

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** Because Laurie does not approve of certain suggestions made by Rex Moore, her employer, she resigns. Albery had been under the impression that there had been something wrong in the relationship between Laurie and Rex Moore, Albery's star aviator. Now Laurie is telling her former employer the whole truth, and is rather relieved to be able to do so, and very distrustful of the necessity.

## CHAPTER 35 THE TRUTH

SHE sang the whole story at him, scornfully, and he listened in amazement. As Laurie's rich voice rang out, he desired her more than ever, and hated Rex Moore more than ever, because it was so plain that she loved him and would willingly tarnish her own character to defend his.

"But why did Moore go on with it?" he asked, when she had finished. "Because he said you'd never forgive him for deceiving you and pretending he had a wife. He said you thought such a lot of yourself and you couldn't stand being fooled, and he said I'd done well out of being his widow for two years, and I owed it to him to help him in his job, now that he had come back."

"You're a good pair of actors, I must say," remarked Albery very quietly, but with a note of concealed anger that frightened the girl. Then he fixed his glowing dark eyes on her. "And so it was all a pretense—your married life?"

"It was a pretense," she said dully. "We lived in the same flat, because we had to—keep it up. Mr. Albery," she added, raising her voice. "I've told you the truth, because I will not allow you to misjudge Rex Moore."

"He has treated me wonderfully. He forgave me for what was a wicked thing to do. It was not until I saw him that I realized I had been a liar, a cheat, and a fraud. And I deceived you, too, and I ought to be sorry for that. But I am not so sorry, because, after all, I did work for you as well as I could."

"You need not be sorry, Laurie," he said, and in his voice trembled his overmastering passion for her, which might have been a fine thing but for its underlying madness. "I think you are a wonderful girl. And I know you did it all for your sister."

She was the most beautiful, the most enchanting woman in the world to him, as she sat there, so white, her face working with such tragic emotions.

"Laurie, will you be my wife?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Albery. I could not marry you. I don't care for you."

"I will take the risk," he spoke slowly, suavely, as usual, and without sign of feeling. "You are the only woman I have ever asked to be my wife. All my life I have had a prejudice against marriage. The women I met never seemed worth while. From the first I loved you. Now I want to marry you, to make you a part of my life for good and all."

He came towards her, smiling, inspired by his own vision of their future; but she waved him away.

"Mr. Albery, I can't marry you. Please don't say any more!"

"I hope you will change your mind," he said. He himself was a changed man. Gone was every trace of the admirer, the lover. Even the friendly, considerate employer was no more.

HE SAT down in an armchair and looked at her with a face as unreadable as the blank, sightless carvings on an old Egyptian temple.

"I cannot change my mind," Laurie said.

"Perhaps when you have heard what I have to say you may change it," he remarked impersonally. "Or have you no interest in Rex Moore any more, now that you are going to part from him? Do you not care what becomes of him? If he never achieves his ambitions? If his career comes to an abrupt end? I thought you said you owed him something."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a shocked voice.

"That unless you marry me, I will ruin Rex Moore. He will have no more career."

"You mean you wouldn't help him any more?"

"Not only that, but I would prevent anybody else from helping him. He will have no more backing from anyone in the world of aviation. No money behind him. He will stand

alone. And I will let the world know the whole story of your pretty little game that you and he have been playing. Rex Moore as an airman will cease to exist."

"There are other people," she murmured fearfully.

"My dear girl, you know better than that. You have been working for the firm for two years, and privately for me for quite a little time. You know that I and my friends control practically all the air routes of the world, the air fields, the filling stations, the dumps in the deserts and jungles, the people who keep the lines of communication open. I will be behind him. Rex Moore will be the greatest airman of his time. Without me—he might as well be dead."

Laurie clasped her hands in agony; she could not take her eyes from his face.

Albery's gaze was fixed on her, unsmiling, mesmeric.

"Do you wish that to happen, or will you marry me? What do you say?"

Laurie's brain moved in a tortured circle. She thought she was going mad for a few minutes. With Rex she had been safe. He was a man of honor. He was her hero; of him she had nothing but beautiful memories now. That he did not love her was the last thing she could hold against him.

"What do you say?" asked the smooth voice again. "Come, it can't be such a difficult choice!"

AND then, it was all clear to her at once. There was only one thing she could do. She must save Rex Moore's career. His job was his life. And he was her life. It was simple.

"I will marry you, Mr. Albery," she said.

"You make me the happiest man in the world," he informed her, with his flashing smile, but in his heart was rage rather than joy. So she loved Moore as much as that. Even his overweening egotism could not make him believe that she wanted to marry him.

Laurie collected herself; slowly, she was able to think again. She had recovered that cool poise that had carried her through the strange situations that had made up her life.

"I must make some conditions," she said. She spoke as unemotionally as if she were addressing him in the office on business matters.

"Oh, so you make conditions!" His tone was mocking but indulgent. His eyes devoured her eagerly.

"I will marry you," said Laurie, "but everything must go on as it is. Rex Moore and I must be supposed not to get on and to have parted, and to be divorced later on in the ordinary way, as was planned. You must wait until it is all settled."

"But that's preposterous! How are you going to play it out? If you're supposed to be getting a divorce, people must hear about it. And that means, if you're supposed to start proceedings at once, and get a decree, I couldn't marry you ostensibly for six months! Something else will have to be managed."

"I won't consent to anything that reflects on Rex Moore in any way," she said stubbornly.

"You only think of him." In his eyes flamed his hatred of the man, and this time she saw it, and shivered, as the old premonition of evil came back to her. "Of course, he'll have to take the blame in any case, in the eyes of the world. You can't."

"No, of course, he would not allow me to do that," she said. "But it must be managed so that there is nothing against him."

"My dear little girl," Albery urged, "don't bother your head about ways and means. Leave it to me. I'll fix it up with Moore. I can manage something that people will swallow whole. We'll save Rex Moore's face. And you and I will slip away somewhere quite quietly, where nobody knows us, and get married by a registrar, and nobody will be the wiser until the time comes when we can announce it."

Laurie's clearness of mind deserted her. She stared at him in confusion.

"You mean—you want me to marry you—soon?"

"My dear little girl, do you suppose a man who is madly in love wants to wait months when the woman is as free as air? It shall be made perfectly fool-proof."

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Laurie has another disturbing blow, tomorrow.

toriated, and oiling was necessary "to save the original investment."

A number of the main rural roads are now badly "washboarded," and will not be helped any by the fall fruit hauling, now ready to start. The budget for next year is scheduled to provide for continuation of the oiling program, and may be broadened. Country residents traveling over oiled sections have been impressed by its efficacy, and want smooth routes by their places.

County road work is now practically at a standstill. Work has started on the rebuilding and re-paving of bridges in the county, and will be finished before fall rains, if any, come.

### HOWARD SCHOOL MADE READY FOR OPENING

The Howard school is undergoing a complete clean-up in preparation for the opening of school, which has been postponed until September 9. The basements are being repainted, the halls and rooms ransomed, a new back-stop erected for the boys' baseball grounds, floors varnished and grounds cleaned up.

A very large attendance is expected at the opening of school.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## EXPERT DECLARES RATTLESNAKE NOT BLACK AS PAINTED

Before the advent of paved roads in pear valley, when the good people drank from Halley's pump and ladders elevated their skulls only in crossing muddy streets, the idler responsible for this snake classic was running loose in the ridges hereabouts prying into the ways of wild things. Naturally the buzz snake came in for observation—as one simply must do something about it when the buzzer warns you. The effect is similar to a speed cop's siren—anything but soothing. After dark the effect is intensified in all ways, even to such a degree as to cause a slow and serene fat man to practice running his very feet.

If it were possible to measure my slain rattlers in the tried and true end-to-end manner their length would make the famous Isaacs fish-line look like a short end from a remnant counter and probably girdle Roxy Anne to boot. The following notes are, therefore, based on extensive, yet intensive, research from Crater Lake to Oregon Caves and ridges north, south, east and west.

The largest rattler killed by the writer had 16 rattles and was not quite four feet long (May 13, 1935, near Table Rock). The largest known to me was killed on Applegate river and spotted 22 rattles. This ornament was exhibited in Jacksonville, a mining town with a nest, and a large future. The Oregon rattler rarely ex-

ceeds four feet in length while alive. They increase rapidly in size as a rule after being killed.

They may be found most commonly on rocky waste lands at all altitudes up to 8000 feet on the Rogue river watershed, and range above 5000 feet altitude further south.

During six seasons—April to September—while employed on rodent control work in rattlesnake country my average kill was very close to one per week. This, however, does not include "deans" destroyed by using a light dynamite charge.

During two weeks in May, 1932, my average daily kill was nine rattlers. This on a rocky ridge about six miles in length. Blasting on road work below brought the snakes to the surface in this instance.

Unless a rattlesnake is startled by a sudden intrusion, their natural mode is to escape. A deliberate attack by a rattler is a very rare occurrence. Being by nature of comparatively slow movement, the rattler, in the absence of a suitable place to which to retreat, immediately proceeds to coil up—his fighting attitude. Then look out! His striking range is upwards to 18 inches, and the warning

### MRS. STRANG TO SING AT G. PASS CONCERT

Mrs. Elsie Carlton Strang, popular Medford soprano, will be a featured soloist on the program of the band concert at Riverside park in Grants Pass tonight. Mrs. Strang has consented to sing several numbers at the concert, one of a series proving tremendously popular in the Climate City.

Call for Warrants  
School Dist. No. 30  
Warrant No. 697-613 inclusive payable at Farmers & Fruitgrowers Bank. Interest to cease August 15, 1935.  
S. S. ABBOTT, Clerk.

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THE PERFECT GUM  
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## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

THE FAMILY BEGINS TO LOOK AT YOU WITH THAT SPECULATIVE AIR WHICH YOU KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, MEANS THAT THE EXCESS BAGGAGE WILL BE PILED IN YOUR SEAT AND YOU WILL SPEND THE JOURNEY BEING PASSED FROM LAP TO LAP

8-13

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

### S-MATTER POP

HEY! WHERE'S MY OTHER PUTTER? I'VE GOTTA CATCH CAR. WHERE IS IT? I DON'T KNOW! POP! POP! POP!

8-12

By C. M. Payne

I JUST CALLED YA BACK TO TELL YA THAT WILLYUM DOESN'T KNOW WHERE IT IS EITHER!

OH, THANK!

OKAY, POP!

8-13

By Hal Forrest

WHILE FLYING BETTY'S ABANDONED PLANE TO REJOIN EL ZORRO AFTER HE HAD DELIVERED DOLORES TO THE ANXIOUS ARMS OF HER FATHER, EL PRESIDENTE, SKETS SAW A BAND OF REBELS MOVING TOWARD RIO NORTE—

I BETTER LAM OUT FOR EL ZORRO'S CAMP—AN GIVE 'EM TH' LOW-DOWN

WHAT A DUMB SAPI AM—IN SUCH A HURRY TO FLY THIS CHARIOT BACK FROM DEL SEGUNDO—

—I FORGOT TO LOAD UP ON GAS—

NOW I AINT GOT ANY—AN' I RUN OUTTA LANDIN' FIELDS—

2259

By Edwin Alger

I GOT A FRIEND WHO INVENTED A REVOLVING LAKE. YOU TOUCH A BUTTON AND THE LAKE SPINS AND THE FISH GET TO THE TOP AND YOU PICK THEM LIKE STRAWBERRIES— I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR HIM TO USE YOUR MINE FOR THE LAKE

GET OUT OF HERE— YOU INVITATION FOR MURDER

THAT GOLD MINE'S GOTTA MAKE GOOD IF I HAVE TO GO OUT AND SHOOT IT INTO IT WITH A SHOT-GUN

8-13

By Sol Hess

SCAT MY CATS! THEY'RE FRIENDS, BEN! FRIENDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BEN— LONESTAR HEARD ME— I SCREAMED HIM OFF—

BRIAR! OH, BRIARSGIE!

WELL, YOU'RE A NICE ONE! NOW THAT YOU AND LONESTAR ARE PALS I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TIME FOR ME, EH?

WOOF! WOOF!

By Harry J. Tutthill

Your story of being in a rocket for 6000 years is rather thick, George, but I love the sound of your voice. Tell it again, and...

Well, Oh here's the Secretary of State, Miss?

Just call me Madge, George dear.

George dear? Honey, please don't forget yourself in addressing a friend of a Dictatrix, Chice XIV.

Your friend? Oh darling, I met him first, and the 18,907th amendment to the Constitution says very clearly...

You met him honey, as an official of my government. He came here to see me, didn't you George?

Well...ah... Married? You? Oh George! Madge, did you hear?

Don't get excited, your Highness. He was married in 1935. But this is, of course, 7324.

8-13

By Harry J. Tutthill

## COUNTY ROAD OIL OPERATIONS OVER FOR THIS SEASON

Oiling operations for this year on Jackson county roads have been completed, providing 13 1/2 miles of oiled and smooth surfaces, in close to a dozen sections of the county. It is the start of the county courts five-year program for oiling. Next year the same policy will be pursued.

Heads cited this year included the Table Rock and Sams Valley sections, the Airport road, Kings Highway, Beal Lane, the Taylor road, west of Central Point and East Main street in Ashland. In some instances the area through which the road passed, co-operated with the county in payments for the oiling.

Most of the roads oiled this year were in need of improvement, to save the base during the two years that economy raged the roads de-

teriorated, and oiling was necessary "to save the original investment."

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