

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Laurie Moore was made a widow when her husband was last trying to fly the Pacific. Mark Albert, owner of an airplane factory, is interested in Laurie, and Laurie admires him. Now she is returning to London from Liverpool, where she has gone to see her dancing sister Gladys open in a show. She has been seen from falling out of the train by a group of stronger, whom she is trying to thank.

Chapter Three THE TRAVELER

"DON'T bother with thanks," the stranger returned. "I didn't know there was a girl left who would admit that she didn't do everything properly."

Another slap in the face. What an odious man!

She could not help looking at him, as he sat in his corner, reading. He held the paper in a curious way, far from his eyes. So she could see his face.

It was an unusual face, cast in a rough mould, though lean. The brow square and rugged; the nose bold, with a slight upward tilt; the mouth long, firm, angry-looking.

But his eyes gave her a little shock when, accidentally, she caught his direct gaze. They were the strangest

going to pieces. Women running the country — women in Parliament, swimming the Channel, winning the King's Cup, racing at Brooklands!"

Really, he was impossible! Laurie gave him a sarcastic look, and laughed coldly.

"You don't seem to like women." "Don't know much about them," he said, and meeting her blue eyes, his own strange pale ones lit up with an unexpected smile. "Dare say they're all right in their place. But not running the country and setting the pace."

That smile gave Laurie another shock. It was only in his eyes, not on his lips, and just as if a bright light had been lit behind them. It was mocking, challenging, but it was human, which, up till then, he had not seemed to be.

"You prefer living abroad?" she asked rather stiffly.

"I've had no choice lately. No, I don't prefer it. I think the whole world's a pretty rotten place."

"YOU seem to have a grudge against all the world," remarked Laurie, ruffled, although she did not realize it, by the fact that he did not take the slightest interest in herself.

"I guess I have," he replied curtly. "You see, I've only just lately

FORMER WIFE OF VANDERBILT 2ND TAKEN BY DEATH

NEW YORK, July 8.—(AP)—Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, the former Virginia Fair who married William K. Vanderbilt, 2nd, in 1869, and divorced him in 1927, after eighteen years of separation, is dead of pneumonia.

The two daughters, Muriel and Consuelo, were at her bedside yesterday in her town home on East 93rd street. Her son, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was killed in an auto accident in North Carolina in 1932.

Announcements incident to Mrs. Vanderbilt's death made no mention of age. At the time of her marriage her age was given as 21, which would make her 67 at her death.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was the daughter of the late Senator James Graham Fair of Nevada. She was born in San Francisco and lived there until her father's death in 1894. Her share of her father's estate—made up of a vast silver fortune from the famous Comstock lode—was estimated at \$5,000,000.

When Mrs. Vanderbilt obtained her divorce in Paris she charged Vanderbilt with "moral desertion and continued absence." Vanderbilt, suing at the same time, charged "incompatibility and coolness."

Fishermen's Luck. ASHVILLE, N. C., July 8.—(AP)—P. V. McCann, Sr., and his son fished all day in the French Broad

EXPLODING METEOR SHAKES URAL AREA

KRASNOVISHERSK, Ural Area, U. S. S. R., July 8.—(AP)—A meteor, which passed high over this town in a fiery streak today, exploded with such force it shook the houses throughout the district.

The passage was accompanied by a thunderous noise. The explosion, presumably before striking the earth, occurred three minutes later while the sky was still marked with a smoky trail.

Oregon Weather. Slightly cloudy tonight; Tuesday fair with rising temperature in interior; moderate west wind off the coast.

SEASIDE LOGGER STABBED BY WIFE

ASTORIA, Ore., July 8.—(AP)—Mrs. Margaret Hart, resident of Stanley Acres near Seaside, was lodged in the Clatsop county jail here yesterday as a result of the fatal stabbing of her husband, Stanley Hart, 40, a logger, early Sunday morning.

Sheriff J. V. Burns said the tragedy was preceded by Hart's objecting to staying at home while friends were being entertained at the Hart home. He had gone to stay with a neighbor, Joe Haslet, deputies said, and later when he observed his wife walking along the road toward the Haslet house he had gone outside to meet her.

Hart died a few minutes later of knife wounds. Mrs. Hart was scheduled to have a hearing in circuit court here today.

Hart was employed as a logger.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT LASTS
COOLING

THE FAMILY ALBUM—LOCKING UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-6

LOCKS UP THE HOUSE, VERY GLAD TO BE GETTING TO BED

HALFWAY UPSTAIRS, WIFE CALLS WOULD HE MIND BRINGING IN HER SWEATER FROM THE VERANDA

GETS SWEATER, WIFE CALLING DID HE LOCK THE BACK DOOR BECAUSE WILFRED'S AT THE DANCE AND MAY NOT HAVE HIS KEY

GRUMBLES THAT HE DOESN'T LIKE LEAVING DOORS UNLOCKED, BUT GOES AND UNLOCKS BACK DOOR

STARTS UP AGAIN WIFE CALLING IT'S ALL RIGHT TO LOCK IT, SHE JUST REMEMBERS REMINDING WILFRED TO TAKE KEY

LOCKS BACK DOOR, ALSO UNLOCKS FRONT DOOR TO MAKE SURE PORCH LIGHT IS OUT, AND LOCKS IT AGAIN

GOES AND MAKES SURE HE LOCKED VERANDA DOOR AFTER GOING OUT TO GET SWEATER—GOES UP AT LAST

MAKES FINAL TRIP DOWN TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T ASSENT-MINDEDLY BOLT BACK DOOR AS WELL AS LOCK IT. AND SO TO BED

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"Have you been away from England long?" she asked.

eyes she had ever seen. Light, clear eyes, grey, startling in his deeply tanned face. Steel grey she thought at first, but when he looked up they seemed almost white, like snow with a shadow on it.

His hair was dark brown, growing squarely back from his forehead, and was rather untidy.

His face went with his manner, Laurie thought. A pity he was such a boor. It might be quite a nice face. Especially when his eyes were bent down on his paper, and his thick dark lashes shadowed the high cheek bones. It looked as if it might be a very nice face. But he evidently had a horrid disposition.

Presently he put down his newspaper and got up.

"I'm going to have some tea," he said. "Would you like some?"

"No, thank you," answered Laurie, on her dignity.

"But don't you want any? You were trying to buy a tea basket!"

"I know. But I don't want any now." She emphasized the last word.

"All right!" He slipped off his overcoat, and went out.

He was tall. His figure expressed abstract qualities, as his face did. His mouth was angry. His broad shoulders were impatient. His clothes were very shabby and looked foreign. She supposed he was a traveller from abroad.

SEVERAL people passed going to the dining car. Laurie was dying for a cup of tea. But pride forbade it. The man had asked her and she had refused.

She could not help getting up and looking at his suitcases. But there was no name on them, not even a label with his destination.

It came back. "Tastes good, one's first cup of English tea!" he said in the same abrupt, impersonal way. "About the only thing that hasn't changed in the old country, I expect."

Laurie resented his manner so much that she tried to prevent herself from answering. But her interest was too strong.

"Have you been away from England long?" she asked.

"Ages since I was home. It was bad enough last time. Everything

recovered my sight. I've been blind for—for a long time."

"Oh!" She melted instinctively. "I'm sorry. That must have been dreadful. But aren't you glad that you've got your sight back? I should think that would make you like the world."

"I'm an ungrateful devil, I suppose. I grudge the time when I couldn't see—the waste! You don't know what it's like to be helpless all in the dark, not to be able to move, when you're used to an active life."

"Of course, it must have been awful for you," Laurie assented. It was as if an invisible wire were stretched between them, and on it a tiny tone had been struck that rang with an unknown but pleasant sound. "Are you quite cured?" she asked gently.

"Yes, so. It was a kind of nervous trouble. But who knows? It may come back."

"You mustn't think so." There seemed to be nothing more to say.

He took up his paper again, and Laurie, overcome by a sudden shyness in his presence, decided that, after all, she would go and have a cup of tea.

The trait was rushing through the Northern suburbs. In a few minutes they would be in St. Pancras, and the great world of London would swallow them both up.

Laurie had lingered over her tea as long as possible. When she came back, her fellow traveller was in the corridor, smoking a cigarette that smelt very nice.

He stayed there for some time, and when he entered the carriage again, Laurie was gathering her things together.

"Funny, isn't it," he said in the same abrupt way, "when I was blind I didn't care about smoking a bit!"

"Yes, very strange," she agreed. She could not understand why, as he so obviously disapproved of his fellow creatures, and particularly of her sex, he should take the trouble to talk to her at all.

She looked up and found his eyes fixed on her with an intent, penetrating glance.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Tomorrow, the stranger meets Mark Albert.

INDIAN MURDER TRIAL IS OPENED IN EUREKA

EUREKA, Calif., July 8.—(AP)—Eureka's first federal court murder trial in 23 years opened here today, with Johnny Joe, 35-year-old Klamath Indian, accused of murdering another Indian, Eddie Mitchell, 28, last March 9.

The body of Mitchell, who had been stabbed to death, was found beside a trail on the Hoopa Indian reservation, near here, the judge placing the case in the hands of federal authorities.

Photo 542 W.P. sent away your release. City Sanitary Service.

S-MATTER POP

LA-LA-LA LA-LA!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Displays Sportsmanship!

IF I CAN HIT HIS "PROP"—THAT'S ALL I HOPE FOR—JUST CRIPPLE HIS SHIP.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dawn

THE FIRST FAINT GLOW OF DAWN OVER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS HAD COME BEFORE THE RANCH WAS REACHED, AND GRIFF BOYCE MORGAN TOOK CHARGE OF AFFAIRS—CHUCK CHAPIN, DESPERATELY WOUNDED, AND CLAMMY WERE RUSHED TO HADDOCKVILLE—GO, TOO, WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF LOCOMOTIVE—

THE NEBBS—Big-Hearted Nebb

WELL, WHERE'S YOUR PICK AND SHOVEL. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE GOING INTO THE MINING BUSINESS?

WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR INFORMATION, YOU STEPPING STONE TO MISFORTUNE?

WELL, EMMA IS SHOWING YOUR \$1000 CHECK TO EVERYBODY. SHE SAID IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, SHE'D HAVE GOTTEN ONLY \$100 AND NO HALF INTEREST IN THE STOCK!

WELL, I PROTECTED HER INTERESTS—WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

NOTHING WRONG, BUT I TOLD HER TO STICK THE CHECK IN THE BANK AS FAST AS SHE COULD—THE WAY YOU'RE SPRINKLING YOUR DOUGH AROUND IT CAN'T LAST AND FIRST COME FIRST SERVED!

POLICE PUT CLOAK ON GERTIE GODIVA

SAN DIEGO, Calif., July 8.—(AP)—"Lady Godiva" rode again last night—but she was draped in a black cloak.

It was two members of Chief of Police George Clegg's vice squad that demanded some of the "sensations" taken from the performance.

But "Gold Gertie," who erected a sensation Saturday night in her first ride, didn't give in until after more than an hour of wrangling with the peace officers.

"Godiva" was ready for her ride through gold gulch, the exposition's "dier camp," when the two officers approached. She pleaded with the officers, even threw a thin and narrow strip of orange cloth over her shoulder which she was sure would rob her

THE BUNGLER FAMILY—Suspicion

My dispatch case, my papers, that we all give found! Here Hartford a vote of thanks for finding I just can't understand how it was found behind that chair.

The papers—yes, all here—but ah, they have been taken out, put back, I am sure.

Well anyhow, now that Hartford found them.

I know positively I moved that chair ten times in the last week. Positively.

On the corner of each paper is a little mark—ah, where they have been held while somebody photographs them, eh Oakdale?

Sir? I'm afraid, my dear Count, that I don't quite follow you. All I know about your bally old papers is that I happened to find them and.

Tricked! Me! Right before our eyes you find these papers, Oakdale, you are quite clever. We must have lunch and I offer you.

Sorry, but I already have an engagement. Well Colonel, Mrs. Bungle, Peggy—I'll say au revoir.

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JUST WHEN TOMMY MANAGED TO GET ON THE TAIL OF JOSE'S PLANE—HIS MACHINE GUN JAMMED—BUT TOMMY, KNOWING THAT HIS OLD ENEMY WAS DETERMINED TO SHOOT HIM DOWN, DREW HIS AUTOMATIC AND

2227

IT SEEMS THAT SENIOR TAILSPIN TOMMY CANNOT USE HIS MACHINE GUNS

AWK!

ARE YOU PUNISHING THAT CHILD?

STOP! BAW-W! GIMMK, GIMMK, GIMMK!

HONEST, MAW, I'M STRUGGLIN' IN SELF DEFENSE!

NEVER CAN IT BE SAID, JOSE JOLLA TAKES THE ADVANTAGE OF HIS ENEMIGO—I NOW FIGHT YOU WITH YOUR OWN WEAPONS, SENOR TAILSPIN TOMMY

THE FIRST FAINT GLOW OF DAWN OVER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS HAD COME BEFORE THE RANCH WAS REACHED, AND GRIFF BOYCE MORGAN TOOK CHARGE OF AFFAIRS—CHUCK CHAPIN, DESPERATELY WOUNDED, AND CLAMMY WERE RUSHED TO HADDOCKVILLE—GO, TOO, WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF LOCOMOTIVE—

BOY, YOU SURE UNCOVERED A MESS!

EVERYTHING AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON ONE'S FACE, NOW—LOCOMOTIVE WAS A RUMBLIN' THEM LONG-HORNS ACROSS THE BORDER AN BACK BRINGIN' IN 'BOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH O' DOPE ON EACH TRIP—

--AN' THE GRAY GHOST AN' CLAMMY FIGGERED ON SOME PROFITABLE HI-JACKIN'--WELL, THE WHOLE KIT AN' KABOODLE IS NOW IN THE HANDS O' THE LAW BECAUSE YOU HAD EYES IN YOUR HEAD AN' USED 'EM--

BEN, I JUST READ A LETTER SOME O' THE BOYS BROUGHT UP TO ME—ME OLD AUNT MARY IS ALIVIN' AN' IVE GOT TO LEAVE AT ONCE!

WELL, WHERE'S YOUR PICK AND SHOVEL. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE GOING INTO THE MINING BUSINESS?

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