

SHEIK'S WIFE

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XVI.
 "Good Lord, youngster, what do I care about your family?" But when he saw she was hurt he hastened to assure her that everything was all right and that his dearest wish, next to making her Mrs. Kenneth Wilmer, was to become acquainted with the uncles Mathew, Mark, Luke and John.

He went to make himself presentable then and Eva took him home to tell Mary the news. And Mary kissed them both and began to bustle about preparing what she called an engagement dinner. They tried to help at first, but they would forget what they were doing to look at each other, or perhaps in reaching across the table to touch each other's hands a dish would be upset. And finally Mary, red and laughing, declared that folks in love were no earthly good in a kitchen and sent them out under the trees, where they wandered in a lumbrous fog till Jimmy came home and pretended to be immensely surprised at what they had to tell.

Ken and Eva planned to leave for Lakeview on Wednesday afternoon, this being Monday, and to stay the remainder of the week and this forestalled the parties Elma and Jan and even Ivy wished to give in honor of the engagement. By the time they returned something else would be newer and more exciting to them and Eva was glad of this. She wished somehow that she needn't sort of share her amazement quite so much with the tribe.

Only one did she not hear from—only Nory kept silence. And Wednesday morning she put on her green dress and wandered across the fields to his cottage.

But the cottage was shut up and a note on the door said Nory had gone to New York. Eva stood there reading the note, feeling disappointed, strangely depressed. Nory had gone away just when the whole colony was buzzing over Ken's engagement and Eva was puzzled. Of course everything was very casual in the Lane; any one of the tribe might step out some day on a trip around the world without a word to anybody. Still this did not seem quite like Nory, the whimsical, friendly person Eva regarded rather as a big brother. He might have at least sent her a wish for happiness.

She was hurt and a little blue as she pressed through the evergreens and through the hedge, grown bushy and matted now and started back across the fields.

But life was so full of so many things that no shadow could touch it for long. Ken was waiting, pacing up and down like a caged lion with Mary half distracted trying to calm him. He seized Eva as if she had been given up for lost, demanded where she had been, whom she had seen, why she was away when he especially wanted to see her.

And with the memory of what happened when she told him of Nory's tea party sharply etched on her mind, she smiled and, for the first time in her life, deliberately fibbed.

"I've not been anywhere, darling... just for a walk. And I'm dying to know what you wanted

to see me about so specially special."

"I always wanted to see you. And it's always special. Lordy, Eva, supposing something should happen to one of us? So the other would be left alone—"

He was swirling into emotional depths and, like his savior, Eva plunged after to pull him back. "Nothing's going to happen, Mister Fussy-fuss and you'd better save your imagination for your lovely pictures. And now sweet Mary's got lunch all ready and I'll bet you haven't touched a morsel for hours and hours. And I can see I'm going to be the sort of wife who has to follow her male critter around with a spoon and his rubbers."

"If you dare!" But Ken was pleased and flattered by the attention both girls gave him and it was not altogether an easy matter to get him started on the long drive afterward. Once they were swinging out of the Lane, however, and on to the smooth State highway he made Eva tell him all about Lakeview, the sleepy little old-fashioned village put down in a stretch of country which held seven lakes and about the old farm where she had lived all her life.

So while they skimmed along Storm King road, dropping down the hill for the ferry to Poughkeepsie and striking out eastward from here for the Connecticut line, she chattered about her little girlhood, feeling that it must seem uneventful and colorless to Ken but knowing he loved the story of it because he loved her.

"The house is a couple of hundred years old, Ken, with the oaks and maples as large as oaks in the yard. You never see such trees like those excepting in Connecticut. And it's full of honest-to-goodness old things for they belonged to my grandma and great-grandma and the granda before her."

"But we're really quite poor. Farms up that way are not terribly valuable and in grandpa's time even a cent was put into the land. That's why the uncles have gone away; they'd have sold out long ago, only they want Uncle Mat to have the farm as—long as he needs it." Her voice caught and her eyes brimmed and so Ken must stop the car, kiss her gently, beg her not to cry.

"He'll love you, Ken." She smiled through tears, urged him to go on. "And that's all of my story. Excepting that Mary and I went to school over near Stamford after we finished High and I saw your pictures when all the girls started to rave about them. And now I've met you!"

That called for another stop, a longer one this time. And because there were many such stops it was nearly evening when finally they rolled up a steep hill and went crackling along a gravel drive to the farmhouse which looked like the very spirit of New England put into wood and stone.

Eva raced across the lawn and flung herself into the arms of a man who was coming to meet them; Ken, following more slowly, met the keen appraising gaze of blue eyes over the girl's bright

The white head bowed as Ken turned eagerly. "Eve has told about my first editions, I see. But perhaps you're not interested?"

"I am indeed, sir. If you wouldn't mind my seeing them, I know how one feels—they're sort of sacred—"

It was the beginning of an odd friendship, this meeting between the gentle, faded, elderly aristocrat so near the end of life's journey and the young fellow who looked with hot impatience upon the long, long way ahead. In spite of the difference in age, education, rearing and most other essential points, they soon found that their tastes, opinions, likings and aversions clicked and from that time forward Eva complained that she never so much as laid eyes on Kenneth since he always was stuck away in the library with Uncle Mat.

But Eva had matters of her own to look after and did not mind really.

There was the old cedar chest to be dragged from the corner of the attic where it had stood for nearly a quarter of a century; the rusty old lock to be pried open; dried and powdery lavender leaves to be brushed away; a rare length of rose-print to be brought to light. Old Mrs. Wiggins, who

had kept house at the farm since Eve could remember, helped to spread the lace on a sheet in the sun.

But only Eve's hands lifted folds of ivory satin from the old chest, laid an exquisite garment reverently on the bed. Her mother's wedding gown.

She decided that she must wear this for her own wedding. The style was as good today as it had been twenty years ago—close cut bodice with the skirt gathered full, even rather bouffant and a rounded train. And the dress would fit; the little mother Eve never had known had been just her size at twenty, with her own red hair and amber eyes.

She would, Eve decided, wear her mother's wedding dress and the rose-point veil. And she and Ken would return to Lakeview in the Fall. She wished to be an October bride, going to the white church at the head of three highways under the gold and scarlet bronze of frost-touched leaves.

Thus she planned with happiness like the echo of half solemn, half exultant music sweeping the depths of her heart.

But her plans came to nothing in the end.

(To be continued)

FATAL SHOOTING OF FISHERMAN PROBED

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Feb. 25.—(AP)—Deputy sheriffs, heavily armed, tonight were awaiting the arrival of a revenue cutter to embark for San Nicolas Island, 40 miles west of here, to investigate the fatal shooting of a fisherman and the wounding of another there Sunday.

The officers will be accompanied by a contingent of Ventura county officers and local police. They believed the attack on the 25-foot power boat Taiyo, as she lay in a cove on the island, was made by rum runners or dope smugglers who feared detection.

Captain Tom Lobosoff, commander of the fishing craft, revealed the shooting when he brought the Taiyo into port here last night. The craft bore the name of Steve Semeranks, and John Heise, wounded owner of the boat, who now is in a critical condition at a local hospital with

a bullet in his chest. Captain Lobosoff is detained at the Avalon jail pending the outcome of the investigation. Officers found a small rifle aboard the Taiyo, but the skipper and Heise deny there was a quarrel aboard.

Race Rioters Are Given Stiff Jolts

SALINAS, Cal., Feb. 26.—(AP)—Eight Watsonville youths charged with rioting in connection with racial disturbances between whites and Filipinos several weeks ago, were sentenced in superior court here today to serve two years in San Quentin prison and in addition four of them were sentenced to 30 days in the county jail. The penitentiary sentences of all were then suspended.

The four receiving the county jail sentences, Fred Majors, Theodore Spangler, Charles Morrison and George Sias, are more than 21 years old. The others, George Barnes, Raymond Davis, Edward Fry and Raymond Smith are under 21.

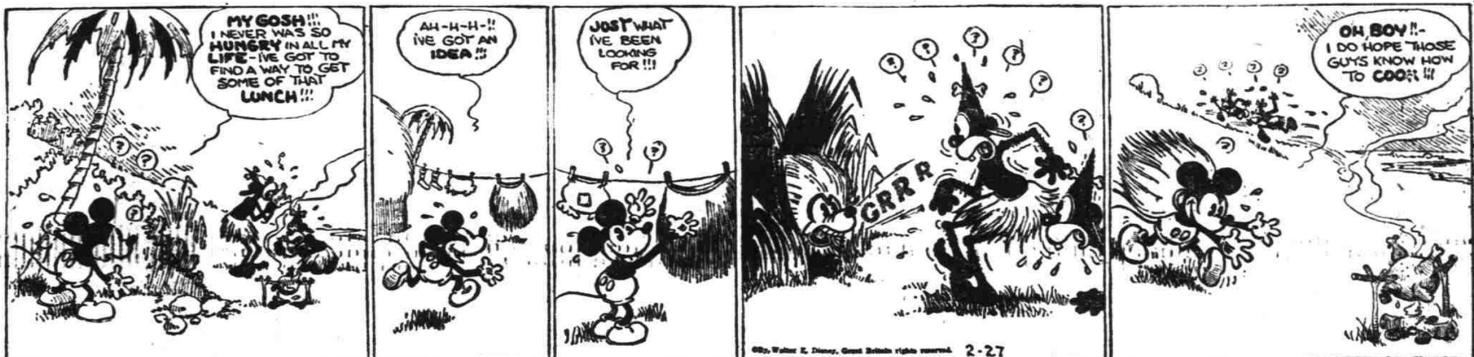
CHICAGO FINANCES BECOMING BETTER

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—(AP)—The municipal cash register had rung the tune of almost \$17,000,000 tonight at the close of the second day's sale of tax anticipation warrants in a "save the city" drive. Proceeds from the sale will be used to finance the government of the city until tax receipts, delayed by reassessment proceedings, begin to come to next July.

The 25 committees assigned to industrial groups into which the city was divided have swung into active work and the daily subscriptions were expected to mount considerably, beginning tomorrow. Phillip R. Clarke, banker and campaign chairman said tonight.

The civic quota of \$74,000,000 needed to operate the municipal and county governments until July was apportioned among the 25 groups, chief of which was the bank group with \$25,000,000 to raise.

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					19		
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		

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—possesses
 - 4—ran in competition
 - 9—plan
 - 12—Persia
 - 14—allowance for the weight of a container
 - 15—beverage
 - 16—pig pens
 - 18—one of the bones of the body
 - 19—beverage
 - 20—den
 - 22—not so difficult
 - 24—not so long
 - 27—color
 - 28—belonging to her
 - 29—happened
 - 31—Nova Scotia (abbr.)
 - 33—those in power
 - 34—man's name
 - 35—Spanish for river
 - 36—postscript (abbr.)
 - 37—female of the horse (pl.)
 - 38—relate
 - 39—sailor
- VERTICAL**
- 1—belonging to him
 - 2—skill in performance
 - 3—mariners
 - 5—by
 - 6—vehicle
 - 7—one of the Great Lakes
 - 8—one who argues
 - 9—morning prayer
 - 10—authors of one's being
 - 13—feels regret for past action
 - 17—pad
 - 18—thin pieces of baked clay for ornamental work
 - 21—smart blow
 - 22—the Argentine
 - 23—river in England
 - 24—have
 - 25—well-known seed of a vine
 - 26—cover
 - 31—age
 - 34—Latin conjunction
- Here with is the solution to yesterday's Puzzle.
- MIX RAVEN-GOV ENERGY VALISE DRUG DAVIT**
STUB GEORAM HAS RATE LOGIC ON SITE NAMES
ERASE WINK PL RENT WILD LEV SIT LAMERUTE TOMLAKS EUN ERG ARGOT BOT