

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

MAD MARRIAGE

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

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SERVICE INC.**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

GYPSY, MOTHER OF A WORLD tycoon, meets the boat on which ALAN CROSBY returns from a year and a half in Paris. The girl is a widow, and she has an engagement with Gypsy on a plea of business.

She goes to the theater alone and encounters Crosby with a Mrs. LANGLEY. This is the woman who Mrs. Langley drives away alone and Crosby and Gypsy go home together, quarreling all the way.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

IS that supposed to be a joke?" Gypsy asked. She was not smiling. Her dark eyes, studying Wallace, looked wide and childish.

"Do I look as though I were joking? Never more serious in my life. I said let's get married. I mean it!"

"But what?"

"Listen, this will be the most sensible marriage you ever heard of. Now wait a minute—" he saw that the girl was about to interrupt and hurried on—"Doesn't it strike you as a coincidence that out of this whole city full of people you and I should meet tonight? And that both of us should be trying to forget somebody else?"

Forget—say you and I are just a couple of sape who don't realize how lucky we are. Do you want that guy, whatever he is, to know you're miserable, wishing he would come back to you?"

"No," said Gypsy emphatically.

"Then instead of mooning over him, prepare for your wedding morn."

"See what you mean," the girl said slowly. "You want to marry me to make her—sorry she treated you so badly. That's what you're thinking about, isn't it?"

"Well, what if I am? It works the same way for you, doesn't it? And it's a hundred times better reason for getting married than most people have. Romantic nonsense—say, it makes me sick!"

"You're pretty bitter, aren't you?" Gypsy asked. "I don't blame you for feeling that way, but I couldn't marry you."

"Why not?"

"Well, it—it just isn't my idea of a marriage, that's all."

"Do you like this town?" Wallace asked.

Gypsy considered. "I thought I did," she said. "I've always lived here. But now I hate it!"

"Getting out of here tomorrow morning myself," said the young man. "Glad of it. Two days of New York is plenty. Lord—I'll be glad to be on my way back to Forest City."

"What's it like there?"

"Oh, you probably wouldn't think it was so much. Little place—compared with New York. We think it's quite a metropolis out there." He told her about the city 500 miles westward where the Wallaces had always lived.

Forest City boasted a population of 200,000 citizens. It had Chamber of Commerce that was "boasting" it and two country clubs.

"I'll get there," he said, "at 6:30 tomorrow night. Then I'll go out to the house and before I've had a chance to get off my coat Aunt Ellen will be telling me that the roast is getting cold and to hurry and come to the table." Wallace laughed shortly:

"There's one person who's getting a break—Aunt Ellen! I've lived with her ever since I was a kid. Parents died. She was going to move next month. Rented a little place across the street, but I don't think she really liked the idea. Fond of the old house. Well—she won't need to move now!"

There was brief silence. Then Gypsy said: "Were you to be married soon?"

"Next month. But instead of waiting a month for me, the young lady is going to stroll up to the altar one week from next Saturday with young Brock Phillips, polo player, bon vivant and awfully, awfully well fixed with cash. Sole heir to papa's millions."

"Was it just tonight that she told you?"

Wallace nodded. He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "Approximately one hour and a half ago," he said. "You can imagine that it rather changed my plans for the

evening. Changed them considerably.

At that, I'm not so badly off as you. You're out of a job! Why don't you give up the one you had? Don't you know that was foolish?"

"Yes," said Gypsy. "And I'd do it again tomorrow."

"What was the matter with the place?"

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