

Married Flirts

MABEL McELLIOTT
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GYPSY MOORE and TOM WEAVER are married on the same day as LILA HOTALLING and DEREK BLISS, but while Lila lives in luxury Gypsy has to struggle to keep expenses within Tom's income.

After Gypsy's son is born her days become a dreary round of caring for him and for her home. She suspects Tom is interested in VERA GRAY who works in the same office.

Lila divorces Derek. Vera finds excuses to see Tom often and one night, after tricking him into taking her home, suggests they run away together. Tom leaves hastily. Derek, learning Lila divorced him to marry MARKO BROUGH-TON, richer and older, comes un-invited to a dinner party given by Lila. Gypsy is there and also HUNT GIBSON. Derek, who has been drinking, falls from a balcony to the street. Several days later he dies.

Tom and Gypsy quarrel and Tom leaves home. He is sent out of town on business and when he returns Gypsy is not at the apartment or her parents' home. Tom, trying to find her, appeals to Hunt, who suggests she may be at the Long Island summer camp. Tom and Hunt set off for the camp. They arrive just in time to rescue her from a night prowler. Tom and Gypsy are blissfully reconciled.

But the man at the door was not in uniform. He wore careless gray tweeds and a battered hat. He said, "I'm from the Globe, Mrs. Bliss."

She uttered a little cry. "No reporters. I said I would see no reporters." She shrank in her chair. "If you'd just make a statement! Is it true that your reported engagement to Mr. Broughton is broken?"

"I won't answer. You have no right to break into my suite this way. I'll complain to the captain, Grisson."

THE chauffeur elbowed his way into the passage. "Mrs. Bliss says you're to ease out! Get that?"

The man in gray gave no sign he had heard, but continued imperturbably with his barrage of questions. "Is it true that Broughton's common law wife threatened you with a suit for alienation? What are your plans?"

"No statement... no statement," the woman chattered, her eyes flashing. "Oh, Uncle Morgan, send this man away!" This to a dignified gentleman whose white hair and pince-nez appeared over the shoulder of the newspaperman.

"You're annoying my niece, sir. Please take yourself off or, by the Lord Harry, I'll give you a whaling." Morgan Hotalling raised his ebony stick.

Lila Bliss sank back against the cushions. "Why do they persecute me like this? What have I done?"

"Hush, hush, my dear. Don't let the hound hear you."

"He's gone, madam." Grisson said. "Is there anything more I can do?"

"Nothing." She had her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Marko come, yet?"

She shuddered. "I told him not to. He simply mustn't. They'd have his picture in all the tabloids. Besides, I didn't want to see him."

"The thing is over then?"

She frowned. "Of course. She threatened me—threatened both of us. My nerves won't stand it. I had to get away. New people—new places."

"You knew of her existence before then?" It was the lawyer speaking now, not the concerned male relative.

"Oh, I had heard of her—naturally. I didn't suppose it was important. All men..."

"Lila, dear," interrupted the other. "I don't like to hear you talk like that. It's flippant. It's unbecoming."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Anyhow, I'm grateful to you, dear, for standing by me so splendidly, with Aunt Marion and all the rest against me."

LILA would employ this manner with males to her dying day. This one—elderly, precise, conventional—responded to it as she had expected him to. He said, "Not at all. You're the victim of circumstances, my child. Nothing more. Aunt Marion simply doesn't understand."

Lila kissed him fondly. He was a bit of a lamb. No one else understood her so well. Aunt Marion and her cousins had been horrid all through her trouble. They had never liked her, had always been jealous of her, because she was beautiful. Women!

After he had gone she began to feel a trifle lonely. Had she been wrong not to bring her maid? But then she had felt she wanted to be alone. There was an engraved list of passengers on board and she picked it up, reading it avidly. One name caught her eye; "The Marquis of Emelin-Dare."

Why, that was the handsome young man she had met at Cannes two or three seasons ago when she had been visiting the Dentons. He had been poor as poverty then but he had since come into a lot of money through the death of a relative. Lila sauntered over to the dressing table and touched her hair speculatively. She looked a fright. She would fix up the beauty shop and have a facial. Maybe she would not keep to her cabin all the way, as she had threatened, but dine in the main salon. After all, she had been terribly shut up for the past month. She owed it to herself to take an interest in life... She was young.

The Marquis was young, too. And Marko Broughton was old. Poor Marko! Maybe it had been providential that woman had made such a fuss. He had been very generous with Lila. She would send him a radiogram presently. It would be friendly and cheerful and sisterly in tone. Then she would change and go on deck. Those dreadful reporters would be gone.

(To Be Concluded)

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



WALE AND HEARTY AGAIN =

SALESMAN SAM



By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



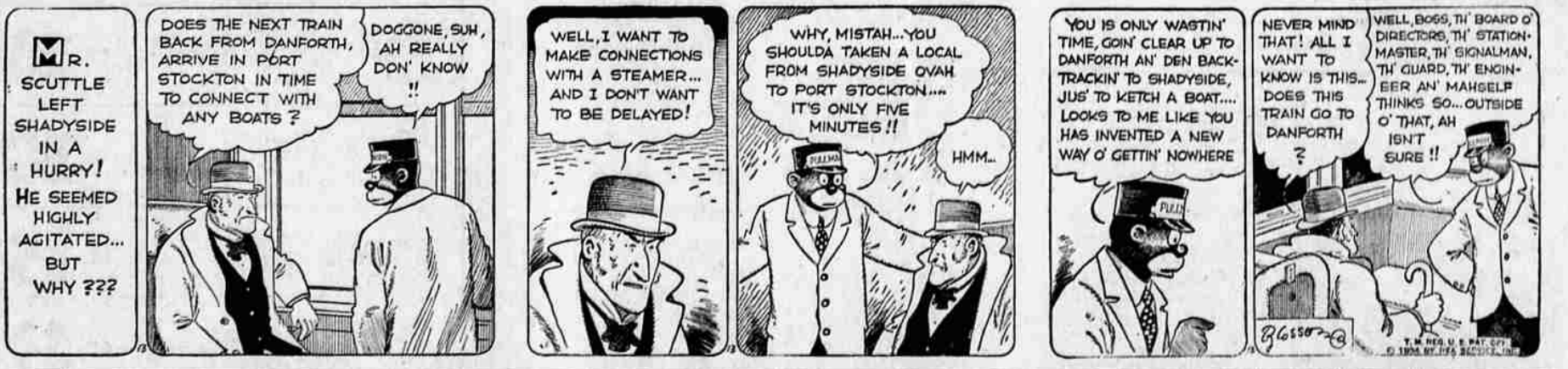
By Martin

WASH TUBBS



By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



By Cowan

Now go on with the story CHAPTER XLVII

TWO girls were at lunch in a downtown restaurant. One was thin and eye-glassed and her blue suit wore an air of primness. The other had a merry, mischievous face, crowned by a bleached mop of permanently waved hair.

"You know what happened," she urged the other, spooning up her tea cream eagerly. "Tell me—don't be such a meanie. I'm dying to know."

"Honestly I don't," said the girl in blue whose name was Catherine Miles. "Honestly I haven't an idea. The only thing was when I came in that morning I heard Mr. Lawrence say, 'Well, I'm sorry to hear you're leaving us, Miss Gray...'"

"That's good." The blond girl finished the last of her sundae and reddened her lips with the aid of a small pocket mirror.

"Well, you know lots more than you pretend to, only you're afraid to tell it," she taunted. "I heard a few things myself. That morning—the one after Mr. Weaver got back from his western trip—he stormed in like a hurricane. I was in Whitty's office, right next to hers, and I heard plenty though I wasn't supposed to. He said to her, 'Where's that telegram?'"

Miss Catherine Miles leaned forward, putting down her cup of tea in her excitement. "He said that!"

"Yes, he did. And he was mad clean through. I thought he was going to chew the partitions. 'Where's that telegram?' he said and she said, 'I don't know what you're talking about.' Then he laid into her. He said he was going straight to Mr. Lawrence and she said, 'You can't dare.' He laughed and said why didn't he! And she said if he did she'd tell he'd been coming up to her apartment all hours and drinking her liquor and pestering her..."

"She said that!" Miss Miles went crimson all over. "Why, the—the nerve of her. I don't believe a word of it."

"Well, anyhow, he laughed again and said he wouldn't have believed it of her, though he'd been warned before what she was like. 'I thought you were just a good scout,' he said or something like that. 'I didn't know you were a snake in the grass. You tell Lawrence any lies like that and you'll be finished in this business for life.'"

"Then she started to hedge, sort of, and said naturally a girl didn't want any trouble and what did he want her to do? He had all the breaks, she said. A man always did. He didn't pay any attention to that. 'You could see she thought being pathetic was going to break him all up or something. He said, 'You be out of here tomorrow morning or else...!'"

"So she resigned," breathed Catherine Miles.

"She didn't dare do anything else," announced the girl with the tawny hair with relish. "And that's a case of good riddance if you ask me."

AT Pier 57 in the heat of mid-day a limousine nosed its way among the trucks and taxis, sliding to the curb.

"Empiric sailing!" Two porters jumped on the running board and a uniformed chauffeur said something in a low voice to them. They fell away and a lady emerged from the depth of the car. She was slim, she was very beautiful, she was young. Everything about her, from the many bags in their suede casings to the pearls around her slim throat, looked costly. She looked around quickly, as though fearing notice. Then, followed by the chauffeur and the men, lugging bags, she disappeared into the crowd.

The August sun beat down upon the decks of the huge liner. The lady came up the gangplank, looking neither to the right nor the left. A man in blue, with gilt braid on his officer's cap, saluted her and led her to the elevator.

The lady was obviously nervous. "You wait on the pier for Mr. Hotalling," she instructed the chauffeur. "Give orders that no one is to be admitted to my suite. There may be newspaper people."

"Certainly, madam. It's too bad you didn't bring Davies. She could have tended them off for you."

She shook her head, dismissing him.

The chauffeur came back with some message. As she wrote out a direction for him, a knock came at the door.

"See if that's the steward," the woman said. "Let him in. I sent for him."

Flapper Fanny Says



A girl must be on her toes to get a foothold on life.