

# MAD MARRIAGE

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

GYPSY MORRIS, 19-year-old typist in a New York office, married Jim Wallace the day after she left him a letter saying she was going to marry him. She had been waiting for her husband to come home to dinner when the telephone rang. Yes—she was alone in the house except for Bobbie. Bobbie was the 2-year-old child the Fowlers had taken into their home a year before.

He was in his crib asleep and Mrs. Fowler had had to run to the neighbors to get someone to stay with the child before she could leave for the hospital.

Had there ever been any trouble between herself and her husband? Mrs. Fowler said no. Did she know any one who might wish to do him harm? The woman's answer, scarcely audible, was in the negative.

"Now, Mrs. Fowler, the voice of the state's attorney rose slightly, 'have you ever seen this young woman before?'" He pointed toward Nina Roberts.

Heads were craned forward. A murmur of excitement circled the room. A woman's voice cried out: "She's fainting!"

It was Mrs. Fowler who had dropped back, apparently lifeless in her seat. There was a great buzz of excitement. Court attendants rushed forward. From somewhere a doctor appeared.

The physician returned and announced that Mrs. Fowler was under severe strain and could not be questioned further.

She could not be questioned on the following day, either. Bennett, the state's attorney, announced that the health of his witness did not permit her to appear.

At home that evening Jim Wallace said to Gypsy: "What do you think of that woman? I wish I could be sure she doesn't know something she's hiding."

He was standing by the living-room table filling his pipe with tobacco. Gypsy, looking childish in a yellow crepe frock made with short sleeves, sat with her feet tucked under her at one end of the davenport. The f-- terrier's nose rested in the crook of her elbow.

"Do you mean Mrs. Fowler?" the girl asked.

Jim dropped into the heavy up-bowling chair that was his favorite. As he held a flame to the pipe, he nodded.

"I couldn't understand why she fainted," Gypsy admitted. I mean unless she wanted to get out of answering any more questions. Isn't there some way you can insist on getting her there again?"

"Yes, there is—if it will do any good! In the meantime Bennett's reading those damned letters and bringing in witnesses who saw Nina and Fowler having dinner together."

"Say—did you notice the way he read those letters? Made them sound twice as incriminating as they are. I'd get Mrs. Fowler down there in a minute if I thought I had the right hunch. I can't get over feeling that she knows something. But what?"

Gypsy leaned her head back and studied the opposite wall between narrowed lids.

"Doesn't Nina have any suggestions?" she asked.

"Nina said she'd seen the woman, but twice before. Said Fowler didn't like to have his wife come to the office. She'd heard him talk to her over the telephone, though, and says sometimes they quarreled."

"Where was Mrs. Fowler when the shooting took place?"

"You heard her say she was home, didn't you?"

"But, Jim—then she hasn't any better alibi than Nina!"

"Except that Nina was in the same building and Mrs. Fowler was clear across town. Besides, there's no motive for the woman to kill her husband."

"How do you know that? There might have been fifty reasons! Jim, how long would it take for a person in a car to get from Fowler's office out to his home?"

JIM considered. "Oh, I should say off-hand about twenty minutes."

"But then she could have done it! She could have—don't you see! Suppose Mrs. Fowler came to the office after Nina left. May be they had a quarrel or a struggle and she fired the gun."

She could have run down stairs—the building has two stairways, you know—and got into a car and

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

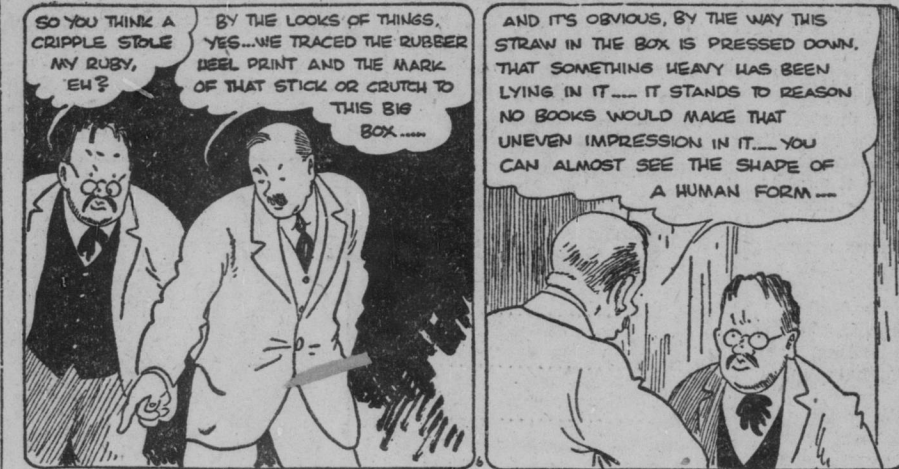
## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



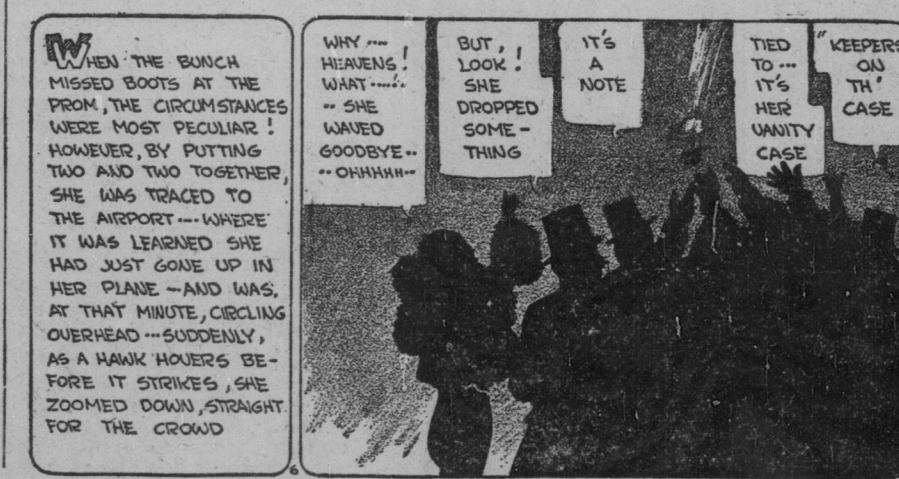
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



**HORIZONTAL**

1 To shut out. 41 Low singing voice. 9 To cancel. 42 Silkworm. 10 Wine vessel. 43 Prophecy. 12 Morsels. 44 Embroidered. 14 At any time. 45 Unsold. 15 Because. 16 Grand-parental. 17 Capital of Peru. 18 Pedal digit. 19 Wheel pad. 20 Flutters. 21 Yielded. 22 Paints. 23 Age. 24 Larval stage. 25 Beer. 26 Lumb. 27 Languished. 28 To free. 29 To throb. 30 Mesh of lace. 31 To sharpen as.

**VERTICAL**

1 Satan. 2 Fragrant oil. 3 To scold. 4 Float. 5 Female of a horse. 6 Abolished. 7 Black and blue. 8 To gaze fix- edly. 9 Kind of pottery. 10 To low. 11 Winter carriage. 12 To crack. 13 Dressed in line. 14 Coal digger. 15 Inducing vomiting. 16 Place of Napoleon's first exile. 17 Rolls of film. 18 Child's glass marble. 19 Smell. 20 Flaxen fabric. 21 Paradise. 22 To pull along. 23 Garden tool.

**SATURDAY'S ANSWER**

CRAPULENT  
FAUNA ALARM  
BERLIN DECEASE  
REVEL R CEASE  
IDE EVICT THE  
TIVA  
ICE SEATS SOL  
SLAIN L TRADE  
HARDEN SOUNDS  
MELEE KINDS  
DERELICTS

**LC CHEWSTER XASEE**

The tick name and address on the above envelope is Elsie (L C) Katz, Winchester ("W" in Chester), Tennessee ("X" in, asce)

**Answer for Saturday**

LC CHEWSTER XASEE

**STICKERS**

Can you change the positions of three of the matches so that the five squares will be reduced to four?

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