

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Jebb's whisper reached her. She started, turned, saw him, checked a cry with a swift hand to her mouth. Then she rose—as she alone could rise, like a lark—came to him fleetly, lithely, oblivious of her unwonted costume. Their hands met in a fierce clutch and she dropped at his side.

"I—I didn't know you at first in those clothes."

He could have cursed himself for such sublime inanity, but her greeting was small improvement on his: "Didden! you know me? I knew you the feerst meenute I heard you weesper."

They stared at each other and she flushed a little deeper as she asked: "But you didden! call me hanim effendi or madame like that you used to—what it was the word you call me joost now?"

"Miruma!"

She closed her eyes and breathed deep as if the sound were perfume. Of all Fate's practical jokes this seemed to Jebb the meanest, that he should meet Miruma like this in a crowded hotel parlor—and that another woman should be coming for him at any moment.

CHAPTER XIII

Rarely has a Woman's Five Minutes been longer than Jennie Ludlam's, rarely has it seemed shorter. Miruma was saying with a childish giggle:

"You didden! know me at feerst. See if you know me now?" And she hid the lower part of her face, peering over the white, white hand that mimicked a yashmak.

"Oh, I knew you as soon as I saw those eyes."

"Jebb Effendi remembers these eyes, then?"

"They are the most wonderful eyes in the world."

"Mazallah! A compliment!"

"You're no longer in Turkey. Don't be afraid."

Then he flew to safer topics: "But how did you ever get here? and when?"

"Didden! you received my letters?"

"No."

"I sent you twice letters!"

He explained the Trieste contretemps briefly, but neglected to mention the Ludlams. She looked sad: "Then I deed not helped you! I hoped so much to help you. You have finded the guzeljik—the pretty leetla girl vitout me!"

"I have not found her."

"You deed not try the Budapest place, then?"

"What Budapest place?"

"I sent you in my letter a postcard. You did not been to Budapest?"

"I came through there, but I didn't stop—except to eat."

"Only to eat! Yazik, aman, aman! What a pity! The child was perhaps very near you. Leesten. The day after you have good, Jaffar is bring to me a picture postcard. He say he find it tack up on the wall in the room of one of the other servants. The man say he find it long time before—in the room where Jaffar maked your clothes dry after you first came to my home—you remember?"

"Do I remember!"

"Jaffar say perhaps the picture is fall out of your pocket out, and shall he burn it. I take it and send it to you in a letter."

"It is in Trieste now, then. You say it was a picture postcard?"

"Yes—he is a carte postale in many colors—a picture of a little ada—how you say—island. And it say—I cannot pronounce the major language—but I can spell if you have a pencil!" He gave her a card and his fountain pen and she wrote "Margit-Sziget, Budapest."

"Who is Margit Seegit? I wonder?"

She was so beautiful, now, alone; so doubly lovable here in the surroundings of civilization. She would honor him and his name anywhere.

But he and his name would not honor her. What protection could he give her when he could not protect himself? He had fought the battle through in Uskub and had chosen the honorable course, had silenced his love and fled with it. That she had come up with him and that she was here at his mercy did not change his duty. He was wondering how to broach the subject to Jennie Ludlam and her brother and the ring, when he heard his name paged along the corridor.

He called the boy and was informed that Miss Ludlam was waiting for him in a lower alcove. Jebb answered:

"Ich komm' sofort!"

The boy went his way, and Jebb turned to find a troubled curiosity on Miruma's face.

"Miss Ludlam is—er—you remember that ring I had?"

"Yes."

"It belonged to her."

"But you did say you buyed it in Cologne."

"Did I?"

"You sayed it had no associations."

"It hasn't."

"And I find you here; you wait for her: the beautiful Mees Loodlam?"

She rose and crushed the jealousy, the disillusionment, the shattered

trust back in her breast. Jebb rose to her side whispering:

"Hanim effendi!—madame!—Miruma!—I beg you!—I can explain if you—"

"Please!—if you would not have me—shame myself here—please speak nothing—let me—go—"

She hurried away as fast as she dared, slipping through the crowd with a lithe panther-like grace that impressed him even then. He stood fast and saw her vanish.

And then he heard a voice back of him—a sweet and womanly voice: "Is this Dr. Jebb?"

He was brought sharply to book, by a gasp of surprise.

"Why, it's Mr. Pierpont. The card said it was Dr. Jebb."

His worst fears seemed realized by the swift change from the formal greeting for Dr. Jebb to the gush of cordiality for Mr. Pierpont. And his uneasiness was increased by the sight of what Mr. Pierpont had affianced him to. For he saw before him a short lady whom even a flatterer would call plump.

So this was sister Jennie! As he stared at her in a daze, she smiled tenderly and said as she pressed his hand and kept it:

"Was this one of your jokes—sending up a strange name and asking for my brother? Was it just to surprise me?"

"Is— isn't your brother here?"

"Why, no, he's in Serbia—some where in the mountains hunting big game. Don't you remember my telling you in Munich? Do you suppose that if he had been where I could reach him I should have accepted all that money from you?"

"N-no, I suppose not."

"I'm awfully glad to see you," she pattered on. "Do sit down," and she dropped into Miruma's place on the divan. "It was awfully embarrassing to me that you should disappear so completely, and leave no trace." Knowing nothing else to do, he just shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Meanwhile, sister Jennie sat and purred over him, like an amiable tabby with a disabled mouse between her paws. As his eyes rolled distressfully he saw brother Charlie steam into the hotel and push to the desk like a liner crowding up to a pier.

"There's your brother now," Jebb exclaimed.

"No! Impossible! So it is!" and she left him and made an almost un-aided haste, catching her brother just as he was asking for her at the desk. His eye fell on Jebb. He stopped short, snorted like a bull, and charged.

"So here you are, eh? I never expected to see you again."

"Again?" cried Jennie, "you've seen him?"

"Have I seen him! Didn't he give me the slip in Munich?"

"You've met Mr. Pierpont before! Isn't that funny?"

"Pierpont?—That's Dr. Jebb."

"Dr. Jebb!—why?"—she turned to Jebb.

"That's the name," said Jebb. "And I got your ring away from him, Jennie. See, here it is." And he fished it out. "He wouldn't tell me how he came by it, though."

"Wasn't that delicate of him?" And she beamed on Jebb till she frightened him.

"Delicate!" gasped Charlie. "Delicate! Then you really did give it to him? Then it is true that you—"

"Sit down, you old dear, and I'll tell you." She toppled the mountain on to the waiting divan.

"It's an old story to you, Mr. Pierpont," she said, "but you won't mind hearing it again. Well, to begin at the beginning, you see, Charlie, you wrote me that you were going into the mountains for a month or so of hunting. Just after you disappeared, Charlie, I had a call for five thousand dollars more margin on my stock in the—oh, that awful investment you let me in for."

"Rock Island, you mean."

"That's it. You told me to hold for a rise."

"Well, I see by the paper that it's up twenty-nine points."

"Yes, but at that time somebody attacked it and the bottom fell out for a few days. I had word one afternoon from my brokers in Munich that if I didn't cover the drop by morning I'd be wiped out."

"Is that so! Somebody was hammering her, I suppose."

"Well, whoever hammered it, it hit the toboggan and I stood to lose all I had put up. That very evening the cablegrams announced that my bank in New York had been looted by its president, and had closed its doors. I found where the cashier of my Munich bank lived and telephoned his house. He said that my letter of credit was good for nothing unless the bank opened again. I was simply in despair."

"At that moment who should come along but Mr. Pierpont here. I didn't know him and he didn't know me, but he heard me crying, and said, 'Pardon me, madame, is there anything I can do for you?' It sounded so good to hear an American voice and he spoke so gently and I was so weak that I just up and told him the story."

"Well, what do you suppose this angel of a Mr. Pierpont did? I can hear him now—'There, there, my poor child!'—she laughed moistly; 'he called me his poor child when I'm old enough to be his mother!'"

But Charlie was impatient: "Go on. What did he say?"

"He said, 'There, there, my poor child; if you'll stop crying, I'll give you the money.' I said, 'You'll lend me—twenty thousand marks—me!—a total stranger!' 'Certainly,' he said, 'you are an American, and I said, 'But I have no security,' and he said, 'You're an American'—as if that proved anything!"

"He wouldn't listen to any argument or scruples, he just asked me to excuse him while he went to his room and got at his money-belt; and when he came back he handed me

the sum in English bank notes. Then he said:

"You must have something to get along on till you hear from your brother or till your bank reopens, and he actually wanted to give me a thousand dollars more. But I compromised on five hundred. The next morning I had the money at the brokers' bright and early and I made a solemn resolve that I'd never speculate on margins again."

"Did you keep the vow?" grinned Charlie. She pouted meekly:

"Well, I might have kept it if the stock hadn't gone skyrocketing up again. It never rains but it pours, you know, and in two days that awful bank was reorganized and reopened, and my letter of credit was all right. But when I came to look for Mr. Pierpont he had paid his bill and disappeared, taking his little niece along with him."

"But the ring—the ring," said brother Charles, voicing a curiosity that was aching in Jebb's breast, "how did you come to give him the ring I gave you?"

"Such a silly question, Charlie. Can't you see I felt so ashamed of taking his money with no security, that I forced it on him. He didn't want to take it, but I made him. When he learned it was worth only about half what he lent me he consented."

Charlie rounded on Jebb:

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me all this on the train when I accused you of stealing the ring?"

"That was his delicacy. Can't you see, Charlie? He didn't want to involve me."

Charlie could understand that he owed Jebb a handsome apology, and he put it in his own terms.

"I guess the drinks are on me, old man. I've made a jackass of myself, and I admit it. What'll it be?"

But Jebb declined to liquidate the account.

And then sister Jennie said she must run up to her room and write him a check for twenty-two thousand marks.

"Would you mind making the check payable to David Jebb?"

"David Jebb?"

"That's the name you gave me on the train," her brother put in.

"That's my real name," said Jebb.

Now Charlie was off again: "But why did you call yourself Pierpont to my sister?"

"Hush, Charlie, don't make another exhibition of yourself. He was traveling incog. Very rich people often do that."

Brother Charles and Jebb were such mutually disconcerting companions that when they were left together Ludlam grew restive:

"Come on into the cafe and have something."

"No, thanks."

"Well, will you excuse me if I do? I've just got in from Munich and I'm horribly thirsty."

"Don't let me keep you."

Left alone, Jebb was overcome by this new turn of the wheel. The money meant so much to him just now; it meant power, salvation from infinite humiliations; it meant funds for the pursuit of Cynthia.

Then the luxury of being a minor Croesus faded before a keen anxiety for Miruma. He must find her. She must be told the news, the news that solved everything. He would go to the desk and send her his card, imploring her to grant him a hearing.

He paused—what was her name? Miruma was her first name—what was her last? Had she registered as hanim effendi? or madame hanim? or Mme Fehmi Pasha—or what?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Patterns SEWING CIRCLE

Not His
Teacher—Now, Tommy, if you have ten cents in one pocket, and twelve cents in the other, what have you?
Tommy—The wrong trousers.

Her Job
Stout Employer—Miss Brown, I'm afraid I'll have to—er—reduce—
Typist—Oh, Mr. Smith, I wasn't in earnest when I said I didn't like fat men.

A Scotsman we know has the very latest thing in golf socks. There are eighteen holes in one.

Interference
Judge—Can't this case be settled out of court?
Pat—That is what we was tryin' to do, yer honor, when the police interfered.

Less and Less
Mistress (hearing crash from kitchen)—More dishes, Mary?
Maid—No, mum—less!

Easily Identified
With a worried look on her face, the shopper tackled the shop-walker.

"I was to have met my husband here two hours ago," she explained. "I wonder if you've seen him about here?"

"Possibly, madam," said the shopwalker politely. "Was there—er—anything distinctive about him?"

"Well," replied the lady slowly, "I should imagine he's purple by now."

Found It Good
"Jack admires everything about me. My hair, my eyes, my hands, my teeth, my—"

"Well, don't you admire anything about him?"

"Why, yes—his taste."

Fair Warning
Marilyn—Joanne, don't drink out of that faucet. You might get the same thing I got.

Joanne—What did you get?
Marilyn—Water.

The Questions

1. How does a wedding in the Samoan islands differ from our ceremony?
2. A word or group of words that reads the same backward or forward, as "Able was I ere I saw Elba," is called what?
3. Which is written, libel or slander?
4. What is a popinjay?
5. Which are the three largest countries in the Western hemisphere?
6. What are water chickens?
7. How long did Benjamin Franklin attend school?
8. Can one's front teeth be referred to as molars?
9. Can a trademark be registered in the United States patent office before it is in use?
10. What Revolutionary heroine carried water to the troops?

The Answers

1. There the wedding ceremony consists merely of eating cake together.
2. A palindrome.
3. Libel.
4. A dude.



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The magistrate was deaf, but certainly not deaf to the two men before him. The first man leaned forward earnestly.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "this man owes me a grocery bill amounting to no less than \$20, and refuses to pay it!"

The second man sprang up. "That's a lie!" he cried, indignantly. "My dog didn't bite him."

There was a pause while the magistrate reviewed the situation, then he announced his decision.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fully appreciate your feelings, but I can see no reason why you should combine to support your mother."

Gems of Thought

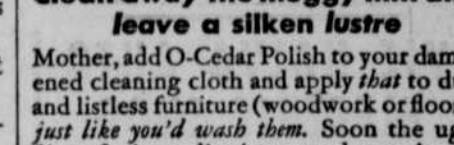
BE SURE that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit.—F. W. Robertson.

The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge.—Bacon.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past As wholly wasted, wholly vain, If, rising on its wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain.—Langfellow.

Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.—O'Hara.

He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by those of reason.—S. Johnson.



O-Cedar It!
Clean away the muggy film and leave a silken lustre

Mother, add O-Cedar Polish to your dampened cleaning cloth and apply that to dull and listless furniture (woodwork or floors) just like you'd wash them. Soon the ugly film of winter dirt is gone and your lovely wood smiles back at you with a clean and warm, soft silken lustre. Ask for genuine:

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Fully Educated
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Fish Bait Industry Becomes 'Big Business'

A little boy who got nickels and an idea digging worms for his father's fishing holiday probably is founder of today's new "big business"—the bait industry.

Thousands of fishermen with no time and others with no inclination to catch their own bait, have created a demand for a business involving thousands of bait catchers, wholesalers, retailers and extensive hatching properties.

Like other more prosaic businesses, the bait industry is modernized to satisfy with super service, extensive, varied stocks, and high-speed, streamlined delivery.

Minnows, shiners (silver or gold), worms, perch bugs, bass bugs, crawfish and frogs are packed by the dozen into attractive cartons and delivered almost to the angler's hook or sold over the counter.

The precincts are unbounded. Bait stores are found in city shopping districts and along the nation's highways hard by nearly all well-populated fishing spots. On the Great Lakes minnows are frequently sold boat-side from barges anchored off shore.

No accurate estimates have been made of the bait industry's size. Some dealers place total annual business at \$500,000 or more. Hatch-

ing properties and leased swampland is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars additional.

Eben (Hi) Hidorn, of Rensselaer, N. Y., is representative of the nation's fresh water bait sellers. Located in the upper Hudson valley, his clients are mainly Albany, Troy and Schenectady fishermen bound for Adirondacks and Catskill lakes and streams.

Hidorn selects minnows from large showcase tanks, but only lively ones. Logy minnows are thrown out. Crawfish are chosen from big hatching vats for individual requirements and perch bugs are pinched at the tails. If they squirm they are used. The bugs are stored in refrigerators.

His plant consists, besides cellar minnow and crawfish tanks, boxes for earthworms and four breeding ponds. Two are for minnows and two for perch bugs. Running water is used in the tanks in preference to city water.

From the "store" Hidorn estimated last year's sales at 72,800 minnows, 250,000 worms, 65,000 crawfish, 30,000 helgramite or dobson and 75,000 perch bugs. He believed the worm estimate low, however, for he said one man alone bought 100,000.

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