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

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by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Something has brought Allaire West and Terry Willett together, literally from the ends of the earth. They are married in the South American coffee town of Propionoire, and Terry has had to leave Allaire to the protection of a pair of Chaki servants, and go back to his engineering job up the muddy Paiva river. Now, the news that there is to be an heir awaits Terry when next he appears in Propionoire.

Chapter 41

BRIEF VISIT

TERRY came down the river finally. He'd been gone nearly three months. Leaner perhaps, and a little tired about the eyes and the corners of his mouth, but striding as easily and tirelessly as ever.

"I've wanted to get down so damn often," he said, "but I just couldn't, Allaire. And I have to go right back tomorrow."

"How is everything, Terry?"

"If it wasn't for this rotten rainy season that's coming up — ," he stopped, and waved a dismissing hand. "Let's not bother about it. Things been pretty tough for you?"

She didn't answer. Absently, she plucked at the sleeve of his shirt, her eyes dreamy. He wondered.

"What's the matter, Allaire?" he asked quickly. "Anything wrong?"

"Terry, would you mind awfully if—?"

Willett felt something chill him for an instant. Would he mind what? — if she went back to the States?

"Go on, Allaire," he said steadily.

"Terry," and again her color heightened, "I — you — that is we, we're going to have a baby."

It was men that had to be prepared for some things. Willett felt breathless, stunned. He tried to say something and couldn't locate any thought waves. And then he was at her side, one arm around her, and she put her head on his shoulder.

"Are you glad?" she murmured.

"Oh, Allaire, I should have thought—"

She sat up straight, alarmed.

"Terry, don't you want him? Because if you don't—"

He drew her to him gently.

"Of course I do," he said quickly. "I was just thinking about you. I want to take care of you, honey, and I'm marooned up there and you're alone. You mustn't be alone."

He paused and ran his brown hand over the shining hair at her temples. "Don't you think you'd better go up to the States where you'll be among friends and your own surroundings?"

"No," she said, "I won't. That isn't my idea of married life, to be stuck away like some hothouse plant."

"Well, the capital, then? Much more comfortable and pleasant and safe." His voice didn't quite take that last word in stride. Maybe his father had tried to get Vic to a safer place, too.

"Terry, I won't. I'm going to stay here and wait until you finish that job."

Finish that job! She might wait a long time, Willett's hands were hot.

"Terry, you don't feel sorry or tied down or anything, do you?"

He sprang up and took a nervous restless stride up and down the room.

"No!" he exclaimed. "You may have married a busted engineer, Allaire, but you haven't married a heel."

He stopped and looked down at her seriously. "Take care of yourself, honey, be careful and—" he suddenly knelt on one knee by her side, "you know I have to go back, don't you? I wouldn't leave you otherwise, but I have to, Allaire—"

Of course he had to. She had a feeling that the bulk of his confidence and his courage was locked in his death grip with the Paiva, and he was drawing on all that remained to bolster her in the face of what lay ahead of them both.

THE procession of weeks had started again, broken only by Terry's quick visit. Once again he had disappeared into the still, fateful silence of that camp up the river.

As the weeks went by she began to rebel at sitting around down here while he was off somewhere. It was like marrying a sailor on a furlough and the next time she saw him to be pointing out the halfback on the local high school team as his son.

That wasn't the way she'd dreamed of marriage. She wanted to be with Terry.

The doctor who came to see her once in a while as the days passed was no help. He had a doleful, funereal expression, and his attitude, coupled with the empty hot loneliness of Propionoire, caused her to be assailed with a restless, slightly panicky feeling.

Rainy season set in. As Terry had said, it was that ceaseless sodden rain that permeated and dampened everything, a thick grey mesh that just fell without life or force, just dripped as though every raindrop was a numbered prisoner marching mechanically to his cell.

For five or six days it would rain like that and then there would be a period of blazing heat. Drake said this was just the forerunner of the stormy season and then it was bad. Drake had a remarkable sense of humor.

Corrigan came down after several more weeks had passed, the first time she'd seen him in six months. He wasn't the amiable tide of booming enthusiasm that had flowed all around her when she first met him. Corrigan was an engineer on a job now. He looked dead on his feet.

"Terry told me," he said awkwardly, "I—hum — congratulations. That's fine." He coughed.

"How is Terry?" she asked quickly.

"All right. Been working like the devil." Corrigan lit a cigaret and sat down wearily. "He would have come, but he had a slight touch of fever — oh, nothing bad," he said quickly as her eyes widened in alarm. "We've been socked slightly at one time or another. Terry's the last to feel it. He's iron."

"And the work?"

"WELL—" Corrigan spread out his hand and stared at the long powerful fingers. "If we only had time to beat this river to the punch, we'd pull through. That husband of yours is a great engineer, lady. One of the nicest jobs I ever saw.

"If we don't get the job further along, the river will knock what we've done blooey. We're trying to do it before the river wallops that temporary dam in the nose. If we don't—well, we'll all come floating down with the wreckage, digging lizards out of our necks and mud out of our ears."

"And then what?"

Corrigan shrugged.

"You know Terry. He'll feel he's failed again."

The girl was silent for a long time. Terry had to win now. He just couldn't fail, not when it meant so much to him.

"How much more time does he need?"

"Worst part of the season is in about a month or so. After that, it's all right. The river gets tired and goes back to sleep. If we can get past that without being turned into salted mackerel, we're over the wire and a hip, hip, hooray!" He grinned suddenly. "You certainly are an engineer's wife."

"I know it," said Allaire, "and I'm going up that river with you when you go back."

Corrigan looked a little weak.

"You—what?" he gasped.

"I'm going back with you."

Bucky recovered partly.

"Whew!" he said with relief, "you had me nervous for a minute. I thought you meant it."

"I do mean it," said Allaire firmly.

"Listen," he said feebly, "you can't do that. Why, it's out of the question. In the first place, it would be a deadly place for you and in the second, there's really nothing you can do."

"I can help Terry, that's what I can do."

"Help him?" said Corrigan, staring.

Allaire smiled at his astonished countenance.

"Oh, I don't mean giving him advice on engineering problems, but to be with him, show him that I have confidence in him, form a nice loud cheering section of one."

She nodded slowly. "It's my place to be with Terry, and if his place is a bad one, that's all in the cards."

Corrigan looked at her a long time. Perhaps he was thinking of little Anne Harlow back in the States whose lashes were so long they got in the way when he kissed her.

"You're all right," he said fervently. "But, Allaire, I couldn't do it. You know, you have to be around—"

"I'll take Rosa with me. If everything goes all right, we'll be back down here before anything important happens. Maybe we'll float down on wreckage or ride in milk-white chariots through flower-decked streets of Propionoire, but one or the other will all be settled before I take the center of the stage and speak my piece."

Corrigan was still doubtful.

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Terry sees, tomorrow, a lovely vision.

ANTI-JEW DRIVE WILL CONTINUE

BERLIN, Germany, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Minister Without Portfolio Hans Frank said today Nazi Germany will continue its anti-Semitic campaign without regard to future consequences.

"We do not care what the world says about our Jewish legislation," he declared in a bitter tirade before the economic council of the German academy.

"Foreign critics haven't the slightest idea about the vital necessities of the German people.

"Such Jews as came to live among us showed their gratitude by introducing pestilence into our spiritual life."

Frank said no foreigner would criticize Nazi legislation "if he knew the facts" of Germany's experience with Jews.

Frank said "Moscow" is still at work trying to undermine what Germany did for civilization but predicted his country would ruthlessly eradicate the "Jewish pack of bolshevistic preachers."

FLORENCE DANNALS IN TOP GRADE SORORITY

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.—(Spl.) Florence Dannals junior in journalism from Medford, is a member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority which topped the fall term grade list with a house average of 2.8059

The next place was taken by Alpha hall with an average of 2.6216.

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 population of the world has increased more in the past century than it did during all the tens of thousands of years that man has been on earth. In 1830, according to the most widely accepted estimates, the population of the earth was about 850,000,000. During the century that followed, it increased to more than 2,000,000,000, according to the 1930 estimate of the International Statistical Institute of the League of Nations.

Several influences made this great increase possible. Invention, for one thing, made the people of urban centers less dependent upon food from nearby farms for sustenance. Now the city dweller may eat bread made from grain shipped half way around the world—and famine no longer threatens those in the midst of a local crop failure.

Medicine has also played a great part in the population increase. Today the expectancy of life is much higher — infant mortality has been lowered — and epidemics that once wiped out whole cities are controlled to a great degree by the physician.

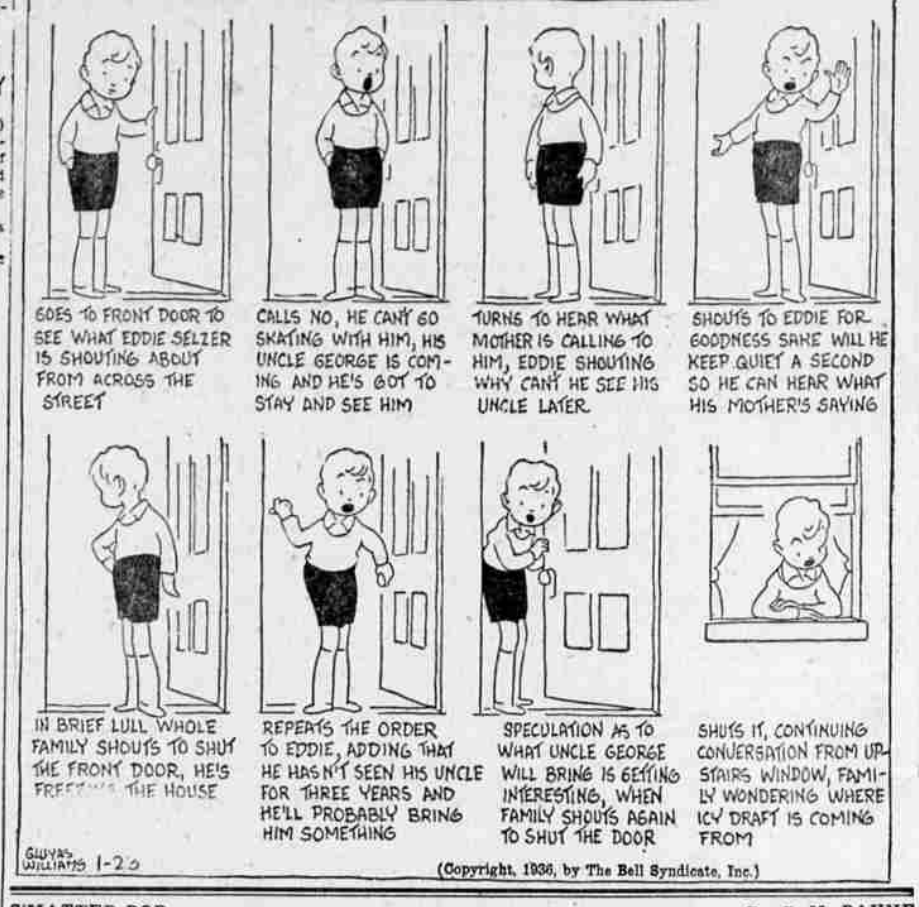
America, since 1800, has had the greatest proportionate population growth. Up to 1860 the population of the new world grew from 10,000 to 90,000—an increase of 900 per cent—and since then the per cent of increase has tapered off. Asia has had the greatest increase by numbers.

Strange as it seems, while the population is growing continually, the birth rate in most countries is steadily declining.

Tomorrow: The $20,00,0,000 Party.

COLD WEATHER CONVERSATION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Commands!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jabez Thorpe Speaks!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Low-Down

By SOL HESS

MOTHER TO DIE FOR DROWNING BABY SON

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 30.—(AP)—Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, 27, was sentenced by County Judge Jonathan D. Wilson today to die in the electric chair at Sing Sing the week of March 16 for the drowning of her 2-year-old son, Jimmy.

The former Salvation Army lassie and burlesque dancer was convicted of first degree murder by an Orange county court jury, which included in its verdict a recommendation of mercy. The death sentence is mandatory but the jury's recommendation will be sent to Governor Herbert H. Lehman along with the sentence.

BUCKINGHAM'S Ice Cream Candy and Party Specials. The Crest, 436 So. Central.

4 TAKEN IN HORNBROOK FACE FORGERY HEARING

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 30.—(AP)—Four men arrested in Hornbrook, Cal., January 15, and brought here to face forgery charges, were held to the grand jury today.

The four identified themselves as James L. Kelsey, Ferrell Luce, Garland Wilt and James Di Orio, and waived preliminary hearing.

They were charged with having cashed checks stolen in Portland. An automobile rented in Portland was recovered at Hornbrook.

MILL CITY, Ore., Jan. 30.—(AP)—D. L. Turnidge, Mill City, Bridal Veil lodging camp employe, lost his right arm yesterday when struck by a falling snag. He was taken to a Portland hospital.