

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: While Rex suores, to whom Laurie is pretending to be married to repay an old debt, is away on a flight, Laurie and her sister Gladys are asked for the work end by Mark Albery, who employs both Rex and Laurie. And Gladys, who dances in a show, meets "Jimmy Smith" at Albery's, the catch being that his name is not Smith, but Dallas.

CHAPTER 21
DINNER DATE

DALLAS had that something that creeps into a girl's mind, into her heart, into her blood. Above all, into her imagination. Jimmy Dallas was glamorous. He could create an atmosphere, a mirage, a light that never was. While it lasted, you saw only him; everything he did was right; there was no other world.

She smiled at him eagerly, as he talked his characteristic love-nonsense to her, and held her at arm's length, admiring her with his strangely shining brown-green eyes, and playfully pretended to bite the tiny velvet forget-me-not wreath through which some of her rich golden curls were threaded over one ear, and said excitedly, "Flowerface, I could eat you, you're so pretty, your delicious little thing!"

He asked her what she was going to do, and was delighted that she was to be in London for a time. "We'll have lots and lots of fun! I'm supposed to work at our London offices. We'll have the most glorious secret parties, you and I."

"Secret! What for?"

Jimmy looked at her with mock despair. "I'll have to be secret. I must make you understand. My father mustn't know that I've got a dear little pal like you. He'd simply go off the deep end. My mother's a pet, but she can't stand up against him. Nor can my sisters, except the married one, and I don't trust her."

"Have I got to keep you dark from my sister?" Gladys asked.

"You said she was Albery's secretary, didn't you?"

Gladys nodded. "I'm afraid you will, Flowerface—for a time. You see, Albery knows my old man well. I can't take the risk."

"You talk like a cowardly baby!" said Gladys nervously. Something that she did not understand in her was offended. But she didn't want to let him go.

"You don't know my father, sweet. And I'm absolutely dependent on him. I shouldn't get a shilling, if I rubbed him up the wrong way. I tell you, it's a dog's life, keeping him quiet and managing to have a little fun!"

"But, if I'm not to tell Laurie, how shall we meet?" Gladys asked.

"We'll manage, don't worry! I've got your address. It was your sister I sat next to at dinner, I find," he went on, with a half-smothered laugh of amusement. "A bit stand-offish and like a school marm, isn't she? Wouldn't approve of little Jimmy, I'm afraid!"

In that moment, through his light, magnetic tempter's voice, the seed of deception was sown in Gladys's frivolous soul. She knew that Laurie wouldn't approve of Jimmy Dallas. She would have to manage so that her sister didn't know of their meetings.

SHE did not tell him of the incident of Laurie's finding the gold cigarette case, and that she had spoken of him as Jimmy Smith. What a silly old tyrant her father must be!

"Jimmy, do you really love me?" she asked, as they strolled back. A doubt was in her voice. "You know—if we're going to keep it a secret that we know each other, I ought to be sure."

"Flowerface, can you be sure? Don't you know you're the only girl in the world?"

"Do you think you'll want to marry me?"

"Do I think?" His voice dropped. It had that soft, sultry note that conveys so much more than words. "But it couldn't be yet."

"I don't care! She spoke grandly in her ignorance of life. I don't want to get married yet, either. I want to see a bit of the world."

"We'd better go in," he said. "Now, you understand, don't you? And I can trust you not to give the show away?"

"I'm not a fool, thanks."

"Monkey. You're adorable!" he said. "But, in case you don't know it, Albery told me he'd asked me over tonight especially to amuse you."

At which they both laughed merrily, and Gladys raced him to the house, as fleet as Atalanta, a pale blue streak of light under the moon a thing of exquisite grace.

On the Monday afternoon Laurie and Gladys went back to London. All Sunday morning Laurie had worked, partly with Mr. Albery but for a longer period transcribing some important specifications. Albery congratulated her several times, and seemed genuinely surprised at her intelligence.

On the Tuesday she went to the office as usual, expecting her employer to come up from Cambridge-shire. She was told by his right-hand man that he had telephoned early to say that he would not be at the office until the afternoon.

She waited as no further news came, and it was about five o'clock when he turned up.

"You have heard from Moore?" was his first question when she was summoned to his room.

"No."

"I've just had a wireless from Marseilles. I couldn't understand what he was doing, not getting back before this, but it seems poor Wilmer Jones went down with fever, and Moore had to bring him to Marseilles by easy stages. He says he's coming on as soon as he's settled him in a nursing home there. The missing men are doing as well as possible in hospital on the coast."

"How long will he be?" asked Laurie.

"He doesn't say. I should think he'd get out today or tomorrow. I thought you would be bound to have heard."

"No," said Laurie again. She felt unaccountably hurt. She had not had a word from him all the time. He might have kept up appearances, as he had insisted on her doing so.

"I expect you'll find a message when you get home," said Albery consolingly, with that note of friendly interest in his voice that he so carefully cultivated. "I'm sorry I'm late, Mrs. Moore, but I was delayed. There are a few rather important letters. Do you mind staying for a bit?"

"Of course not, if you want me, Mr. Albery," said Laurie. She was always at ease in their purely business relationship.

"You have an exceptionally clear mind," he said to her, after he had asked her a question at the end of dictating several letters. "I should think you could make decisions quickly and wisely."

Laurie was pleased. She knew she was efficient. She had made herself efficient.

Albery looked at the clock. It was after six.

"Would you mind going on a little longer, Mrs. Moore? There is a report on this fuel that we were working on on Sunday. It has to be typed very carefully because the man has made so many corrections after the last test. It would be a great advantage for me if I can have it tonight."

"Of course, I shall be delighted, Mr. Albery. I'll take it and do it at once."

"Would it be easier if I dictated it?"

Laurie studied the sheets and shook her head.

"No, thank you; I would rather do it myself."

She went away, typed the letters first and took them to Albery, and then became immersed in the tricky work of typing the report. Time passed without her knowing it. Albery opened the door of her office and told her it was after seven.

"It will do in the morning, Mrs. Moore."

"Oh, no, I haven't much more to do! Don't you wait Mr. Albery, I'll bring it round to your flat when I've done it."

BUILD HUGE SWITCHES FOR BOULDER PLANTS

SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—The largest electric switches ever built are being completed here for shipment to Boulder dam.

First finished section of the switches now are being tested at Stanford University. Each switch—there are 12 of them—must stand a charge of 850,000 volts, highest ever attempted.

In actual service, estimates Augustus Bowie, president of the manufacturing company making the appliances, they will operate at 287,000 volts. They will be the only air-break switches installed at the dam proper and are to be used for disconnecting the dam's power supply transmission lines and oil switches.

The two largest "double" switches stand 27 feet high when opened and weigh 35,000 pounds each. The single switches have base lengths of 21 feet and weigh 30,000 pounds each. The single cost \$10,000 each, while the double ones cost \$19,000.

Courthouse News

(Furnished by the Jackson County Abstract Co., 121 E. Sixth Street.)

Marriage Licenses.
Francis Charles Martin and Elva Lue Ferguson.
LeRoy Vinton Williams and Hazel Bernice Spear.
Lorenz William King and Arline Lorena Johnson.

S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Disaster!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Entering the Valley



THE NEBBS—No Confidence



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Coming Down!



Irving Charles Willard and Ethel Irene Warner.
Circuit Court.
Star Seed & Grocery company vs. Ray J. Barrow. For money.
Marjorie J. Burleson vs. Roy Burleson. Divorce.
Lillian E. Evans vs. Frederick M. Kincaid and James L. O'Donnell. For money.
Gold Ray Realty Co. vs. unknown heirs of George Cryderman, et al. To quiet title.

Probate Court.
Guardianship of Glenn M. Minnear, Donald M. Minnear, minors. Admitted to probate.
Guardianship of Freda May Hopkins, minor. Admitted to probate.
W. M. Harbert, I. E. Brantley assume business name of Rogue River produce company.

Real Estate Transfers.
Martin J. Love, et ux, to Harvie E. Young, et ux, W. D. to lot 2, blk. 2, Kendall Add., Medford, \$10.
Louis Harwig to Lincoln McCulloch, et ux, W. D. to SE of SE sec. 11, NE of NE sec. 14, and N. 30

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—SETTING THE TABLE



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

YOUTH, 20, NEVER YET USED JAWS

PHILADELPHIA—(UP)—Douglas Baker, 20, never has bitten into a juicy steak or a sweet apple. He is known as the "boy who will not chew."

and "had to be carried around on a pillow."

Physicians said the youth's case is unusual, but in "no means" unique. They pointed out that life can be maintained for many years on the proper variety of fluids.

Prisoners Flea Sheriff's Wife.
LEBANON, Mo.—(UP)—The next time Mrs. Sam Allen, wife of the sheriff, answers the knock of prisoners, she is going to proceed with caution. The last time two inmates knocked on the door asking for food, Mrs. Allen opened. The pair escaped.

Stable of Corn Kills Farmer.
RENO, O.—(UP)—Pearl McCain, a farmer, suffered an unusual death at his farm here. McCain, 38, was driving a wagon across his corn field. The wagon lurched and he fell to the ground. A four-inch stubble of corn ran through his eye and entered the brain. McCain died in a hospital.

By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger



By Sol Hess



By Harry J. Tutill

