

LADY BY REQUEST

BY HELEN R. WOODWARD

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THE STORY: It is obvious that spoiled, temperamental Adela Curt had her new sister-in-law, Diana...

—this privilege of going down into the unknown world below at his side and not alone.

He smiled at the picture she presented. "I suppose it's useless to tell you how lovely you look, since you've no doubt been standing before the mirror for the last half hour," he teased.

"Because you know black sets off your fair beauty," he hazarded gallantly.

She shook her head. "No. Because I read in a book that a well-cut black frock always gives a woman—quote—complete assurance of sophistication—unquote. And heavens knows, I need assurance tonight."

"Why tonight, especially?" "Because a certain person for whom I once worked—and once told to go to the devil—is to be a guest tonight."

He raised his dark brows in surprise. "You don't mean you're letting the thought of Richard Thorpe get you down?"

She longed to say, "Your sister knows I once worked for him. I feel they have discussed me together. She invited him here to annoy me."

But she only answered with mock seriousness, "I never know what to say to people I've insulted the next time I meet them."

Stephen laughed. "From my observation of the affair, I'd say you came off decidedly the victor Richard Thorpe.

Diana was at a loss to understand why the thought of Richard Thorpe's coming to the house should cause her such distress.

Aside from the fact that she had never liked her former employer and that she had left his presence the last time after telling him to "go to the devil," she knew she had no earthly reason now for this dread of seeing him again.

It was Adela who had invited the Thorpes and when she had told Diana that they had accepted the invitation, it was with a malicious amusement which Diana was quick to see and understand.

During the weeks that had elapsed since the snowy evening when Stephen Curt had asked her to become his wife, events had passed in such rapid succession that Diana was left breathless.

But with Frieda's help, she had selected the right clothes, presided over the household affairs with simple dignity and more than once wondered if she'd really ever known any other life than this.

Diana's relatives, completely overawed by her good fortune, had come down for dinner one evening and Stephen had exerted himself to be especially charming. There was no doubt that he was genuinely fond of her father, who could discuss with ease many of the subjects on which Stephen was considered an authority.

Stephen was kind to the two boys, too. Herman had come up especially from the State University for the occasion.

MRS. STEPHEN CURT was launched into a new and very exciting life, made all the more glamorous because she knew it was not to last. She was intensely interested in Stephen's writing and was delighted when on occasion he asked her to help him prepare copy. Now she was no longer nervous in taking dictation because Stephen was so patient and kind. Consequently she turned out manuscript that was a joy to behold and which Stephen, himself a hunt-and-peck typist, sent to his publisher with pride.

Even Miss Todd, Stephen's regular secretary, complimented her work.

Diana had been drawn to Elva Todd at their first meeting and subsequently they had become friends. Diana was sure that Elva was in love with Stephen, and also that he was completely unaware of the fact.

All in all, it was a pleasant, orderly, abundant life—except for Adela. From the first, Stephen's sister had resented Diana's presence in the house; had resented the ease with which "that stenographer" as she called Diana, had fitted into the life of the Curtis.

"Suppose he should really go to care for that scheming adventuress and not let her go when the time comes?" her thoughts would run in abject terror, when on occasion she saw Stephen's eyes following Diana. "Then they wouldn't want me around—they'd want to get rid of me! Stephen wouldn't—but she'd make him! She'd poison his mind against me. And where would I go? Where would I go? None of this would have happened if it weren't for that hideous old Ellen. She influenced my father to make such a ghastly will. How I hate that woman!"

Now, putting the finishing touches to her make-up, Diana was pleased with her reflected image. Her hair lay in smooth shining waves of red gold; her skin glowed from exquisite care and attention; and the warm white of her beautiful neck and shoulders rose from the folds of black chiffon where white gardenias lent fragrance and beauty.

She answered a low knock at the door to find Stephen, handsome in dinner clothes, waiting for her. It was a little attention for which she was always grateful

In your last encounter with Thorpe. And I believe you can do it again. Just say, 'Why, hello—how nice to see you again! That's the perfect formula for all occasions, isn't it? Ang before the evening is over you'll probably be calling each other 'darling!'"

Diana shook her head. "Somehow I don't believe it will go that far," she answered wryly. "But thanks for the recipe anyway. I'll try it out in my testing laboratory. And now—shall we go down?" (To Be Continued)

Never slam a car door when the window is at a half-way position. You may break the glass.

Motor car bodies of plastic materials with rubber fenders are now being studied by manufacturers.

The national forests of the United States have a total area of more than 162,000,000 acres.

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



A BLACK BEAR

IN THE WATER ALWAYS SWIMS IN A STRAIGHT LINE TOWARD THE OPPOSITE SHORE!

IF YOU ARE IN HIS PATH, HE'LL CRAWL OVER YOUR BOAT AND UPSET IT! IF YOU GET OUT OF HIS LINE, YOU'LL BE SAFE.



A PEACH TREE

WAS THE FIRST FRUIT TREE IN THE U.S. TO BE PATENTED! (FEB. 16, 1932)



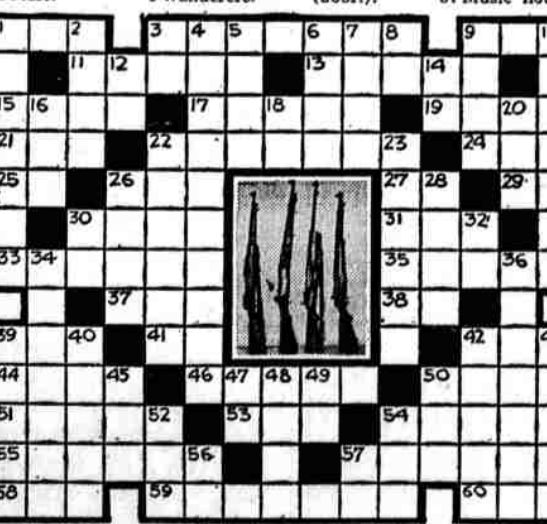
SPANKING ODDS

"SPANKING USUALLY MAKES A CHILD SMART," SAYS CHARLES METTE, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

NEXT: A feather in your hat.

SHOOTING IRON

- HORIZONTAL: 1 Pictured weapon, 3 Projectiles, 9 Soak up, 11 Suppose, 13 Ascended, 15 College dance, 17 Glide rhythmically, 19 Particle, 21 Male offspring, 22 Taken from a football game, 24 Health resort, 25 Pronoun, 26 Barricade, 27 Intb, 29 Boy's nickname, 30 Farm building, 31 Ocean, 33 Title of dignity, 35 Trousers, 37 Beverage, 38 Suffix, 39 On this side (prefix), 41 Delirium tremens (abbr.), 42 Male, Answer to Previous Puzzle, 16 Decay, 18 North Carolina (abbr.), 20 Open (poetic), 22 Barricaded, 23 Scatter, 26 Lure, 28 Close to, 30 Bushel (abbr.), 32 Article, 34 Set of five, 36 Trained, 39 Expenses, 40 Dubious, 42 New Zealand aboriginal, 43 Birds' homes, 45 Drink slowly, 47 Each (abbr.), 48 Extent, 49 Egyptian sun god, 50 Unfinished timber, 52 Born, 54 Directed, 56 Registered nurse (abbr.), 57 Music note.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHERE'D YOU EVER GET TH' STUPID IDEA THAT TAKES BLIN WITH COAL?

OH, THIS AIN'T FER THAT— THIS IS TH' ONLY THING WE COULD FIND TO SHOW WE'RE IN RUSSIA!

THE COALED CLIMATE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoopla



ALAS, TWIGGS! DAME FORTUNE IS A CRUEL JADE!—IMAGINE THE FRUITS OF MY INVENTIVE TOIL, \$200, VANISHING FROM MY WAIST-COAT AS COMPLETELY AS THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR!—I HATE TO THINK THAT A FOOT-PAD LURKS IN HOOPLA MANOR, BUT—EGAD!

HAVE YOU COMBED THE WHOLE RANCH?—YOU SNEAKED DOWN CELLAR EVERY HALF-HOUR TO COUNT THE ROLL—MAYBE YOU DROPPED IT THERE! OR YOU MIGHT HAVE BURIED IT UNDER THE PORCH LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU CAME HOME IN A BLUR!

HE JUST PLAINED 'SCOOBY FOREVER'!

NOPE!—HE HAS LOOKED UNDER THE RUGS, TOO!

By Fred Harman

RED RYDER



HUH! THAT BULLET HAD MY NAME ON IT!



WANT BILL MUST HAVE SENT IT, BUT IT NEEDED THE ADDRESS.



BLANCO'S FILE IS CLEAN AGAIN! NOW HE WON'T KNOW I FIRED THE WARNING SHOT RYDER!



OH—HELLO, BLANCO! I HEARD A SHOT DID YOU GET RYDER?

By Harold Gray

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



YOU MEAN TO SAY SHE'S NOT BADLY CRUSHED? BUT ITS IMPOSSIBLE! SHE WAS PINNED UNDER THAT BIG LIMOUSINE—



TRAPPED BUT NOT PINNED, OLIVER— ONLY A FEW RIBS CRACKED AND A LUMP ON HER HEAD— SHE'LL BE O.K. IN A WEEK OR SO—

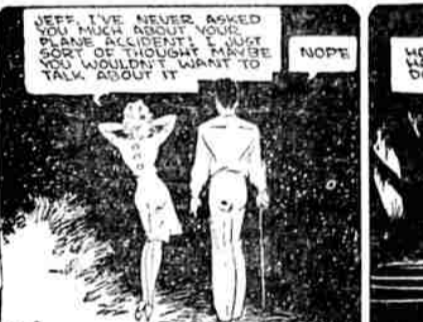


BUT SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WHY DOESN'T SHE COME TO?



HA! YOU'D BE OUT TOO IF 'DOC' ELDEEN HAD SHOT YOU AS FULL OF DOPE AS HE DID HER— HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HER COME TO— NOT WITH YOUR MONEY—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



JEFF, I'VE NEVER ASKED YOU ABOUT YOUR PLANE ACCIDENTS— I JUST WONDERS HOW YOU'D WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT



I'M SO GOOD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST A LITTLE PRESSURE



OH— CAN IT BE REMOVED?



WELL, YOU MIGHT WANT TO ENHANCE THAT ONE—

By Martin

WASH TUBS



HEAVENS! NO WONDER THE TELEPHONE'S DEAD!



THEY'VE CUT THE WIRES! SABOTEURS JIMMY GET SCOTTY! BLOCK EXIT FROM COLLARBUTTON DEPARTMENT!



HEY, NELSON! HURRY! SABOTEURS! THEY'RE PLANTING BOMBS IN THE MACHINE GUN PLANT! WE'VE GOT TO HELP EASY 'STOP 'EM!



BOMBS? LISTEN, VICKI, BOO MEN ARE IN THIS PLANT— THEY'RE IN DANGER! I'LL HELP EASY— YOU GET THOSE MEN OUT!

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



YEAH, MY NAME'S LARD SMITH! HOW'D YOU KNOW?



OH, I JUST GUESSED! I WAS IN TONY'S HAMBURGER JOINT AND A GUY CAME IN AND TOLD EVERYBODY ABOUT YOU!



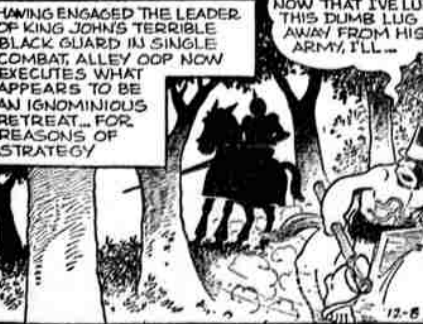
ABOUT ME? YEAH, HE MENTIONED A WOMAN NAMED MILLIE MCCOY! IT SURE MUSTA BEEN FUNNY!



WHAT'D HE LOOK LIKE? HE WAS ABOUT SIX FEET TALL, HAD A BIG MOUTH AND TWO BLACK EYES!

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



HAVING ENGAGED THE LEADER OF KING JOHN'S TERRIBLE BLACK GUARD IN SINGLE COMBAT, ALLEY OOP NOW EXECUTES WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT, FOR REASONS OF STRATEGY



NOW THAT I'VE LURED THIS DUMB LUG AWAY FROM HIS ARMY, I'LL—



OH, OH! HE'S BLIT CHASIN' ME!



HEY, WOPPO!! WHASSA MATTER, BOB? YOU WANT TO PLAY NO MORE?

By V. T. Ham'in