

"SHEIK'S WIFE"

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER



A Man Here Beside Her Fast Asleep.

Chapter III.

It was all very dreamy, very romantic, there was the firelight dancing over the room, picking out bits of blue and crystal, smiling gleams from polished mahogany. And—presently the Hollys said good night but Kenneth and the girl remained, as he told her, all quite as it should be in the lane.

She stirred after a time, said she must go. But he begged for another half hour. "Aren't you happy here? Don't you like this, Eve? Don't you like me?"

"Yes to all three, only—"

"You're in The Lane now, sweet child. Wait till Ken stirs the fire."

He put another knot on the embers, same back and gathered her in his arms, running his fingers over her cheek, bending to kiss her. And she sat there watching the fire. A marvelous night—a marvelous boy this Ken. Only one could be so drowsy.

Room and firelight and even Ken all mixed up together, getting away from one in a blurry mist. Drowsy... so drowsy...

Eve awakened slowly. The long lashes trembled upon her cheeks, rose heavily still weighted with sleep, rembled and fell again. She yawned, dug a fist at her eyes, sat up and now the lashes lifted and remained so.

But her eyes were fogged by dreams. She saw a strange room, a state in which the fire had died. Where was she? How in the world

had she got here? Not a sound anywhere and the windows were gray patches of dawn.

Bewildered and a little frightened, she turned her head and then both hands flew to her mouth, choking back a scream. A man—here beside her—fast asleep! With his head fallen over sideways—why, his arm was around her—she must have been here a very long time... in his arms...

She remembered then. Yesterday she nearly fell from the train and he pulled her back to safety. And the walk up the mountain pass, through five miles of country lanes under blossoming trees and sweet springtime spars. He had kissed her—brought her here—and she had fallen asleep, drowsy after the long tramp. How boyish he looked with his tall figure slouched a little on the settle and so handsome... dark and handsome.

But his nearness brought her no thrill now, only a sudden hot shame that rushed upon her in sickening waves, burned her face, stung her eyes. She had meant to go on—half a dozen times she had been at the point of leaving—and he had begged her to stay. Just a little while, just a half hour. And then she had fallen asleep. What would the uncle say if they knew? What would Mary Stewart, who had expected her last night, think?

What would he think of her, this Kenneth Wilmer? But of course she never could face him

again!

And now panic seized her. Supposing he awakened? Bad enough that he should have last night to remember how she crept into his arms. But if he opened his eyes now, saw that she was here still—oh, set away, hurry and get away! Before the Hollys came down and took her for something other than just a hopeless girl!

Moving slowly with the stealth of a little cat, she lifted his arm, placed it along the cushions, slipped forward to the edge of the wide settee. Once he stirred, saying something in the broken way of the deep sleeper, and she held her breath.

But Eve was on her feet at last and now she must waste precious seconds while she gave him a long look, fixing his face in her memory. Eyes set wide apart—how dark and full of light they had

been last night—and little lines of humor at his mouth. His lips were too sharply closed, too sensitive for a man's. But perhaps if he were not so he would not be an artist. And his chin was strong, proud and a little stubborn with the cleft at the center.

A winsome face, much younger than the twenty-five years he spoke of last night relaxed and rested by sleep, and the dark hair tumbled out of its sleekness.

Well—she never would see him again, never feel his strong arms catching her to him, never again raise her lips for his kiss. And this seemed strange for she felt some way that she had known him a very long time indeed—longer than she had known Mary Stewart or even the uncle.

He stirred again and in a flurry of dread the girl slipped away, waiting in the little reception hall to peer and listen. But no sound came from anywhere and so she found her hat and the tweed coat, and the next minute was speeding down the long path to the wicket gate while the house behind her slept.

Eve had only a vague idea as to the location of the farm to which Mary Stewart had come as a bride six months ago. It was beyond The Lane for Mary had

mentioned this artist colony in her letters; accordingly she set out toward the west, and only after she had climbed a hill and crossed a valley and rounded a bend in the road did she stop to smooth the knitted blue jacket and skirt free of creases and dab powder at her nose with her vanity case propped against the top rail of a crazy old log fence.

And all the time her thoughts kept milling, asking questions, demanding answers she could not give. She had let him kiss her, this Kenneth Wilmer gorgeous thing that he was. She had let him kiss her and hold her in his arms—that was sweet—almost why? How could she suddenly become so different from the Eve who she had known all her life? The Eve who hated the very suggestion of cheapness and who would give Roger Mills, whom at least three of the uncles expected her to marry some day, only the most gingerly of kisses when he left her after parties and his regular Sunday night visits. Not that Roger expected anything else...

Cheap... But had this been that? Somehow she could not feel it so. The thought of Kenneth went through her like golden

light, flooding her heart, filling the early morning with glory. Could it be—she caught her breath at this—but she was in love? But that would be sad—oh, a tragic thing—when she knew she must never see him again. After last night—never again. Oh, she had been a fool!

Blinded by sudden tears she hurried on. And after a time a milk truck came rattling along and Eve halted the driver and asked her way. He was going right by the Stewart farm—did she want to ride? Well, step lively; he had to get along.

Eve stepped, glad this taciturn farm youth asked no questions. And when he put her down and pointed to an old fashioned farm house a quarter of a mile from the main highway she felt that things were not going so badly, if only she could think of some reasonable explanation to give Mary.

But little Mrs. Stewart was more concerned with broiling bacon and coaxing toast to a golden crispness than with the exact time and manner of her friend's arrival.

"You came on the morning train instead of last night, dear? Oh, heavenly to see you—"

(To be continued.)

GRAIN MARKET WILL BE STABILIZED NOW

WASHINGTON Feb. 11—(AP)—Guaranteeing funds of the United States government against any loss that might be incurred, the farm board was ready tonight for the first attempt to remove a crop surplus—that of wheat—from the market.

A credit of \$10,000,000 for initial operations was set aside and the board showed that, if a quorum were present tomorrow, it would approve the new grain stabilization corporation set up today at Dover, Delaware. It will authorize whatever action may be necessary to relieve pressure on the wheat market.

The corporation was organized by Capper-Volstead grain cooperatives which are members or intend to become members of the Farmers National Grain corporation. William G. Kellogg, general manager of the grain corporation, was elected president. The mem-

Wet Will Run For Senate in State of Maine

PORTLAND, Maine, Feb. 11—(AP)—For the first time in six years, Maine, pioneer prohibition state, will have an avowed wet seeking the nomination for a seat in congress.

Dugald B. Dewar, dealer in investment securities, today announced he would be a candidate in the June primaries for the republican nomination for the United States senate to succeed Senator Arthur R. Gould of Presque Isle, who is retiring.

Dewar, in a statement, pledged himself to stand with those who believe prohibition law is a failure and are working for its repeal or modification.

MICKEY MOUSE



"POLLY AND HER PALS"



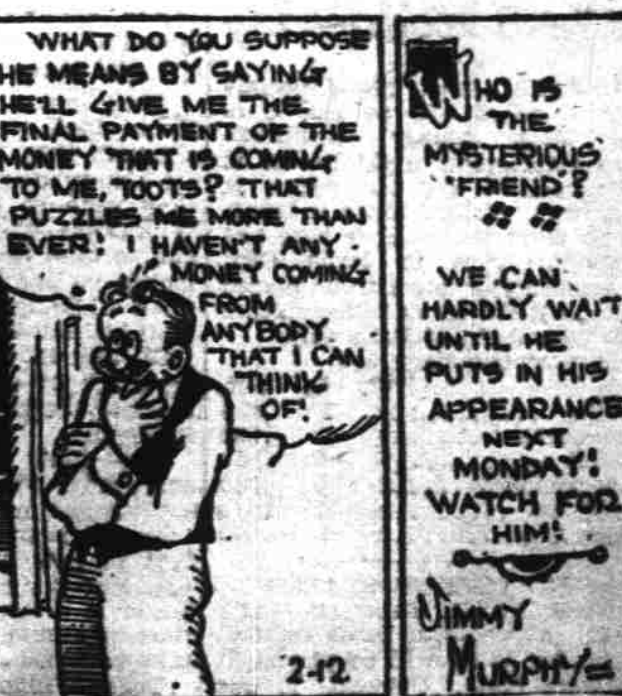
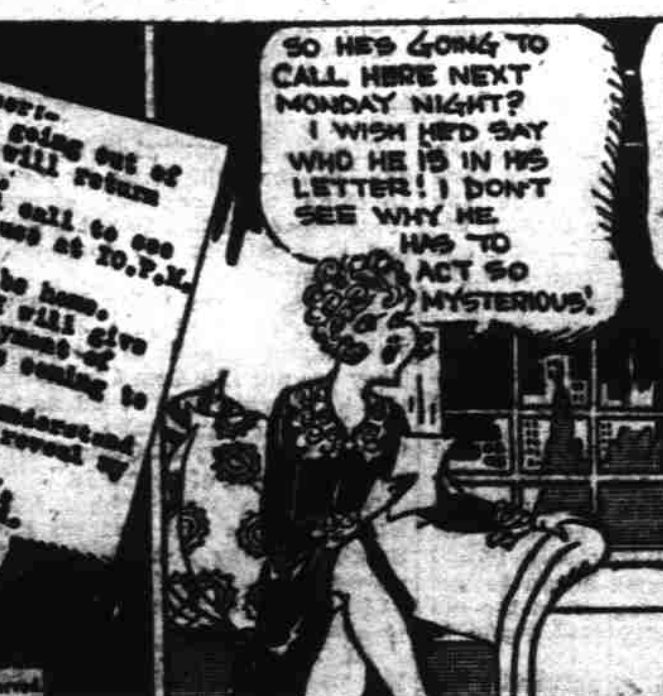
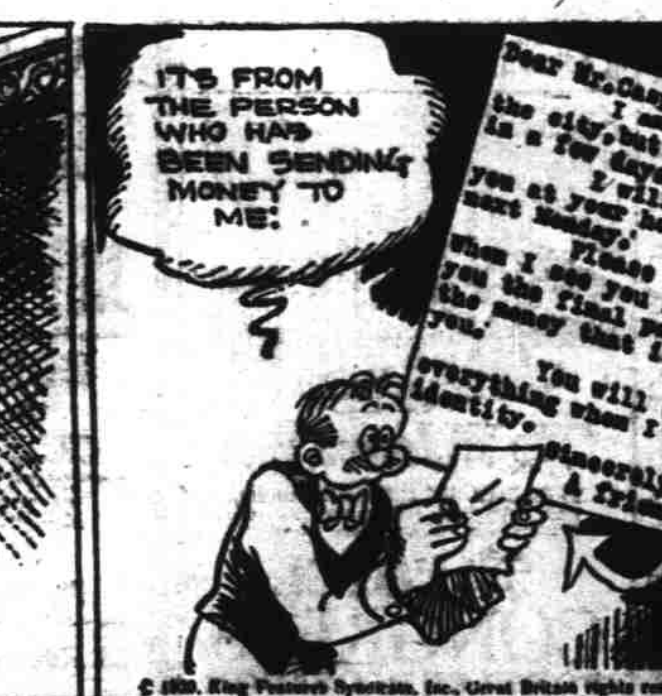
TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13											
16											
20											
27											
33											
36											
41											
48											
52											
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62											
65											
68											

- Horizontal:
- 1—passed smoothly or easily
 - 8—increase in size
 - 9—arrived
 - 13—conceals
 - 14—anger
 - 15—a rule or law
 - 16—river in Central England
 - 17—unauthorized language
 - 19—body of still water
 - 20—beguiled
 - 22—states the meaning of
 - 24—minute mark
 - 26—a negative
 - 28—beseech
 - 29—pertain to
 - 30—compact between sovereign states
 - 33—noxious plant
 - 35—employer
 - 36—whisk
 - 38—warlike spirit
 - 39—pertaining to marriage
 - 40—a metal
 - 41—conspicuity
 - 43—enjoy
- Vertical:
- 44—read
 - 45—metrically
 - 46—motor
 - 47—booth
 - 48—point
 - 49—a one-spot
 - 50—obese
 - 51—cushion
 - 52—man
 - 53—following business of
 - 54—grazing cattle in bands
 - 55—expression of regret
 - 56—savvy
 - 57—stumble
 - 58—seasonal
 - 59—machine for separating cotton-fibres from seeds
 - 64—beneath
 - 65—slight
 - 66—depression
 - 67—indign
 - 68—permits
 - 69—VERTICAL
 - 70—food-fish
 - 71—part of the body
 - 72—images
 - 73—stripped the covering from
 - 74—being in a national state
 - 75—signal
 - 76—stage of history
 - 77—gran
 - 78—preparatory use of
 - 79—excellent
 - 80—presently
 - 81—medium of exchange
 - 12—terminates
 - 17—rigid
 - 18—common to all
 - 21—to hold
 - 22—in favor of
 - 23—deduce
 - 24—carried along with force
 - 25—contuse
 - 26—kindled
 - 28—sustain
 - 31—low
 - 32—fastening
 - 33—British coin
 - 34—addition to
 - 35—equipment of draft animal
 - 37—by way of
 - 42—passage
 - 44—small handbag
 - 46—to frost
 - 47—prohibit
 - 48—north
 - 50—passing fancy
 - 51—a slave
 - 52—most sacred
 - 53—house
 - 54—plant of what family
 - 55—skin of a fruit
 - 57—healthy
 - 58—disturbance
 - 68—a popular American secret
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.