

READY MADE WIFE

BY CORALIE STANTON

ST. OPSIS: Laurie has forgotten the complications of her own life to her love for her sister, who has gone to Paris from London on a quest with Jimmy Dallas. Laurie does not trust Jimmy as she trusts New Moore, the famous aviator, to take her to Paris. He does not take her to Paris, and Laurie with him, but each is engaged to another. She has left Rex and is going to Dallas hotel.

Chapter 45
LOST GIRL

THERE was a certain number of tourists walking back to their hotels in the hot July night, after supper. But mostly people on the street were Parisians of the middle and working classes, children of these beautiful streets, who play out their life stories, drama, comedy and tragedy, on these beloved paving stones.

Laurie had only walked a few steps when she saw a light sign over the portico of one of the buildings.

She went in, and passed the liveried porter, making her way to the reception office at one side of the luxurious vestibule.

"I want to see Mr. James Dallas of London," she said to a clerk. She had no eyes for the splendid and tasteful decoration of the place, the damask hangings, the gilding, the banks of flowers. She did not hear the soft, enticing sounds of a string orchestra in the distance. She was here, at her goal.

"Yes, Madame," the clerk said. He consulted a large board at the back of the office. "Monsieur James Dallas—of London. I will find out if he is in his rooms. What name, if you please, Madame?"

"Mrs. Moore," said Laurie boldly. The clerk went into an inner office, and returned in a few moments.

"Monsieur Dallas is in his suite, Madame, and will be pleased if you will go upstairs."

Laurie was amazed. She had not expected such an easy entrance. For a moment she experienced intense relief. Things must be all right. She had been prepared to batter in his door, to call in the police, if necessary.

She was taken up, and the door of a large sitting-room was opened for her. It was full of flowers, but smell of food and wine fumes and tobacco. There were dessert dishes and champagne bottles, coffee cups and liqueur decanters spread on the cloth in confusion.

Jimmy had obviously had too much to drink, and he was alone. Jimmy Dallas looked at Laurie with foolish eyes. He leaned back in his gilded, rose-brocade arm-chair, and a fatuous smile came over his face.

"So you've come back, you little fool!" he said. His voice was thick and a trifle out of control, but it still had the infection which conquered many more girls than poor Gladys. Like the piping of Pan in a dark wood at midday, "I know you've come back," he went on. "As if you could run away from me when we'd just started on our good time!"

"What are you talking about, Mr. Dallas?" asked Laurie sternly. "Where is Gladys, my sister?"

"Oh! He rose unsteadily, and leaning across the table, stared at her, blinking. "Good Lord, it's you! They rang up and said 'a lady.' So I thought the little idiot had thought better of it and come back."

"Where is Gladys?" Laurie repeated. "I am Mrs. Moore, her sister."

"So you are! I see it now. The little school marm who's not nearly so quiet as she seems! A clever little piece you must be, too, from all accounts! You came to my place, didn't you—the other day?"

"I came to tell you to leave my sister alone. And now you've persuaded her to come to Paris with you. You've tricked her into this madness. Where is she?"

He poured out a glass of neat brandy and drank it down. It had, curiously enough, an almost immediate sobering effect on him. There was a white tinge about his mouth, though. An ugly, vindictive look had come into his greenish-brown eyes.

"You must know where she is, Mr. Dallas. I know she came to Paris with you. Her friend in Streatham gave me this address. She knew about it."

"Dirty little beast! And Gladys is a little liar. She told me nobody knew."

"Be quiet! You needn't say that. It was wicked of her to help Gladys

he were still alive and working."

"We have been deluged with telegrams and letters," said Sidney R. Kent, head of Fox Film corporation, "urging us to release the new Rogers pictures, to reissue the old ones and to make all the pictures available for theatres."

"We will continue to serve the Rogers pictures in the regular way on exactly the same basis as though Will Rogers were still alive and working, and there will be no variation from this."

Use Mail Tribune want ads

ROMANTIC BAKER WITH ALBANY WIFE HELD FOR BIGAMY

SEATTLE, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Charged in a bigamy complaint with marrying a Seattle widow while still married to an Albany, Ore., woman,

Otto H. Kelly, a cook and baker, was sought today on a warrant issued by Justice William Hoar. Mrs. Emma Young reported Kelly married her June 3, using the name of "Ted C. Raymond," and left her four days later. Deputy Prosecutor Grant O. Calhoun said. She said he slipped out a rear door while she was in another part of the house, preparing to go to Tacoma with him to start their honeymoon.

She cashed a \$15 check for him, which proved to be worthless, and she also learned later he had given a worthless \$500 check in payment

for an automobile they were to use, she said. Recently, from Kelly's sister in Portland, Mrs. Young said she found he had a wife in Albany, Mrs. Lillian B. Thorne, whom he had married while using the name of "Leonard H. Thorne."

Named WPA Advisor
PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Word was received here today of the appointment from Washington of Geo. B. Herington, Portland engineer and contractor, as regional labor advisor, region two, for the resettlement administration, with headquarters in Portland.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Strange as it seems, the Japanese eat their national flower, the chrysanthemum, in a variety of ways. You said they take the flowers, wash and dry them, then mix them with potatoes, artichoke bottoms, shrimp and capers. The bowl is decorated with beetroot and hard-boiled eggs.

Sometimes they serve chrysanthemum leaves and flowers boiled. The roots may also be boiled and served with sugar and soy. During the Kiku no Sekku, or festival of the chrysanthemum, the flower petals are steep-

ed in sake, or rice wine, before it is drunk. Centuries ago, during the reign of Emperor Kwammu in the middle eighth century, medicinal preparations were also made from the chrysanthemum.

Montreal, second largest seaport in North America, is 1,000 miles from the open sea—yet, strange as it seems, this port is closer by 300 miles to Liverpool, England, than New York.

The Canadian city lies in approximately the same longitude as New York, but is about five degrees farther north. Liverpool, which is still farther north, is consequently closer to Montreal.

Voyages made from Montreal go first up the St. Lawrence and into the gulf before the open sea is reached. From Montreal to Liverpool by way of the Strait of Belle Isle, north of Newfoundland, it is 2,785. From New York to Liverpool, it is just over 3,100 miles.

Tomorrow: "The Magnificent Failure."

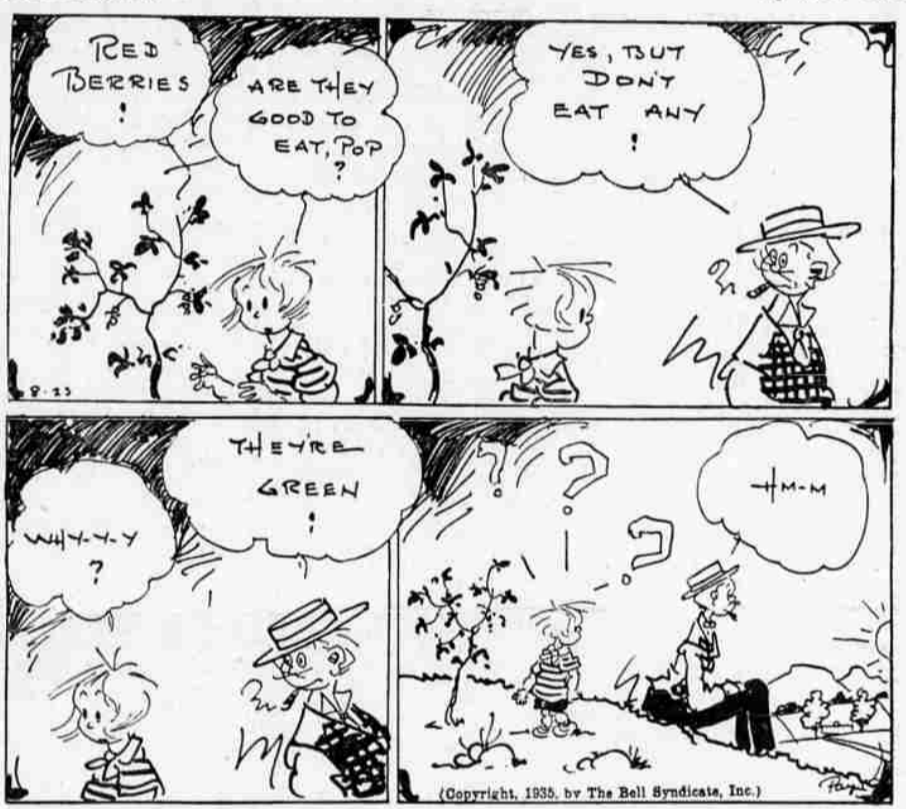
BRINGING IN WOOD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



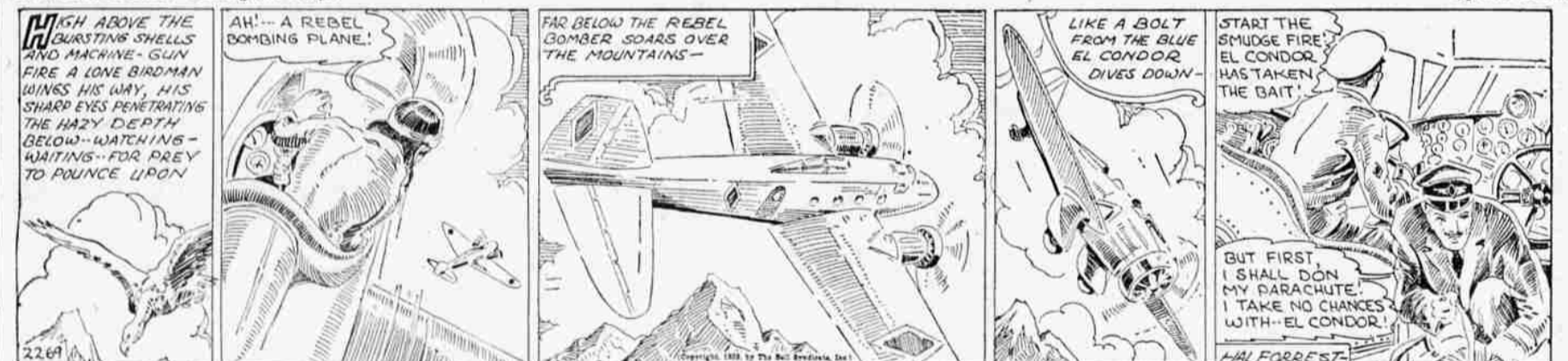
S-MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Setting the Trap!



By Edwin Alger

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Plan



By Sol Hess

THE NEBBS—The Doubter



FILMS OF ROGERS PROMISED PUBLIC

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—(AP)—Moving pictures in which the late Will Rogers appeared will be handled, the president of a film company said today, "on the same basis as though