

# GLORIA

THE  
FLAPPER  
WIFE

Gloria and Dick Discuss a Trip for Dick's Health.

**THE STORY SO FAR**  
Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper, married Dick, a man of means. His idea of marriage is fun and fine clothes, and no children. Dick is a good boy, but his mother's maid, to teach Gloria to cook. But she refuses to learn, to the great distress of the maid. Then Maggie leaves, because of Gloria's wild parties.

Dick's Rashboard Swanson, although Dick tells her they can't afford it, makes the swamps Dick with debt and demands a new car. Dick becomes dangerously ill with pneumonia, and Dick's mother, the recovering Gloria, asks Dick's secretary, Miss Susan Briggs, to give her \$2000 to pay the doctor. Dick says she needs it for the house, so Miss Briggs gives it to her. Then Gloria leaves, because of Dick's friend, an out-of-work actor with whom she is situated, and the swamps plan to use the money to go to Europe to look up a job.

A few days before he goes, Gloria and Jim are out driving in her car when they have an accident. Wayburn, the doctor, comes to the wrecked car, goes for help, and disappears. His cigarette case is found lying under a rock. Jim, who has seen it, goes to the hospital to see Gloria and forces a confession from her. She says she has been with Wayburn.

Jim gives a party which includes Gloria, Jim Carew, a man who is half black with a woman, and a gay friend. Gloria leaves early. She's "blue" and depressed.

By Beatrice Burton  
CHAPTER XL

**M**AY stopped dancing and shoved Carew down into an armchair.

"Put yourself there for a minute, Jim," she said. "I want to talk to Gloria."

She came cut into the hall, closing the doors behind her as she came. She sat down on the bottom step of the stairs and looked up at Gloria with puzzled eyes.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" she asked. "I've noticed that you've been singing the blues to yourself, all day. You haven't had a bit of a good time, have you?"

Gloria shook her head.

"No," she confessed, "I haven't. I feel awfully 'blah' somehow or other, today."

"You're worrying about that sap, Wayburn." May said with sudden bluntness. "And you're a fool to do it! I've had his number ever since the night of your party when he made such a fuss over Myra Gail. He's some sheik! At least, he kids himself that he is!"

Gloria looked intently at her fingernails.

"Stan's left town," she said at last. "So don't worry about him and me any more.... And I don't know what's the matter with me. May. Honestly."

But she did know.

She was terribly lonely without Wayburn.

"What's the use of pretending?" she asked herself on the way home through the streets, warm and sunny in the late afternoon quiet. "I'm homesick for Stan. That's what's the matter with me. That's all that's wrong with me."

Wayburn had filled her idle days with interest for months past.

When there was nothing else on hand he was always ready to go for a drive or a hike with her. He always had a new dance to teach her.... or the latest New York hit to sing to her.

**H**E had a ready laugh, and a wealth of funny stories. He was amusing. Gloria had always called him her "one-man show."

Now that he was gone, time hung heavily on her hands. She didn't know what to do with herself all day long.

"I'm lost without Stan. That's about the size of it," she told herself, as she turned the corner of her own street.

The mother of the Donberg twins was just ahead of her, followed by her lovely off-spring on roller skates.

Across the street two of the neighbors stood gossiping on the driveway between their houses. Gloria looked at them, curiously.

They seemed happy and contented in their placid, deep-bosomed maturity... those two women.

"But I wonder if they really are," Gloria asked herself. "Or are they sick and tired of married life, like I am?"

She quickened her steps and caught up with Mrs. Donberg.

"Hello, there!" said the twins' mother. "It's nice to see you around home again. I tried to get to the hospital to see you, but the twins were both sick in bed with bronchitis, and I never peeked one nose outside the house for two weeks!"

She sighed. "It's just one thing after another for a woman, isn't it?" she asked. "Now it's the spring sewing, and then the canning season will be here, and after that the fall cleaning and sewing!... My good-

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Dick groaned despairingly as he dropped into this armchair.

He didn't get time to do half the things I'd like to do!"

Gloria looked at her intently. Was this little, bright-eyed smiling woman discontented like herself?

"What would you like to do, really?" Gloria asked her.

Mrs. Donberg laughed.

"Well," she said, "I've had three cans of blue paint up on my broom closet shelf for three months," she said, "and I know it sounds silly to say it, but I just can't seem to find time to paint the twins' bedroom set with it! That's what I'd really enjoy. Fixing up my house so it would be pretty, like yours, Mrs. Gregory."

Gloria's interest flagged.

She certainly had nothing in common with the little "hausfrau" beside her!

She said goodbye to her and walked on.

**D**ICK was in the side yard transplanting some cannae along the house.

"Hello, where have you been all day?" he greeted her.

"At May's house," Gloria answered briefly.

Dick ran up the front steps and opened the door for her. He followed her into the house.

He asked her how May was. He told her that Mrs. Gordon had telephoned an invitation to spend the day with her tomorrow.

But Gloria knew that was not what he had come into the house to say.

He said it leaning up against the newel-post at the foot of the stairs, nervously tapping the trowel he still held, on the polished wood.

"Do Seymour thinks I ought to go away for a rest," he said. "How would you like to go with me to French Lick for a couple of weeks or so? It would do us both good."

Gloria's eyes narrowed.

"I don't see how I can very well tell her you don't want her with us," he said. "After all, she's my mother, Glory."

"Well, go with her, then! But count me out!" Gloria cried piteously. "I wouldn't go to the most wonderful place on earth with your mother, Dick! I can't stand her!"

Angry tears sprang to her eyes. But she brushed them away with the back of her hand and ran upstairs.

She went into the little taffeta room that had been hers since the beginning of Dick's illness. She locked the door behind her.

In a moment Dick was there, rattling the knob.

"Open the door, Glory," he pleaded, "and we'll talk this thing over sensibly.... What's the use of your taking it this way? Even if mother goes with us, you won't have to see much of her.... Open the door, please!"

"Oh, dry up and blow away!" Gloria answered crossly. "I'm not going to talk about it any more! You

had given up all hope of Wayburn's paying back the money!"

"Poor little thing," he said, "are you afraid to tell me what you did with the money?... You spent it, didn't you?"

Gloria nodded, sobbing against Dick's breast.

"There, there, don't cry," he said. "It doesn't matter, honey. I wouldn't have mentioned it to you, only we're dead-broke. I'd have given it to you for hats and things, if I weren't right down to rock bottom!"

Gloria wiped her eyes, and looked up at him.

"Then, where are you going to get the money to go away on your trip?" she asked. "I should think you'd go right back to work tomorrow, if you're down to your last dollar! Instead of planning an expensive trip?"

Dick groaned despairingly as he dropped into his armchair.

"That's what I'd like to do... get back to work," he said, "but Doc Seymour won't let me go back into the office until I've put on ten pounds. He says I'll go all to pieces if I do."

He cleared his throat and went on with difficulty.

"I'm going to mortgage the house," he said. "You see, I've just got to get some money to tide us over 'till I start earning again. Gosh, I hate to put a plaster on it, too, but I guess it can't be helped. We've had a pretty tough run of luck, lately, you and I... haven't we, sweetheart?"

Last puzzle answer:

I am "spark." Beheaded I equal "park." Cut off my tail and I am "spar." Take away my first two letters, I am "a-k." Take away my last two letters, I equal "spa." Take away my first and last letters, I equal "par." Take away my first two and last letters, equal "ar." we, sweetheart?"

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