

MAD MARRIAGE

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Gypsy, a blonde, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, meets JIM WALLACE, a handsome, 22-year-old, who is a member of her family. She is a blonde, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, meets JIM WALLACE, a handsome, 22-year-old, who is a member of her family. She is a blonde, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, meets JIM WALLACE, a handsome, 22-year-old, who is a member of her family.

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."

"I'm sure she'd be glad to see some one who didn't want to ask her a lot of questions and frighten her."

"Now, Gypsy, you'll have to take my word for it. She wouldn't understand. She's a queer girl, but she's proud. Doesn't want sympathy."

It was the same answer he had given before. Gypsy gave up the attempt.

"Jim," she said, "have you ever had a talk with the doctor's wife?"

"You mean the widow? Why, yes. I went out to the house the day after the indictment. She was broken up and cried some, but was decent about the whole thing. She's a good witness for the prosecution. Makes the case blacker for Nina, though."

"I was just wondering—" Gypsy said, but did not finish.

There was no more discussion of the Roberts case that evening. Gypsy, at breakfast next morning, folded Jim's newspaper and laid it beside her plate. A headline caught her eye. She bent forward, smothering an exclamation.

THE headline which had attracted Gypsy's eye was on the front page. In two lines of dignified type she read: "Miss Marcia Loring Weds Son of New York Manufacturer."

There was a Long Island date line and beneath it this sentence: "The marriage of Miss Marcia Loring, daughter of Mrs. Marshall Loring, and the late Marshall Loring, and Brock Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Phillips of New York, took place at high noon today at St. Andrew's church."

There were footprints behind her. With a guilty flash Gypsy folded the newspaper so that the account of the wedding did not show. She placed it beside Jim's plate and then looked up.

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

"Good morning," Jim pulled out 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 topcoat 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 page, 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.

At last she arose and went about her morning's duties. By 10:15, when Abbie Mauley rang the door bell the girl was ready for the shopping trip.

If Abbie had seen the morning newspaper she said nothing about the Loring-Phillips wedding. Abbie was driving the coupe, and as soon as she and Gypsy were inside she began an energetic discourse on the rose arbor Charles was trying to build.

He wanted to do it himself and he and Abbie had conflicting ideas of architecture.

Gypsy was amused. She was grateful for such friendly, uncritical companionship. They reached the stores and before the dazzling

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 coupe stopped again before the Wallace home.

Gypsy planned a dinner that evening to appeal particularly to Jim's palate. Her efforts were unrewarded. If the young man noticed at all what he 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.

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 Neck 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 "Social 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 lovely. 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, accentuated by beautifully curving brows. The nose was fastidious.

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 uncommonly 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 paused, surprised to see Gypsy still at the table.

"I haven't quite finished," the girl said and the cook disappeared. The coffee was cold, but Gypsy finished her cup and nibbled at a piece of toast. She could not take her eyes from the picture in the newspaper.

If one had deliberately set out to search the world, Gypsy thought, it would have been impossible to find any one more totally unlike herself.

Here was the girl whom Jim worshipped—blond, aristocratic, probably tall and slim. Resentment against this fair girl who had been so cruel welled up in Gypsy's heart.

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50

HORIZONTAL

36 Chain of rocks in water.

38 Nothing more than.

40 Northeast.

42 To assume.

44 To accomplish.

45 Limb.

47 Fuel basket.

48 Humor.

49 Offerings.

VERTICAL

8 Conclusion.

9 Proposition.

10 Grace Moore is a—?

13 Glenn Collett is a—?

16 Golf teacher.

17 Pronoun.

19 Billow.

21 Away.

22 Guided.

23 Tidy.

25 Fruit.

27 Blaze.

29 Pace.

31 Fat.

32 Wool fabric.

34 Dogma.

35 Small catch.

37 Plant.

38 Boundary.

39 Decays.

43 To sin.

45 To make lace.

46 Noise.

48 Myself.

49 Grief.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

FRAUD OUTCAST
LA POT SOONER
ICE RAP DRIVE
DEAT IRE OLEA
STAR RAN RT
AR TRY ORAL
RUDE ELF SLIP
APARS BOOEMU
DEMEAN PROUIT
SEEDIER BOLTS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

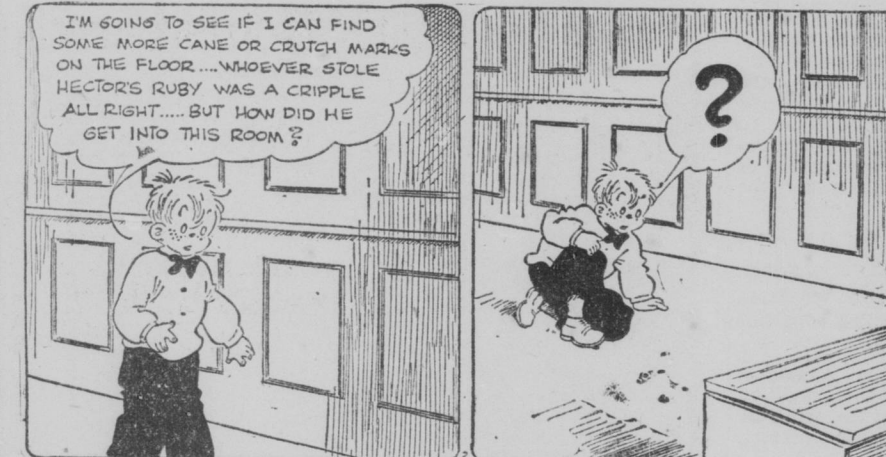
OUT OUR WAY

—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

