

'SHEIK'S WIFE'

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XX

After all she was glad to be home. They went at once to the butler and Ken was all for rushing out and engaging Emma Schmidt, the niece of old Herman, to put the place in order. But Eve could not bear the thought of even a maid sharing their first few days here. Besides, as she told Ken, she would have plenty of time and she liked housework and it would be fun to make her own arrangements.

He submitted finally, though with some grumbling, maintaining that everything should be exactly as she wished always.

Nevertheless when he found her next morning gathering up ragged piles of correspondence, notes, catalogues, even contracts, from tables and chairs in the living room, and digging out a stack of unfinished sketches from beneath the divan, he looked dismayed.

"What's the use of doing all that?" he asked, and surprise sharpened his voice. "Nobody's looking here."

Eve had been toiling nearly three hours; she had skinned her knuckles and bruised her knees; and dust had got into her eyes and into her throat, and she could make out a smudge by looking down her nose.

She was tired and her head ached and romance seemed dim and far away at this moment when Ken stood there peering about, scowling at the disorder she had struggled with so gallantly.

It was too much; she sank down on the rug, put her arms on her knees and her head on her arms.

"Oh, Ken," she sobbed. "You don't love me! I know this—that you don't love me any more—"

Ken listened in stunned silence; only when his wife's sobs grew hysterical did he gather her in his arms, making frantic denial of whatever charges stood against him, though what these might be was not at all clear.

"But what have I done, sweetheart? What have I said? Only that nobody fussed around here."

"There, now, you're s-saying that s-again! You'd not want me to live in such a terrible dirty place if you loved me—"

"But sweetheart, I don't quite see—"

Lifting his head with a harassed look, the boy slid two fingers into the front of his collar and gave it a jerk that sent the button shooting across the room. "Of course, I love you! I adore everything about you!"

It seemed to be the right note for she quieted and he kissed the smudge on her nose, kissed her dust-grimed fingers one at a time; gathered them up and kissed them all at once. And finally her sobs turned into shivers and the shivers into gulps and then she was merely tearful.

"Ken," she told him at last. "I just can't stand such disorder. Even if they don't fuss, folks like Phil and Ivy and Jan, I just can't stand it. I'm afraid you don't like this, Ken, that I'm a fit-

the prim around the house—"

"Shucks, red-head, well shucks you funny darling, haven't I already wanted a prim wife? Kiss Ken—hey, not a stingy kiss—kiss me, that's better. But she's not to wear herself out, understand? Went and got herself all tired—that's what's the matter. And now Ken's going to boil her up a nice mess of coffee with maybe a dash of you-know-what to give it zip."

It was the first of the adjustments to each other's alien standards that always seemed to be making. Sometimes it would be Ken who would apologize apologetically for he did not know what in order to bring his wife out of the terrified conviction that he no longer loved her.

But usually it was Eve who trampled her husband's long established manners and customs, and who felt herself bound to make him understand how innocent was her intent and how profound her regret.

And after a time Eve began to look very carefully before she took a step, anxious to save wounded feelings. And she learned also to keep silence when her own elbows were joggled. Ken meant so well—and was so thoughtless—boyishly, exuberantly; thoughtless—big kid that he was. She wondered if all wives didn't have to mother their husbands a bit?

One by one she gave up a great many of the notions she always had considered dyed in the wool of her character. Spick and span apple-pie order in her home was about the first to go for she soon saw that what was considered good housekeeping in Lakewood, Connecticut, would be impossible in the Lane.

For one thing Ken was always upsetting ash trays and he looked so stricken the first time she ran for the broom that when next it happened she merely kicked the spilled cigarette ends under the table and crept in to clear them away later, sneaking a bit so he would not see.

Another cause of trouble was a nonchalant untidiness of the tribe, some of whom always were dropping in. They would put their feet on chairs, rest their cigarettes on the edge of the piano till the varnish scorched with a horrible odor, trace rings on nicely polished table tops with their wet glasses and act as if the house were a club room.

Eve pretended she did not do it. She did mind, dreadfully, but she was not going to let Ken know this.

"Play the game," she kept telling herself, using the tribe's familiar phrase. "Do this for Ken—because I love Ken; learn all the rules—play the game."

But it was hard to see ashes ground into the really beautiful rugs without wincing; many times after Ken was asleep Eve would go about downstairs with her brush and dust-pan and oiled polishing cloth, trying to repair the ravages of The Lane's sociability.

It was not all adjustment, however, this life of the Wilmer's.

There were days when Eve posed for Ken, out in the orchard, perhaps, where birds sang and sunlight struck down the leaves and made clever shadows on her slender, white-clad figure.

It was to please Ken that Eve said they must have a housewarming and she felt rewarded for all the trouble it would be by his enthusiasm.

"Gosh, that's an idea! You round up sandwiches and I'll get the you-know what."

"Do we need liquor, Ken? I thought we'd just make it a nice party."

"How could it be nice without something to drink? Gin anyway. Might even get some good old pre-war Bourbon, though it's kind of steep."

He looked at her hopefully, but she said not a word. Eve had been trying to arouse in her husband some respect for thrift, carrying on her campaign tactfully but firmly. He lived up to the very edge of what she considered a magnificent salary—sometimes indeed he slipped far over the edge—and her New England

training saw this as shocking if not actually sinful.

"Well, gin's probably enough," he concluded, making the best of things. "Why not have hot dogs? The gang likes hot dogs—"

"Oh, Ken! I did want a nice party, not just harum-scarum. Never mind all this; I'll take care of things."

So he left it to her. And Eve, remembering the parties at Lakewood, set to work to plan. She would have a beautiful dinner, with favors and a floral center sent up from New York. Engraved invitations—something really worth while—she thought of all these things and went about arranging, giving buying place cards and paying more than she considered wise.

She had put the party ahead a week to give herself plenty of time, but within two days as she went through The Lane everybody was hailing her, crying acceptance. But how did they know? And now that they seemed to have found out what use would there be in sending out invitations when everybody was coming anyway whether asked or not?

Eve was going over to the club house to engage Herman's niece

to help with the dinner. And now she stepped into the lounge and came face to face with the answer to the riddle. It was tacked to the bulletin board, a great white square, all lettered in Ken's best style. "Come One—Come All," it began and invited everybody to make whoopee with Eve and Ken Wilmer next Thursday night.

Young Mrs. Wilmer read the thing to the end and then went away without speaking about Emma Schmidt.

She had wanted something a little better than noise for their housewarming. But if Ken wished of this... play the game...

She felt rather tired, rather as if she were going to cry as she crossed the veranda, went into Ken's studio.

(To be continued)

CLERK INDICTED

PORTLAND, Ore., March 1.—(AP)—A. A. Bailey, county clerk and two of his former deputies, C. S. Stone and Morris Perkel, were indicted by the county grand jury today following an investigation of the operations of an alleged political machine in Bailey's office.

WORK UPON FILTER PLANT-BEGINS SOON

Actual construction work on the filtration plant for the Oregon-Washington Water Service company in Salem will be started this week. It was foreseen Saturday when E. B. Butler, who will be superintendent of construction for C. W. Devilbiss, contractor, arrived on the scene.

Mr. Butler assured officials of the water company that practically all local labor would be employed in construction, the contractor sending in only two or three key men for the task. Mr. Butler has just completed a contract for Mr. Devilbiss at Alturas, Cal.

A large part of the building material and machinery for the filtration plant has been ordered. The contractor will furnish the building materials as part of his contract, but the machinery is being purchased direct by the water company, and its cost is in addition to the contract price of \$191,855.

Reckless Driving Laid to Two Men

Frank Hall and John Loeb were arrested by state traffic officers Saturday night on charges of reckless driving, after the automobile in which they were riding was involved in a three-car collision on the Pacific highway north of Salem. Hall and Loeb were driving toward Salem.

FARES BOOSTED

PORTLAND, Ore., March 1.—(AP)—10-cent fare will probably greet street car riders here Thursday morning.

We guarantee satisfactory carrier service. If you fail to receive your copy of the Statesman by 6:30 phone 500.

MICKEY MOUSE



"POLLY AND HER PALS"



"Beating Him To It"



By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"A Study in Economics"



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"Falling for Temptation"



By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER



"Two Points Of View"



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
18		19				20		21		22
23		24		25	26			27		28
29				30				31		
		32				33				
34	35					36		37		38 39
40				41				42		43
44		45	46					47	48	49
50		51		52						53
		54	55					56		57
58								59		

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—powerful
 - 7—barbers
 - 12—characters in a drama
 - 13—evaluates
 - 14—a hand
 - 15—talks
 - 16—letter of the Greek alphabet
 - 18—pronoun
 - 19—on behalf of
 - 20—imitates
 - 22—one
 - 23—organ of smell
 - 25—downcast
 - 27—observes
 - 29—rely upon
 - 31—spread by scattering
 - 32—an entry in an account
 - 33—swift, small rodent
 - 34—detected
 - 37—fruit (pl.)
 - 40—above
 - 41—seized with the teeth
 - 43—entrance to a mine
 - 44—self
 - 45—sail
 - 47—consume
 - 49—note of the scale
 - 50—to do wrong
 - 52—swallow
- VERTICAL**
- 2—public speaker
 - 3—highest
 - 4—Spanish article
 - 5—Roman tyrant
 - 6—titles of former Russian rulers
 - 7—step or walk on
 - 8—rub or file with something rough
 - 9—by
 - 10—river in Great Britain
 - 11—one's
 - 14—place where money is coined
 - 17—once again
 - 19—ulcerous sores
 - 21—beseech
 - 24—connected series of objects
 - 26—part of the verb "to be"
 - 28—mountain nymph
 - 30—spread for
 - 31—fall of chain
 - 32—part of residence
 - 35—avoid
 - 36—mixed type
 - 38—fall of chain
 - 39—impart movement to
 - 41—conceal
 - 42—religion
 - 43—right
 - 44—state
 - 45—a continent
 - 51—rodent
 - 53—negative
 - 55—female article
 - 57—left side
- Hi-fi with is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- SWEDEN KANSAS
PARE TAPE APSE
ADE MILAN AIR
RE GALATEA AT
TUR SIS BE
ATLAS SERIAL
CARAT P UICUP
HAD SEA CEEP
OF ARE ENI AHA
OF ARE ENI AHA
EGOS ITERS EANE
SEBATE SEATED