

'SHEIK'S WIFE'

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXII

Fifi dropped in as Ken and Eve were having bacon and eggs late in the afternoon. She had given up the idea of "We Said Good-bye to Ken" since a majority of the boys pronounced it terrible, but wished Ken's opinion on "Secret Sins." "Was this a good title?" "You wouldn't have the feeling," she said to Eve, "since you are not the artist. But zat Ken—oo, la, la! What do you say?"

Ken growled "Lucy" and Fifi went down The Lane to gather opinions. Eve heard the next day that she had locked herself in her shack with her inspiration and her typewriter and when next anybody saw the vivacious, slattern little creature in September was well on the way.

In the meantime Ken had reached what Eve later came to know as his most difficult mood, a state of mind wherein he seemed unable to work or even to remain in one place. Over and over he tried to put her face on paper; hour after hour she posed for him, hoping, half despairing when she realized how restlessness had taken possession of him. And always he would throw down his crayon, spring up to fumble at a cigarette, begin to pace to and fro. Even her portrait, the picture he had started before the view of Eve beside the cradle, failed to hold him.

And then one Sunday evening when they had gone to the Pen and Brush club for supper Fifi appeared, more soiled, more rumpled and slattern and down at heels than she had been. But her story was finished; she was like a burning flame as she told them this.

And Ken, with his eyes narrowed, leaned forward, called down the room. "Come over tomorrow, Fifi. Been looking for your type. Want to do your picture, Fifi. One o'clock tomorrow."

The French girl whirled about, gave him a searching look, cried "Oh, yes, one o'clock."

she had dreamed herself; it was Eve as Ken had seen her that day under the magnolias when she posed for him the first time—when Spring was in the air and romance folded them like a shining garment.

Hurry and worry, all forgotten she stood there looking and looking, and little shivers of pride crept along her spine to her arms and tingled in her finger-tips.

Pride of Ken—oh, supposing he were a human barometer, what of it? She must take more trouble to understand, to see that only things which pleased and interested would reach him! To think of being his wife... to think of actually being the original of that picture...

Her heart seemed to fill up and overflow; it was almost more than she could bear.

Other magazines for which Ken sometimes made covers appeared later in the month, and always Eve would view them in a breathless awe; she knew that so long as she lived she never could see the picture, work of Ken's hand and hand, with indifference or even with calmness.

Some of these things passed through her mind as she loitered at the window of Ken's studio one afternoon watching from behind the curtain while her husband painted. Devoe on a bench under a wall of blossoming cosmos, settled his easel, wrapped the paint-daubed smock about himself and set to work.

Fifi Devoe... The Chinese robe was around her and she wore it rakishly, dropping from one shoulder, with her round black eyes snapping. How glossy and dark and solid looking her hair was—a blot of India ink above her provocative face... Sloven young thing—but the robe hid that.

Eve rested her head against the window-casing. There was no reason why she should not have gone out in the garden and watched the progress of the picture; no reason excepting that it was not according to the ethics of the tribe. Let them suspect her of keeping a watch on Ken—oh, no. They might think her jealous. Her hot sense of outrage went twisting through her now; she rushed away to dash her face with cold water lest the tears which would keep stinging her eyes leave tell-tale traces.

What was best for Ken she wished him to have—surely she knew this always and forever. But if only she needn't feel this sense of separation from him now that he was out in the garden, working without her at his side. If only life might have gone on as it had so long... Oh, funny she had thought of the past six months as a great while. Six months ago she had never seen Ken, knew him only as one who painted pictures she liked. And now they had met and fallen in love and married... how strange life was.

A dim little hope kept stirring in Eve's thought; that she was ashamed to look at it squarely. Supposing Ken discovered after he finished this first picture that

Fifi was not the model he wanted after all? Suppose he should come in one day and say, "Hi, red-head—you're the one I need—can't work without you." Supposing—oh, well.

The dim little secret hope took on life and color when the picture was finished and Fifi did not appear for two days. Then Eve heard that she had gone to New York and shortly she was back again in the garden with Ken.

She seemed to have forgotten her work—but then Eve had to admit Ken would allow nothing to stand in the way of his own work and Fifi encouraged this attitude.

All through October Fifi came every day. Cosmos blossoms sprang out like twinkling stars, white and pink and purple in their leafy foliage and made a

frame for the dark, inviting eyes and the shadow-softened hair. Then comes fall and Ken moved around to the dahlias and painted Fifi there looking much like one of the wine-red blooms as he put her on paper.

Maples turned golden and ivy ran blood-red as open veins over walls and hillside and every morning brought a hint of chill, a mere threatening breath of the winter to come. And now Eve had become too quiet, given to long silences and a misty smile that faded before it really began. She looked rather thin, a little whiter than the girl Ken had met on the train going up to Haverford six months ago. And there was a half-frightened, half-wistful droop to her lips.

She would have said she was happy; she would have declared this up and down and believed it, perhaps. A tiny bit tired was the excuse she gave Nory when he found her the fourth day hand-running caddled up in the warm sunlight on the south side of a great boulder in a field near his cottage.

"I sort of think I need a taste every day. Cosmos blossoms sprang out like twinkling stars, white and pink and purple in their leafy foliage and made a

Why I turned in last night at eight o'clock."

She stopped abruptly, wondering if that had been too much. No use letting Nory get a wrong impression. It wasn't Ken's fault that Fifi had kept him till after twelve when he took her home last night—and surely it was the since Eve had delayed dinner, what with one accident and another and the funny tiredness that seemed to make her do everything wrong. Fifi remained for dinner every night now, since the days were short and Ken liked to begin work early, she came mornings instead of early afternoon and so of course was a somewhat permanent luncheon guest.

Fifi was amusing—all energy, with her witty, stinging remarks, her quick nervous laugh. But her vitality only made Eve feel more than ever weary.

Nory slouched against the boulder with the effect of twining his long self around it and his eyes were very dreamy as they turned far across the valley, tracing the serrated line of the Ramapos.

"Tell you what, dryad—how'd you like to do your uncle a favor? Read a few chapters of my new

novel; let me know what you think? If it wouldn't be too much of a bore?"

"Nory, dear!" She jumped up, all her weariness gone for the moment. "But could I really? I'm not artistic, you know—haven't the feel."

"Who told you that?" he broke in harshly. "Emma Holly, I'll bet. You know better than to listen to such trash. It's a go, then?"

She thanked him with her eyes a-light. And found that in the library-workshop of the brown cottage, poring over scratched and criss-crossed and interlined manuscript she could forget Fifi Devoe—the sound of her and the sight of her—and that even Ken did not seem to fill her thoughts quite so poignantly.

But memory returned with the swift ruthlessness of a flashing blade.

(To be continued)

FORESTERS GATHER AT PORTLAND MEET

PORTLAND, Ore., March 5 — (AP)—More than 300 federal foresters, state foresters, timber operators, meteorologists and scientists met here today in the annual conference of the western forestry and conservation association.

Monday's session was devoted to the formation of committees and as a period to allow the participants to gather for the following two days of meetings.

Growth of the association was summarized in the address of A. W. Laird, president, whose paper was read by Walter B. Humiston, assistant to Laird in his official capacity as manager of the Portland Lumber company.

E. T. Allen, manager of the organization, discussed forest fire prevention work. He credited the association with being largely responsible for fire prevention development in the Pacific northwest.

E. H. McDaniels, United States forest service, stressed the importance of the 1935 forest fire damage. He advocated a study of each fire season for its value in combating flames in future season.

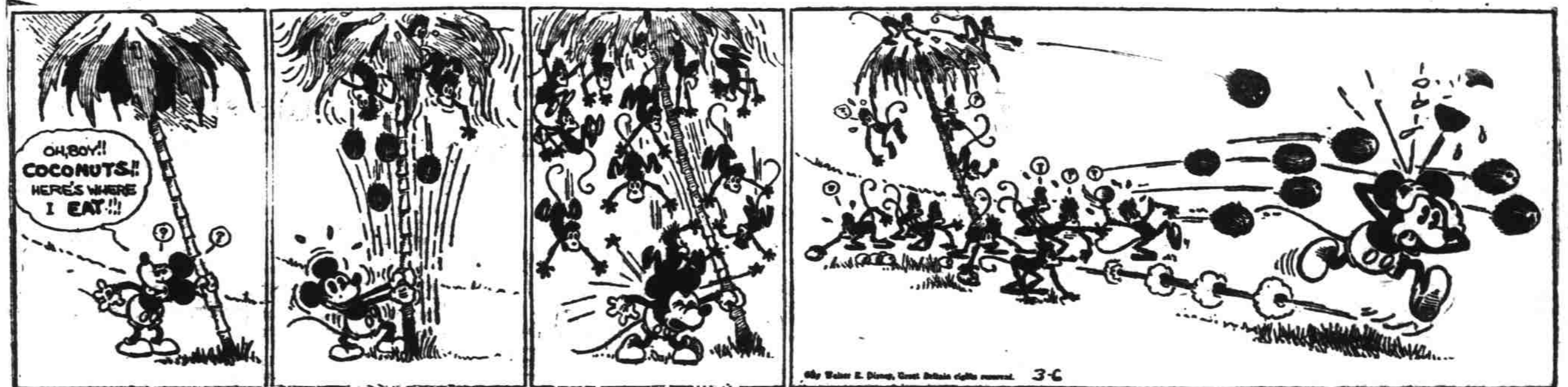
Failure of the forest service to provide immediate and proper service during the last fire season was pointed out by MacDaniels. "There is not much profit," he said, "in protecting our forests for nine years and letting them burn up on the 10th because statistics and averages of previous years indicate the season is over. Last year furnishes ample grounds for a revised treatment of late summer and fall fires."

Technical discussions of two sessions to the forests, insects and diseases, were made by J. B. Woods and Dr. E. E. Hubert.

Timbermen and foresters have favorably received the forest insurance study, for which provision is made in the Clarke-McNary act. H. B. Shepard, senior forest economist, told the convention.

"The response I have had from all agencies I have so far visited with regard to this type of insurance," Shepard said, "has been most encouraging."

MICKY MOUSE



"POLLY AND HER PALS"



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPPER

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		

HORIZONTAL

- one spot
- capital of France
- corpulent
- wander
- tropical plant of the arum family
- bustle
- wide-mouthed pithless
- nothing
- equip
- highway
- musical composition
- wrenched
- mirr
- comfort
- punctuation mark
- symbol for leucism
- skill
- friend of Pythias
- ery used by driver of oxcart
- herms
- in law an action
- lobby
- to exchange for money
- rotating device
- preceding from the stars (variant)

VERTICAL

- form of the verb "to be"
- domestic animal
- highest measured mountain in the world
- electricity
- hatched
- rainbow
- King of Israel
- musical note for which William Tell was famous
- unit of electrical capacity
- entrance
- outer
- name of a Roman citizen
- appearing as if gnawed
- reposed
- rot
- woman devoted to a religious life
- electric effect of use
- uncommon
- cupels
- Acetia
- lemur
- web-like membrane
- a sounding
- clerk
- in close relationship
- distant
- rotated, as with wax
- performed
- she
- story
- unit of area of land
- unit of linear measure
- any of a
- unit of length
- word of negation

Harwith is the solution to yesterday's Puzzle.

M	A	T	E	E	E	L	T			
A	L	U	M	N	A	D	A	F	A	N
R	A	P	P	E	R	L	I	P	E	
E	R	E	B	S	T	A	L	E	N	T
E	R	L	I	N	E					
P	R	O	N	G	S	R	E	D	E	R
L	C									
W	E	A	R	N	S	A	L	E	R	E
N	A	I	L	S	A	V	E	R	E	R
M	I	L	L	E	R	E	R	E	R	
O	N	L	E	T	E	R	E	R	E	
O	L	E	S							
N	O	D	S							
N	O	D	S							