GUILTY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Pretty NORMA KENT, 20-year-old secretary in a law office, marries MARK TRAVERS, son of F. M. TRAVERS, millionaire real estate dealer, after the father has sworn to cut Mark off without a penny if the marriage takes place.

Norma has known Mark only a few weeks and did not know during the courtship that he was a millionaire's son.

The story opens in Marlboro, middle western metropolis. CHRISTINE SAUNDERS, with whom Norma shared an apartment, and BRADLEY HART, Chris' employer, are witnesses at the wedding.

Before this, Norma has refused to marry BOB FARRELL, young lawyer of whom she is fond as a friend.

Mark sells his expensive roadster to get money fo. the honeymoon. He and Norma go to fashionable Blue Springs, where the young man takes delight in surrounding his bride with expensive luxuries.

He introduces her to HOLLIS STONE, an old friend, and it is evident from the girl's discomposure that she has known Stone before. For some reason she also fears him. She tries to confide in Mark, but loses courage.

One night Mark joins a card game and does not return until 3 a. m. He admits he has lost all his money. The young couple have only what is in Norma's purse.

Next day they face the problem of getting enough money together to pay their hotel bill and return to Marlboro. Mark wires his mother and waits impatiently for a reply. Just before dinner the following evening a bell boy hands him a message.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN (Continued)

The hot tears stung her cheeks. They would not stop. She did her face in her hands.

"Aw, sweetheart—please! You mustn't feel badly, Norma!" Sight of the girl looking so miserable seemed to clear Mark's brain. "Why, it's going to be all right. We aren't going to go hungry or anything like that.

"I'll get some money tomorrow—" he stumbled on, trying to comfort her, using awkward endearments and patting her shoulder.

Her need of him acted like a plunge into cold, clear water. With surprising quickness, the befuddlement vanished.

'But, 'Mark—I—I'm not crying about the—the money—!"

# # #

SHE tried to tell him that it had been the hours of waiting and anxiety, seeing him suddenly transformed into a stranger that had worn her nerves beyond endurance.

Mark was overwhelmed with regret. He scarcely gave her a chance to explain, he was so penitent, so humble in his self-abasement. Mark called himself a heartless, selfish brute.

She was an angel and far too good for him. He swore events of this night never would be repeated.

They were sitting in the huge chair that was a favorite place for confidences. Her head rested comfortably against his shoulder. Norma's temple touched Mark's cheek. She was such a little thing!

"You know, pet," he confided softly. "I didn't throw that money away because I wanted to. I'd lots rather have been with you than in that card game. Well—it's 400 smackers shot!"

He spread his two hands to indicate flight of the $400.

"And that's really all that was left of all that money you had two weeks ago?"

Mark nodded gloomily. "Not to count the hotel bill, which isn't paid," he told her. "Oh, there're lots of ways to spend money; Don't ever be surprised when it's gone.

"When Halloran spoke of this game tonight I thought I'd have a chance to run the $400 up. I generally win at bridge, but this was poker. Added to what I've lost on golf—oh, Lord, am I sleepy——!"

His wrist watch indicated that it was after 3:30.

"We'll find a way out of this tomorrow," Norma predicted cheerfully. "And we do have a little left, Mark.'

She arose and got her purse from a drawer of the dressing table. There were five crisp $10 bills and several $1's inside.

"Lots of people have built fortunes on less than that," she told him. "Of course we can't stay here any longer. We'll have to move——"

Travers was not listening. He had stripped off his coat and taken up the pajamas laid out for him. A moment later the bathroom door closed behind him and Norma heard the rush of water in the tub.

With a sigh she turned her head on the pillow and closed her eyes.

# # #

IT was noon next day before Mark was awake. He sat on the edge of the bed, frowned at the bright sunlight that streamed over him.

Norma, in a trim blue sport dress, was busy at the desk across the room.

"Pull that shade down, will you?" Mark complained. "Damn near blinds a fellow! Ouch!"

He had set his bare foot on a sharp object and quickly withdrawn it. Norma hurried to lower the window shade.

"Here are your slippers," she said, handing them to him. "I didn't know you were awake."

"Well—maybe I'm not! Certainly don't feel much like it." He blinked his eyes, started to shake his head and then grimaced painfully. "Oh, what a sweet, sweet headache!"

"I'll get you some coffee," Norma suggested. "Or would you rather have aspirin?"

"N'mind. Is there any bicarbonate around here?" Mark was on his feet now—a rumpled, frowning, altogether unengaging figure.

Norman volunteered to go downstairs for the soda. She had not yet reached the stage where a word over the telephone was the automatic answer to every problem.

Besides, a bellboy would require a tip. Tips for such services were not included in the neatly tabulated row of figures over which Norma had been studying for the last half hour.

# # #

WHEN she returned Mark, vastly improved by a cold shower and shave, had nearly completed dressing. She opened the box of soda, measured out the dose for him and brought a glass of water. He gulped it down.

Frowning faintly, Mark said, "I seem to remember from last night that the Travers finances are rather less than low. Wiped out, as it were. Right?"

"Let's not bother about that, Mark, until you feel more like yourself. You'll have some breakfast won't you?"

"What time is it?"

She told him it was a quarter of twelve. "Maybe we'd better have something sent up," the girl suggested.

Mark should his head. "I think I'd like to get out of this place," he said. "Little air percolating through this numb skull of mine might do it some good. Suppose we walk over to the coffee shop?"

The coffee shop was an inexpensive restaurant a block and a half down the street. It was open day and night and the food was excellent. Norma agreed to the suggestion and pulled on her hat.

"You're certainly looking O. K. this morning," Mark told her a little later when they were out on the street. "Never guess you were awake until the wee small hours!"

She brightened before his compliments. What if she had tossed sleeplessly long after Mark had been deep in slumber? What if for two hours that morning she had been scheming and studying over pencil and paper trying to find the answer to their difficulties?

# # #

THEY entered the coffee shop and found a table withdrawn from its neighbors. Mark ordered tomato juice, black coffee, eggs and toast. Norma chose an omelet, rolls and fruit. When the waiter disappeared Mark looked across the table at the girl.

"Well," he began, "why don't you say what you think of me? Tell me I'm nine kinds of an idiot and a good-for-nothing to boot!"

"But you're nothing of the sort!"

"Go ahead and say it. I've got it coming to me and I'd feel better if you bawled me out."

"There isn't anything to bawl you out about. We went over all that last night. Don't you remember?"

"Say, with a head like mine, Einstein wouldn't remember his own theories. I know this much, though" —he leaned forward and gave her hand a quick pressure—"I've got the prettiest, gamest wife in the world—!"

After the food was served and they were drinking second cups of coffee, the discussion of finances began in earnest. From her purse Norma produced the slip of paper with its row of figures which represented a morning's work.

Here was what their fare back to Marlboro would cost. There was the lowest estimate for a week's board and room for the two of them while Mark was finding a job. A modest figure for incidentals.

Mark glanced at the sheet carelessly.

"O. K., baby," he said, but all that's ahead of the story. What we've got to do first actually is get cash enough together to get our luggage out of that hotel.

"It would be good enough for Dad if we jumped the bill and they went back on him——"

"Oh, but you wouldn't, Mark! You wouldn't do that!"

# # #

HE grinned at her horror-stricken expression. "Well, no. Not unless the situation was a real emergency. Anyhow, it won't be necessary. You're to sit right at this table and not move until I come back. Those are orders!" Mark had swung to his feet and was reaching for his hat. "I won't be more than ten minutes," he promised.

It was a wider margin than he needed. In a little over half that time he was back at the table, smiling, the entirely, self-confident Mark whom Norma loved.

"What's the secret?" she demanded. "You're like a cat licking cream from its whiskers!"

"No secret!" Mark sat back and helped himself to a lump of sugar. "But I'm predicting you and I will be in funds again before sunset. Sooner than that probably."

"But what did you do?"

"Oh, wired Mother the usual distress signal. She'll come back with a thousand berries by return telegram or I'm a blue-faced baboon!"

He was as pleased with himself as if he had just earned the $1,000. Norma, noticing this, felt a twinge of disappointment.

But of course they must have the money. Probably it was better to borrow from his mother than any one else. Norma did not like accepting favors from the Travers family though.

All afternoon they loafed about the hotel waiting for the telegram. It did not arrive and as the hours passed Mark grew increasingly restless.

By evening, when no message had come, he explained the situation by saying his mother must be out of town. Of course the message would be forwarded. The servants would see to that. The money probably would reach them in the morning.

It had not come by noon next day, nor by 4 p. m. It was just before the dinner hour when a bell boy approached Mark, standing in the lobby.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Travers," the boy said.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

NORMA stepped from the elevator car and searched the lobby with a swift glance. Clif Halloran, in golf cltohes, a bag of clubs slung over one shoulder, came toward her, smiling.

"Good evening, Mrs. Travers. Well, if my luck lasts, I'm going to show up that husband of yours."

The girl interrupted. "Have you seen Mark? I've been looking for him.

Halloran shook his head. "Just got in," he told her. "Haven't seen any one. There's a gang outside, but I didn't notice Mark among 'em. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Norma thanked him, said there was nothing. It wasn't important. Only that she was ready for dinner now and Mark had come downstairs ahead. Probably she'd find him on the mezzanine.

(To Be Continued)

STICKERS

ICY PRUSSIA SIAM SUNNY.

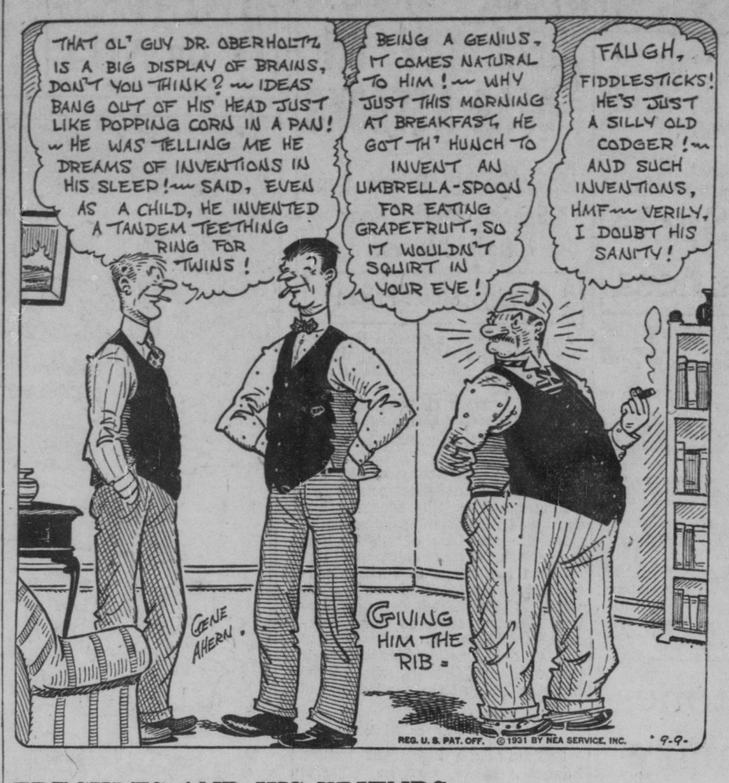
One country and part of another are named in these four words. Can you find, in addition, the names of an island, a country and a continent without rearranging the lettering?

Answer for Yesterday

P
FOR
CORES
FORCEPS
PORCELAIN
REELECT
SPACE
SIT
N

The completed "word diamond" is shown above. The seven words composing it may be read across as well as from top to bottom.

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, LORD OF THE JUNGLE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Screaming and pawing the air Sheeta, the leopard, was dragged upward. Blake saw the shadowy form of a man hauling the beast into the trees by a rope cast about its neck the instant it had risen to leap upon him. A mighty hand reached out and grabbed the great cat by the scruff of the neck. Another hand drove a knife blade into the savage heart.

When Sheeta ceased to struggle and hung quiet, the hand released its grasp and the lifeless beast thudded to the ground beside Blake. Then the god-like figure of an almost naked white man dropped lightly to the leafy mold. "Tarzan of the Apes!" cried Blake, in surprised delight. "At last I've found you," said the Ape-Man, "not a moment too soon, either." "I'll tell the world it isn't!" exclaimed Blake.

Tarzan cut Blake's bonds as he asked: "Who left you here? "A bunch of Arabs," answered Blake. "That villainous Ibn Jad?" Tarzan demanded. "Yes—and he took a girl who was with me," said Blake. Tarzan listened with tight-set lips. Then he said: "You had better shed that suit of armor. There's work to be done."

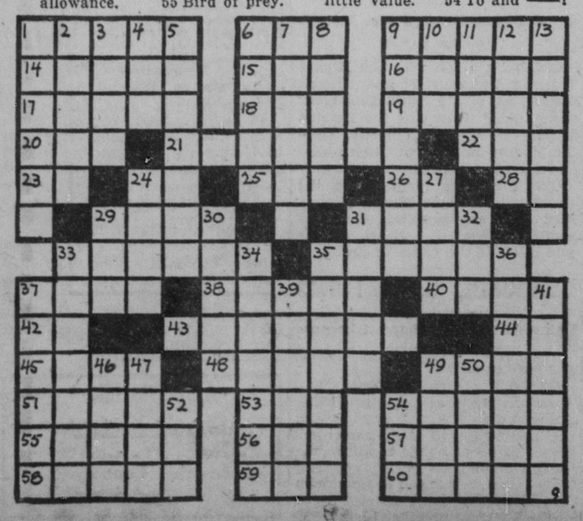
None of the stolen princess' footprints were visible and a short distance on, the Arabs' spoor divided. Tarzan was puzzled. Which party had carried off Guinalda? Finally he decided Blake must follow the north trail, while he went south. "If you find her, follow till I join you. Good luck! "With that Tarzan set out toward Nimmr.

HORIZONTAL

1 Clever.
6 Monkey.
9 Segment of the fore limb, including the hand.
14 Good name.
15 Masculine beings.
16 To make amends.
17 Plea of having been elsewhere.
18 Liabla.
19 Young oysters suitable for transplanting.
20 Chum.
21 Cements.
22 Meadow.
23 Suffix forming nouns denoting a person.
24 Dye.
25 Title of courtesy.
26 Hypothetical structural unit.
28 Ream (Abbr.).
29 Weight allowance.
31 Nights before.
33 Elevates.
35 Lurks.
37 To look after.
38 Lets it stand.
40 Tumult.
42 Right (Abbr.).
43 Huge outdoor amphitheater.
44 Minor note.
45 Is ill.
48 Short stalk.
49 Liquid globule.
51 To languish.
53 Custom.
54 Constructional system.
55 Bird of prey.
56 Weight used for coal.
57 Austerity.
58 To slumber.
59 Conclusion.
60 Opposite to closes.

VERTICAL

1 Machine for giving contour to an object.
2 Grinding tooth.
3 Source of indigo.
4 To steal.
5 Things of very little value.
6 To accumulate.
7 Digestive.
8 To come in.
9 Bulky.
10 Devoured.
11 Christmas carol.
12 Subordinate.
13 Till.
24 Dry.
27 Expensive.
29 Light brown.
30 Examinations.
31 To follow.
32 Snowshoe.
33 Withdrawal.
34 Written will of the legislature.
35 Wages.
36 Man whose name signifies wisdom.
37 Exchanges.
39 Our greatest inventor.
41 Candles.
46 Opera box.
47 Shoe bottom.
49 To let fall in drops.
50 Wrath.
52 Energy.
54 To and ——?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

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