By Small

By Martin

# Married Flirts MEELLIOTT

ATTEMPT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Life divorces Derek. She gives a dinner party at which Gypsy and HUNT GIBSON are guests. Derek arrives, aninvited, He has been drinking and falls from the ferrare to like arcest.

Meanwhile You has gone out of fown on a fusiness trip and Veratakes the same train. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XL

CHAPTER XL
VERA said, "I'm afraid it's
sprained." She said, "It's terribly stupid of me. That tricky
ankle. " She smiled wistfully
and bravely at the young man beside her on the marble steps of the
great station. The young man wore
an anxious expression.
"The thing to do is to get you
to a taxi as quickly as possible,"

a taxi as quickly as possible,"

to a taxi as quickly as possion, he told her.
"I'm frightfully sorry," Vera said in a small voice. He was halt carry-ing her up the stairs now. People turned to look at them, the limping tall girl and the bandsome fair ng man with the do-or-die ex-

"Nonsense." He tried to inject me heartiness into his voice.
ou didn't do it on purpose."
"Tommy, you're a darling!" As
seated himself beside her in the

taxi she turned to him impulsively. Almost before he knew what was happening a pair of warm lips were pressed to his. "I—I shouldn't have done that!"

She was cowering in her corner now and she looked as though she were about to weep.

"II—it just happened." Her lip

expression of a man who feels the tuation is getting decidedly out

"I'm so—so awfully fond of you.
Tom. You know that." The girl's
voice went on confidentially, "It—I

was just grateful to you, you see."
"Sure. Of course. I understand."
He mumbled the words.

He mumbled the words.

"Then it's all right." Did all men feel such fools when they got them selves into a hole. Tom wondered.

"Now you mustn't bother about poor little me," Vera murmured when the cab drew up, with a screech of brakes, at the brownstone house on a side street. She gave him a sidelong glance in which coquetry and exasperation which coquetry and exasperation were oddly mingled. "I've kept you too long already."

Tom made the expected gallant Tom made the expected gallant denial. As Vera got slowly out of the cab her mouth twisted in a grimace of pain. That settled it. She would have to be helped up the stairs—all the way to her apartment, in fact. Three flights up.

She had made the place charming and comfortable with deep chairs and soft cushions. There were one or two pice prints in

were one or two nice prints in black frames and there were rose olored curtains. into one of the chintz-covered chairs the girl now lowered her fragrant person, smil-ing whimsically at the man beside

"Thanks awfully. I don't know why you're so good to me."

TOM towered over her. "Sure can't get you anything before store? Anything?"

"Never mind." Her tone dripped self-pity. "You're anxious to be off. I'll manage. Only Common courtes

alone demanded that he play up to "If 1 could just have a teeny drink?" Her large eyes inter-rogated him swiftly. "Everything's

in the icebox—all but the applemack which you'll see in a green bottle on the kitchen shelf." He blundered into the small square of kitchen and presently the

tinkle of ice could be heard. When he emerged there were two tall frosted glasses on a small tray. "You do yourself pretty well nere," he said, reluctantly admir-

Well, I have to," she sighed "There's nobody to worry about poor little me. Never got you up here before, Tommy lamb. It took a sprained ankle to do it." He glanced at her suspiciously

out her expression was so guileles that he cursed himself for a chur

inst ac cursed nimself for a chur-lish fool.

"Well, do sit down and have rour drink, anyhow," she cooed. "Cigaret?" She pushed a shagreen box toward him and Tom stretched his long legs, relaxing in a deep chair. For the first time he realized how tired he was. They talked. Although the inci-

dent in the taxi was not again re-terred to, it hung, inpaipable as air. between them. Tom had a startled memory of fresh, warm, eager lips in his own. The girl's curved smile the intenations of her voice, indirated she had not forgotten. The ilr was electric.

At last he glanced at his watch Good Lord, I had no idea. the sprang to his feet. It was 10 nituates to 12, Gypsy would have seen home long since. She had planned to leave early. What was a thinking of? thinking of?

"Don't go. Tommy," Vera said, putting a silken hand on his arm. 'Don't! It's been so nice. I don't know when I shall get you to my-self again."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I must."

HER cheeks were flushed and ber eyes bright. "You mustn't," she said stubbornly. "I've been want ing to talk to you for ages something important." "Well shoot."

"You're not happy. Fom, dear is an see that I—I'm devoted to rou i'd give the world to make you appy."

What was she saying? He stiff-ened, tried to carry it off with a laugh.

"Your imagination is working

"Your imagination is working overtime, my dear. I'm perfectly happy."

"Ah, but you've changed so. You're not the boy I used to know! You're so serious . . . you seem to nave so much responsibility. It's not right? not right."

Tom laughed openly at this. You mean I've grown up? Well, should hope I had. It was about

time."

She shook her head. "No, that's not it. I—that girl isn't the one for you, dear. It was I—you and I were meant for each other.

What appalling creatures women were! Once they got a notion into their heads, there was no dislode

"You and I go separate ways now.
Vera," he told her soberly. "We can be friends, of course
She interrupted him. "Ah, but that's exactly #! We can't. We aren't any more. That's what hurts.

The whole thing was absurd and Tom was suddenly weary of it. He put out his hand.

"We'll talk about this some other time," he said. "It's all pretty fool-ish. You're tired and overstrained. ish. You're tired and overstrained. I don't know how this all started.'
She sat up, eyes flashing, bosom heaving. "Well, I do. Tom Weaver. There's no use your hedging. There's something too big here for us to ignore. It's sweeping both of us into—into—" she groped for a world."

a word.

Tom groaned inwardly. This was what his drifting had brought him to, his casual funcheous and conferences. He had found her attrac-

ferences. He had found her attractive; he had enjoyed her companionship. Now what?

Gently he said, "I love Gypsy There's no getting away from that."

"Yes, but..."

"There isn't any but' in my feeling for my wife," Tom told her. feeling like a prig and not enjoy ing it.

ing it.
"Your wife doesn't understand you, darling, and you know it."
"Oh, rats!" Tom grinned but she was not to be turned aside thus.

"SHE doesn't," Vera insisted stubbornly, "She's domestic and maternal and all that, and that's fine—I don't say it isn't. But not for you. Not for you, Tom Weaver! This bumdrum life is killing you. It's a treadmill. You used to like adventure "I still do."

"Well, what about it? You're tied to a petty round. You can't go anywhere, do anything." He voice rose almost to hysteria. "And it isn't as if she cared anything about you, really. Doesn't she gad all over town with that enginee chap?"

chap?"

He reddened. "Leave Gypsy out of his, please!"

"I won't do it." Her voice soft ened and a wheedling note crep: into it. "Tommy, you know it There's no use going into it; you're the only man I ever cared a single screen place. scrap about. Let's cut and run-ge to the far east. China, or some place. Let's have adventures, live life while we have it!"

Was ever man in so deadly a situation, wondered Tom dimly Seductively lovely was this woman

who beld out her arms to him.

"My dear. I tell you we'll both decide we dreamed this scene is the morning. Midsummer macness."

Somehow he got out into the has somenow ac got out into the hash the ran down the three deep flight-of stairs. The ridiculous side of the whole thing flashed upon him and ne grinned ruefully to himself as he drew his first deep breath Would anyone ever believe him it conceivably, the incident were de scribed. He rather thought not What would the perfect knight do if confronted with Vers in a stormy mood? He didn't know but he felt he had behaved rather badis throughout it all.

ous strides. He would have to make some sort of excuse to Gypsy. Bet ter not let her know anything about the matter.

But when he let himself quietly into the apartment it was not Gypsy who came to greet him, bu-

a drowsy and bedraggied Elsa.

"Ya, I think you never come, she said dully, getting into he black jacket. "Mrs. Weaver she say she come home early I keet your supper hot till after It o'clock."

Tom listened to her with hall his mind. The other half of it was busy with his own annoyed reac tions to Gypsy's absence. How dared Vera speak of her in connec tion with Hunt. And yet—and yet it was after midnight. She had not

returned. (To Be Continued)

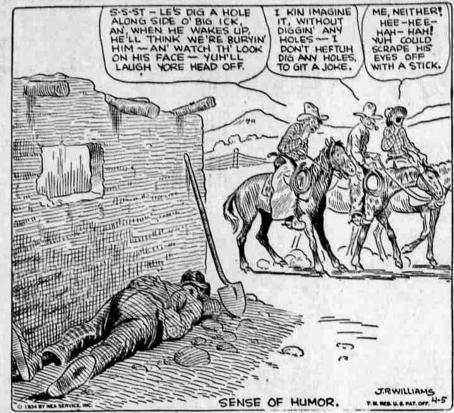
## Flapper Fanny Says



It's the striking beauty makes the biggest hit.

**OUT OUR WAY** 

By J. R. Williams OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Ahern WELL, KID, THEY TELL ME YOUR TOSH LWHAT ARE YOU BRAYING ABOUT ? THINK I'M BEGGING PEOPLE TO FRIEND BOOTHBY LEFT FOR HOME THIS MORNING! -- YOU CERTAINLY PLAYED EVERY NOTE ON TH'HOOPLE INVEST A FEW HUNDRED MAGIC HARP, TRYING TO PUT TH' PALTRY DOLLARS IN MY SPELL ON HIM TO INVEST IN YOUR GOLD MINE! YOU'RE LOSING TH' GOLD MINE, SO THAT, LATER ON THEY WILL OL TECHNIQUE, MAJOR! WHY, I BE REPAID IN SAW TH' TIME WHEN THOUSANDS? YOU COULD WAVE TH' FAW / WAND OVER A GUY LIKE HIM, AN' SHAKE HIM DOWN TO BARE TWIGS! 3 BOOTHBY GETS AWAY UNHOOKED

SALESMAN SAM







### **BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES**







## WASH TUBBS

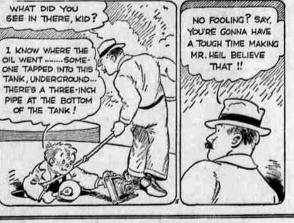








## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS







## THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



