

NEVER MIND THE LADY

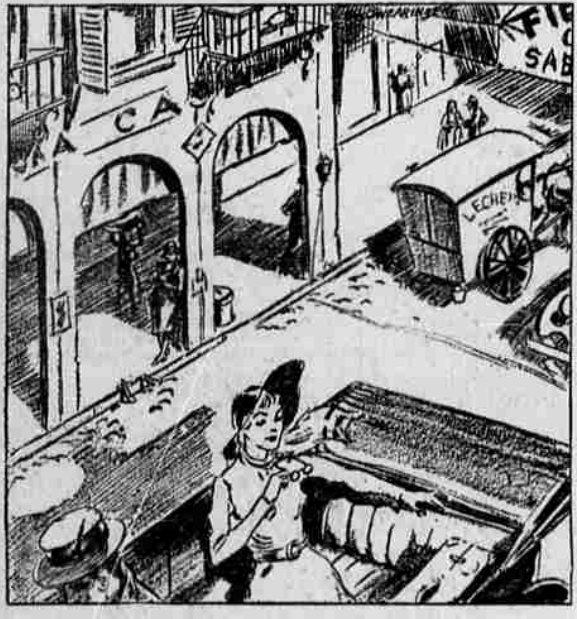
by David Garth

Chapter 37 TRAVELING LIGHT

The coastal steamer from the capital followed a long tropical shoreline, nosed into the harbor proper, proceeding slowly under the direction of a native pilot, gingerly feeling the way through waters that recently had been infested with mines.

The long stolid phalanx of sun-baked roofs spread out before her, coming right down to the long shipping front with its warehouses and cranes and coffee chutes.

When she landed at her berth, a slim girl dressed in tropical white with a gay touch of color in the form of a silken purple scarf about her throat, stepped ashore into an atmosphere of humming chutes, starting sweating coffee porters, jabbering hybrid tongues, and noisy steamship cranes.



A question mark rode with Allaire.

It was queer to see a girl landing alone, queerer still to see that nobody met her. White women of her type didn't come to Proponoire unattached.

This girl wore dark glasses against the glare of the sun, and if she felt strange and alone in that stunted smelly part of the world, she didn't show it. Her step was elastic and she moved quickly and surely across the dock toward the customs house, a steward carrying two suitcases following her.

Allaire West was traveling light this trip. Usually she had several trunks, also a maid.

When she came out of the customs a flock of waterfront back drivers besieged her like chattering incomprehensible maples, elbowing each other to shriek their terms, crowding up on her in an unwashed mob.

But this cool-appearing Señorita wasn't flustered. She walked calmly to a taxi and got in. That settled everything. Whoever owned it could drive her.

"Café Nacional Compania," she said, and added to herself, "Atrocious Spanish, my dear"

BUT the driver understood. National Coffee Company. He was a thin fellow in a soiled limp white ducks and a battered straw hat. His car was a creaking arrangement; stuffing bulged through gaps in the upholstery and the leather seat was sun-dried and cracked. Allaire had ridden in better equipages. She smiled slightly.

But the car moved and that was enough. She was here! All through the long air jaunt to the capital and the trip by steamer she had made no other plans beyond just getting here.

Now she was here and a big question mark rode with her through narrow streets of houses with iron balconies and little short pillars. She was glad when the car got out of that waterfront district and swept into a wider cleaner avenue past parks and plazas of shrubbery trimmed in artistic design.

The Latin would let their industries go to rack and ruin while they flew at each other's throats, but their parks never suffered, even in Proponoire. That slight of green beauty

SAYS AAA RULING 'BREAK' FOR F.D.R.

PORTLAND Ore., Jan. 25.—(AP)—Eastern politicians believe the administration "got a lucky break" when the AAA was declared unconstitutional. Dr. Dexter M. Keezer, president of Reed college, said on his return here from an eastern trip. He said "the administration was

audied and reassured her somewhat. It was something familiar in the midst of grey squalid confusion. She alighted before the National Coffee Company office. It was the only place she had to start. They were Terry Willett's employers.

"The native clerk stared at her to amazement, and so did Drake, the tall Englishman who was manager of the branch office. "Willett?" he repeated. "Why, he's been in town the past few days, but he's leaving right away. Going up the river to work."

"Where can I find him?" she asked quickly. Drake rubbed his long chin with pony fingers. Where in the name of all that's holy had Willett ever met a girl like this? She seemed very anxious to find that man who'd come back from the States not saying much.

"He might be in the Santini Hotel. If you'd like, I'll take you up there." "Thank you," she said gratefully. The Santini was no luxurious-looking hostelry. It was a two-storied white stone building with walls at least a foot thick and ornamented with those omnipresent little iron balconies.

Its bar was the most famous thing about it, and a smell of beer and liquor seemed impregnated in the lobby, although a few potted palms

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



RICHARD I - WHO POPULARIZED ARCHERY IN ENGLAND - WAS HIMSELF KILLED BY AN ARROW!!!

CRIME WAVE - BENNINGTON, N.H., HAD ITS FIRST CRIME IN 22 YEARS WHEN A TRAVELER ATTEMPTED TO STEAL A PAIR OF SHOES!!! HE WAS RUN OUT OF TOWN - 1935 -

CONVICTED BY A SHARK - THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRIG NANCY, AN AMERICAN PRIVATEER, WAS CONVICTED BY INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THE STOMACH OF A SHARK!

Strange as it seems, an American sea captain was convicted by a British admiralty court in 1799 on evidence found in a shark's stomach—evidence that the captain tried to destroy by throwing it overboard when a British man-of-war overtook his brig. The captain was suspected of sailing under false colors and was in fact a privateer preying on British commerce, but when his ship was overtaken he threw a packet of incriminating documents into the sea. He was arrested, however, and taken to Kingston, but evidence against him was meager and officials were about to free him when another British ship sailed into port with the documents the captain had thrown overboard. Lieutenant Fitton, on the latter vessel, had caught a shark and in it found the papers. On the strength of these the case against the captain was proved, and he went to prison. The incriminating papers may still be seen in the museum of the Institute of Jamaica at Kingston.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Upsets Skeeter's Plan to Escape!



TOMMY AND SKEETER PREVAILED ON THE GODDESS OF THE SUN, A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN-HAIRED GIRL, WHO SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGE, TO HELP THEM ESCAPE—AND GO WITH THEM, BUT SHE IS DEVOTED TO THE "ISLAND IN THE SKY," AND REFUSES TO LEAVE IT!

MISS, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND—AVIATION CAN DO ANYTHING—

YEP! IT'S GONNA HELP US GET OUTTA HERE—AN WE'LL TAKE YOU WITH US!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jabez Thorpe!



WELL, BEN, HERE'S THE ISLAND!

I KNOW IT IS, BUT I ALSO KNOW YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT IT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND KEEP A WATCH OUT FOR THE BIG FELLOW!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT! YOU AN' BRIAR GONN TO TAKE A LOOK IN ON THE CABIN?

NO, BRIAR, I DON'T WANT A SINGLE BARK OUT OF YOU—REMEMBER! KEEP QUIET!

PEERING THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW, BEN WEBSTER SAW A STRANGE SIGHT! JABEZ THORPE, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, IN CHAINS!

THE NEBBS—The Truth Hurts



THERE'S MY DEPOSIT FROM YESTERDAY—600 BUCKS, NOT INCLUDING 140 BUCKS I KEEP FER MAKIN' CHANGE AND CASHIN' CHECKS. IT AINT A QUESTION HOW MUCH BUSINESS I CAN DO ITS HOW MUCH CAN I HANDLE

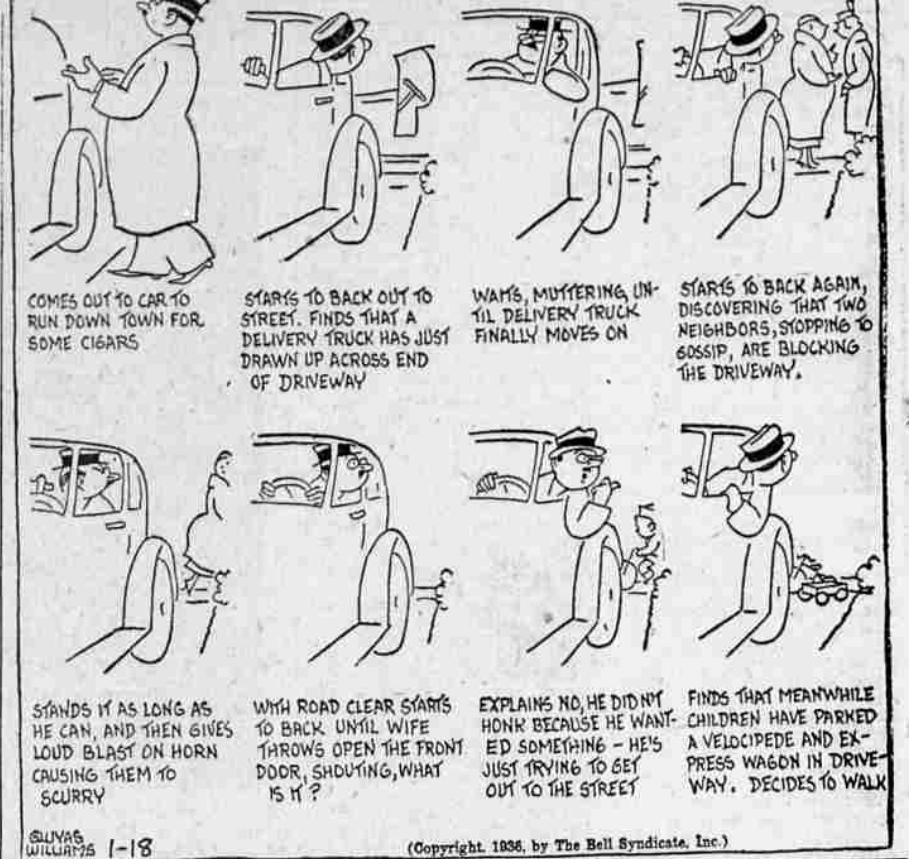
GOOD DAY, MR POTTS. I'LL BRING YOU ANOTHER ARMPFUL TOMORROW—YOU GOT A GOOD CUSTOMER IN ME!

WHERE WOULD YOU TAKE IT IF I WASNT HERE? IM THE ONLY BANK IN TOWN, DON'T ACT SO BIG WHEN YOU COME IN HERE OR I'LL STOP STORIN' YOUR MONEY!

THAT FELLER, MAX, IS CERTAINLY DOIN' BUSINESS—HE AINT GOT ONE-TENTH THE INVESTMENT YOU GOT AND HE'S BRINGIN' IN MORE MONEY!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? YOU CAUNT ARGUE WITH FIGURES

EXIT



COMES OUT TO CAR TO RUN DOWN TOWN FOR SOME CIGARS

STARTS TO BACK OUT TO STREET. FINDS THAT A DELIVERY TRUCK HAS JUST DRAWN UP ACROSS END OF DRIVEWAY

WANTS, MUTTERING UNTIL DELIVERY TRUCK FINALLY MOVES ON

STARTS TO BACK AGAIN, DISCOVERING THAT TWO NEIGHBORS, STOPPING TO GOSSIP, ARE BLOCKING THE DRIVEWAY.

STANDS IT AS LONG AS HE CAN, AND THEN GIVES LOUD BLAST ON HORN CAUSING THEM TO SCURRY

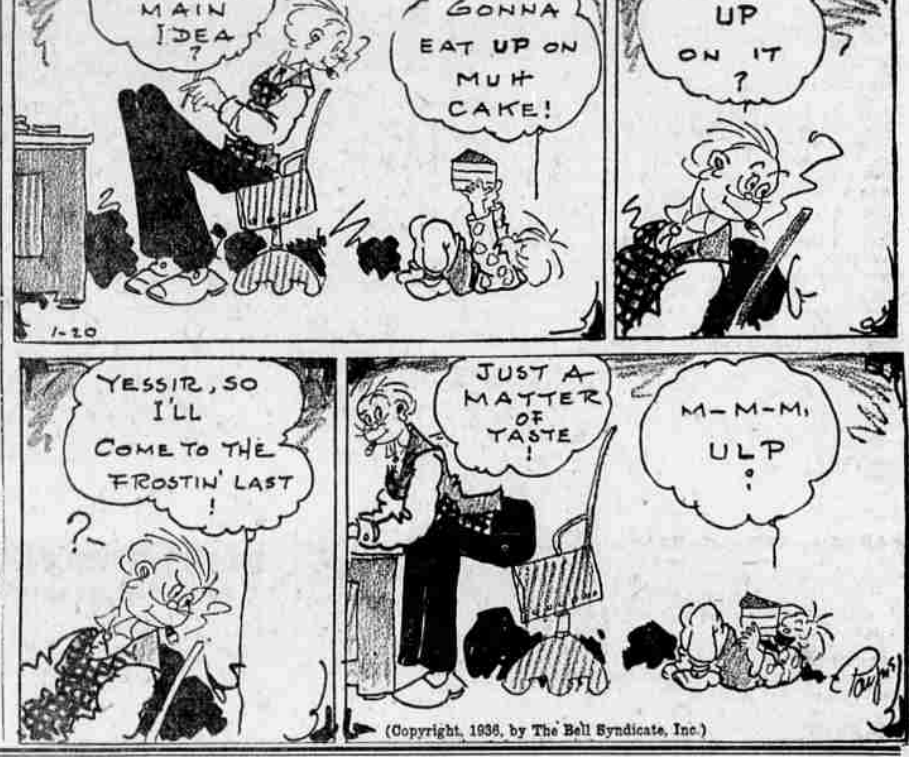
WITH ROAD CLEAR STARTS TO BACK. UNTIL WIFE THROWS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, SHOUTING, WHAT IS IT?

EXPLAINS NO, HE DIDNT HONK BECAUSE HE WANTED SOMETHING—HE'S JUST TRYING TO GET OUT TO THE STREET

FINDS THAT MEANWHILE CHILDREN HAVE PARKED A VELOCIPED AND EXPRESS WAGON IN DRIVEWAY. DECIDES TO WALK

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S'MATTER POP—



WHASSA MAIN IDEA?

GONNA EAT UP ON MUH CAKE!

EAT UP ON IT?

YESSIR, SO I'LL COME TO THE FROSTIN' LAST!

JUST A MATTER OF TASTE!

M-M-M! ULP!

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By HAL FOREST



TOM, WE'RE SUNK! THIS GAL MEBBE KNOWS TH' WAY OUT—BUT WON'T GO WITH US.

TAKE IT EASY, SKEETS! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING HER—

By EDWIN ALGER



WELL, BEN, HERE'S THE ISLAND!

I KNOW IT IS, BUT I ALSO KNOW YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT IT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND KEEP A WATCH OUT FOR THE BIG FELLOW!

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WHEAT PRICE UP; DEMAND STRONG

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—(AP)—Wheat advanced late today to the highest level in more than a fortnight, with May touching \$1.02 up over a cent a bushel. Houses with connections east became active buyers. Improved milling demand, together with reported changes of stationary developments before Monday were late bullish factors. Wheat closed firm 1/4 to 1/2 higher than yesterday's finish. May \$1.01 1/2 to 1/4, corn 1/4 to 1/2 up. May 60 1/2 to 1/4, oats 1/4 advanced and provisions unchanged to a rise of 5 cents.

'BIG HOUSE' GETS ROSE CITY 'RED'

SALEM, Jan. 25.—(AP)—Dirk DeJonge, convicted in Multnomah county for violation of the criminal syndicalism law, entered the state penitentiary here today to begin serving his seven-year sentence. After a day in the receiving ward he will be assigned to work on hog farm. DeJonge's conviction was recently upheld by the state supreme court. Don't Forget You can get Safety Deposit Boxes at LAWRENCE'S Open from 9:00 to 5:30. Try Lindy's Milk Depot for Grade A Raw Milk. 30c gallon. 525 E. Main