

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XIV

The tragi-ridiculous perplexity of Jebb solved itself. He heard a rustle and Mirama came to him as swiftly as she had vanished. He greeted her with effusion:

"Thank heaven, you came, for I was just—"

"I came to beg that you forgive me for to be so rude to you. Jebb Effendi has been so kind to me. It is to him I owe that I am free. I am very bad, I have not the right to be angry that he—"

"Deceived you. Say it!" said Jebb humbly, but she would not accept the word.

"That he did not tell me the things I have no right to know. Let us be friends once more—yes? Tell me you forgive me for to be jealous."

"Oh, don't—" he was going to say; "don't stop being jealous of me!" but he caught himself.

There was no time to explain or to let Mirama escape. Miss Ludlam was at Jebb's elbow with the check folded and palmed, as if it were a slight tip. She pretended to shake hands with him and left the money as she released the clasp:

"There you are, Mr. Pier—Dr. Jebb, and I can never thank you enough."

"Don't thank me at all—er—er—Miss Ludlam, may I present to you—may I present to you—Miss—Madame—for heaven's sake, hanim effendi, what is your name? She's my dearest friend on earth, but I don't know her name!"

"I am Madame Mirama Janghir. I did take my father's name."

Miss Ludlam was staring with both ears at this mysterious conversation. She was as much interested in Mirama as Mirama in her. Each was exotic to the other. Miss Ludlam sat down and motioned the other two to sit.

To explain this ring legend himself was intolerable, so Jebb rose and said:

"Won't you two talk to each other a few moments, while I go find out about the trains to Budapest? I must take the first one."

Seeing that Mirama was afraid and deeply troubled either at this news or at being left with her supposed rival, Jebb added:

"And perhaps Miss Ludlam will tell you the story of the ring."

Then he decamped, leaving Mirama very erect and disdainful toward Miss Ludlam. When he came back the story had evidently been told, for the two women had their heads close together and were on cordial terms. He said:

"I find there is a train at 6:46—my old friend the Orient Express. It gets me to Budapest an hour before midnight. I think I'd better take it. There's just time enough for a good drive about Vienna before train time. Would you care to go?"

Mirama was willing enough to go anywhere with Jebb, and she asked only time enough to get a hat and a wrap. When she was gone, Jennie Ludlam, who could see through a millstone with a hole in it, and had guessed at once that Jebb and Mirama were infatuated, lingered to say:

"She's a perfect dear—and such a beauty! I'll take care of her for you while you are in Budapest. Your generosity to me was princely. I wish I could repay it in some way—but you are so rich. When you come back I have a scheme which might interest you—as a physician; though I dare say you don't practice any more; but perhaps you would lend me your advice. This is for charity, too."

On a sudden impulse, he made her sit down, and told her briefly the story of his curse, his other personality, the loss of the child, and his arrival in Turkey. And her sympathy came in a rush of warm thoughts implied in a pressure of his hand, a look of compassion, and a few words:

"I understand. I had a brother, a younger brother—Wentworth was his name—he would have been about your age now, and he would have been a great man if—if—it's about a memorial to him that I want to talk to you some day—oh, be glad, that you have at least half a life left to you, Dr. Jebb, and don't despair. You have helped so many in distress. You have helped me. You can, you shall help numberless others. And perhaps some day—"

He looked a "God bless you!" but she said:

"She is coming now." And he rose to meet Mirama.

Sister Jennie rose, too, and said: "You're a vision, my dear. And since Dr. Jebb is called to Budapest for a day or so, I want you to go with my brother and me to the Opera tonight."

Mirama accepted with a bashful gratitude, and Jebb and she set out for their drive.

Along the broad glory of the Ringstrasse, over the Danube by the Aspern Bridge, and down the Praterstrasse the horses galloped.

In the Prater the turmoil was gay, bewildering. The long colonnades of chestnut trees in the Haupt-Allee were choked with people. And the

air was tremulous with music from the Viennese and the Magyar bands in the cafes. At the entrance was a circle where stood a naval monument on a stone column with bronze prow protruding. It reminded Jebb of the entrance to Central Park via Columbus Circle and its monument.

He longed to be there again, and above all he longed to have Mirama there with him.

"Jebb Effendi goes to Budapest three evenings to find the little child. Could I not help by to go too?"

"You could—of course you could, but—but I could hardly take you with me."

"Why?"

"Don't you see?—don't you realize?—it would—it would be unfair to you; it would be compromising."

"If you do not want me—"

"Oh!" The sight of her distress unnerved him; his love was at his very lips. But he could not say anything without saying everything.

When they reached the hotel it was so late that he had no more than time to make his train, and she less than time to dress for the Opera, which begins at seven in Vienna.

So their good-by was a mere exchange of hearty promises to meet again, and a short hand-grip in the crowded hotel corridor.

Of course, that evening sister Jennie let slip an allusion to the pathetic



Checkless pieced together the man's fragmentary story.

affliction of poor Dr. Jebb, thinking Mirama knew of it; and of course Mirama extorted the whole story from her before they parted.

As she crept into her bed her heart was full of pity for her beloved, wrestling like another Jacob with a ghostly enemy, but her heart rejoiced, too, with a radiant happiness, since now her intuition told her that this, and no other cause or person, was the reason for his asperity with her.

Also in Pest there is a Hotel Bristol, and Jebb woke there the next morning. He had not been long in Budapest before he learned that the Margit-Szigel was, as Mirama had imagined, an island—in English, Margaret's Island. But, though it split the Danube, it lay so far to the north that he could not see it from his window.

He took his breakfast at one of the coffee-houses on the promenade, one of the coffee-houses that have never closed since they first opened. It gave Jebb untold relief to find English the favorite language of the town, the affectation of the Magyar he had not finished his breakfast when a man at the next table addressed him in a rather thick dialect and introduced himself as a fellow-American, though his name was unpronounceable, even when he handed Jebb his card with a legend like a line of pied type:

Georgy Czeklesz.

He asked Jebb to call him "George Checkless" for short and for easy. He explained, without being asked, that he had been swept into America on one of those tidal waves that nearly depopulated many a Hungarian village; he had become naturalized, had prospered, and returned to his country with Yankee ideas.

After some desultory conversation Mr. Checkless rose with a:

"Excuse, please. I got to go and hear de newspaper!"

"Hear the newspaper!"

"Sure. Ve got a telephone newspaper. Ain't you heard him? Come listen once."

He led Jebb to a telephone-like affair on the wall and putting the receiver to Jebb's ear watched while Jebb listened to a clear voice spilling consonants lavishly:

"You don't understand it? No? Let me listen."

He took Jebb's place and a startled expression came over him.

"Dere goes anudder bunch of

dough for me. Prooklyn Rapid Transit closed two points off last night in New York."

Checkless repeated more news: "Now the newspapers say the Kink of England comes to Carlsbad next mont'. Now he names de odds on de horse-races dis afternoon."

But Jebb was not interested in Hungarian horse-races. Jebb had a curiosity to see this Margaret's Island where he and Cynthia had been together. Here George Checkless took pleasure in acting as Vergil to his Dante. They crossed a heavy Y-shaped bridge to the huge emerald set in the tarnished gold of the Danube.

He found himself in a rose garden and here as his nostrils widened over the fragrance, his arm was suddenly clutched by a peasant, evidently a gardener, who bombarded him with a shower of gutturals which he supposed to be peasant Hungarian.

"What's the matter with the old boy?" Jebb asked Checkless. "Does he think I'm going to carry off his garden?"

At length the interpreter interpreted: "He says how dare you come here."

"Isn't it a public garden?"

"Yes, but he says that you came here a mont' or so ago and brought a little girl vit you, and then walk off and leave her to strangers to protect."

To Checkless' amazement this heinous accusation seemed to fill Jebb with delight. He embraced the earth-smudged gardener and treated him as a long-lost prodigal.

CHAPTER XV

After much parley, Checkless pieced together the man's fragmentary story into this narrative:

"He says one day in the afternoon, you are came here vit a nice little gyermek—child, and he makes notice of her, she is so pretty, and she loves his flowers so. He cannot understand it vat she say, but he loves her because she is so lovin' for his roses. But you did look tired and sick and you sit on a bench and go like you take a little sleep."

"The little girl she plays all the time and talks vit the gardener. He does not know what lengwtich she speaks it, but they make signs and become grand friends. She helps him trim the rosehedge, and gets vit the thorns sticked, but is very brave and does not make a cryink. Instead she makes such a laughink!"

"Soon a lady and gentleman is sit on another bench and watches the little girl, and they call her and she talks by them. But they are not understanding her either. The man is take her on his lap and lets her listen his watch, and they tell the gardener they weesh God had to them a little child gave like that."

"Long time the child plays here, and then she makes a looking for you. But you are not there. You had gone out of sight. The little girl is afraid, but she tries not to cry. The lady and gentleman stay a long while to keep her brave, for they say all the time you surely come back. Then the lady and gentlemen say, 'Ve take her to our house and if you see the man you tell him we got the child.'"

"The gardener says, 'You better tell the police, too.' And they say, 'Yes, they tell the police; but all the same they like to keep the baby.'"

"Long times go by and the gardener is almost forgotteed it all. When today comes you again and he has got such a big mad at you he wants to fight it. It is cu-ri-ous; you are looking for a child and you look like a mans vat looses a child."

"I am the man," said Jebb; "I was—ill, and I wandered away in a

sort of delirium. When I came to my senses I was in another country, and I couldn't remember."

Checkless almost swooned at so much history in such essence.

"So! Den all yet got to do it is to find the gentlemen and lady vat keeps the child in cold storach and say: 'Here ve are again.'"

"We must find them at once. What was their name?"

On hearing the question translated, the gardener made them wait while he went to the tool-house and brought from his coat a soiled and wrinkled card bearing this, and this only:

NIKOLAI POGODIN
Machines-a-ecrire Flaubert
VARSOVIE ET PARIS

Checkless gleaned from this: "He is a Rossian name, and he sells French typewriters in Poland."

"I see that," said Jebb. "But this does not tell where he lives in Budapest; ask him."

The gardener turned the card over and put an earthy finger on a penciled address on the back of the card. But it had been blurred till nothing was legible but "Pension—ky . . . Ullouit."

"Who is Ullouit-ut?" said Jebb.

"He is a street, one of the longest streets in Pest."

The gardener could remember nothing more. The number of the house had been there, but it was rubbed off his memory as well as the card.

Abruptly Checkless was smitten with an idea.

"I got it," he said. "Ve go to the telephone newspaper and tell them they got to tell everybody in Budapest all about it, and maybe save somebody telephones to the office something about it."

The vocal advertisement was accepted for its news value without charge and put upon the wires while they waited.

The rest of the day Jebb spent in wandering up and down Ullouit street, studying every house and seeing in each one a den where Cynthia was incarcerated.

He dined with Checkless at the Hotel Bristol. When they had ordered dinner, Checkless went to telephone to the telephone-paper. He came back beaming:

"A man has called up the paper and says he knows somet'ink. They give him this address and he comes here any minute."

At last a hotel servant brought a man who had asked for Jebb at the desk. Jebb asked Checkless to ask the man to sit down and feast. The stranger answered rather petulantly for himself:

"Ain't I got any English? Ain't I gone to New York many times?"

"You are not Mr. Pogodin, then."

"Me him? If I was I should yoomp into the Donan. He is one dam' reskel, that faller. My name is Laszlo Pataky, proprieting the Pension Pataky, rates reasonable, food sub-lime."

Mr. Pataky was a man of great excitability. He was chiefly impressed with the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Pogodin had gone away owing him money, and that they had refused to pay for a vase and a pitcher the child had broken.

When Jebb offered to pay for the breakage of Cynthia, Mr. Pataky became almost amiable. The gist of a long three-cornered duel with him was that Mr. and Mrs. Pogodin tried to sell French typewriters in vain competition with the American makes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Experiments Show Narcotic Effect on Brain

Narcotics, such as tobacco and alcohol, dampen the fires of the brain.

Test tube experiments with minced brain tissue and slices of the cortex, the "thinking" part of the brain, which show this hitherto unsuspected effect, were described before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by Dr. J. H. Quastel, Oxford university bio-chemist.

The brain, like every other part of the body, serves as a furnace in which sugars and starches, the fuel of life, are "burned" by means of the oxygen carried in the blood stream. This process provides the energy for mental activities. Even in relatively low concentrations, Dr. Quastel explained, the narcotics greatly inhibit the consumption by the cerebral cells of certain of the breakdown products of the sugars and starches—notably the blood sugar glucose and the pyruvic acid which is one of the intermediary substances in the brain-burning process.

The explanation probably is to be found, Dr. Quastel said, in some physiological substance, as yet undiscovered, which is extremely sensitive to the narcotics and which acts as a carrier of hydrogen in the

complicated chemical process of tissue respiration.

The report formed part of a symposium on a new field of the chemistry of life—the precise processes by which the body transforms food-stuffs into the energy of living by the oxygen-combining, or burning, process. It has been impossible to study this in living organisms, but light now is being shed on it by improved test-tube techniques. It is the basic process of life itself.

A revolutionary development, declared Prof. R. A. Paters of Oxford, has been the finding that the oxygen which comes out of the cell in the form of carbon dioxide is not the same oxygen which entered. The final combustion with its liberation of energy, he said, now is known to be due to a succession of oxidations with well-defined and highly specific stages.

Each stage, he said, is known to depend on certain catalysts, or enzymes, normally present in the body. These are substances which set off a chemical process, such as burning, without being themselves effected by it. This function is believed to be served by various vitamins, deficiency in any one of which may make the flames of life burn very dimly.

Household News

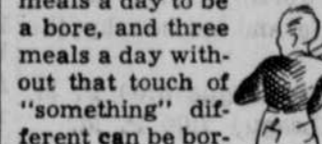
By Eleanor Howe



CHOCOLATE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE AN UNUSUAL DESSERT (See Recipes Below)

Spring Menus

Planning meals can be fun, if you'll let your imagination and your conscience be your guides! Meal planning does require imagination and a bit of originality, too, if you don't want the responsibility of three meals a day to be a bore, and three meals a day without that touch of "something" different can be boring to you as well as to your family! A meal may be properly and carefully "balanced" from the standpoint of proteins and carbohydrates and vitamins and minerals—and still be a drab and uninteresting affair.



That seems to be particularly true in spring, when appetites are likely to be jaded, and you seem to be running out of menu ideas. And that's exactly the time to try something different, a little trick to add newness and interest to soups; a tasty and unusual meat dish; and a salad or dessert that makes use of some of the refreshing spring vegetables and fruits.

Just for variety, for instance, when I want to serve hot soup as the first course of a meal, I combine equal parts of canned consommé and tomato juice, simmer the resulting mixture for about 5 minutes with a bay leaf for flavor, and serve it very hot with a spoonful of salted whipped cream sprinkled with chopped chives or green onion tops. And I serve green onions and crisp, succulent radishes in place of the relishes I've used all winter. I use rhubarb for sauce or for dessert, just as soon as the price comes down within reach of my budget; I shred young carrots, or cut them in thin slivers, and cook them with an equal amount of onion, sliced fine; drain them and season with salt, pepper and butter. Or I cook carrots and potatoes together and mash them just as I would for mashed potatoes, to serve with the rich brown gravy of a pot roast.

Here are three spring menus that I like.

Menu No. 1.
Corned Beef Hash Patties
Spring Vegetable Salad
Hot Corn Bread
Rhubarb Dessert

Menu No. 2.
Steak Roll
Mashed Potatoes and Carrots
Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad
Hot Rolls
Chocolate Upside-Down Cake

Menu No. 3.
Economy Bridge Menu
Porcupine Meat Balls
Potatoes au Gratin
Grilled Mushrooms
Nut Bread
Plum Jelly

Mixed Green Salad
Rhubarb Tart
Corned Beef Hash Patties.

1 16-ounce can corned beef hash
½ cup chili sauce
8 slices bacon (cut in halves)

Place can of corned beef hash in refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Open can at both ends. Push corned beef hash out of can, slicing it in ½-inch slices. Place slices in buttered baking pan. Place 2 teaspoons chili sauce on top of each slice and top with two half slices of bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for 10 minutes or until corned beef hash slices are thoroughly heated and bacon is crisp.

Johnny Cake or Corn Bread.
(Makes 12 Johnny Cakes)
or
(12 Corn Meal Muffins)

1½ cups yellow (or white) corn meal (uncooked)
½ cup general purpose flour
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
1¼ cups sour milk
3 tablespoons butter (melted)

Mix and sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg, sour milk and melted butter and add to dry mixture. Stir lightly and pour into greased shallow pan, muff-

in tins or corn stick pans. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for 25 minutes.

Steak Roll.
(Serves 6)
1 slice round steak (½ inch thick)
2 tablespoons butter
½ lb. ham (ground)
¼ cup thin cream
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Salt and pepper
¼ cup bread flour
1 cup canned tomatoes

Wipe steak with damp cloth. Melt butter in frying pan and brush over one side of steak. Mix together the ground ham, cream, and mustard, and spread over buttered side of steak. Roll like a jelly roll and secure with skewers or string. Sprinkle roll with salt and dredge with flour. Sauté in remaining butter until golden brown. Remove roll to baking dish. Add tomatoes to fat in skillet and heat to boiling. Pour this tomato mixture over the roll; cover with a lid and bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees) for 1½ to 1¾ hours, or until tender.

Chilled Rhubarb Dessert.
For an extra-special fruit dessert try the following: To one pound of rhubarb (cut in ½-inch pieces); add 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup orange juice and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and cook in a double boiler 30 minutes or until tender. Serve cold.

Rhubarb Cream Tarts.
1 tablespoon butter
2 cups rhubarb (diced)
¼ cups sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 eggs (separated)
¼ cup thick sweet cream
½ teaspoon salt

Melt butter, add rhubarb, and 1 cup of the sugar. Cook slowly for about 10 minutes or until the rhubarb is soft. Combine remaining fourth-cup of sugar with the cornstarch, the well beaten egg yolks, cream and salt.

Add to fruit mixture and cook until thick (about 3 minutes). Pour into baked tart shells. Top with meringue made from the 2 egg whites, beaten stiff, with 4 tablespoons sugar beaten in. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees) until brown (about 18 minutes).

Chocolate Upside-Down Cake.
1½ cups cake flour
¾ cup granulated sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 sq. bitter chocolate (1 oz.)
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup broken nut meats

Topping.
2 tablespoons cocoa
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water

Sift and measure the flour. Then sift flour, ¾ cup granulated sugar, baking powder and salt together into a mixing bowl. Melt together the chocolate and butter; mix with the milk and vanilla. Stir into the dry ingredients. Add nuts and blend thoroughly. Pour into a well-greased deep layercake pan.

Topping—Now mix together the cocoa, brown sugar and the ½ cup granulated sugar and salt. Spread this over the top of the cake batter. Over all pour the cup of boiling water and place in a moderate oven, (350 degrees) to bake 1 hour.

This is a rich chocolate cake with a chocolate sauce underneath. Turn it out for serving. It is best served slightly warm with whipped cream.

Porcupine Meat Balls.
(Serves 6)
1 pound beef (ground)
1½ cups rice (uncooked)
½ cup bacon (diced)
1 tablespoon onion (minced)
1 tablespoon green pepper (chopped)
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

1 No. 2 can tomatoes
Mix all ingredients thoroughly in order given. Form into small meat balls. Place in greased baking dish and cover with tomatoes. Cover baking dish. Bake approximately 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

The Rescue of an Old Wicker Chair

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS chair, now so smart in its satenee cover, button tufting and moss fringe trimming, barely escaped the trash burner. It had been such a comfortable chair that everyone hated to see it go. Sis said it was out-of-date and positively untidy. Someone suggested it might be covered. Mother said that wouldn't be a bad idea if it could be padded first! That gave Sis a brain wave. Why not tuft it? By pushing a long darning needle back and forth through the cover, padding and openings



PAD WITH COTTON BATTING BASTED TO MUSLIN. REMOVE MAGAZINE HOLDER OR ARM REST. BROWN, SATENE, GREEN. FRINGE AND BUTTONS—TUFT BY SEWING THROUGH ARMS, BACK AND CUSHION.

in the wicker? She had been wanting a tufted chair, so work began at once.

The sagging arm rest, magazine holder and frayed-out wicker around the legs were removed. The chair was padded and covered, as shown, and a new seat cushion was added. The tufting was done by sewing through tightly with heavy carpet thread; adding a button on each side of the stitch.

NOTE: Detailed directions for changing an old iron bed into the latest style are given in Mrs. Spears' Book No. 3; also how to make "The Rug That Grew Up With the Family." Thirty other fascinating ideas for Homemakers. If you want to use this idea, better clip it out now for back numbers cannot be supplied. Don't delay in sending name and address with 10 cents coin for Book No. 3. Send order to:

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