

MAD MARRIAGE

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

NEA
FICTION
1931
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPY MC-BRIDGE, 19-year-old typist
in New York office, is the
lady at the home of her wealthy cou-
sin, ANNE THROWERIDGE. Gypy is
a good girl, but she has a secret
CROSBY, back from a year and a half
in Paris, studying art, no longer cares
for Jim. Wallace tells Gypy that he has
been to see her, but she doesn't care for
him. She first refuses, later accepts.
He left them. A moment later
Jim Wallace glanced at his wife.
"Why, Gypy," he exclaimed, "what's
the matter?"

GYPY'S hand trembled on
Jim's arm. "I'm all right," she
said; "only it seems awful to be
in a place like this."

"I told you you shouldn't have
come," Jim reminded her.

"But I don't mean for myself. I
mean for prisoners—people accused
of committing crimes. Those bars
at the windows and heavy chains—
aren't they terrible?"

The jail guard returned with a
large woman dressed in blue. She
was introduced as Mrs. Sloan, the
matron, and led them up a flight of
stairs.

Nina doesn't seem to be feeling
very well," Mrs. Sloan confided. "I
don't know what's the matter. She
won't eat her meals."

"Does she complain of feeling
sick?"

"No. Just doesn't eat and lies on
her cot most of the time. I don't
think she sleeps much." Her voice
died away as they approached a tier
of cells.

"I've been trying to make her
take for three weeks," Jim said
grimly.

"Anyway, I'm glad I went to see
her," Gypy continued. "Would it
be all right if I made up a bundle
of magazines and sent them to her?"

Jim said he thought the matter
could be arranged. Two blocks
down the street Gypy left him and
caught her street car. Jim's last
words were that he would probably
be home late.

Throughout the ride home Gypy
puzzled over Nina Roberts' whisper-
ed message. It was exciting and
mysterious. There must be some-
thing Nina wanted to tell her without
Jim's knowledge. That meant
Gypy must find a way to make
the visit secretly.

She wondered how she could man-
age it, and when. Not tomorrow,
which was Saturday. Not Sunday.
Tuesday was the date of the trial. It
would have to be on Monday.

As she entered the yard a suc-
cession of short, sharp barks greeted
her. Pat came forward with a
rush, leaped against her, pranced
about on two feet and whimpered
in delight.

She was rubbing his head when Sam
appeared around the corner of the
house. Sam came toward the
girl determinedly.

"That's a fine dog!" he muttered
sarcastically, "yes, a fine dog. Would
you like to see what he's done to
the tulips, ma'am?"

The tulips were the first blooms
in the garden to flaunt their
delightfully brilliant heads against the
April winds. Sam had reported the
first blossoms a week ago. Only
that morning Gypy had counted
twelve.

"Oh, Sam, he didn't—" "See for yourself, ma'am. I've
told you before there can't be much
garden so long as that dog's allowed
to dig and scratch wherever
he takes the notion. I know what
I'd do with him if he was mine! I
know that all right enough!"

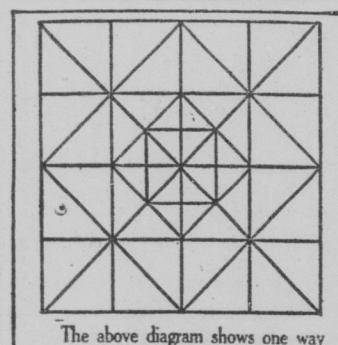
(To Be Continued)

STICKERS



The above diagram can be drawn with
one continuous line, which does not
cross at any point. Can you do it, without
taking your pencil from the paper?

Answer for Yesterday



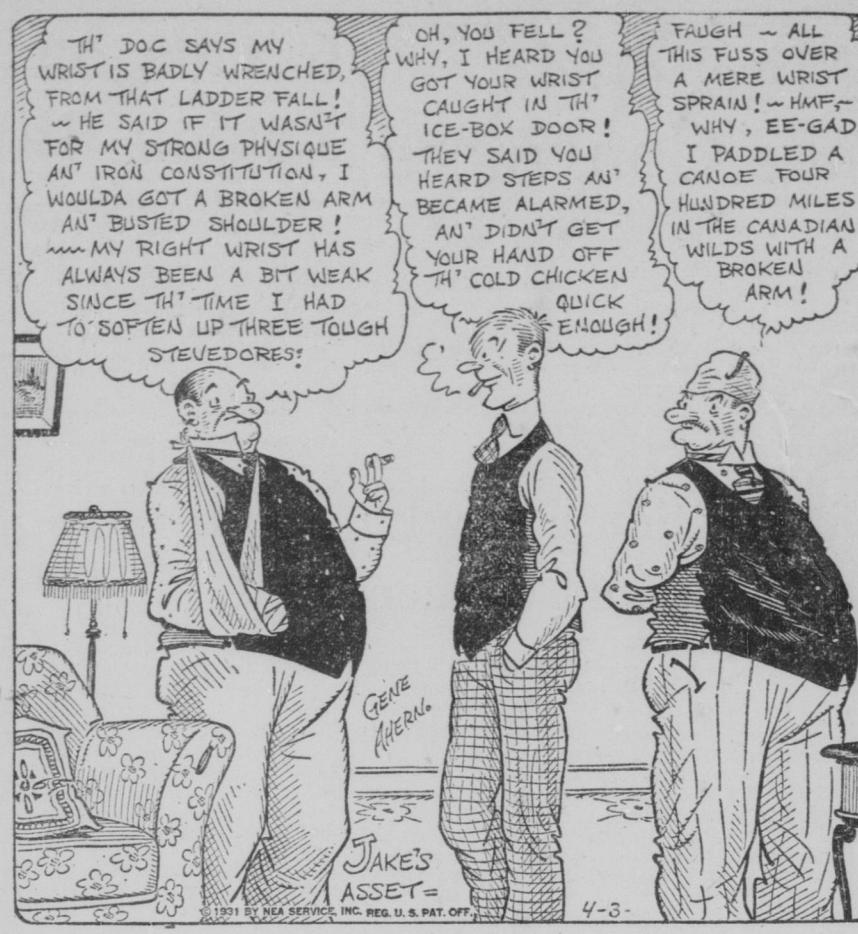
The above diagram shows one way
how lines may be filled in to form 45
perfect squares. Taking the horizontal
and vertical lines first, there are 16 single
section squares, 9 double section
squares, 4 triple section squares, 1 square
in the center and 4 squares inside
the center square. Adding these to the main
big square, there are 35. With the
diagonal lines there is the main big
square, 4 come squares inside of it, 1
square in the center and 4 squares with
in the center square. These total 10
and, added to the horizontal and vertical
35, make 45 squares in all.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern

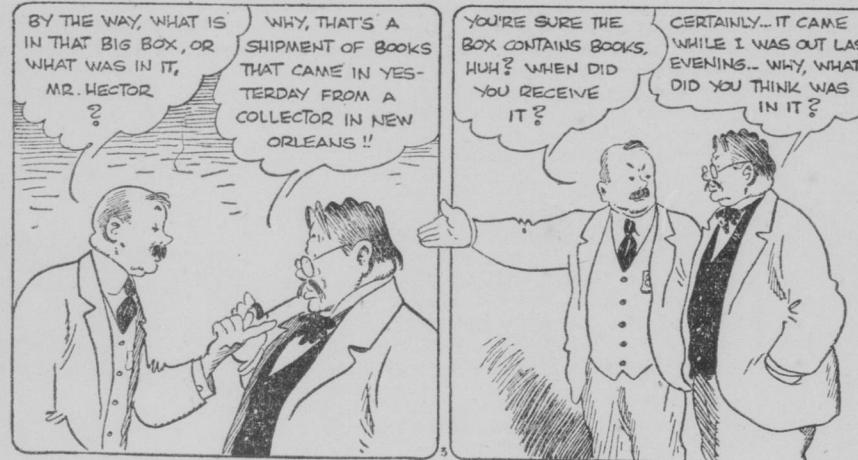
OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



—By Blosser

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



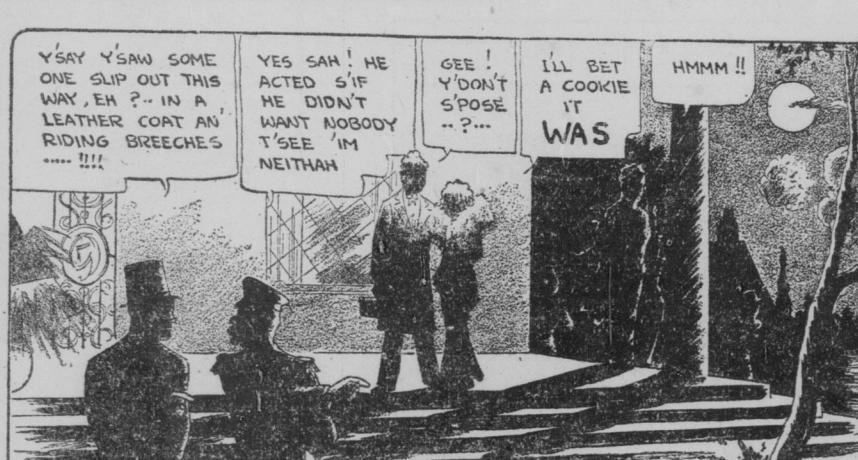
—By Crane

SALESMAN SAM



—By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Martin

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



HORIZONTAL 34 Italian river.
1 Holder of streamlets.
2 world's speed 35 Membranous
record for bag.
3 automobiles. 37 Chart.
7 Money house. 38 Poker stake.
11 To be in debt. 39 Representa-
12 Constellation. tive.
13 Ringworm.
14 Second note.
15 Joker.
16 To thrive.
17 Sesame.
18 Wraps.
19 Drunkard.
20 Sticks.
21 Dad.
22 Observed.
23 Steamer.
24 Public auto.
25 Publicity.
26 Backs of necks.
27 Fuel.
28 Signal systems.
29 Almond.
30 Clay houses.
31 Cavity.

VERTICAL 3 Myself.
4 Local deity.
5 of ancient.
6 Semitic races.
7 Unit of work.
8 Minor note.
7 Seizes with.
8 Insects.
9 Born.
10 Second largest live-
11 Center of an apple.
12 Stock market.
13 African desert.
14 Second note.
15 Joker.
16 To thrive.
17 Sesame.
18 Wraps.
19 Drunkard.
20 Sticks.
21 Dad.
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YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

FERBER BOREAS
RHEA AGE ANTI
A DIP OHDIN
NW TROLLED NG
CAP OFFER FEE
EVES FED LIAR
EATS R TART
S REEF MERE R
NE PRETEND DO
ARM GRATE WIT
PRESENTATIONS

In one of the dimly lighted chambers Tarzan came upon sleeping Bolgani. But so silent were the ape-man's movements that the sleeper did not stir! Up a queer stairway Tarzan went and reached the upper floor of the tower. Here was a circle of doors—all closed; before each feebly burned cressets—shadow golden bowls containing tallow in which floated a wick. As he opened the first door it creaked upon its hinges, giving forth the first audible sound that had resulted from his investigations up to this point.

He listened intently a moment, then climbed a crude ladder which led into a single vast room under the dome-like roof of the tower. Tarzan stood in the entrance and strained his eyes to see through the gloom, stood in statuesque silence for the space of a few seconds only. But in that time he was suddenly aware of movement—of the faintest shadow of a sound—behind him. Wheeling quickly he saw the dim outline of the figure of a man standing in an open doorway upon the opposite side of the landing.

All was not going well with Esteban, the Spaniard. More and more as they marched away with the golden ingots did he suspect that the Waziri began to doubt that he was the real Tarzan. They were passing through rather open jungle. Suddenly a rhinoceros charged them. To the amazement of the Waziri, "Tarzan of the Apes" fled for the nearest tree, slipped and fell headlong. But the rhino, distracted by the yells of the Waziri warriors, turned aside and went blundering by, disappearing into the jungle underbrush.

The Spaniard, as he arose, saw the looks of pity and puzzlement written upon the faces of the huge blacks. He knew he had committed a blunder and seized despairingly upon the only excuse he could conjure up. "My poor head," he cried, pressing both palms to his temples. "A blow upon your HEAD, Bwana," said Usilio with a tinge of contempt, "and your faithful Waziri thought it was the HEART of their master that knew no fear!" Esteban made no reply, and in silence they resumed their march.