

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett has come down the Palva to Providence on his way to the capital to see what has happened to a shipment of equipment he and his father used very badly. He suspects foul play on the part of the military government. None of the American Legion Polo Ball in the capital George Fox of the American Legion service finds himself disturbed by the military of a certain girl, Captain Dent tells Fox she has disappeared.

Chapter Five ALL ARE FOUND

"SHE'S flying tomorrow," went on Dent, "with that Major—what's his name?—you know the Spig with the half-pint movie mustache? First time since her crash a few months ago. Read about it, Fox? The New York papers played it up big. The motor went four feet into the ground and she nearly went out for good."

Fox heard him as through a great fog. He knew Allaire West—his circle in the States related close to hers.

A stunning girl with eyes the deep blue-black of storm-tossed tropic water, engaged three times, but always moving on, living to the tune of roaring motors and steel-



"Have to fly tomorrow, and I'm scared to death."

snapping speed—her motor had gone four feet into the ground—

But the attaché knew what was wrong with him now. He knew it the minute he saw Ray West go into the conservatory with a woman in silver evening gown—Sue Thatcher, of the large slanting Oriental eyes, jet-black hair, tall, gliding, full-lipped.

And West, tanned of face and jaw, trim and handsome in spite of his fifty years—the well-known sportsman, Fox smiled grimly. Everybody knew that when Ray and Eleanor West were married two great fortunes had merged.

And everybody ought to have known by now that only because it would have been too much trouble to unravel the estates had they not divorced each other a half-dozen times.

And so Ray West did as he pleased, and his slim wife spent thousands on her beauty and did as she pleased, while a girl with honey-colored hair and dark stormy eyes did—as she pleased.

Yes, the attaché knew what was wrong with him now. Years and years ago he had stood in the shade of a giant elm near some red brick stables and watched a bright-haired young girl gently probe the splinted leg of a beautiful quivering horse with skillful strong fingers and sigh as if a loved child were dying—the tenderness and strength and pity in that girl became an ineradicable part of his mind.

"Going to get some air," he told Dent suddenly.

HE went out into the gardens and lit a cigarette. Her motor had gone four feet into the ground.

He inhaled deeply and began to wander down the paths that twisted their way among the flowerbeds.

She had a habit of disappearing at any time. She loved both the hum of powerful motors and the generating of satiny sleeves in a leaping thoroughbred.

"The Man from the Agency." He paused in amazement, his cigarette halfway to his lips, as the low husky voice came out of nowhere, tinged with humorous mockery.

STRONG DEMAND SEEN FOR FRUIT OF ROGUE AREA

Extra fancy Oregon wineapples and D'Anjou pears have been bringing food prices in the French market, it is stated in the latest bulletin of American Fruit Growers, Inc. Trade is hampered somewhat, the bulletin said, by the quota system and strict sanitary requirements, though an increased allotment on imported fruit is anticipated.

It is estimated that about 60 per cent of unsold Medford D'Anjous can pass the French sanitary requirements, this being considered an advantage in case of continued French buying as the Yakima, Wenatchee and Hood River districts are low on fruit that can qualify, the bulletin stated. It was questioned, however, whether France could take large quantities at present high asking prices.

"The French buyers prefer Medford D'Anjous on account of Medford's better grade and pack and longer keepability," the bulletin said.

Shipments of fruit are now going through in respectable volume to the Mediterranean countries, though the trade has been somewhat disrupted this year by cut-price tactics of new dealers, according to the bulletin. Additional business on pears and apples is anticipated.

"Pears damage in Yakima and Wenatchee districts on apples is even worse than first estimated," the bulletin asserted. "Present outlook points to probably 20 per cent loss. This means a shortage of good boxed apples for the elite market and prices accordingly should be good later for those fortunate enough to have good keeping stock. Wineapps were the heaviest hit."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



NANCY MAE—A Jersey cow owned by W. B. Burditt, Del Rio, Texas, has borne 7 consecutive pairs of twins!



ADMIRAL SIMS—FORMER COMMANDER OF THE U.S. NAVY—IS A CANADIAN BY BIRTH...



WATER STARTED A \$1,000,000 FIRE!—August 6, 1908.

Strange as it seems, a river that overflowed and flooded a basement in Augusta, Ga., started a fire that caused damage of \$1,000,000 in 1908. The water entering the basement poured over a stock of quick lime stored there. The slaking process began, producing heat enough to set the building on fire. The fire spread to other buildings and caused a million dollars worth of damage before it was brought under control.

Leroy Mills attended Princeton but never played football there. Since then, however, he has become an expert kicking coach and as such has coached many big teams in kicking—but always without pay.

He has become consulting coach at Amherst, Pa., Syracuse, Colgate, Army, Navy, Columbia, New York U., City College of New York, Richmond, Randolph-Macon, Princeton, Dartmouth, North Carolina U., and Yale. Mills specializes in coffin corner kicks, prefers end over end punts to spirals, and can teach a good kicker to make his punts bounce left or right, roll ahead or stay where they are.

Tomorrow: Catherine of Russia was Sophia of Germany.

25712

TALMADGE ENTRY TO TEST NEW DEAL

ATLANTA, Dec. 17.—(AP)—A ballot box test of the new deal's strength in the cotton country against at least two opposing factions is in prospect through the conditional decision of Gov. Eugene Talmadge to become a presidential candidate in 1936.

Bordered by "12," the picture is that of President Roosevelt matched next spring before Georgia voters against the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith of the share-the-wealth movement and Talmadge, who is particularly hostile to the theory of restricted farm production.

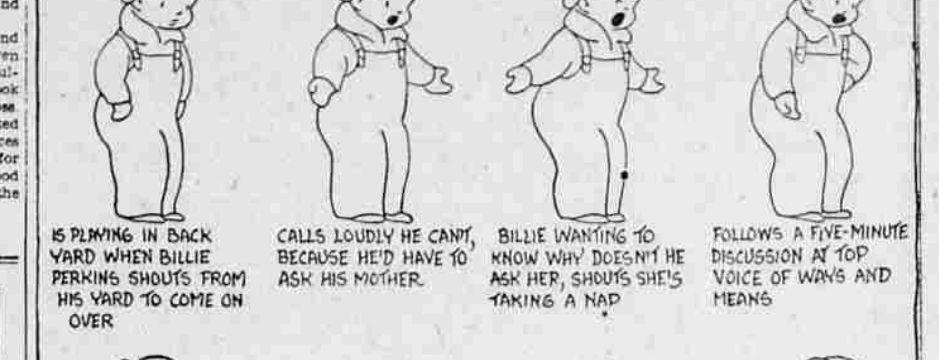
Whether the Talmadge-controlled state democratic executive committee splintered by vehement minority members, would consent to a presidential preferential primary was one question.

Talmadge announced in Washington he "probably" would be a candidate if the committee provided for the primary.

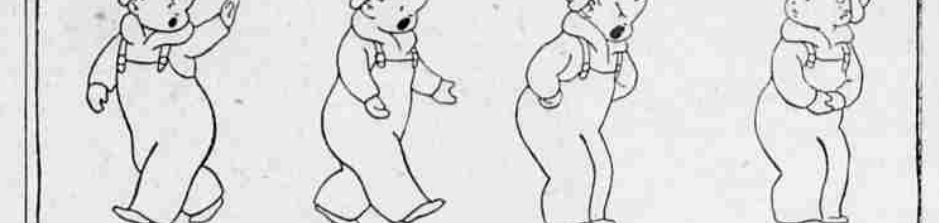
WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—(AP)—The supreme court held invalid today a section of the Vermont income and franchise tax act of 1931 which imposed a tax on incomes from loans made outside the state while exempting incomes from loans made within the state.

UNDER MOTHER'S WINDOW

by GLUYAS WILLIAMS 12-12



15 PLAYING IN BACK YARD WHEN BILLIE PERKINS SHOUTS FROM HIS YARD TO COME ON OVER



CALLS LOUDLY HE CAN'T, BECAUSE HE'D HAVE TO ASK HIS MOTHER.



AGREES AT LAST TO GO IN AND SEE IF SHE'S AWAKE YET, AND REPORTS HE OPENED HER DOOR AND PEEKED IN BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING SO SHE'S PROBABLY ASLEEP



BILLIE WANTING TO KNOW WHY DOESN'T HE ASK HER, SHOUTS SHE'S TAKING A NAP



WARY VOICE FROM MOTHER'S ROOM OVER-HEAD FINALLY CALLS TO GO ON OVER, SHE PROBABLY WON'T GET A NAP NOW ANYWAY

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S'MATTER POP—

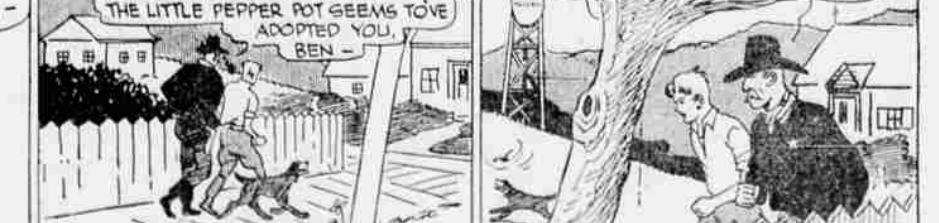
By C. M. PAYNE



WITHOUT SOIL NOTHING WOULD GROW! WE'D ALL STARVE!



SOIL IS PRECIOUS! YES, INDEED!



FOR GOODNESS SAKE! TELL MAW!



EVERYTIME I TRAMP SOME OF IT INTO THE HOUSE ON MY SHOES SHE SOCKS ME!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Danger Ahead!



SOSE WE ADJOURN TO ANY HOUSE WHERE I CAN TALK PRIVATE LIKE I DON'T WANT NO ONE OVER-HEARIN' US—



ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF.



SAY, GRIP HOW ABOUT MEETING ME IN AN HOUR AT THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Happy Landin'!

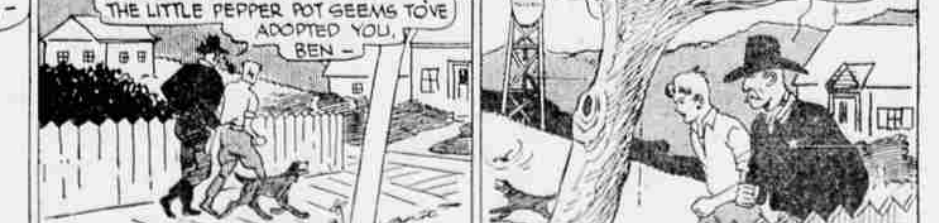
By HAL FORREST



AFTER STANDING BY THE WRECKED DIRIGIBLE 42 DURING A BAD STORM—AND CONSTANTLY RADIATING AN SOS—TOMMY AND SKEETER LANDED ON THE S.S. SARATOGA, BUT HAD TO CRASH BECAUSE THEIR PLANE WAS NOT RIGGED FOR A CABLE HOOK—UP LANDING



YOU WON'T NEED THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER! TOMMY CUT TH' SWITCH!



THANKS TO YOUR SOS, BOYS, OUR DESTROYER WAS ABLE TO SAVE THE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE DIRIGIBLE 42!



LT. BRIGGS IS THE ONE WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT, COMMANDER WOOD, HE CLOCKED THE POSITION OF THE DIRG!



HERE COMES THE DESTROYED SIR!

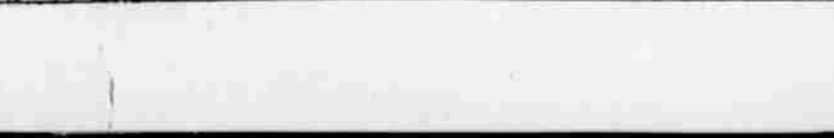
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THE NEBBS—Nicknames

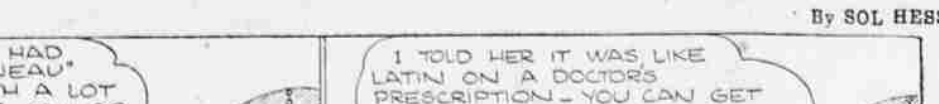
By SOL HESS



EMMA WAS IN TODAY SITTING AROUND THE KITCHEN, SHE CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM IT



I KNOW—SHE WAS UP TO SEE ME—SHE THINKS THE NEW COOK IS A JOKE



SHE SAID HE HAD "RAGOUT D'AGNEAU" SHOWERED WITH A LOT OF PAPRIKA AND IT WAS NOTHING BUT A LAMB STEW



I TOLD HER IT WAS LIKE LATIN ON A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION—YOU CAN GET MORE MONEY FOR IT WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GETTING

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