

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** Rex Moore has come home from a dangerous "night job" to find that Laurie, the girl who is pretending to be his wife in order to save his job, is dining with Mark Albery, who employs both of them. Rex is telephoned by Wanda Steele, a woman who claims to be Rex's wife, and goes to call on her. Mrs. Steele's generosity has saved Rex's job, but she wants more from Rex than gratitude. She wants love.

## Chapter 24 THE MEETING

IT WAS news to Rex Moore that Laurie and her sister had spent the week end at the Albery house in the country. Well, why not? Albery was evidently in love with Laurie. And when they parted, he and she, when this farce had played itself out, Albery would no doubt marry her. And it would be a great match for her and a splendid life.

What had it got to do with him? She would have done very well out of being his widow for two years.

He stifled an angry laugh, as he rose to go.

But he was going to do very well out of it, too. He was going to get everything he could out of Albery. This night, after two years, had been like the taste of blood to a tiger, and it was only through Albery that he could continue his career.

Laurie was alone in the sitting room when Rex came back. "Gladys told me you were here," she said. Her voice was cold, but she took an involuntary step forward, as her eyes met his. "You might have let me know."

"I'm sorry I didn't think of it," he answered. His voice was rough. "I'd clean forgotten that your sister was here and that I ought to do the proper thing. But, after all, it will make things easier for you for her to know from the first that I'm an unmanly boor!"

Her voice was withering. "I've had enough of it. You've covered yourself with glory again, haven't you? Mr. Albery thinks the world of you. Your position with him is quite safe. We can make an end of it now, can't we?"

"That was the last question you asked me before I went to Africa," he reminded her. "You seem to think of nothing else."

"Why should it if it was our bargain, wasn't it?"

"Yes—" And then, all in a moment, he looked at her, and she was quite different. She was not the same girl. He could not explain it; he did not understand. But for the first time he saw her blue eyes, soft and dark, like sapphires, and her glossy chestnut hair, and he knew that she was beautiful, desirable, wonderful. And he said to himself, "But I don't want to make an end of it!"

And his eyes held Laurie's, and, strangely enough, it was the same with her. She saw him for the first time, his strength, the fine, lean poise of his head, the deep, compelling gaze of his grey eyes, the sudden pulsating humanity of him when he smiled. She saw him, splendid, wonderful—the most wonderful man in the world.

And she said to herself—"What's the matter with me? He hasn't changed. He's Rex Moore—no, he isn't! He's the Rex Moore I dreamed of! I don't hate him any more. I want to go close to him. I want to stay with him. I don't want to go away."

AND because a woman is always more frightened when she discovers that she loves a man than a man is when he discovers he loves a woman, Laurie suddenly gave a stifled little cry and hurried to the door.

"I'm tired—I've got a busy day tomorrow. Good-night!"

He put out his hand, but she brushed past him. She was shaking in every limb. She was terrified of tumbling down, when he would pick her up and she would be lost.

"What Laurie, I've got a lot to tell you!"

Why, even his voice was new! It was warm! It drew her to him. It stole round her heart. But there was only one thought in her mind—to hide this madness from him.

"Tomorrow will do," she called out lightly. "Honestly, I'm tired. We can talk much better in the morning."

Through the long, sleepless hours of the night Laurie said to herself, "I must be mad. I can't be in love

with him. Why should I? What would he think? How he would laugh! It would just appeal to his cruel sense of humor that I should end up by falling in love with him!"

"It will be all right in the morning," she comforted herself. "It must be this ridiculous artificial life. Of course, it's all rubbish. My nerves are in pieces. When we separate, there's Mrs. Steele waiting for him. Of course, he'll marry her. Look what she can do for him with

penicillin. He'll be quite independent of her. The first thing he did when he got back was to go to see her."

And so on, round and round in a circle, the same thoughts, all merging into the memory of Rex Moore's voice that had suddenly caught her ear, saying:—"But Laurie, I've got a lot to tell you!"

"Rubbish! What could he have to tell her?"

With Rex Moore it was different. To begin with, he was physically and mentally exhausted after his arduous flight, and he slept quite a good deal.

But when he did wake up now and then, and especially after dawn, his thoughts did run on somewhat the same lines as Laurie's, although he was not so shattered as she was by the discovery, but more angry with himself.

"Might have made a fool of myself," he reflected. "What ever would she have thought? That I was crazy, no doubt. I think I am. But there it is. I believe I'm in love with her. How ridiculous! She hates the sight of me."

AND so on and so on, the same thoughts, all merging into the memory of Laurie's face, seeing it as if for the first time—the soft blue eyes, the loveliness of the little trembling smile, the sudden appeal to his manhood, the fierce desire to take her in his arms. And then the blankness when she hurried out of the room with light, careless words of rebuff, like a slap in the face.

Well, anyhow, he hadn't given himself away.

Presently, he was splashing in his cold bath, and planning to spend the whole of the day on the last of the articles for the American newspaper.

He had written all the others while on his trip, waiting for the rescue party to fetch the missing airmen. He had had no sleep for two whole nights. When this one was written, he would be able to pay back half the money Albery had lent him. That would give him a free hand.

As to Wanda Steele and his debt to her, he would have to find some way of settling that.

His discovery that he had fallen in love with the girl who was supposed to be his wife, therefore, had undoubtedly altered his outlook on life, but it had not altered his world as was to be the case with Laurie.

Laurie came into the dining room when Rex had just finished his breakfast. She looked very smart and cool in her neat dark blue office attire, and she seemed to be in high spirits, although her eyes had a somewhat fixed expression.

Gladys had gone to rehearsal at Finbury Park, where they were opening in another week's time. While they were in the nearer suburbs, she was staying in the flat; but, later, when they went farther afield the troupe would have to live in lodgings again.

Laurie had had her breakfast with her sister an hour ago. Rex had been for a run around Battersea Park before his, as his was his custom.

"Well, you said we could talk better in the morning," he said "I have you time now."

"If you like, I am not due at the office for three-quarters of an hour." That touched him on the raw, as from now onwards every reference to her association with her employer must do.

"I understand you had something you wish to discuss," he said gruffly.

His voice and manner reminded her of the man in the train the first day they had met. And it came to her more that from that moment this spark had been struck from her being that was now a light and that made her furious and miserable at the same time.

Yes, it was true. Morning hadn't changed it. She wasn't mad; he mattered more to her than anything in the world.

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Tomorrow, Rex and Laurie try to plan their future.

# ACCIDENTS OCCUR WHEN CONDITIONS BEST DATA SHOWS

## WHEAT STOCK IN STATE DECREASE

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 1.—(UP)—It's about 4:30 Saturday afternoon as you drive your car downtown. You approach an intersection at a fair clip, planning to go straight through, and see another car approaching from the right. And there you have the perfect setting for an accident, according to data on 1787 auto smashups compiled by the office of Secretary of State Earl Stell.

Six-light through nearly every classification of condition of driver, car and road, it shows up that most accidents occur under the best possible driving circumstances.

Dry road surfaces gave 1422 accidents to 139 on wet or slippery. Of 2245 drivers involved, only 62 had been drinking. Most drivers were between 25 and 39 years of age. There were 2088 men, 333 women drivers among the crashers, and 1832 of the total had had six or more years experience.

Clear weather conditions and straight roads lend themselves to the greater share of highway accidents. Intersections, of course, are the danger spots of the cities, with about equal numbers of accidents in business and residential sections.

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# WIMER CAMP WINS FLAG THIRD TIME

CAMP WIMER, July 31.—Medford district dropped the laurel on Wimer's brow for the third time in four months. It was announced here today. The flag awarded to the best camp in the Medford district, which has flown from Wimer flag pole for the month of July will continue to fly during the month of August. Wimer has been called best junior camp in the district for April, June and July.

The letter announcing the award stated that Captain Guy W. Saunders' all-Oregon company is to be especially commended for the splendid showing made during the past month.

Brass bands have blossomed in Wimer like a field of daisies during July. Captain H. O. Lane, Ninth Corps area inspector with Major G. R. Owens and 18 company commanders recently inspected the camp and noted features for incorporation in other Medford camps. Captain Lane stated that Wimer is in highly satisfactory condition.

Recent improvements at Wimer include varnished floors for recreation hall and mess hall; painted walls for office, officers' quarters, recreation hall and mess hall; and painted batons on all buildings.

PORTLAND, Aug. 1.—(UP)—Support of the Briand-Kellogg pact in the present Italy-Ethiopia crisis was urged in a letter enroute today to Secretary of State Hull from Bert E. Hanes, president of the Oregon branch of the League of Nations association.

# SHOE TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PERSUADES FAMILY TO JOIN HIM FOR BRISK SUNDAY AFTERNOON WALK

BECOMES UNEASILY AWARE OF SOMETHING IN HIS SHOE

FAILING TO FIND A PLACE TO SIT DOWN, REMOVES SHOE WHILE HOPPING ON ONE FOOT, AND EMPHATIC

SMILES IN RELIEF AND HURRIES AFTER FAMILY, SMILES FADES AS HE REALIZES OBJECT IS STILL IN SHOE

TAKES IT OFF AGAIN, MAINTAINING BALANCE WITH DIFFICULTY, AND FINDS IT'S A NAIL

SHOES PERSISTENTLY TO FAMILY TO WAIT FOR HIM, HE HAS TO FIX HIS SHOE. FAMILY DOESN'T HEAR.

GETS A ROCK AND POUNDS, HISSING THUMB MORE OFTEN THAN NAIL

HOBLES AFTER FAMILY, CRYING PLAINLY HE WANTS TO GO HOME NOW. DOESN'T CATCH UP WITH THEM FOR THREE BLOCKS

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# S-MATTER POP-



HEY, POP!

CERTAINLY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Delirious!



DELIRIOUS FROM HIS WOUNDS LYING IN A BED AT THE PLANTATION, HE CALLS CONTINUOUSLY FOR BETTY.

BETTY! BETTY! BETTY-LOU!

POOR BOY! HE IS DELIRIOUS...

BUT BETTY? I WONDER IF-IF-IT MUST BE SENIOR TOMMY TOMKINS - BETTY'S AMOR-HER SWEETHEART-

BETTY! WHERE ARE YOU?

IF HE DOES NOT SLEEP--HIS WOUND MAY BLEED AGAIN-- BETTY! HE MAY BE CALM--

BETTY, DARLING! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME-- KISS ME--

MADRE DE DIOS! O-O-OH--WHAT SHALL I-DO--NOW?

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER--The Christening!



WELL, BEN, YOU'VE SEEN HIM NOW-- WAS I EXAGGERATING ANY?

YOU GURE WERENT, CAL- WHY, HE'S WONDERFUL!

HE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFULEST ANIMAL THE BIG FELLER, UP YONDER EVER PERMITTED TO BE GET DOWN ON EARTH--

YOU SEEN HIM THE WAY I WAS HOPIN YOU WOULD-- BOSS O' THE RANGE! WILD AS THE MARCH WIND! PURTY AS PURTY CAN BE! ALL RIGHT, WHAT YOU GOIN TO CALL HIM?

THAT WHITE MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD-- THAT WHITE MARK-- WHAT ABOUT LONESTAR?

THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT! LONESTAR!

# THE NEBBS--Secret?



I WAS JUST WONDERING IF THERE WASN'T SOME MEDICAL VALUE IN THAT WATER MINE YOU BOUGHT. LET'S HAVE IT ANALYZED.

IT'S MIGHTY FINE OF YOU, MR. SLIDER TO GIVE MY AFFAIRS SO MUCH CONSIDERATION AND I'M DEEPLY GRATEFUL - CONSIDERING YOUR LIMITED ABILITY TO CONCENTRATE, IT'S LIKE A BEGGAR SWARING HIS CRUST OF BREAD.

DON'T MENTION IT - I ADMIT I GOT A LIMITED POWER OF REASON BUT I'VE GOT A HUNDRED BUCKS STORED AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY - AND I'LL BET IT AGAINST A LIKE AMOUNT YOU BOUGHT MORE STOCK WHEN YOU WERE AWAY.

THAT WAS THE CONFIDENTIAL NEWS I IMPARTED TO MY SWEET WIFE - WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE HERE IN THE STICKS - A SECRET IS A FINE WAY TO PASS THE TIME AWAY.

# THE BUNGLE FAMILY--In The Sweet Bye and Bye



Hey! Listen! Come back! I just landed here in a rocket. I want to find out where I am.

Listen boys, don't be so timid. I won't hurt you. I only want to know what part of the U.S.A. this is.

USA? You're about 5000 years late in asking for that, brother.

How's that again. 5000 years ago?

This was called the U.S.A. in ancient times... until about the year 7524. What did you think it was, do you say this is?

What! Well boys, to humor you a little, what year is this?

Why, anyone knows this is the year 7524. What did you think it was, old times?

# PEORIA 'MONSTER' DOOMED TO CHAIR

PEORIA, Aug. 1.—(AP)—The electric chair loomed for Gerald Thompson, 26, today as a sentence for ravishing and killing Mildred Hallmark, 19-year-old convent graduate, the night of June 16.

Only seven weeks after the girl's battered and denuded body was found in a cemetery ditch, Thompson was under sentence of death ordered by a circuit court jury which deliberated less than four hours last night. Only two ballots were reported taken.

Indifferent or evasive during a 10 day trial, this figure and Washington 2, 374,387,000. Other species quantitatively named included Ponderosa pine, western hemlock, spruce, western red cedar, Idaho white pine, larch, Port Orford cedar, white fir, sugar pine and some hard woods.

The canvass showed 1,110 lumber and shingle mills in the two states, operating at least a portion of 1934.

KEYS and expert lock opening. Medford Cyclopedia, 2 N. Fir, Ph. 461.

# NORTHWEST MILLS GAIN PAST YEAR

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 1. (UP)—Northwest lumber production in 1934 held its own and even gained about one and a half per cent over 1933, announced the North Pacific regional headquarters of the U. S. forest service.

Oregon and Washington produced some 4,443,912,000 (b) board feet last year—and some 41 per cent more than in 1932.

Of the total cut, 3,826,102,000 board feet went Douglas fir, leading variety. Oregon contributed 1,811,745,000 of this figure, and Washington 2,014,357,000. Other species quantitatively named included Ponderosa pine, western hemlock, spruce, western red cedar, Idaho white pine, larch, Port Orford cedar, white fir, sugar pine and some hard woods.

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