

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** The unexpected return to London of Rex Moore, the airman supposedly lost in the Pacific, has exposed the desperate life of Laurie Moore, told to save herself and her sister from a still more desperate situation. She has told her employer, Mark Albery, that she is Moore's widow; now she must keep up the deception so that Rex will hold his job. Albery has lent them a furnished flat until they can "settle themselves."

## Chapter 12 MONEY MATTERS

IT was in this hard and controlled mood that Laurie prepared to meet Rex Moore.

But he was not there. On the breakfast table was a large bunch of daffodils, with a card beside it. "Good-morning! Hope you slept well. I'm off for the day. Sorry dinner and show off tonight. Albery wants me. R. M."

His handwriting appealed to her. It was neat and firm. This greeting rather took the wind out of her sails. Her emotional side rose to answer it with a rush of disproportionate pleasure.

She was so easily touched and gratified. How nice of him! He could be something else than a boor. She remembered his last words of the night before—"If you're the girl I took you for, you'll play the game!"

The day went by swiftly. She took possession of Miss Dixie's office near Mark Albery's private room. It was neat and firm. This greeting rather took the wind out of her sails. Her emotional side rose to answer it with a rush of disproportionate pleasure.

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## FLAVORING ICE CREAM WITH WOOD POSSIBLE

MONTREAL — (UP) — Ice cream manufacturers may soon be flavoring their products with pieces of waste wood.

Three research workers attached to the Pulp and Paper Research Institute at McGill university report they have succeeded in producing vanilla from discarded chips of wood and sawdust.

Heretofore vanilla has been obtained from plants in the orchid family grown in tropical countries. After lengthy experiments, Dr. Harold H. Eddy and his two assistants, E. B. Eddy and George H. Tomlinson, advised the Royal Society of Canada that they have discovered a process to produce vanilla from waste sulphite liquor, a by-product of paper-making plants.

Kiki Cuyler, Cubs outfielder, is considered one of the most neatly-uniformed ball players in the big leagues.

her to be as economical as possible. It did not seem to go with the rest of him. And he so often talked of money, of making as much money as he could, as quickly as he could. When he wanted to be specially amiable to her he told her that she was helping him to do it.

She did not ask any of her friends to visit her. When he spoke about it, she said she had very few; she wasn't one for making friends easily. He was to one of his rough moods, and remarked curtly: "I suppose not. They ask too many questions."

He would say such things, with what she took to be the deliberate desire to hurt her. She hardened herself, but she was sensitive to excess. And she told herself that she hated him more every day.

He was away for several days on end at the Albery factories in Cambridgeshire. Then she breathed freely.

She could not get accustomed to him when he was in the flat. His very presence was overwhelming. She was aware of it all the time. She lay awake in her room, while he was sleeping peacefully in his.

It was the sense of strangeness that got on her nerves. She was not used to men. And Rex Moore was certainly a big personality to be boxed up with such artificial intimacy.

By the end of the fortnight, Laurie, who was always pale, looked quite washed out, and there were haggard lines in the corners of her eyes.

Which Mark Albery, at the office, did not fail to notice, and which convinced him that Rex Moore had no use for a wife and was making unhappy.

REX MOORE was alone in the flat one afternoon, studying maps, with a row of books open around him on the dining-room table.

It was just five o'clock. Mrs. Budd had put his tea on a side table, and gone back to the kitchen, with an admiring glance at his broad shoulders and fine head and untidy dark hair.

She was a philosopher, and had given up worrying herself about this peculiar ménage—the mistress out at work all day, the father away for days at a time. And the two of them laughing and joking and talking nineteen to the dozen, but not a bit like man and wife.

She had overheard them quarrelling, true, but never making love, as she told her invalid husband, whom she supported, "never kissing or cuddling, nor nothing of the kind!" She knew they had been separated for two years. She could only suppose it took them a bit of time to get used to each other again. Come to think of it, there must be something queer about a dead husband come to life.

The door bell rang.

Rex lifted his head, frowning. He did not want to be disturbed. He hoped it wasn't that man come to take his photograph—"Rex Moore, the famous airman, in his Chelsea flat, planning his next sensational flight." Damn! Albery had advised him to submit to a mild publicity campaign, and he had consented because of the money. Curse money! How he loathed it!

Mrs. Budd came into the room. "A lady to see you, sir," she announced. "I said I'd see if you was disengaged."

Rex sprang to his feet.

"A lady? It must be for Mrs. Moore."

"No, sir, the lady particularly asked to see you. I showed her into the drawing-room."

He shook his impatient shoulders. A woman to see him? He didn't know a single woman in England, it must be some female reporter from one of the papers.

He went into the sitting room.

"Rex! My dear—my dear, how wonderful!" said a woman's voice, a rather high-pitched voice with a drawl in it.

It was not a reporter who came towards him, with large glowing dark eyes and a smile of uncontrolled joy on eager, brightly-painted lips. It was the only woman who had ever come into his life, except for little dead Belle Mason, the last woman in the world whom at the moment he wanted to meet again.

"Mrs. Steele! Wanda!" His voice was uncertain; his light eyes had that strange snowy look that seemed to withdraw him from every-day life.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

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## TIN CANS SALVAGED WITH NEW MACHINE

LOS ANGELES — (UP) — Tin cans go into a huge shredding machine and come out the other end as scrap steel and gleaming bars of tin in a new process just put into operation by a Los Angeles plant.

The process, developed by David E. DeLappe, Pasadena inventor, is expected to salvage thousands of dollars worth of tin and steel otherwise destined to waste away in rust.

Old cans first are shredded in a big cylindrical apparatus like a giant washing machine. A strong chemical mixture is poured into the tank of metal scraps and the tin comes off in solution. Pure tin is recovered from the solution by electrolysis.

The Yankees and Washington Senators claimed one of the reasons for their 33-000 season in Yankee stadium was that the stadium turf had been packed to pavement hardness by the crowd at the Louis-Carnegie fight a few days before.

# TOWN CRIERS BELL RINGING OUT AGAIN IN PROVINCETOWN

## Board of Trade Revives Custom of Early Puritan Days — Booming Voice Gives News, Advertising

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Sp) — Provincetown, Mass., down on the tip of salty Cape Cod, once again echoes to the ring of the town crier's bell. The board of trade has revived a custom, dating from early Puritan days, that had lapsed with the demise of the last crier a few years ago.

"Town criers have long served the place of newspapers in many of the remote settlements of the world," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic society at Washington, D. C. "Should a village wish to advertise the loss of a pig, the need of farm help, or the sale of fish, this bell-ringing hawker is consulted and hired. Should he wish to hear the latest news, however raucously announced, of current domestic or foreign events, he joins the audience within earshot of the booming-voiced town crier."

"Sunday, after church services, is an ideal time for the crier in one European village. In a communica-

tion to the National Geographic society, Margery Rae describes the methods of the town crier in Mezokoveed, a village not far from Budapest, Hungary. "Two gendarmes took their places on opposite sides of the large square in front of the church and began to beat a vigorous tattoo on their drums. From the church the people gathered in two crowds about these officials, who drew forth important-looking documents and began their reading."

"It is an education and a revelation to hear the news of Mezokoveed," the writer continues. "A cow was lost on Tuesday. If anyone has found her let him report to the town headquarters. There was a long list of farms to rent and sell; plows to rent, servants to hire. The usual monthly wage of the servants is seldom more than a dollar added to certain supplies and their needed clothing. It is sufficient, no doubt; their wants are few. Any national news of importance is told; new laws are read. It is an amusingly terse, clear effort."

**Crier Is An Actor**

"Mannerisms of the stage are part of the crier's stock in trade. He imparts dignity to his calling by various methods — standing immobile with hands thrust deep into his pockets, awaiting silence among his hearers; a frown of importance may cross his forehead; an impatient gesture is achieved by pinching his hands on his hips as he surveys the audience that is quite at his mercy. Not until he is entirely satisfied that the assemblage is sufficiently impressed with his high office does he begin to deliver his message. Herbert Corey also describes a crier who announced the presentation of a motion picture in the Spanish town of Pulgarcera:

"He registered emotion. His voice soared until it reached an oratorical

climax, and then dropped to low and thrilling tones as he dwelt upon the pathos of the marvelous film. We who waited fairly hung on his words. There is an art in town crying."

"Nearby, at Seo de Urgel, the Spanish diocese town of the tiny state of Andorra atop the Pyrenees, the town crier gathers an audience by blowing on his trumpet. "Water-melons for sale at the first house south of the church," shouts the crier, in a small mountain village on the Island of Sardinia. He attracts a quantity garbed crowd by blowing a shrill blast on a brass horn.

"Among thousands of English women who carried on while their men folk followed the colors in the World war, one took her father's place as the town crier of Thetford, Robin Hood's Bay, on the bold headlands of Yorkshire, has its town crier even today.

"Walter Smith, who preceded the newly appointed crier of Provincetown, insisted on a three-pound bell. It was, he maintained, an irreducible minimum for a proper job. Several ringers had gone before him, all of whom swung authoritative-sounding bells. Smith complained that his feet were ruined when the boardwalks of the town were replaced by cement.

"But Provincetown now boasts a new town crier, and what with the development of modern news-gathering agencies, high-speed presses, and split-second deliveries, he may well be the only surviving representative of his picturesque calling in America."

**Sea Biscuit Hunt Staged.**

BEACHSIDE Ore. — (UP) — Between 800 and 900 "sea biscuits," little round shells picked up on the ocean beach, were turned in during a "biscuit hunt" staged by the Necanicum Grange. Charlotte Dooley won with 400 shells.

# FIRST AID

COMES IN, ANNOUNCING A LITTLE PROUDLY THAT HE HAS CUT HIS FINGER

DISPLAYS INFINITESIMAL SCRATCH FOR MOTHER TO SEE, AND ASKS CAN HE BANDAGE IT HIMSELF?

FINDS THAT ADHESIVE TAPE ADHERES NOT ONLY TO THE FINGER BUT TO EVERYTHING ELSE

APPLIES ANTISEPTIC LIBERALLY, MOST OF IT MISSING FINGER AND GOING OVER WASH BOWL

GETS OUT ADHESIVE TAPE AND CUTS OFF A STRIP A YARD OR SO LONG

GETS PRETTY COMPLETELY ENGANGED IN IT, BUT FINALLY MAKES A START WRAPPING IT

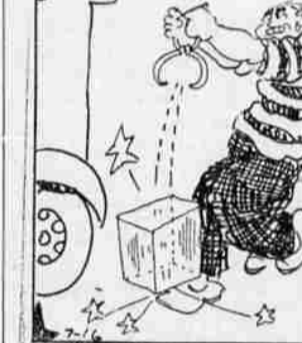
FINISHES. DECIDES THAT THOUGH BANDAGE IS A LITTLE BULKY, IT LOOKS IMPORTANT

REALIZES SUDDENLY THAT THE CUT WAS ON FINGER OF OTHER HAND, BUT FEELS IT DOESN'T MATTER VERY MUCH

GUYAS WILLIAMS 7-17

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# S-MATTER POP



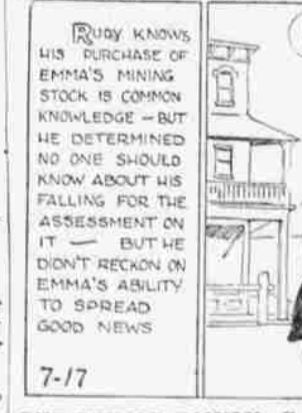
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose—The Caballero!



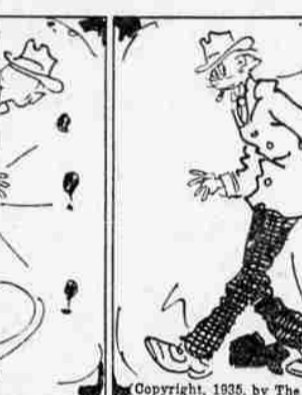
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Old Cal's Secret



THE NEBBS—Good Advice



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Escaped



By GUYAS WILLIAMS

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alget

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutbill