

# MAD MARRIAGE

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NEA  
FICTION  
TEN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY  
GYPSY MCBRIDE, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, meets JIM WALLACE, 22-year-old typist. Gypsy is a misfit, because she has learned ALAN CROSSON, 20, from whom she has been in Paris studying art, no longer cares.

Wallace tells Gypsy that he has been fitted by his dances. To spite the girl she goes to Alan. When he asks her to marry her, she first refuses, but later accepts.

From curtains she turned the conversation to furniture and rugs and she rose from her chair and darted across the room to show just where she would place the Georgian chest she recommended.

Gypsy heard such phrases as "modern treatment" and "periods in harmony" and "light values."

Next day Gypsy receives a letter from Alan. Crosson. When the postman arrives, he is taller, and arrives, he drops the letter into a desk drawer. It is from Alan. Crosson. He has come to inquire about some paper he has given her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

She held up the envelope and started to tear one end open. Something made her hesitate. "Mrs. James Wallace" — she read the name over again. "Mrs. James Wallace."

"Alan!" the girl sobbed convulsively. "Oh, Alan!" She flung herself face down against the pillows, and tears came unchecked. They dammed one corner of the letter to which she clung tightly.

They were hot tears, wrenched forth with great shaking sobs. "Alan, I want you — I want you!" the girl moaned. "Oh, what am I to do?"

Presently she sat up, groping for a handkerchief to dry her red and swollen eyes. She still held the letter unopened.

One part of her yearned feverishly to read what Alan had written. The other part — it was fear — cautioned. "Don't do it! You'll be sorry." Gypsy held the envelope and stared at it.

Yes, of course, she must open it! There were a thousand things that could have happened since she left New York. Alan might be needing her.

Gypsy jumped up and crossed the room. "You're Jim Wallace's wife," she told herself. "You married him to get away from all this. Alan Crosson doesn't love you. He never did love you."

"Open that letter and you'll regret it! What if he should say he's sorry now? What can you do about it? It's too late!"

"She heard a knock at the door.

Gypsy stood motionless. After a moment she called out: "Who is it?"

Matilda answered in her heavy accent. "It's Miss Christopher, Ma'am. She's downstairs waiting. She said you was expecting her."

"Tell her I'll come in a few minutes," Gypsy directed. She was still wearing the suit coat and hat she had put on to go out marketing.

Gypsy tossed aside the hat, fluffed out her hair and went to the bathroom to dash cold water on her eyes. She could not entirely conceal the swollen lids, but powder was helpful.

The last thing she did before leaving the room was to drop Alan's letter into the desk drawer. She gave it a wistful glance, then hurried down the stairs.

Miss Christopher was slender and trim and gray-haired. She sat in a straight-backed chair and as Gypsy entered the living room she arose, smiling.

"How do you do, Mrs. Wallace?" she said. "I hope I'm not too early. I've just been admiring the lines of that fireplace. You know, we're going to make this into a beautiful room!"

"Good morning. I hope you'll excuse me for keeping you waiting." Gypsy's smile was mechanical.

Miss Christopher opened her handbag and took out bits of dark-colored cloth. "Of course I understand you're busy," she said. "Now here are the samples and I do think this mulberry is lovely.

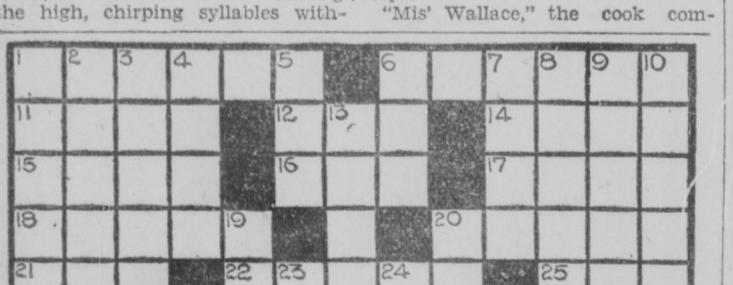
"If you prefer a lighter shade, I'd recommend the buff. You could have the same color in this fabric, I think if you'd rather. They're sun-protected, of course. Notice the quality."

Gypsy fingered the little squares of fabric, frowning.

"I'll show you what I have in mind," Miss Christopher continued. "Here — perhaps I'd better make a sketch. By crossing the overdrapes you get the effect of a valance in a newer way. Do you see what I mean?"

Miss Christopher's voice was bird-like. As she drew the diagram she chattered on. Gypsy, trying to listen, found that she was hearing the high, chirping syllables with-

"Mis' Wallace," the cook com-



HORIZONTAL: 38 Singing voice. 39 To total. 41 Flower con- tainer. 42 Binds. 43 Ratite bird. 44 Branches of learning. 45 To relieve. 46 Conjunction. 47 Above.

VERTICAL: 1 The Prince of Wales is on a good will tour of America? 2 Angry. 3 Ago. 4 To smash. 5 To bow. 6 Diamond. 7 Above. 8 Singing voice. 9 To run away. 10 To change a setting. 11 Britain's new viceroy of India. 12 Stale. 13 Scene of many battles in Belgium. 14 To seize. 15 To be in debt. 16 Rodent. 17 Sunburns. 18 Not bright. 19 God of love. 20 From what is a raisin made? 21 Born. 22 Dimmer. 23 To rent. 24 Advent. 25 To perform. 26 Sea eagles. 27 Social insect. 28 Kings of beasts. 29 Energy.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER: HONSHU VIENNA ALOE TEACH STALE SHID KOT THESE SOLE S SHARE LIVES BAILS TONED BRINE AWFUL RANK ABETS SPI ACT MILES TON NE FIRED HOSE DREADS STAMEN

30 To. 31 Sea skeleton. 32 To. 33 To. 34 To. 35 To. 36 To. 37 To. 38 To. 39 To. 40 To. 41 To. 42 To. 43 To. 44 To. 45 To. 46 To. 47 To. 48 To. 49 To. 50 To. 51 To. 52 To. 53 To. 54 To. 55 To. 56 To. 57 To. 58 To. 59 To. 60 To. 61 To. 62 To. 63 To. 64 To. 65 To. 66 To. 67 To. 68 To. 69 To. 70 To. 71 To. 72 To. 73 To. 74 To. 75 To. 76 To. 77 To. 78 To. 79 To. 80 To. 81 To. 82 To. 83 To. 84 To. 85 To. 86 To. 87 To. 88 To. 89 To. 90 To. 91 To. 92 To. 93 To. 94 To. 95 To. 96 To. 97 To. 98 To. 99 To. 100 To.

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