

# NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

**SYNOPSIS:** Terry Willett is returning to New York from Carteret, Va., where he has just finished his job. He has boarded the fast New York train at a tank stop and is in the private car of Ray West—by accident. West is the father of Allaire West, and Allaire is a girl Terry met in the tropics and has not been able to forget since.

## Chapter 20 FAST WORK

HE scanned him interestedly a moment, beginning to smile. "Haven't I seen you some place before?"

"If you have you've been in some queer places," Terry answered.

"That's not the right answer, but you're elected anyway. Come on in."

"Sure," said the army officer. "Have a drink with us."

"Thanks, no."

There was a study in amazement. "You don't want a drink—?"

"Not today," said Willett.

The girl sat down on a small divan and drew up a pair of silken legs under her.

"Then what do you want, Lance-let?"

"Just a ride to New York," said Terry. "Who owns this work of art?"

"Ray West," said the girl. "We've been over at a house party and we're looking a ride back with him too. He's in his stateroom recovering from a bad afternoon."

She gave him a long slanting glance. Her eyes seemed violet in quality. "My name's Carolyn Harrington."

"Is it?" said Willett.

"Her old man's a Senator," contributed the officer.

"It won't be for long," said the girl nonchalantly. "They are after his scalp."

She put a cigaret in her mouth and leaned forward for a light, a subdued scent of jessamine mingled with rye whiskey brushing his nose as he bent to comply. She patted a place on the divan and he dropped down beside her.

Willett was offered a drink again. Again he refused. Too easy to drink on this day when he'd left his father behind for good. The trek up from the Palva hadn't been long enough to make him forget his feeling of numbness and a sense of onus.

The army officer was talking amiably. His name was Denbigh and he informed Terry that he had joined the Army because Puff had told him she could love a man in a uniform and then after he got stuck with the Army, he found she meant a general's uniform.

He was on leave from Fort Myer, and what good was the cavalry without sabers? That was Congress again. Congress was ruining the Army, but he'd die for his country just the same.

He was very emphatic on that point. He repeated it half a dozen times.

THE other man was Steve Perry. Very good-looking, with black hair and eyes, big broad shoulders and a sunburned face and was introduced as the objective sort of many a fond mamma's strategy.

Puff said he played polo so well that a strong suspicion prevailed he could probably do nothing else. Steve reminded her that he was a vice-president of a big bank.

Puff asked him if he knew where the bank was, and Steve said he wasn't sure, but his father was president, so what the hell difference did it make?

As for the girl, there was something very intriguing about her. Her mouth was scarlet with too much lipstick, but there was something leisurely, and careless, and softly challenging in the way she spoke and lounged insouciantly on the divan.

She smoked a great deal, looked at him often, and seemed perfectly agreeable to Denbigh and Perry's doing their drinking out on the observation platform.

"You don't say much," she commented, "but I like your style—kind of."

"Thanks," said Willett. "I can see where you have a lot to learn."

She watched him, one hand poised on hip, the other slowly ex-pressing her throat.

"Have you, I wonder, anything to teach me?"

"Who knows? But I'm not going to try."

"You discourage me terribly," she sighed. "You really do—"

Somehow she seemed slightly closer to him suddenly. Once again he was conscious of the scent of her hair. He knew she wouldn't mind a bit if he kissed her. She worked fast. Puff Harrington. Maybe that came from riding on fast trains.

"But," she went on, "I like you just the same. You're brown and tall and

—please smile—more often—Lance-let."

Willett grinned. If Bucky Corri-gan were here!—Bucky worked at a speed approximating airplane velocity.

"One of these days," he commented, "you're going to wake up married."

"Well," she said, considering, "that would be a break for Honor. Loosen up, Lancelet. How about yourself?"

"Nothing much," he returned. "The name is Willett, Terry Willett. I've just come from South America and one of these days I'm going back."

"Oh!" Her red mouth forced the word. "How interesting. I knew you'd been places. The dinkens!" she said suddenly, sitting back. "Here comes Ray. He would recover now."

Ray West made his initial appearance, coming from a private compartment at the other end of the car. He wore a sports camel's hair and a white silk muffler about his throat.

His gait was a little uncertain past the effects of the train's motion, and he had the servant mix him a pickup immediately.

"Say hello to Terry Willett," Puff requested. "He dropped into our lives at Carteret."

Ray shook hands.

"Haven't seen you before, have I?" he said. "Are you one of Allaire's friends?"

Willett sat up. Something clicked in his mind. He remembered Fox's introduction to a lovely girl in the Legation Club gardens—

"Whose?"

"That's his daughter," Puff explained. "But don't get him started on the subject. He's peeved."

"Well, why wouldn't I be?" demanded Ray, with the argumentativeness that is rooted in strong waters. "He won't do a thing I want her to. I'm her father and I can't do anything with her. Nobody can."

Puff was vastly bored. She called in Denbigh and Perry and resumed the crap game. Willett rejected an invitation to participate. He sat down next to Ray West. Ray seemed favorably impressed with him.

"Awfully glad to meet you," he said. "You look like a nice young fellow. Did you say you knew Allaire?"

"I'm not sure whether I do or not," said Terry. "Was she in South America recently?"

"Yes," said Ray. "So was I. Polo trip."

Puff sat back from the game for a minute.

"They're talking about Allaire, Steve," she said to the broad-shouldered man. "You'd better retire to the platform."

"Why should I?" said Steve. He rolled the dice in his hand and looked moody. "Don't mind me. She was nice enough about the whole thing even though I felt like seven kinds of a fool. Oh, hell with it. Ray, Allaire has always done just as she damned pleased and she always will."

He bent over and rolled the cubes. "She's too snooty," said Ray. "That's her trouble. She has some queer ideas. I told her so this morning."

"This morning!" said Willett. "Where is she now?"

"I don't know," said Ray. "Washington, maybe, with Nell. New York, maybe. Havana, maybe. I don't know where she is half the time or what she does."

He fixed something into his glass. He was just getting warmed up.

"You'd think her own father would know where she was once in a while," he complained. "Well, I don't unless she chooses to let me know. And she's had a lot of chances to marry nice men and settle down. I don't know what the devil she's waiting for—John the Baptist, maybe, to come down on a snow-white ox."

"That's Jupiter, Ray darling," Puff interrupted lazily to inform him.

Perry asked them please to talk about something else, and then he got up and went out on the platform.

"Poor Steve," said Puff. "He's had to take it for once in his life instead of dish it out. He's still bouncing."

"It's a damn shame," said Ray. "Steve's all right."

The train was coming into Union Station. Puff was standing up, pulling on a smart little black hat. She turned to face him.

"This is where I get off," she said. "Ever been in Washington? Lovely city. Give me a break, Lancelet, and I'll show you the town."

Washington, maybe. That's what her father had said. He stood up.

"I think," he said, "I'll get off here myself."

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Terry Willett is frost-bitten by a girl, 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, all the discoveries of medical science since medicine began have been unable to increase the span of human life. Man today lives to no riper age than he did centuries ago when life were treated with crude and sometimes worthless or even harmful "remedies."

Nor is there any reason to believe that science, on its past record, will be able to increase the life span. In spite of the great advances in public health and disease control, nothing has happened in the last hundred years to encourage the hope that the span of life might be lengthened. Today, as it was a thousand years ago, the upper limit of man's life is a few years past the hundred mark. There have been, however, notable exceptions.

The greatest success of medicine has been in increasing the average life—in giving everyone a greater expectancy of life. As soon as a disease is pushed back, and one after another disease is conquered and controlled, the average life increases. A newborn baby today has a much greater chance of living through childhood and on into middle age than one that was born a generation or a century ago. People do not live to any great

or old age than they used to, but more of them approach that age limit than before.

According to Metropolitan Life tables, a child born in the United States now may look forward to 61 years of life. A summary of old life expectancy at birth of only 26 to 38 years. Many diseases have been conquered, but old age has not.

Tomorrow: Acres of Diamonds.

Drinking of salt water can change a man's life from one of acute fatigue and inertia to one of brightness and activity, said Professor K. Neville Moss in a paper read to the Institute of Civil Engineers, London.

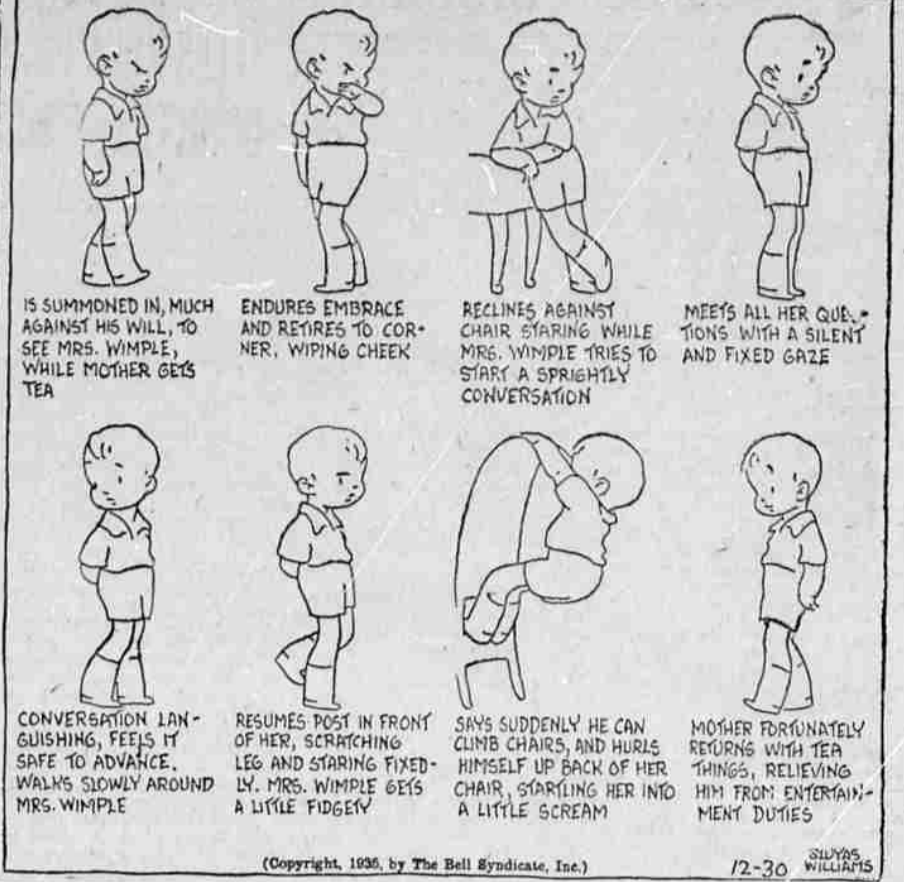
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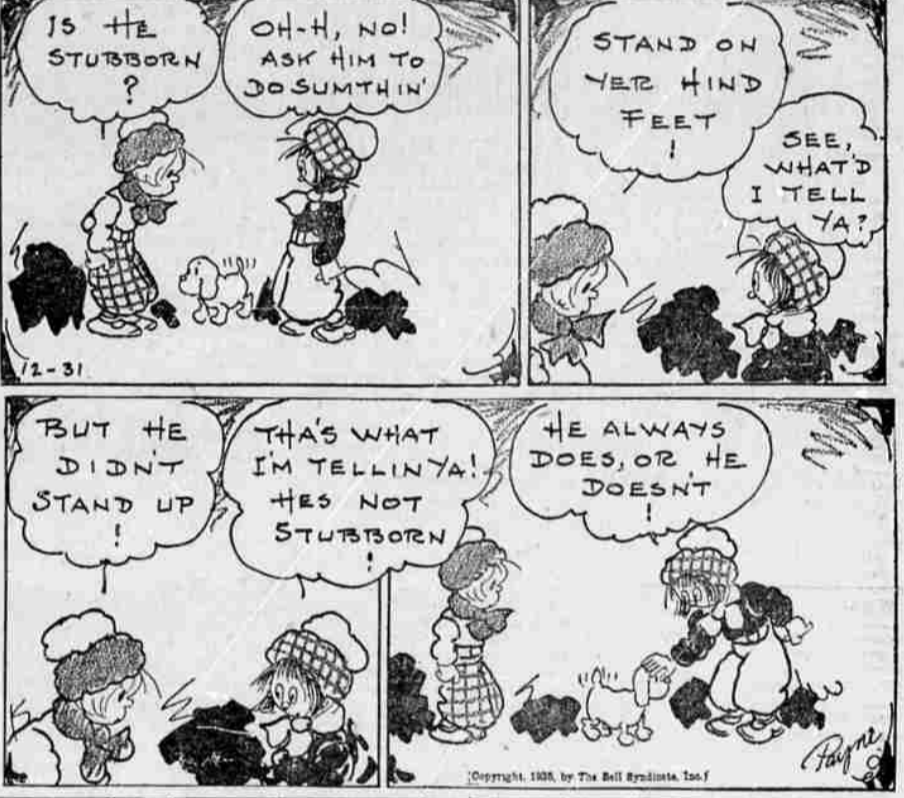
# ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

By GLUYA'S WILLIAMS

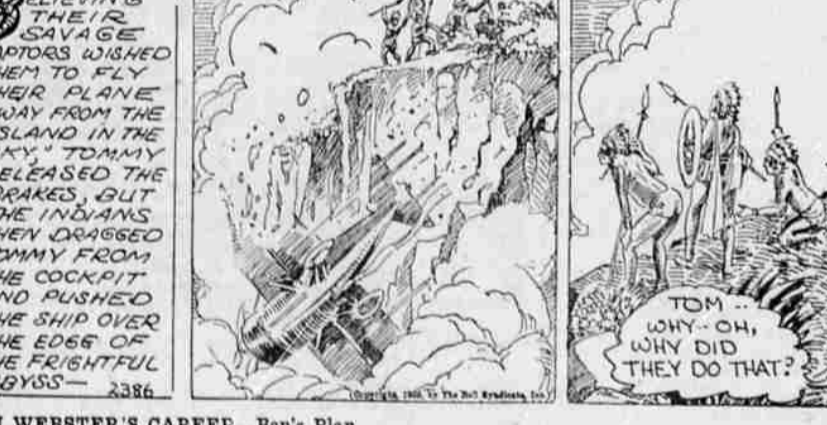


# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Plane Is Destroyed!



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Plan



# THE NEBBS—Ba-a-a!



# LOCAL RESIDENTS BUY HOMES FROM VETERAN AID UNIT

gallon and is considered an excellent light farm tract. Mr. Crawford, an installer for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, plans modernization of the property, Mr. Tengwald said.

The former Sessy V. Hall property on the Pacific highway two miles south of Medford was sold for the commission by Mr. Tengwald to Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Brenner who formerly resided at 30 Cottage street.

The property comprises about four acres. It contains a 8-room home and several necessary buildings.

Mr. Brenner is employed by the Peoples Electric company and Mrs. Brenner by the Farmers & Fruit-growers bank. They have taken possession of their new home.

Release Cotthran  
SILVERTON, Ore., Jan. 6.—(AP)—A trust fund of \$5,000 small cottages were released to silver creek about a mile above Silverton the past week.

# By SOL HESS

