

LADY BY REQUEST

BY HELEN R. WOODWARD

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THE STORY: Famous writer and commentator Stephen Curt and his wife, Diana, are growing increasingly fond of each other, although their marriage is one of convenience by which Diana is to remain a bride for six months and \$10,000, thus saving for Stephen a \$20,000 inheritance he would have lost had he not married before he was 25. His stepmother, Eliza Curt, and Diana's former father, are hoping, however, that they will come to care for each other. Complications are presented by Evelyn Thorpe, beautiful blind wife of lawyer Richard Thorpe, Diana's former employer of Diana, and the woman Stephen has always loved. Diana, Stephen's spiteful, spoiled sister, who is having an affair with Thorpe, Diana wonders if later there will be a place in her life for Bill Jackson, a former sweetheart, or Phil Bruce, Stephen's best friend, wondering if she will be reluctant to give up her luxurious life as Mrs. Curt. One evening a frantic maid tells Diana that Adela is spending the night with Thorpe at his hunting lodge. Diana, regretfully foregoing a quiet evening at the Thorpe's, tells him she must go on an "errand."

lodge? Who, but Adela? It had all been a plot to discredit her in Stephen's eyes!

They drove silently through the night until they reached the portico of the house in Green street. Then Stephen said wearily, "I must remind you again, Diana, that you are still my wife and that I have a certain position to maintain. Also, you've made a bargain which you must live up to. And nothing must appear any different to the outside world—even after tonight. I demand it! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Stephen," she said softly, heart-brokenly, and climbed out of the car and went into the big, quiet house. Wearily she climbed the stairs to her room, and in the upper hallway met a sleepy-eyed Adela. "Been somewhere, Diana?" Adela asked, smiling maddeningly. "You do choose the nicest nights to run around in!" Diana felt herself writhe with cold, helpless fury. Adela would not feel so complacently triumphant if she knew how her precious Richard had made love to Diana.

"You wouldn't know where I've been, I suppose?" Adela shrugged. "Should I?" "Your brother is satisfied that I am liar and a cheat. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?" "I don't know what you're talking about!" "Don't you?" Flashes of fury darted along Diana's spine. "Then perhaps you'll understand this! I love Stephen Curt and I'm going to fight for him! What do you think of that?" A sneer crossed Adela's face. "Do you really think you'll win?"

TRAPPED BY TRICKERY

CHAPTER XVII

DIANA closed the door behind her, conscious of a savage desire to tear Adela Curt apart. Anything might have happened between her and Stephen this evening—their whole future settled. She climbed into the coupe and slung it angrily into motion. Esie had said it was 15 miles to Thorpe's lodge. By the time she persuaded Adela to return it would be very late and Stephen would more than likely have gone to bed.

The snow was falling thick and heavy over the roadway when Diana left the city streets behind and plunged into the open country. It seemed a long time until she came in sight of the lodge, its lights twinkling through the snow. Her headlights picked out the name on the gate. Doubts assailed her.

A moment later she was looking into the amazed eyes of Richard Thorpe.

"Well, this is a surprise!" He stepped back as she came into the warmly lighted room and closed the door behind her.

"I'm sure I've no idea to what I owe the honor of the visit," Thorpe said, his eyes lighting at sight of her clear, fresh beauty. "But now that you're here you must let me take your wraps and give you a drink to warm you!" "Thank you," she said curtly. "I shan't stay. I've come for Adela."

He raised his brows. "Adela? But surely you know she isn't here!"

"I don't believe you! I have information—"

He laughed aloud, mockingly. "So you're being a Girl Scout and rescuing her from the cruel clutches of a worthless scoundrel, eh? Well, my advice to you, my dear, is to let Adela go her own merry way to hell! She's eminently capable of taking care of herself—and also of getting you into lots of trouble!"

Diana was stunned. If Richard Thorpe was speaking the truth—"You have her hidden somewhere!" she accused.

He laughed again. "You have the privilege of searching the place."

"Thank you. I will!" He followed her from room to room, throwing open doors, chuckling softly, enjoying her chagrin. At last they were before the living room fire again.

"Convinced?" Diana ran a weary hand over her face. "Yes, but I don't understand—" How could Esie have been so mistaken?

He shrugged. "Just some sort of a misunderstanding. But you mustn't go! Now that you've found out I'm not nearly so bad as I've been painted—"

"I HAVE no further business here," Diana said coldly, but his hand on her arm stayed her. "Wait! Why can't we be friends, Diana? I know we got started off on the wrong foot. But I happen to know that before many months you may need friends."

"If I need friends, I'll probably be able to find them! And you won't be among them!" she retorted.

"Neither will Stephen Curt, nor Phil Bruce, nor my angelic wife—if they should find out you visited me here tonight!"

Her face was hot with shame. He was drawing her roughly into his arms. His face was dark above hers.

"You've always maddened me—defied me—you beautiful, desirable icicle! Do you think I'd bother with Adela or Evelyn—or any of them—if I could have you? Now you've come here of your own free will. What a delight to conquer you—possess you—"

A shaft of cold air pierced the room and Richard Thorpe released her so abruptly that she almost fell. They turned to see Stephen Curt standing in the doorway, his face a white mask, his eyes hard, his mouth grim.

Diana's breath caught, her heart turning over within her, and right then and there all hope vanished. No one—not even Stephen Curt—with his understanding—could be expected to forgive or forget the scene just witnessed.

It was Richard Thorpe who recovered and spoke first. "Well, Steve, I wasn't expecting you tonight!"

Stephen's lip curled. "Evidently not."

"I suppose it's useless to say I wasn't expecting Diana, either!" "Quite!" Stephen turned to Diana sharply. "You'll come with me at once!"

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Diana drooped suddenly, her eyes filled with tears, all defiance was gone. "Perhaps not," she admitted, "for you won't hesitate to lie and steal and perjure yourself to get what you want. But," with a fierce intensity, "even you can't keep me from loving him with all my heart!" (To Be Continued)

It won't be long till all photos snapped on vacations will have been shown to everybody.

Productive floor space of airplane factories rose from 28,334,025 square feet on July 1 to 30,192,752 on Aug. 1, an increase of 1,858,727 square feet.

Weekly payrolls of airplane plants increased \$664,784, rising from \$7,851,984 on July 1 to \$8,516,768 on Aug. 1, 1941.

Out of every 100 drug addicts in the United States today, 80 are men.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

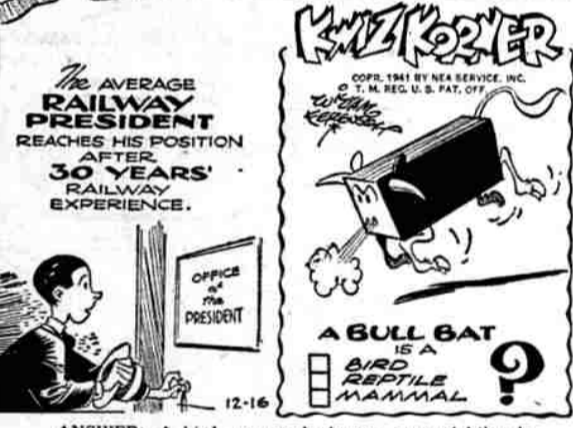


By Fred Harman



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

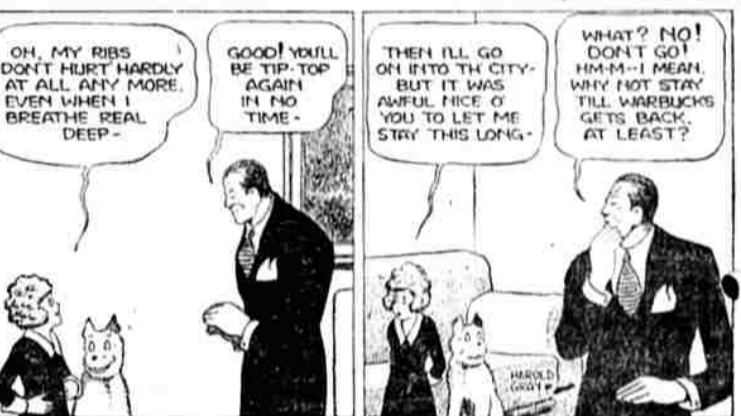
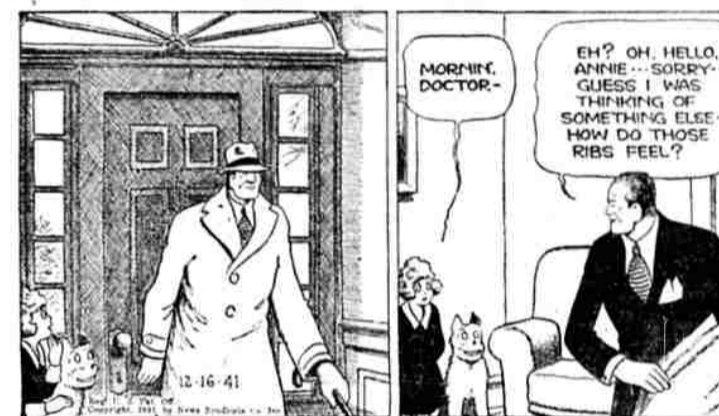
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: A bird, commonly known as a nighthawk. NEXT: Big guns.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray



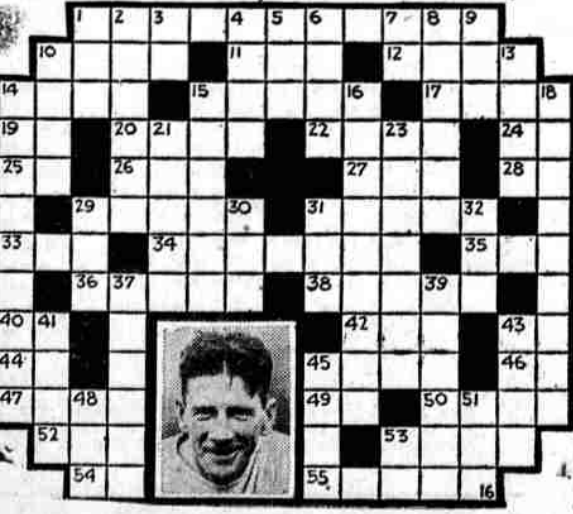
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin



COACH TO COMMISSIONER

Horizontal: 1 Pictured football commissioner. 10 Snare. 11 Even (poet). 12 Biblical name. 14 Perceived. 15 Nuisances. 17 Sheep, rugged note. 19 Transpose (abbr.). 20 Explot. 22 Genus of totalpalmate sea birds. 24 Suffix. 25 One (Fr.). 26 Printer's measure (pl.). 27 Footlike part. 28 Calcium (symbol). 29 Mediteranean island. 31 Algerian native cavalryman. 33 Feathered scarf. 34 Exaltation. 35 Northern. Answer to Previous Puzzle: JACK BOGG, BENNY AIRLINE, AUNT INIA, BOAT REBEL, SCAN B LAST, BUSHY PL, AN ERIE, NAIL IN, SMALL SE, AWAY LATA, PHIL, RADLO, OPERK, MARY, JACK BONNY, MET A, AE, ODD, PREAD, MEDIA, MARY. 53 Cereal grass. 54 Nova Scotia (abbr.). 55 Ordain. Vertical: 1 Sooner than. 2 One who lands. 3 Military police (abbr.). 4 Bamboo-like grass. 5 French article. 6 Social insects. 7 Down (prefix). 8 Turn into. 9 Neither. 10 Sea gull. 13 Levantine, sailing vessel. 14 Those who stumble. 15 Implement for breaking substances in a mortar. 16 Adherent. 18 Full of charm. 21 Arabian chieftain. 23 Tendency. 29 Head covering. 30 Organ of hearing. 31 Perch. 32 Unwell. 37 Genus of plants (pl.). 38 Pertaining to atoms. 41 Wander. 43 Surfeit. 45 Unadorned. 48 Front of an army. 51 Perform. 53 Egyptian sun god.



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin

