## SERIAL STORY LADY BY REQUEST BY HELEN R. WOODWARD COPYRIGHT. 1841, NEA BERVICE, INC.

5 STORY: The climax of insults aimed at Dians Curt s distor-in-law, Adela, comes the vicious, splitfol, girl a meeting between Diana Then the victure without, with the victure employer, flirta-tion a her former employer, flirta-tions flichard Thorpe. Diana, knowing Thorpe and Adela are inghen anfalt, goes to his hurt-ing lodge believing Adela is there-inghen anfalt, goes to his hurt-ing iodge believing Adela is there-ing and the same together, is his marritage is Diana is there-tratied to scoure he would one re-eving and sue of convenience, com-ritatied to scoure he would one re-eving and sue of convenience, com-ritatied to scoure he would one re-eving and sue of convenience, com-ritatied to scoure he would one re-eving and sue of convenience, com-ritatied to scoure he would one re-eving a flirt of the scoure of the second state of the scould be and who is a trongly a threat the defore the second state of the scould be and who is a trongly a threat the discreted who is a trongly a threat the discreted where, Diana ff threat Adela aske when her plot to discrete the scoure to fight for him f frephen still feels, how ever, that Diana is hisnosean, although she America, be infuriates Adela by word comes that Stephen's plane is missing. Adela scout for her plang, crafty Aunt Christio as and the there weat. "I WONT BELIEVE IT!"

"I WON'T BELIEVE IT!" CHAPTER XX

ON the fourth day after the dis-

appearance of Stephen's plane the broadcaster said, "Bits of floating debris picked up 20 miles west of Cristobal indicate that the lost plane of the Pan-American Airways cracked up somewhere in the vicinity. Hope has been abandoned that Pilot Smith might have found his way down to some secluded cove to await better weath-

er." Diana stood up, her face as white as death, her whole body trembling. "Excuse me," she choked, and left the room. She never knew how she got into her wraps, but suddenly she found herself walking through the night, utterly without destination or plan. The pounding of her heart was echoed in the pounding of her footsteps. "It isn't true, it isn't true!" The words beat them-selves into her brain, until they became the refrain of her breath-ing. Stephen couldn't be deadl ing. Stephen couldn't be deadl There was too much unsaid be-tween them. Unfinished, incom-plete. "It isn't true. I know it isn't true!"

Weariness claimed her at last Weariness claimed her at last and she looked up to find herself in the vicinity of old Ellen Curt's apartment. After a moment's hesi-tation, she went up and entered without knocking. She found old Ellen crouched by the radio, tears streaming down her cheeks. She looked up as Diana entered and the anguish in her eyes was pitiful to behold.

"Don'ti" cried Diana harshiy. "It isn't true. Don't you know it can't be true?"

And she flung herself to the floor and buried her head in the old woman's lap.

The president of the airways company called to see Diana, of-fering sympathy and regrets. The President of the United States sent a message of condolence. The house was overrun with re-porters syndicate representitives porters, syndicate representatives, and radio officials. Diana sent in the last column Stephen had writ-ten and the papers made much of it, edging the words in black. The whole country seemed to regret the passing of a great and bril-liant man.

liant man. But Diana, alone in her room, fold herself again and again that Stephen could not be dead. "He can't be gone!" Through all the hard, unhappy days, Diana kept that assurance in her heart, until at last she came to believe that no matter what anyone else said, Stephen Curt would never be dead to her.

PHIL was priceless help during These days-interviewing peo-ple, keeping the curious away from Adela and Diana, attending to countless troublesome details for them, all the while his eyes shadowed with genuine sadness

Adela kept to her room in the ompany of Aunt Christie, for hich Diana was devoutly thank"Look here -- Steve wouldn't want you to make yourself ill worrying over his affairs." She thought that over. "No, I don't suppose he would." don't suppose he would." (To Be Continued)

"This policy is made to you-that's all I know about it. If you will just sign a few papera-" "No!" One of the great things at stake . . . . is nothing less than the preservation of private enterprise . . . and the blunt commion truth is that if private en-The word hung in the still room terprise is going to come through

like an explosion. If she took the money, Diana felt she would be admitting to the world—to herself —that Stephen was dead. And he wasn'tl Over and over she told it has got to undergo consider-able improvement.-Donald M. Nelson, executive director, SPAB.

## JOHN DEWLANEY stared at Di-SOLDIER-PRIME MINISTER

ana. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Curt-I don't understand." Stephen had wanted her to have the money, had taken time, that last busy day, to think of her Winston Churchill, England's prime minister, was a soldier at 19, saw the Spanish campaign in Ceuta, served in the Indian frontier wars, the Sudan campaign in 1898, the Boer war and the World war.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Inst busy day, to think of her future. She amiled rather wanly at Mr. Dewlaney. "I hope you won't think me queer, but I'd like your company to just-just keep that money for me for a while. Could you?" Dewlaney was bewildered.

you?" Dewlaney was bewildered. "Why-I suppose it can be ar-ranged-held in trust. But it's a bit unusual." "Thank you!" Diana wanted

wasn'ti hat!

hank your Diana wanted him to leave at once, so that she could go back to her room to think over this new evidence of Ste-phen's regard for her. He did, finally, after much conversation, and Diana started for the stairway. But Larkin interrupted her again. She was wanted on the telephone-long distance, it was. It was her mother, urging Diana to come home to the farm, at least for a few days. Diana assured her that she was quite well and definitely needed where she was. She turned from the phone to find Phil Bruce standing beside her. He noted her white face, the

> DECATUR, HULINOIS,

> > WSOY!

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SO

HAS

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted indoor winter

dark circles under her eyes. dark circles under her eyes. "You look downright puny!" he said bluntly. "Need fresh air. Come for a drive with me." She smiled, shook her head. "Thanks, but I'd rather not."



OUT OUR WAY

OH, SO THIS IS TH' NEW ADDITION YOU'RE ADDIN'TO TH'SHOP! BUT THAT AIN'T OUR PROPERTY THERE-THAT BELOWSO

THAT BELONGS

THE WEED KILLERS COFR. 1941 BY MEA BLEVICE, MIC. T. M. BET.

## **RED RYDER**



By J. R. Williams

WHEN

THE

## **OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople**



BROKEN GARAGE WINDOW? VIZELAR AN ALL BERIES, B 1. 10 Balt. 10. 8. Pat

By Fred Harman



ful. She felt that later she might be more able to cope with Adela. Her father had come to Diana as soon as he got the news. They sat for a long time talking about Stephen Curt,

"I guess you've often wondered by I changed my mind so suddenly about your marriage that day," Mr. Tucker said. "But after talked to Stephen, I knew every-thing would be all right. I knew it from something he said."

"What? Oh, tell me!"

"He said, 'Maybe it won't be a make-believe marriage after all, Mr. Tucker. I'll try my best to make it real.' And so I always hoped..."

One morning Larkin summoned Diana to the library where a vis-itor awaited her. "I am John Dewlaney from the

insurance company," said the tall man who rose at her entrance, "I have come to make arrange-ments for paying over your late husband's insurance.

husband's insurance." Diana was startled. It was the first time the thought of insur-ance had entered her head. "Who-to whom is it made out?" she questioned, this aspect of the matter bringing to her mind

more clearly than anything else had done the fact that Stephen was really, in the eyes of the world, dead. Insurance companies did not pay unleas they were sure —had proof. Her heart grew cold within her breast.

"You are the beneficiary, Mrs. Curt, of this particular policy," John Dewlaney said. "The sum is storogon" lis \$100,000!"

Diana stared. "But there must be some mistake! Stephen's sis-

"The sister has been amply pro-



12 Compete. 13 Greek letter.

TONIC

