

# MAD MARRIAGE

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

**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**  
GYPSEY McBRIDE, a girl of about twenty, was sitting on the edge of a sofa, looking at a picture of a man in a tuxedo. She was looking at it with a look of longing and admiration. The picture was of a man in a tuxedo, and she was looking at it with a look of longing and admiration. The picture was of a man in a tuxedo, and she was looking at it with a look of longing and admiration.

**CHAPTER FIVE**  
Gypsy finally had reached the place and a waitress had brought them bowls of steaming soup and the rest of the dinner was ordered. Gypsy McBride leaned back in her chair and looked across at her companion. Her eyes were shining.

"It's so wonderful to have you here again!" she murmured. "It's so wonderful I can't believe it's true!"  
One of Crosby's hands reached across the table and covered Gypsy's. "You're a sweet kid!" he said. "We're going to have some great times together."

"Tell you what—tomorrow let's have dinner down at that Italian place. You know—Joe's. The ravioli used to be so good. Shall we?"  
"I'd love to! Haven't been there for months, Alan."

Altogether Sunday was a festive day. And the thought of the evening ahead made Monday at the office pass in a rosy haze.  
At 5:30 Gypsy McBride slipped her key into the door of her fourth floor room. She turned the knob and the door opened. On the floor was a folded sheet of paper.

"Of course it's all right," she told herself. "Alan has to be in the first." She remembered how she had let herself become miserable the night that Alan arrived. "I won't do it again!" she told herself decisively.

She dined at a cheap restaurant and boarded a subway for Times Square. At a cut-rate establishment Gypsy bought a balcony ticket for a musical comedy. Thus it happened that shortly after 11 o'clock she was jostling her way through crowded Forty-fifth street.

Suddenly one of the fantastic incidents which happen only in the world's most crowded city took place.  
Gypsy turned her head and saw beside her, standing near the curb, the woman who had waved at Alan Crosby on the pier. She was wearing white fur and her tithian hair shone brilliantly. Beside her, in formal evening clothes, stood Alan Crosby.

It was Alan—no doubt about it! He recognized Gypsy at the same moment she saw him. Their eyes met and in that instant Gypsy McBride lost every trace of discretion. She never was to forget what happened.

**T**HERE was no time for Crosby to recover his composure. His muttered "Good evening!" was interrupted by Gypsy's tense, surprised cry:  
"Why, Alan Crosby—you told me you were going to work tonight!"

Her voice was clearly audible above the street's noise. It had the dramatic quality which promises excitement.  
Men and women turned to see who was speaking. They looked at Gypsy and at Alan, coloring two shades deeper, and at the tall, slender woman beside him, whose fur wrap and jeweled wrists spoke of wealth and whose lovely features suddenly had acquired a chilling obliviousness to her surroundings.

A young girl with black hair cut short like a boy's, wearing a bright green cloak, paused beside Crosby, then burst into shrill soprano laughter.  
Gypsy was the only one who did not notice the attention she was receiving. The crowd, pressing closer to see what would happen, had pushed her squarely in front of Crosby.

Mrs. Langley took the young man's arm. "Come, Alan," she said loftily. "This is outrageous!"  
"The words were a command, Mrs. Langley did not look at Gypsy. Her frigid gaze refused to recognize the girl's presence.

Gypsy swept the other woman with a quick glance. She noted the lavish fur collar on the snowy wrap, the dazzling bracelets, the suggestion of elegance in the gown beneath the cloak, the perfect titian coiffure.

In particular she noticed the gesture with which Mrs. Langley drew her cloak about her as though to avoid the sordid crowd. Instead of being intimidated, Gypsy McBride's anger flamed.

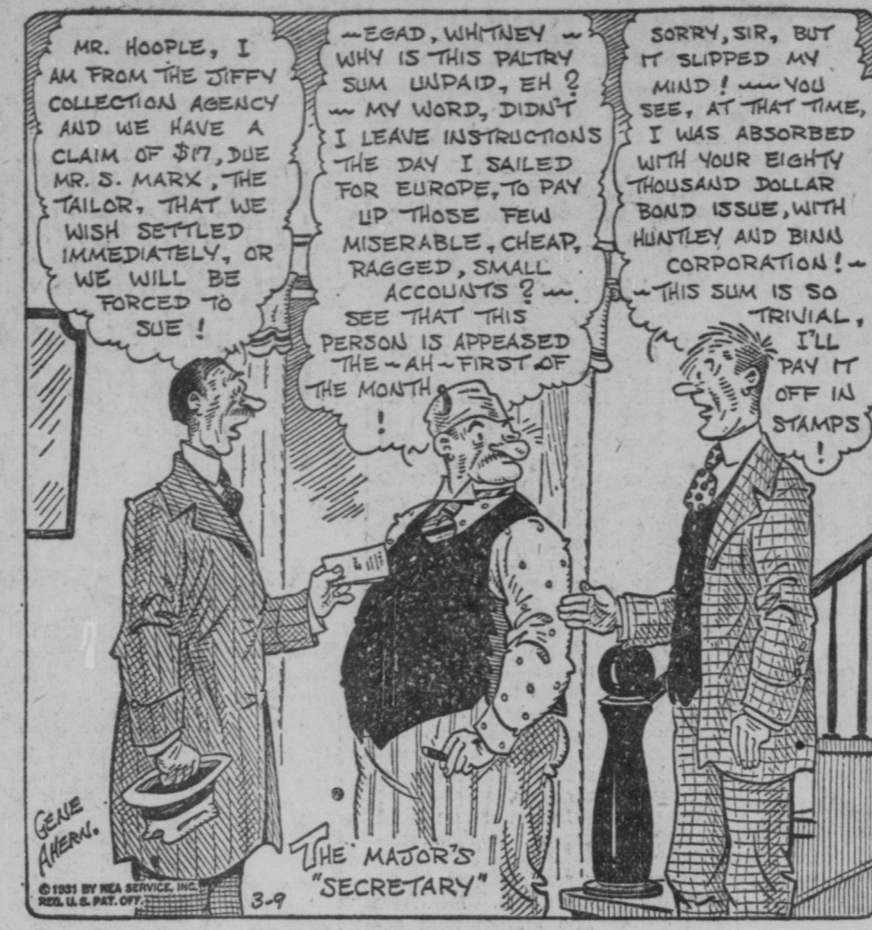
Crosby, though he felt the hand on his arm, seemed about to speak, why Gypsy again interrupted.  
"I understand a lot of things now!" she snapped, "but, oh, Alan—you might have told the truth! You might have—"

From somewhere in the crowd a man's voice, half-drunken, rose above the girl's. "Oh, oh! Papa's stopping out!" the voice cried.  
Another joined in: "Don't let him get away with it, baby. Soak him on the jaw!"

**E**ACH sally was followed by guffaws. For the first time Gypsy turned her head. She saw the circle which had gathered about herself, Crosby and the beautiful stranger. Gypsy paled. She saw girls dressed as she was, in cheap dark street clothes; men in soft fedoras and men in gleaming top hats; young women bare-headed wearing rich evening wraps.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



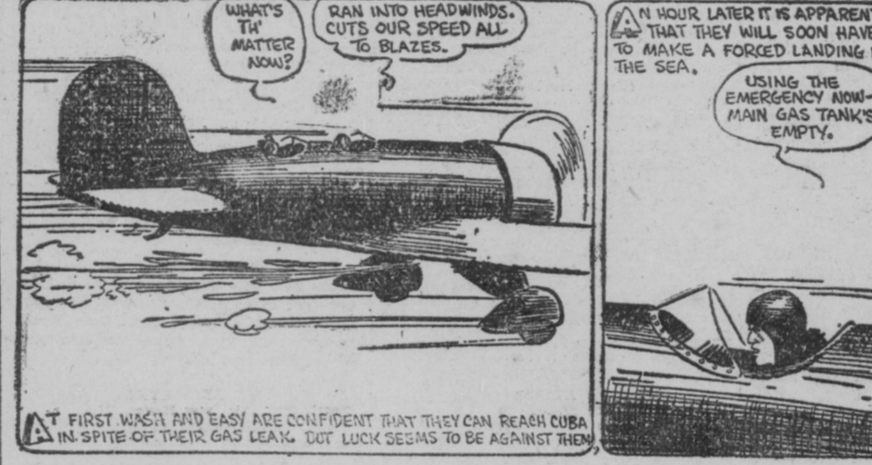
## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



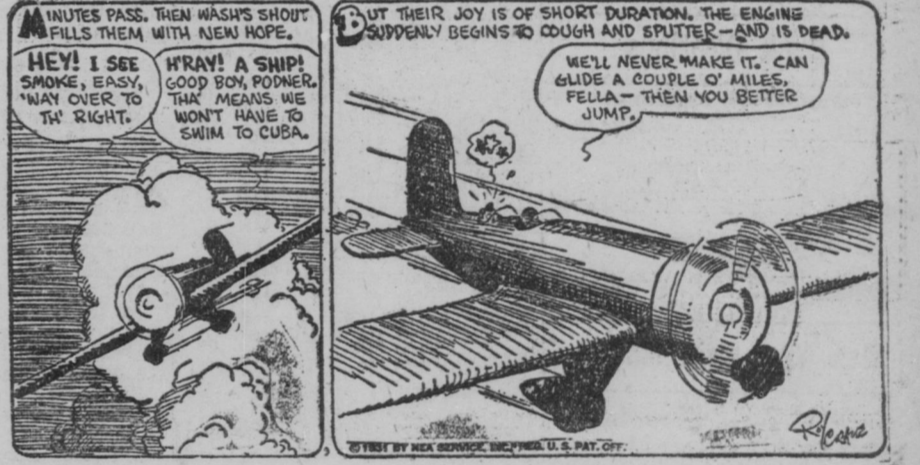
## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## STICKERS

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



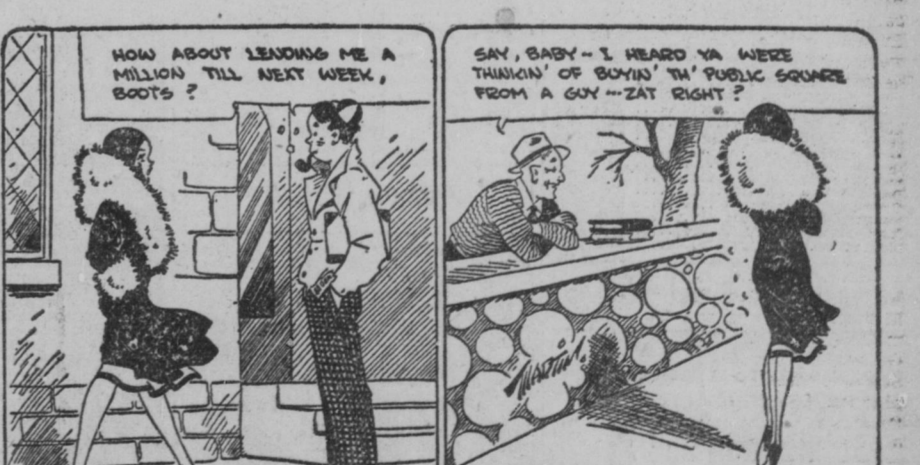
## Answer for Saturday

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



**HORIZONTAL**  
33 Reddish coat.  
1 Lax.  
6 Enchantment, by corrosion.  
10 To eat away.  
34 Fairy.  
11 Jogging pace.  
35 Type measure.  
12 Elcher.  
14 Manufactured.  
15 Boat.  
16 Devoured.  
17 Custom.  
18 Check end.  
19 To halt.  
20 Northeast.  
21 Lean-to.  
22 To tally.  
23 Astrigent.  
24 Bang.  
25 Black bird.  
27 Principal.  
28 S. 1416.  
30 Assistance.  
31 To place.  
32 Thick shrub.

**VERTICAL**  
39 To grow plump.  
7 To skip.  
8 Preposition.  
9 Engine.  
1 To reimburse.  
2 To obliterate.  
3 Fashion.  
4 Fish.  
5 Southeast.  
16 Baby bed.  
7 To skip.  
8 Preposition.  
9 Engine.  
11 Dull sound.  
13 Renewal.  
15 Stalk.  
16 Tiny particle.  
18 To avoid.  
19 To scrutinize.  
20 Coaster.  
22 To slide.  
23 Eager.  
24 To season.  
27 Hedgepodge.  
28 Pocketbook.  
30 Injury.  
31 Nuisance.  
33 Knock.  
34 Small mass of butter.  
36 Myself.  
37 Minor note.

**SATURDAY'S ANSWER**  
ARABIA SIERRA  
NUN LOP AIR  
GET TOLD PARK  
E WIELDED  
LATIN A WAGES  
UNIT AHA PART  
SAP SNORE GAS  
FALIMENT  
BIBLE A SOLAR  
ERASER NURATE  
DENOTE WENDED