NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett has called on Allaire West in Washington, and been frozen out. Allaire disappeared that night, and Willett went on to New York, preparatory to returning to his job in the tropical land where he first met Allaire. LaMarr, having tried to blackmail George Fox, Allaire's young diplomat friend, has turned to her playboy father, Ray West. And Ray cannot find Allaire; he has been talking from New York to his wife in Washington, and both are pretty much perturbed.

Chapter 28

A CLUE

RAY'S lawyers were no help. They pointed out that no steps could be taken until the story was verified or denied, and Allaire had to do that.

Ray immediately set the machinery in motion. He called a firm of private detectives he'd used before. They sent a man right over, and together they tried to sift the threads. The only thing they seemed to have to go on was a possible connection between Allaire and a man named Willett.

"We need a place to start," said the detective. "You want her as fast as you can and picking up a trail in a city like Washington is no cinch on short notice. Now, do you seriously think she's run off with Willett?"

"I don't know what to think," Ray said helplessly. "She was out at my country place a couple of mornings

Ray sounded eager, on edge.

ago, and she said she could do a great deal about something-or-other and she would. We were talking about her attitude toward men."

"Do you know anything about Willett, Mr. West?"

He tried to think and the name seemed to stick in his mind. In the lucid light of mind-clearing shocks he had a chance to think deeply. He was convinced he'd heard that name before.

Willett? Willett? And then something shone through the mists. He got up and strode about the room.

"Now I've got it," he said suddenly. "He was on my car. I'm sure it was he. Willett! Terry Willett! That's it! I found him on my car and he rode to Washington with us. I was a little tight so I don't remember much about him, but he got off at Washington."

He stopped in his stride. That didn't help much; it was a known fact that Willett had been in Washington. Ray said so gloomily.

"WELL, you can't tell," said the detective. "Did he say anything to anybody—leave the train alone, or what? Did anybody else get off your car at Washington?"

"Yes," said Ray. "Puff Harrington did."

"Who, Mr. West?"

"Carolyn Harrington. Senator Harrington's daughter."

"They get off together, sir?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

The detective arose purposefully. "Well, that's a fair enough place to start. Where's the phone, Mr. West? We'll get in touch with Miss Harrington."

He paused for a word of advice.

"There'll be fifty men on this case inside of an hour. That means reports, telephone calls, perhaps identifications to be made. This isn't a very good place for a headquarters. I mean, something might leak out. You have a house in town, haven't you?"

"Yes, but it isn't staffed."

"Well, it would give us a better chance of privacy than this club. Can you open it just for a while, Mr. West?"

"All right," said Ray impatiently. "I'll attend to it. Now get busy after Puff Harrington."

TERRY had been out attending to a few last details and when he returned to his room late that afternoon he found Puff waiting for him. It was the first time he'd seen her that day.

"What, she inquired severely, "have you been doing?"

"Buying tickets and things."

"No, I mean in other and darker days. Ray West is all of a dither to see you."

"Who? Allaire's father?"

"None other. He had some queer notion I'd know where you were. He called Washington and was referred to Louise's. Might have been embarrassing if I hadn't had the foresight to ask Louise to 'front' for me in case the Senator or the Senator's wife should make a surprise call.

"So Louise stalled off Ray until she'd talked to me and I thought I'd better see what was on his mind. Ray's rabid on the subject of making your further acquaintance. I repeat therefore—what have you been doing? If it's a shotgun affair, beloved, then all I can say is that Allaire is a lot better than I am?

"He wants to see me? Why, I wonder?"

"Ravenously. His voice quivered with eagerness. Had I seen you lately? Did I know where you were?"

"What did you tell him?"

"That I hadn't the slightest idea where you were. I hadn't. So you were out buying tickets and things! My, my!" She blew a smoke ring nonchalantly.

This was beyond Terry.

"I'd better see what he wants—"

"Call his house if you're interested. I forget the number—better look it up."

As soon as he heard Ray West's voice he knew something was wrong; he sounded, as Puff had said, eager, on edge.

"Where are you, Willett?"

Terry told him, still wondering.

"I've got to see you right away. George Fox will come over for you. Don't go away."

He hung up. Terry looked at the girl.

"He acts drunk as an owl. Wants to see me." He sat back and lit a cigaret, frowning slightly. And George Fox!—had he said George Fox!

"You've done something terrible," Puff accused. "I'll bet it's something about Allaire?"

"What do you mean—something about Allaire?"

"The only person who can get Ray up in the air is Allaire. He's absolutely lost with her."

Willett didn't want to talk about her. Neither had Steve Perry. He'd asked them for God's sake to change the subject. Willett felt like asking the same thing. That girl may have lingered in his mind, but the sooner he forgot her the better.

There wasn't any percentage in reminding himself how soft he got when he was around her. Willett didn't believe in being soft; you never got anywhere that way—just left yourself open to aches and pains.

He wished suddenly he was on his way back right now, because every once in a while he had a feeling he'd like to see her again and that was the same as sticking his neck out.

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Terry is chief actor in a tricky scene, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Strange as it seems, the Civil war began and ended on the same man's property—actually in his home. Not counting the shelling of Fort Sumpter, which was a bloodless preliminary engagement that doomed the hopes of peace between the states, the battle of Bull Run was the first big battle of the war.

The man whose property was the site of the start and end of fighting was Wilmer McLean, who in 1861 lived near Manassa station. General Beauregard, heading the southern troops, selected McLean's home as his headquarters before the battle of Bull Run. Shortly before heavy fighting began, a Federal cannon ball struck the McLean home, wrecking the fireplace and spoiling the general's dinner.

After the battle McLean, sickened of war, moved to a more quiet district. He chose Appomattox, Virginia, and lived there peacefully during the thick of the fighting for four years. The conflict overtook him, however, and he was destined to be host to Generals Lee and Grant when they met at Appomattox to arrange for the surrender of the South.

When Lee made overtures for peace, Grant sent a messenger to him, who found the general half a mile west of Appomattox. General Lee, with a secretary started for Appomattox where they chanced to meet McLean. McLean escorted them to his new home, where they met General Grant, and there arrangements were made for the armistice that ended the Civil war.

Perfect Answer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—(UP)—What seems a perfect answer to a questionnaire of the Barnard bulletin, which asked girls of Barnard college what they did on New Year's eve, was obtained tonight from a senior who wrote: "So help me, I can't remember."

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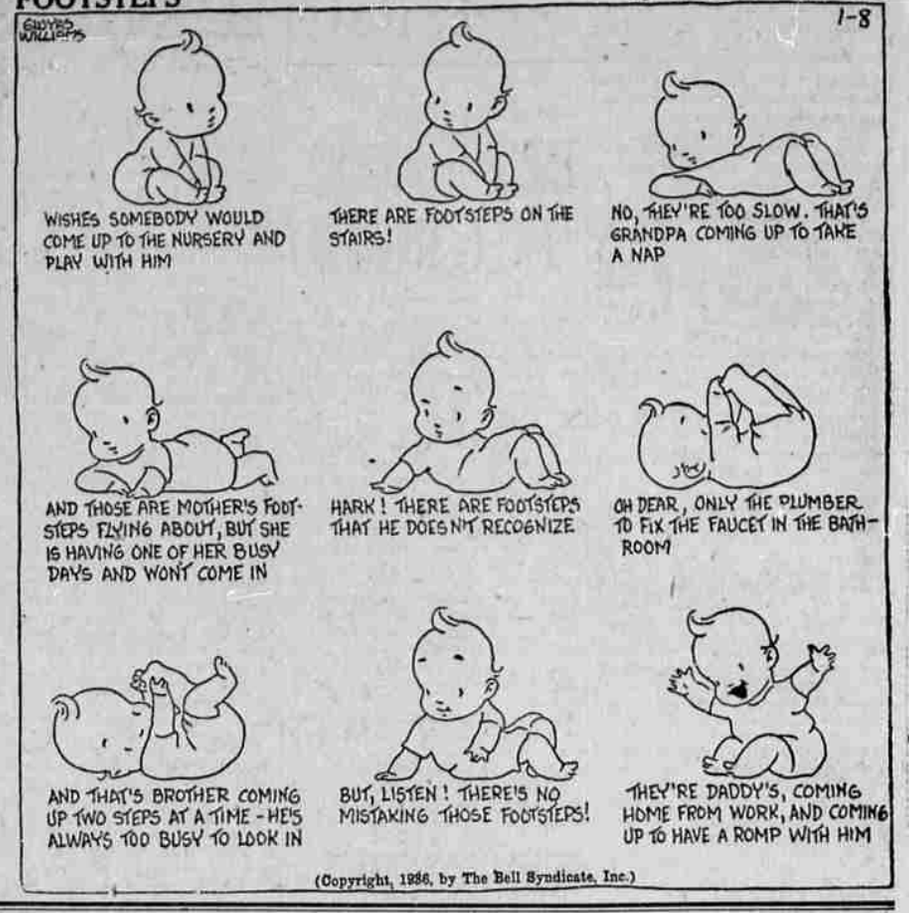
FOOTSTEPS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Parachute Jumper!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—An Airplane

By EDWIN ALGER

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THE NEBBS—Want a Lift?

By SOL HESS

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SWEDEN PROTESTS ITALIAN BOMBING

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 15. — (AP) — Sweden formally protested to Italy today against the bombing of a Swedish ambulance unit in Ethiopia through a note presented to the minister from Rome.

The protest was based on the allegation that one Swedish subject was killed and another wounded.

The Swedish government claimed investigation showed the bombing was in the nature of a direct attack upon an ambulance in which Ethiopian soldiers were being treated for wounds.

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FIND PAIR GUILTY OF MURDERING BOY

MONTESANO, Jan. 15. — (AP) — Mrs. Hazel Hasty and Burney F. Zimmer, accused of the murder of Mrs. Hasty's three-year-old son, Ronald, in Requiem Armistice day, were found guilty of second degree murder by a superior court jury here Tuesday afternoon.

Attorneys representing Mrs. Hasty and Zimmer indicated they would appeal the verdict. The defendants heard the decision without a show of emotion.

Prosecutor Paul O. Manley had asked the death penalty for both the mother and the man.

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