

# MAD MARRIAGE

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

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BEGIN HERE TODAY  
GYPSY M. BRIDGE, 16-year-old typist in a New York office, is miserable and lonely when she finds that ALAN CROSBY, "just released from the hospital," is still studying art and no longer cares for her.

GYPSY, intuited with MRS. LANGLEY, wealthy divorcee who considers herself a patron of art. Gypsy's company disengaged, and now she is fascinated 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.

She leaves to get her wraps and go home, hears a noise in the next room and finds Jim, the boy she's been clinging to in the window. He is JAMES WALLACE guest of the Trowbridges, who has escaped the fire escape to avoid the dinner guests.

Wallace tells Gypsy he has just been released from the hospital and she has had the same experience. To spite the girl he cares for, Wallace asks Gypsy to go to the dinner. 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 Blaine Mills. I'm the youngest. Being 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 furor 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 — it was 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 stifle 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."

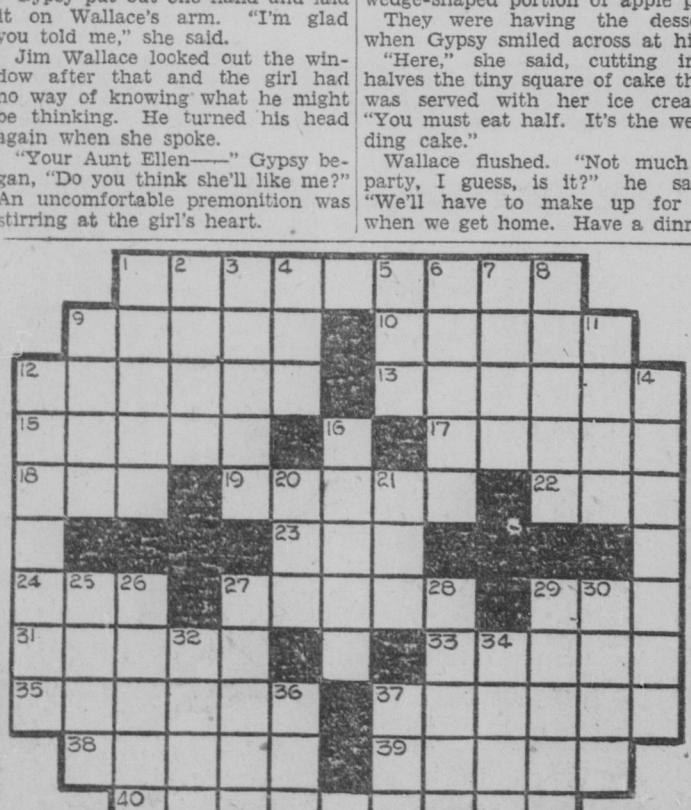
"He left a note. I think Aunt Ellen has it yet. All it said was that he couldn't live without her and he didn't want her to be anywhere alone."

"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.



HORIZONTAL  
1 Treatment sound.  
3 More un- given hands common.  
5 To extort.  
7 Units of weight for jewels.  
9 Fragrant oleoresin.  
11 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 Spidster.  
22 Cluster of knots in wool fiber.  
23 Drone bee.  
24 Wine cup.  
27 Stayed.  
31 Silkparting.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER  
GANDHIL DRIVEL  
ALLEE ALAMA RAVE  
ROAN SUN KNEE  
BET LISTS FERR  
S DISSENTS  
IDOL VAIIDS  
ARE TULIP ROW  
MORA SIT PALE  
ANIMI N NOPAL  
SIDED I ELECT  
SCENES STORES

30 Wrong.  
40 Clear stretch of ground.  
42 Bad.  
43 Threads forced under skin.  
44 Mends.  
45 Griddle cake.  
46 Mends.  
47 Before.  
48 Spot of pig- ment.  
49 Imbecile.  
50 Airship.  
51 Play.  
52 To rub out.  
53 Soaks flax.  
54 War flyers.  
55 Dry.  
56 Sesame.  
57 Container.

## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



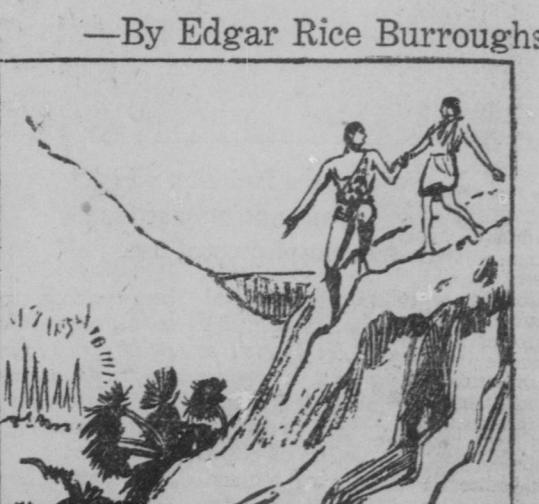
Quickly LA related to Tarzan all that Manu, the monkey, had heard and told her. "Whether I saved you or sacrificed you," she ended, "it had been the same with me. They were determined to do away with me, that Cadj might be king and Oah, High Priestess of Opar. This was the only way we might both be saved,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



"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!"

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-HOOPOE 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?

HMM — WHERE DID YOU MEET THIS HARRIS FELLA — UP IN A TREE, OR DID YOU GO AHEAD AND KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT — SHE HAS TO TAKE HER ORGAN LESSON. NOW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU — SQUINCHIN' AN SQUEAKIN' LIKE THAT?

OO-OH — 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 IS A GIRL'S JOB, BUT YOU GO AHEAD AND KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT — SHE HAS TO TAKE HER ORGAN LESSON.

GORSH! WHAT GOOD DO I GET OUTA CLEANIN' LAMPS? I HAFTA GO T' BED SO EARLY THEY DONT DO ME NO GOOD.

OUT OUR WAY



—By Blosser

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

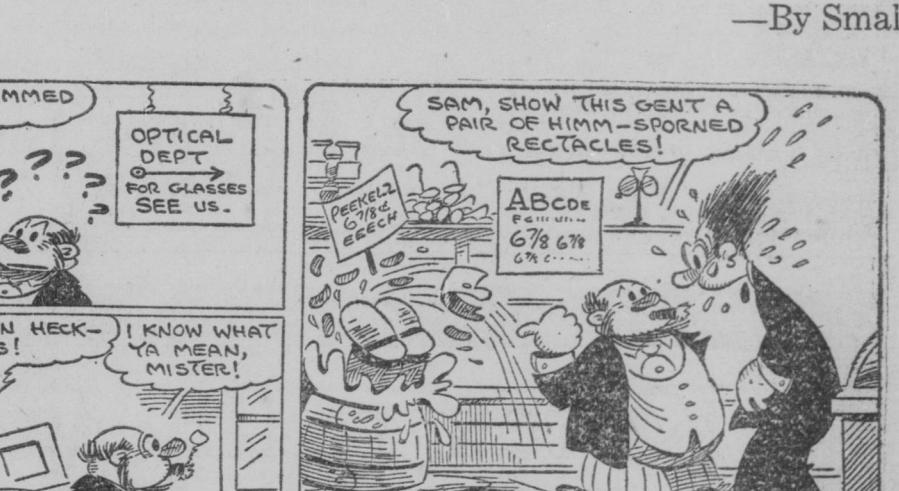


## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Crane

## SALESMAN SAM



—By Small

## STICKERS

IN THE POMP OF \*\*\*\* AND CHAINS HE LORDS IT O'er THE TOWN THE \*\*\*\* OF HIS HOPES HE GAINS WHO \*\*\*\* WITH HALF A CROWN.

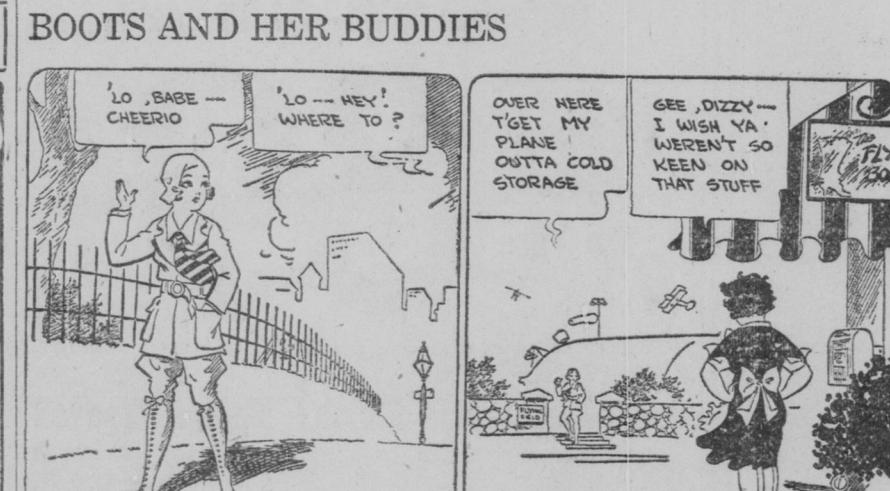
Three four-lettered words, all composed of the same letters, are missing from the above verse. Can you supply them?

(To Be Continued)



—By Martin

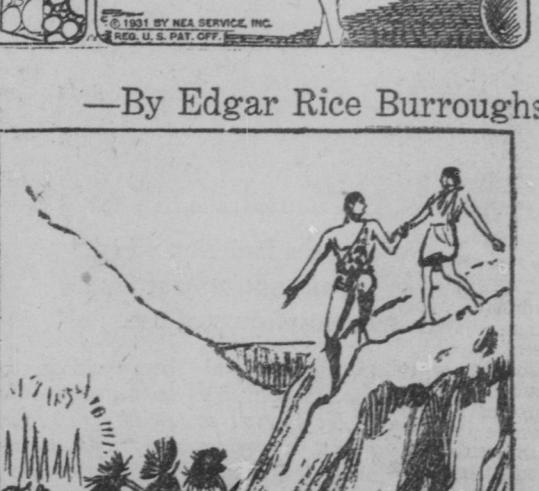
## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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—By Edgar Rice Burroughs