

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSEY WALLACE, 19-year-old, lives in a New York City office. Her mother, ANNE TROWBROOK, is a wealthy woman, and because she has learned ALAN TROWBROOK, back from a year in the army, is in Paris studying art, no longer cares for her.

Crosby is infatuated with a wealthy divorcee, Wallace tells Gypsy that he has been left by his divorcee. To spite her, she has married next morning and departed for Forest City, his home town. At 10:15, Miss Ellen Wallace, who immediately becomes hostile to the girl, MARK HARRISON, senior member of the law firm, is ready to Gypsy.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The last of Aunt Ellen's furniture boxes were piled into the moving van and disappeared down the street a half hour later. Harriet had gone ahead to see that the things were unloaded properly. Aunt Ellen, her black hat poised squarely on her head, coat collar about her chin, paused in the hallway.

"Well," she said, "I'm leaving." "Goodbye, Aunt Ellen. I hope you're going to like the new house." "I hope so too," said the older woman. "If there's anything I've forgotten I'll send Harriet back." She put her black umbrella under her arm and stepped outside.

The big house seemed quiet after the noise and bustle of the movers. The rooms looked half-stripped and barren. Familiar pieces of furniture were gone. It was a melancholy scene, but Gypsy's heart was singing. At last this was her home!

She telephoned the employment company and two more applicants arrived. The first said she could cook, but admitted her only experience had been as a tea room waitress. Gypsy was too skeptical to hire her.

The third introduced herself as Matilda Schwartz. She was a small, sturdily-built woman who looked well up in the thirties.

"Are you married?" Gypsy asked. Matilda shook her head. "Not now," she said. "I had a man, but he's gone. Took the money I worked to save for three years. After he left I went to see a lawyer. I didn't get the money back but I got a divorce."

They settled upon the salary. It was agreed that Matilda was to have Thursday afternoon and Sunday evenings off. She left, promising Gypsy to return next morning with her trunk.

Left alone, the girl hurried to the kitchen. It was shining and spotless as Harriet always kept it. Gypsy inspected the refrigerator. There were butter, eggs, a head of lettuce and two grapefruit. Half a bowl of cold cereal left from breakfast occupied one shelf. That was the extent of the larder.

"Why didn't I think this morning?" she chided herself. "Oh, well. Once more she went to the telephone."

When Jim Wallace arrived home at 5:30 he found Gypsy in the kitchen enveloped in a huge apron that had been discarded by his aunt.

"Hel-lo!" exclaimed Jim. "What's going on here?"

"The cook I hired couldn't come until tomorrow. Don't you like beans?"

"Sure. Wait a minute—I'll open that can for you."

Gypsy relinquished the can opener and rushed to the stove where the chops were sizzling. She grabbed the skillet from the flame and lowered the blaze.

"What do you want me to put these in?" Jim demanded.

"Anything. You'll find a dish in that cupboard." The chops were safe again and Gypsy turned back to the table. By the time Jim had found a dish to hold the baked beans, she had them heating over the fire.

He lounged awkwardly against the table while Gypsy set out plates and dishes.

"Listen," Jim suggested, "what's the use of carrying all that stuff into the dining room? Let's eat out here!"

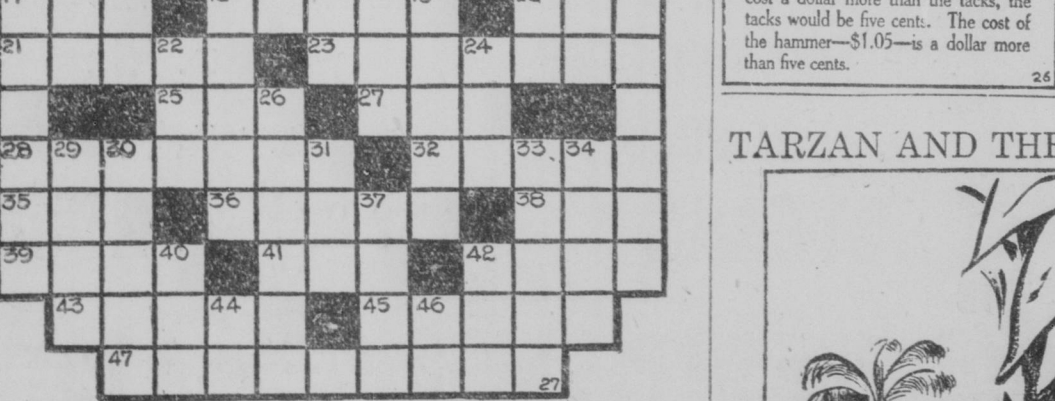
"Do you want to?"

"Why, sure. What's the matter with that?"

"Nothing," said Gypsy. "I think it will be fun. Here—I'll give you a job if you want it."

She set him to whipping cream. In a blue crockery bowl and to keep him from spattering himself wrapped an apron similar to the one she wore about his shoulders.

Presently they sat down before a meal of baked beans, fried pork chops, and a rather desultory salad. There were hot rolls and steaming coffee that was delicious. For dessert they had apple pie from the



HORIZONTAL
1 City in Minnesota famous for its hospital clinic.
9 Danish islands in Atlantic.
10 Prongs.
12 Wise man.
13 Wing of a seed.
15 Valley.
17 Devoured.
18 Excavation.
20 To persevere.
21 To encircle.
23 Sowed.
25 To polish.
27 Self.
28 Pertaining to the apex of a church.
32 To corrode.
33 Point.

VERTICAL
36 To jeer.
38 Deceitful property.
39 Queen of the heavens.
41 Sailor.
42 Bovine animals.
43 Ago.
45 To decorate.

1 Furries.
2 Native metal.
3 Company.
4 Warmth.
5 Principal.
6 Seventh note.
7 Finish.
8 To respond to a stimulus.
9 Destiny.
11 Black law.
13 Day of rest.
14 To droop.
15 Unceasing.
18 Shirt buttons.
19 Impetuous.
22 Silkworm.
24 Neither.
26 Rallies.
29 Pastries.
30 Small twig.
31 Meadow.
33 Smells.
34 Soft, fine feathers.
37 Epochs.
40 Data.
42 To read.
44 Credit.
46 To fare.

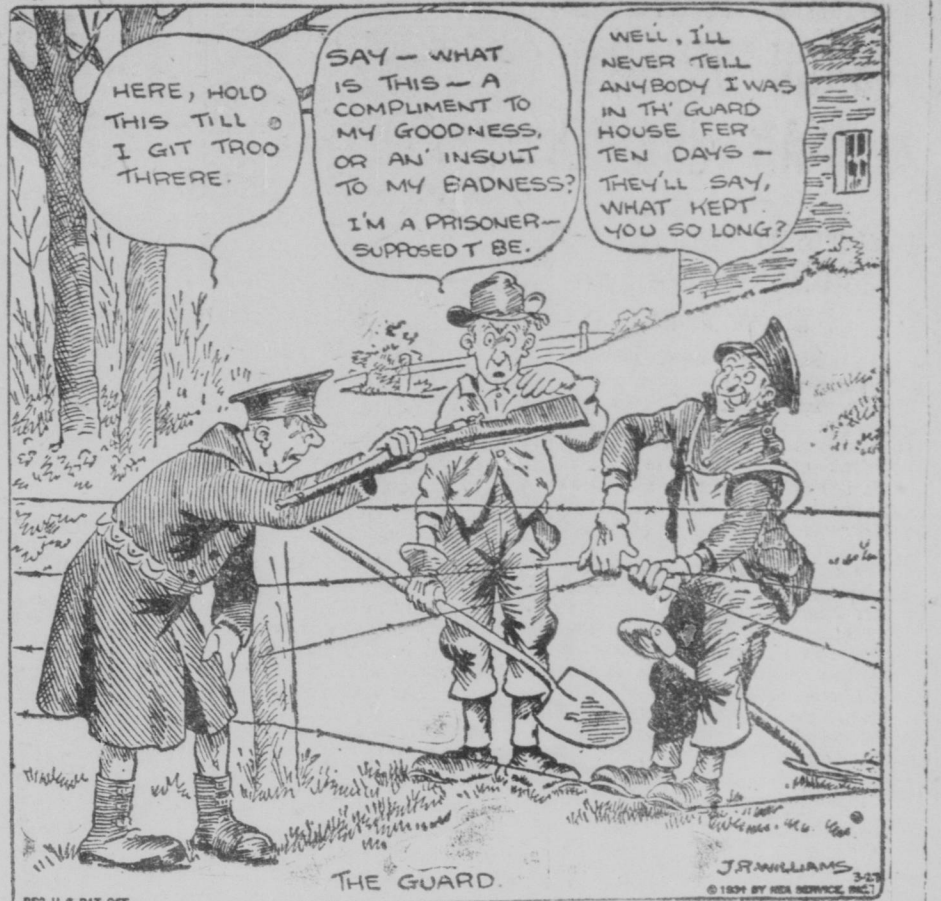
YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
AMAZON LIFERS
TOD PAPAN RAT
LAD APART ANI
A SLENDER M
NOTES C RACES
TWIT TIG POLO
ALE C RAFE TIN
PRAYERS
BEDLAM NOTATE
AVIAN SAVOR
REITER SEVER

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



The Waziri began under Estaban's direction to gather up the golden ingots of Opar. As they did so, the Spaniard approached one of the askari whom he knew spoke broken English. "Tell your masters and the woman," he said, "to thank the mercy of Tarzan. Say I have slain the creature who presumed to pose as Tarzan. Tell them, that even before they left London Tarzan knew they were coming. I forgive them their attempt to poison me, but they must leave Africa and never divulge the secret of Opar." Estaban congratulated himself, so cleverly did he believe this deception had worked.