## LADY BY REQUEST

give me!"?

BY HELEN R. WOODWARD

Before she reached the corner the conviction had grown on her that that was the thing to do. It

was the thing her parents would have approved—even demanded. But could she do it? Could she

go back and stand before Thorpe

and Stephen Curt and say, "I'm sorry I was so rude. Please for-

Could she so humble herself after that sweeping, triumphant exit? The thought left a bitter

taste in her mouth, but might such a course not be the better part of prudence? Richard Thorpe

might be so pleased to have her kow-tow before him that he'd let

her stay on as his secretary. Or Stephen Curt might suggest a place of employment. It was either

find another job or go back to the farm, an admitted failure. Surprisingly, Diana found herself willing to sacrifice a great deal of

ther pride in order to prevent the latter possibility. She could see the smirk, however kindly, on Bill Jackson's face. Hear the mother's, "Well, I do hope you're salisfied now!"

Finally childhood training and

the desire to try a shrewd attempt to prolong her stay in this, to her, fascinating environment, forced her to turn and rapidly retrace her steps. She smiled wryly as she was thinking that her course containing has the choice her

certainly lay in the choice be-tween two humiliations. She had decided which would be the

Once again inside the warm building, she had to wait a mo-ment for an elevator and when

greater.

THE STORY: It did not matter that pretty, red-haired Diana Tucker had let her anger fines, told lawyer Hichard Thorpe to go is the devil, stormed from one office-except when Curt, writer and the stormer of the country of the countr

CHAPTER II

DIANA walked quickly from the room, breathing rapidly. Her were pounding, her head reeling madly. She had seen the consternation on Thorpe's face change to blazing rage, and was cious of a wild, delighted feeling of retaliation justly meted

She had not seen Stephen Curt's twinkling eyes, nor heard his chuckle of delighted laughter, but when she had slammed the door,

"Looks like the little lady's one about riving to control his fury.

Thorpe was striding angrily about trying to control his fury.

There were reasons why he did There were reasons why he did not want to display his ruthless-ness before Stephen. His wife, Best before Stephen. His wine Eyalyn, thought a great deal of Curt and it would not do at all to have his ill temper known outside the office. For many reasons he wanted Evalyn to continue to lieve that he was all sweetness

Already he was sorry for his outburst, but that confounded Tucker girl had always irritated him beyond belief. Who in hell did she think she was, talking to

him like that? And Curt, with his keen insight, seemed to be enjoying the situation out of all proportion to its importance. Thorpe knew that Curt had never really like dhim.

"The girl's impossible. We've fired her. This is her last day," he muttered angrily.
"I should think so, if you're in

the habit of yelling at the poor child like that." Curt grinned slyly. "Give the kid credit. She seemed to have heard of me, and when you mentioned my name, she was a little impressed. You ed up my moment of trib

Thorpe smiled unwillingly. "I'm sorry as the devil this happened, Steve. But the girl has been get-ting on my nerves for weeks."

ting on my nerves for weeks."

She's probably refused your advances, Stephen was thinking. She's probably taken no trouble to conceal the fact that she thinks you're a heel. She wouldn't bow down at your shrine, thank God! So you're getting rid of her. Well—it'll be somebody else's gain.

Anyone could tell that here was a rare girl. Stephen had known it somehow even when he glimpsed her in the outer office. It was her spirit, her fire. Curt liked women whose temperature could be persuaded above a luke-warm level. He'd like to see that girl gay and He'd like to see that girl gay and laughing. She'd be like a child when she was happy. He couldn't remember when

anyone, man or woman, had so interested him. Not Stephen Curt, the commentator. Many people drew his avid attention. But Ste-phen Curt, the man. Once more he chuckled inwardly.

"WAIT a minute. I'll call Miss Montgomery and we'll con-tinue," Thorpe was saying, anxious to restore a semblance

of order.

But Stephen Curt was gathering up his papers, stuffing them untidily into his brief case, ap-parently in a great hurry.

"Sorry-haven't time now Anyway, you've got all the dope Fix up the contract and then Laird and I'll sign it. Let us know when it's ready. No special hurry, of cours."

He took his hat and overcoat, let Thorpe help him into them and was soon out of the private office. But outside, as his blue gaze swept the big room eagerly, he saw only Miss Montgomery. her mouth still open in astonial ent at something that must have

just happened. Miss Montgomery had been waiting in the outer office to hand Diana a white envelope.

"Mr. Durbin asked me to give you this," she said, smiling in the you this," she said, smiling in the manner of a cat that has just swallowed a canary. Miss Montgomery knew quite well that the pretty nest into which she had fallen had been made possible because Diana had not been considered competent in the position. She felt she could afford to be generous and added, "We do hope you will soon be happy in some new location."

new location."
"Thank you. And you may go so the devil with the rest of them!" Diana said clearly, snatching the envelope with trembling

fingers.
Miss Montgomery stood speechless by the desk, her usually quick wit having completely failed her, and Diana, glancing back at her, laughed aloud. It was a childish gesture, but one destined to re-lieve somewhat the tension of her taut nerves.

BUT as she waited for the ele-vator, Diana's face burned with shame at what she had done with shame at what she had done and especially because Stephen Cart had witnessed her outburst. By the time she reached the street her exultant hysteria had passed and she began to feel more and more ashuned of herself. Exploding like that! And before Stephen Curt, too! What must he think of her? Perhaps she had better go back and apologize. his business with Thorpe and was going home. She hoped he would not recognize her in the crowd, but to her surprise he picked her out unerringly and placed his hand on her arm. His blue eyes, looking straight into her troubled gray ones, were warm and friendgray ones, were warm and friend-ly. And there was no escaping whatever it was he had to say to

I know so little, really, about some of my acquaintances that if one of them committed murder I wouldn't know whether to be surprised or not .- Dr. James H. S. Bossard, University of Penn-sylvania sociologist.

Small business has a job to do—to assume your proper and essential place in the mobilization of the industrial might of this nation for all-out effort .-Floyd B. Odlum, director, con-tract distribution, OPM.



OREGON

one finally descended and dis-gorged its passengers into the lobby, she found herself once **WOOLEN STORE** 8TH AND MAIN more face to face with Stephen Curt. He had evidently finished



By William Ferguson



NEXT: When surgeons had to be good.

## RINGED PLANET

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 11 Female horse 26 Toy flying devices. 27 Period. 16 Be present. 21 War aviator.

> geological time (prefix). 50 Lubricant. 52 Decay. 53 Australian bird. 55 Imitative. (abbr.)

1 Pictured

planet.

6 Heavenly

12 Weird.

14 Among.

18 Soften. 20 Pronoun.

24 Entangle

31 Worthless

33 Weight.

35 Rodent.

38 Also.

39 Employ.

41 Induce. 44 Pronoun

26 Mix dough.

23 Gain.

28 Drug.

leaving. 32 Small piece. 57 Tuberculosis 59 Small roll of tobacco. 61 Suffix. 48 Half (prefix). 62 Insect. 49 Division of 63 Certain 63 Certainly.

40 Sufficient. 42 Deserves. 2 Painter. 43 Tenth part 3 Dentures. (pl.). 4 Bright color. 45 Preposition. 5 Compass point 47 Musical note. 6 Jumbled type. 51 Persian 7 Permit. money 53 Out of 8 Called. 9 Buyer (law), 10 Bind. 11 Mother.

VERTICAL

(prefix) 54 Mitt. 56 Vitality. 13 Speed contest. 58 Near. 15 Doctor (abbr.) 60 Land measure

17 Nova Scotia (abbr.). 19 Print measure

21 Insect.

25 Wipe out.

29 Passively. 30 And (Latin).

Negative.

37 Uppermost



## **OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams



## YET, WALK OUT -mangana-WITH THE #14 =

OR, BETTER

By Fred Harman

MUST

BEA

HOLIDAY

OVER AT

THE

LAUGHING

ACADEMY



A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

TERMS WITH THE

POTTERY HEAD, FRIEND

WACKINGTON! .... WE

EXECUTIVES SPEAK

ONE ANOTHER'S LAN

GUAGE .... HAR-RUMPH!

WITH A MILLION, BUT

I'LL START HIM OFF

DON'T BE Y

UNDULY

NERVOUG-

T'LL DICKER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

MAYBE YOU BETTER LET

HIM TAKE THE FIRST

DIVE OFF THE BOARD, MAJOR --- THEN YOU WON'T

HIT YOUR HEAD ON THE CONCRETE IF THE WATER'S SHALLOW IF HE SETS

SOME RIDICULOUS FIGURE

LIKE #14, YOU CAN ALWAYS WALKOUT WITH

WOLF LIPS!

By Harold Grav

By Martin

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

RED RYDER



IT WOULD NOT LOOK SO NICE SCATTERED IN SMALL BITS ALONG A MOUNTAINSIDE IF I MAY SAY SO, SAHIB-GAD! WHAT A SHIP! WHY THAT BABY COULD WEATHER A TORNADO-ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

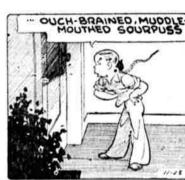


WMY, IT'S ALL
NONSENSE-WE CAN
SEE FOR A HUNDRED
MILES-COME ONALL ABOARD-IN
TEN HOURS WELL
THE REST OF
ONES BODY
BE HOME--TO PEPHAPS-TOO PERHAPS

**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES** 









WASH TUBBS









FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS







ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Ham!in



