

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Rex Moore, supposedly lost while trying to fly the Pacific, has returned to London. He learns from his former employer that Laurie Moore is an employee of Albert's. But there is something odd in the way Moore takes the news. Albert thinks, still more odd is the fact that Laurie and Rex rode in the same compartment from Liverpool to London without apparently recognizing each other.

Chapter Six. MAD SITUATION

"As it happens, I have Mrs. Moore's address here," said Mark Albert. "Mrs. Moore worked for me personally for a few weeks while my private secretary was ill. She does not have a telephone, however."

A slightly elaborate explanation, and not quite true. Albert had asked Laurie for her address because he wanted to know where she lived.

He found it in his address book and gave it to the young man. "Do you think perhaps you ought to warn Mrs. Moore? Shall I do it for you? It will be such a shock."

"You just said you don't kill," smiled Moore, with that sudden smile in his eyes, touched with mockery. "Thanks very much, I'll just get right along."

Albert felt a sudden dislike for the airman. There was something incomprehensible about him. His manner was so off-hand, almost inhuman. He was certainly changed, not only in looks, but perhaps his adventure had really turned his brain a little.

"I have a great admiration for Mrs. Moore," he said, a trifle stiffly. "She has shown the greatest pluck, and she is a splendid worker. You are a very lucky man, Moore."

"Sure, I know I must be," was the airman's reply, as they shook hands. On Albert's part, not quite so warmly, this time.

Laurie Moore sat in her little living-room in the roof, with its slanting attic ceiling on either side of the quaint dormer window, from which she looked over a dusty wilderness behind high fences, where the old houses on the other side of the street had been pulled down, and re-building had not yet begun.

Laurie's house was condemned, too, with its eight neighbors. Hers was the end one, and there was a solitary plane tree in front of it, at the moment delicately tasselled and bursting into green.

Laurie was making an evening frock for Glad. She had cooked and eaten her supper and washed up and put everything away.

It was a bright little room. Laurie wanted everything that Glad wanted. And Glad adored color. So there was orange and soft blue in the curtains and covers, and there were flowery cushions, and on the dark stained floor gay mats, and the furniture was painted white and primrose. As the old landlady said, it looked more like a garden than a room.

Laurie's bell rang. That meant there was a visitor downstairs at the front door. Each tenant had a bell, and attended to it. The landlady was not only old but rheumatic.

Who could it be? She had not many friends. Several of the girls in the office she liked very much but nearly all of them lived in the suburbs, and they only met when they made appointments. She knew three or four young men fairly well. But with none of them was she on such terms that they would drop in casually just before ten o'clock at night.

She put down the gleaming sky-blue material that she was stitching with her busy, loving fingers, and went downstairs. She had a little landing all to herself, but no door enclosing the flat. She switched on a light on the first landing, as she ran down.

When she opened the front door, a tall man stood outside. "I want to see Mrs. Moore," he said. "I am Mrs. Moore." Laurie answered, surprised.

He was in the shadow; her face was lit by the lamp in the narrow hall.

He gave a sharp exclamation. Then stared at her for a speechless moment. Then asked in a muffled voice:

"You are Mrs. Moore? You?"

He laughed, and Laurie recognized him, and gave a little cry. It was the man in the train who had been so rude to her.

"Oh, it's you! I didn't see you at

first! What do you want? How do you know I lived here? How do you know my name?"

He seemed to find speech difficult. He was staring at her. He would evidently not take his eyes from her face.

"It looks like fate," he said at last, which sounded to her perfectly ridiculous. Then he went on. "A friend of yours gave me your address. I found out your name—never mind how. I want to have a chat with you. May I come in?"

"I don't know why you should," she answered, resenting him, as she



"You were extremely rude to me."

had done before. "I don't want to talk to you. I don't know who you are. I don't know what friend of mine you could have met. You were extremely rude to me in the train."

"I've something important to say to you. Let me come in! I won't keep you long."

His tone was so commanding that she gave way against her will. She led him upstairs and turned on more lights in her room.

She did not ask him to sit down. She looked at him coldly.

"Would you please explain why you are here?"

"Out of curiosity," he replied, with that smile in his eyes that both fascinated and repelled her. "I am in a peculiar position—unique, I imagine. You will admit I have reason for my curiosity, not to say interest. I have just learned that you are my widow. I mean—you have been my widow. Now, it is interesting to a man to learn he has a widow—when he has never had a wife."

Laurie stood there, dumb, her eyes wide, her mouth open, but not a sound could she make. Then her knees gave way and she fell into a chair.

"You see, I happen to be Rex Moore," he explained. His voice was harsh; his angry lips curled with contempt. "I have just been with Mark Albert, and he told me that you, my widow, were working in his office, and had been for two years."

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Tomorrow Laurie tries to explain a difficult situation.

where he visited his nephew, Bert Bell, who lives at the big mill on the lake.

Mrs. Mary O. Carey was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Rolston of Medford at their summer home "Scotty On the Rogue" near the fishing preserve of the British consul opposite Gold Hill. There are many beautiful and slightly summer homes along the road at this point.

Noah Chandler had the misfortune to have his team frightened and run away one day last week while hauling hay. Fortunately no damage was done beyond tearing up his hayrack.

May has been bringing the best prices in the field this season that it has for several years. Many are selling for \$10 in the field.

Phoenix Orange held a most interesting meeting Tuesday evening when the children put on the program. Many of the little tots were on the platform for the first time and each one did their part admirably. After the program a birthday supper was observed for several of the members, Wednesday evening about 15 journeyed to Central Point to join the Phoenix Grange.

Widow's Shock Kicks Horse.

WELLAND, Ore.—(UP)—The thrill whistle of a steamer passing through the Welland canal recently proved too much of a shock for "Bill," 16-year-old horse, who fell dead from the shock of the sudden blast.

ODOR OF ONIONS MAY BE QUIETED BY SCIENTISTS

ITHACA, N. Y. —(UP)— Development of a brand of tear-less and odorless onions is the aim of scientists of the Cornell university department of vegetable crops who recently produced several strains of non-smelling cabbage.

Experiments are under way, it was disclosed, to determine on which types of soil or in what locality either mild or strong onions may be grown and what determines the power of the onion to bring tears to the eyes.

The scientists hope even to extend to conquering garlic, it was intimated.

Practical results cannot be expected for several years. Dr. Hans Plate-nius, engaged in research for the department, announced.

Onions cause tears because they contain a volatile oil, present in small amounts. Dr. Plate-nius explained. He cited experiments made 40 years ago by a German chemist, F. W. Semmler.

Semmler had to distill more than a ton of onions to study the chemical composition and nature of the oil which he found causes the tears," Dr. Plate-nius said. "Even then, he obtained less than one-tenth of a pint of pure oil. What it lacks in quantity, he made up on the power of the oil."

Dr. Plate-nius disclosed that a fraction of a drop of the oil obtained from the onions was sufficient to

make the odor of onions noticeable through out several large buildings.

"Based on the findings of Semmler, we have developed a chemical method of measuring the pungency of onions accurately by giving the amount of volatile sulphur in the onion oil. This method had to be developed because the common tasting test was unreliable."

"Next, we had to discover which varieties were mildest and which the strongest. Onions of all the leading varieties were obtained from different parts of the country. Analysis of the samples showed that our commercial varieties can be placed in three distinct groups—the mildest, medium and the strongest onions."

In the mildest group, Dr. Plate-nius said, the mildest discovered were the Italian red, the sweet Spanish types and the early Grano. In the most pungent were White Portuguese, Australian Brown, Ebenezer and Red Greole.

The studies, he said, include such problems as temperature, irrigation and the amount of sulphur in the soil as they effect the strength of the onions.

PLAN WORK CREW FOR CLEANING UP AT LAKE O' WOODS

Upon returning Wednesday from an inspection trip to the Dead Indian and Lake o' the Woods districts, Supervisor Karl Janouch of Rogue River national forest announced that he expects word from upstate offices soon authorizing a plan whereby 75 men chosen from the Jackson county relief rolls, will be put to work at relief wages in the forest.

The project, coming under jurisdiction of the Emergency Relief Act, calls for only hand work, with no overhead positions, and will be supervised by the regular forest service personnel. Janouch said that he plans to concentrate the men around Lake o' the Woods for recreation work, reduction of fire hazard, roadside cleanup, and to thin thick stands of timber to promote growth.

Specifications of hire and wage are expected soon. Janouch said the regular relief wage scale for Jackson county, which ranges from \$44 to \$69 per month, but he was uninformed whether or not deductions from the monthly wages would be made for room and board. He said the matter of housing and subsisting the men will be worked out after the project is authorized.

ROOSEVELT WINS TEST ON TVA COMPROMISE

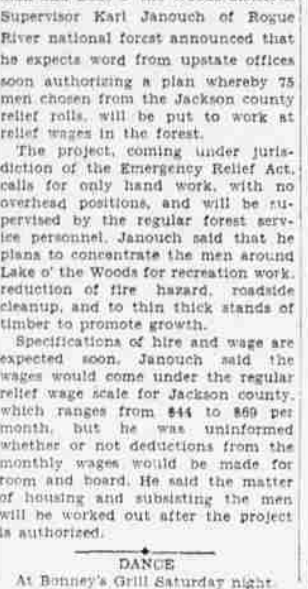
WASHINGTON, July 11.—(AP)—The administration won a decisive victory today in the first vital test on the compromise TVA bill when the house accepted, 98 to 67, an amendment deleting a section forbidding TVA after July 1, 1937, to sell power or chemicals below production costs.

Umbrella Rout's Bandits.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn. — (UP)— Joseph Grykiewicz found his umbrella was protection against thieves as well as showers. When two highwaymen waylaid him on his way home, he opened the umbrella in their faces and they fled.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



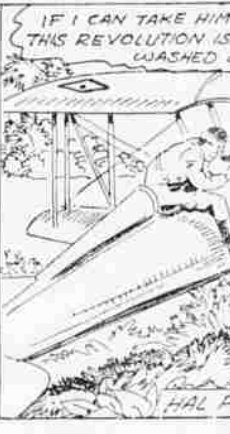
WHEN YOU'VE BEEN CALLED IN FROM PLAY TO GREET A DISTANT RELATIVE, WHO LOOKS LIKE THE KISSING, HOLD-YO-IN-HER-LAP KIND, AND PERCEIVE THAT INTERESTED SPECTATORS HAVE GATHERED ON THE PORCH TO WATCH PROCEEDINGS

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S-MATTER POP—



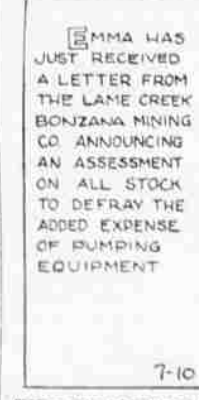
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Willing to Help His Enemy—But



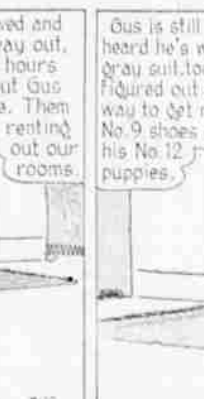
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Old Prospector



THE NEBBS—It's All Yours



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Stymied



Eden Precinct

EDEN PRECINCT, July 11.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Lulu Hamilton of Oakland, former resident of this precinct, was a visitor at Ashland over the Fourth of July. Mrs. Hamilton came to Yreka to attend the wedding of her son, Mervyn Fiddler, on July 6th at Yreka.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Parker spent the fourth at Grants Pass. Mr. Parker played in the band the fourth at the Pass.

William Beardsley of Rogue River was a business visitor in Phoenix last Monday.

Walter Germer had his wheat bounds last Monday. He had quite a scare Monday morning when he found one of the horses missing. Later he found out one of the boys of the owner had come late at night and taken the horse.

Mrs. A. G. Croy and her daughters, Mrs. Bob Eikman of Medford and Talent Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Papworth of San Francisco and Mrs. J. Berg, a friend, will visit with Mrs. Papworth's mother and brother, Mrs. Margrate and Walter Germer and family of Phoenix for a couple of weeks.

At Bell of Phoenix spent the week of the fourth at Klamath Falls,

By C. M. Payne

by Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutthill