

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: The innocent deception which Rex and Laurie Moore have practiced is coming to a climax. They have pretended to be married so that Rex might continue to hold his job with Mark Albery. And although Laurie just has told Rex, who is leaving to try to labor the ransom for the Atlantic flight, that she hates him—it is not the truth. The complication is that Albery is in love with Laurie, and willing to do anything to take her away from Rex.

Chapter 30
DECLARATION

"THEN why do you worry about danger?" asked Rex. "It would not mean anything to you if I never came back? Except that you could go on being my widow?" He laughed scornfully, hardly able to believe what had come into his mind.

"No—nothing!" She had her back to him. Her voice was strangled. Her shoulders were shaking.

Rex Moore took a long stride, and turned her round. She was as white as a sheet. Her eyes were agonized.

"Laurie, it can't be that you care like that!"

He crushed her to him. His lips were pressed to hers. His eyes, when he released her, and held her at arms' length, were shining, ardent, a lover's eyes, a conqueror's eyes.

"Laurie, you love me!"

"I don't—I—" She tried to tear herself away.

"You do. I love you, Laurie. You're the one woman. It was fate. It was meant to be. We've been playing the fool with each other."

"Let me go! Let me go!" She struggled feebly. It was against some power she did not understand.

"We've been playing the fool," he repeated. "I love you and you love me. And that's all there is to it."

Again he drew her close. And this time she surrendered, and her lips clung to his, and in a great wave of ecstasy she did seem to lose herself altogether, and to be born anew.

The door bell rang harshly in the tense atmosphere of the room, filled with human passion and joy and pain.

Rex Moore gripped Laurie even closer for a straggled, silent moment; then let her go.

"That's the car," he said. "I can't keep it waiting. I must get off. Laurie—" He looked at her with those brilliant, masterful eyes. "Isn't it the most beautiful thing in the world? Can you believe in it? Of course, we must believe in it, because it's true. Wait till I come back! Wait for me!"

She was leaning against the wall. Slowly her face was composing itself, losing its unearthly radiance.

"I think we're mad," she muttered. "I must go. We're not mad. Wait till I get back!"

Another close embrace, desperate in its tragic haste. And he was gone. Laurie heard the door shut. She did not move; tears ran down her face. She was in a new world. Rex Moore loved her. She loved him. He had gone, but he would come back.

This was what she had been born for. This was what all her life had led to—blindly groping, searching. It had led her to Rex Moore, her man.

From below came the sonorous hoot of Mark Albery's car, as the chauffeur drove off. Through her exaltation it struck Laurie's ears with a note of warning and fear. She knew that without Rex Moore there would now be no life for her. She might be alive; but she would not live.

"GLAD, I'm worried to death," said Laurie three nights later, when her sister came back from the theatre.

"What, no cable from your hero yet?" the girl asked teasingly. "But you know he's pulled it off, old girl, broken another record. He's being smothered with bouquets and banquets, you bet, and hasn't a minute to himself. You're a comic character all right, Laurie! Only the other day you were telling me you didn't know whether you were going to get on a slide because you haven't heard from him!"

"It isn't that, Glad," said Laurie. "It's you."

"Me?"

"Look at this!" Laurie held out a letter, which the younger girl took and read. It was typewritten, and bore no address.

"Does Mrs. Rex Moore know that her sister Gladys goes about with a swell young man the time she goes to his rooms alone after the show?"

Gladys crumpled the paper into a ball and fung it on the floor. Her face was so contorted with anger that it seemed to lose all trace of beauty.

"Well, you don't mean you take any notice of a thing like this!" she cried shrilly.

"Glad, is it true?" Laurie's desperate anxiety forced her sister to show some slight compunction.

"Oh, don't be so silly! Where did this beastly thing come from?"

"The postmark is London, S.E."

"It's one of the girls, of course! There's more than one leoness of me since I'm leader of the troupe."

"But, Glad, is it true?"

"It must be one of the girls." Gladys went on, bent on her own train of thought. "It couldn't be anybody else. Must be somebody who knows you're my sister, and how silly you are about me."

"Silly! Glad, how can you be so mean? Is it true?"

"Well, of course. I go out with a boy sometimes. What girl doesn't? Aren't you often having meals with Mr. Albery? You're a nice one to carry on like this!"

"Glad, is it the same young man you told me about?"

"Yes," the girl said, telling the truth and lying at the same time.

"But you told me the other day he'd gone abroad!"

"Yes, but he's back."

"You said you'd bring him here, to meet me!"

"I know. But he hasn't had time yet. He's back in London on business."

The cruellest thing of her life happened to Laurie then. She knew for certain that Gladys was lying to her. That Gladys meant to lie to her.

And she didn't know what to do.

SHE realized that it was no good scolding. She must try other methods.

"You might be straight with me, Glad. I don't want to pry into your affairs. But even nowadays a girl doesn't go to a young man's rooms alone. You don't deny it. And I don't want to be nasty, dear, but it's risky to go about with a man in a different position in life."

"Oh, hang it all. I can't help it if he has money!" cried Gladys. "And I've only been to his rooms once. And some interfering, jealous cat must have followed me. I'm ashamed of you, Laurie, taking notice of such a disgusting letter!"

"I wish you would let me meet him," said Laurie quietly. "Has he asked you to marry him, Glad? Do you mind telling me that?"

"He can't marry for a bit. His father won't let him. He's got to make good in business. But I don't mind waiting. I'm not too keen to get married at once. I want to have lots of fun. I'll bring him along some day. If you promise not to scare him still!"

But Laurie knew Gladys didn't mean to meet this young man. She said nothing more. She must try to get the girl to trust her. It was the only way with Glad.

But she was full of foreboding. Also, she was full of confusion. That last scene with Rex Moore was like a dream. Like a dream that sometimes is more real than life. He loved her. And yet she had not heard a word from him directly, although he had made a new and magnificent record flight. Her news came from Albery and from the papers. That was all.

The next day was Sunday. Jimmy Dallas drove Gladys back from their favorite haunt on the river, and drew up at the door of the building at the back of St. James' Street in which he had his chambers.

"Come up for a cocktail, Flower-face!" he invited.

"I'd better not," the girl said. "I've got to go out to dinner with Laurie tonight. Couldn't get out of it."

Gladys was by no means a fool, although she was crazy about Jimmy Dallas. The anonymous letter to her sister had made a great impression on her. It was simply loathsome to be watched. She determined to make it her business to find out who was doing it.

Anyway, she decided, she wouldn't go to the young man's rooms again. "Just for a few minutes, cutie!" he urged. "I'm sure you're in need of a drink. Same here!"

She could not resist those merry, luring brown-green eyes, with their will-o'-the-wisp lightness and frivolity, and their power of making her follow, follow, wherever they wanted her to go.

Gladys' entanglement grows, tomorrow.

MOTOR TOURIST THROUGH ON WESTERN HIGHWAYS AS IN PROSPERITY DAYS

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8.—(AP)—Highways of the west are throbbing with motor tourist traffic that may out-distance the peak of the pre-depression era.

From 11 western states come reports that America has taken to the road in a big way, with virtually every state represented in the caravan of cars winding through canyons and over mountain passes in the search for scenery.

A survey by the Associated Press indicates each of the 11 states enjoying increased traffic. There is an almost uniform surge in state gasoline tax collections of around 10 per cent as compared with a year ago.

National parks, dude ranches and resorts are benefiting by the increased travel. Some places closed for several years have reopened. Much of the touring is being done in the swanky streamline models of this year or last. In Arizona highway patrolmen placed recent model cars as in the majority.

Tourist travel was at the best level in five years in Oregon, and 20 per cent above 1934.

Idaho and Washington, the latter despite the lumber strike and unfavorable weather, were enjoying increased gas tax returns.

95. Attends Seating Circle. CLEVELAND.—(UP)—At the age of 95, Mrs. Elizabeth Curless attends her sewing circle every week. She is chipper and active in its affairs.

Educational Film Project Is Answer To Many Prayers

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 8.—(AP)—Edwin Carewe, veteran director-producer, has a new idea of producing program pictures for showing in churches, schools, civic auditoriums and other meeting places which he describes as "the answer to prayers of millions for decent, educational and entertaining films."

"Production will begin by the newly organized Edwin Carewe Pictures corporation next September 15, he said today, with an expenditure of millions of dollars annually."

"The unprecedented project," said Carewe, "is supported by international church organizations of all denominations, by boards of education, parent-teacher associations and women's clubs, and is expected to have revolutionary effects on the present system of making and exhibiting pictures."

Shoulder Hit, Ankle Broken. SPRINGDALE, Utah (UP)—Although struck on the shoulder by a falling timber, Walden A. Hansen found his injury to be a broken ankle. Hansen escaped without a bruise on his shoulder, but his fractured ankle was discovered when he attempted to stand on his feet.

Mounties to Use Dogs. BROOKS, Alta. (UP)—The Royal Canadian Mounted police have decided to enlist the aid of dogs in "getting their man." At instructions from headquarters in Ottawa, a class in training dogs has been opened here.

TOURIST INFUX SHOWS RECOVERY

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 8.—(AP)—A total of 20,993 out-of-state cars registered in Oregon during July was the highest for any month since 1930.

Secretary of State Earl Snell reported today. This year's total to date of 65,827 was more than 4000 greater than for the first seven months of 1934.

Last month's registration compared with a June total of 14,720, and July last year of 17,017.

More than half of the cars registered from outside were from California, with a total of 11,739. Washington ranked second with 2847 and Idaho third with 556. Other states represented included Illinois, 449; New York, 309, and Colorado, 315. Canadian registrations numbered 662.

As usual, Snell reported, the heaviest registration was at Grants Pass, with Ashland second and Brookings third.

40-HOUR WEEK FOR MAIL CLEARS WEEK FOR MAIL

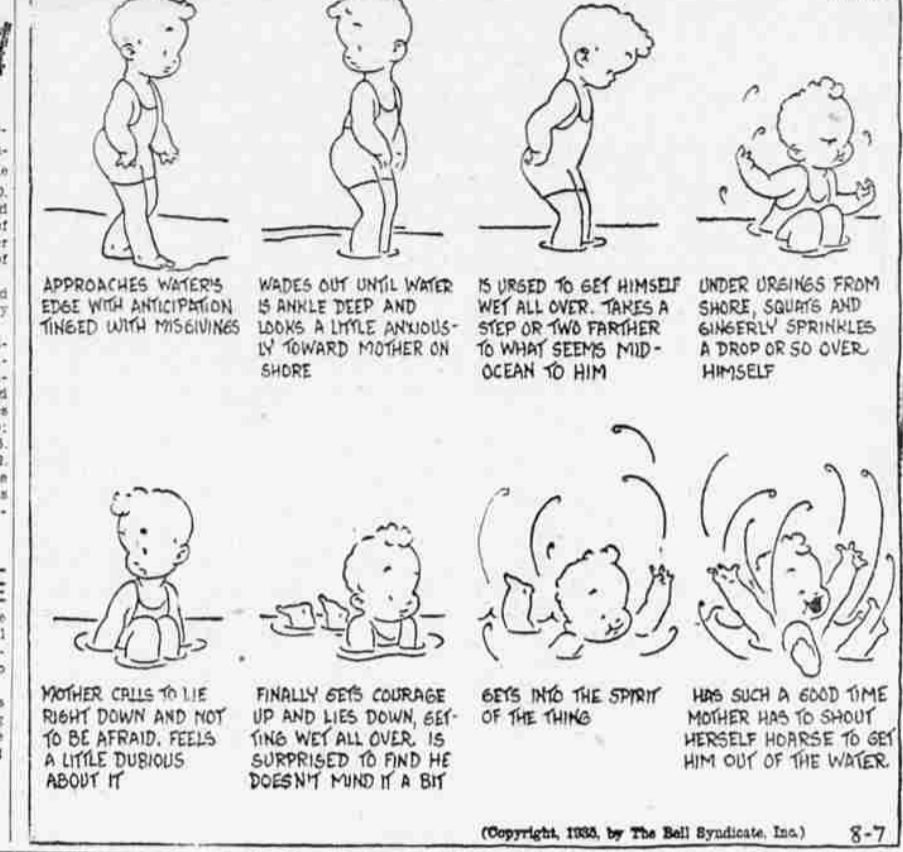
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—(AP)—The senate today passed the house bill for a 40-hour week in the postal service after extending the provisions to railway mail clerks.

An amendment by Senator Byrnes (D., S. C.) was adopted providing that railway mail carriers should be employed on the basis of six hour and 40-minute days.

The bill was sent to the house. KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cysters, 23 N. Fir St. 361

THE FIRST PLUNGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S-MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Air Mail" Delivery!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Madcap Is Dead



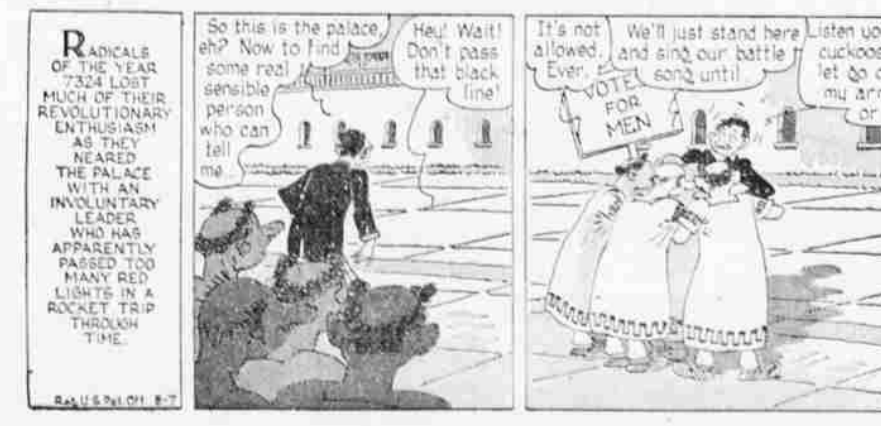
By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Big-Hearted Max



By Sol Hess

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Old Dauntless



By Harry J. Tutthill

DRUG MISBRANDING ENDANGERS PUBLIC

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 8.—(AP)—Unsuspecting buyers should be given the fullest protection of the government against misbranded drugs, 300 members of the American Pharmaceutical association were told by their president here today.

E. P. Fuchella, president of the national association, addressed his colleagues at the first general session of the 83rd convention.

Greater stringency in the national food and drug act awaiting house action, was suggested by Dr. Fuchella, who declared the government "cannot go too far" in protecting the public from preparations injurious to health.

PORTLAND FAVORED AS ALUMINUM PLANT SITE

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 8.—(AP)—The proposed new aluminum manufacturing plant of the Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation will be built in Portland in vicinity of hydroelectric power can be obtained in large quantities from Bonneville dam, President Charles B. Bohn said today.

Skunk Hit By Car Worries Vancouver

VANCOUVER, Wash., Aug. 8.—(AP)—A skunk wandered into the business district here today and was run over by an automobile.

Within a few minutes dozens of cars were pointing into the police station, demanding that the odiferous carcass be given an immediate funeral in some remote section.

With sympathetic dignity, police referred the incident to the street cleaning department.

Crash Is Fatal

BOISE, Idaho, Aug. 8.—(AP)—Robert Little, 20, son of Andy Little of Emmett, Idaho's largest sheep operator, died last night from injuries suffered in an automobile wreck Monday. His car crashed over an embankment, and the youth received a skull fracture.

See Mail Tribune want ads.