

"SHEIK'S WIFE"

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Chapter IV.

They had not met since Mary's wedding and the kitchen buzzed with excited questions, half answers, questions again. Eve had been Mary's maid of honor and she met Jimmy Stewart only at the wedding. Now he came in shyly, a likeable gray-eyed boy who kissed her while Mary pretended to be wild with jealousy, and said he hoped she would remain with them all summer.

"It must be lonesome up in Connecticut. Stay here and show Mary how to manage a high-stepping husband." He grinned at his wife who told him not to worry about Eve.

"She'll have a husband of her own one of these days. How's Roger, darling?"

They were seated in the little breakfast nook which was very bright with table and chairs painted a bright canary color and gaily colored china. Mary was pouring coffee, making a great ceremony of it, and she looked up just in time to see her friend's face go scarlet.

It was not the blush of a girl being teased about an old beau and Mary, who was romantic, sensed mystery. Adventure, excitement, sudden, sweeping emotions—all the things she had missed in her own rather commonplace courtship and marriage she imagined behind the color that was flaming in Eve's face.

And she began to chatter about other things, telling herself the mystery could wait. They would have a long talk the moment Jimmy left for the city. Eve would confide everything just as she always had done all their lives.

But Saturday passed without a word that Mary ached to hear and a long April Sunday moved slowly to the clock. And it was not until Sunday night that Mary began to suspect the cause of her guest's restlessness, her frequent spells of silence, the sudden starts she gave as if brought suddenly from deep sleep.

For on Sunday night Kenneth Wilmer came.

It was a lazy day, that long April Sunday with gently fly-away breezes puffing out of nowhere; with white ships of clouds sailing the deep blue overhead and a fortune in the golden coin of dandelions sprinking itself over the green velvet of the old farmhouse lawn.

Eve helped Mary with breakfast, with the dishes afterward, with "picking up" still later, clanking at the stove, rather sour little figure of her friend, feeling the kindness of blue eyes, wondering all the time why she did not tell what was in her heart. It would have helped so, if she

could have said, "I've met someone who makes everybody else I've ever known in all my life seem sort of dim and far away—someone who fills all my thoughts—all the world—the sky and stars."

She might have told Mary this. But out of the confusion, the ashamed regret which covered her like a cloud she would have had to say aloud, "And he kissed me almost the minute we met; I sat up all night with him—slept in his arms."

So Eve kept silent as she followed the other girl through the house obeying the bride's proud order to inspect everything.

"It's at least a hundred years old, this part of the building. Don't you love the wide doors and the casements? Of course we haven't furnished it all in keeping with the atmosphere, but we'll do this later as our ships keep coming in."

"It's divine, darling. How happy you must be—this lovely home—and the man you love."

Eve broke off quickly and the blue eyes surveyed her first sharply and then with pity. Of course Eve and Roger had quarreled—why hadn't she thought of it sooner? Naturally the poor kid was hurt, unhappy.

She put her arm around Eve, began to lead her out to the road and on beyond a curve toward another farmhouse, a low Dutch colonial building which was deserted and would have been melancholy but for the flowering shrubs which surrounded it.

"Everyone has misunderstandings," Mary began in a soothing tone. "Even Jimmy and I—why, we almost decided to call it all off the day before the wedding! But things come right if you love each other. Naturally this is so. You'll see. And she gave Eve a pat, smiling in a knowing manner, feeling she had formed an alliance with Dana Cupid himself in the interest of her friend.

But Eve was thinking, "Oh you believe that! You believe it because you don't know what can happen, what silly, terrible things you, yourself, might do! Not everything can come right. Not even if—in love—oh, simply all there is!"

For now she admitted it to herself; she was in love with Kenneth Wilmer. That was why she had let him kiss her. It was why she kept putting off her departure that night, stopping for another half hour and another till it was too late.

She murmured "Well," and Mary giggled and said they must look at the old house.

"I've got the gorgeouset plan about it. Listen; why couldn't you live here some day? When—well

you know. You could buy it for a song and Roger—that is," she amended hastily, "whoever you marry would see all that could be done with it."

But Eve was not thinking of Roger as they wandered through the quaint old building. There was a long living room with an enormous fireplace of field-stones and wooden settles at right angles to the hearth and built-in cupboards running the full length of the opposite wall. And as Eve stood there, smiling a little, she had a vision of a fire blazing up in that yawning grate; rugs scattered here and there, shaded lamps, easy chairs. And a tall figure lounging in the dimness—a sleekly dark head, dark eyes, watching her in the dancing light. She caught her breath, turned swiftly, went out into the sunshine. And for the remainder of

the day she set her mind stubbornly against the thought of Kenneth. She had been silly enough for one while; no use keeping it up the rest of her life. They had a late dinner and at twilight were lounging about Mary's comfortable living room, trying to decide whether it would be worth while to make waffles and coffee, or just to retire and sleep for ages before the alarm should call Jimmy forth for his day's work in the city.

And then lights flashed outside as a motor swung to a stop before the gate; an engine roared and died and a door slammed. And Mary exclaimed with surprise when a light step came swiftly across the veranda, but Eve shrank down in her chair, gasping a little for her heart was in her throat.

Even before she heard his voice, gay and laughing, coming through the dusk, she knew Kenneth Wilmer was at the door.

"You're Mrs. Stewart? Gosh, I had a time to find you! Hope Miss Reads is around—"

It was Jimmy who turned on the light. And then Eve must get up, introduce him, make it appear they were old friends just as if she were not shaking like a leaf, trying to meet his eyes, tear-

ing her own away from his eager look.

How charming and poised he was, coming in here like this, taking both her hands, bending over them in a half-mocking, half-tender way. Oh, she was proud of him, proud in spite of her ashamed memory. And Jimmy liked him on the instant—anyone could see this—though Mary was so amazed as to be a little brusk.

"Mr. Wilmer?" she repeated as Eve spoke his name. "Not the artist?"

Kenneth turned to her laughing, made a low bow. "Glad to hear I'm not a stranger. And of course I know you; Eve told me a lot." She felt an uprush of delight that he should make it seem so casual, so exactly right. But after a time she grew embarrassed, again and again, and meant to go into the kitchen that very minute and make the waffles they had been talking about. No—she didn't wish any help—they were to sit and talk and when everything was on the table she would let them know.

Time to catch her breath out there in Mary's big kitchen as she slipped into a bungalow apron, brought flour and salt and all the things that go into waffles. How strange everything was! She'd

have expected him to seem different; she'd have expected something of the latent contempt about him Roger showed those girls up home who trailed back and forth evenings in front of the Mansion House, ogling drummers who sat with their feet on the porch rail.

Of course she knew little of worldly ways; she never had been out of the Connecticut village except her short visits to the homes of friends who were little more sophisticated than herself. Perhaps she was wrong; perhaps Kenneth didn't despise her after all! . . .

She had set the table in the alcove and was standing at the stove flushed by the heat and with all the little curls fluttering like small flames about her forehead, when suddenly he was there beside her. He had slipped in and closed the door, and now he swept her into his arms, kissed her as he had done that night under the willow.

"Did you think you'd get away from me so easily Eve. Rushing off without so much as goodbye? Why, darling? Why did you do that?"

"Ken—" She hid her face against his lapel, clinging to him while the waffles turned gold and then brown and finally began to

crisp in an alarming way. "Ken, I thought you'd never want to see me again. Truly I didn't mean to do as I did—drop asleep like that. What your friends must have thought!—oh, I've been so miserable—ashamed—"

He put his hand beneath her chin, raised it so she had to meet his look. She saw astonishment in his face, amusement too, but mostly incredulity. "Why, you dare kid! You thought—lordy, what a little stiff-neck you are, in The Lane, too—listen to Ken, youngster. You got over that, you hear? Park old ironides—limber up—act human if you're going to be my girl, you are?" he enquired eagerly.

Half laughing, half crying, but with a song in her heart she whispered, "Yes, I'm going to be your girl, Ken. Yes, thank you, I'm going to be your girl."

But Mary had something to say about that.

(To be continued)

INCENDIARY BLAZE BURNS DOG KENNELS

CHICAGO, Feb. 12—(AP)—Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, one time famous dancer, stood crying, helpless to aid, as she watched 80 dogs she had befriended, burn to death in a fire that destroyed her kennels for homeless canines, known as "orphans of the storm." Apparently, authorities said, the fire was of incendiary origin.

Only 25 dogs were saved despite frantic efforts of Mrs. McLaughlin, the caretaker, firemen and neighbors. Most of the animals in the haven were derelicts but a few were thoroughbreds placed there for the winter by their wealthy owners.

Frustrate and hysterical, Mrs. McLaughlin later revealed that she had recently received anonymous notes threatening the kennels.

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By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER



"Forewarned Is Forearmed"



By JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12						13			
14			15						16	17
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										59

- HORIZONTAL.**
- 1—What is the capital and chief port of the Philippines Islands?
 - 7—What Fifteenth Century author wrote "Moris d'Arthur"?
 - 12—In what Italian city was Columbus born?
 - 13—The branch of what tree is considered a symbol of peace?
 - 14—Skill in performance.
 - 15—What Italian city was the scene of a famous council soon 1545 or 1563?
 - 16—Winglike part.
 - 17—French definite article.
 - 18—Combining form; life.
 - 20—Who was the Greek goddess of dawn?
 - 22—Short for Edward.
 - 23—Negative.
 - 27—Terminal part of the arm.
 - 28—What for merchant donated the money to found the New York Public Library?
 - 31—Slight depression.
 - 32—Burden.
 - 33—Precious metal.
 - 34—Something rigid that holds things together.
 - 37—Scarcely narrow valleys.
 - 40—Articles.
 - 41—Twisting.
 - 43—Which son of Isaac sold his birthright to Jacob?
 - 44—Utah (abbr.).
 - 45—Owed as a debt.
 - 47—Boson.
 - 48—Note of the scale.
 - 50—Pronoun.
 - 52—Sword with curved blade.
 - 53—Place.
 - 54—Penetrate.
 - 56—A singer.
 - 57—Demand.
 - 58—Less difficult.
- VERTICAL.**
- 2—Concern.
 - 3—Trap.
 - 4—Within.
 - 5—What French author wrote "Madame Chrysanthe"?
 - 6—Who is the first high priest mentioned in the Bible?
 - 8—French language.
 - 9—Whom by the lowest female value?
 - 10—Egg.
 - 11—Become mild through compassion.
 - 14—What is the missing part of this beam meaning a ceiling where one has been educated?—Mater?
 - 17—Finds the sum of.
 - 19—Bliss.
 - 21—What English poet wrote the ode beginning "O wild west wind, blow through me as through a tun's" being?
 - 24—In Homer, what divinity had charge of the pillars which upheld the heavens?
 - 25—Cure; refreshment?
 - 26—Of what mountain system is Annapurna the highest peak?
 - 29—Smart blow.
 - 30—Domestic animal.
 - 34—The leg.
 - 35—Who was the leader of the "Cato reformers"?
 - 36—Mixed type.
 - 38—Yit.
 - 39—Yit.
 - 41—Ripe apart.
 - 42—Lined belonging to Greece.
 - 43—One who speaks.
 - 46—Piano machine.
 - 49—Fishes.
 - 51—Hawaiian food.
 - 55—Symbol for tellurium.
 - 57—Nova Scotia (abbr.).
- Answers to yesterday's puzzle.**