

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: By pretending that she was married to Rex Moore, the alumnus, Laurie Moore has got her- self into a mess. Rex, supposed to be lost in the Pacific, has returned. To hold his job with Mark Albery, plane manufacturer, he and Laurie must keep up the pretense. The worst part is that Rex rubs Laurie the wrong way consistently.

Chapter Nine WORSE TANGLE

Laurie had made a kind of a cult for Rex, as she had made for Mark Albery, in her hero-worshipping way. She had heard so much about him from Belle Mason, who adored him and would have been his wife, if she had lived.

So much that she had seemed to know him. His gaiety, his kindness. His bursts of temper, that were over in a moment; his restlessness when he was bound to earth.

As she had told him a few minutes ago, when she thought of how she and Glad had been saved and had prospered because of him, because of her at first innocent masquerade, she had told herself that, if he knew, he would forgive her. He wouldn't mind. But, then, of course, she had thought he was dead, and she had felt the dead would understand.

How he must have changed! She remembered that he had been blind, and her warm heart went out to him for a moment, and that he had probably saved her life the other day.

But why must he force her into this odious position? Surely, he could have found a way out! The logical part of her mind saw the justice of it. But his last words had stung her on the raw—"When the time comes to pay, you don't like it, and you squeal!"

He was a selfish brute and he despised her. And she hated him for coming back and upsetting her life. She would pay and she wouldn't squeal. But she would punish him, all the same, for those insulting words.

In the morning Laurie could almost have thought the episode had been a dream. She had slept surprisingly soundly after the shock and stir of the encounter.

There was no word from Rex Moore. By the post only a scrawl from Gladys, saying that their tour was being shortened, and she would probably be back in London in the middle of May. A "rest" was indicated. She hoped to goodness it wouldn't be for long.

Laurie waited, feeling a fool, a few minutes beyond her time before she left for the office, which was within an easy walk. But nothing happened.

So she set forth and did her day's work as usual, following the routine with a kind of intelligently vacant mind. Nobody said anything to her. Evidently the news of Rex Moore's return had not filtered through from above.

Mark Albery did not send for her. She had half expected that he would.

When she got home, Rex Moore met her on the pavement.

"I found out when you left the office," he said. "I've been with Albery nearly all day. Everything went off splendidly. May I come up with you, Mrs. Moore?"

His grim chuckle had the usual effect on her.

"I suppose so," she said coldly. "Are you determined to go on rubbing it in?"

He did not answer until they were up in her sitting-room. Then he looked at her, smiling in his unexpected way, but without mockery. Then she saw that his face could be nice. He wore a new grey flannel suit, and his hair had been cut and trimmed to conventional smoothness.

"No, I won't do that," he said casually. "Why not treat it like a joke, which it really is?"

"I don't see it in that light at all, Mr. Moore."

"I should try to. Do you mind if I smoke?" He did not sit down without being asked.

She stood facing him, and suddenly felt foolish. She pointed to a chair, and sat down herself, refusing a cigarette.

"So you want to work as usual today?" he asked abruptly.

"Of course."

"You intend to go on with it?"

"What do you mean?" She stared in amazement.

"Only that Albery asked me, I said I didn't know. Perhaps it would look better if you didn't."

PORTABLE HOUSE FOR CCC SQUADS IS EASY TO MOVE

CAMP WIMER, July 13.—(Sp.)—The portable house for side camps instituted at Wimer some months ago and first built at Jack creek camp passed its first test successfully when surveyor Lew Amort dismantled, moved and reassembled an 8-man bunk house here Friday in 7 1/2 hours. Amort used four men and a truck to move the building from Central Point side camp to its new location at Murphy 35 miles away.

It took the four CCC members one hour to unbolt the house, another hour to load it and four hours to reassemble it after the truck reached the new location at Murphy. Amort thinks that when the men are a little more experienced in dismantling and reassembling, the time will be cut.

The Wimer type portable bunk-house is built in three unit sections which are light enough for ease in handling. Each wall, side of the roof and the floor is divided into three pieces which are bolted together with 3/4" bolts. The building is strongly braced with A-frames which bolt into the plates. The pieces fit easily into the body of an ordinary sized truck.

Blue prints of the new type house are in the office of J. J. Russell, ECW camp head. It is expected that all side camps in the state will eventually adopt the idea of a portable

STATE PLANNING HEAD SUCCUMBS

PORTLAND, Ore., July 15.—(AP)—David Christian Henney, 74, nationally known hydraulic engineer and chairman of the Oregon state planning commission, died here yesterday at his home after a short illness. His wife died six weeks ago.

Dr. Henney had been consultant engineer for the United States reclamation service since 1909 and was a member of the federal reclamation board on Hoover dam. In November, 1932, he was appointed to the advisory committee of the reconstruction finance corporation and during recent months was consultant engineer on the Bonneville dam project. He was vice president of the American Society of Civil Engineers 1932-1933.

Dr. Henney had made his home in Portland since 1910, residing in San Francisco prior to that time.

SEAT HUNTING

LOADS HIS TRAY AND STARTS DOWN THE LINE LOOKING FOR A SEAT IN CROWDED CAFETERIA

SPIES A VACANT ONE NEAR THE FRONT BUT ON GETTING THERE FINDS SOMEONE IS HOLDING IT WITH HAT AND UMBRELLA

CONTINUES ON HIS WAY, SPOTTING AN EMPTY SEAT AT LAST IN FARTHER CORNER

ANOTHER CUSTOMER BEATS HIM TO IT

SEES SOMEONE BE UP TO GO AND HURRIES TO THE SEAT BUT FINDS THERE'S NO ROOM TO PUT HIS TRAY DOWN

FINALLY SEES A VACANT SEAT UP FORWARD

IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN IN IT, WHEN WOMAN IN THE NEXT CHAIR SAYS SHE'S SAVING IT FOR A FRIEND

EMHS HIS MEAL VERY UNCOMFORTABLY STANDING UP, CAFETERIA IMMEDIATELY CLEARING, WITH ROWS OF EMPTY SEATS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
COOLING

S-MATTER POP

"OH, no, no! There's no room. Besides—oh, no! But it's my home. I can't give it up. It's my sister's home. I made it for her."

"You can shut it up for the time being. I'll pay the rent. By the way, your sister—how does she stand in this little game?"

Laurie's face crimsoned once more with shame.

"Glad thinks I was married to you. You see, she was unconscious, at death's door, when it happened. I couldn't face her afterwards. So I let her think it, like everybody else."

"You must have an ingenious brain," he commented.

"It wasn't difficult. She believes everything I say. I only had to tell her I'd met you near our home in the country, and we were married secretly after poor Belle died. Glad was away for six months, working on an orange plantation, before we went to Sydney. She didn't know Belle; she went to a different school. She's five years younger than I."

He looked at her straight in the eyes. For the first time her antagonism faltered.

"I guess you've been through a bit," he said quietly. "Well, that's all right. You'll send the good news to your sister right away." His smile was mocking again.

"She will be coming to London soon."

"Then she can stay with us and watch our cat and dog life. Better to have a witness on your side, so it can be all my fault."

"You're perfectly disgusting!" Laurie exclaimed furiously. "I don't believe I'll do it after all!"

"It's fixed. You can't get out of it now. By the way, you know my first name. What's yours?"

"Laurie."

"It suits you. It's uncommon—like you. I say, must you look so glum? Can't you see the funny side of it?" There was quite a pleased expression on his face, a hint of the eager, happy, laughing young man of the photograph. "I haven't said I'm grateful to you, but I am. Albery is all over me. You see, I've got to make money. It's the main thing for me to make lots of money."

He stopped abruptly, as if he had forgotten himself in a moment of rare relaxation.

"I'll make it easy for you," he added. "And I'll get off now, and come back in the morning. Albery sent a message. You're not to go back to the office any more for a few days, until we're settled in. Can you move tomorrow?"

"I suppose so," she said ungraciously.

"Right! Good-night, then!" Laurie was confused when he held out his hand, but she put hers in it. A tingling went through her that made her pull it hastily away.

Her "good-night" was a whisper, as she fought for self-control.

Tomorrow, Laurie has a talk with Mark Albery.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Strange Enemy!

TOMMY TRIED TO TAKE HIS OLD ENEMY, JOSE JOLLA, CHIEF OF THE REBEL AIR FORCE A PRISONER. THEY FOUGHT IN FISTIC COMBAT AND TOMMY HAD THE ADVANTAGE WHEN SUDDENLY REBEL SOLDIERS APPEARED—STRANGELY ENOUGH, JOSE IS NOW AIDING TOMMY TO ESCAPE FROM THE REBELS.

YOU'RE A FUNNY EGG, JOSE—I CAN'T FIGURE YOU—OUT—

NO TIME TO FIGURE SENOR TOMKINS—TIME NOW TO RUN!

BUT—IF YOU HATE ME SO MUCH—WHY—DO YOU HELP ME—ESCAPE—FROM YOUR SOLDIERS?

SOME DAY, SENOR TOMKINS YOU—SHALL KNOW—BUT NOW—GET INTO YOUR PLANE—

I HELP YOU TO ESCAPE—SO I MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOOTING YOU DOWN FROM THE SKY—CONTACTO!

CONTACTO!

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Panhard's the Name!

HOW DO, GIR—

EVENIN—PANHARD'S THE NAME—CALVIN PANHARD—GENTLEMAN PROSPECTOR AN' THE LADY WHO'S WITH ME ANSWERS TO THE NAME O' DIANNE, PROVIDIN' SHE FEELS LIKE ANSWERIN'

WOOF! WOOF!

SURE HE DOES—ALL US MEN FOLKS IS GIVEN TO TOO MUCH LIP FLAPPIN'—THE WIMMEN IS SMARTER—THEY ONLY TALK WHEN THEY WANT TO—BUT COME TO THINK ON IT, THEY WANT TO HEADS!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT HOW WOULD YOU AND DIANA LIKE TO HAVE SOME SUPPER WITH US?

SUREST THING YOU KNOW! I WAS JUST GITTIN' READY TO START HINTIN'!

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—A Thousand Times No

MR. NEBB, MY NAME IS AXWELL. I GOT THAT JEWELRY STORE NEXT TO THE POST-OFFICE. I UNDERSTAND YOU BOUGHT A \$100 WORTH OF MINING STOCK FOR A MISS GRUNTLEY FOR A \$1,000.

NOW—I'LL GIVE YOU A BETTER BARGAIN, I'LL SELL YOU \$1,000 WORTH OF MINING STOCK FOR \$100. NOW THAT THINGS ARE PICKING UP I WOULDN'T PART WITH THESE BUT I NEED A \$100 TO PAY A NOTE

NO—I DON'T WANT ANY STOCK. YOU KEEP IT AND TELL THE GUY THAT'S GOT THE NOTE TO WAIT. CHANCES ARE HE'S THE BEST WAITER IN THE WORLD BY THIS TIME

HERE OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART AND THE WEAKNESS OF MY MIND I GIVE THIS WOMAN 1,000 SHARES AND SHE'S NOT SATISFIED TO HIDE MY MISTAKE IN HER BANK BUT PEDDLES IT OUT TO THE WHOLE TOWN

By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—An Important Call

Yes I'll admit I heard you hollering out the window. And they said veru important.

It's the telephone. And they said veru important. I insisted that I get the radio who got so tough last.

Wash your hands before you grab up that clean phone. Also, wipe your feet.

They've waited the longest time while I hollered to you—and went back and then ran downstairs.

If it's that dizzo collector.

Hello, yes, yes, who? Oh, Count Sallamander. Who did you say was with you... Hartford Oakdale? Yes, put him on.

That Count was here... and accused Oakdale of taking his papers.

And now they're chumme?

Yes, yes, Hartford... what's that? war munitions... secret work for the U.S.A? Need my help? What's that... must have password to see you? Listen Hartford, where are you and how long will you be there?

By Harry J. Tutbill

FLOOD FAILS TO DAMPEN ROMANCE

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y., July 15.—(AP)—With odd garments donated by Red Cross workers and friends at their wedding costumes, two refugees of upstate New York's flood were married today.

Witnesses to the ceremony were some 100 villagers made temporarily homeless by the flood.

The principals were Dominic Paland and Grace Maerl, both of whom lost personal belongings when their parents' homes were wrecked by the high waters.

Griffin Creek

GRIFFIN CREEK, July 15.—(Sp.)—Several ladies of the community attended the cooking school in Medford recently.

Mrs. C. J. Pike and sons Lawrence and Dale of Jacksonville were out-