

'SHEIK'S WIFE'

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXVIII

They gathered around the fire after a time, talking, telling stories, singing. And presently a car drew up near the mansion.

"Nell and the girl from Spring Garden," Elma murmured. But she did not move though greetings were shouted and the two called that they were going for a dip at once.

The group watched idly while the man ran out on the spring-board and dropped into the lake with a splash. Then the girl followed slowly, standing a moment on the swaying end of the board before she threw off the long coat she wore. A gasp went up from the crowd.

She stood there in the brightness, an ethereal figure, graceful as a nymph, the light touching her pale head, glancing down the straight, slender lines of her body. If she were clad in white it was not apparent to those on the shore, brought to swift, vivid attention.

She raised her hands in a slow, beautiful curve and Eve thought of the silver fairy on Ken's radiator cap; then there was a flash of light as the girl struck the water. Ken's arm stiffened beneath Eve's fingers as his breath whistled through his teeth.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "Oh, my Lord!" And his voice shook.

A little icy chill coiled round and round Eve's heart. She never knew what made her whisper "the Southwick girl. Oh—why? Tonight... Pass Southwick."

There it was—the strange twist that life gives to events. Happiness for an hour, shining softly as the stars; then a flash and it is broken and gone and nothing is as it has been ever again.

A pale statuette of a girl, all ivory and gold, poised in the moonlight; a weird, incredible beauty kindling the imagination of an artist; intuition, born of love, crying a protest.

Ken did not hear. He was straining forward, following with his gaze the gleam of a white body cutting through the water, splashing a wake of little silver ripples all across the lake. And Eve watched him with one hand clenched against her heart.

Pierson came ashore and threw himself down by Elma, laughing and shaking himself like a shaggy dog. But the girl turned and swam out again, circling the lake before she finally approached the fire, hesitating like a young, wild thing fearing capture.

She approached the dancing light, holding her hands to the warmth, and Eve saw that she wore a little jersey, flesh-colored and hardly more than a girdle. Moisture clung to her hair like sparkling jewels and she dropped her dashes in an embarrassed way while Pierson brought the long coat and put it around her.

Puss Southwick... How had Eve known the slim water nymph was the kitten they had met in Lakeview? Long afterward she wondered, but never could tell. And now when Puss sat demurely in the firelight, saying little, very gracious and flattered by attention, Eve tried to convince her self that she was a great goose.

"A jealous wife—that's what it'll be if I don't watch out. Fly-

ing off every time Ken looks at anybody. Of course it was sort of starting, the way she came out and threw off her coat—like the star making an entrance in a play—but she's a quiet little thing. Nice—yes, she is—and I'm going to like her. Not a big silly—like it was that Eve made an effort to be gay, to laugh and chatter and be especially nice to Elma. But all the while the chill was at her heart. And presently Ken was beside the little blonde, watching her in his eager way, twisting the streamer of her coat in his sensitive hands. And when it was time to go Eve was ready to sob with relief.

But now everybody was pairing off after the manner of The Lane, choosing partners for the ride home, and Ken was lingering, looking at Puss who fluttered her lashes at him and wiggled like a kitten.

Elma hooked her arm through Niel Pierson's and they started off, grinning backward. "So long, ruffians. See you anon, maybe," Chuck called. "Hey! Who's going to take me home? Hands off little silver-heels, Wilmer; I saw her first."

"Not any," Ken's voice cut like a whip through the laughter. "Run along, Daddy Time, you're an age and a half too slow."

Then while Eve waited in a deadly stillness an arm was flung round her shoulders and she was swept along toward the path. "I've picked my girl," Nory told everybody. "First choice for me and the rest of you can screw it out among yourselves. Up and doing, not to say discriminating—that's me." And he pretended to scuffle with Pierre and then with Chuck, as if keeping Eve for himself were a very difficult matter indeed and they left in a laughing confusion, Eve moving proudly along at his side.

"You're wonderful," she told him a little breathlessly. "Always doing something nice—oh, the dearest person—"

"The dearest, Eve?" He leaned over as he helped her into the flivver and his tone was strained and hard. "The dearest—to you, Eve?"

She bent down, fumbling with her dress, trying not to cry. She felt his long look before he went around to the front of the car and cranked the engine and when he swung in beside her she was sitting very straight, very composed, staring at the road ahead.

Other cars passed the rattling old Ford, sailing by with a derisive whoop and each one pulled her chin up sharply, brought her eyes around all too quickly, too eagerly. She would peer and make her lips smile—and sit back, willing. For none of the cars was there by the lake, Ken and the water nymph, loitering in the silver moonlight; two left alone at the top of a magic world.

Nory began to talk after a little, telling about his next story. "I hope you'll help me with it, dried. The woman's viewpoint—Ken's. They were lingering back there by the lake, Ken and the water nymph, loitering in the silver moonlight; two left alone at the top of a magic world."

"But—why, do you think I could? Ken said—well, I'm afraid

I haven't any talent, I would love it so."

He said, "Think it over. Don't be concerned about talent. Wade is coming up one day; I'll have you meet him."

She was thrilled by the prospect. But after he had told her goodnight and she had gone into the silent, lonely house she could think only of Ken. He was going to Spring Garden—ten miles over there—taking his time. Dazzled by a new face, a girl who came before them all with her thin, white body exposed to the moonlight and their startled gaze.

Would it always be this way, Ken falling into one infatuation after another, straying, coming back to her only to wonder again? All the beauty of the night vanished for her, wiped out. And now she was alone in the house, waiting, wondering when he would come.

At least she would not let him know she minded. She could go this, keeping him from guessing she was hurt.

With a dreary little sigh, Eve undressed and got into bed. And when Ken lifted in hours later she was lying with her face toward the wall, eyes closed.

She listened to him moving about softly, taking great care not to awaken her—heard him steal into the studio, rustle about.

"A new inspiration," she thought bitterly. "I should be glad if this, something will make him want to work. I suppose it will be Puss Southwick coming to pose now—Puss instead of Fifi—with her face on all the covers in a few weeks."

Ken was like a child with a new toy when he talked of Puss. "A striking type, don't you think, Eve? Wade'll be running in circles. Sweet little thing; ought to hear her rave about you. I'd like to do her standing on the spring-board with the moon at her back."

And as time went along Eve had to admit that Puss was an improvement on Fifi in one way, at least. She was not so energetic. Still there were days when

Ken's wife felt she might have preferred Fifi's constant movements to Puss' tentacles, her ceaseless baby talk.

"Darn little clinging vine! 'Ts on dolla' make poor little me look like big, bold girl, bad mans?" Eve mimicked to herself. "How does Ken stand it? Going around hypnotized?"

Yet she could not dislike Puss. Despite the kittenish cunning which impelled Puss to fawn upon Eve, the little thing was hopelessly dumb—pathetic somehow—surely too stupid to make any real impression on Ken. Eve thought of her as a pest, one hadn't quite the heart to exterminate, annoying but harmless.

And then the tribe went on a mountain climbing expedition and took Puss along and Eve changed her mind.

(To be continued)

MOTOR TO WASHINGTON
LIBERTY, March 12.—Palmer Williams accompanied by his sisters Lily and Valera motored to South Bend, Washington Friday where they visited their sisters. They were accompanied on their return by their mother who has been spending the past week in Washington.

OREGONIAN SEEKING M'NARY'S DEFEAT

PORTLAND, Ore., March 12.—(AP)—The Oregonian is a signed article tomorrow will say lumbermen are considering the advisability of selecting a strong candidate and supporting him for the republican nomination for United States senator against Charles L. McNary, incumbent. The movement, the newspaper will say, is the outgrowth of the general feeling of dissatisfaction of the industry at the failure to obtain a protective tariff on lumber.

A meeting of prominent lumbermen was held here today to canvass the situation and similar meetings will be held at Eugene, Coos Bay and Klamath Falls.

If a candidate is selected the official filing must be made by April 1. This will require an intensive campaign, but the lumbermen, the Oregonian will say, point out there is an organization ready to go into immediate action for everyone in the industry would be active.

ORIGIN OF FIRE IS DECLARED MYSTERY

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.—(AP)—The Mandeville dock, a wooden structure, stretching three blocks along the Mississippi river, burned late today in a mysterious fire starting under the structure. It was filled with lumber and staves and was believed to be a total loss.

The flames spread to the steamship Munaire of the Munsion line, tied alongside and it burned until the fire tugs Samson and Deluge cut her loose and towed her across the river, where the fire was put out. During the rescue the Deluge caught fire, but escaped with slight damage. An early check failed to disclose any serious injuries to persons.

LIBERTY, March 12.—Liberty school is proud of the progress made in the Palmer method of writing. Those who received Palmer buttons, the first award, Esther Cammack, Verda Rains, Helen Tucker, Margaret Channer, Constance Stark, Ross Kiltson, Leslie Ladd, Fred Murhammer, Lucille Brunledge. Merit buttons, second award, Esther Cammack, Lillian Davis, Helen Murhammer. Progress pins, third award, Helen Murhammer.

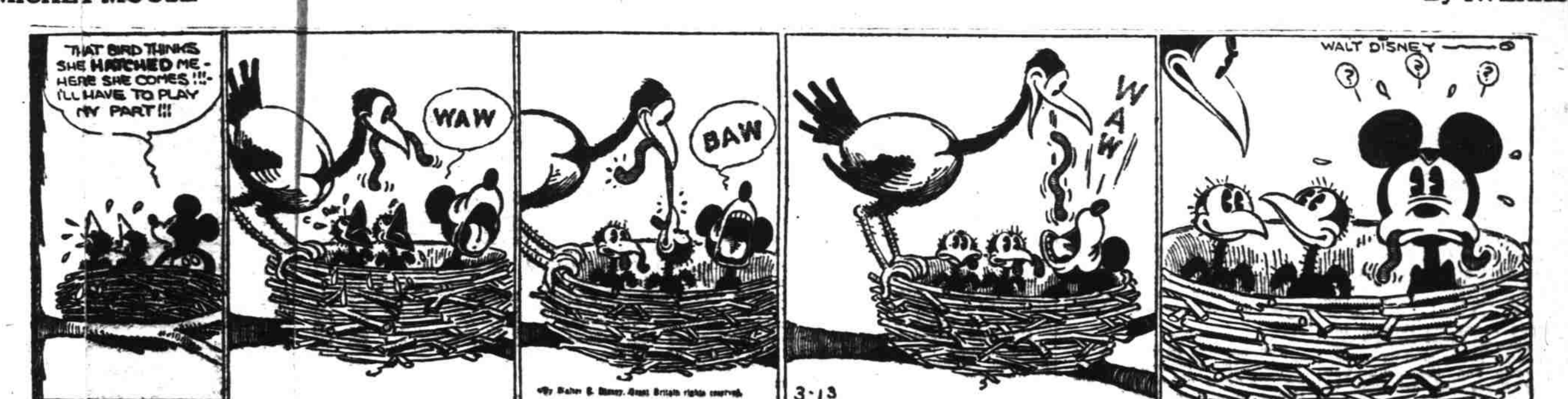
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MICKY MOUSE



"POLLY AND HER PALS"



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

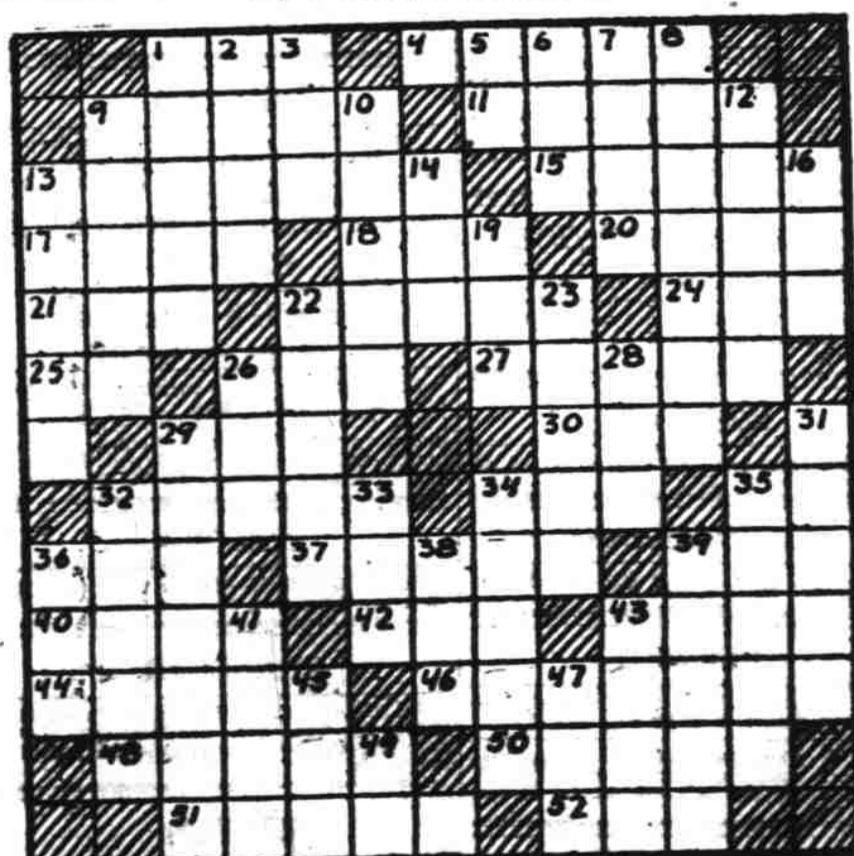


TOOTS AND CASPER



Cross - Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



- HORIZONTAL
- 1—cabe
 - 2—supper
 - 3—bulbous plant bearing bell-shaped flower
 - 4—natives of Denmark
 - 5—girl's name
 - 6—contrived
 - 7—material used in making jewelry
 - 8—aid
 - 9—advances guard
 - 10—judgment
 - 11—youth
 - 12—tube-like
 - 13—combs
 - 14—comparative suffix
 - 15—musical note
 - 16—mark with ridges
 - 17—portable boat
 - 18—cut
 - 19—cut
 - 20—cut
 - 21—cut
 - 22—cut
 - 23—cut
 - 24—cut
 - 25—cut
 - 26—cut
 - 27—cut
 - 28—cut
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 - 44—cut
 - 45—cut
 - 46—cut
 - 47—cut
 - 48—cut
 - 49—cut
 - 50—cut
 - 51—cut
 - 52—cut
- VERTICAL
- 1—small valleys
 - 2—one
 - 3—foot-like organ
 - 4—plural
 - 5—pronoun
 - 6—rain of certain trees
 - 7—letter
 - 8—a breast-work
 - 9—cut in two
 - 10—cut in two
 - 11—cut in two
 - 12—cut in two
 - 13—cut in two
 - 14—a jackdaw
 - 15—permit
 - 16—short for Edward
 - 17—stead
 - 18—sped
 - 19—small pear-shaped tropical fruit
 - 20—pull
 - 21—the Gal-linas
 - 22—sawed singer
 - 23—triangle
 - 24—male sheep
 - 25—bohemian
 - 26—back of the bag
 - 27—cut
 - 28—cut
 - 29—cut
 - 30—cut
 - 31—cut
 - 32—cut
 - 33—cut
 - 34—cut
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