

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

REX: Rex and Laurie were pretending to be married, as that Rex might hold his job with Laurie's employer, Mark Albery. But now Rex has returned from a daring flight over Africa, and quite suddenly each realizes that he loves the other. The difficulty is that neither can bring himself to tell the truth, and that Rex knows Albery is in love with Laurie. Laurie is in love with Rex.

Chapter 26 MRS. STEELE TALKS

As a matter of fact, Laurie was just right, a young woman out of thousands in the business world, who suddenly found herself in the reflected limelight of a famous husband, and took her place quietly and with a natural diffidence that was very charming.

Mrs. Steele and Mark Albery sat together in a corner of the living room after luncheon, smoking and drinking their coffee. They had been neighbors at luncheon, and Albery paid the elegant, sophisticated woman the compliment of devoting his attention almost completely to her. There seemed to be a link between them from the moment they met.

Now, Wanda was speaking of their hostess. They were practically alone. Most of the other guests were still in the dining-room, where Rex Moore had been reluctantly persuaded to give some account of his recent experiences in the African jungle.

"I think Mrs. Moore is a dear little thing," she said. "I've never heard of anything so romantic as that she should have been working for you all this time, Mr. Albery. And now she is your private secretary! She must be very clever."

"Mrs. Moore has an excellent brain," he replied. "I feel sure she would succeed in anything she undertook."

But he did not seem anxious to talk about his hostess, which Wanda Steele did not fail to notice, as she looked at him from under her heavy, lowered lids. It was of Rex Moore he wanted to talk to the woman who had rescued him from death.

"I am more than interested to meet you," he told her when they were introduced. "Moore has told me that he owes his life and his eyesight to you." Now he returned to the subject. "One can get so little out of Moore, Mrs. Steele. He simply hates to talk about himself. But I suppose he had a very bad time."

"The doctors said it was a miracle he lived, Mr. Albery. For a long time we didn't know ourselves who he really was. But it was his blindness that made him seem as if he hated the whole world. My husband and I did all we could. But, as you say, he simply can't talk about himself. Think of it, he never told us even that he had a wife, not when he first recovered consciousness, or afterwards, all the time he was with us in California."

"He was always a curious chap," said Albery. At the time, this secrecy as to his domestic life on Moore's part did not impress him particularly. His thoughts were more taken up with a discovery he had made. Mrs. Steele was in love with Rex Moore. Her husband was dead. And, if she could, she was going to make trouble between the airman and his wife.

BEFORE he left, he made another discovery. Or, at least, he knew for certain a fact that had been open to doubt before.

He caught Laurie looking at her husband from outside the little group that surrounded him. He saw something he had never seen before in her face. She was unaware of anyone else in the room. Her defenses were down. A moment of emotional crisis held her in thrall. Her eyes were shining; on her lips was a little trembling smile of infinite sweetness and pathos.

Albery knew once and for all. Laurie Moore loved her husband, whether she was unhappy or not. And, beneath his impassive mask, as he bade the airman good-bye, his jealousy passed the first milestone on the road to madness.

Gladys had not attended the luncheon party. She had gone off quite early, looking like a flower-pet in honey-colored muslin, with a little crocheted wattle on her head, and a drooping hat with peach-colored velvet ribbons. She was spending the day, she said, with the family of her best girl friend in the troupe who lived in Streatham.

She came in later than usual, and

Laurie had never seen her looking more lovely. Excitement and nervous elation were in every line of her face and of her slim body.

Rex Moore was out, and Laurie eagerly questioned her sister about her day.

Yes, Gladys had had a very nice time. But rather quiet. She was tired of cinemas, and so were her friends. They had danced a little to the gramophone after supper.

"Did nobody see you home, Glad?" Laurie asked, rather uneasily.

"No. Why should they? Laurie, I'm not a baby! It's time you woke up, old girl."

"I know you're not a baby," Laurie answered, but with his wife, worn out by the exertions of the day, physical and mental, and her temper was rather frayed. "But, Glad, you don't need to pick on me! You know I'm only silly about you, as I've always been."

As a matter of fact, Gladys did not really understand why Laurie had been silly about her. During those dreary days in Sydney, when she was in the hands of a gang of rough men and depraved women, she had been hardly conscious of what was happening to her, and, after her rescue, the almost mortal illness and the weeks in hospital had wiped all memory from her mind.

"I say, Glad," Laurie went on, "who do you think was at my lunch party today? Lord Dagenbury—he's the head of the biggest wireless parts manufacturing firm in the country. He was very anxious to meet Rex, and Mr. Albery brought him. And who do you think he turns out to be? The father of that young man we met at Fen Grotton the other week end, Mr. Dallas!"

"Oh, how quaint!" exclaimed Gladys in a surprised voice.

"And what's the old man like?"

"Oh, awfully interesting," Laurie told her, in her enthusiastic way.

"He sat beside me, and the things he told me that wireless was going to do simply made me gasp. You'd never think that young man was his son."

"Why not? What's the matter with his son? I thought he was awfully nice."

"I didn't. I thought he was impatient and conceited. I took quite a dislike to him. I never can stand a man with big ears that stick out from his head, Glad. I've met a few in business, and there's always something wrong with them."

Gladys laughed merrily. She did not tell her sister that she had been spending most of the day reclining in a punt in a shady backwater of the river with that same young man. Or that she had dined with him in a roadside house, with a marvellous band and the most famous "crooning" tenor in the world. Or that he had just driven her home, and left her a few yards away from the front door.

"By the way, Glad," Laurie went on, "your boy friend hasn't turned up yet—the one who gave you the cigarette case and the sapphire pin? You said he was coming to London and you were going to ask him to meet me."

"No, I forgot to tell you. I had a note from him a few days ago. He's gone abroad."

At which Laurie heaved an inward sigh of relief.

The next day was Whit Monday. In the morning Rex Moore was alone in the flat. Laurie and Gladys had gone to spend the day with one of Laurie's girl friends from the office, who had been lately married and was now installed in her home.

Moore was going into the country at noon to make another secret test of the new fuel, again in a motor car. As they would not risk Brooklands, he was trying it out on Albery's small private track.

It was ten o'clock. Mrs. Budd had done her work for the day and gone. The door bell rang.

Moore shook himself impatiently. He was surrounded with maps and deep in his plans for the Pacific flight.

But he went to the door, and found outside the slim young one-armed man with the yellow hair and the neat moustache and heavy-lensed spectacles who had called on Laurie to ask for an interview about a fortnight ago.

At the sight of the airman he smiled in a confidential way.

"Rex Moore! What luck to find you in!" he said with his strong Australian accent. "I'm very keen to have a little chat with you."

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Gavin Drake turns out to be someone else again, tomorrow.

PRUITT FEATURES NEW ZENITH LINE OF RADIOS HERE

For four years, while building up their flourishing sales and service department, Pruitt's Melody Shop have refused to limit their line of radios to only one make. "The reason," says Almus Pruitt, who, with his wife, owns and manages the store, "is that in spite of the many fine lines we have carried, and the many more we have been urged by distributors to carry, no one line ever impressed us as having everything—price, performance and quality. Consequently, we concentrated on the models from two or three lines which, with our years of radio service experience, we regarded as the best values in these lines. The results, so far as giving customers their money's worth, were satisfactory, but always we asked ourselves, why is there not one line with all these features?"

"This year, in Zenith, we have found the answer. It is, in our opinion, absolutely the 'hottest' line of radios in the field. Not only does it have the outstanding qualities—tone, distance and beauty—that any one may recognize, but our long acquaintance with this make (our family purchased a Zenith radio over ten years ago from Bill Virgin, who pioneered radio in southern Oregon while located in the same quarters we now occupy), has convinced us that no radio is more endowed with the unexcelled qualities that make for long and trouble-free service."

See Flood Control Fund

ALBANY, Ore., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Application for a \$550,000 rivers and harbors appropriation for flood control work on the Willamette river is being prepared for joint submission by Benton and Linn counties.

Extradition Approved

SALEM, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Extradition papers were issued here by Governor Martin today for the return of Down Mason to St. Cloud, Minn., where he is wanted for forgery. He was arrested in Portland.

PRESIDENT TAKES WHEELER FISHING

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Accompanied by Senator Wheeler (D., Mont.), a leading advocate of compulsory abolition of "unnecessary" utility holding companies, President Roosevelt left the White House by motor today for a week-end fishing trip.

Mrs. Wheeler, John Monroe Johnson, assistant secretary of commerce, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Marguerite Le Hand, a secretary, also were with the president.

One of his longest motor trips of the year lay ahead as the chief executive headed for Tappanahannock on the Hapapananock river, where the group planned to board the government yacht Sequoia.

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STEVEDORES NAME BRIDGES DESPITE BOSSES' PROTESTS

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Harry Bridges, militant leader of the San Francisco local of the International Longshoremen's association, today was elected one of three coast delegates to an employer-employee conference at Washington, D. C.

The Pacific Coast I. L. A. board of directors at their convention here today also elected Paddy Morris, district secretary, and Cliff Thurston, business agent of the Portland local.

Bridges was selected as a delegate in the face of waterfront employer demands that he be deposed as leader of the San Francisco group under the proposed extension of the present employer-employee agreement. Employers also demanded that there be no more sympathetic strikes.

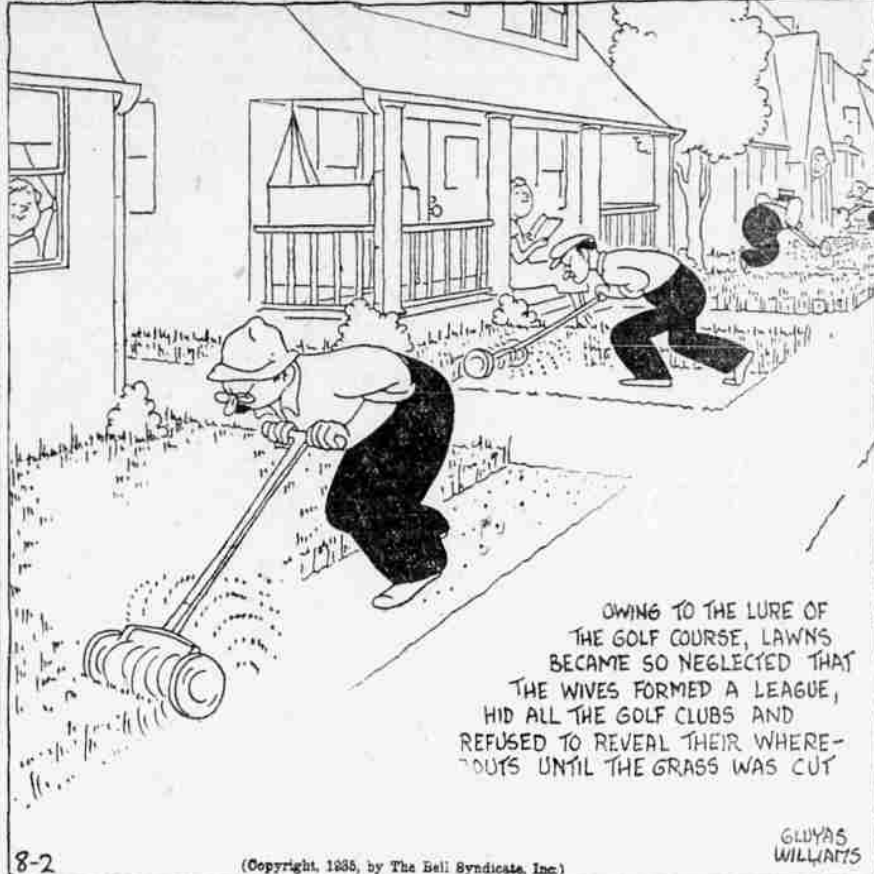
The Washington conference was called by Edward McGraw, assistant secretary of labor, in efforts to end bickering and intermittent stoppage because of friction between longshoremen and their employers.

William J. Lewis, district president of the I. L. A., said the majority of the coast locals reported in favor of renewing the present working agreement with employers. Lewis said the conference probably will last until tomorrow.

BAKER, Ore., Aug. 3.—(AP)—J. R. Bowles of Portland has taken options on a number of lode and placer gold claims near Atlanta in North Central Idaho, he said today.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By C. M. Payne

S-MATTER POP—



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

By Hal Forrest

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Wounded Horse!



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By Edwin Alger

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cal Tumbles!



8-20

By Sol Hess

THE NEBBS—The Sower of Discontent



G. A. Carlson

By Harry J. Tuttle

THE BUNGLER FAMILY—Hope



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. 8-2

DESCHUTES TROUT ANGLERS FOOLED

BEND, Ore., Aug. 3.—(AP)—Hundreds of sportsmen, many from other states, fished the head waters of the Deschutes river yesterday without any luck whatsoever, and today they learned why.

Fish racks used at Carme prairie last spring during the annual egg "take" had not been removed and up-stream migration of the trout was entirely blocked.

That portion of the river was opened for fishing only yesterday and the eager fishermen were not the only ones who came home empty-handed. Three state police officers were checking closely to see that not one caught more than the limit.

POWER ABOLITION AN 'IF' QUESTION

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Hope that the utility holding company bill will be enacted this session was expressed today by President Roosevelt.

Asked at his regular press conference if he would insist on the provision, twice rejected by the house, for compulsory abolition of "unnecessary" holding companies, he replied that was too much of an if question.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Truett-Walsh Contract Works.