

Yankee Senorita

BY LORENA CARLETON

SYNOPSIS
MALLORY BAKER, a centered, but young, beautiful and talented singer, has achieved success with the aid of TOD PATRICK, her manager. He has been her agent since she was an infant. He is now trying to reach the top. In some of her recent appearances, she meets an attractive, rather mysterious young man, RICHARD BLYTHE.

CHAPTER NINE
MALLORY NOW understood Pepe's exclamatory whistle. "What do you mean, 'clink'?"

"Just clink, senorita. Not sissy fall stuff, but the bad clink. Old Dr. Courvier now is in the pen." "How awful," Mallory shuddered. She had wondered briefly about him, had thought he probably was in the Army. But this! "Couldn't you be wrong, Pepe?"

His mouth twisted to one side and made a little clicking sound. He was insulted. "No, I'm not wrong! Everybody around here knows the old coat was mixed up in a dope ring. Why, he used to come zooming back and forth across the bridge in this high-powered buggy nearly every night."

"This very car?" Mallory Baker looked at her prized possession with horror. "Good heavens—I don't want any dope car," she cried. Her voice held a hysterical note.

"It's not a dope car," Pepe told her with patient slowness. Dr. Courvier was too smart a guy for that. He had the stuff brought up other ways. Under powder in women's powder boxes. He even had an old woman bringing it up inside a fish. He had all sorts of ideas. He didn't use this sort of buggy for anything except to drive over and meet people. The boy's eyes were wide and glowing. "He was too smart a guy for that."

Mallory remarked coldly, "Not too smart to get caught." "Yes, you're right," Pepe looked uncomfortable at having to admit that fact.

"So don't get any racketeer ideas!" To herself Mallory's words sounded like the worst sort of prim teacher. Well, what if they did? Pepe had a good beginning with his attempts to inveigle money from a traveler.

"Don't hawl me out!" retorted Pepe. "I'm not going to be any dope peddler. And don't get funny ideas about your automobile. It's O. K. I just hadn't seen it in so long. You see, it was left to the doc's wife and then, when she committed suicide, her sister tried to sell it and nobody—"

"Nobody wanted it," supplied Mallory. A dark flush spread over Pepe's thin cheek. "Well, nobody around here. But there's nothing the matter," he insisted. "Everything is O. K."

Yeh, thought Mallory grimly, except that I have the sensation of being in a haunted house with something tugging at my coat tails. Again she found herself wanting to go back to New York. But, as before, she couldn't bear to let Tod Patrick have the satisfaction of that retreat.

"Pepe," she commanded, "let's get some lunch. And if you must talk, please make it pleasant." As it turned out, the boy did not talk at all. He just ate, ravenously.

Searching for a word, Mallory thought of skill. That was what such eating amounted to. She watched Pepe down, without any trouble, a huge steak with chili sauce, several enchiladas, salad, three cups of hot chocolate and both his and her cake.

As they walked out of the restaurant onto the street, Pepe paused significantly before a shop filled with serapes, small rugs, woven baskets, bright pottery—all sorts of curios. "Curiosidades," in big letters, outside the shop, proclaimed its wares.

"Want to buy a lot of things, senorita?" he inquired innocently. The avicious cunning showed on his lean features, however. He made Mallory stern. "No, I don't, Pepe. And if you don't stop trying to make money on me, your tip is going to get smaller and smaller."

Curiously, her threat brought a smile from Pepe. "Oh, no. The love of senorita wouldn't be so cruel. Not the senorita with eyes bluer than the flowers and hair golden like an angel's in heaven. Oh, no!" he said more excitedly. "Not when I've given her so much of my time. I've escorted her to have the photographs. I've escorted her back to her car for her dark glasses. I've escorted her to lunch. I've given her the comfort of my company in a give her the help of my expert advice so she will not be cheated in the shop—"

He had been enumerating on the tips of his slim fingers. "So the lovely senorita would never do me such a wrong when I already revere her almost as I do the Virgin of Guadalupe."

As he had during his earlier plea, he grasped her hand with his warm, sticky fingers. "Oh, senorita, please be generous with me. Give me many pesos so that I may go to Mexico City to see my beloved mother."

"Your mother, Pepe? You, an orphan?" The boy snapped his fingers with self-disgust, mashed his lips together and hit himself in the chin all at once. "Never will I learn not to open my mouth so wide. But I do open it and the words simply roll out." Nevertheless, he was not actually chagrined. "Let's have a cooly-cooly, senorita."

Not waiting for her answer, he sent a peremptory whistle toward a boy loitering in the short street at the end of the bridge. The tiny fellow ran swiftly, his bare feet making a swirl of dust. Pepe's lordliness lasted until they were in possession of the bottles. Then he motioned to the baby-sized vendor that the senorita would pay, and stepped back to lean against an adobe wall in a pose of laziness that came with no trouble whatsoever.

Rosa's hour was not 60 minutes. It extended over exactly two hours and thirty-eight minutes. Mallory knew this, because when she sent Pepe after her photographs she watched for him to emerge from Rosa's shop. At that instant she looked at her watch. Pepe's laziness as he proceeded along the narrow sidewalk made her want to get back of him and boot him. Still, what difference did it make? She had lost so much time. Because she had planned the customs inspection as a matter of minutes only, she was doubly incensed over the

delay. And it was not yet over. The pictures had to be affixed to her various passports. Also, "And now your car, Miss Baker. Of course you understand you must make a 250-peso deposit on it?" "But why?"

"Because you are going to work." The girl did not care to start that argument all over again, so she just nodded. "It's refunded to you when you return," she was informed. "Now, your jewelry? What are you taking?"

She moved her shoulders irritably. "This ruby and red-gold watch, a string of pearls and a diamond bracelet." The man looked at the coat slung over her arm. "And a mink coat." He looked up from his writing to explain. "All this is to protect you when you come back north. A great many people buy jewelry and furs in the city, so we have to know which is which—now, about your smallpox vaccination. Have you a certificate?"

"Heaven's no! But I have been vaccinated." He lulled her instantly. "All right, Miss Baker. If you swear you have, we'll let that pass. It's all for your own protection. The women are inspecting your two legs now. Let's see if they have finished." Together they walked out to the farther end of the bridge. Mallory's luggage was on top a high wooden shelf.

A sad-eyed Mexican woman extended Mallory's pistol toward the customs inspector. "Ah, Miss Baker," he deplored. "Why?" "You were saying something about protection."

"It is not permitted. And it is not necessary. We," he assured, "have a most peaceful country. No trouble whatsoever. The highway is like walking through your own living room. You will have to leave this with me, Miss Baker."

At last, at a little before 4 o'clock, after having passed out tips—a particularly liberal one to Pepe for his escort service—Mallory Baker drove over the Rio Grande. As she left Nuevo Laredo's sun-baked buildings she came to an apparently uninhabited desert-land. Mallory began to drive faster. She had 146 miles to drive to Monterrey, something she knew she could not do before dusk.

She knew, too, that, although the countryside appeared uninhabited, it could not possibly be. There were too many herds of goats dashing back and forth across the highway. They were managed by sandal-footed or barefooted men in wide sombreros and loose white cotton suits that looked like pajamas. Little boys, exact replicas in identical clothes, often were along, carrying, occasionally a woman, in bright clothes, a baby strapped across her back, was the goat herder.

But, as dusk approached, the goats and peons disappeared. They have gone to their rough little homes, decided Mallory, thinking at the same time, "The customs inspector was right. This truly is a peaceful country." As abruptly she changed her mind. The scene that loomed up in the shadowy daylight was responsible. The men were not fixing a tire, as she had surmised. One was being thoroughly and brutally murdered by the other two.

Hazards on the Home Front

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

WINTER IS the season when the home is the most dangerous. "Little Willie in the best of snafus. Fell in the fire and burned to ashes."

is not simply an example of the mordant humor of Col. Slaughter. Dr. Clending will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

ter: some such occurrence is happening this very second in some home in the land.

The most dangerous room in the house is the bathroom. The cellar is a close second. A year or so ago I mentioned the hazards of the cellar—going down the steps in the dark and hitting the step Father forgot to fix; getting up on the rickety stepladder that is not solidly on all fours to get a jar of preserves, etc., etc.

But the bathroom takes the prize. It is an electrocution chamber, an icy street, a boiling vat, a sharp razor, a shallow lake with a reputation for drownings, a precipitator of the fatal complications of angina, high blood pressure and fainting spells, and many other things.

"How to take a bath and live!" was the subject of an article by Dr. Dublin, of New York, in which he listed the statistics of the record of this chamber of horrors. And another statistician of the bathroom ended his remarks by the sapient supposition that "Not many people would deliberately shut themselves inside a closet with a tiger, a rattlesnake and a flash of lightning."

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(To Be Continued)

Not a few of bathroom hazards are the fault of architects. Why should the bottom of the bathtub, let alone the sides, be so smooth that Sonja Henie would shrink from them? The bottom of the bathtub could be corrugated or even sandy—the water will buoy you up so that you do not get any pattern on your delicate hinder skin. No bathroom should be designed so that electric switches are within reach of the bather.

They may be human rat traps. A Denver woman of 67 got wedged under the faucets, and, since she lived alone, was not discovered for four days.

As to the boiling vat, a New York hotel could testify to that. An actress sued it because scalding water came out of the faucet and spoiled her beauty. She was awarded \$100,000.00.

Carelessness Cause of Accidents

It isn't necessary in the winter time to take a bath once a day. If old people with atrophied skin would learn their belongings would go away.

Every room in a house has its own kind of danger. Counting minor ones, there are probably more injuries occurring in the "safety of the home" than on the streets. But if we used ordinary precautions, and common sense, most of the accidents wouldn't happen. Most of them can be put down to laziness, carelessness, thoughtlessness and being the old timer—the sticking door to which you say "Oh! you won't come open, eh?" and then it does come open and gives you a black eye or a bloody nose. After the accident happens the first sentence the victim speaks begins—"I should have known better than to—"

Wife Preservers



Try cleaning marble by rubbing with salt, or mix salt with an equal quantity of powdered pumice stone and enough water to make a thick cream. Wash marble with this, allow it to soak a few minutes, then cleanse with salt water.

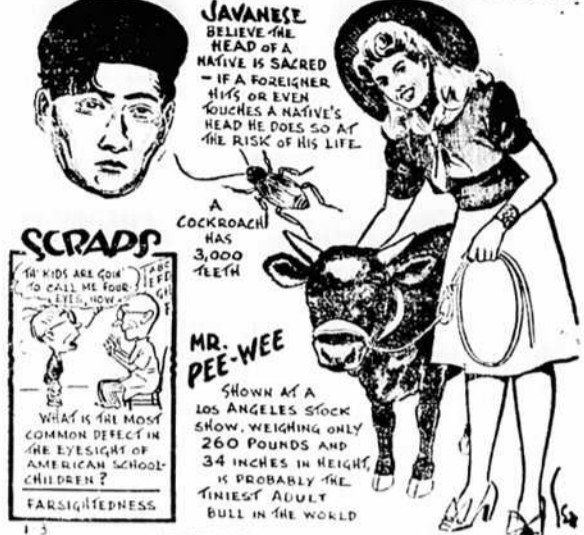
Wife Preservers



To remove the odor of fish from tea towels and washcloths, boil them for two minutes in one tablespoon baking soda added to one quart of water. Rinse in warm, then in cold water. Soda water will also remove fish odor from the linoleum.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Life Is Blind!

By Chic Young



ETTA KETT

By PAUL ROBINSON



The Gumps - Farewell To (Ned's) Arms



JAP BOMBERS RETALIATE AT GUADALCANAL



AN AMERICAN WARSHIP (left) steams into port at Guadalcanal soon after the departure of Jap bombers which left flames and smoke rising from shore installations. The ship's gun crews stand at their posts ready for a return visit by the Japs to the island, which is still a fighting zone. U. S. Navy photo. (International)

NOAH NUMSKULL
I WONDER WHERE I BURIED THAT SPRAY GUN. FLORIS SPRAY OF PINKIES RO. DEAR NOAH= DOES A HOUND DOG BECOME A WATCH DOG WHEN HE'S FULL OF TICKS? GEO. FULLERTON ATLANTA, GA. DEAR NOAH= DO RABBIT HUNTERS USE "HARE TRIGGER" GUNS? JOE CALVIN JR. CHARLOTTE, N.C. POSTCARD YOUR NUMSKULLS TO "DEAR NOAH" IN CARE OF THIS NEWSPAPER - Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

NOAH NUMSKULL
HE MISSED ME AGAIN! DEAR NOAH= HOW CAN YOU TELL TIME AFTER AN "ALL AROUND THE CLOCK BOMBING"? A. MANSEER, BUFFALO, N.Y. DEAR NOAH= SHOULD A FELLOW STAY SINGLE AND SETTLE UP OR GET MARRIED AND SETTLE DOWN? WADE WEAVER SCOTSDALE, PENNA. POST CARD A'NUMMY TO NOAH Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

NOAH NUMSKULL
SORRY NO BUTTER YESTERDAY TODAY OR TOMORROW WHO? BUT LISSEN- I'M GETTIN' NO BUTTER FAST! DEAR NOAH= IS A COW THE BUTTER HALF OF THE COW FAMILY? BURGESS BURN CHARLOTTE, N.C. DEAR NOAH= IF I PUT THE "FUNNY SHEETS" ON MY BED, WILL I HAVE HAPPY DREAMS? D. HEALY JACKSON HEIGHTS, N.Y. POST CARD YOUR NUMSKULLS TO "DEAR NOAH" TO DAY! Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.