

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

UPPER: Laurie Moore, model, a widow when her husband was just trying to fly the Pacific, works for Mark Albery, the London airplane manufacturer. Albery, who much interested in Laurie, Laurie admires Albery. The young widow is just leaving Liverpool where she has gone to see her younger sister Gladys, a successful young dancer, open in a new show.

Chapter Two  
COLLARED

WAS Gladys putting just a trifle too strong a make-up on her exquisite face? Weren't her eyes almost too bright, and always restlessly glancing here and there, as if she was expecting something?

But, then, Laurie was always a little anxious about Glad. Lovely, simple, high-spirited Glad, only eighteen, who wouldn't listen to anything Laurie said, but insisted on learning to dance and going on the stage!

Yes, she knew she was always worried. She was worried now, in spite of the nice manager and his sensible wife. She always would be worried when Glad was away from her, ever since that awful agony of nearly losing her in Sydney, and the days of vigil by her bed in the hospital that followed. Glad was too lovely, too young, too innocent, too fearless.



Glad was too lovely, too young, too fearless.

Laurie sighed, as she climbed into a coach of the train. But what could she do? She was a girl of today. She knew that girls must live their own lives, like men. Must work when they had no money. Must learn to look after themselves. If only Glad wasn't so terribly lovely!

Yet, there had been something a little different about Glad this time. They had not seen each other for three months. The troupe had been touring the Northern cities. Was she keeping something back? Was that the reason why Laurie had felt once or twice that she was with a stranger?

Or was it only that Glad was growing up? It must be that, of course. Glad would never keep anything from her. What a wonderful little beauty she was! And how she knew what to wear! She was as smart and perfect as any rich young debutante walking down Bond Street, or lunching at the Ritz.

It was frightfully clever of her to manage to look like that on her small salary, with all the little extras that members of touring companies have to pay out.

It was stupid to worry. They had both of them such a lot to be thankful for.

Laurie's luck had been amazing, and what kindness had been shown to her these last two years!

THERE seemed not to be many people travelling.

Laurie found an empty compartment and put her suitcase on the rack.

Then she stood in the corridor by the window of the door that she had shut, and watched the people on the platform. She was always interested in what was going on anywhere. She had, under her business-like and responsible manner, a great, an avid interest in life. A keen observer like Mark Albery had soon found that out.

Just as the guard blew his whistle, she saw a boy with tea baskets on a

She would like a tea basket. had had no lunch.

She called to the boy just as the train moved out.

He hurried along and called out the price.

She was taking the money out of her purse, the boy running beside the train, when she leaned against the door to hand it to him and take hold of the basket. The door flew open.

Laurie had the sickening feeling of falling into space.

There were shouts from the platform. At the same moment a strong hand clutched the collar of her coat from behind and jerked her back in the nick of time.

She found herself flung on to a seat, and the same strong hand slammed the door.

"What ever made you do a fool thing like that?" asked a man's voice angrily. "You'd probably have been killed if I hadn't been here!"

The train gathered speed. The boy and the tea basket were left behind. Laurie looked vacantly at her rescuer.

"I THOUGHT the door was shut," she said weakly.

"If you think a car door is shut when it isn't, you oughtn't to travel alone," he retorted.

Her temper rose. How rude he was! Of course, he had probably saved her life, or, at any rate, a serious accident, but he needn't snap at her like that.

"Meaning that I need a keeper?" she snapped back.

"Looks like it."

His back was to her, as he stood in the opposite corner. He had evidently brought a couple of suitcases into the compartment without her

noticing it, while she stood in the corridor. Now he was taking them from the seat and leaving the carriage.

He said nothing as he passed her. It was very plain that he didn't want to travel with her.

She was a little dazed after her narrow escape, but in a few minutes she recovered, being a healthy girl with a well-balanced nervous system.

She realized that she hadn't even thanked her rescuer. She would have to look out for him later on.

But he came back with his two suitcases to her compartment, and put them on the rack above the further corner opposite to her. Then he went out and returned with two more, and a great bundle of papers. It was cheap luggage, Laurie noticed, and very shabby, and covered with labels of steamship companies and hotels.

"Thought there was another empty carriage," he said. "But there are people in all of them."

Again she took up the challenge in his voice. It had a ring in it that she thought would be nice, if he were not so gruff and forbidding.

"And you liked the look of them even less than you do of me?" she asked.

"Anyway, I know you need looking after," he retorted, with a grim little chuckle.

Laurie was abashed. There was nothing personal about the man, nothing offensive; only that he was abrupt and detached to the point of rudeness.

"I didn't thank you," she said in her natural and delightful voice, which had the throbbing of an emotional nature in its low, clear tones.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

shouted Henderson. Cardoni muttered something about being caught in the rope at the take-off.

"Wrap some of that rope around your feet," shouted Henderson. "I'll try to get you down."

"How long will it take?" gasped Cardoni.

"About 10 or 15 minutes," replied Henderson.

"That's too long," yelled Cardoni. "I can't hold on!"

# NUNN-BUSH HAS WAGE SECURITY PLAN FOR STAFF

The security of a yearly salary—eliminating the uncertainty of wages that depend on fluctuating production—has been assured the 700 employees of the Nunn-Bush Shoe Co., according to W. F. Isaacs of the Toggery of this city.

In announcing what is considered a momentous plan, the company stated that each employee from now on would get 52 pay checks a year. The idea, which was developed jointly by the employees' shop union and the management, is designed to give the workers an uninterrupted income, even in vacation periods, and to "assure them an automatic share of the prosperity of the corporation."

Counting the office help, the total number of employees thus put on a yearly basis is raised to 1000.

The philosophy behind the move, in the words of President Henry L. Nunn, is this:

"Labor, no matter how much justice there may be in present employee-employer relations, no matter how unselfish the industrial democracy, no matter how beneficent the paternalism—labor today is generally still treated as any other commodity which can be bought and sold as needed."

"The only way to change that is to adopt a plan which will make labor an integral part of the busi-

# SINCLAIR BALKS AT THIRD PARTY; WOO'S DEMOCRATS

PORTLAND, Ore., July 6.—(AP)—Upton Sinclair, sponsor of the "production-for-use" plan which he is taking to Washington for a conference with prominent new dealers and progressive Republicans, was represented today as emphatically opposed to the third party movement announced in Chicago.

Sinclair's manager, Ernest Briggs, quoted the originator of the EPIC program today as saying his present efforts are confined solely to an attempt to have the "production-for-use" program incorporated in the 1936 Democratic platform.

"Only through the Democratic party can such a plan be carried to fruition. I believe an attempt to establish a third party, even when it is based on the 'production-for-use' program, is a step in the wrong direction and I will not support it," Sinclair was quoted as saying.

Briggs said Sinclair, who was a Portland visitor today, is en route to Washington for a conference with leading Democrats and Republicans July 22 when he will present his plan and seek to have it embodied in the Democratic program for next year.

Sinclair, in an interview, also said he would not be a candidate for governor of California again. He was defeated by a comparatively narrow margin by the Republican incumbent, Frank Merriam, at the last general election.

LA GRANDE Ore., July 6.—(AP)—Two masked men entered the Joseph Ore. postoffice before opening hours this morning, slugged Postmaster Fairchild over the head with the butt of a pistol, and before he could recover consciousness, escaped with \$200 in cash. State police were called immediately.

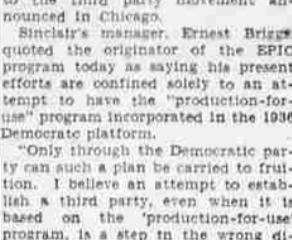
# JOSEPH POSTMASTER SLUGGED; \$200 TAKEN

Two masked men entered the Joseph Ore. postoffice before opening hours this morning, slugged Postmaster Fairchild over the head with the butt of a pistol, and before he could recover consciousness, escaped with \$200 in cash. State police were called immediately.

Joseph is four miles from the foot of Wallowa lake, and is surrounded by rough, mountainous country.

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

BECAUSE THE WIVES OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD WERE GETTING RESENTFUL OVER UNMOWN LAWNS, THE MEN PERSUADED ERNIE PLUMER, WHO WAS GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END, TO BORROW THEIR LAWN MOWERS AND LEAVE THEM LOCKED IN HIS GARAGE, SO THAT NOTHING COULD INTERFERE WITH THE WEEK-END GOLF



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

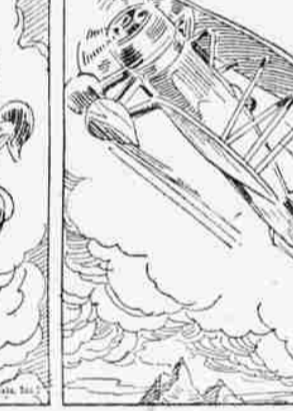
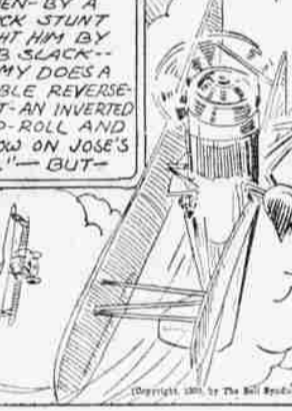
(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

7-5

# S-MATTER POP—



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Guns Jam!



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sheriff Arrives!



# THE NEBBS—The Smart Mr. Nebb



# THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Surprise Week



# GHASTLY DIALOGUE IN SKY IS HALTED BY 2000 FT. DROP

ST. CLAIR SHORES, Mich., July 6.—(AP)—Death broke up a ghoulish dialogue in the clouds Thursday night as several thousand holiday merry makers waited for the inevitable.

William T. Henderson, Toledo, a pilot, had shot 2000 feet skyward in a hot air balloon to entertain the tourists of July crowd with his parachute daring.

At 2000 feet, he adjusted his parachute equipment, settled himself on his trapeze perch, and looked down to find Fred Cardoni, 30, of Detroit, clinging desperately to a long guine rope swinging beneath the balloon, his feet beating the air.

"How the hell did you get there?"

Wayne Bald, 3400 feet high in the Nantahala national forest near Franklin, S. C. is said to be the only high mountain in the southern Appalachians with a motor road to its peak.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutthill