ADELA IS RUDE

CHAPTER IX

THE Curt house was on fashionable Green street-a massive, tvy-hung stone mansion set in the midst of beautifully kept lawns. Diana knew that people who lived in Green street had lived there all their lives. No mushroom development, this, but a sturdy, steady growing with the town itself. Stephen Curt had never lived anywhere else. Seeing his home, Diana learned more in a moment about the man than had been possible in all their previous short acquaintance. She felt more of a stranger, an outsider, than ever before in her life. She thought of the simple diningsitting room at the farm and of Stephen's easy acceptance of their ways. She'd be equally adaptable in his home. She resolved it Sercely.

Stephen introduced her to Larkin, the butler, just inside the rest entrance hall. Larkin was old and dignified and looked at Stephen with adoration. He led them into the library where warmth from a log fire penetrated the far corners of the big, booklined room. As they crossed the ball Diana glimpsed the elegance of the drawing room-a white grand piano, a blue brocaded sofa, oft, thick taupe carpeting, an Adam fireplace and glittering handellers.

A girl was standing by the firelace in the library. A slender, intense-looking, dark-haired girl. As little like Stephen as could possibly be imagined. Yet he said, Diana, I want you to meet my sister, Adela. She knows all about arrangement and she's very grateful to you for helping

Diana held out her hand, felt the strong, claw-like grasp of the girl, looked into dark, hostile eyes, a resentful gypsy face. A thin, discontented face it was, with a petulant expression about the lips. Adela was dressed in the height of fashion, but with on appalling lack of taste, in clothes which did absolutely nothing for her vivid personality. Diana sensed that Stephen was a little nervous, that he was being very careful in giving Adela her cue as to how she was to accept her new sister-in-law. She saw white teeth flash in a cruel, red mouth. The voice was too sweet, too friendly.

"Welcome to the ancestral man-sion," Adela said in her peculiar, high, mocking voice. "I do hype you'll be able to stick it—until you've earned your money!"

Stephen flushed darkly, ancrily, but Diana said quickly, "I always try to be efficient in any

and held and after a moment Adela's fell.

LATER Stephen led Dians to the great carved stairway where Frieds, who was to be her personal maid, waited to show her to her room. Stephen said, his hand on her arm, "Please don't mind Adela. She's young—and apolied. She's had her own way so long."

"And may continue to have it for all of me," Diana said crisply, then felt sorry for him. She smiled briefly. "Don't worry about mp. I'll get along. Remember, I have red hair."

have red hair."

He stood there watching until she disappeared with Frieda in the upper hallway.

"Til have to be clever—to stand up to that girl," Diana was thinking. "She knows so much more than I do about this sort of life. She'll humiliate me if she can. She's taken a dislike to me. I must be very clever."

Frieda led her into a wide, beautiful room done in blue and gilver. A matching bath could be seen through a connecting door. "This will be really mine for a few months," Diana thought, thrilled as any girl would be at so much beauty and luxury. The so much beauty and luxury. The picture of the only two other rooms she had had came into mind—the cold upstairs room at the farm, and the bare little cubicle at her recent boarding house, She ran gratefully to the bright fire sparkling on the hearth.

After a moment she turned impulsively to Frieda, a middle-

pulsively to Frieda, a middle-aged, kind-faced woman, and held cut her hand. "Can't we be friends?" she asked in her quick, impulsive way. "I don't know

much about life as the Curts live it. I'm sure you must have been here a long time. I'm going to need a lot of help—and if you'll be on my side, I'm sure I'll get along."

PRIEDA opened her eyes widely and looked into the flushed, beautiful face. The news that the young master was bringing home a bride had excited the servants greatly, and Frieda knew that she was being envied this first intimate view of the new Mrs. Curt. But she had not expected such open overtures of friendship. She smiled delightedly and her handsmiled delightedly and her hand-clasp was firm and reassuring. "You may count on me at any time, Mrs. Curt," she said, pleased and friendly.

"One up on Adela!" Dlana was thinking triumphantly. "Frieda will tell me what to do." And the serving woman had been the first to call her by her new name. Mrs. Stephen Curt!

Now Frieda walked to the

name. Mrs. Stephen Curt!

Now Frieda walked to the dressing table, took up a slender jeweler's box, handed it to Diana. "Mr. Stephen asked me to see you got this," she said, smilling. Diana's fingers lifted the clasp. A glittering diamond bracelet met her eyes and on Stephen's card was written, "From the very grateful groom on your wedding day." Stephen had forgotten flowers, but he had remembered in a more substantial way.

in a more substantial way. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Diana lifted it, her eyes filling with quick, ap-preciative tears. He'd wanted to do something kind, to make her feel his concern for her the moment she entered this room that was to be so intimately hers. Her heart lifted. She would make her-self happy and gay and contented. She'd never let Stephen Curt re-

She'd never let Stephen Curt regret his bargain.

Which reminded her of Phil Bruce and Stephen's words concerning him. She found that she was still clasping the foolish little valentine bouquet, and opening one of the dresser drawers, she laid it very carefully inside.

(To Be Continued)

Eleven years ago Mel Ander-son of Glendale, Calif., built tiny motors as a hobby. Now he turns out thousands for model planes and cars. He has built 30,000 single-cylinder engines which go 7500 to 15,000 r.p.m.

Dave Bottrill of Montreal has patented a novel railway-mounted landing platform. As it buzzes along at 100 miles per hour, ultrafast planes may three-point on t easier than on "still" ground

> Headquarters for Bicycles **Tricycles** Wagons **Lionel Trains**

A Small Deposit Holds Anything Until Christmas

POOLE'S BIKE SHOP

THIS CURIOUS, WORLD

By William

21 Tread under

great degree.

composition.

47 And (Latin). 48 Girl.

vote.

57 Tone E (music).

55 From

2 Above. progenitors. 3 Encountered. 42 West African

4 Nostrils. baboon.
5 Greek letter 45 160 square

(pl.). rods. 7 God of love. 46 Credit

foot

Phone 5520



ANSWER: A fiat-bottom rowboat used by fishermen.

NEXT: Habits of swimming bears.

U. S. OFFICIAL

HORIZONTAL 18 Male parent. Answer to Previous Puzzle 1,6 Pictured U. 24 Feared in a 26 Fragrant 15 Comparative suffix. 16 Troop ship. 28 Eagle's nest. ISLADO EU AVSLMRISR NS OPALIS A PROPEL SCIENTIST 34 Barter. 37 Literary 39 Type of jacket VERTICAL 40 Distinct.

41 Plants. 43 Consumed

20 Burmese wood apirit. 22 Worm. 23 Man's name. 24 River in Scotland. 25 Exhausts. 27 Rendered fat of swine (pl.). 44 Varnish 29 Indian 47 Yale. mulberry. 31 Engineering 49 Doctors (abbr.).

degree (abbr.). 32 Males. 33 North American rall. 35 Afternoon (abbr.). • 36 Fresh-water fish. 38 Memorial.

S. official.

12 Reiterate.

(abbr.).

20 Burmese

13 Vexed.

50 Perfor 51 He is U. S under — of state. 59 Assault.

53 Noun suffix. 54 Make beloved. 56 Comely. 58 Hidden.

8 Pertaining to lore (zoo.). 9 Lighted. 10 Cloth measure Withered. Leases. 14 Attire. 17 Nova Scotla (abbr.).

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OH, I'M SURE SHE'D SOONER YOU'D MAKE HER. SOMETHING NICE FOR CHRISTMAS AND PUT THE MONEY IN THE BANK! GOOD IDEE, AIN'T IN THE BANK! I KNOW MY MOTHER WOULD! HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN THE MENT OF THE MENT OF

RED RYDER





By Fred Harman

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

un LETS

STAMPEDE

HIM BEFORE

HE CAN

THINK UP

A CASE OF MIGTAKEN,

ONE OF THE WALLFLOWERS

AT NICK'S POOLROOM TOLD ME OLD SITTING BULL IS

OF WAMPUM THAT GANTY COULDN'T CRAM INTO HIS SACK --- HE SOBBED ME OUT OF FIVE BUCKS

LAST SUMMER, BUT NOW

HE GIVES ME THAT

DISTANT COUSIN .

& LOOK!

AROUND FLASHING A LOAD

FAW! YOU

SCROOGES NEED NOT

ADOPT A STAGE WHISPER

THAT CAN BE HEARD

T'LL GLADLY REPAY

THE INSIGNIFICANT

SUMS YOU SO GRUDG-

11200

GREAT

CAESAR!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

HE'S NOT

SPOOFING=

13

D

INGLY LOANED -

By Harold Gray





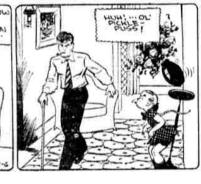






By Martin









WASH TUBBS

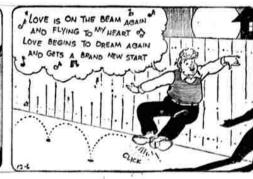




By Blosser

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By V. T. Hamlin

