

# LEAP YEAR BRIDE



**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

CHERRY DIXON, pretty 19-year-old daughter of wealthy parents, falls in love with DAN PHILLIPS, newspaper reporter. She quarrels with her father about Dan. Year then, she is married and Cherry is the first time finds what it means to lack money. They take a cheap apartment and her struggles with housework are discouraging.

DIXIE SHANNON, movie critic of the News, is friendly with Cherry. She meets handsome MARK PEARSON, also on the News.

After several weeks, Cherry's mother, who is seriously ill, the girl is called and there is a reconciliation with parents, but pride will not allow to accept financial aid from them.

When Mrs. DIXON is stronger, she and her husband leave for several months at the seashore.

July brings an intense heat wave. Friends invite Cherry and Dan to a swimming party at a nearby resort. Dan is delayed at the office and Cherry goes with Pearson in his car. A heavy rainstorm overtakes them and they lose their way at last they reach an old station and take shelter there. Pearson tells Cherry he loves her.

She becomes angrier and he leaves. She could leave in the night after a dangerous drive arrive home.

Several days later Dan and Cherry are tired of the town and wants to go to New York.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

DAN was beside her. "Why, no," he said in a startled voice. "That isn't what I mean at all. I wouldn't go any place without you, Cherry. You know that!"

"But you said you wanted to get away from all this. Don't see how we could leave. There's the lease on the apartment—"

"That's just it," he insisted. "Leases—bills—always something to force you into a rut! That's what I hate, Cherry. That's what I want to get away from!"

"I don't see how things would be different anywhere else."

Dan stood before the window, a moaning figure. He rubbed a hand through his hair, pushing the locks away.

"Oh, I suppose you're right. But, Lord! I wish something would come along to stir things up."

"I'm not used to this sort of life. I've always pushed on somewhere else when things got too tame."

The girl said nothing. Phillips turned and saw her brush her eyes with a handkerchief. He crossed the room and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Listen, honey," he said. "You know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Why, I wouldn't do that for the world! Just forget I said anything."

"I'm just a tramp. I guess—a no-good who doesn't realize when he's well off. You won't think any more about it, will you, Cherry? Promise me you won't!"

"But, I want you to be happy, Dan."

His arms were around her. "Why shouldn't I be happy? I've got you, haven't I? Say, I guess I'm just about the luckiest guy on earth."

"And don't think I don't realize it! That crabbing doesn't mean anything. Come on—I'll help with the dishes!"

He was unusually cheerful throughout the rest of the evening. After they had finished the kitchen work, they rode down town to see a motion picture.

Dan talked more than usual. It was only occasionally that he seemed to forget and lapsed into silence. Then Cherry saw the brooding look return to his face.

She could not persuade herself that whatever was troubling him had vanished so easily.

If Dan was worried, he gave no intimation of it during the next few days. He was punctual at meals, talked of his work, and seemed interested in Cherry's recital of each day's events.

THERE were more letters from Cherry's mother, Mrs. Dixon reported she had gained four pounds. She and her husband were considering a drive into Maine with some friends for a short stay.

The letters consisted chiefly of trivial bits of news. There had been a touch of hot weather but now it was gone. Mrs. Dixon hoped Cherry and Dan were both well.

There was a card from Dixie Shannon, bearing a Canadian postmark. Dixie wrote that she was having a glorious vacation and would be sorry to return home.

August proved to be as agreeable as July had been hot and unpleasant. Cherry, reading in newspaper society columns that Gretchen Alden and her mother were extending their stay at Lake Louise, that other acquaintances were summering at Newport, attending the race meet at

Saratoga or visiting distant resorts, was not in the least envious.

Her life settled into an agreeable calm. Dan, to his amazement, received the long expected raise in salary. It meant \$5 a week added to the scanty household budget.

They celebrated with a dinner at the Wellington that took the entire first week's \$5.

Then on a Thursday evening Dan arrived home excitedly. "Cherry!" he cried as he pushed the door open. "You can't guess what's happened!"

She hurried from the kitchen. "No, of course I can't," she said. "What is it?"

"Say—wait till you hear! Boy did I run into luck today! It's the chance I've been looking for—"

"For heaven's sake, Dan Phillips, stand still a minute and tell me what you're talking about!"

He caught her by the shoulders and held her away from him. "What would you say," he began, "if I told you that one of the best magazine writers in the country has promised to read those short stories your boy friend wrote, has promised to criticize them, and help him find a market?"

"Oh, Dan—really? Why, that's wonderful! Who is he, Dan? How did it happen?"

PHILLIPS drew himself up in mock dignity. "It's like this, lady," he began. "I was walking down the street—"

"Stop it this minute!" Cherry insisted. "And tell me what's really happened. Who is this writer and how did you meet him?"

"It's not a 'he'," Dan told her. "It's a 'her'." Brenda Vail—ever read anything of hers? To tell the truth neither have I, but she's one of the big shots."

He rattled off the names of a half-dozen magazines to which Brenda Vail had contributed. "She's here on business. Something about some land she owns and wants to sell."

"Rogers usually does all the literary interviews, you know, but he's on vacation. I didn't have much to do this afternoon and Bates sent me over to talk to Miss Vail. It seems that years ago when she was a kid she had an aunt who lived here."

"She—I mean Miss Vail, not the aunt—used to spend part of the summers here. It made a pretty fair feature about the famous author coming back to the scene of her childhood—but that's not the important part!"

"We got to talking about writing. She's—oh, she's marvelous—The minute you see her, you know you're not meeting an ordinary person."

"She has beautiful red hair and big, sort of gray-green eyes—I don't know how to describe her exactly. There's something about her, though, that's different from other people. She wanted to know if I'd ever written anything except newspaper stuff and when I said I'd tried, but hadn't been able to sell anything she asked me if she could see one of my stories."

"Said she'd read it and maybe she could advise me where to send it. Can you imagine that? A writer like Brenda Vail going to all that trouble for some one she's never seen before?"

Cherry had been listening intently. "It's fine, Dan," she assured him. "What are you going to take?"

"Why, I thought I'd show her that yarn about the kids in juvenile court—the one I called 'Kempy's Crime.' Nobody else has seen it."

"I figured there might be a sort of a lull on the other story. The one that came back after I sent it out. Miss Vail said if I'd bring it over to the hotel tonight she'd read it."

"YOU'RE going to take it to her tonight?"

"Sure. You see, I don't know how long she'll be in town. It depends on this business deal, she says. Gosh, Cherry, suppose she likes my story! Wouldn't that be great?"

"You see she knows a lot of editors and she might be able to put in a word for me! You know just sort of—well, ask them to give me a chance!"

She should like it, Dan. It's a fine story!"

Phillips grinned. "Oh, you're prejudiced," he said, "but if Brenda Vail thinks I can write, believe me, I'll show them!"

Dinner was over hastily. Dan

spent an hour dressing with scrupulous attention to detail. He put on the suit that had just come from the cleaners.

It was the gray tweed, the most becoming one he owned. He selected a blue tie and knotted it meticulously.

Cherry teased him as he stood before the mirror, trying to make his hair lay the way he wanted it.

"Any one would think you were calling on your first sweetheart," she told him.

"Say, I guess you know what this means to me!"

"Of course I do, Dan." She touched his arm gently. "It means a lot to me, too. But I'm so sure of you, Dan. I don't need a Miss Vail to tell me you're going to be a great author."

He laughed at her, kissed her hastily, and was gone.

BRENDA VAIL adjusted the shoulder of her black lace frock. It was a very low cut frock, designed for sophisticated surroundings.

She touched the stopper from a slender perfume bottle to the lobes of her ears and to her lips. Then she stepped back, surveying herself in the mirror.

The effect must have been satisfying. She was a tall, rather slender woman. The black of the dress contrasted strikingly with the mass of auburn hair that waved about her face and was fastened in a knot low on her neck.

There was too much of that hair for the sleek, fashionable outline, but it was undoubtedly distinctive. Brenda Vail was not beautiful. There was about her, however, a manner that invariably brought her attention. Perhaps it was the craving Brenda Vail herself had for attention.

She selected exotic costumes, wore her glorious hair in a way that was definitely not fashionable, challenged the world to look at her—and it did!

There came a ring from the telephone.

## A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

MADAM, by Richmond Barrett, is a novel about a woman who had a lot of energy and a lot of money, but little intelligence and no morals at all.

You might expect that such a person would do some rather odd things. Right you are—she does; and Mr. Barrett's novel is occasionally very funny and occasionally very painfully bitter as it recites her adventures.

She fell out of New York society because she got too wild for society to swallow; but she had a vast capacity for self-deception, and by posing as a chronic invalid she was able to mitigate the sting of her fall and devote herself to ruining the lives of her relatives and her servants with magnificent abandon.

It's hardly worth while to go into details about it; the book itself gets wearisome long before you come to the end, and the people in it are so uniformly despicable that you feel like calling for something by Dr. Henry Van Dyke when you finish it.

But the portrait is a good one; the apotheosis of the brainless meddler who can rationalize every act and persuade herself that supreme selfishness is flawless altruism—it comes to life, somehow, and you accept it.

"Madam," which might be classed as hammock reading with a dash of bitterness, is published by Liveright and retails for \$2.

## STICKERS

AEEGIILLORUY  
AAADEEIMOVYZ

Using the letters in the first line, see if you can form four names of boys, of three letters each. Then by the same thing with names of girls, with the letters in the second line.

## Yesterday's Answer

ABCEHLPT  
PEACH REACH  
BEACH LEACH  
TEACH

By combining E, A, C and H together in that order and then putting the other letters in the top line in front of those four, one at a time, you can form the five five-letter words shown above.

## TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Upon seeing the huge she, the two older male Alai turned in flight. When they reached the safety of close-growing timber, they paused and looked back. They saw with consternation, that their fellow had not fled but was facing the she defiantly, motioning her to go or be killed. Such stupidity! Never had they known one of their males to defy their all-powerful females. They knew she would take but one creature, that one unlucky male.

The woman, unaccustomed to having her rights challenged by mere man, was filled with surprise and righteous anger. Her surprise brought her to a sudden halt twenty paces from the man, and her anger caused her to reach for one of the stone missiles hanging at her girdle. That was her undoing. Even as her finger unclosed the feathered messenger of death from the leather thong of her girdle, the son of the First Woman drew an arrow to his cheek and released it.

His two companions, watching from the seclusion of the wood, saw the woman clutch frantically at a feathered shaft sticking into her and then sprang to earth where she lay kicking. Then she lay quiet and the two Alai came from their hiding place. Running to the son of the First Woman, they watched him wrench the arrow from her heart. Stunned with surprise, they looked at the dead she with expressions of disbelief, and then at their victorious companion with awe and reverence.

The son of the First Woman stuck out his chest and strutted proudly before his admiring audience. Truly it was a momentous occurrence in the history of the Alai, though these three sensed it as little as did the hundreds of Alai who were going to their caves that night in blissful ignorance of the blow that had been struck at their supremacy. And just as suddenly was the even tenor of Tarzan's existence being changed in the city of the Ant Men.

phone in the next room. Miss Vail hurried forward. "Yes," she said crisply. Immediately her voice changed. "Oh, it's you!" The words came softly. "Yes, of course. I've been waiting for you. Won't you come up?" The room had been furnished as a living room. Hastily, Brenda Vail pulled a small chair nearer the chaise longue that stood near the window. She adjusted the pillows, stepped back, and eyed them critically.

A moment later she was opening the door. "Good evening, Mr. Phillips," she smiled. "It's so good of you to come. I've been wondering what I was to do with myself this whole lonely evening. Won't you come in?" Dan entered. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. "I hope you don't mind," he said. "I took you at your word and brought that story for you to read."

"But I'm delighted! Here—won't you take this chair? You'll find cigarettes in this box. That's right. Make yourself comfortable."

She sank to the chaise longue, laid the manuscript casually on a table behind her.

Miss Vail raised a cigarette in a

long ebony holder to her lips and expelled a curling wreath of smoke. The gray-green eyes narrowed. "Later," she said. "I'll read your story. Just now I'm interested in you. You know, Mr. Phillips, I think that I like you very much."

(To Be Continued)

Anonymous Donor

STOCKHOLM, July 2.—In memory of the death in battle of the Swedish monarch, Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632, an anonymous person in Stockholm has donated a silver chalice to the chapel at Luetzen, Germany, where the king fell.

## 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 ANT MEN

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



**HORIZONTAL**

1 Across. Answer to Previous Puzzle

2 Westminister is a famous in London

7 Grinding tooth

13 To depart

14 To love excessively

15 Ocean

17 Over and above

19 Sun

21 Genus of moths

23 To guzzle

25 Wild geese

26 Walter W.

41 Without

43 Pettit

45 Post letters

47 Jewel

49 Scandinavians collectively

50 Winner of the Memorial Day auto race

51 The gods

52 Pertaining to the side

57 Golf device

58 Inquisitive

60 To embarrass

62 Water fowls

63 Post and

**VERTICAL**

11 To dwell

12 Visitor

16 Wriggling

18 Heavens god

20 Bulging jar

22 Small bodies of land

24 Chief residence of English kings

26 Patronym

27 Guilt

28 Customary

29 Examinations

36 Where is Downing Street?

37 Herb

38 Telegraphing

40 Mature

42 Want of feeling

43 Title

44 Drowsy

49 Otherwise

50 Apartment

53 Bronze

54 Ore launder

55 Tatter

56 Striped fabric

59 Violent whirlwind

61 Street