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NEVER MIND THE LADY **by David Garth** NEVER MIND THE LADY
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SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett is at the American embassy in the capital, telling George Fox, the attaché, that he proposes to have the shipment of equipment he has come to see about on board the "Parajaibo" this same night. Fox knows that means trouble, for the native government is mixed up in the delay. Allaire West knows the same thing, and is already making plans to be in on the fun, whenever and wherever it starts.

Chapter Seven

TERRY BEGINS

WILLETT went on. "Dad's sitting up the river with a .45 in one hand and a vial of quinine in the other. That stuff goes aboard the 'Parajaibo' tonight!"

"Strike one, George," breathed the girl.

"Would you mind telling me what you're going to do?" Fox asked politely.

Willett shrugged.

"How do I know? Start off for the docks and take my cue as I go along. The ship clears at noon tomorrow."

Allaire flicked her cigaret into the shadows. He was right. Thinking dragged at speedy action. Step on the gas and catch the signals as you sped by.

"Do you want to go along, George?" she asked lazily. "Or hear about it over the radio?"

Back to the job, the everlasting Great God Job. Wearily fighting both the Palva and malicious red tape—Lawrence Willett waiting for him, looking eagerly down the river, a .45 in his hand for all the Chaikis to see.

His own hand tentatively touched a slight bulge under his left arm. Good medicine for the docks at Rosina B. A lovely girl in evening gown—poor Fox had perspired blood.

He went out at the side of the Legation Club and hailed an ambling carriage.

As a child she had loved to follow parades, chase a brass band and the tread of marching feet. And when the ring in the air passed she had always felt the surge of a desire to keep alive that note of spirited rhythm—somehow.

The gardens were very quiet, but a note still rang. A thin-lipped young man had come and gone; come heralded by a shaking Embassy runner, and gone with a grin for the welfare of an attaché. She knew she had seen a parade—and the gardens were very quiet.

SHE got up restlessly and went back to the lighted Legation Club, slipping through a door on the terrace into a swirl of music and the scrape of feet, smell of starched

"So long," Willett said, holding out his hand.

Two man looking at her—one astonished, the other with downright apprehension.

"Huh?" said Willett uncertainly. "Go along—?"

"She's funny that way," Fox said rapidly. He felt a little irritated. Somehow they made him feel like the kind of a person who put his feet in hot water and a mustard plaster on his chest every time there was a draught.

Her amused glance goaded him into going on.

"Lay off the lone wolf stuff, Terry. Tomorrow—"

"Tonight," said Willett, not even looking at him, "they're loading the 'Parajaibo.'" His eyes were on the girl.

Tonight! Always tonight! Fox was a man in a leaky rowboat bucking a strong current, and he knew it.

"Are you serious about going?" His voice was elaborately casual. "Because if you are I'll have to go with you, I suppose."

He grinned.

"Rule One of the efficient Foreign Officer—'Promoting and protecting the interests of the United States and its citizens.'"

"Yeah," drawled Willett, "so they tell me. Hildez will swoon when he sees those clothes. Better get a coat, George."

FOX nodded and strode away up the path toward the Legation Club. Willett watched him go, and then turned quickly to the girl.

"So long," he said, holding out his hand.

"You're not waiting for him to come back?"

He shook his head.

"Leaving by a side gate. If there was any trouble old George would be caught in a bad spot."

He smiled. She liked his smile, white teeth in the bronze of his face, and his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"Stay away from docks at night," he said easily. "No bands playing or people waving—just some damn fools stumbling over packing boxes and wishing they were diplomats—"

He dropped her hand and turned away; leaving behind something that had hit him queerly and passed.

shirts, and cocktails, and perfumes.

She surveyed the scene estimatingly a moment, balancing it against thousands of others, and then moved straight through a politely importuning stag line toward the conservatory.

It was there that Fox found her, Fox with a topcoat buttoned about his throat and a soft black snap brim in his hand.

"Willett—?" he began.

"He's gone," she told him, sinking into a chair. "Y'know, darling, the lamp of reason kind of backfired on you, didn't it? Why?"

Why? Fox didn't care to tell her the reason. Knowledge like that with Allaire West might be fatal. He recognized a merciless strain of quicksilver in this girl who had learned to ask favors from nobody.

The lamp of reason—he'd never lost it. He only knew that the one thing in the world she recognized was action, quick, spontaneous action.

And sincerity was a keynote to George Fox's character. He knew perfectly well he was falling in love with her.

"I could chase after him—," he began.

"Don't," she advised briefly. "I don't think he liked the idea of having you tag along."

Her eyes were kind, however. He was nice, he had style and something the rest of this crowd didn't have. A certain boyish earnestness, perhaps. But attachés don't risk prowling around docks.

"There's LaMarr dancing with Nell," she said suddenly. "I despise LaMarr; he's followed us from Buenos Aires like a scavenging shark in the wake of a ship. Do go forth to war, George, and unhorse you varlet."

He hesitated a moment. There was yet time for him to dash out into the darkness like a new edition of Svengali at a fifty-cent matinee. Then he took off his coat and slung it into a chair.

Allaire watched him as he went out on the floor to separate her mother from the polished, self-styled globe-trotter, LaMarr.

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Tomorrow, Allaire swipes a motor car, and takes Novaes on an exciting journey.

GASOLINE SALES TAKE HUGE JUMP

SALEM, Dec. 19—(AP)—Continued gasoline sales increase in Oregon during the past month, to the extent of 2,415,052 gallons over November of 1934, brought the total increase for the first 11 months over that sold the same period last year by 15,223,892 gallons, the secretary of state's office reported today.

The increase also adds to the state tax the sum of $761,194.60 for improvement of roads.

Total tax collected on the 169,394,520 gallons sold so far this year amounted to $8,469,726.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Dec. 19.—(AP)—John Chambers, manager of The Dalles water office, said today that snowfall is three feet under that of a year ago in the Dog River watershed which helps supply Hood River.

PORTLAND, Dec. 19—(AP)—Bart Coffey, 64, Portland PWA worker, collapsed and died while going to work here today. Death came from natural causes, the coroner said.

REYKJAVIK, Iceland, Dec. 19.—(AP)—Twenty-six men were drowned or frozen to death in a blizzard which swept Iceland Saturday. Twenty persons still were missing 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.

Strange as it seems, if all the horse races in a single year were run on the same day, there would not be enough horses to go around—not even one horse per race. According to the Jockey Club, New York, there are more than 14,000 races every year, although there are but 10,000 to 11,000 horses in training.

In 1776, during the American Revolution, a privately owned American man-of-war, flying a red, white and blue flag, sailed into the port of Orangetown on the Dutch island of St. Eustatius in the West Indies. The commander of the ship ordered a salute to the harbor fort and in return the Dutch governor ordered a salute to the American ship.

This incident, unimportant except that it was the first time a foreign power had saluted an American flag, set in motion a chain of events that cost the Dutch $15,000,000, ruined the island economically, and probably saved the American revolution from failure.

Outside Orangetown lay the British fleet commanded by Admiral Rodney. When he heard that the Dutch had saluted the American flag he demanded an apology. This being denied, he sailed his ships into the port, captured the town and nearly 200 merchantmen and privateers in the harbor. Instead of taking the prize ships and loot, he conducted an auction, sold the ships back to their owners, or whoever would buy them, collected $15,000,000 in cash and sailed away. The island never recovered from the blow.

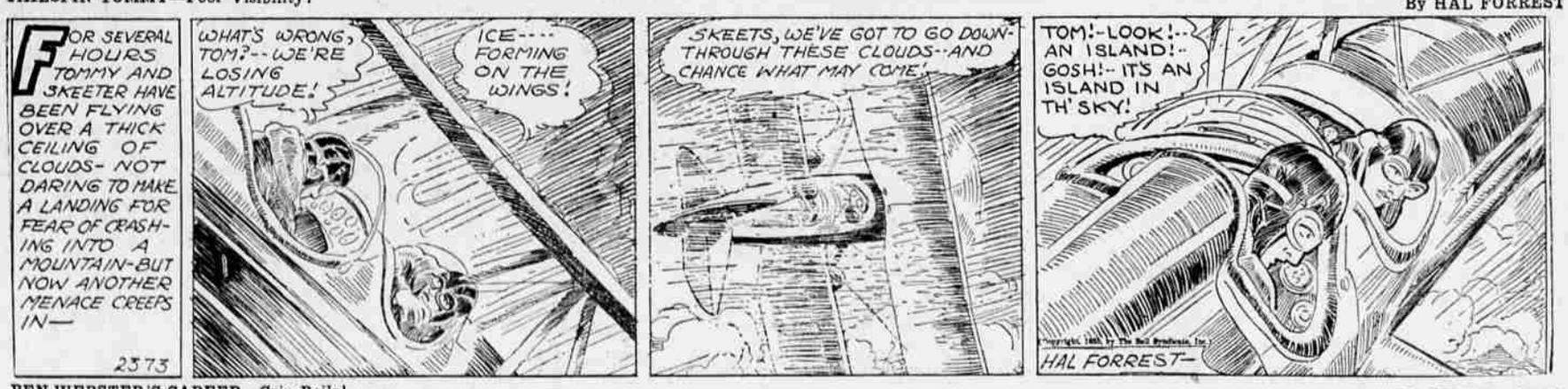
The incident cost England much more than Rodney collected, for Admiral Rodney was under orders to go to the aid of Cornwallis at Yorktown. If he had not delayed at Orangetown, the United States might never have won independence.

Tomorrow: The Slavery Question.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Poor Visibility! By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip Boils! By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Much Obliged By SOL HESS

CHRISTMAS SALES 10 PER CENT OVER PREVIOUS PERIOD

NEW YORK, Dec. 19—(AP)—A nation-wide survey by the National Retail Drygoods association indicated today that retail Christmas sales have expanded almost 10 per cent over last year for the first half of December.

Based on telegraphed reports from merchants in representative cities, the increase is virtually equivalent to a 20 per cent improvement over the 1933 Christmas period.

If it is maintained, said Channing E. Sweitzer, managing director of the association, the prediction of a $4,500,000,0000 retail business for the month will have been fulfilled.

Department store sales, he said, then will have surpassed any since 1930. The gain already recorded compares with a 10 per cent increase for the entire month of December, 1934, over the preceding Christmas season.

Every region shared the increase, the report showed. The gain in New England was placed at 7 per cent; in the middle Atlantic states, 8 per cent; the middle west, 10 per cent; the south, 9 per cent; and the far western states, 7 per cent.

Some stores said their sales figures to December 15 were higher than in any year since 1929, and one in a resort city wired news of a 117 per cent gain.

The Juangs, literally "lear-wearers," a jungle tribe of Orissa, India, take their most sacred oaths on an ant hill or tiger skin.