

NEVER MIND THE LADY by David Garth

Chapter 42 BRIGHT VISION I CAN'T do it," Corrigan repeated "Terry would never forgive me."

"All right," said Allaire, "I'll pay somebody to take me up there and if you think I'm fooling, you're going to be one surprised Irishman."

"I guess you would at that," he said finally. "Well, all right, Allaire, let's go. Rosa will be pleased—the Chalkis are scared to death of that camp of ours."

Above the desk in Terry's quarters there hung a calendar that hadn't been used for a long time. It had been there when he and his father had been up there before, and even then the date hadn't been changed for many days before the job blew up.

Terry had never noticed it particularly, but as he came in this wet night, lit the oil lamp, and sank wearily down, his eyes fell on the calendar.

"The Acme Copper Pipe Company presents its compliments—" He noticed how old it was, and it suddenly stood to him as the last reminder of a hope that had died long ago to his father, that had been gun to die before that date was reached.

Lawrence Willett had probably stared at it many times before and laughed at the abrupt application to his situation of the queer "Thought for Today!" that commercial people throw in along with their "compliments" to finish a snug picture.

A thought for the day that had stopped the calendar long ago—a sardonic coincidence that made him laugh when he recognized the application. Cervantes had stopped the calendar!

For weeks now Cervantes had insisted from the walls of the hut: "He who loses wealth, loses much; He who loses a friend, loses more; Not he who loses his courage, loses all—"

The oil lamp cast queer flickering shadows in the corners of the room, illuminated the rough two-by-four lining the walls, and on the corrugated tin roof came the sound of dripping rain.

Willett watched her, rubbing his rough unshaven chin, and thought of that stone mansion of gleaming chandeliers back in Washington, and the elegant town house in New York where this girl had lived. And here she was in the hut of a rough-neck engineer up a tropical river. He said so slowly, as if he couldn't understand it.

"You're not a roughneck," she said passionately. "And if you ever make another crack like that again I'll hit you with this pitcher."

"Don't," he begged. "That's our drinking water. It's been boiled, filtered, sterilized—in fact everything but blessed."

Willett sat down and took her hand. The lamp light danced on his clear-cut tanned face; it was deadly serious.

"Allaire, you've done something wonderful in coming up here. I'd send you back if I could, but it would be spoiling one of the finest things I've ever seen. And I'm going to take this job and tie it in knots until it screams for mercy."

Silly insane gestures—how they'd be junked—if only one knew how great a need can be serviced by the spontaneous courage that comes of love.

Willett and Corrigan put up cots in the office but next door, and Rosa and Allaire moved into their quarters. Allaire heard them often nearby at any hour of the night waiving up and down, their voices indistinguishable against the muffled sound of the rain.

The grey days lent a touch of drabness to surroundings that would have been drab enough already had not one realized the wonderful work already done by Man, Creation, Power, Ideas! They were all there in the slow steady progress toward a goal.

Swampland had been drained and filled in, underbrush and tangled creepers burned out, the partly finished system of locks on the river as conceived by Willett had been constructed in that wilderness over the resistance of unhealthy working conditions, strong-sapping sun, a shifty muddy river, and a soft oozy muck at the bottom that had long defied firm foundations. Then there was the little colony of huts where the construction gang lived.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



RICHARD HENRY LEE AND FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE WERE THE ONLY BROTHERS TO SIGN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!



KHEDIVE ISMAIL PASHA—SPENT \$20,000,000 CELEBRATING HIS OWN RUIN!

ONION AND UNION COME FROM THE SAME WORD AND IN BOTH THERE IS STRENGTH!



When Ismail Pasha became khedive of Egypt in 1863, he announced in his first official speech that his operation of the government finances would be a sound lesson in governmental economy.

Both the English words "onion" and "union" come from the same Latin word "unio," meaning "oneness." Both mean the same in a sense—they are both obsolete synonyms for "part."

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works. Phone 542. We'll nail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

It's Time You Tried Wrigley's

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint gum, featuring a clock and the text 'AIDS DIGESTION'.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WITH THE LETTERS SEALED AND STAMPED AND YOUR HUSBAND MUTTERING HE'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO GET THEM INTO THE LAST COLLECTION, A DREADFUL DOUBT COMES OVER YOU THAT YOU PUT THE CHECK IN AUNT EFFIE'S ENVELOPE AND THE SNAPSHOT OF THE TWINS IN THE ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO THE NON-SHRINK CLEANING CO.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

1-24

S'MATTER POP—

POP, YA DONT KNOW NOBODY WHO DOESNT WANTA GIVE NOBODY A NICKEL FER NOT JOIN' NUTHIN', DONT YOU?



I'D NEVER MAKE IT MENTALLY! GOTTA HAVE PAPER AN' PENCIL FOR THAT ONE.



OK!

TWO NEGATIVES EQUAL ONE AFFIRMATIVE PLUS A COUPLE MORE NEGATIVES—NOW WEVE GOT—LET'S SEE—HMM—M—?



OK!

YA GOT ME, KID!



OK!

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Fails to Save Skeeter!



LET'S FOLLOW THE GODDESS OF THE SUN, AFTER SHE DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGE FROM THE BOYS' DUNGEON—



OH, WORTHY COUNCIL OF ELDERS—IT IS INDEED TRUE—THE BLONDE-HAIRED YOUTH IS THE QUETZALCOATL—AND SHALL BE THE CONSORT OF THE GODDESS OF THE SUN—



BUT THE SUN TELLS ME THAT THE DARK-HAIRED ONE—ALSO IS A DEITY—WHOSE PERSON IS SACRED TO US—



THE GODDESS OF THE SUN SPEAKS WISDOM—BUT IT IS ONLY ONE DEITY WE SEEK—WE SHALL PUT BOTH TO THE TEST—WHOEVER SHALL SURVIVE—IS THE TRUE QUETZALCOATL!



THE TEST! THE TEST!



THE TEST!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Keys



MAD PETE LEFT THE ISLAND, MR THORPE— BUT HE'LL BE BACK, AND THATS WHEN YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK OUT!



HE TOOK THE KEYS TO THESE CONTRACTIONS WITH HIM, BUT THERE'S A CHANCE THERE MAY BE AN EXTRA GET UP IN HIS ROOM—IF THERE IS, I CAN GET OUT OF HERE—



HE SAID THE SECOND DOOR—THIS MUST BE IT—GOSH, IF IT IS, MAD PETE MUST BE GETTING READY TO DECLARE WAR ON SOMEBODY!

NO KEYS HERE AND, HOLY SMOKES, HERE COME CRIP AND BRIAR ON THE RUN!

THE NEBBS—Who's Who?



IF I HADNT BEEN SICK IN BED WHEN ALL THIS WAS GOING ON, I'D HAVE HAD THOSE OPTIONS. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO HAS THEM... I HATE SECRETS!



IF THIS GUY, MAX, GETS OVER AROUND MY HOTEL, HELL DRIVE ME CRAZY. I DONT KNOW HOW A PERSON COULD HOLD ALL THE HATE I'VE GOT FOR HIM



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S GOT THOSE OPTIONS. I WONDER IF AMBY KNOWS—THERE ISNT MUCH GOING ON IN REAL ESTATE IN THESE PARTS. HE DOESNT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT

By SOL HESS

KING EDWARD VOICES REGARD FOR AMERICA

LONDON, Jan. 31.—(AP)—King Edward, in a formal audience granted Norman H. Davis, United States ambassador-at-large, was understood to have emphasized his high regard for the United States and American people today.

The new monarch and the American envoy talked half an hour. The king expressed his deep appreciation for American sympathy at the death of his father, the late King George, and at the friendliness with which his own accession to the throne had been regarded.

CANN IDENTIFIED AS SLAYER OF LIGGETT

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 31.—(AP)—The prosecution's witness, Wesley Anderson, pointed an accusing finger at Isadore (Kid Cannon) Blumentfeld in district court today as the machine-gun killer of Walter Liggett, militant weekly newspaper publisher.

Blumentfeld, at the behest of his counsel, Thomas McMeekin, stood up while the identification was made.

TIMBER UNION SEEKS INCREASE IN WAGES

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 31.—(AP)—New demands for wage increases in the lumber industry were laid before Portland mill operators today by the Portland unit of the Sawmill and Timber Workers' union.

Operators said the union's stipulations "are beyond anything the union has yet asked and stronger than anything granted at Longview."