

# THE GIFT WIFE...

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By RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER I

Through the clouds from their cigars mingled in the thickening air of the smoking compartment, the two Americans might have been cast-aways on desert islands in different oceans, for all the congress they held.

Their moods seemed as unlike as their persons; the one smiled broadly, cheeked even on the flat landscape—the only thing in Germany that is not fat; the other saw nothing, but seemed leanly intent on an inner panorama of remorse, revenge, unrequited hate or love, or some such acid emotion.

His very behavior toward his cigar showed that. A musician would have said that the plump fellow smoked in luxurious legato, the other in a staccato agitato. He puffed ferociously for a while; yet a little later, his hand must be seeking another match, and trembling as he ransacked his pockets. He scratched the match with impatience and its shaken illumination threw a little calcium on a face of drawn intensity, on such a gaunt and hunted intensity that the fat man felt not entirely easy of his company in the leather-padded cell.

Strange, how unlike Americans are at home, and how like abroad. These two differed in every detail of feature, costume, and behavior, yet the first glance either gave other told both that they were fellow-countrymen. And their presence on the Nord-Express bound for Ostend implied that their common destination was Home.

They seemed to be taking back experiences as different as their souls and bodies.

One was plump, in the most generous stretch of the epithet, and complacent with the pleasant thoughts of a traveler full of agreeable remembrances; yet glad to be returning to still more delightful memories. The other was slim to the verge of lankness, and some tragedy was apparently at ferment within him.

In America, at least in the less effete regions, they would probably have drifted into comment on the weather or some such unimportant topic. But being in Europe, where a general suspicion is the most contagious of all habits of mind, they mewed themselves up in themselves, and kept caste feudally, with moats full and portulisses down.

The rotund citizen, who had been the first to establish himself in the smoking compartment of the corridor car, observed the latter corner with surreptitious, while seeming to let his unfocused gaze follow his own smoke. Noting the taut features, and the eyebrows locked with two deep bars, he suspected the stranger of contemplating some crime or fleeing its consequence.

On impulse he picked up again the copy of the *Hamburgische Tageblatt* he had been laboring over till he had grown tired. His few words of conversation-book German had given him an adumbration of some desperate murder committed in Braunschweig. He had gleaned that the guilty wretch had escaped. This might be he.

As he went back over the column, even his scant vocabulary showed him that whoever else the stranger might be, this man was not that man. For the fugitive was everything that this man was not; the fugitive was described, among several details which were Sanskrit to the American, as fat, burly, and Austrian with a duel scar that had clipped the lobe off a left ear and made a furrow across the cheek to the nostril.

With a sigh almost of disappointment, the foiled Hawkshaw put the paper aside and resumed the study of his vis-a-vis. He took his invoice through opportune clouds of smoke. In the first place his man had the forehead of intelligence ripened with study. His jaw was neatly planed and squared, yet his chin was weak. His lips were compressed till they were thin and pale, and his mouth was one in which weaknesses and strengths were at war, as indeed they were throughout the man's catalogue of traits.

The stranger's costume was almost over-emphatic in the matter of modesty, in thorough contrast with his analyst's costume. The fat man wore a richly tinted ultra-cut coat, trousers baggy yet sharply creased, and revealing a glimpse of shameless purple between trouser-cuffs and yellow shoe-tops; a white-rimmed waistcoat of many colors was draped like a Union Jack about a rotundity emphasized by a patterned shirt and a flaming silk scarf with a twisted gold skewer in it.

The stranger was dressed as negligently as an almost finicky neatness would permit. Hat, coat, neck-scarf, trousers, waistcoat, stockings, shoes, all were black, yet with no hint of mourning. He had the look of a professional person.

The most striking, the only really striking, trait of the man was the hand that held—or rather clutched—the cigar. It was a notable hand, a

hand of skill, of cunning, the hand of a craftsman perhaps—too muscular for a painter's; it might be a sculptor's, or a pianist's. Yet the fingernails were trimmed to the quick, not gnawed, but carefully trimmed.

And so after much puffing, much secret scrutiny, and much unworthy curiosity, the fat man had decided only that the lean man was an American, of education, and of middling prosperity.

And that was as far as he could go. The train had gone much farther, before a nervous shift of position disclosed on the waistcoat of his subject a little gleaming jewel. The next glance revealed it a fraternity pin. Was it?—could it be?—it was! The stranger wore the emblem of his own fraternity, the



What's the matter, old boy?

dread brotherhood whose little stone meeting house at New Haven was known as the Catacombs.

The fatter man made a long battle with hesitance, the double hesitance of infringing on the lean man's trouble and of incurring perhaps a heavy responsibility by confessing kinship with a casual stranger laboring under some excitement, perhaps some scandal that might defile with pitch whosever touched him. But at last he yielded to the fraternal impulse. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of heart.

He cleared his throat with resolution, leaned forward and said: "I beg your pardon. I see that you are a Catacomb."

"Ye-es," came the answer with a resentful tang, for at Yale it is as crass an insult to mention a man's fraternity as to breathe upon the mirror of a woman's reputation. The fat man felt easier. He leaned forward, and said reassuringly: "Don't shoot. So am I."

"No!" "Yes." "What year?" "92." "My year." "Well, I'll be—"

"So will I." "I ought to know you, then. Wait! don't tell me!—you're no!—yes!—you must be Jebb—old Dave Jebb. My name is—"

"Hold on! Give me a chance. Let me see." Jebb looked the plump one up and down, also around, stared at the flamboyant and commodious costume. A broad grin cheered his lonely face. He chuckled. "Those spirituelle outlines, then shy little wasp-waist, those modest waistcoat—can belong only and always to Big Bill Gaines—Goliath, we used to call you."

"That's right. David and Goliath, here we are again!"

"Well, I'll be—" even more so. "Me, too." "Well, well. This is great. Got to have a drink on this."

"No, thanks," with a curious dejection of tone. "Ah, come along, Dave. Got a flask of it in my suitcase. None of your foreign smoke-choke,—real old Bourbon."

"Please don't, Bill!" There was an emphasis here that miffed Gaines. He sputtered like a glowing stove under a spill of cold water:

"As I remember, Jebbsy, you used to indulge a bit in the old days—hit it up pretty lively now and then."

"That's the trouble, Bill." "Not turned Prohibish? You haven't gone and got religion and turned into a Demosthenes or Polyphemus—or whoever it was that used to drink water?"

Gaines was full of tears and pleading. "You haven't done that, have you, Dave?" "Nope. Not at all, not a single damtall."

"That's better. Just taking a little jaunt on the water-wagon, eh?" "Strapped to the seat."

"Too bad. It's powerful dry to meet up like this after—Lord, how many years ago was it?"

"Seems like 1892 when I entered college. We'll soon be doing the oldest living alumnus stunt." Gaines was rolypoly with good feeling. Again he pleaded:

"Couldn't you drop off the sprinkler for just a little nip? You can keep one foot on the step."

There was an unimaginable sadness in Jebb's eyes and voice, an unbelievable longing in his tone: "I'd like to, Billy, but if I did, God only knows what would happen. You see I'm a—oh, but I'm glad to meet you, Billy, specially just at this moment. I'm in trouble, Billy, good and plenty."

"I thought you looked a little pale around the gills when you first blew in here. I sized you up for a murderer doing a get-away."

Jebb smiled an unamused smile. "I've never killed anybody—except legitimately in the line of my profession; but I'm up against it harder than hard."

Gaines' fat hand was instant to his fat wallet:

"I'm on my way home, Dave, after Europing about; but here's what they left me. Save me enough to tip the stewards and—go as far as you like."

"It's not money, Billy. I'm full of it." He looked about cautiously, and,

bending close, murmured: "I've got ten thou. in my belt."

"Ten thou., and worried! Lord, if I ever saw that much at once, I wouldn't care whether school kept or not. What you afraid of? Burglars? Pickpockets?"

"Not a bit. I'm afraid of me—little old David J. Me."

"Afraid you'll give it away or throw it at a cat?"

"I'm as likely to as not, when I'm—Lord, but I'm glad to see you, Billy. For the sake of old sake's sake, I'm going to put my little hand in yours and let you lead me home."

"What's the matter, old boy?"

"Excuse me a minute, till I go see if the child is all right."

"The child?"

But he was gone. He returned in a moment along the corridor, and began to talk as he took his place again:

"You see, it's like this." Gaines broke in: "One minute, Dave. Did you say something about a chee-ild?"

"Yes, I left her for a moment to have a smoke. She's scraped acquaintance with another little girl in the same compartment, and I left her in charge of the parents. As I started to say—"

"But the child. You're married, then? Isn't your wife with you?" "I have no wife."

"Do I condole or congratulate? Are you sod or grass?" "Sod or grass what?" "Widower."

"Neither. I've never married." "Oh, excuse me!"

"And don't go to thinking that either. The child isn't mine at all. I'm just taking her to America."

"Sort of wet nurse, eh? Go on, stranger, your story interests me. You've got a strange child and a ransom of ten thou. I spotted you for a professional minute I saw you, Dave. Are you one of those lovely kidnapers?"

"No, I'm a grave-robber—when I'm lucky. If you'll close your trap, I'll tell you. I'll begin at the beginning. When I left Yale I took up surgery."

"You always were a great cut-up."

"In due course I took my diploma at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, went to Johns Hopkins, then to Vienna University, and came back to New York, perspiring knowledge at every pore. Didn't have much practice, of course, at first, but got a lot to do in the hospitals, and made quite a hit with some experiments of my own."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Synthetic Chemicals for Perfume Ingredients

That the American public each year spends some \$300,000,000 for toilet goods at retail attests their importance to the chemical manufacturing industries, which supply many of the materials used in their production. These include a great array of floral aromatic oils and fixatives for perfumes, quantities of alcohols, especially ethyl, propyl and isopropyl, for face lotions, and many another going into tonics, deodorants, facial creams and such to enhance the appearance of the average American.

Perfumes and toilet waters sell in an amount of \$40,000,000 a year to the public, and different facial creams about \$80,000,000. Face powders, rouges, talc and so on, are worth \$65,000,000 in annual retail volume and shaving preparations about \$30,000,000.

Other divisions are hair tonics, lotions and shampoos, \$30,000,000; lip sticks and pomades, \$20,000,000; nail and hand preparations, \$15,000,000; bath preparations and deodorants, \$10,000,000; eye, eyelash and eyebrow preparations and miscellaneous, \$5,000,000.

A most interesting phase of chemical ingenuity has been the development of synthetic substitutes

for the natural floral oils, fixatives and such going into this big business of beautification.

Not long ago 25 tons of violets were necessary to produce one ounce of natural oil, but today the violet odor is produced synthetically.

A ton of roses was needed for 10 ounces of natural rose oil, but now this ingredient is produced chemically. The odors of lilac, lily-of-the-valley and other flowers are now duplicated synthetically.

A pride of chemical research is synthetic musk, which historically was derived from a gland of the male musk deer in mountainous western China. Demand boosted the cost of natural musk to \$365 a pound.

Musk is a valued fixative in perfumes, which is to say it has that property of holding the aroma in the perfume instead of escaping into air. Synthetic musk is now produced in great volume.

Alcohols are supplied in very large volumes as solvents for the substances giving sundry lotions their color, aroma and effect. When applied to the skin the alcohols quickly evaporate.

## Student Pilots Need Thorough Health Check

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

IN THESE days when the world is becoming more air-minded and a continent or an ocean can be spanned in about half a

### TODAY'S HEALTH COLUMN

day, more and more of our boys and young men are considering aviation as a career. They feel that the professions are crowded and that aviation offers an excellent opportunity for fame and fortune.

During the last war I examined many recruits for the air service, an examination that differed to some extent from that of the other branches of the service as to eyesight, hearing, sense of balance and condition of heart and lungs. Today the physician examining recruits for the air service or commercial service gives an even more searching examination.

Dr. Samuel E. Brown, M. C., in *Rocky Mountain Medical Journal*, says:

"In examining an aviation candidate a complete history should be obtained. Regardless of physical findings a history of the following should be considered as disqualifications for flying training:

"1. Encephalitis lethargica—sleeping sickness—or any illness accompanied by diplopia (seeing double) and sleepiness because of the chances of the return of the symptoms.

"2. Syphilis, due to the possibility of latent or late effects.

"3. Repeated attacks of asthma or hay fever.

"4. Recent attacks of malaria, on account of lower resistance, the uncertainty of a cure, and the sudden and extreme changes in temperature encountered in flying.

"5. Organic heart disease.

"6. Recurrent (occurring from time to time) attacks of any form of rheumatism, due to its likelihood of heart complications.

"7. Paroxysmal tachycardia (attacks of very rapid beating of the heart) owing to the probability of having an attack while flying.

"8. Stone in the kidney.

"9. A history of an operation on the mastoid bone behind the ear, or a definite history of chronic inflammation of the middle ear, unless there have been no symptoms for a period of six months."

The fact that the boy or young adult has a history of any of the above conditions does not mean that he should give up the idea of trying to fly; some of the above conditions can be corrected by regular and persistent treatment. There are some of the above conditions which cannot be corrected sufficiently to permit flying but in which treatment can be of considerable benefit.

## Apoplexy Patient Must Live Normally

ONE of the difficult situations for the patient, his family, and his physician is when a patient regains consciousness after his first stroke of apoplexy. This is understandable because the patient, family and physician all have the same question in mind. "Will there be another stroke and when will it occur?"

A second stroke may never occur and yet it may occur within a few days, or not perhaps for years.

What should be the attitude of all concerned after a stroke occurs?

While no one should close his eyes and thoughts entirely to the possibility of another stroke, the best way to prevent another stroke or delay it as long as possible is not to allow the patient to consider himself an invalid or a very sick individual. When it is considered safe for him to be up and around he should get back into his regular routine of life gradually but rapidly, so that the "fear" of another stroke will not get so many chances to occupy his mind.

Anxiety Begets Fear.

Dr. O. C. Perkins in *New York State Journal of Medicine*, says:

"When the patient regains consciousness and realizes that he has had a 'stroke,' anxiety begets fears and there is the element of worry to treat. These patients should not be kept in bed too long. The physician should take the patient into his confidence and explain what has happened."

A tiny blood vessel is broken. Rest will heal it, and that rest of mind and body, and eating small meals will prevent a rise in blood pressure and so prevent a stroke. He should be told that the improvement is likely to be rapid for three or four weeks, but may then progress slowly for a number of months. This will prevent him expecting too much in a short time.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Fire Laddies See Red For This False Alarm

TITUSVILLE, FLA.—Hearing the fire-alarm siren's long blast, Titusville firemen dashed inside the station to jump into their togs.

As each entered he was handed a brush and rag, and told to get busy on a job they had been putting off for a month—giving the fire truck a new coat of paint.

## New Button-Front Tailored, Smart

HERE'S a smart new way to make the tailored coat dress, on classic shirtwaist lines, that you simply can't live without. It's indispensable every season of the year, for home wear and business both. No. 8605 makes up just the right crispness in wool crepe, flannel or flat crepe. Make it with matching or contrasting col-



lar, and take your choice of long or short sleeves. Pattern provides for both.

This easy pattern is an alluring invitation to beginners. It's so easy! A few darts and a few gathers—that's practically all the detailing there is to it. The step-by-step sew chart shows you just what to do!

Pattern No. 8605 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with short sleeves; 4 1/2 yards with long; 1/4 yard for collar in contrast. Purchased belt.

For a pattern of this attractive model send 15 cents in coin, your name, address, style, number and size to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of pattern, 15 cents (in coins).

## Kindness Done

You have done a kindness, another has received it. Why be as the foolish and hanker after something more—the credit for the kindness or the recompense?—Marcus Aurelius.

## FIGHT COLDS

by helping nature build up your cold-fighting resistance

If you suffer one cold right after another, here's sensational news! Mrs. Elizabeth Vickery writes: "I used to catch colds very easily. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped to strengthen me just splendidly. I ate better, had more stamina, and was troubled very little with colds."

This great medicine, formulated by a practicing physician, helps combat colds this way: (1) It stimulates the appetite. (2) It promotes flow of gastric juices. Thus you eat more; your digestion improves; your body gets greater nourishment which helps nature build up your cold-fighting resistance.

So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery been that over 30,000,000 bottles have already been used. Proof of its remarkable benefits. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today. Don't suffer unnecessarily from colds.

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## Two Tests

What we can do for another is to test of powers; what we can suffer for another is the test of love.—Westcott.

## Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

## STARTS TODAY

A thrilling serial wherein East meets West. It's the story of a man who couldn't remember... and a strange woman who brought him happiness.

# The Gift Wife

By RUPERT HUGHES