

# READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

**SYNOPSIS:** Laurie is to marry her employer, Mark Albery, because Albery has threatened otherwise to ruin the career of Rex Moore, whom Laurie loves. Rex misunderstands and in a fit of anger asks Wanda Steele to marry him. Now Laurie is a bit of a younger sister Gladys, a dancer, is running around with Jimmy Dallas, and that old Lord Dunsenbury, Jimmy's father, is about to make a fuss about it.

## Chapter 41 DECEIT

WHEN she got back to her little flat, Laurie's anxious mind was suddenly illumined by memory, which put the finishing touch to her misery.

That odious anonymous letter had said that Gladys was going about with a "swell young man," and going to his rooms at night. That would fit young Dallas.

And another flash of memory—the first time Laurie had spoken to her about the gold cigarette case, Glad had said the young man's name was Jimmy Smith. And later on she had said that the young man of the anonymous letter was the same one.

Then it must be Jimmy Dallas! It had been all the time. And now people were saying that he was carrying on with a chorus girl. His father had heard it. He would make enquiries, and Glad's name would be dragged in the mud.

It was intolerable. Gladys was still away. The troupe had gone further afield than Guildford. Next week they were going to rest, but the following week they were booked up again, and there was no chance of seeing Glad.

And then came the climax. Unable to put her mind to anything, wanting nothing to eat, Laurie walked about the little flat like a caged animal.

She tried to divert her thoughts. That arm-chair cover was getting very shabby. She must make a new one. She examined the cover, and then began to pull it off. It was faded and beginning to tear at the arms, not worth mending.

A little handkerchief, rolled up in a ball, was between the seat and the back of the chair. Glad's, no doubt. She was terribly untidy and forgetful.

It crackled, as Laurie shook it out, and a piece of paper fell out. A crumpled up envelope.

Laurie read an address with starting eyes.

J. Dallas, Esq.,  
2, Belmont Place,  
St. James',  
S.W.1.

Glad's handwriting! Laurie's tears were now a certainty. It was true. Great tears fell down her cheeks. Glad was meeting young Dallas secretly, writing to him. This envelope had not been posted. She had probably been disturbed while writing, and had hidden it away in her handkerchief, and then forgotten all about it, or thought she had lost it.

Perhaps Glad was unhappy under her careless brightness. If she was deeply in love with Jimmy Dallas, she must be unhappy. Perhaps she wept when she was alone, and suffered cruelly. Laurie felt that Dallas was the kind of man who would inevitably make women suffer if they loved him.

Glad didn't know, Glad was so very young.

Laurie acted on one of her impulses. They had always been inexplicable at the moment, but they had shaped her life, and no power on earth could have prevented them. She knew that subconsciously.

She looked at the clock. It was seven. A young man about town might be in his rooms at that hour, before he went out to spend the evening.

She put her hat on and hurried out of the house, and halted the first taxi she saw, giving the driver Jimmy Dallas's address.

It was a big, old-fashioned building, facing a narrow passage that led into the Green Park. A set of apartments with service, much used by wealthy visitors to London. Mostly foreigners.

In the marble-floored vestibule she found nobody. But there was a board with the names of the tenants inscribed on it. Jimmy Dallas lived on the fourth floor.

Laurie ignored the lift, and walked up. She rang the bell of a handsome mahogany door, and a moment later the young man himself opened it.

"Cheerio, Dick!" he exclaimed, and then, seeing Laurie, looked none too pleased. He wore a many-colored shirt, fringing down over his evening

trousers and shirt. There was no recognition on his face.

"Mr. Dallas, I want to speak to you for a few minutes," Laurie said breathlessly. "I am Mrs. Rex Moore. I met you at Fen Gretton a little while ago."

"Please come in!" he invited with his provoking, faun-like smile. "This is rather puzzling. I can't quite remember."

"I am also Mr. Albery's secretary," she added, as he rather unwillingly showed her into his ultra-modern living room, which was perfectly hideous in her eyes. "My sister and I were spending the week end."

"Oh, yes!" His light voice was vague. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Moore?"

"There is." She faced him, looking straight into his eyes, so alluring to most women. "Mr. Dallas, you have been meeting my sister secretly. I want to ask you not to do it any more."

"Your sister, Mrs. Moore? There must be some mistake," Jimmy was evidently prepared.

"No, Mr. Dallas. I saw you with Gladys in a taxi to Piccadilly Circus on Sunday night a week ago. My sister denied it, but I saw you, and I know that she writes to you. And that you met her first in Manchester and Liverpool, and have given her expensive presents. My sister will deny everything, I know. I suppose you have told her to. But I want to ask you—are you going to ask her to marry you? And, if not, will you leave her alone?"

"I am sorry," said Jimmy Dallas in his cool, derisive voice, "but really I don't quite understand!"

Laurie's passionate earnestness would have moved a heart of stone, as she pleaded:

"Don't play with me! Don't lie to me! You must understand. Do you mean to tell me that you have never met my sister since we were at Fen Gretton weeks ago?"

Jimmy Dallas had to make a simple decision. He was decidedly uneasy. This young woman was a nuisance. He had known she was a puritanical school marm from the beginning. And after all the trouble they had taken, she had evidently found out something.

But Gladys hadn't given him away. That was clear. Mrs. Moore didn't really know anything. But she had seen them in that taxi. What confounded luck! He was sure she was not a fool.

"As a matter of fact, I have seen your sister once or twice. Mrs. Moore," he said in his most winning way. "She told me she was on the stage, and I have been to see her dance. And we met with a party of friends on the river."

"Do you mean to marry her?" she asked.

"I haven't thought of marrying anybody. Mrs. Moore," he lied, but his voice was frankness itself. "I am making my way in my father's business. I have a whole lot to learn. I like your sister very much, and I admire her dancing tremendously. I hope I may say we are friends."

No good. Laurie turned towards the door.

"I want you to leave my sister alone, or to meet her openly. Why won't she tell me of your meetings? Why does she deny that she was in the taxi with you when I saw you myself? I feel she is unhappy. In some way you are doing her a wrong. Mr. Dallas."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Moore. I assure you, you are exaggerating a slight and very pleasant friendship. Your sister must have some reason for not telling you that we have met once or twice. And you have found it out and made too much of it. I think that must be the way of it, Mrs. Moore."

She looked at him wearily. He was too much for her.

"I hope you will not worry your sister about it," he added. "I should feel so badly, if you did."

"I shall not mention to her that I have been here."

Jimmy Dallas opened the hall door for Laurie and stepped out on to the landing, smiling, and saying in his gossamer voice—"I am so awfully glad you came. I am quite happy because now we understand each other."

Just then, the door of one of the other flats on the landing opened, and a manservant showed a lady out. Laurie did not stop to look. So she did not see that it was Wanda Steele who had come out of the other flat and heard Jimmy Dallas's words.

(Copyright, 1935, Coralie Stanton)

Tomorrow, Laurie allows herself to be trapped.

# NAVAL PROMOTION SYSTEM PERILING MORALE IS CLAIM

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—(AP)—A sharp difference appeared today to have developed between two of the navy's high commands, past and present.

Attacking the navy's system of promotion, Rear Admiral William S. Sims, war-time commander, wrote in the Atlantic Monthly that navy morale was "continuously declining" and that high ranking officers have been "notoriously inefficient."

To which Admiral William H. Standley, chief ranking officer of the navy, replied that Sims was no longer in a position to judge such matters.

Sims wrote: "It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to contemplate the results of an unexpected outbreak of war at a time when the fleet and the navy department happened to be in the hands of officers who lacked the essential confidence of the service."

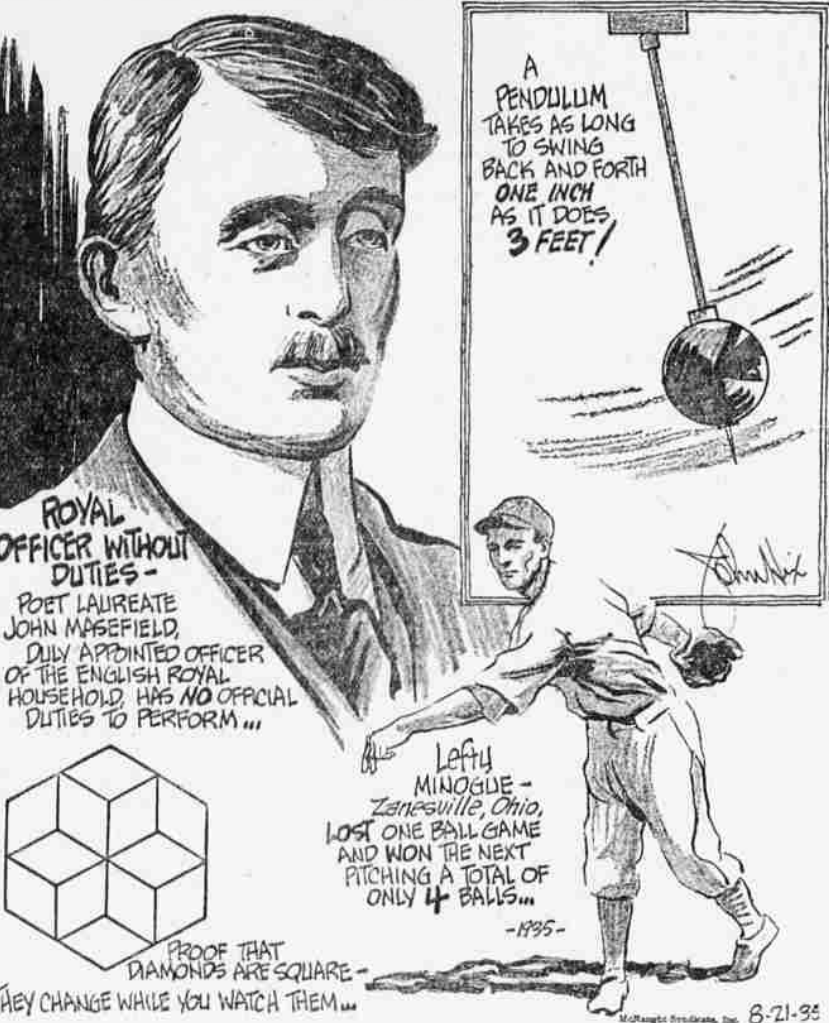
Standley said: "Admiral Sims has been retired from the navy for a number of years and I do not think he is in a position to judge navy morale."

Other officers recalled Sims had made previous attacks on the selection method of navy promotions.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—(AP)—Bids for the contract for construction of a new federal building at Grants Pass are being studied and sent through the routine checking channels, the public works administration announced today.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



England's poet laureate is an officer without an office, a royal servant without duties. Today the position is just honorary. No longer, as has been true in the past, is the poet laureate required to write odes at royal command to mark state occasions. Today, the poet laureate may, of course, commemorate national events in verse if he so desires.

The office of poet laureate dates back to the time of Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, although the honor was not formally bestowed by the crown until 1619 when Ben Jonson was appointed. Early poet laureates were paid as much as \$1,500 a year for their services.

The rate at which a pendulum swings back and forth, except for large amplitudes, is always the same for the same pendulum. Neither does it vary when the weight at the bottom is increased or decreased. The only things that change its rate are the power of gravity and the length of the arm.

If the pendulum in the above drawing is at one end of a three-foot arc, it will take no longer for it to swing to the other side and back again (traveling six feet), than it would for it to swing back and forth through a one-inch arc. It would make no difference whether the weight at the end is one pound or 100 pounds.

The time increases as the length increases, varying directly as the square root of the length. Thus a pendulum one foot long vibrates four times as fast as one 16 feet long.

Tomorrow: The Whispering Prison.

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Equipped for a War

Equipped for a War



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Timber Wolves!

Timber Wolves!



# THE NEBBS—It Pays to Advertise

It Pays to Advertise



# RAILROAD PENSION HAS CONGRESS O. K.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—(AP)—A new pension system for railroad employes has been voted by congress.

With a rush of speed, both the senate and house yesterday whipped through the new legislation and sent New air conditioner

it to the White House for the president's approval or veto.

The pension plan enacted at the last session was invalidated by the supreme court.

Benefits under the new plan—designed to meet the court's objections—would be about the same as under the old. They would be provided by a tax of 4 per cent on payrolls of the railroads and 2 per cent on employes' salaries.

KEEP COOL AND ENJOY meals and fountain service at the What Not through the new legislation and sent New air conditioner