From Wild Goats of Tibet

Cashmere is the term applied to the fabric made of wool obtained from the Cashmere goat or the wild goat of Tibet. This fine wool has individual soft slippery handle, unusual warmth and other qualities peculiar to it alone.

The term is also applied to a similar woollen made in other countries, designed to resemble true cashmere, and used in dresses.

The finest down in the world comes from the Tibetan Cashmere goats, which are raised in the cold dry plateaus of the Himalayas. The goat thrives in other climates but produces a different grade wool. The name comes from the name of the State of India, spelled either Cashmere or Kashmir. The wool itself is also variously spelled "cashmeer," cachemire," or "cachemere."

The Cashmere goat has a long heavy coat, the upper section of which is coarse, while the under is the fluffy wool. The total yield is little over three ounces, and in Tibet, is painstakingly sorted by hand and washed in a starch solution to make one of the most prized fabrics in the world. The Tibetans have woven cashmere for over 4,000 years. Its most famous use has been in "cashmere" shawls, whose intricate designs, wrought in motifs which have become classics in the textile realm, were adapted by weavers in Paisley, Scotland, to make the equally famous Paisley designs.

Cashmere wool has been used for many things other than shawls—mufflers, rugs and in mixture with vicuna or merino for coatings. The term is also applied to other wools which stimulate or resemble true cashmere. For example, it is employed in the knitting industries to fabrics produced from high quality Merino wool in fine counts, used in making hosiery.

The President of the United States receives his salary cheque twice a month, from a special treasury representative.

Keep Minard's in the home.

THE Gift Wife

By RUPERT HUGHES

"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 sure 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 Ulloi 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 something. 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 nim? If I was I should vcomp into the Donan. He is one dam' fesker, that fader. My name is Laszlo Pataky, proprietor the Pension Pataky, rates reasonable, food sublime."

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 pitcher the child had broken.

When Jebb offered to pay for the breakage of Cynthia, Mr. Pataky became almost amiable. The rise of a fair three-cornered duel with him was that Mr. and Mrs. Pogodin tried to sell French typewriters in vain competition with the American makes. One day the Pogodins came home with a child. They said they had adopted her.

That evening while Mr. Pataky was at the movies charming 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 taked 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 entranctured 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. Janghir 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 exclaimed 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 word: 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 commanding.

When the train at last reached Paris, the Wentworth Ludlam Memorial Hospital and Experimental 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 in contrasting feelings. The younger member of the firm manifested outer swore.

Mr. Pogodin, they said, had been their agent, but his interests in the attacks 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 MORROW CYNTA IS GOOD AND SENS LOAF TO NUNKEDAY.

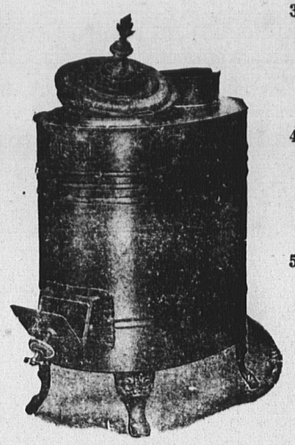
"MIRUMA."

HELD BY NAZIS

Mrs. Elizabeth Deegan, a clerk in the U.S. embassy in Paris, is reported being held by German authorities without explanation. The U.S. state department is said to be awaiting details before lodging a strong protest with the German government.

HEATERS TO BURN COAL---WOOD or GASOLINE

Buy Now and Be Prepared For Cold



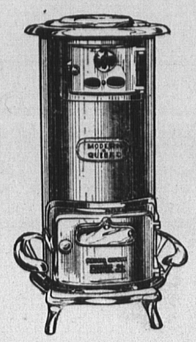
McCLARY FAMOUS AIR TIGHT HEATER

21 — $4.50
22 — $4.95
24 — $5.50

300 QUEBEC HEATER $17.50

400 QUEBEC HEATER $20.00

500 QUEBEC HEATER $24.00



120 BLAZER $13.50

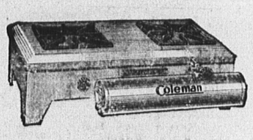
170 BLAZER $22.00

150 BLAZER $24.75

TRADE MARK REGISTERED Coleman

COLEMAN STOVES

381B — $12.45
382C — $14.50
500 — $5.95
4H — $7.65
6H — $9.65



COLEMAN RADIANT HEATERS

16 Radiant — $19.75
17 Radiant — $22.95
19 Radiant — $14.95

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd.
WHOLSALE & RETAIL

FREE CITY DELIVERY PHONES 195 - 1368

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 laggard iness 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 serching.

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 Thinpat the Thailor 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 foundered 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—" he 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 on the street. Not till next morning Cynthia comes out alone to play and I—stealed her from the stealers—oh, how I runs!

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 hoorts you, and I know it all many days. Seester Jennie tells it, and it makes such joy to theenk that you have been shrinking from me not because you did hated me, but because you did loved me all these 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 tarrible place. If I should be your wife I should guard you and when the long seeckness 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 theenk 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 gived 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.

BLONDE BRAINS "SCATTER"

Blondes, according to many sources, are scatterbrained, but when blonde brains "scatter" effectively in various directions the proper word should be "versatile."

All of which merely leads up to the fact that there is a blonde in Hollywood who co-ordinates a dozen interests into profitable channels. Here is a summary of her various careers and activities at present.

She has patented a small permanent wave machine which is designed to operate in the home.

She actually came to Hollywood to get out of show business and to write poetry and fiction. She remains so busy acting, however, that she has time only to write a weekly newspaper column called "Penny's Prattle" for a paper in nearby San Fernando valley, where she lives, and to pen a little poetry which appears in the Beta Sigma Phi sorority publications.

She broadcasts every Monday.

She recently opened a model home in Los Angeles and deluged the architects with floor plans and sketches of her own, several of which were incorporated into subsequent homes.

Use Minard's for sprains.

Thimble Theatre—Starring POPEYE

TIPPLE AND "CAP" STUBBS — *By Edwine*

TILLIE THE TOILER — A STUDY IN DISGUISE. — *By Westover*