

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

MAD MARRIAGE

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

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY, 19, 19-year-old typist
in a New York office, meets JIM WALLACE the day after she meets him at
the home of her wealthy cousin, ANNE TROWBRIDGE.
GYPSY has been killed by ALAN CROUCH, but is still very much alive in
Paris, and Wallace's fingers just
broke their engagement. There
is no son.

Wallace is a young lawyer. They go
to his home in Forest City, where he
tells her his secret. Jim undertakes the defense of NINA ROBERTS, accused of murdering her
employer, DR. WILMER. The case is
strengthened by circumstantial evidence
against the girl, and Gypsy becomes
interested. She goes to see MRS. FOWLER, widow of the victim,
and the hysterical over her adopted
son's illness. The woman promises
her husband to save the child's life.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE
The child wasn't adopted. They took him nearly a year ago from a home, but adoption papers weren't signed. Mrs. Fowler said she came to the office to tell her husband that if Bobby went she was going to.

"I GUESS the whole thing happened quickly. She says she told Fowler what she was going to do. Bobby was standing beside her. Suddenly the child ran toward the window.

Fowler grabbed him. Mrs. Fowler says he had threatened several times to kill the boy. She thought he meant to do it then.

"She knew there was a revolver in the top drawer of her husband's desk and she reached for it. The woman swears she didn't intend to shoot. She saw her husband fall and dropped the gun.

Then she picked up Bobby and ran for the stairway. She must have gone down one side at the same time Brophy, the policeman, ran up the other. How she got out of the building without being seen I don't know, but she walked to where her car was parked and drove home.

"She says she'd just got in the house when they telephoned from the hospital. Well—that's the story. While she was telling it she mumbled a lot about Bobby being sick and going to die. The kid is sick, all right. It seems she got the idea his illness is a sort of punishment to her for letting some one else pay the penalty of her crime.

"The woman was half hysterical. Kept asking if I thought I could save her and begging me to help for Bobby's sake. Certainly is crazy about that kid, all right!"

"The poor woman!" Gypsy exclaimed. "Where is she?"

"She's at home. Held up long enough to make a statement before the judge and then collapsed. Doctor and nurse went with her. Of course, after that the acquittal was just a matter of form."

"What do you think will happen to Mrs. Fowler?"

"Oh, you can't tell. Trial may be put off a good while. There seems to be a big public reaction in her favor. I should think she'd get a light sentence."

Gypsy sat silent. It had been the most exciting morning of her life. To find the barrier between life and death so fragile, to face such tragedy left her exhausted. She gazed at Jim with new respect.

They heard Nina's footsteps on the stairs and Gypsy went to meet her.

"Luncheon's ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

FOR two days Nina Roberts was a guest in the Wallace home. Gypsy saw to it that she had plenty to keep her occupied.

Reporters constantly were telephoning, but aside from the typed statement Jim gave out at his office Nina was not quoted in the newspapers.

There were household tasks which the girls shared together. Nina romped with Pat. Over the telephone Gypsy made arrangements with the woman who operated Nina's boarding house to have the girl's clothing packed and sent out. She gave the girl plenty of wholesome food, urged her to rest.

Nina had announced that she wished to leave Forest City.

"Where do you want to go?" Gypsy asked.

"My sister's in Chicago," Nina said. "She's married. If I could get to Chicago, I could stay with her until I get a job."

So it was agreed that Nina should go to Chicago. She had a pitifully small amount of money, though Jim's charge for his legal service was the merest fraction of the usual fee. The morning of the day on which

Nina was to depart Gypsy knocked at the door of the guest room.

"May I come in?" she asked when Nina appeared.

"Of course."

Nina wore the rose negligee Gypsy had loaned her. She had been making the bed.

"I've got something for you," Gypsy said, smiling. "Two things."

She took the other girl's hand and placed it in a small folded object.

"Now you mustn't say you can't accept it. It's something I want to do."

The folded object was a \$20 bill.

"I can't take it," Nina protested, shaking her head. "It wouldn't be right after you've done so much for me." She started to hand the bill back, but Gypsy refused it.

"Listen, Nina," she said, "it's my own money—money I earned before I was married. I'd rather do this with it than anything in the world! I want you to have it. Please keep it to remember me!"

"I WONT ever forget you, Mrs. Wallace. I don't need anything to remember you by."

"But I do want you to have it. Then there's something else." From the pocket of her house dress Gypsy drew forth a soiled white envelope.

There was nothing written on the envelope, but Nina Roberts recognized it instantly.

"It hasn't been opened," Gypsy said softly.

The other girl's eyes met hers. It was one of those moments when Nina Roberts' face was unfathomable.

"If you'll hurry and dress now," Gypsy continued cheerfully, "we'll go out and see what we can find in the garden to brighten the living room table. There are plenty of irises and I think we might find enough of the white lilacs left."

"You've been so good to me!" Nina said impulsively. "Oh, you'll never know just what these days have meant to me!"

"Then I'm glad. It's little enough after what you've had to face. Well—shall we go cut the flowers?"

The garden, bathed in warm sunlight and the fragrance of lilacs, bore promise of what summer was to bring. Dew sparkled on the fresh grass. The iris bore their gold and purple heads proudly.

A few straggling tulips—remnants of Pat's mischief—added a splash of scarlet. Above, against a turquoise sky, the clouds drifted lazily.

It was a perfect May morning—a day when nature seemed to outdo herself proclaiming the joyousness of living.

JIM was eying the terrier. Pat had twisted around so that he was lying with his head between his paws. The eyes that had been so bright were dull.

Pat raised them pleadingly to his master. Gypsy noticed that the bit of tail, which invariably wagged in gay greeting, was still.

She slipped down to the floor and stroked the dog's head.

"Don't do it, Jim cautioned. I think it's better to let him alone. I wish I knew how long ago he got the poison. Did Loomis say he was starting at once? Lord, I'd like to do something, but I don't know what to try."

"Yes, he said he'd hurry. I told Dr. Loomis we thought it was poison. Oh, why doesn't he come? Why doesn't he come?"

"If I could get hold of the one who did this," Jim threatened, darkly. "I'd pay him for it. I'd like to have my hands on him for just about five minutes!"

The shrill ring of the doorbell cut the air. Matilda answered and a moment later a small man in a dark suit entered. He carried a medical case.

(To be Continued)

thing hurt him. I never saw him act this way before—"

Jim did not wait to listen. He hurried through the house with Gypsy and the cook close behind him.

Beneath a tree a few yards from the kitchen door was the huddled little black and white figure. Pat's head was turned away from them.

The man dropped to his knees. "CONGRATULATIONS, BUSTER! ~ BUT, AH, HARR-R-RUMF ~ UM ~ I TRUST YOU WON'T FORGET THAT YOU ARE TO GIVE ME \$10 FOR TELLING YOU THAT TRICK OF EYE PSYCHOLOGY!"

IT DID THE TRICK

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