

SERIAL STORY

LADY BY REQUEST

BY HELEN R. WOODWARD

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THE STORY: Pretty, busy Diana Tucker's father has given his consent to her marrying Stephen Curt, famous writer and comedian, even though he knows that it is a temporary marriage that will pay Diana \$10,000—her remuneration for having for Stephen a \$200,000 inheritance she will lose if he does not marry before he is 35. Diana accepts the offer for two reasons: Stephen has told her the woman he loves is married to another man; she does not want to go back to the farm and marry childhood sweetheart Bill Jackson, and has lost her job in a law office in the city because she resisted the advances of a certain "Duke," her employer. Too, she likes Stephen's stepmother, Ellen Curt, a temporary six weeks' marriage—she will work out for the beautiful, excitement-seeking girl!

DIANA MEETS PHIL

CHAPTER VIII

TWO days later Diana and Stephen were married. They had planned it all on the trip back up to the city. He insisted on taking her to the Clarendon, rather than back to her rooming house.

"You'll be more comfortable," he said. He gave her a generous check "for expenses" and said, "We'll call it an advance if you like," when Diana protested.

She had never had so much money of her own in her life. Five hundred dollars! She would have laughed if she'd known that Stephen feared it might not be enough, but was diffident about offering her more. The hotel room with its shining bath was the last word in luxury. She put herself in the hands of the hotel beauty experts and emerged with her red-gold hair done in a new, slightly more sophisticated manner as would be becoming to the wife of Stephen Curt. A pompadour in front with soft curls behind in the Gibson girl manner. Then she went shopping for a wedding outfit.

She finally decided on a Como blue coat in needle-point fabric, very slim and elegant, with a full-length banding of tipped frock. A simple blue shirt-waist frock, beautiful accents, a deeper blue. The kind of things she had always longed to buy. She also found a black dress in sheer woolen with a softly-draped, crisscrossing bodice. Filmy underwear, hose and cosmetics.

On their wedding morning a bleak wind blew steadily and sudden furies of wet snow fell at intervals. Dressing, Diana reflected that if her old saying "happy is the bride the sun shines on" were true, there were indeed stormy days ahead for her and Stephen Curt.

She knew she looked dashing and beautiful in her new outfit and that helped. She wished suddenly for her mother and father, but it had been agreed to keep the wedding quiet: Stephen was not even bringing his sister, Adela, and old Ellen Curt was not coming. Stephen had asked a friend—one whom he could trust.

They were waiting for her in the lobby when she went down—Stephen and his friend, Philip Bruce. They'd been boyhood chums, college mates and were closer than brothers.

DIANA wondered what she was going to think of Philip Bruce, for he was looking into her eyes with a strange intensity. He wasn't quite as tall as Stephen, but so straight that he gave the appearance of height. Broad shoulders, slim waist, untidy brown hair, laughing brown eyes.

They whisked her out to a taxi and soon reached the city hall. Stephen had made all arrangements and Judge Cavendish was waiting for them, but Phil dashed away and they had to wait for him. He came presently carrying a small florist's box.

"I had to see the bride before I knew what flowers to buy," he said.

"Damn!" said Stephen crossly. "I never even thought of it. Forgive me, Diana."

"Oh, well, you've never been married before," said Phil airily, throwing tissue paper right and left. "Now at my last wedding—" he broke off, having brought into view a tiny, adorable, old-fashioned bouquet, lace trimmed. Roses and valley lilies and mignonette. Sentimental and silly and very lovely. Like a dear, remembered valentine from childhood.

"Nothing garish or flamboyant for you, darling," he said, "something sweet and dainty and lovable!" His brown eyes met hers as he placed the flowers in her hands. She thanked him, a lump in her throat which she strove valiantly to swallow.

"Well, let's get going," said Stephen a little brusquely.

The ceremony was simple and soon over. Diana, listening to those matchless beautiful words, trembled a little. People should be punished for making a mockery of them. Would she be punished?

HE was in love with another woman. He wouldn't mind having Diana about, they'd be friends, but he wouldn't feel badly parting. She saw herself through 30 years, going to Stephen for advice, still being friends. When she went into her little business, he'd help her get started.

It wouldn't be like that with Phil Bruce. It wouldn't be safe to marry him for convenience. You could tell that by looking into his deep, ardent eyes.

Phil took them to the Savola for a wedding luncheon. Diana laughed a lot and talked a little feverishly. Stephen remembered once thinking she'd be like a child

protecting his friend, or her? "You needn't worry about me," she said fiercely. "I'll remember that I'm being paid for this!" There it was—that flashing fire that had so appealed to him. Amusement tugged at the corners of his lips. Poor kid—he mustn't make it hard for her. And ruefully he admitted to himself that he had been sounding exactly like a jealous husband.

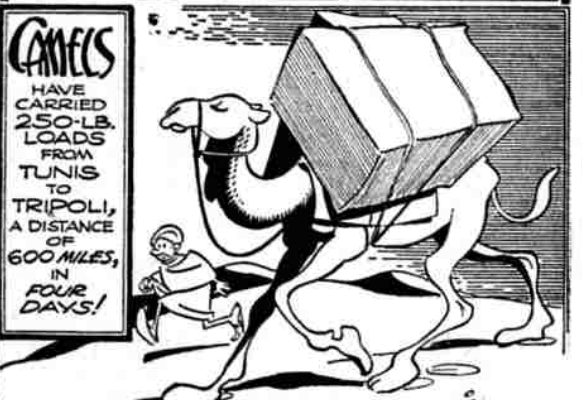
(To Be Continued)

When the first census of manufacturers was taken in 1810, the manufacturing volume for the United States was \$172,000,000 a year. Now the value of manufactured products at factory approximates \$60,000,000,000 a year or 350 times the 1810 figure. Production in American factories in one day now equals that of the entire year in 1810.

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW? IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE! AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY OREGON WOOLEN STORE 8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



QUIDDING ODDS IN SALINA, KANSAS, THERE'S A CONTRACTING CO. CALLED BUSBOOM & RAUH MY OLD COLLEGE YELL!

JAZZ INSTRUMENT

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for jazz instruments and other words.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-58.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



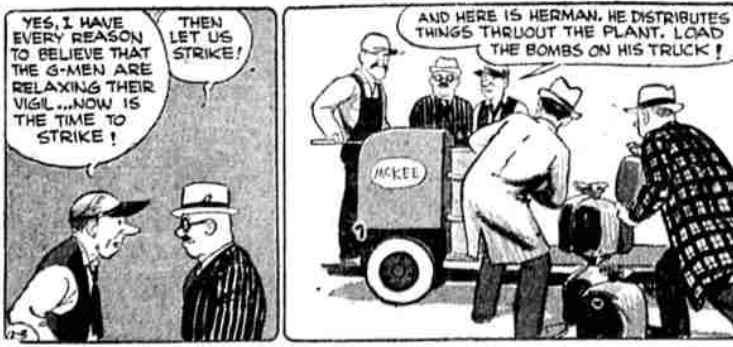
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

