

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

GYPSEY MARRIAGE, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, who has been married for a year and a half in Paris studying art, no longer cares for her.

Gypsy is infatuated with MRS. WALLACE, wealthy divorcee, who considers herself a patron of art. Gypsy becomes disgusted 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 formal dinner.

The party is a bore. Gypsy hears a noise in the next room and opens the door to see a man climbing in the window. He is JAMES WALLACE, husband 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 plans to marry her. She first refuses, but later accepts.

They are married next morning and take the train for Forest City. At Jim's home they are greeted by his aunt, MISS WILLY WALLACE, who makes no secret of her hostility to the girl.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The tour of inspection included a drive past the Italian villa and its imposing neighbors. They rode on to the Glendale club, the more exclusive of Forest City's two country clubs, then took a side road and came back past the Golf and Tennis, where Jim said he played golf whenever he could spare the time.

GYPSEY marveled at the level distances stretching off to each side of the road. It had been such a little while since they started and here they were in what must be country!

"Jackson's creek is off that way," Wallace said with a wave to the right. "Used to swim there when I was a kid. Skate, too. Do you like to skate?"

"I've never tried it," Gypsy admitted. "The only sports I had much experience at as a kid were jumping rope and playing hop-scotch. That's about all you can do on a city sidewalk." She laughed.

Jim turned toward her. "Say, that must have been tough! I'd forgotten you've always lived in New York. Wait a minute—there's something I want you to see—"

He turned the car and they drove in silence until presently he pulled up at the side of the road.

"Now, then," said Jim, "look at that!"

To the left across a low valley lay Forest City. The girl had not realized they had come so far. The towers of its half dozen high downtown buildings stood out boldly.

In either direction stretched lower structures, straggling city blocks with occasional dark patches that were trees or open spaces.

Beyond this nondescript skyline, reaching over and above them, was the bluest of blue skies, flecked here and there with fleecy cloud masses. The cold yellow sunshine gave the panorama brilliance.

The girl's eyes were fastened on the azure distance. "It's wonderful, Jim," she said.

"I always like to come to this place," he told her. "Discovered it myself." He began to point out municipal landmarks, when suddenly he stopped.

"You're shivering, Gypsy. Why didn't you tell me you were cold? That little coat you've got on isn't enough to keep you warm. Why, didn't you say something?"

She insisted she was not cold. There was no robe. Wallace started to take off his own coat, but she indignantly refused it. He turned the roadster back toward the city.

"Well stop at the Couden!" he announced. "Get you warmed up there and have lunch. No use to drive clear out to the house."

The Carlton was Forest City's best hotel. Jim was greeted by several acquaintances as they walked through the lobby and Gypsy felt eyes upon her.

"The head waiter called Jim 'Mr. Wallace,' and was solicitous about their luncheon.

It was an excellent meal. The warm room flushed Gypsy's cheeks becomingly. After the morning out of doors both of them were in good spirits and hungry.

Jim had been telling her about an amusing law case and the girl was laughing when she noticed two women across the room. Mother and daughter they seemed to be. Gypsy saw that the older woman was watching them and resented her scrutiny.

"Jim," she said finally, "who is that woman across the room? She's been watching us."

Wallace turned his head, glanced back quickly. "Some one I don't care to meet," he said in a lowered voice. "Let's get out of here."

It was too late. Already the

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HORIZONTAL 39 To imitate. 1 Grown old in 40 Eucharist experience. 41 Rock. 42 To defer. 43 Pedal digit. 44 To frost. 45 To knock. 46 To corrode. 47 Epoch. 48 Blackbird of 15 Shelter. 17 Shrub. 18 Perfect pattern. 20 Canine animal. 23 Dry. 24 Symbol. 25 Sooner than. 26 Organ of hearing. 27 To total. 28 Pea sack. 29 Statement. 30 To leave out.

the cuckoo family. 30 Dogs. 31 Wandered. 32 Ethical. 33 Insulate. 34 Streamlet. 35 One in cards. 36 Poverty. 37 Inclosed in a bag. 38 Sour plum. 39 To degrade. 40 To divide. 41 Part of a harness. 42 Jewel. 43 To decorate. 44 Abolishes. 45 Period. 46 Pealed. 47 Music drama. 48 Evil spirit. 49 Tardier. 50 Ethical. 51 Silly. 52 Lukewarm. 53 Suture. 54 Fish. 55 Coin.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



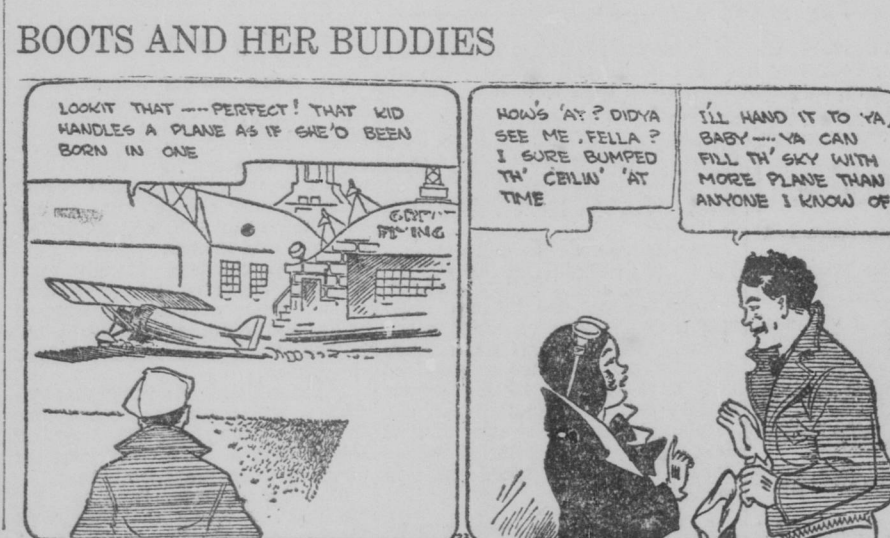
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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



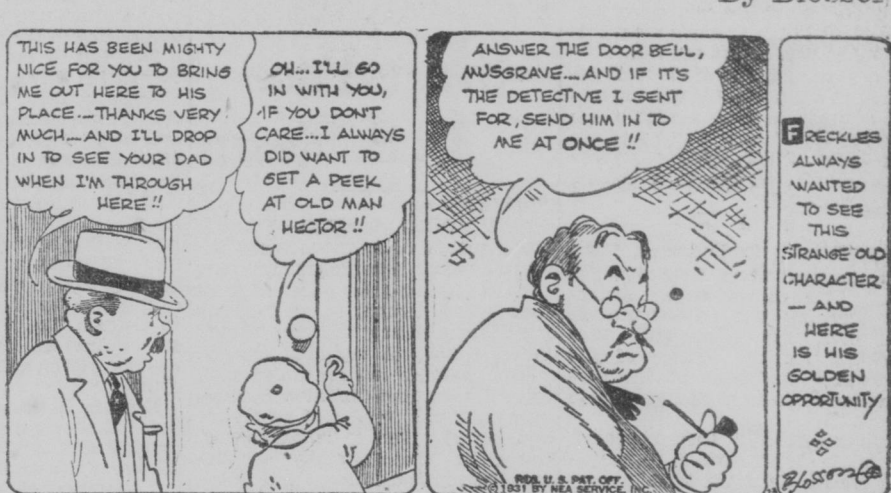
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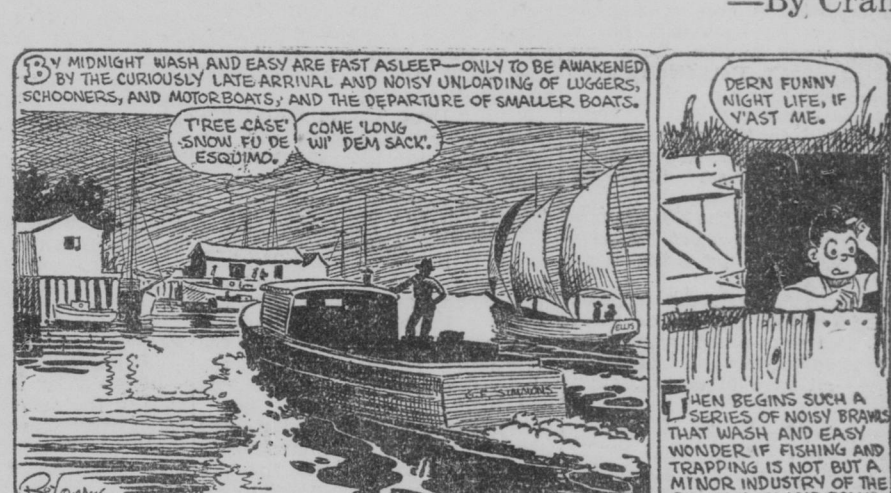
OUT OUR WAY



—By Blosser



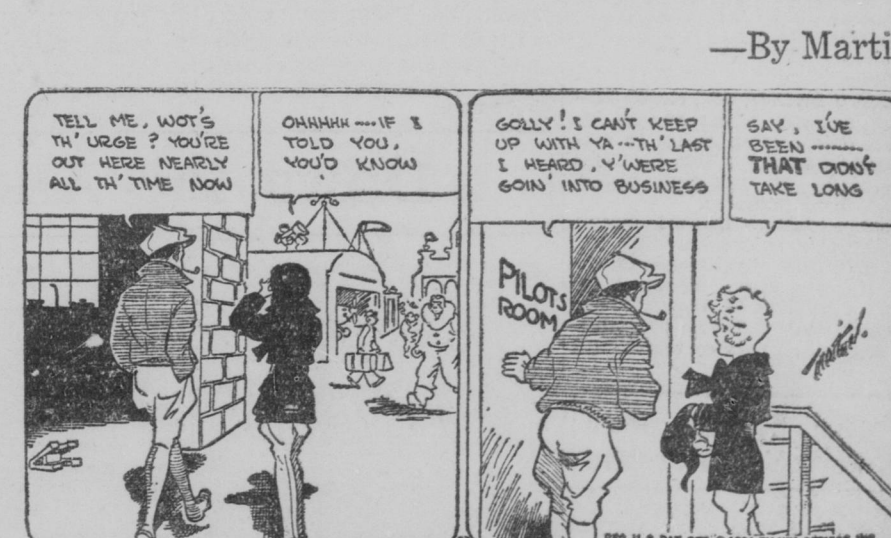
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—By Small



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

