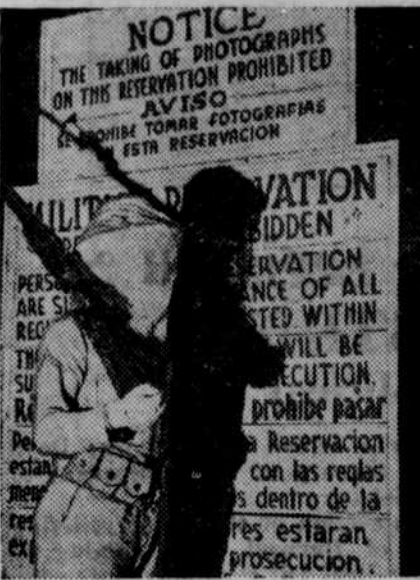
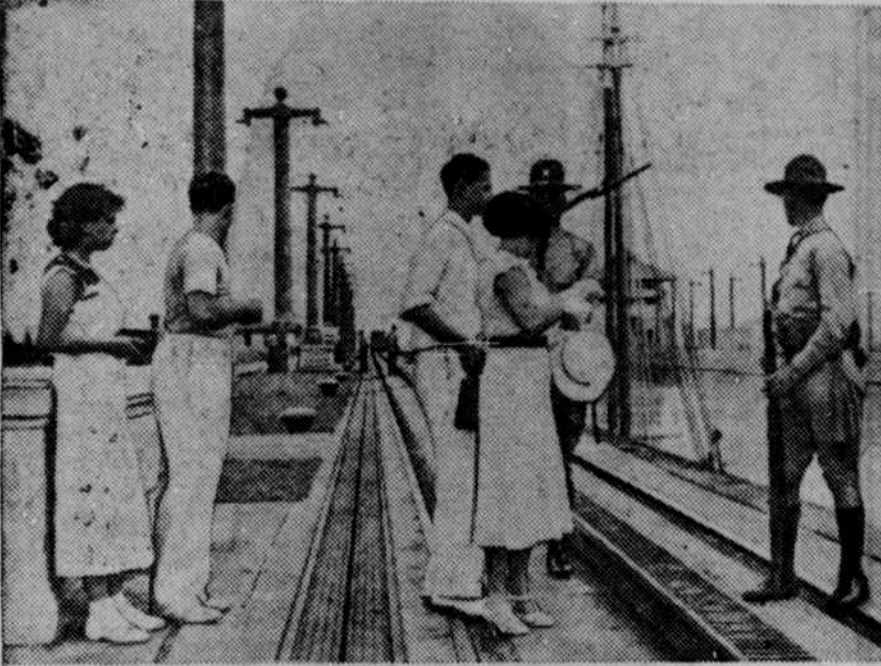
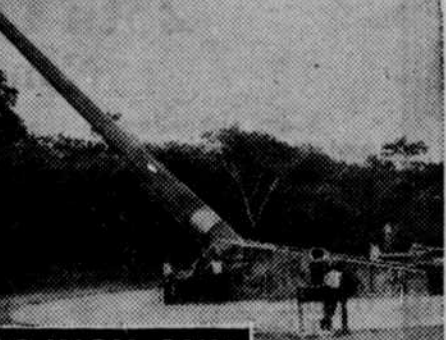


## Uncle Sam Guards Canal Zone Against Sabotage by 'Enemy'



Guns shown at right are typical of the artillery weapons installed at Panama. Below, doughboys during maneuvers leap over a sea wall. Huge guns and large troop concentrations are capable of protecting the Canal Zone's secrets.

**WAR** in Europe has caused Uncle Sam to tighten the guard on his vital Panama canal. Even visitors (above) are now barred from much of the canal area. Twenty thousand troops are on duty. Sentry shown at the left shows how soldiers must guard against malaria.



16-INCH GUN



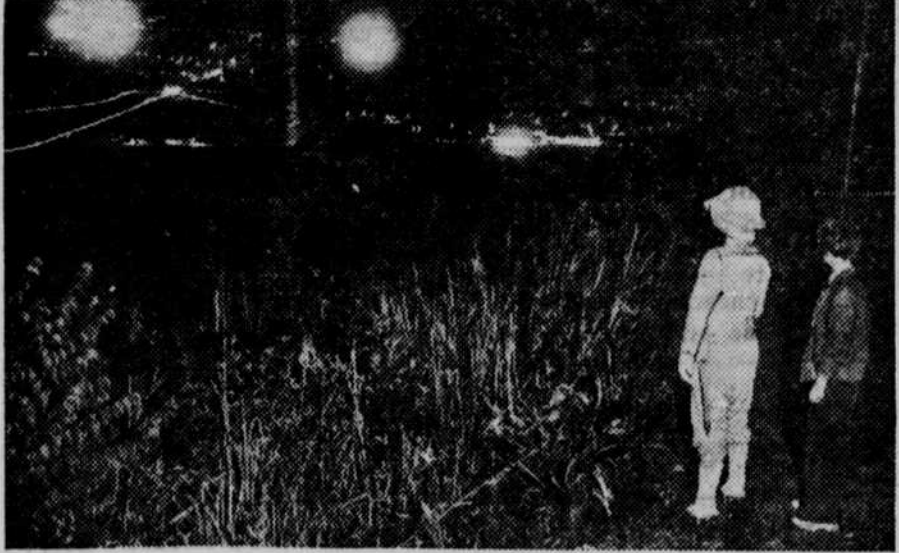
14-INCH GUN



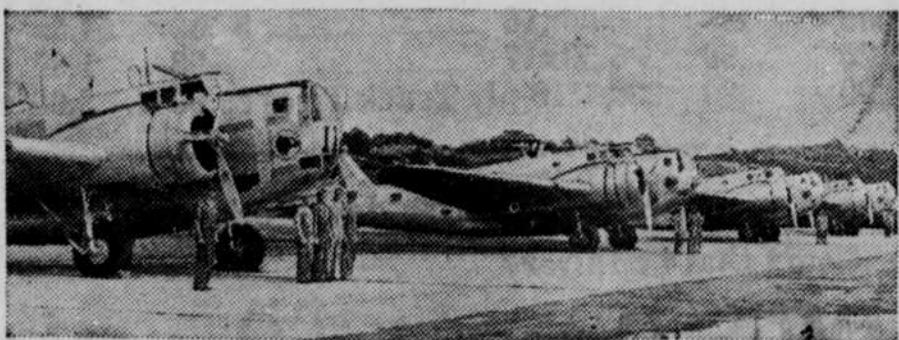
ANTI-AIRCRAFT



Merchant ships passing through the canal are guarded by army troops like the fellow above, on duty in the engine room. It is also reported that steel nets have been installed to protect the great locks from would-be saboteurs.



A view from atop Ancon hill just before the last lights were extinguished in Panama's first blackout. On the left are the lights of Miraflores locks. The outline of the canal can also be seen, a narrow thread of water which is Uncle Sam's "lifeline."



Light army bombing planes on guard. They'd harry enemy ships.

# THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES—WNU SERVICE

By RUPERT HUGHES

### CHAPTER IX—Continued

Hafiz mustered energy enough to rise. "It's kind of dark—and these streets isn't any too safe for a gaiour. I walk weel' you," said Hafiz, "to the landing-place where you catch the Golden Horn boat—all the same as the Coney Island boat, yes? How many tam I gone there weel' my pretty—my pretty Nayima. She is dance there one summer. When I sit weel' her some tam those other passengers make the face because Nayima is weel' Osmanli. The rubbernecks is stare. Two, three tams I tweest those rubberneck till they let me alone.

"Here the Osmanli wants to keel a gaiour who dares so much as look at a Osmanli lady. I think the world is a jackass. "Bine-by we goin' to come to—what you call, the lock-up, calaboose, yes? There is put the thieves, the killers, the bad men. Today is put also in the cooler an Osmanli girl—very nice family, but she loves a Greek. It is terrible theeng to love a Greek, but maybe she don't, can't help it. She say she goin' to marry him. The police arrests the Greek and the girl also too, for it is a great crime, such a marrying. "They take the bad girl and the gaiour to the jail, and they are goin' to bring them to be tried. But the—how do you say?—the mob does not like it. The mob gets together and says, 'Keel the gaiour. Keel the shameless girl!'

"Bine-by some soldiers come and drive the mob away. But maybe the mob comes back. Me, I should not weest to be that girl or that Greek feller."

This was doubly shocking news to Jebb for it invaded his own recurrent dreams of Miruma.

They were now descending a silent street whose dogs like prowling hyenas only gave the loneliness a terror.

Out of the murmurous silence there rose a sound like waves tumbling on distant shale. It was a tumult-clarion mystified by distance. Hafiz listened with lifted head, like a rhinoceros sniffing the air for danger.

"The mob is there again. Queek!" And he was running with a speed his bulk had not implied. Jebb followed, stumbling over the refuse in the streets.

A bonfire had been lighted in the square before the district police-station. The windows were ragged with broken glass. The door hung on a fractured hinge. In the square, nearer the fire, a man and a woman were struggling within a tangle of bloodthirsty fiends who clutched at them, struck at them with clubs, and slashed with knives.

Hafiz groaned: "The mob is get busy. See, that is the Greek—that is the girl."

The crowd boiled and swirled like eddies choked with debris.

Dragged by the lure of horror Jebb and Hafiz moved slowly down the hill. They saw the Greek, fighting like another Leonidas against an Asian horde, sink under a smother of enemies, only to reappear gashed, bleeding, but fighting on. The girl's plight was more ugly, for she had none of the mad exultance of the death struggle of man against man. Hers was the odium of being torn to pieces and of dying in naked shame.

Clutching talons tore her hair loose—her veil had long since been rent away. Jebb could look no longer. He dashed forward and hurled himself into the maelstrom, yelling, cursing, striking right and left with his fists.

Though he was too frantically desperate to know it, alongside went Hafiz Mustafa, bellowing like a bull charging a pack of wolves.

The men on the outskirts of the throng took the newcomers at first to be only zealots like themselves, fighting forward to the always holy office of sticking a knife into an infidel. But their progress was too furious to be long misunderstood; Hafiz and Jebb had hardly pierced the outer shell of the mob when the cry rose that they were themselves infidels to the rescue of infidels. And now knives were turned their way and bloodthirsty fanatics ringed them round, forgetting for a moment the young lovers, who, unsupported by their enemies, fell to the cobles to be trampled underfoot.

The huddle was beginning to mumble threateningly and to brandish fists and knives in Hafiz' courageous face, when the ragged noises were stirred by a noise with a rhythm and regularity to it. It meant soldiers.

soon had the patrol so busy on his errands that it forgot its main purpose. After a while of Jebb's ministrations the bruised lips began to murmur. Jebb bent close and heard, but could not understand. He beckoned Hafiz to kneel by him and the wrestler explained: "She wants to die in her lover's arms."

But the body of the young Greek had been carried away, and she died alone, slowly, with anguish of body, of heart, and of soul. When she was quite dead, Hafiz murmured to Jebb that unless he vanished he would be detailed indefinitely as a witness in the trials that would result from the riot. Waiting the proper instant, he dragged Jebb up a steep street, down another, and so on and on till they reached the steamer landing. But the boat had gone. With some trouble Hafiz found a kaik, and in this water-hansom Jebb sped down the Golden Horn among the slumberous ships. He thought of Miruma and felt that she was as far from his reach as the crescent still regent in the sky.

### CHAPTER X

By the time Jebb reached his hotel it was so late and he so exhausted that neither remorse nor anxiety



Bulged into the smoking compartment.

could beat off sleep. He woke late the next morning luxuriously refreshed till he realized that he had backslidden to where he started. What little he had found he had lost again.

He was very glum over his coffee and eggs when there was an eclipse of the light and the huge orb of Hafiz Mustafa rose before him and with a gelatinous laugh set the Gladstone bag on the table.

Jebb threw his arms around the monster as far as they went, and cried: "How in heaven did you find it? How in—how on earth did you find me?"

Hafiz indulged in a little self-congratulation. "I'm a wise guy, all right, all right, huh? As the boat pulls out I see you have not the Gladstone. I go back and I say to myself, 'If he loses it in the square, somebody has swipe it. If he loses it on the hill where he feerst started to run, it may be there.' I go round and round and finally it is there waiting in a dark street—in the middle of the street. I remember you say you stop here, so here I come so early as I can make it."

The only return he would accept for his trouble was a cup of coffee. There was nothing to keep Jebb in Constantinople now, except the necessity of finding where to go next.

Then he took a closed araba to the offices of the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd to inquire when the next boat went.

"The next boat she is just went—going now," said a fezzed clerk, pointing to the steamer already gliding from her mooring.

There would be no other until the following Saturday. Jebb was tempted to leap overboard and swim after it. He was restrained by a realization that he could not swim.

The next morning, Sunday, he was so desperate that he went to church—the Episcopal chapel of the British embassy not far from his hotel. After the service he sauntered in the park of the Petits Champs and sat at a table to watch the crowds pell-melling past. He ordered coffee as a payment for his seat.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was so unexpected that he jumped as he turned. He glanced up into a grin entirely surrounded

by red hair. He heard a voice which seemed also to grin. It said: "Hello! how's electricity?"

Here was the answer to a riddle that had vexed him, and he was tempted to demand at once: "Who are you? and what have I to do with electricity?"

But he had found it more profitable to listen than to disclose. All he said was: "Sit down, old man, and have something to drink."

"I'd give a finger for a cocktail, but I suppose I'll have to take coffee."

Jebb was fringing with questions but the stranger seemed content to watch the crowd and wait for the Kahveji to fill his cup.

Finally Jebb ventured: "How do you like Constantinople by now?"

"Oh, I've always liked the old town. Not quite as lively as Chicago in some ways, livelier in others. I suppose you will stir things up a bit."

"Perhaps," said Jebb, still baffled. "Funny old town, Constantinople, nearly as big as Philadelphia and older than all get-out, and not an electric light or trolley car in the whole village."

"It is funny. "You'll change all that, eh? I suppose you've found the new Sultan a little more open to reason than the old, not so afraid of his people. Have you found it hard to get at the bosses?"

"Not very. "I suppose there's the same hand out for graft here as everywhere else."

"Well, I haven't had any special trouble in that line," said Jebb, growing weary of fencing. "You really think you'll pull it off?"

"I hope so. "I don't suppose I'd dare ask whether you represent the General Electric or the Independents."

"That would be telling. "I judged from your talk on the steamer that you were acting pretty much on your own."

"Yes," was all Jebb dared to say, his mind taking a new whirl at the word "steamer."

"I judged from your talk, Mr. Pierpont, that you had enough capital in your jeans to dazzle the city fathers here."

Jebb's heart sickened. So this was more of Pierpont's brag. "I suppose when you go back you'll go by land. Those Austrian Lloyd steamers pitch and toss atrociously, and the 'Franz Josef' is the worst of them all. I've got used to it, but you seemed terribly unhappy."

Jebb laughed, as much as to confess. And the man went on: "Yes, when you got on at Trieste I said to my wife, 'I'll bet that fellow has a sad voyage.' You looked sort of greenery-yellery and off your feet."

"I wasn't in the best of health. "You're all right now, though, I judge. That's the effect of a few weeks in Constantinople. She's a great old town in spring, eh?"

"She certainly is. By the way, did you notice how the little girl was?"

"What little girl?" "The one I had with me at Trieste."

"You didn't have anybody with you. I noticed specially, because they were just pulling the gangplank in when you jumped for it."

Jebb's heart lurched, but he kept a rigid face. "Oh, of course, the little girl wasn't with me at that time. Have some more coffee."

"No, thanks, I must get back to

the hotel. I'll be mighty glad when you get your electric plant installed. The lighting of this town is something fierce. You'll make a fortune if you'll rig up a crescent-shaped bulb. That's the favorite design for their illuminations. Well, so long, see you again, Mr. Pierpont. "So long—old man."

He must learn at once just where Trieste was, and what was the quickest way of getting there.

Hoping that some word from Miruma waited him in Vienna, Jebb telegraphed the Union Bank to forward his mail to the American consulate in Trieste.

Leaving Constantinople the train retraced for many miles the same rails he had taken from Salonica. It was strangely comforting just to be in motion. Whatever awaited Jebb at his destination, at least he had a destination, and the swift flight of the express was exhilarant.

He breakfasted his way out of Bulgaria into Serbia, and prepared to stretch his legs at the next stop. It proved to be—Nish!

The word came with a shock, sending him back to his first wakening in Turkey and the first sound of this barbaric word on an ear that found "Uskub" equally harsh. And now somehow through the mellow enchantment of memory, the word Uskub always fell with music on his senses.

Late afternoon brought Belgrade on the scene. Here a new passenger got aboard and bulged into the smoking compartment with the crass aggressiveness of the worst type of traveler. He made himself nasally audible. He behaved like a crowd.

"Whew!" he began, "but these foreigners are a pack of damned scoundrels and fools. It's tip, tip, tip all day long, everywhere you turn there's a palm up. You're an American, too, eh?" Jebb nodded. "My name's Ludlam, Charles Ludlam."

"How are you?" said Jebb. "Goin' far?"

"I change at Budapest," was all Jebb answered. Silence seemed to be intolerable to Mr. Ludlam. "Where'd you get on?"

"Constantinople." "Awful hole! Can't stand the Turks. Servians are bad enough. Been hunting there. Those woods are full of bear and wild boar. Had some great times with 'em. They're great sport and bully good to eat."

"You eat them?" Jebb exclaimed rather than asked, and wanted to add: "You cannibal!"

"You bet. But sport is only a diversion with me. I'm interested in the prune market. They raise an A-1 prune here. Are you fond of prunes?"

"I prescribe them sometimes," said Jebb.

"Oh, you're a doctor, eh?" Jebb was angry at letting slip even that information.

"Great food, great medicine," he said: "I've got a sample or two in my snot-case."

And nothing would do but that Jebb should test his wares.

"Talk about your undeveloped American resources, doctor," Ludlam rattled on like an encyclopedia that must disgorge its load. "The true field for Americans is over here. I'm making a specialty of this country. The silk industry, for instance; they make silk rugs by hand here; I'm importing machinery, building a factory. Been working mighty hard. Now I'm going home for a spell—combine business with pleasure. Going to stop off at Munich and see my sister Jennie. Going to surprise her. Haven't seen her for months and months. She'll be tickled to death to see me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Oil casement window hinges occasionally. This will prevent their rusting.

Baked custards and vanilla junket are tasty with a sprinkling of grated nutmeg.

A rubber soap-dish makes a non-skid bird bath for the canary.

Store seeds in a cool place if they reach you too early. They keep better than in a warm room.

Try baking apples in a double roaster with one cup of water for a half dozen peeled apples. They are much more juicy than when baked in a pan without a cover.

Wash the broiler rack of your stove in plenty of hot soapy water—just as you would wash any other cooking utensil. Dry it carefully before replacing it. You will then have a broiler that will continuously look like new.

Be careful not to overcook egg yolks, since they are apt to curdle. When adding yolks to a cooked mixture first beat them with a fork and then add a small amount of the cooked mixture. When the combination is well mixed add it to the rest of the food. Cook it for only a minute and then serve immediately.

**Idle Words**  
As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church-steeples minds the rooks cawing about it.—George Eliot.

Nina—You were seen with Mr. X on the night of the storm. His wife knows everything. See page 19 of the May True Story Magazine, now on sale.—Adv.

**Rule Oneself**  
To rule oneself is in reality the greatest triumph.—Sir J. Lubbock.



**You can DUST and never RAISE a dust.**  
Use O-Cedar on your dustcloth Mother, here's a TIP: Use genuine O-Cedar Polish on your DUSTCLOTH. Then, it picks up the dust. You don't raise a cloud; you don't chase dust around from chairs to table to piano and back to chairs again. Instead, pick it up and dust dustlessly; add a dash of O-Cedar Polish to your cloth. Ask for:



**Eat in Dreams**  
Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day.—Pope.

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