

MAD MARRIAGE

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

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Gypsy McBride, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, meets Jim Wallace at the "Golden Lion" hotel. Gypsy is missed when Jim goes to Paris, but has learned Alan Crosby, back from the war, and is now in Paris studying art. Jim no longer cares for Gypsy, but she has been jilted by her fiance. Jim is still in love with Gypsy, but she has stopped again before the Wallaces.

At Jim's home they are greeted by his aunt, Miss Ellen Wallace, who immediately takes a dislike to the girl. After a few days Miss Wallace moved to a cottage down the street.

Jim's fiance, Gypsy, is engaged in a dinner party, where Gypsy is snubbed by other guests. This enrages Jim and they leave.

Next day Jim goes to Paris to see Alan Crosby and after some indecision Jim undertakes the defense of Nina Roberts, accused of murdering her employer, Dr. Fowler. The case is sensational with circumstantial evidence strongly against the girl.

NOW GO ON THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

"I've asked Dr. Bainbridge to drop around and see the girl tomorrow morning. If he says her diet's wrong, I'll see to it that it's improved."

"But aren't you going to take me to see her some time, Jim? It must be horrible to be alone all day long. You're so sure she's innocent and I can't stand to think of a person being punished that way."

"Nina doesn't want to see any one. I've told you that before. She'd rather be alone."

Jim was keeping his mystery to himself.

"She said she'd come about 10," the girl answered. "Can I give you some more coffee?"

Jim shook his head. "It's getting late," he said, glancing at his watch. "Wanted to get an early start this morning. Guess I'd better be on my way. You'll excuse me?"

To leave without the second cup of coffee was unheard of. Gypsy rose as the young man did and followed him to the door. Then she waited a few moments until the green roadster appeared in the distance.

Usually she waved, but this morning Jim did not look around. With a sigh Gypsy returned to the breakfast table.

The newspaper lay where Jim had dropped it. Gypsy picked it up and folded back the pages. Then she read the complete account of the wedding.

It must have been an impressive ceremony. There was a list of names of attendants and ushers and details of the reception following the wedding. The newly married couple had departed for a famous Canadian mountain resort.

Usually she waved, but this morning Jim did not look around. With a sigh Gypsy returned to the breakfast table.

The window was half-opened. The night breeze was cool against her thinly clad shoulders, but it had the scent of spring. In the east the round gold moon was just visible over the edge of the tree tops. Its rays lighted the lawn and made it silvery except here and there where shrubs cast black shadows. Somewhere in the distance she heard a violin.

Oh, it was a night for youth and love and gay laughter! Gypsy closed the window behind her and moved away. A new magazine was lying on the table. She turned through its pages and sat down to read.

THE last paragraph read: "Mrs. Phillips and her parents formerly lived in Forest City. Since the death of her father a year ago Mrs. Phillips and her mother have made their home at Great Neck, L. I."

Brock Phillips is a graduate of Princeton university, where he was a member of the tennis team and prominent in other sports. He now is associated with his father, Henry B. Phillips, owner of the Phillips Breakfast Flakes Company."

On an inside page beside a column headed "Society News" there was a picture of a blonde girl in a drooping picture hat. Above was the caption, "Becomes Bride of Brock Phillips."

Gypsy bent forward, staring at the picture. It was a face that generally would have been accorded beauty. The features were regular. Marcia—this other girl who had held Jim Wallace's heart so carelessly in her slim fingers and shattered it—was not smiling. The eyes were large and well placed, accented by beautifully curving brows. The nose was "astidious."

If there were a flaw in her face Gypsy thought, it was in the lips which drew together rather tightly. They suggested arrogance.

There was about Marcia Loring now—Marcia Phillips—a definite patrician air. It was evident in the way she held her chin. Or was that merely a trick of the photographer to show off an uncommon well-moulded throat?

The paragraph below stated that Mrs. Brock Phillips, nee Loring, formerly had resided in Forest City and that she and her husband were to spend several weeks in Canada before returning to New York, where they would make their home.

Matilda entered the dining room and passed by. Gypsy had to see Gypsy at the table and then looked up.

"Good morning," she said, smiling a trifle too brightly.

"Good morning."

Jim pulled off his chair and sat down. Gypsy poured the coffee. She began to chat busily. "Abbie's coming to take me shopping this morning," she said. "There's a sale of china and glassware at Gabriel's and there are several things we really should have."

"Abbie wants to buy crystal goblets. They have some beautiful ones, but they're so expensive! Do you want me to stop and see if your toocoo has been cleaned?"

"Never mind," Jim told her. "They'll send it."

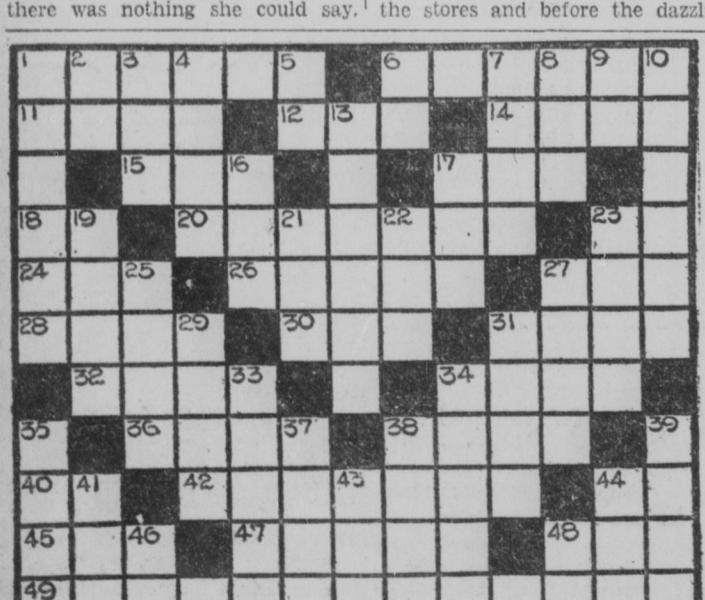
He had been reading the newspaper, only half-listening to what she said. Gypsy passed the toast and mechanically he accepted a piece.

Suddenly she saw a change come over his face. His eyes were intent on the paper, and she knew that he had found the account of Marcia's marriage.

It seemed a long time before Jim Wallace lifted his coffee cup. He must have read the brief paragraph through two or three times. At last he turned the page.

"What time is Abbie coming?" he asked without looking up. His voice, which was casual, betrayed the effort that was keeping it level.

Gypsy's heart bled for him. She wanted to be sympathetic, but there was nothing she could say.



HORIZONTAL
1 Author of "Climaron."
6 North Wind.
11 What genus includes the ostrich?
12 Epoch.
14 Person opposed to a practice.
15 To immerse one's self.
17 Secreted.
18 Northwest.
20 Fished.
23 No good.
24 Beret.
26 Bid.
27 Lawyer's charge.
28 Nights preceding holy days.
30 Grazed.
31 Dine.
32 Dine.
34 Small pastry.

VERTICAL
1 The native state of Raymond Poincaré is a —?
2 Exclamation of inquiry.
3 Scarf.
4 A lure.
45 Limb.
47 Fuel basket.
48 Humor.
49 Offering.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
FRAUD OUTCAST
LIA POT SOONER
ICE RAP DRIVE
FEAT ORE OLEA
STAB RIAN RT
EST STALLAGES Y
AIR TRY ORAL
RUDE ELF SLIP
APARS BOOJEMU
DEMEAN PROFIT
SEEDIER BOLTS

array of beautiful tableware she forgot her earlier mood.

Abbie bought the gleaming crystal goblets and a dozen salad plates. Gypsy's purchases were humbler. They lunched at the Carlton and it was after 2 o'clock when the couple stopped again before the Wallace home.

Gypsy planned a dinner that evening to appeal particularly to Jim's palate. Her efforts were unwarded. If the young man noticed at all what she was eating he gave no sign of it.

He looked tired. Gypsy thought. As soon as the meal was ended Jim went to the library, which had now become his home office.

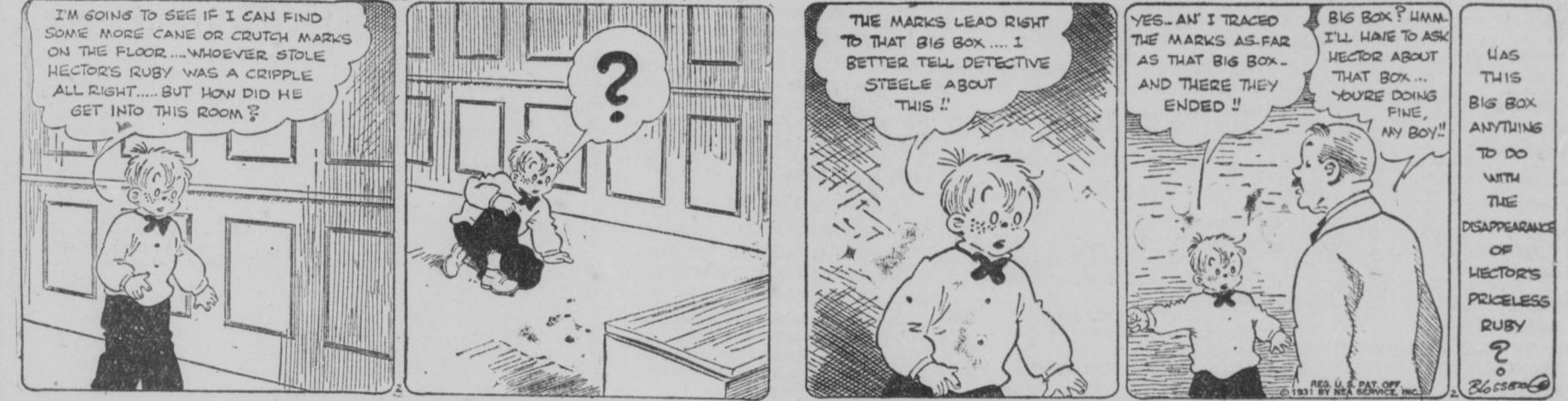
The whole house was quiet. If she turned on the radio, it would disturb Jim's work. Gypsy stood before one of the living room windows and looked out at the sky.

The window was half-opened. The night breeze was cool against her thinly clad shoulders, but it had the scent of spring. In the east the round gold moon was just visible over the edge of the tree tops. Its rays lighted the lawn and made it silvery except here and there where shrubs cast black shadows. Somewhere in the distance she heard a violin.

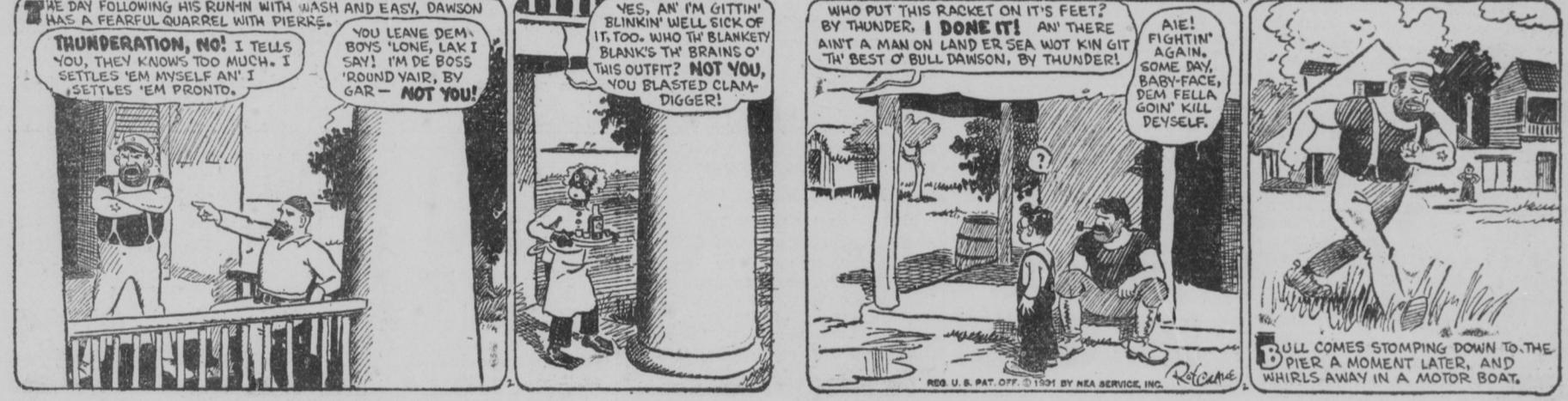
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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



Alone now, Tarzan might make his way through the valley of Opar to safety. But no such thought entered the ape-man's mind. Gratitude and loyalty were strong characteristics of Tarzan. La had saved him from the high cost—power, position, even safety. She had risked her life for him and become an exile from her own country. The fact that the Bolgani had taken her, for what purpose he could only guess—made Tarzan resolve to succor her.

He must know whether La lived and if so he would devote every energy to rescuing her and escaping from this hideous valley. Another day found the ape-man again outside the palace grounds. When darkness settled Tarzan approached the gates. Throwing the noose of his grass rope over one of the carved lions that topped the wall, the ape-man ascended quickly to the summit and dropped lightly into the garden below, without being discovered.

Now he crept stealthily toward the ivy-covered east tower. Up the age-old vine he climbed step by step. Far above ground he found an unbarred, open window, opening into an unlighted chamber. Entering, he groped cautiously about in the darkness. Again a heavy fragrance greeted him. Tarzan was annoyed. This would obliterate all other odors and place upon him a heavy handicap in his search for La.

Behind the ape-man was the open window, the silent jungle night, and freedom! Ahead—lay danger, and quite likely, death! Which should he choose? For a moment he stood in silent thought, and then, raising his head and squaring his great shoulders, he shook his black locks defiantly and stepped boldly toward the nearest door. Room after room he investigated until he had made the entire round of the tower, but his search was fruitless.