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THE Gift Wife

By RUPERT HUGHES

"Of course there's a hurry — I've had it far too long," said Jennie, and he thought her adorable. Just in time he remembered to say:

"Would you mind making the check payable to David Jebb?"

"David Jebb?"

"That's the name you gave me on the train," her brother put in.

"That's my real name," said Jebb.

Now Charlie was off again: "But why did you call yourself Pierpont to my sister?"

"Hush, Charlie, don't make another exhibition of yourself. He was traveling incog. Very rich people often do that."

Brother Charles and Jebb were such mutually discomforting companions that when they were left together Ludlam grew restive:

"Come on into the cafe and have something."

"No thanks."

"Well, will you excuse me if I do? I've just got in from Munich and I'm horribly thirsty."

"Don't let me keep you."

Left alone, Jebb was overcome by this new turn of the wheel. The money meant so much to him just now; it meant power, salvation from infinite humiliations; it meant funds for the pursuit of Cynthia.

Then the luxury of being a minor Croesus faded before a keen anxiety for Miruma. He must find her. She must be told the news, the news that solved everything. He would go to the desk and send her his card, imploring her to grant him a hearing.

He paused—what was her name? Miruma was her first name—what was her last? Had she registered as hanim effendi, or madame hanim? or Mme. Fehmi Pasha—or what?

CHAPTER XIV

The tragi-ridiculous perplexity of Jebb solved itself. He heard a rustle and Miruma 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 forgeeve me for to be so rude to you. Jebb Effendi has been so kind to me. It is to heem I owe that I am free. I am very bad. I have not the right to be angry that he—"

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

"—That he did not telled me the things I have no right to know. Let us be friends once more—yes? Tell me you forgeeve 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 Miruma 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 efwendim, what is your name? She's my dearest friend on earth, but I don't know her name!"

"I am Madame Miruma 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 Miruma as Miruma 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 Miruma 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 Miruma 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?"

Miruma 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 Miruma 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 he said:

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

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."

Miruma 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 prows 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 Miruma there with him.

"Jebb Effendi goes to Budapest thees evening 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—"

(To be Continued)

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The letter "E" is used more frequently in the English language than any other letter, and "Z" the least used.

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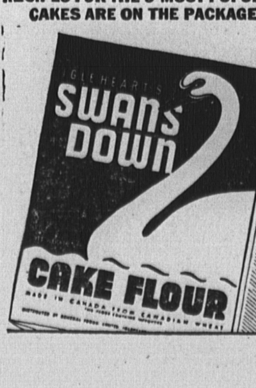

Danish Girls Won't Dance With Germans

From a Danish Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

After the cattle show in a small Danish town the young people met for a dance. Uninvited, some German officers appeared. Those present simply tried to ignore the unwelcome guests and danced on. But then a German officer, bowing courteously, asked a young girl for a dance. She turned to a Danish friend and asked him to take her away, as she "felt so tired." The same happened when the German tried his luck once more.

The officer left, but next morning the police were asked to investigate this outrageous case of unfriendliness toward the protectors of Danish neutrality. A strong representation to the Danish Government was even made through the military governor in Copenhagen.

Similar cases of "unfriendliness" have been reported to the Danish Government over and over again German officers and soldiers who have tried to make contact with Danes and as a consequence have been cold-shouldered (and not only in the ballrooms) seem to fail entirely in understanding why.

The decent ones express their surprise sadly. They go round rather naively and ask people to explain why Germans always should be hated. They seem quite honest in their surprise, and one sometimes almost feels sorry for them. The German troops brought with them to Denmark and Norway an instructive pamphlet which ordered that they should behave politely and unprovokingly—and to a large extent one cannot deny that they have tried to do so. But they fail entirely to see their own tactlessness in attempting to be intimate with the population and trying to be "loved" by them.

Their protests were the reason behind recent appeals by the Prime Minister over the Copenhagen wireless, in which he beseeched the population not to show undue "unfriendliness" in their connections with German troops.

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SWING MUSIC HAS ITS OWN JARGON

The present vogue for swing music has brought into use a slang vocabulary all its own. For example, the trombone is frequently referred to as a "slushpipe" or "sliphorn," and when players blow their instruments extra hard in some number it is called "riffling." The term "riffling the blues" means a good arrangement of a melancholy song.

Dancers who perform gyrations to this type of music were formerly called "alligators." Later this was shortened to "gators," and now they are simply called "gates." "Solid" describes a specially good arrangement of a swing number. "Breaks" are solos rendered by members of the band during the playing of a song.

"Corn" is the word applied to performances of classical or popular music played by some one who does not understand how it should be rendered. A "clinker" is music played off-key, or a player who breaks down while playing a solo. "In the groove" describes music which meets with the approval of the "gates." A gate is termed "hep" when especially adept at dancing to swing music.

There are various types of swing music. "Honkytonk or Dixieland" describes music of the jazz era stepped up to modern tempo. This type features piano playing and "solid accompaniment from slushpipes and trumpets. Swing leaders develop different styles of music featuring their arrangements around the ace musician in their band.

PLAYING UP COSTUME JEWELRY

Too much cannot be said about the acceptance of costume jewelry — massive designs in gold with or without stones, to which the cut of necklines and sleeves give ample play. Many necklines are moderate V or round necks, calling for ornamentation, and short sleeves make the bracelet an "also must" fashion. Selection falls largely upon gold, in the form of wide bracelets studded with stones sometimes worn in pairs of different widths, in massive links from which dangle a large charm a round initialed disk, or quarterfoil. Earrings in shades of gold adorn many ears, novel button types or gypsy rings and to the fashion the importance of the sleek coiffure and the off-face hat contribute.