

# 'SHEIK'S WIFE'

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER



She was in his arms then.

CHAPTER XV.

Eve kept to herself for a week, seeing to it that Mary and Jimmy, spending most of the time just lying on her bed and staring at nothing.

She did not suffer with the ache of loneliness as she had the night Ken left her at the Hollys. She did not, as a matter of fact, feel anything but a numbness which seemed to center where her heart used to be and spread from there through her whole being till nothing was left of her but a shadow of the girl who had lived and laughed and loved.

Sometimes she asked herself what she had expected of Ken and always had to admit she did not know. He had said he loved her, that he wanted her never to leave him. He had meant this—oh, it couldn't have been just one of his moods? He had said it so many times, so sincerely.

This meant marriage to her. All right for Jan to live as she did though Eve considered it very stupid; all right for Ivy and Elma to talk about when a woman should marry her man and when she shouldn't.

Eve was not like them. Too bad for her, perhaps, but she didn't want to be like them. Love, to her, meant great-grandmother's rosepoint veil brought out of lavender and rose leaves and Lohengrin thundering from the organ loft in the white church which faced three highways up in Lakeview with rice afterward and an old-fashioned honeymoon trip. And after that it did not mean flirting with other girls' husbands

or sweethearts, or having other girls flirt with her husband.

Only a few days ago Elma had said, "You're not artistic, Eve; you don't breathe the atmosphere." Well—she didn't belong. Probably she had expected marriage from Ken; she had expected him to say, "You're to be my wife; I want you for my wife."

And instead of this he had said marriage tied your hands; that it was not fair. He didn't want to marry anyone; he wanted to be free. Free to make a girl love him and then talk about the shackles of marriage!

She did not want to see Ken, not ever again. She hoped her heart never would come alive and go back to beating; that all her life there might be only the numbness so she might not be tempted to the great folly of falling in love.

But at the end of a week the numbness passed and then pain came instead. Regret, loneliness, loss—all of these gnawed at her thoughts day and night, hour after hour. Only to hear him speak, to feel his hand on hers, the longing for this became unbearable. Nothing else mattered; she cared for nothing else in the world.

One afternoon Eve dressed herself, selecting her frock with great care, a fluffy, sleeveless thing of white crepe de chine. She parted her hair and let the ends curl down her neck almost to her shoulders, running her finger waves low on her forehead. It was only afterward she realized she had done it all in a sort of dream, without feeling that any

of it was quite real.

She never knew how she got to Kenneth's, remembering afterward merely that the bungalow had looked deserted and that the lawn had grown shaggy and the easel where they had worked under the magnolias fallen over with creepers beginning to vine around it.

With fear clutching her throat, Eve hurried across the veranda, tried the door. It was locked and a painted sign, "Busy—No Admittance" tacked to the panels. She knocked, then beat a tattoo till her knuckles bled. And a far-away voice called at last "Hey, can't you read the sign?"

"Kenneth!" she cried. "Kenneth!"

Steps then; the lock turned. A gaunt, haggard-eyed boy appeared, rumped, unshaven, staring as if she were a ghost.

"You!" he whispered, "It's you!"

"Ken—dearest, dearest Ken!" He put out a shaking hand, touched her arm, her hair, drew his fingers along her cheek. "It's you, Eve."

"Won't you kiss me, Ken? Say you wanted me—that you're glad Ken—"

She was in his arms then; he took her into a room more disheveled than himself, strewn with cigarette stubs, old newspapers, sketches begun and tossed aside—sketches of himself. And all the time he was saying, "Why, Eve? Why?"

"Ken—you shut yourself in here? Let me gather these drawings—oh, a shame to spoil them so. Let me do something for you."

But he wished only for her to sit beside him, hands in his, bright head turned against his dark one. "Why, sweetheart."

"How much do you love me, Ken?"

"How much is there? That and more. And you love me, I know this now; you love me, Eve. We shall be married tomorrow. Or the day after maybe . . ."

"But Ken!" Did he know what he was saying? Or didn't she understand?

"The day after," he went on. "Tomorrow I'll work . . ." Eve "But Ken, you said you didn't believe in marriage. You said— you said marriage was unfair—"

"Oh, he said easily. "Not for us. Not for you and I. Do you think I could live without you? Haven't worked in a week—"

And that was the way Evelyn Reade and Kenneth Wilmer became engaged. In a headlong, breathless manner, swept together by the sweetness of reunion and Ken's impatience and the joy that came springing in Eve's heart.

Only, she said, they must wait. "I want to go home to be married, dearest. In the church where I was christened and confirmed. It's a lovely church. And you must meet my family—the uncles—if they're anywhere around. Uncle Mark and Uncle Luke and Uncle John are away nearly all the time but the oldest one—Uncle Mathew—stays on the farm. He has heart trouble, you see, and—"

Ken, shaking with laughter interrupted to ask if the farm were a saint's calendar. "I don't suppose there's an Uncle Paul and Peter and James?"

"They're darlings. My mother was the only sister and I never

know her or my daddy either. The uncles brought me up, especially Uncle Mathew. You must spend a few days there, dear; see what kind of a family you're going to marry into."

(To be continued)

### STOCK PRICES DROP TO NEW LOW LEVEL

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—(AP)—Stock prices drifted lower in the duller session of the stock exchange in more than a month today. Further drastic declines in the wheat and cotton markets and indecisive week-end business reports effectively turned the damper on speculative enthusiasm. Total sales were only 2,320,430 shares, about 240,000 less than Friday's.

Losses were largely moderate, the price index of 90 leading shares showing a decline of less than 2 points, and the market suffered primarily from lack of demand rather than extensive offerings. A "bear" group operat-

### BOSSY GILLIS PAYS VISIT TO BAY CITY

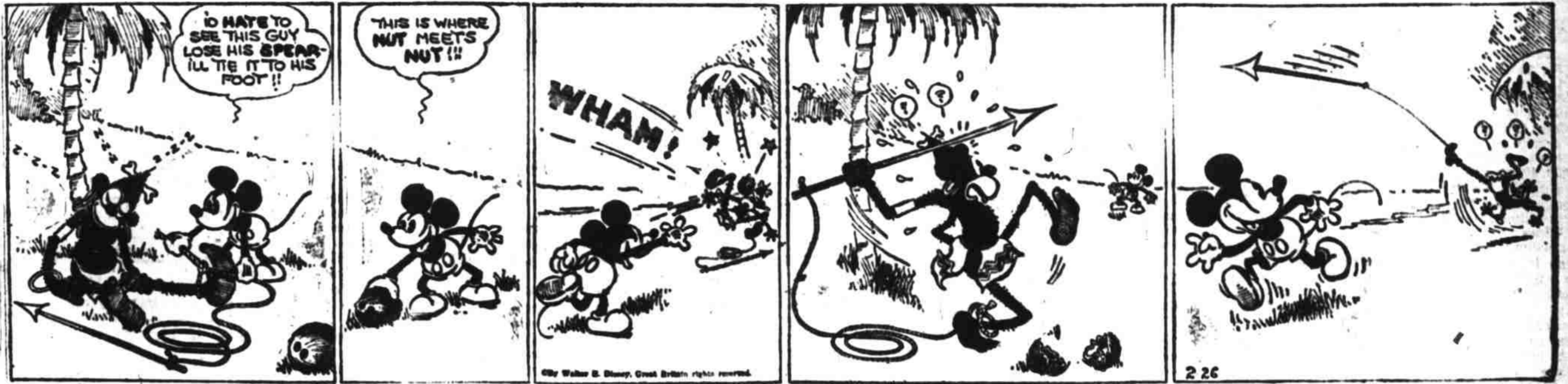
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—(AP)—Andrew J. "Bossy" Gillis, "bad boy" mayor of Newburyport, Mass., arrived here today on the liner Virginia to visit San Francisco for the first time since he was a sailor at Mare Island in 1921.

Gillis became a factor in Newburyport politics and broke into the limelight in 1925 after he had served 130 days in the city jail for selling gasoline from his service station in violation of a zoning ordinance.

"It was so mad I poked Mayor Cashman in the nose, defeated him for mayor at the next election and finally repealed the zoning ordinance." Gillis summoned up his burst into city politics, and into the nation's spotlight.

While Gillis had previously announced he would "look the girls over" in San Francisco to secure a bride, he stated later today that he would probably return to Massachusetts brideless,

### 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
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38						39			40
		41	42			43			
44	45					46			47 48
						49			51

- HORIZONTAL
- 1—associate
  - 4—projecting edge of a roof
  - 8—domestic animal
  - 11—force in operation
  - 13—traveling bag
  - 15—carpet
  - 16—one of a pair of small cranes on a ship's side
  - 17—journalist
  - 31—rub out
  - 33—amphibious carnivore valued for its fur
  - 34—mixed type
  - 35—torn sunder
  - 36—savage
  - 37—Leviticus (abbr)
  - 38—meet in session
  - 39—narrow path
  - 40—cunning animal
  - 41—picture, likeness
  - 43—hilarity
  - 44—powerful explosive
  - 46—ostentation
  - 49—unit of work
  - 50—slang
  - 51—decay
- VERTICAL
- 1—personal pronoun
  - 2—within
  - 3—African grove squirrel
  - 4—incite
  - 5—affirmative
  - 6—escape
  - 7—economy
  - 8—fruits like a lemon
  - 9—bone
  - 10—plural pronoun
  - 12—stroke of Java
  - 14—Chinese weight
  - 16—decide
  - 17—rain storms
  - 18—brownish color
  - 19—Roman patrie, foe of Carthage
  - 21—one-spot
  - 22—epistle
  - 24—mature
  - 25—singing bird
  - 27—got the better of
  - 28—repair
  - 29—raving
  - 30—piece of baked clay
  - 32—Portuguese coin
  - 34—fondle
  - 36—bet
  - 37—pertaining to the moon
  - 39—form of religious hysteria peculiar to the Malays of Java
  - 40—mongrel dog
  - 42—note of the scale
  - 43—sweat
  - 44—symbol for tellurium
  - 45—alternative river in Italy
  - 46—perform
  - 47—French and Latin conjunction
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
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