

THE GIFT WIFE . . .

By RUPERT HUGHES

SYNOPSIS

On board the Nord-Express, with Osted as his immediate destination, Dr. David Jebb is bound for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his temporary ward. On the train they meet Big Bill Gaines, former classmate of David's. He tells Gaines of his mission—which is the return of the child to her mother in America. Cynthia's father is dead.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"You're a pretty good little carver, I suppose?"
 "I'm great, Billy."
 "You ought to know."
 "I do. I am. That is, I'm great with extenuating circumstances. I'm a genius, but a damn fool. I have a curse that ruins everything."
 "Not cocaine?"
 "No. I've somehow escaped drugs."
 "Our mutual friend, Barleycorn?"
 "Old John Barleycorn."
 "I see, it makes your hand unsteady, eh?"
 "No. I never play with the fire, except at regular intervals. Then I commit arson. I'm what is popularly known as a periodical—with a capital P. It's a terrible thing to confess, even to old Goliath Gaines, but it's all in the Catacombs, and I'm not the only person on earth with a flaw in his make-up. Nobody knows how badly assembled human machines are, Billy, except doctors. If it weren't for our Hippocratic ideals, what closet doors we could open in the best simulated families!"

"If I only did! If I only did! But I'm no stationary dipsomaniac. I'm the only original Wandering Jew—no connection with a cheap imitator of similar name. I hardly show what I'm carrying—they tell me. I look a bit feverish, and I'm slightly thick of tongue, but I have a subintelligence that keeps me from being run over by the cars. My trouble is like certain forms of aphasia with double personality. I lose my sense of orientation, but I am determined to hike. And hike I hike, till I drop or come round sober. Then I'm like the man Bill Nye tells about who was found after the train-wreck, plucking violets in the dell and gently murmuring 'Where am I?'"
 Gaines looked at him more in amazement than in sorrow:
 "You must have had some rare old experiences." Gaines loved to travel.
 "No doubt, Billy, no doubt. But I don't know what my experiences are. Once in a while I meet some man who hails me by some strange name and says I borrowed money from him in Pueblo, or lent him money in Skaneateles. I never ask any questions. I take his word for it and say, 'Oh, yes, of course.'"
 "I tell you it's an uncanny sort of thing to wake up in a mysterious room in some unheard of place and

died leaving me a leasehold in London. That's one of the things that happens in storybooks. But truth sometimes tries to imitate fiction. I vowed I'd jump across the Atlantic, clean up what cash I could, and invest it where I couldn't touch the principal.
 "Well, just when I was getting my affairs straightened up so that I could start, a beautiful operation came my way. No money in it, but some reputation and a rare opportunity I couldn't let slide—an exquisite fibroid tumor intricately and vitally involved. The woman, Mrs. Milburn, was a widow, and her only child was a married daughter who had gone to Berlin with her husband, John Thatcher.
 "When Mrs. Milburn heard that she must undergo a capital operation, she cabled her daughter to come and hold her hand while she went under the ether. John Thatcher couldn't afford to come and his wife took the first steamer, leaving her little four-year-old girl with her father. I brought Mrs. Milburn through—and good work, too—there'll be an article about it in the Medical Record. Her daughter, Mrs. Thatcher, cried all over me and said she would pay my bill when her husband made his fortune by a great invention he was working on. We doctors get a lot of that money! But I said, 'Don't let that worry you.' We always say that.

"Just as Mrs. Thatcher was about to sail back to Europe, she got a cablegram saying that her husband had committed suicide—scandalously, with a woman of bad name. The Dutchman who sent it had to pay a mark a word, and he didn't waste any breaking it gently.
 "Thatcher left only funds enough to bury him. Strangers took the child in charge. The death and the circumstances and the shock prostrated Mrs. Thatcher completely. She was in no condition to go over and bring back the little girl. The money was a big consideration, too, and I—well, since I was going over anyway, I offered to get the child and bring her back with me—fool that I was."
 "Fool nothing," Gaines blurted; "it was mighty white of you, old boy."
 Jebb shook his head. "I meant well, but you know where we well-intentioned people lay the asphalt."
 "I don't follow you, Davey."
 "I hoped you would, Billy. It's so nauseating to explain. But here goes: I was so delayed in starting from America and met so much postponement in settling my affairs in poky old London, and had so many details to close up for poor Thatcher before I left Berlin with the child, that I have exhausted my vacation from Hades."
 "You don't mean—"
 "That's just exactly what I mean. I've been so busy in new scenes that I lost count of the days. This morning as I boarded the train at Berlin, a drunken man—needless to say, he was an American—lurched into me. He paused to lean on me and beg my pardon profusely. I couldn't dodge his breath. I shook him off, but I had felt that first clutch of the thirst. It comes with a rush, Billy, when it comes. And I might as well fight it as try to wrestle with a London fog. It's got me. And I'm afraid, Billy, horribly afraid. I feel like a man who has sold his soul to the devil when the clock strikes and he smells brimstone. It doesn't matter about my rotten soul or the body it torments. And I have no children—I've never dared to marry and drag any woman along my path. My parents, heaven be praised, died when I was in college. I got my curse by entail from poor old dad. His father acquired it in the grand old days when the high



He paused to lean on me and beg my pardon profusely.

wonder how under the sun you got there and where under the sun you are."
 Gaines was reminded:
 "I used to walk in my sleep as a boy. Once I found myself in my nightie in the middle of a ballroom floor. I had just meandered in. The floor committee meandered me out in double time. The other night, I got turned round in bed in a hotel in Leipzig, and when I woke up with my head to the footboard I was so bewildered I came near hollering for the night clerk. I thought somebody had put a voodoo on me."
 "That's the feeling exactly," said Jebb, "only when I wake up I'm as weak as a sick cat, and my head—oh, my head! And my tongue—oh, oh, my tongue! I haven't the faintest idea of what I have done, or where I have been, or where I am. I reach for my trousers and the pockets are empty—my watch is gone, stolen, given away to a polite street-car conductor or thrown at a cat. Then I have to recuperate. send a telegram, collect, or draw on my bank—that's no fun among strangers—and get home the best way I can."
 "I'm a periodical prodigal, Billy; only I have no father to fall on my neck and offer me veal. I sneak back to my own shack and try to regain my disgusted and mystified patients by scattering lies by the bushel."
 It was Gaines' amiable nature to try to write a drop of honey from every gall-bag.
 "You must be a great little surgeon, Davey, to keep any practice at all."
 "I am, but I had to give up New York and go out West to a smallish city where they have to have me, handicap and all. When I feel the madness coming on, I arrange my affairs, transfer my patients to other hands, say that I've been called East about my property—and then I hit the trail on the long hike. If I weren't one of the cleverest surgeons that ever ligated an artery, I'd be in the poorhouse today. If I weren't cursed with the bitterest blight that ever ruined a soul, I'd be at the top of my profession."
 "Poor old Jebb," sighed Gaines, "but don't you care, we've all got our troubles. Now to look at me, you wouldn't think—but that can wait. You were going to tell me what I could do for you."
 "Well, now that you know all, I'll tell you the rest. The last time I fell, I woke up in New Orleans. When I got home I found a letter saying that a distant relative had

society was found under the table after dinner.
 "I'm alone now. There'd be nobody to mourn for me. But here I am with a poor widow's only child in my care, and I'm racing with fate.
 "And there's another thing, Billy. In Berlin I found proofs that this poor Thatcher didn't commit suicide. He tried to save the woman's life—she was drowning; she dragged him to his death—they both died. He didn't even know who she was. Besides, he did leave something for his family. In my handbag, I have his finished drawings for a great invention that looks to me good for a fortune if it can be got to America and patented and placed.
 "So you see, Billy, what a load I've got on my chest. The little child, her father's honor, her mother's salvation from poverty—all these, with an ocean and a half a continent between me and safety. It's no question of will-power. I have none. Your offer of a nip of— you know, went through me like a knife. If you want to spare me agony don't use even the name of—of any of those things in my hearing. If I get a sniff of liquor—ugh! I'll fight for it. And after the first drop is on my tongue, it's all over but the hike."
 Goliath looked at David with eyes of complete compassion. He said:
 "Don't you care, Dave. I'll stick to you to the finish. If you should be—er, incapacitated, I'll get the child to her mother, and the documents, too. So just qualify for the Don't Worry Club, and leave the rest to me. And I rather think you'd better hand over those plans. They'd be a little less likely to be lost in any excitement. And all that money of yours, Dave—it doesn't sound exactly Samaritan to say to a man you haven't seen for years, 'Give me your ten thou, and I'll carry it for you,' but if you want to gamble on my honesty I'll play banker for you."
 He was about to break down, but he gathered himself together with a brusque effort. He slapped his hand hard on the leather and rose to his feet:
 "I'll get those documents for you, Billy, this instant, and I'll hand you my money-belt as soon as I can un buckle it."
 He looked at Gaines' girth, and Gaines looked at his. The same thought struck both of them, and a whiff of laughter shook away the gloom.
 "Your money bag will have to be pieced out about a yard to get round my equator," said Gaines. "It will be great sport for me, though. I'll know how it feels to be entirely surrounded by money."
 Seeing that Jebb's dour face had softened a trifle—the fat air eminent consolers—Gaines made an effort to keep him diverted, and he began to laugh reminiscently:
 "Say, Dave, do you remember, when we were cubs together at Yale, and one evening we were at—"
 He was about to say "Moriarity's" but that had liquid connotations. He stopped short and gulped. "No, that wasn't the time." His memory switched to another incident—but that was Heublein's or Traeger's.
 It seemed to him, as he tumbled out the pigeonholes of memory in his roll-top forehead, that he could find nothing recorded but carousals. He knew that they had played only a minute part in the total of college life, but because he wanted to avoid them, he found them everywhere.
 He tried to think of some athletic excitement, some classroom joke, some incident in the Catacombs, but the memory is not a voluntary muscle.
 (TO BE CONTINUED)

Spring Is Time to Start Hayfever Treatment

Probably two people in each hundred have hay fever. If you are one of the two bear in mind that the spring of the year is the time to begin medical treatment.
 Hay fever is due to inhaling an irritating pollen. The symptoms are sneezing, blocking of the nostrils due to the swollen mucous membrane, watery discharge, itching of the eyes and sometimes the roof of the mouth, slight degree of fever, difficult breathing, depressed spirits and a general feeling that the worst is yet to come. Such symptoms coming year after year can be nothing but hay fever. As evidence against the pollen it is noted that relief is always obtained when the supply of pollen is for any reason diminished. A continued rain often gives relief, a change in wind may do so, and many sufferers insist that running away on the train for a hundred miles or so is a sure cure.
 Years ago it was supposed that the irritation came from the hay harvest—thus the name hay fever. Then the relationship to pollen was discovered and because the golden-rod stands out a bright and shining

mark it was promptly made to bear the blame. But investigation shows that the pollen of golden-rod is not abundant and is dislodged with difficulty. Finally the botanical detectives turned to the ragweed, with its insignificant green flowers, and discovered that its pollen is not only wind-borne but is produced in such abundance that a slight blow will discharge it in clouds, and it is so light that the wind will easily carry it a great distance.
 Ragweed is responsible for perhaps four cases in every five of the common variety of hay fever that the autumn brings. Bear in mind that there is also a very annoying pollen infection that attacks in the spring. Grasses, weeds and certain trees are responsible, and so common are the sources of attack that escape by flight is difficult.
 Specialists in treating hay fever are to be found in every large city. Their plan of treatment is to test the sensitiveness of the patient to various pollens, until the right one is discovered, and then give treatment to produce immunity to that particular pollen, a system of vaccination.

Sequin and Jewel Embroidery On Wool Is Fashion's Latest

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF YOU are seeking drama, thrill and adventure in fashion's realm, read on and you will get all three, for it's exciting news we are about to tell you. For sheer breathtaking news what could be more so than to announce balbriggan embroidered with glittering jewels and silver threads as fashion's latest whim. Which goes to show to what extremes designers will go to achieve the new and the beautiful in costume design.
 The charming dress pictured to the left tells the story, in that it is fashioned of simple balbriggan enriched with sparkling diamond embroidery interwoven with silver thread. And a very significant fashion it is, for it carries the message that embroidery worked on knitted fabric and wool weaves is highly important news for midseason and the months to come. Note the peg-top skirt with its pocket detail. Which is more news and vastly important for this is the silhouette in versatile interpretation you will be seeing throughout the spring style parade.
 See the very elegant evening ensemble centered in the group. The material is champagne flannel embellished with gold applique and embroidery. The decollete neckline is softly shirred in front and goes low in the back. It is the jacket dress of this type and others equally as interesting that has become the theme among themes in the fashion world for evening wear. A spider web snood of gold thread, together with black gloves and bag give dramatic accent.
 If you are in society you perforce must have one or more stunning evening wraps. The newest turn of fashion is to make your formal floor-length coat of a handsome wool material. White tweed is tops and there are also choice flannels, du-

vetyns, broadcloths, repps and twills that are well liked. The glamorous white evening coat shown to the right is typical of the new trend. It is in heavy white tweed with distinctive gold kid applique and embroidery. Her evening accessories are in gold, likewise the six buttons that fasten the coat.
 Speaking of embroidery on wool the new treatment applies to daytime fashions as well as to evening modes. The newest out are the cunning wool classics in pastel which feature dresses tailored to perfection. Many of these have large shapely pockets so gaily embroidered they give color dash to the entire costume. As to the countless wool sweaters, both sports and formal types, their name is legion.
 The neat black dress does not escape the embroidery craze. Like a blaze of glory colorful sequin embroidery illuminates sleeves, necklines and often the waistline, for the wide embroidered belt is an outstanding style feature. White beadwork on the black or navy dress is also style-approved.
 Not only embroidery but all sorts of surface decoration enhance fashionable apparel this season. Favor for Trapunto quilted design is not on the wane. Then, too, there is considerable cording being done row upon row, likewise stitching and fine tucking.
 Very new indeed is the applique of self wool fabric that is being worked out on the new pastel frocks. Flowers and other motifs are cut out of the self wool material, then worked on the bodice in various ways. Fact is, designers are manipulating the new and beautiful wools with a display of originality and imagination that is amazing. Perhaps this has come about in that modern wools are so all-intriguing they challenge talent and genius to give of their best in creating of their fashions of surpassing chic and charm.
 (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Warm Ski Suit



A successful ski suit has to be warm, has to be practical and must be good-looking. The model pictured is all that and more. The outfit is of dark green gabardine with just enough wool-knit worked into the jacket front to be protective and "comfy." Elastic at the waist insures a snug fit. Depend upon it this suit will give real service, besides being so good looking your friends will all admire.
Fringed Bowler
 Drawing upon the fringe trimmed furniture styles of the Nineteenth century for his inspiration, one English designer shows a neat little bowler hat with its edges bound in fringed grosgrain ribbon.

Daring Colors Are Seen in New Mode

Describing a sports ensemble worn at a recent gathering of smartly dressed guests—the skirt, a pleated black model, the jacket in bright fuchsia worn over a violet sweater, accessory touches including turquoise costume jewelry and a stunning draped turban done in Roman stripes that picked up the various colors throughout the costume. To be sure a color ensemble like this requires a master stroke of artistry to carry it through successfully, which brings us to the message we would convey, namely that while daring things are being done with color in the new fashions, they are carried out with the color sense of a true artist to the extent that women who follow in fashion's footsteps are developing a high sense of color values. In fact this season's modes gives promise of being truly educational in color artistry.
 The new duo-color costumes are especially interesting that play one color up against another fearlessly, such as for instance navy with a gray blouse and a gypsy tie girle in green and cerise. Pastels are being contrasted after the same manner. One designer uses pink with blue satin for a charming blouse.
Gray Dinner Frock For Informal Wear
 All in tones of gray, even to its metallic embroidery, is the dinner costume meant to be worn for informal evenings at a northern winter resort. The outfit consists of a brief knitted gray evening sweater embroidered with silver sequins.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FIELD SEEDS
 Alfalfa 2 1/2 Lb., Sweet Clover 7c, Bromus 18c, Crested Wheat Grass 18c, Timothy 7c, Sorgo 3c, Kalo 2c, Sudan 4 1/2c, Hybrid Seed Corn \$3.50 bu., Thatcher Wheat \$1.50 bu., FELTON SEED COMPANY, Sioux City, Ia.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Ferns grown in the house will have a rich green color if a teaspoon of household ammonia is added in a quart of water and poured over the ferns once or twice a month.
Care of House Plants.—Keep the temperature of the room in which house plants are grown at 60 or 65 degrees. They do not thrive in a room that is too warm.
Starching Curtains.—If curtains are thoroughly dried before being starched they will keep clean longer.
Tasty Apple Sauce.—Add one-eighth teaspoon of cream of tartar to cinnamon and sugar used in apple sauce. It gives it a delicious flavor.
Washing Pearl-Handled Knives.—Never allow bone or pearl-handled knives to soak in dish water. Dip the blades into hot, soapy water, then dry them well.
To remove a stopper from a glass jar, pour warm water into a pan and invert jar in it, gradually add warmer water until it is quite hot, but not so hot as to break jar. Leave in water for some time, occasionally trying stopper to see if it is loose.
Wrinkled hands from the family wash can be made smooth by washing in water to which a little vinegar has been added.
Store eggs in a cool, dry, clean place. Wipe off any stains carefully and gently with a damp cloth. Do not wash eggs in water unless they are to be used at once—it will remove the delicate outside film which serves to preserve them.
For a sweet muffin to serve with hot beverages, try adding a fourth of a cup each of chopped candied orange peel and candied pineapple to your regular muffin recipe. Or try using a fourth of a cup of chopped dates and a third-cup of broken pecans. A third combination is a fourth-cup each of citron and figs.

INDIGESTION

Sensational Relief from Indigestion and One Dose Proves It
 If the first dose of this pleasant-tasting little black tablet doesn't bring you the fastest and most complete relief you have experienced, send bottle back to us and get DOUBLE MONEY BACK. This Bell's tablet helps the stomach digest food, makes the excess stomach fluids harmless and lets you eat the nourishing foods you need. For heartburn, sick headache, the stomach distress often caused by excess stomach fluids making you feel sour and sick all over—TRY ONE of Bell's and prove speedy relief. 25c everywhere.

Succeeding Generations
 One generation always has a contempt for the one immediately preceding it.—John Masefield.

WOMEN

Here's amazing way to Relieve 'Regular' Pains

Dr. J. C. Lesons writes: "I was under-looked, had cramps, headaches and back-ache, associated with my monthly periods. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a while, gained strength, and was greatly relieved of these pains."
FOR over 70 years, countless thousands of women, who suffered functional monthly pains, have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward off such monthly discomforts. Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics, in a scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance and fortifies you against functional pains. Lessens nervousness during this trying period.
 Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomforts. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it acts to relieve you of "Regular" pains.

Let Sorrow Sleep
 When sorrow sleeth, wake it not, but let it slumber on.—Miss M. A. Stodart.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
 Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its excess of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.
 You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
 Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS