

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY McBride, 19-year-old waitress, goes to meet the coast girl, ALAN CROSBY, who is returning from a year and a half in Europe.

Two nights later Crosby breaks an engagement with Gypsy, explaining he has been in love with a girl in his associates. The girl goes to the theater alone and encounters Crosby with a Mrs. CATERINE ANDREWS.

There is a scene. Mrs. Langley drives away in a car, and Gypsy and Crosby go home in a cab, quarreling all the way. Next day at the office Gypsy is offered a promotion and a raise in pay. She hurries home determined to apologize to Crosby. They meet and in the interview following Crosby is pleased with her former affection for Gypsy is ended. Gypsy is asked to leave the office, commanded for some careless work and she resigns her job.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHT

WHEN Gypsy opened the front door, she heard footsteps on the second floor landing. Then a familiar voice called down: "Miss McBride—is that you, dearie?"

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hare," the girl answered.

"Well, somebody's been trying to get you on the telephone all afternoon. I told 'em you wouldn't be in until 5, but they kept calling. Last time was about half an hour ago, I guess."

It couldn't be—no, of course not! Gypsy told herself it was ridiculous to let her hopes rise. Still there was a quickening in her voice.

"Do you know who it was?" "No, they didn't give any name. Number's on the pad beside the telephone, though. They said you were to call back."

Gypsy's feet flew down the hall. At the far end was the pay telephone for the roomers' use and beside it a pad on which messages were posted.

There it was—"McBride—call Center 5942 before 6 p.m."

With a weary gesture the girl turned and started back down the stairs.

"Did you find it?" the landlady's voice persisted from above.

"Yes. I know who it is—nothing very important, I guess."

"The woman who called the last time said you should be sure and bring the minute you came in!" Mrs. O'Hare said insistently.

"Well, I guess."

Further discussion was interrupted by the jangle of the telephone bell. "I'll answer it," offered Gypsy, turning back.

"Oh, that'll save me coming down. Thanks, dearie."

The girl placed the receiver to her ear. Immediately she recognized the voice at the other end of the line.

"Hello," the voice said, "May I speak to Miss McBride?"

"This is she," answered Gypsy. "Is that you, Anne?"

"Oh—at last I've found you. I've been trying all day long to get in touch with you! First I called your office and they said you'd gone. After that I tried this number. There's something you've simply got to do for me—"

Just as she had thought, whenever Anne Trowbridge called it was to ask a favor. Anne was the only relative of Gypsy's who lived within 1,000 miles of New York, but their paths crossed so infrequently they seldom thought of each other as cousins.

Anne had come to the city as the bride of Phil Trowbridge. She had "married well," according to the old prairie.

Anne's father and Gypsy's mother had been brother and sister, but the two girls never had seen each other until the day two years before when Gypsy had called on young Mrs. Trowbridge in her hotel suite.

FROM that first day Gypsy had known they never could be friends. Anne, though she was three years older, had worked at anything except making herself look attractive.

Her mother (Gypsy's Aunt May) had been a Carroll—with all the distinctions that name implies in the Maryland community in which Anne had spent most of her life.

Here in New York Anne and her husband lived in an apartment on the upper east side. Gypsy took Sunday dinner there twice a year—and was slow about calling afterward.

She thought Anne patronized her, though in reality the fault was on both sides.

It had been six months since she had heard Anne's voice.

"What do you want me to do, Anne?" Gypsy asked.

"I want you to come to dinner. Oh, you must! You see, I'm having some people in for dinner and bridge. There were to be fourteen and this afternoon Mildred Lane

was in a traffic accident and fractured her arm.

I simply can not have thirteen people—I'm terribly superstitious!—and every one I've called has been out of town or sick or giving parties.

"You're my only hope, Gypsy! Don't bother to change. You can dress here. I'll lend you something."

So that was what to Anne's mind was a tragedy! Gypsy had been stumped a bit over the words.

Anne was nearly an inch taller, but her frocks fit Gypsy perfectly.

The older girl's features were more regular. Anne's hair was dark, but it was smooth and glossy instead of wavy. Her complexion was fair and her eyes were blue.

How like Anne to say Gypsy "didn't have time to dress." Of course she knew the other girl had no such evening gown.

"It's lovely," Gypsy said.

"Glad you think so. Now hurry up and get into it. You'll find everything you need on the dressing table."

"Oh, do try my new rouge. I'm simply crazy about it. You'll excuse me, won't you? I've got to see Phil. Dinner's at 7, so you'll have time if you hurry. If you want anything, just call—!"

The hostess disappeared. Gypsy pulled off her Jersey office dress and hung it away in a closet. A bathroom, stunning in blue and silver, adjoined the bedroom. Gypsy took a quick plunge, wrapped herself in a rose negligee and went over to the dressing table.

With an array of lovely bottles and boxes—all for the purpose of making Anne beautiful! Gypsy picked up a jar of crystal and lifted the turquoise lid. There was creamy stuff inside with an odor sickeningly sweet.

She rubbed some of the cream on her arm and found it pleasant. As she put the jar down, Gypsy caught a view of herself in the mirror.

There were lamps at either side of the dressing table, flooding the glass with pitiless light. Gypsy studied her reflection; then she sat down before the dressing table and set to work.

Twenty minutes later there was a tap at the door.

"Gypsy!" Anne Trowbridge called, "are you ready?"

The door opened and Anne stepped into the room. "My dear!" she exclaimed, "you're looking wonderful!"

"Am I all right? Did I get the dressed fastened the right way? Here—is this supposed to be like this?"

Gypsy turned slowly for inspection. Anne was enthusiastic. "I never saw you looking so pretty!" she declared. "I'm proud of you. Come on out with me. Some of the people are here and I want you to meet them."

Obviously Gypsy followed. She was wearing a lovely gown and it had been arousing trying out Anne's cosmetics, but already she wished the evening were over. She wished she had not come.

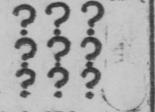
Gypsy had no way of knowing that this was to be the most momentous evening of her life.

(To Be Continued)

Aged Woman Dies

COLUMBUS, Ind., March 12.—Mrs. Alice Dillman, 70, wife of Charles L. Dillman, died at the family home here after an illness of nineteen months. She was born in Illinois but had lived in this city more than twenty years. She leaves a son and daughter, Robert Dillman and Mrs. Edith Whittington, this city; two brothers and a sister, Joe and James Sims, and Mrs. Jennie Munson.

STICKERS

37X 

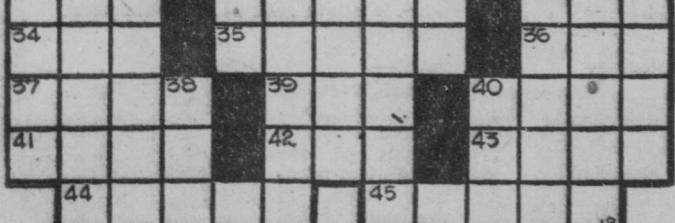
It is possible to multiply 37 by nine different numbers so that the nine different answers are each of three digits and in none of the answers will two different digits appear. Can you find the nine numbers?

ANSWER FOR YESTERDAY

ESCAPE
STOVES
COVERT
AVENUE
PERUSE
ESTEEM

This is the completed word square, in which the words read the same from left to right as from top to bottom.

IMMEDIATELY THE GIRL WAS WHISKED



HORIZONTAL
1 Tomb of President. 30 Silk.
2 Is in New York City? 31 Nominal value.
3 Who slew Goliath? 32 Mesh of lace.
4 Verb. 33 One in cards.
5 Made of oatmeal. 34 Pole used in walking.
6 To bow. 35 Yellow bugle.
7 Thick shrub. 36 Since.
8 To give medical care. 37 Molten.
9 Conclusion. 38 Refresh.
10 Person who has excessive regard for wealth. 39 To inflate.
11 Punitive. 40 To twist.
12 African farmers. 41 Surface measure.
13 Thickets. 42 To drink.
14 To give medical care. 43 Is victorious.
15 To give. 44 To convey.
16 Jewel. 45 To choose.
17 Radiant. 46 To feel one's way.
18 To be Fortified. 47 On top of.
19 Conclusion. 48 Flat fish (plural).
20 Person who has excessive regard for wealth. 49 To drink.
21 Punitive. 50 To convey.
22 African farmers. 51 Lifeless.
23 To bow. 52 Social insect.
24 Marshalled troops. 53 Empty.
25 Spigot. 54 Giver.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
DISPUTANT, RADIO, ACERB, DENOTE, GHOULED, UNCLE, G, ENSUE, ATTE, SALES, SEC, L, DOR, TILL, BOWER, CUD, SOUSES, S, AMUSE, MURAGE, STERES, DETER, HINDS, SETACEOUS.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

