

Married Flirts

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY MORELL and TOM WEAVER are married on the same day as MARY LILLIAN and DEREK BLISS, but Lila expects to live in luxury while Gypsy keeps her job teaching in a settlement school.

Gypsy has to struggle to keep expenses within Tom's income. Another problem is Tom's jealousy of a certain MARKO BROUGHTON, former admirer of Gypsy's, whom they meet at the illness home.

When Gypsy learns she is to have a baby she gives up her job. The baby is born in September and is christened DAVID.

Lila wears the social whirl in which she and Lila live. This annoys Lila and she encourages Marko Broughton's attentions.

On the morning following a lively evening at home Gypsy finds a woman's handkerchief in Tom's coat pocket. She tries to locate her suspicious but cannot quite succeed. While visiting her parents' home a friend tells her of seeing Tom at lunch with a pretty girl. Gypsy is sure it must be the new girl, GRAY.

HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXVII

BUT before Gypsy had a chance to face Tom with what she assumed was plain evidence against him something happened.

Lila came.

Gypsy was just carrying the baby's luncheon upstairs. Clytie had cooked it and there remained now only the task of seeing that David tucked it away as his mother painstakingly spooned it into his small mouth. He was having a few spoonfuls of pureed carrots and some beef juice.

Clytie came peeping after her. "There's a lady asking for you, Mrs. Gypsy. She says she'll come up if you're busy."

Clytie produced a thin, ivory colored card. "Mrs. Derek Bliss."

"Oh, bring her up, of course," Gypsy frowned. How odd—how extremely odd!

Lila rushed in upon her a moment later, flung the big, high-collared room with seat and a feeling of excitement. The shades in the guest room had been raised to the top to allow every bit of morning sun to stream in. It lent the room a cheerful aspect but there was no discerning the shabbiness of the tan carpet nor the fact that the wallpaper, with its rose and faded blue arabesques, had long since been outmoded. David sat erect in his high chair, beating at the tray with a mother of pearl rattle to which were attached three silver bells.

"My dear, I'm so ashamed, barging in on you like this," Lila began. Gypsy silenced her. Lila was positively emaciated—her eyes were like great pools in her face and not all the cosmetics in the world could have hidden the telltale circles under her eyes.

"Go ahead, I'll watch," Lila said. She settled herself in the oak rocker as Gypsy alternately coaxed and bullied her son into scooping up a spoonful of his food. The talk was necessarily desultory. Meantime Gypsy's thought roved wildly to the state of the family larder. Common courtesy demanded that Lila be asked to lunch. But it was Saturday. There would be, of a certainty, the usual homey meal of tomato soup and deviled ham sandwiches. Could one, Gypsy thought, caught between laughter and tears, invite Lila to sit down to that?

SHE squared her shoulders. "Bea, ask Clytie to lay another place. Lila's staying."

"No indeed I'm not. I couldn't eat a bite." Lila was feverishly twisting a lace handkerchief. "I only wanted to see you for a moment, Gypsy."

"If you'll wait until I tuck this young man away," Gypsy began doubtfully. Already David was nodding in his place. She mopped his sticky little face and hands and trundled him off into her sister's cubicle where, in a paradise of drawn shades, he collapsed into that divine, untroubled sleep of small babyhood. Gypsy, dropping a light kiss on his downy head, carried him.

"I wonder if you would do something for me," Lila began hesitatingly. "I'm in rather a jam, Gypsy. The fact is—well, I can trust you; I'll tell you the whole thing. Marko and I are going to be married—as soon as I can get a divorce."

Gypsy simply looked at her and Lila had the grace to blush.

"Oh, I know what you mean, I know what you're thinking," she said with some heat. "But it isn't true. Marko—he's really the man for me, Gypsy. He understands me. Derek never did. He doesn't like our life nor my friends nor anything..."

"It's really none of my business," Gypsy said with distaste. "But, since you tell me about it, perhaps I may say I think you're making a great mistake."

"Say anything you like, think anything you like," Lila urged in a soft, wheedling voice. "But do something for me, darling. There's a good girl! I was driving in from Pompton Lakes and suddenly I thought of you. I said to myself, You can trust Gypsy. She'll not give you away."

"Well?" Gypsy was waiting. She felt a little sick over the whole thing.

"I want to get Marko at his office," Lila rushed on. "The thing is, I don't want to call myself. The operator knows my voice—naturally. Marko advises me to be careful. We don't want any scandal. You call for me, giving my message. That's all I ask. Then I will go straight away and not bother you any more. But don't judge me too harshly, Gypsy. This thing just happened. You know how those things do!"

THE words recalled Gypsy's own problem and she frowned. "I suppose I do."

"Some marriages just naturally turn out well," Lila observed smoothly. "Like yours, for instance. People with the same interests—the same ideas." She waved her hand to illustrate what she meant.

"What do you want me to say to Marko?" Gypsy inquired, anxious to have the task over and done with.

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Flapper Fanny Says

