

# MAD MARRIAGE

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

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
GYPSY, McBride, 19-year-old New York tycoon, marries Jim WALLACE the day after he meets him in the same car with his cousin ANN TROW BRIDGE.

GYPSY has been pilled by ALAN CLO-  
BY, just returned from a year and a  
half in Paris studying art. Wallace's  
manners have won him an engagement to  
marry a richer man.

Jim and Gypsy go to Forest City, where he has a thriving law practice. His relatives snub Gypsy. MARCIA LADING, his fiancee, is a slim, months-pregnant woman.

BROCK PHILLIPS, millionaire's son, keeps his hands on Jim. Months later, he returns to Forest City. She consults Jim about financial affairs and later tells him her man is dead. Phillips was a scat-  
tler.

GYPSY tries to remain loyal to Gypsy, but sees Marcia frequently. Gypsy writes. Marcia asks her to give up Jim. Gypsy says "No." Gypsy is a slim, talls, tells of seeing him at luncheon with a girl in blue dress whom she sup-  
poses is Gypsy.

Gypsy is sure the girl was Marcia. GYPSY is sure the girl was Marcia. GYPSY is sure the girl was Marcia. GYPSY does not like, and accepts an invitation to drive her home.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER FORTY-ONE** GYPSY remembered Frank Gib-  
son very well now. He was the  
young man with whom Jim had  
accused her of flirting. There had  
been something about Gibson being  
co-respondent in a divorce case. Oh,  
yes, she remembered very well.

"Oh, I'd love to see the west  
coast," Gypsy told him. "Were you  
in California, too?" Gibson nodded. "I like Wash-  
ington and Oregon better myself. Make  
the trip out there usually twice a  
year. Selling hardware is my busi-  
ness." He paused and grinned. "Not  
with a pack on my back, you under-  
stand. My firm sells to retailers."

Gypsy smiled. "I didn't think you  
carried pack," she said.

"Speaking of the heat wave, look  
at this!" Gibson held out on hand.  
Raindrops as big as 5-cent pieces  
had begun to fall. "Well, I guess  
the siege is broken at last. You'd  
better come up on these steps!" It  
would be a long time before she'd get  
over it."

Gibson nodded. "And how do you  
like being a lawyer's wife?" he  
asked, "when the customers are  
young—and pretty?"

"I remember now. Read about it  
in a San Francisco paper. The girl  
was pretty, wasn't she? What be-  
came of her?"

"After she was acquitted she left  
Forest City and went back to her  
relatives. She has a better job now  
and I think she's happy. Of course  
it was a terrible experience. It  
will be a long time before she'll get  
over it."

Gibson nodded. "Well, I guess you  
like to run to catch  
my car."

Gibson took her by the arm and  
led her under the shelter of the en-  
trance to the drug store.

"You'd be drowned if you tried to  
catch a car now. Even a taxi. Be-  
sides, there's no need. My car is  
just around the corner and if you'll  
let me get it, I'll drive you home."

"Would you really?"

"Glad to. Will you wait here? I  
swear it won't take me more than  
a minute!"

Gypsy's heart pounded as she  
waited. If it were any one except  
Frank Gibson it would have been  
a perfectly natural procedure. Jim  
practically had declared she should  
never speak to Gibson.

Well—Jim Wallace was not a per-  
son to give her orders. When the  
trim brown coupe drew up to the  
curb before the drug store the girl  
ran out to it. Gibson swung the  
door open and she stepped inside.

"Going to be hard to drive, isn't  
it?" she asked.

"Not bad. With such big drops  
the shower can't last long. Too bad  
because the ground needs the mois-  
ture to say nothing of us suffering  
humans."

The glass at each side of the car  
was drawn down. Gypsy took a  
deep breath.

"Oh, the air is so much fresher!"  
she exclaimed. "I love rain storms."  
Do you? Like them myself. Al-  
ways have liked to drive in the  
rain."

There was a pause and then Gib-  
son spoke again. "It's still early,"  
he said with sudden enthusiasm.  
"Suppose instead of taking you di-  
rectly home we swing out on the  
Somerset road. We can get a real  
breath of fresh air out there. What  
do you say? Shall we do it?"

FOR an instant Gypsy hesitated.  
She was aware that Gibson was  
watching her eagerly. There was a  
faintly bantering light in his eyes.  
It was as though he were chal-  
lenging her. "Are you game to go?  
Will you take the dare?"

The girl's chin lifted. "Yes," she  
said, "if there's fresh air—cool,  
fresh air—to be had on the Somer-  
set road, let's go there. I haven't  
had a breath of it for weeks."

While she was still speaking, Gibson  
had swung the car around. The  
rain drops were coming faster now.  
He seemed to be an expert driver.  
Gypsy watched the ease with which  
he handled the car. Surely it was  
a new one. The brown paint glist-  
ened and the upholstery looked  
fresh.

"It's a new car, isn't it?" she  
asked.

"Had it two weeks. Bought it as  
soon as I got back from the coast."

"It's too bad to have it out in a  
storm like this."

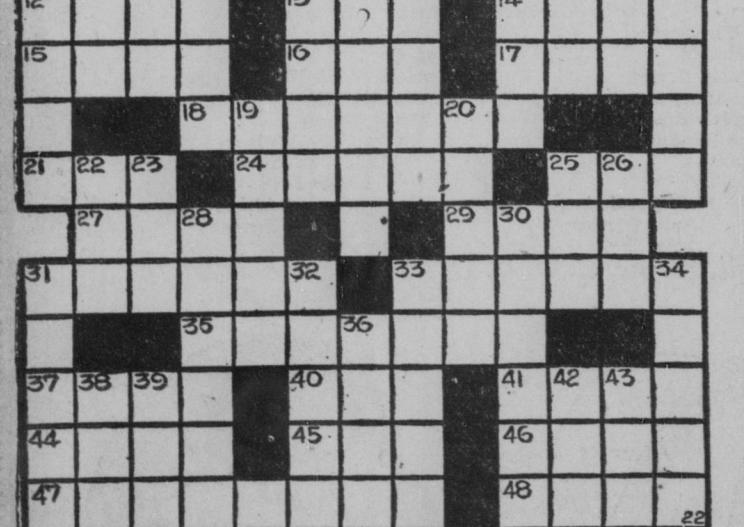
**STICKERS**

Can you make the above design in  
one continuous line, without going over  
the same line twice and without raising  
the pencil from the paper? 22

**Answer for Yesterday**

**HANNAH HANDED HUGH HASH.**

This shows how the letter H may be  
added to the above small letters to spell  
out a simple sentence. 21



**YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**

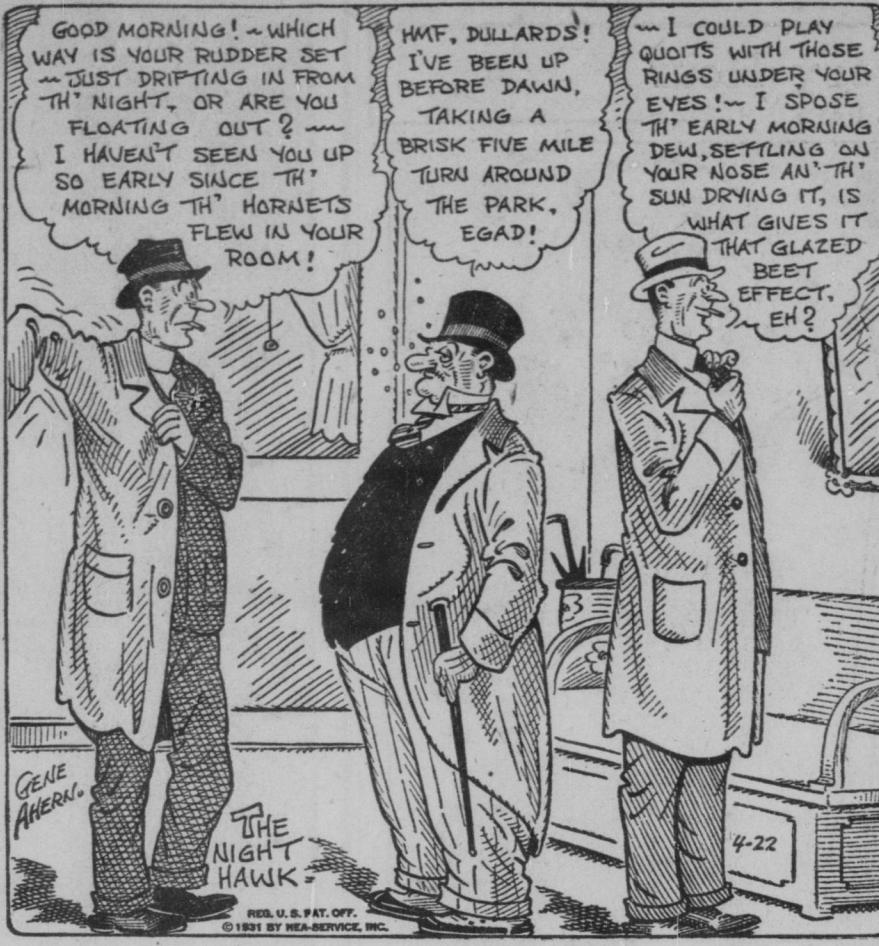
OREGON PROPEL  
FORE ARE SERE  
FAST PET TANG  
ERE REMAN LEG  
K RESTILED  
GATE INTOMB  
JAM DUDES ORE  
ALAR SEA AROW  
DOZES R BRAKE  
EROSO S OILER  
DENTED WADERS  
1 Gift of

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



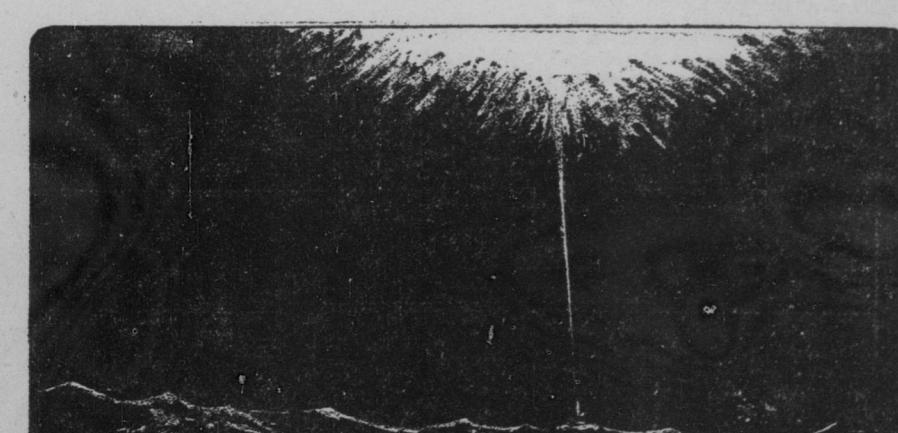
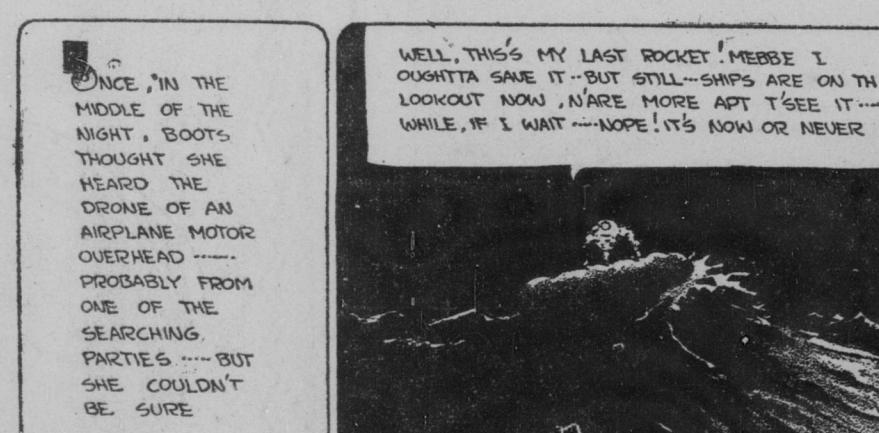
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



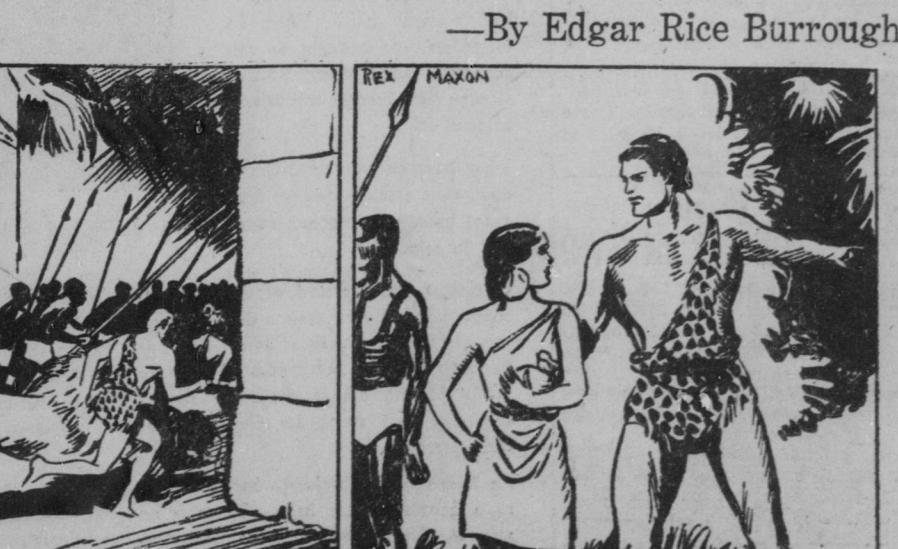
## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Under the flickering light of the cresset, Tarzan of the Apes saw tier after tier of shelves upon which were stacked small sacks made of skins. Opening one, the old man spilled a portion of the contents into the palm of one hand. "Diamonds!" he said. "The Bolgani have been accumulating them for countless ages. In their legends is the prediction that some day the Atlantians will return and barter for them. But this time the last of the Gomangani had ascended the ladder.

Giving one bag to LA, another to Tarzan and keeping one for himself, the old man remarked: "Just for luck, in case we leave this valley alive!" From the diamond vault he led them up a primitive ladder to the floor above and quickly to the main entrance of the Tower. Two heavy, bolted doors now lay between them and the terrace. Beyond that, only a short distance, was the east gate which Tarzan had left open. But this time the last of the Gomangani had

Carefully the ape-man explained to them they were to run for the gate as the bolted doors swung open. Then, turning to the old man he said: "NOW!" The bolt slipped back, the doors swung open and the entire party swarmed out. The Bolgani, unaware that their victims had eluded them, did not discover the fact until Tarzan, bringing up the rear with the golden lion, was passing through the gates. Then several hundred gorilla-men started on a mad run in pursuit.

"Now for it!" cried Tarzan to the others. "Run straight down the valley toward Opar." "I shall not stir a step without you, Tarzan," said LA. "As you wish." He said with a shrug. "here they come." Fifty of the Gomangani rallied to his call and with these the ape-man stood in the gateway toward which the Bolgani were now charging. As the first of the hairy monsters snarled within a few paces of them, LA glanced down the jungle trail. "Look!" he cried.