

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

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SYNOPSIS

On board the Nord-Express, with Ostend as his immediate destination, Dr. David Jebb is bound for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his temporary ward. On the train they meet Bill Gaines, former classmate of David's. David tells Gaines of his outstanding weakness—an overwhelming desire to drink. He feels the urge coming to him again, and wants to safeguard the child, who is returning to America with him. During a stop, Gaines leaves the train to buy Cynthia a present. The train leaves without him. Then Jebb is painfully injured in a minor accident. A fellow passenger revives him with a drink, which makes his desire for liquor all the stronger. At the next stop David and Cynthia leave the train. David begins drinking. The next thing he is conscious of is a strange sort of chanting. He looks around, dazed and sick. A door opens and in walks a strange Negro, closely followed by a woman, heavily veiled and dressed in flowing robes. She tells him that he is in Uskub, that her name is Miruma, and that she is the "gift wife" of the Pasha, who has another wife, and who is husband in name only to Miruma. She knows nothing of the missing child. Learning that David is a surgeon, Miruma tells him of a powerful man in Uskub, Akef Bey, whose son is slowly dying. Jebb operates on the boy and saves his life, thus earning the family's deep gratitude. Jebb is surprised by a visit from the Pasha, who has heard of his prowess as a surgeon. He wants Jebb to examine the wife he loves, Nahir Hanim, who is ill. Jebb examines her, with Miruma as an interpreter.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Jebb answered. "She is too ill to feel it much—but you needn't tell her so. Just tell her I shall not give her much pain, and that it is necessary for me to find out what causes this condition."

Though Miruma sought to reassure Nahir Hanim, she yielded rather from inability to resist than from conviction.

And so at last, with Miruma holding the trembling hands of the panic-stricken Nahir, Jebb placed the point of the needle against the white skin, at the fifth intercostal space; set his thumb along the needle as a check, and pressed it backward, inward, and downward, with the utmost nicety, avoiding bone, and artery, and cartilage, and throbbing heart.

Nahir Hanim quivered with a tinge of pain, but she watched Jebb's eyes. She saw his intense frown dissolve in an arch of exultance; of that exultance surgeons feel on tracking a hidden trouble home. When he lifted away the needle, the cylinder was filled with an evil fluid.

He nodded his head and again he became very solemn.

"What ees eet, effendim?" Miruma whispered.

"Come with me to the Pasha, madame."

He turned to nod and smile as reassuringly as he could to the anxious patient, and went into the hall where the Pasha rose to his feet with many questions. Miruma translated:

"Pasha Effendi weesh to know do you know what eet ees?"

Jebb answered: "Empyema of the pericardium."

Miruma threw up her hands in dismay. The Pasha nagged her to translate, but she could not. Jebb tried to describe what he meant.

"The heart—you understand, the heart?"

"Ah, yes—yes—geonul."

"The heart hangs in a kind of a sack called the pericardium. It has a little fluid to lubricate it, but the pericardium of Madame Nahir is not well. It is filled with thick liquid like this in the tube. And her heart must beat through it like a man wading through heavy snow. It grows weaker and weaker. It cannot beat much longer. Tell him."

The brows of Miruma were beautiful with pity for the old Pasha, and she told him as gently as if he were a child.

He plucked his beard in mourning and sent his lean fingers to and fro among his beads.

Miruma turned to Jebb:

"Eees eet no hope of to save her? Must she—must she—dreenk of the Cup?"

Jebb answered: "I think I can save her. I think—I hope—I believe so. If I operate there is at least a chance for her. It is a very hard operation. But without it there is no chance. One cannot always be sure of a diagnosis, but here I am sure. I know; I can see. If the pericardium is not opened and drained at once, she will die, and die soon. If I am given freedom to act, I can save her—I think. I am almost sure."

Miruma translated the message of hope with a lit of enthusiasm that raised the Pasha from the cold ashes of despair. At length the Pasha took the leap, commended his beloved to the goodness of Allah and the skill of the Amerigalli.

Jebb was more alarmed than he dared confess. He felt the need of skilled help. He could think of no one but Miruma to hold the instruments and hand them to him as they were needed.

After the deed should be done, a trained nurse was sadly to be desired. Lacking such an aide, he turned to Miruma.

"I need someone to care for Nahir Hanim afterward—to help me. Will you?"

Miruma did not trust herself to speak. She nodded.

"And now I must find Mirumon. Explain it to the Pasha, please—madame."

All he saw of her face was her eyes. They were enough. They widened and deepened with understanding of an inner meaning he had hardly realized himself till the moment. In a seizure of confusion he dashed from the house.

CHAPTER VI

Nahir Hanim was too weak to be very curious. The ebbing of her life had brought its own anesthesia to soul and body. Her chief emotion was a dim wonder, like moonlight wavering through a fog. A part of her was detached from the total of her.

The soft-hearted Mirumon was far more terrified than she. He stood fighting off womanly tenderness and whispering to himself to be a man, lest Jebb despise him.

The doctor selected a scalpel of medium size and, holding it like a violin bow, drew it across the skin, which parted and drew back like silk. Then he incised the thin strawlike covering of the fascia of the greater breast muscle, and pressed the blade through its stout fabric.

"Some retractors," he said.

Mirumon felt the room rocking.

"The retractors, quick!" Jebb repeated sharply, and he fitted them

into the opposite edges of the muscle to hold it back.

"The forceps," he commanded, "and a clamp."

Clamping one end of a severed vein, he picked up the other with the forceps.

"Hold this!" He gave the forceps into Mirumon's white hand; while he snatched up a catgut thread, looped it over the mouth of an artery, and knotted it with a dexterity a sailor would have envied. And so he did with all the small arteries he was compelled to cut.

"Give me a couple of toothed forceps, quick."

Mirumon handed him a cartilage knife.

"Hell," growled Jebb as he snatched two forceps himself, and delicately fastened one of them in the wall of the pericardium.

"Hold this, and be careful," and he put the forceps in Mirumon's grip. "Don't move."

He seized the wall a little lower down in the other forceps, transferred them to his left hand, with his right reached for the scissors and made a slight incision, which he lengthened a trifle with a probe-pointed knife.

The gushing result so delighted Jebb that he called out to the wavering Mirumon:

"That ought to please you, old man; we're turning the yellow devils out. See 'em scatter!"

At last, with every faculty at work, his task of reconstruction was finished. He had come safely through a thousand dangers, and he breathed deep.

It was a long and busy week before Jebb felt that Nahir Hanim could safely be entrusted to the care of Miruma and Mirumon, though he had schooled them in all the tasks and problems that were likely to arise. Meanwhile Gani Bey was flourishing in the radiant household of his father and mother. He felt that he had a right to set about his own business.

Jebb called upon the Pasha and after as much delicacy of palaver as his curt soul could manage, he broached the hateful subject of compensation.

"Your servant can never repay you for your service by mere paras and piastres, Jebb Effendim, but may he ask what you would consider a fair recompense?"

His smile turned to a grimace of pain as Jebb answered crisply:

"Twelve hundred pounds."

"Mazallah! It is the price of the wife herself."

Having led him into the noose, Jebb tightened it.

"I will throw off one thousand pounds of my bill, Pasha, if you will release Miruma Hanim and restore her nekayah."

"You ask me to—to divorce my wife?"

"Your other wife."

"But, wh-wh? Do you want to marry her?"

"If I wanted to marry her, should I be leaving Uskub tomorrow, forever?"

"You leave Uskub forever! What of my poor sick wife—my Bash-Kadin? You will leave her to die?"

"The best thing I can think of to cure your wife, Pasha, would be the news that she no longer had a young and beautiful rival. If you went to her, and said, 'You are my only wife now,' it would be better than any medicine I could prescribe."

The Pasha was breathing deeply and his eye was softening.

"And," Jebb added, "you will save one thousand pounds of my fee."

"You think my wife Nahir is well enough to leave?"

"With the instructions I have given him, Mirumon Effendi can bring her back to health in two or three months."

"And you truly think it will help her to recover if I inform her that I shall put away the gift wife?"

"It will help more than all my skill."

"Then your servant will obey your instructions in everything."

"Miruma Hanim shall have her talaq and her nekayah?"

"On my honor, and as soon as the court will grant the decree," and once more: "You are sure you are leaving Uskub forever?"

"Tomorrow without fail. If you could have my money at my hotel—"

"It will be there, effendim. For your skill, I shall pray Allah also to reward you. For your journey, Allah emanet olon!"

Jebb had, indeed, resolved to leave Uskub forever, and Miruma forever. The fierce demands of his duties to the lost child cried out against him for his neglect, though he felt absolved to a degree by the necessity of earning funds and saving the lives perishing at his very feet. But now there was no further excuse to give his conscience.

He had come to know Miruma better, through the veil, the actual vice she wore and the impalpable yet impenetrable veil her self-respect, her duty, the danger of their situation drew about her. And he had come to love her and desire her with a passion his heart had never dreamed itself capable of entertaining.

He planned to hurry forth to hunt the lost child. He dreamed that he stumbled upon her without delay.

He imagined himself telegraphing Miruma to join him and go with him to America as his wife.

And then his thanks choked in his throat. A chill hand seemed to reach from the fog and throttle him. It was his curse that had brought him to Uskub with infinite disgrace, with a deep shame that he had concealed only by cowardly silences.

His curse forbade him to marry any woman, least of all Miruma.

He thought long and fiercely over his farewell to Miruma. He wrote many letters and tore them in pieces. Worn out and nauseated with life, he dashed off and sealed the curtest message of all, with no hint of the love that neither had expressed in a word, and both had understood with all their hearts.

Miruma Hanim—Madame: I leave for Salonica by the next train. I shall hunt for the

child until I find her. I will let you know when I do. Fehmi Pasha has promised me on his honor that he will grant you at once a talaq and restore your nekayah in full. I should like to be assured of this. You might send me word, if it is not too much trouble. My permanent address will be the Union Bank, I Graben 13, Vienna (Viyana), Austria.

With all good wishes, Yours faithfully,

DAVID JEBB.

CHAPTER VII

Salonica, the Hot Springs of Ancient Greece, seemed pretty ancient to the Yankee surgeon who came in an express train and took a cab to the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre.

Hellwald and the British consul had helped him over the important matter of his missing papers, had provided him with a substitute for his lost passport and a teskere, or license to travel; had coached him in the important intricacies of Turkish machinery and given him cordial letters to the representatives of Great Britain and Austria in Salonica.

When he left the train he was compelled to have his teskere vised by a Turkish official, who took it in charge until he should leave the town again.

"Will the effendi look through his papers and see if by chance he is holding another teskere of mine?" he asked.

He did not fail to slip a little baksheesh under the documents on the desk. The recorder ransacked his files graciously.

"Daveet Jebb Effendi could not have passed through Salonica—at least not openly and legally."

Jebb dissipated the menace of this suggestion with a further insinuation of baksheesh and hastened to his cab.

At the Austrian consulate Jebb was received with the distinction due his recommendations as a friend and a physician. He also learned that every effort to trace the missing child had ended in negation.

He visited the American consulate, but the consul had been summoned to Constantinople, and his office could give no help.

At the British consulate they had much proffer of aid but no encouragement. One of the attaches, a younger son of a noble house, but smothered under the simple style and title of Cranford Banbury, Esq., was especially courteous.

He took Jebb to the office of the Polis Qomiseri, introduced him, and translated the commissioner's account of his vain efforts to find the child.

Banbury insisted on Jebb's dining with him.

"You're in a blue funk, old man, and you oughtn't to be alone."

"I'm always alone," said Jebb grimly.

"Well, I'll do my best to make Salonica an exception. There's not much to occupy an Anglo-Saxon in Salonica unless you're interested in politics. We rather feel we're sitting on dynamite. The Young Turks are in power but they have an Augean stable to clean up, and the old Sultan isn't dead yet."

"What have they done with the old Sultan?"

"Why, haven't you heard? He's here—here in Salonica. Fact! He is a kind of prisoner de luxe, settled in a wonderful villa built ten years ago by an Italian for the Allatini family. Now the government has turned it into a gilded cage for the ex-Sultan. They didn't quite like to treat him as we did Charles I, but he's a problem, and no mistake. The old tarantula may pop up any day and there are people enough eager to help him back to his web."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK. — Sam Houston Jones, the comparatively young David who toppled the Huey Long Goliath in Louisiana, is a corporation lawyer.

'High-Hat Sambo' representing 43 corporations, and And Gets Elected

He never took his coat off while he was campaigning, never talked swamp talk, kept his shoes shined, dishes good grammar and never tore his hair. Defeating Gov. Earl K. Long, brother of the Kingfish, in the run-off primary, he gets the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, which means election in Louisiana.

However, he fought like a wildcat, made a half dozen speeches and two radio addresses a day, swarmed all over the state and developed a carefully organized state, parish and precinct organization. He is 42 years old, good looking, well-educated and convincing. He is a political newcomer, little known when the Kingfish called him "High-Hat Sambo." He replied that he had no high hat, but would not hesitate to get one if he needed it, and would dress as he pleased. So he did and he made them like it.

Born in a log cabin in the deep, piney woods of southwestern Louisiana, he worked in a sawmill until he was 17, with sketchy education. He entered the University of Louisiana, waited on table to help pay his way, went into the World War as a private, but never reached France, and returned to continue his education in a country law office.

He has been on both sides of corporation law practice, winning the fight for the rice farmers against the millers, and has engaged in some stiff fights with public utilities. On several occasions he defended cases for labor organizations.

TROUBLED observers of world disaster, seeing no light or hope, might do well to compare Dorothy Canfield Fisher's children's crusade

Popular Author with the children's Stages Crusade To Aid Children

In the latter about 50,000 children went from France and Germany to fight the Saracens. Many thousands died and many others were captured and sold into slavery at Alexandria.

Something seems to have happened in the centuries between. Miss Fisher, the novelist, finds eager co-operation throughout the country as she launches a campaign to gather a penny a year from each of the 30,000,000 American school children for child refugees in all countries of the world, of all races and beliefs. The pledge will cover the entire life of the child. The fund, totaling \$300,000 a year, will all go to the children, with private pledges covering the cost of administration.

Miss Fisher, author of about 25 books, including novels, educational and social studies, has been engaged in such humane enterprises all her adult life. During and after the World War, she spent three years in France in relief work. In 1934, she became chairman of the Advisory Conference of Jews and Christians to Oppose Race Prejudice and Religious Intolerance. Her unceasing battle has been against a standardized and materialized society.

A native of Lawrence, Kan., she could call herself Dr. Fisher, but never does. Her doctorate in philosophy came from Columbia university in 1904, after her graduation from Ohio State university. She probably wears more academic garlands than any other American woman, with honorary degrees from Middlebury college, Dartmouth, the University of Vermont, Ohio State, Northwestern and Williams.

Her home is in Arlington, Vt. Noting that her crusade is much more humane and sensible than that of Etienne, the shepherd boy of Cloyes, who led the ragged, hungry children to crush the Saracens, one might also note the upsurge of "Snow White" and "Pinocchio" as revealing a new adult entente with the child world. Miss Fisher might do well to make Walt Disney one of the generals of her new crusade.

WHEN this writer was in Paris a few years ago, style bootleggers were moving through plots and stratagems as melodramatic as any spy business. It was an old story then. Currently, Lucien Le-long, the Judge Landis of the Paris dressmakers, pegs a new outbreak of the old established custom of sneaking a camera shot of a gown—perhaps bribing a delivery boy—and making the model a dime a dozen all over Europe before the buyer can wear it. That's just one device. There are dozens.



FARM TOPICS

STRIP CROPPING IS FARM ASSET

Steep Land Is Benefited by Contour Plantings.

By W. D. LEE

Erosion control and improvement of soil fertility are both accomplished by contour strips on steep farm land. And there is the third advantage from strip cropping in that it affords protection to terraces.

Many farmers in the erosion control demonstration areas, directed by the soil conservation service, are using strip-cropping to advantage.

On slopes where the fall is not very great, it is a common practice to have two strips in row crops and a third strip in a close-growing crop, alternating in this order all the way down the hill. But on steeper slopes, where the erosion problem is greater, it is advisable to increase the proportion of close-growing crops by sowing down every other strip.

The use of legumes in close growing strips enables a farmer to gradually improve the fertility of all fields, and at the same time protect them against erosion. Some farmers report a 20 to 25 per cent increase in crop yields since they first adopted the practice of strip-cropping.

By retarding and spreading runoff water, the strips of close-growing crops at intervals down the slope keep silt out of the flow lines of terraces and prevent them from overtopping. This is especially noticeable during heavy rains.

Usual Pasture Methods Favor Horse Parasites

Parasites attacking horses and mules are favored by the usual methods of pasturing live stock on farms, according to Dr. Benjamin Schwartz of the U. S. bureau of animal industry.

Common methods of pasturing and the habits of horses are particularly favorable to the serious parasitic roundworms or strongyles, a group which also includes the hookworm as a parasite on humans. Parasite attacks lead to a weakness and poor condition and waste of feed and may disable or kill horses and mules if the damage is not checked. Timely medicinal treatment is a desirable aid.

Once an animal is attacked by these roundworms, the natural tendency is for the infestation to increase and to spread to other horses and mules. The eggs of these internal parasites are scattered in the manure where they hatch. They are long-lived and persistent and can exist for months on the moist grasses in pastures where horses graze. Thus the animals take in parasites to renew and aggravate the cycle of infection.

For horse-breeding establishments where the high value of the stock warrants the expense, Doctor Schwartz points out the effectiveness of a relatively new heat treatment. Under this plan the manure is collected and placed in large insulated boxes where the natural heat, sometimes aided by steam pipes, raises the manure to a temperature that will kill eggs and larvae of the worms.

Hammer Mill Is Used For Cleaning Seeds

By slowing the speed of a hammer mill, a grain grinder used on farms, soil conservation service workers have a convenient tool for cleaning the seeds of many of the trees, shrubs, and vines used in conservation programs. With it they have cleaned dry-shelled fruits such as locust, catalpa, and rebud, and fleshy fruits such as plums, grapes, hawthorns, apples, and berries.

To prevent injury to the seed, the hammer mill is operated slowly, often at only 400 revolutions a minute. With dry fruits the mill cracks the shells, but not the seed. The seed can then be cleaned with a fanning mill. With the fleshy fruits, the hammer mill smashes the pulp and a stream of water floats it away, leaving the seed on the screens of the mill.

The usual nursery method of separating seeds from pulpy fruits has been to ferment the fruits until the seeds either float to the surface or drop to the bottom of the tank. Experiments show that the fermentation process often injures the seeds so that they do not germinate freely. The hammer mill method of cleaning is not only cheaper, but with intelligent management of the mill to avoid injury to the seeds, it results in better-quality seed with a higher rate of germination.

Tear Gas Is Used In War on Pests

Agricultural science is now making constructive use of tear gas, a weapon developed in the World war of 1914-18.

The gas is chloropicrin, a heavy, oily, colorless liquid which vaporizes readily. Applied to the soil with a device which operates like a hypodermic needle, it kills disease-causing fungi, insects and nematodes. Extensive field use is limited only by its relatively high cost.



Things to do

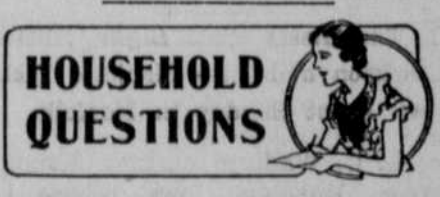
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wish you may use these motifs for matching sheet ends by extending them. NUMO hot iron transfer, 28716, 15 cents, gives you all four of these designs. And you can get three or four stampings from this one pattern.

Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA Kansas City, Mo. Box 166-W Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No. Name Address



HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Energy Saver.—Keep a dry mop and duster on each floor of your house thus saving time and energy where cleaning.

Japanned trays may be cleaned with a mixture of vinegar and powdered whiting. Apply with a soft flannel, wipe off with a clean cloth and polish with chamolis.

Burnt Privet Hedge.—If your privet hedge should be accidentally burned during cleaning do not dig it up. Cut it back almost to the ground. New shoots will spring up and in another year you will have a fairly good hedge.

Bottles containing cream or milk should never be left uncovered in the refrigerator. Odors from other foods are quickly absorbed by them.

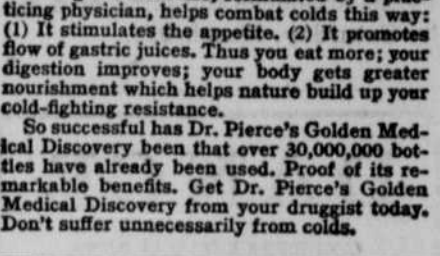
FIGHT COLDS

by helping nature build up your cold-fighting resistance

If you suffer one cold right after another, here's sensational news! Mrs. Elizabeth Vickery writes: "I used to catch colds very easily. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped to strengthen me just splendidly. I ate better, had more stamina, and was never very little with colds."

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So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery been that over 30,000,000 bottles have already been used. Proof of its remarkable benefits. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today. Don't suffer unnecessarily from colds.



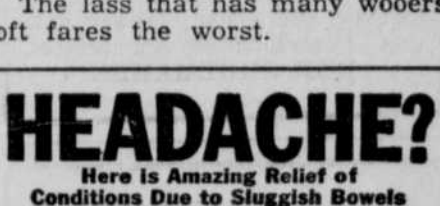
Sweetest Flower The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.—Wordsworth.



ADVISES YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD

Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go "smiling" thru life's ups and downs, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years. WORTH TRYING!

Overly Popular The lass that has many wooers oft fares the worst.



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