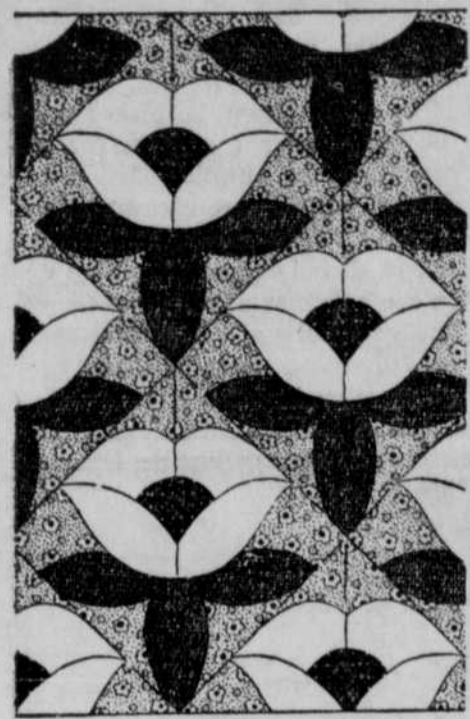


Flower Quilt You'll Point to With Pride



Pattern No. 6525

QUILTMAKING'S fascinating—especially when the pieces form lovely flower blocks—printed materials set off these flowers effectively. Make this handsome quilt. It will brighten up any bedroom. Pattern 6525 contains the Block Chart; carefully drawn pattern pieces; color schemes; directions for quilt; yardage chart; illustration of quilt.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Strange Facts

Bound to Match
Four Dr. Sun Days
Fear Civilization

A New York bookbinder makes a specialty of covering his books with material most appropriate to the subject matter. For example, he will bind a book on ostrich farming in ostrich skin, one on prison life in zebra skin, one on dermatology in human skin, the Bible in lambskin and The Merchant of Venice in sharkskin.

China observes four national holidays in honor of Dr. Sun Yat-sen (1866-1925): His birthday, the anniversary of his death, the date of his first installation as president of the Chinese republic and the date of his imprisonment at the Chinese legation in London.

The Jicague Indians of Honduras, despite their primitive manners and customs, are so fearful of the disease germs of civilization that they will not use, or even touch with the bare hand, any purchase or gift from a white man until it has been disinfected for at least two days.—Collier's.

SANDPAPER
THROAT
Got a cold? Every swallow seem to scratch your throat till it's rough and raw? Get a box of LUDEN'S 5¢. Let Luden's special ingredients with cooling menthol help bring you quick relief from itchy, touchy, "sandpaper throat!"
LUDEN'S 5¢
Menthol Cough Drops

Neglecting the Mind
If anything affects your eye, you hasten to remove it; if anything affects your mind, you postpone the cure for a year.—Horace.

WEARY DESPONDENT GIRLS: Crying spells, irritable nerves due to functional "monthly" pain should find a real "woman's friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Try it!
Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Choice of Company
No man can be provident of his time that is not provident in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

CONSTIPATED?
Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all-vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.
Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair.
Get NR Tablets today. **NR TO-NIGHT**

MERCHANDISE
Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

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SYNOPSIS

On board the Nord-Express, with Ostend as his immediate destination, Dr. David Jebb is bound for America. Accompanying him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his 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 her in America.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Upon the leaden silence came the duty ripple of a childish voice:

"Hello!"

And an exquisite face peering through a cascade of curls was thrust into the fog of smoke:

"Nunkie Dave, are you dere?"

Jebb leaped to his feet and caught the child to him in alarm.

"How did you get here, sweet-heart?"

"I just come long de hall, Nunkie Dave."

"She calls me Nunkie Dave," he explained. "It's shorter than Mr. Jebb. Cynthia, this is an old friend of your Nunkie Dave's. Miss Cynthia Thatcher, may I present to you Mr. William Gaines? There's a good deal of him, but it's all wool and a yard wide."

"And it washes," said Gaines. He knew better than to patronize the young. He said, without condescension but with perfect gravity, as he put out his hand:

"I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Thatcher. Won't you come and sit on my lap?"

She looked at him in dismay. His fair round capon-lined torso was like a globe. She murmured:

"I'm 'lighted to meet you, Mitha Gainth, but you got no lap to that on." Then she took command. "If you move ober, I like to look out de vinda."

"By all means, Miss Thatcher."

And Gaines hunched his bulk aside, far enough for the little queen to establish herself at the pane.

"What did your Nunkie Dave say your name was?"

"My name Thiny Thashel."

Gaines threw up his hands in horror. "Thiny Suitcase!"

The child shrieked with joy at the big man's stupidity. She corrected him as if he were an overgrown infant—"Thiny Thashel" was the name and no other.

"That's a beautiful name," said Gaines meekly; "the beautifullest name for the beautifullest girl I ever saw."

She threw a look of confused vanity at Jebb, then flattened her tiny snub of a nose against the pane, most becomingly, and watched the quickening sights as the train rattled into a village.

Behind her back the men fell to talking about her:

"Cynthia Thatcher! That's a great name for a child," said Gaines; "she'll be an old woman before she learns to pronounce it."

But Jebb was gazing at her very solemnly.

"Poor little tike! Her history begins with a rush. She's only five, and she has already crossed the ocean, bidden her mother a long good-by, lost her father forever, been left alone among strangers in a land whose language she doesn't understand. And now she is sent back across the ocean in charge of a—man like me. We've become great chums already. She likes me, and I—I love her."

"I've never had a child of my own, Billy. I never expect to have. But I've helped dozens of children into the world, and I've had hundreds of them brought to me maimed and twisted and defective and wounded and sick. They've been afraid of me, and I've had to hurt them. And sometimes I couldn't help them at all, and I've had to see them slip away from me like little drowning, frightened things."

"This is the first child, Billy, ever put in my keeping that was sound and well and beautiful and not meant for my horrible knives."

"I was so happy to have her. I scorned the idea of a nurse. Of course my training has taught me more about children than all the nurses on earth. And we set out like two children on a junket. I was her Nunkie Dave and she was my little Cynthia."

"And then that sot lurched into me—damn him!—no!—poor dog!—perhaps he's like me—a decent fellow nine-tenths of the time, and heart-broken with an affliction he couldn't any more help than a dwarf can help his size, or a rattlesnake his poison. But he's finished me. It's a tough world, Billy. The only decent thing fate has done for me is to show me you."

He reached out and their hands met—in no secret clutch—but in the firm, frank grip of the universal brotherhood. It was some time before their clasps relaxed.

Meanwhile Miss Thatcher was trying to drown the racket of the wheels under a song which she shouted into

the pane with all the power of her lungs:

"I had a ickel po-nee, Hith name with Dapple Gway; I len tim to a la-dee To wide a mile away."

She flpped him, she lathed him, She dwove him froo the mire; I would not lend my pony now-wow Faw aw dat la-deeth hi-ah!"

At about the twentieth repetition of the little epic the pony stuck fast in the mire, for the train joggled up to a short stop. Outside the window was a small station. Some trifling accident, or a train dispatcher's signal had caused the delay. The crew did not descend or open the doors. The guards had no explanations to vouchsafe, though timepieces were whipped out of pockets in all the compartments and passengers were worrying lest the halt compromise their chances of making the boat to America.

Jebb was most nervous of all. He raised the window and poked his head out. There was no one to question. He went into the corridor to ask the guards. His only answer was a blunt "Weiss nichts" accompanied by a convincing look of stupidity. Jebb went back to his seat and played a devil's tattoo on the leather.

"I hope to the Lord, nothing happens to hold us here long, Billy," he wailed, almost childishly. "I'll not feel easy till I'm safe on shipboard."

He dashed into the corridor, shouting to the guard to signal the train to stop. The guard was slow to be found and slower to understand; and once understanding, was agast at the lese-majeste of stopping one of the Kaiser's trains simply to pick up a passenger. Besides, had not the passenger all the by the government ordained rules disobeyed and from the iron-road-wagon without permission descended?

Jebb would have stopped the train himself, at whatever risk of fine and imprisonment, but there was no bell-ropes to pull, and he had failed to note the device installed by his wrath and his anxiety and the necessity of putting them into German, choked him. He was frantic with fear, not for himself, but for the child, whose destinies were once more entirely in his untrustworthy hands.

Cynthia had come out into the corridor and was staring at him in such bewilderment that she forgot to bemoan her oranges. Jebb's face was pitiful. He was in the ultralately and fearsome plight of one who cannot trust his own soul.

As he stood, alternately wringing his hands and pleading with the wooden-headed guard, the train, leaping forward toward full headway to make up the lost time, took a sharp curve at high speed, and lurched round it, hurling the child violently along the corridor. Jebb put out one arm to catch her. He put his other hand against the nearest support to steady himself, just as the whiplash snap of the car seat a heavy door sliding shut.

Its whole impact fell on Jebb's thumb. He managed to pull the door back enough to release his hand. He was used to the sight of other people's wounds, but the vision of his own lacerated flesh, and the peculiarly exquisite anguish of a mashed thumb, sent a queasy thrill to his stomach. His knees turned to sand. He fainted and went toppling and bumping to the floor, where the careening train rolled him like a loose barrel.

Cynthia screamed.

Passengers appeared at all the doors and jammed the corridor. A woman wrapped her arms about the distracted child, who was sobbing:

"Nunkie Dave's dead! Nunkie Dave's dead!"



Jebb threw his victim an ugly look.

Of course I've got you now, but I want to be on board. I'll take the ship's doctor into my confidence and have him lock me up somewhere."

His all too experienced excitement was interrupted by the frenzy of the little girl. She had discovered that the station had a refreshment room, and the refreshment room had a window where fruits and candies were appealingly displayed.

"Oh, see de awnjies!" she cried. "Thiny wants awnjies. Nunkie must go get awnjies for poor ickie Thiny."

Jebb answered: "Nunkie Dave would love to, sweetheart, but the train might start."

The argument carried little weight in the presence of the oranges.

"Nunkie, run fatt—buy quick—come back. Thiny won't let naughty old train go!"

But Jebb shook his head and repeated his reasons. The child grew frantic. Jebb was dismal.

"I know just how you feel, honey," said Jebb, "but I'm afraid to risk it."

Gaines, whose heart was as soft and big as his bulk, smote his fat knees with his fat hands, and rose:

"I'll get you the oranges, Miss Thiny Sashel."

Jebb checked him uneasily. "Nonsense, Billy, she doesn't need them. She oughtn't to have them. She—"

"Nonsense yourself. I can't see a lady perish like Miss Tantalus with four oranges just out of her reach."

"But the train may start."

"I'll bet my hat we'll be here for a week. This is just the sort of place where a train always stays a long while. Anyway, it's just a few steps."

He had squeezed through the door and was brushing both sides of the corridor before Jebb could restrain him. The car was vestibuled, but Gaines knew how to manipulate the door from within.

The anxious Jebb saw him appear on the platform outside, glance forward and aft, and satisfy himself of the train's intention to remain.

Then he skipped, as the fat skip, to the refreshment counter. The woman in charge was out of sight. She was not easily summoned. She did not understand Gaines' German. He picked out three oranges and

brandished them with one hand while the other plunged into his pocket. He had no small money. He found a bill. The woman went for the change. Her motives for leishureliness might be suspected. Gaines suspected them. He kept calling her and dancing impatiently. Eying the engine always he did not notice that a guard passing through the train and finding the vestibule door open, growled, and slammed it from within.

Suddenly the train started. Gaines left the change to the woman, dashed to the door, found it closed without handle or foothold.

Like a melon on a stream, his disgusted face was swept past the window and past the staring, horrified face of Jebb. Jebb thrust his head out and watched the smooth long side of the train glide with increasing speed past the bewildered Gaines, who searched and clutched in vain, and was left staring, the costly golden apples dropping from his hands and bouncing uselessly about the platform.

CHAPTER II

In the hurrying crisis of his affairs, the loss of his protector stamped Jebb's usual self-control. His sorrow for Gaines' mishap was nothing to his sorrow for himself and the child.

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A man knelt and raised his head. "He's fainted, that's all. Has any body got any brandy?"

As Cynthia was withdrawn from the scene, a Frenchman produced a flask:

"Je n'ai pas de brandee, monsieur, mais voice du cognac."

"Meme chose, monseer," said the American, as he pried Jebb's set teeth apart and poured a liberal portion into his clenched throat.

A shiver quaked through Jebb's whole length; he strangled, gulped, opened his eyes, looked about feebly.

"What's the matter?"

"You smashed your thumb, old boy, and keeled over. Monseer here had some brandy handy and I forced it on you."

"No, no!" gasped Jebb helplessly, "not brandy!"

"Yes, and good, too, by the sniff of it. You look a little green, old man. Have some more."

"No!" cried Jebb as he pushed it away.

"You better," said the Yankee, holding it under his nostrils.

"Yes," said Jebb, with a deep breath. He seized the flask greedily and took a generous draught. He offered it back, but as the Frenchman put out his hand, Jebb reconsidered and set the bottle to his lips again.

"En servez-vous!" said the Frenchman ironically.

Jebb took him literally and helped himself liberally.

"You must have a copper-lined throat," said the Yankee, "to swig it straight!"

Jebb gave a further demonstration of his prowess. He sat up on the floor of the car and, winking conceitedly at his fellow-countryman, drank his good health.

When the flask was again in his hands, the Frenchman turned it upside down with a rueful countenance. Only a drop or two leaked from it. With angry irony he said:

"Jen vous remercie."

"Huh?" said Jebb.

The Yankee interpreted with a laugh as he got Jebb to his feet.

"Monseer says he's much obliged for the flask."

Jebb threw his victim an ugly look, drove his fist deep into his pocket, and with a sneer offered a handful of money to the Frenchman.

"I pay for what I drink. How much?"

The Gaul understood without translation. He struck Jebb's hand aside, and the money jingled on the floor. Jebb was for trouncing him then and there, but the Yankee restrained him, pacified him, and guided him along the corridor to his own compartment.

Jebb swayed a good deal, but it may have been the train. He dropped into his seat dazed. But it may have been the dizziness of his suffering.

The Yankee brought to him the scared little girl and the coin, which he had gathered up in the corridor with the instinct that leads people to pick up other people's runaway hats for them.

Jebb thanked him for the little girl but waved the money away magnificently.

"What's a little silver to me?" he said a trifle thickly.

The American laughed and, laying the money on the seat, vanished to his own compartment.

With complete disregard of all his asepticism, Jebb wrapped his unsterilized handkerchief about his bleeding thumb. It was shrieking and throbbing, but an unleased demon within him was shrieking and throbbing too. He was sick, sick, too grievously tormented to bind his own wound properly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cleveland Twins Edit Paper for Sick Mother

CLEVELAND.—The House News, published almost weekly by young Neal Smith, has perhaps the greatest reader interest of any paper in the country—and the smallest circulation.

It has an unflinching circulation of one.

The staff of the House News consists of Editor Neal Smith and his dark-eyed star reporter Virginia—who also is his 10-year-old twin.

The News may not fare so well financially as papers go, but it is successful, nevertheless.

It is a labor of love, written exclusively for the mother of the devoted twins, who is in poor health.

The little paper is printed in pencil by Neal, who does the art work.

"Th' little story this week," said the little boy, working hard to get into the edition, "is about Nellie—she lives on the next street—who fell off the porch and scratched her face. We're bannerin' it!"

Most of the time the paper is four pages—one sheet of writing paper doubled in two, but sometimes, when there is a big story, it is eight.

When Mrs. Wallie Wardfield and King Edward VIII were front-page news the world over the two children were just as busy as metropolitan editors.

"We were in favor of the marriage," Virginia said earnestly. "So we put down just what we thought—and you can see what happened. They did get married!"

Another good news week was the one preceding the marriage of their elder sister. They ran stories about what the bride would wear, what they thought of the bridegroom, and the prospects for good weather for the event.

When the wedding took place, they couldn't think of anything to say about it.

"Ev'ryone was there, anyhow," Editor Neal said. "No use writin' what ev'ryone knows about."

In a recent issue there was a squib about a fire on the next street.

Virginia covered the fire, ran over and got an eyewitness story—and then dashed breathlessly back just in time to make the edition.

When they see an illustration in a newspaper they like, the two transfer it to their paper by rubbing it with wax, laying the print on their paper and rubbing hard.

Neal does a weekly comic-strip which he calls "Herky Boy," and which is one of his favorite features. "It makes mommy laugh," he said, "even when she's lonely."

Star Dust

★ Out of Trick Costumes
★ New York Looming?
★ Vaudevillists' Chance

By Virginia Vale

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

BLONDE CAROLE LANDIS is reporting on the set at the Hal Roach studios these days in a costume of smartly-tailored, abbreviated animal skins, and is praying that some smart Hollywood word-coiner won't give her a suitable label, like "The Prehistoric Peach" or "The Stone Age Siren."

She is playing the role of "Loana, the Golden One" in "100000 B. C.," the picture of cave man days which Hal Roach is directing and D. W. Griffith is producing.

"I'm studying English, French and Italian," remarked Carole the other day. "And I've studied voice for years. I sang with orchestras before I entered motion pictures. Honestly, I can do a few other things besides wearing a skimpy fur costume. This picture is a lot of fun and I'm tickled that I got the role. But after it's over I want people to sort of forget that I was the girl in the animal skins."

She's right. Motion picture history shows that, once an actress acquires fame by cavorting around in a trick costume, the impression gets about that she'd be lost in something snappy in evening gowns. Take Dorothy Lamour, for instance. Getting out of that sarong in which she became famous on the screen is like extracting one's self from a straitjacket.

Hollywood has laughed at Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, for urging that the motion picture industry be transported bodily to New York. But recently Ernest Lubitsch, who directed Garbo in "Ninotchka," and William Dieterle, who directed Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again," called on the mayor and had a long talk with him. Not long before that, King Vidor, equally well known as a director, had a long visit with him. All insisted that the calls were just social, but it seems likely that there has been some discussion about bringing the movies back where they came from.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, better known as Lum and Abner of the air waves, have signed up to star in a picture that will be released by RKO.

Rudy Vallee's new air show will make its debut March