

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

SYNOPSIS: Laurie is worried out of mind. She says Rex Moore loves each other, but Rex is engaged to Wanda Steele and Laurie to Mark Albery, who employs both Rex and herself. Albery is in Berlin, after unsuccessfully trying to force Rex into an airplane "accident." And Laurie has gone to see a friend of her father's sister Gladys, because she is sure Gladys and Jimmy Dallas, young man about town, are up to mischief.

Chapter 44 THE TRUTH

"Is Gladys with that young Dallas? Don't lie!" Nellie nodded.

"He's left London. Where has she gone with him?"

Nelly broke down altogether. It was with difficulty that Laurie got the sense of her disjointed words.

Paris—Hotel Maurice—rue de Rivoli—they left yesterday—were to be back in the middle of the week—a dead secret.

"Are they married?" Laurie asked in a dull voice.

"I don't know. Glad was awfully close about that. But I expect so. She wouldn't have gone, would she? I couldn't get anything out of her."

"Nelly, you've done a cruel thing," said Laurie unmercifully. "You ought to have told me a once. You ought to have stopped her going somehow. I'll be getting on now. I must get to Paris as soon as it can be done."

Laurie knew well enough that girls went away on holiday trips with their young men nowadays. She knew that the world at large thought little of it. But Glad was her sister, the apple of her eye.

The quickest way to Paris was by air, of course.

She found the nearest telephone call box and rang up Rex Moore at Gretton, only to find that he was in London. Half crazy with anxiety, she got the Chelsea flat, and when his voice answered, she felt sick with relief, but spoke in the calmest voice.

"I want you to take me by air to Paris at once. Can you?"

He did not show the faintest surprise.

"Of course, I can, Laurie. As it happens, I flew my plane to Croydon this morning, and it is there. But what about Albery?"

"I must get to Paris as soon as possible." She took no notice of his question. "Could we get there to-night?"

"Certainly, I'll ring up the air-field. Where are you?"

"In Streatham."

"Then you'd better meet me at Croydon."

"I haven't any money. Perhaps just enough to pay a taxi."

"That doesn't matter, Laurie. I have plenty. You're in trouble, Laurie?"

"Yes."

"Get to Croydon as soon as you can. I'll be a little after you, but when we get there, we won't waste any time."

Laurie did not have to wait long for Rex Moore at Croydon.

His plane was ready for him when he arrived.

He gave her a swift handshake and a piercing look from his grey eyes, lit up with the energy of action. He also gave her pads of cotton wool to put in her ears to shut out the noise of the engines, and borrowed a flying coat for her, as it was going to be chilly up aloft.

It was a scene that Laurie never forgot. The last lingering rays of daylight swelled in the glaring lamps of the field. The sense of unreality, of adventure; and, in the midst of it, the casual chatter of a party of Americans who had just landed from Chebrough, and the calmly sleeping little face of a baby in the arms of a nurse.

Rex Moore did not ask her a single question.

Laurie was too preoccupied to experience the sensation of flying. It was perfect weather. She noticed nothing, not even the noise of the engines.

She sat in a kind of trance behind Rex Moore. Now and then she caught sight of his profile, as he turned his head. His face was set. He had no thought, she felt, but that of steering them across the night skies to their destination.

But she was wrong. Rex Moore was thinking of her. His thoughts were gloomy and harsh. He was remembering what Wanda Steele had said to him yesterday. Her words of sympathy had been like so many stabs.

"You know how I hate gossip and scandal, Rex, but you were well rid of your wife. I hate running down

women, too, but I can't forgive her treating you as she has done.

"With my own eyes I saw her coming out of that young Dallas's chambers the other day. They were on the best of terms, evidently. He was in his dressing-gown, talking to her on the landing. And my friends, whom I had been visiting, tell me that he leads the wildest kind of life.

"He has a shocking reputation, and a young woman often visits him there quite late at night. I suppose it's she. I do feel you ought to know, as you're making the sacrifice of letting her divorce you. I can't think how she's going to get away with it. I suppose it's Albery's money that has turned her head."

He had silenced her with a few words, but the poison worked in his veins.

Was this girl who sat behind him that sort of woman? Of course, he knew young Dallas and she had met at Gretton. But was she carrying on an intrigue with him—when she was going to marry Albery? She was mercenary; she must be. She was not to love with Albery; he was sure of that.

The journey to Laurie was like a dream. They flew steadily on and on. It grew dark. Every now and then she looked down and saw lights like fire-flies, far below. She did not know whether it lasted six hours or one. If they rose or dipped, she was unaware of it.

They did not exchange a single word until they circled down into a sea of light and landed at Le Bourget as easily as a gull drops on to the sea.

"A LITTLE after midnight," Rex Moore said, looking at his watch, when they stood once more on land. "Not too bad time. Did you like it, or did it bore you?"

"I don't know," she answered truthfully.

He said nothing more, but took her through the Customs and the Passport office.

They found the car waiting to drive them to Paris.

"Where do you want to go to?"

"I don't want to tell you."

"And you don't want to tell me what you are here for?"

"No. It is private business."

"It must be decidedly important," he said in the old mocking way.

"It is."

"Does Albery know you are coming over here?"

"No. I don't want anybody to know. That's why I asked you to bring me."

"A compliment, I'm sure." The ugly poison still worked. Was she over here to meet this young Dallas? Impossible. She couldn't have asked him to pilot her in that case. She would have to be insane to do that.

There were no other passengers for Paris.

"You must tell the driver where you want to go," he said coolly.

"To the Place de la Concorde." Laurie had been in Paris only once before, last year, when she and Glad had spent a week there on a conducted tour. She knew that the rue de Rivoli ended at the Place de la Concorde. "Are you coming to Paris, too?" she asked him suspiciously.

"Naturally, I don't want to spend the night here. May I ask, do you want me to take you back?"

"I don't know—oh, no, of course not!" She realized that there was no room for Gladys in the plane. And she was not going to leave Paris without Glad.

The car moved away.

Again the journey was made in complete silence.

When they drew up at the corner of the Place, Rex Moore helped her out of the car, and asked her:

"Laurie, won't you trust me?"

"I can't. Please don't keep me talking!"

"Do you expect me to leave you alone in Paris at this time of night?"

"I'm quite all right. Please, I must hurry!"

He looked at her and his voice changed.

"All right, Laurie. I am going to the Grand Hotel, close to the Opera. Promise me that you will let me hear from you later on in the morning. I'm not asking any more questions, but I'm not budging from Paris until I've heard from you."

"Thank you, Rex. I'll let you hear from me if I can, but I'm not going to promise."

"I'll wait until I do."

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Tomorrow, Laurie tries to find her glady sister.

One of the most persistent fallacies of history is that Napoleon was a smaller than average man, runy in appearance. Although he was dubbed "the Little Corporal," and is often pictured with officers standing head and shoulders above him, the fact is that Napoleon was taller than the average man of his race.

He was five feet six and a half inches tall in his stockings—a fact verified by careful measurements taken on his body just after his death. For Latin men, five feet six and a half inches is taller than the average.

The common error concerning Napoleon's height is probably due to the fact that his correct height is often given as five feet two inches, French measure—which equals five feet six and a half inches on our scale.

There are many kinds of sugars, some of them much less sweet than the kind we use on our tables. Sucrose, glucose, fructose, maltose, and many others exist, each with its own chemical and physical properties. Strange as it seems, however, two of the most common sugars are really only one—the chemist can detect absolutely no difference between beet and cane sugar.

The dog, in whose memory the monument above was erected, chose death rather than leave his master. Capt. W. A. Ellerbrock, when the latter was trapped in a burning building in 1885. The master and dog were buried together—one side of the monument bears an inscription to the dog and the other side to the man who owned him.

Senate Extends Ocean Mail Law

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24—(AP)—The senate today adopted the Copeland resolution extending from October 31, 1935, until April 30, 1936, the time in which the president may modify or cancel existing ocean mail-merchant marine subsidy contracts.

Approved by the commerce committee when it failed to agree on a direct ship subsidy bill asked by President Roosevelt, the resolution now goes to the house.

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WEST LINN AFTER THREE PROJECTS UNDER P. W. A.

WEST LINN, Aug. 24—(AP)—City officials today were preparing applications for three public works administration projects costing \$42,000. The projects, approved by the Clackamas county planning board, are:

New city hall, \$27,850; new reservoir to serve Willamette, \$26,000, and a new swimming pool for Hammer park, \$7900.

KEYS and expert lock repairing Medford Cycles 23 N. Pitt Ph 201

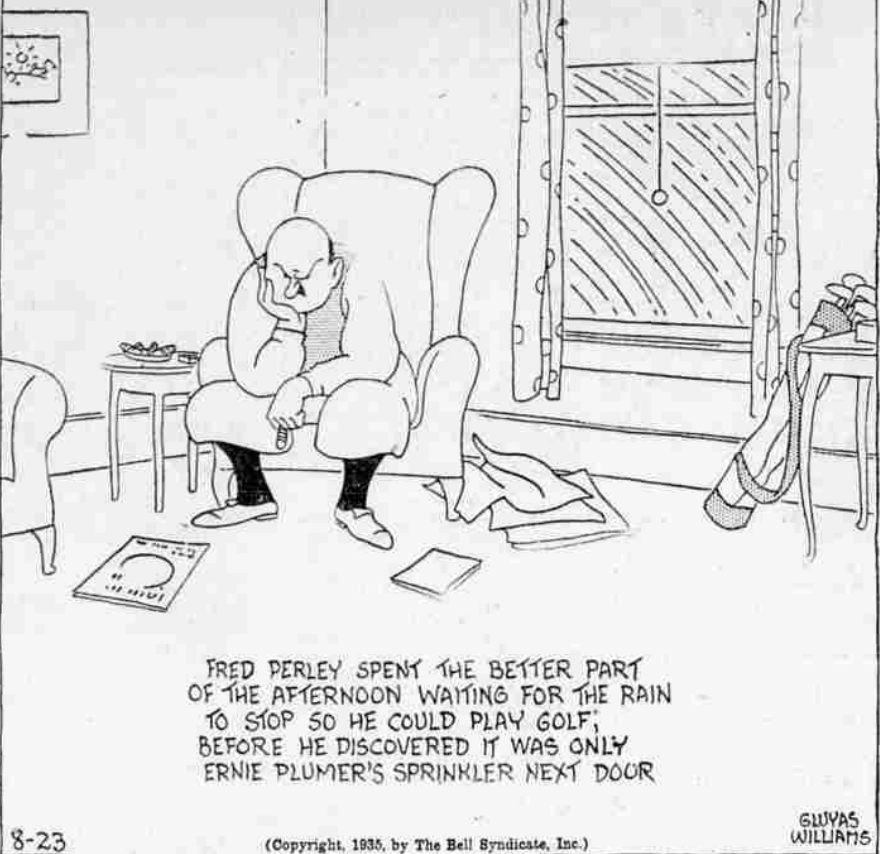
Hero Of Barrow Given New Post

SEATTLE, Aug. 24—(AP)—Sergeant Stanley P. Morgan, signal corps operator at Barrow, Alaska, who flashed the first word of the deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post, will arrive here about October 1 to begin a three-month furlough and will then enter a nine-months service here. Capt. Frank E. Stoner said today.

KEEP COOL and ENJOY meals and fountain service at the What Not New air conditioner.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

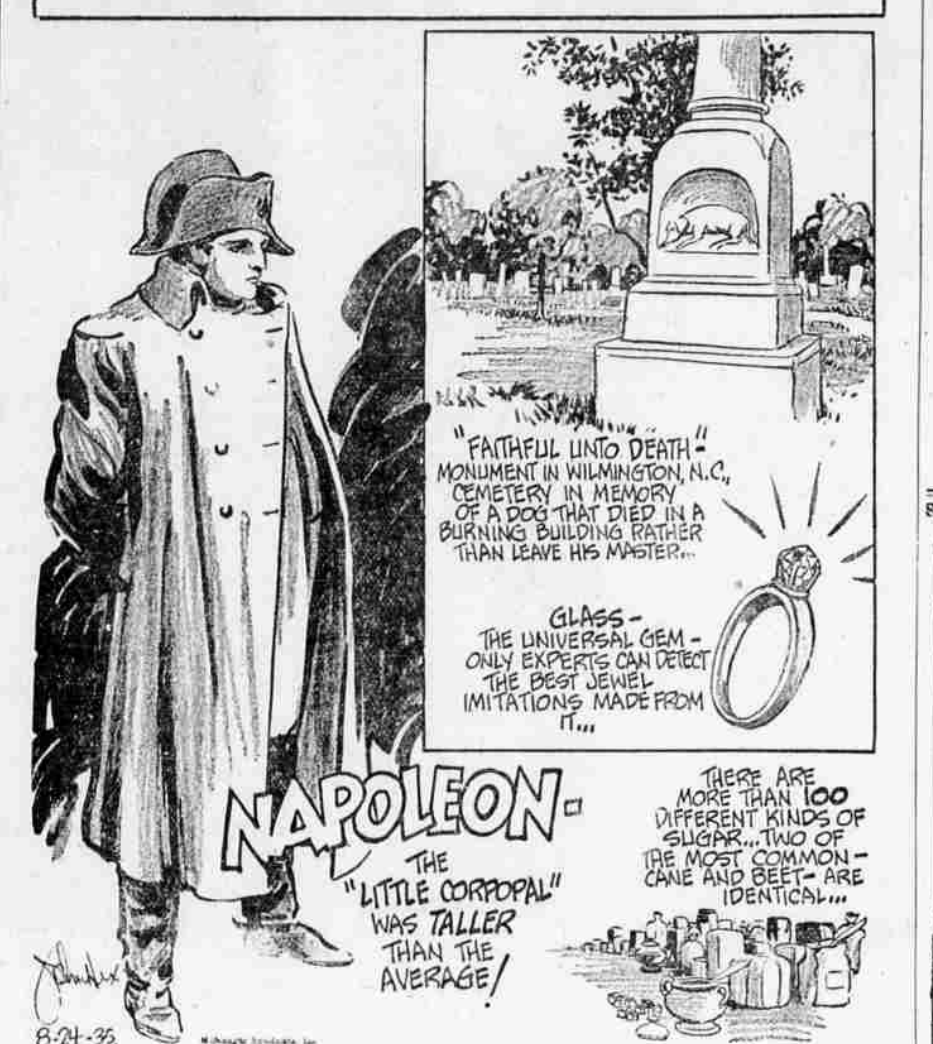


FRED PERLEY SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THE AFTERNOON WAITING FOR THE RAIN TO STOP SO HE COULD PLAY GOLF, BEFORE HE DISCOVERED IT WAS ONLY ERNIE PLUMER'S SPRINKLER NEXT DOOR

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH— MONUMENT IN WILMINGTON, N.C., IN MEMORY OF A DOG THAT DIED IN A BURNING BUILDING RATHER THAN LEAVE HIS MASTER..."

GLASS— ONLY EXPERTS CAN DETECT THE BEST JEWEL IMITATIONS MADE FROM IT...

THERE ARE MORE THAN 100 DIFFERENT KINDS OF SUGAR... TWO OF THE MOST COMMON—CANE AND BEET—ARE IDENTICAL...

THE DOG, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE MONUMENT ABOVE WAS ERRECTED, CHOSE DEATH RATHER THAN LEAVE HIS MASTER. CAPT. W. A. ELLERBROCK, WHEN THE LATTER WAS TRAPPED IN A BURNING BUILDING IN 1885. THE MASTER AND DOG WERE BURIED TOGETHER—ONE SIDE OF THE MONUMENT BEARS AN INSCRIPTION TO THE DOG AND THE OTHER SIDE TO THE MAN WHO OWNED HIM.

ONE OF THE MOST PERSISTENT FALLACIES OF HISTORY IS THAT NAPOLEON WAS A SMALLER THAN AVERAGE MAN, RUNY IN APPEARANCE. ALTHOUGH HE WAS DUBBED "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," AND IS OFTEN PICTURED WITH OFFICERS STANDING HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE HIM, THE FACT IS THAT NAPOLEON WAS TALLER THAN THE AVERAGE MAN OF HIS RACE. HE WAS FIVE FEET SIX AND A HALF INCHES TALL IN HIS STOCKINGS—A FACT VERIFIED BY CAREFUL MEASUREMENTS TAKEN ON HIS BODY JUST AFTER HIS DEATH. FOR LATIN MEN, FIVE FEET SIX AND A HALF INCHES IS TALLER THAN THE AVERAGE.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF SUGARS, SOME OF THEM MUCH LESS SWEET THAN THE KIND WE USE ON OUR TABLES. SUCROSE, GLUCOSE, FRUCTOSE, MALTOSE, AND MANY OTHERS EXIST, EACH WITH ITS OWN CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL PROPERTIES. STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, HOWEVER, TWO OF THE MOST COMMON SUGARS ARE REALLY ONLY ONE—THE CHEMIST CAN DETECT ABSOLUTELY NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEET AND CANE SUGAR.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Offers a Plan to Trap El Condor!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Lonestar's Off Again



THE NEBBS—Prosperity



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Lonestar's Off Again



THE NEBBS—Prosperity



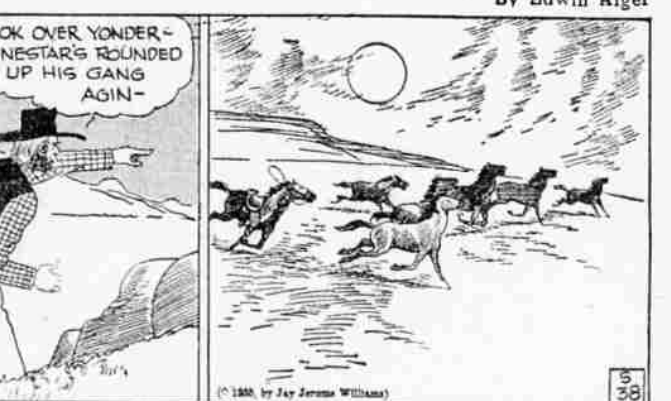
THE NEBBS—Prosperity



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Offers a Plan to Trap El Condor!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Lonestar's Off Again



THE NEBBS—Prosperity



GOVERNOR FAVORS COOS BAY MERGER

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Aug. 24—(AP)—New stimulus to the proposal for the merger of two of Oregon's oldest cities, Marshfield and North Bend, was given by Governor Charles H. Martin here during a talk in connection with the second annual "Paul Bunyan's birthday" celebration.

The most recent effort to effect the combine ended a few weeks ago when both cities called it a "draw" and dropped the matter after proposals and counter proposals apparently were leading to a free-for-all legal battle to see which would be called "Coos Bay," name of the deep-water harbor on which both cities are located.

"I'm staying out of the fight, but I am ordering the state planning board to make a study of joining the two bay cities and you may take its report or leave it," the governor declared during a luncheon in his

JAPAN SWEEP BY SLEEP SICKNESS

TOKYO, Aug. 24—(AP)—Scores of Japan's most eminent scientists and physicians were mobilized today to search for the causes of, and means of fighting, the epidemic of sleeping sickness which in the last few days has swept over the central and western prefectures.

The number of cases throughout the country was estimated at more than 600 and the number of deaths at half that figure, although statistics were incomplete and conflicting.

In the Tokyo area 78 victims were reported and scores of fresh cases were reported from Hyogo, Osaka, Shizuoka and Fukuoka prefectures.

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