

GLORIA

THE FLAPPER WIFE

THE STORY SO FAR
Gloria, the beautiful flapper, young lawyer. Her idea of marriage is to have a husband . . . but no work or children. She refuses to cook or keep house. She prefers to live in style, to do it for her, although Dick says she can't afford a maid. And she swamps him with gifts for her clothes and an automobile.

Gloria becomes infatuated with Stanley Wayburn, the well-known actor. She and Wayburn, with May Seymour and Jim Carew, make a wild tour of Europe.

Wayburn is offered a job in New York as leading man for Scala Club. He accepts. Gloria lends him \$200 of Dick's money, which she gets from Dick's secretary, Mrs. Bell.

Dick is ill with pneumonia. When he recovers, he asks for a rest. His husband sends him away for a rest. Gloria refuses to go along, because Dick's mother, whom she hates, is going.

As soon as they leave on their trip, Gloria goes to New York. She goes straight to Wayburn. But he spurns her, telling her he has just met a better woman.

Gloria tries desperately to get a job, but fails. She is a bit of a fool, but is still so attractive she thought she was, and comes home to Dick.

By Beatrice Burton

CHAPTER XLV

DICK Gloria said. "I've come home to you!" She no step toward him—only looked at him with unhappy eyes, wondering what he would do or say.

Dick gave a short laugh. "So I see," he said.

There was no warmth in his voice. All the way home from New York, Gloria had longed for this moment. Her heart had sung an old nursery rhyme to the noise of the train:

"Home again, home again! Jiggy-jig!"

She had thought of home as safe harbor. She had wanted to throw herself on Dick's breast—to sob out all her heartbreak and shame to him. For she was honestly ashamed of herself.

But Dick's coolness kept her away from him, against her own will. It was like a wall between them.

Her eyelids pricked. Her lips trembled. She had to press her handkerchief hard against them to stifle a sob.

Dick looked at her. She had taken off her dusty hat, and her hair shone like a copper helmet.

But neither Gloria's beauty nor her misery could touch Dick at that moment, or move him to pity.

"Come here a minute," he said.

Gloria moved slowly into the room. She thought that he meant to take her in his arms, to tell her that he forgave her.

But he waved her into a little chintz-covered chair that stood off the earth from him. Gloria sank into it.

"Oh, Dick, don't look at me as if you could murder me!" she pleaded. "Don't be mean to me! You wouldn't if you knew all I've been through."

Her sobs broke out afresh.

"Why, what happened to you? . . . Did Wayburn throw you down?" Dick asked coldly.

Gloria knew that Dick wouldn't take her back if she told him the truth. So she lied.

"You thought I'd gone to New York to be with Stan?" she asked. "No, indeed. Although I did see him . . ."

"Sure you saw him!" Dick broke in. "Sure you saw him! You know you followed him to New York. And I know it! So what's the use of lying? Stick to the truth!" His fist came down hard on the arm of his chair.

Gloria started. All right, she thought, she would tell him the truth! She'd let him have it, if that was what he wanted.

SHE told him almost all of it. Her voice was low and flat, almost without feeling. Dick knew that what she was telling him was the ugly truth. Drop by drop she drank her misery.

She began with her visit to Wayburn's rooms. She ended with the story of her struggle with Lingard in the private dining room where she had gone with him.

Dick clenched his hands.

"You! Going to such a place with a man like Lingard!" he said. "Letting him look you over, to see if you'd do for a chorus-girl in



"Don't hate me," she begged.

his cursed show. . . . You! My wife!"

He groaned.

"Well, I'll say this for Lingard—he was crazy about my looks," Gloria told him complacently. "And he was very nice at first. But when he got fresh . . . well, I just smashed a glass right in his face! I never was so frightened in all my born days . . . She shivered. Her little shoulders shook.

At that Dick rose and went to her.

She laid her head on his breast. "Don't hate me," she begged.

But he turned away.

"Run upstairs and wash your face while I make some coffee for you," he said gruffly.

"Why can't Ranghild make it? What are you paying her for?" she asked.

"Ranghild left a week ago," Dick answered. "I figured that you were gone for good, you see. And besides, we can't afford a housemaid any more. . . . You just won't get it into your head that we're poor, will you Glory?"

From the doorway, Gloria stared at him. Then she flung him three words:

"Still talking money!" she said.

She picked up her bag and went upstairs. At the top of the flight she paused.

On one side of the hall was the double room that she and Dick had shared until his illness. On the other was the "spare" bedroom. Her toilet things and cushions were still in it.

Gloria hesitated for a long moment. Then she went quickly into the room that had been Dick's and hers. She bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, and went downstairs to have her coffee.

She left her bag, standing open, on one of the twin beds.

TWO hours later when she came upstairs again, the bag was gone. Gloria looked all around the room for it.

Then she crossed the hall into the guest-room. There the bag stood! On the floor beside the single bed! Dick must have put it there. . . .

"All right," Gloria shrugged her shoulders. "If that's the way he feels about me, I should worry."

But she did worry! Hurt and humiliated, she bolted the door of the room.

An hour later, she heard Dick come upstairs. The door on the other side of the hall closed softly. . . .

IN THE lonely quiet of the room that had been Gloria's and his, Dick Gregory faced his problem that night.

Above all other living things, he loved the woman who lay asleep in the room across the hall. He wanted to take her back, and he was afraid to do it.

He was afraid to trust his happiness to Gloria again!

He had been beside himself for the last week, since the day when he had come home to find her gone.

He had felt sure that she had left him for Stanley Wayburn. Gloria's story bore out his fears, in part. He wondered though—and his nails bit.

She put her arms on Dick's shoulders. This time he did not turn away. All around him was the heavy scent of her perfumed hair. Her arms were warm and soft, and

Gloria Tries to Explain to Dick About Her Trip to New York.

CITY DEMOCRAT TICKET PRAISED

Myers Lauds Six Candidates for Council.

they clung as if they never would let him go. . . .

GLORIA closed her eyes, and as if her hold tightened. It was as if the wall that Dick had raised against her and her beauty, crumbled and fell. He bent down to her lips.

They parted, suddenly, to speak . . . those scarlet lips.

"I forgot to tell you," Gloria murmured dreamily, "that Stanley Wayburn is married. . . . He married a Russian actress."

Dick's hold of her loosened. He waited with every nerve tense, for he thought she had left.

"He married her just the day before I got to New York," she said. "So you see I couldn't have left you just on account of him . . . as you thought I had. See?"

Dick saw. He saw too well . . . too clearly.

"So that's why you came home?" he said. "So that's why! Because Wayburn married someone else. If he hadn't you'd be in New York this minute. . . . Of course, I see! I see perfectly."

He flung himself away from Gloria. She stood looking at him helplessly.

"I would have come home any how," she defended herself. "I hate Stanley Wayburn. I hate him . . . now."

"Sure, and that's why you've come home to me!" Dick answered. "Don't stand there and try to kid me any more. I've got your number. . . . Go back to bed!"

(To Be Continued)

CAPPER SEES TAX CUTS

Senator Predicts United States Expenditure Will Be Slashed.

Bu United Press CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Tax reductions may be expected by the next Congress, Senator Capper of Kansas believes.

In an address to the Illinois Chamber of Commerce Senator Capper declared the next Congress would cut Federal expenditures \$350,000,000.

He predicted that the maximum surtax would be reduced from 40 to 25 per cent, that the normal tax would be cut to 4 per cent with exemption for incomes under \$4,000.

SCHOOL EDITORS TO MEET

Bu United Press FRANKLIN, Ind., Oct. 10.—Students at Franklin College are completing plans for the fourth annual convention of the Indiana High School Press Association which will be held here Oct. 23 and 24. A number of prominent Indiana newspaper men will speak.

"Dick," she gave a little smothered cry. "Don't hate me! Don't treat me like this. . . . I can't stand it!"

She rushed to him and laid her head down on his knees, crying nobly like a child.

"Dick," she gave a little smothered cry. "Don't hate me! Don't treat me like this. . . . I can't stand it!"

"I'm not trying to hold you, Glory," Dick said quietly. "You can go tomorrow, if you like."

Gloria looked up at him. Surprise filled her eyes.

"This isn't the way to hold me," she said, drawing a long sobbing breath, "by keeping yourself away from me . . . and treating me like an outcast!"

"I'm not trying to hold you, Glory," Dick said quietly. "You can go tomorrow, if you like."

Gloria looked up at him. Surprise filled her eyes.

"Don't you love me any more? Don't you want me to live with you any more?" she asked.

Dick slowly shook his head.

"Not unless you're ready to settle down," he said firmly. "If you stay here, you'll have to stay on my terms this time! You'll have to cut out running around with May Seymour on these drinking parties. And you'll have to knuckle down and do your own housework. I can't afford help for you. Just look here a minute . . ."

He got up and took a thick sheaf of envelopes from the spinet desk that stood between the front windows.

"All these are bills," Dick said. "We're months behind with them. All my savings are gone. The house is mortgaged right up to the hilt. . . . And I wouldn't mind this, Glory, if you'd been happy spending the money. But you haven't been!"

He flung the bills back on the desk.

"The more money you've spent the more discontented you've been," Dick went on. "Now you're going to try my way of living, for a change! I want you to live like other poor men's wives . . . help me to get along. Are you ready to try it?"

Gloria looked up at him with eyes that shone under the ruddy fluff of her hair.

"Oh, I am! I will try to be a real wife to you, Dick!" she cried. And at that moment she meant what she said. Besides, she knew, that sooner or later, she could coax Dick into getting Ranghild back again to work for her . . .

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