

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Laurie Moore has appropriated Rex Moore's name to save herself from a bad situation. Thinking him dead, now that he has returned, she must continue to pretend she is his wife to save his job. But Wanda Steele, Rex's benefactor, suddenly appears, a widow now, and makes demands upon Rex.

Chapter 14 SHOCK FOR LAURIE

WANDA continued: "Ferdie left me all his money. We can do everything we like. We can forget everything about the past; we can go all round the world. All I want is to make you happy, to be happy with you."

"I have my job," Rex said.

"Nonsense! I couldn't bear to think of you dying again!"

She was in a way like himself; she was pulsating with strength, with energy; the wine of life ran in her veins. And she was a woman starved of love, and she had found the man she desired more than anything on this earth.

She was looking at him with burning eyes.

"You have forgotten because you want to," she said bitterly. "And all this time I've been thinking of you and longing to find you. Ferdie thought you must be dead, because you never let us hear from you. But, somehow, I always knew you were alive."

"I am sorry," his voice was grave. "But I have my life to live. I have my work. I have my chance again. It's seldom a man gets such a chance twice over. My life is my job. I will pay you back all that I owe you in money. I can't bear to be in your debt. Ever since I came back, I've thought of nothing else. But beyond that—it's impossible."

"How dare you insult me like that!" Her eyes glowed red with the fury of balked passion. "You are a miserable coward. No, I don't mean that, Rex!"

Her voice changed, became abrupt. "I'll wait. I know how you must feel coming back to your job. I won't stand in your way. You shall do all you want to. You shall show the world that you are the finest alman in it. Everything I have shall go to help you. But say you haven't forgotten! Only say you'll love me as I love you! That's all I care about!"

He shook his head.

"You mean you want me to marry you, Wanda?"

"Of course."

"I can't do that."

"Why? Because I am rich? Don't be a fool! You owe me so much already."

"I know. I will pay it back."

"You can't, Rex. You can't have forgotten what you said when we sat out those nights in the garden, and you were so dear, so sweet to me! I told you I couldn't live without you, and you said—oh, so many things, but always that fate had been unkind to us, we had met too late, and—"

He interrupted her harshly.

"Please don't! I didn't mean—I don't know what I said."

AND indeed, he did not know. In that dazed period of seeing again, of looking on a new world, of the miracle of emerging from that awful darkness—what had he said? What could a man have said to this woman to whom he owed his eyes, his life? To whom he could give nothing real, nothing that mattered, nothing that she wanted? Only gratitude. What could he say to her? The man was striding up and down the room, his hands clenched. The woman's eyes did not leave his face. They were both lost to what was going on around them. Rex Moore bent only on escape from her; she bent only on grasping him to her, so that he could not get away. The age-old drama of passion—pursuit and flight. But against the fundamental laws of nature. For man must be the pursuer, or he is no man.

So that neither of them was aware of a key turning in the lock of the front door. Nor of a woman's voice in conversation with Mrs. Budd in the kitchen.

Nor of the sitting-room door opening and Laurie coming into the room.

Not until she was there.

Rex stood still when he saw her. Laurie stood still on the threshold, old in surprise at finding a visitor there. And a woman so arresting, so distinctive, so wonderfully dressed. A figure so sophisticated, so assured, so intriguing to the girl who had been brought up so roughly and

had to work her way through so much hardship and sordidness and tragedy to the little spot in the sun that she had achieved entirely by her own efforts, only with the miraculous help of a dead man.

And Wanda Steele looked at Laurie through her heavy lids lowered over her enormous black eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know there was anybody here!" said Laurie. Her voice was like a breeze stirring the congested air of the room. She stood, looking from one to the other, feeling instinctively that she was in the way. "I'll tell Mrs. Budd to get tea," she said, turning to the door again.

But Rex Moore intercepted her. "Laurie, this is my friend, Mrs. Steele," he said conventionally. "I want you to meet her, Wanda. She turned to Mrs. Steele, "this is my wife."

Wanda Steele was too much a woman of the world to show any surprise. Her composure was something to marvel at. From under her heavy lids she flashed one murderous glance of jealousy at the girl and one of furious resentment at the man.

But they were looking at each other at the moment, and when Laurie came towards Mrs. Steele, she was smiling and gripped the girl's hand warmly in her long, lean fingers.

"Why, to think I didn't even know my friend Rex Moore was married!" she said. "And we've had so much to talk about since I came that he hadn't even time to tell me!"

FOR a few moments Laurie was so occupied in following Moore's lead and saying the right thing that she was hardly conscious of the other woman's personality. She was only another person who had to be fooled. Rex explained that it was she and her husband who had picked him up in their yacht when he had crashed and looked after him in California while he was blind.

Gradually, Laurie got the hang of the situation, and was able to take notice. And the first thing she saw was that Mrs. Steele was in love with Rex Moore.

The wonderful-looking lady was cordially itself to Laurie. On leaving, she said with an almost affectionate note in her high-pitched drawing voice:

"You must let me be your friend, too, my dear. I'm sure you don't mind, but I feel that a tiny bit of Rex really does belong to me, although he has treated me so shabbily, the bad boy! Now, positively, you must both come and dine with me tomorrow."

She would take no refusal, although Rex tried hard to make an excuse.

"I shall expect you at eight," were her last words. "Rex, I suppose I must forgive you for not telling me that you had such a charming little wife!"

When he came back from seeing her down to her car, he said to Laurie gruffly:

"I owe everything to Mrs. Steele and her husband, my eyesight as well as my life."

"She is wonderful," Laurie replied enthusiastically. "One of those women one reads about in the illustrated papers—just perfect in every way. She must be enormously rich. Is her husband nice?"

"Oh!" Laurie did not know why she gave him such a bright smile. "She is in love with you, of course!"

"Don't be absurd!"

"Anybody could see it. And you're not blind any longer!"

It spouted unkind. She could not understand why she felt unkind. It must have been the surprise. He gave her a furious stare.

"You little cat!"

"I didn't mean that—it was horrid of me!" she said impulsively; then hurried out of the room.

She came back a few minutes later.

"Mrs. Budd says Mr. Albery has sent in some lovely trout—and would you like them for dinner?"

"I don't want any dinner," he answered roughly. "I'm going out for a walk."

When she was alone, Laurie gave way to a few painful sobs. Her nerves were going to pieces. How she hated him! Why couldn't she make him pay, as he was making her pay?

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Rex tries to borrow some money, tomorrow.

LADY DEMOCRATS FORM CLUB FOR NEW DEAL STUDY

Organization of Medford women under the "Reporter Plan," which is gaining momentum in all parts of the nation as an outstanding contribution to the education of the public to the true character of the new deal, was accomplished here Thursday night at an enthusiastic meeting, called by Mrs. A. E. Reames, vice-chairman of the Jackson county Democratic central committee, with Mrs. Nanny Wood Honeyman of Portland, vice-chairman for Oregon, and Mrs. Elsie Gardner Pickering, regional director of the women's division of the national Democratic committee, as speakers.

In spite of the rising temperature, 32 representative Democrats gathered at the Hotel Medford to welcome their political leaders and launch organization of the local study club, which will assemble and disseminate information on all federal agencies, formed under the new deal. The "Reporter Plan" was explained by Mrs. Honeyman and Mrs. Pickering, who emphasized the need for thorough study of federal agencies by fact finding groups. The club, they pointed out, is not limited to Democrats, since the plan is not for inspiration of partisan politics but for the education of people of all political faiths.

Under the "Reporter Plan," each major project, such as the AAA, CCC

and NRA, will be thoroughly studied, and the reporter on each topic will be prepared to answer whatever questions may arise in forum regarding the project. In addition to reporting on the major federal agencies, the groups will study unemployment insurance, old age security, children's security and all legislation now pending. Continuous study will be required of those participating in the plan and complete clipping service maintained.

The summer months will be devoted chiefly to obtaining information, and definite meetings will be held at regular periods, beginning in September, with extension of invitations to all women, interested in "becoming informed on governmental matters." Men will also be invited to participate in the meetings, although the plan is sponsored by women.

The group of representative Democrats attending Thursday's organization meeting included the following women: Mrs. J. C. Mann, Mrs. Geo. Goding, Mrs. John Peter, Mrs. A. E. Reames, Mrs. O. L. Overmeyer, Mrs. Stella Anderson, Mrs. John Fuller of Ashland, Mrs. Lewis Ulrich, Mrs. Moore Hamilton, Mrs. Katherine Huntress, Mrs. N. S. Gattman, Mrs. A. V. Graves, Mrs. E. E. Kelly, and Mrs. Thatcher of Talent.

The great plains drought this spring resulted in an exodus of cattle to more favorable areas twice as great as that of a year before. About 91,000 head were shipped out.

More small trout "planted" by the government in streams are killed by other fish than by the big birds commonly believed to be the fish's worst enemy.

The department of agriculture receives thousands of letters a year asking about means of eradicating weeds.

APPEAL FILED IN HIGH COURT UPON STATE AAA CODES

SALEM, July 21.—(AP)—Appeal from the decree of Circuit Judge Winter of Multnomah county in which he held the state marketing codes and agreements were unconstitutional was filed with the state supreme court here today. The arguments in the appeal will be heard July 24.

The suit in which the decree was handed down was brought by the ice cream code authorities to restrain Fred Meyer from selling ice cream below the code price. While Winter held with Meyer he ordered he comply with the code prices until the supreme court decides upon the constitutionality of the statutes.

Should the supreme court uphold the decree of the lower court, 11 agricultural marketing codes will be thrown out. Solon T. White, director of agriculture, stated however, that until the state court acts all codes will be enforced.

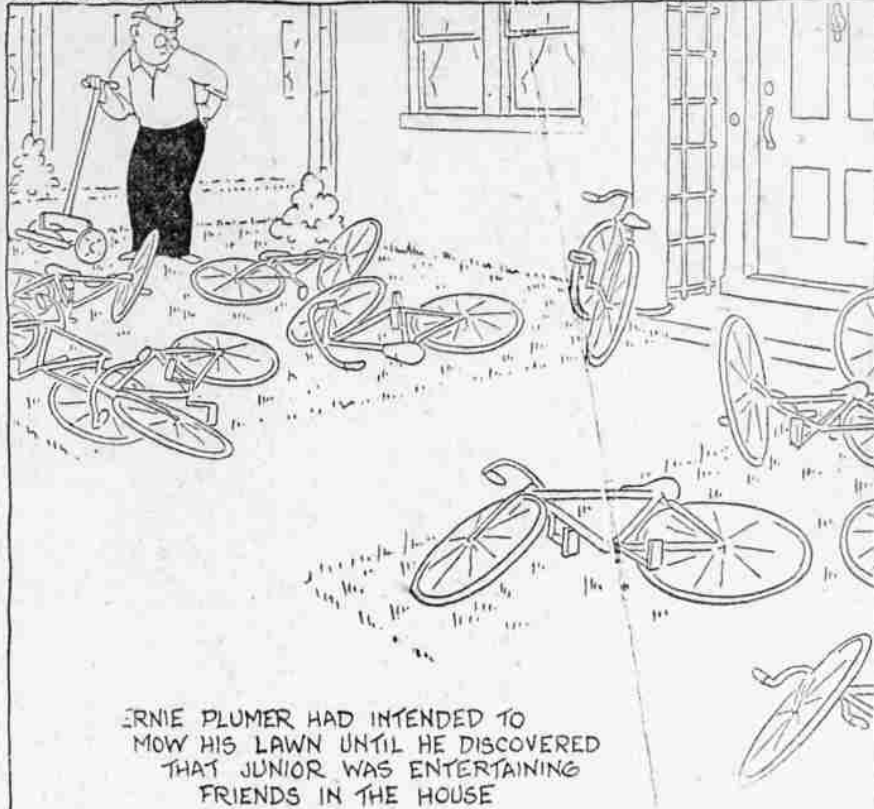
William Goebel was administered the oath of office as governor of Kentucky while on his death bed from an assassin's bullet in 1900.

Dr. A. R. McArn is serving his forty-fourth year as pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Cheraw, S. C.

Department of agriculture engineers have developed a portable outfit for irrigating crops.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



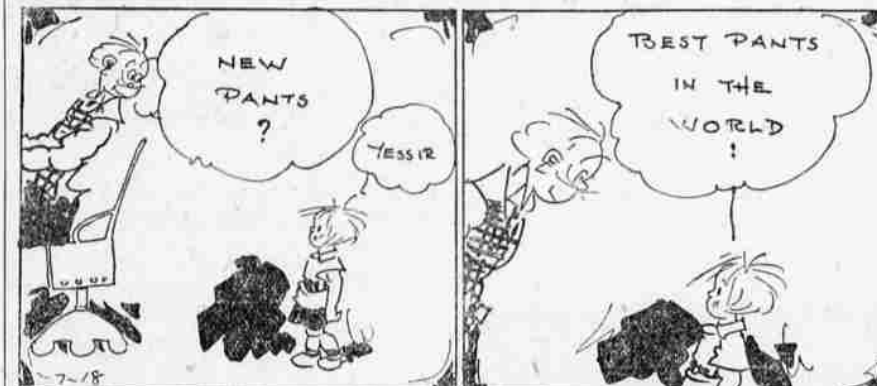
ERNIE PLUMER HAD INTENDED TO MOW HIS LAWN UNTIL HE DISCOVERED THAT JUNIOR WAS ENTERTAINING FRIENDS IN THE HOUSE

(Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

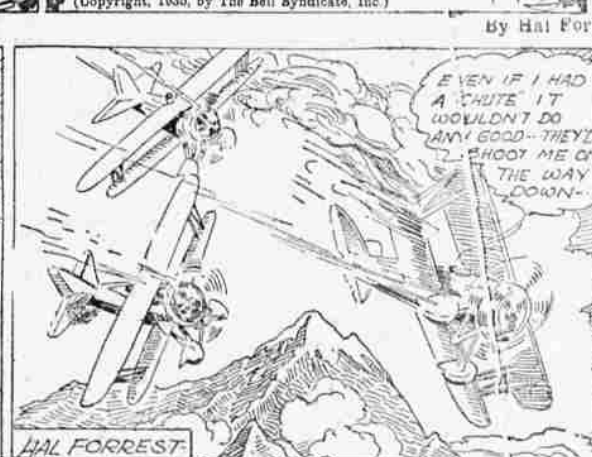
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By C. M. Payne

S-MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Signals—In Vain!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Wild Hoss Valley



By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—It Was a Dream



By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Going Up?



By Harry J. Tutwill

CHICAGOAN TELLS OF SLAYING GIRL IN SUICIDE PACT

CHICAGO, July 20.—(AP)—Joseph Cornik, 31, confessed today to Captain John McGinnis of the New York police, the captain said, that he attempted to slay Miss Mae Lukavich, 19. Cornik in his alleged confession insisted the slaying was part of a suicide pact to which the girl had agreed. She was killed in a clump of bushes in a parkway between an automobile drive and a street car line on the southwest side.

McGinnis quoted Cornik as saying at the slaying scene:

"First we went for a walk. We stopped at my home and I got my knife. Then we came here. We sat down and she reclined across my lap. She said: 'Why don't we die?'"

FREE'S GARAGE in new location, 501 N. Central. Phone 1388.

FOUR-YEAR TERM FOR WIFE THEFT

SPOKANE, July 20.—(AP)—Convicted in federal court of a Mann act charge, Robert Kennedy was sentenced to serve his fourth penitentiary term. Kennedy admitted taking a young married woman from her husband and transporting her from Pendleton, Ore., to Walla Walla several times. He was sentenced by Judge J. Stanley Webster to serve four years. He previously had served sentences in Oregon for burglary, theft and had check operations.

The grave of Peter Stuyvesant, famous Dutch governor of colonial New York, is situated at St. Mark's-on-the-Bowery.

A New York sidewalk "merchant" teaches his audience to draw fancy stenciled letters, then sells an easy-learning device.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.