

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Rex Moore just has successfully from the Atlantic seaboard. He and Laurie Moore have declared their love for each other just before he set out; now Laurie is worried about Rex, and still more about her sister Gladys, who is flying high, wide and handsome with an irresponsible young man named Jimmy Dolan. Gladys is being mixed a cocktail in Jimmy's room of the moment.

Chapter 31 ELSIE GROVE

"I'll mix you my latest," said Jimmy.

Jimmy walked out of the room to fetch ice, and when he came back, Gladys was looking at a photograph that stood in lonely importance on his mantelpiece, flanked by various quaint animals blown out of glass.

It was particularly noticeable in that room, without any other picture of any kind, all glaring white, with splashes of black and orange for curtains, tables of steel tubing and plate glass, and enormous square white armchairs, looking as if they had been cut out of a block of snow.

The photograph was of a girl and seemed to belong to a different age. An ordinary-looking girl, with a lot of hair in plaits round her rather large head.

of rare luxuries, of the last word in fashions. A taste he could never have satisfied on his own merits.

"I'd love a ring," the girl went on, and in her voice was the note of helpless devotion that thrilled the young man, and sometimes made him feel that life might be very wonderful if one wasn't so tied up. "It would make me sort of feel I belonged to you, Jimmy."

"You do," he said, very low, and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she smiled happily, and looked adoringly into his eyes. His spell was on her more potent than ever. "You do love me, don't you? We are going to get married some day?"

"You bet your life," he answered. But there were depths in the girl that she did not know herself, and in them stirred a sudden fear and a sudden pain. She clasped her arms tightly round his neck and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Jimmy, I'm crazy in love with you. At first I thought it was only a game. I'm a silly fool, but you're just everything to me. If you don't love me, if you ever get tired of me and go away from me, I shall die!"

"You silly flower-face!" replied the spell-binding voice. "As if I'm not just longing for the day when we can be together!"

Gladys found herself crying, as



"To our next meeting, sweetheart!"

"Who's this?" asked Gladys curiously. "One of your sisters?"

"No, it's a friend—a girl I've known since I was a kid," he answered.

"Mr. isn't she plain? I don't remember it the other night when I was here, Jimmy. And I had a good look around."

"No, I was going through some drawers and came across it with a lot of others. I forgot to put it away."

"It's not a girl you're in love with?" Gladys's voice was decidedly suspicious, although she could not imagine Jimmy in love with a girl who looked like that.

"Good Lord, no!" There was whole-hearted truth in Jimmy's voice. He was displeased at the incident. Poor Elsie Grove certainly was plain. The reason for the photograph being there was that Mrs. Grove had brought her daughter to tea yesterday to inspect his newly-furnished quarters.

Elsie Grove was the girl his father had decided that he should eventually marry. They were not engaged officially, but the families were bent on the match. It had advantages of business and property; quite an out-of-date idea, but then the two families were hopelessly old-fashioned.

"Here's the best cocktail you've ever drunk," he told Gladys, handing her a generous glass. "To our next merry meeting," sweetheart!

Gladys put her glass down when she had finished, and stood by the window, holding out her arm and gazing at a tiny wrist watch, set with diamonds, that Jimmy had given her that morning.

"It's lovely," she said, but I wish you'd given me a ring."

"Silly monkey, you couldn't wear it!"

"I can't wear this, either," she said reproachfully. "It looks much too expensive."

"You can wear it when you're with me. I love to see you with pretty things, darling." It was one of Jimmy's characteristic points, his love of display, of expensive things.

\$12 HOG RETURNS TO CHICAGO MART

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—(AP) The twelve dollar hog came back today for the first time in six years.

Scoring another sharp advance, hog prices rose to \$12 per hundredweight in early rounds, the highest price since August, 1929, when a top of \$12.25 was reached.

The market was 10 to 15 cents higher today, the top reaching \$12.55. Starvation supplies of hogs at market centers, coupled with the fact storage supplies are abnormally scant formed that basis of the market strength today's run here was only 7,000 head, compared with 22,000 a year ago.

UNKNOWN DOG HONORED BY SOVIET MONUMENT

LENINGRAD, U. S. S. R.—Aug. 9.—(AP)—A monument to the unknown dog was unveiled today at the Institute of Experimental Medicine.

The inscription on the monument, bearing the stone image of a dog, reads:

"In memory of all dogs which have given their lives for physiological experiment for the purpose of prolonging human life and improving human health."

WAUNA SAWMILL CREW RETURNING TO LABOR

ASTORIA, Ore., Aug. 9.—(AP) Officials of the Coast-Western Lumber mill at Wauna announced today an agreement had been signed with the sawmill and timber workers'

JAIL FOR WOMAN WHO BEAT MAID

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 9.—(AP)—Charged with beating and mistreating her young housemaid, Mrs. M. F. Kneeland was today sentenced to serve ninety days in jail and was fined \$250. A notice of appeal was filed.

Mrs. Kneeland was charged with attacking Marian Shortridge after the domestic denied she had taken \$20. Mrs. Kneeland said was missing. The girl said her mistress had tied her wrists and ankles, looped a rope around her neck, and dragged her through the house. The girl was treated at a hospital for severe bruises and contusions.

LITTLE FELLOW'S TAX PAYING WILL BE EYED

Baltimore, Md., will be the administrative headquarters for the project.

REPAIR TALENT SCHOOLS FOR OPENING SEPT. 9TH

TALENT, Aug. 9.—(Sp.)—Talent schools will open September 9, according to Superintendent Aachcraft. A new coat of paint is being put on the gym, and other improvements are being done that will put the school in first-class shape.

SATISFYING WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
AFTER EVERY MEAL

HAMMOCK READING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-8

HOT AFTERNOON. NOTHING MUCH TO DO. LIES DOWN IN HAMMOCK WITH BOOK.

WHAT WITH HIS WRIGGLING AND HAMMOCK'S SWINGING, PILLOW FALLS OVERBOARD.

GETS ALONG PRETTY WELL BY HOLDING BOOK OVER HIS HEAD.

TRIES A NEW POSITION.

GETS TIRED OF THAT AND SHIPS, LYING ACROSS THE HAMMOCK.

PAYS BOOK ON FLOOR AND READS AS HE SWAYS BACK AND FORTH ABOVE IT.

FEELS NEED FOR MORE ACTION. BRACES FOOT AGAINST HOUSE AND GETS HAMMOCK SWINGING HARD.

SWINGS HAMMOCK SO HARD THAT IT THUMPS AGAINST HOUSE AT END OF EACH SWING.

CRIES OF PROTEST COME FROM WITHIN HOUSE. GOES OVER TO SEE IF EDDIE SELZER CAN COME OUT NOW.

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she hurried along the empty West-end streets to get on her Chelsea omnibus.

Poor Gladys! Perhaps she hadn't reckoned on the power of love when she started on this gay adventure. Or, perhaps the new cocktail had been too strong!

AS Laurie was walking along the street, four days later, she read a newspaper headline in a boy's hand.

REX MOORE FLIES BACK—BUT CRASHES

She turned sick. For a few seconds she could not move. She could not bring herself to buy a paper.

"Rex Moore—Crashes."

She stumbled back to the flat. It was late afternoon. She had left the office early. Mr. Albery was at Fen Grotton.

His voice was reassuring but puzzled.

"I've just got a message," he told her. "Phoned on from the office. Moore is apparently all right. He came down somewhere in Ireland not far from the Coast. He was flying straight on. Some newspaper men were soon on the spot. So he has made the most marvellous record in the world so far."

"From what I gather, he wouldn't say anything except that he left the American coast at the time stated in the first messages we got. He went to a farm house to get some water to drink, leaving them to guard his plane. From then on he seems to have disappeared."

"They waited, and as he didn't come, they followed him to the farm, but he had gone. They were told he asked where he could get a car. They went back to the air field as fast as they could, and later a message came from Moore, asking them to have his plane flown back to the field, where he could come for it. He was going back to London by train and boat."

"He's not here," said Laurie. "And there's no message."

"Probably he hasn't had quite time to get back, Mrs. Moore."

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Rex Moore, tomorrow, submits to an examination.

S-MATTER POP—

YES, DARLING, I PUT POWDER ON MY FACE TO MAKE MYSELF BEAUTIFUL.

OH-H, MAY I HAVE A LITTLE OF IT?

HM-M

ZZ-ZZ-ZZ!

WHASSA IDEE OF RUBBIN' THAT THERE POWDER ON ME?

CAN'T A BODY TAKE A NAP THOUT BEIN' PESTERED?

IT DOESN'T WORK EVERY TIME, DOES IT, MAW?

IT WAS..MY ONLY HOPE.. WHAT-SHALL I DO-NOW?

AN AIRPLANE!

O-OH-PRAY HEAVEN HE SHALL SEE ME.

POOR BETTY! THE PLANE FLIES ONWARD.. AND ITS PILOT, EL CONDOR, WOULD HAVE BEEN EAGER TO HELP HER..HAD HE KNOWN..

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty's Misfortune!

SKETEER FOUND BETTY'S PLANE IN THE JUNGLE AND FLEW IT BACK TO DEL SEGUNDO, CARRYING DOLORES TO HER FATHER, THEN HE TOOK OFF TO JOIN EL ZORRO IN A SEARCH FOR TOMMY. MEANWHILE, BETTY IS TRYING TO FIND...

MY PLANE! IT—IS GONE!

SHE'S GONE, BEN—GONE! BUT THAT AIN'T THE HULL OF IT—SHE WAS BROUGHT DOWN BY A BULLET!

YOU MEAN SOMEBODY KILLED HER?

I MEAN JEST THAT! AND BY THE ETERNAL, THE MURDERER O' MADCAP HAS GOT T' SETTLE WITH CAL PANHARD!

LOOK AT LONESTAR OVER THERE, GON—THE POOR CRITTER—HE KNOWS HE'S LOST HIS MAMMY!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Slain!

MR NEBB, JUST A FEW LITTLE WORDS IF YOU GOT A MINUTE.

I OUGHTA TELL YOU THIS FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT—MAY BE OPENIN' THE SWELLEST ROADHOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, AND HE OFFERED ME \$2.50 MORE TO GO WITH HIM.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT AND I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR NEW JOB.

YOU'VE BEEN GETTING 25 BUCKS A WEEK EVERY WEEK—AND GETTING IT NOW YOU'RE TAKING A JOB WITH A GUY WITH A BANK-ROLL THAT A FLEA COULD STEP OVER.

I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GON TO QUIT, DID I? I WAS JUST TELLIN' YOU THE TALK THAT WEN BETWEEN US.

HE'S NOT HERE," said Laurie. "And there's no message."

"Probably he hasn't had quite time to get back, Mrs. Moore."

Listen Madam, one week ago, and I'm positive of that... it was 1935.

1935? Oh you utterly droll fellow. Such a daring yarn.

Yarn? Well Madam, I'll admit things seem terribly mixed up, especially about this time affair.

Oh you clever rogue. And such boldness... so rare in men of today. Sit down here and tell me your story again.

THE NEBBs—Good-bye and Good Luck

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I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GON TO QUIT, DID I? I WAS JUST TELLIN' YOU THE TALK THAT WEN BETWEEN US.

Here, Excellency, is the man who was outside shouting. Also, he's quality of number.

What, no number? A very serious crime, fellow, and... Oh how tall and bold looking.

Madam, I came here in a rocket. Some men told me this was the year 7324 and...

That's correct. But your clothing, so ancient, so your bold air... so different from these weak-kneed men of today.

Listen Madam, one week ago, and I'm positive of that... it was 1935.

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ONTARIO CONTEMPT CHARGE DISMISSED

ONTARIO, Ore., Aug. 9.—(Sp.)—Dismissal of contempt of court charges filed against George K. Aiken, publisher of the Ontario Argus, by Circuit Judge George W. Ellis, was announced yesterday.

Judge Ellis cited Aiken for contempt on the basis of an editorial which appeared in the July 4 issue of the weekly newspaper. The court declared the editorial constituted contempt on a pending case and, further, that it carried "reckless" statements that were "false and untrue" with reference to the judge's action in paroling a prisoner.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

QUAIL FAMILY CALLS AT SAMS VALE HOME

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 9.—(Sp.)—Geo. McDonough, who likes to tame wild things, with the exception of coyotes and rattlesnakes, reports a mother quail on his premises took her young brood sightseeing last week on his front porch, parading its length to their full satisfaction. The same week Mr. McDonough found a blowsnake's discarded hide, which measured over six feet in length.

UNION LIENSERS RULES—ASTORIA, Ore., Aug. 9.—(Sp.)—The Astoria local of the International Longshoremen's association voted today in favor of loading of ships which worked vango in British Columbia during the maritime strike there.

KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cyclics, 23 N. Fir, Ph. 261.

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Lady, Please

Here, Excellency, is the man who was outside shouting. Also, he's quality of number.

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