

# NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

**SYNOPSIS:** Terry Willett is being hunted for the sake of Allaire West who has just been shot. Terry's victim is trying to blackmail Allaire's father by saying that the man Allaire shot in a certain tropical spot had died. And Allaire has been checking up on Terry's past in Carteret, Va., quite innocent of all the trouble and scandal she has caused. LaMarr has lost his revolver, and is fighting hard to find it.

Chapter 22  
**SURPRISE**

TERRY turned sideways just in time. LaMarr retreated a few steps and picked up a table lamp. He flung it at Terry's face.

Again Terry was just a split second ahead of him. And always he came on steadily, relentlessly, half-blinded by the blood from the gash in his forehead, but always coming on.

A table went over, a chair was broken. They mixed it in the middle of the floor, LaMarr trying to jab a thumb in Willett's eye, gouging, fighting with fists, nails, teeth, and knees.

But all those tricks had been tried on the tall suburban-bred American at one time or another; some of them had worked once, but never twice.

He weathered the savage, desperate onslaughts with the sheer fury of his iron fists and the spirit that had been born from many fights in many places with all kinds of opponents.

Terry beat LaMarr to his knees. LaMarr's left eyebrow was hanging loose and a cheekbone was shattered. Willett grabbed him by the shoulders and hauled him to his feet. LaMarr sagged helplessly in his grip, his knees buckling, his breath and heart and strength gone.

Willett saw that he was through. He released him and LaMarr sank down and fell over backwards, something crawly and shapeless and half blind.

"That's that," said Willett.

He wasn't in such good shape himself. His head reeled dizzily, one eye was blinded, and his ribs on one side ached from a bruising kick, but LaMarr had learned not to deal with a roughneck.

**A ROUGHNECK!** Yes, it was in her eyes, the eyes of a white-faced girl staring at the scene in that shambled room in horror, Good God! Had his brain been jarred loose from its moorings? Why, she was standing there on the threshold—Allaire West! He must be crazy.

But he wasn't crazy.

"Allaire!" Fox and Rayburne West nearly shouted the name.

The girl looked at the battered thing on the floor and then at the tall man standing nearby with blood streaming over one eye, his face still set in fighting mask.

Disgust and shock and horror were trying to get her attention.

"Where have you been?"

"Her mouth curved briefly.

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe it. I can hardly believe it myself."

Terry Willett looked at her, tilting his head back to clear his vision.

"So you disappeared. Just like that. Just went off without a word, and now you come back and can hardly believe it yourself. Where did you ever get the crazy idea you could do things like that? Or don't you care about the worry and trouble you cause, detectives running around all over the place and people trying themselves in knots trying to find you? But you probably will never see that. You're too used to doing what you want and to hell with everybody else. And now good night, all."

"Wait a minute, Terry!" It was Fox's voice. "You can't go out like that. You head—"

Attaboy, George, the lamp of reason.

"Mere scratch," said Willett briefly.

He strode out of the room and out of the house. Outside, he drew a long breath of cool night air. He needed it. Well, that was that, all right. Boy, he'd certainly shot the works.

But what difference did it make? Fox was there—and Fox wasn't a killer or a roughneck—he was a gentleman and a rising young Foreign Officer. He was of her world, born to the purple, and when he saw a snake he stepped over it and not on it. Good old Fox.

"Look out, Terry, he's armed!" Fox would die in his bed surrounded by great-grandchildren. The lamp of reason.

Terry was bareheaded and he knew he probably looked as though he'd just returned from the wars, but he heaved a taxi and bore the driver's astonished stare with composure.

# SOLONS UNITE TO AID DAIRY STATES

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—(AP)—House members from dairy states organized today for a non-partisan attempt to agree on legislation to protect their farmer-constituents from foreign importation of dairy products.

and competition of oleomargarine and other butter substitutes.

Meeting at the call of Representative Harry Southof, Wisconsin progressive, the group of about 30 elected Representatives, as chairman and Representative F. D. Tuck, New York, republican as secretary.

Smith was authorized to name an executive committee to confer with farm leaders in an effort to condense pending bills and resolutions on dairy problems into one or two measures.

# INVESTIGATE PLOT TO TAKE BRIDGES FOR RIDE

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—(AP)—Inspector John Engler of the police crime prevention detail said today he was investigating a rumored plot to take Harry Bridges, fiery longshore leader, "for a ride."

Engler stated a police bodyguard may be provided for Bridges if sufficient evidence of a plot against his life is found.

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT FRED PERLEY, WHO HAD BEEN PLAYING CARDS NEXT DOOR ALL EVENING, GOT TO WORRYING ABOUT THE CAR'S FREEZING AND FINALLY GOT OUT OF BED AND WENT OUT HALF ASLEEP TO PUT SOME MORE ALCOHOL IN THE RADIATOR, DISCOVERING NEXT MORNING THAT HIS CAR WAS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE WHERE HIS WIFE HAD PUT IT WHEN HER COUSIN GRACE DROVE OVER TO SPEND THE NIGHT

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**A MODEL AIRPLANE, POWERED WITH RUBBER BANDS, FLEW 60 MILES PER HOUR... Built by Leonard Becker, Lakewood, Ohio...**

**MAJOR PETER LABELLIERE WAS BURIED UPSIDE DOWN, AS HE WISHED BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS "TOPSY-TURVY" England, 1800**

**THE DETROIT RIVER CARRIES MORE FREIGHT THAN THE COMBINED FOREIGN SHIPPING OF ALL THE SEAPORTS IN THE UNITED STATES!**

**ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND HIS ELDEST SON, PHILIP, WERE BOTH KILLED ON THE SAME SPOT IN DUELS RESULTING FROM THE SAME CAUSE— THE HAMILTON-BURR POLITICAL FEUD!**

Strange as it seems, the Detroit River, a short stream or strait connecting Lake Erie with Lake Saint Claire, handles more shipping than any other American river and through it passes more freight every year than all the foreign traffic handled by all the seaports of the United States on both the Pacific and Atlantic.

This 26-mile waterway is one of the most important commercial shipping lanes in the world. Through it comes all the grain shipped by water from the Northwest and great quantities of iron ore from Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, bound for eastern manufacturing centers, find their way through the Detroit River.

According to government figures, the river handled about 66,000,000 tons of freight in 1933 and more than 73,000,000 tons in 1934. The total foreign traffic for all United States seaports for 1933 was 43,000,000 tons and for 1934 it was 47,000,000. Great Lakes shipping has the advantage over the usual ocean shipping in that highly specialized equipment has been developed there for handling of bulk freight, such as iron ore, coal, grain, stone, etc.

The unfortunate political differences that existed between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr caused not only the death of Hamilton in a duel with his antagonist, but also the death of his eldest son. First son, then father, died on the same spot, fighting duels that were caused by the Hamilton-Burr feud. In 1801, Hamilton's eldest son, Philip, a law student just out of Columbia College challenged George Esquer who had praised Burr and attacked the elder Hamilton in a public speech. Young Hamilton was killed in 1804. Burr challenged the elder Hamilton. They met at the same place. This time the father was fatally wounded.

Tomorrow: "Round-The-World" Goleer.

# S'MATTER POP—



WE'VE GOTTA THERMOMETER IN OUR HOUSE WHICH YA CAN ONLY GET IT TO GO SO HIGH

AND YA KIN ONLY GET IT TO GO SO LOW!

SO IT KEEPS THA HOUSE JUST ABOUT RIGHT!

POP!

NOT TOO HOT? NOT TOO COLD?

S'MATTER?

LOWER YOUR VOICE! IT IS NOT KNOWN THAT I HAVE COME TO VISIT YOU!

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Fair Visitor!



**WHILE PLANS ARE BEING MADE IN FAR OFF MAZATLAN, BY FRIENDS OF THE BOYS, TO SEARCH FOR THEM, TOMMY AND SKEETER ARE WAITING IN THEIR DUNGEON UNDER THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN FOR WHATEVER FATE HAS IN STORE FOR THEM.**

**SKEETS, IF THESE NATIVES ARE TOLTECS, WHO WERE DRIVEN FROM MEXICO BY FAMINE AND PESTILENCE--AND WHOSE PLACE OF EXISTENCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNKNOWN--WE'VE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY!**

U-H...

"You're not going, Terry? Not back to South America?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Why, of course."

"You might have come around to say good-bye."

He laughed shortly.

"I said good-bye last night—words and music."

"Let's get out of here," said Allaire, as a portly passenger waited impatiently to get aboard.

"Five minutes, sir," said the plane steward to Willett.

"More than enough," said Willett, and walked to one side. Allaire seemed to have something to say, but couldn't quite say it.

"If it's about last night," said Willett, "forget it."

"Oh, Terry, you can't go like this after all you've done. I wanted to talk to you last night, but you didn't give me a chance. It was grand of you to take my part, to sock that beastly swine."

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Allaire breaks into the news, tomorrow.

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Question



WITHIN THE POSTOFFICE AT LONE PINE, BEN FOUND FURTHER DISCUSSION OF THE GREAT NEWS OF THE DAY--THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JABEZ THORPE, THE ECCENTRIC MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, FROM AN AIRPLANE!

AIN'T THEY GOT NO TRACE OF HIM?

NOT A SIGN O' HIDE NOR HAIR--PILOT'S BEEN BACK OVER THE ROUTE A SEARCHIN' TOO!

THEY AIN'T EVEN GOT A GOOD REASON FOR HIS DISAPPEARIN'-- COURSE, BEIN' A BACHELOR, MAYBE SOURD HIM ON THINGS!

ALL RIGHT, BOY, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DOES THIS POSTOFFICE SERVE MAIL UP AT JEWEL LAKE?

JEWEL LAKE'S OUR TERRITORY, BUT WE DON'T DO NO SERVIN'-- IF THEY'S MAIL FER ANYONE UP THERE, THEY COME DOWN HERE AN' GIT IT--

ANYONE BEEN DOWN RECENTLY?

# WOMAN'S SACRIFICE TO CHRIST IS TOLD IN CHURCH SERMON

Speaking at the church of the Nazarene Sunday morning, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, used as his topic "A Sacrifice to Christ," having for his text Mat. 26: The 13th and 14th verses.

Here is the presentation of two pictures, one on either side of the entrance door to the upper room," the pastor said.

"One of the pictures we behold before entering the upper room is that of a woman. She is gentle, meek, refined and a demonstration of the highest mark of Christian piety. She

is engaged in an act of reverential devotion, having broken an alabaster box of sweet and precious ointment, and poured it on her Saviour's head.

Judas strenuously protested against what he called "this waste." For this protest Christ rebuked the disciples. Anything we do for Christ can never be considered a waste of material or energy. The deed of this worthy woman immortalized her, as it is laudiciously spoken of her as a memorial today.

"The next picture we behold, on entering the sacrificial chamber, is a man's face bearing the marks of instability, greed, deceit and craftiness. He was so incensed over the Saviour's pronounced blessing upon the woman, and over the Saviour's rebuke which he personally received for the protest he made to what he called 'waste' that he flung out on the spot. He then turned to the enemies of Christ and asked: 'What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?'"

"The question I ask you today is: What have you for Christ?"

# THE NEBBS—The Rest Resort



I COULDN'T SLEEP IN THE CITY BECAUSE OF THE NOISE BUT COMPARED WITH THIS PLACE IT'S QUIET AND PEACEFUL

WELL, MR. HUNTA, THEY'RE BUILDING A ROAD PAST THIS HOTEL-- THAT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

WHAT DO I CARE FOR BLUE MOONS? I CAME DOWN HERE FOR REST AND QUIET AND YOU GIVE ME NOISE AND DISCOMFORT-- A FELLOW COULDN'T DIE IN THIS PLACE WITH ANY COMFORT!!

I'LL CHANGE YOUR ROOMS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOTEL-- MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE MORE QUIET THERE

I WISH THEY'D GET THE ROAD FINISHED-- I NEVER SAW FOLKS WHO COULD WORK SO LONG IN ONE PLACE!

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