

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Allaire West and Terry Willett are partners in a business. Terry Willett is a rather dimwit, and is giving that astonished and puzzled young Allaire something to think about. Allaire has been admitted to himself that he loves Willett. Bucky Corrigan, Willett's partner, would willingly substitute for Terry.

Chapter 28 DISAGREEMENT

"SURE, I like it, but what are you doing down here?" Willett answered. "Fox with you or something?"

"No," Allaire said, forcing a smile. "George isn't here."

"You didn't come down alone?"

"All alone, Terry."

"I don't get it. What made you pick this jumping-off place for a sight-seeing trip?"

"It isn't a sight-seeing trip." Her voice was low. "I came down because I—I wanted to be with you, and I was afraid you might not come back for a long time, if ever, and, Terry, life didn't seem to mean a thing without you—"

There it was, a girl snoring her heart. That same girl whom George Fox had once seen gently probe the splintered leg of a beautiful quivering thoroughbred and sigh as if a loved child were dying. A girl putting all her chips on the turn of a wheel.

Terry could only look at her. Initiative and action—those qualities had always been hers and loved them in her. And she'd followed him down here!

This girl of private cars, and stone mansions, and silver evening gowns; this girl in a town like Proplonire, it was impossible. She didn't know what she was getting into.

Even as he recognized those qualities of initiative and action, something warned him—something whispered—something sat on his shoulder and yelled in his ear—stay hard, the soft stumble. Stay hard, no good can come of this to either.

"Don't you mean to tell me—?"

He stopped. Why talk about it? But the girl wasn't afraid.

"That I'm in love with you, Terry. I've always been, I guess, but I—well, I had, so much to learn."

"You're not in love with me," said Willett.

"Terry!"

"You're in love with George Fox," he repeated. It was almost an order. "You've had a row, maybe."

"Terry, I haven't had a row with anybody but myself. I haven't come to you on the rebound. I came because I know you wouldn't come to me and we shouldn't be kept apart. And nothing will—if you love me—"

Obviously, he was expected to answer. There was a sudden uncertain, apprehensive note in her voice. Did that hard brown figure love her, that fighter and builder and descendant of the Cavaliers? Oh, why didn't he say so?

Willett turned suddenly and went over to the window. There were little beads of sweat upon his brow.

He could see the streets of Proplonire, smell the stale seafood and coffee beans. There was a man sitting on the curb across the street. He was a cripple and a beggar and there were lots like him in this town. What a place for Allaire West when Fox could offer the Court of St. James!

A million miles between her world and his and did she think she could cover it by mechanical distance? Or by love? Women can't stand some things; they have to be prepared. And she had no preparation for this life, and it wasn't fair to her.

Besides, and his mouth grew grim, there was nothing at her. He could offer the other. Love? Sure, fever cared about love, didn't it? Love had saved his mother when she followed Lawrence Willett, hadn't it?

Love? For heaven's sake, what was it? She had to go back, it was only right and sensible and decent, and some day she'd thank him.

WOMEN have to be prepared for some things. He hoped his stence and his back would prepare her. He took a long deep breath and tried to make his voice steady.

Stay hard, you fool, or you'll both stumble. Stay hard, you have a job to do and nothing on heaven or earth is going to stop you.

"You've got to go back, Allaire. Take a room here for the night and tomorrow I'll put you on the north-bound steamer. This is no place for you."

"Terry, look at me!"

He swung around slowly. Her eyes swept eagerly over his face. It was set like stone, even though his hands clenched behind his back. She knew the answer to her question was there, that it was useless to ask, yet she had to know.

"Don't you love me, Terry?" she said quietly.

"Have I ever done anything to make you think I did? Allaire, you don't love me—"

"Stop telling me what I do or don't," she said spiritedly. "Answer me."

"I try to keep my path clear of women," said Terry tensely. "They—get in the way. They should stay out of a man's way—when he has work to do."

She stared at him, white to the lips. And because he didn't know how long he could stand there looking at her without going soft as a sponge, he turned back to the window.

Her lips trembled. He was hard, and somewhere along the course of his battling life he'd lost the capacity to love. Or, anyhow, he didn't love her.

And she could crawl back to the States defeated and ashamed and lost, the spirited youthful Odysseus ended.

It was pride that came to her aid then, a flash of pride that wouldn't let him see how hurt she was. She turned impulsively and left the room quickly and silently, a step ahead of hot angry tears.

He didn't want her. He didn't love her. And he was going on without her.

SHE went downstairs through the smelly lobby and out on to the verandah, her reaction here the same as it was everywhere else when she was disappointed, angry, hurt—to get out into the air, the fresh open air.

"Hey!" It was Corrigan's voice, that "big lug's" partner. He was striding across to her from the bar. She wished he'd go away, but Corrigan wasn't wired for mental telepathy.

"Where are you bound?" he inquired. "If you're bent on wasting an evening, I know all the best ways to waste 'em."

"Thanks, Mr. Corrigan, but really I'd like to be alone."

Corrigan was scrutinizing her thoughtfully.

"Say," he said abruptly, "you're not that polo babe Terry met in the capital?"

"Polo babe"—heavens, how far away that seemed.

"I probably am," she said with a slight smile.

Corrigan looked at her with awe. "I've often wondered what you were like. Only I'd imagined you with wings. Let's have a beer."

She didn't want a beer, but this husky, enthusiastic specimen with the jaw like the front of a locomotive seemed to know her. She looked at him curiously.

"What gave you that idea?"

"Wasn't I in jail the same time Terry was? Didn't I see him stall off the police until you'd left town? Say, there aren't many women Willett would have done that for. In fact, I would have bet my shirt there weren't any."

"Mr. Corrigan—" she said breathlessly, "what do you mean?"

"Mean?" said Corrigan. "Why, aren't you the girl who took a pot shot at a Spig on the docks one night? Oh, don't look startled—I've seen a lot of Spigs popped off. There ought to be a bounty."

"Why shouldn't I be startled? He was in jail—"

"Listen," said Corrigan, "do you mean to say you didn't know it?"

"Know it?" She suddenly felt as though the earth was slinking gently. She sat down with widening eyes.

"Please," she begged, "tell me all about it. Mr. Corrigan, Oh, it's so important. I didn't know, I didn't dream—"

So you never knew he walked into a pinch for you? Corrigan rubbed his jaw. "Well, if he didn't tell you, why should I?"

"Because it's my right to know," she said fiercely. "Come on, Corrigan, spill it."

Come on, Corrigan spill it. Bucky grinned suddenly. She wasn't fooling around; she wanted to know something.

"Sure, it's your right," he agreed. "You wondered why I thought you had wings? Because that man ditched his father and his job to go to jail for keeping his mouth shut. With every hour worth its weight in gold, he stalled along until you left and then he took twenty lashes to square his sentence so he could get out and get moving again."

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Terry and Bucky collide in mid-air, tomorrow.

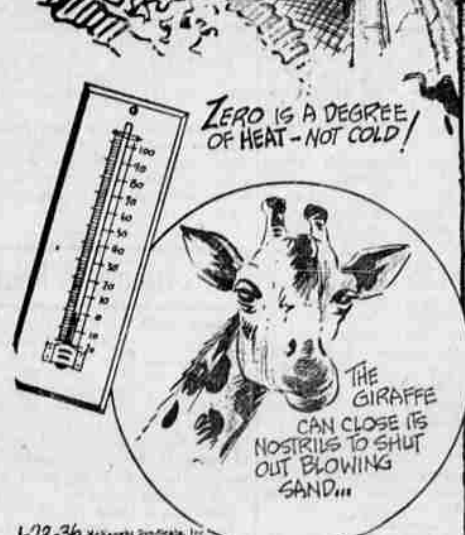
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



SIR HENRY MORGAN

AN OBSCURE SEAMAN, BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS PIRATE OF HIS DAY— WAS ARRESTED, ACQUITTED, BEFRIENDED BY CHARLES II, KNIGHTED, APPOINTED LT.-GOV. OF JAMAICA, COMMANDED THE JAMAICAN FORCES— AND LAPPED AGAIN INTO OBSCURITY— ALL IN 7 YEARS!



1-23-36 Mailed Jan. 27, 1936

Starting as an obscure seaman, Henry Morgan became a buccanner of fame, looting ships at sea and taking Puerto Principe and Porto Bello at the head of a free lance pirate army on land. He sacked Panama in 1671 and for this he was arrested and taken to England for trial.

Here he won the favor of the king, was freed of charges, knighted, and returned to the scene of his former pirate horrors to be lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of the king's forces in Jamaica. He soon proved unsatisfactory for the job, however, and later was dismissed from office.

All this was crowded into a brief period for Morgan rose from obscurity to fame and lapsed back into obscurity in seven short years.

Cold, according to the scientific way of looking at things, is the absence of heat. The absolute absence of heat is called absolute zero, and is 459.4 degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. Zero on our scale is not cold, then, but a degree of heat.

Long before the invention of steam, electric, gasoline and other forms of rapid transportation, William

Douglas, the 4th Duke of Queensberry, sent a letter 50 miles in one hour on a wager. He enclosed the letter in a cricket ball and had 20 expert players throw it back and forth—50 miles in one hour.

Tomorrow: The Sole Survivor. Suspect Admits Shooting

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 27.—(AP)—Prosecuting Attorney Clyde W. Lindville, Jr., of St. Lawrence county, Wash., said today that Fred Weaver, ex-convict being held in Riverside, Cal., on burglary charges, confessed he fatally wounded Frank Kimsey near Prindle in March, 1934.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

FOR EXTRA TRY WRIGLEY'S

EXTRA! EXTRA!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE FLAVOR LASTS

AIDS DIGESTION

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Wants to Know!

Puzzled over the presence of the fair, golden-haired girl, who calls herself the goddess of the sun, in the mysterious land of the island in the sky, TOM questions her to learn something of the strange country.

2404

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Confirmation

YOU SAY—THESE NATIVES ARE NOT DESCENDANTS OF TOLETCES? THEN—OUR PEOPLE ARE AZTECS—BUT THE SLAVES ARE OF TLASCAN BLOOD

2404

QUICK CHANGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

15 SENT UP TO PUT ON HIS GOOD SWEATER AND COME DOWN TO SEE COMPANY. STRONGLY DISAPPROVES OF ANY CLOTHES CHANGING

WITH A SIGH STARTS TAKING OFF OLD SWEATER. TUGS IDLY AT SLEEVE

DOESN'T GET VERY FAR WITH SLEEVE. DECIDES TO PEEL IT OFF INSTEAD

STARTS, PULLING SHIRT UP WITH SWEATER; STOPS TO TUCK SHIRT IN AGAIN.

TAKES ANOTHER GRIP, AT LAST MINUTE EYE FALLING ON OPEN BOOK ON TABLE. STOPS TO READ A PAGE OR TWO

GETS DEFINITELY UNDER WAY AT LAST, BUT HAS TO STOP TO TUCK SHIRT IN AGAIN

GETS TO WONDERING JUST HOW WELL HE CAN SEE WITH SWEATER OVER HIS HEAD. WANDERS AROUND, EXPERIMENTING

COMPLETES CHANGE OF SWEATERS AND GOES DOWN JUST AS COMPANY HAS GONE

(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 1-20 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

'TIS I, DESPERATE AMBROSE, THE GAZ MAN!

I'VE GOT A VERY SMART HAT!

HOW DO YOU MAKE OUT IT IS SMART?

I PUT A LOTTA BRAINS INTO IT!

LOOH!

WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!

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WOMEN HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR SOME THINGS

WOMEN have to be prepared for some things. He hoped his stence and his back would prepare her. He took a long deep breath and tried to make his voice steady.

Stay hard, you fool, or you'll both stumble. Stay hard, you have a job to do and nothing on heaven or earth is going to stop you.

"You've got to go back, Allaire. Take a room here for the night and tomorrow I'll put you on the north-bound steamer. This is no place for you."

THE NEBBES—That's Too Bad

THAT'S THAT GRUNTLY WOMAN TRYING TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION. SINCE SHE GOT RICH SHE THINKS SHE CAN ASSOCIATE WITH THE BEST PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN. SHE WILL ALWAYS BE AN EX-COON TO ME!

THERE'S THAT UPPITY MRS. RUMP! SHE WON'T PAY NO ATTENTION TO ME. SHE THINKS SHE'S BETTERRN ME AND SHE OWES EVERYBODY IN TOWN A DOLLAR!

IT'S SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE THE WAY PEOPLE LEAVE THEIR CARS RIGHT IN YOUR WAY

EMMA GRUNTLY, YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR RIPPING THE FENDER OFF MY CAR BY YOUR RECKLESS DRIVING!!

ALL RIGHT! HOW MUCH CAN IT BE WHEN THE WHOLE CAR AIN'T WORTH FRS AND BESIDES A FRS COULDN' KICKED YOUR FENDERS OFF, THEY WAS SO LOOSE!

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Union Pacific Film Aids Oregon Sports

SALEM, Jan. 27.—(AP)—The Union Pacific Railroad company announced the purchase for distribution of the film "Oregon, The Sportsman's Paradise," which will provide about 10 minutes entertainment.

The film was produced by the Salem Isaac Walton League and photographed by David B. Hill, local dentist. The company stated it is an "ideal sportsman's film, with all actual hunting and fishing scenes in the Oregon country."

Forest Service Meet

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 27.—(AP)—United States forest service executives from all parts of the country will convene here February 10 for a two-week conference, forest service headquarters announced. They will be seeking standardization of forest equipment.

'New Deal' Foreign Trade Policy Scored

BAL. LAKE CITY, Jan. 27.—(AP)—Condemnation of the present national administration's foreign trade policies and opposition to fees and rules adopted for administration of the Taylor grazing act went into the records today of the National Wool Growers' association.

The complaints were embodied in a resolution adopted at the closing sessions of the seventy-first annual convention last night.

Roseco C. Rich of Burley, Idaho, was named president succeeding F. A. Eilenwood of Red Bluff, Calif.

State Steno Exams

SALEM, Jan. 27.—(AP)—Applicants for the half dozen stenographic positions to be open in the public utilities department March 1, will be given an examination February 27. John H. Hanlon, secretary to the commission, announced.