

'SHEIK'S WIFE'

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER



When the last of the light had faded they went into the water.

CHAPTER XXVII.
There was a great old mansion, long unoccupied, on the summit of the hill toward the east, which helped to make the valley in which lay The Lane.

It was a regular castle of a house with turrets and spires and high windows which caught the last rays of the setting sun and threw them back again in a blaze of red as if the building were all aflame. One reached it by a winding, rising drive a half mile long, overgrown with shrubs and a grasses. Upon rare occasions the tribe packed lunch and held picnics on the shore of a tiny lake that lay in some long forgotten day by forming a dam across the same mountain stream which ran through Nory's dooryard.

Spring freshets had worn the edges of the lake so now there was a sheet of water a couple of hundred feet across and a spring-board had been put up over the deep end and this would have been a popular spot for all of Harverford had it not been so inaccessible.

Elma decided that the first whoopee of the season must be a "nymphing" party at Hilltop pool. Warm weather had come to the hills at last; the whole earth was a-bloom and on the night of the second Saturday in May there would be a full moon. They would build a bonfire and broil bacon and roast potatoes over the coals and swim by moonlight and it would be a gallant back to nature stunt and start the Summer off as

It should be started, with a gay hurrah.

Ken was enthralled as always with the prospect of something new but Eve felt misgiving. From Mary and Jimmy she had heard dark hints of the tribe's going-on at their "nymphing" parties. According to shocked rumor these affairs did indeed get back to nature; so far back as to eliminate certain little devices of civilization such, for example, as bathing suits.

Indeed, the story that the artist colony habitually bathed undraped and unshamed had gone so far that the Sunday magazine section of a New York newspaper had printed a violently illustrated page about it, making innuendo take the place of the bold statement and publishing the names and some of the photographs of the best-known residents of The Lane. And as a result State troopers had been unpleasantly interested in Hilltop pool and this had prevented revels of any sort during all of last summer.

"Those dumb cops won't bother us now," Elma assured everybody. "Not after wasting their time last year. The bourgeois mind!"

Eve, who had been at great pains to search Nory's dictionary for the meaning of that word "bourgeois" since it was a great favorite of Elma's, had found that it meant "commonplace," a quality scorned above all others by the tribe. And now, with her eyes embarrassed, she wondered if the gang considered it a cultural achievement to go without clothes.

"I'm going to have a perfectly scrumptious new bathing suit," she began, thus setting the matter for herself. Then, fearing to offend them, "Not too much of a one, though; trunks—you know."

"What?" drawled Elma, "have you got to keep secret?" And when everybody excepting Nory laughed and Eve went scarlet, "You're been reading the scandal sheets, my child. I fancy we'll all array ourselves like the lillies more or less. To begin with, anyway. What happens after you've got by the censor is your own lookout. . . . There's folks from Spring Garden coming. Some girls and Noll Pierson, the musician. Clever chap."

"Clever grandmother!" Chuck granted. "Musician! Tin Pan Alley plug. Call things by their names, can't you?"

The crowd dispersed as Chuck and Elma settled down to quarrel.

It was plain to Eve that domesticity was wearing thin in the Holly household. Chuck, it appeared, was growing tired of Elma's rigid domination and neither of them saw any reason why their bickering should be private.

And this was another thing about the Lane which seemed more and more disagreeable to Eve, that nobody had any decent reservations. They seemed to think it artistic to flaunt their soiled linen, making as much noise over it as possible.

The night of the party was all that Elma could have wished. Air like velvet, delicious with the orchard scent of spring, heady with odors, the warm smell of earth. When the setting sun had spread a league-long canopy of rose across the western sky and dusk was gathering in purple pools in the valley, Ken and Eve packed the hamper which held their share of the supper into the roadster and went about picking up Jan and Clay and Ivy and Pierre, and then followed the trail of Nory's flivver up the long drive to Hilltop.

Chuck and Elma already were there and had a fire started and the flames were very red against Thor had Ken seemed so thrillingly, gloriously her own.

When the last of the light had faded in the west and the deserted old mansion was a dark bulk in the moonlight and the grounds ad scrub pine and eve the lake were scattered with the white powder of the moon's glow, they went into the water. And, floating beside Ken, Eve smiled at the recollection of her worries. Bathing suits—of course. It had been as Elma said, that she listened to wild stories. In a warm contentment she blinked at the stars, wondered if anywhere among all those far away worlds there was another girl as happy as herself. (To be continued)

which fringed the east end of the lake. It was a scene of peace and beauty: a violet sky polka-dotted with stars repeating itself in the still water and a great yellow lozenge of moon growing whiter and brighter as the shadows deepened.

The quiet seemed to permeate the spirit of the crowd; everybody spoke softly, going about opening hampers, slicing rolls, putting bacon on a little iron grill. Eve settled herself beside Ken, slipping her hand into his after the supper was over and Pierre and Jan were singing in a hushed, crooning way while Clay picked an accompaniment on Fifi's ukulele.

"How beautiful this is, Ken. Why can't we always be like this—all of us? Like a page out of an old story book."

ANGORA (AP)—The general speeding up plan of Turkey is reaching the railroads. The express between here and Istanbul which now takes 15 hours, is to make the 2 1/2 miles next summer in eight hours and the accommodation train will cut its time from 18 hours to 10.

BERLIN (AP)—Frau Hedwig Textor-Vargas, sole surviving descendant of the Goethe family, has been commissioned by American publishers to translate books which she thinks would interest readers in the United States. She is working first on Emil Albohl's "Tragedy of the German Navy."

BYRD PARTY GIVEN ROUSING WELCOME

DUNEDIN, N. Z., March 11.—(AP)—Having flown the American flag over the south pole and explored its vast realm of cold and ice, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd received today the tribute of the first city to welcome him back to civilization.

All day crowds swarmed about his two ice scarred vessels, the Eleanor Bolling and the City of New York, which yesterday entered Dunedin harbor accompanied by a procession of welcoming vessels.

Not only Byrd, but every one of his 41 men who for more than a year braved the hardships and hazards of the Polar regions were warmly greeted by this city of 85,000 which often in the past has sent forth expeditions into the unknown region guarded by a great barrier of ice encompassing mountains more than 14,000 feet high.

Although Byrd continued today to stress other achievements of his expedition, popular fancy

clung to his heroic flight with three companions over the south pole. This flight, began November 28, from the Bay of Whales at the base of the great barrier, lasted 17 hours and 39 minutes. With Bert Balchen at the controls, Byrd's airplane forced its way over mountain tops and circled the south pole which is at an elevation of 9,669 feet.

Unable to land at the pole because of the roughness of the terrain, the great plane flew back to the Ross Barrier base camp, refueled and continued on to the Bay of Whales to receive the plaudits of Little America, Byrd's main camp.

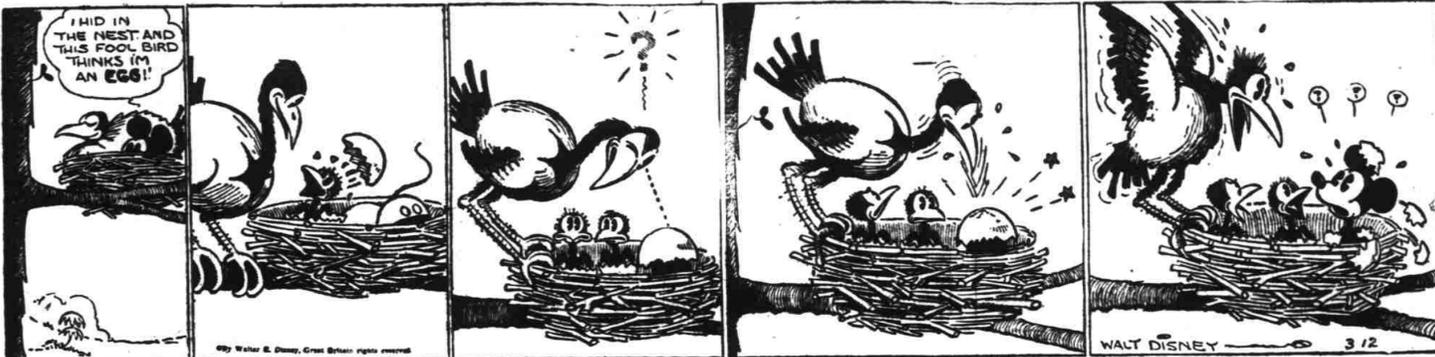
McMinnville Girl Will Compete

McMINNVILLE, March 11.—McMinnville high's representative in the district finals of the state oratorical contest will be Helen Dorothy Haynes, who won in the high finals on her oration, "The Picture of the Constitution."

The paper has been forwarded to Eugene to be passed on by composition judges and Miss Haynes will compete in the district at Oregon City.

By IWERKS

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	11	
12				13				14			
15			16		17			18			
23	24	25		26		27					
28			29		30			31	32		
33			34					35			
36			37					38			
42	43		44		45						
46			47		48			49	50	51	52
53			54		55			56			
57			58		59						

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—mentally sound
 - 5—aspire
 - 9—relation
 - 12—the rainbow
 - 18—was indebted to
 - 14—crude metal
 - 15—insignificant
 - 17—youth
 - 18—prevalent
 - 19—elongated fish
 - 21—despot
 - 23—skinned over the surface
 - 27—electrolytic unit
 - 28—device used for weaving
 - 31—nickname for father
 - 32—tavern
 - 34—existence
 - 35—watch pocket
 - 36—symbol for tellurium
 - 37—disclose
 - 38—vex or irritate
 - 39—Japanese coin
 - 40—more than one
 - 42—pertaining to a life
 - 45—incline
 - 47—at this time
 - 48—double or back tooth
 - 53—sand cone
 - 54—melody
 - 56—rant
 - 57—mistake
 - 58—dispatched
 - 59—pedal lights
 - 6—nocturnal bird
 - 7—partially carbonized vegetable material used for fuel
 - 8—whirling
 - 9—Mohammedan sacred scriptures
 - 10—feet
 - 11—salaman-der-like amphibian
 - 12—hoever
 - 13—infected with dread disease
 - 22—spawn of fish
 - 23—flutter
 - 24—solitary
 - 25—period of time
 - 26—loses its moisture
 - 30—attack
 - 31—fortified Italian seaport
 - 32—brother of Cain
 - 34—fruits of large herbaceous tropical plants
 - 35—loses its moisture
 - 36—attack
 - 31—fortified Italian seaport
 - 32—brother of Cain
 - 34—fruits of large herbaceous tropical plants
 - 35—loses its moisture
 - 36—attack
 - 37—a social party for specific purpose
 - 38—announcement
 - 39—meat
 - 41—vigor
 - 42—tardy
 - 43—one who loses
 - 44—whatever may be learned or learned
 - 45—triumph
 - 46—Chinese card game
 - 51—salvation
 - 52—thing
 - 53—nearby
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- SPRING**
- APRIL**