

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** Rex Moore, with whom Laurie Moore is in love and to whom she has pretended to be married, is a doctor. Rex's career should not suffer, but his career on the Irish coast. He was last seen by some Irish farmers; they he vanished. Laurie is frantic, and Mark Albery, airplane manufacturer, who employs them both, is trying to find Albery also is in love with Laurie.

Chapter 22  
DR. PRIEST

At that precise moment, Rex Moore was closeted with Sir Fabian Priest, the most famous occultist in England, who had made a long and thorough examination of his eyes.

"It's a most unusual condition, Mr. Moore," the doctor was saying. "It is quite impossible for me to make a definite statement now. I must have you under observation for a week or two. You say you were totally blind for more than a year?"

"Yes, and was cured by Professor Varick, of San Francisco."

"And after that cure, you never had a return of the blindness until yesterday?"

"That's right. I called it crashing, but it had nothing to do with my engine, or any part of the plane. I simply lost my sight all of a sudden and, I suppose, my head, too. I went stone blind. I was lucky enough to make a fair landing—I couldn't tell you how. And, as it was a lonely spot, it was half an hour before anybody came near me, and by that time my sight was coming back. So that nobody knows anything about it but you, Sir Fabian."

"I quite understand," the great man reassured him. "Of course, I shall strictly respect your confidence. That is my job. These nervous conditions are hardly understood," he went on, with deep interest. "I have myself had three or four cases, and one almost similar to yours, but that patient did not follow a dangerous profession."

"I cannot say much for a week or two. I am of the opinion that the first temporary blindness was caused by a cranial injury when you crashed into the ocean. There may be some actual injury to the optic nerve. You said you had certain curious sensations in New York the other day?"

"Yes; but I didn't take any notice. I put it down to the fuss and food and speeches."

"Well, we must be thankful that you got over safely, Mr. Moore."

"You must tell me the truth, Sir Fabian. Do you think it might come on again at any moment?"

"I can't rule out the possibility. Of course, you must have been in a state of physical and nervous exhaustion."

"I don't want comfort; I want the naked truth."

"I have told you, I must reserve my opinion for a little while."

"You think I might go blind altogether?"

"It is possible."

"But I must try the Pacific flight. I've nearly made my preparations. Can you do anything to help me hold out a bit longer—a few weeks, even?"

He was a pathetic figure, this tall young man with the lean-jawed face and the angry mouth, begging in a harsh whisper for what perhaps even the greatest eye doctor in the world could not do.

"I will do everything I can. As your attack of yesterday was so slight, I have a good deal of hope."

"I must do the Pacific flight," muttered Rex Moore in an unreal, inspired voice. "I must do it. After that—I don't care!"

His hand grip, as he took leave of Sir Fabian, was as strong as a madman's. And there was a kind of madness in his mind, as he remembered suddenly that he must go and face Laurie.

The bottom of his world had dropped out, as if the earth had actually given way beneath his feet. He was dazed, as he drove through the streets towards Chelsea, his haversack and his flying coat and helmet on the seat beside him. He seemed to hang in space.

He suffered the pangs of hell, as he pictured himself in darkness again. The agony yesterday had almost driven him mad. And then, the blessed relief, when the black world turned slowly grey. If he went blind, a bird that would never unfold its wings again, a blinded eagle? Far better death.

There was indeed madness in his mind, as he absently answered the porter's amazed and half-sarcastic greeting, and went up to the flat.

Laurie opened the door. She exclaimed at the sight of him "Oh! How ill you look! Are you hurt?"

"No, no," he said impatiently. "What have you heard?"

"That you crashed. Oh, I'm sure you're hurt! Rex, your face is grey, and, why, you can hardly stand!"

"I'm all right," he said gruffly, and strode by her into the hall. "I had a shake up, that's all. Made a forced landing. It wasn't really a crash. I came back in the ordinary way without waiting to have my plane seen to. I wanted to dodge the newspaper men, and I've done it."

The length of this speech seemed to exhaust him. He stood, blankly staring at her, and leaning against the wall.

She poured out some brandy and brought it to him. She thought he was going to faint.

He gulped it down, and in a few moments the color came back into his face. She did not know that the shock of seeing her had unmanned him. He loved her. It was true. It wasn't a dream. But what was the good now, when he might go blind!

Laurie was very pale. In her face one emotion chased another—fear, relief, doubt. How more than beautiful she was in those moments that revealed her woman's heart and soul!

But Rex Moore was set on his inexorable path. He must not weaken. At any moment he might go blind and become a helpless log. He must not forget that. Already he had treated one woman with rank ingratitude. He must not drag another one into his life.

Laurie recovered herself, too. "I am glad you are safely back," she said. "Mr. Albery said on the telephone just now that you had made a marvelous new record."

The name jared on Moore's already taut nerves.

"You've been talking to Albery? Where is he?"

"In the country." Her voice was cold because her heart ached so bitterly. It wasn't true that he loved her.

"What did he know?"

"Nothing, except that you had landed somewhere in Ireland, and then disappeared, and telephoned to the air field. I knew nothing but that you had left America, Mr. Albery told me that. You didn't send me a word."

"I behaved like the poor I am," he said shortly. "I apologize."

"You needn't, I am sure you must have been very busy."

"Laurie!" He looked away from her. "There is something I must say. Before I left the other day—I had no business to say such things to you. Can you forgive me?"

Laurie went cold. Angry, humiliated beyond belief, she could have raged at him. She wanted to. But she said in a perfectly natural voice:

"I said we were mad. Of course, you didn't mean it."

"It was a mistake."

"I know." She repeated. "I said we were mad."

"You feel as I do, then—it was that we were carried away? You were feeling kind to me because I was going off on the flight, and you had an idea it might be dangerous?"

"Yes, it must have been that. It doesn't matter. We need not talk about it. Now that you're back, we can carry out our plans, as we always intended to. If you think—"

Her voice took on a sharp note of challenge—"If you think that I have paid my debt."

He gave a harsh laugh.

"Now it's your turn to rub it in! You've more than paid your debt."

His whole being was in a turmoil. He loved her with the whole strength of his manhood. But—blindness! The terror that might lie before him through the long years. He did not know. He did not know yet.

He forced himself into calm. His will was forged into steel through the constant companionship of danger.

"Laurie, be frank with me! Do you want to stick by me, so that I can carry on my job? Or do you want the truth to come out—that we've been fooling everybody ever since I came back? You said you hated me the other night, when I left. I don't blame you. Was that the real truth? Do you hate me so much that you'd be glad to bring the pack down on me? To see me found out?"

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Laurie and Rex make decisions, tomorrow.

## BAR BUS LINE ON OREGON HIGHWAYS IGNORED ALL LAWS

SALEM, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Both interstate and intra-state passenger carrier permits of the United States stages system were cancelled in an order by the public utilities commissioner here today and all equipment of the company must be taken off the Oregon highways.

Commissioner McCulloch announced that not only the business of the company within the state, but also operations through the state were prohibited by the order. The firm operates between Seattle and San Diego.

The company, by the order, was denied use of Oregon highways.

The stage line was charged with "violating virtually every law governing bus operation in Oregon," McCulloch declared, in making the order. The company will be given until next Friday night to remove its equipment for intra-state traffic from the Oregon highways.

The order declared: "When a common carrier deliberately loads a human being at a terminal into a mechanically defective bus designed to carry 33 passengers; fills the driver's seat and the aisle with the surplus passengers, thus blocking exit to the front door; chains the emergency rear door shut; sends this load of humans out onto the congested Pacific highway into holiday traffic to speed 60 miles per hour through towns, around danger-

## BEND GIRL DEAD IN AUTO MISHAP

BEND, Ore., Aug. 10.—(AP)—Holding that the fatal injury of Margaret Nielson, 16, of Bend, killed when she fell under an automobile late yesterday, "was an accident, pure and simply," District Attorney Boylan today announced there would be no inquest.

Riding on the running board of the car, the girl, with two other girls and four boys, was returning from a swim when the accident occurred. Witnesses said she fell from the side and slipped under a wheel. She died within ten minutes.

Three of the other youngsters were riding on the running board, they said, to keep their damp swimming suits from wetting the car seats.

Hop Mart Dull

SAFRANCO, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Hop markets continued dull this week. The United States bureau of agricultural economics review said today, with no trading reported in the three Pacific coast states and demand generally lacking from both domestic and foreign buyers.

## MOB VICTIM'S PAL REPORTED HIDING MODOC LAVA BEDS

KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Spurred by the second report of a mysterious figure in the rocky sagebrush hills near the Modoc lava beds, Sheriff Lloyd Low today prepared an "expedition" into the state line country to run down the stranger.

The possibility has developed here that the man, apparently hiding in the desolate section, might be Robert Miller, hunted as one of the killers of Chief of Police Frank Daw at Dunsmuir, Calif.

The stranger was sighted last night by two members of a CCC camp located in northern California just across the line. Two other persons saw him earlier in the week.

Tracks in the dirt revealed that the stranger probably wore dress shoes. The second report said he was dressed in a leather jacket.

## Seaside Bans Beer Sales To Juveniles

SEASIDE, Ore., Aug. 10.—(AP)—This coast resort has taken steps to abate what it considers flagrant liquor "abuses."

One new ordinance provides that unsold bottles of liquor may not be carried in a public place, including the beach, streets and automobiles. Another provides for a severe penalty for any minor who buys beer, as well as for the person selling to a minor.

## THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

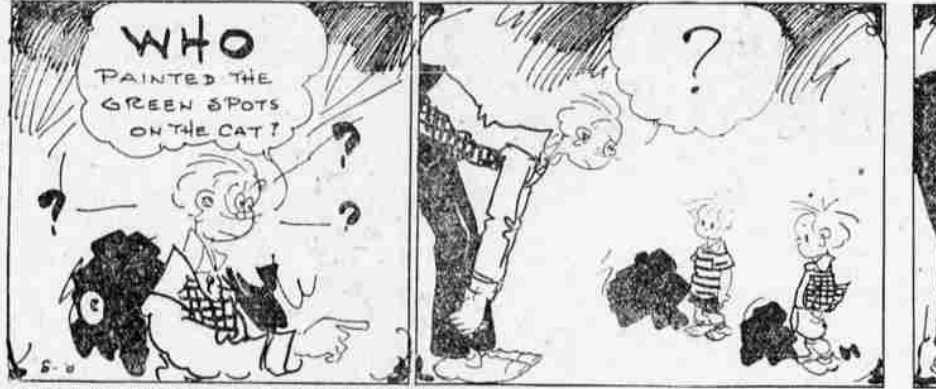
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TIRE AND HUNGRY YOU REACH THE SPOT WHERE YOU EXPECTED TO FIND THE PEOPLE WHO INVITED YOU ON THE PICNIC WAITING WITH LUNCHEON ALL SPREAD, AND IT OCCURS TO YOU THAT MAYBE THEY MEANT THE BEACH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE

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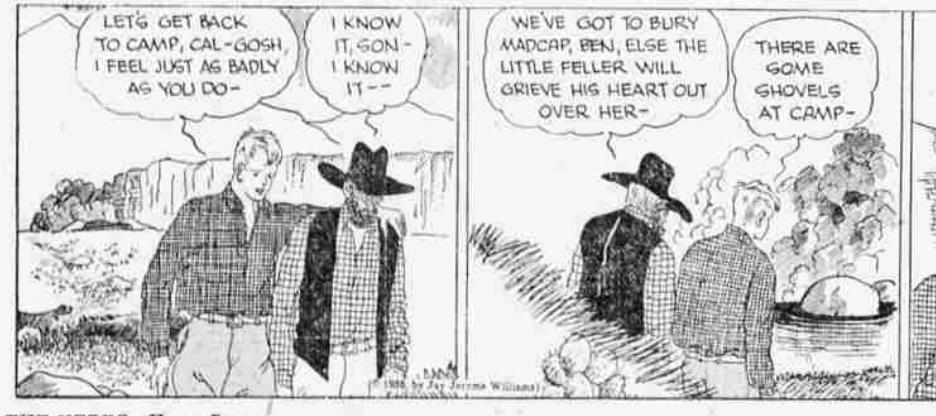
## S-MATTER POP—



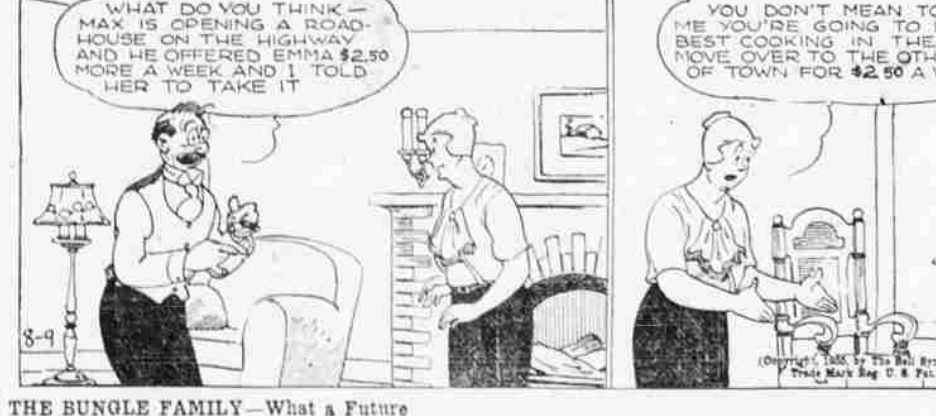
TAILSPIN TOMMY—If Betty Only Knew!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Save Lonestar!



THE NEBBS—Horse Sense



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—What a Future



By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By Harry J. Tutthill

## PAYS UNION DUES HERE SUICIDE LEAP

BELLINGHAM, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Jolly Meyers, 35, watchman at the Fidalgo Hill, Anacortes, drew his pay check yesterday, went up town and paid his union dues for two months, returned to the mill dock and discussed various events with a group of friends for about half an hour and then doffed his jacket and hat and plunged into the bay.

"No long fellows," he said.

They tossed a pike pole in his direction but he fought it off. They then tossed a rope to him but he refused to take it. He then turned over on his face and drowned. The body was recovered in about fifteen minutes. Meyers leaves a widow and a sister. He had been ill several

## \$399 RACE FUND SHARE TO COUNTY

SALEM, Aug. 10.—(AP)—The state department today announced the division of the 25 per cent of state racing commission funds turned over to the state treasurer from January 1 to August 7, among the counties of the state.

Each county will receive an equal share amounting to \$399.50. To be used for the support and maintenance of county fairs, exhibitions, shows and similar functions as provided by the 1935 state legislature. The total amount to be distributed to the 36 counties was \$14,374.50.

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