

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

GYPSEY MURDER, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, is miserable and lonely when she finds that ALAN CROSSBY, "just returned from a year and a half in Paris studying art, no longer cares for her."

Gypsy is infatuated with MRS. LANGLEY, wealthy divorcee, who considers herself a patron of art. Gypsy comes acquainted with her job and when she is criticized for carelessness impulsively resigns.

She accepts an invitation from her wealthy cousin, ANNE TROWBRIDGE, to take the place of another guest at a formal dinner. The party is a bore.

She leaves to get her wraps and, go home, hears a noise in the next room and opens the door to see a man climbing in the window. He is JAMES WALLACE, the guest of the Trowbridges, who has entered by the fire escape to avoid the dinner guests.

Wallace tells Gypsy he has just been told by his fiancée, she admits she has had the same experience. To spite the girl he cares for Wallace asks Gypsy to marry him. She first refuses, but later accepts.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Oh, not for quite a while." He looked at his watch. "About 6:30 this evening, to be exact. Anxious to see the place?"

Gypsy said she was. "You haven't told me much about yourself," she said. "What do you do?"

"I mean, your business — you haven't told me anything about that."

"I'm a lawyer," he told her. "That is, I'm supposed to be. Practice with Mark Harrison, who used to be my father's partner. He's one of the finest old fellows in the world. Smart, too! There's another fellow in the firm named Blaire Mills. I'm the youngest. Been with the others three years."

"Being a lawyer ought to be interesting."

"It's all right," Wallace agreed. "Have you known Phil Trowbridge a long while?"

"Ever since we were in law school. Phil's never practiced, has he? Seems to know how to make dough, all right. New York's been good to him."

Wallace stirred restlessly. His embarrassment was contagious and Gypsy said no more.

"Mind if I go smoke?" he asked.

She said she did not. It was half an hour before he returned. There was furtiveness between Jim Wallace's eyebrows as he resumed his seat.

"Gypsy," he said, leaning forward, "There's something you ought to know."

It was plain from Wallace's manner that what he had to say was important.

"It's about my family," he said. "I'd rather tell you myself than have you hear it from any one else."

Gypsy waited. Her heart was beating rapidly. There was nothing that she could think of to say.

"Last night," went on Wallace, "I told you I'd lived with my aunt ever since I was a kid. Aunt Ellen was my father's sister. She never married."

"I was 12 when my mother died. Pneumonia. She was sick less than a week with it. Father was away on a business trip and he didn't get home in time. When he did — I guess it was rather terrible."

"They'd never been separated before for more than a day or two in all the time they were married. Well, two weeks later father shot himself."

Gypsy's shocked "Oh-h!" was involuntary. The exclamation was out before she could stop it.

Wallace was watching her.

"Most people," he said, "seem to think it's a disgrace. That's why I wanted to tell you myself. Somehow I can't think of it that way. To me it's grown to be beautiful."

Gypsy nodded slowly. He barely could hear her words. "He must have been awfully fond of her," she said. "He must have loved her."

"He left a note. I think Aunt Ellen has it yet. All it said was that he couldn't live without her and he didn't want her to be anywhere alone."

"Of course I didn't understand at the time. Tough for a kid to lose both parents, but Aunt Ellen did everything any one could to make up for a father and mother both."

Gypsy put out one hand and laid it on Wallace's arm. "I'm glad you told me," she said.

Jim Wallace looked out the window after that and the girl had no way of knowing what he might be thinking. He turned his head again when she spoke.

"Your Aunt Ellen —" Gypsy began. "Do you think she'll like me?" An uncomfortable premonition was stirring at the girl's heart.

YES, there was grapefruit. Wallace had ordered blue points for himself. After that they had chops and a salad of vegetables and Gypsy chose ice cream for dessert and her husband, ate a large wedge-shaped portion of apple pie. They were having the dessert when Gypsy smiled across at him. "Here," she said, cutting into halves the tiny square of cake that was served with her ice cream. "You must eat half. It's the wedding cake."

Wallace flushed. "Not much a party, I guess, is it?" he said. "We'll have to make up for it when we get home. Have a dinner

16 17 39 23 24

To score exactly 100 on the above target, six shots would be fired, two of which would hit in the 16 section and four within the 17 section.

HORIZONTAL

1 Treatment given hands and nails.

9 Small memorial.

10 Man's largest gland.

12 Comfort.

13 Head of a newspaper department.

15 To love.

17 To run away and marry.

18 Two fives.

19 Speedster.

22 Cluster of knots in wool fiber.

23 Iron bee.

27 Wine cup.

28 Staved.

29 Silkworm.

31 Pertaining to sound.

33 More uncommon.

35 To extort.

37 Units of weight for jewels.

38 Fragrant oleoresin.

39 Wrong.

40 Clear stretch of ground.

VERTICAL

1 Cantaloupe.

2 Winglike.

3 More fastidious.

4 Frozen water.

6 Jockey.

7 Bad.

8 Threads forced under skin.

9 Driven.

11 Lasso.

12 To cloy.

14 Mends.

16 Griddle cake.

20 Bustle.

21 Before.

23 Spot of pigment.

26 Imbecile.

27 Altrship.

28 Play.

29 To rub out.

30 Soaks flax.

32 War flyer.

34 Dry.

35 Sesame.

37 Containers.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

GANDHI DRIVE

ALICE AMAR

ROAN SUN KNEE

BET LISTS ERR

SIDOL OARDS

ARE TULIP PALE

MORA SIT BOW

ANIMIN NOPAL

SIDED I ELECT

SCENES STORES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD, BUSTER, I'VE HAD A SPLENDID BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY OFFERED TO ME THIS MORNING! — VAL HARRIS, A FRIEND OF MINE, WANTS ME TO JOIN HIM IN A VENTURE THAT WOULD BE KNOWN AS THE "HARRIS-HOOPEL SYNTHETIC GOLD-FISH CORPORATION!" — THE GOLD-FISH WOULD BE MOST REALISTIC AND CONVINCING, BEING MADE OF A GELATIN COMPOSITION, SO THEY WOULD WIGGLE EASILY! — THE WATER IN THE BOWL WOULD CIRCULATE BY A SMALL PADDLE AND CAUSE THE GELATIN FISH TO SWIM AROUND THE BOWL IN A TRULY LIFELIKE MANNER! — NO FEEDING, OR CHANGING OF WATER, AND QUITE ORNAMENTAL, EH?

WELL, WHERE DID YOU MEET THIS HARRIS FELLA? — UP IN A TREE, OR DID YOU TALK TO HIM THRU A GRATING?

ISN'T HE TH' GUY WHO WAS INVENTING GRAPEFRUIT SPECTACLES WITH WINDSHIELD WIPERS ON 'EM?

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BOY! SATURDAY IS THE LAST DAY OF WINTER... AN' AM I GLAD!

WELL, FRECKLES!! SUNDAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING... AN' I'M GLAD!

WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? DO YOU HATE WINTER?

WELL, ONLY FOR ONE THING!!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE WATER ALWAYS FREEZES WITH THE SLIPPERY SIDE UP!!

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

YOU'VE BEEN LOST TWO DAYS? OH, YOU POOR BOYS! — I KNOW YOU'RE JUST STARVED! CHEERO, TWO, WE'LL ATTEND TO THAT. THERE'S AN ISLAND CLOSE BY, AND WE'LL DASH OVER AND HAVE A PICNIC.

I'M NOT TEASING, REALLY. THERE'S A BOX OF GOLD RASBERRIES AND SOME COFFEE UNDER THE SEAT, AND I'VE JUST CAUGHT A MESS OF FISH.

WASH AND EASY ARE SURPRISED AT THE GAY, MATTER OF FACT MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE RESCUED.

NO WASH IS DUMFOUNDED TO DISCOVER THAT THEIR RESCUER IS A RAVING BEAUTY.

SALESMAN SAM

I WANT A PAIR OF SPEC-RIMMED HORNICLES-ER—

YESSIR! THIS WAY, PLEASE.

ER-AH—I MEAN SPORN-RIMMED HECTACLES!

OPTICAL DEPT. FOR GLASSES SEE US.

NO, NO, DAWGONNIT! I MEAN HECK-RIMMED SPORNACLES!

I KNOW WHAT YA MEAN, MISTER!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

LO, SAGE—CHEERIO

LO—NEY! WHERE TO?

OVER HERE! GET MY PLANE OUTTA COLD STORAGE

GEE, DIZZY—I WISH YA WEREN'T SO KEEN ON THAT STUFF

NOW, PUDDIE! DON'T CHA WORRY ABOUT ME

OH, I! BUT DON'T GO STUNTING OVER THIS BUN BARN AGAIN—HOW I'M TELLIN' YA

OH, DON'T BE A SHILLY—WHY, AVIATION IS TH' COMIN' THING

YEAH! N' YOU GUYS, FLYIN' AROUND UP THERE ARE TH' ONES WHO HAVE Y' COMIN' TO YA, TOO

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

Quickly LA related to Tarzan all that Manu, the monkey, had heard and told her. "Whether I saved you or sacrificed you," she ended, "it had been the same with me. They were determined to do away with me, that Cadj might be king and Oah, High Priestess of Opar. This was the only way we might both be saved, though, indeed, I had no opportunity to secure weapons for you. 'I will find weapons,' declared Tarzan. 'Meanwhile we are free. But whether are you leading me?'"

"North and west are Cadj's warriors. Ahead lies an unknown country," LA said, "for us Oparians it is filled with legends of grim monsters and strange people. But if there lives in all the world one who could win through this unknown valley, it is you, Tarzan of the Apes. Lions and apes come down this trail to Opar. Beyond it I have never been. What lies beyond, the lions, of course, can not tell us. And the great apes will not!" "It is well," replied Tarzan. "We will face these unknown perils together!"

The ape-man gazed down at the wooded basin below them, his mind full of the hazard of their plight. Alone, he would not have hesitated. But now he must think of LA. In her efforts to save him she had placed him under a strong moral obligation to save her. But he felt an irresistible impulse to explore that half-concealed edifice, so huge and magnificent. Who could have built it? The ape-man knew no fear. "Come!" he said to LA. "You are not going—there?" she cried in astonishment.

OUT OUR WAY

I KNOW CLEANIN' LAMPS IS A GIRL'S JOB, BUT YOU GO AHEAD AND WEEP QUIET ABOUT IT— SHE HAS TO TAKE HER ORGAN LESSON. NOW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU—SQUINCHIN' AN' SQUEAKIN' LIKE THAT?

OO-OO—YOU GOT IT BRAIDED TOO TIGHT! YOU GOT ONE OF MY EYES PULLED SLANTIN'. AN' TH' OTHER ONE I CAN'T WINK!

GOSH! WHAT GOOD DO I GET OUTA CLEANIN' LAMPS? I HADTA GO T' BED SO EARLY THEY DON'T DO ME NO GOOD

—By Blosser

WELL, ONLY FOR ONE THING!!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE WATER ALWAYS FREEZES WITH THE SLIPPERY SIDE UP!!

—By Crane

GEE! YOU DON'T THINK TO DARE TO RUN AROUND THIS DREADFUL WASH WITHOUT FOOD, DO YOU? IT'S TOO EASY TO GET LOST, EVEN THE OLD TIMERS DISAPPEAR SOMETIMES. WELL, HERE WE ARE, MY NAME'S JEAN. PULL NELLIE ASHORE, AND I'LL START A FIRE.

—By Small

SAM, SHOW THIS GENT A PAIR OF HMM—SPORNED RECTACLES!

ABCOE 678 679 678 679

—By Martin

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—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"Why not?" he asked. "It is the shortest way across the valley." "But I am afraid," she said, "the flaming God alone knows what hideous dangers lurk in the valley below us." "We need not fear lions nor apes," "You fear nothing," said LA, "but I am only a woman." "We can die but once," said Tarzan, "and who can foretell when? Fear will not avert death—but it WILL make life miserable. Come! We must take the risk!"