

**Glamorous Skirts
For Dressing Table**



Pattern 6459

THE glamour of a dressing table can easily be yours. Clear directions for four different dressing table skirts—economical yardages—directions for adapting any table are all in this practical pattern. Pattern 6459 contains instructions for making four dressing tables; materials needed; pattern of scallops and rounded edge. 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

Globe-Circling Birds Utilizing Waste Heat A Powerful Fuel

Ornithologists and seamen have good reasons to believe that most albatrosses fly around the world several times during the course of their lives. Incidentally, these great birds, which can be buffeted for days by ocean gales, become very seasick when standing on the deck of a moving ship.

In a new South Dakota flour mill, the heat generated by friction in the grinding machine is so great that the heated air it creates, drawn off by a fan and washed, is sufficient to heat the entire six-story building, except in very cold weather.

A number of American lawyers not only handle the legal affairs of their clients, but are also requested to take charge of such personal details as buying and furnishing homes, advising on marriage partners, paying bills and even selecting servants.

In most outboard motorboat races, the fuel used is a mixture of alcohol, benzol and castor oil because it is more powerful than any high-test gasoline.—Collier's.

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 feel 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, or write Dr. Pierce, Dept. N-100, Buffalo, N. Y., for generous free sample. Don't suffer unnecessarily from colds.

Needed One

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of another.—Charles Dickens.

"TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM" ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **KENT** The Outstanding BLADE VALUE 10¢ 7" Single-Edged Blades **CUPPLES COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI**

WNU-U 8-40

Fair Words

He who gives you fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

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—fall 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

THE GIFT WIFE . . .

By RUPERT HUGHES

SYNOPSIS

A passenger on 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 charming temporary ward. On the train they meet Bill Gaines, former classmate of David's. He tells Gaines of his mission, and tells him of his one terrible 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 is in America. During a stop, Gaines leaves the train for a minute. The train starts up without him. Then Jebb is painfully injured in a minor accident. A fellow-passenger re-views him with a drink, which makes his desire for liquor all the stronger. At the next stop David and Cynthia leave the train. David begins drinking. The next thing he is conscious of is a strange sort of chanting. He looks around, dazed and sick. A door opens, and in walks a strange-looking Negro.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Leaving his slippers outside the door, the fellow padded over to Jebb and with soft, fat hands adjusted the pillow under his head.

"He wants me to die comfortably," sighed Jebb helplessly.

Then the man shuffled back to the corridor and lugged in a brazier full of glowing charcoal. Squatting about it, he began to brew an ebon syrup. The voluminous aroma floating to Jebb announced it to him as coffee.

"Poisoned, no doubt," thought Jebb. But he was so sick that he did not much care.

"Where am I? How did I get here? What country is this? Who are you?"

But the answer was a falsetto gibberish in which Jebb, who was something of a linguist, could find no kinship to any language of his acquaintance.

Jebb noticed now that he was clothed neither in his street-suit, nor in his pyjamas, but in a garment he could not recognize. His hands, remembering a habit he had acquired and lost, went convulsively to his waist. His money belt was gone, his ten thousand dollars had evaporated—and the belt with it.

"Where are my clothes?" he demanded, and again in bad German, "Wo sind mein Kleider?" and in tourist French, "Où sont mes habits?"

But the black only gibbered. Then the fellow backed out as from a presence with many a long bow. Left alone to meditation, Jebb glanced idly down and noted that his thumb wore a deep scar. His experienced eye showed him what sort of cicatrice it was. He remembered the accident on the train. But who had lanced his thumb? And when? Where? Why? The wound had already healed. It must have been days ago.

And on the little finger of his left hand was a ring, a curious ring, with a dark and cloudy stone of great size and unknown name, set alongside a diamond, also large and of evident price.

He took the ring off and stared at it. On the inner rim was the legend "C. to J." "J." was plainly for Jebb, but who was "C"?—certainly not Cynthia. Who, then? It might be a love-token—but whose?

There was a sound of colloquy in the hall outside, of angry argument. He recognized the uncanny treble of the slave, and another voice, lower, but a woman's voice.

The door opened wide and the slave paused on the sill. His face was as livid as the ashes in the charcoal brazier and his eyes flashed and roved in their sockets. But he made reluctant way for a figure that floated rather than walked, and floated straight from the pages of the "Thousand Night and One Nights."

Her costume was one great black cloud from which none of her transpired, not even the half-sheltered eyes of the Orient.

The slave oozed through the door and closed it, but as if he would cling to the other side.

The Veil bent and billowed in low curtains and through it came these English words, with long pauses and gropings:

"The effendi has slept long. Allah be thanked, and I do hope he slept well also."

Instinctively, hoping to make himself better understood, he spoke very loudly and in a foolish dialect:

"May me ask where me have pleasure to be?"

"The effendi is in Uskub."

"Uskub!" he gasped. "I never heard of Uskub. Where, please, is it?"

"It is in the vilayet of Kossovo. It is not far from Nish."

"Uskub! Nish!" he wailed. "Kossovo! Where am I? What is a vilayet? Why do you call me 'effendi'? My name is Jebb. How on earth did I get here? If I am on earth."

"The effendi is on earth—very much on earth, but how he gets here, that is perhaps more a wonder to me as to the effendi. Perhaps in his time the effendi weel in form me. I am but woman, it is perhaps pardoned if I have a curiosity."

THE VOICE MOTHERED HIM NOW:

"Then I shall not derange the poor, weary effendi with the impertinence of to make questions. I tell you what I know. Last night there was great storm here in Uskub. I was much afraid of the storm, but it is beautiful, too. I am watching through my window. I can just see the road over that high wall. Great flash of lightning comes and in the light I see man—it was the effendi. He is walk in the road. Whence you come I don't know. You are there. You look very wild and staggering. You fall down in the meedst of the road. Then darkness. I was more afraid, for I thought first of some djinn."

"Some gin?" echoed Jebb.

"Yes, djinn, the demon—you know, I watch again and a new lightning shows the effendi lying still in the road, no demon, but poor seek man. I clap my hands hard. Jaffar, who sleeps before my door—the same who is wait upon you this morning—he comes at my call. I tell him to bring the poor effendi into house. At last he goes out the gate and brings you in. I see you, you are very seck and do not speak—only moan. I tell him to place you



Suddenly there was a snap, and the pain was gone.

in room and make you a bed and take your clothes to be made dry. All these he does very secret and terribly afraid."

"But the child I had with me?"

"The child?" she echoed blankly.

"Yes, the little girl!"

"You have a young daughter, then?" And the veil did not entirely strain out a tang of disappointment.

"She is not my daughter," he explained; "she is the child of a friend."

"Oh!"

"She was in my charge. I was taking her to America. She must have been with me. She—oh, she must have been with me."

"You did had no child with you when I see you in the storm. Jaffar, he say nothing of a child. It is only you he find."

"But the little girl, the poor little waif—I must go hunt for her."

He rose to his feet, but his nerves flared and burned like live wires. His knees refused their office, and he would have gone crashing backwards had she not risen swiftly, caught him in her arms, and eased him to the cushions.

The hidden woman was soothed his brow with cool palms and was quieting him as if he were a child.

"Effendi must be most quiet, or he shall be much ill and perhaps die. I go to send Jaffar to search the town for the little girl. If she is in Uskub or near, somebody shall know and Jaffar will bring her to you."

He closed his eyes under the soothe of her strangely potent prayer, and she clapped her hands. Instantly the door opened and the black was there. Jebb did not look to see, but he heard a heated parley between mistress and slave. At length there was silence and the woman said:

"He is good. He was afraid to leave me lest the other servants find you, but I did made him go, and to send my woman to bring food and to keep watch. He is good now to bring you the little child. He will search the city as if it is a cup-board."

"Why is he afraid that the other servants might find me?"

"It is perhaps kindest to tell the effendi everything. Last night my fear for you overcame all my other fears, all my relegion, my duty. I thought only that some poor man goes to perish. I shall give to him shelter for the night in Allah's name. But Jaffar tells me you are too weak to walk, and I cannot even send you to the city to a khan or to the house of a friend. He wish to put you again in the street. I resolve to come to see you for my-

self. Jaffar oppose me, he try to hold me back. He loves me much. He is horrified, afraid, and ashamed for me."

"Why?" said Jebb feebly.

"I have crossed the mabeyn."

"The ma—what?"

"The hall between the haremlik and the selamluk."

"The more you tell me, the less I know," said Jebb.

"The effendi has much hungry. I theenk you listen better after you have to eat. I dare not have such poor food as we have brought by all the slaves, but only my own woman, if the effendi excuse."

After Jebb had eaten he said: "Tell me why I brought you and your house such danger."

"If my husband should find that I have talked with you, he would keel us both."

"Your husband!" And now it was his turn to betray a flaw of regret. "You are married, then?"

"Yes and no."

"Yes and no?"

"My husband did not raise my veil after the ceremony. I was a gift-wife, and unwelcome."

"A gift-wife!" groaned Jebb. "I have a splitting headache."

"Shall I tell you who I am—from the beginning? Miruma is my name. It means the sun and the moon. I am great, yes? to be both sun and moon. I am borned in Circassia. My poor father is poor and Allah sends him more child than wealth. But we live in mountains—the Caucasus peaks, and we do not need much. And then my poor father dies himself—Allah grant him bliss!—and my mother has no man, and five child."

"Follows some years of ugly poverty, and not much to eat. I am grow to have nine years. People tell my mother I am beautiful and shall become more. And I did. I was very beautiful till I became old woman."

"Are you an old woman?" said Jebb with a sigh. "Your voice and your hands do not seem old."

"But they are. I did pass my twenty-fifth year last Shaban."

Jebb sighed again, a comfortable sigh.

"My mother sees that I shall be beautiful for awhile and she sells me as slave."

"The brute!"

"No. She is good mother. She sells me to rich hanim, a lady who is most kind to me. In Turkey a woman slave who is pretty is treated wonderful kind. I am buyed by great lady—a rich hanim."

"A rich what, please?"

"Hanim—that means a lady, madame; same like effendi means monsieur, mister."

"Should I call you hanim, then?"

"If you wish to be very respectable—or is it respectful?—you should call me hanim effendi, or hanim effendim—that means like 'my lady.'"

"But you tell me effendi means monsieur."

"Yes, and hanim effendi means monsieur madame, or mister missus—it is very respectable. But I like better be called joost madame; it sound very educated."

"All right, hanim effendi, I will call you 'madame' sometimes, though I like hanim effendi, or hanim effendim—like you. But you were telling me how you were bought by the rich—hanim?"

"Yes, and I am educate like as I am her own daughter child. I am taught the Engleesh, the Francois, the Roosian, the to play, to sing, to paint, to dance. I am become very wise lady."

"Five years I am live with this hanim like her bes' beloved' child. One day I meeted wife of a Bey; she tells her husband that I am beautiful so much I must be made as a present to the Padishah heemself. So Raghib Bey he buyed me."

"He buyed you?"

"Yes," the Veil answered with a certain pride. "They Bey give me to the Padishah, on the anniversary of the Kilij-Alai, when they did bind the great sword of Othman on him."

"And who is the Padishah?" said Jebb.

She gasped at this. "The Padishah! You do not know who he is? He is the Sultan, the greatest of all kings, the shadow of Allah on earth."

"Oh!" from Jebb.

"A year I did lived in the harem of the Khalif, and then the Valideh Sultana tells that I am again to be given away as a present, this time to a pasha and to be really a wife. My heart leap up for, of course, a woman is nothing if Allah does not make her the priceless gift of a child, a man-child. My new husband is then great man rising in the world like the sun himself. But sometimes the clouds come before the sun reach his zenith."

"Husseini Fehmi Pasha is begin very poor; he was a khanji's boy—you do not know what that is?—a khanji is man who keeps a khan—how you say, a little inn. But he is too brave for to make the beds and cook the coffee, he becomes soldier and is rise. And the Padishah call him to the Yildiz-Kiosk and make him decorated and titles him Pasha. Then he make him Vila of the Aidin vilayet. It is then that the Padishah present me to Fehmi Pasha."

"And he married a girl as young as you were then?" gasped Jebb.

"Oh, yes, effendi. We have a saying. 'Before your daughter is sixteen, she should be married or buried.' At feerat Fehmi Pasha did lived at Smyrna and have a splendid white summer palace at Kogar-Yail. But Fehmi Pasha has a quarrel with the spy the Padishah send to watch him. The spy is tall wicked bad lies, and my poor husband is exile to Uskub. And here I live."

"But what did you mean by calling yourself a Yes-and-No wife?"

"Already the pasha did have a wife whom he love extremely much. Fehmi Pasha loves his only wife. He wants no other. She did bear him many sons and some daughters; why should he have other wives? But when the Padishah present him me, he is afraid to refuse. He thank the Padishah one thousand times; he makes me free woman, and he marries me, but he does not lift my veil."

Suddenly there was the sound as of a little child wailing. Jebb's heart lurched. Had his lost been found? The door burst open and Jaffar rushed into the room. It was Jaffar who was crying, hysterically, with words which even his mistress could not understand.

"He's had an accident," said Jebb, and rose at once to go to him, but his knees cautioned him to remain. "Bring him here." "It was the voice of authority. "Ask him if he didn't slip and fall."

The question repeated in Turkish brought a flood of confirmation. "Eees eet awfully seerious?" came from the trembling veil.

"No, it's nothing much. It hurts a trifle," Jebb admitted with the relative standard of pain that surgeons acquire. "Tell the black idiot not to pull away from me. I'll help him; I'm a surgeon."

Jebb's fingers went out on the discolored black flesh like ten white carpenters. They pressed here, pulled there, twisted, urged, persuaded, as the victim writhed and blubbered.

Suddenly there was a snap, and the pain was gone with such suddenness that it left ecstasy. Jaffar almost fainted of joy. Henceforth, whoever might nominally pay Jaffar his wages, really he was Jebb's slave.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Accident Reveals Rich Deposit of Mercury in Idaho

Shepherd, Chasing Sheep, Stumbles Onto Mineral in Mountains.

WEISER, IDAHO.—A chance discovery of a shepherd has provided Idaho with its first mercury mine and a new \$1,000,000 industry, according to state mining officials.

A sharp price rise in the quicksilver market gave a new impetus to the venture when the European war broke out and now the Almaden mines, developed by L. K. Requa, veteran Santa Barbara mining engineer, are producing an estimated 400 pounds of pure quicksilver a day.

The current market price of the metal is \$142 for a flask of 76 pounds. National production last year was only 1,500 flasks. New uses are found for the metal in manufacturing arms of war, and production will be increased as the price rises.

Finds Ore on Pony's Feet.

Andy Little, young shepherd with a flair for mining, chased a lost sheep across the sagebrush-covered mountains 20 miles west of Weiser in 1936 and noticed an outcropping of reddish ore at his pony's feet. He came back the next year and staked out 18 claims.

Requa visited the area on one of his periodic tours of western mining districts and examined the shepherd's cinnabar stake. He leased the property for 20 years with an option on further leasing, formed a company, set up a plant and began production this summer.

The venture is a closed corporation and no stock is sold. Requa believes the mountainside on which the mine is located is a solid mass of mercury in opalite and phylite forms, left by an old lake bed. Cinnabar is an ore mineral that occurs in both bedded and vein deposits.

Plant Is Up-to-Minute.

The plant is the latest metallurgical science has produced. The ore is roasted in a kiln at 1,500 degrees and the mercury passes off in the form of a vapor to be condensed in 12 tubes, 30 feet high. The mercury is drawn off at the bottom into buckets and placed in flasks, ready for shipment.

The mine is an open pit operation. The ore is blasted out of the hillside, tons at a time, and rolled in cars along a narrow-gauge track to a bin, attached to a long conveyor belt. The belt carries the ore to a crusher and thence to a kiln where it is roasted.

Enough ore is present to last an indefinite period. Production is going ahead now at the rate of approximately 45 tons a day with a top capacity of 50 tons possible. Between five and fifteen pounds of mercury are recovered per ton of ore. Sixteen men are employed in the plant.

Other deposits of cinnabar were located in Valley, Blaine, Custer and Cassia counties but they never have been worked commercially.

Nimrod Couldn't Recognize Deer When He Saw Several

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Officials of the annual Pisgah national forest deer hunt, in swapping stories of the 1939 event, gave top prize to this one:

An amateur nimrod, on his first day out in the hunt, tramped the woods from dawn to sunset and returned to camp emptyhanded and discouraged. He decided to insure success for the next day and hired a veteran guide.

The two set out early. They had been gone only a short while when the guide tapped the amateur hunter on the shoulder and whispered: "Quiet now, here come three deer."

The hunter clenched his hands on his gun and looked in the direction of the guide's pointing finger. Then he exclaimed:

"Gosh, are those things deer? I passed up a lot of them yesterday."

Toad Set in Concrete 20 Years Ago Hops Out Alive

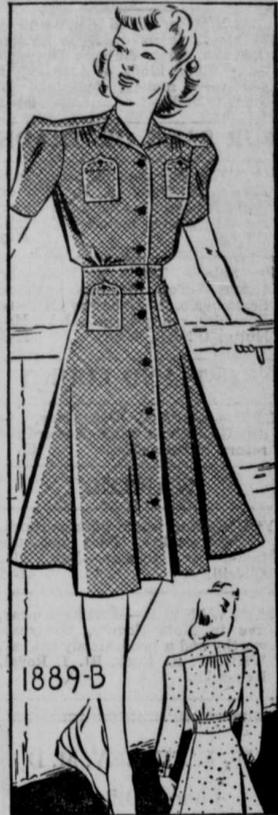
CROWELL, TEXAS.—Henry Ashford of the Foard County News is the authority for this story: Workmen removing a concrete block from the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Todd had to break the heavy mass. Out rolled a white toad, apparently dead.

As the sun warmed it up the toad opened its eyes and began to kick. Now it's alive and well.

Ashford located W. H. McGonagle of Hobbs, N. M., who poured the concrete 20 years ago. McGonagle wrote: "The toad was dug up while we were excavating a hole for a clothes line. By the time I got my cement mixed he jumped back into the hole. I threw him out. He jumped back in again as I threw in a shovel of cement, so I gave him the works. I worried about it and I'm glad the toad is alive."

Smart Sports Frock With Useful Pockets

POCKET frocks are very smart, especially sports and resort types like this (1889-B), which gives pointed importance to the pockets that Paris is newly sponsoring as both decorative and useful. This charming design is really everything you want in a new dress for sports and daytime. It's young and casual. It buttons down the front so that it's easy to put on. The wide, inset belt and the



shoulder portions, cut in one with the sleeves, make it flattering to the figure.

It has a slight blouse at the waistline, which makes it feel comfortable and look engagingly nonchalant. You'll enjoy adding this to your midwinter wardrobe right now—in bright wool or flat crepe if you're staying on the job, in pastel silk or cotton if you're flitting South.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1889-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 14 (32) requires, with short sleeves, 3½ yards of 39-inch material; with long sleeves, 4 yards.

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

Wise and Otherwise

When a fellow says "no man is perfect" you may be pretty sure he hasn't married a widow and heard about her first husband.

Logic is something you use to prove the other fellow wrong.

Nothing succeeds like success. But failure succeeds as often.

It takes two to make a bargain—but usually only one gets it.

A doctor's pills might cure some ills, but not ill-humor.

Give a revue producer an inch, says Marjorie, and he's got costumes for the whole chorus.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tired easily? Worried due to female functional disorders? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound famous for over 60 years in helping such weak, rundown, nervous women. Start today!

Wisdom in Man

He is a wise man who does not grieve for things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.—Epicurus.

To Relieve Misery of **COLDS** Take **666** LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

BARGAINS

—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants