

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY McBRIDE, 19-year-old typist, was to meet the boy who is bringing her home from a year and a half of studying in Europe. The couple are not engaged, but there has been an understanding between them.

On the day she sees a beautiful young man, Gypsy is in a rooming house. The couple are not engaged, but there has been an understanding between them.

He goes to Mrs. Langley's lavatory and there is a beautiful young man. The couple are not engaged, but there has been an understanding between them.

Now go on with the story

CHAPTER FOUR
In the house across the way there were lights and a woman moving about the kitchen.

Downstairs the girl knew Alan Crosby was dressing for dinner. He had spoken vaguely of spending the evening with "people he met in Europe."

Nothing at all about when he was to see Gypsy. Not even a dinner party with her. It is evident that Alan had changed.

That, unfortunately, was not the worst of it. The worst of the situation was that Alan had changed and she had not.

Gradually the sky darkened. More lights blinked in the opposite building and the odor of cooking food reached Gypsy's nostrils.

Even then she did not think of eating. There were crackers and cheese and a jar of marmalade in the square tin box on the table.

Across the room, but Gypsy did not think of them. Neither did she switch on the light. Darkness was a blessing.

Gypsy did not know what time it was when she at last arose, slipped out of her clothing and prepared for bed.

Not until her head reached the pillows did the tears come. Then she wept bitterly, choking sobs. She wept until exhaustion quieted her.

Crosby's neglect gradually became less of a tragedy. He would explain it all when she saw him tomorrow.

Alan would make it seem very ally of her to have been so miserable. Comforted, at last, she slept.

Sure enough, the following morning he hopes were justified. It was 11 o'clock. Gypsy was coming up the stairs after breakfast and a walk.

As she passed the third floor landing Crosby's door opened. The young man appeared, smiling.

"Gypsy!" he called. "Wait a minute—I want to see you!"

Gypsy came down the stairs one step. "What do you want?" she asked.

Crosby stood in the doorway, both hands on his hips. His dark hair was tousled as usual and his eyes looked sleepy.

"Now, is that the way to speak to an old friend who's been banished from God's country for forty years?" he chided. Gypsy, my child, where are your manners?

It was impossible not to respond to that good-natured grin. Gypsy smiled, came down the two remaining steps.

"Beg pardon, my lord!" she said, with mock humility. "I'll see that it doesn't happen again, my lord!"

She dropped a deep courtesy. Crosby laughed. "Impudent little upstart!" he scolded. "By George, Gypsy, you're looking pretty this morning. Say—I've got a lot of things to talk to you about."

"Have you got anything to do right now? What do you say we brave the elements? Take me out and show me the town. I want to take a long walk, the way we used to."

"Where'll we go?"
"Anywhere. Have they still got the Battery?"

The girl nodded.
"And the Bronx Zoo?"
Another nod.
"And Riverside Drive?"
"All three."

"Then let's walk up Fifth avenue." It was nonsense, but to Gypsy it sounded like the world's most scintillant wit.

"Wait—I'll be ready in a minute!" She was wearing her hat and coat. Gypsy already had walked ten blocks that morning. She ran up the flight to her own room.

From the depths of a tiny closet

hung with clothes the girl drew a pair of brown lizard pumps. They were smartly made with short vamps and high Cuban heels. The pumps were obviously new.

Gypsy kicked off her worn oxfords and pulled on the pumps. They were flatter to her small feet. She paused before the dressing table to dab powder on her nose. No need to waste time on rouge—her cheeks were warm with color. A moment before the mirror, patting and poking at the waves of hair which showed beneath the brown beret.

Then she was ready.
"I'm coming!" Gypsy called.

There was no one in sight, but the door of Crosby's room was open. Through the opening Gypsy caught a glimpse of the young man struggling to get one arm into his overcoat. He heard her, turned and came into the hall.

"Can't find my gloves!" he grumbled. "Have to go without them, I guess."

The girl laughed. "If I've heard you say that once I've heard it a hundred times," she said. "That's one thing you didn't learn in Paris, did you—how to remember where you put things?"

She searched the overcoat pockets. No gloves.

"Oh, I probably lost them," Crosby complained. "No use wasting time hunting any longer."

Gypsy stood in the doorway, surveying the room. Suddenly, as though inspired, she darted inside. "Here they are!" she said, kneeling beside the steam trunk. From behind it she pulled two crumpled pieces of leather.

Crosby accepted the gloves. "Thanks," he said. "Must have knocked them down there last night."

His good humor was restored. They went down the stairway laughing. On the first floor Mrs. O'Hare was disappearing through the door of her private quarters.

"Good morning!" Crosby called gaily. "What time is it?"

"We're going out to the metropolis," Mrs. O'Hare tossed her head instead of answering. It was meant to indicate disapproval, but was unconvincing.

Where good-looking Mr. Crosby was concerned, the landlady never could quite hold to rules that were arbitrary with other roomers.

The young couple went through the front door and paused before descending the steps. It was nearly noon on one of those bright, rarely warm days that sometimes occur in late February.

Crosby threw back his head. "Why, it's spring!" he said. "This isn't New York in February. It's spring!"

Gypsy glanced up happily at her companion. None but the most commonplace of phrases came to her.

"It's a beautiful day!" she said softly. She meant it. Windswept fields of daisies against an azure sky could not have seemed so beautiful as the grimy city street that morning.

They walked east toward Fifth avenue. There was a Sunday quiet about the streets. Men, women, and children walked leisurely, enjoying the sunshine. Even the motor traffic seemed subdued.

Crosby kept up a running-fire of conversation. He asked questions and before the girl could answer was launched on some anecdote of the trans-Atlantic voyage or Paris.

"Which way?" he asked when they reached Fifth avenue.

Gypsy glanced down at her feet. The new pumps were not walking shoes. She had worn them once before and found them comfortable, but it had been a spendthrift occasion when she had patronized taxicabs.

The left heel was beginning to burn. No one would have guessed this, however, from the girl's smile. She nodded toward the north.

Walking up Fifth avenue to the entrance of Central park had been a favorite joint on Sunday mornings two years ago.

They were the newest and highest addition to the city's skyline and they set Crosby off into peans of admiration. Everything seemed to please the young man that morning.

Gypsy reflected his mood. If only she hadn't worn the new pumps! Now the right as well as the left heel throbbed.

Alan expounded the glories of New York.

"But there must have been some things you liked in Paris!" the girl objected.

"Oh—sure!" He began to tell her of holiday excursions, delicious French cooking, friends he met at art school, the little chapel near his lodging house, neglected by tourists, but a perfect gem of seventeenth century design.

"I wish you could see the place. You'd love it, Gypsy."

"I'm sure I would."

"Say, there's another place that used to make me think of you—Crosby told about an outdoor restaurant where there was music and delicious food and all the patrons were friendly. He told her about gay evenings there with other students."

"You'd have liked them, Gypsy. There was a girl who used to come there who made me think of you. Only she wasn't so pretty. She had dark hair and eyes, but her eyes didn't wave the way yours does."

"It was the way she laughed, I guess, that made me think of you. You look awfully cute when you laugh, Gypsy."

What was the anguish of a blistered heel?

"Alan—do you really think so?"

"Of course I do. Now don't tell me you don't know it! Say—what's the matter with your foot? You're limping!"

"It's nothing—just—well, this shoe seems a little tight. It's all right."

"Hurts, doesn't it?"

"Y-ess."

"Why didn't you tell me? Gosh, I'll bet it's made a blister. Now, why on earth didn't you speak up about that? We'll get a cab right away."

"Honestly I don't mind—Gypsy began but he silenced her with a new suggestion.

"Look here! Could you possibly walk one block farther? He mentioned a nearby branch of a national chain of restaurants. It was a place where they had dined often. "How about having dinner there?"

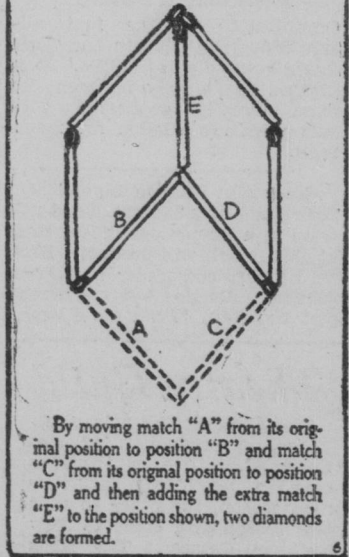
(To Be Continued)

STICKERS

B	E	R	R	Y
S	I	G	H	T
D	R	I	L	L
G	H	O	S	T
E	N	T	R	Y

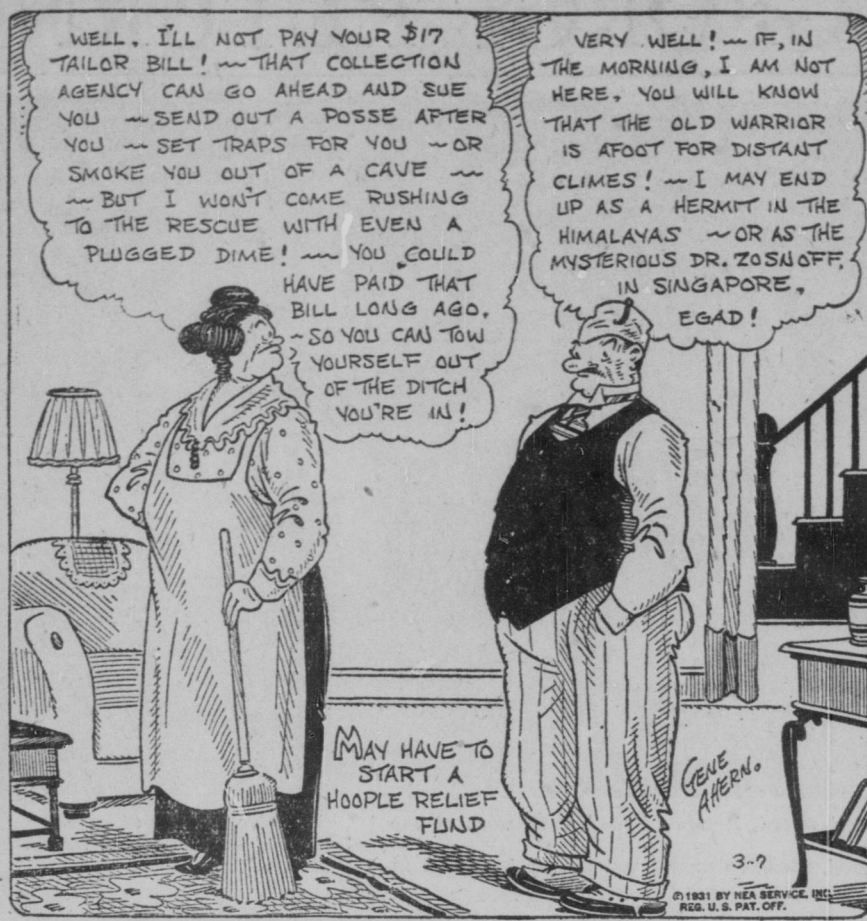
Can you recast all the letters in the words shown above, into the empty squares below so that the new words will read alike from top to bottom and from left to right? Any letter may be shifted to any space.

Answer for Yesterday



By moving match "A" from its original position to position "B" and match "C" from its original position to position "D" and then adding the extra match "E" to the position shown, two diamonds are formed.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



—By Ahern OUT OUR WAY



—By Blosser



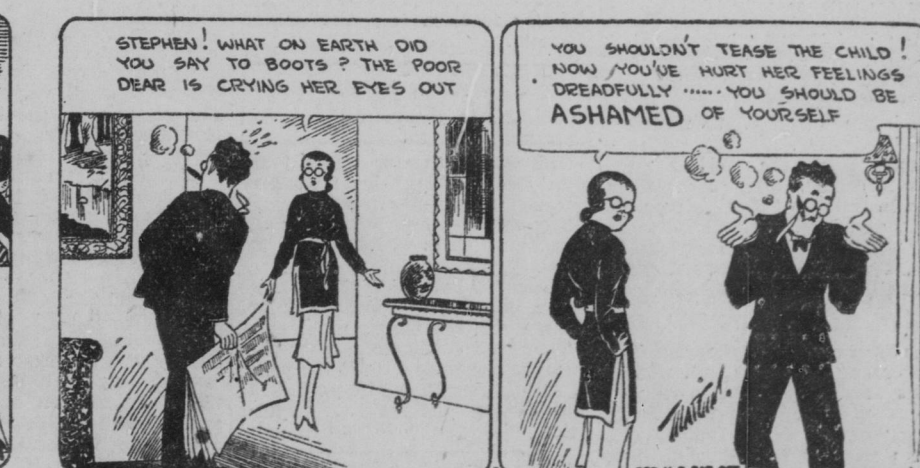
—By Crane



—By Small



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

- HORIZONTAL**
- Where?
 - Meca?
 - Mt. Whitney is in
 - Nevada Mt. range?
 - Convent worker.
 - To cut off.
 - To ventilate.
 - To secure.
 - Emblem.
 - Nominal value.
 - Handled.
 - Classical language.
 - Pay.
 - One.
 - Exclamation.
 - Portion.
 - Tree fluid.
 - To breathe loudly in sleep.
 - Auto fuel.
- VERTICAL**
- First ranking oil state.
 - Baking dish.
 - Recent.
 - Humor.
 - To regret exceedingly.
 - Social insect.
 - Drag.
 - Hurried.
 - Light blow.
 - Inlet.
 - Apprehends.
 - Verb.
 - Fine driving icy rain.
 - To follow.
 - To carry.
 - Cot.
 - Wrath.
 - Curse.
 - Boy.
 - Devoored.
 - Scarlet.
 - Second note in scale.
 - Northwest.
- YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**
- HAVOC ETHER
MALE HAD ABET
ISTS AID POLE
STEP PRO DEEN
TENET Y RESTS
RIP SUN
ASS LODES RED
NIL LURCH IVA
IDES TAR AVAL
LEEK EWE LADE
ESPIED TALLER