

# THE GIFT WIFE...

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By RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

To Jebb's eyes the man was utterly a stranger, but Mr. Rosen no sooner saw Jebb than a smile began to quirk his mouth corners. And his greeting was:

"What's the trouble this time?"

"Oh—you refer to the time I was here before."

"Naturally."

Jebb stood in embarrassment.

"You haven't lost your passport again, have you?"

"I'm afraid I have."

"Well, it hasn't been found. If it turned up the police would have forwarded it to us. Say, you must be as rich as you say, for you pay fines just for the fun of it. Where have you been all this while, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Are you trying to say 'Pierpont'?"

"That's it, Mr.—Vanderbilt Pierpont, eh?"

Jebb nodded. "Tell me, Mr. Rosen, you remember that little child I had with me the time you saw me?"

"Child? No. You had no child with you when I saw you. I'll soon forget the first picture I had of you. Word came here that some Yankee was in trouble with the customs house. It's a common occurrence. Americans are forever bouncing into Turkey without the indispensable passport. The consul sent me down as usual to get our fellow-countryman out of hock. I can see you sitting there now. You were very haughty. I thought at the time that perhaps you had been indulging a little in magnificent water. You sat there hugging a Gladstone bag and threatening to report the customs inspector to your particular friend the Sultan."

"I had a Gladstone bag with me?"

"Yes, and the fellow had found some suspicious looking documents in it. Everything looked suspicious in the days of the old Sultan. You said you had come to Turkey to buy something—I don't remember just what. So many Americans come here to buy things. Anyway, you didn't have a passport and the inspector wanted to fine you. You said 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.' I remember that. I calmed you down and persuaded the customs people to accept a consular guaranty and give you a new passport. And then you went your way. Now you've lost it again, eh?"

"You're sure I had a Gladstone bag with me?"

"Perfectly. It was full of blueprints and specifications and other dangerous looking papers."

"Where had I come from?"

"You got off an Austro-Hungarian Lloyd steamer."

"And you can't tell me where I got on?"

"Look here, my friend, are you stringing me? Asking me questions about you—what's this new game anyway? Lord help us, I thought I'd heard about all the fool questions a consul could be asked, but this is a new line. Why don't you cable to your friends in America and say, 'Who am I? Where was I? Where do I go from here?—answer prepaid.'"

It seemed inadvisable for Jebb to keep his secret from his angrier countryman. Seeing that there was no one else about, Jebb hitched his chair close to Mr. Rosen's desk and unobscured his story. Strange delight of confession! Just giving voice to his old secret was an immense relief. Rosen shook his head with the sympathy most Americans feel for the clients of Mr. Barleycorn:

"Too bad, old man," he said, "I'm rather fond of the liquid myself, but I take it in sips."

"Don't waste time sympathizing with me," Jebb broke in; "think of the child."

"Do you know, I believe we've heard of her from another source."

"You have! You mean she's found?"

"No, we've just heard that she was lost. We got a circular note from the American consul in Vienna. He had had word from the Austrian police."

"My friend von Hellwald put them on the track. Have they heard anything?"

"Oh, no. They've just begun to pretend to look. And here's the circular."

He took from a pigeonhole a sheet of paper.

"You see, it says, 'Wanted information of Cecilia Baxter.'"

"It isn't Baxter—it's Thatcher," Jebb insisted. "And not Cecilia, but Cynthia."

Rosen tossed the circular to Jebb.

"Oh Lord, Oh Lord!" Jebb groaned, "they've misspelled the name." He looked further. "And got the description wrong! She doesn't look a bit like that! The search has been useless, useless."

Suddenly Rosen was startled by a new idea:

"You say the child's real name was not Baxter, but Thatcher?"

"Yes, Thatcher."

"Any relation to—" he put his

hand out to another pigeonhole for a card, "to John Thatcher, of Berlin?"

"That's her father."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. How did you get his name?"

"It was like this. A few weeks ago a Turk who keeps a little khan in the outskirts of town came in here with a Gladstone bag—"

"A Gladstone bag?"

"Yes, same style as the one you carried, now that I come to think of it. The Turk—Hafiz Mustafa was his name—he went to America as a wrestler once. He can speak and read English a little. He came here with a Gladstone bag full of papers. He told a long cock-and-bull yarn about some American gentleman who had left them with him and never came back. The Turk came here to see about it. He wouldn't leave the bag, but he let us look through it. There were a lot of blueprints and mechanical drawings with the name of John Thatcher on them. And a bundle of clippings and letters. I made a note of the name and promised to keep it in mind."

"Where can I find the fellow?"

"I'll have him here tomorrow."

"I can't wait to see him. Where is he to be found?"

"His name is Hafiz Mustafa and he keeps a little khan out near the Adrianople Gate, close to the

her dance one night. I think she is mos' beautiful theeng what ever ees—she wear the leetle trunks and the seek tights and the—spengles, and she stand up on her toes like she enjoy it. Bine-by, she ees love me, too, and we get married. She says she ees sick of that tarrible life, and so when I buy pretty leetle hash-house she help me. One day she is make coffee in those beeg boiler they have in America and the water spills over, and she is tarrible—how do you say?—scalded. Her pretty face is tarrible burned."

"But she is still beautiful to me, and her body is still the body like a seraili from Circassia. But after that she hates to go out in the street."

"I tell her, 'You come home to Stamboul where honest wives wear the yildirma'—the veil, effendim. The veil is very kind thing. It keeps all women the same. Eet is more equality than the hat."

"Her name in Weeseconsee was Annie Meetchel, but I geeve her new name—Osmanli name—Nayima, eet ees one nice name—yes?"

Jebb thought, yes indeed—not so pretty as Miruma, but a great improvement on Annie Mitchell.

"I used to have my khan near the Egyptian Bazaar," Hafiz went on, "but since my Nayima is out in grave there I like thee better. In evening I sit there and smoke and theenik, nobody is in hurry—nobody say, 'Get a move on, Hafiz!'"

"The Gladstone—they tell me you found it?—where?"

"The Gladdastone, effendim? What is that?"

"The bag—the valise—the—that thing of mine, you found."

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He rummaged the contents with a sharpness of eye that might have offended a subtler Turk than Hafiz.

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"You didn't find ten thousand dollars in here, did you?"

The Turk smiled. The Yankees always joked. His politely amiable smile was more convincing than any other disclaimer could have been.

"Oh, yes," he chuckled, "I find ten thousand dollars—in a peeg's eye."

"Would you mind telling me where you found this?"

"Sure, I'll tell you, but not unteel the boss has something to eat."

"Oh, thank you. I'll go back to the Bristol Hotel for my dinner."

"The Bristol—not on your teentepe, Bo. It is so late you never get there. You must take a—how did they say?—a snack with me."

He would hear of nothing else, and Jebb was forced to resign himself to the delay, hoping that perhaps some clem might yet transpire to aid his further search.

Afterwards Hafiz began his story: "The day I feerst laid my eyes on you—to the old Padishah Abdul Hamid—whom Allah preserve!—if it please Allah—and I hope it does not—was still wearing the great sword of Othman. But it was after the people from Salonica had come down and made him call back the Constitution. He took it off the ice—see?"

"When feerst the Young Turks is come to town some of the ladies think everyteeng going to be turned upside down. They throw off the yildirma and go out to the streets, even

to the theater. Some of them ride in carriage with their husbands. Some of them wear beeg hats from Paris. This make the reelegious people mad like what if in New York all the ladies is wear bathing suits on Broadway, yes?"

"Me and some pals is stopping a carriage and telling a lady she better go home and put on her veil or she's goin' to be very sorry. She is educated Osmanli lady; she makes poetry and writes a magazine, but she read too many French novels, she goes out in the high-heeled shoes, the tight clothes over the immoral corsets—and her face is naked. She is scream when we tear off her big feathers. First theeng I know, somebody grabs me. I turn round; it is you, and you say: 'You beeg brute, I'm going to break every bone in your body if you say one 'nother word to that poor child!'"

The huge wrestler looked at the slender physician, then at his own box constrictor arms, and laughed. There was no insult in his superiority.

Jebb smiled, too, at the magnificence of this Vanderbilt-Pierpontism, and asked:

"Why didn't you beat the life out of me?"

Hafiz smiled: "I see right away on you are American, and the Americans is so nice to me—my Nayima is American, and the words you use they listen good to me. So I take your wrists and I hold you very gentle and talk to you nice and say in Eengleesh, 'Please, mister, kill me, but spare my life.'"

"You say, 'If you let that lady go, I let you live a little while.' I turn round and the lady is already vamoose. The other mens is want to have your blood, but I tell them you are a friend of a friend of mine, and they go away."

"Then I say, 'Boss, it's my treat,' and we sit down at a little table in a little khan and I blow you off to coffee. Bine-by, you say you got a date weel' the Padishah, and I say, 'So long, old pal, I stay and feenish thee narghile!'"

"So you go and I stay. Bine-by, I see you have leeveth this—Gladdastone, yes? on the ground by your table. Nobody knows your name or where you live at. I go to the American consulate. Nobody knows you. They say, 'Leave the bag here. We give it to him.' I say, 'Nix on the hot air. I know about the American grafter. I keep it till my friend calls for it his own self.'"

"I wait long tam, but at last you are here, and here is the Gladdastone. And that is all."

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"I can't thank you enough, for finding this and keeping it for me. And now, how—how much do I owe you?"

"Look here, boss," Hafiz groaned, "have I act like a piker, a panhandler, have I? I thought you and me was friends. I was doin' this as one American to a pal."

Jebb took his big limp hand and tried to wring it.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Let her go at that," said Hafiz; "cut it out, and clean it off the slate. When you git back to New York, if you'll stop in at some Osmanli restaurant down on Washeenton Street or somewhere and tell them you know me, and I was lookin' well, and sent my best regards—they'll blow you to the best there is in the joint, and I'll call it square."

"I promise," said Jebb. "And now I've really got to go."

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CHAPTER IX

"At last the effendi is on the job!" This was Jebb's greeting to a ponderous Turk at the door of a shabby khan. The man had all the look of a retired athlete, whose sinews of steel had degenerated into swaddles of fat.

He recognized Jebb on the instant, and he was big enough to be rememberable on his own account; but Jebb could not recall an ounce of him.

Hafiz Mustafa bustled about making coffee and preparing a narghile for his honored guest. He spoke what English he had with a strong flavor of the Bowerly, in whose environs he had picked up his smattering.

"How you like my little khan, eh? He is not so worse, I theenk, huh?"

"It is beautiful," said Jebb, though he could not imagine a more doleful spot.

"It is not such a dam racket out here as in New York Ceety, eh? For long tam I had a how they say?—a hash-house on Washeenton Street. Yes. I get lots of the long green in America and I buy that leetle hash-house from an Osmanli who is home-seek for Stamboul. Bine-by I get the homeseek too."

"So at last I sell out for big pile of dough and come home. Eet ees not such a much business here, but I can rest and theenk. Eet is a small walk out to the beeg fields where the tombstones is nice to see on and smoke and dream the nice long dream. And she is out there, my little hanim what I breeng from America."

"You brought your wife from America?" Jebb inquired politely.

"Evet, effendim—I mean, sure, Mike, I breeng her. She is dancer in music hall on Bowerly."

"A Turkish dancer?"

"Not on your life, Bo. She is pure American blood; comes from the great ceety of Weeseconsee. I see

her dance one night. I think she is mos' beautiful theeng what ever ees—she wear the leetle trunks and the seek tights and the—spengles, and she stand up on her toes like she enjoy it. Bine-by, she ees love me, too, and we get married. She says she ees sick of that tarrible life, and so when I buy pretty leetle hash-house she help me. One day she is make coffee in those beeg boiler they have in America and the water spills over, and she is tarrible—how do you say?—scalded. Her pretty face is tarrible burned."

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N. Y. Silversmiths Were Men of Consequence

Prosperous in their craft. Seventeenth century New York silversmiths were men of consequence, says the "American Collector." The name silversmith did not come into common use till the Eighteenth century.

Of those who wrought a little later we know much more. Ahasuerus Hendrickse, trained in Holland, took his oath of allegiance to the king in 1675; thence onward he was a prominent figure. He made "jewelry, rings, funeral spoons, and beakers and, as well, fashioned the silver spears, pikes and sword-hilts, affected by the militant burghers."

Carol van Brugh was likewise a person of note. He it was who made "the gold cup presented to Governor Fletcher in 1693, the bulion for which was purchased for £106 and turned over to Vanderburgh (van Brugh) to fashion," the council providing "that the revenue from the ferry be used for no other purpose until the bill for this was paid."

Garrett Onelebagh, who made Shelley's Nassau tankard, belonged to a prominent family.

Jacobus van der Spiegel was an ensign in Captain Walter's com-

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## PATTERN DEPARTMENT



all by means of easy darts) and there's your suit-frock.

What's more, you can make the jacket-blouse two ways—with scalloped sleeves and neckline, and with a naive,