"SHEIK'S WIFE"

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXIV.

Every one of them knew what Ivy meant when she made way for Fifi. They must have gossiped about this—talked of the three of them, Ken and Ken's wife and Fifi Devoe.

What should she do now?

First of all there was the evening to get through. Laugh a great deal; talk. No matter what you said, just anything was well enough if it had a smart sound. Nory helped with this; dear Nory.

Ken and Fifi rambled to a window seat and drank a great deal but Eve kept her look away. Tomorrow she would think of them sitting there together; tomorrow she would figure out what to do. But tonight she must laugh—talk without stopping.

Play the game. Did other wives feel this way—all empty inside—when they were playing the game? Did Ivy feel so when Pierre flirted with Fifi? Did Elma mind when Chuck made love to the young women who always were dropping in? Well, they'd never guess she cared; she would play the game . . .

The evening went on and on and on. And when Ken finally was taking his wife home, driving slumped far down in the seat of his car, he was no more silent, no more moody, no more anything than always, and he kissed her good-night, holding her with the old adoring gentleness till she wanted to pull away, dash out of his arms and out of the house and out of all things that bewildered and hurt.

And in the morning Eve found that she was no more able to think clearly about the situation than she had been last night. Her first impulse was to go away, to go back to Lakeview where she had been happy and at peace.

"But you couldn't leave your husband so easily," love argued. "You couldn't leave Ken so easily."

When Fifi came lilting over the lawn and went singing into the studio, Eve put on her coat and wooly tam-o'-shanter and started out across the fields.

It was only in Nory's workship, absorbed in Nory's almost illegible manuscript, living in the world of fancy Nory had conjured, that Eve found peace these days.

Only here, with Nory picking at the typewriter, pausing to gaze at the ceiling with his eyes dreaming and remote, could Eve think of herself as either useful or wanted. Nory considered her opinion worth while; she knew this since he listened eagerly to what she had to say and often changed his story to meet her suggestions.

Sometimes their opinions would clash and then they would argue long gand furiously, Eve and Nory, and these times were the best of any that came to the girl since they stimulated her thought and brought back some of the glow of living that had seemed so much a burden of late.

Every day, once luncheon was over and Ken had taken Fifi and her pert little challenging smile and her endless vivacity back to his studio where they would be shut in until dusk, and once the table was cleared and the dishes washed and certain things about dinner begun, Eve would put on the wooly tam-o-shanter and the boyish little camel's-hair coat and away she would fly across fields and fences and through hedges and over the chattering mountain stream to the brown cottage.

Nory would have a fire blazing on the grate and he would look up as she came in and nod absentmindedly, waving toward the output of the day before stacked at one end of the long table. It all was very comfortable, very cozy and interesting and so impersonal that no one, not even Ken in one of his jealous moods could have objected. But Ken knew nothing about it; Eve felt sure he never missed her afternoons. Fifi filled his vision, absorbed his thought.

Yet Ken cared nothing for Fifi really. Eve told herself this forty times a day, stated it fiercely, defiantly, her teeth fast closed. Something in Ken never had grown up—perhaps all men were so, that growing up meant only that their bodies became larger while their dispositions remained small boy. Like all small boys, Ken was lured by the idea of something new, the thrill connected with what was novel and unknown.

This was what Fifi meant to him. He did not love Fifi—and he did love Eve. When she was alone with Ken there was no tiny change in his manner and sometimes she doubted that he realized his flirtation with Fifi was the talk of the tribe. And this was the principal reason why she went on as she did day after day, uncertain and despairing and yet unable to make any definite move.

One gray, snow-flurried day early in the Winter, Fifi made a hurried trip into the city and Eve, longing for the rare experience of her husband and her home to herself, remained indoors for the afternoon. But even in this she was disappointed for as it turned out, she spent the hours sitting helplessly by while Ken prowled from room to room and window to window, picking up things, looking at them without seeing what they were, putting them down again; whistling his soundless tune, lighting vast numbers of cigarettes and tossing them away after a puff or two at each.

Things could not go on. The thought came to Eve that they had gone too long already! That if she wished to save any of the beauty of the thing which had been theirs she no longer could steand aside just hoping, waiting. Fight—she must fight someway. Ken, big kid, stuffing himself with novelty.

Eve remembered suddenly some thing that happened a very great while ago. As a baby of five she discovered that by climbing on flourbin and windowsill she could reach the pantry shelf where the uncles kept great caus of maple sugar. And even after old Mrs. Wiggins found her there and forbade her the pantry she could not keep away. And though her baby mind developed stealth, it deceiv- no one but herself, for old Mrs. Wiggins was all for removing the sugar to a higher shelf and spanking Eve.

But kindly, wise Uncle Mat interfered. "The taste would still be in her mouth," he objected. "There's a better way to cure."

And quite suddenly the baby Eve seemed to wallow in maple sugar. Bowls of it stood everywhere and nobody seemed to pay any attention when she helped herself. And nearly all her food swam in maple syrup or was flavored with maple. In about three days Eve had lost her keen delight in maple sugar and the fourth day finished it for her. It never had been difficult to control her appetite for sweets since.

She recalled this, smiling over the memory as Ken roamed the house. She watched him thoughtfully and in the end her brows drew down in a little concentrated frown. There were certain things she might do, certain measures that might be taken with no more than a reasonable amount of risk. They seemed tricky and cheap—but would not the end justify the means?

Not until next afternoon after the studio dor had closed upon Fifi and Ken did Eve make a move however. Then, with something of an impish grin, she deliberately upset three ash trays and overturned a chair as she went to dress for outdoors.

It was not Nory's workship for her today but Haverford. In Ken's car. She stopped at the town shoe shop first and bought a pair of strapped sandals, ugly, bizarre things like Fifi wore.

"Anyway," Eve told the clerk as she wiggled her toes in them. "Anyway, they're comfortable."

She went on to the beauty parlor then, a room over the barber shop, and let down her hair. "I want it cut," she directed and pointed to one of a group of bobbed heads pictured on a circular beside the mirror. "Like that."

"But it's old style," the woman objected. "And it's meant for straight hair. Your's curls at the ends."

"It will straighten out if you wet it. And the style doesn't matter."

The woman glared as if she thought her customer a little mad but, a sale being a sale, took up her scissors.

And presently a vaguely familiar face looked at Eve out of the mirror; a face framed by a round straight bob and straight, thick bangs which came almost to her eyes. Her hair looked glossy and dark and solid and very much like Fifi Devoe's.

Eve's next stop was at the general furnishing store, and after this she tossed her purchases into the car and raced home. And not even the note from Ken saying he had gone away with Fifi troubled her much for she kept thinking how sick she had been of maple sugar.

She threw down the bundles, snipped the strings, took out a cheap, blue, plaited serge skirt, black cotton stockings, a middy. With a giggle of pure mischief she carried the middy out to the veranda and, stooping over the little gutter which caught the drippings from the eves, drew the white linen carefully over the soft, loose earth.

(To be continued)

NORBLAD, UPJOHN ON CLUB PROGRAM

BRUSH COLLEGE, Mar. 7.—(Special)—Nearly 200 people gathered at the regular meeting of the Polk County Federation of rural woman's club held in the W. O. W. hall at Buena Vista recently. Valley View was joint hostess with Buena Vista at the dinner which was served at 12:15.

A special feature of the afternoon meeting was a splendid address given by Governor A. W. Norblad with taxation and advertising Oregon as his subjects. Governor Norblad said in part:

"The Oregon tax bears too heavily on one class of people and an effort should be made to lighten the burden. The burden must be spread to reach those who can afford to pay and relieve those who cannot afford to pay. In talking about selling Oregon, Governor Norblad declared California has been selling itself by Spanish history. Oregon has a history of its own and like Pennsylvania is one of the cornerstones on which the greatness of the United States is built.

D. H. Upjohn of Salem gave an interesting talk on "Spring Flowers and Bulbs," which preceded Governor Norblad's address.

Other numbers on the program included a vocal solo by Mrs. Dornhecker of Dallas, accompanied by Mrs. C. L. Blodgett of Brush College. Mrs. Dornhecker gave an encore also. Buena Vista and Valley View clubs sang their club songs. Mrs. Frank Fawk, president of the P. C. F. clubs presided at the business meeting which followed the program. Mrs. Fawk introduced Mrs. Plummer of Dallas and Mrs. Knower of Oak Grove, vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively.

Mrs. Fawk appointed as a committee to act on the health program for the year, Mrs. Cooper of Dallas community club, Mrs. Oliver of Oak Grove club and Mrs. D. E. Armont of Suver club. The next meeting will be held at Rickreall in June.

A basket dinner will be a novel feature of this meeting. Mrs. C. L. Blodgett of Brush College is chairman of the entertainment committee for the June meeting.

FARMERS' UNION FULLY DISCUSSED

CENTRAL HOWELL, March 7.—An interesting meeting in the interests of a Farmers' union was held at the schoolhouse Thursday evening. H. Metzger was the speaker for the evening. A crowd was in attendance.

New Barns Put Up in Howell

CENTRAL HOWELL, March 7.—Two new barns will soon be added to the list of recent improvements in Central Howell.

W. A. Roth has a barn under construction. F. E. Way is the builder for Mr. Roth.

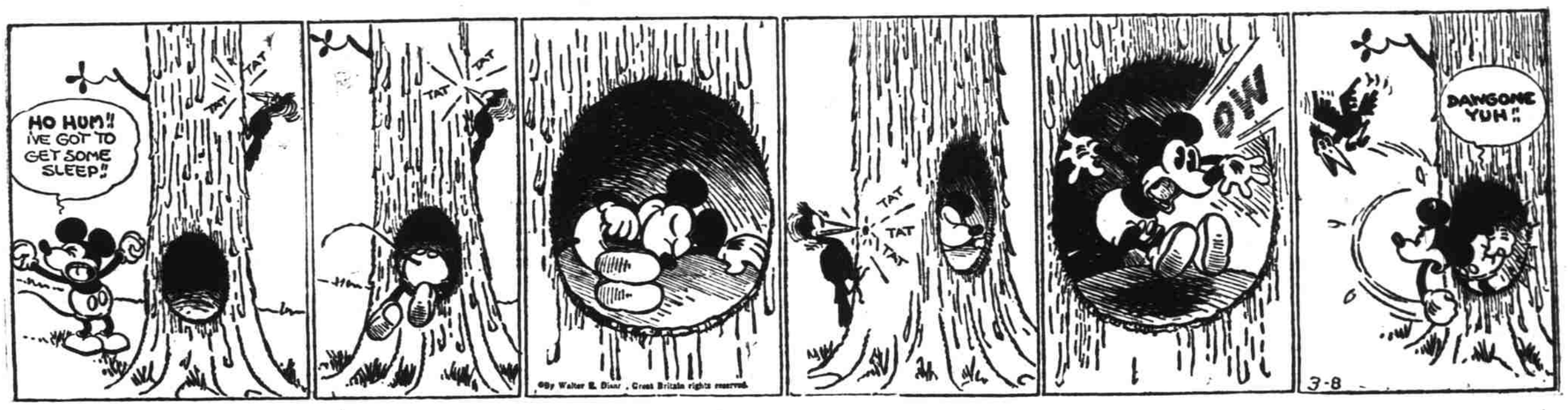
W. C. Rutchman is soon to begin building a new barn.

SPEND DAY IN JEFFERSON

JEFFERSON, March 7—Virginia McKee, a student of Oregon State college, spent Thursday afternoon in Jefferson.

MICKEY MOUSE

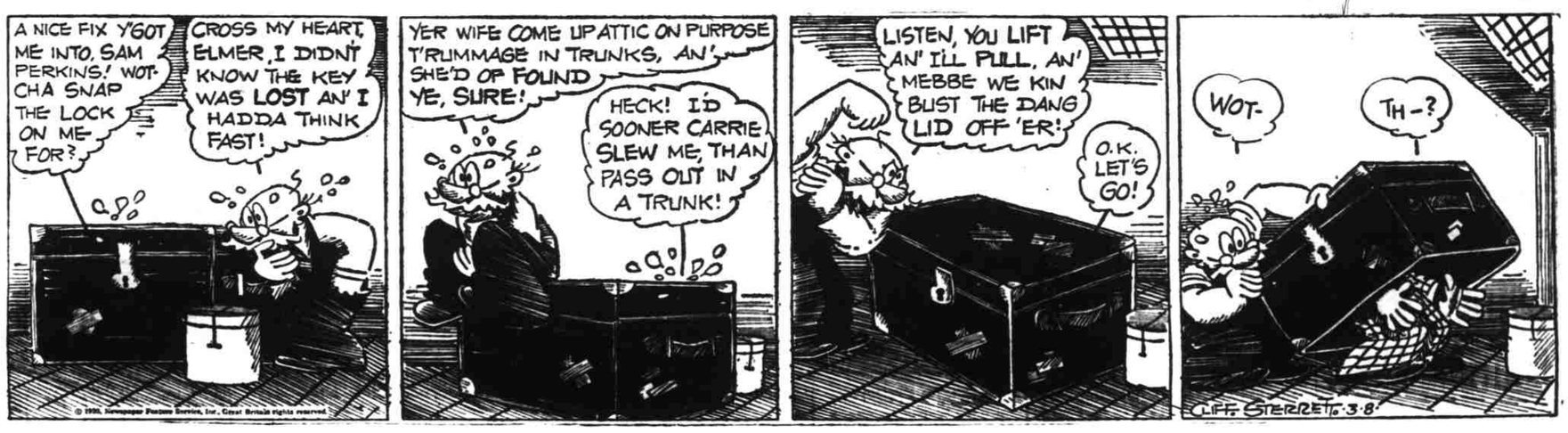
By IWERKS



"POLLY AND HER PALS"

"The Key to the Situation"

By CLIFF STERRET



TILLIE, THE TOILER

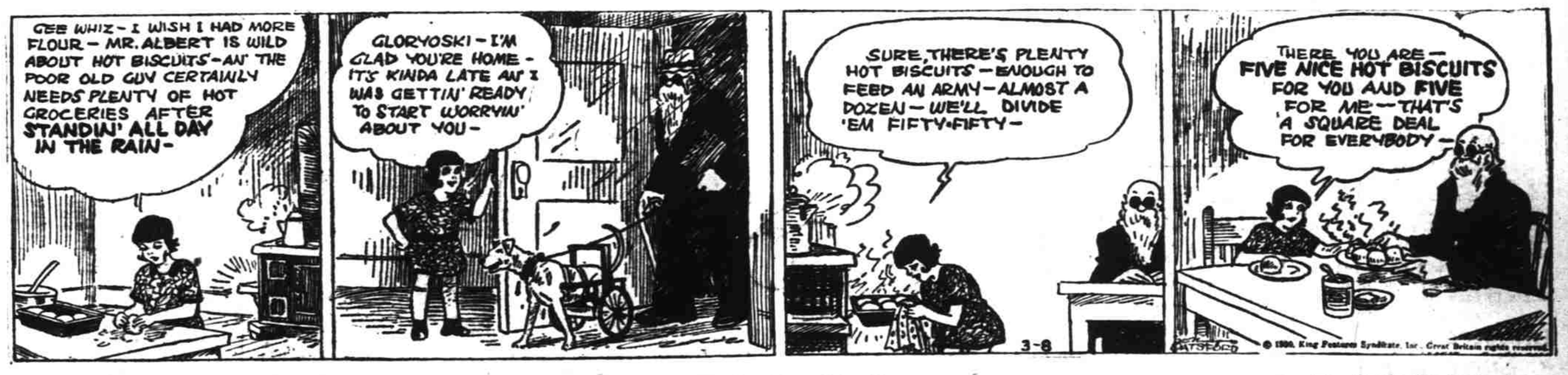
"Chicken On The Wing"

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"What the Eyes Don't See—"

By BEN BATSFORD



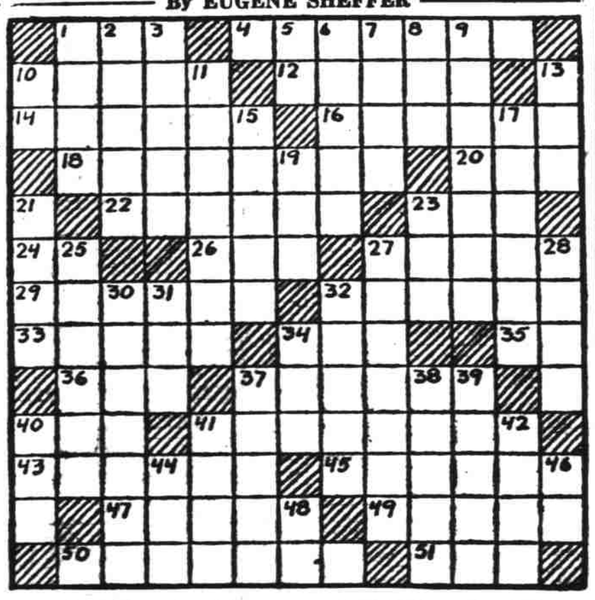
TOOTS AND CASPER

"No Question of Age"

By JIMMY MURPHY

Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



HORIZONTAL.

1—vehicle
4—lowers in quantity
10—bounce off
12—elemental
14—fragrances
16—essence of orange flowers
18—former empresses of Russia
20—seize
22—one course of a meal
23—utensil
24—in
26—still
27—East Indian plant of the nettle family
29—brought forth into being again
32—organ of voice
33—precipitations of minute particles of ice, from aqueous vapors of air
34—earth
35—Spanish affirmative
36—east northeast (abbr.)
37—wireless telegraph receiving sets
40—Doctor of Sacred Theology (abbr.)
41—chosen
43—western Indians
45—irony
47—pierces with a spear
49—Russian patriot
50—sprinkled with dew
51—fabric having a corded surface

VERTICAL.

1—two-wheeled wagon
2—got up
3—hailing from Rome
5—East Boston (abbr.)
6—mother of Jason
7—make use of
8—about (abbr.)
9—thrift
10—symbol for calcium
11—people who die for a cause
13—child's napkin
15—enchantress
17—people of Southern Europe
19—mesh for catching fish
21—God of War
23—state of equality
25—beliefs
27—extreme
28—way out
30—slavery
31—be indebted
32—metal-bearing veins in rock
34—salt
37—sew up again
38—weasel-like carnivor living in water
39—river running through Paris
40—female pig
41—burn
42—let fall in drops
44—a diety
46—prefix: measure
48—prefix: into

Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.

Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.