

# MAD MARRIAGE

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

**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**  
Gypsy McBridge, 18-year-old triplet in a New York office is miserable and lonely when she finds that ALAN CROSBY, just returned from a year and a half in Paris studying art, who considers himself a nation of art. Gypsy becomes disgusted with the job and when she is criticized for carelessness, impulsive, and irresponsible.  
She accepts an invitation from her cousin, ANNE TROWBRIDGE, to take the place of another guest at a formal dinner. The party is a bore. She leaves to get her train and so home, hears a noise in the next room and opens the door to see a man climbing in the window. He is JAMES WALLACE, guest of the Trowbridges who has entered by the fire escape to avoid the dinner party guests.  
Wallace tells Gypsy he just has been killed 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.  
They are married next morning and take the train for Forest City, arriving at the evening.  
At Jim's home they are greeted by his aunt, Ellen Wallace. She has kept house for him for years. She is shocked when she learns the bride is not MARCIA LORING.  
**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The terrier had come closer. Gypsy knelt to stroke his head and Pat licked her hand.

"You're going to be friends," Jim announced. "That settles it. Pat's adopted you."

Gypsy put both arms around the dog. His coat was soft and warm and his little body wiggled amiably. "I like you, Pat," she said in a low voice. "I like you lots."

Miss Wallace's voice broke in impatiently. "Send the dog out to the kitchen, won't you, Jim? We have things a good deal more important to discuss now than that animal."

Gypsy's smile faded as she arose. There was a note in the other woman's voice that was ominous. Instinctively, Gypsy moved toward Jim.

"He signaled to Pat and the dog, with a lingering backward glance or two, trotted from the room."

"Just what did you want to discuss?" Wallace asked. There was resentment in his voice. "Personally, I'd like to get cleaned up and go into discussion with a juicy piece of beefsteak. We've had a long trip, Aunt Ellen. Don't you think there'll be a better time—"

"There's no reason to put off what I want to know—unless you're ashamed to tell me," his aunt insisted crisply. "What's this young woman's name? Who is she? You haven't told me anything about her yet."

Gypsy knew Jim was embarrassed and that he was trying to hide it.

"That's so," he said, "guess I did forget. Aunt Ellen, this is Gypsy. Until this morning she was Gypsy McBride."

"Gypsy? Is that what you said—Gypsy?"

"That's what I said. Gypsy McBride. You've heard me speak of Phil Trowbridge. Gypsy and Phil's wife are cousins. It was at their house we met."

"It's a heaten name!" Ellen Wallace spoke as though the very words were contaminating.

"And what about Marcia, I'd like to know—"

There must be some means of escape! Gypsy glanced about the room. "Jim," she said, "isn't there somewhere I can go while you and your aunt—talk things over?"

"Of course. Upstairs—the room at the head of the flight. Wait—I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs to the old-fashioned bedroom. An hour later from the depths of the rocker where she was sitting, Gypsy heard a knock.

THERE was a second knock before she reached the door. "Who is it?" Gypsy called.

Jim's face appeared in the narrow opening. "May I come in?"

"Of course."

He entered, closing the door behind him. "Things haven't turned out—exactly the way I planned," he began. "I'm sorry."

"Hate like the devil to get you into such a mess. But it's going to be all right now. I mean about Aunt Ellen. She wasn't herself when you saw her. Shock upset her."

"Naturally. I didn't tell her—well, exactly how we met. She thinks I've known you quite a while. That's best, don't you think so?"

Gypsy had been watching him. Palor made her eyes look larger.

"Much better," she agreed. "I was wondering how you accounted for me."

Wallace waved the matter aside. "Oh, I just said you were Anne Trowbridge's cousin, and I met you at a party at the apartment. That's true, you know? But that doesn't matter—you're starved."

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**HORIZONTAL**  
1 Kit.  
2 American frontiersman?  
3 To kill.  
4 To affirm.  
5 Fat.  
6 Southeast.  
7 To proffer.  
8 To grin.  
9 Devoured.  
10 Alleged force.  
11 Tip.  
12 Glided.  
13 Musical instrument.  
14 Chamber.  
15 Footprint.  
16 To sunbathe.  
17 Stupefied.  
18 Eye tumor.  
19 To press.  
20 Exultant.

**VERTICAL**  
1 Discoverer of North America.  
2 Eager.  
3 Carmine.  
4 Senior.  
5 To name.  
6 To liken.  
7 Custom.  
8 Second note.  
9 To appraise.  
10 Long grasses.  
11 Telescope.  
12 Files.  
13 Drug.  
14 Cavity.  
15 Separated.  
16 Rogues.  
17 Famous.  
18 Heated vapor.  
19 Inclosures.  
20 Egyptian river.  
21 Gaelic.  
22 Paid public.  
23 Railroad.

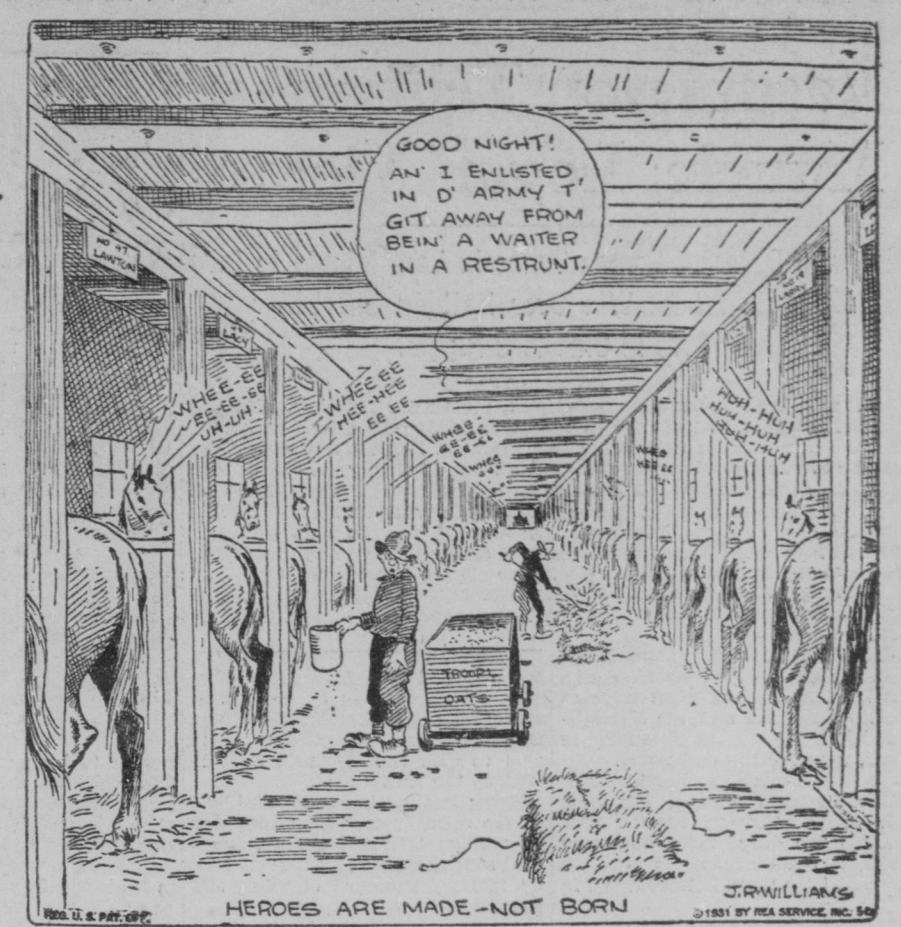
**YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**  
DORSAL SCENTS  
A DIVA ALLETT  
VA REVIVAL CHA  
IRK RATED JOI  
SAIL LAD MOON  
TIP HOW  
ABET DIE TEST  
SOS FACTS RUE  
SW AIRSHIP EN  
EMIRE EROS E  
TRADED REPORT

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



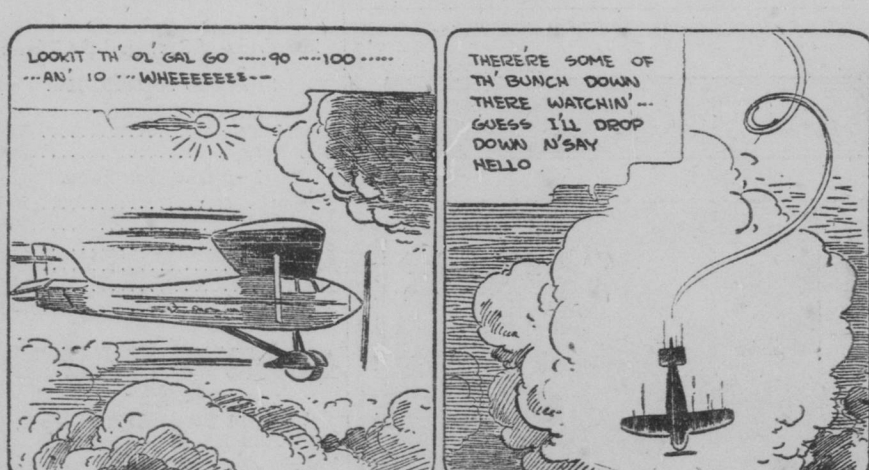
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

