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NEVER MIND THE LADY **by David Garth** NEVER MIND THE LADY
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SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett and Allaire West met first in the tropics, one exciting night. Allaire saved Terry's life that night and then, when she herself was in danger, Terry seemed to "run out" on her. Allaire does not know he actually saved her from untold trouble. Now Terry has found Allaire at her mother's luxurious home in Washington and they have quarreled through misunderstanding, and Terry has left for no announced destination.

Chapter 22

HAPPY RETURN

GEORGE FOX had been flying so long he felt like a bird. The plane set him down in Washington at the end of his long air jaunt. Sam Jennings of the Latin American Affairs Division was there to meet him. They got into an official car driven by a Department chauffeur and rolled companionably along toward the city.

"Pretty important fellow, huh?" grinned Jennings. "Special mission to the State Department. Hot dog!"

"Beautiful women spies tried to cut my hair even as Delilah unto Samson," Fox assented, "but I foiled 'em. Know where I kept the secret formula KX2117539 that all foreign powers have been trying to get?"

"No! Where?"

Fox nodded mysteriously.

"In a hollow tooth," he said in triumph.

"What a master mind," commented Jennings. "Lucky there weren't any beautiful women dentists on your trail. Seriously, George, how are things down there?"

"Cooling off, but they'll be pot-shooting each other for a long time. Regular army tactics never prove much, but guerrilla warfare and mob violence are a reign of terror. The Ambassador had some notions on the arms embargo treaty, Monroe Doctrine, and a few other matters, so he sent me up with the dope and wangled a leave of absence for me at the same time. Nothing very startling."

"No," said Jennings, "just enough so that I have to break in on the Secretary's weekend with his pipe, book, and collie, to bring him this dope of yours. We've been waiting for you. He doesn't know which way to jump on this arms embargo business. Paul Revere Fox, that's you."

"Huh!" said Fox. "I'm one of these ornamental and inconsequential things known as an attaché. People stumble over me and wonder why the streets aren't paved better."

"Well, all I've got to say is don't marry a burlesque queen, rob a bank, or poison your grandmother, and you'll get plenty far. This is more than leave of absence for you, George. You're going to be assigned to duty at the Department for a while and then transferred. Don't know where exactly, but I think you're ticketed for St. James. You've dented some pretty important consciousness around here with the fact of your existence."

"Put it down to connections, private income, and the grab bag," yawned Fox.

"Ever modest. Glad to be back?"

Fox clasped his hands behind his head, stretched his legs, and looked out the window as the car turned into the city proper.

"I feel as though I were coming back for a college reunion," he said dreamily. "You know—the memory of old faces, old scenes, long spring afternoons with nothing on your mind. Come back and recapture something that you have discovered was priceless, that you didn't realize you needed so much."

"Hmmm," murmured Jennings, eyeing him thoughtfully.

"I REMEMBER," went on Fox, "when I was a youngster in prep school. Sat at commencement waiting to hear if my name was going to be called for a certain prize. Wanted it like the devil. Squirmed around in my seat and tried to look unconcerned at the same time.

"The Headmaster came to the front of the platform, adjusted his spectacles, looked at a piece of paper, there was a deep hush, and—well, that's how I feel now."

"Who is she?" said Jennings.

Fox started, then he smiled.

"You leap to conclusions like a damned mountain goat playing leap-frog with the Alps."

"Some men stutter," said Jennings with conviction, "and others write poetry. Lousy poetry. My brother used to stand before the canary bird's cage with a glazed look in his eyes and twitter the canary into heebie-jeebies. My father said his experience was an attack of cramps. Personally, I always went deep-sea fishing. Love has all kinds of reactions."

"You ought to write a monograph on the subject."

"I would," said Jennings, "but why let my wife know how many times I went deep-sea fishing before I met her?"

Fox saw no reason, and let it go at that. Seeing that no information was forthcoming, Jennings swung back to the business of arms embargo treaties, marines, and the Secretary's weekend, comfort, until he dropped Fox at a hotel.

"Remember," he warned humorously, "don't get caught in any funny places, and be sure the lady is socially acceptable to be a future big shot's wife."

"My regards to the Secretary," said Fox. "Tell him my life for my country any time except when I'm on leave."

Jennings waved a hand and drove off. Fox checked in at the hotel and then took a taxi to Eleanor West's home. He had no surety that Allaire would be there; he could only hope. The butler thought she might be in her mother's cocktail salon.

He took the little private elevator to the second floor and stepped out into a long red and silver room filled with Eleanor's usual cocktail crowd.

Three Japanese boys went about with trays of cocktails and highballs among gay chatting groups. Allaire wasn't anywhere to be seen, but her mother was sitting in a corner deeply attentive to an earnest young man with very dark hair and very high white forehead.

As he talked he frequently ran his hand up over his forehead and through his thick poetical raven locks. He was talking about lights, as Fox approached, vibrations and lights, dirty yellow lights, pure white lights, pink lights—all twinkling.

ELEANOR interrupted him to extend a languid hand to Fox. She was quite beautiful, her hair like Allaire's except that constant sessions with the hairdresser failed to give it the same natural wealth of live color.

"Hello, George. Back from the wilds? Nice of you to drop in. Let me introduce Mr. Valaour."

Fox met Mr. Valaour, then he turned back to her.

"I'm looking for Allaire—is she here?"

"No, she isn't. I don't know where she is. She went out last night before dinner and hasn't come back." She put a cigaret in a long holder unconcernedly. Her daughter's disappearances were nothing unusual to her. "Do go on, Jacques. This is a new religion," she added to Fox.

"Not new," protested Mr. Valaour. "It is as old as the world itself. It belongs to the Ptolemies. Oh, no, do not mistake yourself; it is not new. It is merely adapted to modern thought and terms. Your personality is expressed in terms of lights all vibrating about the One Main Light—"

"I'm terribly interested," murmured Allaire's mother.

Fox wasn't. It sounded like gibberish to him. He excused himself. So Nell was investigating a new religion now. Or, perhaps, it was Mr. Valaour who was being investigated.

He was walking through clusters of chattering humanity toward the exit when somebody tapped him on the shoulder.

"You do not remember me, Mr. Fox?"

The attaché found a tall man at his elbow, a handsome smiling man, dressed impeccably from the tips of his grey-spatted shoes to the white carnation on his lapel.

Fox recalled him with a certain shock of surprise. It was Ramon LaMarr who had met Nell West in the Argentine and followed the polo party north. He was a big game hunter and globe trotter, or something. So he said.

"I remember you, of course," said Fox, shaking hands.

LaMarr smiled at him warmly.

"I have wanted to see you for some time. What fortune we should meet."

"What can I do for you?" inquired Fox.

"A great deal," said LaMarr, "but I will do a great deal for you, too. An exchange—no?" He laughed. "Let us have a drink together."

"Sorry," said Fox, "I'm trying to find somebody."

"Ah," said LaMarr. "Somebody? Miss Allaire West, perhaps?"

His voice ended on a raised note of suggestive inquiry.

Fox hesitated. He didn't care for LaMarr—hadn't ever since Allaire had termed him a scavenging shark following in the wake of a ship. She had tried to chase him away from her light-headed mother several times. What was he doing here?

LaMarr was smoothly oblivious to the attaché's hesitation.

"You are looking for Allaire," he went on, "and I am looking for you. Believe me, it is very important."

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A very slimy man makes a very slimy proposition, tomorrow.

3 MEDFORD BOYS ENLIST IN NAVY

Selection of three Medford youths for enlistment in the United States navy was announced today by Ernest M. West, local recruiting officer. With two others, they will leave here January 13 for Portland for final examination. If they pass, they will then be sent to the San Diego naval training station.

The Medford youths are Wilbur L. Hober, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Hober, 334 South Grape street; Wallace R. Ludwig, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Ludwig, 511 Austin street; and Eugene C. Miller, 18, who resides with his aunt, Mrs. George West, 425 North Holly street. Hober and Ludwig attended Medford high school.

The January quota for this district was five men and others selected for enlistment were Delmar St. Laurent of Grants Pass and James T. Thompson of Klamath Falls.

Mormon Leader Dies

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 9.—(AP)—Henry H. Rolapp, 74, industrialist, jurist and prominent in the Church of the Latter Day Saints, died today.

CORVALLIS, Ore., Jan. 9.—(AP)—Enrollment at Oregon State college swelled up over the 3,000-mark at the end of the fifth day registration, the registrar reported today.

The total of 3,004 represented approximately a 20 per cent increase over the corresponding second term enrollment last year.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

By some biological quirk, the mating of a common American mourning dove with a blonde ring dove produces both male and female fledglings—but the young females gradually change into males as they mature. These sex reversed females become imperfect or incomplete males at maturity, according to Dr. Oscar Riddle who conducted a series of experiments at the Carnegie Institution of Washington on Long Island, New York.

Records of the War Department, Washington, disclose that only one Congressional Medal of Honor was ever awarded to a woman—and that woman was Dr. Mary Edwards Walker who served in the Civil War as acting assistant surgeon. She won widespread notriety for her penchant for masculine clothes, and was allowed by special act of Congress to wear male attire while in the service of the army.

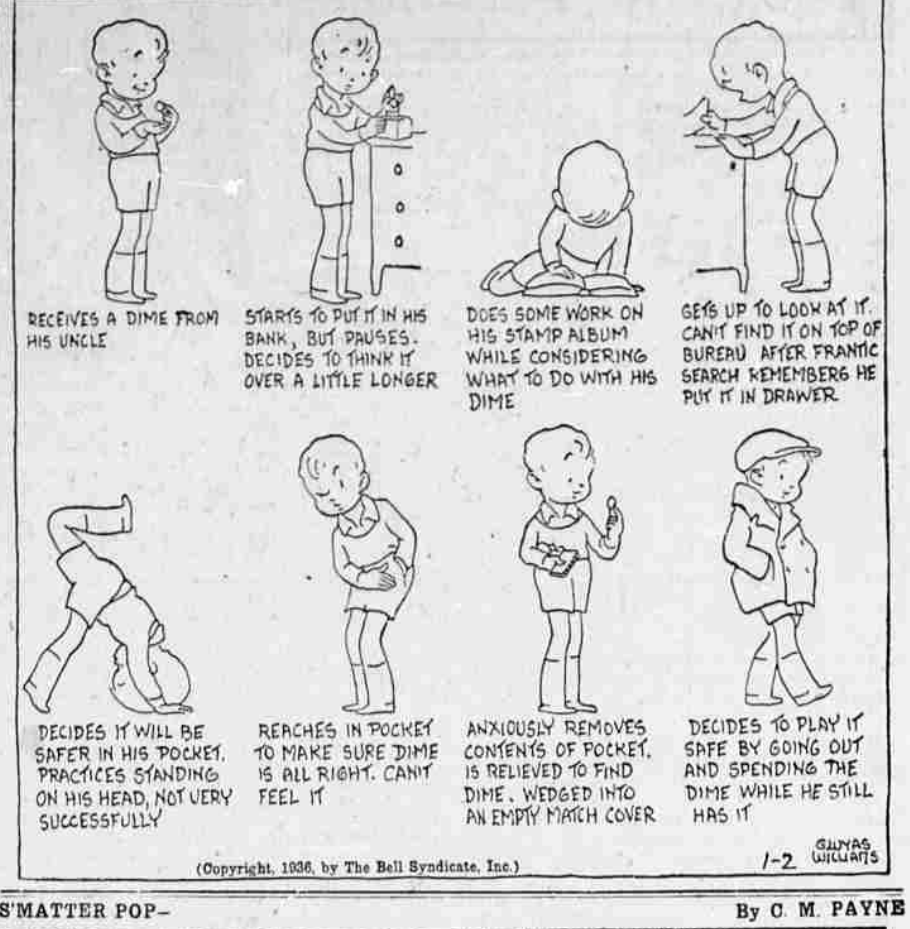
The medal was awarded on January 24, 1866 "for services rendered during the war from 1861 to 1865."

Edmund Halley, famous English astronomer for whom the comet was named, is remembered for his famous prediction about the return of Halley's comet. This, and other important astronomical prediction made by him, came true to prove his theories and calculations—but Halley by then had long been in his grave. The comet returned on schedule in 1759, 17 years after Halley's death. He also said that Venus would cross the face of the sun on the morning of May 26, 1761. This occurrence took place 19 years after Halley's death.

Tomorrow: The Swallows of San Juan Capistrano.

SAFETY FIRST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lowered from the "Island in the Sky!"

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cabin in the Clearing

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Fight! Fight! Fight!

By SOL HESS

OREGON ARMORY APPROVAL GIVEN

PORTLAND, Jan. 9.—(AP)—E. J. Griffith, Oregon administrator for WPA, said today presidential approval had been received for construction of ten armories in Oregon. Approval for construction of several more is expected later.

Word from Washington said $462,000 will be made available by the WPA for the ten projects already approved. Buildings in Pendleton, Baker, La Grande, The Dalles, Astoria Forest Grove and Lebanon will cost $47,410 each, while $45,000 will be spent on armories at Grants Pass and St. Helens.

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3351 TEMPORARY LICENSES ISSUED

A total of 3,351 temporary auto license permits has been issued by the sheriff's office to date. The main rush is over, but a few stragglers applied for temporary permits Wednesday.

It is now estimated that a majority of the Jackson county autoists have either received or applied for their 1936 plates. The past week the state police have conducted a campaign against tardy motorists. Seven county motorists were given fines of $1 and costs in justice court this week for failure to procure new plates. The campaign continues with few victims

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