Married Flirts & MEELLIOTT

BEGIN HERE TODAY

GYPSY MOREL L. and TOM
WHAVER are married the same
day as LILA HOTALING and
DERINE HIAS. Idia expects to
live in inxury, while Gypsy intends to go on with her job.
After returning from herhoneymon in Europe Lila invites
the Weavers to dinner. Annon
the Weavers to dinner. Annon
HEOLGHYON, who unce saked
Gypsy to marry him. He showers
her with attentions which she
accepts because she is jealous
for in teres in HILDA
BLANCHARD. After the party
Tom and Gypsy quarrel, but peace
to later restored.

Rhopping for Christmans, Gypsy
meets Houghton, who offers her
for the continuing all library,
Gypsy besitates, the agreed
in the continuing all library,
Gypsy besitates, the agree
to job entaloguing the library,
Gypsy besitates, the agree
in the continuing all library
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continued to buy Tom's Christman
gift, Broughton gives her an adwance payment of \$50.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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CHAPTER XIII TOM stared at the box he held in his hand. "But darling, it's magnificent! How did you ever . . . Then he remembered. He was not just any husband, worrying about bills. He was Gypsy's Tom and this was Christmas Day, when anything might happen. Just the same, the platinum watch rather worried

able thing she was! Gypsy's heart was going very fast. She stared at him with round eyes. "You mustn't ask questions, dearest, on Christmas Day."

him. Gypsy must have gone deeply

into debt to buy it. What an ador-

He kissed her, penitent and abashed, his heart fairly swelling with love for her.

Gypsy opened all her packages.
Little squeals of delight greeted
the scent, the gloves, the flowers.
She put the book under her pillow
and the candy on the coffee table. She said, and truly, that she loved it all . . . she loved everything, and he was a smart boy to remember her likes to well.

he was a smart boy to remember her likes to well.

Then they had breakfast. Gypsy's woolly rose dressing gown was belted about her slim figure. Her curis were tossed and her eyes bright. Their first Christmas together was being a great success. She had even set up a tiny tree in a corner of the living room (Derek had been right!). Later they would go to mid-day dinner at her mother's house. Tom had brought the car into the city the previous weekend, so that their bundles might be transported in comfort.

They drove off, just after noon, in the little car, the rumble seat crammed with gayly wrapped bundles. Gypsy snuggled close to Tom's side. What fan Christmas was! It had a special, a different flavor from any other day in the year.

There was turkey. There was manberry sauce. There was plum pudding. The old house wore wreaths in all its windows. The hall smelled of fir boughs and fruit cake and candle-wax. Mrs. Morell had her halr waved: there was a

cake and candle-wax. Mrs. Morell had her hair waved; there was a flush in her thin cheeks.

"Dear children! No, you're not late—Clytic was just basting the bird. Daddy's down at the furnace. He'll be upstairs in a minute. You run up and lay your things off in my room, Gypsy. Cousin Lou is in yours and I don't believe she's dressed wa."

COUSTRILOR was a spare, smil-ing, middle-aged weman from Anbury Park, always included in the Christmas group. Mr. Morell looked around the table with a swelling sense of life's goodness. A man had his shares of burdens and worries—often he didn't know how he was going to make both ends meet—and then Christmas came

along, and he was thankful just to have his dear ones gathered around him. There was Gypsy and that nice boy she'd married. Gypsy was all right. He didn't have to worry about her. A couple of years back, he hadn't quite known . . Gypsy had been going places with that oldish, rich man. He and Mother hadn't liked the idea. But then the thing had straightened itself out. All his worry had been for nothing. Gypsy had fallen in love. g, and he was thankful just to Now she was starting life as he and Mother had. There wasn't much money, of course, but the boy was young and clean and ambitious. Gypsy was taken care of . . .

No one would have known, watch No one would have known, watch-ning his lined and prosaic counte-nance, as he sliced meat and spooned dressing, that such thoughts were his. "Some of the white meat, Bertram? I guess he thinks the second joint is choicer.

thinks the second joint is choicer."
The old white china, with its glit bands, the deep blue glasses, the ress wreathed plates for the pudding—all, all were in their accustomed places. This was Christmas, with all the good old things as they had ever been. Morells had eaten from this china 100 years ago, thought the father gravely, and would 100 years from now, please Godt

Clytie rolled in with fresh plates rolled out again with laden ones. She was brave in a stiff new uni-form today, Her crinkly hair had been "straightened" for the occa-

GYPSY was cracking walnuts for Cousin Lon. Across the table the girl twin squeaked joyously at some joke of Tom's Gypsy's new scent was much admired and everyone exclaimed over his or her gifts They all felt expansive and happy Afterward this sense of well-being would deepen into drowsiness. The younger ones would go off to coast, the elder ones would steal a nap, perhaps. But at the moment all was cosiness and laughter. Gypsy collapsed into her favorite deep chair by the fireplace, after-ward.

ward.
"I didn't know I was so tired until this instant," she confessed luxuriously. "We were up until all hours. I hadn't wrapped any of my packages... and I had to trim the tree..."

Tom said be proposed a waik in half an hour or so. Did anyone want to come along? Gypsy stified a yawn. She haw, the said, that

a walk would do her worlds of good, but she wasn't going to have one. She was going to curl up on the sunroom couch and snatch 40

winks.

So the party separated, as family parties have a way of doing. The wind outside blew colder, the early dusk fell and the lamps were lighted. In the kitchen regions Clytic clattered cheerfully away with the last pans. She would don her new purple silk presently and go off to the African church in the village. The bill that Mr. Morell had given her crackled enticingly in her purse. Clytic was thankful. She experienced the Christmas spirit. The house quieted down. Mr.

The house quieted down. Mr. Morell dozed by the fire in the liv-ing room, his wife and Cousin Lou ing room, his wife and Cousin Louplayed checkers at a table nearby
and in the sunroom Gypsy, curled
up under an old Paisley shawt,
tried in vain to sleep. At first she
had been desperately drowsy but,
once she had stretched out, she had
come stark awake and her conscience had begun to prick her
anew.

What a fool she'd been (she thought) to let Marko talk her into

this! It would only mean keeping a secret from Tom and he'd never in the world understand it.
Well'she would work out the \$50 with Marko—she would give him the very best she knew how to give in the way of labor—and then she'd. in the way of labor—and then she'd not see him again. Marko's way of living was too insidiously easy for

riving was too insidiously easy for a young working wife. He made things so soft, so luxurious.

At long last she fell asleep to dream troubled and uncertain dreams in which Marko Broughton. wearing a long beard and flourishing a big stick, threatened her with disc heavenings.

ing a big stick, threatened her with dire happenings.

She woke, trembling all over with nervousness, Tom was standing over her, big and young and vital. "What's the matter, darling? Think you see a ghost?"

"Oh, I had such a dreadful dream!"

dream!"
He put his arms around her.
"Lazybones, that's what comes of
eating too much dinner and going to
sleep. I've walked miles. I feel
great."

SHE sat up, shaking the sleep out of her eyes. "Where is everybody?"

"They're congregated in the kitchen, popping corn," Tom told her. "It's eight, o'clock. Your father's talking about wanting sup-

"Supper!" Gypsy cried, appalled. "We only left the table a moment ago."

"You've lost count," Tom jibed. He pulled her to her feet.

Arm in arm, they joined the group in the kitchen. Beatrice had her red silk frock covered by a tent-like apron. She was slicing bread. Mr. Morell withdrew his head from the icebox door. "We're scrabbling for supper," he

told his eldest daughter. "Come and help."

and help."
Gypsy said she couldn't eat a bite. She felt like a Strassbourg goose already. But when at last the impromptu feast was spread, she found herself nibling at bits of things. A wing of the ravaged bird, a buttered roll.
"Oh, this hot tea is heaven, Mums! I always forget how much I love tea."
Cousin Lou beamed. "Try some of this fruit cake, Gypsy, It's Grand

this fruit cake, Gypsy, It's Grand Aunt Mildred's recipe."
Gypsy laughed helplessly. This was Christmas, after all. She would go back to bread and milk on the morrow to make up her dietary

At 10 o'clock she and Tom pulled themselves and their various be-

iongings together.
"Night, Muma. Such a good day,
darling. 'Night, Daddy. Remember

you're all coming to my place next week."
"Sunday, yes," Mrs. Morell said comfortably. "I declare, I think it's

too much for you, Gypsy. Better let

"Nonsense. I'll expect you."
There were kisses all around and
then the door closed and she and
Tom were in the little car together. "Brr!" Gypsy held her fur collar high. The wind was bitter now, sweeping across the flats. Tom tucked the robe in around her. If only he'd been able to buy her that fur coat! Maybe next

year . . . Gypsy pushed the thought of Sat-urday far back in her mind. She'd have to make some excuse to Tom for not meeting him that afternoon. What should she say? She hated lies, but this was one which had to

(To Be Continued)

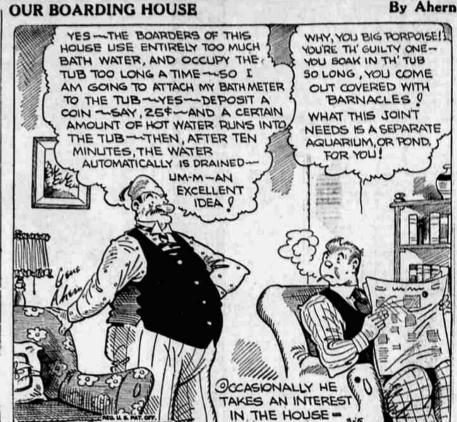
Flapper Fanny Says



Girls good at a number of things are the ones who count

By J. R. Williams, OUR BOARDING HOUSE **OUT OUR WAY**





SALESMAN SAM





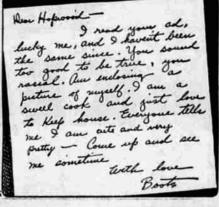


want with

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

SAY, YACT AS IF YOU NEVER SAW
THAT LETTER! YOU REMEMBER THE
MATRIMONIAL AD I RAY...TELLING ALL
ABOUT MYSELF, AND SAYING THAT I WAS
LOOKING FOR A WIFE, DON'T YOU? WELL,
THE MINUTE THAT LETTER CAME, WITH YOUR PICTURE AND ALL, I HOPPED ON A TRAIN AND CAME RIGHT UP HERE, LIKE YOU ASKED ME TO



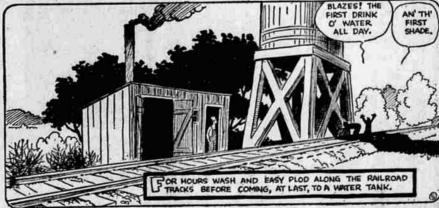






By Martin

WASH TUBBS







FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS









THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP







By Cowan

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