

# GUILTY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of "MAD MARRIAGE"

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Pretty NORMA KENT, 20-year-old secretary in a law office, sees MARK TRAVERS for the first time when they rescue a puppy from downtown traffic in Marlboro, middle-western metropolis. Norma declines to tell Travers her name or where he can see her again.  
BOB FARRELL, young lawyer, asks Norma to marry him and she refuses, though she is fond of him as a friend. Norma takes the puppy to the shabby apartment she shares with CHRISTINE BAUNDERS.  
She fears Chris is falling in love with her married employer, BRADLEY HART, proprietor of an advertising agency. Norma inserts an advertisement about the puppy in a newspaper and found column, and the first person to answer is Mark Travers.  
He tries to make a date, but Norma declines his invitation. A small boy comes to claim the puppy and takes it home.  
Norma goes for a drive with Bob Farrell and he tells her he is leaving Marlboro. Two days later she meets Travers on the street and goes to lunch with him.  
This is the beginning of a whirlwind courtship. Norma finds herself head-over-heels in love, but thinks she must send Travers away because of some secret of the past. Chris declares if Norma loves Travers all else is unimportant.  
Mark is invited to dinner at the apartment. Norma is there alone when caller arrives. He tells her he is Mark's father and demands her affair with his son shall end.  
In the midst of a heated speech, Mark appears. Father and son quarrel and the father threatens to disown Mark if he marries Norma. The older Travers departs. Mark begs Norma to marry him and she agrees after some hesitation.  
The couple drive to the town of Woodbury with Chris and Bradley Hart. Norma and Mark secure a license and are married. Then Mark takes his bride to the national Hotel Marlboro.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER TWELVE (Continued)**  
They were shown to a suite of rooms quite the handsomest Norma had ever seen. The dapper uniformed bellboy accepted Mark's tip and withdrew. They heard the door close.  
Norma did not look up. She was aware Mark was beside her, though he neither spoke nor touched her. A long moment. An infinity which passed in a flash.  
Suddenly his arms were around her. Swift kisses smote her cheeks. Norma could feel Mark's heart beat. The girl caught her breath for sheer happiness.  
"Oh, Mark!"  
She let herself sink into the turbulent embrace.

**CHAPTER THIRTEEN**  
The glowing orb of molten gold stirred gently and moved to the right. Out of the sunlight it was not glowing but at all, but a mass of tangled and unruly curls.  
Norma shook her head and the bobbing tendril that had been obscuring the vision of her left eye fell back into place.  
Curled up in the huge rose tapestry chair, the girl seemed a tiny creature. She wore a negligee of blue. It was simply cut, made of cheap material, but as gloriously azure as the heavens on a perfect July morning. A worn black satin mule flopped back from one bare foot.  
Norma's loose sleeves fell away almost to the shoulder, revealing arms of creamy whiteness. Like the rest of Norma's body, the arms were exquisitely formed, slender but rounded.  
She was smiling. Not at the young man across the room. His back was toward her. Norma smiled at the reflection in the mirror of the dressing table.  
It showed a young man, coatless, energetically brushing a shock of brown hair back from his forehead. He was an unusually good-looking youth even when he frowned, as he did just then, and threw down the brush to tug at his necktie.  
Suddenly he caught Norma's eyes watching him in the mirror. The frown became a grin. Mark whirled.  
"See here, Mrs. Travers!" he said. "Do you call yourself a helpful wife? Sitting there taking my mind off everything I try to do! Can't even tie my tie decently! See here, what kind of conduct do you call that?"

IN three strides he was across the room, perched on the arm of Norma's chair and tousling her curls.  
The girl laughed and tried to defend herself. A moment more and Mark had routed her from the chair, appropriating himself. He held Norma, protesting gaily in his arms and the game became a spirited contest.  
Much rubbing of blond curls the wrong way. It was exciting fun—half-play, half-endeavour. Flushed

and breathless, at last Mark claimed undisputed victory.  
At last he placed a long kiss squarely on the girl's lips.  
Norma lay back and looked at him from beneath the dark fringes of her lashes.  
"Look at you tie now," she suggested demurely.  
It was worse—oh, so very much worse than it had been! Travers grimaced in mock dismay. He shook his head.  
"So this is married life! Terrible—terrible!"  
A little beyond reach stood the breakfast table. It had been abandoned some time since and was littered with crumpled napkins and soiled dishes. There were pink roses in a silver vase in the center of this disarray.  
Norma drew herself away. "It really is terrible," she agreed. "Goodness, it must be—why, look!—nearly 11 o'clock!"  
"Oh, Mark, think of all the things we should be doing! They won't have any idea at the office what's become of me. Mr. Brooks will be furious!"  
"Let me worry. You're never going back there again."  
"But, Mark, don't you think—"

**A** KNOCK at the door interrupted. It was the waiter who had come to take away the breakfast table. As he was leaving Mark took out his wallet and stuffed a bill into the man's hand. The waiter bowed, murmured thanks and departed.  
Mark did not replace the wallet. Instead he opened it again, drew out a collection of coins and greenbacks and looked at them. A rueful smile spread over his face. He scratched his chin meditatively.  
"There was exactly \$96 in that wallet yesterday," he announced. "Ninety-six dollars." Suddenly the bright grin returned.  
"Madame!" he declared with dramatic eloquence, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow! Thirteen dollars and 45 cents! Count 'em. Thirteen dollars!" He flung the contents of the purse into the girl's lap.  
Mark was laughing and Norma laughed, too. This was evidently a joke. She gathered the money together.  
"But you don't really mean it!" she protested. "Not—\$96! You couldn't have spent all that in one day. Why, it's more than three weeks' salary!"

Mark reversed the wallet, held it up, shaking it. "Must have spent it," he said. "It was here! You know," he went on, frowning as though in deep thought, "that's the queerest thing about money."  
"I've thought of it before. Amazing thing! One moment you have it and the next it's gone. Have you ever noticed it?"  
"Have I noticed it? Not oftener than every third day after pay day for the last three years! Ever since I've been working!"

**T**RAVERS was not listening. With resolution he suddenly made for the coat draped on a chair across the room, thrust his arms into the sleeves and jerked a lapel into place. In a flash he had become businesslike.  
The girl jumped to her feet. "Where are you going?" she asked.  
Mark came to her and put a hand on each of her shoulders. He smiled carelessly. "Promise to miss me horribly!" he demanded. "Promise every minute I'm away will seem an hour! Will you do that?"  
"But I don't want to be alone here, Mark! Can't I come, too?"  
Apparently this was not to be thought of. It was absolutely essential for Mark Travers to depart alone. But he would not be gone long.  
There was business to attend to and as soon as it had been settled he would be coming hurrying back. Norma's chagrin at this turn of events did not seem to displease young Travers.  
She tried once more to speak of the office, where she had been due at 8:30. Mark scoffed.  
"Right here in this room! And honestly I won't be long. Why, darling, don't you realize this is the first day of our honeymoon?"  
"Don't think about jobs and offices. All that is past for you. You

are Mrs. Mark Travers and a devil of a lucky guy your husband is! Well, he realizes it! Not much of a prize package perhaps.  
"Just a dub, but he's managed to get himself the prettiest, cutest, sweetest little bride in all the world!"

**S**OMEHOW it took much longer than might seem necessary for that farewell. It was thrilling to hear the ridiculous things Mark said.  
It was difficult for the youth to tear himself from blue eyes filled with adoration, from warm lips and soft arms that would restrain him.  
The door closed and Norma was alone. She could not even hear Mark's footsteps going down the carpeted hall.  
Desperately she wanted to call him back, but what good would that do? He only would go away a second time.  
The luxuriousness of the room about her suddenly impressed Norma. She ran to the door leading into the bedroom. The rich ivory, rose and mulberry of walls and hangings, doors that were mirrors, and beyond her the glow of sunlight on a peach-tiled bath—she seemed to have noted none of these details before.  
The rooms represented elegance that was tasteful, restrained. Staying in such a place must be frightfully expensive.  
Norma turned. There on the table in the sitting room were the paper bills and coins Mark had tossed into her lap. Thirteen dollars and forty-five cents.  
Sharply the girl wished for Mark. There was no way of pretending this ray of happiness could go on endlessly. The workaday world was there just as it had been.  
This glorious balloon bubble must burst and ample warnings had been sounded in Norma's deliberately unlistening ears that all might not be so joyous then.  
There had been the scene with Mark's father. Where was Mark now? Where would he get money to pay for this handsome suite of rooms?  
They couldn't stay on here. Where would they go? Mark's work in the real estate office had been in his father's employ and would end now. What would he do? What would she do?

**A** THOUSAND practical questions waited to be discussed. Neither she nor Mark had mentioned any of them. Again Norma thought restlessly of her job in the office of Brooks, Welliver and Brooks! It really had not been right to leave without notice.  
Of course twenty-four hours ago she herself hadn't the faintest notion that this morning she was to be Mark's wife. She treasured those words; repeated them slowly. Mark's wife.  
How she loved him! That was the tremendous, unquestioned fact of her existence now. How she loved this handsome husband!  
Norma dropped to the wide, deep cushions of the davenport. She was happy again in memories. For long minutes she lay there. After all what was there for her to do in this new whirlwind of living but to wait for Mark?  
Mark would make everything come right. Mark was so wonderful.

**(To Be Continued.)**  
**STICKERS**  
1 A  
2 AT  
3 .....  
4 .....  
5 LEATHER  
In Step 1, the one letter A is formed. By adding a second letter, T, the word AT is formed in Step 2.  
By adding another letter, a word may be formed in Step 3, and in each succeeding step the addition of another letter will produce a new word until the word LEATHER is formed in Step 7. Can you supply the letters? Letters may be rearranged as long as they are all used.

**Answer for Yesterday**  
**F.O.B.**  
**G.A.R.**  
**A.D.T.**  
1 2 3  
4 5 6  
7 8 9  
When the correct figures are substituted for the three abbreviations shown above, the problem shown below results.

**Answer for Yesterday**  
20 Copper is found in great quantities in—  
22 Enticed.  
23 Banal.  
24 Frozen.  
25 Labors for.  
26 Devoured.  
27 X.  
28 Vella worn by the Pope.  
29 Floating.  
30 To injure.  
31 Scanty.  
32 U-shaped device.  
33 To supply with air.  
34 To change dwelling places.  
35 On the tip.  
36 Pace.  
37 Flaxen fabrics.  
38 Reluctant.  
39 Name of a payment.  
40 Lean person.  
41 Silk worm.  
42 Stir.  
43 Room.  
44 To permit.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**  
—By Ahern

TELLING US ABOUT TH' SWELL PLACE YOU WENT ON YOUR VACATION—SAY—TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T GO WITH US—A VERY RITZY SEASHORE RESORT!—THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST TH' COFFEE FOR YOUR SAUCER!—I WORE TH' ELBOWS OUT OF MY COAT RUBBING 'EM AGAINST MILLIONAIRES!—EVEN TH' GUMSLOTS TOOK NOTHING LESS THAN A QUARTER!

AN 'T WOULDN'T HAVE COST YOU A CENT!—TH' ASSISTANT MANAGER WAS AN OL' WAR BUDDY OF MINE!—UM—WAS IT HIGH HAT?—EVEN TH' QUAIL DIDN'T LIE ON BARE TOAST—NO SIR—THEY HAD LITTLE ORIENTAL RUGS UNDER 'EM!

TAUGH!—THE PLACE WOULD HAVE BORED ME TO YAWNS!—EGAD YES—AFTER ME BEING PALACE GUEST TO ROYALTY, UM! LIKE STAYING AT A EUROPEAN PENSION!

GOOD SUFFRIN' GOSH! HE'S SO USED T' DOIN' EVERYTHIN' BACK WARDS TH' T, EVEN WITH A STRAW, HE CAN'T DRINK FROM TH' BOTTOM, LIKE OTHER PEOPLE—HE GOES ALL TH' WAY T' TH' BOTTOM T' DRINK FROM TH' TOP

Worry Wart.

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**  
—By Blosser

SHUCKS! THIS ISN'T HALF AS EXCITING AS I THOUGHT IT WAS CRACKED UP TO BE—KINDA TAME, IF YOU ASK ME!!

HOW, RILEY! UNCLE JOHN WANTS SOME THRILLS—DO A LOOP OR SOMETHING!!

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW? I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO LAND—NOW WE'RE GOIN' UP HIGHER!!

YOU'LL LIKE THIS—HANG ON GOOD AN' TIGHT NOW—

—I GUESS I'D LOSE MY JOB, UNCLE JOHN!!

**WASHINGTON TUBBS II**  
—By Crane

WASH IS JEALOUS, MAD, AND HURT. OLD WHATAMAN CERTAINLY HAS THE PICK OF THE TOWN—NO OTHER GIRLS CAN COMPARE WITH HIS.

WELL, THEY'RE ONE CONSORTATION—TH' RESTA THESE BIRDS ARE BURNIN' UP, TOO.

HEY! PSST—

LISTEN, FOR GOSH SAKES, MR. SIMPSON, YOU GOT AN HONEST FRAYSH. HOW DO YOU DO IT? I NEVER SAW A GUY WITH SO MANY SHADY BON BON IN ALL MY LIFE.

WELL, BOY, IT'S LIKE THIS: TAKE YOU FOR INSTANSH, YOU GOT AN HONEST FRAYSH. YOU AIN'T A BAD LOOKIN' LAD, AN' YOU GOT YOUTH.

BUT YOU LACK SHEKSH APPEAL. THAT'S WHAT IT IS, SHEKSH APPEAL. ON THE OTHER HAND, MY BOY, LOOK AT ME. I GOT SHEKSH APPEAL GALORE, AN' WIMMIN' ISH SIMPLY WILD ABOUT ME. THAT'S THE SECREAT.

**SALESMAN SAM**  
—By Small

WHAT'ER YA MAKIN' NOW, MANAGER?

SLEEPIN' QUARTERS FER HEERALL! HE THINKS IT'LL DO HIM A LOT OF GOOD T' SLEEP OUT IN THE OPEN NIGHTS—

BAH! THAT'S A LOTTA BUNK!

SURE, IT IS!

BUT LOOKIT TH' SIZE OF THAT GUY! IF HE'S GONNA BE COMFORTABLE HE KEEPS A LOTTA BUNK!

**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES**  
—By Martin

BOOTS, WHY DON'T YOU SETTLE DOWN AND LIVE HERE WITH ME? I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU

THERE WOULD BE PLENTY TO KEEP YOU BUSY—AND YOU'D HAVE ABSOLUTELY FREE REIN TO DO WHATEVER YOU WISHED

HOW ABOUT IT?

NO, BILLY! THANKS A LOT—BUT, IT JUS' WOULDN'T WORK OUT! I THINK MORE OF YOU THAN ANYONE ELSE IN ALL TH' WORLD—YOU KNOW THAT

BUT—YOU HAVE ENTIRELY TOO MUCH MONEY! I'D SOON BE HORRIBLY SPOILED! EVERYTHING HERE IS SO GORGEOUS—SO—BIG—I FEEL KINDA SHUT IN—CRAMPED! NO, HONEY! ALL MY FRIENDS ARE BACK IN TH' OL' HOME TOWN! EVERYONE KNOWS ME THERE, N'I KNOW THEM—NGEE, WE HAVE FUN

**TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE**  
—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Drawing his sword, Blake spurred behind the one who carried Guinalda. A quick slash to right and left and both knights toppled from their saddles. Before others could prevent him, Blake was alongside the young knight who was bearing away the Princess. Slipping his arm about the girl, the American drove his blade with his left arm far into the body of the youthful knight and spurred ahead, carrying Guinalda.

Cries of rage now arose all about him. One knight rose in his stirrups to swing his sword. Another was reaching for Blake. Then something happened, the like of which none of them had ever experienced before. A blue-barreled forty-five flashed from Blake's holster. Twice came a sharp report and both knights lunged head foremost to the ground. Terrified the horses of the nearest knights bolted as did Blake's own charger.

Far behind him were the Knights of the Sepulcher when Blake at last brought his animal under control. Close on his left was a great forest, offering concealment for the time being. Reining quickly, Sir James drew up and gently lowered Guinalda to the ground before dismounting and tying the horse to a tree. For once in his life, Jimmy Blake was "all in."

What he had been through this day had spent his energy and brought him to the verge of collapse.

Yet first he saw that the horse was made comfortable by slipping off the heavy saddle and housing and removing the great bit from its mouth. Not once did he even glance at the Princess until he had finished caring for his horse. Then he turned and faced her. She was standing, leaning against a tree, and looking at him. "Thou art brave, Sir Knight," she said softly, and then added, arrogantly, "Yet still I hate thee!"