

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Mark Albery, who employs both Rex and Laurie Moore, has learned from Gavin Doble that Rex and Laurie are not married, as they had told him. The deception originated because it seemed necessary so that Rex might hold his job. Now Laurie is telephoning Rex that she will have dinner with Albery. The difficulty is that both Rex and Laurie are in love with Rex.

Chapter 29 ATLANTIC FLIGHT

"AND I have a message from Mr. Albery," Laurie went on. "He wants us to go down to Fen Gration for the week end."

"I can't do that," Rex said shortly. "I've got my friend, Alec Wade, from New York, spending the day. Sunday, I told you, I can't put him off. He sails early in the week. You can go, all the same."

"Mr. Albery makes rather a point of it. He's got someone he wants you to meet."

"Can't help that," Moore's voice was almost rude.

"All right, I'll tell Mr. Albery."

It was well after midnight when Laurie came in.

Rex was sitting over his maps. "Is Gladys back?" was Laurie's first question. It always was.

"Yes, and gone to bed. You certainly have been working late."

"I wasn't working all the time. It was so late when we finished that Mr. Albery took me to the Elvisee to dinner and we stayed on for the cabaret. It's an awfully good show."

Moore had been drinking strong black coffee in large cups, which was very bad for his nerves.

"Do you think it wise to run around with Albery the way you do?" Laurie stiffened.

"I don't know what you mean. I can't refuse to work late when it is important. It's my job. Mr. Albery offers to pay me overtime, but I won't take it. He has done enough for me—and for you."

"I'm not suggesting that he should pay for your company. You haven't got as far as that, I suppose," he retorted abruptly, with a steady glance from his grey eyes. "I merely wondered whether it was necessary for you to dine with him."

"You are insulting."

"I am only suggesting that, under the circumstances, it would be wise, for a little while, not to be seen about so much with Albery. I don't like the idea of my wife being talked about as a girl secretary her employer has taken a fancy to."

Laurie went crimson.

"How dare you? What business is it of yours anyhow? I'm not your wife."

"You are supposed to be. You are living here with me. As far as anybody knows, we are a normal couple. Of course, it is no business of mine."

"I'd no idea you paid so much attention to appearances." She was quivering with indignation.

"I don't like looking a fool," he answered brutally. "And while you are supposed to be my wife, I'd rather you didn't get talked about."

"I know who's been talking!" she flashed. "Mrs. Steele. She was at the Roma the other day when I was lurching with Mr. Albery to take some notes from him when he was only up for an hour or two. I saw her watching me. Of course, she's jealous, because she's crazy about you, and she thinks I'm really your wife."

It was the man's turn to grow red in the face. Laurie had hit the mark. Wanda Steele had suggested to him very delicately that his "dear little wife" was perhaps being a trifle indiscreet.

"I'm sick of it," Laurie went on, at white heat. "I'm going to quit tomorrow. You can say I left you—or anything else you like."

BUT the next day there was another turn to their affairs.

Rex Moore spent the morning with Albery at Fen Gration, and came back late in the afternoon, to find Laurie packing her books.

"You can stop that," he said. "I'm off again. You'll be rid of me for a week or two. Albery wants me to try to lower the Atlantic record for the double crossing. He has heard that Bruce Morris is preparing secretly to make the flight, and he wants me to get in first. He says the Pacific can wait."

He was elated. He was going to unfold his wings again. He was good-humored, almost friendly.

"You don't need to turn out, do you?" he added, with a touch of

compunction in his voice. "I ragged you yesterday."

"She looked at him steadily. "You mean it would look bad if I left the flat? That it would be damaging to you?"

"You might wait until I come back—that's all I mean." He looked at her in the shamefaced way he had when he asked her to do anything, rather like a small boy who knows he is in the wrong. "After all, I can't annoy you when I'm not here."

"All right," she said. Her voice was forbidding because she had to hide a little tremor in it. "When do you start?"

"Tomorrow night—for Ireland. The weather looks as if it will hold."

Laurie turned away, putting her books back on the shelves from which she had taken them.

His spirit was taken in the air. He was not thinking of her.

Rex Moore did not come back to the flat the next day until it was almost time for him to start. All day long he had been making his preparations at Albery's private air field.

He found a tempting meal laid on the dining-room table, but Laurie was not in the room. She came out of his bedroom with the small haversack that he was going to take with him in her hand.

"Mrs. Budd is no packer," she said lightly. "So I packed your things myself. You'll have something to eat, won't you? I'm scrambling some eggs the way you like them, with mushrooms. I'll go and fix them now."

"Where is Mrs. Budd?" he asked.

"I sent her away. I didn't know how late you would be."

She disappeared into the kitchen.

WHEN she came back, with the dishes on her tray, Rex had changed into his flying kit.

"I won't have you waiting on me," he said angrily. "I can do all that myself."

"That's rather foolish," she retorted evenly. "I'm fond of cooking. Now, please, sit down and eat."

She poured him out a cup of coffee, with the thick cream that he liked on the top.

She ate very little herself. What she had finished the eggs, she offered him fruit and a special high sponge cake that she had made.

They hardly spoke. Laurie seemed to have something on her mind.

"Is it dangerous—this Atlantic flight?" she said at last.

He laughed.

"What ever put that into your head?"

"All long-distance flights must be dangerous."

"Do you know the most dangerous occupation in the world?" he asked, with the mocking smile a back of his eyes. "The one with the greatest percentage of casualties? A plate-layer on a railway."

But Laurie was looking at him with a curious concentration.

"Rex, you're not using this fuel, are you?" she asked.

"What on earth do you know about that?" he countered.

"I've had to do a lot of work in connection with it for Mr. Albery. I don't see, in it?"

He looked startled.

"Has Albery talked to you about it? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I know it's a secret. Mr. Albery asked me not to talk about it. He asked me if you had told me anything, and I told him that you never discussed your profession with me. But I just wanted to know."

"Of course, I'm not using it. The tests aren't nearly satisfactory yet. What a funny girl you are! I say, I shall have to get a move on. Albery's car is coming to take me to the airfield. He's coming with me. I suppose you wouldn't like to come?"

"Oh, no!" Laurie said sharply.

They got up and Rex Moore went to fetch his flying coat and helmet.

He found Laurie standing in the dining room, just where he had left her. She turned a white face to him.

"I'm sure—it's dangerous!" she said under her breath.

"Why do you harp on that, Laurie?" he asked. And then there came a reaction so violent that his tanned face actually turned pale. "I don't understand," he said slowly. "It can't be that you care? I mean—what becomes of me? You hate me, don't you, for coming back and messing up your life?"

"Yes, I hate you," she said hysterically.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Tomorrow, confessions are in order.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 7. — (AP) — Information charging six men, now in custody in connection with the pirate-like looting of the gambling ship *Monie Carlo*, with "attacking a vessel on the high seas with intent to plunder," were issued today by Pearson Hall, U. S. district attorney.

William Pleci Palmer, assistant U. S. district attorney, said the charges in the information are equivalent to piracy, punishable by a maximum fine of \$5000 and ten years imprisonment.

The suspects are August Wunderlich, George Wunderlich, Lerril D. Boyd, Walter Miller, Carl Carille and Frank Gibbon.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7. — (AP) — (UPI) — Mark Thurst, a convict of 14 years, is 114 years old. He lives here on a government pension, which helps support his fifth wife and a step-child. The eldest of his 27 children now is 92 years old.

SIX CHARGED WITH LOOTING OF VESSEL

SALEM, Aug. 7. — (AP) — A delegation of Douglas county citizens, including County Judge Quine and Commissioner Nichols, appeared before R. H. Baldock, state highway engineer, here Tuesday in quest of additional federal highway aid and funds for the improvement of the Pacific highway.

Quine said Douglas county has 30 per cent of the Pacific highway and was desirous of completing a new road over Turkey Hill. The proposed improvement is directly north of Oakland and would cover a distance of approximately six miles.

Alarm Lights Broom LEIPZIG, Germany (UPI) — The effectiveness of the alarm clock has been greatly increased by combining an automatic room lighting device with the ringing of a waking bell. In a gadget shown here at the Leipzig fair.

KEYS AND EXPERTS WORK TO REPAIR MEDFORD CYCLES, 22 S. P. Ph. 261.

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MINT'S MISTRESS LOOKS UPON COIN LIKE SO MUCH COAL

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 7. — (AP) — The woman who "makes" more money than probably anyone else in the world, twirled a blue scarf that matched her eyes and speculated here today on how she'd spend a million dollars of her own—if she had it.

She is Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, director of the United States mint and former Wyoming governor, the first of her sex to be a state's chief executive.

"You see," she smiled, "money is an entirely impersonal thing to the people who work in the mint. It's just like coal. We don't think of it as money. It's just 'our job' and so I've never taken time to wonder what I'd do with money if I had a lot of it myself."

"There are a great many ways to spend money, and I hope I'd find wise ones. I've learned, however, to live for the moment, and right at this moment there doesn't seem any likelihood of my having a million dollars of my own, so I'm not much concerned over it."

Acting as head of the mint Mrs. Ross finds even more interesting, at least in some respects, than being governor of a state.

"It's such a big job, and the responsibility is so large I think anyone would be thrilled by it," she said. "Of course, I always will think of being governor of a state as about

ARMY RECRUITER LISTS VACANCIES

The army recruiting officer here announces receipt of a new list of vacancies for enlistment for the month of August, as follows:

Hawaiian Islands: Infantry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Corps of Engineers, Chemical Warfare Service, Quartermaster Corps.

Philippine Islands: Infantry, Coast Artillery.

Vancouver Barracks, Washington: 7th Infantry, Quartermaster Corps, Medical Department.

Post Stevens, Oregon: 8th Coast Artillery, Ordnance Department, Medical Department, Quartermaster Corps.

Chilkoot Barracks, Alaska: 7th Infantry.

San Francisco: 30th Infantry, Medical Department.

Port Winfield Scott, California: 3rd Coast Artillery.

U. S. Army Force in China: 15th Infantry and Quartermaster Corps. (This vacancy for previous service only.)

Young men who join the U. S. army at this time have splendid opportunities for quick advancement, because of the recently enacted national defense bill. Increasing personnel by some 45,000 men. A large and fine list of military assignments is available to choose from, and ample opportunities for study in tradesman-ships are available for practically all trades. Pay is small but when compared to civilian wages, after bills have been paid, is ample for the needs of the soldier. Trips to foreign possessions of Uncle Sam represent a good deal of money if taken in civilian life.

The army recruiting station is in the city hall.

WILSON, N. C. (UP) — N. M. Schaum of Wilson sank a hole in one on the 210-yard fifth hole of a golf course here. Six weeks later on the same course, he chalked up a hole in one on the 180-yard 13th hole.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



S-MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER



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THE NEBBS



THE BUNGLER FAMILY



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ALLEY-O-OOP! SKEETER IS ABOUT TO LAND AT DEL SEGUNDO AND DELIVER THE CHARMING DOLORES INTO HER FRANTIC FATHER'S ARMS. FLYING BETTY'S ABANDONED PLANE, THOUGH UNAWARE THAT IT BELONGS TO BETTY, SKEETS HAS MADE A RECORD FLIGHT OVER THE GREAT NAZILIAN JUNGLE AND—

2253-

O-OH-IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

THAT'S LONESTAR! COME HERE, BRIAR!

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE AEROPLANO FLOWN BY THE AMERICAN SENORITA, BETTY LOU BARNES!

LINEERING TO FETCH WATER FROM THE STREAM, BEN HALTED AT THE GOUND OF A PLAINTIVE WHINNY—IT CAME FROM BEYOND THE RICE ON THE OTHER SIDE!

YOU HEARD IT TOO, DIDN'T YOU, BRIAR?

THERE! I HEARD IT AGAIN! WAIT NOW—WE CAN CROSS HERE AT THE FORD—

THAT'S LONESTAR! COME HERE, BRIAR!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THAT OTHER HORSE! WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT IT IS, BRIARGIE!

WELL, HOW'S THE GOLD MINE COMING ALONG, BARDON? INQUISITIVENESS, BUT DO DIVIDENDS COME BY MAIL OR DO YOU HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM?

DON'T GET FUNNY—YOUR LOOKS WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH

I'M NOT TRYING TO GET FUNNY—I WANT THOSE DIVIDENDS TO COME—THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I NEED

WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'NEED'? YOUR CLOSET LOOKS LIKE A SHOW-ROOM FOR A DRESS AND SHOE SHOP—YOU CAN ORDER ANY KIND OF FOOD YOU WANT—YOU GOT A BED THAT'S SO SOFT YOU FALL ASLEEP THINKING OF IT—WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Listen boys, do you mean there's a law here, wherever this is, that makes you do trick bows to all mothers-in-law?

We're going to change all that. VOTES FOR MEN

Red-blooded men of action, forward!

Fellow Reds, let's up our battle song, comrades.

Okay! Strike up our battle song, comrades.

Forward! oh oh boys, there's the palace!

Hmm! So it is. My feet hurt a bit.

Let's sit down and think things out.

Yes, we'll...hey! He's going on!

There old timer, wait a minute or two!

Ahem! Well I guess we'll just have to follow him...fairly close. Strike up that battle song, again.

THE NEBBS—Twas Ever Thus

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