

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

May Seymour and Gloria Ar-
range An Impromptu
Party.

THE STORY SO FAR:
GLORIA GORDON, beautiful flapper,
marries DICK GREGORY, a struggling
lawyer. Her idea of marriage is fun
and fine clothes. . . but no work or
children.
She refuses to do her own housework
and hires RANGHILL SWANSON, al-
though Dick says they can't afford a
maid. And she swarms Dick with
drinks for her clothes and a new auto-
mobile.
Gloria becomes infatuated with STAN-
LEY WAYBURN, an out-of-control
her "jazz" friend. MAY SEYMOUR,
her not to be seen with Wayburn. She
tells Gloria how she herself has been
snubbed because of her love affair with
JIM CAREWE.
Dick becomes seriously ill with pneu-
monia. During the days of his slow
recovery Gloria sees Wayburn constan-
tly. He tells her he is going to New
York to get a job. He needs money.
Gloria borrows \$200 from Dick's sec-
retary, MISS BRIGGS, for Wayburn. She
tells Miss Briggs she needs the money
for the house.
Gloria and Wayburn go driving and
the car overturns. Wayburn disappears.
Gloria, badly hurt, is taken to the hos-
pital. When she is better Dick goes to
see her. She tells him all about her
affair with Wayburn and he forgives her.
Later, when she tells him she has
gone to be "blue" and unhappy. One
night Dick finds her in tears.

By Beatrice Burton
CHAPTER XXXIX
"What's the matter, honey?"
he asked, yawning. "What
are you crying about?"
Gloria raised her tear-stained face.
"My arm aches," she said. "And
I'm lonesome."

"Lonesome?" Dick repeated. "Why
should you be lonesome right here
in your own house with me?"
Gloria sniffed.

"You?" she cried. "You aren't
here only when you're asleep! Why
don't you stay awake and talk to
me?"

Dick laughed good-naturedly. He
pulled his lacquer smoking stand
up beside his chair and filled his pipe.
It was a little short-stemmed briar
pipe that smelled like a bonfire of
autumn leaves.

He puffed for a while in silence.
"Do you want me to tell you what
ails you, Gloria?" he asked at last.
"What makes you so restless and
unhappy?"

There was a troubled look in Glo-
ria's eyes. She turned her wedding
ring round and round on her finger
nervously.

"Tell me," she said.

"Well, you're out of a job,"
Dick answered her.

"Oh, I might have known that was
what you were going to say," Glo-
ria snapped. "You think work is
the answer to everything!"

Dick took his pipe out of his
mouth. "It is," he said.

"Marriage is a job like every-
thing else," he went on. "But you
won't work at it. You'd be happy
enough if you got up every morning
and made the coffee and got break-
fast. You wouldn't have so much
time to cry about being lonesome if
you had to dust the house every day.
You'd have something to look for-
ward to if you were sitting there
making a little baby dress this morn-
ing. . . . You haven't anything to do!
That's all that's wrong with you,
honey."

He tapped the tobacco from his
pipe into an ash tray and rose.

"Think it over," he said.

Gloria tossed her head.

"You've got me all wrong, smart-
y," she cried. "It isn't dusting I
need to make me happy. It's danc-
ing!"

Dick laughed.

"Jazz baby!" he said. "Tied up to
a 9-o'clock husband!"

"Well, it's no joke. . . you needn't
laugh!" Gloria answered him hotly.
"I hate to stick around the house
like this every night, slowly dying
of dry-rot. I want some fun, some
parties. . . . If this is married life,
I hate it. So there!"

"Well, I'm sorry, Gloria," Dick
said soberly. "But I don't see how
I can help you out. . . ."

He crossed the room to the book-
cases and brought her a thick, shab-
by volume. It was Flaubert's
"Madame Bovary."

"Here's a story of another woman
who hated married life," he said.
"Read it. There's a lesson in it
for you, Gloria."

Gloria took the book and hurried
it across the room.

"I don't want to read about life.
I want to live it!" she cried. "You
Sunday-school prig!"

Without another look or word
Dick went out of the room.

After a few minutes Gloria could
hear the thud of his shoes on the
floor of his room upstairs as he

threw them down. Then came the
sound of his window being raised.
The hall clock struck nine.

"E gods!" Gloria waited to
herself. "What a life! Is
this what I'm going to do
every night for the next fifty years?
Sit here, alone, waiting for the clock
to strike!"

She hadn't noticed before how
deadly dull these evenings with Dick
could be.

She was sure Dick didn't think
they were dull.

The mere fact that he was in the
same room with her satisfied him.
He often said so.

There was no doubt about it. . . .
Dick adored her.

But she didn't want to be adored
in that good, quiet way of his. She
wanted to be thrilled-to be swept
off her feet!

Gloria's thoughts swung back to
Stanley Wayburn.

Little flames seemed to prick in
her cheeks as she thought of the
battle they had had that day when
she had wrecked her automobile.

Stan had been rather too thrilling
that day. . . . She had been afraid of
his hot kisses that seared her cheeks
and of his hands pinning her arms
down to her sides.

Yes, she was glad that she had
struck him! He had gone too far.
But it would be nice to see him
again, all the same.

She missed him, terribly!

Gloria sighed as she stood up. Her
foot was asleep. She went painfully
around the room, snapping off the
lights.

She lay awake, tossing on her pil-
low, until midnight. . . . thinking of
Stanley Wayburn.

THE next morning Gloria
started out to walk to her
mother's house.

But on the way she changed her
mind.

She would go to see May Seymour
instead! May was always cheery
and peppy. And Gloria felt that she
was badly in need of both cheer and
pep.

She found May in the kitchen
washing her little chow dog, Mah
Jong.

May's hair was wound up in curl-
ers. She was in a pink crepe kimono
and her face was shiny with traces
of cold cream. She looked anything
but pretty.

"Hello," she greeted Gloria. "Look
at me, breaking all the rules of 'How
to hold a husband!' This is the way
I hang around the house most of
the time. Looking like the witch



"Good-by," she said to May, as she and Jim danced past
the living-room door where she was standing.

of Endor! And John sees me this
way and he goes right on loving me
just as much as if I were a raving
beauty. Can you beat it?"

"You can not," Gloria answered,
seating herself on one corner of the
kitchen table. "But don't take too
many chances, May. Men don't stay
in love forever with wives who run
around the house in curl papers and
cold cream. They all fall for a pretty
face."

May rolled the struggling, yipping
Mah Jong in a towel before she re-
plied.

"No," she said then. "You're all
wrong, Gloria Gregory! When a man
really cares about you he loves you
just as much when you're ugly and
blue and have a cold in the head. . . .
as he does when you're wearing a
marcel-wave, a pound of make-up
and your vampiest clothes! . . . That's
the way John cares about me. He
likes me, not my looks."

Gloria shook her head.

"I can't agree with you," she re-
marked.

"Now there's Jim," said May, with
her head on one side. "Jim can't see
a girl for trees unless she looks like
a movie queen. . . . Speaking of Jim
reminds me of something else. Have
you been asked to the party Mrs.
Wing is having this afternoon?"

"No," Gloria faltered.

"Looks as if she was giving us
the hinky-dink, doesn't it?" May
asked. "Does she know you've been
skipping around with Wayburn?"

"No," Gloria began. Then she
stopped. She remembered that she
had been out walking with Wayburn
one day when they had met Mrs.
Wing.

"Yes, she's seen me with Stan,"
she said.

"And she started the story that
you were out riding with Wayburn
the day you ran your car into the
ditch!" May burst out excitedly. "I'll
bet she's put you in the same class
with me and Jim. . . . She thinks I'm
terrible. She doesn't even speak to
me when we meet on the street any
more. She hands me the ice-cream
right!"

She scrambled up from the floor.

"I tell you what, Gloria! We'll
throw a party ourselves!" she cried.
"I'll get some of the old gang to-
gether for this afternoon! Eh, wot?"

"Fair enough! Let's do it!" Glo-
ria was delighted. "I'm starved for
a party!"

May sat down at the telephone in
Dr. John's study.

Gloria took Mah Jong into the
living-room where a wood fire was
burning in the grate. She rubbed
the little beast until he was dry and
fluffy. The minute she set him down
on the floor he scurried away to
find May.

He was at her heels when she
came into the room.

"I couldn't round up very many
people," she said disconsolately. "I
guess most of the girls are going to
Mrs. Wing's party. But I got Ann
Somers. And Jim is going to bring
out a couple of boys from his office.
Awfully nice fellows. I told them
all to come for lunch. . . . Will you
run over to the delicatessen and get
some cold meat and a couple of pies
while I get dressed and set the table?"

THE delicatessen was a mile
away on College Ave. And
when Gloria returned May's
party was under way.

Ann Somers was making cinna-
mon toast in the kitchen. She was a
shy little widow with mouse-colored
hair and big gray eyes. She was
very popular with men. She let
them all make love to her and then
she cried about it afterward. Appar-
ently it made a great hit with them.
Jim Carewe called her "the red
lily."

"Ann, you're some kid," he was
saying to her when Gloria came into
the kitchen. "You know dogzoned
well that you're not going to marry
Ted Sawyer. Why don't you tell
him so, instead of letting him dangle
in the wind?"

Ann went on buttering her toast.
She hadn't seen Gloria come into the
kitchen.

"Well, I've got to have someone
to take me around. . . since you
won't, Jim," she answered softly.
"Ted does as well as anyone."

Gloria coughed and cleared her
throat.

"The nasty little cat!" she said
to herself. "I'll bet she's trying to
land Jim, because of his money. In
the meantime she's keeping this Ted
hanging around in case Jim doesn't
bite! Why can't Jim see through
her?"

What fools men were to let women
pull the wool over their eyes the
way they did! Gloria felt like shak-
ing Jim Carewe as she watched him
pat Ann Somers's shoulder.

She banged her packages down on
the kitchen table and went into the
living room.

May was dancing the Texas Tom-
my for Ted Sawyer and Jim Collins,
the two nice young salesmen from
Jim's office.

Presently Jim came in with a tray
of "horse's necks."

"Ann says lunch is ready," he
said. "Isn't this a good party,
boys?"

Everyone but Gloria seemed to
think it was a good party. She
couldn't dance because of her band-
aged arm and shoulder. She didn't
want her horse's neck or her
cigar. She felt "blue" somehow.

At 4 o'clock she went upstairs and
got her hat.

"Goodby," she said to May, as
she and Jim danced past the living-
room door where she was standing.
"Just let me sneak away without
saying 'goodby' to the others. They
won't miss me."

"What's matter?" May asked.
"Lost your pep or don't you like my
party?"

(To Be Continued.)

Ann Somers was making cinna-
mon toast in the kitchen. She was a
shy little widow with mouse-colored
hair and big gray eyes. She was
very popular with men. She let
them all make love to her and then
she cried about it afterward. Appar-
ently it made a great hit with them.
Jim Carewe called her "the red
lily."

"Ann, you're some kid," he was
saying to her when Gloria came into
the kitchen. "You know dogzoned
well that you're not going to marry
Ted Sawyer. Why don't you tell
him so, instead of letting him dangle
in the wind?"

Ann went on buttering her toast.
She hadn't seen Gloria come into the
kitchen.

"Well, I've got to have someone
to take me around. . . since you
won't, Jim," she answered softly.
"Ted does as well as anyone."

Gloria coughed and cleared her
throat.

"The nasty little cat!" she said
to herself. "I'll bet she's trying to
land Jim, because of his money. In
the meantime she's keeping this Ted
hanging around in case Jim doesn't
bite! Why can't Jim see through
her?"

What fools men were to let women
pull the wool over their eyes the
way they did! Gloria felt like shak-
ing Jim Carewe as she watched him
pat Ann Somers's shoulder.

She banged her packages down on
the kitchen table and went into the
living room.

May was dancing the Texas Tom-
my for Ted Sawyer and Jim Collins,
the two nice young salesmen from
Jim's office.

Presently Jim came in with a tray
of "horse's necks."

"Ann says lunch is ready," he
said. "Isn't this a good party,
boys?"

Everyone but Gloria seemed to
think it was a good party. She
couldn't dance because of her band-
aged arm and shoulder. She didn't
want her horse's neck or her
cigar. She felt "blue" somehow.

At 4 o'clock she went upstairs and
got her hat.

"Goodby," she said to May, as
she and Jim danced past the living-
room door where she was standing.
"Just let me sneak away without
saying 'goodby' to the others. They
won't miss me."

"What's matter?" May asked.
"Lost your pep or don't you like my
party?"

(To Be Continued.)

TRAFFIC DEMORALIZED
Sewer gas explosion at the K. of
P. Bldg., Massachusetts Ave. and
Pennsylvania St., late Friday
demoralized downtown traffic and
caused \$75 damage to the building.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN
Made without opiates and only
of the best California honey and purest
ingredients. POLEY'S HONEY &
TAR is safe for children. A trial
will prove to you why this has been
one of the largest selling cough rem-
edies for over fifty years. "Can't
recommend POLEY'S HONEY &
TAR high enough," writes Mr. J.
R. Dennis, Spiro, Oklahoma. "A
sample treatment relieved me of a
severe cough and cold." Refuse sub-
stitutes—Advertisement.

Style Shop
Cor. Illinois & Ohio
Near Ohio Theater

CLOSING OUT SALE
MEN'S AND LADIES' READY-TO-
WEAR
FURNITURE FOR SALE
SABLOSKY'S
211-13 INDIANA AVE.

EVERYTHING
FOR BIRDS
Bird Seed, 2 lbs. for
25c. Bird Cages,
Stands and acces-
sories. We carry a
splendid line of
cages from \$1.75 up.

Everitt's Seed Store
227 W. Wash. 3 and 5 N. Ala.

Men's, Women's and Children's
OVERCOATS, DRESS COATS
RAINCOATS AND TOPCOATS
GOODYEAR
The House of Coats
45 MONUMENT CIRCLE
In Circle Theater Bldg.

Excursion to LOUISVILLE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4TH

Round Trip—\$2.75—Round Trip

Train leaves Indianapolis 7:45 a. m. Returning leaves Louisville
(10th and Broadway Station) at 6:35 p. m., (14th and Main Street)
at 6:47 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SUNDAY EXCURSION TO

VINCENNES \$2.75 Round Trip

\$1.38 for Children between ages 5 and 12

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4

Excursion train leaves Indianapolis 7:30 a. m.

Returning leaves Vincennes (Main Street) 5:55 p. m. and Union
Station, Vincennes 6:00 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

\$3.30

Round Trip

to

ST. LOUIS

Sunday, October 4th

Special Train

Leave Indianapolis 12:01 A. M.

Arrive St. Louis 6:15 A. M.

Returning

Leave St. Louis 7:30 P. M.

(Central Time)

Tickets good only on special train in each direction.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Big Four Route

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR

TO

NEW YORK

Effective September 30

NO. 106—HUDSON RIVER LIMITED

Leave Indianapolis (C. T.) 12:00 Noon

Arrive New York (E. T.) 9:40 A. M.

Arrive Boston (E. T.) 1:00 P. M.

Sleeping Cars—Indianapolis to New York

Cleveland to Boston

Club Car—Cleveland to New York

Albany to Boston

Parlor Car—Indianapolis to Cleveland

Indianapolis to Detroit

Dining Car Serving All Meals

Tickets and Pullman reservations at City Ticket Office, 34 West Ohio
St. Phone Circle 5390, and Union Station. Phone Main 4567.

J. W. GARDNER, Division Passenger Agent

34 West Ohio St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Bert Jaffe Lewis Jaffe

Jaffe & Sons

EYE-SIGHT SPECIALISTS

7. N. Illinois St.

Diamonds, Watches
and Jewelry
on Credit

Kay Jewelry Co.

137 W. Washington St.

White Furniture Co.

Tom Quinn Jake Wolf

Better Furniture — Lowest

Prices — Personal Service

243-245-247-249 W. Washington St.

NEW

Lower Prices

110 S. Meridian St.

DRESS-UP ON

Liberal Credit

THE HUB

139 W. WASHINGTON ST.

Save Money by Renting and
Driving Our Sedans

Drivurself Indianapolis Co.

At Plaza Garage

LI. 6363 30 W. Vermont St.

ANNOUNCING!

A Training Class in

BOY LEADERSHIP

Directed by the Indi-
anapolis Boy Scout Coun-
cil, a course of ten weeks
in Boy Leadership through
scouting will open Mon-
day evening, October 5,
at the First Presbyterian
Church, 16th and Dela-
ware.

Supper at 6:30. Class at
7:30. Training Policy—
"Learning by Doing."

REPORT FOR OPENING NIGHT

Open to All Interested in
Boy Work.

Confer With Scout Headquarters,
Indianapolis Council

BOYSCOUTS OF AMERICA

304 Chamber of Commerce,
MA in 5012.

BUY DUPONT'S TONTINE SHADES

THEY CAN BE WASHED

Call Indiana's Leading "Blind Men"

R. W. DURHAM CO.

RI ley 1133 134 N. Alabama St. MA in 5829

Have You Tried

KLE-NOVA?