

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: To save the career of Rex Moore, whom she loves, Laurie has promised to marry her employer, Mr. Albery, the attorney-at-law. Now Rex is preparing for his Pacific trip, Albery is arranging to have her marriage to Rex dissolved, and Laurie's sister Gladys is running around with a wealthy and profane young man who does not please the fastidious Laurie. Laurie is very unhappy.

Chapter 31 NEW DECLARATION

"Rex!"
"Laurie!"
Laurie hastily dropped the old tweed coat she was holding. She stood in the living room of the Chelsea flat. She had come to fetch some books she found she had left in the kitchen, a cookery book and a manuscript book of recipes she had copied out.

She had been surprised to find that Rex Moore was there. The porter told her. But he had gone out and said he would not be back until late. Now he had come in and found her standing in a shaft of evening sunlight that came through the bay window, holding the old working coat that he had left on his chair when he went out.

"No." His face was hard. "I've thought of nothing but getting ready for the Pacific. By the way, Laurie, you haven't made that appointment yet for me to take you up in the air. Have you forgotten?"
"I haven't forgotten." She forced herself to laugh, but it was strange how, again, words seemed to be put into her mouth. "Perhaps I'll ask you to take me up when you try the new fuel!"
"You can ask for all you're worth," he replied. "I assure you that's not the way you'll make your first flight with me."
"Then, some other time," she said, still mechanically. "I'll ring you up. When do you start for the Pacific?"
"At the end of next week, I hope."
The sunshine no longer came through the window. To Laurie the room grew suddenly dark.
"I must be getting off," she said, picking up her books from the table. But Rex Moore was beside her. He took the books from her. His hands were on her shoulders. His eyes were full of fire.
"Laurie, I've learned something since we parted the other day." His voice was vibrant, full of such a surging emotion that her heart seemed to stop beating. "I can't live without you, Laurie. I love you—I love you, little Laurie! Say you love me! We've been a pair of fools, but it's not too late."

"I'm going to marry Mr. Albery, Rex."
BUT it was too late. Laurie awayed for a moment. An irresistible impulse drew her to him. As metal to magnet she was drawn, drawn—until his arms were closing round her to fold her in his strength, as in a tower.

He looked eager and tremendously alive. As of old, she could feel the strength pulsing from his fingers, as they shook hands. He had just come from the eye specialist. The great man's examination had had the happiest results. Sir Gilbert said he was sure the danger of sudden blindness had passed, for the immediate future at any rate.

"You are mad, Rex," she said. "You don't love me. I don't love you. We had that out the other day."
"I'm not mad. I was mad. Now I'm sane. Laurie, you love me! You can't fool me. I knew it that night. Wait for me to come back to you!"
Again his arms seized her to crush out her resistance. But this time she sprang away, throwing back her head, and managed to smile with a pretence of lightness.
"Rex, I have done my bit. You told me the other day I had paid my debt. You mustn't talk to me so wildly. I am going to marry Mr. Albery."
He stared; his arms fell to his sides. His face went grey.
"I see. I used to think you would—before I saw that he was in love with you. I expected it—until, as you say, I went mad. Do you mind telling me what he knows about us?"
"I told him the truth."
"What do you mean—the truth?"
"He was like a man turned to stone. That we were not married. About the trick I played on him and on you."
"But—surely, he'd never forgive that! I told you, Laurie, he'd never stand being made a fool of. But he has said nothing to me."
"He left it to me to explain, Rex. He does forgive us for deceiving him. And it will make no difference to you."
The man gave a loud, hoarse laugh of fury.
"Of course, he wants you so much! He will forgive anything. And you're going to marry him for his money!"
"Not to any extent," she answered coldly. "Have you told Mrs. Steele?"

TABLE ROCK HARVESTS HEAVY CROPS OF GRAIN
TABLE ROCK, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Exceptional grain yields in this district during the harvest just completed were a nine and a half acre patch of federation wheat sown by J. L. Nealon on the Byrum place that produced a trifle more than 70 bushels to the acre and a six-acre piece on the Nealon ranch that produced almost 70 bushels per acre.

HOP PICKING BEGINS IN GRANTS PASS YARD
GRANTS PASS, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—A crew of about 850 men, women and children began picking hops at the Hilton Brothers' yard west of Grants Pass Thursday morning. This is the first field in Josephine county to begin.

WRITER WILL TELL OREGONS HISTORY TO CALIFORNIANS

By Maude Pool
The story of Southern Oregon's romantic past will be carried to California next year when the League of Western Writers assembles at Fresno for annual convention in June, according to tentative program plans in which Mrs. Anna E. Hines of Forest Grove is scheduled to give her pioneer address heard during the writers' convention here last week.

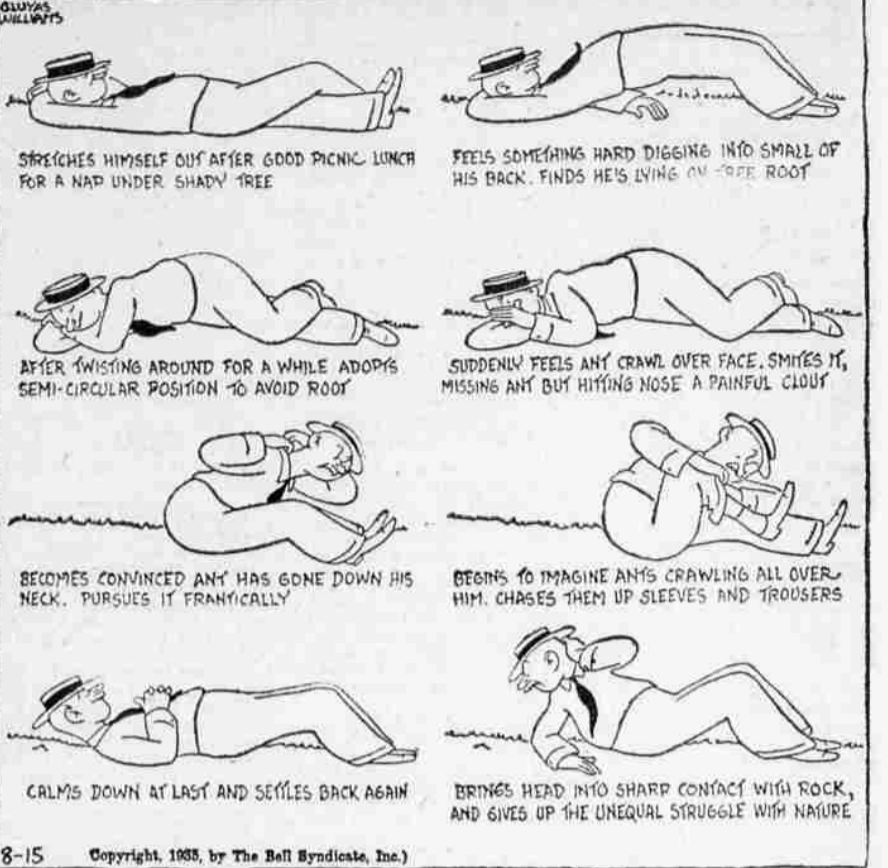
high school teacher of Fresno, who addressed the writers convention here on her classes in short story.
A contract from a releasing company in New York City awaits Mrs. Hines' signature for distribution of the story of Oregon, with its growth and development, in 6,000 theaters in the United States, which would result in simultaneous running of three hundred prints. Her pictures have found sale in England and Hawaii. A preview of her films was shown at a local theater during her stay here, and she may return in the fall to release a full show covering the states.
Mrs. Hines recently has published a song entitled, "My Rose Covered Cottage," and has received wide recognition for her poetry. "To Hollywood" is the title of a poem appearing in a Hollywood anthology beside the work of Carrie Jacobs Bond, noted California poet. Her poem given below was read in her address during convention and also in a brief historical talk from KMED.

By the rippling streams of music,
And I've watched Rogue River flow.
I've crossed the mighty ocean
And viewed the lakes so grand,
When it comes to genuine living
I choose this Oregon land.
For I see the natural beauty
That greets each dawning morn.
And I live again with nature
Where rare blooms her gowns adorn.
What's the use of journeying
Or of seeing any other state?
I have found here peace and comfort
Oregon, just close your gate.
Lost for five years in the city's
newer system, an earring has been
returned to Mrs. Nicholas Weismuller
of Danville, Ky.
The American Museum of Natural
History, New York City, which has
sent expeditions into jungles, deserts
and mountains of foreign countries
to gather animals for museum
groups, plans to collect specimens in
the United States to round out state
exhibits.



BACK TO NATURE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TABLE ROCK RANCHER PAYS MEDFORD VISIT
TABLE ROCK, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Dick Hunter, who does the teaming on the J. L. Nealon ranch here, went to Medford Thursday, the first time he has gone to town since four years ago last June.

Letters and half a dozen postcards, posted several years ago were found recently in a hole in the wall of the Moncks Corner, S. C. post office and started to their destinations.

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