

SERIAL STORY

LADY BY REQUEST

BY HELEN R. WOODWARD

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THE STORY: It did not matter that the pretty, red-haired Diana Tucker had told lawyer Richard Thorpe to go to the devil, stormed from his office except what must have been a faint smile...

fall against the curb. A creature of impulse, he decided. The Savola was all that she had imagined it. Many people knew...

DINNER WITH STEPHEN

CHAPTER III

"WHY are you going back?" Stephen Curt asked, his gaze sweeping over her flushing face. "Forget something?"

Diana, hearing the low, sure notes of his voice, felt that she was listening to all authority and understanding.

"I'm afraid it wasn't a very ladylike thing to say," she admitted wistfully, and saw him shake with laughter.

"Ladylike!" he chuckled. "So you were reared in that tradition, were you? My child, you would make a fine museum piece to be viewed on Wednesdays and Fridays only!"

"It's not nice of you to laugh at me," she said reproachfully. He sobered instantly. "No, it isn't. But then, perhaps I was not taught your sort of kindness. And we can't stand here in the crowded lobby forever, exchanging confidences. Come—have dinner with me."

"But for heaven's sake—why?" Diana demanded in utter astonishment.

"Because I want to know more of a girl who thinks it a virtue to be ladylike."

"You don't know my name." "You can remedy that with two words—you needn't tell me your middle one." He continued to seem highly amused by her fencing.

"I'm not sure it's proper," she said stiffly. "I'm not accustomed to dining with strange men."

"I'm sure you're not. As far as that goes, you know quite well who I am."

Diana was completely bewildered. From her knowledge of Stephen Curt, brief though it was, gleaned from his writings and the glimpses of him in Thorpe's office, she would never have believed him the sort of man to seek a dinner date with a discharged stenographer. He was definitely not the type.

HE was regarding her with concealed amusement, his blue eyes crinkling with laughter. "Have you summed up all the reasons why it would be profitable for you to dine with me?" he asked slyly.

Diana flushed, wondering if in addition to his other accomplishments, he could also read minds. She retorted, "Exactly. I hope you choose a much better place than the one to which I am accustomed!"

He took her arm and guided her toward the doorway. "I'll do better than that. I'll let you select the place."

"Then let's make it the Savola," she suggested with the audacious eagerness of a child. "I've always wanted to go there."

"Right."

Moving along the snowy street beside Stephen Curt, Diana was

was. Also surprised to realize that she liked him tremendously. Liked the way he swept everything before him, making people do as he wanted. Since coming to the city she had not met many men—had not been in the right places. So she had only her father and Bill Jackson—and Richard Thorpe—to measure Stephen by.

Her father was always saying, "Time for Curt," and hovered near the radio, grinning broadly, saying fondly, "It's a wonder someone don't bump that fellow off!"

Diana smiled, thinking how proud her parents would be to know she was dining with Stephen Curt. They'd think she was doing all right in town! In spite of being out of a job.

Stephen said, seeing her smile, "Your thoughts must be worth more than a penny."

"They are. I was thinking of my father. He's one of your special admirers. He'll be glad to know I met you."

"And you? Do you listen to my broadcasts?"

Diana laughed. "Afraid not. I was usually setting the table for supper when you were on the air."

He liked that. Any other woman he knew would have assured him of her undying interest and attention.

"Wait," Diana said suddenly, and stopped to buy a long green pencil from a toothless old crone in disreputable rags.

"Do you encourage every street beggar you see?" he demanded, half disapprovingly.

She flushed again. "I'm afraid I'm a sucker all right," she admitted apologetically.

"You'd better sterilize that pencil before you use it," he growled. She looked at it, startled. "I hadn't thought of that," she said, and as they were crossing the street he saw her let the pencil

definite look of good breeding, as well as a delicately etched beauty which he suspected might one day become warm and glowing. "You'll do," he said. "For what?" "You'll be looking for another job, I suppose?" "Of course. I have to work—or go back home."

Human hair is half as strong as the steel used in structural work. There are more than 200 varieties of holly.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



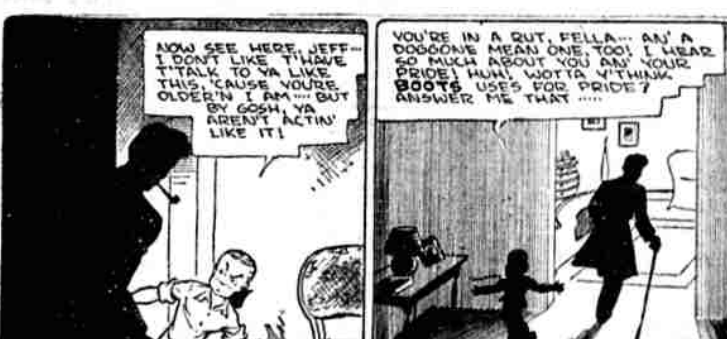
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



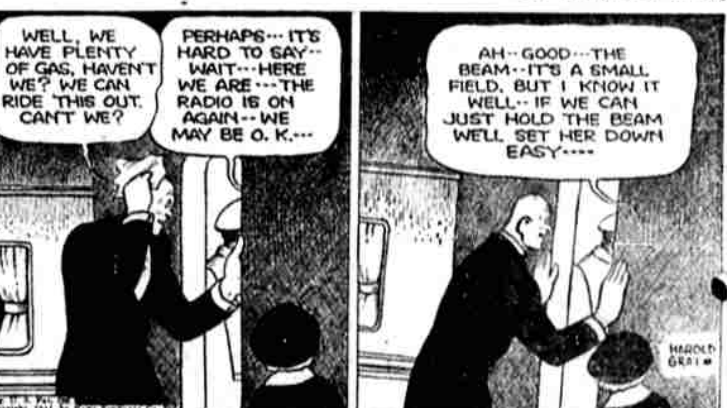
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



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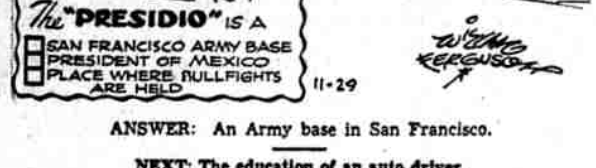


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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



LATE COMEDIAN

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Clues include: HORIZONTAL 1, 4 Pictured late comedian. 10 He became a stage actor at an early age. 14 Age. 15 Dexteros. 16 Story. 17 Atmosphere. 18 Extreme fear. 19 Munitions. 20 Writing table. 22 Turf (pl.). 23 Top of a wave. 24 Editor (abbr.). 26 Tons (pl.). 27 Part of foot. 28 Provides refreshments. 31 Sour. 33 Sailor. 35 Soon. 36 Greater quantity. 37 Pale. 39 Abrupt nasal sound (pl.). 41 Symbol for calcium. 42 Hawaiian bird. 21 Sharp. 23 Heart. 25 Doctor (abbr.). 27 Large casks. 28 Crow's cry. 29 Collection of facts. 30 2000 pounds. 32 High hill. 33 Skill. 34 Thing (law). 36 Native of Morocco. 38 Upright shaft. 40 Nay. 41 Idle, small talk (pl.). 43 Italian family name. 44 Roman road. 45 Stationary bell. 46 Row. 47 Domineered. 48 Fetid. 49 Air (comb. form). 50 Encounter. 53 Peculiar. 56 Near. 57 Symbol for tellurium. 58 Tantalum (symbol). 59 Type measure. 13 Remainder.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Clues include: 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70.