

GLORIA

THE
FLAPPER
WIFE

Gloria Meets Disappointment in
Her Search for a
Stage Job.

THE STORY SO FAR: Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper married to DICK CHOTKE, is a striking lawyer. Her idea of marriage is fun and clothes . . . but no work or children.

She refuses to work and keeps house. She wants to be a CHILD STAR to do it for her, although Dick says they can't afford a maid. And she swamps him in debts for her clothes and an automobile.

She becomes infatuated with STANLEY WAYBURN, the "jazzy" friend of MAY SEYMOUR.

Her mother, who has been ill, wants her to be seen with Wayburn. She tells Gloria how she, herself, has been sick, too, and her foolishness and with JIM CAREY.

Dick becomes worried about potential.

During the days of his slow

recovery, Gloria sees a great deal of Wayburn, who is a star.

He borrows \$200 of Dick's money from

Gloria, and goes to NEW YORK to be

introduced to SONIA CHOTKE, a

Russian actress.

Dr. Seymour orders Dick away for a

rest. His mother, who has been ill,

also plans to go with him. But Gloria

says she won't.

Dick refuses to tell his mother that Gloria doesn't want him

with her.

So, after a long enough to pack to go to

NEW YORK, here comes his friend, RIT CAMERON, on the stage.

Gloria goes to see Wayburn. But he

has just married Sonya Chotke.

By Beatrice Burton

CHARACTER: XLIII

Gloria took the news of Wayburn's marriage as she might have taken the news of her death—standing very straight and still. Too hurt to cry! Too shocked to say a word!

So he had married Sonya Chotke.

There was a strained look in her eyes as she turned them from Sonya's broken photograph to Wayburn's face. They searched it as if it could tell her all she wanted to know.

At last she found her voice. "How long have you been in love with her?"

Wayburn smiled. "For quite a long time, if you must know," he said. "Months."

It began to dawn upon Gloria that she had been treated shamefully by Wayburn.

He had made love to her when he had already been in love with Sonya Chotke. And he had borrowed money from her to follow Sonya Chotke here and marry her!

Gloria groaned aloud! O, what a fool she had made of herself! For deep in her heart she had always known that Stan truly didn't care about her...

Perhaps if she had scorned him, laughted at him, he would be on his knees to her still! For that was the way with men! They wanted most what they couldn't have... They spent their lives wishing for the moon. The fruit that hung highest on the tree, that was the fruit they craved. The woman who belonged to somebody else was the woman they desired above all other women!

...She had been too easy for Wayburn. She had always been at his beck and call, just as she was here now, this very minute!

"You coward!" she flared up at him; "all the time you were telling me how crazy you were about me you knew you were going to marry another woman... Why, you're nothing but a crook!"

Wayburn's smile widened. "And all the time you were letting me make love to you, you were married to another man!" he said. "You were doing a little double-crossing, yourself, I say!"

Gloria couldn't find a word to say. She knew that he was telling the truth... unvarnished, and unpleasant to listen to!

"The wonder to me is that Gregory ever married you," Wayburn went on. "I can't understand any man ever taking you seriously, Gloria... I never did, you know. Not for a minute. I had the low-down on you right from the start."

"The low-down on me?" Gloria asked him, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, I'd seen your kind of woman before. The world's full of them," Wayburn went on insolently. "Lightweights... that's the way men size you up! Dolls to play around with for a while..."

Gloria picked up her hat and be-

gan to put it on. She didn't have to stay here to be insulted any longer.

Wayburn spoke again. "You're a member of the great sisterhood that takes everything and gives nothing in return," he said.

That stung Gloria to anger. "You say that! You!" she cried. "What have I ever taken from you? I'd like to know! Nothing but a lot of applesauce!"

"I wasn't talking about myself. I was speaking of your husband," Wayburn said clearly. "You've never made him any decent return for what he's given you. Have you?"

Gloria was ashamed to go out into the dusty hallway and face Kit, who was waiting there for her.

"He didn't want me," she said hopelessly.

"Don't take it too hard, Glory," Kit comforted her. "You just don't happen to be the type Ginfeld wants. Try the other managers."

(To Be Continued)

ask you to help me get a job on the stage. Do you suppose you could introduce me to Ginfeld?"

Kit widened her green eyes.

"Well, you sure have your nerve!" she said. "Ginfeld's girls are supposed to be the best-looking girls in the world!"

Gloria narrowed her eyes. Could it be that Kit didn't think she was pretty enough for a Ginfeld chorus girl?

(To Be Continued)

"You used to say I was better looking than you, Kit," she said at last.

"I know. But I'm type! Pure Spanish!" Ginfeld says so," Kit said with pride. "And... aren't you getting the least bit too fat, dear?"

She looked across the room into the mirror above the dressing-table. She ran a hand down her own exquisite flatness.

"I'll tell you what!" she said suddenly. "I'm going down to the shop for rehearsal in a little while. I'll take you along, Glory. And if Ginfeld is there, I'll introduce you to him. That's the best I can do for you... And after all, some girls spend years just trying to see Ginfeld!"

Gloria was delighted.

She walked along block after block without knowing what she was doing. She stopped sometimes, to look into shop windows—but only because she had always loved to look into shop windows.

It was after seven when she got back to her hotel. She walked past the open door of the dining-room. Her own room was dark.

Without turning on the lights, she flung herself down on the hard hotel bed. The best thing that could have happened would have been to cry herself to sleep. But she could neither cry nor sleep.

An hour passed. She got up and undressed. Her movements were slow, and she moved without a sound. She felt as if the person she loved had died, and that the body was in the next room—just beyond the wall. She must be very still...

Toward morning she fell asleep.

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When she awoke the sun was high.

Gloria lay in bed trying to make up her mind whether to go home or go and hunt a job in New York.

She looked into the mirror. Her face showed no sign of the strain she had been through.

And Gloria was sure she had never been prettier in her whole life than she was that May morning, when she rang the doorbell of Kit Cameron's apartments in Fifty-Ninth Street.

Kit was having breakfast in bed.

"A little of both, thanks," Gloria answered. She knew that it was not dancing or singing, but her looks that counted with Ginfeld!

"Yes," Gloria answered, seating herself beside his desk.

"Stand up," he said sharply. Gloria stood.

Ginfeld leaned back, and stuck his thumbs in the armpits of his vest. He looked her over from head to toe.

"Take off your hat," he ordered.

Gloria took it off, and shook her head to fluff out her hair.

"Dances?" he asked. "Sing!"

"A little of both, thanks," Gloria answered.

"We're putting on a summer show pretty soon," he said, after a moment. "If we can use you in it, I'll let you know... Thanks for coming in."

A summer show! A bum summer show!...Gloria could have wept at the thought. Her heart was as heavy as a lump of lead.

She knew that she had not made a hit with Ginfeld!

She knew that she would never be in the famous "Gayeties" chorus!... That dream was smashed forever!

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"So did I," Gloria laughed. "But I got stung."

Kit took her hand sympathetically.

"Poor Glory! You found out he didn't have one cent to rub up against another, I suppose," she said.

"That's the way with fellows, nowadays... They all look as if they have a bank account, and a house-boat at Palm Beach. But there's nothing to most of them but a line of talk and a fat overcoat that's like black satin above her black eyes. Her smooth skin was the color of cream."

"Why, it's little Glory Gordon," she exclaimed, when the elderly maid led Gloria into the big, airy bedroom.

"Bring another cup and some fresh coffee for Miss Gordon, please Elsie."

Then she turned to Gloria.

"What in the world are you doing here?" she asked.

"Hunting a job," Gloria answered briefly.

"A job! What do you want with a job?" Kit asked in surprise. "I thought you'd married a millionaire back home."

"So did I," Gloria laughed. "But I got stung."

Kit took her hand sympathetically.

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"Oh, it wasn't the money that made the trouble, Kit," she said quickly.

"We just didn't hit it off."

...Don't get it into your head that I married him for nothing but money. I thought I was pretty keen about him at first."

Kit sighed, as she sugared her grapefruit.

"That's the way with love. It wears out too soon," she said. "A girl ought to marry for money."

"Only, it's so hard to find," she said.

"Most of these heavy-sugar papas" with real money are tied up to some hatchet-faced wife who's hanging on to 'em like grim death!...A girl has a hard time these days, especially in the show business."

The show business! Ah, now they were getting down to brass tacks!

"Kit, Gloria began. "I came to

see you to help me get a job on the stage. Do you suppose you could introduce me to Ginfeld?"

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