

# THE GIFT WIFE...

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By RUPERT HUGHES

## CHAPTER XV—Continued

One day the Pogodins came home with a child. They said they had adopted her.

That evening while Mr. Pataky was at the Follies Caprice seeing a musical work, the Pogodins had made haste to pack up their belongings and ship them to the station. Mr. Pataky being away from home did not learn which of the stations they went to, and from.

In answer to Jebb's frantic demands for a guess as to the probable destination of the couple, Mr. Pataky pulled out a business card, the duplicate of the one Jebb already had. Mr. Pogodin was in business both in Paris and in Warsaw. He had not done well in Pest.

"I am sure you find them in Paris or in Warsaw, if maybe they ain't gone to some other place."

To come to this Y-shaped trail and realize that whichever way he took he would wish he had taken the other; and that every day of delay increased the difficulty and blurred the track, was maddening to Jebb. He gave Pataky the money for Cynthia's little destructions and got rid of him with curt phrases.

When Jebb reached Vienna the next morning and went into the breakfast-room he found Miruma waiting for him. Her face was luminous with welcome, but it turned gloomy as she cried:

"You deed not finded the Cynthia child. Aman! aman!"

He told the story briefly, hastily explained his new dilemma. She solved it in one instant:

"Leesten.—Do you speak Polish or Mosgovian?" He shook his head. Then she ran on, eyes flashing with delight over her scheme:

"I am cherkes-Circassian born, and I learn some Russian as child, before I am taken to Turkey."

"But leesten? You shall go to Paris and look, and I shall go to Warsaw. The one who finds the child feerst telegraphs the other. I bet you I gone to find her the shekerbuli—the sugar lump feerst. What you bet?"

By this time the Ludlams met in the breakfast-room and came over to their table. The story and the scheme told all over again enraptured sister Jennie and even opened the fat eyes of brother Charles. As a much traveled woman, sister Jennie scoffed at the idea of any difficulty in Miruma's way.

Brother Charles volunteered to get the passport from the American consul in Vienna. An hour later he came back with it boastfully:

"It isn't everybody that could have got this," he said; "I had presence of mind enough to realize that if I said Mme. Jahngir was a Turkish lady there'd be all sorts of red tape. So I said she was an American."

"Well, she is, by intention," said sister Jennie. Miruma blushed and Jebb sighed.

The Warsaw train left at noon and required seventeen hours for the journey. Jebb's train to Paris took twenty-seven hours, and he was weary of globe-trotting.

There was so little time to get Miruma aboard her train, and there were so many instructions to give her, that leisure was left to talk of nothing else. And Jebb was sadly glad of this; it saved him from the torment of restraining his words of adoration.

Jebb's mood was funereal when he returned to his hotel. In his absence the Ludlams had decided to go to Paris by the same train—a conspiracy hatched by sister Jennie to console him.

When dinner was finished sister Jennie told Charles to go to the smoking-compartment, and stay there; and she asked Jebb to come back after the expiration of one cigar. As soon as he had accomplished his cigar he wandered back to sister Jennie. Then she unfolded her plan:

"When I first saw you in Vienna the other day, and thought you were very rich, I told you I wanted more of your help, you remember?" Jebb smiled. "Now that I find you are not an idle millionaire, but a keen and brilliant surgeon—oh, don't lift your hand—it gives you away as a surgeon, and Miruma has told me of your miracles in—wherever it was. I spoke to you of my poor brother Wentworth. Before I die I want to see a memorial of that beautiful soul, cursed through no fault of his own, by an inheritance from poor ancestors that had heaven knows what sorrows or failure to drive them to despair. My poor, dear brother was started wrong, he could never hope to be what he ought to have been."

"So I thought that a hospital for correcting the malformations and the inherited handicaps of little children would be about as good a memorial for poor Wentworth as I could find."

"And I wanted a large part of its work to be experimental. I want it to keep investigating, finding new methods, pushing into the dark. You understand, don't you?"

"That's about all I understand in this world, Miss Ludlam," Jebb ex-

claimed with unusual fervor for him. "That's my religion, and the closest I can come to a prayer is an operation. And as for experimenting—it's the crying need of the world, Miss Ludlam. If only a man could have a lot more money to spend and all his time to devote to exploring. Experimental surgery is the new world; it's unbounded, undreamed of—why, my God, it's—excuse me!"

He collapsed in full flight, ashamed of his own excitement, but sister Jennie cried: "Don't mind me—I'm used to Charlie. I love to hear you swear. It shows you have the frenzy that a man needs to be great. You are the man I need to help me found this memorial. It must be just a little different from those that are already established; it must—but you know so much better than I do what is needed. Won't you please—please—take charge of it for me!"

Jebb almost fainted at this gift, so great he had never even dreamed of it.

They talked till the porter informed them that the whole car was complaining.

When the train at last reached Paris, the Wentworth Ludlam Memorial Hospital and Experimental



Leisure was left to talk of nothing else.

Station was pretty well talked out, and a good deal of it was mapped on paper.

The first place Jebb sought in Paris was the office of the Machines-a-ecrire Flaubert. The president and his son received him and recognized the name of Nikolai Pogodin with contrasting feelings. The younger member of the firm laughed; the elder swore.

Mr. Pogodin, they said, had been their agent, but his interest in the race tracks of various capitals had mixed up his accounts so that they had regretfully erased him from their rolls.

The Flauberts promised Jebb any information in their power, but they doubted if Pogodin were in Warsaw, or that he would remain anywhere long.

## CHAPTER XVI

Jebb went back to his hotel to tell sister Jennie that he resigned his stewardship in her great project. He must set out on a dismal journey to Poland. But sister Jennie was not to be found. She was shopping in the Rue de la Paix. He went to his own room and was dismally flinging his things into his suitcase when a telegram was brought to his door.

"VE ARR NORD EXPRESS JOOST OUTSIDE RUSSIANS BORDERS VE ARRIVAL IN PARIS DAY AFTER TWO MOROW CYNTA IS GOOD AND SENS LOAF TO NUNKEDAY. "MIRUMA."

Through this fog of misspelled words a blast of sunlight came that almost smote Jebb Saul-wise to the floor.

It seemed intolerably long to Jebb before the Ludlams returned to the hotel, and when they came in they were fagged with shopping. The telegram acted like an elixir of new life.

But the true laggardliness of time was felt only when Jebb tried to live out the day and a half between him and Miruma's return.

He spent a large portion of the time writing and rewriting a cablegram to Mrs. Thatcher. This was not easy, for he must inform her that her child was alive and well and on the way home, that her husband's good name was rescued and documented, and that the poor faithful soul had left an invention which a prominent manufacturer, Charles Ludlam, had inspected and would place on the market for her on a

royalty basis with a guarantee of a good income for life.

When the Nord-Express pulled in at the station, Jebb ran through the cars searching.

Cynthia, dawdling in the corridor as before, saw him first and set up a shriek.

The child's first distinguishable speech was:

"Oh, Nunkie Dave, you never told me what Thinpap the Thallor had in the thoot-cathe he bringed his little daughter Bridthet."

And before anything else could be told Jebb had to ransack his excited brain for a catalogue of gifts that would have fundered the reindeers of Santa Claus himself.

And after this, Cynthia must tell her own adventures with the Pogodins, and she must show off the Russian she had learned and the Polish words, and what a nice woman Mme. Pogodin was—though not half so nice as Aunt Miruma.

In fact, there was no silencing the child till fatigue put her to sleep—or at least they supposed she was asleep.

"And now, hanim effendim—Miruma—tell me how you managed to find her—you wonderful, angelic—" she stopped short on the brink of a plunge.

"Oh, eet ees such a long story. They were not hard to find, the Pogodins, but they refuse to geeve up the baby. They say she is their own, and they defy me to proof she is somebody's who is in America. So I go away much afraided. But I come back and wait in the street. Not till next morning Cynthia comes out alone to play and I—stealed her from the stealers—oh, how I run!"

From the depths of his soul Jebb sighed. It seemed impossible to keep his love secret any longer. He had no right to deny her that tribute. It was her privilege to know that he loved her enough to relinquish her for her own sake.

And then with much hesitation,

his mouth full of the ashes of confession, he began to tell her of his other self.

"Do not tell it me," she said, "It hoots you, and I know it all many days. Seester Jennie tells it, and it makes me such joy to theenk that you have been shrinking from me not because you did hated me, but because you did loved me all thees long time."

"Then you understand why I kept silent?"

"Yes."

"And why I can never ask you to be my—my wife?"

"No. Leesten, Jebb Effendim, you theenk you have another self that you cannot keel. I theenk you can, weet the help of Allah and weet my love to make you a home. Even if you cannot keel that Meester Pierpont, still when you are that man I could keep you close, take care of you, save you from to run allover the world, and, perhaps some day be made dead in some terrible place. If I should be your wife I should guard you and when the long seckness was over you should wake back to yourself in your own home and in my arms always. Then soon, I know, I know Allah would answer such prayer from two such lovers, soon the other self comes less and less often, stays less and less long. That could be—couldn't eet?"

"Yes, it could be—it would be, if—but I love you too much to let you endure it."

"Hush, Jebb Effendim, I think you want me for wife—yes?"

Jebb only cast his eyes up in despair of words to express this desire.

"Then—if thees time instead of to be given by somebody to somebody, I give myself for a gift—then—then—oh, should the gift be refused?—should you ruin my life forever?—should you—oh should you make me do all the proposing?"

Those compartment-cars are very cosy for settling disputes of this sort. And Cynthia was asleep—or at least they thought she was asleep.

[THE END.]

## Century-Old Letters Rate Jobs, Homes First

History has a way of fading into romance with the passing of a century, even though the facts are kept meticulously aligned. So it is that when one thinks of the development of Michigan, Ohio and the rest of the Northwest Territory, he is apt to think in terms of gold-braided boundary jugglers, coonskin caps, long rifles and buttered rum.

Alvin Hamer, Detroit bookseller, has discovered a collection of letters written by the five sons of Josiah Colburn, a dour Yankee of the early Nineteenth century, to let us know the first of the 1800s was not altogether a time of the grand gesture and political pow-wow.

These were men whose letters reveal that they were hard-working journeymen and laborers and seafarers whose main concern was not with the dangers of frontier life, but with the ordinary business of getting jobs and founding homes.

Out of New York state these boys came, to spread as far north as Ontario, as far west as St. Louis, and south to New Orleans, with the Bible-reading father always in the background, giving good Scriptural counsel.

There was Thomas, a roistering wanderer in sail, whose papers show that he sailed in 1816 from Kingston, Ont., with a cargo of 40 barrels of beer and 427 pounds of cheese, at a time when memories of the war with Britain were still fresh.

It was Jeremiah who wrote of the boom which followed the war in Buffalo, only to complain three years later that jobs were hard to find. He had just finished his apprenticeship as a carpenter and was starting out on his own.

"I am this day pretty good looking, half white and 21 years of age (half Indian, perhaps?). I am now square with the world—I owe nobody and nobody owes me." Jerry wrote to his sailor brother. Thomas had evidently cautioned him on the folly of wandering, for he continued:

"Free and independent, you have advised me to refrain from rambling and be steady. I should be glad if you would take a little to yourself, for I believe you stand in need of becoming more steady than what you have been for these six years past. For you have traveled thousands of miles and I have not traveled half of one."

## MARKED MAN

Here's a Western story with a mystery motif that has both plausibility and punch. It's Harold Channing Wire's best range-land yarn! High spots of a consistently exciting story deal with Cowboy Walt Gandy's efforts to solve a pair of murders and to defend the C C ranch and its tenants against the attacks of a mysterious foe. "Marked Man" is an unusual narrative—colorful, red-blooded-he-man's reading from the first page to the last. Read every thrilling installment serially in this paper.

**BEGINS NEXT ISSUE**

## Nurses Get Rigorous Training In Hospitals Throughout U. S.

NEW YORK CITY.—National Hospital day, May 12, will find thousands of Americans visiting their local hospitals. Guiding the work of these humanitarian institutions are nurses, trained in any of the 1,375 accredited schools to become sentinels of U. S. health. At Mt. Sinai hospital, New York, is a typical nursing school, whose work is pictured below. Mt. Sinai has 235 student nurses who must have completed a four-year high school course with good record, must be between 19 and 30 years old, of good health and suitable personality. In three years they will have completed 6,000 hours of practical training and 1,200 hours of theoretical work.



ABOVE: The nurse's health may be an important factor in her patient's health. Hence Mt. Sinai's students have daily exercises to keep them in trim for the rigorous schedule. RIGHT: "Capping day" is a great event in their lives. After passing the 24-week probationary period, they proudly receive the cap and uniform which makes them full-fledged student nurses.



ABOVE: In the second half of their first year, students attend lectures on medical and surgical nursing, also working five hours a day in the wards. LEFT: Typical instruction. Students are taught the different methods of massage by actual demonstration.



During her training period, the student nurse assists at from 25 to 40 operative cases. First, of course, they must observe actual operations. Right: Two students are "scrubbing up" to assist for the first time—a real adventure!



Fascinated, intent, these students are following every detail of a major surgical operation, familiarizing themselves with the technique and procedure. Each realizes that soon she will stand at the doctor's side to help him save a human life!



Time out from the routine to open the day's mail from home.

## How George Came to Get His Face Slapped

The dumb blonde on a country ramble entwined her arm with that of her boy companion, and gushed, "George, you're wonderful!"

"Thank you, Mary," answered George slowly. "And I think you're ditto."

The dumb blonde pondered over this. Before long they came upon old Jollop, the farmer, who was tending his pigs. She took him aside and said: "Tell me, Mr. Jollop, what does ditto mean?"

Jollop thought for a moment, then said, "You see that pig over there by the fence?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that other pig next to it. That one is ditto to the first one."



O-Cedar it, Mother! Don't clean and polish, too! Do BOTH at once.

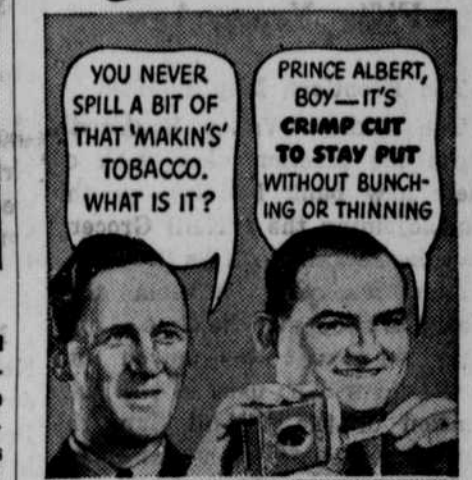
Any lovely lady can polish her furniture and floors as she cleans them. All the work she used to do to wash and dry AND then polish her furniture... was half wasted. Instead, use O-Cedar Polish in your damp cloth and wash and polish at the same time. Your neighborhood dealer sells genuine:



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Ways of Paying There are but two ways of paying debt—increasing of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

SAVES MONEY—DOUBLES "MAKIN'S" SMOKE-JOY!



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