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

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: While Allaire West's father, Ray, is trying to call off LaMarr, who is blackmailing him on Allaire's account, the girl is in Carteret, Va., checking up on the past of Terry Willett. Allaire is unwillingly in love with Willett, but the pride of each of them has stood in the way. Allaire's talk with the old minister who just has buried Terry's father is bringing her some peace—she would have less if she knew the situation in New York.

Chapter 31

INSPECTION

THE old minister removed his pince-nez and rubbed them with his handkerchief, a favorite gesture of his when he was deeply thoughtful and apprehensive.

"Men like Willett," he said, "offer a problem that takes courage to try and solve. They have the capacity of conquering everything but themselves; there they need help. Life's a battle to them from the beginning and they are wonderful fighters, but they waste their strength.

"Those who learn the real value of their minds and muscles — the Power and Glory of Achievement, not merely the mechanical completion of sweat-drenched lives—win. The others lose."

He leaned his head back dreamily. "I wonder if you received the same feeling when he left you as I did

It was late afternoon when Allaire arrived.

when he left me. I felt as though I'd never see him again."

"I don't know what I thought," she said slowly. "But—what makes you think that?"

'He's on the move, my dear. Restless. Heading for the next fight."

She shook her head decidedly.

'I don't like a man who has to be coaxed into acting like a sensible person."

"You're not coaxing him—you're making him see it is worth while to win a battle even as you see it is worth while to win a battle of your own."

"Battle?" Allaire said, surprised. Me? Why, Doctor Ross, what battle have I, pray?"

The Doctor smiled and put his glasses back on his nose.

"Your pride. You'll forgive me for saying that, I just want to help you."

For a moment she looked as though she most certainly would not forgive him, but his kindly serene old countenance melted her.

"I'll forgive you, Doctor Ross," she laughed, "but don't you dust me off again. Unless," and her smile was lovely, "you enjoy it."

SHE had luncheon with the Doctor and then left to "prowl around," as she expressed it, and he directed her to several places he thought she might find interesting.

Th statue of Captain Rodas Willett arrested her attention and she read the inscription with deep interest. Captain Willett had dashed into a fight too at the first whistle; that characteristic seemed a keystone of the Willett family.

Captain Rodas Willett must have been fathered in the depths of his bronze heart as a blonde girl lounged behind the big wheel of an expensive roadster and bestowed upon him a long inspecting glance.

She drove down long country roads between avenues of heavily budded apple trees: these must would be a glory soon. She stopped on the crest of a hill to survey the rolling beauty of a countryside that breathed the green serenity of field and forest glade and lay within the purple shadows of the distant hills.

It was late in the afternoon when she drew up before her last port of call—an old white house with six white columns rising to the second story cornice. The old place had more of the tradition and memory of bygone days than thirty Westlands with their gleaming drives and long sprawling wings for hordes of guests, invited and uninvited, who dropped in any time of the day or night for a drink, a meal, or a guest chamber.

The minister had said she might be interested in seeing the house long deserted by the Willetts. He was right. She was interested, so interested that she stayed in town overnight so she could arrange with the bank for the keys and go through the house the next day.

And that night Allaire West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Rayburne West of New York and Washington, stayed at an old inn called Carteret House, which boasted feather beds, fried chicken dinners, and an open fireplace wide enough to roast an ox.

THE next morning, in company with an elderly bank official, she drove up the avenue of locust trees and unlocked the great front door. It took actual nerve for her to enter the house. She tried to tell herself that anybody was privileged to look over the place who so chose, but she felt like an interloper treading the vacant dirty floors of a dying family's home.

Her guide found that she wished to make her own inspection and waited patiently while she went through a living room bereft of light of day by reason of boarded windows; but she saw that the white wainscotted walls of the room had been built to catch the sun.

Other factors interested her—the beautiful unsupported spiral staircase that rose to the roof, the wide main hall, the deep fireplaces and carved mantels, the massive doors with huge brass locks.

But over all lay dust and silence and darkness. And suddenly she found herself tiptoeing. She felt that she had no right here—it was like spying on a person. But, oh, Terry, what a birthright!

She dropped her obliging guide off at his bank, thanked him, and drove to the home of Doctor Ross. The old man was delighted to see her.

"I came to say good-bye," she told him. "I'm going back to Washington."

"I'm glad you didn't forget me," he said, smiling. "You are a real friend of mine from now on. Come to see me again—and bring Terry with you."

She smiled at him.

"Verily, you are a powerful ally, Doctor Ross," she sighed.

"An ally of you both," he corrected.

"But you're taking an awful lot for granted," she protested, and once again that flush crept into her cheeks. "Even if I am in love with Terry Willett—I don't know that he—he's in love with me."

He looked at her with a curious penetrating intensity for such old eyes.

"I think he is. He must be. He couldn't help himself."

She shook her head.

"You're absolutely incorrigible,' she declared, "but somehow, I think I'm going to kiss you."

And she did, her warm young mouth brushing his wrinkled cheek and then she waved and departed. He stood on the verandah and watched her go.

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Allaire gets, tomorrow, a curious greeting in Washington.

RANCHER WANDERS ALL NIGHT IN SNOW

ROSEBURG, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—George Tompkins, 16, returned to his home on Boomer Hill, 25 miles south of here, shortly after daylight today, after being lost throughout the night in the hills west of Myrtle Creek and Riddle.

He went into the woods late yesterday afternoon and was overtaken by darkness. He made a mistake in direction and strayed almost to Riddle before discovering his mistake. He then turned back north and stumbled through darkness and snow throughout the night, reaching home just as a searching party, organized by Deputy Sheriff Clifford Thornton was preparing to leave on a hunt for the youth.

Card of Thanks

We take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers, music and kind words of sympathy given during the illness and death of our loved one. Mr. Earl Hewitt and children and mother, Mrs. Florence Winter.

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, the little fishing town of Lewes, Delaware, successfully defended itself against an attacking British fleet during the War of 1812, by picking up British cannon balls fired at the town and firing them back at the ships.

The town had four cannons, but no balls that would fit them—until the attackers supplied this necessity by firing balls just the right size onto the shore.

It started on April 6, 1813, when the blockading fleet arrived off Lewes and asked for supplies, adding that the town would be destroyed if the supplies were not sent. The townspeople decided to defend their town. They had two 18-pounders and two nine-pounders, but no cannon balls that would fit either sizes. They did have a supply of powder, however.

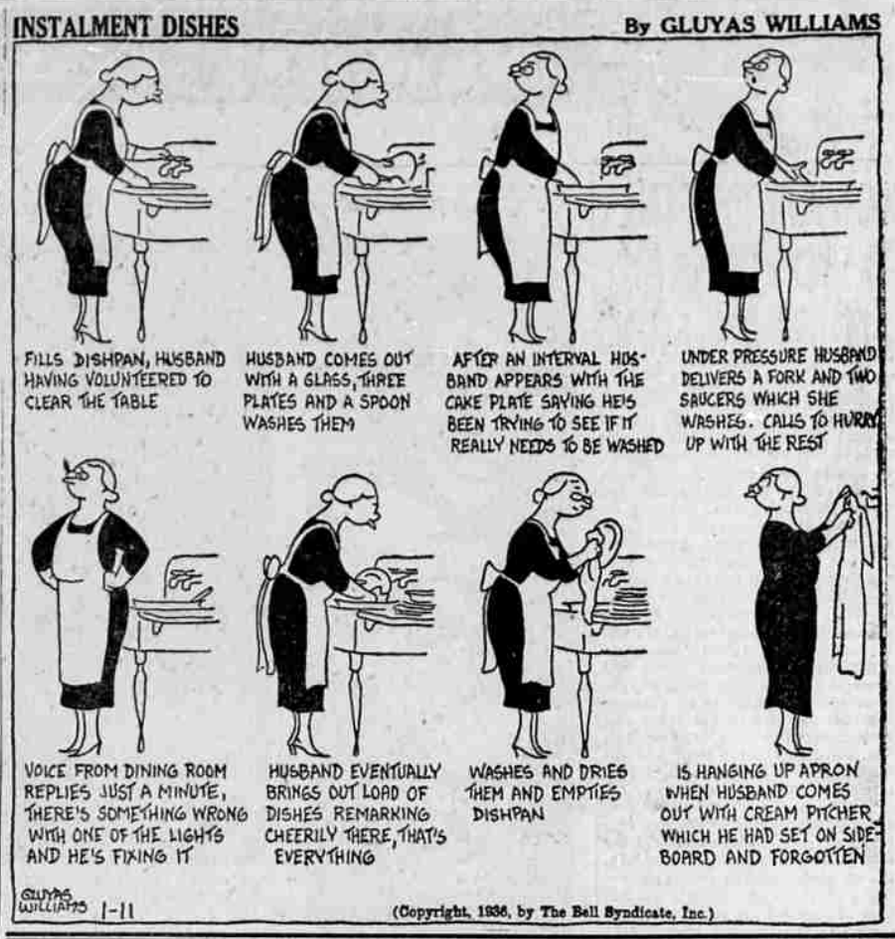
When the fleet began shelling the town, it was found that they were using nine and eighteen-pound shot. The defenders, then, hurried about gathering up spent cannon balls and firing them back at the fleet. After a 21-hour battle, during which about $2,000 worth of damage was done to the town, the fleet withdrew. In the fleet were 11 ships, including one frigate, several launches, a pilot boat, and two sloops.

When tennis was first established in France, during the 12th and 13th centuries, it was an indoor game indulged in by royalty. Commoners were barred from participating in the sport, and only the royal family, members of the nobility, and aristocrats could play. Indoor tennis came to be known as "Royal Tennis," and with the later, more liberal law, outdoor tennis for commoners also became popular. This latter form of the game is our lawn tennis of today, while the indoor form is court tennis—still a very exclusive game because of the immense cost of building a suitable court.

Tomorrow: Sousa's Brain Band.

INSTALMENT DISHES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Pancho Pistola Arrives at Mazatlan!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Decision

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Strawberries and Razzberries

By SOL HESS

DISCHARGE JURY IN CRONIN CASE

ALBANY, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Disposition of James J. Cronin, charged with assaulting Claud Hultz with intent to kill, continued to remain in doubt today as a result of a jury's disagreement.

Foreman Floyd Bogue reported to Circuit Judge L. H. McMahan last night that nine hours of deliberation had failed to alter the original ballot and that there appeared no chance for an agreement. The jury was discharged.

District Attorney J. R. Weatherford, Jr., said no move for a new trial would be made until the March term of court. W. W. McKnight of Salem was attorney for defense.

CARGO OF FREIGHTER BEACH COMBERS' BOON

QUEETS, Wash., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Planks and timbers of the freighter Iowa, wrecked at Peacock spit Sunday, are littering the beach today between the Queets and Hoh rivers, 80 miles north of the disaster scene. The flotsam is proving a bonanza for peninsula beach settlers, who ordinarily have to truck lumber from distant mills. Most of the recovered lumber is free from oil.

NORTH COVE, Wash., Jan. 18.—(AP)—The sea this morning surrendered the seventh body of the 34 victims of the Iowa disaster on Peacock spit Sunday.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.