

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

SYNOPSIS

Dr. David Jebb is a passenger on the crack train, the Nord-Express, with Ostend as his immediate destination. He is bound for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his charming young temporary ward. On the train they meet Big Bill Gaines, former classmate and fraternity brother of David's. He tells Gaines of his mission, and of his one unconquerable vice—an overwhelming desire for liquor. Jebb feels the urge coming to him again, and wants to safeguard the child, whose father is dead, and whose mother waits for him in America. During a stop, Gaines leaves the train to buy a present for Cynthia. The train pulls out without him. Then Jebb is slightly, but painfully, injured in a minor accident. A fellow-passenger gives him a drink, which makes his desire for liquor all the stronger.

CHAPTER II—Continued

After Cynthia had wasted a long and weary while of tenderness upon the wretch whose torment was so much beyond her comprehension, she grew fretful of her own account and began to ask for a story. "Tell me a story, Nunkie Dave."

"I don't know any new ones, honey."

"Tell Thinty about madic carpet."

From his chaotic remembrance of that tangled chaos of countless-colored skins, the "Arabian Nights," Jebb brought out a twisted yarn:

"Once upon a time there was a poor old sailor named Sindbad, and he was sailing across Sahara in a ship of the desert, that is—the back of a camel—you've seen 'em at circuses."

"What wath the cameth name, Nunkie Dave?"

"The camel's name was Clarence, I think. And he was thinking of his beautiful little daughter."

"Oh, did the camel have a daughter?"

"No, it's Sindbad I'm speaking of."

"What wath her name, Nunkie Dave?"

"The daughter's name was Bridget, I believe—or Patricia, I forget which."

"Where did little Bridget live?"

"See here, young lady, am I telling a story or passing an examination? If you're not careful, I'll make you tell the story. She lived in Constantinople, I believe. Can you spell it?" The curls shook violently. "It's a C and an I and a constanti, and a stepple and a stople and a constanti-nople."

This old lyric entranced the child and she had to learn it. But, once mastered, she was hot on the trail of Sindbad the sailor. And she forced the frantic mind of Jebb back into the harness. He went on:

"Well, as Sindbad was sailing across the sand and sailing across the sand what should he see ahead of him but a—a bottle."

The word was out and it was like a knife in Jebb's heart. But he churned on:

"So Sindbad said to the camel, 'Whoa, Dobbins!'"

With the fanatic accuracy of a child in matters of narrative, she insisted:

"Hith name was Clarenth."

"That's right. He said, 'Whoa, Clarence,' and Clarence whoa'd, and Sindbad threw out the rope fire-escape and climbed down and tied Clarence to a hitching post that happened to be standing there, and he picked up the bottle and pulled out the cork with a corkscrew he always carried, and as soon as the cork was out, what do you suppose popped out of the bottle?"

"Milk?"

"Not milk but a—ugh! a genie!"

"Whath a genie?"

"A genie is—well, it's—a—er—see that big cloud out there that looks like a giant on a draught-horse? Well, a genie is a terrible being as big as that—a kind of a horrible fairy goblin demon. And he had been corked up in that bottle by an old magician, and he was just aching for some poor fool—er fellow to come along and pull the cork so that he could chew him up."

"Whooh!" gasped Cynthia, cuddling closer.

"That's what the genie said: 'Whooh! You see he had been locked up there about three million hundred years and he was hungry, and he was just going to gobble Sindbad up when—'"

"Umm! Did Mr. Thimpat get scared?"

"Scared! His teeth went clickety-click like this train. But, just as the genie was sprinkling some salt on him to make him taste better, Sindbad happened to remember the right charm. He waved his wand and yelled, 'Abracadabra, presto-change-o, snicker-nee!'"

"And you should have seen that genie wilt. He got down on the ground and said, 'Please, Massa Sindbad, don't put me in the bottle any more. Let me work for you.' You see, Cynthia, some people have the magic charm, and they can make the bottle-genie work for them and cheer them up and be their slave, but other poor fellows don't know the word, and they become the genie's slaves."

Cynthia, like most of her sex, was not for moralizing, but for plot. So Jebb went on:

"Sindbad said, 'Look here, you black rascal, I want to get home and see my little daughter Susie!'"

"Her name ith Bridthet."

"My daughter Bridget, and I want to get home quick. D'you understand?" And the genie said, 'Yes, Massa Sindbad, you're agoing to be da in a jiffy.'"

"What a jiffy, Nunkie?"

"That's something I never could find out, honey. But the genie knew and he brought out a magic carpet."

"Did he have it in his pocket?"

"He must have had."

"How could he get a carpet in a bottle?"

"You'll have to ask him. Genies are very peculiar. But he brought it out and spread it on the ground, and said, 'All aboard!'—and Sindbad stepped on it, and the genie said, 'Hold fast!' and rang the bell twice, and the next moment Sindbad found himself at home in Constantinople, and his little girl—what do you suppose was the first thing she said?"

"She said, 'What did you bring me for a prethent?'"

"That's just what she said. And her father said to the genie, 'Here, you black rascal, what did we bring the little girl?' And the genie took out of his suitcase the most beauti-



A window of quaint and alien design.

ful—but here we are at Cologne, honey. Let's get out and take a breath of air and see the Cathedral."

Cynthia, like many another, cared more for the architecture of event than of stone. She insisted:

"But what did the genie bring the little girl?"

"We'll open the suitcase when the train starts again. It will do us good, honey, to stretch our legs a bit."

Jebb was impatient to be moving. He could not imagine what was in the suitcase, and he felt that if he sat in the train another moment he would leap through the window and carry the glass flying.

Taking Cynthia by the hand he descended from the car, leaving all their hand-luggage except the small Gladstone containing the precious drawings. This he carried in gingerly manner, his turbaned thumb yelping with pain at the slightest jar.

Learning that the train would rest at Cologne some minutes, he struck out across the platform. Cynthia was hungry; the loss of the oranges had whetted her appetite. There was a refreshment room in the station, but Jebb thought they would better step outside and take a look at the Cathedral towering above them like a storm cloud.

Of all the eyes that have stared at that carved mountain in the many centuries since it began to upheave its mass above the town, not many eyes could have regarded it with less observation. The child's thoughts were turned inward upon the fascinating mysteries of the gift the genie brought to Miss Bridget Sindbad. Jebb's eyes ran here and there like foxes in a cage, with the restlessness of a man in torment.

His shifty gaze was caught by the sign of the Dom Hotel, with the coffee-house adjoining. People were seated at tables. Some of them were reading the papers one finds there. All of them had some liquor before them. Jebb shivered with desire, his knees wavered. The genie of alcohol was fuming from the bottle and he knew no subduing charm.

It usurped his will. He could not wish to subdue it. Everything on earth became a mirage, the two things real were the thirst consuming him, and the relief at hand.

Throwing off irresolution as something contemptible he stalked ma-

jestically across the street, the little girl toddling alongside, haud passibus aequis.

She never questioned the probity of her guide. If she felt a little fear that they were going too far it was lost in her trust of Nunkie Dave. She made one comment as her feet pattered across the rough cobbles of the city:

"It don't thmell like cologne, Nunkie Dave."

A voice came from his high-held head:

"So Coleridge said, honey." She panted as she ran: "Who wath he, Nunkie Dave?"

"He was the man who wrote the 'Ancient Mariner.'"

"Who wath he, Nunkie Dave?"

"He was the man who slew the albatross."

"Whath a albatroth, Nunkie Dave?"

"It was a beautiful bird, honey, and the man that killed it suffered horribly of thirst. You must never, never slay the albatross, honey—never slay the albatross. It's the unpardonable crime."

Strolling along the Domhof, Jebb and Cynthia soon reached the Dom Hotel. Jebb took the child to the dining-room, told an elderly waiter to bring her what she wanted, cautioned her not to stir till he came back, and kissing her good-by, made straight for the wine-room.

Cynthia had never heard of Casablanca, but she shared his grit. She and the waiter, who spoke a little dining-room English, and had five or six little Kindchen of his own, became great friends. It was a pleasanter place to wait than on a burning deck, but Cynthia's appetite was soon sated, the waiter speedily emptied his English vocabulary, and his bag of tricks for amusing a child jaded with delay. And still Jebb did not return. Loneliness for her playmate, and terror for his loss, agitated the child, and she was fretting:

"I want Nunkie Dave! I want Nunkie Dave!" And then, that cry failing, she began to whimper: "I want my mamma!"

At last Jebb arrived at the door of the dining-room. Cynthia precipitated herself across the floor with a shriek of joy that disturbed the solemn room. The waiter followed to explain with much joviality and some policy, how long and well he had entertained his charge.

Jebb, with a remarkable magnificence of manner, called for the reckoning and paid it with a gold piece of ten marks, and bade him keep the change.

The rain of gold had begun. Mr. Croesus was himself again.

Leaving the volunuous waiter palpitant with admiration, Jebb took Cynthia's hand and they went back to the station. In his other hand he still grasped the Gladstone.

His manner to the child was one of lofty tenderness, of the courtesy an ancient knight would have shown a lady of high degree, mingled with the absentmindedness of a poet whose thoughts were busied with some great theme.

"Seems to me, honey, that the train was headed other way when we left. Prob'ly—probab-ly I'm mistaken. Get turned round easily in foreign countries."

In his eagerness to board the train he tried to walk over and through a gorgeous officer who looked to be at least a taker of cities instead of tickets. On demand Jebb brought out his pocketbook and produced the remainder of a ticket and a half to Ostend.

He was informed that his train was, "Vor langer Zeit gegangen."

With an air of angelic patience Jebb informed the man, whom he called "Mein lieber General," that

he desired and intended to take the train standing before him. The guard, greatly touched by the title (he had been a soldier, of course), informed the distinguished sir that the train was no longer the Nord-Express, but the Ostend-Vienna Express and that other tickets would be required.

Jebb replied that that made nothing to him out, and went to the ticket office where, in German of surprising correctness, he called for one and one-half tickets. The man in the cage naturally inquired, though in less aristocratic German: "Please, for what station, my sir?"

Jebb smiled airily and quoted a remembered line. "What stations have you?"

The beard within waved like wheat and the ticket-seller answered with a laugh. "Frankfort-am-Main, Homburg, Wurzburg."

"Wurzburg, eh? That tastes good to me. (Das schmeckt mir gut.)"

CHAPTER III

Hovering a little this side of sleep, his drowsy eyes saw, or seemed to see, through a window of quaint and alien design, a distant tower of soaring stature, just visible in the dim light of daybreak. At its topmost tip the rising sun had coaxed a rose to bloom. The rest of the slim shaft was still enveloped in violet shadow.

In a balcony circling the tower he rather imagined than described a mote of a figure, and rather dreamed than heard a voice far, far away, and crying:

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!"

It was only on its fourth intonation that he made out the words, and then they meant nothing to him. There followed a chant in the same strange language, so mellowed by remoteness that it interwove with the dream-rug on the loom of Jebb's drowsiness. The words were strange and there was no meaning, only a foreign music, in that concluding phrase, "Prayers are better than sleep," which the drowsy and dubious muezzin, weary of the steep spiral stairway, adds to the sunrise Azan.

When his eyes actually perceived the minaret through the latticed window, and made out what manner of room he was in, he sat up with a start. He fell back immediately. His nerves jangled like a harp thrown to the floor.

To move his head ever so slightly was to put himself on the rack, but curiosity forced him to endure the turning of his face so that he could study his whereabouts. Wonder filled him till he thought he was back in a dream.

The last thing he remembered was a sense of drowsiness on a train in Germany. But this was neither a train, nor Germany.

"This is Japan," thought Jebb, who had never been there.

He lay on a sort of wall-platform covered with a heap of cotton mattresses. Over him were spread quilts of delicate fabric. On the floor were many rugs tinted like heaps of autumnal leaves.

"This is Persia," he concluded, thinking of the rugs. He had never been to Persia.

At some vaguely later period he thought he vaguely the creak of an opened door, and his own leaden eyelids seemed to creak as he heaved them ajar. The door was indeed slightly opened, and peering into the room was a face. It was the black and glistening skull of a Negroid—something more than a Negro and less than a man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"The Name Is Familiar"

BY FELIX B. STREYCKMANS and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Tom and Jerry

TAKE some egg whites, egg yolks, powdered sugar, brandy, rum and whiskey, mix it all up, and you have a Tom and Jerry. Take the name of America's greatest bartender, Jerry Thomas, mix that up, and you again have Tom and Jerry. Yes, it was Jerry Thomas, head bartender of the old Metropolitan hotel at Broadway and Prince street in New York city who concocted the drink that immortalizes his name.



Jerry Thomas

Because his parents wanted him to become a minister and because he was the author of a book—"The Bartender's Guide"—he was called Professor Thomas. That was not such a far-fetched title for a bartender of the 1860s who could write a book—imagine a bartender of that era who could just write!

Jerry Thomas was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1825. His parents, sent him to college so he could be a preacher. But, at the age of 20, he quit school to carry on an experiment to determine whether college men could imbibe alcoholic liquors in unlimited quantities. His conclusions were in the negative but he stayed close to the subject he loved by becoming principal bartender in a New Haven saloon.

In later years he became head bartender at the famous El Dorado in San Francisco where he invented the Blue Blazer, then he went to St. Louis where he invented the Tom and Jerry. He tended bar all over the United States, Central America and parts of Europe, starting the Europeans especially with his \$4,000 worth of silver bar utensils and his unlimited repertoire of mixed drinks.

Butterick Patterns

LITERALLY hundreds of millions of Butterick patterns have been used all over the world. They have been a boon to hundreds of thousands of mothers in making clothes at home for their families. Now whom do they have to thank—Miss Butterick? Mrs. Butterick? No, neither. The inventor of this home dressmaking aid was a man, Ebenezer Butterick.



E. Butterick

After some experiments he cut his first salable patterns June 16, 1863. The first patterns were folded by members of his family. In September he had to take extra rooms in a building nearby and five girls were hired to do the folding—but Ebenezer still managed to keep his beard out of the way and kept on with the cutting.

The business moved to New York and continued to grow to the point where single cutting machines cut out thousands of patterns of each size at a single stroke. The word "Butterick" in electric lights on the top of the 15-story Butterick building, completed in 1904, was then the largest electric sign in the world. But the building was not finished until a year after Ebenezer Butterick died.

Sandwich

JOHN MONTAGU, fourth earl of Sandwich, English politician, gambler and sportsman, born in 1718, was English ambassador to Madrid and lord commissioner of the admiralty—but his only contribution to posterity was the invention of the sandwich.

His private life was a very immoral one and he was so intent upon sports and gambling that he disliked to take time off from them long enough to be served a meal. He ordered one of his servants to slice meat, and put it between two pieces of bread, follow him with several of them and hard one to him when he was hungry. That's how the sandwich came into being and where it got its name. And it practically makes the earl of Sandwich the father of the American picnic.

He was a very contemptible person, hated more by the English people than any other nobleman of the Eighteenth century. Among other things, he was guilty of murdering his mistress—an even greater crime than inventing the thing that has made picnics possible—but not much greater.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What American statesman was the grandson of a king?
2. Is the cantaloupe the same as a muskmelon?
3. What causes an oasis in a desert?
4. When was the first depression in the United States?
5. At what period of life does the brain grow fastest?
6. Who wrote the famous "Unfinished Symphony"—Bach, Schubert or Beethoven?
7. What is the capacity of the human stomach?

The Answers

1. Charles Bonaparte, who was in Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet.
2. The cantaloupe is one variety of muskmelon.
3. Springs rising from subterranean streams generally cause oases.
4. The first so-called depression in the United States occurred in 1785 and lasted until 1789.
5. During the first five years of life.
6. Schubert.
7. Normally from four to five pints.

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BILL CORUM—famed sports writer and columnist

COMMON SENSE and years of smoking experience have told Bill Corum what scientists have confirmed in their research laboratories—that the slower a cigarette burns, the cooler and milder the smoking. Some cigarettes burn fast, some slower, some just in between. Laboratory tests show Camels are definitely slower-burning (details below). Turn to Camels and get the extras in smoking pleasure—extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking. Or, as Bill Corum puts it: "More pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack!"

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCO

3,000 Kinds of Sandpaper Used in Industry

There comes the time in the domestic life of the man of the house when of all things in the world he yearns, with super-powered earnestness, for a bit of sandpaper, maybe not large enough to cover a canceled postage stamp.

But, at the immediate moment, that scrap of sandpaper is worth its weight in gold to him and it is non-existent in his otherwise happy home. It gives him small comfort, then, to be informed that there are in this country manufacturing plants where the abrasive stuff is turned out by the acre, where miles of the material, in the making, are run through automatic machines and, further, that the growing uses for sandpaper in all sorts of industries are steadily increasing its output.

Most sandpaper is not paper, and sand is not the scratchy stuff which makes it useful, but the material always will be known as sandpaper. "Sandpaper has ceased to be mere grains of sand glued to paper and has become a tool with thousands of cutting edges," D. H. Killefer of New York says in a report to the American Chemical Society.

"Variations of as much as 1,000 per cent in the usefulness of sandpaper were formerly common. Today myriads of tiny cutting edges, arranged and held in orderly array, cut surfaces instead of wearing down surfaces by mere friction. "Literally millions of dollars' worth of sandpaper are consumed annually in scores of different industries. Production of such widely different articles as fine furniture and felt hats, automobiles and airplanes, shoes and steel specimens, machine work and marbles, gem stones and golf clubs, consume acreages of coated abrasives. Much of the product designated as sandpaper is not made with paper and a minimum proportion of it uses sand, in the sense of silicon dioxide, as an abrasive. "Some 3,000 varieties of coated abrasives are required to meet the needs of users, and each must be accurately fitted to certain specific requirements. Above all, each of the three thousand must be made with the greatest possible uniformity and at a unit price that must be kept down. The most important development in this industry has been the process of securing uniformity in distribution and position of abrasive particles on the sheet by using an electric field.