

MAD MARRIAGE

Laura Lou Brookman Author of HEART HUNGRY, etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII
 Gypsy's face showed her surprise. "What's the matter?" she repeated. "You mean she's here?"

"She's at Aunt Ellen's," Jim said. "Aunt Ellen telephoned me just before I started home. She said she was in bad shape and she had a message for you."

"There was a woman's pause," Gypsy began, "after such a message."

"I guess she's worn out. Phillips' family wanted her to come east. Aunt Ellen said, but Marcia thought Forest City would be quieter and more restful for her to go. Her mother-in-law rented her Long Island place before she left—and Marcia wouldn't hear of having her mother used to be friends with the other girls."

"Perhaps he thought he had seemed interested in the subject, Jim's eyes stopped abruptly."

"I must be very hard for her," Gypsy said mechanically. "Those were the only words she ever said to me. Throughout the evening there was an apparent fight between them. It apparently fought against it. Gypsy had little to say. Did you hear that?"

"That's Fort Worth," Gypsy said. "This is a great place for a reception. Wonder if I can get Montreal."

"For a while longer he twisted the dial. Then he said, 'If you want to get to get off tonight, I'll take it to the postoffice and call it for you.'"

"You don't need to do that. It will be all tomorrow."

"No, I think I'd be glad to hear from someone. Besides, it was a wonderful day for me. I'll probably get it a whole day sooner. Think I'd enjoy getting out earlier. Want to come along?"

The invitation was an afterthought. Gypsy's eyes were carefully fastened on the printed page before her. "I'll take it," she said. "You go if you want to. I think I'd rather say in."

"She was in her room an hour and a half later when she heard Jim come up the stairs. A little later he came up the stairs. He did not pause or knock at her door."

Marcia Phillips' arrival in Forest City immediately complicated a troublesome situation. Among these was Jim's and Gypsy's first quarrel.

It was two days later. Gypsy had just come in from taking Jim for a long walk. She hung away her coat and hat, went to the kitchen to tell Marcia she was back, and returned to the living room. There was Jim. "Why Jim!" she exclaimed. "How did you get here so early? It can't be a'clock."

"I decided to cut loose. Came over to get you," he said, and sat on Marcia Phillips' lap. "Surprise was followed by consternation. 'But I couldn't do that! I don't know her.'"

"She's been here three days. It doesn't seem right to stay away any longer. Only decent to offer sympathy. We'll go together."

"Where is she?" Gypsy asked. "She's at Aunt Ellen's. Right here in the same block with us."

Gypsy came forward. The three girls who appeared in her forecastle were now over-anxious to see her. "Please, Jim," she said. "I don't want to go. I'll rather not go. I'll just cut myself to the four corners of the house. If it was me she'd see it would be different. 'But that's nonsense. You'll have to get over it sometime. Aunt Ellen says here, you know. You ought to be going to go half way if she is.' 'It's not going to be different.' She came to deliver a message to you, Aunt Ellen. I don't want to go there."

"Just the same I want you to go. I've known Marcia ever since she was a kid in high school. Now that she's lost her husband I'd be a lot more than I ever even to see her. We won't need to stay here. We can be back in 30 minutes."

Gypsy shook her head. "I can't go to your aunt's house," she said. "I'll just cut myself to the four corners of the house. If it was me she'd see it would be different. 'But that's nonsense. You'll have to get over it sometime. Aunt Ellen says here, you know. You ought to be going to go half way if she is.' 'It's not going to be different.' She came to deliver a message to you, Aunt Ellen. I don't want to go there."

Mail Order Divorce Plan Appealed

CARSON CITY, Nev., (U.P.)—When Senator Duane Bush introduced a measure in the Nevada state senate providing for "mail order" divorces, there was no joke to at least one person.

The senator received a letter from Mrs. G. Philcox of State Street, Danville, Ill., which read as follows:

"Hon. Duane Bush: In regard to an announcement of your law about mail divorces, will you kindly give me the names of some lawyers that I may communicate in regard to same as I am very anxious of obtaining a lawful divorce."

Aged Plane Passenger Seeks Submarine Ride

SANDUSKY, O. (U.P.)—Not satisfied that she is the oldest passenger ever to have flown by airplane between Sandusky and Kelly's Island, Mrs. Fannie Sannie, 76, now is determined to ride in a submarine.

She made a statement that she would never be happy until she had ridden in a submarine just after she alighted from the plane.

Mrs. Sannie now is faced with the problem of finding a submarine in which to gratify her desire.

Looks Easy, But Isn't

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 State of insubstantiality.
 - 2 Light wagon.
 - 3 Antagonist.
 - 4 To revolve.
 - 5 Mendicant.
 - 6 White poplar.
 - 7 Administration official.
 - 8 To marry.
 - 9 Assigned.
 - 10 Ask.
 - 11 Black.
 - 12 To be used in a boiler.
 - 13 To force air through the nose, violent.
 - 14 To humiliate.
 - 15 To partner.
 - 16 To retinue.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Quoted.
 - 2 Egg-shaped.
 - 3 Salty.
 - 4 To postpone.
 - 5 Decree.
 - 6 Withered.
 - 7 Scatters as hay.
 - 8 Scattered as hay.
 - 9 Quoted.
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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

WOW! THAT WAS AN AWFUL LOUD SPROSION - THEN THERE WERE FOUR OR FIVE LITTLE ONES LIKE SHOTS OR MAYBE BACKFIRN - THERE'S A BUNCH O' FOLKS RUMMIN' - WHY, THEY'RE ALL STOPPIN' IN FRONT O' JAKE'S STORE -

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! SOMEBODY BOMBED JAKE'S STORE -

OH, CLANCY! I HEARD IT WAY UP TO MY PLACE - SO IT WAS SHOOTIN' AND THEY HIT YOU -

AW, JUST WINGED ME, ANNIE - IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH - I WAS OFF DUTY FOR A LOOK - RAN RIGHT INTO 'EM - BUT THEY WERE IN A FAST CAR AND GOT AWAY -

HERE COMES TH' CAPTAIN NOW, AND A SQUAD FROM THE STATION -

YI-YI - TWENTY MINUTES AFTER IT COME, THE LOAFERS - BUT I SAW THE HOODLUMS FROM MY WINDOW OVER THE STORE - I CAN GIVE A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF THEM AND THEIR CAR - THAT SHOULD HELP -

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYNN YOUNG

I'M GONNA PLAN ABOUT LOWERIN' ONE OF THE LADS ON A ROPE FROM THE PLANE TO HANG JUST BELOW THE CLOUDS TO OBSERVE THE COURSE OF THE MOON'S SHIP IS EAGERLY ACCEPTED! AND EACH BOY VOLUNTEERS FOR THE JOB!

BUT IT'S MY IDEA AND YOU SHOULD LET ME GO DOWN -

NOPE - IT'S A MAN'S SIZE PIECE OF WORK, TIM. SO I GO - AN' NO ARGUMENTS

WE HAVE ALL THE ROPE WE'LL NEED. SPUD

TIM'LL HAVE TO DO TH' PILOTIN' ROY, WHILE YOU'RE LOWERIN' ME ON TH' ROPE

OKAY - AND I'M TO KEEP THE OTHER SHIP IN SIGHT UNTIL SPUD IS DOWN AND THEN I'M TO FLY UP INTO THE CLOUDS, JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO LEAVE SPUD HANGIN' IN THE CLEAR BELOW THEM -

RIGHTO - IN THAT WAY WE CAN KEEP OUR SHIP FROM BEING SEEN WHILE SPUD CAN KEEP US INFORMED OF THE "MAN OF THE MOON'S" MOVEMENTS!

BUT TH' SIGNALIN' ROY, HOW'RE WE GONNA DO IT?

EASILY - I'LL ATTACH TO THE ROPE A THIN SLIDING CORD, LEADING UP TO ME - ONE YANK BY YOU ON THIS CORD WILL TELL ME "EVERYTHING'S OKAY" - TWO YANKS - "HE'S LANDIN'" - THREE - "HAUL ME UP" - FOUR - "ETC., ETC." -

POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT

ARE YOU SURE?

POSITIVE, PAW!

GEORGE AN' HENRY BOTH CALLED LAST NIGHT, WHICH ONE DIDJA KISS G'NIGHT?

WHY THE VERY IDEA!

DON'T "VERY IDEA" ME!! MAW HEARD YE!

OH, YEAH?

WHAT TIME DID SHE SAY IT WAS? BEFORE ELEVEN OR ABOUT TWELVE?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

What th'—!!!!

By MARTIN

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHIN' - I D-DID - THERE!! THERE IT IS AGAIN - TH' MOTOR MISSED

NO - NONO!! DON'T - YOU CAN'T GO BACK ON ME - OHH PLEASE

IT'D BETTER START T'CLIMB - SO IF - I'LL HAVE SOME CHANCE

MEBBE IT WAS JUS' MY IMAGINATION - NO - THERE IT IS AGAIN - N' AGAIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

I'VE GAD NEWS TO REPORT SIR - I WAS TAKIN' "FIFI" FOR A RUN IN THE PARK - SHE GOT AWAY FROM ME AND JUMPED INTO THE WATER OF THE RESERVOIR - I FEAR WE'LL NEVER SEE HER ANYMORE - I'M SORRY SIR.

YOU BETTER PACK UP AN' GIT OUT WITHOUT EVEN WAITIN' FER YOUR WAGES

THE ONLY TEARS I'LL SHED WILL BE THEM THAT COMES FROM LAUGHIN'!

AM I HAPPY? HA-HA! I'LL TELL 'EM I AM - FOR HOW-LONG - I DON'T KNOW - BUT I'M HAPPY NOW!

OH JARVIS - THERE'S NOTHIN' TO FEAR - YOU KIN STOP PACKIN' - FIFI CAME BACK THROUGH THE PIPE?

MICKEY MICE

By WALT DISNEY

WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO? CHAMPION! RUFFING RAT! PIPED ONE LOOK AT HIS OPONENT AND IMMEDIATELY TOOK FRENCH LEAVE ON THE FEAR OF A DEPARTING-FREIGHT TRAIN - MICKEY IS LEFT TO FACE THE BEDLAM OF AN ANGRY MOB WHO PAID TO SEE THE FIGHT - THE PROMOTER IS PANIC-STRICKEN!

BUT WHO WILL IT BE? NO ONE WOULD FIGHT THIS BRUTE WITHOUT TRAINING - I DON'T THINK THE CHAMPION EVEN HAD A CHANCE - WE'RE SUNK!

GET ME A FLOCK O' WILD CATS! I GOTTA WIN - DIS FIGHT OUT O' ME SYSTEM!

I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT WILL DO! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO KNEW THE CHAMPION'S TACTICS - HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'D HAVE A CHANCE!

YOU'LL FIGHT HIM!

WHO?? N-NOT - YOU - D-DON'T MEAN ME?