

# MAD MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of "HEART HUNGRY," etc.

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
GYPSY M'BRIDE, 18-year-old typist, is delayed when she goes to meet the boat bringing Alan Crosby, who has been away for a half year studying art in Paris. The couple met on the pier and Crosby, since the days when both of them lived at the same cheap rooming house. The couple have been an "understanding" between them.

"But, Alan, dear, they're my friends! And you know I do so want to help you!"

Crosby leaned toward her. "You are helping me," he said. "You have. I don't suppose you could ever realize how much you've done for me!"

"Why, just looking at you and knowing any one could be so beautiful is something I can't quite express."

Catherine Langley smiled serenely. "Compliments pleased her.

"Then you'll do just this one little thing to please me?" she said softly. "This one little thing—for me?"

The young man hesitated. His eyes grew serious.

"Catherine," he said earnestly, "you know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you! But don't you see the situation? I've got to work and make money. A lot of it. Right away. Every cent I had I spent in France."

**THERE** was silence for a moment. From beneath lowered lashes Mrs. Langley smiled the tiny tip of a green kid slipper.

"You—you mean you don't want me to see me any more?" Her voice was low, carefully restrained.

It brought Crosby to his feet and seated her.

"Of course not! Catherine, you can't think that! That isn't what I mean at all. It's—oh, damn it! Don't you see that's exactly what I don't mean?"

The gold lashes raised for a fleeting instant, lowered again.

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Alan," said Mrs. Langley. "Suppose you tell me?"

He had taken both of her hands in his. "But I can't tell you!" Crosby explained. "I can't tell you now. It's because you're so wonderful yourself that money—all these luxuries you take as a matter of course—seem unimportant.

"But they are important. And they take money. That's why I've got to work. You'll let me come to see you just the same, won't you? Not at parties, Catherine, but evenings when we can be alone?"

"Times when we can talk together the way we did in Paris! That's the way you can help me. You understand, don't you?"

The vanity which was the chief force in Catherine Langley's personality had been stirred. She raised Crosby's hand and touched it gently to her cheek.

"I understand," she said, "that you are a dear boy. Is that enough?"

The gray-green eyes were guileless. It was a pale Mrs. Langley who had played frequently and she played it well. Young men in the early 20s (Crosby was 24) found that clear gaze devastating.

There was a wordless instant. Then he caught her in his arms. Crosby's lips were pressing kisses on Catherine's cheeks, upon the flaming, painted Cupid's bow that was her month. Over and over again he kissed her.

"Catherine!" he whispered at last brokenly. "Oh, Catherine!"

She drew away slightly. A faintly mocking quality came into the woman's smile. She knew so exactly how to time her moods.

This young artist not only would be a handsome escort, but he was proving manageable. It would all be as easy as she had hoped.

"There will be other times," she reminded him, rising. "And we will have evenings together—as in Paris. But my little party this evening you won't come?"

Crosby nodded.

"Of course I will."

Mrs. Langley moved toward the mantel and drew one of the scarlet tulips from the amber bowl. Then she turned about, toying with the blossom. She could see her reflection in the mirror across the room. She was pleased with the reflection.

**T**HE afternoon sunlight, pouring into the southwest windows of Catherine Langley's sitting room, sifted through curtains of pale gold gauze and fell in gleaming yellow pools on a carpet over which ancient Persians had toiled.

Part of the sunlight caught in the dark green draperies which reached to the floor. Part of it fell on velvet upholstery and fine carved walnut.

And some of the sunbeams—a particularly favored group—danced about the titian head of Catherine Langley who, at 34, still looked young enough and lovely enough to deftly dancing sunbeams.

She was leaning back against a low, tapestry-covered divan. Her frock of sheer green crepe with delicate embroidered tracery of gold, had been cut and fitted by a designer whose name was world famous.

The glowing auburn hair, swirling with careless perfection and drawn back from the ears, was like a coronet.

Mrs. Langley's aristocratic face was utterly pale except for the lips which formed a narrow crimson bow. Her eyes were the green of her gown, shaded with gray.

Everything about her—from the flaming bowl of poppies on the mantelpiece to the jade ash tray on the low table beside her—had been chosen as stage properties to enhance the beauty of their owner.

Mrs. Langley's expression was thoughtful. She spoke in a low, contralto voice:

"But you must see!" she was saying, "how important it is for you to know these people! They have influence and they'll help you."

Alan Crosby snuffed out his cigarette and moved uneasily.

"Let me see if you mean that."



YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

MORMON RESORT  
ABIES L. MOVER  
RENT PAW WAVE  
ADD HUMID LEA  
TI MONITOR RD  
TEBOE N GAVEI  
SNAP FAT PINT  
ACT LATTIN ACE  
BE RECEDES EN  
LAUNTAESAU  
EGRESS STIPES

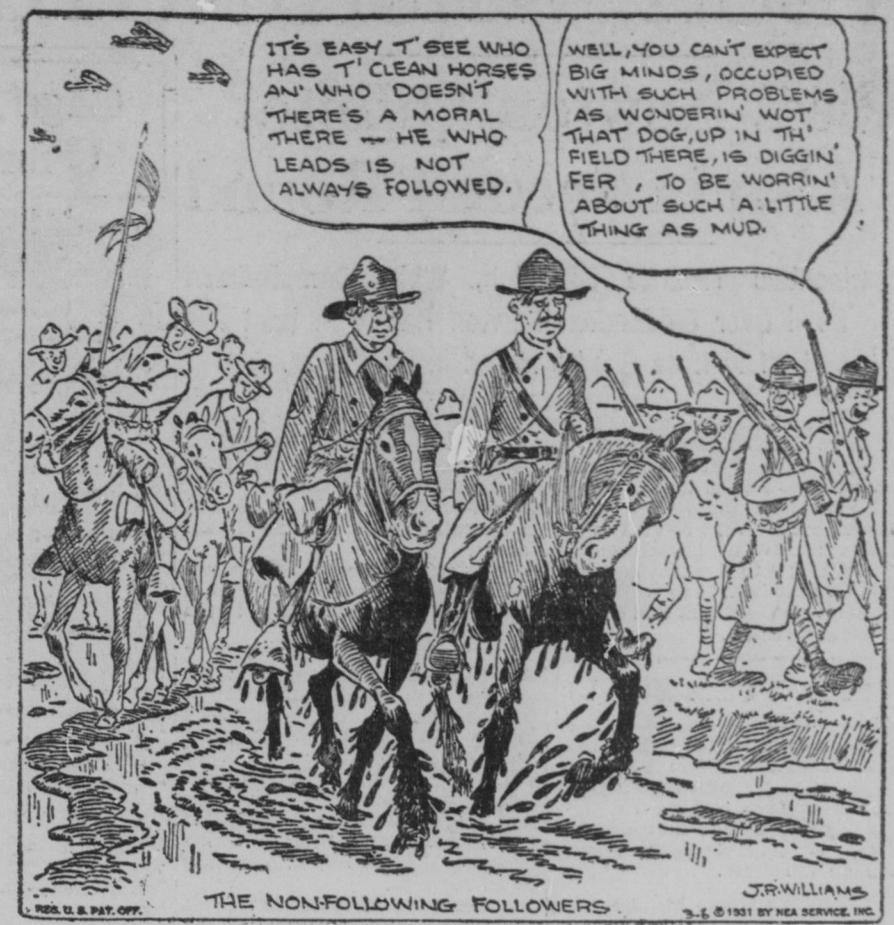
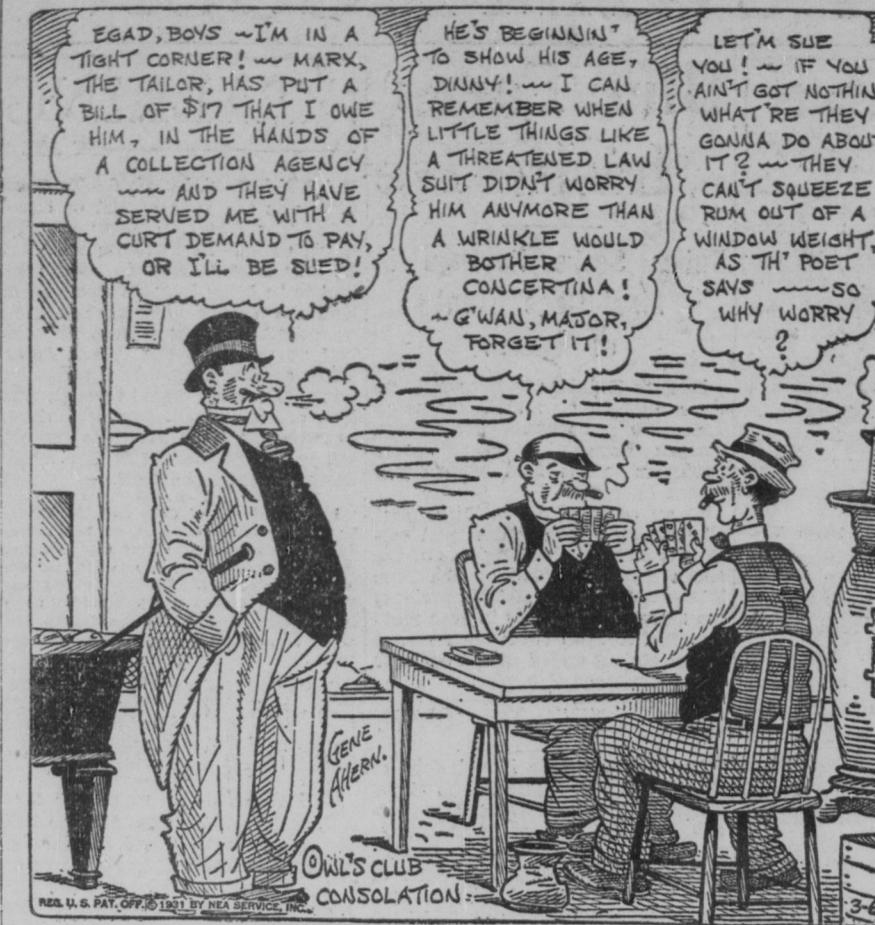
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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



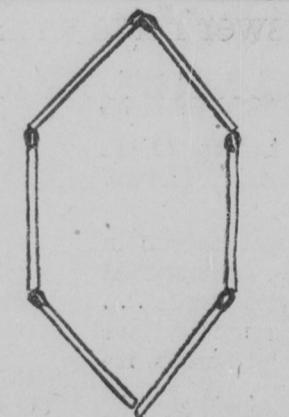
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASHINGTON TUBES II



## STICKERS

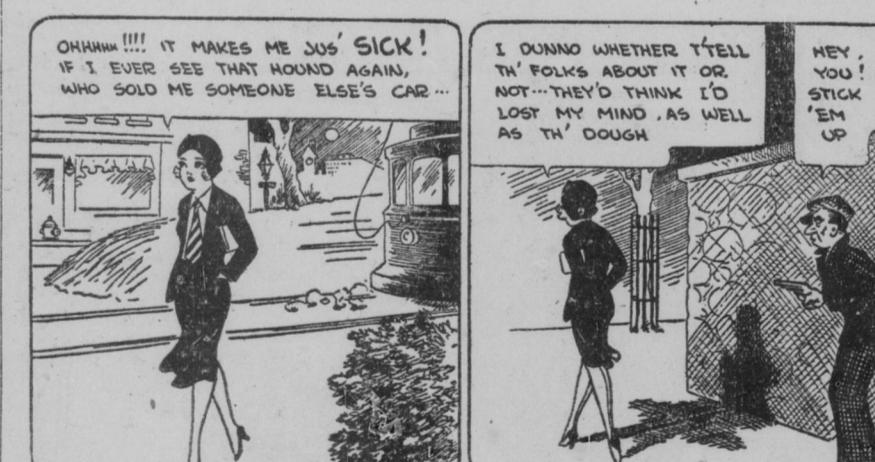


Place six matches in the positions shown above. Then, by changing the positions of two of them and adding one more match, you can form two diamonds.

## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



In the dim recesses of the monkey's little brain a plan formed to foil the priests and save Tarzan of the Apes. This was quite the most important thing that had occurred in the life of Manu. He wanted to dance up and down, scream and jabber—so cold and threaten the hated Oparians. But something told him nothing would be gained by this. So he sprang into a tree and tried very hard to concentrate upon the thing at hand.

Just before darkness fell, Cadj, the high priest, saw a little gray monkey disappear over the summit of the outer wall some fifty paces from where he and his fellows crouched, waiting for the coming of the fighting men. But monkeys were numerous about the ruins of Opar and Cadj paid this one little attention. So he did not see the little gray figure scamper off across the valley toward the intruders who were camped now upon a large kopje, about a mile from the city.

Little Manu was very much afraid out there in the growing dusk. But he scampered on very fast, with his tail up and out behind him. He reached the kopje safely, pausing on its summit to take breath. Yes, there below him was the great Tarmangani, Tarzan. With him were some fifty Gormangani. They seemed to be building crude ladders out of small branches lashed against long poles. The purpose of all this, Manu, of course did not understand.

If he had, he would have known it was part of the plan born in the fertile brain of Flora Hawks. By this means her men were to scale the steep kopje, at the top of which lay the hidden entrance to the treasure trove of Opar. He would have known, too, that the giant white man was Esteban, the "false" Tarzan, and not the ape-man himself. But Manu did not know, and so, regaining his breath, he climbed down to deliver his warning to the supposed friend of his people.

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs