

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett is a young man who has been thrown a bombshell into the midst of the embassy ball. He has told George Fox the attorney that he intends to see that a shipment of his equipment being delayed by the notice government gets aboard ship tonight. Fox knows it means trouble, so does Altaire West. But Altaire tries to tell Fox that he will follow Terry to the docks. He sends him out on the drive door to separate her from the man on an adventure named LeMarr.

Chapter Eight UNINVITED GUEST

ALLAIRE hated it—the whole stuffy, ceaseless round: Nell West dueling her husband on a mutual ground of fashionable hypocrisy, handsome young men with a business address as a matter of form, polo and tea dances their career.

Breathe!—with the whipping, cutting lash of it! Tomorrow she took up a glass, and tonight she wanted to forget it. Above the silken music of the orchestra was the distant note of a brass band. Follow the parade!

She left the conservatory, snatched up her wrap, and went outside.

Novas, the Embassy runner, was talking patronizingly to a carriage driver. Carriage?—too slow. Novas jumped at her summons.

"Mr. Fox's car," she requested. "On east-11, no damn it, that's French. Where the dickens is Señor Fox's car, old top?"

Novas understood enough to lead her to the attaché's long roadster. Allaire contemplated it approvingly, and slid in behind the wheel.

"Get in," she directed the runner. "You have to direct me to Rosina B. Rosina B—ships—too! Vapor—Rosina B—"

"Rosina B?" Novas pronounced it "bay." He looked anxiously at the lovely, dark-eyed girl impatiently awaiting him. "But, pardon, señorita. I don't understand—Rosina B?"

"Vamos," she ordered, and blew the horn in lieu of further Spanish. Novas scrambled in beside her. And he hadn't been riding a block before he would have been quite content to get out.

Silver drum headlights cutting the darkness, winking the occasional street lamps, speeding out of the residential section into the metropolitan area, rolling through the broad streets of this City of the Dons as though they were on a track in the middle of an open prairie.

Novas jabbered directions with stabs of his finger, and muttered prayers under his breath. These crazy Americanos—beautiful but crazy. The señorita wanted to get to Rosina B—!

They roared down the leafy Balneario drive, passing scattered carriages, racing right up on top of them and then slithering past as the girl at the big wheel moved her hands alighty.

And then as they turned off the Balneario into a waterfront drive that led to the docks the lights seized upon a lone ambling carriage.

The girl nodded and brought the car to a stop.

"Much obliged," she told her guide. "Vamos."

She pulled out some banknotes from her silver mesh bag and pressed them into his hand. Novas looked at them and got out shaking with emotion.

"Sorry," she told him, "to leave you here, but that ought to get you back."

Back? He could go back on a battleship, by damn! He burst into a torrent of thanks, but she'd forgotten him. Already she was shifting into gear, a slow smile curving her lips.

"LORD!" breathed Terry Willett. He gave a quick command to the driver and stepped out of the carriage.

Allaire lounged behind the wheel, her hair in thick wind-blown confusion, the evening wrap sliding off one bare shoulder.

"Would you mind awfully," she asked tranquilly, "if I went with you?"

He'd thought he was prepared for anything.

"Why?" he heard himself say.

"Oh—" she waved a firm, indelible hand, "I'm one of those people who has a grietly fear on the nose to see if he's friendly."

He looked at her a long moment. Funny things, women. This one, for example, she blazed across his life like a rocket.

"You'd better go back. You'll only be bored."

"The evening," she assented, with a quick nod of her blonde head, "started out that way."

"Hell," said Terry Willett, "why didn't you get Fox to take you to the

Isaacian? They stage fights for you there at fifty centavos a bout.

"If you make a good job of it tonight," she said coolly, "I may let you take me to the Bata whoosis tomorrow night. In the meantime I have a deep desire to wander about Rosina B."

He dismissed his carriage and stepped in beside her.

"I'll have the whole damn Foreign Service on my neck tomorrow," he grunted. "Let's go."

She liked that in him—a strain of sportmanlike humor that bridged the gap between the sensible and the insane.

"You're still going to sock somebody?"

"Yes, babe," he said gently, "I am. And you're carrying this—"

She hardly knew where it came from, that small flat automatic. And it was then that the last of the Legion Club disappeared from the night and she awoke to the lapping of black water and the bulky shapes of ships at their berths.

"I really wouldn't know how to use it from a shovel," she assured him.

Terry smiled grimly.

"You probably won't need it. But it's a good thing to have. Stop here."

The weapon was warm from his body. Polo and lights and cocktails—Great God!

She put it in her bag. He took her arm, that small flat automatic, but the warmth of her bare arm sent an electric shock through his fingers. What was he doing?—to hell with it, take your cue as you went along.

He'd always done that and he was still alive. A hundred feet from car to Hildez. Come along, you girl with the wind-swept hair and the steady low voice—you're with an engineer finishing a job.

Giant cranes on their tracks along the dock stood like disapproving monsters as a tall man in white duds and a girl in an evening gown made their way along a warehouse alley.

She knew that there were men near them, wharf rats lying on warehouse ramps, but her companion was supreme in this world. She realized the quiescent strength in those fingers on her arm.

A strange light began to catch the cranes against the sky—like the glow of a fire somewhere in the distance. And then they rounded the corner of the warehouse and came across the "Parajalbo."

TREMENDOUS flares burned on the dock, throwing into flickering relief the rusty sides of a small tramp steamer. A fast-moving set of stoves on a crane whirled from the warehouse to a crane which lifted them over the ship's side.

"Thrilling, isn't it?" Willett said satirically.

To her it was. The flares, the men, the scrubby steamer, were all part of a world where nerves raced and blood tingled.

He guided her through the bustle, curious black eyes on them, men stopping in their labor to stare. Everybody stared at women in those countries—men cut to the same pattern but with varying tastes.

"There he is," Willett said suddenly. "The holy graft merchant—"

She saw a fat man in white duds and straw hat standing in the doorway of a small lighted office.

"He who gets socked," she murmured.

"Hey, Hildez!" snapped Terry. The shipping agent started at the unceremonious summons. His little eyes flicked from the tall red-head to the girl at his side like the dart of a snake.

"Ah, Señor Willett," he commented, and sauntered over.

His shirt was open at a hairy throat and the pouch under his chin was bluish. Terry regarded him distastefully and kept his hand on the girl's arm.

"You putting my freight on board that boat?" he demanded, "or do I stretch your hide up on the wall like a trophy from a bear hunt?"

"But of course, Señor," Hildez waved an obliging hand. "Tomorrow your shipment will be on the way to Proptonoire."

"Yeah!" said Willett. "I'll believe you when I see it lifted over the side. Go on, Hildez, trot it out—I'm sick of waiting on you."

The shipping boss shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"As you will, Señor Willett."

He said something in quick soft Spanish to a couple of stoves, and turned back to them, smiling genially.

"Presently, Señor. The lady—"

"Never mind the lady," said Willett curtly.

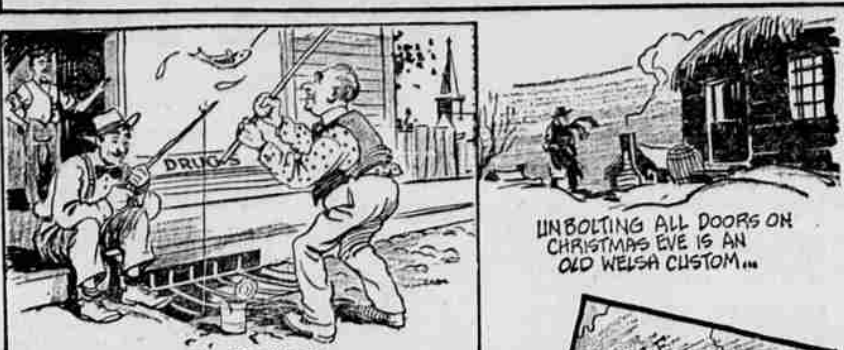
For the first time in her life she recognized pure steel.

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Terry makes a remark he should not have made, tomorrow.

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 general who led the armies of the Confederacy in the fight for slavery was himself opposed to slavery—and the general who led the armies of the Union in its fight against slavery was a slave owner.

General U. S. Grant, later president, married Julie Dent, daughter of a southerner who owned slaves. As a wedding present his father-in-law gave the young couple a slave boy. Mrs. Grant also owned other slaves.

General Robert E. Lee, on the other hand, did not believe in slavery. Long before the Civil war he freed his own slaves, and remarked that if it were within his power he would free every slave in the south. When the war broke out, however, Lee remained true to his people and Virginia.

Fishing through a sidewalk grating in the downtown section of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, is a common occurrence—and some good catches of rainbow trout are made without moving out of the business district. A stream called Town Run flows underneath the town for about seven blocks, and can be fished by baiting a hook and dropping it through a sidewalk grating over the stream.

R. M. Moler discovered the unique fishing hole. He made an excellent catch of trout in a few minutes, using nothing more than a bent pin and string for tackle, and a fishworm for bait.

Tomorrow: Crime's Christmas Holiday.

Dog Guided by Signs NEW BEDFORD, Mass. (UP)—A dog owned by Carl Hallett, deaf since birth, understands the sign language. The animal can do many tricks, taught solely by the reward method and without cruelty.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. (UP)—John Blasucci falls to lean across an international border to kiss his wife and children. Blasucci was separated from his family by an irregularity in his immigration papers.

WRIGLEY'S FLAVOR IS WORTH WRITING HOME ABOUT

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

CHRISTMAS SECRET SERVICE

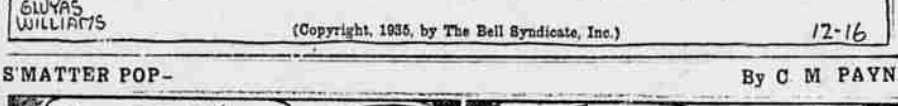
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 12-16

S'MATTER POP—

By C M PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"The Island in the Sky!"

By HAL FOREST



HAL FOREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Stowaway Aboard!

By EDWIN ALGER

BECAUSE OF THE SECRECY IMPOSED ON HIM BY SHERIFF MORGAN, BEN MERELY TOLD CRIP THAT HE AND BRIAR WERE GOING AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS—

ARE THEY TWO GUYS WHO BROUGHT LONESTAR OUT TODAY GONN TO BE AROUND HERE WHILE YOU'RE GONE?

YES, THEY'LL HELP YOU OUT, CRIP—

GUESS CRIP FIGURED WED SAID GOOD-BYE BRIAR—GEE, I WISH WE WERE TAKING HIM WITH US—ALL RIGHT, BOY—LET'S GO!

WE'VE GOT EIGHTY MILES TO GO BRIARISE BEFORE WE REACH JEB MORGAN'S LUMBER CAMP—



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STOOL PIGEON IS PET AT FOLSOM BUT IT'S A CAT

FOLSOM PRISON, Cal.—(UP)—Folsom prison's pets are becoming almost as well known as some of the institution's inmates.

First there was Rusty, "stool pigeon cat" who still roams the old cell block with more freedom than anyone, even the guards. Then came Blue, the blue-gray offspring of Rusty, and Blue adopted as his constant companion Chirps, a tiny finch which was found deserted in a nest atop the prison wall.

Rusty became famous some 10 years ago as the "stool pigeon cat"

who unfailingly discovered prisoners when they broke rules by preparing food in their cells. Now and then a prisoner constructs a crude toaster of electric stove, secures it in his cell and smuggles food there from the mess table with the idea of preparing a snack before turning in for the night.

On such occasions, Rusty may be depended upon to head directly toward the cell from which the aroma of food emanates, sit outside and mew. Invariably this attracts the attention of the offending prisoner in placed in solitary.

More recently, stories and pictures of Blue and Chirps—the pictures showing Chirps perched on the cat's paw or head—received wide circulation.

Oriental Coins Moved LENDING (UP)—A treasure consisting of 37 rare Oriental coins of the 13th Century has been brought to the Leningrad Museum from the city of Isfara.

THE NEBBS—That's Different

By SOL HESS

WELL, MR GRUNTLY, YOU DON'T CHANGE MUCH—I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR NIGH ON TO 40 YEARS AND OUTSIDE OF GETTIN' A LITTLE GRAY, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH

I'M HOLDIN' MY OWN, JUST AS SPRY AS I EVER WAS

WHAT DOES THAT REST WANT WE ANY NEVER DARKENED THIS DOOR ADRSE!

MR. MATS, I CAN'T INVITE YOU TO STAY FOR SUPPER—WE ONLY GOT SPARE RIBS AND SAUER KRAUT

PIG AGIN!

WELL, IF YOU INVITED ME TO SUPPER, YOU COULDN'T GIVE ME ANYTHIN' I LIKE MORE. PIG IS MY FAVORITE ANIMAL AND SAUER-KRAUT MY FAVORITE VEGETABLE

I'LL BET, MR GRUNTLY, IF THE RIGHT MAN CAME ALONG, YOU WOULDN'T OBJECT TO EMMY GITTIN' MARRIED

IF THE RIGHT MAN CAME ALONG

YES, AND IF HE'S RIGHT I GOTTA LIVE ON HIS MONEY. LOOKS LIKE YOU'NT BE BACK AFTER THAT



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