

NEVER MIND THE LADY
by David Garth

Chapter 45
CHEERS!

HE walked steadily, his head up. Allaire! Look down, look down that lonely road! His hand was on the door, he closed his eyes a moment, took a grip on himself and his strength, and then, eyes open, he walked in.

Rosa was standing near the bed. She looked up at that tall, awing young man on the threshold, and her teeth jumped out at him in a wide white smile. Willett's heart turned over a couple of times—Rosa wouldn't dare to smile if—

"Allaire!" he said tensely.

The girl's eyes opened. She was pale and drawn and she didn't seem to see him at first. Then her hand fluttered toward him.

"Hello, Terry darling," she murmured. "How'd you make out?"

"All right," Willett's lip trembled. "All right, honey. But you—"

He bent over her anxiously. Rosa was trying to draw his attention to a bundle in her arms, a funny blanket-wrapped bundle with something plump and alive and healthy-looking in it. Willett's face was a study in grimy uncertainty. There was a low laugh from the girl.

Terry sat down. He felt very weak all of a sudden.

"And you're all right?" He couldn't seem to grasp it.

"Of course. Rosa was wonderful. And whenever—things seemed hard and I was frightened, I just reached out for your hand, darling, and—it was there—always."

She closed her eyes and smiled.

"And you put through the job, Oh, Terry, your father, he's so proud—"

"She couldn't seem to grasp that herself. To her it was wonderful. "No prouder," said Willett a little unsteadily, "than I am of mine—"

"Cheers!" murmured Allaire. "The Willett Construction Company." And she drew the rumpled auburn head down to her.

THE coastwise steamer to the capital lay in her berth at the piers with steam up and the gangway rapidly being cleared. It was that moment of departure when the blast of the whistle is imminent in the air, and the bustle and furor of the docks are merged into the whole swift-moving moment of Farewell.

A slim girl in tropical white with polo coat and gay purple scarf about her throat stood near the foot of the gangway. She was talking with a fat, old Indian woman who held a carefully bundled baby in her arms. The plump cheeks of the old woman were wet with tears.

Terry Willett turned to Bucky Corrigan.

"Allaire wants to sail from Rosina B in the capital. She doesn't care what she sails in from there, but that's the place where she wants to start home. Everything started there, she says. She's right," Corrigan nodded.

"Yeah, I think it's swell."

"Wish you'd come along with us, Bucky."

"I'd better be here for the opening of the river next week, Terry. A lot of the National Coffee Company big shots are going to ride through the locks for the first time and I think I'll tag along. That was one fine job of yours, son."

"Your job, Bucky, as much as mine."

"Tough-jawed Bucky Corrigan, with the sinews of a hundred engineering jobs in his powerful sun-burnt frame and the spirit of Mars in his nature, shook his head.

"Thanks, fella, but my kind of help grows on trees. It comes out of engineering schools and grows a little valuable with experience, but it isn't in the same class with the kind of help you get from—from," he nodded toward the slim girl in tropical white, "—her."

"I know," said Terry quietly.

There was a blast of the whistle and a last shouted call of departure.

"So long, Bucky," said Willett.

"And you know what I think."

"Forget it," said Corrigan. I'll be working for you steady some day. You're carrying the mail, son."

THEY shook hands. Corrigan turned to Allaire and held out his hand.

"Oh, so you're going to be snooty, are you, Bucky?" the girl commented, smiling. She pushed aside his hand and stepped up close to him. "This may not mean much to you, but it means a lot to me."

She kissed him swiftly and gracefully. Corrigan flushed slightly beneath his tan.

"That's the high point of my life," he grinned. "Damn it if it isn't!"

Rosa surrendered her healthy glowing burden to Terry. He hoisted it in his arms, a smile of white teeth appearing in the bronze of his face.

Allaire's eyes as they rested on him were more than the eyes of a woman looking upon the man she loves; they were the eyes of a woman with the pride and ideals of a goddess who'd seen them held in strong and gallant hands.

Rosa started to weep. Allaire put her arm around her, and said something in her ear which made Rosa smile. They shared a triumph, this lovely American girl and the old Indian woman.

Corrigan watched them go up the gangplank. Yes, Bucky Corrigan, a job that would last, because Man's handiwork was rooted in struggle and the inspirational qualities of courage and achievement and loyalty have always outlasted the building materials of the contractor.

They have existed from time immemorial and they always will; they are everlasting; indestructible.

Rosa was crying again.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Corrigan. "Some beat the game and some don't. But they did, so what?"

He grinned and patted her on the shoulder. "You're a good Spig," he said.

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DRAMATICS FINAL
THURSDAY NIGHT

Plans are rapidly taking shape for presentation of the finals in the Jackson county rural dramatics contest at the Medford senior high school Thursday, February 6th, according to those in charge, and Miss Jeanette Gore of this city, chairman of the music committee, announces that she has secured the Jacksonville orchestra to play for the evening. Members of the orchestra include Mrs. Marie Sylvia, Frank Sylvia, George Wendt, Oliver Wilder and Red Morris.

The county dramatics committee is meeting early this week to select judges and to complete final arrangements for the program. Committee members include Mrs. Henry Conger, chairman, Arnold Bohner, and Geo. Andrews of the recreation club, and Mrs. Lee Port and Mrs. Susie Maust from the county executive committee.

Keen interest has been shown throughout the county in the contest which closes Thursday, when the winning cast in the finals will be scheduled for presentation at Corvallis in the dramatics festival during the week of home interests conference, February 11 to 14.

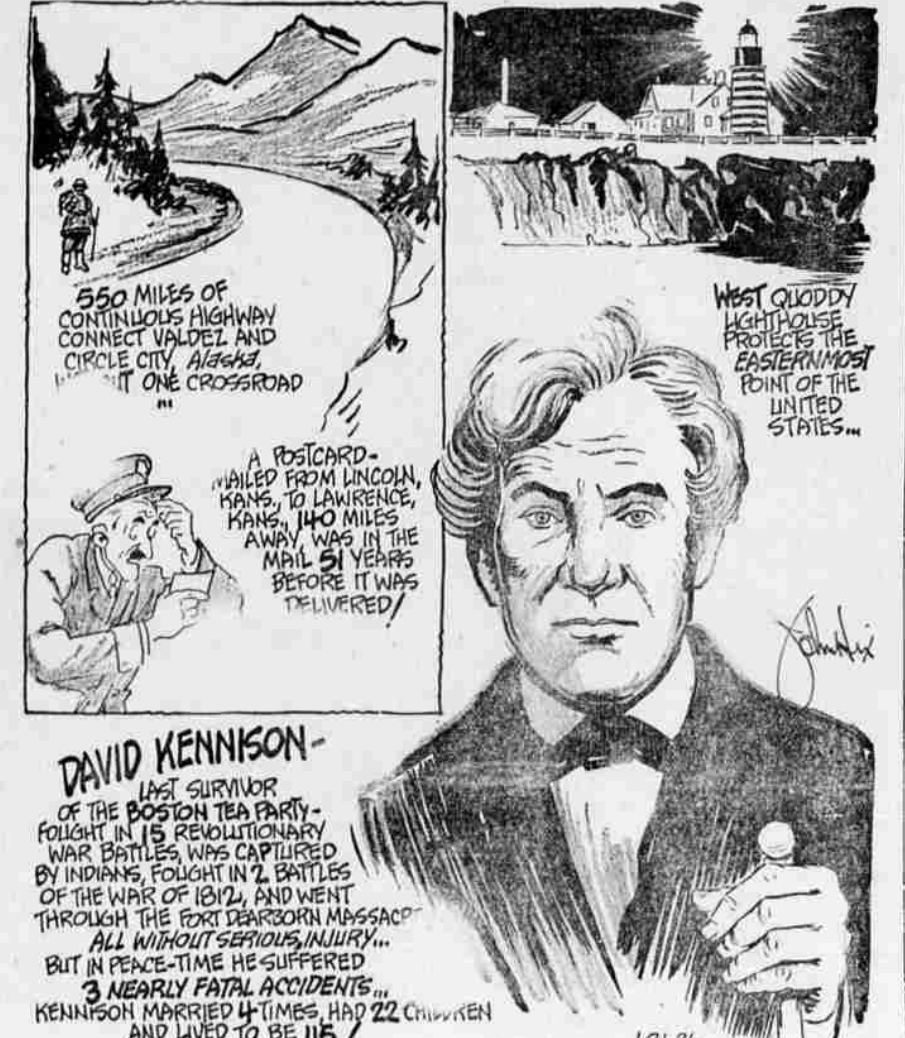
SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY FEELS THAT THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN WEATHER BECAUSE, AFTER MAKING AN AGREEMENT WITH ERNIE PLUMER TO DO EACH OTHER'S SHOVELING WHILE THEY WERE AWAY ON BUSINESS TRIPS, A MILD THAW SET IN WHILE HE WAS AWAY WHEREAS THE HEAVIEST BLIZZARD OF THE WINTER OCCURRED DURING ERNIE'S ABSENCE

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DAVID KENNISON—LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY—FOUGHT IN 15 REVOLUTIONARY WAR BATTLES, WAS CAPTURED BY INDIANS, FIGHTED IN 2 BATTLES OF THE WAR OF 1812, AND WENT THROUGH THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE—ALL WITHOUT SERIOUS INJURY... BUT IN PEACE-TIME HE SUFFERED 3 NEARLY FATAL ACCIDENTS... KENNISON MARRIED 4 TIMES, HAD 22 CHILDREN AND LIVED TO BE 115

David Kennison, early Chicago character, survived the fortunes of war and the misfortunes of peace through enough years to make up almost the average life. In war time he escaped without a scratch except on one occasion, but in peace he fell victim of accidents that came perilously close to taking his life.

Kennison started his career of adventure when he painted up with other outraged Americans and boarded a ship in Boston harbor to throw the tea overboard as a protest against taxation—an episode in American history now celebrated as the Boston Tea Party. In the Revolutionary war he went unscathed through the battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Fort Washington, Brandywine, Red Bank, Germantown, Delaware, Hudson, Philadelphia and West Point. In addition to minor fighting on Staten Island, at Saratoga Springs and during the siege of Boston. Before the war was over he was taken prisoner by the Mohawk Indians.

In the War of 1812 he was in action again, fighting in the engagements of Sacket's Harbor and Williamsburg. Except for a slight wound

HOMEMAKERS TAKING
INTEREST IN ANNUAL
CAMPUS CONFERENCE

Already extensive interest is being shown in Jackson county in the sixth annual home interests conference which will convene on the Oregon State college campus February 11 to 14, inclusive, more than thirty homemakers from this county having registered for the session. A special motor bus has been chartered for the trip, and anybody desiring information on transportation should telephone the home demonstration agent's office.

Registration today shows the following delegates:

Medford—Ruth Hood, Bernice Stammen, Bernice Snyder, Mrs. C. R. Reynolds, Florence Drake, Mrs. Mabel Thornton, Mabel C. Mack, Miss Alice Hanley, Mrs. Rita Myers.

Ashland—Mrs. J. R. McCracken.

Trail—Alice Ragsdale, Mrs. Jennie Hutchinson, Eva Segessman, Mrs. Gus Dittsworth, Mrs. Millie Blaess.

Talent—Lola Miller, Edna Holdridge, Mrs. Imogene Smith.

Central Point—Mrs. Lola Young, Mrs. Mary Coker, Mrs. Susie Maust.

Eagle Point—Mrs. Bertha Young, Irma Seaman, Amy Brown.

Jacksonville—Mrs. Maude Port, Mrs. Stella Offenbacher.

Rogue River—Bertha Lund.

Oak Grove—Mrs. Iva Thomas, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, Mrs. Louise Brockway.

Bellevue—Margaret Arnold.

Gold Hill—Mrs. Effie Birdseye.

Phoenix—Mrs. Ethel Hockersmith.

GIFT OF PEARS SENT
TO FRIENDS IN CHINA
POINTS TO NEW MART

Bread cast upon the water seemed destined today to return a hundred fold to American growers.

Two Christmas gift packages of Comice pears were sent by Gordon R. Green, company manager here, to the two daughters of the company's president, who reside in China. The fruit was sent under refrigeration by steamer to Nanking and then overland to its destination.

Today Mr. Green was in receipt of a letter from J. S. Crutchfield, company president with headquarters in Pittsburgh, Pa., stating that the pears reached his daughters in good condition. He quoted his daughters as saying that the luscious pears were a very welcome gift.

The pears were distributed among high officials in Shanghai and Nanking, all of whom were delighted with the fresh fruit. Mr. Crutchfield wrote: "It is possible we can open up some business in Shanghai and Nanking."

Mr. Crutchfield said: "This was proved to us that we can ship Comice pears, as perishable a variety as they are, as far as China and get them there in good condition." Mr. Green asserted, "This means that we are going to be able to open up the Chinese market for our winter variety of pear. We are going to make a genuine effort now to build up this market for our Blue Goose pears."

THE GRANGE

Sams Valley Grange
Sams Valley Grange will give a dance at Coston's hall Saturday night, February 8. All Grangers and their families are invited and each Granger is privileged to invite a friend if willing to be responsible for his conduct. The committee announces that absolutely no disorderly conduct will be permitted, as it is desired to conduct the dances in a clean, wholesome manner so that everyone present may enjoy the evening. Lunch will be served in the hall by the Grange ladies.

A large crowd, attended regular Grange meeting, February 1. Reports from all standing committees and the special building committee were heard. Visitors present were Mr. and Mrs. Fish from Gold Hill Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Little were given a

BIKTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd P. Watkins of 711 West Second street a girl weighing six pounds, 13 1/2 ounces Sunday, February 2. Delivery was made at Community hospital by Cesarean operation. The baby was named Phyllis Lee. Mother and child were reported doing nicely today but friends were requested not to call for a week.

demit to the Gold Hill Grange.

Lecture hour was devoted to further discussion of building a hall, dance plans and ways and means of raising a building fund. Some time was given to song practice.

Mrs. Sadie Prink, Morris Prink, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Duggan and Rose Crawford were appointed on the serving committee for February 18.

Pie, cheese, wafers and cocoa were served at the close of the meeting. All enjoyed an hour of recreational games.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Summoned to the Temple!



THE GOLDEN GIRL, WHO VISITED TOMMY AND SKEETER IN THEIR DUNGEON, TOLD THEM OF A PROPHECY, WHICH THE PEOPLE IN THE ISLAND IN THE SKY BELIEVES WILL BE FULFILLED—BUT THIS PROPHECY MEANS GRAVE PERIL TO ONE OF OUR BOYS.

AND THE ONE WHO FAILS TO PASS THE TEST—

FORTY MEN WERE SACRIFICED BEFORE ONE WAS FOUND WORTHY TO WED MY PREDECESSOR. I HAVE BEEN TOLD

GOSH!—YOU—MEAN—THEY WERE KILLED?

MY FRIENDS—MY PEOPLE ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF A VERY OLD AND CRUEL RACE—THEY—

IT IS THE GONG WHICH SUMMONS ME TO THE TEMPLE—

YOU MUST TURN YOUR BACKS—IF IT WERE KNOWN I HAD VISITED YOU—IT WOULD MEAN DEATH TO ME!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mad Pete Approaches!



HOW NEAR IS MAD PETE?

COME OVER TO THE HILL—WE GOT TIME TO WATCH HIM—

Y'CAN GEE HIM FROM HERE, BEN, AN' HE'S SURE ROWIN' LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!

WOW! HE IS STEPPING ON IT, KEN'T HE?

THE BIG LUG GURE IS THE ROTATOES WITH A PAIR O' GARS—MAYBE WE BETTER BEAT IT!

CRIP, OUR ROWBOAT'S LOOSE!

YEAH, AN' MAD PETE'S GONNA BE LOOSE ON THIS ISLAND WITH US IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!

THE BOYS HURRIED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND WHERE THEIR ROWBOAT HAD BEEN DRAWN ON SHORE, BUT—

THE NEBBS—Oh—Happy Day



SAY, WILL YOU GO OVER TO YOUR COUSIN AMBROSE AND FIND OUT WHO HAS THE OPTION ON ALL THE 666 HIGHWAY FRONTAGE NEAR OUR HOTEL?

I'VE GOT TO BUY IT ALL UP—IF THAT GUY, MAX, GETS A PLACE OVER HERE IT WILL JUST CHASE ME OUT OF THIS TOWN!!

BLESSED BE THOSE WORDS! AND LET THEM CHASE ME OUT WITH YOU— I LOVE THIS TOWN LIKE A HAPPY, CAREFREE, HEALTHY MALLARD DUCK LOVES BUCKSHOT!

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