

"SHEIK'S WIFE" BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

saw only a proud smile and never dreamed she was saying in her heart. "Naive-oh, you're the naive one, being taken in by a purr and a baby stare-big kid, you-big, blundering kid-"

Then, because she had been irritated she now reached up and dropped a kiss o nthe tip of his ear, and he threw his arm round her and held her fast so she would do it again, and this so took his attention that he all but ran the car into a ditch.

Ken seemed a little restless af-"Bart Wade is a god old thing" ter that. He still was the adoring Ken admitted sheepishly. lover, the worshipping young husband stricken with awe at his ing up her red head and drawing

long dreamy days and nights beside his beloved. Kenneth Wilmer. And I'm sure But he would have moments of you can't blame me for that."

abstraction when he sat staring He caught her to him, laugh- ing. "Don't mind-wel, you've at nothing, fingers idly drumm- ing, declaring she was clever as got Ken-you've good old Ken, ing, whistling some soundless she was beautiful and that some sweet-"

home."

MICKEY MOUSE

day he would make her proud of when they had passed an hour "But I couldn't be prouder, Ken, I'm awfully puffed up. And without a word, "Ken, let's go shall we leave tomorrow? I'll

He turned to her quickly, said start packing." "Oh, no," bue she could not but They packed together. Ken in see the eagerness flashing in his high spirits, laughing, playing eyes. "You want to go so soon, funny little half practical jokes, sweetheart, leave all this." singing snatches of jazz at the top of his voice. And if she were "Of course not, Ken. Does ft

matter where we are, though, if less rollicking, a little more silwe're together?" A little chill of ent and a little more wistful than through years. sadness at her heart, a half was her wont, he was too absorbfrightened wish that he would ed to notice.

say "Yes, it does matter; we must They rolled down the drive the be here by ourselves-I want you next morning with Eve looking here alone with me-these two backward, the old house with weeks out of all our lives." But old Mrs. Waggins on the veranda, she smiled at him, made her tone and the great old yard with the matter-of-fact. "I know you're old elms and maples and the old thinking of work, dear. I suppose garden where poppies and cornthe editors will be quite violent flowers and daisies bloomed all by this time, especially the 'Sky swept together in a blur of tears. Lines' man. He's dreadfully im-It seemed to Eve that she was leaving what was safe and solid, portant, isn't he?"

the very foundation upon which

But at the fot of the hill Ken stopped the car and kissed away snuggled under his chin, his lips against her bright hair. "Don't mind, sweet," he keut murmurernment.

(AP) - Twenty-three persons were indicted in 18 general true bills retruned today by the federal grand jury in session here.

(To be continued)

Eleven of them were charged with violation of the national prohibition act, four with making or passing counterfeit coins and the rest for a variety of offenses against the festeral gov-

The grand jury considered 25 awarded today,

"Of course." she said at last, matters, it was reported, and re-"It's just-I sort of don't like turned a total of 21 Indictments, good-byes, dear-" three of which were secret. Fo "Right-o." He slipped the gears not true bills were reported. three of which were secret, Four rattled over the narrow, covered

Among those indicted were: bridge above th eriver at the foot Mrs. Mark F. Clouser, violaof the hill, swung into the state tion federal penal code January highway. "No one says good-bye 20, 1930, by fraudulently obin the gang; you've noticed this. taining letters containing \$500

We'll never say it, Eve-never." "Never," she repeated. And recheck addressed to another person, Rose McKay, Portland. membered such a simple thing Orvie C. Hale, federal penal code, two counts, February 17, 1930, by passing counterfeit

Chairman Leggs of the Farm coins at Bend: Albert McKinley board and Sam R. McKelvie, board Hale by making counterfeit coins member representing wheat, at Bent; Marshal J. Corbin, and Walter L. Corbin, three counts, making and passing counterfeit were enroute to Chicago tonight to confer with the national wheat coins. advisory committee.

Prior to departure, the agricul-GRAIN DISPOSAL ASKED tural secretary attended a meet-ing of the cabinet at which condi-WASHINGTON, March 1. -AP)-A resolution to authorize

tions of both the wheat and cotthe federal farm board to spend ton markets were discussed fully \$25,000,000 for wheat or flour with the president. Mr. Hoover produced in the United States for was represented to be optimistic the relief of starving Chinese, for general improvement as a rewas introduced tonight by Senasuit of the upturn in the market. tor McMaster, republican, South

Dakota.

While he did not confirm a report that he would carry a personal message from the president MAIL CONTRACTS GIVEN WASHINGTON, March 1. to the wheat advisors committee, the secretary said that Mr. Hoo-(AP)-Contracts for carrying mails overseas for ten years were ver was "keenly interested" in its deliberations.

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WASHINGTON, March 1. -

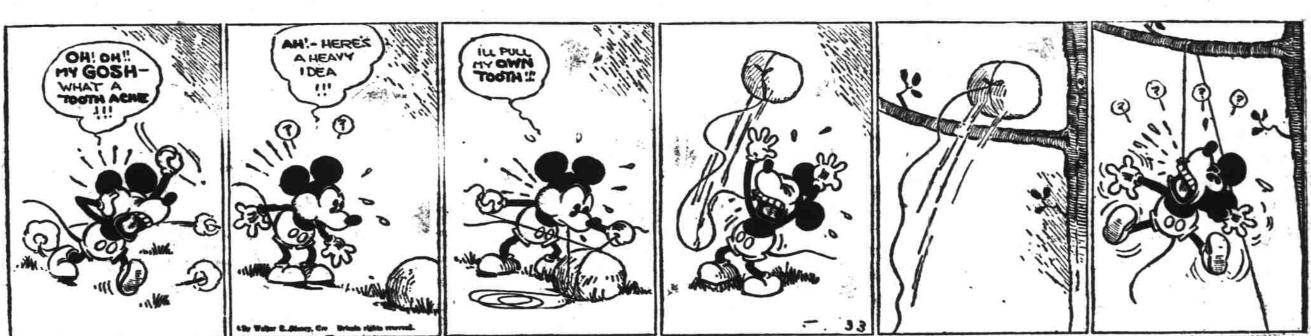
(AP)-Encouraged by the rising

wheat market Secretary Hyde,

By IWERKS

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"POLLY AND HER PALS"

"Betting On the Wrong Horse"

By CLIFF STERRETT



CHAPTER XIX. been paws instead, and had her ears been placed alertly a-top her head instead of hidden away under a tangle of ash-blonde ring-

lets. She seemed to have no bones at all when she moved, and she had a way of arching her back and smiling lazily, like a kitten supremely satisfied with life. Her voice purred when she used it, whch was seldom, for Puss seemed to have chosen a place in the background and from here she smiled while Miss Madge Morgan and Ken argued and agreed and

when Eve tmidly tred to put in a

cryptically little Puss Southwick eyes rested on Ken; Eve thought | my shop."

Yet Puss made not the tiniest Puss Southwick doubtless should effort to bring herself to Ken's have been a Persian kitten had attention unless, perhaps,, her her small hands with their sup- good-bye might have been considple fingers and nails dyed crim- ered that. She put out one of the son and polished like mirrors sleek little paws for him to take, holding it paim downward, shut her eyes tight, opened them in a stare of pure wonder.

> you!" cried her eyes.' But her lips purred, "I've friends in Haverford and I'm coming there some day if you'll let me see your studio. The place where you workit would be wonderful . . ."

hair in an embarrassed way and looked startled. "Why, my studio's nothing to see. "Just a work-

"To think of actually meeting

"I've friends in Haverford and I'm coming some day if you'll let me see your studio.

Ken ran his fingers over his

her life stood. "Besides,' Eve declared, throwgreat fortune, loitering through back her shoulders. "I'm just her tears, held her with her nose dying to go bac kand be Mrs.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 1. -

