

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Laurie has consented to marry the wealthy airplane manufacturer Mark Albery because Albery has declared that otherwise he will ruin the career of Rex Moore, the airman. And Laurie loves Rex, and Rex loves Laurie, although they have allowed trickles to separate them. Now Laurie has met Rex by accident and has told him that she is to marry Albery. Rex is horrified, and disappointed with Laurie as well.

Chapter 33
ALBERY AGAIN

"It's not as safe as yet," said Rex Moore to Mark Albery, discussing the new fuel, a couple of days later. "It was just luck that we escaped yesterday. I only landed in the nick of time, and bang went the engine."

"You wouldn't try it for a longer flight?"

"Not in its present state."

"It's a pity. It would make such a sensation. I think you had better put off the Pacific flight until we get it right. It would make such a huge difference to us both—almost halve your time."

Rex Moore looked gloomy.

"I'm not at all sure that it's ever going to be any good," he said. "It's too tricky—anyhow, so far. You can't begin to tell the speed at which it becomes dangerous. Yesterday, when the first explosion happened, I was making much less than usual, owing to the wind. What can you do about that?"

"Get Gerard to go on with his experiments, my dear fellow."

"You don't want to risk lives, Mr. Albery?"

"Of course not. We must have patience and take every precaution, as we always have done. And you're not one to talk about risks, Moore!"

"I should hate to put off the Pacific flight," said the airman ungraciously.

"We'll think it over. Have a drink, Moore! You must be tired out. I asked you to come up to me so late, because I was so anxious to know what you really felt about it, not having seen you yesterday."

Albery got up and went to a table under a high window and poured out a whisky and soda for Rex Moore.

It was an unusual kind of room, this office of his in one of the great buildings of the Grettton Airplane Factory. It was high up on a glass-enclosed corridor that ran along one side of an enormous hangar, about sixty feet above the ground. One reached it by a spiral staircase.

Underneath was nothing but the huge space where the new planes were housed. The room was small and furnished as a luxurious office, and Albery spent a great deal of his time in it.

He always liked to be on the spot, and often sat here reading and working far into the night, his restless, imaginative brain engaged on that entrancing vision of controlling the entire airways of the world.

It was after eleven o'clock. Rex Moore had just come back from town, where he had spent the day seeing to his passports and the transport of his plane to South America, from whence he was this time to start on the Pacific flight. He had found a message at the bungalow, asking him to go to Albery's office as soon as he came back.

HE DID not want a drink, as he had had very little food all day and wanted to be up with the dawn. Anyhow, he loathed the idea of drinking with Albery, who handed him a tumbler and held up his own.

"You haven't congratulated me, Moore! I want you to drink to our happiness, Laurie's and mine. We may as well drop all humbug from the beginning. You know she has told me the whole truth about your little game. If I may say so, Moore, it was rather stupid and not quite worthy of you."

Rex Moore took a gulp at his glass.

"I acted like a lunatic and a cad," he said harshly, his tanned face dark with disgust and humiliation.

"You mustn't be too hard on yourself," Albery retorted smoothly. "Where you were wrong was that you misjudged me. But I must give you credit for having shielded Laurie, when you might have shown her up. But, my dear boy, I'm sure this is one of the affairs in which the less said the better. We'll forget all about it. Only, I want to tell you that you can leave all the details to me. If you do exactly as I tell you, no more blame shall be attached to you than is absolutely necessary. And what does that amount to when

people all around you are being forced every day?"

Rex Moore was trembling with rage and revolt. He could hardly keep his hands off that inscrutable smiling face. He controlled himself with a mighty effort. Laurie had chosen. There was nothing to be done.

"Another drink, Moore!" said Albery, taking his glass and filling it. This time Rex swallowed it at a gulp. He must get away, or something would happen.

"I'll be getting along," he said. "I want to be up early."

"Good-night, my dear boy!" Albery went to the door, and opened it. All was darkness outside. "How careless, they've forgotten and switched off the lights downstairs!" he said. There were several systems of lighting in the buildings. In case of fire, "I'm staying on for a bit. Can you find your way?"

"Yes, thanks. I'll walk along the corridor and go down the staircase at the other end. The door is always open." That was the way he was in the habit of reaching his bungalow from Albery's office. It was only a few hundred yards from the door of the big building.

Albery went back into his office and shut the door.

Rex Moore hesitated for a moment when he found himself in complete darkness, but he could find his way along the corridor blindfolded. He was terribly tired. The scene with Albery had upset him. There was a loud buzzing in his head. Why had he had those two drinks?

He hurried along. He would be glad to get to bed.

And, suddenly, the solid ground gave way under him. The floor of the corridor was not there. He stepped into a black abyss, with the strange feeling of falling into space.

IN THE act of falling into space, Rex Moore found himself thinking—"This means death!" And in the same flash he saw himself jerking Laurie back by her coat collar when she had nearly fallen out of the train at Liverpool station.

And, with that memory, came sudden power and inspiration.

With a desperate effort, as of a drowning man, he lifted his arms and flung his body sideways, and it hit something solid. Half stunned, but with the strength of mortal necessity, he managed to get a grip on a thick plank, and, with a mighty heave, to hoist himself up and to crawl, spread-eagled, several yards away from the open pit that had awaited him in the blackness of the night.

He did not know that he cried out, but he must have done so, for the door of Albery's office opened in the distance, and Albery's figure became visible in a thin beam of light.

Moore could see, but he could not hear for a few seconds. His heart was beating in his ears louder than any engine.

"Is anything the matter?" Albery shouted. "Is that you, Moore? Did you call?"

Then Rex Moore found his voice. "For God's sake, keep back!" he cried sharply. "There's a hole here. I nearly went through. Some of the boards are gone."

Albery gave vent to a shocked exclamation.

"Are you all right? Wait a minute! Don't move! I'll go down and switch on the lights."

The blackness vanished in a glare of strong white light that half blinded the airman for a few moments.

Then he slowly stood up and saw what had so nearly happened to him. From the other side of the large gap in the flooring, about six feet square, Albery approached.

Rex Moore had never seen his face showing emotion before.

"Moore, what an escape! How ever did you save yourself in the dark?"

"I don't know. Instinct, I suppose," said Rex grimly.

They both peered down through the hole into the great hangar, the cement floor of which was quite sixty feet below. The explanation was simple enough. The boards that had been removed formed a trap door through which the workmen reached a narrow platform from where they could inspect the pulleys that lifted the planes up to any desired height if the hangar should be too crowded to hold them all on the floor level.

Some workmen had evidently been using it, and neglected to replace it.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Rex Moore has a disappointment, tomorrow.

START COLLECTION PROCESSING TAXES

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—(AP)—Steps to collect \$834,000 in impounded AAA processing taxes in six western states were taken by federal officials today as a result of a decision handed down by the ninth United States circuit court of appeals here yesterday.

By a vote of two to one, the court denied a temporary restraining order sought by three Washington state milling companies to prevent collection of the processing tax.

While primarily affecting the Washington firms, the decision also was credited with overruling at least 27 injunctions filed against federal tax collectors in California alone. Internal revenue officials said \$834,000 in impounded AAA tax money would be released.

Orchard run Barletts, \$27.50, down. Guy W. Conner, Inc.

UNION BALKS AT TOWNSEND PLAN

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 17.—(AP) A suggestion, through a resolution, that the Oregon Federation of Labor formally approve the Townsend old age pension plan, failed today. The transactions tax through which the Townsend pensions would be financed, was the stumbling block.

Instead, the unionists went on record in favor of a pension of \$200 a month, if possible, to be financed by a system of graduated income and inheritance taxes.

Indian Fisherman Drowns.

THE DALLES, Ore., Aug. 17.—(AP)—The dangerous fishing waters of Celilo Falls of the Columbia river claimed another victim today when Ike Arthur, Celilo Indian, fell from a salmon fishing stand and was swept to death in the swift current.

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FATE OF TIMBER IN FIRE REGIONS RESTS WITH WIND

The fate of additional thousands of acres of timber rested today on the caprice of the wind gods.

Along the far-flung forest fire front from the west coast to the Rockies came cheering word to the weary, smoke-saturated fire fighters: "The situation is controlled—unless new winds spring up."

Only one fire front in fire flame-plagued states failed to report favorably today. It was the Shoshone national forest, just outside the east entrance to Yellowstone park in Wyoming.

Brisk winds at last reported were fanning the flames after blackening 12,000 acres of virgin timber in the forest preserve.

The outstanding triumph of the prolonged battle in the northwestern "firebox" was in the Absaroka range in southwestern Montana.

A favorable shift of wind temporarily checked the wild fire which had stretched to a circumference estimated at 25 miles. An estimated 4,000 acres of timber were reported destroyed.

A heavy toll of animal life was feared. Already 50 burned carcasses were counted in the burned area.

Dr. Emmett J. Carpenter, Chiropractic Physician, now located in fine new offices at 319 Medford Building.

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On "Crash" Hop



James W. Potter, Portland, Me. lumberman, chartered a special plane to fly his daughter, Berna, 9 (above), 4000 miles to Hollywood in an attempt to have her "crash" the movies. (Associated Press Photo)

POWERS INVITED TO NAVY PARLEY

LONDON, Aug. 17.—(AP)—The British government announced today it has invited the United States, Japan, France, and Italy to a preliminary naval conference "about October."

The conference would follow bilateral discussions which Great Britain has scheduled with France, Italy, and Russia. These bilateral discussions are expected to begin in September.

The purpose of the preliminary conference would be to discuss a possible agreement in naval limitation, the whole to be consummated at a formal conference, as provided in the Washington treaty of 1922, at some future date.

It was stated here that the date for the formal conference which, under the treaty, is supposed to be held sometime in 1935, is still "indefinite as ever." Consequently, a preliminary conference would decide the fate of the formal conference.

CLIPPER TAKES OFF FOR WAKE ISLAND

MIDWAY ISLAND, (By Pan-American Airways Aug. 17.—(AP) Heading for desolate Wake Island, 1191 statute miles southwest of here over mid-Pacific, the Pan-American Clipper seaplane took off today at 9:21 a. m. (Pacific standard time).

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BODY MISSING LAD IS FOUND IN RIVER

OREGON CITY, Aug. 17.—(AP) The body of Kenneth Yoder, 9 years old, was recovered from the Willamette river today. The boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yoder of Holly Gardens, disappeared late yesterday. His toy wagon was found near the navigation locks. He had gone to the river to meet his father and walk home with him from work.

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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



WITH THE NEIGHBORS AWAY, FRED PERLEY GOT IN THE HABIT OF DRIFTING AROUND WITHOUT MUCH ON OF A HOT SUMMER MORNING, UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN THREE INDIGNANT SNIFFS INFORMED HIM THAT ERNIE PLUMER'S AUNT'S FROM OUT OF TOWN WERE USING THE HOUSE FOR THE WEEK-END

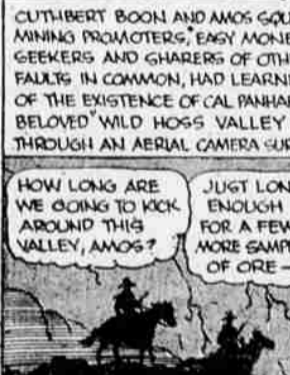
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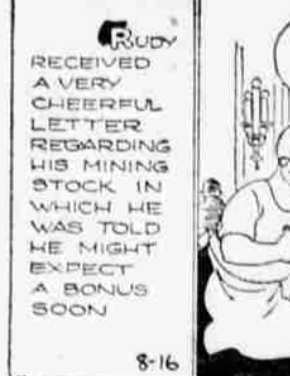
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tangled in a Tree!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Who They Are



THE NEBBS—Partners Again



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Brothers

