

Married Flirts

BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY MORELL and TOM WEAVER are married the same day as LILA, HILDA and DEREK BLISS. Lila expects to live in luxury, while Gypsy intends to get on with her job, teaching in a settlement.
After returning from a honeymoon in Europe, Lila asks the Weavers to dinner. Among the guests are LILA, MARKO BROUGHTON, who once asked Gypsy to marry him, he showers Gypsy with attentions and Tom is jealous.
Broughton offers her a job on Saturdays, entangling his library and Gypsy accepts without telling Tom. Just as she fulfills the work she is taking ill and the doctor tells her she is going to have a baby. Tom insists she must give up her job at the very moment. Gypsy is happy keeping house until Lila comes back from a winter in Florida and takes her to luncheon. Gypsy realizes her clothes are shabby in comparison with Lila's.
Summer in the New York apartment is hard on Gypsy. Then a friend who lives on Long Island loans the Weavers his home.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XX

THEY had been established in the little blue-roofed house for two weeks now and life had taken on a different hue. Was it possible, Gypsy thought, awakening in her narrow green bed, looking out at the interlocking branches of apple trees just beyond her window, was it possible that it days ago she had been possessed by a very madman of despair and sickness? The air of this place renewed her. She sang about her work now. Everything was fun—marketing in the little car, boiling fat lobsters until they were scarlet, steaming clams for Tom's dinner, stringing beans in the deep-cushioned swing in the garden.
Yes, it was a new Gypsy who moved about the bare, neat little rooms. Sometimes in the evenings it was cool enough to have a fire lighted on the hearth and neighbors dropped in, friendly people who lived down the road and wanted to share the largesse of flowers and advice with the newcomers.
Gypsy filled the vases with flowers. She dusted and sewed and read, all with a full and happy heart. Life was glorious and complete.
One afternoon she was sitting in the garden swing, shelling peas into a wooden bowl, happily planning a dinner of chops and salad and custard, when she heard the purr of an expensive motor in the drive. She looked up hastily to see an expensively shod and stockinged foot emerge from the tonneau, and threw her apron over the peas, hating herself for the snobbish impulse that prompted the gesture but unable to prevent herself from doing it.
Presently the clack of high heels sounded on the flagstone walk and Gypsy rose to greet her visitor. Her eyes widened.
"Lila, my dear! However did you find me?"
Her caller was exquisite in white—simple and perfectly made frock of dull crepe with a little jacket, white hat still on her shining golden waves.
"I rang up your apartment and the operator told me," Lila was glancing about her with appraising eyes, taking it all in, the pleasant, rather shabby garden, with no pretension about it.
Gypsy cleared a space for her on the swing, pushing books, vegetables and bowl aside. "But now nice to see you," she said. "I've been wondering where you were and what you were doing."

LILA was thin, petulant, restless. Her eyes roved, her conversation was gay and morbid by turns. Things were dull, she said. Everybody had gone abroad. There was absolutely nothing to do. Through her discourse were the thread of discontent, although the happenings she sketched sounded, to Gypsy's simple soul, dazzling enough. The garden party at the Tewksburys, the fete at the Chisholms, the bathing, tea-ing, dancing existence that was the sum of Lila's daily round.
"My dear!" she murmured indignantly. "You have no idea how deadly it is. Sometimes I think I'll run away to Majorca, to Bali, or some place where one doesn't have to see people..."
Now it was Gypsy's turn to be amused.
"I hear those places are crowded, too," she said with a pleasant laugh. To distract Lila, she offered a promise of tea. She had bought some little cakes in the village that morning, pink and white ones, looking like cakes for a children's party. These she offered her caller on a tin tray painted green, with the tea clinking delightfully in the amber glasses.
"This is—nice," Lila offered, laying aside her gloves, her expensive-looking bag, to accept the plate Gypsy offered. "You're a very comfortable sort of person, do you know that, my dear? There's something about this garden, simple as it is..." She did not finish the sentence, but Gypsy knew what she meant. And indeed the peace and simplicity of the place laid cool hands upon you. There was a sort of magic there, for those wise enough to find it.
Gypsy told her friend something of the stress of the past months; her feeling of weakness and misery, the heat of town, their release when Tom had found this place. Lila laid her long, slim-fingered hand on her cheek and looked at the younger girl with wide, serious, concerned eyes.
"But my dear, why didn't you let me know? You might have come to us."
Now she was more like the old playmate Gypsy had played sand tag with on the beach in Maine so many happy summers. She had for the moment dropped her air of boredom and artificiality and was simply another girl, sympathetic, sincere and loving.
Gypsy laughed aloud at the picture of herself, in her old gingham and dimities, among Lila's Southampton crowd. "You're awfully kind," she said. "It's sweet of you to say that, but I didn't want to leave Tom anyhow."

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OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP

