

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** Laurie Moore, widowed when her husband disappeared while trying to fly the Pacific, works for Mark Albery, the London airplane manufacturer. Albery is interested in Laurie, Laurie is returning from Liverpool, where she had gone to see her dancer sister open in a new show, when a strangely brusque stranger sees her from falling from the train. He says he has been blind until recently.

Chapter Four  
REX MOORE

"WE'RE nearly there," the stranger said. "Do you live in London?"

"Yes, I work in London." Laurie spoke defiantly, and her blue eyes were brilliant, as she looked at him. She accused him of his uncouth rudeness, which seemed so deliberate to her. Her little straight nose was in the air. Her red-brown waves of hair shone richly under the lamps of the carriage, that were now lit. Her vital face took on one of its beautiful moments, framed in the high dark collar of sable-dyed fur on her black coat.

The man's eyes blazed back his own strange defiance.

"So you work?" he said. "Taking a man's job, I suppose, like the rest of you girls!"

Laurie gasped at this deliberate insult. She could not answer it at the moment. She was struck dumb.

The train slowed down and entered the station.

"I don't suppose we shall meet again," the man said casually. "So I'll say good-bye."

Laurie found her tongue. "Good-bye!" Her voice trembled. "I think you are abominably rude and unfair. And I certainly hope we shall never meet again!"

She took up her suitcase and marched indignantly down to the other end of the corridor.

**MARK ALBERY** was alone in his library after dinner, just a week later. When in London he occupied a spacious flat on the first floor of a building on the Chelsea Embankment. But the time when his presence was not actually needed in London, and he was not abroad, he spent in the country, in an old, roomy house not far from his factory in Cambridgeshire.

In spite of his sophistication and his eminently worldly tastes, he was happier in the country. He liked wide vistas and vast skiescapes. He was never tired of looking up at the sky, where the creations of his brain broke records and conquered distances, and were rapidly making of the world a much smaller place.

That was why he lived in Chelsea, where he could look out on the river and a stretch of sky. The slow movement of the Thames barges and lighters, compared with the speed of his red-winged birds that skimmed over them, that was the kind of sight that delighted his soul.

On this evening in late April there had been a lovely rose-pink sunset, and now filmy lilac veils were streaming across the sky in the West.

He could see the river from his big windows, with the lighted street lamps shedding a faint radiance, and the trees of Battersea Park opposite, like lace work, silhouetted against the sky.

But it was not of planes that he was thinking just then.

It was of young Mrs. Moore, whom he had seen only once since Easter, when she met him on the stairs of the office building and thanked him again for her holiday.

Miss Dixie was back at work. He was sorry for it. That girl with the blue eyes and the chestnut hair would stay in his thoughts. He could not upset the accustomed routine of the office. He had no fault to find with Miss Dixie. But—

Still—

His butler came into the room.

"A gentleman is asking to see you, sir."

"What name?"

"He wouldn't give his name, sir."

"What is he like? Anybody you know?"

"No, sir. A tall young gentleman."

"Anything special about him, Dawson?"

"He looks as if he had had an illness, sir, and he has rather peculiar eyes." Dawson was used to these questions. His master was apt to be pestered by all sorts of people who wanted something.

"Go and ask him, please, why he won't give his name."

The butler came back.

"The gentleman says he is quite willing to give his name, but

he would rather give it to you, sir. And he says you know him."

"Rather cool," commented Albery, "but, all right, show him in, Dawson."

A tall thin youngish man, with a rugged face and rather startling pale grey eyes, walked into the room.

Albery stared at him for a few moments without recognition. Then a look came into his face as if he saw a ghost.

He started to his feet, exclaiming:

"Moore! Rex Moore! It's Rex Moore, isn't it? You're alive!"

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# ATONEMENT'S AIM IS TO RETURN MAN TO GOD'S PATHWAY

Speaking Sunday night from the topic "Man Formed, Framed, Found and Fixed," from the Church of the Nazarene pulpit, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, said in part as follows:

"My text you will find in Palma 8:4 'What is Man?' and in James 4:14 'What is Your Life?'"

"What is life? From the early history of man the scientist has tried to fathom it. The scientist has tried to fathom it. The artist has tried to paint it, but only God could create it. In Gen. 2:7 we have the words 'And the Lord God formed man, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' In Isa. 43rd and 7th verse God affirms three times that he created man. He is the only creation of God of whom it is said 'was made a living soul.'"

"Of the time of man's innocency we have the record that he was made in the image of God, a holy being. Of man's transgression we do not need to be instructed. That he was framed by an enemy and dragged from the pinnacle of the hand of creation left him, no one questions."

"The object of the atonement is to bring man back into fellowship with God. It is a revelation of the feelings of God for a sinner. Love like His has never been rivaled. But the

# DISPUTED CHILD NOW IN LINE FOR BRITISH BARONY

LONDON, July 9.—(AP)—Geoffrey Russell, 14 years old, for whom his mother waged a sensational four-year fight to establish his legitimacy, became the direct heir to a barony by the death of his grandfather, Lord Amthill, 66, yesterday.

The new lord is John Hugo Russell, who initiated in July 1922, the proceedings which developed into what became known as the "Russell baby case," by seeking to divorce his wife, the former Christabel Hulme Hart.

Russell, the son of the late Lord Amthill, went to court after the birth of Geoffrey, asserting he never had had marital relations with his wife, and asked for divorce. The baby was taken into court and shown to the jury in an effort to prove whether he resembled Russell. The jury disagreed.

In a retrial in March, 1928, Russell was granted a decree Nisi.

Mrs. Russell appealed the decision, lost the appeal, then took the case to the house of lords where the appeal was allowed in May, 1924.

Two years later the boy, through his mother as guardian, brought action to obtain the formal declaration of his legitimacy, establishing the right of his succession to the barony. The court declared Geoffrey "the lawful child of his parents."

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# UP IN THE AIR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WITH NONE OUT AND THE BASES FULL, TELLS TEAM TO STEADY DOWN AND NOT GO UP IN THE AIR

IMMEDIATELY WHIRLS AND THROWS TO FIRST, TRYING TO CATCH RUNNER OFF FIRST

JUMPS UP AND DOWN SHOUTING TO FIRST BASE MAN TO PICK THE BALL UP AND THROW TO SECOND, HE'S STEALING, HURRY UP!

SHRIEKS TO SECOND-BASE MAN TO HOLD THE BALL, NO, THROW IT TO FIRST, NO, RUN HIM DOWN, NO, THROW IT, THROW IT!

SCREAMS LOOK OUT, HE'S STEALING THIRD, HURRY UP, THROW IT TO THIRD

RUNS TOWARD BASE LINE, BELLOWING TO THROW IT TO HIM, HE CAN TAG HIM OUT

DROPS THROW, PICKS BALL UP AND SEEING RUNNER HEADING FOR HOME, HURLS IT, BALL GOING OVER BACK STOP, EVERYBODY SCORING

TELLS TEAM FOR PHY'S SAKE TO STEADY DOWN NOW AND NOT GET RAYLED

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# S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne

YOW, YOW, YOW!

OH, CAN'T YA MAKE HIM BEHAVE, POP?

YOW, YOW, YOW!

CATCH-UM, GOOCH-UM!

YER TOO EASY!

THE STEEN WITH HIM, POP!

MAKE HIM SIT ON HIS OWN LAP!

SKLMEF?

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Is Shot Down

By Hal Forrest

WHEN TOMMY'S MACHINE GUN JAMMED—JUST WHEN HE HAD "TOP POSITION" OVER HIS OLD ENEMY, JOSE JOLLA, WHO IS TRYING TO SHOOT TOMMY DOWN—THE THREE-POINT FLYER DREW HIS PISTOL AND—

BOY!!! SHATTERED HIS "PROP" WITH THAT BULLET!

—AND—HE'S LOST CONTROL—

IF HE'D BEEN FLYING NORMALLY WHEN HIS "PROP" BROKE—HE'D HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SLIDE DOWN— BUT NOW—HE'S IN A—

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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Parting of the Ways

By Edwin Alger

YOU MEAN YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE US, LUKE?

BE DAD, AN' I AIN'T WANTIN' TO BE FOR LONG BUT—

GEE, I'LL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO! AND SO WILL BRIAR— WE OWE AN AWFUL LOT TO YOU, LUKE—

AW, BEN, YOU DON'T OWE ME NOTHIN'! WHY, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, ALL THEM BUZZARDS WOULD'VE KEPT ON STUFFIN' COWS' HORNS WITH DOPE, VIOLATIN' THE LAWS O' THE LAND, AN' GITTIN' AWAY WITH MURDER—

—BUT YOU STOPPED 'EM!

I HAD YOUR HELP, LUKE— DON'T FORGET THAT—NEVER WILL!

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# THE NEBBS—Twas Ever Thus

By Sol Hess

THE WORLD IS ONE BIG BOWL OF CHERRIES FOR RUDY NOW AS HE DREAMS OF A GREAT FORTUNE COMING TO HIM THROUGH THE MINING STOCK HE BOUGHT FROM EMMA

THAT GUY BOOSEL, WOULDN'T COULD HE BE SPENDING ALL THAT DOUGH, AND OFFER EMMA A THOUSAND BUCKS FOR HER STOCK IF THERE WASN'T GOLD IN THAT MINE. I CAN HEAR THE PRESIDENT CALLING ON THE PHONE, "SEND US ANOTHER TRUCK OF GOLD—THE LAST LOAD WAS SATISFACTORY"

DEAR WISE GUY:— I'M ENCLOSED A TELEGRAM I RECEIVED WHILE IN NORTHVILLE SAYING THE MINE IS FULL OF WATER. I ONLY OFFERED THAT GRUNTLEY GAL \$1,000 FOR HER STOCK BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D MEET THE PRICE. YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE GOLD BUSINESS BUT YOU ARE STILL IN THE WATER BUSINESS.

YOURS, BEN BOOSEL

IF I CAN KEEP MY FACE FROM LOOKING SAD NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT THIS

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# THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Deductions

By Harry J. L...

Oskdale! Such nerve. Twirling his dinky little mustache. "Finding that Count's papers behind a chair that I positively moved 20 times in the last week."

Listen Jo, I personally saw him pick up that case and...

I saw that too, Mother.

Maybe you two keen observers also saw that he was holding something under his coat when he sauntered into this house.... like this.

Oh Mother, how utterly... well...

In other words Jo, your theory is that it was all done with mirrors. That old Hartford palmed stuff that's about as easy to conceal as arguments at a family reunion.

I saw Hartford pick up the case and...

I did, too.

And I heard it drop on the floor just before he "found" it, too. And while both of you stood with your eyes hanging out, waved it in the air and said, "Here are the papers! Ugh! Him!"

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# LUMBER INDUSTRY REGAINING STRIDE

WASHINGTON, July 9.—(AP) The National Lumber Manufacturers' association reported today that lumber production and shipments during the week ended June 29 were the highest in seven weeks.

New business, the report said, remained about the same as during the previous three weeks.

For the first six months of 1935, shipments and new business exceeded production by 14 per cent and 30 per cent respectively.

During the week 607, reporting hardwood and softwood mills produced 149,878,000 feet; shipped 167,648,000 feet; and booked orders of 159,961,000 feet.

# KENNETH MOORE WINS HONOR GRADE IN NAVY

Word was received today at the U. S. Army recruiting station here that Kenneth G. Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Moore of 825 Dakota avenue, who enlisted in the U. S. navy last April 18, has been selected as honor man for his company for the past week because of his excellent ability, aptitude and influence on his shipmates.

Moore is attached to Company 35-7 at the naval training station at San Diego, Cal. The local recruiting officer also reported that Moore has been selected for the machinist mates' school, which is operated by the navy for training machinist mates, at the naval training station at Hampton Roads, Va.

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