Yet there was nothing strained no appearance of striving for ad-justments to his surroundings in

justments to his surroundings in his manner. Easy, charming, distinguished. Diana glowed with pride in him and the thought that they were at least friends. "Liked each other on sight," Stephen had said. She'd treasure that, no matter what their future relationship might become.

After the meal her father said, "Would you like to go out to the barn with me, Mr. Curt? I'd like for you to see the new calf." And Diana knew that they would discuss the marriage in her father's strenghold.

THE STORY. "I don't like it." says Br. Tracker, farmer father of beautiful, red-headed Diana, when the commes home to tell him that famous Stephen Curt, writer and commentator, has asked her to marry him fer six months and \$10,000 to that he can save a \$2,000,000 inheritance he will loss unless he weds before he is 35. "I don't like it, but we will see when I meet him." Diana, fired from her job in a law office in the city after resisting advances from her employer. Richard Thorpe, is seriously considering the offer hecause Stephen has told her that the warsun he loved in married to another man, and her had been not love. Stephen is coming down to meet her family the next day, Diana already having met his stepmother. Ellen Curt. That night Mr. Tucker, Hatening to Stephen's broadcast, expresses again his admiration for the man. . . .

### STEPHEN MEETS THE FAMILY

CHAPTER VII ON Tuesday atternoon Diana walked down to Bill Jackson's store at the cross-roads. Her mother had gone off to a missionary meeting at the church and she had become so bored with her own company that she could stand it no longer.

Bill greeted her effusively.

Bill greeted her effusively. "Well, this is an honor. Take the chair by the fire."

chair by the fire."

He puttered about making her comfortable, hanging up her coat and hat. Diana laughed. "I haven't come to stay a week, you know, Bill."

"Now that I've got you here I wen't be letting you go soon."

She glanced about at the orderly shelves. There was a little of everything in Bill's store. A "general" store, it was called. Canned goods, produce, hams, dry goods, thread, fishing tackle, overalls—the people of the countryside could buy almost anything they needed here. Bill was an excellent storekeeper—genial, friendly, talkative. They all liked him. He was one of them. And Biana knew that the business was slowly but surely making him wealthy. ealthy.
As she sat by the fire, she

watched the customers come and go. She knew most of them and they all called greetings to her. They were interested to know why she was home, when she was going back. "It's not curiosity." Diana thought, "just friendly interest."

During the lulls in business, Bill came and sat beside her and talked. He spoke interestingly and well. You'd think he'd had a lot more than a high school education. That was because he read so much and kept abreast of the times. They laughed about things that happened when they were in

school. He told her about some of the boys and girls that she'd lost track of. He was in his element here in his own domain. Any constraint that had been present in his manner the night before had completely vanished. Here Bill Jackson was king.

FUNALLY he stood looking down at her, his eyes earnest and in-

at her, his eyes earnest and in-tent, his mouth a little grim at the corners. She saw a pulse beating nervously in his brown throat.

"I don't suppose it's much use to say it again, Diana, but you know I love you."

"Thank you, Bill. I cherish that. But you're right. It's no use. I'm sorry."

She saw his shoulders droop and was terribly sorry for him. "Oh, Bill, why does it have to be like that between us? It's so like that between us? It's so leasant just being friends with you—like this afternoon. Why don't you fall in love with someone who likes this sort of life and will make you a good, contented wife?"

He said, his jaw tightening, "You know anyone else after you would be like twilight after a lovely sunset."

She was touched and the quick tears came. "That was a beauti-ful thing to say, Bill. But you've ful thing to say, Bill. But you've got to get over me. You can't go on like this always—hoping—because I'm atraid I'll never really love you like you want me to. You see, there's something—I can't tell you just yet."

"You're in love with someone else?"

"No—it's not that."

"Then you can't stop me from hoping."

Later Joey Cowan, the boy who kelped in the store, came in to relieve Bill and he walked home with Dlans, stayed for supper. They played Chinese checkers with Mr. and Mrs. Tucker until late.

late.
Once more in her featherbed nest with only her rest exposed to the cold air, Diana drifted off to sleep thinking, "Tomorrow Stephen's coming."

SHE awoke nervous and excited. SHE awoke nervous and excited, accomplished her packing before going down to breakfast. Her mother and father seemed excited, too. They did not entertain such a distinguished guest every day. John stayed at home from school with his father's consent. "You'll probably learn more listening to Stephen Curt," Mr. Tucker said. And about 10:30 Stephen's big shining coupe swung up the driveway. Diana welcomed him at the door of the dining-sitting room.

He was like someone from another world, yet perfectly at home with her father and mother, talk-ing interestedly with young John.

Drifts of their conversation came to her as she helped her mother prepare luncheon, or "dinner," as the Tuckers still called it. A healthy, substantial meal, well cooked and appetizing. Stephen Curt ate as if he enjoyed it thoroughly, won her mother's high regard by his compliments

broadcast tonight," her father as-

some of your own opinions," Stephen laughed. "You know, you've given me several new ideas." "Don't be surprised if you hear

ideas."

He helped Diana into her coat and they all stood there saying goodby. Just before Stephen opened the door, her father put his arm around Diana.

"Why don't you tell your mother before you go, Diana, that you're marrying Mr. Curt very soon?"

(To Be Continued)

(To Be Continued)

BLIND PHOTOGRAPHER Manila has a photographer who is thought to be the only blind cameraman in the world. He has devised his own method of judging distance and light, and has developed a very successful studio. cessful studio.

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# cuss the marriage in her father's stronghold. She watched them go and wondered what would be the result of the conference. Would she want to go through with the strange affair if her father still could not place the stamp of his approval upon it? And what of Stephen Curt? Would he want to call everything off if her father did not approve? Would his apparent respect for Mr. Tucker color his future actions? Diana felt like a culprit who must await the verdict of a returning jury. They stayed in the barn for some time and Diana began to grow nervous with the thought that they would not get back to town for the 6:30 broadcast if Stephen did not hurry. It was a good three hours' drive and already it was nearly 2 o'clock. At last they came back in and both men were smiling. "If you're ready, Diana, we'd better start," Stephen said. "We'll be listening to your THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson





ANSWER: A volcanic rock tower in Wyoming; a basaltic rock formation in Ireland; a constellation of stars.

NEXT: Six hundred miles with a camel.

## SOUTHWESTERN STATE

17 Cud-chewing

alum. 21 Kind of fish. 22 Measure of

24 Merriment. 25 Enthusiasm. 26 Age. 27 By. 28 Coquettish

glance. 30 Distant. 32 Unit.

43 Coniferous

tree. 44 Roman road.

45 Skin opening. 46 Newspaper

paragraph: 47 Hops' kilns. 49 Matching

village. 52 Red Cross

(abbr.).

animals 18 Roman house-hold god. 19 Treat with

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted
state.

7 Much — is Answer to Previous Puzzle TRVING BERLIN 15 Universal language. 16 Italian coins IRVING 18 Convulsive BERLIN ODAY

tic. 19 Bronze. 20 Blurred spots 38 Edict in printing. 21 Automobiles. VERTICAL 1 Is indisposed. \$ 33 Make lace. 2 Excite. 41 Each (abbr.). 3 Those who 42 Priced. 40 Born. 42 Sun god. 3 Those who mimic. 4 Negative.

22 Otherwise. 23 Manuscript (abbr.). 24 To pierce with horns. 43 Century plant fiber. 45 Open courtyard. 48 Belonging 25 Cursorial bird 26 Roof finial.

28 Aged. 29 Salt. 31 Witticism. to it. 50 Anthems 34 Revoke. 52 Note in sca 35 Kind of flour. 53 Wrath. 36 Constellation. 54 And (Fr.). 37 Sheltered 55 Build. place. 56 Dims again.

5 Mineral spring. 6 Like. 7 Folding beds. 8 Palm leat. 51 Compass point 9 Toward. 52 Note in scale 10 Mineral-53 Wrath. bearing r bearing r 14 Peels.

48

**OUT OUR WAY** 

By J. R. Williams

# I'M JUST AGOIN' TO RUN OVER AN' SEE IF WE NEED CATTLE SALT I DIDN'T TOO. OUT- I'LL DANCE ANY WAIT HERE ON TH' MAIN ROAD BUT I GOT CURL AT MEDICINE SPRINGS TILL YUH COME FUST-I'LL BACK-I DANCED ALL NIGHT AN I CAN'T STAND WAIT HEAH NO MORE THE IRON MAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WHY, YOU DIRTY AMBULANCE CHASER! SHE'S MY PATIENT! MAC! TAKE CARE MHATS GOING ON? WHY--WHY-- ZEE! DR. ZEE! IM GLAD YOU'RE HERE! F THIS CHISELING BUSYBODY! YEAH!



YOURE NOT TAKING HER IN THERE! HAND THAT CHILD HERE!



SAID

THAT OUTLAND

BE QUIET! MOLENCE DOES NOT BECOME PUNY MEN! THE BACK WAY -- WELL SLIP IN THE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

WAKE UP MR. VAN WINKLE! I)

SWEEPER INTO THE RUBBIGH

BARREL IN THE GARAGE !...

IF YOU DON'T BUSTLE AROUND

A LITTLE YOU'LL GROW GO MUCH

SPEARS!

WANT YOU TO EMPTY THIS

BLUBBER THE ESKIMOS

WILL BE CHAGING YOU WITH

SZZZZZ-NOZZZ-AWK!

MARTHA, YOU KNOW I'M ALLERGIC TO HOUSE DUST!

15 AS SIMPLE AS LIFTING

HIS #300

15 IN THE

SWEEPER

By Fred Harman

By Harold Gray

A FINGER, BUT IT MAY PLUNGE ME INTO A FIT

OF SNEEZING! AH-CHOOLE S

OH, DRATIT! ALL RIGHT!

By Martin



TH - MINE I BUT LOW CAN BUT MY MY MINE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE



"Z" By Crand

WASH TUBBS



I WAS LISTENING AT THE SWITCH-BOARD, BASY. THE NUMBER HE CALLED WAS NOT THAT O'R TAXICAB COMPANY!





AH.HA!
HE'S LETTINS I'M AFRAID
PEOPLE IN
THE SIDE
DOOR...
THE'S GOING
THE SIDE
DOOR...
BUNDLES!
THE BOYS
TO GET
READY! By Blosser

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS









By V. T. Ham'in

ALLEY OOP





