them.

Enne, that colony of artists, writers, musicians, who live in a val- as Kenneth said they would, casulay back of the Haverford hills. He told of the happy-go-lucky informal-family sort of life they led, "Eve" and it was not long before held together by common interest her tall, gauging, lasy mannered of creative work and a disposition husband was telling a great many irked by the restraints of more conventional acciety.

but Elma was a Lucy Stoner and inelsted upon her own name! "But I'm not shocked, Kenneth.

walting. Oh, never mind excuses; Elma'll be delighted. Someone's always bringing someone else to dinner and she loves it. You'll come now-like a lamb-"

She agreed finally, light-headed with excitement. And when finally he led her through a little wicket gate up a long path it had grown so dark that she had only a hazy impression of a low, rambing house, and a small, rather chubby Woman running out to meet

ally, with no questions at all. Elma at once began to call her

the finger tips, and now he believed what he had talk her. He sand was moving in tomorrok. But forgot the fruth; it was wiped from his mind because he believed this instead.

They were friends again, planning what her picture should he. They were married right enough the settled in a great that when they mere and the strong the settled in a great that when they mere a blazing grate and the strong training what her picture should he. east room she settled in a great chair before a blazing grate and dozed while the others talked. And finally Kenneth arose, laughing a little, and picked her

she nestled against him, her head on his shoulder with a small sigh of content. (To be continued.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 10-(AP)-The stock market was rather jumpy today, reflecting indecision on the part of professional trad-ers. Rails gave the best account of themselves in weeks, generally reaching new peak levels for 1930, but price trends in other sections of the list were acillating and divergent, Trading was of

Although the latest freight car hurt in the course of the district elections fast concluded through-outlarly cheering, the prospect out the country. Communal elections begin tomorrow. loadings reports have not been particularly theoring, the prospect of further progress in all consolfeation in the comparatively near future, announcement of a 4-for-1 splitup in Canadian Pacific, and the fact that the ralls have partic-

group, when the my at turned stale in other sections. Canadian Pacific was the bour-

ant feature of the market sheeting up more than 18 points to 220 %, a new high for the year, although it sold above 265 last year. Chesapeake and Ohio, Lackawanna, De-laware and Hudson, New York Central, Norfolk and Western and Union Pacific were among issues rising 1 to 4 points to new 1930 tops. Some of the utilities were strong for a time, notably 'tone and Webster, and its affiliate, Engineers Public Service, which mounted 6 and 4 points to new

BLECTIONS RILL NINE BUCHAREST, Rumania, Feb. 6-(AP)-The newspaper Unimoderate proportions, teday sales versul reported today that nine talling short of 3,400,000 shares, persons had been killed and 59

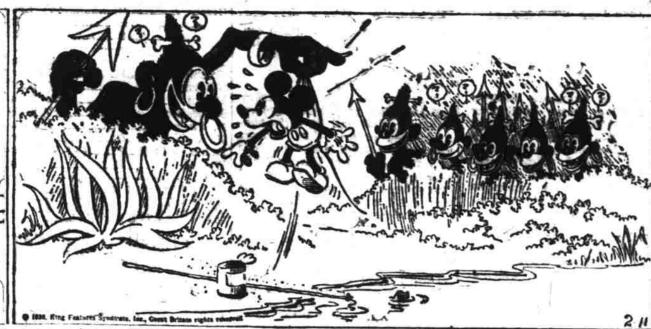
> FALLING TREE FATAL ALBANY, Ore., Feb. 10—(AP)
> - Jonathan Simmons, 48, was

> > By IWERKS

**MICKEY MOUSE** 







"POLLY AND HER PALS"

"The Bare Facts"

By CLIFF STERRETT





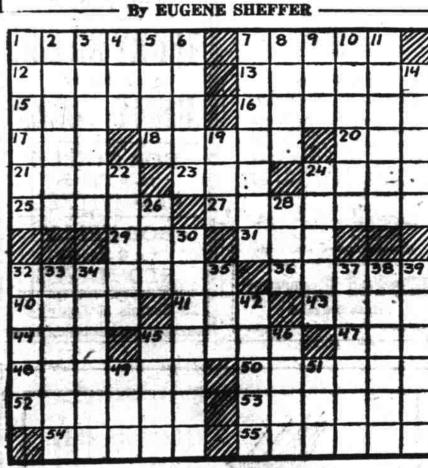




TILLIE, THE TOILER

"The Proper Exercise"

By RUSS WESTOVER



HORIZONTAL. 1—manikins 7—lowest point 12-talisman 13-slurs over

15-person who receives or pays out money 16-entertain royally 17-sick 18-gowns 20—organ of hearing 21—necessity 23-Hawaiian food. 24-portal 25-scatter

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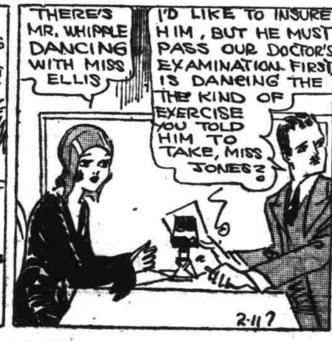
its pres -curiously which to -manner -belonging to us 32 lavished fondne upon

-Wears

away

HERE COMES OH, YE-EH! TILLIE AND SAY, HAS SHE THAT INSURANCE SOT YOUR GOAT MAN, CRAMER YOU'RE A BOSS WE'LL HAVE JUST THE SAME AS SHE IS . YOU TO DUCK OUT OF HERE SAID WE CAME HERE TO DANCE. ARE YOU GONNA ET HER SCARE YOU OUT?







LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

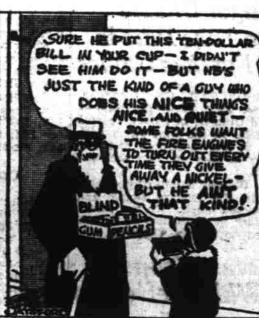
"A Soft Pedal"

By BEN BATSFORD









TOOTS AND CASPER

"Awaiting Developments"

By JIMMY MURPHY







