THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

THE GIFT WIFE ...

O RUPERT HUGHES --- WNU SERVICE

By RUPERT HUGHES

SYNOPSIS

Dr. David Jebb is a passenger on the erack train, the Nord-Express, with Os-tend as his immediate destination. He is bound for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his charming young temporary ward. On the train they meet Big Bill Gaines, former class-mate and fraternity brother of David's. He tells Gaines of his mission, and of

He tells Gaines of his mission, and of his one unconquerable vice—an over-whelming desire for liquor. Jebb feels the urge coming to him again, and wants to safeguard the child, whose father is dead, and whose mother waits her com-ing in America. During a stop, Gaines leaves the train to buy a present for Cynthia. The train pulls out without him. Then Jebb is slightly, but painfully, in-jured in a minor accident. A fellow-passenger gives him a drink, which makes his desire for liquor all the stronger. stronger.

CHAPTER II—Continued -4-

After Cynthia had wasted a long and weary while of tenderness upon the wretch whose torment was so said, 'All aboard!'-and Sindbad much beyond her comprehension, she grew fretful of her own account and began to ask for a story. "Tell me a story, Nunkie Dave."

"I don't know any new ones, hon-

ey.' "Tell Thinthy about madic carpet."

From his chaotic remembrance of that tangled chaos of countless-colored skins, the "Arabian Nights," Jebb brought out a twisted yarn:

"Once upon a time there was a poor old sailor named Sindbad, and he was sailing across Sahara in a ship of the desert, that is-the back of a camel-you've seen 'em at circuses."

"What wath the camelth name, Nunkie Dave?"

"The camel's name was Clarence, I think. And he was thinking of his beautiful little daughter."

"Oh, did the camel have a daughter?" "No, it's Sindbad I'm speaking

of."

"What wath her name, Nunkie Dave?"

"The daughter's name was Bridget, I believe-or Patricia, I forget which."

"Where did little Bridthet live?" "See here, young lady, am I telling a story or passing an examination? If you're not careful, I'll make you tell the story. She lived in Constantinople, I believe. Can you spell it?" The curls shook violently. "It's a C and an I and a constanti, and a steeple and a stople and a constantinople." This old lyric entranced the child and she had to learn it. But, once mastered, she was hot on the trail of Sindbad the sailor. And she forced the frantic mind of Jebb back into the harness. He went on:

Cynthia, like most of her sex, was | jestically across the street, the lit- | he desired and intended to take the Jebb went on:

"Sindbad said, 'Look here, you black rascal, I want to get home and see my little daughter Susie'-" "Her name ith Bridthet."

"'My daughter Bridget, and I want to get home quick. D'you understand?' And the genie said, 'Yes, Massa Sindbad, you're agoing to be da in a jiffy.'

"Whath a jiffy, Nunkie?" "That's something I never could

find out, honey. But the genie knew and he brought out a magic carpet." "Did he have it in his pocket?"

"He must have had." "How could he get a carpet in a bottle?"

"You'll have to ask him, Genies are very peculiar. But he brough! 12 out and spread it on the ground, and

stepped on it, and the genie said, 'Hold fast!' and rang the bell twice, and the next moment Sindbad found himself at home in Constantinople, and his little girl-what do you suppose was the first thing she said?"

"She said, 'What did you bring me for a prethent?' "

"That's just what she said. And her father said to the genie, 'Here, you black rascal, what did we bring the little girl?' And the genie took out of his suitcase the most beauti-



not for moralizing, but for plot. So tle girl toddling alongside, haud passibus aequis. She never questioned the probity

of her guide. If she felt a little fear that they were going too far it was lost in her trust of Nunkie Dave. She made one comment as her feet pattered across the rough cobbles of

the city: "It don't thmell like cologne, Nunkie Dave."

A voice came from his high-held head: "So Coleridge said, honey." She panted as she ran:

"He was the man who wrote the 'Ancient Mariner.' " "Who wath he, Nunkie Dave?"

"He was the man who slew the albatross." "Whath a albatroth, Nunkie

Dave?" "It was a beautiful bird, honey, and the man that killed it suffered horribly of thirst. You must never, never slay the albatross, honey-

never slay the albatross. It's the unpardonable crime." Strolling along the Domhof, Jebb and Cynthia soon reached the Dom Hotel. Jebb took the child to the

dining-room, told an elderly waiter to bring her what she wanted, cautioned her not to stir till he came back, and kissing her good-by, made

straight for the wine-room. Cynthia had never heard of Casabianca, but she shared his grit. She and the waiter, who spoke a little dining-room English, and had five or six little Kindchen of his own, became great friends. It was a pleasanter place to wait than on a burning deck, but Cynthia's appetite was soon sated, the waiter speedily emptied his English vocabulary, and his bag of tricks for amusing a child jaded with delay. And still Jebb did not return. Loneliness for her playmate, and terror for

his loss, agitated the child, and she was fretting: "I want Nunkie Dave! I want Nunkie Dave!" And then, that cry fail-

ing, she began to whimper: "I want my mamma!"

ed herself across the floor with a ous muezzin, weary of the steep spi-The waiter followed to

train standing before him. The guard, greatly touched by the title (he had been a soldier, of course), informed the distinguished sir that the train was no longer the Nord-

Express, but the Ostend-Vienna Express and that other tickets would be required.

Jebb replied that that made nothing to him out, and went to the ticket office where, in German of surprising correctness, he called for one and one-half tickets. The man in the cage naturally inquired, though in less aristocratic German: "Please, for what station, my

Jebb smiled airily and quoted a emembered line.

"What stations have you?" The beard within waved like wheat and the ticket-seller answered with a laugh.

"Frankfort-am-Main, Homburg. Wurzburg."

"Wurzburg, eh? That tastes good to me. (Das schmeckt mir gut.)"

CHAPTER III

Hovering a little this side of sleep, his drowsy eyes saw, or seemed to see, through a window of quaint and alien design, a distant tower of soaring stature, just visible in the dim light of daybreak. At its topmost tip the rising sun had coaxed a rose to bloom. The rest of the slim shaft was still enveloped in vio-

let shadow. In a balcony circling the tower he rather imagined than descried a mote of a figure, and rather dreamed than heard a voice far, far away, and crying:

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!"

It was only on its fourth intonation that he made out the words, and then they meant nothing to him. There followed a chant in the same strange language, so mellowed by remoteness that it interwove with the dream-rug on the loom of Jebb's drowsiness. The words were strange and there was no meaning, only a foreign music, in that concluding At last Jebb arrived at the door of phrase, "Prayers are better than the dining-room. Cynthia precipitat- sleep," which the drowsy and dubi-

shriek of joy that disturbed the sol- ral stairway, adds to the sunrise

Comfort, Style, Color, Novelty In New Spring Shoe Fashions Charming New Apron Has Square Neckline

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



in Chicago recently, launched many new styles for the Easter parade, and for the spring and summer months to follow. It is not possible to tell of all the shoe fashions exhibited, so in the next few paragraphs we will cite a few outstanding highspots.

First, one is impressed with the striking originality that marks the styling of shoes this season. The big news is the swing toward back decoration. The newest models are styled with all sorts of fancy cutouts in heel and side-back sections. Open toes appear in a substantial percentage, with good taste using a restraining hand.

In leathers there is decided in-

A SA prologue to the season before | any previous year. They will "click" us the National Shoe fair, held from flat platforms to new spike altitudes. Wedges in medium and high heel versions promise a great vogue. When you see the new play shoes you won't be able to resist. Wedge shoes with soles in brilliant red kid and tops of Paris blue, buck piped in red, with a red drawstring around the top will embark you gaily on that all-American spring which fashion advises will be here, with patriotic colors flagging interest

> from head to foot. Ready to step out for spring are bluejacket pumps with bows and moccasin-effect fronts edged in white as shown to the left in the picture, worn with a navy and white

THIS pinafore apron (1888-B) is so pretty that it really deserves to be called a fashion-a crisp, flattering, practical home fashion! The square neckline (no troublesome straps), the princess waistline and bosom gathers make it fit as becomingly as your



favorite afternoon dress. And it covers your dress with protective thoroughness.

Send for the pattern this very minute! You can finish the apron in a few hours, because it's simply nothing to make. And the first time you slip it over your head, tie the sash bow, discover how pretty it looks and comfortable it feels-you'll go ahead and make up several, in order to have a fresh, clean one always ready. print frock and navy and white ac- Tuck some away for bridge prizes cessories. Gay stripe wool for coats and shower gifts, too. Gingham, is a spring promise. To wear with percale, calico and chambray are pretty for this. your striped coat choose shoes such Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1888-B as accompany the coat illustrated. is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, Describing the shoes shown in the 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires inset, beginning at the top, No. 1 31/8 yards of 35-inch material; 1 is the new double platform type. yard trimming. The alligator pumps next below are For a pattern of this attractive real smart. They are in the new model send 15 cents in coin, your taupe gray, have the latest square name, address, style, number and toe and heel design, with stitching size to The Sewing Circle Pattern in brown. Shown next is a signif-Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker icant style forecast. It combines Dr., Chicago, Ill. alligator with suede or gabardine.

"Who wath he, Nunkie Dave?" sir?'

"Well, as Sindbad was sailing across the sand and sailing across the sand and a-sailing across the sand what should he see ahead of him but a-a bottle."

The word was out and it was like a knife in Jebb's heart. But he churned on:

"So Sindbad said to the camel, 'Whoa, Dobbin!' "

With the fanatic accuracy of a child in matters of narrative, she insisted:

"Hith name was Clarenth."

"That's right. He said, 'Whoa, Clarence,' and Clarence whoa'd, and Sindbad threw out the rope fireescape and climbed down and tied Clarence to a hitching post that happened to be standing there, and he picked up the bottle and pulled out the cork with a corkscrew he always carried, and as soon as the cork was out, what do you suppose popped out of the bottle?"

"Milk?"

"Not milk but a-ugh! a genie!" "Whath a genie?"

"A genie is-well, it's-a-er-see that big cloud out there that looks like a giant on a draught-horse? Well, a genie is a terrible being as out across the platform. Cynthia big as that-a kind of a horrible fairy goblin demon. And he had had whetted her appetite. There been corked up in that bottle by an old magician, and he was just aching for some poor fool-er fellow to come along and pull the cork so that he could chew him up."

"Wooh!" gasped Cynthia, cuddling closer.

"That's what the genie said: 'Wooh!' You see he had been locked up there about three million hundred years and he was hungry, and he was just going to gobble Sindbad up when-"

"Umm! Did Mr. Thinpat get scared?"

"Scared! His teeth went clicketyclick like this train. But, just as the genie was sprinkling some salt on him to make him taste better, Sindbad happened to remember the right charm. He waved his wand and yelled, 'Abracadabra, prestochangeo, snicker-snee!'

"And you should have seen that genie wilt. He got down on the ground and said. 'Please, Massa Sindbad, don't put me in the bottle charm. any more. Let me work for you.' You see, Cynthia, some people have the magic charm, and they can make the bottle-genie work for them and cheer them up and be their slave, but other poor fellows don't know the word, and they become the genie's slaves."



alien design.

ful-but here we are at Cologne, honey. Let's get out and take a breath of air and see the Cathedral."

Cynthia, like many another, cared more for the architecture of event than of stone. She insisted: "But what did the genie bring the

little girl?" "We'll open the suitcase when the train starts again. It will do us good, honey, to stretch our legs a bit.'

Jebb was impatient to be moving. He could not imagine what was in the suitcase, and he felt that if he sat in the train another moment he would leap through the window and

carry the glass flying. Taking Cynthia by the hand he descended from the car, leaving all their hand-luggage except the small Gladstone containing the precious drawings. This he carried in gingerly manner, his turbaned thumb

yelping with pain at the slightest jar.

Learning that the train would rest at Cologne some minutes, he struck was hungry; the loss of the oranges was a refreshment room in the station, but Jebb thought they would better step outside and take a look at the Cathedral towering above them like a storm cloud.

Of all the eyes that have stared at that carven mountain in the many centuries since it began to upheave its mass above the town, not many eyes could have regarded it with less observation. The child's thoughts were turned inward upon the fascinating mysteries of the gift the genie brought to Miss Bridget Sindbad.

Jebb's eyes ran here and there like foxes in a cage, with the restlessness of a man in torment.

sign of the Dom Hotel, with the coffee-house adjoining. People were seated at tables. Some of them were reading the papers one finds there. tries are steadily increasing its out-All of them had some liquor be- put. fore them. Jebb shivered with de-

sire, his knees wavered. The genie of alcohol was fuming from the bottle and he knew no subduing It usurped his will. He could not

wish to subdue it. Everything on earth became a mirage, the two ing him, and the relief at hand. thing contemptible he stalked ma- cent in the usefulness of sandpaper by using an electric field.

explain with much joviality and some policy, how long and well he

had entertained his charge. Jebb, with a remarkable magnificence of manner, called for the reckoning and paid it with a gold piece of ten marks, and bade him keep

the change. The rain of gold had begun. Mr. Croesus was himself again.

Leaving the voluminous waiter palpitant with admiration, Jebb took Cynthia's hand and they went back to the station. In his other hand he still grasped the Gladstone.

His manner to the child was one of lofty tenderness, of the courtesy an ancient knight would have shown a ladye of high degree, mingled

with the absentmindedness of a poet whose thoughts were busied with some great theme. "Seems to me, honey, that the train was headed other way when

we left. Prob'ly-probab-ly I'm mistaken. Get turned round easily in foreign countries."

In his eagerness to board the train he tried to walk over and through a gorgeous officer who looked to be at least a taker of cities instead of tickets. On demand Jebb brought out his pocketbook and produced the remainder of a ticket and a half to Ostend.

He was informed that his train was, "Vor langer Zeit gegangen." With an air of angelic patience Jebb informed the man, whom he called "Mein lieber General," that

3,000 Kinds of Sandpaper Used in Industry

mestic life of the man of the house myriads of tiny cutting edges, arwhen of all things in the world he ranged and held in orderly array, yearns, with super-powered earnest- cut surfaces instead of wearing ness, for a bit of sandpaper, maybe down surfaces by mere friction.

not large enough to cover a canceled postage stamp. But, at the immediate moment,

for sandpaper in all sorts of indus- ide, as an abrasive. sand is not the scratchy stuff which accurately fitted to certain specific makes it useful, but the material requirements. Above all, each of always will be known as sandpaper. the three thousand must be made

There comes the time in the do- | were formerly common. Today

"Literally millions of dollars' worth of sandpaper are consumed annually in scores of different inthat scrap of sandpaper is worth its dustries. Production of such wideweight in gold to him and it is non- ly different articles as fine furniexistent in his otherwise happy ture and felt hats, automobiles and home. It gives him small comfort, airplanes, shoes and steel specithen, to be informed that there are mens, machine work and marbles, in this country manufacturing gem stones and golf clubs, consume plants where the abrasive stuff is acreages of coated abrasives. Much turned out by the acre, where miles of the product designated as sand-His shifty gaze was caught by the of the material, in the making, are paper is not made with paper and run through automatic machines a minimum proportion of it uses and, further, that the growing uses sand, in the sense of silicon diox-

"Some 3,000 varieties of coated abrasives are required to meet the Most sandpaper is not paper, and needs of users, and each must be "Sandpaper has ceased to be with the greatest possible uniformmere grains of sand glued to paper ity and at a unit price that must and has become a tool with thou- be kept down. The most important sands of cutting edges," D. H. Kil- development in this industry has things real were the thirst consum- leffer of New York says in a report been the process of securing unito the American Chemical society. formity in distribution and position Throwing off irresolution as some- "Variations of as much as 1,000 per of abrasive particles on the sheet

genuity in combinations, especially When his eyes actually perceived with fabrics. In the forefront are the minaret through the latticed winleathers from the reptilian family. dow, and made out what manner of Patent is a top-honor contender, diroom he was in, he sat up with a viding its style prestige with gabardine. Suede is also definitely in the picture. The stepins are prime favorites. The majority of these, and of pumps, carry elasticised sections. For the initial purchase smart

women will select black or the new bluejacket blue, a dark navy. Malibu beige is also a color you will be parading. Gray is due for a decided revival.

Heels introduce more novelty in their heights and shapes than in

Cunning Spring Hats

A pastel felt or a gay fabric turban make good "starters" for spring. The sailor theme is a most important one. As for turbans you can wear no smarter headpiece. The latest is to have a turban match either blouse or bag or match something that has to do with your costume.

Two pert bows of alligator add

swank. Comfort plus style is the

very important message conveyed

by the shoe that concludes the group.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

The outstanding feature about the cunning hats that tilt over the face, some not much larger than the palm of your hand, is that they all throw the spotlight on back views. Milliners have devised all sorts of schemes in the way of snoods and fitted deep bandeaux and ribbon cap-fitting contrivances not only to insure a comfortable fit on the head but to give chic and charm to back views.

House Coats to Fit Your Personality

House coats and hostess gowns, like all other costumes, should be chosen to match your personality. Once in a while the tall, stately woman may find it amusing to go frilly and feminine at home and the hoyden may try her hand at elegance, but these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

Ordinarily the woman who spends many hours in her home likes pretty, cheerful pastels, while the career woman who keeps an eye on the practical side chooses the darker red, wine and blue shades.

Wet Day Ensemble Chic and Sensible

Copper and white are attractively combined for a rainy day ensemble. A trench coat of copper-toned gabardine is teamed with white rubbers and a transparent coppertoned umbrella. The umbrella has an old-fashioned ivory tusk handle. An amusing lapel pin for this coat is a pair of white celluloid ducks

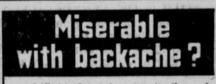
There Are Two Ways to Get at Constipation

Yes, and only two ways-before and after it happens! Instead of enduring those dull, tired, headachy days and then having to take an emergency cathartic-why not KEEP regular with Kellogg's All-Bran? You can, if your constipation is the kind millions have -due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. For All-Bran goes right to the cause of this trouble by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat this toasted, nutritious

cereal regularly-with milk or cream, or baked into muffinsdrink plenty of water, and see if your life isn't a whole lot brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Seeing Myself

"I have never seen a greater monster or miracle in the world than myself."-Montaigne.



WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night; when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighborl



A sheer crepe blouse in monotone pastel, pale blue, muted pink, grayish green or the new wheat color with a dark skirt of rich fabric

is a dress formula that carries style conviction. The blouse pictured ob-

serves the newest styling details. High neckline, long generously full sleeves, the wide corselet effect that gives a nipped-in waistline, they are marks of fashion-wise dressmaker

touches. A matching turban is late fashion decree. Nepotny is launching new styles in chemisier blouses, making them of silk or cotton novelty shirting and trimming them with old-time featherstitched braid and nacre shell-shaped buttons.

Milliners Turn Out **Pastel Blouse**

start. He fell back immediately. His nerves jangled like a harp thrown to the floor. To move his head ever so slightly was to put himself on the rack, but curiosity forced him to endure the turning of his face so that he could study his whereabouts. Wonder filled him till he thought he was back in a dream. The last thing he remembered was a sense of drowsiness on a train in Germany. But this was neither

a train, nor Germany. "This is Japan," thought Jebb,

who had never been there. He lay on a sort of wall-platform covered with a heap of cotton mattresses. Over him were spread quilts of delicate fabric. On the floor were many rugs tinted like

heaps of autumnal leaves. "This is Persia," he concluded. thinking of the rugs. He had never been to Persia.

At some vaguely later period he thought he heard the creak of an opened door, and his own leaden eyelids seemed to creak as he heaved them ajar. The door was indeed slightly opened, and peering into the room was a face. It was the black and glistening skull of a

Negroid-something more than a Negro and less than a man. (TO BE CONTINUED)