

NEVER MIND THE LADY

NEVER MIND THE LADY by David Garth

CHAPTER 27

SHORT AND SHARP

THE man took the girl's hand. "Oh, don't be a nuisance," said Puff.

Willlett stood up. "Behave yourself," he directed. "Who're you?" "Nobody you know, but I think I've seen enough of your face."

That started it. The three at the bar pilled in. Willlett saw that he was being mobbed and broke a chair over Christy's head. Ned tried to tackle him football fashion and nearly had his brains knocked out by the piston-like action of a knee.

Willlett fought as he had in the Jolisseo in Proptonoire, grimly, dead-ly, ruthlessly.

Walters came running, people rolled above the glare of the orchestra, and finally all the members of the orchestra deserted their music and stood on their chairs to see better.

Police came in and the four football players went groggily off to Night Court. Puff, Terry, and the manager went along too.

Names and addresses were requested. Puff gave hers as Jane Browning, Hotel for Women, to cover any possible embarrassment to the United States Senate.

On the manager's testimony the four football players were struck with charges of disorderly conduct and everybody else dismissed. And the Manhattan sky was tinted with crimson as they rolled homeward. Puff's head upon his shoulder.

"Have fun, darling?" she asked sleepily. "Sure," said Terry. "Lots of fun." But he hadn't. Two lousy evenings in a row, that's what it had been. Even the fight hadn't been particularly exciting.

He guided Puff to her room and she stood on tip-toe to kiss him good-night. "Still Galahad, darling? Yes, I see you are. Oh, well—'night!"

In his own room Willlett lit a cigarette and stood thoughtfully at the window, smoke curling up between his fingers. The first flow of the new day's traffic was beginning and the sun was creeping up the façades of the buildings, and somewhere a girl was asleep who'd made him feel he was missing something in life.

Missing what? He'd been offered a lot of things today. Or was it yesterday? Yes, it was yesterday. Today was tomorrow. That didn't sound right either.

Go to bed, you fool, you don't know what you want.

RAYBURNE WEST had dodged unpleasant issues all his life. His standard was comfort and he had been equipped to maintain that standard by reason of a good constitution, a reckless carefree nature, and a fortune.

A stable corps of doctors and athletic trainers had charge of his health and a legal staff absorbed any worries about his estate.

But the arrival of Ramon LaMarr that morning should have been definite proof to Ray that he couldn't dodge things he didn't like forever.

thing to sell and it is worth a great deal to you. I have sketched a situation that could be very unpleasant. Your daughter has killed a man. Do you or do you not want that to get out?"

"I don't believe it." "Really?" said LaMarr. "I had thought I made myself clear, but you will ask her yourself, perhaps? And be quick, Mr. West. For my own reasons I am giving you but two days to decide."

"How damned noble of you," said Ray scathingly. "I suppose you realize this has to be taken up by my lawyers?"

"That, I presume, is a natural course. Shall I communicate with them, or with you?" "With them, of course. I don't want anything to do with you. No—wait. I'll see Allaire first."

"And then?" "Then I'll tell you what to do. Now, clear out."

LaMarr bowed. "I will get in touch with you later today or tomorrow. May I remind you?—two days. I am sorry to be so abrupt; believe me, it cannot be helped."

He left and Ray sat back, breathing a little hard, and acknowledging a fact that he had tried to ignore for a long time—namely, that as a father he was worse than useless. His daughter had run wild and Heaven only knew what she'd do next. He had to find her and find her fast.

He called his wife's home in Washington and asked for Allaire. She wasn't there. She had gone out two nights before and had not returned, nor had she left any word.

Then Ray got busy with a vengeance. He had two club attendants put through calls to the Corvinton Hunt Club and Camberwell Springs Country Club, two favorite haunts of hers, where she sometimes went for weeks at a time. While they were calling, Ray called Westlands.

His butler told him that Allaire wasn't there either. The attendants reported their respective verdicts; neither of the clubs had seen Miss West for months.

RAY began to perspire. He put through another call to his wife. Her sleepy voice over the wire nearly maddened him.

"Nell! Where, in God's name, is Allaire?" "Haven't the slightest idea," she returned. "You know how she bobs off places."

"I have to find her right away." "Why the paternal anxiety all of a sudden, dearest?" his wife drawled. "This is something new, isn't it?"

"Something new has come up," he told her tersely. "Your dashing friend LaMarr has just found out she shot somebody in South America—"

"Ray! What on earth are you saying?" "I'm speaking English, Nell. She killed a man in South America and he's asking for thirty thousand dollars to hush it up. He's giving me two days and then the story goes out. I've got to find if the story is true. If it is, we can't let it ride. Come on, see if you can't pick up Allaire's trail somewhere. I'll hold on."

There was a silence on the other end of the wire. Nell was evidently thinking as deeply as she could within the bounds of her nature and early morning shocks.

"I can't imagine Ramon acting like that. Do you really mean?" "I mean he's a skunk and everybody knew it but you. Nice specimens you manage to pick up here and you."

"I don't like your tone, Ray, and you'd better change it—"

GILBERT ESTATE TO FOURTH WIFE

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 14. (AP)—The will of John Gilbert, screen actor who died Thursday of heart disease, was filed for probate today, leaving the bulk of the estate to Virginia Bruce, his fourth wife.

Ten Feet Of Water On Coast Highway

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Jan. 14.—(AP)—Flood waters swirled 10 feet deep today over a portion of the Oregon coast highway between Coquille and Bandon, but all other main highways of the southwestern Oregon district were open.

Suburban Heights

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIRST REAL SNOWFALL OF THE SEASON, ERNIE PLUMER DROPPED THE KEY OF THE CAR ON HIS WAY FROM THE GARAGE TO THE HOUSE, BUT THOUGHT HE'D HAVE NO TROUBLE IN FINDING IT, IF HE WAITED TO LOOK FOR IT UNTIL DAYLIGHT

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



FLOUR IN ORDINARY SACKS OR BARRELS CAN BE SALVAGED IN GOOD CONDITION AFTER YEARS IN A SUNKEN VESSEL...

Strange as it seems, when a boat load of flour in ordinary barrels or cloth bags is sunk in the ocean, the cargo can be salvaged—most of it in perfect shape. There is not particular need for haste, either, because at least one ship that had lain on the ocean floor for more than 35 years yielded up dry flour in good condition to salvage crews.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Planes Overhead!



BREED BY THEIR CAPTIVES TO DESCEND A NARROW LEDGE FROM THE ISLAND IN THE SKY...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—An Airplane



HOWDY, BRIAR! DON'T MAKE NO NOISE NOW, 'CAUSE WE'LL LET BEN GLEEP—I'LL FIX A FIRE AN' START CHOW...

SMATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



HORSE SHOEING... JUST TO BE CERTAIN... YOU SAW WHAT?... I SAW A MAN MAKING A HORSE! NO FOOLING, POP!

THE NEBBS—Slow on the Thinker



MR. NEBB, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE THE OPTION ON ALL THE LAND ALONG THE NEW HIGHWAY... I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT BUYING IT...

By HAL FORREST



AIRPLANES TOM! MUST BE A SEARCHING PARTY—IN ANSWER TO MY RADIO SOS!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE TRIM CABIN PLANE NOW WAS OVER JEWEL LAKE WHEN TO CRIPS AMAZEMENT A BODY HURTLER FROM IT AND AN INSTANT LATER A PARACHUTE OPENED!

Coward Annoyed By Garbo Gossip

LONDON, Jan. 14.—(AP)—Noel Coward is "very annoyed" at reports linking him in a romantic interlude in Sweden with Greta Garbo, he insisted today.

Coward, who is playing in "Tonight at 8:30" with Gertrude Lawrence, refused to comment on the reports, but let it be understood he is thoroughly irked over the matter.

Plan Night Classes At Mining School

GRANTS PASS, Jan. 14.—(AP)—Night classes of the mines division, state board for vocational education, will open here Wednesday night, Superintendent Karl Ladewig announced today.

The day school will open as soon as supplies arrive on January 15 if supplies arrive before that day.

Polygamist Pardoned

SALEM, Jan. 14.—(AP)—Governor Martin issued a conditional pardon today to Lewis C. Stevens, serving a six months' term in the Deschutes county jail for polygamy.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14. (AP)—The federal loan board announced today that Walter D. Shultz, Portland, Ore., for the past year deputy to Fred W. Cattell, member of the board has been elected president of the Federal Home Loan Bank of Cincinnati.

He is to assume his new duties on February 1.

individually designed Spencer dress and surgical garments. Mrs. H. H. Weisauer, Pacific 1344-B.