

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

Chapter Six
FATEFUL MEETING

WILLET, all right.

"Where is he now?"

He was in the billiard room of the Legation Club, waiting for Novas to come back and get his arm broken unless the Señor Fox appeared.

"Is he smiling?" Fox asked surprisingly.

Novas looked positively astonished.

"But yes, Señor," he returned. "With the mouth, yes. But with the eyes, ah, no, Señor. Name of a name, Señor Fox, but he would have broken the arm, by damn!"

"Smiling, eh?" Fox muttered, as if starting to solve a geometry problem. "Means he's going into action. He's going to sock somebody."

He turned quickly to Allaire, shaking his head ruefully.

"Feel like a fireman," he commented. "There's a third alarm in the billiard room. There are all kinds of smiles in this world—"

"He's going to sock somebody," Allaire was looking at him interestedly. "Not you, by any chance, Ambassador?"

"No, but he mustn't sock anybody," he explained. "He told me that if he ever intended to start any trouble with the coffee company big shots, he'd let me know first. He's just politely keeping his word."

He held out his hand.

"May I take you in before I go to wave the lamp of reason in front of a fighting machine?"

There was a queer smile on her lips as she leisurely clasped slim hands behind her head.



"YOU know," she said reflectively, "I didn't come on this Odyssey to see Steve Perry polo and Ray play the fool. I had ideas, absurd perhaps, of gentlemen with sideburns righting their wrongs and wronging their rights."

"So far I bear away memories of a snake farm, some giraffe-necked women or something, and a mountain in the middle of a harbor. But," she went on with that rare sparkling smile, "if I can also bear away the memory of you waving the lamp of reason in front of a fighting machine who wants to sock somebody, the trip's a success."

Fox felt something go chasing up and down his spinal column. He'd felt the same way when as a sophomore he'd awaited the kickoff in his first Yale game.

He knew he was on edge. Who wasn't—in this country on the brink of revolution?

But he had never lost his aplomb before—it was the sudden crazy sensation he had that this girl was so like the dynamite-charged city all about them.

Both awaited—perhaps? The top of a green hill blown off by a bitter-to unsuspected volcano—the rise of a tide that had long threatened to sweep past boundaries.

Coolly reckless, cynically defiant—this lovely mocking girl was a far cry in the wilderness from the child who had shown her heart, as a thoroughbred panted in agony before her.

"You want to meet him?" he said a little vaguely.

She lit a cigaret and flicked the match dexterously past Novas's ear. Then she leaned back in the same careless posture he had found her.

"Darling, if anything is going to happen around here I'm sitting in. Heaven only knows I've wanted to sock somebody many times myself."

Willet might be drunk—

"You've saved your arm, Novas," he told the runner. "Ask the tall red head to come here."

He came swinging down a garden walk, tall, clad in immaculate white ducks, bareheaded—sick to death of red tape and inaction, with the lights and music of the Legation Club trying to chase from his mind the thought of a dark river—

"Hello, Fox," he said abruptly, and then paused to stare past the attached.

The girl watched him, smoke from the cigaret between her fingers curling up past her cheek.

"The Foreign Service," Willet remarked with a brief-appearing grin at Fox, "is something I'll have to look into."

FOX smiled himself. Ask Terry Willet or some of those other hard-jawed builders down here thou-

UTILITY DISTRICT LAW CALLED 'HODGE-PODGE' IN MARION CO. HEARING

MT. ANGEL, Dec. 18.—(AP)—Declaring the people's utility district law was a "jumble and hodge-podge of petitions and errors" and written so that it would be impossible to issue

bonds under its provisions, opponents of the proposed Marion county district last night attacked the legislative act from every angle, in a hearing before the state hydro-electric commission.

Led by L. B. Smith, tax expert and statistician, opposition to the formation of most of the county into a territory for the purpose of generating and distributing electrical energy as governmental function, emphasized not only the "impossibility" of the act itself, but stressed the increased tax burden and bonded indebtedness should such a proposal be adopted.

Proponents of the utility district, a preliminary petition for which had been filed with the commission, stressed the need and desire for cheaper power, for more rural electrification, and cited various examples of successful municipal ownership projects as well as cooperative organizations to show the success of similar activities.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—(AP)—A tentative interstate commerce commission report today recommended abandonment of 71 miles of railroad from Alinsworth to North Junction in Sherman and Wasco counties, Oregon.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Catherine II, Empress of Russia, called Catherine the Great, was German born and christened Sophia Augusta Frederica. Like Catherine I, she was neither Russian nor was she named Catherine. The first Catherine was born Martha Skavronsky, the daughter of a Lithuanian peasant.

Catherine the Great was the daughter of Christian Augustus, petty German prince. She was born in 1729, and at the age of 15 was taken to Russia to become the wife of Grand Duke Peter, nephew of the Empress Elizabeth and heir to the Russian throne. Her name was changed to Catherine Alexeyevna when she was taken into the Orthodox church in 1744, and a little more than a year later she was married to the future czar.

How completely the German girl bride of Grand Duke Peter became Russian during her rise to power and the throne is best shown during her 34 years as one of the greatest rulers Russia ever had. The unhappiness of her husband was never physically normal, and after he became czar his misrule and cruelty won popular hatred for him. Catherine, whom he threatened to divorce, was supported by guard regiments in St. Petersburg while Peter was at Oranienbaum with his Holsteiners. An army order was issued removing Peter from the throne and making Catherine empress.

During her rule, Catherine identified herself completely with Russia. She encouraged travel, culture, and art; wrote a history of Russia, and in her foreign policy successfully expanded Russia.

Tomorrow: The \$15,000,000 Salute.

CHRISTMAS PRIVACY



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

DECIDES IT'S A GOOD TIME WHEN HOUSEHOLD IS QUIET, TO GET PRESENTS WRAPPED. LOCKS HERSELF IN.

TAKES PRESENTS FROM HIDING PLACE AND SPREADS THEM ON BED, JUST AS HUSBAND DEMANDS TO COME IN

FINDS HE'S BEEN WORKING IN CELLAR AND HAS TO CHANGE CLOTHES. PUTS PRESENTS BACK IN BUREAU DRAWER AND LETS HIM IN

AS SOON AS HE HAS GONE SPREADS THEM OUT ON BED AGAIN, A SHOUT INFORMING HER THE LAUNDRY MAN'S HERE

PUTS PRESENTS AWAY. GOES DOWN TO SEE LAUNDRY MAN, AND RETURNS TO SPREAD THEM OUT AGAIN

AUNT EM KNOCKS AND SAYS SHE'S SURE SHE LEFT HER GLASSES IN HERE AND SHE HAS TO FIND THEM RIGHT AWAY

CONCEALS PRESENTS WHILE AUNT EM LOOKS FOR HER GLASSES, THEN TAKES THEM OUT AGAIN

AT THIS POINT JUNIOR FALLS DOWN STAIRS AND NEEDS ATTENTION. GIVES UP WRAPPING PRESENTS UNTIL SHE CAN BE ALONE IN THE HOUSE

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S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. PAYNE

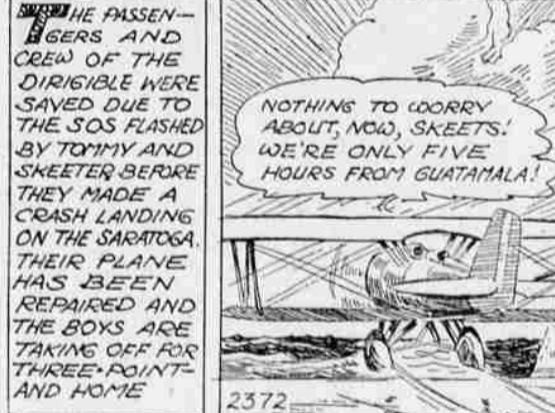
OOMP!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! LET LOOSE OF IT!

HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!

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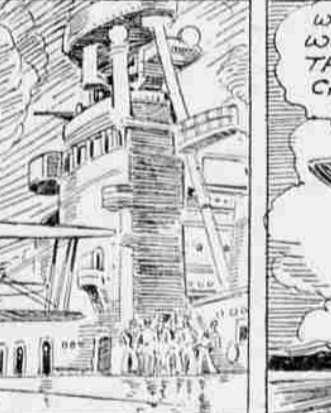
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Off for Three-Point!



THEY PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE DIRIGIBLE WERE SAVED DUE TO THE SOS FLASHED BY TOMMY AND SKEETER BEFORE THEY MADE A CRASH LANDING ON THE SARATOGA. THEIR PLANE HAS BEEN REPAIRED AND THE BOYS ARE TAKING OFF FOR THREE-POINT AND HOME

2372

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben Accepts!



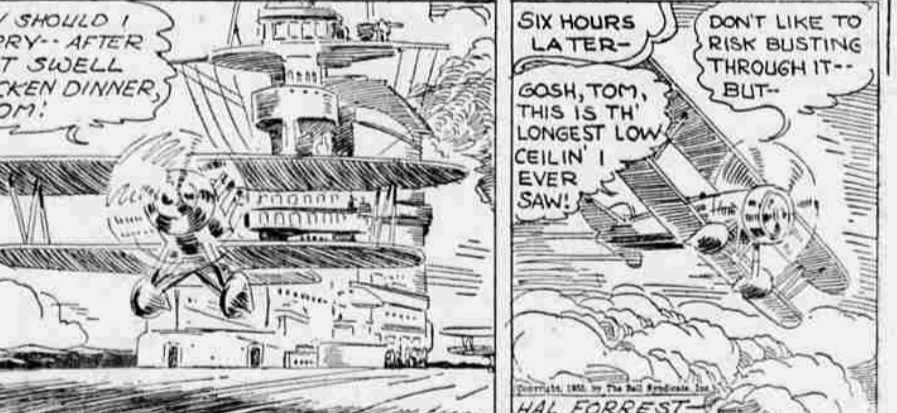
BEN, I'LL WANT YOU TO LOOK UP MY BROTHER, JEB MORGAN, AT THE LITTLE BEND LOGGING CAMP—GIVE HIM THIS LETTER AN' HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO NEXT—

YOU'LL BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF JEWEL LAKE, WAY BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS, AN' THEY'S AN ISLAND THERE THAT NEEDS LOOKIN' INTO—

I'M ASKIN' YOU TO DO THIS 'CAUSE BEIN' CAREFUL, AN' BEIN' A LONE BOY ON A CAMPIN TRIP SORTA YAIN'T APT TO BE SUSPICIONED, BUT IF YOU RUN PLUMB INTO ANY REAL DANGER I WANT YOU TO SEND FER ME—

COURSE IF ANYTHIN' DID HAPPEN TO YOU, I'D NEVER FERGIVE MYSELF!

WHY SHOULD I WORRY—AFTER THAT SWELL CHICKEN DINNER TOM!



WHY SHOULD I WORRY—AFTER THAT SWELL CHICKEN DINNER TOM!

SIX HOURS LATER—

GOSH, TOM, THIS IS TH' LONGEST LOW CEILIN' I EVER SAW!

DON'T LIKE TO RISK BUSTING THROUGH IT— BUT—

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THE NEBBS—Poor Emma



BILLY BRILL CALLED ME UP AND TOLD ME MY CAR WAS READY, I'M GLAD IT BECAUSE MY FEET HAVE DONE A BIG JOB FOR ME EVER SINCE I LEARNED TO WALK AND THEY SHOULD HAVE A REST

THAT WILL BE \$55, AND DON'T KICK—IT'S A HUNDRED-DOLLAR JOB

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THAT COSTS \$55 THAT'S A BARGAIN—AND WHEN I PAY YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO SAY THANKS—I'M THE CUSTOMER—DO YOU THINK IT WILL RUN?

THAT CAR'S GOT A LOT OF MILES UNDER ITS HOOD BUT REMEMBER, IT AIN'T NEW—FOLKS GET OLD, TOO—YOUR PAPPY AIN'T TURNING HANDSPRINGS NOW EITHER

WOMEN FIX ROAD When County Lags



MONTANA, Kas., Dec. 18.—(AP)—For months four farm women sought unsuccessfully to get the Lebeton county road leading to their homes repaired.

Then they took matters into their own hands. Misses Jennie and Fae Gasson hitched up a team and hauled rock which Mrs. A. W. Foster and Mrs. E. G. Wolfe shoveled into the middle. Mrs. Foster rolled the road smooth with her husband's tractor.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS



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