

# NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

**SYNOPSIS:** In an effort to get much needed equipment aboard steamer for his up-river engineering job, Terry Willet goes to the dock and catches the budding boss in crowded work. They were quarreling, and the man is shot by Allaire West just as he aims at Terry. To protect Allaire, Terry has "taken the rap" with the justice police. But Allaire, who is more than half in love with Terry, believes he has boarded ship for his job, and left her alone in land about to be torn with revolution.

### Chapter 13

#### FOX SPEAKS OUT

**ACTION!** The city was charged with it and so were the Legations.

Back at his Embassy Fox learned that Ray West had accepted the Old Man's advice and the American polo party would sail for New York via Vera Cruz.

Nor did the Ambassador's advisory powers stop there. He gave the attaché to understand that his next brainstorm would draw more than a rebuke—it would entail a transfer to Zanzibar or some other place, if not a dismissal from the Foreign Service.

The Old Man would have said more but he had to take time out to get purple over a Washington despatch and Fox returned to a desk full of cables and messages to be decoded. He felt singularly unim-

ent proposal. Oh, well, don't worry, George, I won't embarrass you. I suppose I might as well tag along.

A last minute she lingered, assimilating the vista of dancing lights, the strains of music from a nearby cafe, the pulse of swirling traffic, then his arm in hers they left the balcony and went out into the street.

In the taxi he lit a cigaret and smoked furiously.

"I'm going to ask to be transferred. Or resign or something. Any way I'm going back to the States as soon as I see this rotten mess through."

"You wax emphatic," she drawled. "And your brow is somewhat furrowed," she added, passing a hand over his forehead. "Mr. Fox, are you in love, perchance?"

"Mr. Fox," he admitted grimly. "Is plenty in love."

"And what is Mr. Fox in love with pray? His art?"

He said it quite calmly.

"With you, sainted wench."

"With you, sainted wench!" Allaire glanced at him keenly, lounging sideways against the cushions, her hands clasped against her hip.

"Darling, this is a hell of a time to tell me a thing like that, don't you think?"



He located Allaire on one of the balconies.

pressed about the threats to his career. What he had done was worth it. He didn't fall in love every day. All night long he worked. Dent was awaring at the consul who was much mystified over the disappearance of two American seamen and had reported an "overt act" to the Embassy.

The house of the Ministry of Finance had been picketed by police guards against a threatening crowd. The President and his Cabinet were conferring behind locked doors at the Palace. Everybody was looking toward Propionira. The atmosphere was lovely for a rest cure.

And the next day the streets and parks were thronged with people. Fox prayed for the hours to pass. The Vera Cruz ship was to sail at ten that night. And night, he thought, would never come.

At half-past eight the Ambassador took his nose out of a sheaf of reports long enough to order him as an official representative of the Embassy to bid the party Godspeed. Proprietors and amenities must be observed at all times. Rule something-or-other of the efficient Foreign Office.

THE attaché didn't reach the Alivio until shortly after nine. Traffic congestion in the streets was terrible. He scarcely knew whether he'd finally located her or not, but finally located her on one of the hotel balconies viewing the lighted panorama of the capital.

The Avenida Georjian stretched across the city from the great hotel, straight as an arrow, toward the Capitol building with its brilliantly lighted fountains throwing leaping sprays of changing color to the dark velvet sky.

"Allaire!" he said.

She turned slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Oh—George. Cheerio, son. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Your host, Allaire. We'd better go."

"I don't know whether I will or not."

Her voice was low and measured. A quick stab of panic went through him.

"Allaire—please—"

A moment her eyes dwelt on his strained face, then she smiled.

"I have an idea that you're somewhere behind the Ambassador's ur-

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Strange as it seems, the mid-winter holiday of Christmas, observed throughout the Christian world, is older than Christianity itself. It has its origin in the days of paganism, and many of the customs and decorations we have come to know as typically Christmas in character were also drawn from the pre-Christian holidays.

Like many other Christian holidays, Christmas took the place of a non-Christian holiday when the new church established itself in Europe. In older days the pagans held an annual mid-winter holiday in honor of the ancient god, Bacchus, god of wine and song. Wise church leaders, knowing that it was difficult to make people give up observance of long standing holidays, undertook to substitute Christian observances for them. Thus the festival to the pagan god, Bacchus, gradually faded and was forgotten as the observance of the coincident church holiday, Christmas, became widespread.

The observance of Christmas has been frowned upon by some churchmen. Puritans in England outlawed festivities of any kind, and made it a day of fast. Early American Pilgrims, too, frowned upon Christmas as a holiday—they sponsored Thanksgiving as a substitute, and it is recorded that the first Christmas spent by them in the New World was a work day, the day they began erecting the first community building of the colony.

Tomorrow: Battleship Island.

**BYSTANDER IS INJURED IN ROSEBURG BATTLE**

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 27. — (AP) — Dave Scheffler of Roseburg was only an innocent bystander at a Christmas brawl in a local restaurant, where he was a patron, and he was also the only casualty. He may lose the sight of his left eye as the result of being hit by flying glass from a bottle broken when used as a club in the melee.

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S AFTER EVERY MEAL

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

THE PERFECT GUM

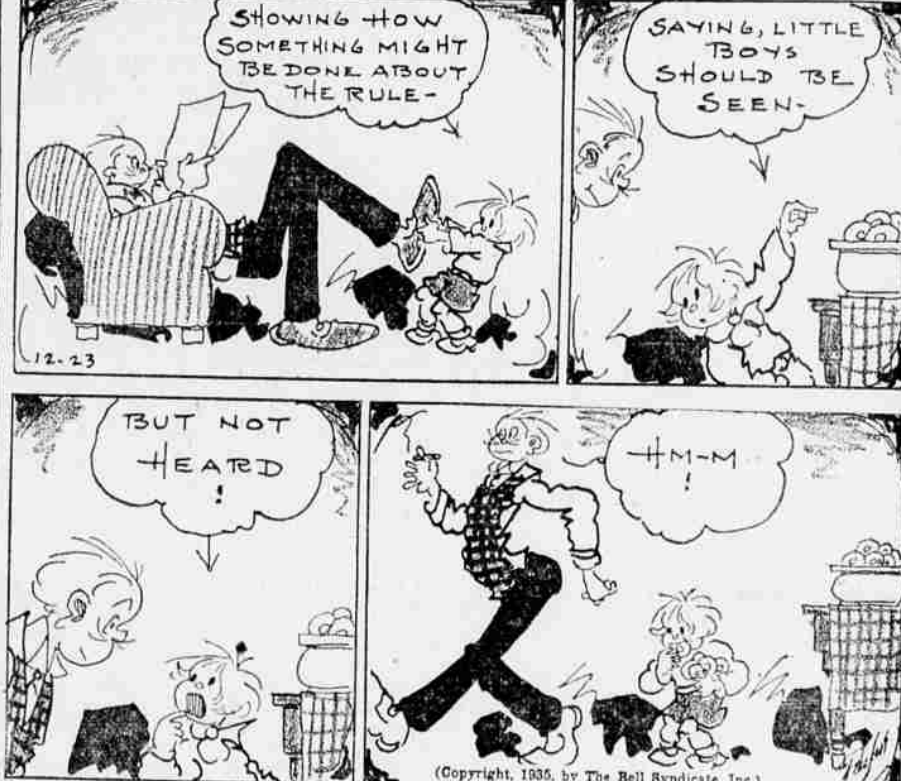
THE FLAVOR LASTS

## THE FAMILY ALBUM—TROUBLE SAVER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP—By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



## OFFICER OF CCC TAKES OWN LIFE

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 27. — Benjamin H. Bryant, 46, a captain in the quartermaster reserve attached to the civilian conservation corps, was found shot through the head in his quarters at Fort Douglas today. He died shortly afterward in the post hospital. A revolver was found on his wife, army officer's wife.

Officers at the Fort said Captain Bryant was attached to the Fort Douglas district of the CCC temporarily, pending an investigation of his official accounts at the St. George, Utah, CCC camp, where he was sent from Bonanza, Idaho, October 27. He had been ordered to active duty last May 4.

## 12 Babies Arrive With Santa Claus

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 27. — (AP) — Twelve infants arrived in Portland Christmas day, with one departed tragically.

Six boys and six girls were born here, hospitals reported.

Richard, one of the 12th boys born November 19 to Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Sanford, strangled in his crib yesterday and died before his father arrived with him at Emergency hospital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27. — Approximately 5,000 employees of the soil conservation service—700 in Washington and the remainder in the field, will go under civil service classification at midnight tonight.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows (usually) throughout the county.

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